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AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

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LIABLE TO IMPRISONMENT

Would be Dunsmuir and C.P.R. Officials for Similiar Actions in New Zealand, so Says Dr. G. B. Clark.

At a public meeting held in Vancouver on Friday evening in the interests of the strikers, several interesting addresses were heard, chief among which was one from Dr. G. B. Clark, the well known British Parliamentarian, who arrived there last week from Australia on his way to the Old Country. Some friends in Vancouver familiar with Dr. Clark's reputation as a speaker and democratic thinker, asked him to attend their meeting, which he gladly consented to do, as one whose sympathies have always extended to the cause of the people.

It may be noted that Dr. Clark was for twenty years a member of the Imperial House, and for a number of years occupied the position of Consul General of the Transvaal in England.

In addressing the meeting Dr. Clark said he was astonished to find, as gathered from the papers since his arrival, that in this Colony, where there was no House of Lords, no old conservatism, venerable by age, conditions could exist as they had here at the present time. He was scarcely able to realize that it was true, when he read the other day of a man named Dunsmuir, who locked out 1,500 men because they wanted to unite. They had had their Lord Penhyn, in Wales, who tried tricks of the same character. But they had legislation that could stop that in the Old Country, notwithstanding Penrhyn.

"And now I hear," said Dr. Clark, "that the Canadian Pacific Railway, the great monopoly, has been turning away its employes, because they have dared to unite. I have just come from New Zealand, and before that was in some of the colonies of Australia, where similar laws exist. By the New Zealand law, the directors of the C. P. R. and Mr. Dunsmuir would be liable to imprisonment, under very similar conditions, and I think it is about time that you had some legislation of that character here. Why should your community suffer because either the employer or employed are unreasonable or stubborn?"

In New Zealand, where he had recently been, the public had rights that even the big corporations could not trample on. In that colony the legislation passed in recent years made it possible to punish capitalists who deliberately took such action as Mr. Dunsmuir in locking out practically some 1,500 men and destroying the trade of a town like Ladysmith. The state held such actions a misdemeanour as much as strikes. Another point he made was that in New Zealand the workingmen were compelled to organise, and thus be in a position to meet the employers in fair arrangements. Any differences were subject to the pronouncement of a tribunal, whose arbitrament was binding either on one side or the other. The Government of New Zealand was a Government of the people. The Prime Minister of New Zealand, Dr. Clark said, was formerly a working miner, and for the past 11 years that country had made more progress under his leadership than in any other period of its history. The opportunities of the workers in this Province, largely of mining, fishing and lumbering, and necessarily chiefly populated by the working class, were great, if they used their franchise with judgment and in the interests of their class. The remedy for their condition lay in the ballot box, through which alone the worker could secure those legislative reforms required to meet his case. As it had been done in Australia, so it should be done here. What they had to do here was to organise, to mould public opinion, and to make laws more in conformity with equity and justice.

Prof Hepburn's Dancing School

Prof. Hepburn's dancing class meets both tonight (Thursday) and tomorrow night (Friday). The remaining last half of the term five dollars. The school will close on Easter Monday evening April 13th with a ball. This class of 30 members all waltz, polka and two step very creditably now. The Ping Pong two step is the favorite dance among his pupils. Join the class this week and become proficient in the most enjoyable of arts—dancing. Last half term $5.00, payable in advance. Next Tuesday evening, March 31st, the public will be admitted by request of his pupils. No formal invitations will be sent out. You are invited. No charge will be made. Prof. Hepburn feels proud over the progress his scholars have made. Pupils and teacher have worked very much in unison with each other. If you are contemplating attending the Easter balls, now is the time to prepare for such events. Attend Prof. Hepburn's dancing class.

EXCURSION OF MINING MEN

Itinerary of American Institute of Mining Engineers' Tour of the Canadian Northwest and the Yukon.

One hundred and sixty strong, the members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers will reach Vancouver on July 18th next, on their tour of the mining districts of the Canadian Northwest and the Yukon. One train will leave Montreal on July 9th; another train will leave St. Paul on July 10th, and both will meet at Moose Jaw on July 11th. The Montreal train will come west on the main line, and the one from St. Paul on the Canadian Soo. From Moose Jaw the main line of the C. P. R. will be taken to Medicine Hat, and the excursionists will there branch off on the Crow's Nest branch, finally reaching Kootenay Landing on July 13th. Special steamers will convey the party from there to Nelson, where one day will be spent. July 15th will be devoted to Rossland; July 16th to Greenwood and the Phoenix camps. The party will then return to Robson and take special steamers for Arrowhead, arriving there on July 17th. The trains of the party will be brought around from Kootenay Landing to Arrowhead, and the mining men will entrain there for Vancouver, arriving on July 18th. An effort will be made to induce the party to spend a day in Revelstoke on their way to the coast.

A special steamer will transport them to Skagway, where the White Pass will have special trains ready to carry them to Whitehorse, and special steamers to take the party down river to Dawson will be in waiting at the head of navigation. Three weeks will be spent by the mining men in touring the northern gold fields.

Mining Association.

A neat little booklet giving the constitution and bylaws of the B. C. Mining Association, together with list of officers and committees, has just been issued by Secretary A. L. Belyea, K.C. The executive committee has named the following sub committees:

Auditing Committee—H. B. Thompson, C. Foley, Henry Croft.

Finance Committee—To be composed of one member from each district organization: to be named by such organization.

Placer Mining Committee—J. B. Hobson, F. Dockerill, W. M. Brown, Robt. Borland.

Committee on Legislation—A. C. Galt, C. Phillipps-Wolley, A. L. Belyea, K.C., S.S. Taylor, K.C.

Printing and Literary Committee—Hon. D. W. Higgins (chairman), A.B. Fraser, sr., A.L. Belyea, K.C., Henry Croft, C. Phillipps-Wolley, H. C. Bellinger, C. Foley.

Wage Increase for Trainmen.

San Francisco March 23.—After a long conference between the trainmen of the Western Division of the Southern Pacific and the officials of the company, a settlement has been reached on a basis of 15 per cent in the wages of the passenger trainmen. These increases will affect between 3500 and 4000 employes in this division. Some minor details are to be adjusted, including the questions of abolishing "double header" trains and extra hours of labor.

—The famous singer, Miss Jessie Maclachlan, is coming on Thursday the 2nd April. Don't miss this great treat.

UP-RIVER IMPROVEMENTS

Six Thousand Dollars to Be Spent on the Columbia River This Spring.—A Tram Round Death Rapids.

Messrs. McCarter and Kincaid had an interview last week with the Hon. Messrs. Blair and Sutherland in reference to the building of an electric tram round Death Rapids. The Revelstoke Navigation Co. proposed to the government that they would build the tramway and place it in operation for $4,000 per mile subsidy. The Hon. Mr. Blair considered the proposition a fair one and said he would recommend to the government the Navigation Company's offer. The local member, Mr. Galliher, asked for $10,000 for the up-river improvements and $6,000 of the amount has been placed in the estimates by the government. It is Mr. Galliher's intention, as he explained it to Messrs. McCarter and Kincaid to have the money available at once so that a good deal of work could be done before the water became too high this spring.

BIG STRIKE ON HORSESHOE

Made Recently.—22 Inches Fine Ore.—Looks as if it Were a Bonanza for Lucky Owners—Creates Excitement.

The Horseshoe property on Trout creek, adjoining the Lucky Boy, which was bonded recently by M.L. Moyer, of Peiladelphia, is developing very nicely. A few days ago a strike of 22 inches of shipping ore was made. The ore is of the same quality as that being taken out in the Lucky Boy. A force of 12 men are being employed at the property. Mr. Moyer is very jubilant over the new strike which, when announced in Trout Lake, created quite an excitement. The Horseshoe and adjoining Lucky Boy properties are located only about six miles from Trout Lake. It is the intention of the property owners on Trout creek to approach the government for the purpose of inducing them to bear half the expense of putting in a trail on a wagon road grade from the mouth of Trout creek to the Horseshoe. This would shorten the trail very greatly, in fact it would allow ore to be landed in Trout Lake an hour at least, sooner than it does now by the old route. There are now in the neighborhood of 18 men working on the Lucky Boy and Horseshoe claims.—Topic.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

Annual Convention Will be held in This City Next Month Lasting Three Days—An Interesting Programme.

The annual meeting of the Provincial Teachers' Association will be held in the Selkirk hall, Revelstoke, on April 14, 15 and 16, 1903.

Arrangements have been made with the Canadian Pacific Railway by which a return ticket will be issued for a single fare to teachers attending this convention. It will be requisite for each teacher to pay the single fare to Revelstoke, taking a receipt therefor on Canadian Pacific Railway standard form which will be provided by the ticket agent on application, and on surrender of these receipts within three days after the close of the convention, free tickets will be issued to return to the point from which full fare has been paid.

The executive committee has arranged a programme including such papers only as shall be instructive. The addresses will bear more especially on subjects in which modern methods in teaching have been introduced. It is thus hoped that this meeting of the association will prove of great benefit to all the teachers attending.

Exhibits of work done in the Normal school, the Manual Training schools, and in several of the public schools will be arranged.

Permission has been granted by the Education department to all teachers in attendance, to be absent from their respective schools during the week in which the convention is held.

It is earnestly desired that as many teachers as possible will be present.

The following programme has been arranged for the different days:

TUESDAY, APRIL 14.

10 a.m.

President's Opening Address.
Enrolment of Members.
General Business.
Election of Officers.

2 p.m.

"Drawin—Use of the Authorized Books," D. Blair, Esq.
"Geography of B. C." A. Sullivan, Esq.

7:30 p.m.

Reception to Visiting Teachers by Revelstoke City Teaching Staff. Addresses of Welcome will be given by the Board of School Trustees and by His Worship the Mayor. During the evening an address on "Pacific Coast History," illustrated by 200 stereopticon views will be given by R. E. Gosnell, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15.

10 a.m.

Arithmetic — "On Ratio," J. D. Buchanan, Esq.
"Hand and Eye Training," H. Dunnel, Esq.

2 p.m.

Drawing—"Illustrations of Blackboard Work," D. Blair, Esq.
"On English," Miss M. E. Grenfel, B.A.
"Some Practical Points on Teaching," R. Landells, B.A.

8 p.m.

"Literature in Senior Grades," William Burns, B. A.
"The Education of Teachers," R. J. Clark, M. A.
"School Libraries," D. Wilson, B.A.

During the course of the evening the Hon. W. W. B. McInnes, Minister of Education, will deliver an address to the teachers attending.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16.

10 a.m.

"Oral Teaching in History and Geography," J. D. Buchanan.
"The Teaching of Morality," G. Hindle, B. A.
"Primary Language Work," Miss M. A. Winter.

2 p.m.

Nature Study—"Mineralogy," Wm. Burns, B. A.
"High School Entrance," J. S. Gordon, B. A.
Question Drawer.
Resolutions.

In the North and West.

It is a fact that many more Northern and Western people are going South than have been going during the settlement of the United States. We take for instance the section known as the Pine hills of North Carolina. A few years since there was hardly a house for every 10 miles square. Last winter there was more than ten thousand people who went to that section from the New England States, many from the Middle and North Western. Investigation shows that a great many are attracted there on the account of the fact that those who suffer from asthma find immediate relief from that disease. They are so much pleased that they become permanent settlers. Some who have to work to earn a living engage in growing fruits and vegetables for the home and Northern markets. Last summer, commencing the first of June and extending till the 20th of August, there were thousands of dollars worth of fruit shipped from that section to New York and Boston alone, and Mr. John T. Patrick, of Pinebluff, N. C., who is the gentleman employed by the Seaboard Air Line to look after those who want information about that section and to see the wants of the settlers after they arrive tells us that there is a large number of Northerners going down. Some to spend the winter others to investigate in regard to starting vegetable and fruit farms, others raising poultry, bee keeping and many to start manufacturing in a small way. He says they get out of the way of the big corporations and that a skilled man with limited means can build up a good business.

Hepburn's Dancing School.

POLITE ART DANCING.

Juveniles are instructed in Society Dancing and Deportment, how to sit, stand, walk, to present hands, bow, curtsey and conduct themselves properly. Parents will confer a favor by being present as often as possible. Lessons—Juveniles every Tuesday and Friday from 4:15 to 6 p. m. Twelve lessons—$5. For further information call at the hall.

FIGHTING MAC ENDS HIS LIFE

Major General Sir Hector MacDonald Dies By His Own Hand—Charged With Immoral Conduct.

LONDON, March 25.—Major-General Sir Hector MacDonald, against whom charges of alleged immoral acts were filed some time ago, committed suicide in his hotel at Paris today by shooting himself.

LONDON, March 24.—The announcement from Colombo that Maj.-General MacDonald is to be tried by court martial on a most serious charge of immoral conduct, seems likely to prove to be the greatest sensation in British military circles since the case of Colonel Valentine Baker, who was sentenced in August 1875 to pay a fine of $2,500 and to undergo 12 months imprisonment for assaulting a lady in a railway carriage.

General MacDonald is regarded as one of Great Britain's greatest soldiers He rose from the ranks in the Gordon Highlanders to his present position, and the service list shows no more honorable war record than that of Sir Hector, while few officers possess more hard won decorations. He is popular in the Army and with the public generally.

While the Army officials and many of his brother officers were aware that charges were pending against General MacDonald, no intimation of their nature leaked out until the dinner of the officers of a Highland regiment on March 21st, at which General MacDonald was not present. Lord Roberts the commander-in-chief, paid a tribute in a speech on that occasion, to the Highland officers who had served with distinction, but did not mention Gen. MacDonald's name. This attracted notice, and the sensation was increased when another speaker, who was not aware of the facts in the case, lauded General MacDonald as a typical Highland soldier, and found that his remarks were received in cold silence by the majority of the officers present.

Mr. Chamberlain, replying to a correspondent, intimates that the British government can give no assistance to emigration to the self-government colonies. They must act alone in any emigration scheme.

YOUR SPRING AND SUMMER WANTS
CAN BE SUPPLIED

OUR STOCK was never so large and varied as at present and full of Very Attractive Bargains.

OPENED AND PUT IN STOCK FORTY LARGE CASES OF NEW GOODS THIS WEEK

Dress Goods Selections

Just arrived by Express 33 Dress Lengths comprising all that is newest in French Canvas Cloth, Snowflake, Napper, Homespun, Grenadines and Lustres. See these and make your selection for a Spring Costume.

Wash Goods

English Prints in New Designs, light, dark and medium shades. Special 7c. per yd. Warranted Fast Colors.

Ducks, Drills, Denims in Indigo Blue,—Just the goods for hard wear.

Flannelette

in White, Blue, Pink Stripes, and checks. from 5 cents per yard up.

White Quilts

Twelve dozen White Honeycomb, Marsell's Satin Finish Bed Spreads from $1.00 up. A good range of Bedspreads for single and double beds.

Staple Department

This Department is BRIM FULL OF BARGAINS. Hotels and Boarding Houses Special Prices for quantities.

Sheetings Bleached and Unbleached—8 1-4 Sheeting at 22c.

Pillow Cottons—all widths—46 in. at 12 1-2c

Bleached Cottons—36 inches wide—at 7c.

Lansdale Cambric—all prices.

Victoria Lawns, Cross Bar Muslin, Piques, Nainsooks, etc. A large variety.

Spring and Summer Hosiery

In this line of goods we call your attention. Our Hosiery will rival anything in stock this season. We guarantee to sell you goods that give satisfaction.

Blouses

Seventeen dozen in all the new and most correct styles. Muslin in Tucked and Embroidered and New Stripes, colored effects. Black Sateen and Lawn from 75c each up.

Men's Furnishings

Thirty dozen Men's Shirts, in white and colored, starched or soft fronts, with or without Collars.

These are TOOKE BROS.' make. One of the Best make of Shirts on the market today.

Clothing

Men's and Boys' Ready-to-Wear Suits—Spring Overcoats, Odd Pants. We carry a good range both in pattern and sizes.

Men's All-Wool Suits at..$8.00
Boys' All-Wool Suits at..$2.00

Footwear

Sole Agents for the Celebrated American makers, Lilly Brackett and the Harlow Shoe Co., and several of the noted Canadian makers. Our variety is large and varied. Don't fail to inspect these goods.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY! MILLINERY!

Our Grand Millinery Opening will be announced in next issue. We certainly will make this Season's display of Millinery the finest and best of our efforts.

REID & YOUNG, DRYGOODS MERCHANTS, REVELSTOKE, B. C. MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

BREAKFAST FOODS

BREAKFAST is the most important meal of the day. Each day commences with it, and if things go wrong at that time, they are apt to go wrong all day. Buy your Breakfast Foods here, and you will be sure of a good meal and a good temper.

Brackman and Kers Rolled Oats in 8 lb. bags.
Brackman & Ker's Granulated Oatmeal in 10 lb. bags.
Quaker Oats in 2 lb. packages.
Rolled Wheat, Cream of Wheat, Wheatine.
Wheat Granules, 8 lb. bags.
Germea, 4 lb. packages.
Ralston's Breakfast Food
Malt Breakfast Food.
Robinson's Groats.
Malta Vita. Grape Nuts.
Cornmeal, Graham Flour
Whole Wheat Flour.
Shreaded Wheat Biscuits

Hot Cakes made of Brackman & Ker's or Del Monte Milling Co.'s Self Raising Buckwheat Flour are Delicious.

BOURNE BROS.
Headquarters for Groceries of Guaranteed Quality.

SEED AND HARVEST.

DUNCAN J. McMILLAN, Pastor New York Presbyterian Church.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—Galatians, vi., 7.

"Be not deceived." This is the proposition. It conveys the lesson which the apostle desires to teach. The rest of the passage only illustrates an enforces the injunction.

Our text strikes at a common, every-day sin. The weakness that lies at the bottom of every sin is self-deception. A man could never get his own consent to sin if he did not first deceive himself or allow himself to be deceived. And so Paul is striking at the tap root of the whole business of sin. The principle that underlies it is the indissoluble connection between present conduct and future experience; between the thought which we indulge and the state and habit of mind which result; between the principle we cherish and the permanent character which will be evolved. As surely as the nature of the seed inheres in the plant that grows out of it, so surely will the nature of the thought and action which we indulge determine the character which they produce. Nature is pitiless and inexorable. This law which we are considering is as rigid as the law of gravitation.

God has eternally fixed those laws by which righteousness brings its own reward and sin its appropriate punishment. Paul says do not deceive yourself by supposing for one moment that this law will somehow not operate in your case, or that God will cut the connection between cause and effect for your special benefit. Against such a delusion Paul hurls the startling words, "God is not mocked." It is a law of nature that the reaping shall correspond to the sowing. It is impossible for men to break the divine order established in the very nature of things. He that sows cockle shall reap cockle. He that sows thistles must not expect to reap wheat.

We understand all that as it applies to vegetable life. We may also see it plainly working in human affairs. Commercial industry tends to commercial wealth. "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before Kings."

The law applies also to the intellectual life. It is only to the diligent student that culture comes. And it is only to him who exercises the virtue of true affection that loyal friendship is returned. It would be vain to expect that money would buy learning or refinement. And it would be equally vain to suppose that learning and refinement would lead to wealth, for there is no necessary connection between them as cause and effect. Each pursuit has its consequences according to its own nature. Thus we see in the boy the prophecy of the man; in the spendthrift the prophecy of coming penury and want; in the budding genius the promise of future glory, and in a career of careless living and disregard of God's laws the inevitable consequence of disaster. One who habitually breaks the Sabbath cannot expect the fruits of Sabbaths well spent.

So the law applies to spiritual sowing and reaping. God rules the two worlds of matter and spirit upon the same principles. Like produces like. Natural laws rule in the spiritual world. The future depends upon the past and the present. Our conduct is shaping our destiny.

If these things affected only the body, then the pampered body might perish with transitory things and so come to an end. But they affect the soul also, for soul and body are intimately connected. What affects one affects the other. How disappointment in business prostrates a man! How the failure of our plans in social and domestic affairs, as well as in business, depresses the spirit! So the soul is affected, depressed or elated, by success or failure. And, moreover, it becomes refined and purified by holy exercises or corrupted by evil habits or thoughts, according to the same laws of causation. Its faculties may become dissipated and decayed. So that sowing to the flesh affects not only the flesh, but the mind and the soul also, and produces moral rottenness and spiritual death.

In spiritual affairs, as in material, no one need expect or hope to sow one thing and reap another. Those who recklessly sow to the flesh must reap their harvest of blighted fortune, shattered health, disappointed hopes, soured temper, infamy and shame.

God leaves us free to sow whatever sort of seed we will, and no one can blame the Almighty if, having chosen the kind we prefer to sow, we reap our own harvest. It would not be like God to thwart us by giving any other kind of harvest than that for which we have chosen to sow seed.

Do not expect consequences which the law of sowing and reaping does not justify. Do not be surprised if bad men who are industrious are prospered in business. That is just what they have been sowing seed for. If they are diligent and faithful about their sowing, of course they will reap the appropriate harvest. That is all right and according to the law. And do not be disappointed or think it strange if good men who do not sow wisely nor work diligently are unfortunate in their business affairs. That is also in accordance with the same law. Each reaps as he sows. "Be not deceived," you need not expect a material harvest from spiritual seed-sowing. "Be not deceived," you will never reap a spiritual harvest from selfish and material seed-sowing. Now determine the kind of harvest you want, then sow that kind of seed and you will reap in due season if you faint not.

Mainly About People.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was once giving a piece of advice to a roomful of young men in a little village on the subject of matrimony. "When you marry," she said, "choose a woman with a spine and a sound set of teeth." "Good gracious! Mrs. Stanton," remarked one of her listeners, in alarm, "do they ever come without spines?"

Professor Powers of Cornell's political economy department was discussing the changed attitude that people have assumed (and in his opinion rightly assumed) toward the conveniences and the luxuries of life. "At a Methodist church convention," he said, "the delegates were talking on that subject, when an old grayheard arose and exclaimed angrily to the presiding bishop: 'I suppose you came here in a private car?' 'Yes,' the bishop answered; 'do you know any way more comfortable?'"

When Labouchere was an attache of the British Ambassador to the United States a Briton of the consequential species descended on the ministry at Washington demanding to see his country's representative. "He's not in," said Labby. "Then I'll wait," said the Briton pompously, seating himself. At the end of half an hour came the query, "When—er—do you—er—expect Lord Lyons back?" "Oh, in six months or so," said the ever-obliging attache. "He left for Europe this morning. But you said you'd wait, you know."

A manufacturer not one hundred miles from the city tells a good joke on himself. He is credited with being extremely disagreeable to his employees. A man just arrived in this country called on him one day to ask for work. "Have you a recommendation of character?" he asked the stranger. "No," he replied, "but I have friends in the village who will give me one." Putting his bundle on the floor, he left. In the course of half an hour he returned, took up his bundle and was leaving the office without a word. "Did you get your character?" asked the manufacturer. The man, without halting a moment or raising his eyes, said: "No, mister, but I got yours."

Kitchener's scathing sarcasm is well illustrated by the reply he is said to have sent to the leader of a not oversuccessful column. This officer had several slight engagements with the enemy, mainly consisting of flinging a few shells at them at long range. After each engagement he wired to the commander-in-chief substantially: "During action several Boers seen to drop from their saddles." The thing was becoming tiresome, for Lord Kitchener's rule was that only those actually "gathered" should be counted. He soon thought of a remedy, and sent back to the officer this polite telegram: "I hope when they fell they did not hurt themselves."

The Scotch of Glengarry are largely, probably mainly, of "the old faith," and this story told by Senator McMillan, touches upon that fact, and also introduces one of the old-time giants of that county. This particular giant was Big Alex. McDonnell, uncle of the bishop of the same name. "Big Alex," the senator began, "was probably the only man who went over the Chaudiere Falls and lived. Shortly after his escape he visited his uncle, then a simple priest, and his marvelous escape, with the incident of hanging desperately to a floating crib while being tossed about in the turbulent waters, formed the subject of conversation. 'It must have been a great comfort to you to know that the saints were with you in your peril,' remarked the priest. 'Oh, yes,' responded Alex, but it was also a comfort to know I was a tamn good swimmer.'"

The following incident occurred at an entertainment in a large provincial town in England. On the programme a certain vocalist was down to sing "The Miner's Dream of Home," and to add special effect to the song he, having a friend a fireman at the fire station, about three minutes' walk from the hall, ran out and borrowed his topboots. His turn on the programme came around. He appeared on the stage in all the glory of a blouse, slouch hat, white breeches and (the fireman's) topboots. His rendering of the song was a great success up to the middle of the second verse, when a commotion was heard at the entrance of the hall. Then a hot and eager fireman forced his way through the audience up to the footlights and bawled out at the top of his voice: "Bill, you've got to come out of them 'ere boots if you value your life. I'm called to a fire!"

Her First Night at the Theater.

A lady who resides at Streatham Hill, according to an English exchange, has a girl in her service fresh from some region far removed from the theater. Thinking to give the girl a treat, and knowing that she had never been to a theater, the lady purchased a ticket for a play at Balham Theater. The girl went and returned before nine o'clock.

"What is the matter? Did you not like it?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, I liked it, mum, it was fine."

"But," enquired her mistress, "why have you returned so soon? Surely you didn't see it all."

"Yes, mum, I did. I went in, sat down and looked at the large picter hanging up in front. People kept a-comin' in, and pretty soon there was quite a crowd all looking at the picter. Then they took it away and some men and women began a-talkin' up there about somethin' that didn't concern me, so I got up and come away. But I enjoyed the picter."

Up to Date.

Great Publisher—Mr. Quill, your novel is a very good one.

Mr. Quill—Then you are going to publish it?

Great Publisher—Yes, if you will only make a few slight changes. Just change the marriage of your heroine to her death on the eve of the bridal; kill your hero in a railroad accident; and close the book with the funny man standing between two graves in the twilight, and it's a go.

The Use of Logic.

A great deal is said in these days about the value or valuelessness of logic. In the main, indeed, logic is not a productive tool so much as a weapon of defence. A man building up an intellectual system has to build like Nehemiah, with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. The imagination, the constructive quality, is the trowel, and argument is the sword. A wide experience of actual intellectual affairs will lead most people to the conclusion that logic is mainly valuable as a weapon wherewith to exterminate logicians.

For the Farmer.

Improving the Live Stock.

Breeding is a science when it is done for the purpose of arriving at results which are sought as a possibility, although the breeder may begin in a manner that does not apparently warrant him in proceeding with his venture. Some breeders, among them Bakewell and Western, were 30 years in perfecting one breed of sheep and swine. Every animal sold by them put the purchaser 30 years ahead in the line of improvement. They simply selected the best for breeding purposes every year, and were compelled to in-breed the animals in order to fix their characteristics. The farmer must pursue the same course with his herds and crops, and he must make his selections every year by discarding every animal that does not come up to a certain standard of excellence. He must never become discouraged, as even the most skillful breeders succeed in securing but a few very valuable specimens in a year, though an improvement will be noticed every season. The gain is but little, and skill is essential, but in time the stock differs greatly from the original. Should extraordinary excellence be observed in certain individuals the breeder may abandon his plans and methods and start on new lines of breeding, as he learns by experience during his progress and takes advantage of accident or discoveries, but he always adheres to his original object of making a breed that is to be adapted to a special purpose. Even among the best breeds of live stock some individuals will be more valuable for certain uses than others, and those with the highest record may not display their best points of excellence until selected for breeding.—Philadelphia Record.

Foods For Egg Production.

The subject of egg production is one upon which the farmer is always ready for information, and, although there is not very much to be said on the matter that is original, still it may perhaps be of use to some of the readers of this journal if I give a few details as to the composition of the different foods which farmers give to their poultry, with the idea of pointing out which of them are most likely to result in making the hens lay well. It needs no very high degree of intelligence to understand that if a hen is to lay well, she must be fed well—and not only fed well, but fed with particular kinds of food which are required for the composition of egg substance; and so the best way to enter upon our present subject is to inquire first of all what an egg is composed of, and then we can soon determine what kinds of food contain most of the principal ingredients which are to be found in an egg. There are three parts to an egg—the shell, the albumen or white, and the yolk. Without entering into analytical details (which would confuse many readers), it may be pointed out that as so large a proportion of the egg is made up of albumen, the food given must be largely of an albuminoid nature. The value of an egg as an article of diet is due principally to the nitrogenous matter it contains, and unless a hen is provided with food which is rich in nitrogenous matter—that is to say, food in which nitrogenous constituents are not overdone by the carbonaceous or starchy constituents—that hen will not make a good layer. The point for us to consider, then, is what are the foods which are richest in itrogenous matter?—or, rather, what are the foods in which nitrogenous matter is in the ascendant? First of all, with regard to the different kinds of grain, analysis shows that the leguminous seeds are, on the whole, richest in albumen, and therefore, in mixing a meal for laying poultry, it will be well to use a percentage either of bean meal or of pea meal. A mixture of equal parts of pea meal, barley meal, oatmeal, and pollards will make as good a diet for laying poultry as anything. It will contain plenty of albumen and a sufficiency of fat-forming matter, which is also necessary in moderation for egg production. This can be varied in winter time by the addition of a little Indian meal, which, being of a more starchy nature, will assist in keeping up the temperature of the fowls' bodies—a very necessary thing in cold weather. Now, in regard to grain, oats are without doubt the best corn for poultry, because they are rich in nitrogenous and also in fatty matter; compared with maize, they are richer in both respects, whilst at the same time they have nothing like the amount of starch which maize possesses. Next to oats, English wheat is to be recommended; but that is rather deficient in fats. After that come barley and buckwheat, both of which make excellent variety in food.

Passing from grain to other substances, it will be well to point out that one of the best foods for poultry is milk; and wherever "skim" milk is available, it should always be used instead of water for mixing up with the poultry meal. Many farmers' wives owe their success in poultry-keeping to the use of meal both for the laying hens and also for rearing the chickens. Insects such as beetles are largely composed of nitrogen, and that is one of the reasons why chickens which are reared in woods and coppices generally thrive so well—they get plenty of insects. The same thing applies to laying poultry—no hens lay better than those which are allowed to ramble through a small wood or coppice. Next to insect life, lean meat is, of course, rich in nitrogen. Lean meat can neither be given in the fresh state nor in the dried state—in the dry state, of course, a smaller quantity needs to be given, because of the absence of moisture, which in fresh meat has not been taken away. On an average, one portion of dry lean meat should go as far as five portions of fresh lean meat, because lean meat contains from 60 to 70 per cent. of water. Granulated bone is another food rich in egg-forming constituents, and the addition of about 5 per cent. of crushed bone or of the dried fibrine meat just referred to will very much improve the egg-producing quality of any food. If people who are so fond of using Indian meal for their poultry would increase the proportion of nitrogen it contains by adding crushed bone or else meat, they would attain better results. A mixture of equal parts of oatmeal and Indian meal, with the addition of about 5 per cent. of each, meat and bone, is as likely a food as any to bring poultry on to lay at this time of the year, when the weather is cold and unsettled.—Midlander, in "Farmer and Stockbreeder," London, England.

Preserving the Dead.

There has just arrived in London from Queensland a scientist who, in the mysterious interior of Australia, has made certain discoveries which, says The Express, if accepted by the medical faculty in England, will prove of extraordinary value to the whole human race. One of his discoveries—the weirdest, if not the most important—arrests all change in the appearance of the human form after death. The maker of this astounding discovery is Mr. A. R. Taylor. Particular interest has been aroused in the case of an old man of eighty-one, who died last year, and whose body was handed over to Mr. Taylor by the authorities of Sydney for the purpose of experiment. Mr. Taylor shows this subject, which is in a perfect state of preservation, as a triumphant proof of the value of his discovery. "He will remain as he is," said Mr. Taylor, "to the end of all time." Mr. Taylor went on to explain how he made his discovery. "For many years," he said, "my father carried on an elaborate system of research with this one object in view. After his death I carried on his work. By a stroke of good fortune I came across some manuscripts of the early Egyptians. From them I found what my father and I had been searching for during many long years. I found how a solution, part vegetable and part mineral, could be made which, so far as outward appearance went, would stay forever the handiwork of death. There was no need to use the swathings employed by the Egyptians. By injecting the solution under the skin the body would be petrified."

Chinese Bankers.

In an interesting article dealing with the Chinese residents of Seattle, The Post-Intelligencer of that city says:—

And speaking of banks recalls another curious phase of the Chinese character that soon becomes apparent to one who has a passing knowledge of life in "Chinatown." A Chinaman has no manner of use for banks, legitimate banks, the custodians of the wealth of the nation. He never visits one except on those occasions when he wishes to send the money he has earned in America to his relatives in China. In all other things he acts as his own banker. Now a Chinese bank is about as peculiar an institution as one can find in a five-minute walk from the City Hall. The methods of the small merchant who has money to put away for safe keeping are as peculiar as were those of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee." The banking system is briefly this:

Five or six small merchants or tradesmen will join in the purchase of a safe—American built and of the latest pattern. It may be that as many as ten men will thus become the joint owners of a fire and burglar proof strong-box. Having acquired the safe the services of an expert locksmith are called for. By him the safe door is fitted with ten complicated locks, each one different from the other. When his work is complete the safe door cannot be opened unless each of the ten locks has first been unlocked. Each of the ten owners is given a key to a lock and the banking arrangement is complete. The safe then becomes the joint repository of the funds of the several partners, each having a separate compartment inside the much-locked outer door. Behold now the working of the scheme:

Ah Fat, being one of the owners, wishes to make a deposit or to withdraw all or a portion of his funds. He first finds and notifies each of the other nine key holders that he wishes to open the safe. If all of the bankers can be rounded up they repair to the safe and each one opens the lock that is the badge of his ownership and the safeguard of his wealth. This being done, the safe door is opened and nine interested bankers remain in close attendance while Ah Fat fingers the coin that is his and his alone. The safe is then closed and each of the ten bankers solemnly turns the key in his individual lock and returns to the pursuit of his own occupation.

Shipping Casualties.

The official record of shipping casualties, compiled by the Board of Trade, was recently issued, says The London Daily Telegraph. From the tables given during the last 25 years there occurred 6,770 wrecks and casualties to ships belonging to the United Kingdom, attended with fatal results to 41,803 persons, of whom 36,038 were members of crews and 5,770 passengers, pilots, or other persons. The average annual loss during the 25 years was 1,672 persons, consisting of 1,441 crew and 231 passengers. The loss in 1900-1901 was 1,011 persons, of whom 957 were crew and 54 were passengers. The loss of seamen in 1900-1901 was lower than in any previous year except 1897-98. The loss of life in 1895-96 was swollen by the loss of 247 lives through the wreck of the Drummond Castle, and the loss of 277 lives through the sinking of the On Wo, of London, by collision. The number of passengers lost in 1894-95 was swollen by 1,150 Chinese soldiers drowned by the sinking of the Kow Shing of London. The average number of seamen lost during the 25 years in sailing vessels was 928, and of passengers 50, against 574 seamen and 12 passengers lost in 1900-1901. The average number of seamen lost in steamships was 503, and of passengers 181, against 383 seamen and 42 passengers lost in 1900-1901. The loss of life in steamships in 1898-99 was swollen by the loss of 106 lives (62 men and 42 passengers) through the wreck of the Mohegan, and of 105 lives (19 crew and 86 passengers) through the wreck of the Stella. The total number of sea casualties to vessels of all kinds belonging to British possessions abroad, which occurred in 1900-1901, was 633. The total loss of life in 1900-1901 was 269, against 642 in the previous year. The record ceases with June 20, 1901.

La Montt—This paper contradicts itself. At one time it remarks that the esteemed citizen lived to "a green old age" and at another "a ripe old age."

La Moyne—What's the difference?

La Montt—Why, if anything is green how can it be ripe?—Chicago Daily News.

Unvarnished Truth.

Under the caption of "The Unvarnished Truth," The New York Evening Post says:—Ex-Gov. Boutwell's speech at Faneuil hall on New Year's Day was a notable appeal to the beclouded spirit of liberty in the United States. Although addressed primarily to the colored population, it is equally well adapted to all Americans. Mr. Boutwell spoke to the negroes in behalf of the Filipinos, because the negroes have been emancipated, while the Filipinos have been lately subjugated—both by the United States Government. He tells the unvarnished truth when he says that "the Republican party has become the enemy of universal liberty." The Inquisition had nothing worse to show than the torture and death of Father Augustine at the hands of American officers—a crime which is now said to be under investigation after useless attempts at concealment. And this is only one of a series of similar acts perpetrated in order to suppress the liberty of a distant people who never did us any harm until we carried fire and sword into their country and their homes. We gave to this invasion of a free and friendly people the names of civilization, Christianity, law and order. We said that it was all for their good. We have proclaimed that our officers in the Philippine Islands were performing their duties satisfactorily and successfully, whereas the islands are in a condition of famine, pestilence and general misery more pitiable than under any period of Spanish rule that can now be recalled. Of course, we lose sight of these things easily, because they are so far away and so little news that is unfavorable leaks out. So it is all the more necessary that the voice of some Prophet Elijah should cry aloud and spare not. Such a voice is that of Gov. Boutwell, and never was it pitched upon a nobler key than on New Year's Day in Faneuil Hall.

What the Patient Did.

Many stories are being told of the late Rev. Dr. Temple, Primate of England, among them the following:—He had a habit of emphasizing his words by gestures. When he received his first episcopal promotion from Exeter to London he left behind him, to his sorrow, a faithful dependent in Devon County Asylum. Visiting Exeter soon afterwards, out of the kindness of his heart he called to see this patient. Returning to town, Dr. Temple was met at Paddington by an old friend, and drove off with him to Fulham in an open victoria.

Presently the Bishop began to tell his friend of his visit to the asylum.

"I was hoping," he said, "poor Y—— might soon be discharged, when, just as I was leaving, he put his thumb to his nose, and went—just so—at me."

As Dr. Temple said this he graphically illustrated the contemptuous gesture. The same moment the carriage turned into Fulham High street, and the horror of the spectators can be imagined at seeing the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, whom they were just beginning to know by sight, guilty of such a vulgar act in broad daylight.

Precedence at State Functions.

The question of precedence at State ceremonies has been agitating British as well as Canadian church circles, and The Dundee Advertiser thus facetiously comments upon a recent decision of the King. The Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is a proud man to-day. For some unexplained reason his Majesty the King has been pondering the problem of the Moderator's precedence, and the result is now announced. During his term of office the Moderator is to take precedence in Scotland next after the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. Thus is the horn of Presbyterianism exalted. To estimate the dizzy attitude to which the Moderator is raised, we must suppose the King to hold his court at Holyrood, and picture the long procession of personages who will rank below the very reverend figure in the Geneva gown. The entire peerage will take their places after him, together with all the Bishops of the Anglican church. As for the numerous Bishops who have assumed Scottish titles, they are, of course, mere dissenters, with no place on the precedence table at all, and if the matter were probed we are not sure but that Jacob Primmer would come before the Bishop of Edinburgh. We hope that the effect upon that humble Christian, the minister of Mouswald, may not be the production of anything of the nature of "tete monte." His Majesty has also, it appears, settled the question of precedence, which for some years past has been disturbing the peace of Belfast. He has pronounced the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church to stand on an equality with the Archbishops of the Catholic and Episcopal churches, and as there is no State church in Ireland, the decision is unchallengable upon any grounds save those of "prelatic pride," faint traces of which may sometimes be detected. Many will acclaim the judiciousness of these decisions of the King, running strongly, as they do, in the face of pretensions loudly enough expressed just now in England and not unheard in Scotland itself.

Autocars For Railways.

The Northeastern Railway of England is at the present moment building at its York works two autocars to run on its railway, each of which will carry a complete apparatus for generating its own motive power. It is calculated that a speed of 30 miles an hour can be got up in as many seconds, which is very much quicker acceleration than is possible with an ordinary train. It is not proposed to use these autocars at first for the longer distance traffic of the Northeastern Railway, but to employ them rather for accelerating the service on those sections of the system where an ordinary train can only make a slow rate of speed owing to the number of stopping places. The two cars now under construction are destined to run between Hartlepool and West Hartlepool stations, where there is keen competition with a tramway service. If the experiment be successful, other sections of the company's system are to be similarly equipped with automobile trains.

Humor of the Hour.

Pat—You say if I use one of these patent dampers I save half me coal?

Agent—Exactly, sir; exactly.

Pat—Be gobs, I'll take two.—Harvard Lampoon.

Jaggles—Which country has the largest standing army in the world?

Waggles—This one, if you count the people who ride in the New York street cars.—New York Sun.

"Are you fond of birds?" she asked innocently, as she stood at the piano fumbling the music.

"I dearly love them," he replied, with never a shadow of suspicion.

Then she ran her slender fingers over the keys and began to sing, "Oh, Would I Were a Bird."—Chicago News.

Newcome—They tell me hens never lay eggs at night. Did you know that?

Subbubs—Oh! yes.

Newcome—Strange, isn't it?

Subbubs—Not at all. All the hens are roosters at night, you know.

School—The boy was going away to school, full of high hope.

"I shall make the football team and color two pipes the first year!" he said bravely.

His mother kissed him and wept. His father wrung his hand in silence.

They were too full to speak then.

But when he was gone, and they were calmer, they talked together of him, and prayed that his ambition might not carry him beyond his strength.—Life.

They had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery.

"You have your mother's beautiful eyes, dear," he said.

She felt that the time had come to play her trump card. "I have also," she said, "my father's lovely check book."

Within 30 minutes the engagement was announced.—Tit-Bits.

A farmer who had arrived in town on business dropped in at the cat show to see puss at her best.

"It's rather ridiculous for a farmer to buy a cat, because I know there's a dozen round the farm, but that's a beauty, and I believe I'll get it for my little girl. Do you suppose it's for sale, porter, and what is the price?"

"A hundred and twenty pounds."

"Great turnips," he gasped, "that's more than I give for a whole waggon-load of pigs!"

At a twenty-first birthday party the other day, says "London Answers," a mother was praising the talents of her son, and, being anxious to make him appear at his best before the company present, asked him to show the company the prizes he had won.

One of the guests, picking up the best article, said: "And what did he win this prize with?"

"Oh, that was for running," said the proud mother.

"And who presented it to him?" asked the guest.

"We did," said the mother.

"How was that?" asked the guest.

"Why, you see," said the proud mother, "he'd have won, but he didn't hear the pistol go off."

"Ah," said the Count, "zis ees not ze lady I would have for my wife. She ees what you call plain."

"But her father owns a coal mine," replied the General Manager of the International Tide and Trust Syndicate.

"I care not for zis gold mine. I——"

"Not gold mine. I said coal mine—hard coal."

"Ah, my dear friend! How beautiful zis lady ees! My heart he what you call leap wis love!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The keeper in attendance on a guest at a Norfolk shooting party recently looked on with disgust at the gentleman's erratic marksmanship. He was banging away here, there and everywhere, but no birds fell.

"Aim 'igher, sir," advised the keeper.

Still the birds flew untouched.

"It ain't the gun, sir, and it ain't the cartridges," remarked the Norfolk man. "Try shuttin' your right eye instead of the left, sir."

But not a pheasant fell.

The keeper scratched his head.

"The birds is very strong on the wing this year," he remarked, "but there's one more chance. If I was you, sir, I should 'ave a pop with both eyes shut."—Answers.

"You know there's a belief that when a man is delirious from fever he tells his most cherished secrets."

"Yes, but it isn't so. I could show you——"

"Well, it certainly isn't true in the case of old Polhiggamus. When he was raving in his delirium the other night the watchers supposed he would let out a few facts about his wealth and what he's got it invested in. He not only didn't do that, but I'm blest if he didn't tell more lies about it than if he had been talking to the assessor."—Chicago Tribune.

At the annual meeting of the Emanuel Sisterhood the Rev. Dr. Leon Harrison told this story:—

"I invited my teacher and venerable friend Dr. Gottheil to be present at a synagogue one day when I was to deliver a sermon. He came and heard me, and I was naturally anxious to know how my effort had pleased him. So at the first opportunity I asked how he liked the sermon.

"'The text was good and admirably chosen,' he responded quietly."—New York Times.

With a face of the utmost gravity, amounting almost to sternness, but with a twinkle in his eye, the great merchant called the office boy to his desk.

"Henry," he said, "have I ever given you anything?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, wondering what was to come next.

"How long have you been working for us?"

"Six months, sir."

"Then you have been here long enough to know better than to leave that door open. If you do it again I shall have to give you a permanent vacation. That is all, Henry."—Chicago Tribune.

How Lillian Russell Keeps Young.

Lillian Russell is described by Geraldine Bonner, who recently saw her at Weber & Field's Theater in New York, as "just the same old Lillian, exactly as good-looking, in the same perfectly regular way, as she ever was." Theatergoers have always wondered how this popular actress contrived to retain her beauty, despite the flight of time, and so they will read with interest her article on "The Secret of How to Keep Young," which appears in a recent number of "Collier's Weekly." Miss Russell declares that it is a comparatively simple thing for any person to keep fresh and youthful-looking without the aid of cosmetics, enamel, dyes and other mineral or vegetable substances which may serve the purpose for a time, but in the end leave the user all the worse for the application. She adds: "There is nothing like exercise and diet to promote the good health which is a necessary accompaniment of—in fact, the vital principle that serves to preserve—youth and beauty. The average woman of to-day is apt to sacrifice all things to her comfort. Exercise is a bore; dieting is troublesome and almost painful; because effects are not at once apparent, she dispenses with any little reform in the mode of living which, in a contrite spirit, she may have taken up. I have known women who made firm resolves to undergo a systematic course of exercise and followed it up religiously for a few days, meanwhile scanning their glass eagerly to note results. None developing at once, they have voted the whole thing a fraud, and gone back to the old routine of pleasure and indolence. The woman who is really in earnest about preserving her beauty and youth will find, in a short time, that the few simple rules to follow soon become a source of genuine pleasure. I say rules, but that is not to be taken literally. There are no set rules to be followed; one must be guided by common sense, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, for mind has as much to do with accomplishing results as the actual training. The woman who assigns to herself the task and then goes about it in a desultory fashion, with half-hearted hopes of achieving ends, would better not make the attempt at all."

The system of exercise which Miss Russell follows may, to some, seem almost heroic; to her it has now become a sort of second nature. "In the first place," she says, "when I awaken in the morning I drink at least two cupfuls of hot water. Then a plunge into a warm bath is followed by a thorough massage, and I take a few minutes of rest before eating breakfast. This meal consists of a piece of dry toast and, perhaps, a cup of weak tea. If it is summer-time, a game of tennis or practice with the medicine-ball is next. All the muscles are brought into play, and at the expiration of fifteen minutes I am in a profuse perspiration. But the game is enjoyable, and I continue until thoroughly weary. Then into the bath-tub again and another rub-down, and I am ready for breakfast No. 2, which consists of a lean chop and toast—but nothing of a liquid nature. If the day is fine, a spin on my bicycle is next in order. For this I wear a medium-weight sweater over my regular costume, and the ride is never less than ten miles and at a pretty good pace. Reaching home, and after another rub-down, I don some loose costume and read or otherwise pass the time until lunch. This meal is also very simple, all starchy or fattening foods being religiously excluded. Allowing a little time for digestion, some other game is indulged in—such as tether-ball, or perhaps golf. A short carriage drive follows, with a bath and massage at the finish. That takes me up to dinner-time, when usually I eat what my fancy dictates. That is the one meal of the day in which I do not stint myself, although I avoid, so far as possible, any foods which have a fattening tendency. The evenings, too, are spent in quiet relaxation, as I consider I have done enough for the day.

"The following morning," concludes Miss Russell, "the same plan is followed, and I take genuine pleasure in carrying out the schedule laid out. There is nothing hard or disagreeable in what I do. In the winter, when bicycle-riding is out of the question, I play ping-pong, or row a few miles in an indoor boat. The punching-bag, I find, is a grand form of exercise, and I am becoming an expert at that. The care of the skin is, of course, an important factor. The simplest forms of emollients, used in connection with facial massage, I find are the best. But they are of little use without the exercise which brings the natural glow of health to the cheeks. The hair should be carefully looked after, as nothing so much tends to make a woman look youthful or pretty as her 'crowning glory.' Frequent shampoos, combined with persistent brushing, will do all that is necessary in that line."

NO NEED TO SUFFER.

Torture of Rheumatism Relieved in Six Hours Cured

In One to Three Days.

The acid poison that invades the joints in Rheumatism can be reached only through the blood. South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acids, dissolves and washes out all foreign substances and sends a current of rich, red blood to the affected parts, bestowing instant relief from the torturing pains. Read what C. M. Mayheer, of Thomasville, Ont., has to say: "My joints were so badly swollen with Rheumatism that I could hardly walk, or even feed myself. I have tried various other remedies, but they did me no good, and I almost despaired of getting cured. A friend advised me to try The South American Rheumatic Cure, and after using only three bottles I was entirely cured, and have never had a return of the agonizing symptoms."

Pain in Your Kidneys?

South American Kidney Cure purges the kidneys of every impurity, and restores them to health—speedily and perfectly. No. 31

"Thank you, Coulson, I think not," said Mr. Hyde; "or stay! you might send a telegram for me."

He pulled out his note-book, scribbled a few words in it, tore out the leaf and handed it to the servant, with instructions to despatch the telegram at once.

"Just a word to my daughter," he explained, as the man departed, "to prepare her for the pleasure of your arrival."

A few more minutes and the train was on its way again.

It is hardly necessary to say that Marjorie St. Clair was no other than the child whose father had met with so tragic a death on that fatal St. Valentine's morning nine years ago.

The change in her name had been brought about by her going to live with her mother's cousin, Miss St. Clair.

This lady had desired the child to be called by her name; and now Marjorie rarely remembered that it was not her own.

Her father's murderer had never been discovered, in spite of the most vigilant search on the part of the police.

It seemed pretty certain, however, that plunder had been the object; for a roll of bank notes was missing from the drawer of the writing table—also the pretty gold locket which had been intended for poor Ethel Bruce's Valentine.

She, poor soul, followed her husband to the grave within six months of the tragedy that had wrecked her life.

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Hyde and Marjorie alighted at a little country station, they having left the express at Euston, and finished their journey in one of the slow local trains.

A well-appointed carriage was in waiting.

Mr. Hyde and Marjorie entered it; the servant who had traveled with his master mounted beside the coachman, and away they drove towards Denelands, which Mr. Hyde had told Marjorie was the name of his home.

A drive of half an hour brought them to it.

It was a handsome white building, ample and substantial, though plain.

It was surrounded by a large garden and shrubberies, and there was a neat white lodge at the entrance-gate.

There appeared to be no other house within a distance of half a mile.

Just behind it, on a slight eminence, was a wood; at the side of it a wide lake.

The carriage howled swiftly and smoothly up the drive and stopped at the hall door.

Mr. Hyde, with great courtesy, assisted Marjorie to alight and led her into one of the parlors opening out of the hall.

It was a remarkably pretty, refined apartment. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate.

A lady's work-basket and some needle work were lying on the table; an empty chair stood near.

"Ah, my daughter is not here, I see," remarked Mr. Hyde, glancing swiftly round the room. "Sit down, Miss St. Clair, and I will fetch her."

Marjorie seated herself near the fire, and awaited the coming of Miss Hyde, with no small degree of trepidation.

When Mr. Hyde made his generous offer, she accepted it almost at once, simply because she was so distressed and overwrought that she knew not what else to do.

But now she could not but reflect that the daughter might not approve her father's choice.

She might be a haughty, mistrustful young lady, who would object to this intrusion on the part of an utter stranger.

Mr. Hyde had remarked, in the course of conversation, that he was a widower, so Marjorie knew his daughter was mistress at Denelands.

In a minute or two the door opened and a young lady entered—tall and graceful, and wearing an elegant tea gown of black and gold, which trailed on the carpet behind her.

She looked a little haughty, but held out her hand with frank cordiality.

"How do you do, Miss St. Clair?" was her greeting. "My father has told me about you. I hope we may be able to make you comfortable. I am Miss Hyde."

Marjorie, as she murmured a grateful word or two, looked up at the face above her own, and saw in a moment how very beautiful it was.

A somewhat southern-looking face, with a clear, creamy skin, large blue eyes, fringed by almost black lashes, a firm, beautiful mouth and slightly wavy, very dark brown hair.

Her age might be four or five and twenty; her bearing was one of singular dignity and grace.

She sat down, begged Marjorie to do the same, and began to talk with perfect ease, and in a clear, high-bred tone.

"My father says you have told him that the lady to whom you were going and who has left England so suddenly, may return in the course of six weeks," she said. "If she does, and you prefer to go to her, we shall, of course, wish you to please yourself. If not, we shall be happy to have you continue to stay with us."

These were kind words, and Miss Hyde's manner did not seem insincere.

And yet, in some subtle, mysterious fashion, Marjorie received the impression that she was not really a welcome guest, so far as this young lady was concerned.

Presently Miss Hyde rang the bell and desired a servant to bring in tea.

"We will have it here together," she remarked. "My father is tired with his journey, and will take his in his own room. And there is no one else in the house at present. After tea I care say you will like to go upstairs and have the evening to yourself. You must be tired, too. Allow me to help you to take off your hat and jacket."

And very graciously and gracefully she persisted in helping her, in spite of Marjorie's remonstrances.

During tea the two girls sat opposite each other, and more than once Marjorie caught Miss Hyde's eyes fixed upon her with a look she could not fathom—a scrutinizing gaze, as though she would penetrate into the innermost secrets of her soul.

That look puzzled Marjorie.

There came a day when she understood it well.

CHAPTER III.

Visitors.

Marjorie thankfully availed herself of Miss Hyde's considerate offer, and retired to her room very early in the evening.

When she went downstairs next morning she found Mr. Hyde in the breakfast room, his fine, fresh complexion all glowing from his matutinal bath.

He greeted her with the utmost cordiality and kindness.

To herself she said that if only the daughter had the frank, pleasant manner of the father, her home might be a very happy one indeed.

In a moment or two Miss Hyde appeared, dressed in an elegant morning gown, and looking even more beautiful than she had looked the night before.

Her manner, however, was restrained, though perfectly well-bred and polite.

Evidently she had no intention of getting on terms of freedom with her young companion until she knew her better.

Mr. Hyde seemed to notice and be vexed by his daughter's coldness.

Indeed, once Marjorie saw him cast a glance of unmistakable reproof at her.

After breakfast, the members of the family were free to follow the day's occupations or diversions.

Mr. Hyde rode out on horse-back, first commending Marjorie very kindly to the care of his daughter.

"You must remember she is among strangers, Madeline, and try to keep her from feeling lonely," he said, as he left them. "And you, my dear, must make up your mind to regard us as your friends."

A mist of grateful tears dimmed Marjorie's eyes as, standing by the window, she watched him ride away.

How kind he was, how generous, how true a gentleman.

Already she loved him as she might have loved a dear and honorable relative.

Oh, if only his daughter were more like him! She turned to find Madeline's eyes fixed on her with that same scrutinizing gaze she had seen in them last night.

This time a slight shade of melancholy crossed Miss Hyde's brow, as though she saw something which gave her pain.

She suggested they should sit by the fire and do some needlework together.

Marjorie readily acquiesced, and a servant brought in a great roll of flannel from which Madeline commenced, with great dexterity, to cut a number of garments, which, she said, were for the poor.

"I'm always so pleased to do anything of this kind—for the poor, I mean," said Marjorie, watching her with interest. "I'm glad you like it, too."

But Madeline disclaimed all merit in the transaction.

"If I were left to myself I should never make a single garment," she said, with frank carelessness. "I do it simply because my father wishes it. He likes me to be kind to the indigent."

"He is kind to everyone, I think," said Marjorie, softly.

Miss Hyde made no answer.

A curious look flitted over her face—almost a mocking look—as though she had her own opinion about her father's kindness.

All that day Miss Hyde and Marjorie were alone together, for the master of the house did not return till early in the evening.

Little by little the elder girl's manner unbent.

The air of cold restraint dropped from her; her face lighted up into new beauty.

Marjorie said to herself—

"Oh, how I could love her if only she would always be like this."

The truth was it was Marjorie's own sweetness that had softened Madeline.

There was a charm about her which won its way to most hearts.

Hard indeed would have been the heart that could resist her.

The two girls were still sitting together by the morning room fire when Mr. Hyde returned.

"I hope we have something good for dinner, Madeline," he said, cheerfully. "Your cousins will be here to-night."

Madeline looked up, startled, a red spot on her cheek, excitement in her eye.

"I got a wire from them at the station," went on her father, easily. "They will be here for dinner. Isn't it time you went upstairs to dress?"

"I think it is," said Madeline, speaking in an abstracted, preoccupied fashion. "Come, Marjorie."

And they left the room.

Ten minutes later Marjorie, as she dressed in her own chamber, missed a little gold sleeve link from her cuff, and feeling sure she had dropped it either in the hall or on the staircase, she slipped out to look for it.

At the bottom of the stairs she found it; and as she stooped to pick it up she heard Mr. Hyde's voice in a room close at hand.

It was slightly raised, undoubtedly in anger or displeasure—

"Do as I tell you," he said, imperatively. "You know my plans. Silence! I will not hear a word. Enough for you that I mean to be obeyed."

It was not intentionally that Marjorie had overheard even this much, and she went upstairs again as soon as she had got her sleeve link, without pausing for a single unnecessary moment.

She concluded it must be one of the servants Mr. Hyde was speaking to, and wondered what had been done to arouse such severe displeasure in so mild-tempered a man.

A couple of minutes later there came a tap at her door, followed by the entrance of Madeline.

"You've begun to dress, I see," she remarked, carelessly. "I thought I would come in and tell you to put on one of your prettiest dresses. My father will like it, I think, and take it as a compliment to the arrival of his nephews."

Marjorie was only too pleased to do anything to gratify Mr. Hyde.

She acquieced at once.

"Will you choose for me?" she said to Madeline. "Ah, do, please."

Madeline walked to the wardrobe without speaking, and looked at the two or three evening dresses which hung there.

"You might wear this, I think," she said, pointing to a very pretty frock, eau-de-Nil in color, and most charmingly made. "I will send you a few flowers to wear with it."

"Oh, thank you; how very, very kind you are."

Again a slightly mocking smile curled Madeline's perfect lips.

Marjorie did not see it, however, for her face was averted, and a moment later Madeline quitted the room.

When the dinner bell rang and Marjorie went downstairs, she made as fair a picture as the mind could frame or the eye could rest upon.

The delicate shade of her dress harmonized exquisitely with the fairness of her skin.

Her eyes were sweetly lustrous behind their long silken lashes; her beautiful golden brown hair shaded her white brow, and was gathered in a simple Greek knot at the back of her dainty head.

She looked sweeter than words can say.

Mr. Hyde, who was alone in the dining room, glanced at her with a well pleased smile.

"Did Madeline send you the flowers, my dear?" he asked, looking at a lovely cluster of pink roses which were pinned across her bodice.

"Yes, sir. It was very kind of her, was it not?"

"I trust you will never meet with anything but kindness from Madeline," said the old gentleman, earnestly.

The next moment Miss Hyde entered, gowned in old rose silk, with trimmings of rich Spanish lace.

Her cheeks were flushed—her eyes sparkling. She looked indescribably beautiful.

"Where are Edgar and Charles?" she asked, glancing round.

"Here!" said a man's voice—very soft and musical—just outside the door.

It opened and two young men in evening dress came forward, the foremost, who had been the speaker, stepping up to Madeline and kissing her frankly on the cheek.

He was very handsome, in a dark, Spanish style, with an olive skin, very brilliant eyes, a heavy moustache and glossy hair of raven blackness.

His figure, too, was remarkably fine—tall, and of splendid proportions.

He looked haughty, Marjorie thought, but clever, and not ill-natured.

His companion was younger, and by no means so striking-looking, but Marjorie liked his face better.

He was perfectly clean-shaven, and had a clear, healthy skin, such as one often sees in young Englishmen who spend a deal of their time in the country in the open air.

His gray eye was very bright and keen, his mouth was pleasant, his teeth were white and even.

His whole appearance was unmistakably that of a gentleman.

Not quite so tall as his brother, he was yet of a good height, and possessed, moreover, that air of alertness and agility which is a sign of perfect health.

Marjorie was introduced in due form.

She then learned that the dark gentleman was Mr. Edgar Hyde, and that the fairer one's name was Charles.

Both looked at the dainty face of Marjorie with as much interest as was consistent with good breeding.

They greeted her with great courtesy, and Charles took her in to dinner. Madeline laughingly taking an arm of her father and her cousin Edgar.

During the evening Marjorie, whose perceptions were very keen, made a discovery.

Madeline loved her cousin Edgar—loved him with that all-absorbing, passionate devotion which one would naturally expect in a girl of her type.

Whether he returned her love, Marjorie could not be quite so sure.

There was evidently some kind of an understanding between them.

As, on their entrance he kissed her, while his brother was content with a simple hand-shake, so, during the whole evening, his manner to her was lover-like; his place, of right, seemed by her side.

Nevertheless, Marjorie could not be quite sure he loved her, and once or twice she detected a jealous, dissatisfied look in Madeline's eye, as it rested on him.

Mr. Charles Hyde took his place beside Marjorie, and seemed well content to stay there; nor was she ill-pleased to have him, for he was a pleasant, entertaining companion, and had read most of her favorite poets and authors.

She found it quite delightful to converse with him. Among other things he told her some capital stories of his adventures at Oxford.

His brother, who chanced to be standing near, caught a word or two and said—

"What's that you're telling Miss St Clair, Charlie?"

"Oh, only a little tale about a scrape I got into at Christ church."

This answer seemed to amuse the elder brother exceedingly.

It was with difficulty he kept from laughing outright; and when he rejoined Madeline he repeated it to her, as though it were an excellent jest.

She, however, did not smile.

On the contrary, a rather uneasy and anxious look crossed her face as she glanced at Marjorie.

Late in the evening Mr. Hyde asked for some music.

"You play, Marjorie?" said Madeline, and the suggestion was so warmly seconded by all three gentlemen that Marjorie could not but comply.

"I wonder if you can play my favorite," said Mr. Hyde.

"What is it, sir?"

He rose, and placed a piece of music in front of her. It was Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer."

"You wish me to sing as well as play?"

"If you will."

Marjorie's skill as a musician was far beyond the average, and her voice was exquisite—so sweet, so rich, so pure.

As the beautiful strains ran through the room, everyone present was entranced.

Mr. Hyde seemed deeply moved.

Marjorie, turning round, saw him raise his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Miss St. Clair, your voice is divine!" exclaimed Edgar Hyde, with enthusiasm.

And both Charles and Madeline echoed the sentiment.

Mr. Hyde laid his hand in fatherly fashion on the head of the young player as she still sat at the pianoforte.

"You have given me a great pleasure," he said, in a slightly faltering voice, but very earnestly. "God bless you, my dear."

CHAPTER IV.

The Locket.

The next day passed pleasantly in company with the young men, who would spend, Madeline said, at least a week or two at Denelands.

There had been a hard frost for two or three days and the ice on the lake was quite strong enough to bear.

Madeline and Marjorie, attended by the two young men, went to make trial of it.

Mr. Hyde, though declining to put on skates, stood on the bank and watched them for some time.

"You might invite a few of your young friends, and make a skating-party of it," he suggested to his daughter. "Sir Edward Mortimer and his sisters would be glad to come, I think; and perhaps the Oliveras. What do you say?"

At the mention of Sir Edward Mortimer, the two young men exchanged glances, and seemed exceedingly amused.

Marjorie saw their amusement and wondered what caused it.

That, too, she was soon to understand.

"Skating by torchlight would be fine fun," said Charles Hyde. "How would St. Valentine's Day do for it, sir?"

His brother muttered a word of dissent under his breath.

He looked angry and disturbed.

His uncle gazed at him intently for a moment of two then said in a slow, thoughtful tone—

"You don't like St. Valentine's Day, my boy?"

"No, sir—do you?" demanded Edgar, turning suddenly upon him, and speaking with almost fierce abruptness, then as suddenly turning away, and skating quite to the other end of the pool.

(To be Continued.)

A Gloomy View.

A special despatch from London to The New York Sun says Mr. Frederic Harrison, in an address to the Positivist Committee, of which he is President, said that the Monroe doctrine would eventually descend to the simple formula of "No European monarchy shall hold ground on transatlantic continents." Mr. Harrison affirmed that England was hastening such a development by her foolish combination with Germany. Mr. Harrison takes a gloomy view of polical institutions as they were affected by the events of the year 1902. He says: "The cardinal fact of our time is the exhaustion of the Parliamentary system of government. Parliaments everywhere are passing into a stage of decadence, discredit and servility. In Germany a Parliamentary coup d'etat has reduced the Chamber to an office in which decisions of State which are decreed by the Sovereign and a Minister are registered with a formula which has been seen and approved. The same process is being applied in England to the mother of free Parliaments, somewhat less openly but quite as efficiently. Wars which might indirectly have brought us into collision or dispute with the two great nations in the world were begun behind the back of Parliament almost without any explanation of their cause or object. Treaties were made with foreign powers such as might indirectly have shaken our whole commercial fiscal system to its foundation without any explanation to Parliament, and even while Parliament was offered a false explanation and wrong translation of an important document the House of Commons was called upon to waive its most cherished privileges, including the keystone of the British constitution—the absolute control of taxation. All this," Mr. Harrison concluded, "is a sure sign the Parliamentary government in England is felt to be superannuated and is being superseded by irregular plebiscites, when these were ratified or approved by a House of Lords and House of Bishops. A huge, unreal majority elected under popular effervescence, which was equivalent to a revolutionary storm, demoralized the Government and its opponents alike. The Ministers grew as reckless of justice, and even of public opinion, as any autocrat, and the Opposition, feeling themselves silenced by a mechanical guillotine, lost all cohesion, and withdrew in despair. What is certain is that the khaki reaction of 1900 has made inroads on the constitutional rights of the House of Commons such as was never attempted by Pitt, Wellington, Peel, Palmerston or Gladstone.

Thirty Years' Service.

Miss M. C. Smith, who is the first woman to receive his Majesty's Order of the Imperial Service, says The Golden Penny, has been in the Savings Bank Department of the Postoffice for thirty years. The experiment of employing women in that department proved so successful that it opened the way, through Mr. Fawcett's influence, to their employment in the Postoffice. Miss Smith, who began as one of the twenty female clerks, has now over 900 women under her control. As the pioneer of her sex in that branch of work, she well deserves the honor she has just received.

The Golden Penny also has the following: Mrs. Elizabeth Alsop, of Godson Common, Guildford, has recently celebrated, with great rejoicings, her 102nd birthday. She was in her young days a children's nurse, and when she was 25 years old she went into service at Lady Audrey Risdale's. Lady Audrey was the wife of the Rev. R. Risdale, of Tillington, and daughter of the then Marquis of Townshend. Mrs. Alsop remained with the Risdales for the record period of female service of 74 years. The late Duchess of Teck offered a prize for the female servant who in the British Isles could prove the longest period of service continuously in one family, and after due competition this was unanimously awarded to Mrs. Elizabeth Alsop by the Duchess and her ladies' committee, with many felicitations upon her unique record.

Mrs. Alsop's eyesight and hearing are not so good as they once were, it is true, but she is extremely active, does a lot of knitting, and takes a very deep and intelligent interest in things that go on round her neighborhood. She can tell many interesting stories of our Queen's girlhood, of historical events that now seem far back in the past, and she seems likely to live many years yet.

The idea of a domestic remaining in one family for 74 years is almost more than the mind of the average householder can grasp. Fancy anyone—but what's the use?

Cut the Leaves of Books.

Why in the name of all that is modern and swift, asks The London Globe, do not publishers cut the leaves of the books they publish? It is assumed that in these days a man has not time to walk upstairs; it is perfectly understood that telegrams must be accelerated, and that boy messengers must be cherished; and yet publishers will persist in attaching a sentence of slow servitude to nearly every book they issue. Take the "Dictionary of National Biography." It is a serious thing to buy it, but it is a more serious thing to get it cut. Who is to do it? Not every man has relays of daughters or an under-gardener whom he can arm with a paper knife. Monarchs and millionaires must have ways of dealing with this problem. It is not to be supposed that at Windsor Castle the reader cuts the leaves. Whitaker may be silent on the point, but it seems certain that a Groom of the Paper Knife or a Book Barber in Ordinary exists and draws an enviable salary. The "Dictionary" is a fat and flagrant case. It is morally and actuarially certain that many eager purchasers of this great work have not lived to cut its leaves. Which is sad. But the evil is at least proportionally great in even a tiny volume. The present writer had occasion this week to cut (with a paper knife two feet long) a copy of Matthew Arnold's "Note Books." The booklet was tightly bound, the leaves were stiff and slippery; and though his one desire was to get at the innermost mind of Arnold, he had all the sensation of vivisecting a guinea pig. Which is absurd.

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Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder quickly dispels every loathsome symptom of Catarrh and effects a permanent cure. It stands alone as a remedy for Catarrh, both chronic and acute; Hay Fever, Headache, Sore Throat, Influenza, Deafness, Tonsilitis and all other diseases of the nose and throat. Cures the severest cases and cures them speedily. Rev. J. Louer Grimm, a well-known clergyman of Springer, York Co., Pa., writes: "Both myself and family have used **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder** for the past two years, and I can conscientiously recommend it to any one who suffers from Catarrh or other nose or throat diseases. I would consider it wrong not to recommend it every chance I get."

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If not, it's proof that your **entire system is disorganized. Agnew's Liver Pills**—entirely vegetable—regulate the Liver, purify the whole body, restoring it to perfect health. 40 doses **10c. No. 38**

Didn't Lose Much.

At one of the annual fairs which are held at a small town in Russia a gentleman observed a gypsy and a Pole haggling over the sale of a horse. Full of curiosity when the two separated, and anxious to know how two such shrewd characters had bargained, the gentleman called the gypsy to him and enquired how much he had got for his animal. The gypsy opened his hand and showed a ten-rouble note (valued about a guinea).

"But isn't that very cheap?"

"No," said the gypsy, "he is dead lame."

The gentleman then sought out the Pole and said:

"So you have given ten roubles for a lame horse?"

The Pole, however, with a knowing look, said:

"Lame! He's as sound as you are. I saw he was badly shod, and only limped in consequence."

The enquirer returned to the gypsy and reported what the other said. The former gave a tremendous and most significant wink and whispered:

"He's as lame as a two-legged stool. I had him badly shod on purpose to make people believe that that was the cause of his limping."

When this was communicated to the Pole he seemed for the moment taken aback, and hung his head; then, with a little sigh and a shrug of his shoulders, he said, quietly:

"Ah, well, it's all right; it was a bad ten-rouble note!"

A Savage Pun.

William Penn was obviously nervous while signing his treaty with the Indians.

"I am afraid that redskin over there may make a snap shot of the occasion," he explained.

"No fear," rejoined a friend; "he has already done his worst. He just remarked the Penn was mightier than the sword."

Moved to wrath, the great Quaker went forth and founded Philadelphia, thus making many innocent people suffer for the act of an unwitting savage.—New York "Tribune."

Mainly About People.

Here's a late story anent Christian Science. A Boston mother said to her little daughter: "If you had my faith, darling, you would have no toothache." The child replied: "Well, mother, if you had my toothache, you wouldn't have any faith."

When Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, a United States army officer, was presented to the Kaiser during a recent visit to Germany, Emperor William asked him if he had ever visited that country before. "Not this part," General Young is said to have replied. The Emperor then enquired what parts he had visited, whereupon General Young said: "I have visited St. Louis, Cincinnati and Milwaukee." The Emperor roared with laughter, and took General Young to the Empress, to whom he repeated the witticism.

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ADOLPH LE BODIE, B. C. L., Montreal's well known barrister, writes: "I was suffering from insomnia and nervous debility, prostration and exhaustion. I took five bottles of South American Nervine, and am wholly recovered.

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure is the only one that has not a single case of failure in its record. Cure sure within three days; relief instantly. 5

Interesting Items.

According to an Omaha correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune," D. H. Hoffman, a Union Pacific machinist getting $3 a day, has received the palm as the most expensively dressed man in that city. The extent of his wardrobe was brought to light in a trial in Omaha, where a man was charged with stealing a suit-case full of clothing from him. While under oath he stated that the grip contained $6 worth of neckties. "How many neckties have you altogether?" asked the attorney. He replied: "I have $400 worth of neckties." The court gasped and the attorney turned pale. "Is the rest of your wardrobe in proportion?" asked the attorney. "It is," responded the witness. Hoffman was dressed faultlessly.

When Henry Hiemenz, jr., of St. Louis died the other day he left $1,000,000 and a will which provided that his widow, who inherited the entire fortune, was to strew the grave of his first wife with flowers every Sunday and on the anniversaries of her birth and death. This probably is the acme of refined cruelty. If the testator had provided that the widow, in order to keep the money, must climb a greased pole every Sunday morning, or give up corsets, or do her own washing, other women might have gone to her and encouraged her with the assurance that the money was worth the sacrifice; but to be compelled to strew flowers on the grave of the woman who is now, let us hope, happy with the man in paradise will undoubtedly be regarded by all sober-minded women as too much.

The English papers tell of a young Parisian in London, visiting the "Chamber of Horrors" at Mme. Tussaud's. Being alone, he was seized with an impulse to put his neck in the lunette wherein had rested that of Marie Antoinette. He lay down, touched a spring, and closed the collar. But how was he to release himself? If he touched the wrong spring the fatal axe might descend. Before long a crowd of visitors, led by an attendant, came on the scene. The guide was a bit of a linguist, and saw an opportunity with himself as master of the situation. He at once began a practical lecture on the guillotine, interrupting his remarks with little asides in French to the indignant victim, asking him to scream louder or writhe more agonizingly. "How well he acts!" exclaimed the gratified onlookers. Finally the Parisian was released, and, answering the applause with maledictions, fled.

Plea For the Plain Husband.

As the result of examining a very extensive collection of portraits of the newly married obtained from the illustrated papers, the present writer has come to the conclusion that the plain man is just now in the heyday of his popularity, matrimonially speaking!

It would seem that while the handsome man is charming to dally with, someone whose features are homely, indeed even ugly, is regarded as the wisest matrimonial venture.

The wife of the modern Adonis appears to have discovered, in fact, that by her own act she has created a problem that may bring her many hours of uneasiness, if not of actual pain.

Her husband lives upon the approbation of others. Her own worship of him may for a while suffice to satisfy him; but later on he will assuredly need that of the outside world. And the outside world is only too pleased to grant him all the admiration he requires. Balls, dinner-parties, picnics, skating meetings demand his presence constantly, but make no point of his wife being there at all, a fact she quickly discerns and proportionately resents. Should she absent herself from such gaieties, she imagines her husband making himself too agreeable to this pretty woman or that, and should she become a hanger-on of his popularity, she is all the while seething with hatred for her equivocal position.

Much of the vanity of the handsome man arises from the indiscreet adoration showered upon him in childhood. As he grows up he is made much of outside the family circle, because it is pleasant to have in a room full of guests as many handsome men as possible. And the sequel? Is it not obvious? When he fell in love, it was not altogether because his choice was fair and sweet, but because she, too, paid him the tribute of admiration.

Now, it is all very well to put a man on a pedestal and wreathe him with bays before marriage; but what a woman wants after marriage is a good and serviceable article in the way of a husband.

It is excessively annoying to a woman always to have to play second fiddle pianissimo when the beauty question is uppermost. Breathes there the wife in any household who dislikes some little passing mention made from time to time about her good looks and charming individuality? But the wife of an Adonis obtains little of this sweet incense.

Sweep away this picture and contemplate the companion one of the plain husband. His object is to make life a bed of roses for his wife and family. Unselfishly the plain man toils.

The plain husband "puts up" with things. Did ever a handsome one brook the domestic trials he cheerfully endures? Somehow the handsome man is expected to regard calamities from quite a different standpoint. Nay, more, the ugly, good-humored head of a household is expected to be the handy man of the family. If a chimney smokes, his plain features must be begrimed in an attempt to get at the root of the mischief; if a pipe leaks, his red and uncultured paws are quite good enough to probe the defect to its very depths. What handsome curled darling could possibly be expected to risk his good looks by performing such nasty tasks as these?

Judge—Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant in the fight? Policeman—Shure, an' Oi didn't know which av thim wus goin' to be th' defendant, yer honor.—Chicago "News."

A woman in pursuit of a late summer gown stood in front of a counter heaped with foulards in a big store. A blue ground with a white polka dot seemed to please her best, but she paused irresolutely. "It looks just like the old indigo blue calicoes they used to wear when I was a little girl in the country," she said, discontentedly. "Madame," said the portly salesman, "long after you and I are dead and gone women will be wearing blue and white polka dots. They have worn them since the race emerged from barbarism. They will wear them until it sinks into it again." After that proteatous gravity and heavy philosophy the woman bought the dress in a dazed silence.—Tacoma "Ledger."

SEED AND HARVEST.

DUNCAN J. McMILLAN, Pastor New York Presbyterian Church.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—Galatians, vi., 7.

"Be not deceived." This is the proposition. It conveys the lesson which the apostle desires to teach. The rest of the passage only illustrates an enforces the injunction.

Our text strikes at a common, everyday sin. The weakness that lies at the bottom of every sin is self-deception. A man could never get his own consent to sin if he did not first deceive himself or allow himself to be deceived. And so Paul is striking at the tap root of the whole business of sin. The principle that underlies it is the indissoluble connection between present conduct and future experience; between the thought which we indulge and the state and habit of mind which result; between the principle we cherish and the permanent character which will be evolved. As surely as the nature of the seed inheres in the plant that grows out of it, so surely will the nature of the thought and action which we indulge determine the character which they produce. Nature is pitiless and inexorable. This law which we are considering is as rigid as the law of gravitation.

God has eternally fixed those laws by which righteousness brings its own reward and sin its appropriate punishment. Paul says do not deceive yourself by supposing for one moment that this law will somehow not operate in your case, or that God will cut the connection between cause and effect for your special benefit. Against such a delusion Paul hurls the startling words, "God is not mocked." It is a law of nature that the reaping thing shall correspond to the sowing. It is impossible for men to break the divine order established in the very nature of things. He that sows cockle shall reap cockle. He that sows thistles must not expect to reap wheat.

We understand all that as it applies to vegetable life. We may also see it plainly working in human affairs. Commercial industry tends to commercial wealth. "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before Kings."

The law applies also to the intellectual life. It is only to the diligent student that culture comes. And it is only to him who exercises the virtue of true affection that loyal friendship is returned. It would be vain to expect that money would buy learning or refinement. And it would be equally vain to suppose that learning and refinement would lead to wealth, for there is no necessary connection between them as cause and effect. Each pursuit has its consequences according to its own nature. Thus we see in the boy the prophecy of the man; in the spendthrift the prophecy of coming penury and want; in the budding genius the promise of future glory, and in a career of careless living and disregard of God's laws the inevitable consequence of disaster. One who habitually breaks the Sabbath cannot expect the fruits of Sabbaths well spent.

So the law applies to spiritual sowing and reaping. God rules the two worlds of matter and spirit upon the same principles. Like produces like. Natural laws rule in the spiritual world. The future depends upon the past and the present. Our conduct is shaping our destiny.

If these things affected only the body, then the pampered body might perish with transitory things and so come to an end. But they affect the soul also, for soul and body are intimately connected. What affects one affects the other. How disappointment in business prostrates a man! How the failure of our plans in social and domestic affairs, as well as in business, depresses the spirit! So the soul is affected, depressed or elated, by success or failure. And, moreover, it becomes refined and purified by holy exercises or corrupted by evil habits or thoughts, according to the same laws of causation. Its faculties may become dissipated and decayed. So that sowing to the flesh affects not only the flesh, but the mind and the soul also, and produces moral rottenness and spiritual death.

In spiritual affairs, as in material, no one need expect or hope to sow one thing and reap another. Those who recklessly sow to the flesh must reap their harvest of blighted fortune, shattered health, disappointed hopes, soured temper, infamy and shame.

God leaves us free to sow whatever sort of seed we will, and no one can blame the Almighty if, having chosen the kind we prefer to sow, we reap our own harvest. It would not be like God to thwart us by giving any other kind of harvest than that for which we have chosen to sow seed.

Do not expect consequences which the law of sowing and reaping does not justify. Do not be surprised if bad men who are industrious are prospered in business. That is just what they have been sowing seed for. If they are diligent and faithful about their sowing, of course they will reap the appropriate harvest. That is all right and according to the law. And do not be disappointed or think it strange if good men who do not sow wisely nor work diligently are unfortunate in their business affairs. That is also in accordance with the same law. Each reaps as he sows. "Be not deceived," you need not expect a material harvest from spiritual seed-sowing. "Be not deceived," you will never reap a spiritual harvest from selfish and material seed-sowing. Now determine the kind of harvest you want, then sow that kind of seed and you will reap in due season if you faint not.

Mainly About People.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was once giving a piece of advice to a roomful of young men in a little village on the subject of matrimony. "When you marry," she said, "choose a woman with a spine and a sound set of teeth." "Good gracious! Mrs. Stanton," remarked one of her listeners, in alarm, "do they ever come without spines?"

Professor Powers of Cornell's political economy department was discussing the changed attitude that people have assumed (and in his opinion rightly assumed) toward the conveniences and the luxuries of life. "At a Methodist church convention," he said, "the delegates were talking on that subject, when an old graybeard arose and exclaimed angrily to the presiding bishop: 'I suppose you came here in a private car?' 'Yes,' the bishop answered; 'do you know any way more comfortable?'"

When Labouchere was an attache of the British Ambassador to the United States a Briton of the consequential species descended on the ministry at Washington demanding to see his country's representative. "He's not in," said Labby. "Then I'll wait," said the Briton pompously, seating himself. At the end of half an hour came the query, "When—er—do you—er—expect Lord Lyons back?" "Oh, in six months or so," said the ever-obliging attache. "He left for Europe this morning. But you said you'd wait, you know."

A manufacturer not one hundred miles from the city tells a good joke on himself. He is credited with being extremely disagreeable to his employees. A man just arrived in this country called on him one day to ask for work. "Have you a recommendation of character?" he asked the stranger. "No," he replied, "but I have friends in the village who will give me one." Putting his bundle on the floor, he left. In the course of half an hour he returned, took up his bundle and was leaving the office without a word. "Did you get your character?" asked the manufacturer. The man, without halting a moment or raising his eyes, said: "No, mister, but I got yours."

Kitchener's scathing sarcasm is well illustrated by the reply he is said to have sent to the leader of a not over-successful column. This officer had several slight engagements with the enemy, mainly consisting of flinging a few shells at them at long range. After each engagement he wired to the commander-in-chief substantially: "During action several Boers seen to drop from their saddles." The thing was becoming tiresome, for Lord Kitchener's rule was that only those actually "gathered" should be counted. He soon thought of a remedy, and sent back to the officer this polite telegram: "I hope when they fell they did not hurt themselves."

The Scotch of Glengarry are largely, probably mainly, of "the old faith," and this story told by Senator McMillan, touches upon that fact, and also introduces one of the old-time giants of that county. This particular giant was Big Alex McDonnell, uncle of the bishop of the same name. "Big Alex," the senator began, "was probably the only man who went over the Chaudiere Falls and lived. Shortly after his escape he visited his uncle, then a simple priest, and his marvelous escape, with the incident of hanging desperately to a floating crib while being tossed about in the turbulent waters, formed the subject of conversation. 'It must have been a great comfort to you to know that the saints were with you in your peril,' remarked the priest. 'Oh, yes,' responded Alex, but it was also a comfort to know I was a tamn good swimmer.'"

The following incident occurred at an entertainment in a large provincial town in England. On the programme a certain vocalist was down to sing "The Miner's Dream of Home," and to add special effect to the song he, having a friend a fireman at the fire station, about three minutes' walk from the hall, ran out and borrowed his topboots. His turn on the programme came around. He appeared on the stage in all the glory of a blouse, slouch hat, white breeches and (the fireman's) topboots. His rendering of the song was a great success up to the middle of the second verse, when a commotion was heard at the entrance of the hall. Then a hot and eager fireman forced his way through the audience up to the footlights and bawled out at the top of his voice: "Bill, you've got to come out of them 'ere boots if you value your life. I'm called to a fire!"

Her First Night at the Theater.

A lady who resides at Streatham Hill, according to an English exchange, has a girl in her service fresh from some region far removed from the theater. Thinking to give the girl a treat, and knowing that she had never been to a theater, the lady purchased a ticket for a play at Balham Theater. The girl went, and returned before nine o'clock.

"What is the matter? Did you not like it?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, I liked it, mum, it was fine."

"But," enquired her mistress, "why have you returned so soon? Surely you didn't see it all."

"Yes, mum, I did. I went in, sat down and looked at the large picter hanging up in front. People kept a-comin' in, and pretty soon there was quite a crowd all looking at the picter. Then they took it away and some men and women began a-talkin' up there about somethin' that didn't concern me, so I got up and come away. But I enjoyed the picter."

Up to Date.

Great Publisher—Mr. Quill, your novel is a very good one.

Mr. Quill—Then you are going to publish it?

Great Publisher—Yes, if you will only make a few slight changes. Just change the marriage of your heroine to her death on the eve of the bridal; kill your hero in a railroad accident; and close the book with the funny man standing between two graves in the twilight, and it's a go.

The Use of Logic.

A great deal is said in these days about the value or valuelessness of logic. In the main, indeed, logic is not a productive tool so much as a weapon of defence. A man building up an intellectual system has to build like Nehemiah, with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. The imagination, the constructive quality, is the trowel, and argument is the sword. A wide experience of actual intellectual affairs will lead most people to the conclusion that logic is mainly valuable as a weapon wherewith to exterminate logicians.

For the Farmer.

Improving the Live Stock.

Breeding is a science when it is done for the purpose of arriving at results which are sought as a possibility, although the breeder may begin in a manner that does not apparently warrant him in proceeding with his venture. Some breeders, among them Bakewell and Western, were 30 years in perfecting one breed of sheep and swine. Every animal sold by them put the purchaser 30 years ahead in the line of improvement. They simply selected the best for breeding purposes every year, and were compelled to in-breed the animals in order to fix their characteristics. The farmer must pursue the same course with his herds and crops, and he must make his selections every year by discarding every animal that does not come up to a certain standard of excellence. He must never become discouraged, as even the most skillful breeders succeed in securing but a few very valuable specimens in a year, though an improvement will be noticed every season. The gain is but little, and skill is essential, but in time the stock differs greatly from the original. Should extraordinary excellence be observed in certain individuals the breeder may abandon his plans and methods and start on new lines of breeding, as he learns by experience during his progress and takes advantage of accident or discoveries, but he always adheres to his original object of making a breed that is to be adapted to a special purpose. Even among the best breeds of live stock some individuals will be more valuable for certain uses than others, and those with the highest record may not display their best points of excellence until selected for breeding.—Philadelphia Record.

Foods For Egg Production.

The subject of egg production is one upon which the farmer is always ready for information, and, although there is not very much to be said on the matter that is original, still it may perhaps be of use to some of the readers of this journal if I give a few details as to the composition of the different foods which farmers give to their poultry, with the idea of pointing out which of them are most likely to result in making the hens lay well. It needs no very high degree of intelligence to understand that if a hen is to lay well, she must be fed well—and not only fed well, but fed with particular kinds of food which are required for the composition of egg substance; and so the best way to enter upon our present subject is to inquire first of all what an egg is composed of, and then we can soon determine what kinds of food contain most of the principal ingredients which are to be found in an egg. There are three parts to an egg—the shell, the albumen or white, and the yolk. Without entering into analytical details (which would confuse many readers), it may be pointed out that as so large a proportion of the egg is made up of albumen, the food given must be largely of an albuminoid nature. The value of an egg as an article of diet is due principally to the nitrogenous matter it contains, and unless a hen is provided with food which is rich in nitrogenous matter—that is to say, food in which nitrogenous constituents are not overdone by the carbonaceous or starchy constituents—that hen will not make a good layer. The point for us to consider, then, is what are the foods which are richest in itrogenous matter?—or, rather, what are the foods in which nitrogenous matter is in the ascendant? First of all, with regard to the different kinds of grain, analysis shows that the leguminous seeds are, on the whole, richest in albumen, and therefore, in mixing a meal for laying poultry, it will be well to use a percentage either of bean meal or of pea meal. A mixture of equal parts of pea meal, barley meal, oatmeal, and pollards will make as good a diet for laying poultry as anything. It will contain plenty of albumen and a sufficiency of fat-forming matter, which is also necessary in moderation for egg production. This can be varied in winter time by the addition of a little Indian meal, which, being of a more starchy nature, will assist in keeping up the temperature of the fowls' bodies—a very necessary thing in cold weather. Now, in regard to grain, oats are without doubt the best corn for poultry, because they are rich in nitrogenous and also in fatty matter; compared with maize, they are richer in both respects, whilst at the same time they have nothing like the amount of starch which maize possesses. Next to oats, English wheat is to be recommended; but that is rather deficient in fats. After that come barley and buckwheat, both of which make excellent variety in food.

Passing from grain to other substances, it will be well to point out that one of the best foods for poultry is milk; and wherever "skim" milk is available, it should always be used instead of water for mixing up with the poultry meal. Many farmers' wives owe their success in poultry-keeping to the use of meal both for the laying hens and also for rearing the chickens. Insects such as beetles are largely composed of nitrogen, and that is one of the reasons why chickens which are reared in woods and coppices generally thrive so well—they get plenty of insects. The same thing applies to laying poultry—no hens lay better than those which are allowed to ramble through a small wood or coppice. Next to insect life, lean meat is, of course, rich in nitrogen. Lean meat can neither be given in the fresh state nor in the dried state—in the dry state, of course, a smaller quantity needs to be given, because of the absence of moisture, which in fresh meat has not been taken away. On an average, one portion of dry lean meat should go as far as five portions of fresh lean meat, because lean meat contains from 60 to 70 per cent. of water. Granulated bone is another food rich in egg-forming constituents, and the addition of about 5 per cent. of crushed bone or of the dried fibrine meat just referred to will very much improve the egg-producing quality of any food. If people who are so fond of using Indian meal for their poultry would increase the proportion of nitrogen it contains by adding crushed bone or else meat, they would attain better results. A mixture of equal parts of oatmeal and Indian meal, with the addition of about 5 per cent. of each, meat and bone, is as likely a food as any to bring poultry on to lay at this time of the year, when the weather is cold and unsettled.—Midlander, in "Farmer and Stockbreeder," London, England.

Preserving the Dead.

There has just arrived in London from Queensland a scientist who, in the mysterious interior of Australia, has made certain discoveries which, says The Express, if accepted by the medical faculty in England, will prove of extraordinary value to the whole human race. One of his discoveries—the weirdest, if not the most important—arrests all change in the appearance of the human form after death. The maker of this astounding discovery is Mr. A. R. Taylor. Particular interest has been aroused in the case of an old man of eighty-one, who died last year, and whose body was handed over to Mr. Taylor by the authorities of Sydney for the purpose of experiment. Mr. Taylor shows this subject, which is in a perfect state of preservation, as a triumphant proof of the value of his discovery. "He will remain as he is," said Mr. Taylor, "to the end of all time." Mr. Taylor went on to explain how he made his discovery. "For many years," he said, "my father carried on an elaborate system of research with this one object in view. After his death I carried on his work. By a stroke of good fortune I came across some manuscripts of the early Egyptians. From them I found what my father and I had been searching for during many long years. I found how a solution, part vegetable and part mineral, could be made which, so far as outward appearance went, would stay forever the handiwork of death. There was no need to use the swathings employed by the Egyptians. By injecting the solution under the skin the body would be petrified."

Chinese Bankers.

In an interesting article dealing with the Chinese residents of Seattle, The Post-Intelligencer of that city says:—

And speaking of banks recalls another curious phase of the Chinese character that soon becomes apparent to one who has a passing knowledge of life in "Chinatown." A Chinaman has no manner of use for banks, legitimate banks, the custodians of the wealth of the nation. He never visits one except on those occasions when he wishes to send the money he has earned in America to his relatives in China. In all other things he acts as his own banker. Now a Chinese bank is about as peculiar an institution as one can find in a five-minute walk from the City Hall. The methods of the small merchant who has money to put away for safe keeping are as peculiar as were those of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee." The banking system is briefly this:

Five or six small merchants or tradesmen will join in the purchase of a safe—American built and of the latest pattern. It may be that as many as ten men will thus become the joint owners of a fire and burglar proof strong-box. Having acquired the safe the services of an expert locksmith are called for. By him the safe door is fitted with ten complicated locks, each one different from the other. When his work is complete the safe door cannot be opened unless each of the ten locks has first been unlocked. Each of the ten owners is given a key to a lock and the banking arrangement is complete. The safe then becomes the joint repository of the funds of the several partners, each having a separate compartment inside the much-locked outer door. Behold now the working of the scheme:

Ah Fat, being one of the owners, wishes to make a deposit or to withdraw all or a portion of his funds. He first finds and notifies each of the other nine key holders that he wishes to open the safe. If all of the bankers can be rounded up they repair to the safe and each one opens the lock that is the badge of his ownership and the safeguard of his wealth. This being done, the safe door is opened and nine interested bankers remain in close attendance while Ah Fat fingers the coin that is his and his alone. The safe is then closed and each of the ten bankers solemnly turns the key in his individual lock and returns to the pursuit of his own occupation.

Shipping Casualties.

The official record of shipping casualties, compiled by the Board of Trade, was recently issued, says The London Daily Telegraph. From the tables given during the last 25 years there occurred 6,770 wrecks and casualties to ships belonging to the United Kingdom, attended with fatal results to 41,803 persons, of whom 36,038 were members of crews and 5,770 passengers, pilots, or other persons. The average annual loss during the 25 years was 1,672 persons, consisting of 1,441 crew and 231 passengers. The loss in 1900-1901 was 1,011 persons, of whom 957 were crew and 54 were passengers. The loss of seamen in 1900-1901 was lower than in any previous year except 1897-98. The loss of life in 1895-96 was swollen by the loss of 247 lives through the wreck of the Drummond Castle, and the loss of 277 lives through the sinking of the On Wo, of London, by collision. The number of passengers lost in 1894-95 was swollen by 1,150 Chinese soldiers drowned by the sinking of the Kow Shing of London. The average number of seamen lost during the 25 years in sailing vessels was 938, and of passengers 50, against 574 seamen and 12 passengers lost in 1900-1901. The average number of seamen lost in steamships was 503, and of passengers 181, against 383 seamen and 42 passengers lost in 1900-1901. The loss of life in steamships in 1899-33 was swollen by the loss of 106 lives (62 men and 42 passengers) through the wreck of the Mohegan, and of 105 lives (19 crew and 86 passengers) through the wreck of the Stella. The total number of sea casualties to vessels of all kinds belonging to British possessions abroad, which occurred in 1900-1901, was 633. The total loss of life in 1900-1901 was 269, against 642 in the previous year. The record ceases with June 20, 1901.

La Montt—This paper contradicts itself. At one time it remarks that the esteemed citizen lived to "a green old age" and at another "a ripe old age."

La Moyne—What's the difference?

La Montt—Why, if anything is green how can it be ripe?—Chicago Daily News.

Unvarnished Truth.

Under the caption of "The Unvarnished Truth," The New York Evening Post says:—Ex-Gov. Boutwell's speech at Faneuil hall on New Year's Day was a notable appeal to the beclouded spirit of liberty in the United States. Although addressed primarily to the colored population, it is equally well adapted to all Americans. Mr. Boutwell spoke to the negroes in behalf of the Filipinos, because the negroes have been emancipated, while the Filipinos have been lately subjugated—both by the United States Government. He tells the unvarnished truth when he says that "the Republican party has become the enemy of universal liberty." The inquisition had nothing worse to show than the torture and death of Father Augustine at the hands of American officers—a crime which is now said to be under investigation after useless attempts at concealment. And this is only one of a series of similar acts perpetrated in order to suppress the liberty of a distant people who never did us any harm until we carried fire and sword into their country and their homes. We gave to this invasion of a free and friendly people the names of civilization, Christianity, law and order. We said that it was all for their good. We have proclaimed that our officers in the Philippine Islands were performing their duties satisfactorily and successfully, whereas the islands are in a condition of famine, pestilence and general misery more pitiable than under any period of Spanish rule that can now be recalled. Of course, we lose sight of these things easily, because they are so far away and so little news that is unfavorable leaks out. So it is all the more necessary that the voice of some Prophet Elijah should cry aloud and spare not. Such a voice is that of Gov. Boutwell, and never was it pitched upon a nobler key than on New Year's Day in Faneuil Hall.

What the Patient Did.

Many stories are being told of the late Rev. Dr. Temple, Primate of England, among them the following:—He had a habit of emphasizing his words by gestures. When he received his first episcopal promotion from Exeter to London he left behind him, to his sorrow, a faithful dependent in Devon County Asylum. Visiting Exeter soon afterwards, out of the kindness of his heart he called to see this patient. Returning to town, Dr. Temple was met at Paddington by an old friend, and drove off with him to Fulham in an open victoria.

Presently the Bishop began to tell his friend of his visit to the asylum.

"I was hoping," he said, "poor Y—— might soon be discharged, when, just as I was leaving, he put his thumb to his nose, and went—just so—at me."

As Dr. Temple said this he graphically illustrated the contemptuous gesture. The same moment the carriage turned into Fulham High street, and the horror of the spectators can be imagined at seeing the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, whom they were just beginning to know by sight, guilty of such a vulgar act in broad daylight.

Precedence at State Functions.

The question of precedence at State ceremonies has been agitating British as well as Canadian church circles, and The Dundee Advertiser thus facetiously comments upon a recent decision of the King. The Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is a proud man to-day. For some unexplained reason his Majesty the King has been pondering the problem of the Moderator's precedence, and the result is now announced. During his term of office the Moderator is to take precedence in Scotland next after the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. Thus is the horn of Presbyterianism exalted. To estimate the dizzy attitude to which the Moderator is raised, we must suppose the King to hold his court at Holyrood, and picture the long procession of personages who will rank below the very reverend figure in the Geneva gown. The entire peerage will take their places after him, together with all the Bishops of the Anglican church. As for the numerous Bishops who have assumed Scottish titles, they are, of course, mere dissenters, with no place on the precedence table at all, and if the matter were probed we are not sure but that Jacob Primmer would come before the Bishop of Edinburgh. We hope that the effect upon that humble Christian, the minister of Mouswald, may not be the production of anything of the nature of "tete monte." His Majesty has also, it appears, settled the question of precedence, which for some years past has been disturbing the peace of Belfast. He has pronounced the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church to stand on an equality with the Archbishops of the Catholic and Episcopal churches, and as there is no State church in Ireland, the decision is unchallengable upon any grounds save those of "prelatic pride," faint traces of which may sometimes be detected. Many will acclaim the judiciousness of these decisions of the King, running strongly, as they do, in the face of pretensions loudly enough expressed just now in England and not unheard in Scotland itself.

Autocars For Railways.

The Northeastern Railway of England is at the present moment building at its York works two autocars to run on its railway, each of which will carry a complete apparatus for generating its own motive power. It is calculated that a speed of 30 miles an hour can be got up in as many seconds, which is very much quicker acceleration than is possible with an ordinary train. It is not proposed to use these autocars at first for the longer distance traffic of the Northeastern Railway, but to employ them rather for accelerating the service on those sections of the system where an ordinary train can only make a slow rate of speed owing to the number of stopping places. The two cars now under construction are destined to run between Hartlepool and West Hartlepool stations, where there is keen competition with a tramway service. If the experiment be successful, other sections of the company's system are to be similarly equipped with automobile trains.

Humor of the Hour.

Pat—You say if I use one of these patent dampers I save half me coal?

Agent—Exactly, sir; exactly.

Pat—Be gobs, I'll take two.—Harvard Lampoon.

Jaggles—Which country has the largest standing army in the world?

Waggles—This one, if you count the people who ride in the New York street cars.—New York Sun.

"Are you fond of birds?" she asked innocently, as she stood at the piano fumbling the music.

"I dearly love them," he replied, with never a shadow of suspicion.

Then she ran her slender fingers over the keys and began to sing, "Oh, Would I Were a Bird."—Chicago News.

Newcome—They tell me hens never lay eggs at night. Did you know that?

Subbubs—Oh! yes.

Newcome—Strange, isn't it?

Subbubs—Not at all. All the hens are roosters at night, you know.

School—The boy was going away to school, full of high hope.

"I shall make the football team and color two pipes the first year!" he said bravely.

His mother kissed him and wept. His father wrung his hand in silence.

They were too full to speak then.

But when he was gone, and they were calmer, they talked together of him, and prayed that his ambition might not carry him beyond his strength.—Life.

They had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery.

"You have your mother's beautiful eyes, dear," he said.

She felt that the time had come to play her trump card. "I have also," she said, "my father's lovely check book."

Within 30 minutes the engagement was announced.—Tit-Bits.

A farmer who had arrived in town on business dropped in at the cat show to see puss at her best.

"It's rather ridiculous for a farmer to buy a cat, because I know there's a dozen round the farm, but that's a beauty, and I believe I'll get it for my little girl. Do you suppose it's for sale, porter, and what is the price?"

"A hundred and twenty pounds."

"Great turnips," he gasped, "that's more than I give for a whole waggon-load of pigs!"

At a twenty-first birthday party the other day, says "London Answers," a mother was praising the talents of her son, and, being anxious to make him appear at his best before the company present, asked him to show the company the prizes he had won.

One of the guests, picking up the best article, said: "And what did he win this prize with?"

"Oh, that was for running," said the proud mother.

"And who presented it to him?" asked the guest.

"We did," said the mother.

"How was that?" asked the guest.

"Why, you see," said the proud mother, "he'd have won, but he didn't hear the pistol go off."

"Ah," said the Count, "zis ees not ze lady I would have for my wife. She ees what you call plain."

"But her father owns a coal mine," replied the General Manager of the International Tide and Trust Syndicate.

"I care not for zis gold mine. I——"

"Not gold mine. I said coal mine—hard coal."

"Ah, my dear friend! How beautiful zis lady ees! My heart he what you call leap wis love!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The keeper in attendance on a guest at a Norfolk shooting party recently looked on with disgust at the gentleman's erratic marksmanship. He was banging away here, there and everywhere, but no birds fell.

"Aim 'igher, sir," advised the keeper.

Still the birds flew untouched.

"It ain't the gun, sir, and it ain't the cartridges," remarked the Norfolk man. "Try shuttin' your right eye instead of the left, sir."

But not a pheasant fell.

The keeper scratched his head.

"The birds is very strong on the wing this year," he remarked, "but there's one more chance. If I was you, sir, I should 'ave a pop with both eyes shut."—Answers.

"You know there's a belief that when a man is delirious from fever he tells his most cherished secrets."

"Yes, but it isn't so. I could show you——"

"Well, it certainly isn't true in the case of old Polhiggamus. When he was raving in his delirium the other night the watchers supposed he would let out a few facts about his wealth and what he's got it invested in. He not only didn't do that, but I'm blest if he didn't tell more lies about it than if he had been talking to the assessor."—Chicago Tribune.

At the annual meeting of the Emanu-El Sisterhood the Rev. Dr. Leon Harrison told this story:—

"I invited my teacher and venerable friend Dr. Gottheil to be present at a synagogue one day when I was to deliver a sermon. He came and heard me, and I was naturally anxious to know how my effort had pleased him. So at the first opportunity I asked how he liked the sermon.

"'The text was good and admirably chosen,' he responded quietly."—New York Times.

With a face of the utmost gravity, amounting almost to sternness, but with a twinkle in his eye, the great merchant called the office boy to his desk.

"Henry," he said, "have I ever given you anything?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, wondering what was to come next.

"How long have you been working for us?"

"Six months, sir."

"Then you have been here long enough to know better than to leave that door open. If you do it again I shall have to give you a permanent vacation. That is all, Henry."—Chicago Tribune.

How Lillian Russell Keeps Young.

Lillian Russell is described by Geraldine Bonner, who recently saw her at Weber & Field's Theater in New York, as "just the same old Lillian, exactly as good-looking, in the same perfectly regular way, as she ever was." Theatergoers have always wondered how this popular actress contrived to retain her beauty, despite the flight of time, and so they will read with interest her article on "The Secret of How to Keep Young," which appears in a recent number of "Collier's Weekly." Miss Russell declares that it is a comparatively simple thing for any person to keep fresh and youthful-looking without the aid of cosmetics, enamel, dyes and other mineral or vegetable substances which may serve the purpose for a time, but in the end leave the user all the worse for the application. She adds: "There is nothing like exercise and diet to promote the good health which is a necessary accompaniment of—in fact, the vital principle that serves to preserve—youth and beauty. The average woman of to-day is apt to sacrifice all things to her comfort. Exercise is a bore; dieting is troublesome and almost painful; because effects are not at once apparent, she dispenses with any little reform in the mode of living which, in a contrite spirit, she may have taken up. I have known women who made firm resolves to undergo a systematic course of exercise and followed it up religiously for a few days, meanwhile scanning their glass eagerly to note results. None developing at once, they have voted the whole thing a fraud, and gone back to the old routine of pleasure and indolence. The woman who is really in earnest about preserving her beauty and youth will find, in a short time, that the few simple rules to follow soon become a source of genuine pleasure. I say rules, but that is not to be taken literally. There are no set rules to be followed; one must be guided by common sense, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, for mind has as much to do with accomplishing results as the actual training. The woman who assigns to herself the task and then goes about it in a desultory fashion, with half-hearted hopes of achieving ends, would better not make the attempt at all."

The system of exercise which Miss Russell follows may, to some, seem almost heroic; to her it has now become a sort of second nature. "In the first place," she says, "when I awaken in the morning I drink at least two cupfuls of hot water. Then a plunge into a warm bath is followed by a thorough massage, and I take a few minutes of rest before eating breakfast. This meal consists of a piece of dry toast and, perhaps, a cup of weak tea. If it is summer-time, a game of tennis or practice with the medicine-ball is next. All the muscles are brought into play, and at the expiration of fifteen minutes I am in a profuse perspiration. But the game is enjoyable, and I continue until thoroughly weary. Then into the bath-tub again and another rub-down, and I am ready for breakfast No. 2, which consists of a lean chop and toast—but nothing of a liquid nature. If the day is fine, a spin on my bicycle is next in order. For this I wear a medium-weight sweater over my regular costume, and the ride is never less than ten miles and at a pretty good pace. Reaching home, and after another rub-down, I don some loose costume and read or otherwise pass the time until lunch. This meal is also very simple, all starchy or fattening foods being religiously excluded. Allowing a little time for digestion, some other game is indulged in—such as tether-ball, or perhaps golf. A short carriage drive follows, with a bath and massage at the finish. That takes me up to dinner-time, when usually I eat what my fancy dictates. That is the one meal of the day in which I do not stint myself, although I avoid, so far as possible, any foods which have a fattening tendency. The evenings, too, are spent in quiet relaxation, as I consider I have done enough for the day.

"The following morning," concludes Miss Russell, "the same plan is followed, and I take genuine pleasure in carrying out the schedule laid out. There is nothing hard or disagreeable in what I do. In the winter, when bicycle-riding is out of the question, I play ping-pong, or row a few miles in an indoor boat. The punching-bag, I find, is a grand form of exercise, and I am becoming an expert at that. The care of the skin is, of course, an important factor. The simplest forms of emollients, used in connection with facial massage, I find are the best. But they are of little use without the exercise which brings the natural glow of health to the cheeks. The hair should be carefully looked after, as nothing so much tends to make a woman look youthful or pretty as her 'crowning glory.' Frequent shampoos, combined with persistent brushing, will do all that is necessary in that line."

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The acid poison that invades the joints in Rheumatism can be reached only through the blood. South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acids, dissolves and washes out all foreign substances and sends a current of rich, fed blood to the affected parts, bestowing instant relief from the torturing pains. Read what C. M. Mayheer, of Thomasville, Ont., has to say: "My joints were so badly swollen with Rheumatism that I could hardly walk, or even feed myself. I have tried various other remedies, but they did me no good, and I almost despaired of getting cured. A friend advised me to try **The South American Rheumatic Cure,** and after using only three bottles I was entirely cured, and have never had a return of the agonizing symptoms."

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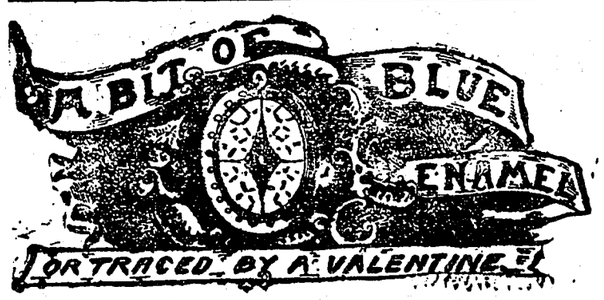
South American Kidney Cure purges the kidneys of every impurity, and restores them to health—speedily and perfectly. No. 31



"Thank you, Coulson, I think not," said Mr. Hyde; "or stay! you might send a telegram for me."

He pulled out his note-book, scribbled a few words in it, tore out the leaf and handed it to the servant, with instructions to despatch the telegram at once.

"Just a word to my daughter," he explained, as the man departed, "to prepare her for the pleasure of your arrival."

A few more minutes and the train was on its way again.

It is hardly necessary to say that Marjorie St. Clair was no other than the child whose father had met with so tragic a death on that fatal St. Valentine's morning nine years ago.

The change in her name had been brought about by her going to live with her mother's cousin, Miss St. Clair.

This lady had desired the child to be called by her name; and now Marjorie rarely remembered that it was not her own.

Her father's murderer had never been discovered, in spite of the most vigilant search on the part of the police.

It seemed pretty certain, however, that plunder had been the object; for a roll of bank notes was missing from the drawer of the writing table—also the pretty gold locket which had been intended for poor Ethel Bruce's Valentine.

She, poor soul, followed her husband to the grave within six months of the tragedy that had wrecked her life.

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Hyde and Marjorie alighted at a little country station, they having left the express at Euston, and finished their journey in one of the slow local trains.

A well-appointed carriage was in waiting.

Mr. Hyde and Marjorie entered it; the servant who had traveled with his master mounted beside the coachman, and away they drove towards Denelands, which Mr. Hyde had told Marjorie was the name of his home.

A drive of half an hour brought them to it.

It was a handsome white building, ample and substantial, though plain.

It was surrounded by a large garden and shrubberies, and there was a neat white lodge at the entrance-gate.

There appeared to be no other house within a distance of half a mile.

Just behind it, on a slight eminence, was a wood; at the side of it a wide lake.

The carriage bowled swiftly and smoothly up the drive and stopped at the hall door.

Mr. Hyde, with great courtesy, assisted Marjorie to alight and led her into one of the parlors opening out of the hall.

It was a remarkably pretty, refined apartment. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate.

A lady's work-basket and some needle work were lying on the table; an empty chair stood near.

"Ah, my daughter is not here, I see," remarked Mr. Hyde, glancing swiftly round the room. "Sit down, Miss St. Clair, and I will fetch her."

Marjorie seated herself near the fire, and awaited the coming of Miss Hyde, with no small degree of trepidation.

When Mr. Hyde made his generous offer, she accepted it almost at once, simply because she was so distressed and overwrought that she knew not what else to do.

But now she could not but reflect that the daughter might not approve her father's choice.

She might be a haughty, mistrustful young lady, who would object to this intrusion on the part of an utter stranger.

Mr. Hyde had remarked, in the course of conversation, that he was a widower, so Marjorie knew his daughter was mistress at Denelands.

In a minute or two the door opened and a young lady entered—tall and graceful, and wearing an elegant tea gown of black and gold, which trailed on the carpet behind her.

She looked a little haughty, but held out her hand with frank cordiality.

"How do you do, Miss St. Clair?" was her greeting. "My father has told me about you. I hope we may be able to make you comfortable. I am Miss Hyde."

Marjorie, as she murmured a grateful word or two, looked up at the face above her own, and saw in a moment how very beautiful it was.

A somewhat southern-looking face with a clear, creamy skin, large blue eyes, fringed by almost black lashes, a firm, beautiful mouth and slightly wavy, very dark brown hair.

Her age might be four or five and twenty; her bearing was one of singular dignity and grace.

She sat down, begged Marjorie to do the same, and began to talk with perfect ease, and in a clear, high-bred tone.

"My father says you have told him that the lady to whom you were going and who has left England so suddenly, may return in the course of six weeks," she said. "If she does, and you prefer to go to her, we shall, of course, wish you to please yourself. If not, we shall be happy to have you continue to stay with us."

These were kind words, and Miss Hyde's manner did not seem insincere.

And yet, in some subtle, mysterious fashion, Marjorie received the impression that she was not really a welcome guest, so far as this young lady was concerned.

Presently Miss Hyde rang the bell and desired a servant to bring in tea.

"We will have it here together," she remarked. "My father is tired with his journey, and will take his in his own room. And there is no one else in the house at present. After tea I care say you will like to go upstairs and have the evening to yourself. You must be tired, too. Allow me to help you to take off your hat and jacket."

And very graciously and gracefully she persisted in helping her, in spite of Marjorie's remonstrances.

During tea the two girls sat opposite each other, and more than once Marjorie caught Miss Hyde's eyes fixed upon her with a look she could not fathom—a scrutinizing gaze, as though she would penetrate into the innermost secrets of her soul.

That look puzzled Marjorie.

There came a day when she understood it well.

CHAPTER III.

Visitors.

Marjorie thankfully availed herself of Miss Hyde's considerate offer, and retired to her room very early in the evening.

When she went downstairs next morning she found Mr. Hyde in the breakfast room, his fine, fresh complexion all glowing from his matutinal bath.

He greeted her with the utmost cordiality and kindness.

To herself she said that if only the laughter had the frank, pleasant manner of the father, her home might be a very happy one indeed.

In a moment or two Miss Hyde appeared, dressed in an elegant morning gown, and looking even more beautiful than she had looked the night before.

Her manner, however, was restrained, though perfectly well-bred and polite.

Evidently she had no intention of getting on terms of freedom with her young companion until she knew her better.

Mr. Hyde seemed to notice and be vexed by his daughter's coldness.

Indeed, once Marjorie saw him cast a glance of unmistakable reproof at her.

After breakfast, the members of the family were free to follow the day's occupations or diversions.

Mr. Hyde rode out on horse-back, first commending Marjorie very kindly to the care of his daughter.

"You must remember she is among strangers, Madeline, and try to keep her from feeling lonely," he said, as he left them. "And you, my dear, must make up your mind to regard us as your friends."

A mist of grateful tears dimmed Marjorie's eyes as, standing by the window, she watched him ride away.

How kind he was, how generous, how true a gentleman.

Already she loved him as she might have loved a dear and honorable relative.

Oh, if only his daughter were more like him! She turned to find Madeline's eyes fixed on her with that same scrutinizing gaze she had seen in them last night.

This time a slight shade of melancholy crossed Miss Hyde's brow, as though she saw something which gave her pain.

She suggested they should sit by the fire and do some needlework together.

Marjorie readily acquiesced, and a servant brought in a great roll of flannel from which Madeline commenced, with great dexterity, to cut a number of garments, which, she said, were for the poor.

"I'm always so pleased to do anything of this kind—for the poor, I mean," said Marjorie, watching her with interest. "I'm glad you like it, too."

But Madeline disclaimed all merit in the transaction.

"If I were left to myself I should never make a single garment," she said, with frank carelessness. "I do it simply because my father wishes it. He likes me to be kind to the indigent."

"He is kind to everyone, I think," said Marjorie, softly.

Miss Hyde made no answer.

A curious look flitted over her face—almost a mocking look—as though she had her own opinion about her father's kindness.

All that day Miss Hyde and Marjorie were alone together, for the master of the house did not return till early in the evening.

Little by little the elder girl's manner unbent.

The air of cold restraint dropped from her; her face lighted up into new beauty.

Marjorie said to herself—

"Oh, how I could love her if only she would always be like this."

The truth was it was Marjorie's own sweetness that had softened Madeline.

There was a charm about her which won its way to most hearts.

Hard indeed would have been the heart that could resist her.

The two girls were still sitting together by the morning room fire when Mr. Hyde returned.

"I hope we have something good for dinner, Madeline," he said, cheerfully. "Your cousins will be here to-night."

Madeline looked up, startled, a red spot on her cheek, excitement in her eye.

"I got a wire from them at the station," went on her father, easily. "They will be here for dinner. Isn't it time you went upstairs to dress?"

"I think it is," said Madeline, speaking in an abstracted, preoccupied fashion. "Come, Marjorie."

And they left the room.

Ten minutes later Marjorie, as she dressed in her own chamber, missed a little gold sleeve link from her cuff, and feeling sure she had dropped it either in the hall or on the staircase, she slipped out to look for it.

At the bottom of the stairs she found it; and as she stooped to pick it up she heard Mr. Hyde's voice in a room close at hand.

It was slightly raised, undoubtedly in anger or displeasure—

"Do as I tell you," he said, imperatively. "You know my plans. Silence! I will not hear a word. Enough for you that I mean to be obeyed."

It was not intentionally that Marjorie had overheard even this much, and she went upstairs again as soon as she had got her sleeve link, without pausing for a single unnecessary moment.

She concluded it must be one of the servants Mr. Hyde was speaking to, and wondered what had been done to arouse such severe displeasure in so mild-tempered a man.

A couple of minutes later there came a tap at her door, followed by the entrance of Madeline.

"You've begun to dress, I see," she remarked, carelessly. "I thought I would come in and tell you to put on one of your prettiest dresses. My father will like it, I think, and take it as a compliment to the arrival of his nephews."

Marjorie was only too pleased to do anything to gratify Mr. Hyde.

She acquieced at once.

"Will you choose for me?" she said to Madeline. "Ah, do, please."

Madeline walked to the wardrobe without speaking, and looked at the two or three evening dresses which hung there.

"You might wear this, I think," she said, pointing to a very pretty frock, eau-de-Nil in color, and most charmingly made. "I will send you a few flowers to wear with it."

"Oh, thank you; how very, very kind you are."

Again a slightly mocking smile curled Madeline's perfect lips.

Marjorie did not see it, however, for her face was averted, and a moment later Madeline quitted the room.

When the dinner bell rang and Marjorie went downstairs, she made as fair a picture as the mind could frame or the eye could rest upon.

The delicate shade of her dress harmonized exquisitely with the fairness of her skin.

Her eyes were sweetly lustrous behind their long silken lashes; her beautiful golden brown hair shaded her white brow, and was gathered in a simple Greek knot at the back of her dainty head.

She looked sweeter than words can say.

Mr. Hyde, who was alone in the dining room, glanced at her with a well pleased smile.

"Did Madeline send you the flowers, my dear?" he asked, looking at a lovely cluster of pink roses which were pinned across her bodice.

"Yes, sir. It was very kind of her, was it not?"

"I trust you will never meet with anything but kindness from Madeline," said the old gentleman, earnestly.

The next moment Miss Hyde entered, gowned in old rose silk, with trimmings of rich Spanish lace.

Her cheeks were flushed—her eyes sparkling. She looked indescribably beautiful.

"Where are Edgar and Charles?" she asked, glancing round.

"Here!" said a man's voice—very soft and musical—just outside the door.

It opened and two young men in evening dress came forward, the foremost, who had been the speaker, stepping up to Madeline and kissing her frankly on the cheek.

He was very handsome, in a dark, Spanish style, with an olive skin, very brilliant eyes, a heavy moustache and glossy hair of raven blackness.

His figure, too, was remarkably fine—tall, and of splendid proportions.

He looked haughty, Marjorie thought, but clever, and not ill-natured.

His companion was younger, and by no means so striking-looking, but Marjorie liked his face better.

He was perfectly clean-shaven, and had a clear, healthy skin, such as one often sees in young Englishmen who spend a deal of their time in the country in the open air.

His gray eye was very bright and keen, his mouth was pleasant, his teeth were white and even.

His whole appearance was unmistakably that of a gentleman.

Not quite so tall as his brother, he was yet of a good height, and possessed, moreover, that air of alertness and agility which is a sign of perfect health.

Marjorie was introduced in due form.

She then learned that the dark gentleman was Mr. Edgar Hyde, and that the fairer one's name was Charles.

Both looked at the dainty face of Marjorie with as much interest as was consistent with good breeding.

They greeted her with great courtesy, and Charles took her in to dinner, Madeline laughingly taking an arm of her father and her cousin Edgar.

During the evening Marjorie, whose perceptions were very keen, made a discovery.

Madeline loved her cousin Edgar—loved him with that all-absorbing, passionate devotion which one would naturally expect in a girl of her type.

Whether he returned her love, Marjorie could not be quite so sure.

There was evidently some kind of an understanding between them.

As, on their entrance he kissed her, while his brother was content with a simple hand-shake, so, during the whole evening, his manner to her was lover-like; his place, of right, seemed by her side.

Nevertheless, Marjorie could not be quite sure he loved her, and once or twice she detected a jealous, dissatisfied look in Madeline's eye, as it rested on him.

Mr. Charles Hyde took his place beside Marjorie, and seemed well content to stay there; nor was she ill-pleased to have him, for he was a pleasant, entertaining companion, and had read most of her favorite poets and authors.

She found it quite delightful to converse with him. Among other things he told her some capital stories of his adventures at Oxford.

His brother, who chanced to be standing near, caught a word or two and said—

"What's that you're telling Miss St. Clair, Charlie?"

"Oh, only a little tale about a scrape I got into at Christ church."

This answer seemed to amuse the elder brother exceedingly.

It was with difficulty he kept from laughing outright; and when he rejoined Madeline he repeated it to her, as though it were an excellent jest.

She, however, did not smile.

On the contrary, a rather uneasy and anxious look crossed her face as she glanced at Marjorie.

Late in the evening Mr. Hyde asked for some music.

"You play, Marjorie?" said Madeline, and the suggestion was so warmly seconded by all three gentlemen that Marjorie could not but comply.

"I wonder if you can play my favorite," said Mr. Hyde.

"What is it, sir?"

He rose, and placed a piece of music in front of her. It was Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer."

"You wish me to sing as well as play?"

"If you will."

Marjorie's skill as a musician was far beyond the average, and her voice was exquisite—so sweet, so rich, so pure.

As the beautiful strains ran through the room, everyone present was entranced.

Mr. Hyde seemed deeply moved.

Marjorie, turning round, saw him raise his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Miss St. Clair, your voice is divine!" exclaimed Edgar Hyde, with enthusiasm.

And both Charles and Madeline echoed the sentiment.

Mr. Hyde laid his hand in fatherly fashion on the head of the young player as she still sat at the pianoforte.

"You have given me a great pleasure," he said, in a slightly faltering voice, but very earnestly. "God bless you, my dear."

CHAPTER IV.

The Locket.

The next day passed pleasantly in company with the young men, who would spend, Madeline said, at least a week or two at Denelands.

There had been a hard frost for two or three days and the ice on the lake was quite strong enough to bear.

Madeline and Marjorie, attended by the two young men, went to make trial of it.

Mr. Hyde, though declining to put on skates, stood on the bank and watched them for some time.

"You might invite a few of your young friends, and make a skating-party of it," he suggested to his daughter. "Sir Edward Mortimer and his sisters would be glad to come, I think; and perhaps the Oliveras. What do you say?"

At the mention of Sir Edward Mortimer, the two young men exchanged glances, and seemed exceedingly amused.

Marjorie saw their amusement and wondered what caused it.

That, too, she was soon to understand.

"Skating by torchlight would be fine fun," said Charles Hyde. "How would St. Valentine's Day do for it, sir?"

His brother muttered a word of dissent under his breath.

He looked angry and disturbed.

His uncle gazed at him intently for a moment of two then said in a slow, thoughtful tone—

"You don't like St. Valentine's Day, my boy?"

"No, sir—do you?' demanded Edgar, turning suddenly upon him, and speaking with almost fierce abruptness, then as suddenly turning away, and skating quite to the other end of the pool.

(To be Continued.)

A Gloomy View.

A special despatch from London to The New York Sun says Mr. Frederic Harrison, in an address to the Positivist Committee, of which he is President, said that the Monroe doctrine would eventually descend to the simple formula of "No European monarchy shall hold ground on transatlantic continents." Mr. Harrison affirmed that England was hastening such a development by her foolish combination with Germany. Mr. Harrison takes a gloomy view of polical institutions as they were affected by the events of the year 1902. He says: "The cardinal fact of our time is the exhaustion of the Parliamentary system of government. Parliaments everywhere are passing into a stage of decadence, discredit and servility. In Germany a Parliamentary coup d'etat has reduced the Chamber to an office in which decisions of State which are decreed by the Sovereign and a Minister are registered with a formula which has been seen and approved. The same process is being applied in England to the mother of free Parliaments, somewhat less openly but quite as efficiently. Wars which might indirectly have brought us into collision or dispute with the two great nations in the world were begun behind the back of Parliament almost without any explanation of their cause or object. Treaties were made with foreign powers such as might indirectly have shaken our whole commercial fiscal system to its foundation without any explanation to Parliament, and even while Parliament was offered a false explanation and wrong translation of an important document the House of Commons was called upon to waive its most cherished privileges, including the keystone of the British constitution—the absolute control of taxation. All this," Mr. Harrison concluded, "is a sure sign the Parliamentary government in England is felt to be superannuated and is being superseded by irregular plebiscites, when these were ratified or approved by a House of Lords and House of Bishops. A huge, unreal majority elected under popular effervescence, which was equivalent to a revolutionary storm, demoralized the Government and its opponents alike. The Ministers grew as reckless of justice, and even of public opinion, as any autocrat, and the Opposition, feeling themselves silenced by a mechanical guillotine, lost all cohesion, and withdrew in despair. What is certain is that the khaki reaction of 1900 has made inroads on the constitutional rights of the House of Commons such as was never attempted by Pitt, Wellington, Peel, Palmerston or Gladstone.

Thirty Years' Service.

Miss M. C. Smith, who is the first woman to receive his Majesty's Order of the Imperial Service, says The Golden Penny, has been in the Savings Bank Department of the Postoffice for thirty years. The experiment of employing women in that department proved so successful that it opened the way, through Mr. Fawcett's influence, to their employment in the Postoffice. Miss Smith, who began as one of the twenty female clerks, has now over 900 women under her control. As the pioneer of her sex in that branch of work, she well deserves the honor she has just received.

The Golden Penny also has the following: Mrs. Elizabeth Alsop, of Godson Common, Guildford, has recently celebrated, with great rejoicings, her 102nd birthday. She was in her young days a children's nurse, and when she was 25 years old she went into service at Lady Audrey Risdale's. Lady Audrey was the wife of the Rev. R. Risdale, of Tillington, and daughter of the then Marquis of Townshend. Mrs. Alsop remained with the Risdales for the record period of female service of 74 years. The late Duchess of Teck offered a prize for the female servant who in the British Isles could prove the longest period of service continuously in one family, and after due competition this was unanimously awarded to Mrs. Elizabeth Alsop by the Duchess and her ladies' committee, with many felicitations upon her unique record.

Mrs. Alsop's eyesight and hearing are not so good as they once were, it is true, but she is extremely active, does a lot of knitting, and takes a very deep and intelligent interest in things that go on round her neighborhood. She can tell many interesting stories of our Queen's girlhood, of historical events that now seem far back in the past, and she seems likely to live many years yet.

The idea of a domestic remaining in one family for 74 years is almost more than the mind of the average householder can grasp. Fancy anyone—but what's the use?

Cut the Leaves of Books.

Why in the name of all that is modern and swift, asks The London Globe, do not publishers cut the leaves of the books they publish? It is assumed that in these days a man has not time to walk upstairs; it is perfectly understood that telegrams must be accelerated, and that boy messengers must be cherished; and yet publishers will persist in attaching a sentence of slow servitude to nearly every book they issue. Take the "Dictionary of National Biography." It is a serious thing to buy it, but it is a more serious thing to get it cut. Who is to do it? Not every man has relays of daughters or an under-gardener whom he can arm with a paper knife. Monarchs and millionaires must have ways of dealing with this problem. It is not to be supposed that at Windsor Castle the reader cuts the leaves. Whitaker may be silent on the point, but it seems certain that a Groom of the Paper Knife or a Book Barber in Ordinary exists and draws an enviable salary. The "Dictionary" is a fat and flagrant case. It is morally and actuarially certain that many eager purchasers of this great work have not lived to cut its leaves. Which is sad. But the evil is at least proportionally great in even a tiny volume. The present writer had occasion this week to cut (with a paper knife two feet long) a copy of Matthew Arnold's "Note Books." The booklet was tightly bound, the leaves were stiff and slippery; and though his one desire was to get at the innermost mind of Arnold, he had all the sensation of vivisecting a guinea pig. Which is absurd.

DON'T HAWK AND SPIT.

Do Your Friends Avoid You by Reason of These

Symptoms of Catarrh?

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder quickly dispels every loathsome symptom of Catarrh and effects a permanent cure. It stands alone as a remedy for Catarrh, both chronic and acute; Hay Fever, Headache, Sore Throat, Influenza, Deafness, Tonsilitis and all other diseases of the nose and throat. Cures the severest cases and cures them speedily. Rev. J. Louer Grimm, a well-known clergyman of Springer, York Co., Pa., writes: "Both myself and family have used **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder** for the past two years, and I can conscientiously recommend it to any one who suffers from Catarrh or other nose or throat diseases. I would consider it wrong not to recommend it every chance I get."

Liver Working Properly?

If not, it's proof that your entire system is disorganized. **Agnew's Liver Pills**—entirely vegetable—regulate the Liver, purify the whole body, restoring it to perfect health. 40 doses 10c. No. 35

Didn't Lose Much.

At one of the annual fairs which are held at a small town in Russia a gentleman observed a gypsy and a Pole haggling over the sale of a horse. Full of curiosity when the two separated, and anxious to know how two such shrewd characters had bargained, the gentleman called the gypsy to him and enquired how much he had got for his animal. The gypsy opened his hand and showed a ten-rouble note (valued about a guinea).

"But isn't that very cheap?"

"No," said the gypsy, "he is dead lame."

The gentleman then sought out the Pole and said:

"So you have given ten roubles for a lame horse?"

The Pole, however, with a knowing look, said:

"Lame! He's as sound as you are. I saw he was badly shod, and only limped in consequence."

The enquirer returned to the gypsy and reported what the other said. The former gave a tremendous and most significant wink and whispered:

"He's as lame as a two-legged stool. I had him badly shod on purpose to make people believe that that was the cause of his limping."

When this was communicated to the Pole he seemed for the moment taken aback, and hung his head; then, with a little sigh and a shrug of his shoulders, he said, quietly:

"Ah, well, it's all right; it was a bad ten-rouble note!"

A Savage Pun.

William Penn was obviously nervous while signing his treaty with the Indians.

"I am afraid that redskin over there may make a snap shot of the occasion," he explained.

"No fear," rejoined a friend; "he has already done his worst. He just remarked the Penn was mightier than the sword."

Moved to wrath, the great Quaker went forth and founded Philadelphia, thus making many innocent people suffer for the act of a punwitting savage.—New York "Tribune."

Mainly About People.

Here's a late story anent Christian Science. A Boston mother said to her little daughter: "If you had my faith, darling, you would have no toothache." The child replied: "Well, mother, if you had my toothache, you wouldn't have any faith."

When Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, a United States army officer, was presented to the Kaiser during a recent visit to Germany, Emperor William asked him if he had ever visited that country before. "Not this part," General Young is said to have replied. The Emperor then enquired what parts he had visited, whereupon General Young said: "I have visited St. Louis, Cincinnati and Milwaukee." The Emperor roared with laughter, and took General Young to the Empress, to whom he repeated the witticism.

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Interesting Items.

According to an Omaha correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune," D. H. Hoffman, a Union Pacific machinist getting $3 a day, has received the palm as the most expensively dressed man in that city. The extent of his wardrobe was brought to light in a trial in Omaha, where a man was charged with stealing a suit-case full of clothing from him. While under oath he stated that the grip contained $6 worth of neckties. "How many neckties have you altogether?" asked the attorney. He replied: "I have $400 worth of neckties." The court gasped and the attorney turned pale. "Is the rest of your wardrobe in proportion?" asked the attorney. "It is," responded the witness. Hoffman was dressed faultlessly.

When Henry Hiemenz, jr., of St. Louis died the other day he left $1,000,000 and a will which provided that his widow, who inherited the entire fortune, was to strew the grave of his first wife with flowers every Sunday and on the anniversaries of her birth and death. This probably is the acme of refined cruelty. If the testator had provided that the widow, in order to keep the money, must climb a greased pole every Sunday morning, or give up corsets, or do her own washing, other women might have gone to her and encouraged her with the assurance that the money was worth the sacrifice; but to be compelled to strew flowers on the grave of the woman who is now, let us hope, happy with the man in paradise will undoubtedly be regarded by all sober-minded women as too much.

The English papers tell of a young Parisian in London, visiting the "Chamber of Horrors" at Mme. Tussaud's. Being alone, he was seized with an impulse to put his neck in the lunette wherein had rested that of Marie Antoinette. He lay down, touched a spring, and closed the collar. But how was he to release himself? If he touched the wrong spring the fatal axe might descend. Before long a crowd of visitors, led by an attendant, came on the scene. The guide was a bit of a linguist, and saw an opportunity with himself as master of the situation. He at once began a practical lecture on the guillotine, interrupting his remarks with little asides in French to the indignant victim, asking him to scream louder or writhe more agonizingly. "How well he acts!" exclaimed the gratified onlookers. Finally the Parisian was released, and, answering the applause with maledictions, fled.

Plea For the Plain Husband.

As the result of examining a very extensive collection of portraits of the newly married obtained from the illustrated papers, the present writer has come to the conclusion that the plain man is just now in the heyday of his popularity, matrimonially speaking!

It would seem that while the handsome man is charming to dally with, someone whose features are homely, indeed even ugly, is regarded as the wisest matrimonial venture.

The wife of the modern Adonis appears to have discovered, in fact, that by her own act she has created a problem that may bring her many hours of uneasiness, if not of actual pain.

Her husband lives upon the approbation of others. Her own worship of him may for a while suffice to satisfy him; but later on he will assuredly need that of the outside world. And the outside world is only too pleased to grant him all the admiration he requires. Balls, dinner-parties, picnics, skating meetings demand his presence constantly, but make no point of his wife being there at all, a fact she quickly discerns and proportionately resents. Should she absent herself from such gaieties, she imagines her husband making himself too agreeable to this pretty woman or that, and should she become a hanger-on of his popularity, she is all the while seething with hatred for her equivocal position.

Much of the vanity of the handsome man arises from the indiscreet adoration showered upon him in childhood. As he grows up he is made much of outside the family circle, because it is pleasant to have in a room full of guests as many handsome men as possible. And the sequel? Is it not obvious? When he fell in love, it was not altogether because his choice was fair and sweet, but because she, too, paid him the tribute of admiration.

Now, it is all very well to put a man on a pedestal and wreathe him with bays before marriage; but what a woman wants after marriage is a good and serviceable article in the way of a husband.

It is excessively annoying to a woman always to have to play second fiddle pianissimo when the beauty question is uppermost. Breathes there the wife in any household who dislikes some little passing mention made from time to time about her good looks and charming individuality? But the wife of an Adonis obtains little of this sweet incense.

Sweep away this picture and contemplate the companion one of the plain husband. His object is to make life a bed of roses for his wife and family. Unselfishly the plain man toils.

The plain husband "puts up" with things. Did ever a handsome one brook the domestic trials he cheerfully endures? Somehow the handsome man is expected to regard calamities from quite a different standpoint. Nay, more, the ugly, good-humored head of a household is expected to be the handy man of the family. If a chimney smokes, his plain features must be begrimed in an attempt to get at the root of the mischief; if a pipe leaks, his red and uncultured paws are quite good enough to probe the defect to its very depths. What handsome curled darling could possibly be expected to risk his good looks by performing such nasty tasks as these?

Judge—Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant in the fight? Policeman—Shure, an' Oi didn't know which av thim wus goin' to be th' defendant, yer honor.—Chicago "News."

A woman in pursuit of a late summer gown stood in front of a counter heaped with foulards in a big store. A blue ground with a white polka dot seemed to please her best, but she paused irresolutely. "It looks just like the old indigo blue calicoes they used to wear when I was a little girl in the country," she said, discontentedly. "Madame," said the portly salesman, "long after you and I are dead and gone women will be wearing blue and white polka dots. They have worn them since the race emerged from barbarism. They will wear them until it sinks into it again." After that proteatous gravity and heavy philosophy the woman bought the dress in a dazed silence.—Tacoma "Ledger."

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal

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THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1903.

Parliament Has Opened.

The Ninth Parliament of Canada has entered upon its sessional duties for the third time. The speech from the throne was brief. Mention was made of the Colonial Conference; the influx of population to the Northwest; the need of increased transportation facilities; the approaching meeting of the Alaskan Boundary Commission; the redistribution bill; the introduction of legislation concerning the Railway Commission; amendment of the patent laws; the Militia Act; Chinese immigration; settlement of railway disputes; and the reorganization of the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

The session will be one of the most important since confederation, and will cover an immense amount of business. It will last for six months.

Provincial Politics.

The action of the Nelson Liberal Association, in turning down the Vancouver Liberal Association's efforts to "do up" Joseph Martin, shows clearly that the rank and file of the Liberal party in Nelson have no use for Mugwumps, just as the rank and file of the Conservative party have no use for disgruntled soreheads. The people in Nelson are in favor of conducting the next provincial election on party lines, and have so declared themselves. They accept Charles Wilson as leader of the Conservative party and Joseph Martin as leader of the Liberal party, both of whom were chosen as leaders in regular conventions of their respective parties. The people like fair play, and they do not like soreheads. More: the people of British Columbia will not brook outside interference in affairs that solely concern the province. While the Liberals have great faith in Laurier as the leader of their party in Dominion politics, they do not want Mr. Laurier or any of his ministers to interfere with them in provincial politics. So with the Conservatives. If the disgruntled and sorehead Conservatives and the Mugwump Liberals cannot pull in party traces, then let them organize a party of their own; let them flock all by themselves. No great effort would be made to keep them from doing so, and by doing so the political atmosphere would be cleared. The candidate of such a party would poll probably 100 votes in Nelson, as against 1,000 polled for the candidates of the Conservative and Liberal parties. It is true the 100 would be the "best people" in Nelson; but the 1,000 would be "common" people. The conditions that prevail in Nelson prevail in all of the larger towns and cities. The candidates of the Mugwumps in Vancouver would poll the 200 Liberals who follow Harry Senkler and E. P. Davis and Bob Kelly, and the 100 Conservatives who follow Police Magistrate Russell and the C. P. R. officials. In Victoria a Mugwump ticket would be snowed under. In New Westminster, the disgruntled element have no strength. In Nanaimo, the leader of the Liberal Mugwumps, Ralph Smith, M. P., would be retired for good. In Rossland, straight party men would rule; as the Galts and the Sinclairs have no influence. In the districts, like Cowichan on the Island, and East Yale and Yale on the Mainland, the Mugwumps and soreheads are so few that they do not count. In nearly every instance they are the grafters and place hunters who flourished during the Turner regime, and now have no political future among the men who want to see a stable and progressive government in British Columbia.—Nelson Tribune.

Most Revolting Liberal Plot.

The political history of Ontario for the past few years has been a story of moral degradation from which the best elements in the province have shrunk with disgust. The sanctity of the ballot has been systematically violated under the auspices of men sworn to guard it. Judges have been dragged into political disputes involving allegations of grevious wrong-doing. The doors of prisons have been opened to secure perjurers willing to swear away the honor of men in exchange for money wrongfully secured by prostitution of office. Ministers of the crown have recruited and maintained a standing army among professional election thugs, whose duty it is to defeat the will of the people as registered at the polls. All these and many other heinous offences against public morality have been proved in open court, and it was this appalling spectacle that provoked Hon. Sam Blake to denounce in most uncompromising language the Ross government and its vicious systems.

But it remained for Mr. R. R. Gamey, the Conservative member for Manitoulin, to disclose the worst crime of all. Profiting by the experience of Mr. Donald Sutherland, South Oxford, who was approached by an emissary of the Ross government, offered a good thing financially, and denounced as a liar by Hon. G. W. Ross, when he exposed the game, Mr. Gamey made sure that ample evidence to prove a similar plot against his integrity would be secured. Accordingly, when he was offered $4,000 on behalf of Hon. J. R. Stratton to transfer his allegiance to the Liberal party, he proceeded in a systematic manner to round up the criminals.

On the floor of the house at Toronto, Mr. Gamey laid bare the hard, cold facts of an outrage on responsible government, which has sent a thrill of indignation throughout Canada. He recited the incidents as to how Hon. J. M. Gibson and Hon. J. R. Stratton sought to buy him body and soul. Mr Gamey was received at first with Liberal approbation but he closed his speech amidst a dull and guilty silence on the government benches.

The evidence offered is most damaging. The very money paid for his supposed treachery by the government agents was displayed in the house. Letters of a compromising character were read from Hon. J. R. Stratton, Hon. Frank Latchford, "Cap." Sullivan, and his son, Frank Sullivan, a government employee, D. A. Jones, a brother of Senator Melvin Jones, and E. C. Meyers, Mr. Stratton's secretary. In addition, Mr. Gamey has verbatim reports of a conversation between himself and Frank Sullivan, taken by three qualified stenographers, in which the whole of the sickening plot was revealed. In fact nothing that could forge the strong chain of evidence was omitted.

The revelations must bring home with an unquestionable force from which there is no escape, the malicious current which underlies the whole Liberal system of retaining power. There is no attempt made to confine the crimes to any one province or section of a province. They have been committed from British Columbia to Prince Edward Island and in every case the Liberal party has sought to benefit at the expense of the citizen. Mr. Gamey has suffered excessive degradation while engaged in his fight against the "machine" but now that his true motives are known, he stands out conspicuously as one who has conferred an inestimable service on the people of this country. As for Mr. Gamey's would-be seducers, we may leave them to wallow in the mire of their own creation.

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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.
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LUMBERMEN WILL PETITION

The Government to Amend Vexatious Act, which. They Say Strengthens the Unfair Monopoly of Existing Limits

There is an agitation among the lumbermen of this province to remedy certain grievances under which they claim to be laboring at present.

The Lumbermen's association has taken the matter up and prepared a petition for presentation to the government. Mr. W. Shannon was seen by the Vancouver World and gave the lumbermen's story as follows:

The lumbermen contend that the lease act passed two years ago is unworkable. No limits have been taken up under it, and no revenue has been derived from it by the province. At the time the act was passed, the idea was to put timber up to the highest bidder, as is done in Ontario, both the Dominion and provincial governments send out survey parties to locate and appraise the value of the timber limits of that province, here the work is left to private enterprise. There are 1,000 miles of coast line and neither the government nor anybody else knows where the timber is, and the finding of it is left to cruisers, sent out at great expense by the lumbermen themselves. Under the old law, timber limits were taken up on 30 year leases, with provision for renewal, and in many cases were afterwards crown granted; two thirds of the timber of the province is so held now by speculators, who are attempting to build a wall around the timber of British Columbia, in order to increase the value of their holdings.

A few years ago the government offered the holders of these limits 50 per cent off if they would pay up their arrears of taxation, and in spite of that they still owe the treasury $40,000.

Under the present law, one license entitles the licensee to only 640 acres of timber and is good for only a year. The peculiar hardship to the men who want to get lumber for their mills comes in right here. All the easily accessible timber is either being held for exorbitant prices or has been cut, and the stage has been reached in British Columbia lumbering when railways must be built into the limits, but after a man or a company has, at great expense, sent out cruisers and located a valley full of good timber back from the coast, he cannot build and equip a railway to take out that timber if, out of eight or ten thousand acres, he can locate only 640 acres, and be assured of only a year's time to operate. The petition calls for more timber to the license and a longer period, with all proper protection against speculation.

Mr. Shannon claims that those opposed to this, and who are raising the cry of speculation against the advocates of a change, are simply the men who hold immense tracts of timber land for speculative purposes, secured under the old conditions, and who were instrumental in getting the present vexatious legislation passed in order that the value of their timber might be increased through the restriction of output that necessarily results from such handicapping of other operators.

The present condition is practically one of monopoly and the small capitalist, who wants to make a living and develop the trade of the country at the same time finds himself in a very difficult position. For instance, a man has $10,000 capital, and secures some timber and is anxious to get his mill going; but he requires $20,000 to do it. Well, he cannot go to a bank and borrow another $10,000 on the security of his limits because his title expires in a year, and no bank would accept such security.

Considering all these things, the association has prepared a petition containing five clauses which, if acted upon by the legislature, is expected to be of great benefit to the lumbering industry. The petition is as follows:

"Your petitioners pray that your honorable body may be pleased to cause an act to be passed by your present legislature to provide:

"1.—That timber licenses shall be made transferable.

"2.—That timber licenses may be issued for a fixed term up to 15 years.

"3.—That permission may be granted to take all such jags of one-half mile and that three detached fragments may be included in one license.

"4—That no change may be made in the license fee of $100.

"5.—That a recent ruling of the department that piles be prohibited from exyort be rescinded."

At a meeting of the B. C. Lumbermen's Association, held recently, the question as to what form the proposed improved timber legislation should take was postponed for another week.

A Bank on Wheels.

ONE of the most brilliant ideas of modern times has just occurred to the local authorities which administer the public moneys of the town of Mezieres, in the Ardennes. The new scheme consists in an "automobile savings bank." The term requires some explanation.

The inventors apply it to a new sort of motor car which they are having built. The vehicle is propelled by electricity and contains four seats, one in front and apart from the others, for the driver. The three places behind are arranged round a revolving table in the middle of the car, one at each side and one at the rear of the vehicle. Writing desks are fitted over each of the three seats and devised in such a way that they can be either folded flat against the sides of the carriage inwardly or opened outwardly. The central table also contains desks, besides bookshelves and a small metallic strong-box. Such is the new automobile. The use to which the authorities of Mezieres intend to put their invention is as follows:

The car will travel round the country, making stoppages of an hour or so on prearranged days in the different localities of the department. The passengers will be two clerks of the local treasury administration and a cashier. They will carry with them a complete collection of savings bank books, registers and forms, and the third of the above-mentioned officials will be empowered to receive moneys. Your readers will have now divined the purpose of the financial authorities of Mezieres. It seems that these gentlemen, assembled in council lately, came to the conclusion that something should be done to encourage thrift among the peasantry of the Ardennes. On the other hand, it was recognized that the saving propensity was already very marked among the country folk. What was needed was that the administration should meet their wants halfway. The peasants put by their earnings thriftily enough, but frequently fail to invest them in savings banks because, especially in the busy summer months, they have little time for journeying to the few principal towns where the offices are situated. So the authorities determined upon sending the savings bank to the country folk instead of waiting any longer for the latter to find time to come to the office.

The description of the vehicle which the authorities have had built, according to their own designs, requires no further explanation except to say that the movable desks are intended for use by the public, hence the arrangement by which they can be opened outward over the road. It is reported that the scheme meets with the unqualified approval of the savings bank clerks, whose days hitherto throughout the fine season have been spent in musty offices. But, contrary to what might have been expected, the public does not look upon the innovation with unalloyed delight. Some suspicious persons have spread a rumor that the administrative motor car will not always convey savings bank clerks, but will occasionally bring—more often, perhaps, than would be desirable—that unwelcome visitor, the tax collector.

The Phraseology of Sport.

THE London "Outlook," in a recent number, while conceding that every sport and pastime should, naturally, have an especial phraseology, deplored the fact that this phraseology is becoming mere jargon. In its "palmy days" the P.R. could boast a language of its own; and one regrets to notice that the picturesque reporter is now doing the same disservice to cricket. When an eleven makes a bad start it is suffering from "rot and rout." One batsman is "breezy," another plays with "graceful assurance," a third is "cheaply dismissed." A score that progresses unevenly is "streaky," and a very favorite formula runs that So-and-So "played excellent cricket." This might reasonably be expected on a cricket field, where Bridge or Ping-pong would be somewhat out of place. After all, however, it is the billiard reporter who most savagely dislocates the vertebrae of the King's English. Not long ago one of the brotherhood varied the monotony of life by describing the red ball as a "pinky round."

After all, the most glaring examples of idiotic phraseology in the English papers are exceedingly tame beside those of our own, says the "Bookman." For instance, let us take the American equivalent for the English game of cricket. The knowing reporter writing a description of a game of baseball never makes the mistake of calling the ball "the ball." To him, of course, it is the "sphere," the "pellet," the "pea" or the "leather." A batsman never makes his base on balls; "he strolls" or he gets "a free pass to the first corner." He does not make a base hit, but "he singles" or he "slams the pea to the center garden." He does not strike out, but "he fans" or "he pounds the air." The pitcher does not pitch; he does "slab duty" or he "bends them" or he "passes them up." We might continue in this strain indefinitely.

To refer to a baseball team representing a certain city by its proper name would be to betray a woeful lack of knowledge and experience. A few years ago, after the veteran ballplayer Anson relinquished his leadership of the Chicago team, that team was, for a short time at the beginning of the season, without any nickname whatever. Sporting writers all over the country were in a state of chaos. The Chicago newspapers opened their columns to suggestions for a suitable sobriquet, and matters generally were unsettled and unsatisfactory until the significance of the desertion of Anson dawned upon one ingenious scribe, and the Chicagos immediately became "the Orphans." During the first two years of its career in the National League the New York team was known as the "Maroons." In 1885 this title was dropped for that of "the Giants," a term which at a period when the team was unpopular was modified to "the Joints." The Bostons are, of course, "the Beaneaters;" the Washingtons, "the Senators;" the Baltimores, "the Orioles," or "the Birds;" the Brooklyns are "the Trolley Dodgers."

She (scornfully)—I despise you from the bottom of my heart! He (cheerily)—Oh, well, there is always room at the top.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post planted 1½ miles from Gold Stream, on the trail, and marked "Geo. Laforme's north west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 6th day of March, 1903.

GEO. LAFORME.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted at the north west corner of Geo. Laforme's homestead, and marked "Geo. Loforme's north east corner post," thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1903.

GEO. LAFORME.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay district:

Commencing at Geo. Laforme's south west post on Gold Stream, at a post marked "Gertie Laforme's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 4th day of March, 1903.

GERTIE LAFORME.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in Big Bend, West Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post planted 1 mile south of Geo. Laforme's south west post of his ranch on Gold Stream, and marked "Gertie Laforme's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 4th day of March, 1903.

GERTIE LAFORME.

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 G. Shannon's north east corner post on the south side of Pool creek, about half a mile from the mouth of Mohawk creek, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 2nd day of March, 1903.

G. SHANNON.

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 C. Harvey's south east corner post on the south side of Pool creek about half a mile from the mouth of Mohawk creek, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated the 2nd day of March, 1903.

C. HARVEY.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Big Bend District of West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted four miles above the head of Death Rapids on the west bank of the Columbia River and marked W. J. Cummings' south east corner post, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1903.

W. J. CUMMINGS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia river above Carnes creek and marked "R. Edgar's south east corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 26th day of February, 1903.

R. EDGAR.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia River, about one-half mile above Carnes creek, and marked "A. Edgar's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 26th day of February, 1903.

A. EDGAR.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about eight and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French creek and marked N. T. Edwards' south-west corner post; thence east 160 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February. 1903.

N. T. EDWARDS.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted about 12 miles from the mouth of Halfway Creek, St. Leon Springs, Upper Arrow Lake, and marked Stewart Taylor's north west corner post, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 7th day of February, 1903.

STEWART TAYLOR.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about 5½ miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "A. L. Lindmark's 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.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the South bank of Goldstream, about six and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "A. L. Lindmark's north-west corner post," thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.

A. L. LINDMARK.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about four and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "G. H. Brock's 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.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about four and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "G. H. Brock's north-west corner post, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.

G. H. BROCK.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about two and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "A. E. Jessop's 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.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Gold Stream, about two and a half miles up stream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "A. E. Jessop's south-east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1903.

A. E. JESSOP.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia River about 200 feet south of Old Goldstream Slough and marked "A. Edwards' north-east corner post," thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of February, 1903.

A. EDWARDS.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia River, about half a mile from the river and about two miles above Death Rapids, marked "A. M. Nelson's south-west corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th day of February, 1903.

A. M. NELSON.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia river, about 1 mile above One Mile creek, marked "Chas. F. Lindmark's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th day of February, 1903.

CHAS. F. LINDMARK.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia River about 1 mile above One Mile creek, marked "E. M. Allum's north-west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th day of February, 1903.

E. M. ALLUM.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about eight and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French creek, and marked John Nelson's north-west corner post; thence east 160 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.

JOHN NELSON.

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 a post planted on the South Bank of Goldstream, about three and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked E. L. Hume's north-west corner post; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.

E. L. HUME.

NOTICE.

Take notice that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted one-half mile westerly from the Columbia River about one mile above Rocky Point, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 3rd day of February, 1903.

A. EDGAR.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from 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 land in West Kootenay:

Commencing at Mary E. Sanderson's north west corner post on west bank of Pingston Creek about 4½ miles from mouth of said creek and about 5 chains south of tree blazed on four sides on R. G. Mounce's trail, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Halcyon, Feb. 7th, 1903.

MARY E. SANDERSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from 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 Andrew M. Symons north east corner post about 20 chains north of the south west corner of Lot 871, Group 1, Kootenay, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, and

Commencing at Andrew M. Symons north east corner post planted on the west slope of Pingston Creek Valley about 4½ miles from mouth of said creek and about 40 chains westerly from tree blazed on four sides on R. G. Mounce's trail, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Halcyon, Feb. 7th, 1903.

ANDREW M. SYMONS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described land in West Kootenay:

Commencing at R. Sanderson's north west corner post at the south west corner of Lot 871, Group 1, Kootenay thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Halcyon, 7th Feb., 1903.

ROBERT SANDERSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from 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 C. M. Symons north west corner post situated about 40 chains westerly from a tree blazed on four sides on R. G. Mounce's trail on the west side, and about 4½ miles from the mouth of Pingston Creek, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Halcyon, Feb. 7th, 1903.

C. M. SYMONS.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Big Bend District of West Kootenay:

1. Commencing at a post planted about three-quarters of a mile east of the Columbia River at a point about a quarter of a mile south of the Forks of the Smith Creek and Gold Stream trails and marked J. Smith's south west corner post, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of beginning.

2. Commencing at a post planted about three-quarters of a mile east of the Columbia River at a point about a quarter of a mile south of the forks of the Smith Creek and Gold Stream trails and marked J. Smith's north west corner post, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1903.

J. SMITH.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about six and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French creek, and marked E. L. Hume's south-west corner post; thence east 160 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.

E. L. HUME.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north side of Goldstream, about five miles above the mouth of Goldstream, and marked John Nelson's south-east corner post; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains, to point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of February, 1903.

JOHN NELSON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north side of Goldstream, about five miles above the mouth of Goldstream and marked N. T. Edwards' southwest corner post; thence north 40 chains; thence east 160 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of February, 1603.

N. T. EDWARDS.

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.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Big Bend District of West Kootenay:

1. Commencing at a post planted two miles above the head of Death Rapids on the west bank of the Columbia River, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning.

2. Commencing at a post planted two miles above the head of Death Rapids on the west bank of the Columbia river, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1903.

D. MORGAN.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of Downie Creek, about 100 yards south of Thomas Meredith's south west corner post, and marked Alex. Taylor's south east corner post, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this 31st day of January, 1903.

ALEX. TAYLOR.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Halfway Creek, St. Leon Springs, Upper Arrow Lake, and about 10 miles from its mouth and marked Stewart Taylor's south west corner post, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 6th day of February, 1903.

STEWART TAYLOR.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Halfway Creek, St. Leon Springs, Upper Arrow Lake, about 14 miles from its mouth and marked A. Butler's south west corner post, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 7th day of February, 1903.

A. BUTLER.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted about one mile east of Deep Creek and about one and a quarter miles south of Galena Bay, Upper Arrow Lakes, and about 50 feet south of what is known as J. J. Foley's farm, and marked James White's north west corner post, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 9th day of February, 1903

JAMES WHITE.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted 40 chains north of the north bank of Halfway creek, St. Leon Springs, Upper Arrow Lake, and about 15 miles from its mouth, and marked James White's south east corner post, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 6th day of February, 1903.

JAMES WHITE.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Big Bend District of West Kootenay:

1. Commencing at a post planted 100 yards east of the Nine Mile Shed on Big Bend trail and on the East limit of E. L. McMahon's timber limit, and marked George Johnson's north west corner post, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of beginning.

2. Commencing at a post planted 100 yards east of the Nine Mile shed on Big Bend trail, and on the east limit of E. L. McMahon's timber limit, and marked George Johnson's south west corner post, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1903.

GEORGE JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that The Fred Robinson Lumber Company, Limited, intend to apply to change the name of the company to "HARBOR LUMBER COMPANY, Limited."

Dated February 12th, 1903.

HARVEY McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for the Company.
Feb-12-3m.

McMahon Bros. & Company, Limited.

Notice is hereby given that McMahon Bros. and Company, Limited, intend to change the name of the Company to The Big Bend Timber and Trading Company, Limited.

Dated this 10th day of February, 1903.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for the Company
3m

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.

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 a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about three and a half miles up stream from the mouth of French Creek and marked F. C. Manning's 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 24th day of February, 1903.

F. C. MANNING.

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 a post planted on the west side of the Columbia river, about half a mile from the river and about two miles above Death Rapids, marked A. M. Nelson's north-east corner post; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th day of February, 1903.

A. M. NELSON.

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 a post planted on the West bank of the Columbia river at the south-east corner of John Nelson's ranche, and marked A. Edward's north-east corner post; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th day of February, 1903.

A. EDWARDS.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about two and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek, and marked B. A. Lawson's north-west corner post; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1903.

B. A. LAWSON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about two and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French creek, and marked F. C. Manning's north-east corner post; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1903.

F. C. MANNING.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days from 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:

Commencing at W. le Maistre's south-east corner post, about half a mile east of the east bank of the Columbia river, and on the east boundary of John Nelson's ranche; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; to the point of commencement; containing 640 acres.

Revelstoke, B. C., Feb. 21st, 1903.

W. LE MAISTRE.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at J. A. Kirk's south-west corner post, on the Keystone trail, near Boyd's ranche, about three-quarters of a mile from the Columbia River; thence north 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Revelstoke, B. C., 21st February, 1903.

J. A. KIRK.

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., Ltd.

NICK HOGABOOM'S SCOOP.

It was the most piece of business chronicled in the police annals of Tolchester. The detective department did so, and it ought to know; the police reporters enlarged on the daring of the thief, and in criminal circles the "job" was referred to with bated breath, and with the same degree of admiration as provincial artists accord to the work of some master whose skill has raised him above the jealousy of mediocrity. The social importance of the wedding—"Millionaires in Hymen's Bonds," was the heading in one paper—was completely overshadowed in public interest, and in the estimation of city editors, by the daring robbery which marred the reception and sent the bride away in a state of semi-hysterics. The presents had been jealously guarded by two private detectives, with silk hats, and frock coats badly fitting and hired for the occasion, while a third, garbed as a footman, had officiated at the front door, to keep a sharp eye on the stream of guests lest any evil-disposed person should obtain an entrance. And yet, in spite of all precautions, four valuable pieces of jewelry had mysteriously disappeared under the very noses of the custodians.

The list, as supplied to the city force, was itemized as follows:

1 Diamond pin, valued at	$ 350
1 Diamond sunburst	1,000
1 Emerald hoop ring	250
1 Rope of pearls	2,500

It was a long time since Tolchester had enjoyed such a sensation. The social prominence of the parties lent additional piquancy to the occurrence, and people who, as a rule, never looked at the society columns, eagerly scanned the list of wedding guests, and wondered who, in that provincially august catalogue, could have been the author of one of the neatest "touches" on record.

Nick Hogaboom, police reporter of the "Courier," felt a double interest in the affair, both from a personal and professional point of view. Much to his disgust, he had been assigned to write up the ceremony, the reportorial staff being below its normal strength, and had with his own hand catalogued for his paper the large array of wedding gifts. He had been greatly taken with the beauty of the diamond pin, jocularly remarking to the society editress of the "Weekly Hearth and Home" that he "had a good mind to pinch it for his Sunday tie," and had wished, with a sigh, that he could afford to hand such a string of pearls on a certain white neck.

As police reporter of the "Courier," with a reputation for "scoops," for so exclusive news stories are called in the jargon of the press, it behooved him to get the earliest information on the subject of the robbery, and so he strolled into the office of the chief of the city detective staff, to pick up any crumbs which that august official might vouchsafe to let fall. The chief liked Nick Hogaboom as well as he permitted himself to like any of the reporters, whose premature disclosures sometimes interfered seriously with his plans, and he graciously suffered two pieces of information to be extracted—first, that Mr. Wotherspoon had offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the recovery of the stolen jewelry; and, secondly, that Detective Wright, who had been assigned on the case, was ill, and that his place had been taken by Detective Bundlesroth.

"Bundles, eh?" queried Nick, with a slight uplifting of the eyebrows and an indrawing of the lips, which did not escape the keen eyes of the chief.

"Have you got any objection to my putting him on?" he asked, sarcastically. "If you have, why, don't hesitate to say so, and I'll switch the staff around to accommodate you." The chief's eyes might be open to the deficiencies of certain members of his force, but he did not choose that others should comment on them, even by depreciatory pantomime.

Nick laughed. "Oh, Bundles is all right, I guess," he said.

"What's the matter between you and Bundlesroth these days?" the chief enquired. "You used to be as thick as thieves. A bit too thick to suit me sometimes," he added, with a grim smile.

"Just a little difference of opinion," replied the reporter, carelessly. "We'll get over our grouch some day." He showed no inclination to pursue the conversation along these personal lines, and a few minutes later took his leave.

Passing down the stairs Nick met another reporter, to whom he imparted the routine information which he had just received. The other grinned.

"It's a pipe for the bird if old man Bundles has got the job of putting salt on his tail," he said. "Why, the old jay couldn't catch the smallpox in a pesthouse. He's beginning to tumble to the fact that he's getting pretty dead, but this'll bloat him up some."

Two policemen, standing near, overheard the remark, and snickered appreciatively.

"Poor old Bundles!" soliloquized Nick, as he left the building. "If he doesn't get a move on, I'm afraid it's going to be a case of sack;" and then he fell to meditating ruefully on his own relations with the despised detective.

It was true, as the chief had remarked, that Nicholas Hogaboom and Detective Bundlesroth were no longer "thick," and the reason for the split was a woman. Bundles had a daughter, Mamie, a bright-faced, wholesome, attractive lass, and Mamie had found favor in the eyes of the police reporter. He had seen her on many occasions when he called for a private and confidential chat with her father, and had taken her several times to the theater with full parental sanction. He felt it hard, therefore, that, after he had obtained from the girl a blushing confession that his attachment was reciprocated, Bundles should have frounded on him and sternly refused to allow of an engagement. Nick pointed out that his savings and his present salary were amply sufficient to warrant his taking a wife, but the father was obdurate, and forbade any intercourse between the young people. Consequently the two men now confined themselves to a strictly professional relationship, and spoke to one another as seldom as possible.

Nick, strolling towards the "Courier" office, paused in front of the alluring jewelry display in the windows of Mullarkey & Co. Those windows had recently held a great attraction for him, and he never passed them without stopping to select a ring, usually the most expensive in the collection, which he pictured himself as purchasing and slipping on to Mamie's finger, with an appropriate accompanying speech. Nick had that speech down pat, and he was running his eye over the ring-cases, preparatory to going through his customary mental theatricals, when he became aware that another man was also regarding the jewels, and with the eye of a connoisseur. The stranger was tall, well dressed in a frock-coat and silk hat, and wore an air of distinction.

Nick looked at him once or twice out of the corners of his eyes, and his brows drew together in a puzzled frown. For the moment Mamie was forgotten. He had seen that face recently, under circumstances which lent the recognition an additional interest, and he had seen it some years before, under other circumstances which his mind was unable to recall. As he tried in vain to locate the brain-cell in which this special memory was stored, he saw the man raise his hat, draw a handkerchief from his pocket, and, grasping it delicately between forefinger and thumb, pass it once or twice across his forehead. Then a great light broke suddenly on the young reporter, and he checked a whistle of astonishment which gathered behind his lips.

"What a clinch," he whispered, as he continued to gaze fixedly in front of him. He permitted himself the luxury of snapping the finger and thumb of the hand in his trousers' pocket, but externally he gave no sign of the triumph surging in his bosom.

"It's a case of shadow, sure," he said to himself, as the man moved away from the window, and while the tall, silk-hatted figure strolled leisurely along the street, the sturdy form of the reporter loafed behind at a convenient distance.

Before they had gone far the object of Nick's pursuit encountered the assistant manager of one of the city banks, and stopped for a few minutes' conversation. Nick, who happened to be passing a corset emporium, at once halted and became engrossed in the contents of the window, until the two separated after a warm handshake.

Now, it so happened that the bank manager lay under a slight obligation to Nick Hogaboom, and he greeted the young man pleasantly when they met.

"The man I was just talking to?" he said, in reply to Nick's artless enquiry. "Oh, that's Walter Welfern of Boston. Been here some months trying to get people interested in a patent soap-dish. Live? Has a flat at 17 Marobel street. Why? D'ye want to interview him? Just told me he was leaving for New York to-morrow for a few weeks. Well, so long! Glad to have seen you."

The bank manager hurried away, and Nick abandoned the chase. He had learned all that he wanted to know. Fifteen minutes later he rang the bell at 17 Marobel street.

"Mr. Welfern ain't in just now," said the servant who opened the door. "Did you want to see him pertic'lar?"

"Pretty particular," replied Nick. "When would I be likely to catch him in?"

"He'll be in about ten o'clock to-night, I guess," said the servant. "He's goin' away to-morrow on the 8.15 train."

Nick expressed his thanks for the information and withdrew.

"Things are looking my way all right," he said, "and now to play my hand for what it's worth."

When Mamie Bundlesroth opened the door of her father's house in response to Nick's ring and saw who stood outside, she blushed and beamed, and then looked frightened.

"Paw in, Mame?" asked Nick. He winked and grinned in a manner incomprehensible to the girl, but he made no lover-like advances. Mamie's face fell.

"He's in the parlor, Ni— Mr. Hogaboom," she said, with a pathetic attempt at dignity.

"All right, Miss Bundlesroth," replied Nick, jocosely. "Just show me in, will you?" and added in a low voice, as she preceded him along the passage, "Things are coming our way at last, little girl, and we can afford to wait for paw's blessing."

Detective Bundlesroth did not wear the appearance of a hospitable host when Nick walked jauntily into the parlor, ushered in by a "Here's Mr. Hogaboom to see you, paw," from Mamie. He fixed a stony stare on his visitor, and emitted an interrogative grunt, which, translated into polite English, stood for, "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"I dropped in to see you, Bundles," began Nick, easily, "for two reasons. First, because I want to find out whether you haven't changed your mind about Mamie——"

"I haven't, then," replied the other, sourly, "an' I don't mean to. I suppose you an' her have had a huggin'-match in the passage?"

"Then you suppose wrong," said Nick. "For a detective you're a mighty poor judge of human nature. "I'm playing my cards on the table and so's Mame. There's no back-door business about us."

The detective's expression softened a little.

"It ain't no use talkin', Nick," he said. "You've got to give her up. I've got no objections to you personally, but there's richer men than you wants to marry my girl, an' she's got to take one of 'em."

Nick shrugged his shoulders. "We'll drop it, then," he said; "and now, how're things going in that Wotherspoon business? The chief tells me he's put you on to it. Picked up any clues yet?"

An air of profound wisdom, the air with which the professional detective masks the more or less of knowledge which he happens to possess, spread over Bundles' face.

"Youse fellows'll get to know in good time," he replied. "Mum's the word just now."

The reporter took a couple of cigars from his pocket, and rolled one across the table to his companion, who, after eyeing it for a moment with professional mistrust, bit the end off and lit it.

"It'll be a great thing for you, Bundles," said Nick, meditatively, as he blew a succession of rings and impaled them on his forefinger. "A thousand bucks ain't to be picked up every day, and then there's your rep. Say, I don't want to rub it into you, old man, but your brother cops are kind of giving you the laugh, and the papers are just a bit sore on you. They say you haven't pulled out anything since that Ellerman hold-up, and that you'd never have got wise to that if one of the thugs hadn't squealed to you on the q. t."

Now, in spite of an overweening vanity, Detective Bundlesroth was aware, in the inmost recesses of his soul, that Nicholas Hogaboom was not far from the truth. He had caught covert smiles on the faces of detectives and policemen when he had been expounding his theories. Humiliating references to his lack of acuteness as an officer, dropped in casual conversation by newspaper men, had come to his ears, and the chief's manner had not been as cordial of late as it used to be. There was no disguising the fact that he had failed lamentably in several cases entrusted to him, and although he had plenty of plausible explanations at command, he nevertheless felt that it behooved him to do something to re-establish a reputation which was fast becoming tarnished. The Wotherspoon robbery afforded him a brilliant opportunity, but unfortunately he was at the present time as far from any solution of the mystery as ever. Nick's remarks consequently touched him on a very raw spot, and it was with no very friendly look that he replied:

"They say that, do they? Well, I'll show 'em in a little while that Bundles ain't such a stiff as they think."

"It'll be a great thing for you, sure," continued Nick, placidly, "and it would look pretty in print. 'Detective Bundlesroth has again shown his old-time sagacity, and demonstrated that, in spite of advancing years, his intellect is as acute, and his intuition as sure, as in the days when he bore the reputation of being one of the most astute officers on the continent.' Say, how'd that hit you as part of the introduction to the story? Great, wouldn't it?"

The smile of gratified vanity, which had played over the detective's face during this recitation of a possible paragraph, faded as he realized its visionary character.

"It'd be no more'n the truth," he grunted.

"Well," said Nick, with a sigh, "it's no use gassing about what might be; I guess I'll drop over and see Emmett."

"What d'ye want to go an' see that stiff for?" queried Bundles. Emmett was a well-known private detective, whom the officers of the city force regarded with undisguised hostility. Bundles was especially bitter, Emmett having carried to a triumphant termination a case in which his, Bundles', lack of success had been conspicuous.

Nick blew a ring, impaled it with great exactness, and looked the detective straight in the eye.

"I want to put him next," he said.

"Next to what?"

"To who pinched those bits of glass at Wotherspoon's."

"And what in h—— do you know about it?" Bundles seldom swore, but he was agitated. Then Nick fired his blast.

"I know all about it," he said. "I know the man; I know where he lives, and I can put my hands on evidence. Oh, it's a lead-pipe, and to think that I've got to cough it all up to Emmett, and throw down the force, and you in particular. Say, Bundles, why ain't we friends?"

The detective's face flushed, and his eyes bulged out. "Are you giving it to me straight, or are you putting up a bluff?" he asked.

"Bluff be damned!" replied the young man. "I've got the cards for a showdown. Look here, I'll give you a little bit of it. Some years ago I was working on a paper in—well, never mind where, but it's quite a good-sized village. There was a big robbery trial on, and one of the slickest crooks in the States was in the dock. I was on the case, and used to sit day after day in the court room. The prisoner was a fine-looking fellow, and when the evidence was thin and there was nothing for me to do, I used to sit and look at him. He had a trick of wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, which struck me as peculiar—sort of lady-like fashion. Well, he was convicted, and got seven years, but on his way to the pen he made a clean getaway, and I never heard that they'd pinched him again. There was a reward of five hundred out for him, which I guess is still standing. At the Wotherspoon lay-out I piped this same man, but I didn't know him; couldn't think where I'd seen him. Two hours ago, in front of Mullarkey's, was this same coon standing, and I tried to size him up, but it was no go, till he pulled out his wipe and mopped his fevered brow. Then I tumbled right off. I found out his name, where he lives, when he's going to make a sneak, and all about it, and—and I guess that's about all at present from yours truly."

There was a long pause. Nick sat smoking deliberately and gazing abstractedly into the atmosphere. The detective shifted uneasily in his seat, examined the ash of his cigar with great minuteness, and cast sidelong looks at the other. Presently he broke the silence.

"What do you want?" he asked, huskily.

"I reckon you don't wear blinders," replied the police reporter, coolly. "Now, Bundles, I'll give it to you straight. You give me your word—and you're not the man to go back on it—that I may marry Mamie inside of six months, and I'll put you next to the whole business. You can pouch all the stuff—fifteen hundred nice, juicy samoleons—and I'll see that you get all the credit that's coming. I'll square the boys on the other papers to give you the best send-off any of you cops ever had; they'll do that for me when they know I'm going to marry your girl. I'll pick the picture for you out of the gallery—it'll be there, dead sure—and we'll tell the people how Detective Bundlesroth saw the man on the street, and, possessing one of those phenomenal memories, rare among the cleverest of the force, that never forgets a face, recalled a certain photograph sent in to the office years ago, and worked this slight clue to a successful termination. Say, I'll never need to show in the business at all. I'll fix the man who handles A. P. here, and you'll get a good show in every paper in the country. What do you say? is it a go?"

As the reporter proceeded, the imagination of the detective painted a series of highly-colored pictures in rapid succession. He saw himself raised to a pinnacle far loftier than that from which he had slipped so unaccountably. He saw his fame blazoned forth, from ocean to ocean, as the solver of a deep mystery and the captor of a noted malefactor who was badly "wanted." And last, but not least, he saw his bank account, now sadly attenuated, swelled into comparative fatness by the addition of fifteen hundred dollars. Hitherto his reputation at its best had been local; to-morrow it would be continental. He hesitated, but not for long. Taking a last suck at his cigar, and throwing it into a spittoon, he rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"It's a go," he said.

"Good," replied Nick. "I guess I'm going to be proud of my pa-in-law; and now, maybe we'd better call in Mamie and give her the latest bulletin."

At eight o'clock next morning a cab waited in front of 17 Marobel street, and two men stood near in animated discourse. A trunk was brought out and placed on the box, and a few minutes later a tall, well-dressed man appeared on the steps. As he leisurely descended, the other two moved forward, still talking, and reached the door of the cab just as the tall man had comfortably ensconced himself. Then, to the great surprise of the occupant, one of the pedestrians jumped suddenly into the vehicle and seated himself beside him.

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Welfern of Boston, in great indignation.

"It's no go, Brady," said the intruder. "It's all up. Now, don't make a beef, because there's a gun in my pocket stickin' right into your ribs. Get in, Sam. Coachman, you know me—Detective Bundlesroth; drive to headquarters."

In spite of the excellent advice proffered by the detective, Mr. Welfern did make a considerable "beef," and it was not till a systematic search of his trunks at the central police station had revealed the missing articles of jewelry that he ceased to threaten all kinds of pains and penalties for the outrage to which he was being subjected. Then he accepted the situation with philosophical composure, and handed round his cigar-case with charming cordiality.

Nicholas Hogaboom was as good as his word. He squared the boys and the Associated Press correspondent, as he had promised, and Detective Bundles reaped a harvest of glory such as he had never dreamed of. The rewards were duly paid over to him, and no one, not even Mamie, ever knew that the entire credit for the achievement really belonged to another.

"How did you ever persuade paw to let you marry me?" Mamie asked wonderingly of her husband as they drove from the paternal mansion, followed by a shower of slippers discharged by the paternal hand.

"You know what a scoop is, don't you?" Nick enquired.

"Of course I do. It's something that you reporters get exclusive."

"Well," replied Nick, laughing, "this was just a case of scoop."

And more than that Mamie could never get him to say on the subject.

Something Like a Toronto Case.

Edna Crawford, the beautiful daughter of Chief Detective Ralph Crawford, of Cincinnati, has brought suit for ten thousand dollars damages against the famous New York photographer, Sarony, for using her picture as a corset advertisement without her permission. Detective Crawford was so incensed that he threatened to thrash Sarony, but was persuaded to let the law settle the matter. Sarony declares the girl was given professional rates, and thus gave him the right to use the picture as he did. Several days ago some of Miss Crawford's classmates were astonished to see her face mounted on the body of a giddy, bespangled actress in a magazine and in several theatrical papers. Next it began to appear out of corset "ads." and wearing two-dollar-and-forty-nine-cent shirt waists. She was shown as a high-kicker and in other attitudes, the very idea of which shocked the young woman. Miss Crawford denies the professional rate answer.

A really forgivable pun is one published by the Philadelphia "Ledger" when it ascribes the suicide of the diabolical governor of Shansi by swallowing gold leaf to "a consciousness of inward gilt."

Novel Prison Discipline.

They have a novel method of maintaining discipline in the state prison at Folsom, California, and it has proven to be a great success. They have no dungeons or dark cells in the prison, corporeal punishment is unheard of, tying up by the thumbs is never permitted, none of the old modes of punishment are recognized in this institution. The system in vogue is this: When a new prisoner is received, he is informed that they have three different bills of fare in the prison, and that it is optional with each man as to how well he lives. If he is industrious, orderly, well-behaved, and in all things conforming strictly to the rules of the prison, he is served with excellent food, nicely cooked. He can have chops, steaks, eggs, tea, and coffee, milk, and white bread; if he is only fairly well-behaved, and does not do his allotted task properly, is inclined to growl and grumble at the regulations of the institution, he is given ordinary prison fare—mush and molasses, soup, and corn breads; and if he is ugly and insubordinate, he is permitted to feast on unlimited quantities of cold water and a rather small allowance of bread. There is said to be an intense rivalry among the convicts to enter the first class, and once there, it is very seldom that one of them has to be sent back to a lower class.

Fame.

She lived and wrote 'mid simple joys and fears,
And never word she wrote had power to stir
The hearts of men to laughter or to tears
Until that one great sorrow came to her.

And then she wrote, and woke to praise and fame,
Now all unlonged for as but idle breath;
What matters it that they should vaunt her name,
His lips now silent 'neath the kiss of Death?

—Eileen Benson.

St. Catharines.

Quite a Catalogue of Virtues.

This alphabetical advertisement appeared in the London "Times" in 1812:

"To widowers and single gentlemen—Wanted by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous, etc. Address X. Y. Z., Simmonds' Library, Edgwareroad."

Queer Cases of Heredity.

Doctors disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it; others believe the contrary. Some of the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants are very curious.

There was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors. She was an orphan and wealthy, but without near relatives, and was often heard to complain of the loneliness of her position. As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her attention and she went back to it more than once. Her companion saw in it nothing but the commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century. "It is such a nice kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived." As most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue but, before going away, Miss B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number and learned on inquiry that the original was one of her direct ancestors.

Another occult coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a Southern statesman and financier whose family has always been of rank in his native State. This gentleman was overhauling old documents and letters which had been stored in a musty chest for years and intended to publish whatever might be of historic value and interest. To his surprise he unfolded a letter yellow and time-stained, which was written in his own peculiar hand-writing, or seemed to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth. The signature of the surname, which was the same as his own, was so markedly characteristic that he could scarcely believe his own hand did not pen the letters.

A Loquacious Cockatoo.

The most loquacious cockatoo in the world used to be owned by a civil servant in a Riverina township, Australia, and as this is, perhaps, the only bird that ever shut up a political "windjammer" the Melbourne "Punch" deems its escapade worthy to be put on record. A general election was on, and one of the candidates for the district had engaged a hall wherein to address the electors. There was a great attendance, and the candidate went from scratch with a rush, but at the end of five minutes was interrupted by a thin, croaking voice, like that of a little devil suffering from whooping-cough, which called from one of the rafters: "Oh, I'm full of this!" The crowd, suddenly discovering the cockatoo on his perch aloft, laughed uproariously. A long string of insults at the crowd came from the rafters. The candidate tried to get going again. "The man's an ass!" was the cockatoo's comment, and he jerked it in after every solemn expression of the candidate's opinion. At last the candidate's patience gave way, and, seizing the water-bottle, he hurled it furiously at the intemperate bird. It broke a window, and excited the bird to further efforts. Picking out the candidate, he heaped reproaches and insults upon him. The bird won; finding nothing left to throw, and unable to make any impression on the roaring audience, the politician flung himself from the hall, and the evil bird gave the last touch by calling pleasantly: "So long, so long!" The meeting forthwith carried resolution to the effect that the cockatoo was a fit and proper party to represent that district in Parliament.

Palmistry Triumphant.

(Fragment from a Town Romance.)

The enquirer was a little anxious as he placed his open hand before the earnest gaze of the soothsayer.

"You are a man of the utmost ability"

The enquirer seemed satisfied.

"You have the organizing power of Kitchener and the dash of a Baden-Powell."

Again the enquirer smiled.

"You have the tact of a Talleyrand, the courage of a Buonaparte, the poetry of a Shakespeare, and the sense of color of a Rubens, a Vandyke and a Gainsborough."

"Quite true," murmured the enquirer.

"You could, had you wished it, have taken a Double First at Oxford or become a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge."

The enquirer bowed acquiescence.

"I can see from your garb you are not the Archbishop of Canterbury, and from my knowledge of the lineaments of the distinguished personages I am about to mention I am sure you are neither the Premier, the Lord Chancellor, nor the Commander-in-Chief."

"You are right," replied the enquirer.

"You occupy a position of greater importance, if I am not mistaken, than either of the situations I have specified."

"Again you are correct," returned the enquirer, "I have the honor to fill the post of Senior Superintendent of the Imperial Universal General Dry Goods and Provision Stores, Limited."

And with mutual expressions of respect and admiration, the soothsayer and enquirer separated.—"Punch."

Midsummer Maxims.

Old married folks never sit in the hammock together. A drug store in the neighborhood is always productive of thirst. It usually gets too cold for mamma and papa about 9 o'clock. The young lady who is always objecting to her brother's smoking tells her young man that she likes the odor of a good cigar—with the accent on the good—and the young man smiles complacently. The neighbor's piano ought really to be tuned. The man who can restrain his natural impulse to sprinkle the lawn with the hose always jollies his next door neighbor, who can't. A woman can sit with nothing in her hands and rock, but a man has to have a paper or a cigar or both. When the Old Man and his neighbor get their feet on the railing side by side the young man who is calling on the Old Man's daughter usually proposes a stroll, for he knows they are planted until bedtime.—Ex.

Curious Bits of News.

Electric lamps are to be substituted in the place of gas jets in Westminster Abbey. It is averred that gas has proved injurious to the great church by setting up chemical change in the limestone of which its walls, arches, vaults and carvings are composed, thus hastening the disintegration of the building.

Captain K. A. Jansen of Chicago has won the distinction of being the first mariner to guide a steamship from Lake Michigan to San Francisco by way of the Straits of Magellan. The craft in which he made the voyage in ninety-eight days is the steamer "Tampico," which was built at Toledo in 1900 for the Great Lakes carrying trade.

According to "Engineering," the net result in respect of speed in navigation is that while ten years ago the highest sustained ocean speed was 20.7 knots, it is now 23.51 knots; the highest speed for large warships was 22 knots, and is now 23 knots on a trial of double the duration of those of ten years ago; the maximum speed attained by any craft was 25 knots, as compared with 36.581 knots now; while the number of ships of over 20 knots was eight in 1891, and is fifty-eight now.

When the King was Prince of Wales he refused to attend public banquets if the press were not seated among the guests. On one occasion the reporters were to dine by themselves in another room. They refused, and brought the matter under the notice of the Prince personally. He sent for the mayor of the town and made a few pointed remarks. When the banquet commenced the reporters were accommodated with seats from which they could have shaken hands with His Royal Highness.

During the past four years the United States Fish Commission has made important experiments at the station in Duluth. They have resulted in the successful planting and acclimatization in Lake Superior of the famous steelhead salmon of the Pacific, a salt-water fish exclusively heretofore. It was believed that this fish would thrive in the cold, fresh waters of Lake Superior, where so many other salmonidae grow. Several thousand fry were planted on the north shore of the lake, near Port Arthur, and at Silver Islet, both points on the Canadian side. The following year a larger number was planted off Isle Royale, and since then the planting has been kept up. Now, from time to time, the catch of an occasional steelhead is reported, and from the size of those found it is evident that they are growing about a pound a year in these fresh waters. It is also evident, from certain modifications of some of those specimens caught, that they have been propagating and increasing naturally.

Language in a Dog's Tail.

In the case of all hunting dogs, such as foxhounds or wolves, which pack together, the tail is carried aloft, and is very free in movement. It is also frequently rendered more conspicuous by the tip being white, and this is almost invariably the case when the hounds are of mixed color. When ranging the long grass of the prairie or jungle, the raised tips of the tails would often be all that an individual member of the band would see of its fellows. There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert. If a faint drag is detected suggestive of the presence of a fox, but scarcely sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the finder is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others, seeing the signal, quickly join the first, and there is an assemblage of waving tails before even the least whimper is heard. Should the drag prove a doubtful one, the hounds separate again, and the waving ceases; but, if it grows stronger when followed up, the wagging becomes more and more emphatic, until one after another the hounds begin to whine and give tongue, and stream off in Indian file along the line of scent. When the pack is in full cry upon a strong scent, the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view. The moment when the dog most enjoys life is the moment when he sights game. That moment is the time when he wags his tail most vigorously in order to announce his discovery to his fellow-dogs. In this way, by the habit of association, he got to wagging his tail whenever he was pleased; and the more pleased he is the more vigorously he wags his tail, so that the wagging of a dog's tail under pleasurable emotion can be traced directly to the time when the dog used his tail as a signal of the discovery of his prey.

Mme. Eames's Diplomacy.

Many think that musical artists should present their services for concerts given for charitable objects, says the Philadelphia "Post." Mme. Eames is also of this opinion, but she recently, in London, put the matter in a new light to those who invited her to appear gratuitously. Mme. Eames was one afternoon at Lord Charles Beresford's, and the next day received a letter from Lady Beresford saying that two ladies present had wanted to ask a favor, but in her presence had lost courage. "But I am not afraid of you," wrote Lady Beresford, and proceeded to say that the ladies in question, who happened to be extremely wealthy, wished her to sing for nothing for a certain charity. Mme. Eames immediately sat down and wrote a reply. It was her duty, she said, to save herself as much as possible for her operatic performances at Covent Garden, which were stipulated by contract to be two days apart so that she might give her freshest and best to the public. She felt, however, greatly attracted toward the charity named, and would make only one condition regarding the donating of her services. She had received 300 guineas (about $1,500) for singing at Mr. W. W. Astor's and about the same amount at other private concerts. She would gladly sing for nothing at the charity concert if each one of the ladies interested, who had so kindly asked her, would donate 300 guineas to the object for which the concert was to be given.

As yet no replies from "the ladies interested" have been received. But Lady Beresford, not being one of the "interested ladies," appreciates more fully the humor of the situation.

The Smith Family.

Mr. Glazebrook, author of "The Heraldry of Smith," declared it to be absolutely true that a lifetime and the fortune of an American billionaire would not suffice for an exhaustive history of all the Smiths in all four quarters of the globe.

Mr. Compton Reade does not attempt anything so supremely heroic in his last book, "The Smith Family," just published by Elliot Stock. He professes, to use his own words, "to review the great Fabrician family," whether crisped into Smith, "smoothed into Smyth, or smidged into Smijth." Mr. Reade says that so numerous are the Smiths, he marvels England has not been transmuted into "Smithland." An American authority is quoted to the effect that "the history of England is the history of families," and then Mr. Compton Reade affirms that so far as the Smiths represent a type, England without them would have been very small indeed.

It is curious, Mr. Reade observes, how the little letter "y" has proved a huge differentia. For, whereas the "Smiths" as a rule have been money-making, the "Smyths" have shown themselves chivalrous and aristocratic. While the Smiths were Roundhead, the Smyths suffered for Tory or Jacobite principles.

Apropos of these variations in the spelling of the great patronymic, Mr. Compton Reade propounds a theory which should prove of comfort to both branches of the family. He hotly combats the notion that the Smyths, Smythes and Smijths have assumed a variation of spelling to lend an aristocratic flavor to a homely name. "Nothing," he declares, "can be further from the truth. The original form was Smyth, just as the modern 'cider' is a corruption of the ancient 'cyder.' So far from the Smyths having Smythed themselves, I can discover barely one notable instance of the change from 'i' to 'y,' but I can trace numberless instances of Elizabethan Smyths having become Victorian Smiths. The roco spelling of the word Smijth is apparently due to the ingeniousness of some mediaeval clerk who in writing Smyth took upon himself to dot both points of the 'y,' thus producing 'Smijth.'"

But what is the origin of this great family? The following couplet furnishes the answer:

Whence cometh Smith, be he knight or be he squire,
But from the Smith that forgeth at the fire?

Not that this is any disgrace. The name is old enough; at any rate, Professor Mahaffy has discovered that a man named Smith lived in the days of Ptolemy III. B.C. 227; and the occupation from which the name is derived was originally one of great honor. David was armourer to King Saul. Vulcan was a person of distinction in Olympus. In the days of Thor, when none but the mightiest could wield the hammer, he was a cynosure; in the heroic days of gallant little Wales he sat upon the right hand of the King. But from his high estate he fell, to become a mere mechanic in Norman times, only, however, to blossom into the gold-storing goldsmith of Queen Anne's days, from which trade sprang the great industry of banking.

With the assistance of pedigrees and other matter Mr. Reade sets to work to prove the doctrine of hereditary characteristics. "For the ranks of these descendants of primitive iron-workers," he says, include scarcely a poet or an idealist, while in matters practical they stand pre-eminent.

Whatever we are, we were,
And whatever we were, we are,
And whatever we are, and whatever we were,
That same shall we always be.

Certainly Mr. Reade's pedigrees and the list of celebrities which he gives at the end of his book contain the names of many well-known men of affairs, not to mention lawyers, sailors and soldiers. Charitable Smiths without number have proved the old proverb, "There is that scattereth but yet increaseth." Perhaps the most eccentric and yet practical bequest was that of Henry Smith in 1717 to St. Sepulchre's "to help poor maids for husbands!" Clearly when George I. was king a spouse must have been a purchasable commodity, and at a moderate price.

Why should there not be a day set apart every year to celebrate the greatness of the Smiths, after the manner of the Smith banquet which took place in the eighteenth century? At this banquet the guests were Smiths to a man, and the president was one Captain Smith, Governor of Virginia. The cooks were Smiths, the waiters also, and a Smith said grace. The feast was graced by a poet Smith, whose sole claims to immortality rest upon the ode he composed for the occasion, the publisher of which was James Smith.

The Girl Who Didn't.

(A FABLE.)

Once upon a time a girl decided that she would go in for health rather than fashion, and would be a true woman, such as men like to talk about in the abstract.

She wore spring heels on number seven shoes, and shivered at the very idea of corsets. Her waist measured thirty-six inches, while her hips and bust were only thirty-two. She wouldn't curl her hair, and as she thought powder vulgar, her face was always red and shiny.

Her clothes were all made to hang from the shoulders, and she never sat on her spine. By the time she was twenty-five men ran when they saw her coming or going, they never knew which, and women looked at her through lorgnettes and said she was an unsexed creature!

Moral—The easiest way is always the best if you are a girl!—N. Y. "Life."

At the Football Match.

No. 1—My word, I wouldn't drop on a ball like that in front of a rush. You might get your head kicked in and be laid out for twenty minutes.

No. 2—Yes, but think of the cheers when you got up.

"But you might never get up."

"Then think of the funeral you'd have!"

A widow's weeds are often the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual rejoicing.

Student (to servant)—I thought you had finished sweeping my room.

College-bred Servant Girl—Beg pardon, sir, but I was just decomposing.

Student—What?

College-bred Servant Girl—I was returning to dust!

A Midnight Balloon Ascension.

A REAL EXPERIENCE.

Aerostation.--M. Etienne Giraud, l'intrepide aeronnaute, et M. Georges Hall de San Francisco, partis de Paris dans le Rolla, ont atterri a Cezy, situe a 5 kilometres de Joigny, apres une traversee de dix heures assez mouvementee, quoique sans accident.--"Le Figaro."

WE had agreed, my companion and I, that I should call for him at his house, after dinner, not later than eleven o'clock.

This athletic young Frenchman belongs to a small set of Parisian sportsmen, who have taken up "ballooning" as a pastime.

After having exhausted all the sensations that are to be found in ordinary sports, even those of "automobiling" at a breakneck speed, the members of the "Aero Club" now seek in the air, where they indulge in all kinds of daring feats, the nerve-racking excitement that they have ceased to find on earth.

I might add that these facts were but vaguely known to me before I had been introduced, by a mutual friend, to this new century young sportsman, and had accepted his invitation to accompany him in his next aerial voyage.

When we reached the vacant lot at the huge gas-works of Saint Denis, where our balloon was being inflated, I could not help feeling a bit alarmed at the sight of that little bubble—only a few hundred cubic metres—and the very small basket which were soon to take us up in the air.

All the "eclat," the ceremonial, and the emotional "good-byes" that usually accompany the "let her go!" of a balloon, were totally lacking when the "Rolla" left the earth. The start was effected in a quiet and business-like manner, and the act seemed so natural to the people who were helping us off, that their demeanor on this occasion had a beneficial and soothing effect on my excited nerves.

A few minutes after midnight, when the last little sacks of sand ballast had been hung out over the edge of our wicker-basket, when a final glance had been given to the ropes, the net, the valve, etc.—with a careless "au revoir" from the foreman of the gas-works, and a parting joke from the "cocher" who had driven us there—the dark forms, whose hands were holding us down, silently stepped back, and with a gentle and graceful swing the "Rolla" started off on its sixth ascension.

Had we taken with us another small sack of ballast, our balloon could not have left the earth. In other words, its ascensional force was almost balanced by the weight it was expected to carry. After rising about a hundred yards, and finding a trifle cooler current, which slightly condensed the gas, the "Rolla" ceased to ascend. We were met by a gentle breeze from the northwest, and began to cross Paris, a couple of hundred feet above the city.

It would take the pen of a Carlyle to describe our mysterious flight over Paris at midnight. The impression was so startling that for an hour we never spoke above a whisper.

Owing to the increasing coolness of the atmosphere, our balloon had a slight, though constant, tendency to descend. But we easily kept our altitude by occasionally throwing overboard a spoonful or two of ballast.

After ascertaining that we would not come in contact with the towers of Notre Dame or the sharp edges of the Eiffel Tower, we decided to keep the same distance, and let the breeze do the rest.

At out feet Paris is breathing, like a monster with a million eyes.

On the right, at the very top of Montmartre, and looming up in the glow that surrounds it, stands the white basilica of the Sacred Heart, with its colossal marble statue of the Redeemer watching over the city.

The great boulevards roll out in every direction like ribbons of fire; we can hear, as we sail over them, the muffled rumbling of a thousand carriages, and we watch them as they dodge each other in their complicated course.

A cry, a call, from time to time, reaches our ears; but the others are lost in the mighty silence above us.

"There is the Opera," whispers the owner, as he points to a square silhouette, bathed in a lake of electric light.

I seem to have no fear, merely the sensation of relief that follows an irrevocable decision; with the feeling that we are tasting a forbidden fruit, breaking some divine and primeval law. All our faculties are concentrated in our eyes, and they feast on this wonderful sight.

"Those dark pits that dot the surface of Paris are gardens," explains the owner, "innumerable private parks; and most Parisians live and die without ever suspecting their existence."

We cross the Place de la Bastile, soaring above the bronze column, with its proud little Victory, whose useless wings of metal seem childish and a bit ridiculous as we pass on.

A long and purple fissure that cuts the city in twain marks the Seine, long before we reach it. The "Rolla" feels the cool current that rises above the waters. A few handfuls of sand thrown overboard, and we resume our former position.

Our eyes are now accustomed to these weird and unusual effects, and few details of the picture escape us. In the distance another bright spot, Bullier, the students' ball, in the heart of the Latin quarter. That obscure mass beyond it must be the Luxembourg and its gardens.

Here we leave the dome of the Pantheon on our right. Below us the lights are gradually thinning out; we are passing over the crowded "faubourgs," where thousands of poor and tired human beings are resting in their sleep.

An ocean of darkness and silence opens up before us; we sail into it. The breeze freshens, and the glowing blaze of Paris soon fades away in the distance.

From now on the minutes drag, in the mysterious night that surrounds us, and every moment is heavy with anxiety; not a sound but the awful voice of everlasting silence. Those hours are endless, really hard to live, until at last the gray dawn steps out of the horizon.

Nature begins to awaken, and, with the first gleam of daylight, slowly the world comes back to life.

The first cry of a quail or the crow of a pheasant is a delight to our ears. A dog barks and another howls. Lazy and sleepy peasants, leading huge oxen, drag themselves out of their farms, on their way to a hard day's work in the fields. The cocks crow lustily, and, in the distance, from the little town of Nemours, comes the melodious call of a bugle, arousing "Pitou," the French "Tommy Atkins," from his sleep.

The sun drives away the soft gray mist that lingers on the meadows; a few shadows here and there still mark the wooded valleys; but they soon melt away, and a glorious summer morning, in the beautiful land of Burgundy, bursts upon us from every side.

* * * * * * *

We are now close to the little hamlet of Uri, and the voice of a cuckoo-clock tells us the hour, as it pipes up in the breeze its five double notes.

"The temperature is very even," remarks the captain, "and there is no danger of it rising or falling unexpectedly, at least for an hour or more. We might as well travel with the guide-rope, and skip along close to the earth."

He slips the line overboard and lowers it carefully to the ground.

The guide-rope, though a mere cable, about two hundred feet in length, is a very delicate instrument, and, after the anchor, the most important accessory to a balloon. When in operation, one end of the rope is attached to the basket, and a quarter or a fifth of its length is allowed to drag on the surface of the earth, where it regulates automatically the air-ship's aerostatic equilibrium.

If the balloon has a tendency to fall, an additional portion of the guide-rope drops on the ground. Instantly the "Rolla" is relieved of that much weight, and soon resumes its former altitude.

On the other hand, should the tendency be to rise, the extra amount of rope that it hauls up with it means for the "Rolla" a few pounds more to carry, and it gradually falls back to its original position.

It has also the serious advantage of saving gas, and sand ballast as well.

"That modest young fellow you met at dinner the other night," remarks the captain, "uses the guide-rope with great success as part of the steering-gear of his new 'aeronef,' the 'Santos-Dumont V.' We all expect to hear within a few weeks that Santos-Dumont has solved the great problem of aerial navigation."

The farmers, who cannot understand this new method of locomotion, are all eager to tug at the guide-rope, thinking we have decided to land.

"No, no; leave it alone!" shouts the owner. "We are simply out for a promenade!"

The children, who are playing scarecrow with the ravenous birds in the orchards, scream with astonishment and delight. An old woman folds her hands over her mouth like a megaphone and asks:

"Where the devil are you going like that?"

"To the moon."

"Ha! ha! Bon voyage!"

A flock of sheep stampedes at the sight of our shadow moving upon the earth, and disappears in a cloud of dust.

We glide peacefully over meadows and swamps, clearing hedges and trees, dragging the guide-rope behind us. As we pass over a lake in the park of an ideal country seat, we see the "Rolla" reflected in the clear waters below.

Even at this moderate height, the farms look like children's playhouses, with their curly little lambs, their wooden horses and painted cows; and as we approach a curve in the railroad track, a train of cars puffs by like a mechanical toy, and whistles a friendly salute.

Here the captain calls my attention to a dark line of clouds in the northwest.

Yesterday's "Herald" predicted a depression within the next twenty-four hours—evidently a storm is creeping up behind us. But the same wind is driving us on, and we hope to keep out of its reach, even if we have to rise up in the heavens above it.

"If our balloon obeys as it should, we will soon have some fun," says the captain, as we reach the first trees of a thick forest.

The "Rolla" is so sensitive that by merely hauling in a few yards of the guide-rope, we gently descend on the tops of the trees, lightly skipping from one to the other; we brush by an elm, a poplar, or an ash, and pick as we pass their fresh green leaves.

This weird performance is fascinating beyond words. I have never heard of a "promenade" on the crest of a forest, and I wonder now and then if I am dreaming.

Such accuracy of movement is only possible with a very small balloon, in the early hours of the day, and with a perfectly even temperature. Of course, it is always dangerous, as the slightest mistake would lead to a hopeless disaster.

Suddenly, while crossing a deep ravine, the coolness of the air drags us down. The rocky banks of the torrent are upon us.

I open my mouth to offer a mild objection, when a hatful of ballast goes overboard; we instantly shoot up in the air, and, before I can realize what has occurred, the barometer marks six and seven thousand feet.

"From on high one appreciates to their full human things, and it is only necessary to have reached lofty altitudes to know the smallness of whatever appears great."—Alf. de Vigny.

I shall never forget this first and sudden leap to such terrifying altitudes. I thought we would never stop rising, and stood breathless as I saw the earth leave us, sink in at the center, and swell out at the horizon like a bowl.

Which of us has not often followed with delighted eyes the majestic flight of the clouds, and longed for their liberty and the freedom of their voyages in the skies?

Rolled in heavy masses by the winds that drive them on, they move peacefully in the sunlight like a fleet of sombre ships with prows of solid gold. Now bunched together in small and graceful groups, thin and sleek like birds of passage, they fly swiftly with the breeze—iridescent and translucent, like huge opals picked from the treasures of heaven, or sparkling with immaculate candor, like the snow the winds harvest on the crest of inaccessible sierras and carry off on their invisible wings.

They have seen, perhaps in a single day, the countries and the homes we love, and cherish in remembrance or in hope. They have passed over spots that have beaten time to our happiest hours; they have looked down upon places that have witnessed our deepest sorrows.

Up to their glittering realm we rise, and, cutting through the impalpable vapor, we reach the upper spheres of everlasting starlight and sunshine where begin the limits of the empyrean, that mysterious zone, visited only by the queen bee, once in her lifetime, on the day of her "nuptial flight."

The varied emotions of our trip above the clouds are simply superhuman, but the owner does not seem to enjoy them:

"A fellow can't be amused up here. Let's go down."

I know he is longing to play with the trees again; but before I can answer, the valve-rope is jerked, and we drop two or three thousand feet.

Looking up through the open appendix, I can see the interior of the balloon, the valve-rope hanging in the center, and watch the valve open and close at the top.

We are now traveling with the wind at a speed of forty miles an hour, but we feel no motion whatever. The hills, the meadows, the hamlets, rush toward us in a mad race, as if driven by the mighty hand of God.

The world looks like a painted atlas, with every little detail carefully marked. As I compare it with the military map in my hands, I cannot tell which is the better of the two; and, moreover, at this altitude, they seem both the same size.

The captain is throwing out ballast—quite a lot, it seems to me. But the barometer is still falling. Down we go, and in a moment we are close to earth again. Half a dozen peasants are harvesting in the grain-fields.

"Captain! we are dead birds this time!"

"Not yet," replies the owner, "but be sure before we touch ground to swing up on the hoop above you, or the shock might break your legs."

The advice is worth following. No sooner said than done, and the basket, after kicking off the top of a haystack, drops in the midst of the dumbfounded farmers.

Relieved for a second of its weight, the "Rolla" bounds ahead. More ballast flies out, and we are off on another trip to the clouds.

Exposed, as it is, alternately to the burning rays of the sun and the numerous cool currents that we meet on our way, the "Rolla" soon becomes flighty and hard to control. A few minutes later we are not two hundred feet over the meadow.

Another rise, without apparently any cause for it, and soon we are falling again; this time over the ancient city of Sens, with its beautiful cathedral in the center, around which the quaint old houses are huddled, and held close together by a belt of green boulevards.

As I wonder how we would look impaled on that sharp Gothic steeple, a dozen pounds of ballast sends us skyward like a rocket.

* * * * * * *

It was now ten o'clock. We had traveled, by actual measurement on the map, two hundred and eighty kilometers. The heat was increasing rapidly, and the sensitive bubble over our heads had become more erratic than ever. Down it would drop a few thousand feet, if a cloud happened to darken the sun, and then up three or four thousand, as soon as the cloud had passed on.

This constant "bobbing" up and down at a terrific pace, added to the heat and the lack of sleep, was gradually telling on our nerves. Ten hours in a basket, under such circumstances, is about as much as any ordinary man can stand. Without wasting any time in idle discussion, we decided to atterrir—in other words, to land, as soon as the necessary arrangements for this important operation had been completed.

The "Rolla" was then at nine thousand feet; we had lost the wind on our way up, and below, in the west, the storm was rapidly gaining on us.

We had still four sacks of sand ballast of the nine we had taken up with us. Every knot that held them to the basket was carefully examined—a precaution of vital importance, as we would soon be above the clouds again if any of them escaped us in the varied incidents that might attend our descent. The lunch-basket and our coats were also securely fastened, and the anchor partly unlashed and made ready to be dropped.

I held the barometer, with eyes glued upon its face, ready to call out our future altitudes. My companion, with the valve-rope in his right and the ballast-spoon within reach, was still gazing earnestly at the fields in the distance, where we hoped we might stand alive a few minutes later.

Not a word had been spoken for some time, when the captain said:

"Our landing, I think, will be a hard one—I dislike the way those trees are scattered beyond that narrow valley. We never should have allowed the storm to reach our heels—but it has to go now——" and his hand gives the valve-rope a long and heavy pull.

We can hear the gas sputter as it leaves the creaking silk.

Instantly the barometer drops. We have started on our final descent.

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The captain's fondness for "valving" had set us falling again at an awful speed, and the sand he was throwing out was rising around the "Rolla" in little thin clouds, and dropping like hail on the silk above us.

I looked down. The earth was rising!—rising to meet us, like a fabulous mother eager to receive her children in her outstretched arms.

I stood hypnotized and cold, until called back to my barometer. I saw that the captain's teeth were set, but his eye was clear and serene.

We now realize to its full extent the gravity of the situation.

The needle is jumping in my hands. "Twenty-two hundred metres—twenty-one-fifty—twenty-one——" The storm is not a mile behind us, and the heavy wind that precedes it rolls in graceful waves over the wheat and barley fields.

"Seventeen hundred and fifty metres—seventeen hundred—sixteen hundred——"

We are falling at an angle of thirty or forty degrees. Everything below us is moving at lightning speed.

"Twelve hundred and fifty—twelve hundred—eleven hundred metres——"

My voice is slightly hoarse, but I call out the numbers as fast as I see them; and they follow each other in rapid succession.

"Nine hundred—eight hundred and fifty—eight hundred metres——"

The sudden change of altitude makes us both very deaf; but I can still hear the captain say:

"Haul in the other sack of sand. We must keep up long enough to clear that forest and land in the field beyond, this side of the large clump of trees."

The ballast is doing better work, and we are not falling quite so rapidly; but only half of the treacherous forest has been cleared. There is more and enough of it, that stands threatening below us.

"We shall never sail over it," mutters the owner.

At this moment we swing into a violent gale—forerunner of the storm behind us—the "Rolla" quivers in its net, seems to hesitate for a mere second, and bravely leaps ahead.

"Too much of a good thing——" and above us the valve is roaring furiously.

"Whatever happens, don't jump!" cries the captain.

Of course, had I done so at any time, he would have shot up in the air ten or fifteen thousand feet.

"Attention! Now is the psychological moment."

Like a hawk swooping down on its prey, and with the same graceful curve, the "Rolla" clears, with ten feet to spare, the crest of the last trees.

We hear the guide-rope dragging in the branches.

As quick as a flash the captain has the anchor overboard.

But the gale is driving us on, and the iron teeth fail to bite the sod.

We clutch at the hoop and the rigging above—and, with a crash, the basket strikes the earth.

The shock throws us back into it.

The balloon bounds on several hundred feet, rolling like a huge football. We are dragged, tossed, bumped and bruised. Everything in the basket is smashed to pieces, and the claret on the captain's face looks like blood.

I barely have time to disengage my neck from a couple of slender and wiry net-ropes that are doing their best to strangle me.

A peasant, mowing near by, hears our cries; he drops his scythe, and, kicking off his wooden shoes, tugs at the guide-rope lustily.

The anchor has found a soft spot, suddenly the cable tightens, and our aerial trip is ended.

By this time a few excited villagers have come to the rescue from the neighboring fields.

As we crawl from under the tangled mass of net-work and rigging, a terrorized child falls in a fit at the sight of this unusual performance, rolling in the grass and screaming with fright.

We are both rather pale and a bit weak in the knees; but, oh, the exquisite sensation to feel the good old earth under our feet again!

A few steps away, "Rolla" lies panting in the sunshine.

With every gust of wind he seems to exhale his life.

His quivering form is sinking rapidly; we hear his heavy sighs and watch his quivering skin.

The plucky little fellow makes another desperate effort to rise up to the spheres he has conquered; but his strength at last betrays him, and he falls back on the green—empty, motionless, dead.—"Argonaut."

Paris, June, 1901.

First Mosquito—What's in the bucket? Rushing the growler?
Second Mosquito—No; it's a cure for coal-oil poison. Have a nip?

Expressive English Phrases.

WHAT are the most expressive phrases in colloquial English? Of the dozens that slip off English-speaking tongues in the course of a day some must be better suited for their purpose and more characteristic of the race that originated them than others. When foreigners come to this country they catch certain expressions almost immediately, and long before they can attempt to speak the language have made them part of their vocabulary. It would seem that these phrases must be the most expressive in English and that they are peculiar to the language, and "fill a long-felt want," since foreigners seize so eagerly upon them.

Every man or woman who lands in this country is saying "Hurry up" in two months. In whatever quarter of the city one may walk, says the New York "Tribune," Italian or German or Jewish, mothers will be despatching their offspring on errands, using their native speech, but closing their orders with the magic "Hurry up!" How delightfully characteristic of the nation is the phrase! It is not to be wondered at that the new comers from the slow-moving Old World find that they have brought over nothing to equal it.

"All right" rivals "Hurry up," not because foreign tongues lack similar expressions, but because there is a jolly, hail fellow well met air about "all right" lacking in other phrases of the same character. Then, too, "all right" takes the place not only of "good," but of "yes" and "I understand," and of a dozen other phrases which in other languages require separate expressions.

The third phrase which alone shares the popularity of the first two is "It's nice." This should be interesting to purists who wish to restrict "nice" to its first and original meaning of "exact." No word of ancestry sufficiently aristocratic to please them takes the place of "nice" in its colloquial meaning, and foreigners clasp it with joy, wholly ignorant of the fact that they are outraging the feelings of anybody by so doing. Other phrases besides "Hurry up," "All right" and "It's nice" captivate the fancy of the newly-landed, but these three reign supreme.

Rough-Looking Beggar—Kind sir, be so good as to give me a trifle. Gentleman—For you to go and spend it in drink? Rough-Looking Beggar (knowingly)—Been a beggar yourself some time, eh?—"Pick-Me-Up."

Authors at Work.

Mr. Anthony Hope, who is very much in the public eye again through the success of his clever novel "The Intrusions of Peggy," has evidently no desire to make a secret of his literary methods. Here is his record of a day's work. "Let us suppose," he says, "that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working-den at 9.45, and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10. Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10.03. Light pipe, and sit down in large arm-chair by the fire.

10.15. Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)

10.45. I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything, after all.

11.15. I wish the—these—people hadn't asked me to write for their—paper!

11.45. Hullo! Will that do?

12. Hang it, that's no use!

12.30. I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40. Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the—? All right, here it is! Now then. (Scribble.)

1. Lunch! Good, I believe it's going.

1.30. Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)

2.15. Well, I don't quite see my way to— Oh yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3. One, two, three — three hundred words, a page. Well, I've put that in in good time anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3.15. I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3.40. Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words, and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3.50. I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4. She can't take more than a page, accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.

4.15. Oh, confound it!

4.45. Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good, I'm in the straight now!

5. Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. Ugh! now it's awful rot. Well, that's their look-out, they've bought it.

5.03. It's not so bad, though, after all.

5.11. I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5.15. H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5.20. No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5.25. Pretty smart ending!

5.30. Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!

5.35. Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I can't touch a pen again to-day.

"There it is—'How a Story is Written By One Who Has Done It.' . . . The remark about the dozen men in England represents a momentary phase of feeling, not a reasoned opinion."

In answer to a request to tell his readers how he worked, Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose new book, "The Little White Bird," has just been published, wrote the following on a crumpled piece of paper that had evidently once contained tobacco:

Journalism.

pipes	1 hour
hours	1 idea
idea	3 pars
pars	1 leader

Fiction.

8 pipes	1 ounce
7 ounces	1 week
2 weeks	1 chapter
20 chapters	1 nib
2 nibs	1 novel

Craft.

A writer in "Chambers' Journal" describes how a crime was traced to the criminals by an exceedingly cunning expedient:

"The Mr. Elliott I have mentioned inherited no small amount of his father's courage and energy. On one occasion, armed with nothing but a horse-pistol, he faced an infuriated Madras crowd. He also, with great cleverness, detected the perpetrators of a daring robbery. Al the plate of a leading hotel had been carried away, and as the loss was serious, the police were eager to apprehend the thieves. For some time they were quite baffled; but at last suspicion was concentrated on an eating-house near the shore, chiefly frequented by sailors. Having made his arrangements, Mr. Elliott entered this house one day in the costume of a naval officer, and ordered a dish of curry and rice. The food was soon placed before him, but accompanied by nothing better than a pewter spoon. This was precisely what had been expected. Handling the spoon with a contemptuous air, he asked if they expected one of her Majesty's officers to eat with such an article as that. Searching looks were then directed to him; but he succeeded in maintaining an appearance of ingenuousness and simplicity. Then, after a short delay, a silver spoon was brought bearing the mark of the plundered hotel. A few quick steps took the magistrate—for such he was—to the door, and a low whistle brought the waiting subordinates; then the landlord, landlady and servants were seized, and the whole of the plate recovered."

Our Language.

Yet another humorous story anent the idiosyncrasies of the English language is current. A Frenchman came to England with the object of making himself master of the tongue, and the following sentence was given him:

"The rough cough and hiccough plough me through." The teacher told him the first word was pronounced "ruff." He thereupon said this: "The ruff cuff and hiccuff pluff me thruff."

"No, no—the second word is pronounced 'koff'!"

"Then," said the Frenchman, "it must be the roff coff and hiccoff ploff me throff."

The third, fourth and fifth words were explained with the same result, which the reader may repeat for himself.

"Colonel," asked the Northern undertaker, "do you people of the South believe in cremation?" "Sometimes, suh," replied the colonel, "when we think plain lynchin' wouldn't begin to fit the crime, suh."—"Catholic Standard and Times."

She had been shopping, and he was naturally disturbed. "I hope you didn't spend much money while you were down town to-day," he remarked. "Not a cent, except car-fare, George," she answered reassuringly. "I had everything charged."—Chicago "Evening Post."

HE CAN SLEEP AND WORK NOW

What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did for Emilien Clouatre.

Cured Him of Pain in the Back and Headache, and Made Him Well and Strong Ag

Val Racine, Que., Jan. 19.—(Special.)—Among those in this neighborhood who openly proclaim the benfit they have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills is Emilien Clouatre. M. Clouatre was long a sufferer from that most trying of troubles, Pain in the Back, that adds to its inconvenience the disquieting knowledge that it is one of the surest symptoms of Kidney Disease

Now M. Clouatre is well and strong able to do a good day's work and enjoy a good night's sleep. Interviewed regarding his case, he says:

"I am not able to do otherwise than praise Dodd's Kidney Pills, for I am cured. I work well. When I go up to bed I fet rest. Before I used Dodd's Kidney Pills I got up feeling more fatigued than the night before. I had pain in the back and headache which bothered my rest. I took nine boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am cured. I praise them to all who speak to me about them."

Others suffering from the pains and aches resulting from Kidney Complaints have followed M. Clouatre's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They too are compelled to admit the truth of the oft-repeated statement, "There is no form of Kidney Complaint that Dodd's Kidney Pills can not cure."

A MINOR IN THE CAROL

There's a minor in the carol, there's
a knell in every chime,
Floating through the misty daylight
this returning Christmas time;
There's a cloud upon the mountain,
there's a sorrow on the sea,
Those who once made Christmas
brighter now will come no more
to me.

Holly berries, pale your redness, O
be dull, sweet mistletoe,
In the yule-log's pallid embers, let
us see the long ago,
Stay the dancers' feet a moment,
hush awhile the merry tune;
Sorrow turns her darkened pages—
reads again each tear-marked
rune.

They were beautiful and noble, they
were tender, they were gay—
Laughed with us and bore our burden,
turned our darkest night
to day;
But when Christmas comes recalling,
there's a catching of the
breath,
And its vibrant joy is muffled by
the chilly hand of death.

Yet shall Memory wave her sceptre
—show them once more as they
were,
Love recall each form and feature;
fill each sad and vacant chair,
While we hear the joy-bells ringing,
sing the carol glad and free;
Join once more the feast, well ordered,
joyous as it used to be.

And, if Memory thus be regnant,
shall not Faith's strong angel-
hand,
Yet dispel the doubting spectres that
around us grimly stand—
Teach us now to grasp the Future,
as we hold the precious Past;
And believe that Somewhere, Some
Day, we shall clasp our own at
last!

—Bernard McEvoy.

A Bill Nye Story.

The heresy frequently insinuated that publishers grow inordinately rich at the expense of the author was once amusingly illustrated by the late Bill Nye at an authors' dinner in London. "Just a year ago," said he, "I was walking on the principal street of Indianapolis, when I met a man whose appearance showed that he was reduced to the very depths of poverty. His clothes were ragged, his face unshaven, his hair long and matted and his feet unshod. As I passed him, a look of recognition came into his eye.

"'Nye, old fellow, don't you know me? Don't you know Abel P. Jones, who was your classmate at college?'

"'What, Jones! Is it really you? Well, well, what can I do for you?'

"'For Heaven's sake help me. I am starving. Lend me half a dollar.'

"I felt in my pockets. They were empty. I had no money myself. But a bright thought flashed through my mind.

"'Abel, I can't lend you the half-dollar: I haven't got it. But look here—I'll tell you what I will do: I'll let you publish my next book.'

"Gentlemen, that was just a year ago; and this month Abel P. Jones sent me an invitation to go to Europe with him in his steam yacht."

Journalistic Emulation.

A distinguished journalist has informed the public that he invariably jots down ideas—to be subsequently worked up into articles—at the moment of their occurrence. In illustration of the good results of this practice he states that an idea, which was afterwards worth five guineas, once came to him when he was washing his hands. Fired by this example, several journalists have made arrangements for taking a complete bath.—"Punch."

Young Lady Thrown From Her Horse

Holland Landing, Jan. 21.—Miss Ethel Grantham, daughter of John Grantham of this place, was found lying unconscious in their lane this afternoon. She was riding and was thrown from the horse. Her brain is [illegible], and the doctor is unable to tell what the result of the fall will be, as Miss Grantham is still unconscious.

Mont Pelee.

Mr. George Keenan, [illegible] went to Martinique on the [illegible] correspondent for the "Outlook," has gathered in his book, "The Tragedy of Pelee," the results of his observations in May last. He takes issue in his conclusions with most of the geologists as to the nature and causes of the catastrophe that swept St. Pierre out of existence on May 8. Considerable space is given to an argument to show that the theory of a cloud of inflammable gas from the volcano is unsupported, and that what actually occurred was more probably a scorching of the mountainside by a "red-hot hurricane" of superheated steam. The position of the vent that discharged the hot blast could not be definitely determined at the time of this expedition, because the disturbed state of the volcano and the heat of the slope made proper observations out of the question. But from a study of such facts as Mr. Kennan was able to assemble, and from a comparison with descriptions of other volcanic explosions, notably that of the Japanese volcano Bandai-san, in 1888, and that of Tarawera in 1886, he concludes that the discharge which destroyed St. Pierre and its thirty thousand people in less than three minutes had its origin at or near the summit, and not from the lower crater, where the disturbance began; that the blast was composed of steam and lava dust disintegrated by exploding steam, and had practically no inflammable or asphyxiating gases in it; that the inhabitants of St. Pierre and the men killed in the roadstead came to their death by means of the overpowering heat of the onrushing steam and the still hotter dust particles carried in it, or, after being stunned, were burned to death by the fires started in inflammable objects by the volcanic dust.

The growth of dread of the devastating volcano in the minds of the visiting observers makes an interesting record. They arrived on the scene with apparently little other emotion than a lively interest and curiosity. On one occasion, when Mr. Kennan and his party were driving toward the smoking Pelee, from which the natives were fleeing in panic-struck silence, carrying their chattels and their little children, one woman exclaimed, "Look at the poor unfortunates—going toward the mountain!" This was the attitude of the native negro. The cultivated residents, like Mr. Clerc, who accompanied the party, showed great courage. But their more personal relation to the catastrophe exposed them to greater strain. Mr. Clerc insisted on retreating from low-lying, unprotected spots when an eruption was beginning; and once, while they were prowling among the unrecognizable dead of the country villas in the Roxelane Valley, "he broke down in a fit of sobbing and walked away from the party until he could regain his self-control." The visitors caught some of this nervousness before they were done with their work. After this day among the dead, Mr. Kennan spent a most uneasy night. The second night after, Pelee broke into an eruption, and the party left Vive for a safer spot, but returned later in the night in their scientific enthusiasm and would not be rescued by their distracted host. The next day Pelee was still violent. Mr. Kennan's fellow-naturalist, overcome with the work of the night, lay ill abed and left him to brood over the yellow mud clouds and black showers of falling dust. He describes his growing anxiety in this manner:

"Before noon I had become so wrought up by anxiety and nervous strain that my imagination began to run away with me, and I suddenly felt a vague but overwhelming premonition of some impending catastrophe. Going to Mr. Jaccaci's bedside, I said to him: 'If you feel able to get up, I wish you would come and look at this volcano.' He walked feebly to the side window in the upper story of the house, gazed fixedly at the volcano for fully a minute, and then said: 'It looks as Vesuvius must have looked five minutes before the destruction of Pompeii. If you want to get out of this, I'm ready to go.' 'I've been wanting to get out of this,' I said, 'for the last four hours. The thing is getting on my nerves. If you and Varian are able to ride I'm in favor of leaving here at once.' We summoned Mr. Chancel, held a volcano council, [illegible] and started for Acier, leaving Vive to its fate."

The book is a record of perhaps the most appalling disaster, directly referable to a volcano, that has been observed in historic times. The tone is unassuming. Conditions as seen are set down openmindedly and plainly, and the testimony taken from witnesses is carefully analyzed.

Capturing a Girl Graduate.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the sweet girl graduate, "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but——"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know; but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you only knew the aching void——"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum. But, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you, that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the North Pole I would fly to you. I——"

"Fly! Men won't fly yet, dear boy. Even when the laws of gravity are successfully overcome, there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance——"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance at my banker's, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light I——"

Let the curtain fall.

Sunday School Teacher—You remember the beautiful trip you took into the country last summer, and went through a lovely park to your treat? Tell me what you first observed when you visited that home of Nature! Scholar—"Keep off the grass."

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—

CanadaDrug & Book Co

NOTES OF NEWS

Miss M. Adair came up from Arrowhead this week.

Fred. Fraser, gold commissioner, left yesterday for the Fish River camp.

—Salted Sodas (McCormick's) a confection in biscuit. C. B. Hume & Co., Ltd.

Geo. S. McCarter and A. E. Kincaid returned on Saturday evening from Ottawa.

D. Inches has taken a position in W. Bews' drug store, during the latter's absence in the east.

A meeting of the Liberal Association will be held at the Central hotel Friday evening at 8.30. All Liberals invited.

J. Theo Wilson arrived in the city on No. 2 this morning to take charge of the editorial department of the HERALD.

Mrs. D. Little and family came in from Kamloops this morning, and will with Mr. Little make their home here in the future.

The matron of the hospital desires to acknowledge with thanks $20 in gold from Messrs. Taylor Bros. & George, in aid of the X-Ray fund.

Judge J. B. Curtis, who was in the city 10 days awaiting the opening of navigation on the Arm, left on Friday for Goldfields over the ice.

W. Macdonald, manager of the Imperial Bank at Ferguson, who with Mrs. Macdonald has been the city for the past week, left yesterday morning for Ferguson.

A party consisting of 321 trained boys from the Barnardo Home sailed on the s. s. Canada last week for Canada, and 150 girls will sail on Apl. 13. The number of Barnardo children who have been sent to Canada, now totals 978.

—Tapping's opera house April 2nd. Remember the date. Jessie Maclachlan will be there.

King Dodd, the C. P. R. engineer, met with a nasty accident on Monday in one of the snow sheds east. Mr. Dodd had his head out of the cab window when a piece of ice struck him on the head, making a nasty wound.

—The reserved seat plan is opened at Canada Drug Store. Don't leave off getting a good seat and then be cross.

A. H. Floeter, M. E., who has been in charge of the mines and construction of the tramway and stampmill at Goldfields for the Northwestern Development Syndicate, left by yesterday's No. 2 on a two months visit to his home at Hancock, Mich.

Mr. J. Irwin, of the Arrow Lake Lumber Co., returned on Tuesday with Mrs. Irwin from the coast and went south to Arrowhead yesterday. The Arrowhead Lumber Co. have purchasee at Vancouver a tug boat to be used on the lake for the purposes of the company.

—The very latest styles in gent's hats now showing at C.B. Hume & Co's.

At the ping pong meeting on Saturday evening the following committee was appointed to make arrangements for the proposed tournament which will take place early next month:—Misses Spurling, Fraser and Buck, and Messrs. Anderson, Boyd, Pinkham and McDonald.

The s.s. Minto made an effort with the ice breaker to get through to Beaton and Comaplix on Monday. She only succeeded in making half a mile from Arrowhead, when she had to abandon the effort owing to the thickness of ice which could not be successfully broken.

We sell J. D. King's union made footwear for men, women and children. C. B. Hume & Co., Ltd.

The summer service of the Canadian Pacific is likely to be just the same as last year so far as the Imperial Limited train is concerned. The train will be put on on June 7th from Montreal and on June 13 at Vancouver. The first Imperial Limited will reach here on June 9, going west, and June 15, going east. The schedule will be the same as last year, the Imperial Limited being tri-weekly, arriving from the east on Tuesday, Friday and Sunday and from the west on Monday Thursday and Saturday. The eastbound train will reach here at 9:20 p.m., and leave at 9:50, and the westbound arrive at 6:15 a.m., and leave at 7 a.m.—Winnipeg Free Press.

E. Corning returned from North Carolina this morning.

Walter Bews left on Tuesday's No. 1 on a visit to his parents at Milton, Ont.

W. B. Pool came up from the south last night and went south to Arrowhead this morning.

Ganong's Chocolates and Bon Bons, finest of Canadian confectionery. C. B. Hume & Co. Ltd.

It is reported in town this morning that Sheriff Redgraves dropped dead at Golden yesterday.

Look out for the date of the "Birthday Social" under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of the Methodist church.

Miss E. Duncan, who has been visiting friends in Arrowhead for the past two weeks, returned to the city last night.

—Ontario apples by the pound or barrel. C.B. Hume & Co. Ltd.

W. Reynolds, a C.P. R. brakesman, who was operated on by Dr. Cross a few weeks ago for apendicitis, is recovering rapidly and will soon be back to work again fully recovered.

—Don't be suspicious of the concert on April 2nd. The Revelstoke lacrosse club guarantee the best concert ever here. As good as half a dozen Coronation Choir's.

Brigadier Hargraves, of the Salvation Army, will hold special services in Revelstoke on Saturday and Sunday next. On Saturday evening a social will be held at the Salvation Army barracks, admission 25 cents. Everybody welcome.

At the last meeting of the Ladies Aid of the Hospital the President, Mrs. Carruthers, resigned, owing to her leaving for the Old Country on the 10th of next month. A vote of thanks by the Aid was tendered to Mrs. Carruthers for her services on behalf of the Society and the Hospital.

The McPhee Co. put on the best show of any company on the road in Manitoba today and employ none but good steady artists. Acrobatic and other performances were well received by the audience.—Melita Enterprise. The McPhee company will appear in Tapping's opera house on Saturday and Monday next, March 28 and 30.

Dr. Chipperfield left last Wednesday for Victoria, where he will present himself for examination before the British Columbia Medical Board. The Board meets to examine candidates about the first of May, after which the doctor will return to Revelstoke during the first week in May to resume practice.

COMING!

Miss Jessie Maclachlan,

The Pet of Royalty and the Pride of Scotland.

This famous Prima Donna is to appear in Revelstoke Opera House on Thursday, April 2nd. This is Revelstoke's last chance for some years of hearing one of the very best singers, which is proven by the immense crowds who greet her wherever she has been. She is coming here under the auspices of the Revelstoke Lacrosse Club, who guarantee a first class Concert and wish the patronage of the citizens.

Miss Maclachlan sang at Kamloops Tuesday last and there was not standing room: also at Calgary every seat was sold for days ahead.

Remember the date, April 2

the best concert ever here or likely to be here. There are about 100 seats already booked.

Reserved Seats on Sale at the Canada Drug & Book Co's—$1.00 Each.

Below is what the Victoria people think of Miss Maclachlan:—

A great singer, and a woman of charming presence, is undoubtedly the unanimous verdict of all who heard Miss Maclachlan, the Scottish prima donna, who, with Mr. Buchanan, a very able pianist, appeared at the Victoria. Her big, mellow, mezzo-soprano voice, so flexible, so full of feeling, zeal and fire, that won for her a world wide reputation in the old lands, rang out as sweet and glorious as ever. She captivated her hearers from start to finish.—Daily Times.

SENEGA

Gives instant relief.

If you are desirous of breaking up a Cold you should try a Bottle of Senega.

IT WILL CURE A BAD COLD

25c. and 50c. per Bottle

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Walter Bews, Phm. B. Phone—48.
Druggist and Stationer, Next Hume Block

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the HERALD:

SIR,—I beg to say that "Parent's" letter was well timed and much to the point.

The Professor evidently found the school trustees easy and worked them for some of the most public and cheapest advertising he ever secured.

No wonder the gentleman jollies them by publicly declaring them to be broad minded and liberal. Certainly they dealt very liberally with the Professor, so far as we know, so he stands up for them accordingly.

While Professor Hepburn who, I believe, teaches "refinement" and "etiquette," demonstrates his own "refined" sense and manner by calling "parent's" letter "sanctimonious twaddle" and "hysterical," I still think fair minded people "having no axes to grind" will admit public schools should not be given over for purposes of advertising to every travelling concern that may hit the town for a few days. You must excuse my diction Mr. Editor, which may lack "refinement" as I have not taken a "course."

In conclusion I expect very few of your readers waded through the lengthly "reply" of the Professor, as all admit that parents have a right to determine what influences shall surround their children during their educational career.

H. EDWARDS.

The C P R Strike

To the Editor of the HERALD:

SIR,—The fight for life now being fought in Revelstoke by the U. B. of R. E. is reaching a crisis. On Sunday March 22nd the machinists were ordered back to work by their Grand Vice-President Holmes. A few of the men, I believe 10 in number, resigned from the U. B. R. E. and returned to work. Pressure was brought to bear on the helpers also but they refused to go back and are now more determined than ever to stand shoulder to shoulder with their brother unionists and fight the battle to a finish. The union here is now on a firm footing despite all rumors to the contrary. That several machinists have returned to work does not effect us. We stand on principle and will not go back on our brother unionists. The men who have returned to work cannot as union men work with scab helpers, so the Company are still up against it. The Company brought three men from the Vancouver Federal Union to persuade the helpers here to go back to work. These men came here on a pass given them by the C. P. R. and they come without credentials from their union. They are only tools in the hands of the officials at this point. Their tactics are to corner the helpers seperately and bulldose them into going to work but the helpers of Revelstoke shops are good union men and know too much to be bulldosed by three such men as the C. P. R. have secured to do their dirty work in Revelstoke.

At noon today two officials of the U. B. R. E. wandered into the bar of the Union Hotel, quite by accident of course, and made an interesting discovery which may probably throw some light on the action of the machinists here. Vice-President Holmes and another international union officer were having quite a friendly chat along with the master mechanic and superintendent of this division. It is reported they drank to the success of the U. B. R. E. and union principles in general. I can hardly credit the rumor but it may be so, anyhow what were the boys doing as they did not pass round the subscription list in aid of the strike fund. They seem to have missed a good chance.

J. THORNTON,
Manager U.B.R.E. Div. 97.
Revelstoke, March 24th.

A Fair Sample

"Yesh shir! shick yer baggish of course, where yer goin? Oh! that's all O.K. I know (hic) the company's rules are that (hic) their employish musn't indulgh in liquorsh (hic) whilst on duty but (hic) I'm a privileged charactersh (hic) because withont my valuable servishes the company would have to (hic) submit to the demandsh of the U.B.R.E. * * * * Excuse me shir. I'm sick, I'm goin' to sleep. U. B. R. E. ish no good. I'm all right. Yesh! old girl that's good stuff."

The above is not an extract from the C.P.R.'s rule books but anybody who had perchanced to be near the station late on Monday night would have heard similar maudlin snatches of conversation from the mouth of one of those heroic? supporters of the C.P. P. in its attempt to prevent its employes from organizing.

We often hear of the company's strict rules regarding drinking whilst on duty and believe it is perfectly just that men should be disciplined but not then their strike breakers. Oh no! they are allowed to make breeches with impunity.

It is barely within the bounds of possibility that this individual has a vestige, a mere atom, of conscience left, in order to annihilate in toto he swamped it with intoxicants, particularly as it was furnished gratis by a resident of the lower town.

Now that Our Grocery Stock is all disposed of, we are able to turn our attention to other lines.

WE OFFER YOU A LARGE RANGE OF

Men's Clothing

. . . AT COST

Twenty Per Cent Discount
MEN'S HEAVY RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES . . .

Great Bargains in
MEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

And for a few days longer only
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON OUR DRYGOODS STOCK

TAYLOR BROS. & GEORGE
LIMITED.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I will apply to the Hon. 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 a post planted on the north side of the Columbia river, about four miles east from the mouth of Wood river, and east of Fred Robinson's timber limit, marked "John Willoughby's south west corner post," thence north 160 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated the 9th day of March, 1903.

JOHN WILLOUGHBY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I will apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—

Number One.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Wood River, about three miles up said river and marked "John McDonald's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Number Two.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Canoe river, about one mile back from river, on a bench about fourteen miles up river from mouth, and marked "John McDonald's 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 the 10th day of March, 1903.

JOHN McDONALD.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—

Number One.

Commencing at a post planted on the south side of the Columbia river, about four or five miles below Surprise Rapids, near the mouth of creek, and marked "William Johnson's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Number Two.

Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Columbia river, near the outlet of Kimbasket Lake, and marked "William Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 11th day of March, 1903.

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the district of West Kootenay:—

Commencing at a post planted two miles below French creek and one mile south of Goldstream and marked "G. S. Flindt's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated 28th February, 1903.

G. S. FLINDT.

NOTICE

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the district of West Kootenay:—

Commencing at a post planted on the Goldstream trail 2¼ miles south from Goldstream and marked "J. M. Doyle's North west corner post"; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated March 9th, 1903.

J. M. DOYLE.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the district of West Kootenay:—

Commencing at a post planted on Goldstream trail about 4 miles south from Goldstream and marked "G. S. Flindt's south west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated 7th March, 1903.

G. S. FLINDT.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that The Fred Robinson Lumber Company, Limited, intend to apply to change the name of the company to "HARBOR LUMBER COMPANY, Limited."

Dated February 12th, 1903.

HARVEY McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Feb-12-3m. Solicitors for the Company.

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 a post planted on the south side of Canoe river, 2½ miles above Kelly creek, and marked "W. C. Cumming's north east corner post," thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 11th day of March, 1903.

W. C. CUMMINGS.

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 a post planted 1¼ miles below Boulder creek on the south side of Canoe river, and marked "Gus Hedstrom's north east corner post," thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 11th day of March, 1903.

GUS HEDSTROM.

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 a post planted at the mouth of Kelly creek, and marked "John McMahon's north west corner post," thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 11th day of March, 1903.

JOHN McMAHON.

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 a post planted opposite elly creek, on the north side of Canoe river, and marked "John McMahon's 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 the 11th day of March, 1903.

JOHN McMAHON.

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 a post planted 2½ miles above Kelly creek on the north bank of Canoe river, and marked "Geo. Johnston's south east corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 11th day of March, 1903.

GEO. JOHNSTON.

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 a post planted 2½ miles above Kelly creek, on the north bank of Canoe river, and marked "G. Johnston's south west corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 11th day of March, 1903.

G. JOHNSTON.

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 a post planted on Boulder creek and marked "James McMahon's south east corner post, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 11th day of March, 1903.

JAMES McMAHON.

For Sale.

A Gramophone in first class order, with 32 records, all up to date. $21 buys the lot, a bargain. Apply at HERALD office.

OUR SPRING **"GO-CARTS"** JUST ARRIVED

We are ready now to supply you with handsome "GOCARTS." We have them in all sizes, colors and shapes. Come in and see for yourselves.

FURNITURE THAT FURNISHES

If you want anything in the way of Furniture you can be supplied here. The following lines are worthy of consideration:

CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, BEDROOM SUITES, &c., &c.

R. Howson & Co. Furniture Dealers, Etc
Undertaking, Embalming, Etc. Mackenzie Avenue.

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, Canadian Fire, Guardian Fire, Ocean, Accident and Guarantee, Canadian Accident Assurance Co. Caledonian Fire, Mercantile Fire, Manchester Fire, Atlas Fire, Northern Fire, Great West Life, Confederation Life, Connecticut Fire

COAL FOR SALE, HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT.
CONVEYANCING.

J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public. CHAS. M. FIELD.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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.

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.

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.

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 a post opposite Kelly creek, and marked "E. McMahon's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 11th day of March, 1903.

E. McMAHON.

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 a post planted 300 yards above Kelly creek, on the south side, and marked "E. McMahon's north east corner post," thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 11th day of March, 1903.

E. McMAHON.

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 a post planted on Boulder creek, and marked "James McMahon's 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 the 11th day of March, 1903.

JAMES McMAHON.

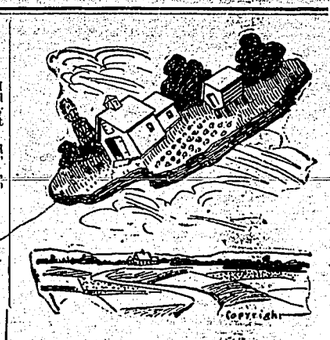
For Sale

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, McCARTER & PINKHAM.



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

NOTICE.

Five Reomed House to Rent Furnished $12 per month, including water. Apply HERALD Office or

MRS. H. LAUGHEAD,
Second Street.