

THE REVELSTOKE HERALD

AND RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol. XIV: NO. 13

REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1903

\$2 00 a Year in Advance

MAIL ORDERS.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES

C. B. HUME & Co.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Crockery Chinaware Reduced.

With Crockery and Chinaware as well as other merchandise there are bound to be some things a Department will get too much of, and the only way to unload is a reduction in price. We have a collection of Cups, which we are willing to part with and they will come your way at easy prices.

Here is Our Price List..

A Pretty China Cup and Saucer. Reg. \$1.80 per dozen. FRIDAY.....100 Each

A Fancy Decorated China Cup and Saucer. Reg. \$3 per dozen. FRIDAY.....150 Each

A beautiful Child's Set, Cup, Saucer and Plate. Reg. 75c. FRIDAY.....500

A Nice Child's Set, Cup, Saucer and Plate. Reg. 50c. FRIDAY.....300

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

The Grocery Department of this Store hardly needs advertising. It is ever on the increase. Not a day but some novelty or new display is added.

When in the Store make yourself at home. Look around at your leisure. Go upstairs and see the Carpet Room, Dressmaking Parlors, Millinery, Show Room, etc.

HOME LOGS FOR HOME MILLMEN

The Government Says No Abrogation of Export Law—Commendable Activity Regarding Revelstoke Trails.

Since his return to Victoria Premier McBride has decided several questions with commendable promptitude, probably the most important being the request for exportation of logs. It will be remembered that a couple of years ago a law was passed prohibiting the exportation of logs. Loggers at the coast have wished to make too much of a good thing and there is a temporary glut in the market. The Loggers' Association asked that permission be given to export the surplus. The Government, realizing that the law in question has caused a large number of mills to be operated, has decided not to grant this request and adhere to the proposition that B. C. logs must be manufactured in the Province.

Two matters affecting Revelstoke particularly also arose since the Premier took office. No sooner was he in power than the Columbia River Improvement Bill came up and at once a strong protest was sent Sir Wilfrid Laurier. A number of amendments were made as a result of this, the Minister of Justice securing an adjournment on June 26th, in order that Mr. McBride's protest might be considered. The correspondence has not yet been closed. When it is, the HERALD will publish it in full. The mill workers will then know their friends.

CANOE RIVER TRAIL. Orders have been given by the Premier as Chief Commissioner, for the immediate construction of the Canoe River trail. At least ten miles will be made at once, including an important bridge, and, if time permits, it is probable further construction work will be proceeded with. Probably before this appears in print actual work will be commenced. The Death Rapids wagon road has been reported upon by those. Downs and the result of considering same will shortly be known. For the first time a Government is in power that realizes the needs of the Big Bend and Revelstoke is vitally interested in its continuance.

Wanted.

A bright boy of 18 or 20 to act as guide and manager for blind lecture and showman. Will pay right boy good wages. Apply to HERALD office.

UNPARDONABLY APATHETIC

Are the Parents of Revelstoke Regarding the High School—No Names Given School Trustees.

Those interested in education in Revelstoke have spared no effort to secure the establishment of a High school. Now their efforts have proved successful, it seems that the parents of this city are so apathetic they will not take the trouble to inform the school trustees of the children eligible as students at such an institution. The Premier, when in this city, announced that, as a measure of justice, the Government would grant as large a sum as is consonant with the public interest towards the inception of higher education in Revelstoke and vicinity and this offer has, so far, met with no response from the parents of those interested.

Two weeks ago secretary Floyd advertised a request for the names of children eligible and who would attend, yet not a single name has been sent to him. He advertises again in this issue of the HERALD and if an insufficient response is again received the parents must consider themselves wholly and solely to blame if the project is once more shelved. It may again be stated that there are 14 public schools in the district adjacent to Revelstoke and scholars who have passed the required standard in any of them will be eligible for admission to the High school.

If the parents of these children are satisfied with the public school curriculum and think it sufficient without the additional advantages now open through a High school training, well and good; if not, it is up to them to communicate with the school board at once. A city the size of Revelstoke should have a High school and can get it immediately if the parents so decide.

On Saturday evening the Independent band played to a large audience on McKenzie Ave. Owing to the illness of Ed. Edwards the leader, R. H. Sawyer, played solo parts. Following was the programme: March, Grand Entrance; schottische, Hattie; two-step, Smoky Mokes; waltz, Thinking of Her; two-step, Alabama Dream; schottische, Pretty Pauline, and waltz, Little Georgia.

NEW IMPERIAL BANK BLOCK

Imposing Building of Brick and Stone to be Erected Immediately—Description of Various Offices.

Probably the best evidence of the continued prosperity of Revelstoke is the decision of the Imperial Bank to at once proceed with the erection of a brick and stone block at the south east corner of McKenzie avenue and First street, opposite the Mosson Bank building. By an advertisement appearing in another column it will be seen that tenders have been called by Mr. A. E. Phipps, the local manager, and have to be in his hands by August 8th.

The HERALD had the privilege of inspecting the plans prepared by Messrs. Dalton and Leigh of Vancouver, and is enabled to give its readers the following description of the building. It will be constructed of brick, with stone trimmings, and have a frontage of 68 feet on First St. and 40 feet on McKenzie ave., which will be the main elevation. In the plans two stories and a basement are provided for and will be arranged as follows. In the basement are two large storage, and also furnace and fuel rooms, together with the book vault, lavatory and hat and cloak rooms, reached from the main office by a flight of steps. The ground or principal floor, will have a diagonal entrance at the junction of the streets and a quarter circle arrangement has been planned for the counter, leaving ample accommodation for the public. The general office altogether occupies a floor surface of 40 x 35 feet and at the back is the entrance to the main vault, 6 x 10 feet. Directly to the rear is the manager's office 11 x 14 feet, fronting on First street and a guard room is provided to the right of the vault. The rear portion of the ground floor contains a private office 11 x 13 feet and a general office 16 x 17 feet with typewriter's room and lavatory. Admission is given to the two latter offices by an entrance on First street. The second floor, designed for use as the manager's residence, is of the same size as that below, and will be reached by a private entrance to the right of the McKenzie avenue elevation. At the head of the stairs, and nearly in the centre of the building, is a large hall 13 x 10 feet, which will have a glass roof. In the front is the drawing room, 13 x 10 feet, with a large bow window at the corner. Adjoining it is the principal bedroom 13 x 18 feet. Two other bedrooms open to the left from the hall, and on the right is the laundry 12 x 10 feet. From the back of the hall access is given to the dining room, a splendid apartment 14 x 20 ft. with large windows looking into First street. A passage from the hall is provided to the rear, having on the left three linen closets and on the right the lavatory and bath room. The rear of the floor is taken up by the kitchen 14 x 18 feet, having serving pantry and scullery connected, together with the servant's bedroom 10 x 13 feet. There will be an outhouse on this level in the rear of the main building, with steps leading down to the tradesman's entrance on First street. The corner elevation shows a good sized cupola, with flag staff on top.

Taken altogether, the building will be probably the most expensive yet erected in the city and fully capable of meeting the requirements of the bank's business for some years to come. There is no necessity to say that this evidence of the belief of one of Canada's foremost financial institutions in the future of Revelstoke is convincing proof that the gateway of the Kootenays occupies an enviable business position.

The question of a leader was also taken up, and in their wild efforts to work a Lib-Lab combination approaches were made to Ralph Smith, M.P., who has practically decided to become Liberal leader in the Province and desert his seat in the Dominion House. The dead-end of William Sloan, the Klondyke King of Nanaimo, will contest the Federal vacancy created. Mr. Smith, himself, backed by a \$40,000 custom house for Nanaimo, will run against J. H. Hawthornthwaite there. This part of the scheme is a wild endeavour to get back at the Socialists who have taken their following solely from the Grit ranks. Joe Martin is to be held out sufficient inducements—character not known but suspected—to secure not only his retirement from politics but also his removal from the Province. As that gentleman's movements are largely governed, it is reported, by a silent retainer from the C. P. K. which he admitted on a public platform in Vancouver, it is surmised that he will go somewhere east and fight the Grand Trunk Pacific outfit.

The HERALD's source of information is absolutely reliable. Of course the above statements will be denied but in a few weeks the circulation of the long green and Mr. Smith's re-appearance will prove their correctness. The opinion of the Grit machine is that the sweeping victory of Premier Roblin in Manitoba is the precursor of a Conservative revival all over the Dominion which must be stopped if it takes millions. As B. C. is next in line for a strong Conservative administration special efforts will be made here to beat the McBride government. Money will be spent like water. But it will be wasted.

President—James Lade.
1st Vice Pres.—James Otto.
2nd "—J. A. Darragh.
Sec. Treas.—Clarence McDowell.

An executive committee of ten was also chosen and arrangements made to thorough canvass Fish River camp. Camborne will go Conservative by a very large majority.

SOLITARY SOCIALIST.

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he was out of place in a Conservative organization unless he signed the roll. He thereupon withdrew and vented his spleen on his solitary myrmidon in the passage. Ogle was in a bad humour, and rightly too. Someone whose imagination overcame his veracity had given the imported agitator reason to believe that seven or eight would meet him with open arms. This number, on his arrival, dwindled down to one and Ogle lost his temper. He was overheard giving his lonely supporter all kinds of a raking over for wasting the valuable time of the Johnny-come-lately Moses. Ogle spoke to the befitting lull—a few of the boys—on Friday, but the majority of his audience were members of the Conservative association.

BRASS BAND BALL.
McDowell's hall had its formal opening on Tuesday evening, when a ball was held to augment the funds of the Camborne brass band. Everyone in attendance and the debut of the local orchestra showed that there was ample musical talent available to make the band a success. Arthur Evans catered for the occasion and many encomiums were passed on his first class supper. Mr. McDowell has certainly deserved well of Camborne for providing a first class hall for public meetings and festivities. His enterprise should be rewarded by an ample support.

MINOR MATTERS.
The water works company are making great progress. The right of way for the pipe line is well under way and arrangements have been made for the transportation of material for reservoir up the mountain.

Mrs. R. E. McKibrick, lately of Columbus, Ohio, has taken charge of the household portion of the Criterion hotel. She has had large experience in this business and boarders already recognize the presence of meals like mother used to make.

Real estate is very lively. During the past week or two a dozen lots have changed hands on the bench above the sawmill.

Mrs. Foley's Funeral.
The remains of the late Mrs. J. J. Foley were interred in Toronto on the 22nd instant, the funeral being attended by her father, two sisters and a large number of friends. Before the burial a requiem high mass was celebrated in the new Roman Catholic cathedral in which the deceased lady was married, she being the second for whom the wedding service was solemnized in the building. Strange to say, her youngest sister, Margaret, was married to Mr. W. Brown at the same church the day before Mrs. Foley died.

Some confusion has arisen with regard to the attendance of children at the Union Picnic to be held on August 12th. The committee wish it understood that all children under 12 years of age will be provided with tickets free. Those who are not attendants at any of the Sunday schools will, however, be expected to go in the care of some older person.

GRIT BOODLE
NOW ARRANGED

W. W. B. McInnes Extracted \$50,000 from Grit Machine to Debauch the Province—Smith for Leader—Martin May Go.

When W. W. B. McInnes and H. B. Gilmour went east they took along the Grit machine's sack and brought it back loaded. Tribute was imposed on the leading corporations and "Wandering Willie" came back with a jubilant smile and \$50,000. This sum, added from local sources, will be used by the Liberals to debauch the electorate between now and October 31st.

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VESUVIUS VERY ACTIVE

Lava Streams Nearing Ruined Pompeii—King at Killarney—Cruiser in Collision—Other Telegraphic News

NAPLES, July 29.—The eruption of Mount Vesuvius is increasing in intensity. The lava streams have reached to within twenty metres of the ruins of Pompeii. Slight earthquakes have occurred in Sicily.

DUBLIN, July 29.—The King and Queen today landed at Killarney Bay and, accompanied by Earl Dudley, proceeded in a motor car through this picturesque part of Ireland, inspecting many of the laborers' cottages on the way.

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, July 29.—The British third class cruises "Melampus" collided with and sank the British steamer "Ruperra" off the Lizard last night. No lives lost.

LOWELL, MASS., July 29.—Twenty-five killed and fifty-five injured is the conservative estimate of the result of an explosion in a magazine of the U.S. Cartridge Co. at Tewksbury, a suburb of Lowell, today.

ROME, ITALY, July 29.—Rome this morning was the scene of one of those dramatic contrasts which are now so characteristic of the Eternal city. While a requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Pope Leo was being celebrated at the Sistine Chapel, a similar mass was being celebrated at the Pantheon for the repose of the soul of the late King Humbert.

PONTIFICAL OBSEQUIES

With Solemn State the Remains of Leo XIII Were Deposited on Saturday in the Basilica of St. Peter's.

The funeral of the late Pope Leo XIII took place in solemn state on Saturday evening, when the remains were deposited in the Basilica of St. Peter's. About 1000 persons attended the ceremony which was carried out with the magnificence surrounding the burial of a sovereign pontiff. Cardinal Rampolla, surrounded by the cathedral chapter, awaited the cortege at the gates and, on the arrival of the body, slowly propelled on a low car by eight papal sedaries, the remains of the "Miserere" waivered through the lofty church. Headed by a priest carrying a glittering cross, the procession went slowly round the cathedral, the violet robes of the clergy and the red of the bier being the only noticeable objects within the circle of light created by numerous candles and torches. On arrival at the choir, those who had received invitations remained behind a double line of Swiss guards, the funeral car and attendant clergy only entering the Chapel of the Sacrament where the final prayers were recited by Monsignor Coppatelli, who conducted the service throughout.

In the chapel the music changed to notes of joy and triumph, the "In Paradisum" ringing out with telling effect. The bier was received by Cardinal Oreglia and deposited in the centre, backed by an altar with a beautiful image of the Madonna before which were burning four immense candles in silver staffs. The final words were intoned here and in a very few minutes the solemn tones of Great Peter reverberating through the aisles of the cathedral announced to those waiting in the nave and the thousands in the city outside that the remains of Leo XIII had been laid at rest.

The Fisherman's ring, the evidence of papal authority, mysteriously disappeared from the hand of the late pontiff while the body was lying in state in the Vatican. It has been usual to destroy this at the first consistory of cardinals after the pope's decease, but this ceremony had to be omitted and a record made of its absence. Very anxious search is being made for it, but so far without success. It is not believed that the college of cardinals can meet to elect a new pope until some time early next month, as, although many holders of the red hat are now in Rome, the representative of the papacy in Australia, now on his way to the Eternal City, cannot arrive for some days yet.

Speculation as to the succession has practically narrowed down to Cardinals Rampolla and Oreglia, one of whom will probably be the choice of the conclave.

Lawn Social.

A society event of great importance will be held on Mrs. T. Kilpatrick's lawn, McKenzie avenue, tomorrow afternoon and evening. It is a lawn social given under the auspices of the Ladies' Hospital Guild and the proceeds will be devoted to much needed improvements to that praiseworthy institution. The Independent Band will be in attendance and enliven the proceedings. The Royal Victoria Hospital is a source of great relief to the suffering of Revelstoke and vicinity and all should support the earnest efforts of the Ladies' Guild to enhance its usefulness. The grounds will be beautifully decorated with coloured lights.

Bourne Bros.

Boiled Linseed Oil
Raw Linseed Oil
Neatsfoot Oil
Turpentine
White Lead
Yellow Ochre

BOURNE BROS. Mackenzie Avenue

SUMMER GOODS At Money-Saving Prices

Ladies' Fancy Parnsols.....Sale Price \$1.00
Children's Fancy Parnsols.....Sale Price 25c
Ladies' Print Costumes, Regular \$2.50.....Sale Price \$1.50
Ladies' Muslin Costumes \$5.....Sale Price \$2.50
Ladies' White Pique and Duck Skirts \$5.....Sale Price \$3.00
Ladies' Wrappers, one-line, Regular \$2.50.....Sale Price \$1.25
Odd lines of Corsets \$1 and \$1.25.....Sale Price 50c
Colored Muslins.....Sale Price 8c. per yard
Prints in checks and stripes.....Sale Price 7c. per yard
Bleached Cottons, 30 inches.....Sale Price 7c. per yard
Pillow Cottons, 44 in.....Sale Price 12c. per yard
Bleached Sheetting.....Sale Price 25c. per yard
Flannelettes.....Sale Price 5c. per yard
Men's Black Cashmere Socks at.....25c
Men's Colored Stiff Front Shirts at.....60c
Men's All-Wool Tweed Pants at.....\$1.75
Men's All-Wool Tweed Suits.....\$7.00
Ladies' Sailor Hats.....Sale Price 25c
Ladies' Trimmed Hats, Reg. \$1 and \$1.....Sale Price \$2
Children's and Misses' Ready-to-Wear Hats, Regular \$1.25 and \$1.....Sale Price 50c
Children's Navy Blue Sailors.....Sale Price 30c

SHOE DEPARTMENT—Ladies' one strap Slipper at.....\$1.25
Ladies' Oxfords at.....\$1.25

EMPRESS SHOE FOR LADIES.
The best high grade shoe on the market. A full range in stock.

MEN'S SHOES.
We are offering a special bargain in a Hard Wearing Shoe this season at.....\$2.50

We are Agents for the well known American makers, Lilly Brackets & Harlow Shoe Co.

See our windows of Men's Felt Hats at \$1.50. These are regularly sold at \$3.50 and \$3.00. Don't miss getting one if we have your size.

This is a genuine Clearing Out Sale of Summer Goods. SNAP! SNAP! You can get snaps now in mostly any line in our Store.

REID & YOUNG, AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION.

CONSERVATIVE PLATFORM.

(Adopted at Revelstoke, September 13th, 1902.)

1. That this convention reaffirms the policy of the party in matters of provincial roads and trails; the ownership and control of railways and the development of the agricultural resources of the province as laid down in the platform adopted in October, 1899, which is as follows:

2. That a portion of every cent of trails throughout the undeveloped portions of the province and the building of provincial trunk roads of public necessity.

3. That to encourage the government ownership of railways in so far as the circumstances of the province will admit, and the adoption of the principle that no bonus should be granted to any railway company which does not give the government the province control of rates over lines bonded, together with the option of purchase.

4. That to actively assist, by state aid in the development of the agricultural resources of the province.

5. That in the meantime and until the railway policy above set forth can be accomplished, a general railway act be passed, giving freedom to construct railways under certain approved regulations, analogous to the system that has resulted in such extensive railway construction in the United States, with so much advantage to trade and commerce.

6. That to encourage the mining industry, the taxation of metalliferous mines should be on the basis of a percentage on the net profits.

7. That the government ownership of telephone should be brought about as a first step in the acquisition of public utilities.

8. That a portion of every cent hereafter to be disposed of should be reserved from sale or lease, so that state owned mines may be easily accessible, if their operation becomes necessary or advisable.

9. That the pulp land leases provision should be made for reforesting and that steps should be taken for the general preservation of forests by guarding against the wasteful destruction of timber.

10. That the legislature and government of the province should persevere in the effort to secure the exclusion of Asiatic labor.

11. That the matter of better terms in the way of subsidy and appropriations for the province should be vigorously pressed upon the Dominion government.

12. That the silver-lead industries of the province be fostered and encouraged by the imposition of increased customs duties on lead and lead products imported into Canada, and that the Conservative members of the Dominion House be urged to support any motion introduced for such a purpose.

13. That as industrial disputes almost invariably result in great loss and injury both to the parties directly concerned and to the public, legislation should be passed to provide means for an amicable adjustment of such disputes between employers and employees.

14. That it is advisable to foster the manufacture of the raw products of the province within the province as far as practicable by means of taxation on the said raw products, subject to rebate of the same in whole or part when manufactured in British Columbia.

HOSPITAL ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of the Revelstoke Hospital Society will be held on Monday evening August 3rd, at 8 o'clock in the Council Chamber over the No. 2 Fire Hall.

A. E. PHIPPS, Secretary.

To Set Her Free

By FLORENCE WARDEN

Author of "The House in the Marsh," "A Prince of Darkness," etc., etc.

It was quite relieved when she saw the Hall phantoms come up, and without waiting for her visitors to ring bells and make an-
NORMA opened the French win-
of the morning-room and came out
tem.

"How do you do? You shouldn't
out without your hat; it's cold this
ing," said Sadie Brown, leaning on
the phantoms to give her a hearty
shake. Jack, who was by her side,
d his hat and smiled comfortably.
As odd how these two, without any
arance of undue presumption, man-
aged to convey their sympathy to her
afraid you'll think us very intrusive
come again so soon, Lady Darwen.
We ought to have waited till the
noon, oughtn't we?"

NORMA smiled, and blushed, and the
came into her eyes.
"I can't tell you how glad I am to see
both," said she. "Especially as I'm
afraid you'll think us very intrusive
come again so soon, Lady Darwen.
We ought to have waited till the
noon, oughtn't we?"

"I'm sorry to tell you, Lady Darwen,
that there seems no doubt that the first
wife has played a heartless trick upon
Sir Astley."

"And who helped her in the trick?"
asked NORMA quickly.
"Ah! That was what we wanted to
know," said Mr. Capper. "So I called at
once upon the medical man who had at-
tended the person whom he supposed to
be Mrs. Darwen, and who had certified
her death as the result of pneumonia."

"I was much surprised to hear there
was a doubt about it, and said positive-
ly that the woman whom he attended as
Mrs. Darwen had died, and had been
buried."

"Well!"
"Then we went to Mrs. Midson's
house, and saw first a Mrs. Finch, the
sister of the first wife."
"Yes, yes,"

"She was in a state of great distress,
and refused to answer any questions, re-
ferring us to her mother."

"At the mention of this woman Astley,
unable to keep still, began to pace up
and down the room."
"Well," went on the lawyer, "Sir Ast-
ley refused point-blank to see Mrs. Mid-
son, and I didn't press the point, as he
seemed hardly likely to get at the
truth from her, in the temper he was in."

"It was she, she and Wharles, who
concocted the whole plot. I am con-
vinced of it," cried Astley.
"Very likely," admitted Mr. Capper.
"Well," went on the lawyer, "by little
and little, the following story from
her. According to her, it was a
servant girl, who had a delicate, consump-
tive girl, who caught cold, and became
very ill, who gave Lottie the idea of pre-
tending to be dead, in order to escape
the divorce proceedings. I asked Mrs.
Midson why she should be so much
alarmed if she was innocent, as the fam-
ily persists. And the old lady declares
that her daughter was nervous and
frightened, and fancied that a case would
be trumped up against her, as her hus-
band was anxious to get rid of her."

"But didn't the doctor know the differ-
ence between Mrs. Darwen and the ser-
vant?"
"It seems not. They went to a doctor
who lived some distance away, and who
was a stranger to the family."

"And Mrs. Midson dared to admit
she knew of this?"
"She says, of course, that she tried to
dissuade her daughter, but was over-
ruled by her fears. She says the servant
died, and was buried as Mrs. Darwen."

"Did you make enquiries about the
servant?"
"Yes. It seems, from the neighbors'
accounts, that Mrs. Midson gave out
that the servant had gone home to her
friends, to account for the fact that she
undoubtedly did disappear about that
time."

"Did Mrs. Midson give you her
name and address?"
"Yes. Of course I've not had time to
verify them. But as the girl appears to
have been an orphan, and to have been
engaged from a registry office in Bir-
mingham, and as the address given me
is not a very common one, I am inclined
to believe it to be true. I am afraid it
will be a hard matter to trace the girl, alive
or dead. And, unfortunately, it is not
of much consequence whether she is or
not, as far as the main facts of this un-
happy business are concerned."

"There was a dead silence. NORMA
hardly dared to ask another question.
"And—you saw her?" she whispered
at last.

"I did not. But Sir Astley did. He
asked Mrs. Finch to let him see her, and
was told she was too ill. Then he threat-
ened to bring the police in; and this
brought her to reason. After a great
deal of fuss and many tears, she agreed
that he would spare the unhappy
creature, Mrs. Finch did at last take
Sir Astley upstairs to see her, though
she was lying ill in bed."

"NORMA stood up and shivered. Then
she turned to Astley.
"And you really see her? So as to
be sure it was she?" she faltered.
"Yes," Astley bowed his head.
"Oh! It was a moan of despair. But
she recovered herself, and asked again:
"And what did she say? Was she really
sorry? And—and—"

"She said so," said Astley, who was
very pale-eyed and quiet, as if worn out
with distress. "She said she had
done nothing but reproach herself, and
that it was that had made her ill."

"And was she ill, really? Or was she
only acting?" cried NORMA passionately.
"Oh yes, she was really ill, very ill.
She looked thin and worn and wasted.
Mrs. Finch, who went into the room with
me, pointed out how thin her hands
were, and declared, when we got outside
the room—which I was glad to do, as
you may imagine—that her sister was
dying."

"It was an exaggeration, of course?"
asked NORMA, in a hard voice.
"Yes, undoubtedly it was. I do think
she has probably fretted and frightened
herself into ill-health. But I couldn't
help thinking—Heaven forgive me if I
am doing her an injustice—that she was
acting a little, too. At least I noticed
that, though she spoke in a whisper as
if too weak to make herself properly
heard, she looked at me very keenly, and
shrewdly and coldly, as if she had been
really dying or very seriously ill, she
would hardly have done. Perhaps I'm
judging her more harshly than I ought
to do!" added poor Astley, as he passed
his hand over his forehead with a weary
sigh, "but when I remembered all the
suffering she'd caused, and the levity
with which she'd acted, it made me
hard!"

There was more of despair than of
hardness, though, about the unhappy
young fellow, as, after stopping for a
few moments in front of NORMA, and
feeling at her with an expression of
mingled pity and affection, he turned
abruptly away, and threw himself into
the deep-seated red morocco chair by the
fire.

The lawyer's voice, calm and incisive,
broke in upon the thoughts of the two
unhappy young people:
"And now, Lady Darwen, about this
Tom Rogerson, whom you saw yester-
day?"

NORMA started.
"I'm sure it was he," cried she. "You
got my telegram?"
Her words were addressed to Astley,
but it was Mr. Capper who answered:
"Oh dear, yes, we got it, and acted up-
on it without delay. I wired to the
police superintendent here at Blackdale,
and this morning, as soon as we got out
of the train, we went straight to his
office and made enquiries."

"And did you learn anything?"
"Well, don't be disappointed if I tell
you the little we did hear was not very
satisfactory. Such a man as I described
was seen about here yesterday after-
noon—"

"Afternoon!" exclaimed NORMA. "That
was later than his call here then?"
"Yes," said Mr. Capper. "He was seen
coming out of the house of—Dr.
Wharles."

NORMA could scarcely repress a sigh.
Her fears had come true then: the doc-
tor had got hold of this important wit-
ness first.

"That, unfortunately, is all we have
been able to learn," went on Mr. Cap-
per. "The man has not been seen about
since, but he may be traced. I have
written to London for someone to help us
in tracking him down. Of course it is
not a criminal matter, so we have to rely
upon our own efforts to find him."

The sigh which escaped at the same
moment from the lips of both the young
people showed that they did not under-
stand the difficulties in the way. There
was a long silence, and then Astley came
over to the chair in which NORMA was
sitting.

"You must go away," said he, with a
peremptoriness in which there was a
world of suppressed, yet pleading affec-
tion. "This business is breaking your
heart; it's not good for you to be here.
And the people are talking; and we must
not let them talk. We must make an
excuse for you that you have broken
down with the anxiety of my illness, as
indeed you might have done, my dear."

And he smiled at her tenderly. "Then
Capper and I will go on with this, and
we'll never rest till we get the tangle
straightened out. I'll not despair," cried
he, in a low tone, drawing himself up
and clenching his fists with a sudden
burst of fierce energy. "These people are
such knaves; they'll overreach them-
selves; besides, there are so many in the
plot that, if we only wait long enough,
one or other of them will give the rest
away. Eh, Capper, what do you think?"

"It's not unlikely," said the lawyer
dryly. "In the meantime, you're undeub-
tably right: Lady Darwen should go
back to her friends for a few days at least."

NORMA, standing with her head
bowed in the attitude of deep dejection,
looked at her doubtfully: he felt
there would be a passionate out-
burst, an indignant protest from the im-
pulsive woman. It was with a stare of
blank astonishment that he met her
eyes, when, raising her head very quietly,
she slipped out, in the most submissive
manner in the world: "Yes. When
shall I see you?"

Astley was too much bewildered to an-
swer. It was Mr. Capper, who, greatly
relieved by her ready submission, said
briskly:
"There's a wise, kind lady! You're
doing the best possible thing for your
husband in relieving him, as much as you
can, from his anxiety about you. If it is
quite convenient to you, I should very
gladly advise you to leave this place without
delay."

"Yes, yes," assented NORMA, even as
she spoke beginning to walk to the door.
Astley could scarcely believe his eyes
and ears. With a gasp he sprang after
her, with her knee not what words of
wistful kindness, of surprised interroga-
tion, of love, of devotion. She turned
him quickly, with a little timid restrain-
ing gesture, and he saw the light of a
strong determination blazing in her great
blue eyes.

"Yes, yes, let me go. He's quite right,"
she said breathlessly, in a low voice.
"You ought to be free from every anx-
iety, free to give your mind, your whole
heart to this. Don't—"

A little smile flickered over her face—"Don't for-
get me. And remember—I shall always
be thinking of you, always, always."

Mr. Capper began to rustle some pa-
pers at the table by which he was sit-
ting. But he had no need; the farewell
was over. With one look only, one touch
of the hand, with his lips, no word, they
had had their parting, and the door had
closed between them, leaving Astley, de-
jected, shaken, stupefied, alone with the
lawyer.

NORMA, when she acted upon strong
impulse, could be surprisingly energetic.
Within a quarter of an hour she had
slipped out of the house, quietly, noise-
lessly, and when, half an hour later, Ast-
ley went in search of her, in order to
make arrangements for her journey to
Oxford, and to tell her the time of the
next train, he found that she had disap-
peared.

He was distracted. He was for rush-
ing off to the station, knowing, as he
told Mr. Capper, that she could not have
started yet; there was no train. But
the old lawyer restrained him, telling
him with dry shrewdness that the lady
was wiser than he, and that, as she had
evidently wished to go away quietly,
there was nothing to be done but to re-
spect her desires.

And to this heartbreaking counsel the
unhappy man was fain to listen.
NORMA did not go to Oxford; nothing
was further from her thoughts than to
re-enter her aunt's household, and sub-
ject herself to the irritating questions of
the estimable Robert. Nobody knew
where she had gone; and she had been
such a short time at Darwen Haigh, and
had confided herself so entirely to the
hands of her grounds, that, if I couldn't
find in one of a row of small cottages
on a lane between Sir Astley's place and

Lord Wyndesdale's, had no idea that the
respectable-looking young woman who
came there late that afternoon seeking
lodgings, and representing herself to be
a lady's maid out of a place, was the
lady who had been that morning the
mistress of Darwen Haigh.

NORMA had made up her mind to re-
main as near Astley as she dared. She
was exceedingly uneasy about his health
and she wished to be near enough at
hand to satisfy herself, day by day, of
his condition.

The cottage in which she had engaged
two modest rooms was one of a row of
three of those clock-looking stone dwell-
ings she disliked, and was situated in a
lane off the main road, with the trees
of the Darwen Haigh plantation in front,
and a wide stretch of fields behind. Be-
yond these fields was the park which
surrounded Blackdale Hall, the residence
of Lord Wyndesdale. There was a short
cut from the town of Blackdale over the
fields, and through the plantation to
Darwen Haigh.

It was already dusk when NORMA made
her arrangements with the widow; but
the hours seemed long that she spent
alone in her room, which was on the up-
per story of the cottage. The parlor
downstairs, which opened directly on to
the road, was also to be devoted to her
use; but NORMA was too much afraid of
an incursion from her landlady from the
kitchen behind, not to prefer the safe
seclusion of her bedroom. So she sat by
the window, looking out at the bare
trees in front, and at the chimneys of
Astley's home, which had been her home
that morning.

It was past seven o'clock, and quite
dark, when her heart gave a great leap
at the sight of a figure in the road be-
low, and by the light of the one street
lamp in the lane she distinguished Ast-
ley, whose gait was easily recognizable
on account of the slight limp which he
had not yet got rid of.

He had just crossed the stile which
led from the town, and was making for
the plantation. If she had had any doubt
as to who he was, it would have been
dispelled when she saw him take a key
from his pocket and open the private
gate which led into the plantation.

He had gone through, and was on the
point of losing the gate, when NORMA
saw another man run hastily across the
road, and enter the plantation in his
turn, not by the gate, but by scaling the
wall a little lower down.

NORMA threw open the window. Ast-
ley was looking the gate behind him;
the second man had disappeared. She
had thoughts of calling out to Astley,
of going to the gate, of running to the
plantation. But she was too much afraid
of the second man, who was running
towards the gate, to do so.

So she turned, put on her hat as she
ran downstairs, and slipped out of the
cottage.

By the time she reached the gate, how-
ever, Astley had disappeared, and there
was not a sound to be heard suggestive
of any human presence near.

Who was the second man? NORMA
fingered near the gate, tried to look over
the wall; then she went further up the
lane, to the spot where the second man
had disappeared.

A little further still there was a heap
of road-mending stones under the wall,
and she got on the top of this and looked
over. In the darkness she fancied she
could make out that there were human
figures moving about among the leafless
trees and undergrowth at a little dis-
tance. Should she cry out? Should she—

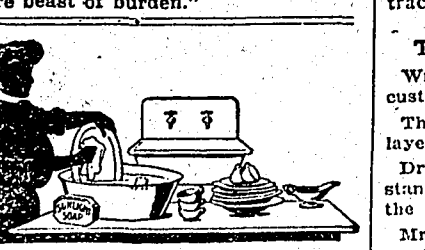
(To be Continued.)

Attorney Ben White, who recently re-
turned to Macon, Mo., after a visit to
Indian Territory, relates an incident
which illustrates the North American
Indian's rapid assimilation of American
humor. "The allotment rolls for the
Chickasaws were closed at midnight on
September 24," he says. "Children born
after that hour were cut out, but up to
midnight every male member of the tribe
was entitled to three hundred and twenty
acres of land, worth now about one
thousand dollars, but which promises
to be worth many times that amount.
The evening of the twenty-fourth was
an anxious time for a little Indian family
dwelling not far from the
registry office. An interesting event was
anticipated. The watchers' eyes were
fixed on the clock as the hands slowly,
but with grim certainty, crawled around
to the midnight hour. At exactly twenty
minutes to twelve a brand-new Chick
male persuasion came into this
sin-loving world. The twenty minutes
was worth a thousand dollars to the
family. He was christened, without any
outside suggestion, 'Johnnie on the Spot.'
I have heard the term used several thou-
sand times, but it never seemed to fit an
event as strikingly as it did that one.
There were plenty of witnesses to make
affidavit that Johnnie was born before
the midnight hour, and there was no diffi-
culty in proving up his claim of three
hundred and twenty acres of first-class
land."

"If I had money," she said, languidly,
"I'd be the most indolent person in the
world. I'd do nothing but sit and wait
for my money. I'd even have some one
to wish for me." "Wish for you?" he
replied. "Yes, if you had money, I'd
wish for you myself."

Thomas J. Marvin, because he was
cartooned as a zebra in the Detroit
"Tribune," has brought suit against
that newspaper for one hundred thou-
sand dollars for libel. The complaint
states that the plaintiff was "repre-
sented as a four-footed beast, saddled
and bridled, carrying on his back a
rider who held the reins of the brute,
meaning and asserting that the plain-
tiff was by nature and habit degraded
to the level of a four-footed beast, and
that he was without independence of
character and wholly subject to the
will of others to the same extent that
any four-footed beast saddled and
bridled would be."

He has been degraded from the high
state of a personal human being to a
mere beast of burden."



More than half the battle in
cleaning greasy dishes is in the
soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap
it's the best.

DAMAGING FOREST FIRES.

THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF DO-
MINION TIMBER.

On Both Sides of Lake Winnipeg—
No Lives Lost as Yet—Many
Families Destitute.

Winnipeg, May 15.—Owing to the
absence of rain, prairie and bush fires
are causing enormous damage in the
west. Word has reached the city
of terrible forest fires raging on both
sides of Lake Winnipeg. The fires
commenced evidently about three days
ago, and parties arriving from Selkirk
say that an army of soldiers could not
stop the conflagration. The district on
fire covers thousands of acres of valu-
able timber lands, chiefly the property
of the Dominion Government. The
loss of personal property is also tremen-
dous, and over a hundred families
have lost their homes and stock. The
fire is reported to extend from along
both sides of Lake Winnipeg, running
right up to Kildonan, where the cul-
tivated lands have stopped its course
about ten miles from the city.

Mr. E. F. Stephenson, Commissioner
of Crown Timber Lands, just returned
from the lake, says the whole country
on either side of the lake is either
on fire or the fire has run through it,
leaving nothing but ruins of the trees
and buildings. Valuable Government
timber is being destroyed, but they are
powerless to do anything to check the
fire. The timber is partly dry, and
the undergrowth is very rank and like
tinder, owing to the scarcity of rain
this spring. Through this the fire has
run with terrible rapidity. The high
winds have helped, and the embers
have jumped the trails thirty and forty
feet, and carried the fire to the growth
beyond. The area covered is about 300
miles square, stretching from Tyndall
to Balm Beach, from there to Gimli,
and from Winnipeg Beach down to
Selkirk. Many homes have been de-
stroyed in the German settlement, and
all buildings where the fire has reach-
ed have been destroyed. Fences, barns,
farm houses and valuable timber is
burnt to an amount Mr. Stephenson
cannot estimate. So far as known no
lives have been lost, but many families
are destitute.

Fires are also reported from the
Dauphin district. The Canadian North-
ern track was burned over for some
distance, preventing the Swan River
train going through last night. All the
logs and lumber belonging to the Swan
River Lumber Co. at Fisher's Siding
have been burned. The loss is estimat-
ed at \$300,000. Only a few days ago
the mills were burning. The other mills
are being well guarded, and are believ-
ed to be out of danger.

The village of St. Claude, in southern
Manitoba had a very narrow escape
from destruction yesterday, fires sur-
rounding the place.

THREATENS TO PAY DEBT.

The Dominion Wishes to Reduce In-
terest Paid Ontario.

Toronto, May 15.—The financial
relations between the Province
and the Dominion have as-
sumed a new position, as indicated by
the correspondence brought down in
the Legislature yesterday by the Pre-
mier, Hon. W. S. Fielding, as Finance
Minister, has written the Premier, as
Provincial Treasurer, that the interest
on the funds held by the Dominion for
the Province will be reduced from 4
per cent. to 3 per cent. or that the Dominion
will pay over the funds. The Premier
has replied protesting against either
course. The House devoted some time
to a discussion of veterans' land grants
on the second reading of the Govern-
ment measure, and passed the second
reading of the Premier's municipal
power bill. In supply, agricultural
estimates were passed.

NIAGARA FALLS LIMITS.

Town and Village Ordered to Form
Union.

Toronto, May 15.—An hour
and a half was consumed by
the Private Bills Committee of the
Legislature yesterday with a bill sub-
mitted by W. M. German, M.P., on be-
half of the village of Niagara Falls,
for the purpose of extending its bound-
aries to take in the sites of the three
big electric power companies. The ter-
ritory asked for comprises 245 acres,
lying partly in the township of Stan-
ford and 30 acres in the present town
of Niagara Falls. The town and the
village have thus far failed to agree
on terms of amalgamation. The com-
mittee thought that a city would
eventually grow up around the big
power plant, and deemed it best
that the present two municipalities
should be united. The matter was
adjourned till next Wednesday to af-
ford them an opportunity to agree
upon terms of union.

Big Fire at Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, May 15.—The buildings
and plant of the Northern Iron Works
on the corner of Point Douglas Avenue
and Gladstone street were completely
destroyed by fire which started yester-
day. The loss is about \$30,000. A Can-
adian Fire Insurance Company, \$3,000;
Phoenix of Hartford, \$1,200. The company employed 45
men, and was started on its present
site two years ago. Several large con-
tracts were being filled.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEVITIES.

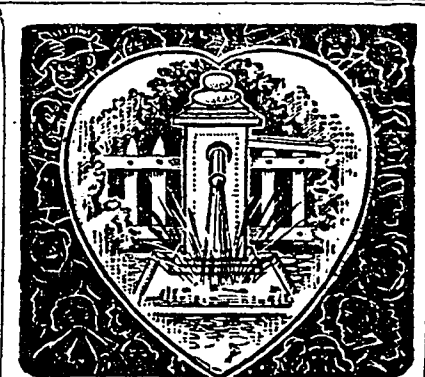
Wm. McGregor, ex-M.P., collector of
customs at Windsor, is dead.

The C. P. R. west's express was de-
layed by a rock slide in the mountains.

Dr. Forrester of Ontario captured the
standard-bred stallion championship at
the Calgary show.

Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., is mentioned
as the probable successor of the late
Hon. David Mills in the Supreme Court.

The question of the reduction of naval
armaments was again discussed in the
British House of Commons.



Heart Strength is Whole Strength

THE blood is your life; when it stops
coursing you're dead. If it half stops,
YOU'LL BE HALF DEAD.

Your pain, your weakness, your eternal wear-
iness will all disappear if you strengthen your
heart. But you may take special medicine for
special trouble if you're in a special hurry.
Cheer up! Don't be moping! You can be
cured. Try for the first time you will
know the true meaning of the grand old word
—Health.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE
renews the vigor in thirty minutes after taking
the first dose. Will cure the poorest heart and
strengthen the strongest man.

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

Dr. Agnew's Catarrh of Powder relieves
catarrh or colds at once and cures forever.
Dr. Agnew's Ointment compels Piles to perish
permanently. It gives ease and relief. Ban-
ishes all manner of skin diseases and eruptions.
The safest and cheapest cure. Price, 50c.

Miss Kate M. Gordon of New Orleans
is probably the only person in the
United States who ever voted legiti-
mately several hundred times in one
day. When the Louisiana constitu-
tional convention, in 1898, gave tax-
paying women the right to vote upon
all questions submitted to the taxpay-
ers, it added a clause unique in sur-
frage legislation, to the effect that any
woman who preferred to do so might
cast her vote by proxy. Soon after-
ward a special election was held in New Or-
leans to levy a tax for improved sewer-
age. Miss Gordon was president of the
League of New Orleans. She collected
proxies from three hundred women
taxpayers who wanted better sewers
than the city authorities were giving them.
She took three bottles of Dr. Agnew's
Heart Cure, and she spent election day in
driving about and voting over and over
again in all parts of the city.

FIVE MINUTES
AFTER
APPLYING

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal
Powder you feel the
improvement.

At once the new vitality that
comes from proper breathing is felt.
The cure is begun.

This is not a cheap remedy, but
an inexpensive cure. Remedies are
but remedies. If a CURE is what
you desire, it is waiting for you.

You just drop the tube into the
Powder, blow it into the nostrils,
and begin to get well at ONCE.

W. ERNEST LEWIS, of West Flamboro,
Quebec, states:—"I have been troubled with
Catarrh for several years. It impaired the bear-
ing of my right ear. I used Dr. Agnew's
Catarrhal Powder, and in a week found a
marked improvement. I took three bottles and
could hear as well as ever."

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure
Feeds the nerves and the blood. It is LIFE in
medicine. It transforms the weak and
sickly into the well and healthy. It tones all
vital organs. It's the cure for you.

Which?

"What's worrying you?" they asked
of the convalescent invalid. "I am try-
ing," she answered thoughtfully. "To
make up my mind whether I am at
a sanatorium or a sanatorium."—Chicago
"Post."

Wife—You haven't used any of those
cigars I bought for you. Husband—No,
I am keeping them for Tommy when
he wants to learn to smoke.—Los An-
geles "Times."

ONE SPOONFUL
Will build for you good health,
through good nerves, by using
South American Nerveine

Almost all disease is the result of
poor nerve action. Without good
nerves neither brain, nor stomach,
nor liver, nor heart, nor kidneys,
can work well. Nerve food must
be such that it will be absorbed by
the nerve ends. Such a food is
South American Nerveine, the
greatest tonic known, a cure for
dyspepsia and all stomach ail-
ments.

ADOLPH LE BODIE, B. C. L., Montre-
al, was suffering from indigestion, nervous-
ness, debility, prostration and exhaus-
tion. I took five bottles of South Amer-
ican Nerveine, and am wholly recovered.

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

SMILES.

"This age demands men who have
convictions," shouted the impassioned
orator. "Where shall we find them?"
"In prison!" replied the man in the
gallery.

Mrs. Esau—What is the matter with
that mess of pottage?
Esau—That is the kind mother used
to make.—Brooklyn Life.

"It's dan'lus," said Uncle Eben, "to
git into de way of complainin'. A man
kin allus stop workin' to kick, but he
comes hand to stop kickin' to work."
—Washington Star.

"Did the chemist find anything
wrong with the milk?"
"What a foolish question! He was
looking for deadly germs, wasn't he?"
Well, he couldn't afford not to find
them."—Chicago Record.

"Won't you give me your new baby
brother, Nellie?" asked a visitor of a
little four-year-old miss.
"No, indeed!" replied Nellie. "I
want him to play with me. But I'll give
you a piece of paper and you can cut
a pattern off him."—Chicago News.

"Willie, did you ask your papa to tell
you why the world moves, as I told you
to?" asked the teacher.
"Yes'm."

"What did he say?"
"He said he s'posed it does it to avoid
payin' rent."—Indiana Polis Sun.

"My performance of Hamlet led to a
great deal of talk," said Mr. Storm-
ington Barnum.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I
am informed that Hamlet is one of the
longest parts known to the drama."

"He's been talking self so much lately
he seems to be actually going crazy."
"Gracious! Then what must be the
condition of the people he's been talk-
ing to!"—Philadelphia Press.

"Is that performer familiar with your
music?" was asked of a composer at
the concert.
"He must be," replied the composer,
who was writhing; "he takes such lib-
erties with it."

The Manager—How came you to
leave your last place?
Applicant—I was discharged for good
behavior, sir.

The Manager—Discharged for good
behavior! That's unusual, isn't it?
Applicant—Well, you see, good con-
duct took three months off my sen-
tence.

Mamma—My gracious! What once
earth has happened to you, Willie?
Willie—Boo-hoo! It's all your fault.
I've been playing with that new boy.
"What that little Quaker boy?"
"

REMEMBER THAT

ITS GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION, ITS LUMBERING, MINING AND RAILROADING, WILL MAKE REVELSTOKE

The Largest City in the Interior of
British Columbia.

WE WISH TO CALL THE ATTENTION OF SPECULATORS
to the fact that Great Opportunities Exist to Make Money in Real
Estate. Lots that sold four years ago for \$50 are worth to-day \$1,500
and values in the future will increase more rapidly than in the past.

THE SMELTER TOWNSITE

CONTAINS THE VERY CHOICEST BUSINESS LOCATIONS
IN THE CITY OF REVELSTOKE.

Special Inducements Offered to Home Builders

We have given you the tip. Don't fail to take advantage of it.

LEWIS BROS. LOCAL AGENTS, REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

THURSDAY - JULY 30, 1908.

Forms of application for entry on the
Voters' List can be obtained and sworn
to at this office. The HERALD will see
that all such applications are properly
placed upon the list.

BUNCOED BY JAPAN.

Three years ago today, on July 30,
1905, the Government of Japan played
its trump card regarding emigration,
and by proclamation professed to pro-
hibit Japanese leaving that country
for Canada. The occasion is note-
worthy, for it is upon this alleged
prohibition the Laurier Government
to a large extent bases its refusal to
permit British Columbia retaining on
its statutes the only effective bar to
the "little yellow man," namely, the
Natal Act. How little that proclama-
tion has been respected we, in British
Columbia, know to our sorrow. Since
that date more Japanese have swarmed
here than ever before and it seems
that while the present Liberal admin-
istration remains in power this provin-
ce can expect no relief. To use the
vernacular, Japan, by this proclama-
tion, handed out a gold brick to Sir
Wilfrid Laurier, who received it with
the famous sunny smile and gave it a
place in his cabinet of curios as a fit-
ting companion for the Colden Club
medal. This sweet specimen of Oriental
diplomacy he hands out to British
Columbia when we ask that Japanese
immigration be prohibited. In effect
he says "There is no influx of Japs,
I've a document here to prove it. The
Mikado says they can't come and so
do I. Trust me and the Mikado."
But we don't.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

In three months the people of Brit-
ish Columbia will be called upon to
decide whether the present adminis-
tration shall govern the Province or
not. The Conservative party, in the
campaign which will be formally in-
augurated on August 15th by the
nominating conventions, presents an
united front and places before the
electors a platform which is published
in almost every newspaper in the
province, without regard to politics.
This is as it should be, for the prin-
ciples upon which a party appeal to the
country are a matter of as vital inter-
est to political opponents as to party
friends. Contrasted with this the
course pursued by the mass of conflict-
ing factions calling themselves "Lib-
eral" is very apparent. John Win-
chester Brown, technically disposed of
their leader, Joseph Martin, but the
latter's character is too well known
for this subterfuge to succeed. At the
initial Liberal meeting at Eburne,
some three weeks ago, Mr. Martin
made his position very clear. He
stated that he would agree to follow a
leader "more able and competent"
than himself. Otherwise, he consid-
ered the coat of many colours which
the "Liberal leadership" should fall on
his stalwart shoulders. No one who
understands Mr. Martin will accept

this as other than a declaration that it
is to be Martin or nothing. It will be
a case of "Aut Caesar, aut nullus."
Such being absolutely certain, we have
no hesitation in saying that every
Liberal vote will be so much towards
Martinism with, if successful, a return
of unstable government. We men-
tion this at an early date in the cam-
paign in order that our readers may
carefully consider this phase of pro-
vincial politics.

Turning now to principles, which
should unite a political party, the
Liberals are again at variance. It is
true a so-called convention was held in
Vancouver on February 7th, 1902, and,
as a result, a mass of glittering gener-
alities was evolved labelled the Liberal
platform. But this was conceived in
stifled, railroaded through a packed
gathering engineered by Mr. Martin,
and technically passed while representa-
tives of all the decent elements of
Liberalism were hammering at the
doors of O'Brien's Hall, where the
meeting was held. Not only policies
but free fights were evident on the
occasion mentioned and the so-called
Liberal platform is Martinism, and
that alone. This is why the respect-
able nominees of the Liberal party
carefully protect their platform from
the public gaze and appeal to the
people not only ostensibly without a
leader but minus party principles also.
This disjointedness cannot be too
much emphasized. The people have
declared with no uncertain voice for
party government, but as yet there is
only the Conservative party, as such,
in the field. The Socialists claim to be
a party, and an united one. We shall,
however, at an early date take an
opportunity of exposing the differences
between the factions called "Socialist"
and "Socialist-Labour" and prove con-
clusively that they love one another
as affectionately as the fabled Kilkenny
cats.

"STINKING FISH."

The good old Scotch proverb, "It's
easy to cry stinking fish," is one whose
lesson should be taken to heart by
many residents of Revelstoke. In
other words, it is easy to decry any-
thing without knowledge, but investi-
gation is required to find out good
qualities. We were talking the other
day to a well known citizen about the
mining possibilities of Fish river, and
said it's gold production, the most
recent proof of which was the bullion
brought to town last week, would be
an important factor in the commercial
development of our city. What was
his reply?—"Oh I don't believe it, they
must be working some graft." A clear
case of "stinking fish."

This point of view is characteristic
of many people not only here but
everywhere. The old debating society
dictum that expectation is better than
realization permeates all stages of the
community and a large number of our
citizens are sitting down, with hands
crossed, expecting good times in the
future, not realizing that opportunity
is tapping at their doors. They read
sensational accounts of "Gold, gold in
Klondyke" or "Diamond Deeps in
Drifontaine," and, in the enchantment
that distance lends the view, forget
that in British Columbia we have a
Klondyke of our own and the vicinity
of Revelstoke is its Eldorado. The

"stinking fish" sentiment should be
entirely obliterated. A tour of the
gold camps within a few hours travel,
—a cursory inspection of hydraulic
operations in the Big Bend—a visit to
any of the lumber mills in the vicinity
—any of these would convince the
most pessimistic that the gateway of
the Kootenays is a coming centre of
population and has a brilliant future
before it.

Let every citizen consider himself a
walking advertisement of our advan-
tages. Quit crying "stinking fish" and
get in and out of some of the good ones.
There are more chances in the vicinity
of Revelstoke for investment than any
other place in Canada. And it is the
fault of our citizens if they do not reap
a large share of the golden harvest
that the near future will shower on
those who have faith in the city they
reside in.

NO BOOM.

"The Revelstoke HERALD is doing
yeoman service in its systematic
attempts to boom the Kootenay lumber
industry."

Thus says our good friend the Ross-
land "Miner." But it has never been
our intention to boom anything.
Neither Revelstoke nor the district
surrounding it require anything more
than absolute statements of fact to
secure what is better than a boom—
steady commercial progress. We are
optimistic as to the prospects of North
West Kootenay and take frequent
occasion to emphasize the directions
in which industrial activity should be
shown, but we never go beyond con-
ditions duly investigated and known to
be permanent. A journalistic prophet
is a detriment to the community in
which he is placed so we never make
statements unwarranted by assured
facts. What we say is the result of
ratiocination, not the imaginative
illusions of a boaster. It is unneces-
sary to gild refined gold.

SELF CONVICTED.

No more striking exposure of the ill-
fect of the Dominion Government's
method of dealing with Chinese immi-
gration could be given than the
following extract from a recent edition
of the Vancouver "World":

"Come One, Come All—The Celestial
race against time is becoming exciting.
From the land beyond the sea Chinese
men are pouring into Canada with a
fervor suggesting a deep anxiety to
escape the approaching season of the
\$200 tax. The incoming Expresses
bring them in chattering hordes, and
those who are not able to make the
passage on the queen steamers of the
Pacific come otherwise. But they
come, nevertheless. Yesterday a sub-
urban train brought over from the
Fraser a small party of eighty-five who
crossed to the mainland by the
Ferry Victorian, having landed from
one of the Sound-Oriental liners."

Coming from the leading Liberal
paper of the province the statements
made are doubly forcible. And the
people of British Columbia must
remember that the provincial adherents
of the party responsible for this state
of affairs are appealing to them for
support covered by the spectral cloak
of Joseph Martin. Their appeal will,
however, be in vain.

If you don't register you can't vote.

Conservative Headquarters, Selkirk Hall.

LEGAL

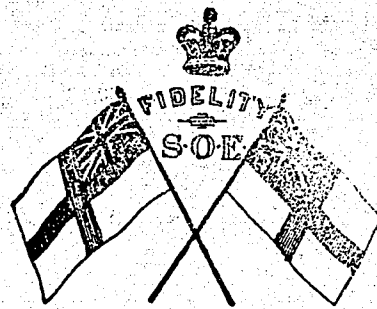
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Revelstoke, B. C.
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HARVEY, MCARTHEE & PINKHAM

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
First Street, Revelstoke, B. C.

SOCIETIES.



Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth
Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree
meets third Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.
T. H. BAKER, President. H. COOKE, Secretary.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.
Regular meetings are held in the
Oddfellows' Hall on the Third Fri-
day of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.
ED. DAIK, W. J. JOHNSON, Rec.-Sec.

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P.,
No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.,
MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY
in Oddfellows' Hall at 8
o'clock. Visiting Knights are
cordially invited.
R. LOYST, C. C. R. DOUGLAS, K. of R. & S.
H. A. BROWN, Master of Finance.

Corporation of the City of
Revelstoke.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the first
sittings of the Court of Revision of the City of
Revelstoke for the purpose of hearing all com-
plaints against the assessment for the year 1908,
as made by the Assessor of the City of Revelstoke,
will be held at the City Hall, Revelstoke, B. C.,
on Monday, August 24, 1908, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

H. FLOYD, City Clerk.
Revelstoke, B. C., July 21, 1908.

(L.S.) HENRI G. JOY DE LOTHIERRE,
Lieutenant-Governor,
CANADA.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.
EDWARD VII. by the Grace of God, of the
United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,
and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas,
King, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.

To Our faithful the members elected to serve in
the Legislative Assembly of Our Province of
British Columbia, at Our City of Victoria:—
Greeting: A PROCLAMATION.

A. E. McPhillips, Attorney-General.
Whereas We are desirous, and resolved as
soon as may be, to meet Our people in Our Pro-
vince of British Columbia, and to have their ad-
vice in Our Legislature:

Now know ye, that for divers causes and con-
siderations, and taking into consideration the
cases and convenience of Our loving subjects, We
have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our
Executive Council of the Province of British Col-
umbia, to hereby convene, and by these presents
enjoin you, and each of you, that on Thursday,
the twenty-first day of January, one thousand
nine hundred and four, you meet in Our said
Legislature or Parliament of the said Province at
Our City of Victoria, for the dispatch of business,
to treat, do, act and conclude upon those things
which, in Our Legislature of the Province of Brit-
ish Columbia, by the common council of Our said
Province may, by the favor of God be ordained.

In testimony whereof, We have caused these
Our letters to be made patent and the Great Seal
of the said Province to be hereunto affixed.
Witness, the Honourable Sir Henri Gustave Joly
de Lotbiniere, K. C. M. G., Lieutenant-Governor
of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our
City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this six-
teenth day of June, in the year of Our Lord one
thousand nine hundred and three, and in the third
year of Our reign. By command.

R. F. GREEN,
Provincial Secretary.

UNION HOTEL

FIRST CLASS \$2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors
and Cigars.

J. LAUGHTON, Prop. First Street.

UNION Cigar Factory

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

H. A. BROWN, PROP.

Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

Jas. I. Woodrow BUTCHER

Retail Dealer in—

Beef, Pork,
Mutton, Etc.

Fish and Game in Season....

All orders promptly filled.
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Oriental Hotel

Able furnished with the
Choicest the Market
affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

Large, Light bedrooms.
Rates \$1 a day.
Monthly Rate.

J. Albert Stone - Prop.

I SCREAM

Said my best girl if you don't
buy me some ICE CREAM
after the Band Concert; and
we'll go to

A. E. BENNISON,
Mackenzie Avenue.

Try Our Home Made Bread, Cakes
and Confectionery.

ONCE USED. ALWAYS USED

No. 5 Company R. M. R.

NOTICE

Drill of the above Company
will be held every Tuesday and
Friday night in the Drill Hall
at 7.30 till further notice.

BY ORDER,
H. A. BROWN, C. O.

MOSCROP BROS.

Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water.
Heating, Electric Wiring &
Bell Works.
Pipes, Valves and Fittings.

Second St., REVELSTOKE, B. C.

H. PERRY-LEAKE,

Mining Engineer
and Metallurgist.

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Properties.

Specification and Construction of
Mining Machinery.

Mill Tests of Ores and Concen-
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Bedford McNeill & Co.,
GOWAN BLOCK, Revelstoke, B. C.

M. A. SMITH & CO.,

Successors to A. N. Smith.



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Fresh and Complete Line of Groceries.

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PRIME BEEF. PORK. MU. TON. SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.
REASONABLE RATES.
FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION.
ELECTRIC BELLS AND LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM.

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W. M. BROWN, - Prop.

BAR WELL SUPPLIED BY THE CHOICEST
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
HOURLY STREET CAR
MEETS ALL TRAINS.

R. Howson & Co.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, OILCLOTHS,
HOUSE FURNISHINGS, Etc.

Picture Framing a Specialty.

Undertakers, Embalmers

Graduate of Massachusetts College of Embalming.

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HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT.

CONVEYANCING.

J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

CHAS. M. FIELD.

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.

THE "UNION" TAILOR SHOP HAS IT

Just what you want for a nobby
Spring Suit or Overcoat.

Woolens—The best and most com-
plete range ever shown in Revelstoke
before.

Prices right consistent with good
material and workmanship.

Cut stylish and up-to-date by a com-
petent cutter. Union made and a
guarantee of good and honest work.

M. A. WILSON,
Graduate of Mitchell's School of Gar-
ment Cutting, New York.

Establishment—Next Taylor Block.

MACHINERY

Steam Engines and Boilers.

Hoisting and Elevating
Machinery.

Saw and Planing Machinery.

Sash and Door Machinery.

Mill Saws and Saw Filing Tools.

Iron Working Machinery.

Laundry Machinery.

Tannery Machinery.

Machinery for every purpose

J. L. NEILSON & CO.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

MEN!!! GIVE THE
Vacuum Developer

A trial and be convinced that it will give results
sure and lasting. Cures weakness and unde-
veloped organs, and various evils. Send
stamp for booklet sealed in plain envelope.

THE STREVENA HEALTH APPLIANCE CO.,
317 Cordova Street, West, Vancouver, B. C.

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN

Mining Engineers
and Assayers,

VANCOUVER, B. C. Established 1890

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS
UNDERTAKEN.

Tests made up to 2,000 lbs.

A specialty made of chucking Smelter
Pumps.

Supplies from the Interior by mail or
express promptly attended to.

Correspondence solicited.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

WOOD

Wood for sale including

Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.

All orders left at W. M. Lawrence's
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W. FLEMING.

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Over Kootenay Mail Office.

A general excellence of all features of a
Photograph is necessary to produce a
perfect picture. The finish, position and
the most appropriate mount, are the
characteristics of our Studio.


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Men Wanted.

Millmen and busmen wanted.

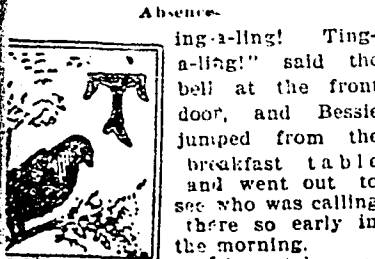
Apply to Jas. Taylor, Arrowhead
Lumber Co., Arrowhead, B. C.

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



USEFULNESS OF MOTHERS.

That Bessie Learned in Her Mother's Absence.



"ing-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!" said the bell at the front door, and Bessie jumped from the breakfast table and went out to see who was calling there so early in the morning.

"It's a telegram," mamma said, as she came back to the dining-room, "and the man wants you to go to the book, and—Oh, my, I wonder to would have seen it!"

Mrs. Royce looked anxious. We always do, I think, when telegrams come to us.

"It's from John," she said to her husband, when she read it. "Sister Mary is very ill and wants to see me."

"Then you had better go at once," turned Mr. Royce.

"I suppose so. But I wonder if I will be all right here."

"Of course. Why shouldn't they be? The girl is able to take care of the use, and as for Bessie, she isn't a bit of a baby any longer—she is a big girl."

"I am nine years old," said Bessie, looking up at her mother.

"Then you think you can take care of yourself for two whole days?" asked her mother. "I may be gone as long as that."

"Why, yes, mamma. I mostly take care of myself when you are here," said Bessie, looking up at her mother.

Mrs. Royce smiled as she thought of the many demands that her little daughter made on her time and attention, but she thought it would be well for her to be entirely dependent on herself for a while.

"Don't bother Kate, dear, for she'll have enough to do," was her mother's answer as she hurried to the kitchen to make preparations for her departure.

"Oh, no! I wouldn't do that!" Bessie assured her; and afterward, when she was kissing her mother good-bye, she said: "Don't worry about me one bit, mamma; I'll be all right."

Then when her mother was really gone, and her father had gone to his school, the little girl started to get ready for herself.

"There!" she said to herself the minute she entered her room. "I forgot all my braids. I never can fix them myself. I wish mamma had been here before she went away."

But mamma had not, and it still had to be done. So Bessie began to struggle with her hair. It didn't seem easier than it really is for a little girl to braid her hair. The strands would get fixed and the partings crooked. She combed it all out three or four times, and started the braids again, and finally told herself that it would have to be. She knew it didn't look nice, but she was getting late, and she could not afford to bother any more over it.

When she changed her dress and a new difficulty presented itself. She could not hook it up in the back.

"Mamma always does that," she thought, "and what am I going to do?" She tugged and pulled, fastening up the hook only to unfasten it in the attempt to do the next. At last she had to go down into the kitchen to get help to hook her dress.

"I couldn't help that, of course," she said to herself when she thought of her mother's words about not bothering Kate.

"I wonder what mamma did with my dress yesterday," was her next thought, and she hurriedly looked hurriedly around the sitting room.

"Oh, dear! It isn't so easy to get along without mamma as I imagined it would be. She had that hat right where because she was going to sew the ribbon where it was ripped off. I don't believe she did it, though, for Mrs. Leonard came in and talked ever so long, and that net ought to be here."



"What's the matter little daughter?" asked Papa.

"Where—where can it be? My books are in the closet, anyhow, for I put them there," said Bessie, opening the closet door, and there was her hat, too, right where it belonged. It was fixed, after all, as Bessie saw when she took it down, but she wondered when her mother had found time to do it. At noon time she rushed in to the house crying:

"Mamma, can you go—Oh!" she added, seeing no one in the dining-room but her father. "I forgot that mamma wasn't here. I wish she would come home."

"Already?" Mr. Royce said in surprise. "Why, I thought you were the little lady who could get along so nicely alone!"

"For some things I can. But then, papa, there are things that I need mamma for. Now, you see, there's an entertainment down on Washington street—a ventriloquist and such things—and we school children have tickets that will let us in for ten cents, but I don't want to go so far without mamma."

"No, and you ought not to, either. I'd take you if I could, but I'm too busy. Never mind; there will be more entertainments when your mother is here." And Bessie had to be consoled with that thought.

At 3 o'clock there was a lesson that she wanted her mother to help her with; there was a rip in her sleeve, and a great hungry feeling inside of her.

Mamma always gives me something nice when I come home," she said to herself, "but I'm not going to bother her about it. Oh, dear! What a lot

of things mothers do for us, and we never know it till they're away somewhere! They must get so tired working for us all the time!"

At supper Bessie's hunger was satisfied. She had struggled along with the lesson, too, and, as for her dress, she had decided to wear another until her mother came home and could mend that sleeve. So far she had managed, "after a fashion," as she told herself, but when it came bedtime she began to wonder what she would do without her mother's good-night kiss. The very idea of going to bed and not having it brought tears to her eyes.

"What's the matter, little daughter?" asked papa.

"Why—I think I want—my mother," sobbed Bessie.

Just then the bell rang, and when the door was opened in walked Mrs. Royce.

"Mamma!" cried Bessie, rushing into her arms. "I am so glad that you didn't stay two days!"

"Well, Aunt Mary was improving, so I hurried home. But what's the matter? Weren't you getting along all right, dear?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," said Bessie, smiling through her tears. "I didn't really know how much mother did until you weren't here to do it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SOME SMART CROWS.

They Fooled the Dog and Carried Off the Meat.

In the inn garden I saw a dog eating a piece of meat in the presence of several covetous crows. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented.

At last a big strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine, where the other crows congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, letting go of the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it. The deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them lamely.

A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him, and after a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn around with a squeak, on which the other two flew triumphantly upon it on the top of the wall.—Our Animal Friends.

The Boy and His Bookshelf.

A boy's library must be, first of all, a collection of books that he will like to read over and over again. Next, it must contain books of reference. I myself, who have been collecting books since I was eight or nine years old, have a great many books of reference. There are dictionaries of all kinds—Greek and Latin, and modern languages, dictionaries of modern languages, dictionaries of biography, encyclopedias, gazetteers and many others.

But the most important thing is a good encyclopedia. For my own part I found the Encyclopedia Britannica too large for the space which I could afford on my shelves. I therefore bought Chambers's Encyclopedia, a most excellent and trustworthy compendium of knowledge.

Next, he may make a selection of books which he is to buy as opportunity offers and his savings will allow. How will the list look after a time? Perhaps something like the following: Chambers's Encyclopedia—ten volumes. Chambers's second-hand copy may be found, or a damaged copy.

The authors' names only are given. I do not insist upon the order, but in trying to follow the development of the mind of my bookish boy I think this a probable order:

Maryat, Dickens, Scott, Fielding, Defoe.

Byron, Tennyson, Pope, Cowper, Milton.

Capt. Cook, Bruce, Marco Polo.

Oliver Goldsmith, Addison, Macaulay, Washington Irving.

Lowell, Charles Lamb.

Shakespeare.

Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Smollett.

I say that his list would probably assume some such form as this. I assume that, boy-like, he will begin with Maryat, Dickens and Scott. He will go on to "Tom Jones." "Robinson Crusoe" will introduce him to Defoe. Later on he will read other works by that unwearied hand. In poetry he will read Byron and Tennyson first, and Milton last. His travels will be Capt. Cook, Bruce and that treasure-house of good things, the travels of Marco Polo. After early fiction, poetry and travel, he will fall among essayists. Shakespeare will attract him when he is about fifteen. He will then go on to what we may call later fiction, represented by the names I have given. I purposely omit the names of living writers, although he will naturally read much of contemporary work.

How Birds and Animals Rest.

When a man is tired he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example. Birds spread their feathers and also yawn, or gape. Pows often do this. Fish yawn; they open their mouths slowly till they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen and the gills open.

Dogs are inveterate yawners and stretchers, but seldom sneeze unless they have a cold. Cats are always stretching their bodies, legs and claws, as every one knows who has a cat for a pet.

Most ruminant animals stretch when they rise up after lying down. Deer do it regularly, so do cows. This fact is so well known that if a cow when arising from lying down does not stretch herself it is a sign she is ill. The reason for this is plain—the stretch moves every muscle of the body, and if there be any injury anywhere it hurts.

Rules for Cooking.

It is a well-known fact that beans, lentils and split peas do not boil soft in hard water. The sulphate of gypsum, the salts of lime coagulate the casein which these seeds contain. In some cases, however, the solvent power of pure soft water is so great that it destroys the firmness, color and skin of green vegetables and allows their juices to be extracted in the process of boiling. It is especially true of beans and green peas. Therefore hard water, instead of soft, should be employed in these cases. A tablespoonful of salt added to a gallon of soft water hardens it immediately. Eminent French authorities say use one tablespoon of carbonate of ammonia for producing the same results.

Onions should always be boiled in hard water salted, because they lose much of their flavor and aroma if boiled in pure soft water.

String beans usually need to boil for forty-five minutes. The addition of a small bit of salt pork will generally improve them. When done, drain thoroughly, season with salt, pepper and butter.

Turnips, carrots, cabbage and onions should be boiled in a great deal of water and taken up immediately and drained when sufficiently done; overcooking destroys the taste, and too little water will allow them to turn dark in color.

Put a piece of bread the size of an egg into a cheesecloth bag and drop into a pot of boiling greens to absorb the odor.

A little pinch of cayenne dropped into boiling cabbage, green beans, onions, etc., will lessen the disagreeable odor.

All dried leguminous vegetables, such as dried beans, peas, etc., should be put in cold water and when they reach the boiling point should be allowed to simmer until done.—Philadelphia Press.

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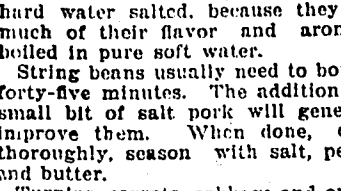
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Naturatum Picture Frame.

This design may be embroidered in silk, floss, or painted in water colors, on linen or velvet, and then stretched over cardboard. This pretty little flower is most showy in red, yellow and



purplish salmon shade, the latter being the rarest specimen. One must use her artistic taste in the arrangement of the colors and flowers to give satisfactory results.

Home Politics.

It is significant to observe how some men fall to know the way to treat their wives and sisters when they meet them. It seems to be too much trouble to lift their hats or to give their nearest the courtesy they would freely render any woman outside of the domestic circle. This should not be, and the sooner a revolution is accomplished the better. The ablest and most persuasive treatise on the etiquette of the home will not be able by itself to work the change, although it would be helpful toward that end. What is needed is the right training of boys and girls. Courteous behavior should be enforced by parents in the same way as other good qualities are taught. One of the most successful instructors of the young in our days bears this testimony: "People complain of the way children behave, and lay the blame of their behavior on the day-school; and if they would only make the children do at home as they are required to do in school matters would be different. They laugh at the child who lifts his hat, or says 'Please' or 'Thank you,' forgetting that others are trying to make up for their neglect of duty."

Praise in the Face.

I once saw a father walk up to a map his little boy had made and pinned on the wall. He stood before it a long time in silence, and in silence walked away. The little fellow was sitting in the room, and his father knew he was there. He was watching with his eager child's eyes, waiting anxiously for a word of approval. As none came, his poor little face fell unhappily. Straight into the next-room walked the father, and said, carelessly: "Robert has drawn a very clever little map in there. Look at it when you go in."

"Did you tell him it was clever?" asked a judicial "genius," following from the room where little Robert still sat.

"Why, no. I ought to have done so. I never thought to mention it."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," was the deserved reply. "Go back and tell him."

We ought all of us to be ashamed of our selves a dozen times a day for like sins of omission. It costs so little to say nice things, and the result in another's pleasure is out of all proportion to our trouble.—Selected.

A Woman's Chance to Become a Wife.

A woman's prospect of marriage is distinctly affected by age.

The statistics of all countries show that the great majority of women marry between the ages of twenty and thirty.

Before reaching twenty a woman has, of course, a chance of matrimony, but the objections raised by parents or friends to marriage at a tender age frequently outweigh the desire of the young woman to acquire a husband and lead her to defer the wedding day.

All statistics that have been gathered bear out the statement that a woman's best chance to marry it at the age of twenty-five.

Over six-tenths of the marriages take place between twenty and thirty, and consequently women's chance increases up to twenty-five and steadily decreases after that age until it reaches the vanishing point somewhere about sixty. Out of 1,000 married women 149 marry before the age of twenty, 680 between twenty and thirty, 111 between thirty and forty.

The Heart of the Home.

There can be little spiritual and mental growth in a family that takes cognizance only of physical comforts and discomforts. Where the wife and mother is cook, chambermaid, nurse, seamstress, scrubwoman, laundress, etc., it is easy for the husband and children to look to her merely for attention to their bodily wants and to shut her out, whether consciously or unconsciously, in their minds and actions from all participation in their outside interests and in their good times. The home where the wife and mother is merely purveyor to the material side of the family may be practical but it is not ideal.

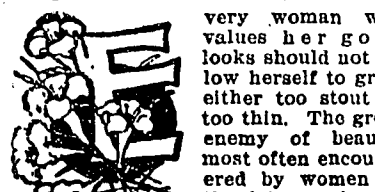
Women have been preached to so long and so much about their duties to husband and children that it is not wonderful to find many husbands and fathers feel that they have done their full duty to their wives when they give them money to pay the family bills. A great deal is said about the need of making home cheerful for the husband and father to return to, but these admonitions ought not to be so one-sided. The well organized home cannot be one-sided. The wife and mother has not only a right but a very great need to have her evenings and some of her days made cheerful and relaxing. More attention should be given in America's poor homes to wholesome pleasure that can be enjoyed by the whole family.—Ex.

Air Pressure Holds Down Flugs.

Floor rugs have at times a disagreeable habit of slipping along the ground and getting out of their proper position, as well as turning up at the corners as if in disgust at the use to which they are put. To make them behave properly some ingenious individual has provided a rug with four suckers at the corners; when these are placed against the floor the air is expelled, the suckers grip firmly, and the rug remains in position.

GOOD LOOKS IN WOMEN

The Great Enemy of Beauty Encountered by Women is Embonpoint.



very woman who values her good looks should not neglect herself to grow either too stout or too thin. The great enemy of beauty, most often encountered by women of the leisure classes, is embonpoint.

All the conditions of their life tends to foster it—getting up late, eating generously all kinds of rich foods, walking little, having no more serious occupation than visiting their friends or their dressmaker. All this luxury and ease of life tend to engender obesity.

Women who are inclined to be too stout should avoid all enervating luxuries and habits. They should get up early, dress themselves without the aid of a maid, and take lots of active, jolly exercise in the open air.

A great many women think dancing during the party season takes the place of outdoor exercise.

This is a great mistake. It does nothing of the sort.

On the contrary, dancing in heated ballrooms, in overcooled and germ filled atmospheres, is quite as likely to prove injurious as beneficial.

The woman who is inclined to obesity must eschew all kinds of fattening foods, such as wheat, corn and Graham bread, breakfast cereals of all kinds, pork in all forms, and all meats containing a superabundance of fat; fish preserved in oil, such as salmon, sardines, anchovies; vegetables containing starch or sugar, such as peas, beans, carrots, oyster plant, egg plant and potatoes; macaroni, noodle, spaghetti, vermicelli, and desserts, puddings and pastry of all descriptions.

However it is much better for the woman who wants to reduce her weight to increase the expenditure rather than to limit the receipts of her system.

It is a good old rule that tells us the best way to keep the table feeling as though we could eat more.

But above all other things cultivate your mind, develop your intellect. It is undeniable that there exists a strong bond between intelligence and beauty. Intelligence is said to be the beauty of ugliness, but it is also the most vital and lasting charm of the beautiful woman.

A man may and does grow weary of the stout contour of a merely pretty face, but he is, and will be always, passionately attracted to the bright sparkle of the face lit up by a brilliant mind and cultivated intelligence that sparkle in the eyes and melt around the mouth as their clever owner talks or listens.

Intellectual exercise is just as beneficial in reducing corpulency as is physical exercise. Men who use their brains constantly and actively rarely grow too stout.

Women of leisure inclined to embonpoint should interest themselves in something every day, anything, everything that tends to improve and cultivate their minds and give brightness and alertness to both character and expression.

Of course the woman who is inclined to be too thin must adopt a regimen the very opposite of the one followed by her stout sister.

As a rule thin people are inclined to be irritable, nervous, easily worried and annoyed. They take trifles to heart and are frightened at nothing. If they want to gain weight and looks they must strenuously combat this unhappy disposition; they must not think so much about themselves. Let them, instead, take up some interesting pursuit, which will leave them no time to worry and fret over trifles.

It is a wise advice that tells us to "laugh and grow fat." There is a great deal of truth in these terse little words. Thin people ought to sleep all they possibly can, take an abundance of good, rich, nourishing meats and starchy vegetables. But they should be careful not to overtax the digestion, as that uses up flesh quite as much as does violent exercise.

They should avoid all exciting stimulants, such as tea and coffee. On the contrary, they may drink malt liquors, such as beer and porter.

The thin woman would better avoid such meats as beef, mutton, pork, and fowl, and eat only "young meats," for they contain numerous half formed tissues, which are assimilated with difficulty.

The woman who wants to have a handsome, erect carriage and to walk lightly must, by judicious and varied exercise, let no set of muscles fall into disuse.

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MILADY'S GOWN

The Traveler of a Fashionable Frock to the Last Stage of Its Journey

he travels of a fashionable frock, from its departure from Madame's to the last stage of its journey, would often make interesting reading. The dainty creation of a smart modiste makes its entry into the social world heralded by a description in the fashion columns of a daily paper, but its glory is transient, and the downward path to an ignominious end inevitable.

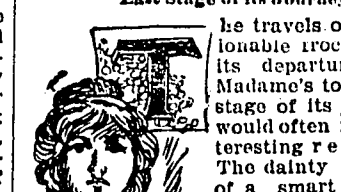
What becomes of milady's marvelous confections is a wonder to many. Such garments cannot be given away to "deserving charities," and the ubiquitous "poor relation," uttered in jest, would look like a Jonny Wren in peacock's plumage. So these gowns, after a brief prestige, descend by successive stages into the final rag bag of oblivion.

There is a certain shop in the Forties where the discarded frocks of Dame Fashion's fair daughters are bought and sold, and the business carried on by this establishment is a surprise to the uninitiated. Here are to be had at one-fifth, and often less of the original price, evening, reception and street gowns worn by members of New York's smart set.

A glimpse at the people who patronize this shop is interesting. An automobile stops at the curb and two handsomely dressed women alight and pass into the store. They receive nods of recognition from the saleswomen and are greeted effusively by the portly proprietor, who rubs his pudgy, jeweled hands as he hurries forward to meet them.

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"Anything new?" asks one. "We want something real elegant for the French ball."

"A family on Fifth avenue gone into mourning," the man announces in lowered accents, as if grieving over the event, "and eight bran new dresses have just come in. Elegant!" He lifts his fat hands and rolls his eyes to further emphasize the adjective. "Milk," he calls, "bring out the costumes. You know, the new ones."

A beautiful turquoise blue satin, profusely trimmed with chiffon and pearl embroidery, is laid out for inspection.

"Never been on," says the saleswoman, showing the fresh linings, "and will fit you like a glove." Other equally handsome frocks are displayed, and the women retire for the trying on process.

Another customer enters, evidently for the first time, from her look of anxious embarrassment.

"Have you anything in a tall or gown to fit me?" she asks of a saleswoman, who is quite sure of a customer. A brown broadcloth is brought out, the quality and linings are inspected and the price is asked.

"I don't know whether I could ever make up my mind to wear it," the woman announces with a shudder. "I've no idea who has had it on."

"We only buy from the first families," is the slightly nettled reply. "This gown never cost a cent less than \$150; there's the tailor's name and—"

"Well, I'll think it over." The woman turns to depart.

"Better take it now if you want it. We have such a rush of business it'll most likely be gone by noon." But the door has closed, and the saleswoman, grumbling about the people "who don't know their own minds," hangs up the despised garment and joins her companions, who twit her on her failure to make a sale.

The Guile of Infant Guilelessness.

The guilelessness and sincerity of the infant mind, so popularly accepted admits of varied and alarming phenomena that wreck the temporary peace of many an innocent adult victim, says Demorests.

Even the best little child in the world excited by company or novelty of environment, is liable to bring the blush of mortification to its mother's cheeks by a haunting of factitious ignorance or by exclamations that mislead.

Contradiction of the irresponsible little offender, or explanation, and slim credence. The grown-up who hears smile inwardly. Would a dear little innocent like that be capable of misrepresenting?

But the dear little innocent, stimulated into a distorted view of what has always been familiar before, becomes unconsciously a power, and does misrepresent. "Oh, mamma!" exclaims a precious little 4-year-old, under the glow and excitement of sudden "company" to dinner, "What have we got flowers on the table for? Oh, don't they look pretty—flowers on the table!"

Small purpose does it serve—the reproachful reminder of the humiliated parent, "Why, darling, you know we have flowers on the table every meal!" Not a guest but secretly believes the decoration novel to the baby eyes.

"Papa, what it dat big brown sing dere by yon?" queries artlessly the maid, to whom turkey is the most ordinary diet, but who is excited into a pose by the presence of her guests.

Few mothers but have known the exasperation sometimes of the little one's gleeful cry before visitors: "Oh, mamma, you all dressed up! What you put on your pretty dress for, mamma?" When mamma is really in her most ordinary attire.

Everybody knows such instances, and yet everybody secretly discounts parental contradiction.

Truly, the processes of the infant mind are many a time inscrutable.

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THE SENTINEL

Harry Got Permission to Stay Up All Night From His Mother—The Result.

any, what do you think mamma told me?" asked a little bit of a boy.

"I haven't the slightest idea," answered nurse, as she looked up from the stocking she was mending.

"Well, she said I might stay up all night. You know, nurse, I've always wanted to."

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"Well, she said I might stay up all night. You know, nurse, I've always wanted to."

"That is very good of mamma," answered nurse. "And where are you going to spend the night?"

"Well, men who camp out, you know, have a fire. I am going to pretend I'm camping out and I'm going to spend the night by the parlor fire."

"That's a good idea."

"No, I don't think I'll be a sentinel and walk up and down before the fire, with a gun over my shoulder."

"But a sentinel must not go to sleep. He must be on the watch all the time and say—"

"I know! 'Who goes there?'"

"And are you going to watch all night?"

"Think I shall," answered Harry, proudly.

It had long been Harry's wish to sit up all night, and he could not help thinking his mamma very unkind never to let him. He teased so much that finally mamma said—

"Well, Harry, you may."

At about eight o'clock Harry, who was usually in bed and asleep at that time, took his stand by the fire. His toy gun over his shoulder, and on his head he wore his soldier cap. Up and down he walked before the fire, and at first it was great fun. Whenever he heard a sound, he would call, "Who goes there?" And would he papa come to look for a book, or mamma. Once, when he called very loud, "Who goes there?" what do you think happened? The little white kitten ran into the room! Up and down, up and down went Harry. Heavier and heavier grew the gun. Harder and harder was it to keep to the straight line in the carpet. Harry looked at the easy chair and the sofa, but proudly he shook his head. "I've always wanted to sit up all night, and I'm going to show mamma how much I want to!"

Oh, what a loop from the straight line that time, Harry! Time went on, and mamma and papa said, "Good-night," and while Harry curled himself up on the rug and went to sleep, Harry's eyes began to blink, but he held them wide open as he could.

Soon he had a lonely feeling. "A soldier should be brave," he whispered. "But why shouldn't I sit down?"

"Because you'd go to sleep," a small voice within answered. So up and down Harry trudged. Soon something rolled down the sentinel's cheek. Harry dashed it away, but then another something rolled down the other cheek.

"I'm a baby!" the little boy sobbed. But still he kept marching.

Everything in the room seemed to swing and swing—and swing! His feet were too tired. He tripped and fell upon the soft rug. How soft it was! He couldn't get up. He heard some one.

"Who goes there?" he asked feebly.

"The Sand Man," a gentle voice answered, that sounded something like papa and mamma's combined.—Examiner.

Nursery Rhymes.

A foolish little frog once thought that he could ride, so hopping from his log he dressed himself and tried. But the horse wouldn't go. And so he up and shifted. Throwing froggy off, you know, where he just laid and cried.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill?—One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

What is that which has neither

A Daughter of Accra Queens

A TALE OF MOROCCO

By A. J. Dawson.

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows! But not quite so sunk that moments, sure the sun will shine again, and the spirits true endowments stand out plainly from its false ones. And as the night way or the wrong way, to its triumph or undoing.

—Christina.

Haj El Maiben, chief and descendant of chiefs in the territory of Wadi Tadiet, is a man somewhat feared and a good deal loved on both sides of the Atlas. To the southward, in Wadi Tadiet, men say, "The Sultan is the Sultan, and there is Haj El Maiben."

But probably you don't know Haj El Maiben. It is not likely that his name could be found on any London visiting-list. And perhaps that is as well, because a Mayfair host and hostess would find some difficulty about entertaining the old chief in any style approaching to the lavish magnificence with which Haj El Maiben takes delight in honoring his guests.

The causes which led to my first becoming his guest might be explained during a long tropical evening spent on a ship's deck, or in some other such outlandish situation. They form a story, not to be told here, because of its length and other peculiarities. But I may be believed when I boast that I have the honor to be certain of a friendly welcome at the chief's great rambling white fortress in Wadi Tadiet, in the tents of his followers north and south of the Atlas; or aboard his very beautiful, gold-striped, black-lacquered yacht which, when idle, may generally be seen riding at anchor below the beacon at Dar-el-Baida.

When the summer of last year, an unusually warm season in Morocco, was drawing to a close, I lay one evening on a heap of curiously worked rugs and cushions in the little covered balcony of the inner courtyard at Tetoua, the old Wadi Tadiet fortress. Haj El Maiben sat beside me. Between us stood his great fragrant chibouque. There were no lamps on the balcony, but the light of a full African moon played restfully about the chief's dull gold forehead, over his snowy beard, by which men swear in Wadi Tadiet, and down to the silver and crimson of his curling-tied sandals, where they peered out one from under each of his knees.

A wealthy man, a kindly man, an artist and a prince of Southern Bohemians, is Haj El Maiben. A lover of beauty rather than a voluptuary, leaning in his tastes more to the Byzantine than the purely Moorish, the old chief is a devout Mohammedan, and a learned student of humanity in all its shades and grades.

We had been talking, since one of the chief's people had brought him a supply of coffee that evening, of the position and influence of Britishers in Western Africa. Haj El Maiben, with his people, had made several pilgrimages across the desert to the West Coast, and knew more of that ill-omened country before I was born, than I have learned since that event.

"When the white men in the river villages are cruel to the native folk, that is not good," said Haj El Maiben, in his low mellow tones. "But when they are kind, then for those that be women it is less good. Your countryman, Butler, George Butler of the great Liverpool house; you know him?"

I nodded. I had met George Butler when he was acting as Digby Farn's agent in Prowah. Then Haj El Maiben, laying down the mouthpiece of his great pipe, began to tell me of George Butler and his life in the oil rivers. To the music of the chief's voice, there was added the harmonious plashing and gurgling of the palm-shaded fountain in the courtyard below.

Haj El Maiben spoke English fluently, and with delightful quaintness. But it was not his habit to describe a spade as just a spade and nothing more, when he could hit upon any combination of words more vividly descriptive of that useful implement than its name. Men of the old chief's race waste so much time and breath over courtesy and such-like trifles. However, this is what Haj El Maiben told me that evening, though my words are not his words.

When George Butler first received his appointment from Messrs. Digby Farn & Co. to act as agent in Prowah, he was a young man, but I subsequently met him, but in the Warri River beach as assistant to a man called Braun.

After living in great luxury up to the age of two-and-twenty, George Butler had been called away from Oxford just before taking his degree, to attend the funeral of his father, who died by his own hand. The Butler family then found themselves suddenly penniless. The father's death, under the conditions of his will, as it did that of various other folk whom the dead man had brought to financial ruin. George Butler drove a cab for a fortnight, and thereby earned thirty-five shillings. His last fare was a director of Digby Farn's, and an acquaintance of the senior Butler's whom that deceased gentleman had never wronged. So young Butler was given a clerkship at Liverpool, and a few months later he landed from the steamship "Bonny" on Warri Beach, as assistant manager of the branch factory there.

He was fresh and clean, beautifully English, and full of enthusiastic intentions in the matter of proving that a man could keep himself in decent health on the Coast if he went the right way about it. Then, too, he had dewy, meadow-sweet notions about the irrepressible native, racial equality, and good, kindly foolery of that sort.

So Braun was rather startling to young Butler, Braun being an old Coast hand, an old oil-river man, a rather confirmed slave of the cocktail habit, and a beachcomber at heart. However, within the week George Butler had cheerfully decided to reform Braun. Braun heard this, not of course, and grinned. He might have let the young man down easily. But he did not.

Braun taught Butler to make cocktails, and at times—when the young man began to wake with the tired feeling that comes while the mangrove steam is drawing the sap out of English checks—to drink them. Then, on the second Sunday after Butler's arrival, Braun said:

"Oh, by the way, my son, how much longer are you going to wait away in single blessedness? Upon my soul, I'd forgotten all about it, but we haven't got you a wife yet. Orthodox thing in the rivers, you know. And here you're

wasting all your English freshness in 'bacheling'."

"Good God!" says Butler, doubtingless thinking of orange-blossom and cake. "I don't want to marry. And, besides, I couldn't afford it."

"Oh, marriage is not an expense in the rivers, my son. We marry for economy, and—comfort, you know. Take a house-keeper, and sack a servant. The conjugal felicity is a clear gift—make weight, you know. I'm going to take a new wife myself in a day or two. Tana Maan's getting fat and lazy. Tell your boys to bring your hammock round, and I'll take you up to the village. We'll look over the eligibles."

Butler was rather shocked at this, as the other man had known well he would be. Then the boy, being clean, run, and of good fibre, showed what he felt in the matter of the matter. And to do him justice he treated native women a good deal more fairly than do many white men.

"Good Lord, man!" he said, "you mustn't take things so plaguery seriously in this part of the world. A man's constitution can't stand it. You don't suppose it hurts a native girl to be a white man's wife for a year or so, before she takes to her family life with a man of her own color?"

"Well, anyhow, I don't want one to be my wife," said Butler. "So I won't bother coming."

"Oh, you'd better come. Might just as well see the village. We're supposed to make ourselves agreeable to the local and other natives, you know," said Braun, grinning, and quoting Digby Farn's words, "You mustn't offend them."

So Butler sent for his hammock, and Braun shook with unholly merriment, as he rummaged in the factory for a few Birmingham gewgaws to take to Warri village from white men's Warri, or the girls either, if you don't mix with 'em, you know."

It takes close on three hours to reach Warri village from white men's Warri, the beach, though the hammock-boys lope along at about five miles an hour. Approaching the village on this Sunday morning from the side nearest the river, Braun and Butler were surprised to find all the big camps deserted, and only a few old river-women and naked children wandering about among the trees. "Well, see when we get to Braun's. There's generally regular church parade about this time, and drum-beating and hair-curling, no end." Then, turning to the bearers, he added, "Go on one time, you boys. Take us for Chief Twaino's camp, huh?"

So the two hammocks were raised again, and went swaying on down the white main thoroughfare between the houses. "What's the matter with these poor old women?" asked Butler. The few women visible were all howling and wailing as they hobbled from hut to hut. And the very urchins, rolling listlessly about in the soft red dust, were whining, instead of laughing as their wont is.

"Don't know at all," said Braun, "unless it's a sacrifice day or something. Well, see when we get to Braun's. There's generally regular church parade about this time, and drum-beating and hair-curling, no end." Then, turning to the bearers, he added, "Go on one time, you boys. Take us for Chief Twaino's camp, huh?"

"Evidently isn't Twaino's at home day, anyhow," said Braun. "Hullo! There's one of his people lying down there by the palisade. Hey, you! Daddy! Come here!"

The old man wearing nothing but a strip of country cloth twisted round his shrivelled loins rose from out the dust beneath the rough palisading and hobbled up to Braun's hammock.

"Well, Daddy, how's things?" said Braun, as he lit a cheroot. The old man moaned and rocked his head to and fro. "You don't seem happy, Daddy. What's the trouble?"

"What?" moaned the old man. "La-ou-lay!"

"Lucid, isn't he?" said Braun, turning to Butler. "Look here, Daddy! Yew no be so foolish, yew sab. Where's Twaino, huh? What thing dem peep go do—dem Warri peep? Where the devil's anybody, anyhow, eh? Wake up, an' plover proper plover."

"Oh, Messah Braun, yew no sab Twaino's dead!"

"E bin dead—go foh 'evin. 'E go die 'as' thing."

"Great snakes! An' everybody—all peep go for bury him to-day, eh? No be true? Bury Twaino out by Ju-Ju house, eh?"

"Foh suah, Messah Braun, all peep 'e be gone foh bury Twaino." "By gad! Twaino dead! Well, well! Here's his place—honey for yew—Daddy! Come 'ere, Butler! By Jove! We must go to Twaino's funeral. He was the whitest native I ever met."

So once more the hammocks moved on, this time towards the Ju-Ju houses, which are situated on a little hill-top half a mile outside the village.

"Poor old Twaino!" said Braun as the hammock-bearers jogged along over the knotted plain roots and under trailing mangrove branches. "Black-water fever, I suppose. And it's only about a week since he came into power. His father killed him with a barrel of Hamburg gin from Marlowe and Green's factory. The old man wasn't used to gin. He'd been drinking nothing but Heidsieck and Monopole for years. Used to have two big cases every month from us. But Twaino—by gad! I'm sorry Twaino's gone. He was the finest specimen of a savage I've ever seen. He'd been in mission-school in his life, and straight as a die. He'd only two wives—two sisters they were, and daughters of a Benin chief. That was policy. He's been making hot love to Neyreela these six months, and they were to have been married in a week or two. I forgot, though, you never met Neyreela. She was born in Accra. You haven't seen that sort of native yet, or you wouldn't have got so cocksure of your wits as a house-keeper. Old Dr. Jessop brought her down here as a child from Accra three years ago, sick of a fever. Her father was a big chief, and killed in the Karela riots. Her mother was a queen, and died before. Old Jessop brought her up like a la—Hullo! Here we are. Jumping Jerusalem! What a turnout!"

The two white men in their hammocks had rounded the densely wooded crest of the little hill outside the town, and had reached the edge of the wide, open stretch on which stood the two Warri Ju-Ju houses, and the various sacred adjuncts—the Ju-Ju trees where executions

took place, the burial ground, the tabouling place, etc. As they mounted the hill the Englishmen had heard the confused hubbub of many voices raised in chants of mourning, the blaring of horns and the beating of drums. Now these combined sounds burst upon the new arrivals with a roar which made the hazy air vibrate. The very earth under the hammock-bearers' feet seemed to tremble. All Warri was assembled on the slope of the little hill. And savage lungs are powerful, if not remarkable for the production of melody. Twaino had been the most popular young chief in the rivers. Therefore, special tributes had to be offered up to Ju-Ju on the occasion of Twaino's going "foh 'evin."

Round about, on different parts of the hill-side, now less than half a mile from the beach, were burning, and sending up into the dancing heat-waves of the air solid columns of white, thickly scented smoke. Round each fire sat a ring of women mourners, beating drums, howling and lowering their tattooed foreheads to the dust. In the center of the semicircle formed by the twelve fires, and right before the chief Ju-Ju house, a great shallow pit had been dug, the mouth of which measured at least twenty feet either way. This was the grave of Twaino, Mawa San's successor, and a magnificent young barbarian.

The Englishmen, having left their hammocks, edged up as close as possible to the young chief's grave, all the savage assemblage being too fully occupied with the business in hand to notice or interfere with the men from the beach and the world beyond.

All the Ju-Ju men of Warri, and others from outlying villages, robed in pretty white and all of priestly dignity, were grouped about the mouth of the grave. All were chanting the most diabolical kind of dirge, and under their feet the earth ran blood. In the center of the grave lay dead Twaino, splendid in the richest of his finery, robed in finest country cloth and half-covered in coral and beaten gold ornaments. One dead hand clasped his sword—a Braun mungum produced the other—the chiefs staff. Round about the body were scattered pipes, bottles of wine, tobacco, spirits, weapons, food and personal belongings of every description. High up overhead carrion birds were wheeling and making shrill cries. For in the grave were the bodies of scores of kids, goats, fowls, and other animals whose throats had been slit by the Ju-Ju men.

The Englishmen saw a girl, tall, slight, and graceful as a panther, dart through the throng of white-robed priests and leap from its edge into the center of the grave.

"By God! it's Neyreela!" shouted Braun. And, Butler beside him, Digby Farn's agent elbowed through the crowd to the grave's brink.

A shrill, angry shout rose from the knot of white-robed priests and daughters, as they all seemed at one of the grave. These women hated Neyreela for various reasons. She was beautiful beyond the dreams of Warri River women; also, she had been brought up practically in the house of the white medicine man, and—she was Neyreela. For months she had been a very queen to their chief Twaino, whom any woman on the Warri River would have married at once.

The Ju-Ju men called for silence, but the anger of the womenfolk was persistent and its expression shrill.

"It's all right," murmured Braun, clutching his assistant's arm—Butler was on the point of springing after the girl. "By gad, they won't let her bury herself. Hark at the hags! they grudge her the honor. Neyreela's safe. Upon my soul I never should have thought she cared so much for Twaino. Anyhow, you see, you mustn't interfere. My son, Gad! they'd make cold meat of us both. Hey! stop it, you blithering idiot."

But already George Butler had laid hands on the sacred robes of the foremost Ju-Ju man, and was demanding the rescue of the girl in a queer mixture of ordinary and pidgin English, with a few stray words in the vernacular.

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At the end of two minutes the Ju-Ju men bowed to Butler, understanding not a word of his discourse. Slaves carried Neyreela out of the grave, and George Butler was bidden take the girl and himself outside the limits of the Ju-Ju ground; and that quickly, if he valued his life or wanted hers.

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But Butler, armed as he was with the courage of the man who does not know, swore vehemently that he would not leave the place till he saw the girl safe. Braun shrugged his shoulders, and followed his assistant from the sheer necessity of the thing. But he strode through the crowd, his fists clenched, his eyes blazing, and, possibly from astonishment at his daring, or possibly for some more subtle and less easily explained reason, the Ju-Ju men fell back on either side and made way for the youngster, whom any two of them might easily have torn in pieces.

"A very pretty little racial study," thought Braun, smiling in spite of his wrath.

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"My dear fellow, you wouldn't have me stand by and see a live girl buried?" "It's not your funeral. Good Lord! It's a custom of the country. What right have you to interfere with their religion? And to drag me into it, too! For a man who's keen on not taking a life in the rivers, you're run a fairly tight task for Neyreela, my son."

"Good heavens! You don't suppose—"

"Oh, not of course you didn't know she was a girl."

"Please understand me clearly, Braun," said Butler with sudden stiffness, "that neither her sex nor her color influenced me in any way. For sheer humanity's sake."

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Beyond this the doctor had in no way Anglicized or civilized the girl, save by the influence of his life and the life of his household. Perhaps this was one of the causes which led to Neyreela's developing from quite an ordinary Accra child into one of the most beautiful girls in Africa. Fifteen years of feminine growth made her a womanhood on the Coast.

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A WISE WOMAN

Always takes all possible precaution against the depredations of Moths when she packs away her Winter Clothing. The precautions don't cost much, for we sell

MOTH BALLS AT 20c. PER LB.
CAMPOR AT 10c. PER OUNCE
 and a few cents may save a fine Suit of Clothing.

Canada Drug & Book Co
 REVELSTOKE, B.C.

BORN.

LAWRENCE—At Revelstoke, on July 28th, to the wife of Thos. Lawrence, a son.

McCURRY—At Revelstoke, on 25th July, to Mr. and Mrs. F. McCarty, a son.

MARRIED

PROSSER-CARBY—At Revelstoke, on July 22nd, by Rev. Father Lardon, Charles A. Prosser and Miss Anna Carey, both of Nelson.

DIED.

CLARK—At Camboorne, on July 21st, Edward Clark of Camboorne, aged 54 years.

GIBSON—At Steveston, on July 27th, Charles H. Gibson, of Revelstoke, and Mrs. C. T. Diamond, of Camboorne, aged 65 years.

LOCALISMS

Register or be disfranchised.

Today is the 24th anniversary of the relief of Derry.

—Lime Juice at 50c. and \$1 a bottle, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

J. Theo. Wilson is acting as agent for the "Fraternal Eagle."

—G. B. Salted Almonds and Pea Nuts at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Thirteen more working days to register.

105 years ago come Saturday Nelson won the battle of the Nile.

—Fresh Fruits arriving daily at C. B. Hume & Co's.

M. A. Smith & Co. have moved into their new store on McKenzie ave.

The City Council will hold their regular meeting tomorrow evening.

Miss Frances Lawson is spending her holidays with friends at Kamloops.

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh passed through the city on Tuesday on route to the coast.

—R. Howson & Co. are displaying two handsome pianos in their furniture store.

Thos. Lawrence is receiving the congratulations of his friends at the birth of a fine son.

Congratulations to the Earl of Aberdeen who celebrates his 50th birthday on Monday.

—Large line of Fancy Rockers, Diners and upholstered goods at R. Aowson & Co's furniture store.

Dr. W. J. Harvey, the optical specialist, paid a professional visit here on Friday and Saturday.

C. H. Lawrence, of W. J. George's staff, left for Toronto on Monday morning on a purchasing trip.

O. D. Hoar, of Golden, spent a couple of days in the city last week on business. He returned home Sunday.

—G. B. Chocolates in the latest novelties of the confectioner's art, C. B. Hume & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Doyle left for a holiday trip to the coast on Saturday. They will be away about a week.

Campbell Sweeney, manager of the Bank of Montreal at Vancouver, passed through on Tuesday en route south.

Those twenty five cows held another meeting on Monday taking advantage of the noon hour. Where is the poundkeeper?

R. S. Wilson will put another storey on his store next the Taylor Block and probably make its frontage conform with the latter.

The annual meeting of the directors and subscribers to the Royal Victoria Hospital will be held on Monday, August 3rd.

—Call and hear the Cecilia play the most beautiful music on the Heintzman piano at R. Howson & Co's furniture store.

The old Pacific Tea Co. building has been purchased by John Loughton and placed behind the Union hotel for use as a wash room.

J. D. Sibbald returned to McCullough creek on Friday morning. He intended to start operating the giant on the hydraulic claims on Saturday.

Don't forget the Conservative primary conventions on Saturday, August 5th. The meeting for Revelstoke city will be held in Selkirk Hall.

The Eagles meet tonight and several members will be initiated. All brethren requested to attend as business of importance will be disposed of.

It is rumoured that the ladies do not want the stern sex to monopolize all the fun. A bevy of sweet damsels will shortly organize a basket ball club.

J. J. Lynch left on Saturday for a holiday trip to the coast and south cities. While away he will attend the Grand Lodge of the Eagles which opened in Victoria on Monday.

Conservative Headquarters, Selkirk hall.

—Dr. W. J. Curry, resident dentist, Taylor Block.

J. A. Darragh arrived in town last evening.

—Read C. B. Hume & Co.'s advt. on first page.

Jas. Hathaway, of 19 Mile, came to town yesterday afternoon and returns home tomorrow.

Owing to No. 2 being 14 hours late the Herald has not received its usual Victoria letter.

Mrs. Ann Gill, aged 101 years, died in Vancouver on Thursday last and was buried there on Saturday.

Louis Melville returned from Toronto last evening, to which place he accompanied the remains of the late Mrs. J. J. Foley.

J. H. Armstrong has moved his shoe-maker's shop to the store on Victoria Road formerly occupied by M. A. Smith & Co.

—Heard on the street:—"Say, have you seen John E. Woods new stock of Furniture?" "No!" "Well go and take a look at it—it's a peach."

Two lots have been purchased by the trustees of the Presbyterian Church near that edifice and a manse will shortly be erected thereon.

—The Ladies' Hospital Guild held a meeting in Selkirk Hall on Tuesday afternoon when arrangements were made for the lawn social, noted elsewhere.

—LOST—On Sunday afternoon, between McKenzie Ave. and Front Street, a Singer Sewing Machine Receipt Book. Finder please return to Horace Manning, McKenzie Ave.

There will be a special meeting of the Ladies' Guild of the Hospital Saturday afternoon at three o'clock in the Hospital, to have a final settlement of business for the year.

The "Goat," old 151, turned upside down in the round house the other evening. It raised a kick because it couldn't get off to join the Eagles. Its services would have been invaluable.

Mrs. Crick, mother of A. G. and P. Crick of this city, came to town yesterday from Nelson on a visit to her sons.

She will leave this evening for Kamloops to spend some time with other members of the family.

Bob Gordon got off a good thing at the Lacrosse dance. There was a goal net stretched across the stage to which he raised an objection. When asked why he said, "Why isn't that supposed to stop the ball?"

Messrs. McGoldrick, McCarthy and Full, prominent eastern lumbermen, are out here looking over the country with a view to investing in timber limits, etc. They left for the south Tuesday morning and will inspect various portions of the Lardeau.

A man named William Simpson was drowned in the North Thompson on Saturday. He was riding one of his team to water when the horse being unused to being ridden, reared up and fell over backwards throwing Simpson into deep water.

A joint stock company with a capital of \$25,000, is about to be formed to undertake the erection of a new County Orange Hall on the site recently purchased by that order, the corner of Hastings street and Gore avenue, Vancouver.

Macdonald and Monteith will open their new store, corner Connaught Ave. and First street, early next week. They will carry a full line of groceries and gent's furnishings and cater to the most fastidious. Watch their ad next issue.

—James Hathaway, the road-house keeper of 19 Mile, has taken up a pack horse for the convenience of those who wish to visit Lardeau and surrounding creeks. This will be much appreciated as it will save the necessity of taking a horse from Revelstoke.

Everybody should go to the Opera House tonight to hear J. M. McCloskey, the blind miner. He will be assisted by Mr. Shearer, a recent arrival from Scotland, who is one of the best pianists ever favoring a Revelstoke audience with selections.

A wiper, named A. Ferguson, was somewhat severely injured at Field the other day. He was struck in the base of the brain and was "for some days" delirious. He has since been removed to Golden hospital where the physician states that his wound, though very severe is not necessarily fatal.

Much sympathy is felt with Mrs. H. E. R. Smythe of this city and Mrs. T. T. Diamond of Camboorne at the death of their father, Mr. C. H. Gibson, who died at Steveston on Monday last. The deceased gentleman was well known all over the province having been in the employ of the C.P.R. since its inception. He was located first at Silver City about 1883, and afterwards was for many years agent at Port Moody. Upon the completion of the Lulu Island branch he became agent at Steveston, where he died.

The committee wish to extend their hearty thanks to the ladies who provided the refreshments, to the band who made a liberal donation from their fee to the club, and to this paper for provision of programmes. Last, but not least, they wish to thank the public for their generous patronage.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Martin has delivered judgment in an important mining suit involving the question of title to the Hestegrove mineral claim, which is one of the rich Triune group in the Lardeau.

Ferguson was the prior locator and the ground was three days later staked by P. C. Elliott, solicitor of Trout Lake City, on behalf of Chas. Abramson, of this city, who later transferred his interests to Ole Sandberg.

The action was tried before Mr. Justice Martin at Nelson in May last and judgment was reserved on the question of whether a No. 2 post planted in a glacier was a legal post.

The learned judge has dismissed the action with costs, holding that Ferguson's staking was valid.

S. S. Taylor, K. C., and P. C. Elliott appeared for the plaintiff and W. A. Macdonald, K. C., and G. S. McCarter appeared for the defendant, Ferguson.

An interesting action was tried at Greenwood last week before County Judge Loomy and a jury.

A party named H. Massey sued the Yule Columbia Lumber Company, Limited, for \$1000 damages for wrong-

INTO THE NEW CITY BUILDING

Moved the Civic Officials Last Week—Good Accommodation for Transaction of Business—Police Office.

Late last week contractor P. Agren had sufficiently proceeded with work on the new city hall to enable the clerk and his assistant to move into the commodious offices prepared for them. As fully described in the Herald at the time the plans were prepared, the city clerk and treasurer's offices are on the ground floor of the building, and are reached by the door on the right hand side of the entrance to the council chamber and mayor's office upstairs. Though no special entrance is reserved for the blatted capitalists who require to swell the city revenue by taxes and license fees they are perfectly at liberty to enter any old door they like and find their way to Mr. Floyd's room at the back where he will meet them with a sympathetic smile—and a book of receipts. In the main office Mr. C. J. Annan presides over a number of massive tables and keeps a Sherlock Holmes eye on the safe which looms out Tantalus-like for all and sundry to gaze upon. A fine tracing of the official map adorns the wall and anyone undecided where he is at may find out immediately by referring to it.

In the case of family troubles, lost dogs, or any other matter requiring the attention of the boys in blue the trembling suppliant must enter by the left door, for there, in a compartment specially reserved for the police force, Chief Bath will whisper words of comfort to the weeping one's ear. When the chief gets back from his mining trip it is expected that gold lies, in addition to brass buttons, will be placed under tribute to support the majesty of the law.

As is only fitting His Worship the Mayor will take up his official residence in the late sanctum sanctorum of the pedagogue and can be visited there by those wishing to see him on civic business. His office is in what a stage manager would describe as the front centre of the upper register, and he will have plenty of light at his disposal to throw on the complicated government of Revelstoke.

The council chamber occupies the balance of the upper floor, and will hold all the councillors, and a good sized audience. There is a platform at the end where His Worship will adorn the centre, supported on one side by the clerk and solicitor, and on the other, would you believe it by representatives of the press. On a slightly lower level, as is right and proper, the aldermen will put their feet under the mahogany and it is probable that with Law at the head and Foster at the tail the aldermen reclining gracefully around the festive board—nothing will happen to mar the peace of civic solemnities. It has not been decided whether a barrier will be erected to keep out intruders, and stray dogs, but that will be taken into consideration on Friday. It may be the new hall of legislation will not be ready for occupancy on that date, but already a general sprucing up is noticeable among the duly elected city fathers.

One word in conclusion. Don't mix up the offices. Tom Bain might grab at your last dollar, but he is not to be ready for occupancy on that date, but already a general sprucing up is noticeable among the duly elected city fathers.

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SUCCESSFUL LACROSSE DANCE

The Shirt Waist dance given under the auspices of the Lacrosse Club at the opera house on Monday evening was a success from every point of view. Music, attendance, and the floor, were all satisfactory and the boys must have netted a nice sum as the result of their enterprise.

The decorations in the club colours, green and white, were as good as ever seen in the city, and the committee in charge, Messrs. Roy Smythe, T. McVillie, H. Woods and A. H. Hyatt, deserve every commendation for the success which crowned their efforts. About 150 attended, and the dance, programme of 20 numbers, with three supper extras, filled in the time until the early hours of the morning. The Independent Band supplied the music and that it was most satisfactory was evidenced by the crowded floor for every number. Miss Loretta Garvin and Mrs. C. J. Wilkes played the extras, the former proving herself one of the best pianists ever visiting the city.

The committee wish to extend their hearty thanks to the ladies who provided the refreshments, to the band who made a liberal donation from their fee to the club, and to this paper for provision of programmes. Last, but not least, they wish to thank the public for their generous patronage.

Sandberg v Ferguson

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HEAR J. M. McCLOSKEY.



The Blind Miner

Songs Music Recitations

Everyone Come

Admission 50 Cents

OPERA HOUSE, TO-NIGHT.

ful dismissal claiming that he and his wife had been hired as cooks at Dendwood for a year. The trial lasted two days and resulted in a verdict for the Company, the action being dismissed with costs. Hallet & Shaw of Greenwood appeared for Massey, and G. S. McCarter for the Company.

Comaplix Cullings

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Mrs. J. A. Darragh came in from Revelstoke on Thursday to visit her husband, returning home Saturday.

Mrs. Flynn and family are staying here spending a short time with Mr. Flynn, millwright.

W. E. Devereux, P.L.S., has moved to Benton.

Thursday night's storm broke the Harbor Lumber Co's boom and the logs started for Arrowhead. As the steamer Archer was under repair the blonde, belonging to the Arrowhead Lumber Co. was pressed into service.

P. Ogle spoke on Saturday evening in front of the Lardeau hotel to a small audience.

Wm. Price is in Camboorne building a residence for C. T. Diamond.

Mining Recorder, Sumner was here Monday on official business.

J. M. McCloskey, the blind entertainer, gave a fine programme in the parlors of the Lardeau hotel at the beginning of the week.

Revelstoke Election District

Notice of Date of Public Meetings for the Election of Delegates to the Nominating Convention.

Supporters of the Liberal-Conservative party will hold public meetings at the following named places in Revelstoke Election District on Saturday August 3th, 1903, for the purpose of electing delegates to a convention to be held at Revelstoke, in the rooms of the Revelstoke Liberal-Conservative Club, on Saturday, August 15th, 1903, at 8:30 o'clock p.m.

No of Delegates to be elected	
Arrowhead	2
Beaton	2
Big Bend	2
Camboorne	5
Clanwilliam and Sawmill	1
Comaplix	2
Colfield	2
Clacier	1
Colfield	2
Halcyon, St. Leon and Pingston Creek	1
Illecillewaet and Albert Canyon	1
Revelstoke	12
Wigwam and Camp Four	1
Total	32

The delegates to the convention will nominate a candidate for the Legislative Assembly to contest Revelstoke election district in the interests of the Liberal-Conservative party.

The chairman of the public meetings shall issue credentials to the delegates elected.

JOHN HOLSTON, President of the Liberal-Conservative Union of British Columbia.

Dated at Revelstoke July 25th, 1903.

TENDERS WANTED.

Sealed tenders addressed to The Manager, Imperial Bank of Canada—Revelstoke, B.C., for the erection of a combined banking office and residence at Revelstoke will be received up to and including Saturday, 8th August 1903. For full information, plans, specifications etc., apply to the undersigned. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Attest: J. H. P. S., Manager.

Revelstoke, B.C., 25th July 1903.

REVELSTOKE SCHOOL BOARD.

The institution of a High School in Revelstoke being under consideration, parents and guardians of a city, and from outside points, are requested to send to the undersigned the names of any children eligible for admission thereto, and who would be willing to attend.

H. FLOYD, Secretary Revelstoke School Board.

100 YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

WANTED, to attend our School and prepare for an office position, paying not less than \$5 per month, we to place you inside of 30 days after graduating. Write for particulars. VANCOUVER BUSINESS COLLEGE, LIMITED, P.O. Box 314, Vancouver, B.C.

CARPENTERS.

Good Carpenters wanted immediately. Apply to L. A. FRETZ, FIRST ST.

FOR

RHUBARB GOOSEBERRIES RED CURRANTS BLACK CURRANTS WHITE CURRANTS HOME GROWN TOMATOES CUCUMBERS ETC., ETC., GO TO J. MALEYS STORE, SECOND STREET.

THE LEADING STORE

HAVING PURCHASED THE DRY GOODS, Men's furnishings, Boots and Shoes, etc., I am prepared to make you the best possible bargains in these lines, and beg to solicit a continuance of the patronage extended to the old firm.

New Goods Are Arriving

AND BEING OPENED UP AS FAST AS POSSIBLE

A visit to Our Stores and an inspection of the new goods is particularly requested.

W. J. GEORGE, MACKENZIE AVENUE.

..Furniture..

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, PICTURE FRAMING, UPHOLSTERING, CABINET MAKING, ALL KINDS OF REPAIR WORK.

TO YOUNG PEOPLE WISHING TO GET MARRIED

But not having the necessary funds to furnish a home with, come along to us and we will furnish it for you. By paying a few dollars per month, you will gradually become the owner of it. You will have a nicely furnished home and something to look at for your money, instead of spending it foolishly.

John E. Wood, REVELSTOKE FURNITURE STORE.

In Your Hands...

You want to get the Goods in your hands to be able to judge their quality.

It is impossible to do this when you buy the ready-made clothing; so that is one distinct advantage in having us make your clothes.



We carry a stock complete in every particular. See us about your DRESS SUIT.

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS TO ORDER.

J. B. CRESSMAN, - Mackenzie Ave.

Lillooet, Fraser River and Cariboo Gold Fields, Ltd.

In Liquidation.

List of Properties to be Sold by Private Tender, Pursuant to Directions of the Liquidators.

Trout Lake Mining Division.

Alpha Group, better known as the "Broadview Group," comprising 9 Crown-granted mineral claims situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, near Illecillewaet, B.C.

Parties desiring to put in a tender for any one or more of the above mentioned properties should have their engineer "on the ground" and examinations made without delay.

Further particulars and conditions of sale and forms of tender (which are to be sent in not later than the 15th of August, 1903.) may be obtained gratis of the liquidators, College Hill Chambers, College Hill, London, E.C., and J. V. Armstrong, Revelstoke, British Columbia.

Dated June 15th, 1903.

"North Star" mineral claims, together with the buildings and equipment thereon.

Boundary District.

The "Neta" mineral claim, Crown-granted, situated in what is known as "Brown's Camp," and the "Queen of Spades," mineral claim, Crown-granted, situated in what is known as "Central Camp."

Illecillewaet Mining Division.

The Lanark Group, comprising 1 Crown-granted mineral claims, situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, near Illecillewaet, B.C.

Parties desiring to put in a tender for any one or more of the above mentioned properties should have their engineer "on the ground" and examinations made without delay.

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Dated June 15th, 1903.