THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol. XIV: NO. 7 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1903 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

MAIL ORDERS. WRITE FOR SAMPLES

POLICY OF OUR STORE

This Store's Policy is based on the theory that it pays to be exactly honest. We want your confidence. Our instructions to our clerks is not to misrepresent goods to sell them. True, some things may not turn out as we expect them to. We want a chance to make it right.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

No one questions our leadership in this Department. We are daily adding novelty and delicacies besides carrying everything in Staples.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT

Here you will find as well a large stock of

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES
MINERS' "
CONTRACTORS "
BOAT "
CAMP "
TENTS, etc.

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT

Always adding something new. Our New Fall Stock will soon arrive and our showing of novelties will far surpass anything we have ever shown before.

DRYGOODS DEPARTMENT

Always something new and fresh to show. Ladies' Wash Silk Gloves, New Laces and Embroidery, Muslin Underwear, Fancy Plaid Silks.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS DEPARTMENT

New and Nobby Shirts, Novelties in Neckwear, Fancy Hosiery, Collars, Cuffs, Sleeping Suits, Night Dresses, Umbrellas, Trunks and Grips.

DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY

You know our standing here. We still have some Summer Millinery to clear and Miss Ward is back from her holidays and ready to take any special orders you may favor her with.

A FEW SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY

Marshall's Scotch Herrings in Shrimp Sauce. Reg. 25c. Friday's price..... 15c

A line of Men's Fancy Shirts. Regular $1.25 and $1.50. Friday's price..... 85c

A Nice Ladies' Summer Vest Regular 40c. Friday's price..... 25c

See the Bargains Ticketed in the Store.

C. B. HUME & Co.
REVLSTOKE, B. C.

U.S. INVESTORS WELL PLEASED

With the Prospects of McCullough Creek—Big Dividends Assured — Coarse Gold in Quantities.

That the hydraulic placers of the Big Bend are very favorably looked upon by outside capitalists is well known and recent developments on McCullough creek, in particular, show that their confidence has not been misplaced. The recent showings on the property of the McCullough Creek Hydraulic Mining Company more than evidence the fact that its owners have very valuable ground which will reap them a rich reward in dividends.

Capt. C. O. Flynn, a prominent shareholder in the company mentioned recently paid a visit to the creek and upon his return to Duluth, where many prominent stock owners reside, gave the following interview to the Duluth Sunday "Tribune":

"Captain C. O. Flynn returned yesterday from an extended trip to the Pacific coast, and among other places visited the property of the Revelstoke & McCullough Creek Hydraulic Mining company, in the Big Bend country, Western Kootenay district.

"A very large amount of the stock of this company is owned in Duluth and Hibbing; in fact, practically all of it outside of interests held in the region where the property is located. It is a hydraulic gold mining proposition, and Mr. Flynn says that it is creating a sensation on the coast. He says that the first clean-up will take place in about ten days or two weeks.

"J. D. Sibbald, who is well known in Duluth mining circles, is manager. All of the stock that was for sale was disposed of here in Duluth and at Hibbing last winter, and Captain Flynn says that this was once that the Duluth crowd, who have had hard luck with gold propositions as a rule, will make a good winning."

The result of Capt. Flynn's report to the shareholders has been that all the stock has been withdrawn from the market, the present owners believing they have too good a thing to let any others share the profits.

Mr. Sibbald came down from McCullough creek on Tuesday and brought about six ounces of gold picked up by him on bed rock. One nugget weighed more than an ounce and is valued at $22. There was a slight delay when water was first turned on owing to insufficient anchorage of the pipe line but this has been attended to and washing is proceeding well. The HERALD will be informed of the result of any clean up at the earliest possible moment.

Labor Day Sports

The Mayor has kindly consented to call a public meeting at No. 2 firehall on Monday evening next to arrange for a celebration in Revelstoke on Labor Day, and probably the following day. All those interested in securing the success of the affair are urgently requested to attend. The Machinists and I.O.O.F. have already taken the matter up and it is probable that every fraternal society and trades union in the city will give a helping hand. There is no reason why a record breaking attendance should not be secured. As Labor Day is a Dominion holiday all stores, shops and the banks will be closed and an attractive programme will secure a large attendance from outside points.

A Brutal Attack

The HERALD extends its sympathy to the Rev. Mr. Calder and Mrs. Pettipiece who were so unfairly and brutally attacked by a coward who signed a letter in the last issue of the Kootenay Mail under the nom de plume "One who is Thankful." The author of the letter, however, in the opinion of a large proportion of the citizens of this city, is not so much to blame as the editor who published it without demanding that, if inserted at all, it be over the signature of the writer. It is certainly a duty the editor of the Mail owes to this city to see to it that the author's name be given and an apology from himself for permitting the letter to appear without such signature.

Living Canada Entertainment.

On Thursday and Friday next will be seen at the Revelstoke Opera house the finest series of living pictures ever presented in Canada. The views will be exhibited by the Bioscope Co of London, England, and are direct from the Palace Theatre, London. The Victoria Colonist says:

"There have been many bioscope exhibitions in Victoria in the past few years, but it can be said without any fear of contradiction that no animated pictures have been shown here at all comparable with those given last night at the Victoria theatre. The pictures produced are life-sized and beautifully clear, without any blur or flickering of light on the canvas. It is an exceptionally fine show in every particular; indeed, so far as bioscopes go, the animated pictures of 'Living Canada,' together with the many other beautiful life-like scenes from other portions of the world, stand in a category by themselves."

SUCCESSFUL UNION PICNIC

Revelstoke Deserted on Wednesday, the Occasion of the First Union Sunday School Picnic—Everyone Pleased.

The biggest excursion that ever left the city boarded No. 2 yesterday morning for Albert Canyon, the occasion being the first annual union picnic of the Sunday schools in the city. Every youngster in town was given a free ride and at least three hundred boys and girls today are thinking with pleasure of the good time just gone. In addition to the children over three hundred adults took in the excursion, and all give unstinted praise to the committee in charge and the ladies who looked after the wants of the inner man. The Independent band was in attendance and enlivened the proceedings, at frequent intervals, with musical selections.

The day was a perfect one, and there is no need to enlarge upon the many attractions of Albert Canyon. A short stop was made at Greeley creek to pick up a few passengers, and the train arrived at the Canyon shortly after ten. The children marched in a body from the city hall, shortly before 8 o'clock, Rev. C. A. Procunier leading the procession. The Presbyterian school banner was the principal feature, outside the happy faces of the youngsters, who looked forward to a good day's fun. And they were not disappointed. The time until noon was spent in usual picnic fashion, the mineral spring being reserved for the ladies until two o'clock. Many budding Aphrodites took advantage of the occasion and, although they found a mouthful of the water rather unpleasant, the unique attraction in B. C. of a practically cold mineral spring received due meed of attention. After two, Tom, Dick and Harry had their innings at the bath and enjoyed it immensely.

At high noon came lunch. Ample provision had been made for the occasion, and the ladies had more than generously gauged even the picnic appetite of Revelstoke. In fact, some of the small boys, and it may be even hinted some small girls, did credit to their ancestors in ability to consume provisions. It put one in mind of the old time description of a well dined alderman:

"His stomach filled from every dish;
The tomb of boiled and roast, of flesh and fish.
Where pie and pudding, sweet and acid jar;
And all the man is one intestine war."

Of course the "grown ups" were more sedate in mien, but they seemed to enjoy the affair in every way. Every Jack boasting a Jill was along and if the trees of the leafy glades could only speak many are the whispered tales of ardent devotion they would apprise us of. Beauty in summer attire was there in profusion and the dainty demoiselles seemed even lovelier amid the setting of mountain and valley, meadow land and river, which in picturesque beauty is a worthy successor of the forest of Arden, beloved of Rosalind. But it's not right to tell tales out of school, so anxious mammas will never know from the HERALD how many Chloes and Phyllises promised to make their swains happy amid the romantic scenery of Albert Canyon.

But this did not interest the kiddies. They wanted more boisterous excitement, and had it. Race after race, of all kinds and conditions, was arranged to meet the varied sprinting of both boys and girls and it is hard to find today in the city a youngster who did not obtain a prize in one or the other. After each race a rush was made to Horace Manning's fruit stand and he did a most thriving business with the lucky competitors, and others. To sum up, all went intending to make the occasion memorable for the children, and, in doing so, somewhat unconsciously succeeded in having the time of their life themselves.

Every good thing must come to an end, however, and shortly before six the whistle of No. 1 that was to bring the excursionists home was heard, and quickly "All aboard" called them into the cars and a start was made for Revelstoke which was reached about seven. Everything went off like a charm, and it is gratifying to know that the true Christian spirit, shown in organizing the picnic, met its reward in demonstrating that, after all, dogmatic differences and theological divergence can be laid aside for the time being and bring all creeds and classes together in what will certainly become the most important annual fixture in Revelstoke.

The committee was indefatigable in seeing that everyone enjoyed themselves, and the HERALD voices the sentiments of the community in thanking them for their hard work and tendering the heartiest congratulations on its immense success. The citizens of Albert Canyon also deserve thanks for the large amount of work they did in clearing up the picnic grounds for the excursionists and Roadmaster Newman, who had the yard in perfect condition.

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTIONS

As will be seen by an advertisement on our editorial page, on Saturday evening next the elected delegates of Revelstoke electoral district will meet in Selkirk hall to nominate a candidate for the Provincial election to be held on October 5lst. That such candidate will carry the banner to victory is conceded on all sides as the revolutionary principles of Socialism and the factionalism of the Liberals preclude the possibility of either of these parties succeeding, even if their supporters decide to put up men to be knocked down on Hallowe'en. The Conservative party, however, stand united on a platform that does not change with every breeze, and one that will be acceptable, we are sure, to a large majority of the electorate. The duty of the convention will, therefore, be an easy one. There is ample material from which to choose a man having the *confidence* of a large majority of the voters. He must be a man well known all over the riding, acquainted by personal visitation with the necessities of all parts of it, well versed in the public improvements necessary, and, more than all, broad minded enough to consider from an unbiased standpoint questions of interest to the Province at large. He must not be limited by parochial politics, but be prepared to exercise an even measure of justice from Cranbrook to Chilkat and Hector to Cape Scott. We have no fear that such a man will be chosen, and the HERALD congratulates him in advance as being the surely successful candidate who will form one of a solid body of at least thirty that the morning of November 1st will present to the Dominion as the men who will free British Columbia from political bastardism, forming stable government under the party that made Canada what it is today. Similar conventions will be held in nearly every part of the Province and the banner of victory planted by Sir John A. Macdonald in Victoria will again be unfurled there, guarding provincial government, to remain firmly shining as the lode star of the people for many years to come.

The local delegates were elected at meetings held all over the riding on Saturday last, and the following gentlemen will represent the city: Messrs. Thos. Sweeney, F. Young, A. Johnson, W. S. Newman, A. J. McDonell, C. M. Field, J. M. Scott, Horace Manning, Chas. Holten, W. M. Brown, Theo. J. Wadman and W. A. Foote. Camborne delegates are J. A. Darragh, James Lade, Clarence McDowell, R. Gunn and C. Scott, and Beaton will end T. W. Graham and Malco in Beaton. The Big Bend will record its votes through Messrs. J. D. Sibbald and H. Donnelly and every other part will send its quota to the convention. We are sure these gentlemen on Saturday evening will choose a candidate acceptable to every part of the district.

THOUGHT TO BE HOMICIDE

Charles Timmins Under Arrest, Suspected of Being Concerned in the Death of Frank Stewart, a Wiper

Charles Timmins, a brakesman, was arrested about 1 p.m. today being suspected of having caused the death of Frank Stewart, a wiper in the shops. It appears, that, about 6:30 a.m., the two went into the Climax hotel and had several drinks. They got skylarking with one another and deceased is stated to have fallen during the scuffle. The proprietor, seeing that Stewart was the worse for liquor, took him into the back room and put him in a chair believing that a sleep would revive him. Shortly afterwards a man passing through the room noticed something strange in his appearance and investigation proved that he was dead. Dr. Cross was summoned but could do nothing and, as coroner, ordered his removal to the morgue. An inquest will be held this evening or tomorrow. The body does not show much external evidence of injury, although there are several abrasions of the skin. Pending a post mortem, Timmins has been arrested as stated above and will be formally charged if such examination shall disclose evidence of his complicity in the death. Frank Stewart has only been in the city some two or three weeks, having been engaged in Minneapolis to come here as typewriter for the Harbor Lumber Co. Upon his arrival he began drinking heavily and quit his position as he could not fulfill the duties he was called upon to perform. He at once secured a position as wiper in the shops but had been drinking heavily for several days. Until recently he boarded at the Queen's hotel, but left there for the City restaurant where he purchased a meal ticket a couple of days ago. He was there at supper last night, very much the worse for liquor, but his movements between that time and death have not yet been definitely ascertained.

Timmins is well known in this city and came here with his wife a few days ago, the latter being a guest of Mrs. G. H. Brock. It appears that he had some trouble regarding his duties, the C.P.R. wanting him to take up his residence here and his wife came to stay in the city for a few days pending the result of the investigation. He reached Mr. Brock's house about 9 a.m. this morning, somewhat the worse for liquor, and was asleep when acting Chief of Police Shaw went there and arrested him.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to convey to many friends who tendered kindness to my late father during his illness my heartfelt thanks for their solicitude.

RICHARD H. RAMSEY.

IRISH LAND BILL PASSED

Lords Amendments Accepted by Commons — Fearful Accident in Paris—Pope's Coronation—Other Telegraphic News.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—The House of Commons today accepted the amendments made to the Irish Land Bill by the House of Lords, except two. It is believed the Lords will accept the bill in its present form.

PARIS, Aug. 11.—Upwards of 90 are known to have lost their lives in a fire and panic in the underground portion of the Metropolitan Electric Railway last evening.

ROME, Aug. 9.—The ceremony of the Coronation of Pius X took place today in the Basilica of St. Peters in the presence of the Princes and high dignitaries of the church, diplomatists and Roman nobles, with all the solemnity and splendor of the most magnificent rite of the Roman Catholic church.

TORONTO, Aug. 12.—Irondequoit, the American challenger for the Canada cup, won the fourth race of the series today, defeating Strathcona by one minute and five seconds. Each boat has now two races to her credit. The final will be sailed to-morrow.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Aug. 12.—The hurricane which struck Jamaica on Monday did damage which it will take years to repair. The loss is estimated in the millions. Every banana plantation in the eastern half of the island has been destroyed.

The Late Richard Ramsey.

The many friends of Richard Ramsey were shocked to hear of his death early on Saturday morning, as, although he had been sick for some time, the fatal termination was not anticipated. Mr. Ramsey was 66 years of age at the time of his death and was a native of Dublin, Ireland. He settled in Revelstoke about 16 years ago, being one of the pioneers, but latterly had lived on his ranche to the south of the city. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, the services being conducted by Rev. C. E. Procunier. The body was first taken to St. Peter's church, where the beautiful Anglican ritual for burial was read. The choir were present and contributed the following hymns, "Oh, God our Help in Ages Past," "When our Heads are Bowed With Woe" and "Abide With Me." As the body left the church the organist played the "Dead March" in Saul. The following gentlemen acted as pall bearers. Messrs. F. McCarty, J. M. Kellie, J. Caley, A. Cowie, P. Kennedy and W. Dickie. On the arrival at the cemetary the last sad rites were performed, Rev. Mr. Procunier reading the concluding prayers of the service, and the remains were deposited in the grave.

Mr. Ramsey was a well known and highly esteemed citizen and much sympathy is felt for his son, Mr. Richard H. Ramsey.

NATAL ACT MAY BE PERMITTED

To Remain in Force—False Representations by Japan—A Discussion on the Lead Bounty.

(From Our Own Correspondent.

OTTAWA, Aug. 8.—It is very probable that the Immigration Act passed by the British Columbia legislature will be allowed to continue in force. In conversation with a member of the government today I learned that the representations made by Messrs. Wilson and Green are receiving careful consideration. It appears that the Federal authorities are somewhat staggered at the evidence produced by the B.C. ministers as to the influx of Japanese into that province, having previously taken for granted the statement of Consul General Nosse that such immigration had been prohibited by Imperial decree. It now appears, and the provincial delegation proved the matter to the hilt, that Japs have shipped from the Orient to Honolulu, San Francisco and Puget Sound points and then transhipped to steamers landing them in B. C. This procedure disguises their real starting point and thus on paper obeys the Japanese decree. No final action has been taken yet but the Dominion government realize that B. C. has made a first class case.

There was an animated discussion in the House on Thursday when the item for the proposed lead bounty came up. In the course of the debate W. A. Galliher was forced to admit that a majority of the mine owners wanted a protective duty instead. Mr. Pope got after him quickly and read a resolution of the Rossland Liberal Association asking for the duty and also the resolution of the B.C. Legislature. He also read from Mr. Galliher's budget speech showing that the Yale-Cariboo member at that time advocated protection for the lead industry equal to that imposed by the Dingley tariff. The item, however, passed.

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Ready Mixed Paints. Try Our Dry Paints.

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 Parasols	Sale Price $1.00
Children's Fancy Parasols	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, 36 inches	Sale Price 7c. per yard
Pillow Cottons, 44 in.	Sale Price 12½c. per yard
Bleached Sheeting	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. $4 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 Bracketts & 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. SNAPS! SNAPS! 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:

"To actively aid in the construction of trails throughout the undeveloped portions of the province and the building of provincial trunk roads of public necessity.

"To adopt the principle of 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 of the province control of rates over lines bonused, together with the option of purchase.

"To actively assist by state aid in the development of the agricultural resources of the province.

2. 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.

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

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

5. That a portion of every coal area 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.

6. That in 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.

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

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

9. 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.

10. 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.

11. 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.

Revelstoke School Board NOTICE.

The school vacation will be extended to Monday, August 17th.

H. FLOYD,
Secretary.

THE CRY FOR JESUS.

Harry Moore Lowry, Pastor Baptist Church of the Redeemer, New York City.

Sir, we would see Jesus.—John, xii., 21.

The East came to the cradle of Christ, the West came to His cross. The Magi and the Greeks represent that enlightened religious instinct which, dissatisfied with that which can not feed the soul, is able to rise above previous education and prejudice and seek the gratification of its deepest needs and its highest aspirations wherever that gratification may be found.

These who thus came to Christ stood for that large number of Greeks, so frequently alluded to, who, perceiving the vanity of popular religion, turned to something more satisfying, and found in the synagogue service of the Jews something which appealed to the cravings of that instinct for God which all men possess. Attaching themselves more or less to Judaism, without submitting to the religious rites necessary to give them full standing, they came to Jerusalem to worship the God in whom they had come to believe. Here they put themselves in communication with one of the disciples of Jesus and request an interview with the man who has created so great a stir in the popular mind.

Their action may well be regarded by us as suggesting the cry of an enlightened religious instinct for the personal Christ.

Mere curiosity may prompt such a cry.

Now, as then, Jesus Christ is the problem of the ages. He is a personality that must be explained; a force that must be accounted for. This man, whom millions love and no one hates, thrusts Himself before us in such a way that life is entirely changed for us after we meet Him. "By what authority doest thou these things?" is a question we must have answered for the sake of our own peace of mind. "What shall I do with Jesus?" is the inquiry of a soul who is confronted by this perplexing personality, this masterful man. The age of inquiry in which we live finds its curiosity baffled by this teacher, whose character defies human analysis, whose truth transcends human philosophies and whose influence is more living, more personal, more powerful in each succeeding age. Eager to know what God would have us do and be, we turn from all else to Jesus, in the hope that at last we can find an authority upon which we can rest.

Appreciation may lead us to Him. Beyond mere curiosity a soul has come to know enough of Jesus to make him feel that life offers nothing better than the study of this character and life. Moral beauties disclose themselves in such a way as to charm us. We are fascinated by His graciousness, subdued by His tenderness, moved by His love. We cease to wonder why it is that those who reject Him vie with those who accept Him in laying their tribute of admiration at His feet, and can understand how it is that even an infidel can find the life of Jesus his highest theme and greatest satisfaction.

The motive which draws us to Jesus may be even deeper than these. There may be a strong personal desire on our part for Jesus because He has wooed and won us. We hold Him not at arms' length; we look not at Him in the spirit of inquiring criticism; we treat Him not as something outside of ourselves, but as dearer to us than all the world; we desire to take Him into our very lives, to reign there king of love and life.

In any and every case that which this religious instinct cries for is a personality. When the church, by those rude methods which it once used, tried to convert the world to Christianity, it brought into its fold a mass of barbarous and unspiritual votaries, which left its impress on church life for a thousand years. If the church Christianized paganism, paganism in turn paganized Christianity. As a result, the personality of Christ was largely lost. It is the glory of the present time that the church is swinging back more and more to the personal Christ. As the din of religious strife subsides there is presented in new beauty and power this one perfect personality. He, and He alone, meets the want and answers the cry of the present day man. It is an age of individualism. The needs of man are paramount. As the monarch has gone down, man has gone up. Humanity wants a Christ who deals with individual men, and who addresses Himself to individual wants. In the moment of sorrow we feel for the hand of the Comforter; in the hour of loneliness we seek our Companion; in the day of trouble we want the counsel of our Friend. There is no one in all history who satisfies us so fully as Jesus of Nazareth, who, as "Man of Sorrows" and "Friend of Sinners," touches human hearts to cure, to comfort, to cleanse.

Systematic theology is as necessary as the bones of a man, but those bones must be covered with warm flesh if we are to have a friend. Delight in the study of Christian anatomy must not rob us of our living friend, the matchless Son of Man. The weary, the sad, the forsaken are crying to-day as never before, "Sir, we would see Jesus.'

Got the Dowry.

The successful applicant this year for the Bute marriage dowry, says The London Daily Mail—Miss Sarah Amelia Roberts—was yesterday, after her marriage to a coachbuilder's assistant named Johnson, presented by the Mayor of Cardiff with a check for £59 18s. This represents the interest on £1,050 invested by the Marquis of Bute for the purpose of providing an annual gift to some poor, deserving girl to assist her in furnishing a home. The Mayoress also presented a beautifully bound Bible to the bride.

For the Farmer.

Keeping cream after being separated from the milk works mischief every time. The sooner cream can be carried through the necessary changes after being taken from the milk the better will be the butter made from it.

Great care is exercised in producing the famous Cotentin butter of Normandy, which sells in Paris at $1.25 per pound. The cows are brushed and kept very clean, the udders washed and dried, and the attendants and milkers keep themselves clean. The milk is doubly strained, and the churning is conducted on the best principles. No odors are allowed to come in contact with the milk at any time, and even the food and water of the cows are carefully inspected.

The food animals consume modifies the character of their flesh. Turnips yield a peculiar flavor to mutton. The flavor of mutton from sheep that have lived upon the highlands is different from that of sheep which have obtained their food chiefly from the lowlands. The garlic of the meadows and some fragrant herbs modify the flavor of the meat. Oily food tends to make the fat soft. Hens partly fed on scraps of decayed meat yield eggs that are at once unpleasant to the taste and unhealthy. Feeding the animals for human food is then of great importance and demands experience. It is not enough that food makes fat—it should also impart an agreeable flavor.

Mottled Butter.

Thousands of dollars are lost annually by butter being mottled. This defect is caused by an uneven distribution of salt. Take three lots of butter from the same churning, even where no artificial coloring has been added, salt one lot at the rate of one-half ounce, the second at one ounce, and the third lot at one and a half ounces, and the color will be so strikingly high in the last lot that it could not be mixed with the other lots without showing streaks.

This is no doubt due to the fact that salt has an affinity for water. The tendency is for them to run together and form a solution. When salt is used the water collects in larger beads, thus giving the butter a darker shade of color. Wherever you find light streaks in butter, you will invariably find no salt. Therefore, the first consideration in salting butter is to get good salt that will dissolve readily. The butter should not be drained very dry. It is better to use a little more salt if it is inclined to wash off some.

Salt should always be put on the butter in the churn, and the churn revolved a few times to thoroughly incorporate the salt and butter before putting the rollers in gear, thus retaining as much moisture as possible.

Allow the butter to stand from fifteen to twenty minutes before working, and then work it until it becomes waxy in appearance and the salt ceases to be gritty. If these precautions are observed there will be no danger of mottles.—C. C. Lyon, in American Cultivator.

Skim Milk for Pigs.

I wish to call the attention of dairy farmers to the high value of skim milk for furnishing bone material for the growing pig. One hundred pounds of milk contain seven-eighths of a pound of bone material. Nature intended milk for the young calf; that is, the cow's milk is for the purpose of nourishing a calf; now, if you feed that to the pig there is the material in that milk which is intended to build up the bone of the calf, and it will build up the bone of the pig. When we use corn, we use a material that is weak and lacking in bone material; the exclusive feeding of corn gives us pigs that have weak bones. The supplementing of corn with skim milk gives us a combination food which is very strong in bone-building material, and the farmer should not forget that fact.

You who complain of too fine bone bear in mind what has been said here. When you come to the fattening process you do not need that bone-making material so much, and you don't get its value to yourself so much as with the younger pigs. Aim, then, to use skim milk for your growing pigs; but you must be careful not to use too much. From one to three pounds of skim milk with each pound of cornmeal is about the right proportion. If you use eight or nine pounds of milk to each pound of cornmeal, you don't get the top of the value from your skim milk.

There is one man in this country who has done worlds for the live stock interest, and that is H. B. Gurler of De Kalb, Ill. About eighteen years ago he conducted some pig feeding experiments, and he deduced a rule which farmers would do well to remember. He says that for the feeders of hogs skim milk is worth half as much a hundred pounds as corn sells for a bushel; if corn is worth 30 cents a bushel, then the skim milk is worth 15 cents a hundred pounds for fattening purposes. A former speaker was right in saying that whey is worth about half as much as skim milk.—Professor Henry, in Dairy World.

A Shrewd Guess.

"Readers in the history of astronomy will remember," says Prof. W. W. Payne, in Popular Astronomy, "that more than one hundred years ago Sir William Herschel thought, on account of his knowledge of the proper motions of the stars, that the sun and all the planets with it were moving in a straight line toward the constellation of Hercules. This wonderful conclusion has been spoken of by modern astronomers as 'one of the shrewd guesses for which Herschel was justly famous.' This was mainly so because he had really so few data from which to derive such a stupendous result. Since that time astronomers have been at work trying to measure the distances of some of the stars and the velocity with which they move in line of sight and in direction at right angles to it, so that information concerning the correctness of Herschel's guess has been much improved, and it all tends to show that he was not far wrong in this early conclusion; still, later solutions are not entirely satisfactory, for there is an outstanding uncertainty regarding the point toward which our solar system is moving of at least 10 degrees or 15 degrees." This point is to be settled, it is hoped, by the expedition sent to the southern hemisphere at the expense of Mr. D. O. Mills.

A Fast Electric Road.

One frequently reads about trains going at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, but few persons have ever ridden at the rate of over seventy-five or eighty miles, says Harper's Weekly. On a little railroad extending from the suburbs of Berlin to the Town of Zossen, an electric car has been travelling as fast as 110 miles an hour, breaking the record for speed on the highways of steel. It is what we call a trolley car, but the trolley system is installed on a very elaborate scale, and the motive power which operates the car is simply enormous.

The railroad in question is only about sixteen miles in length, and was built by the Prussian Government for military purposes. Several months ago it was turned over to an association of electrical engineers and other experts for the purpose of ascertaining what speed could be developed by the electric current. At the works of the Siemens & Halske Company of Berlin a car was constructed especially for the purpose, and when completed with the necessary machinery weighed nearly one hundred tons. The body of the car is similar to many of those in use on railroads in this country, with a vestibule at each end, and the roof and sides tapering in order to offer as little resistance to the air, when going along at a high rate of speed, as possible. The car is divided into three compartments, with seats extending transversely, while the motorman is separated from the passengers by a glass partition. What engineers call the three-phase system of electricity is utilized for running the car and the two trailers which it has been hauling during the experiments. Instead of the current being conveyed by one or two wires to the motor, it passes over a series of four, three of which are carried along the side of the railroad upon posts. These are known as high tension, and are capable of supporting a current of no less than 12,000 volts, owing to the system of conduction and insulation. The current passes through the trolley bar, which, as will be noted, is a very elaborate affair, and thence through transformers to the motor. The motors are bolted upon the axles of the trucks beneath the car, each motor being large enough to run an ordinary factory, as it can generate fully 250 horsepower under ordinary conditions. Although these ponderous pieces of machinery weigh no less than four and a half tons each, they move at the rate of 900 revolutions to a minute when a car is at full speed. It would be impossible to stop and start the car with the controller which the motorman uses on the ordinary trolley system, so special apparatus had to be provided for this purpose. The electric switches and transformers are moved by compressed air, which really does the duty of the motorman.

Had Lots of Time.

The following anecdote is told of Joaquin Miller, (the reports of whose death published lately were promptly denied) the poet, who had a funeral pyre and monument built after his own designs:—

Years ago he was journeying on foot, and was overtaken by an honest countryman, who took him up on his loaded waggon and gave him a long ride. Tired,

Joaquin Miller's funeral pyre and monument at Oakland, Cal., built after his own design.

at length, of conversation, the poet took a novel from his pocket and pored over it long and silently.

"What are you reading?" said the countryman.

"A novel of Bret Harte's," said Mr. Miller.

"Well, now, I don't see how an immortal being wants to be wasting his time with such stuff."

"Are you quite sure?" asked the poet. "Are you quite sure that I am an immortal being?"

"Of course you are."

"If that is so," responded Miller, "I don't see why I need be economical of my time."

The accompanying sketch of the pyre and monument—it is to serve both purposes—was taken from a California paper some time ago. It is described as follows:—It has already been built under his own supervision, and from his own designs, in a romantic spot on the top of a heaven-kissed hill back of the poet's home in Oakland, where big trees thrust themselves up into the air and huge boulders dot the ground. Upon one of these is carved in big letters, "To the Unknown," the poet's greeting to the future which his eyes cannot pierce. The pyre itself is square, solidly built of 620 rough blocks of stone. Three steps lead up to it. It is ten feet square and eight feet high, so that from the top step a man can look over and see in its top only a shallow depression.

Here the poet his directed that his body be cremated, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

The Farthest North.

Last November there was opened up to travel a railroad which crosses the northern part of Norway and Sweden, in a region which up to the present has never been invaded by railroad commerce. This railroad, according to La Nature of Paris, is unique in that it is farther north than any in existence at the present time. In June, 1885, the concession was given a Swedish company, the plan being to construct a line between the fjord of Ofoten, on the Atlantic side of Norway, and the Town of Lulea, on the Gulf of Bothnia. Because of lack of financial support, however, the enterprise was abandoned, but finally the Norwegian Parliament, in 1898, provided the necessary funds and now the road is completed from one sea to the other. The terminus on the Atlantic ocean is found at Narvik. The second portion of the line, that which goes from Gellivare to Lulea and to the Gulf of Bothnia, is less interesting, but the freight carried in this direction reaches the respectable figure of 800,000 tons per annum. It is estimated that the mineral beds which are tapped by this railroad, and which lie in the region about Gellivare, contain more than 250,000,000 tons of minerals.

The Defendant Won.

Judge Siebecker of Wisconsin has displayed Solomon-like wisdom in some of his decisions. Two men appeared before him. One was a butcher, who claimed that the defendant owed him $10 for a meat bill. The defendant, a strikingly thin and gaunt figure, denied the bill. Statements and counter-statements followed each other with great rapidity. The lie was passed, but the constable intervened.

"When was this meat purchased which you sold the defendant?" asked the Judge.

"During the past four weeks, your Honor," declared the butcher.

"Then I decide this case in favor of the defendant," remarked the Judge, deliberately, as he scrutinized the emaciated figure before him. "His appearance indicates that he has not eaten $10 worth of meat in his lifetime."

Russia and Manchuria.

For months the leading London organs have warned the world that Russia would make Manchuria her own. It is true, says the Literary Digest, that according to the Manchurian convention, signed in Pekin las year, Russia must evacuate the rich province next October. But this "evacuation," now taking place on the instalment plan, is subject to such vague conditions as "the event of there being no trouble whatever," and "if the conduct of other powers should not interpose any obstacle thereto." Moreover, the Chinese are not to resume absolute possession of the "evacuated" region in any event, for Russia is to supervise China's forces there. The London Times, which has recently concluded a series of special articles on the Russian position in Manchuria, thus speaks of the "evacuation":—"Evacuation, then, of the provinces (of Manchuria) now in the military occupation of Russia means the withdrawal of the troops from the cities to her railway. But the railway passes by the gates of all the chief cities. The troops that guard the railway guard the cities. Ample provision

No hurry about coming down.—Pittsburg Gazette.

has been made for them at the railway stations adjoining all the chief cities. Evacuation of Mukden, the capital city of all Manchuria, means the withdrawal of the troops from inside the wall to outside the wall, where provision is being made for a permanent garrison that the Russians declare cannot safely be less than 6,000. So with Kaiyuan, Leao-yang, and the other towns now so strongly held. They will be equally well commanded after the evacuation. Evacuation of the two other capital cities discloses a similar condition of things. Tsitsihar is sixteen miles from the railway; the troops holding the railway command the city. Kirin, the third capital, is at present eighty miles from the railway. Troops withdrawn from the city command the city from a powerful position only three marches distant. When the railway is built the evacuation will consist in moving the troops from inside the walls to the railway station outside the walls." The Digest further quotes as follows:—"It is a military strategical railway guarded as no other railway in the world is guarded, with blockhouses every three or four miles, with garrisons at every important point. Every vulnerable point is guarded, every bridge is doubly guarded. There is no limit to the number of troops that can be stationed along the line. Russia has been given a free hand in this matter. Russia, and Russia alone, is to determine what force will be adequate. Railway guards are no longer called 'railway guards.' They are 'frontier guards,' and their admitted number is 50,000. They are paid by the Minister of Finance, are enlisted for three years, and are paid more highly than the regular troops, from whom they have been recruited. But the whole army of occupation can be concentrated along the railway—cavalry, infantry and artillery; and there is none to say them nay. They are there to protect the railway. A regular soldier becomes a frontier guard by the changing of the color of his shoulder-straps and the collar patches into green. It is a lightning transformation."

We are solemnly warned by the London daily against attaching any importance to Russia's denial of the real intention of her policy in this part of the east. She is making sure of Manchuria only to close its open door in the face of the world. Yet "a single act of forethought on the part of Japan," we are asked to believe, "might have" changed the whole far-eastern question: "It might have been changed at the time of the conjoint representation by the three powers—Russia, France and Germany—that the occupation by Japan of the ceded (Manchurian) peninsula of Liautung would be detrimental to the lasting peace of the Orient, Japan had obtained, as she easily could have obtained, a self-denying undertaking that no one of the three powers would ever occupy the territory from which she was being ousted. But the undertaking was not asked for, and within less than three years Russia was in military occupation of the territory and fortress from which she had ejected Japan. And, more than that, she had, with unrivaled dispatch and dexterity, secured the right to join this fortress in the south with a Russian city that was being erected in the heart of Manchuria, which city was itself to be united by three different lines of railway with the Russian territory of Siberia. Thus Manchuria has been occupied and has become another great Province of the Russian Empire. Only armed force can now drive Russia out of Manchuria, the armed force of some other power than China."

It is futile, says The London Times editorially, to "talk of the bad faith which Russia has shown in so flagrant a form" in her dealings with Manchuria. "Hard words, however richly deserved, will not dislodge her." It also points out that Russia has done much good in the land. The natives are experiencing a prosperity hitherto unknown to them. The Russians in authority do not ill-treat the population. Acts of cruelty and wrong, incident to a purely military condition, have long become things of the past: "Permanent barracks are being built in the most important situations to accommodate thousands of soldiers. Cities with electric light and water supply, with parks and reading-rooms, have been built in the wilderness within the last five years by the hands of Chinese coolies for their Russian masters. Thousands of Russian civil immigrants have been introduced and have brought their wives and children and made their homes in this integral portion of the Chinese Emperor's dominions. It is impossible to withhold a measure of admiration from the energy and the skill with which the work has been prosecuted. In less than five years the empire which was so solicitous lest the victories of Japan should loosen the grasp of China upon this region and thereby upset the balance of power in the far east has 'transformed Manchuria from a Chinese possession into a virtually Russian Province,' and has so transformed it while uttering the most fervent protestations of friendship to the dynasty whose territories she is appropriating to her own use. The railway in her hands has been at once the pretext and the instrument of aggression, as it is the bulwark which makes her position secure. It was in order to build the railway—which she has often assured us will prove of immeasurable benefit to the commerce of the world—that she obtained the right from China of sending 'railway guards' into Chinese territory."

Russia, says Public Opinion, is "deeply pained" that her benevolent intentions in Manchuria should have been so badly misunderstood, and Secretary Hay has assured Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Foreign Minister, of his great "regret" that the mistake should have occurred. This is quite according to the rules of the game and deceives no one, least of all the players concerned. Against Russia's emphatic declaration that no such demands as were announced to have been made on China were ever contemplated should have been placed the statements of Dr. Morrison, the careful and veracious Pekin correspondent of The London Times, the British Minister to China, and Mr. Conger, our own Minister to Pekin, to the effect that the demands were actually presented as reported.

"While China has refused to grant the concessions which Russia "did not ask." At any rate, Russia may congratulate herself on having discovered the feeling of the powers towards her permanent occupation of Manchuria.

How He Learned to Count.

The New York Sun has the following:—The expert accountant said, as he carefully shuffled the cards: "If it had not been for a frazzled old pack of cheap playing cards which I kept elaborately hidden in the bottom drawer of the walnut washstand in my little room in my boyhood days on the farm, my services would not now be in such demand by confused financiers. The old-time prejudice against the devil's picture book was strong in my family, but I held on to that pack with grim determination, and many is the candle I have seen sink in tallow drips as I dealt out the fifty-two pasteboards into one uneven pile, time after time. But I was not playing a game; I was not even wasting time. I was learning to add. You need not look surprised. To me the whole thing seemed, and even now seems, very simple. I wonder that more people have not taken it up, but I appear to have been the only person among my acquaintances who has ever used playing cards for arithmetical purposes. To-day my eldest boy, a youngster of 12, puzzles his way through the same system that made a threatening column of figures seem like a two-part sum to me. It is very simple, as I have said. There are fifty-two cards in every pack, and they are numbered from one to ten in spots, and from eleven to thirteen in face cards. I give the three face cards the remaining value above ten; that is, the jack is eleven, the queen twelve and the king thirteen. Now, the constant sum of the thirteen cards of each suit is 91. It can be no more or no less, no matter in what sequence the cards are dealt out. The constant sum of four suits, therefore, must be just four times 91, or 364. Now, with this to start on, I evolved my own peculiar system of night counting. The practice of a fortnight made me so expert at it in comparison with the other pupils in the school to which I was sent that I achieved a reputation for quickness at figures. On exhibition days the teacher would invariably trot me out, and have me go through my addition paces until I became one of the curiosity's of the village academy. But to return to the system. I do not know what started me off on the idea, but this is what I did: First arranging the pack in regular order of suits, and all the cards of each suit in regular sequence from ace up, I started in to add them as they fell. If the sum of the thirteen made 91 I knew that no mistake had been made. If the total was something else I started all over again and worked at it until it came right. This formal preparation completed, I took the whole pack, sequence by sequence, until I was able to reach the correct total of 364 without error. Then I shuffled each suit and went at adding the cards as they fell in unexpected and disordered sequence until I perfected myself in that advanced branch. Then came the hardest test, that of adding the fifty-two cards, all shuffled together as this pack is. I had many a bad half hour at that, but at last I was so trained that I could deal the shuffled cards out as rapidly as my hands could fly, and get through to the total of 364 without a blunder. I spent nearly nine months perfecting myself in that system of mine, and never a word did I say to anybody about it. If my old teacher is living yet I would like to tell her how I came to be so quick at the figures. After leaving school I went to work in a bank and there I found that my training with the cards stood me in good stead, for with a little practice a formidable regiment of figures marching in fours or fives would be attacked and captured without much trouble."

A Real Gentleman.

Apropos of dogs and motor cars, a good story is told by The Daily Telegraph:—A driver had the misfortune to run over a fine fox-terrier, and, at once pulling up, he went back, expressed his regret at the

"That's what I call a real gentleman.

occurrence to the apparent owner, and gave him a sovereign.

Then he drove off, while the man observed:—"That's what I call a real gentleman. I wonder whose dog that was?"

The London Star reprints the story, with the accompanying illustration.

A Hot Spot to Work In.

The engineers digging the wonderful tunnel that runs through the great Simplon Mountain to connect Switzerland with Italy are experiencing great difficulties because of the presence of boiling water in the mountain. The water comes from the top of the mountain, and is heated almost to boiling point by the friction and pressure of its percolation through the limestone beds of the mountain. Before the tunnel had been dug very far on the Italian side the heat became so intense that it was impossible to live in it. The mountain was piped, and soon 15,000 gallons of steaming hot water was flowing out of the south end of the tunnel every minute of the day and night. The immense flow was harnessed and made to drive refrigerating plants and cold-air blowers. To-day the temperature of the tunnel has been reduced from a height that would have roasted a man in a minute or two, and the atmosphere now has the pleasant warmth of a June day. The hot water also drives pneumatic drills and boring machines, so that it helps to dig the tunnel as well. When completed the Simplon tunnel will be the biggest in the world—fourteen miles long, with a cost of nearly $1,000,000 a mile.

Did Not Hear It.

The ready wit and quick repartee that were so characteristic of both Maurice Barrymore and Georgio Drew Barrymore are very strong in their daughter, Ethel Barrymore, the young actress, says The New York Times. She is constantly saying bright things. During her last engagement in Chicago she was invited to an after-the-performance dinner given in her honor by Mrs. Potter Palmer. The hostess and a number of her guests occupied boxes at the play. Among these was a rather fresh young man who thought he had made an impression on Miss Barrymore. He kept his eyes on her throughout the play and tried hard to create the impression that she noticed it. At the dinner he had the good fortune to sit next to the actress. When the opportunity came, he remarked to her under his breath:

"Did you see me wink at you during the third act?"

"Yes," responded Miss Barrymore in a louder tone, "didn't you hear my heart beat?"

And the young man tried to hide his blushing face behind the greenness of a bunch of celery tops.

Humor of the Hour.

First School-boy—Say, Willie, why does the morning-glories close up when the night comes?

Second School-boy—Well, I don't pertend to know de exact reason, but I heard my pa talkin' about an early-closing by-law, an' I guess dat's at de bottom of it all.—The Moon.

He put his arm around her waist—
The color left her cheek;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for 'bout a week.
—Atlanta Constitution.

"What is your weight, Miss Alice?"

"Greater than I like. And it is increasing every day."

"Indeed. And what is it now?"

"Let's see—I think it is two years since you began to come here."

He pondered deeply for a moment, and then a great light dawned on him. When he left two hours later it was all arranged.—Kansas City Journal.

Owner—See here! You want to handle that trunk more carefully.

Porter—I'll look out for it, sir. I know a man who let one fall on his toes last month, an' he ain't out of the hospital yet.—Town and Country.

"I have been taking my fencing lesson," said the strenuous Senator as he touched with some pride various plasters and bandages.

His colleague gave a breath of relief. "I am glad," he remarked, earnestly, "that it was a mere common fencing lesson. From your appearance I judged that you had been taking a barb-wire-fencing lesson."—Brooklyn Life.

"Of course, you're interested in this movement for good roads," said the expert automobilist.

"I'm afraid I can't have the sort of road I'd like," replied the beginner.

"What sort's that?"

"One that's hard while you're riding along it and soft when you sit down on it suddenly."—Philadelphia Press.

Husband (impatiently) — Where's your mistress? She said she'd be ready in a minute, and I've waited half an hour.

Maid—She'll be down in a second, sir. She's changing her complexion to match her new gown.—Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.

"This is a very wet country. What do you raise here chiefly?"

"Umbrellas."—Chums.

Bob—Archie has just bought a seat on the Stock Exchange.

Edith—The dear boy! I shall make him two sofa pillows for it at once.—Judge.

Arthur—Millie may be a little peculiar at times, but she means all right.

Harry—Yes, I guess that's so; but what are you driving at?

Arthur—I called at her house t'other night, and to-day she said it was not until I had gone that she realized what a pleasant evening she was having.—Boston Transcript.

"This," said the dealer, "is the very latest odometer. You should have one."

"What's the idea of it?" inquired the beginner.

"It registers the number of miles your automobile travels."

"Have you anything that will register the various distances I travel when I'm thrown out?"—Philadelphia Press.

Through the ins and outs of the years
you'll find
One simple rule should be borne in
mind:
Be sure that you have a reliable soap
Before you blow any bubbles of hope.
—Atlanta Journal.

They had started for a stroll.

"There is our minister," he said; "I'm going to ask him to join us."

"To join us? Oh, George, this is so sudden! But hadn't you better speak to papa before engaging the minister, dear?"—Spare Moments.

Young Shortun—Sir, I—er—wish to marry your daughter.

Old Gotrox—Young man, my daughter will continue to abide beneath the parental roof.

Young Shortun—Oh, thank you, sir! I was afraid we would have to occupy a flat.—Chicago News.

Things educational are away to the bad in some of the South Dakota school districts. As soon as a new teacher arrived some man came along and married her, and all the children are ill from eating too much wedding cake. Not long ago the following notice was put up on the door of one district school: "Teacher wanted—If single must be old and unattractive, as two wealthy bachelors threaten to marry the next teacher of this school." To avoid a clash on account of the notice a compromise was agreed to, so that two very determined old maids now teach the school week about.

"This is the third postponement you have asked, Mr. Counsel," said the Judge, "and I warn you that unless you can furnish a thoroughly good excuse the case will at once proceed."

"Your Honor," replied the counsel, "I simply ask a week's delay to enable my client to look around and see how much money he can raise, in order to give me a clew to the amount of energy and talent I am expected to use on his behalf."

"The case is postponed for one week," said the Judge.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That Tommy Todd could have a fault
Which all his friends condone
Is past belief, and yet 'tis said
He takes things not his own.
He has his father's eyes," cries one,
"It's plainly to be seen!
His nose and mouth, though, Tommy took
Straight from his Grandpa Green."
Our Tommy has his mother's hair,"
His aunts will freely say,
His mother's forehead too, you see,
Of course, that's plain as day!"
And many, many, times a week
Of Tommy Todd 'tis said,
"We all know where he got that laugh!
From his poor Uncle Ned!"
—Elizabeth L. Gould, in Youth's Companion.

PORTRAIT FANS

The Portrait Fan Fad Has Been Her Salvation.

"The portrait fan is going to waft me off to Europe next summer," said the woman artist gleefully, quoting the Philadelphia Press.

"Isn't that an erratic way to go?" asked the visitor to the studio.

"Perhaps it's a new way to go, but perfectly practical. Just look at this," and the painter displayed with ineffable pride a flat, yellow book that she had just brought back from the bank. "The first time I ever had a real bank account. I've had a pocketful of gold pieces and letters of credit, but I have really never had a sum of money, which I did not need for ordinary expenses." The visitor glanced around the beautiful studio and did not wonder.

"But the fan fad has been my salvation," continues the artist. 'It began last summer at Newport, where one of the scions of American nobility attended a children's fancy dressed ball. He wore a court costume, with lace collar, knee breeches, plumed hat, etc., and his mother decided to have a miniature of him painted. As you know I have made a specialty of miniatures for some years, and the small boy in his knight's costume came to pose for me. When the portrait was finished, however, it was not an ivory miniature framed in brilliants. Instead, the roguish face of the boy smiled at me from the centre of a fan of exquisite lace.

"The sticks were of pearl and gold, and sequins were arranged around the painted satin to form a sort of frame. Of course the fan was far more precious to the fond mamma than an original Watteauor Boucher, and was locked up in a special glass cabinet. But the fad was started, and portrait fans became a watchword for those doubly blessed plutocrats who have lots of money and beautiful children. Such a portrait costs several times as much as an ordinary miniature, but one must pay for point lace and pearls, as well as for artistic training—and as I said before, the portrait fan is going to waft me to Europe."

Debutantes of 100 Years Ago.

"Nestling under the wing of her mamma is the debutante of 15," Mrs. Burton Harrison writes, descriptive of a scene in a fashionable mead-house on the Bowery (New York) more than a century ago, in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "She is made happy by a new gown and hat of pale green satin with a petticoat of India muslin trimmed with fine Mechlin lace. The stockings sported by this favored damsel are of green silk, clocked with silver; her little shoes are of drab embroidered leather. That she is, for the first time, allowed to make one of the grown-up party in the arbor at the mead-house fills her young being with satisfaction. For the moment she can afford to dispense with the society of a male attendant. But when a smartly dressed young fellow rides up, by and by, on horseback, and dismounts, flicking the dust from his beautiful riding boots and breeches as he consigns his steed to a groom and hastens along the gravel walk to join their group, a flush of innocent joy comes into her cheeks. He is her betrothed, and upon her next birthday she is to give him her hand in marriage, and go away to be the lady of a fine house his father has built for the young couple upon the patrimonial acres. All this has been long arranged between the families. The married pair will live with her mamma at Whitehall during the winter, and in spring resort to their 'seat' in Bowery lane."

Novelties in China.

Patty dishes in silver standards are one of the latest novelties for the table. The patty cups themselves are of exquisite china, and they fit firmly into the silver standards, which rest on four legs. The daintiest are of fine Dresden, scattered with tiny bouquets of flowers. Sets of patty dishes are now frequently sent as a wedding gift. Six are usually in one case, with forks matching the silver standards in design.

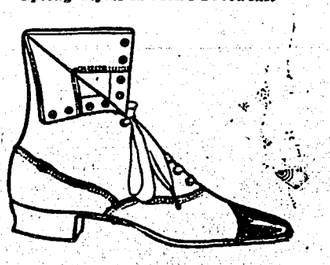
China, covered with a tracery of silver, will be much in favor this season.

Cut glass and silver will also be combined.

The newest finger bowls are of exquisitely colored glass. They rest in a silver bowl and stand on four silver legs. Even the plain glass finger bowls stand on short legs.

There is a great variety of punch cups this fall in Venetian and Bohemian glass. There are all sorts of odd shapes. The latest look like large, luscious peaches, while others in coloring and design resemble apples and pears. Very delicate punch cups look as though they were enveloped in a piece of lace. The cups are of glass, in varying shades, and the lace design is hand wrought. The saucers for these cups also show the lace design.

Spring Styles in Men's Footwear.



Only Clean House in the World.

The perfectly antiseptic house about which physicians and others have speculated, is said to have been actually built at Yokohama by Dr. Van der Heyden. A description of it says: "The walls of this building are plates of glass set in metal fastenings and made air tight. Near the roof there is a small opening for the outflow of air from the living rooms, so arranged that no air can enter that way. Air from outside can get in only through a tube whose opening is at some distance from the house. The air that enters is filtered first through cotton batting, and then is sterilized by passing through glycerine."

To Set Her Free

By FLORENCE WARDEN

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

Another long pause, and then the boy id, "I was in t' wood; I'd gotten over wall. An' I see Squire comin'—"

"Squire!"

There was a fresh murmur, and with- it daring to look straightforwardly at m, all the crowd in the little cottage om felt that their attention, though t their eyes, was riveted on Astley, ho at once came forward a step from e mantelpiece against which he had en leaning.

"Speak t' truth, lad," said the miner aringly.

"He's probably speaking the truth ow," said Astley quietly. "For it's a ct that I came back to The Haigh this ening from the town, and passed rough the plantation an hour or so go."

Again there was a slight sensation bservable, to the keen eyes of Norma at east, among the people present. They elt there was a fascinating mystery omewhere.

"So you got up in the tree for fear of being discovered by Sir Astley on the lookout for his rabbits?" said Dr. Wharles.

The lad began to stammer and to tremble.

"I didn't do no harm," he said in his rough voice. "There's others gets into t' wood besides me."

The doctor instantly changed his tone to one of good-humored kindness.

"Oh, Sir Astley won't be hard upon you this once in a way for trespassing. As you say, you're not the only offender."

The doctor had scarcely finished speaking when the people began to make way for the baronet, who appeared suddenly desirous of taking a more prominent part in the proceedings than he had done. As he came forward, the miner who was on one side of Ned gave way at once; the doctor, however, did not.

"Don't be flurried, my boy," said Dr. Wharles in his cheery tones, "you know what you saw, or what you didn't see, and what you heard or didn't hear. Don't let anyone flurry you."

"Be good enough not to prompt the boy, Dr. Wharles," said Astley sharply.

All present held their breath. News of the scene between these two men had spread like wildfire through the neighborhood, and many and wild were the conjectures afloat as to the cause of the quarrel. The doctor's usually handsome face still bore eloquent witness to the result of it.

"Nothing was further from my thoughts, I assure you, Sir Astley," said Dr. Wharles, with a bland and slightly martyr-like air conducive to a feeling of sympathy on his behalf against his late assailant. "But the poor little chap seems nervous, and whatever violence you may think proper to use in your dealings with grown men, I insist upon your more gentle treatment of the boy."

Astley was furious. The doctor was indeed making artful use of his wounds to excite sympathy for himself and antagonism against the baronet, who was really the most kind-hearted of men.

It was some seconds before Astley could trust himself to speak. Then he turned to the people round him, and said, in a steady and straightforward way that appealed as strongly to the men as the more theatrical manner of the doctor did to the women: "I think, though you don't know me very well yet, you have all seen enough of me to be sure I would never use violence towards any person who didn't thoroughly deserve it."

There was a murmur of assent audible at once; and the doctor grew rather less florid as he shrugged his shoulders, still, however, keeping a showily protecting hand on the shoulders of the boy who, truth to tell, was as solid and sturdy a young rascal as the county held, and could have held his own in a tussle with either of the men.

"You got up in the tree to hide from me," said Astley, in a very calm, measured voice, and without any trace of violence; "and what happened after that?"

Stubborn silence on the part of the boy.

"Speak out, laddie," said the miner from a little distance.

"Don't be afraid," reiterated the doctor close to his side.

"I dunno what happened after that," said Ned sullenly.

"Yo' must ha' seen somebody down below. If you could see t' squire you build see other folk," said the miner.

"Did you see anybody else?" asked the doctor, still keeping up that friendly tone which contrasted so strongly with the slightly cross-examining manner of the others.

"No," said Ned. "I see nobody 'ceptin' squire."

"You mean, perhaps," suggested the genial doctor, "that you saw Sir Astley while you were still on the ground. But when you got up in the tree you were too high up to distinguish anybody below."

"Ay, that's reght," said Ned.

Astley laughed a little, and at the sound Dr. Wharles looked round with some slight uneasiness, perhaps afraid of another attack from the hot-headed baronet.

"I dare say," said Astley quietly, "we shall get at something more reasonable from the lad when there's no one beside him to put the words in his mouth."

At that the doctor stood up quickly.

"Do you mean to suggest that I am taking this boy's part, and saving him from being bullied, with any improper motive, Sir Astley?" asked he with fire.

"I only mean," said Astley, as calmly as before, "that we've not heard all the truth yet, but—that we shall probably be able to get at it by and by."

There was an uneasy feeling growing in the group, that resolved itself into an instinctive withdrawal of the better sort among them towards the door. Something in the faces and in the manner of the two men who were meeting each other so fiercely eye to eye, seemed to imply that there was more than a mere discussion of an exciting affair between them, that there was something intimate, something personal in the matter, that called upon casual spectators to be modest.

Before, however, this feeling had resolved itself into definite action on the part of the bystanders, Astley, without another word to the boy, turned his back on the doctor, and advancing to the corner where Norma was standing, shrinking, nervous, trembling, he took her hand in his arm, and saying gently: "Come, dear," led her out of the cottage, with a courteous acknowledgment, as he went, of the salutations of his tenants and humble neighbors.

Once in the road outside, Norma was able to speak freely. As she and Astley crossed the road together, and walked along slowly under the shadow of the black wall, she whispered:

"Astley, you were right. The boy didn't tell all the truth about what he saw."

"I was sure of that."

"He told me, as soon as he came down from the tree, that the murderer lifted the body up and threw it down again."

"What!"

"Sh—sh! I don't think you'd better go back," said she quickly, as Astley stopped and turned. "You'll get nothing from him now. Let Mr. Capper know. There'll be an inquest, won't there?"

"Yes, of course."

"Perhaps the truth will come out then."

"The truth. What is the truth?" said Astley, his voice sinking till it was as low as hers.

But that was a question she was not prepared to answer. They looked at each other furtively in the weak light of the one lamp, and they saw the same fear in each other's eyes.

It was Norma who spoke first.

"Let's go out into the fields," she said, "where we can be quite sure no one can hear us. Just for a minute. I want to say something to you."

So they went back, and re-crossed the lane, and went over the stile into the open ground, where Norma felt safe from being overheard.

"I want to tell you," she said, "before we say good-night—"

"Good-night!" cried he in consternation. "Aren't you going back with me then?"

"Not on any account. And you are not to ask where I live, or to come and see me."

"But why shouldn't you stay at the Haigh? People will chatter, and ask all sorts of questions if you don't come back, and if they know you're living here!"

Norma made an impatient movement with her hand, in her impulsive, half foreign fashion.

"What does that matter? Wouldn't they chatter in any case? Let them talk till they're tired of talking. I tell you I have a reason," said she imperiously. "Now I want to tell you not to be alarmed if the truth doesn't all come out at the inquest. I have an idea that it won't; I have an idea that we shall be made to suffer a good deal more before it does. Now will you promise me not to quarrel with Dr. Wharles again, and not to express any suspicion of anybody—"

"You know something?" said Astley quickly.

"I don't indeed. I know absolutely nothing. But—I believe it's my Italian blood, I have a fancy that I can play detective a little, and I tell you I shouldn't scruple to do it in a cause I had deeply at heart."

"Come, you can tell me, what do you suspect?"

"I can tell you nothing. You would laugh at me. But I want you to be very circumspect, and very quiet and—very generous to your wife."

"You are my wife," cried Astley passionately.

"I don't mean me, though," said Norma demurely. "I mean to—the other one."

"But why—"

"Do as I tell you. And remember again and again, you are not to be alarmed whatever they say, whatever they think."

"I wish you'd explain," said Astley uneasily.

But she would not. She called his attention, at that moment, to a commotion in the lane behind them, and returning thither, they found that the police had come from Blackdale, and with them a fresh crowd of sensation-mongers.

The people streamed into the road into the plantation. The police went first, with Dr. Wharles, who had been summoned from Raggett's cottage to explain what indeed there was little need to explain. Norma and Astley drawing together under the shelter of the hedge that bordered the lane, beside the stile, heard the doctor's ringing tones as he talked. The people who had been in the cottage, and who had seen the body, did not, for the most part, join in this second expedition into the wood; they formed groups in the lane, discussing the mysterious affair.

The words of some of these gossips reached the ears of Astley and his companion, as, anxious that the people should disperse before they themselves went back into the lane, they waited a few minutes in silence near the stile.

"It's a rum thing this, and a bad beginning for t' new master oop at t' Haigh," said one man to another, in a low voice.

"Ay," said his mate, "let's hope as ow t' truth 'll coom out and clear him."

Astley started. Norma held his arm in her hand like a vice.

The first speaker went on: "I'll not believe it easy of t' new master. He's a nice chap, for all he's a bit violent, as t' doctor says."

"T' doctor had proofs of it t' other day!" said the second man. "But he says hissen as how he doan't think we ought to talk as if we felt suspicious without more proof than we gotten."

Norma was trying to draw Astley away: but he seemed to be rooted to the spot. "They suspect me of the murder!" he cried hoarsely.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Very gently, very sweetly, Norma tried to soothe Astley, and to restrain him from following the artful doctor then and there. "Don't you see," cried the unhappy Astley, "that it's this rascally fellow who's been spreading the belief that it was I who killed this man, the very man I've been so anxious to meet?"

"Well, if he has," said Norma persuasively, "his tales will turn against himself by and by. People will say that he is malicious and revengeful, after your attack upon him, and that this is the way he is trying to satisfy his malice."

But Astley would not be convinced.

"This affair is of too intimate a nature for the truth to be given to the world," said he, "and the beggar knows that, and presumes upon it."

"Well then, how can you bring up the subject now, before all the people?" said Norma. "You know it's impossible. The doctor would say such things before everybody, that you would not be able to control your rage and disgust. No, no, let me persuade you; let me, oh, let me have the satisfaction of feeling that I have done some good, some little good!"

Her plaintive appeal touched Astley to the heart. Once more he entreated her to come back to the Haigh with him, and when his entreaties failed, he began to reproach her and to say she did not care for him.

"Don't you see," urged he, "that while you live in the neighborhood, yet not in my house, people will ask questions, and ferret out things? While if you come back, and live in the same house as you have done, the gossips will be quiet?"

"Oh, no, they won't," said Norma. "This affair to-night, this dreadful story, will bring out more than you think. And then you will find people will see we have done what is right, what is best. And, remember, the more of the truth they learn the stronger the feeling for us will be. We need not tell anybody anything: we don't want to parade our griefs before the world. But since the world will never be satisfied till it knows the truth, and since the truth is that we are both quite blameless, isn't it better not to make any pretense, but to face the facts as they are, and wait?"

He let himself be persuaded at last. But her heart ached for him, as, weary and worn out, he left her, when the excitement in the neighborhood had died down, and the body had been carried away, and went back, through the dark wood, which had been the scene of such a terrible tragedy, to his great, lonely house—ill and alone.

On the following morning Norma, from her upper window, saw Dr. Wharles come up the lane, not in his gig, but on foot, and go quickly into Raggett's house.

Her landlady, old Mrs. Giles, saw him too, and instantly began to gossip, with an old woman's malice, about black-eyed Nance Raggett and the handsome doctor.

"Is he often at the cottage, then?" asked Norma.

"Dear, no, my lady," said Mrs. Giles. For she had learnt who Norma was, and was very proud of her lodger, though somewhat puzzled by her choice of a residence. "I've never seen him there afore. No doubt he noticed her black eyes and her saucy ways last neght; for she's a bold 'un; not but what there's something to be said for her, poor thing, tied to a drunken fellow like Raggett; which she's his second wife, and no children of her own, only that gowk of a Ned, the son by Raggett's first wife, to look after. But there, I'm running on, and I see you don't care for gossip, my lady; it's not likely a lady of your quality would."

Norma let her run on with her remarks, but the point of interest was past for her. This, then, was the doctor's first visit to the cottage, with the exception of his share in the visitation of the previous night. She took mental note of this fact, and even condescended to play the spy from her window, in order to ascertain how long Dr. Wharles stayed there. And his visit was a very long one.

It was on the following day that the inquest was held, and Norma, more dead than alive, crept into the town hall by the hour appointed, and sat, trembling in her place not far from Astley, with whom, however, she scarcely exchanged a word. A heterogeneous crowd the witnesses were, consisting, as they did, of Sir Astley of The Haigh, his wife, Dr. Wharles, Mrs. Wharles, the boy Ned Raggett, an innkeeper of the town, two or three of the townspeople, and a brother of the dead man, who had come from a Midland town, and who identified the body as that of Thomas Rogerson, formerly a soldier, but who, according to this witness, had done no work of late.

The brother gave evidence that he knew of the proposed visit to Darwen Haigh, where he understood that the deceased man had some business with Sir Astley Darwen; but what the nature of it was he declared he did not know. He knew of no grudge entertained by the deceased against any man or of any grudge entertained against him.

The next witness called was Norma, who trembled so pitifully that they gave her a chair, in which she sat, limp and lifeless, her features shrouded by a thick black veil, the raising of which was suggested by one juryman; though his demand was overruled.

She looked such a forlorn little creature in her black dress, with her great black eyes shining out of a pale face through the meshes of the veil, that a good deal of sympathy was aroused for her. Rumors had not been wanting as to the existence of a lady with a better right than she had to her title, and the fact that she was not living at her reputed husband's house was taken as convincing proof that there was something in the rumors.

The nature of some of the questions put to her was startling in the extreme.

"May I ask, Lady Darwen, how it was that you were in the wood that evening, the evening of the murder?" asked the coroner, respectfully enough, but so unexpectedly that Norma started violently.

She waited a moment before replying:

"I was in the lane beside the wood, when I saw a flash in the darkness, and then another flash, and heard two reports and a loud cry. I got over the wall and ran through the wood until I touched something with my foot, and found—it was—the body."

"Did you see anyone in the wood before you saw the flash?"

"Not at that time," she answered, after a moment's hesitation.

The jurors grew attentive.

"Not at that time! Do you mean you had previously seen someone there?"

"I had seen someone go into the wood—two people."

"Two people? How long before was that?"

"I can't tell exactly. Some minutes before."

"They passed you in the lane?"

"No. I saw them from the window of Mrs. Giles's cottage."

"Will you tell us just what you saw?"

"I was at my window when I saw someone—cross the road, from the stile a little beyond the cottages, and go into the wood."

"Over the wall?"

Norma's heart and her voice sank together.

"No. Through the gate."

"Through the gate! Is it a public way?"

"No. He unlocked the gate and went through."

"Did you see who it was?"

"I thought it was—Sir Astley Darwen," said Norma tremulously.

Here Astley nodded a decisive assent to the coroner and jury. The coroner went on with his interrogatory:

"And you say you saw a second man? Did he go through the gate with Sir Astley?"

"No. He came from the stile, went up the lane to the right, and got over the wall into the wood."

"When was this?"

"A few moments later."

"And who was this man?"

"I don't know at all. He was never near enough for me to see."

"But you can give us your impression as to his appearance. Was he a tall or a short man?"

"Tall, I think. Not particularly short, I am almost sure."

"Did you ever see the deceased man in life?"

"Yes. Once for a few moments only."

"Was it he you saw?"

"I really didn't see well enough to be sure. If I must give my impression, it was that the man I saw cross the road was a broader-built, stouter man than he."

This answer created an unfavorable impression among the jury that Norma was drawing upon her invention in order to avoid incriminating Astley.

"But you could not see clearly?"

"No."

"When you came to the body, was anybody near?"

"I thought not until I cried for help on hearing a noise above me, and a boy came down from a tree."

"Was anybody else in sight at that time?"

"No."

"Did you hear any sound as if anybody else was near?"

"While I was talking to the boy, I heard a noise as if someone was getting over the wall into the road."

"What sort of noise?"

"The cracking of branches, and then a sound like a drop into the road."

More amiable invention—thought the jury.

"Did you recognize the dead man, Lady Darwen?"

"Not till they brought a light."

"What did you do on finding it?"

"I knelt down," said Norma with a shudder, "and finding his face to the ground, I raised his head, and turned him on his side. His coat and waistcoat were open, and there was blood—" She stopped, shuddering. "I knew he was dead," she added at last.

There was a pause, and then a juryman asked, "You say you recognized the deceased when they brought a light, your ladyship. You knew the man then?"

"Oh no. I had seen him once only."

"May I ask on what occasion?"

"It was the day before. He called at The Haigh, and asked for Sir Astley, and went away on learning he was not at home."

"I think that is all we have to ask Lady Darwen," said the coroner, after a pause.

And Norma rose in a dazed manner, and slid into an offered seat.

The next witness called was the lad Ned Raggett. He proved an absolutely impracticable person. He had seen the squire in the wood, and nobody else. He had got into a tree to escape being seen, and then he had heard a pistol-shot. He was too high up to see who fired the shot, or who was fired at. On being reminded that it had been reported he said the murderer raised the body and threw it down again, he said he must have fancied this; he was sure he was too far off to have made anything out distinctly.

He gave his evidence with such stupid stolidity that most of the listeners thought him too unintelligent not to have told the truth.

The next witness was the keeper of an inn where the deceased had passed the night previous to his death.

This man deposed that the deceased had said his business in the town was with Sir Astley Darwen, and he had bragged that he would be a richer man when he left Blackdale than when he went into it.

These statements, which were afterwards confirmed by two or three townspeople, customers, at the inn, who had spoken with Rogerson, produced a profound sensation in court. Many a curious glance was directed, after this, to the corner where Sir Astley and his wife sat, both very quiet and downcast, side by side.

The next witness, when these had been disposed of, was Dr. Wharles.

There was a subdued buzz of whispering voices in the court when he advanced and stood up facing the jury; and the spectators glanced at the scar on his handsome face, and exchanged furtive nods as they looked from him to Sir Astley, and recalled by a frown or a raised eyebrow the scene which had taken place between these two men but a few days before.

Dr. Wharles proved an excellent witness, clear, straightforward, unhesitating.

After stating that he had first judged, from the position of the wound and of the body, that the tragedy was a case of suicide, but that subsequent examination, and the fact that no weapon had been found, had caused him to alter his opinion, he gave a minute description of the two wounds found on the dead man, one of which had pierced the heart, and must have proved instantly fatal; then he went on to answer the various further questions put to him with perfect distinctness and in a voice which all could hear.

"Did you know the deceased, Dr. Wharles?"

(To be Continued.)

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Unless the soap you use has this brand you are not getting the best

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 245

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Ten per cent. of the Hawaiian natives are lepers.

It is decidedly mean to lend to your friend just enough money to keep him away from you.

"I don't hate the capitalist because he has money," the man with the riotous whiskers explained. "I hate him because I have no money."

The absorption of soda water and ice cream during the summer season is more than 50 per cent.

Man, born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble. What few days the trouble is out of sight he wanders about uneasily hunting it.

A philosophical observation in "David Harum" is to the effect that wealth is much more desirable for what it saves us from than for what it brings us.

Ice cream and soda has been introduced in the Philippines. Surely if anything can check the heathen's rage it must be this concoction of sweetness and light.

The worst thing about the Alaskan boundary dispute is that it is bound to break out in a new place every time gold is discovered on the American side.

Science and the veterinary surgeons may get together some day and discover that no milk is pure which does not contain a certain per cent. of tuberculosis.

Mrs. Mary Jane Douglas, the 102-year-old widow of Galena, Kas., who recently married a youth of 79, is clearly open to the implication of having taken a boy to raise.

The last book of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro bard, is lauded both at home and abroad. The critics say that he has reached a height as a poet never before attained by anyone of his race.

After all it's all in the way you look at life. A North Carolina exchange says: "Our editor was run over by the midnight accommodation train, but unfortunately he was not hit hard enough to secure damages!"

A Galveston resident, going home late on a recent night, thought to experiment with a pocket electric searchlight, which he had recently purchased, and unexpectedly caught a negro in the act of robbing a store.

The secretary of the Massachusetts board of health has issued the statement that codfish is as nutritious as sirloin steak or oleomargarine. It is plain that locality sometimes influences even the scientific judgment.

A French chemist, attending the American Medical association at Columbus, presented a report on the cure of consumption, claiming to have cured 1,000 hopeless cases and offering to cure 500 cases gratis in this country. The treatment is by inhalation of formaldehyde vapor.

A final act of the three days' June session of the Rhode Island legislature was the passage of a bill fixing the salary of legislative employes, and ending the scandal of treasury grabs by members for extra services by making the compensation $10 per day for attendance at committee meetings during a legislative recess.

The London daily newspapers are famous for queer advertisements—if for nothing else. A "personal" which appeared recently in one of them reads: Wanted—A respectable gentleman—widower preferred—to marry the housekeeper of an aged gentleman, who has been an invalid for years and who respects her, whom he would like to see in the happy state of matrimony before he dies. She has had three husbands, but is willing for a fourth."

Francis L. Loring in New York has brought suit against Senor Mendonca to recover $1,725. Artists and art patrons are displaying much interest in the suit. It seems that Mr. Loring paid $4,550 for the "Magdaline" at the sale of the Brazilian minister's collection, held in New York recently. The picture was sold as a genuine work of Murillo. Experts who have examined it say it is a copy and worthless. Senor Mendonca says he thought the painting was the original and seems quite ready to return the purchase money.

An interesting relic of the Confederate reunion at Charleston, S. C., was the iron 6-pounder cannon, "Old Secession," which was used in announcing the opening of the secession convention in that city, and was again fired when the ordinance of secession was passed. It was also used to announce the secession of each state as the news was received in Charleston, and whenever its roar was heard many persons rushed to see what state had joined South Carolina. The cannon has been moved by night to various places and buried since the evacuation of Charleston in 1864. It was recently dug up in Savannah and returned to Charleston.

A writer in the Century, who has made a study of the tramp, has come to the conclusion that the free riding on freight trains has not been the least incentive to trampism. The custom grew up after the war, and it was tolerated so long that tramps came to regard it as a right and fought to retain it. Thousands pass from one section of the country to another, thus spreading the evil. Furthermore, traveling is so attractive to many men that it induces them to become tramps. The writer holds that if tramps were kept off freight trains, tramping would not be so attractive, and that if railroad officials would make a concerted and energetic effort they might cut off the privilege of free transportation, which would confine the wanderers to limited areas, where they would soon become known to the officials and the custom be suppressed.

A Woman of Forty-five

is young and loveable nowadays, but she is at the threshold of the time of rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia.

SHE SHOULD KNOW

that there is one sure and true and speedy cure for them, giving relief almost the instant the first spoonful is taken, and driving out the last of the disease in one to three days.

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure does it.

Miss M. C. Kennedy, Toronto, writes: "Before taking South American Rheumatic Cure, I was unable to put my feet on the floor and could not obtain relief from the doctor who attended me. Shortly after taking it I recovered completely.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE

is invaluable to women especially. Relieves pain in urinary organs in six hours, and effects a cure, a permanent cure, very quickly. 12

"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 says he s'poses it does it to avoid payin' rent."—Indianapolis Sun.

"My performance of 'Hamlet' led to a great deal of talk," said Mr. Stormington Barnes.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "I am informed that 'Hamlet is one of the longest parts known to the drama."

"He's been talking golf so much lately he seems to be actually going crazy."

"Gracious! Then what must be the condition of the people he's been talking to!"—Philadelphia Press.

WEALTH FOR YOU BECAUSE HEALTH FOR YOU.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

Only 50 cents for bottle and tube, and is worth—as much as your life is worth. Catarrh kills thousands through colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption, and Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures all of them when other prescriptions have failed. It will relieve colds and catarrh and cure headache in ten minutes.

FRED H. HELB, JR., the well known distiller of Railroad, York Co., Pa., states:—"I have had catarrh of the head and stomach for two years in the worst form. I tried all the medicines I ever heard of, but without relief. I used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It cured me entirely, I am now a well man."

In thirty minutes Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will add strength to that organ. Feeding the body by a full supply of blood it fills life with the old time vigor. 11

The class was having lessons in natural history, and the teacher asked: "Now, is there any boy here can tell me what a zebra is?"

Tommy—Yes, sir, I can.

Teacher—Well, Tommy, what is a zebra?

Tommy—Please, sir, a zebra is a donkey with a football suit on!

"Really—er—" stammered the gossip, who had been caught red-handed, "I'm afraid you overheard what I said about you. Perhaps I was a bit too severe—"

"Oh, no," replied the other woman, "you weren't nearly as severe as you would have been if you knew what I think of you."—Philadelphia Press.

HALF THE WORLD IS SICK

Because of Weak Hearts

When you are sick your heart is faint.

If it were pumping good blood through your system, you could not be sick in any part.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred have weak hearts—they are sometimes sick.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure will relieve Heart Disease in thirty minutes. Will with certainty effect a lasting cure.

GEORGE CRITES, Dominion Customs Office, Cornwall, Ont., says:—"I was troubled with severe Heart complaint for a long time. I was under the doctor's care, but not receiving benefit. I asked him about 'DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART,' and I used it with good results."

Dr. Agnew's Ointment is ridding the world of piles and skin rashes, eruptions of all sorts. Its healing powers are marvelous. Price, 35c. 10

BRIEF NOTES OF NOTABLES

The sultan of Turkey is decidedly opposed to the arbitration schemes of the peace conference at The Hague.

Judson Harmon, who was attorney-general in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, is a candidate for a vacant judgeship in Cincinnati.

Young Willie Gladstone, the eldest grand-son of the Grand Old Man, and the present master of Hawarden Castle, has entered Eton college, where his grandfather was graduated.

Charles H. Hoyt has been sued by the doctor who accompanied him on his southern trip, to have him under special treatment. The playwright and the doctor bring counter charges against each other.

Ex-Governor Warmouth, who was the first northern executive of Louisiana, has lived down the unpopularity once excited by his northern birth, and is now one of the most popular men in New Orleans, where he is a successful lawyer.

When the Princess of Wales was in Rome in April she passed incognita as "Mrs. Smith." Under this excellent disguise she and her daughters dined at a restaurant, taking their turn at being served and having a good time generally.

Whistler, the artist, will soon return to London, which he foreswore some time ago, in order to establish an art school there. "I only return to that dismal capital," he declares, as a criminal returns to the scene of his misdeeds."

Prof. George Frederic Barker, who has just been elected an honorary member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, has held the chair of physics in the University of Pennsylvania since 1872. He was born at Charlestown, Mass., in 1835.

Mme. Emma Eames Story is resting in her cozy little home in the Place des Etats Unis, Paris, having refused a London engagement in order to spend a quiet vacation in her new villa near Florence. She will remain there until her return to America in October.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, since inheriting a fortune, has been criticized for writing less than heretofore. "This is unjust," he says, "for, though I do not have to produce so much, I give the time to careful consideration of what I do write. I work just as much as ever."

Senator Hanna, though one of the best business men, is not methodical, and has no fixed plan of daily life. He is not an early riser. He breakfasts at 9, making that the meal of the day, "for," he says, "unless I have breakfasted well, I don't feel that the day is properly begun."

D'Annunzio, the Italian poet and author, took with him on a recent railroad journey fourteen trunks, which contained among other things 72 shirts, 144 pair of plain socks, 24 pairs of silk socks, 48 pairs of day gloves, 24 pairs of evening gloves, 8 violet umbrellas, 10 green parasols and 150 cravats.

General von Falkenstein, commander of the Fifteenth army corps of Germany, garrisoned in Alsace-Lorraine, rose from a bed of serious illness to receive the emperor last week, labored hard at parade and maneuvers for one day, dined the emperor in the evening and was found dead in bed the following morning.

John S. Sargent, R. A., is painting a three-quarter length, life size, standing portrait of Joseph H. Choate, the United States ambassador in London, showing Mr. Choate in ordinary morning costume. The portrait was ordered by the Harvard College club, of New York. When the picture is finished Mr. Sargent will paint another for Mr. Choate.

Elize Polko, who might be styled the Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, of Germany, a generation ago, died on May 15, in Munich. She had lived there in retirement many years, and her name remained only a pleasant memory to the old school reading public. She wrote children's stories in great number and completely endeared herself to the maternal heart in the days when women were not ambitious for a university career.

Three game cocks were brought back from Porto Rico by Admiral Sampson or his boys and placed at the Sampson home at Glen Ridge, N. J. They had records as fighters, and some care was taken to keep them from attacking and hurting a little American bantam which strutted around the place. These precautions failed, however, and the bantam killed two of the Spanish chickens one after the other, and the third roosted so high that it took the admiral's sea glass to find him.

RECENT BULLS.

The House of Commons produces "bulls" and mixed metaphors of rare quality. Here are a few samples:

Mr. B. L. Cohen, M. P., on one occasion told an opponent that "the sheet anchor of his argument is not one which lies in the mouth of this house."

At the period when continual reference was being made to the "Gladstone umbrella," a Conservative orator, in the course of debate, informed the followers of Mr. Gladstone that "we, also, have an umbrella, which will soon be heard, and when it speaks, it will be with no uncertain sound."

A couple of nights later another member astonished a bewildered House by exclaiming "I see a vision float before my eyes—it is the car of progress, rolling on in its majesty, gnashing its teeth as it goes!"

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1903.

THE HOSPITAL.

We are sure our readers ... used with pleasure the annual reports of the Hospital Society appearing in our last and present issues. Not only is the institution a credit to the city but its directorate and staff certainly deserve the thanks of the community. Last August there was a debt of $3169.50 which has been considerably reduced and another year will see the hospital free from debt. Although not mentioned in the report, an X-ray machine of the highest class has been installed and the equipment made in every way equal to any hospital of its size in the Dominion. A large portion of this good work has been done by the Ladies' Guild which has been indefatigable in its efforts throughout the year.

The hospital board will, in a very short time, be face to face with the problem of extra accommodation but we have no doubt that it will be met in an equally energetic way to other difficulties which have been so ably surmounted. Any subscriber of $5 per annum becomes a member of the Hospital Society and everyone interested in the alleviation of sickness should see that his name is on the list.

WHAT IT COSTS.

The capital stock of the G.T.P. is to be $45,000,000; the bonds on 900 miles of the prairie section, at $20,000 per mile would be $18,000,000; and the bonds on 600 miles of the mountain section at $50.000 per mile, would be $30,000,000. The total of capitalization on 1,500 miles would, therefore, be $93,000,000. That is $62,000 per mile. Or if we subtract the $5,000,000 that is to be spent on rolling stock for the eastern division, the average per mile on the western division would be $58,666. The C. P. R. has only $54,142 per mile. It is preposterous that any road built through the west today should be more heavily capitalized than the C.P.R.—Telegram.

JANUS-FACED GRITS

The Socialist party are outspoken in their opposition to trades unionism but the Liberals have shown their hostility on the statutes. While even now the latter are straining every nerve to affect an alliance between organized labour and Liberalism the present session of parliament has, through its Grit majority, been the medium of more anti-union legislation than appeared on the statutes in the whole previous period since Confederation. The eighteen years of Conservative rule never witnessed the passage of a single Act directed against trades unions or curtailing their powers. It has remained for the self styled friends of labour to become traitrous to their workmen supporters, who now realize the trap into which they fell and will endeavor, in every possible way, to free themselves.

So critical is the condition of affairs that the Dominion Trades Congress has issued a manifesto calling a convention at Brockville on September 22nd. And in this manifesto occur the following paragraphs:

"The past session of the Dominion parliament witnessed the introduction of legislation of the most oppressive character, aimed at organized labor. The two following bills threaten the very existence of trade unionism, and, no matter at whose instance they were introduced, the intent is plain, namely, to administer a quietus to the legitimate aims and efforts of organized labour:—

Bill H.—"An Act to amend the Criminal Code respecting Offences connected with Trade and Breaches of Contract." The object of this bill is to kill international trade unionism.

Bill S.—"An Act to amend the Criminal Code, 1892, respecting Free Labour." This bill, if passed, will prevent a trade union discussing ordinary trade matters.

The above bills originated in the Senate, where scant courtesy was shown to Bill U.—"An Act to legalize Union Labels."

What more forcible indictment could be framed against the Liberal party of Canada? They used to denounce the Senate, but have now packed it with sturdy Grits and use their large majority there for sounding the death knell of unionism and striking at it, root and branch. Their supporters in this Province are now asking the votes of working men and assume the old pose of friendship for the labouring classes. But this forcible indictment from the parliament of unionists will nip that project in the bud and force those who believe in trades unions from supporting either the Socialists or Liberals in the coming campaign.

And it is not only the trades unions. Even Liberal associations are rising up in arms and condemning the apathy of the Dominion Government. The Grand Forks Liberal Association met in that city on July 31st, and, after a most stormy discussion regarding the non-enforcement of the Alien Labour Act, unanimously passed the following strong resolution.

"Whereas, paupers and undesirable persons are being hired outside of Canada and particularly by labor agencies and bureaus at Spokane, to work within British Columbia and the Boundary country thereof. And whereas such imported labor is manifestly detrimental to the best interests of the province and the workingmen thereof; and whereas, the contiguity of the Boundary country to the state of Washington makes it necessary that unremitting vigilance should be observed and an officer or officers specially employed at all times to prevent not only infected persons, but all illegal immigration entering Canada: and whereas, the pernicious influence of illiterate and lower class laborers thus hired to enter Canada tends to weaken good government and the stability of labor, while the freedom to traffic in this way may lead to trouble among the laboring class of intelligent men who have long been employed here:

"Be it therefore resolved, that this association respectfully urges the honorable the minister of labor and the honorable, the minister of agriculture, to make immediate enquiry into this complaint and take such effective steps in the premises as the exigency thereof may require."

No wonder Mr. Tarte said the Liberals are "fighting like blazes." And this Liberal party that smiles at the working men and stabs them in the dark asks for their support in British Columbia. The Janus-faced monstrosity should be flung into the lowest depths of political oblivion, there to swelter in the slime of broken pledges, campaign lies and death dealing statutes with which it has betrayed the cause of organized labour.

CRASS IGNORANCE.

The Western Clarion, organ of the Socialist party in this province, has seen fit to disgrace its columns by language referring to the editor of the HERALD which we would not insult our readers by re-producing. Those wishing to read the article in question can do so by obtaining a copy of that paper of July 24th. It will doubtless be cheerfully furnished by the Socialist committee here. The occasion for this diatribe was, we believe, an item which appeared in one of our recent issues regarding a meeting held on July 15th stating:

"A man named Ogle, a paid importation from England, showed what he didn't know about trades unions and gave a re-hash of Taff Vale strike, which, by the bye as far as B. C. goes has nothing to do with the case. Special legislation was passed making the decision in that case inoperative."

It will be remembered by the few who were present, and heard Mr. Ogle, that a large portion of his speech was devoted to an attack on trades unions, and his special instance of their inefficiency was the decision of the House of Lords in what is known as the "Taff Vale case." In the above quoted item we accused Mr. Ogle of ignorance, and now proceed to prove it. Of course this recently arrived orator cannot be expected to have acquainted himself with local conditions, so we waited to see if Mr. Bennett or any other Socialist would correct Mr. Ogle's mis-statement in averring that the Taff Vale decision was operative here. That denial has not been forthcoming so we take the present occasion of setting our Socialist friends right on the matter.

During the 1902 session of the Provincial House the decision mentioned was the subject of extended debate, and the members determined to pass legislation making it impossible for employees of labour in British Columbia to use it in the event of industrial disputes. To attain this end a bill was introduced called "An Act to Amend the Law relating to Trades Unions" which passed the House and received the Royal assent on 21st June, 1902. It will be found as Chapter 66, on pages 285-6 of the statutes of that year. The first section reads:

"No trade union nor any combination of workmen or employees in British Columbia, nor the trustees of any such union or combination in their representative capacity, shall be liable in damages for any wrongful act of commission or omission in connection with any strike, lock-out, or trade or labour dispute, unless the members of such union or combination or its council, committee or other governing body by the rules, regulations or directions of such union or combination, or the resolutions or directions of its members resident in the locality or a majority thereof shall have authorized, or shall have been a concurring party in, such wrongful act."

In this regard we may state that the section quoted is a paraphrase of one prepared by Mr. W. B. Pickard, M. P., chairman of the British Federation of Railway Employees and Mr. A. Jones, K. C., who acted as counsel for the strikers in the Taff Vale case. As the suit mentioned turned on the actions, without explicit authority, of officers of an union, and it was decided that the result of such unauthorized acts was a proper foundation for damage suits, it will be easily seen that our statement was correct and Mr. Ogle certainly exhibited the grossest ignorance. We admit that Mr. Ogle's lectures on the theory of socialism might be interesting from an academic standpoint, but we are sure the large majority of our readers will endorse the demand that gentlemen who attempt to discuss provincial politics on public platforms should be, at all events, reasonably acquainted with British Columbia legislation and conditions.

The most extraordinary exhibition of ignorance, however, on the part of Mr. Ogle and the Socialist party in Vancouver was that gentleman's nomination to and acceptance of a candidacy for the Provincial Legislature. To use the words of the Nanaimo "Herald," referring to the Socialists in Vancouver:

"It seems that they were unaware that a candidate must be a registered voter as well, and selected a man named Ogle, who had been a resident of British Columbia less than two months, as their standard bearer. J. Edward Bird, a Vancouver barrister, put them straight in this matter and now they intend to pull him off as soon as he returns to the coast from the upper country where he is at present on an organising tour. The snap has been given away in Vancouver, and the faithful are coming in for all kinds of roasts."

In Ogle's place they have nominated a British-American-British subject who was *re-patriated* on June 25th. He originally foreswore his British citizenship for that of the United States and got that whitewash off on the day mentioned when, in company with Chris. Foley, he took out naturalization papers.

If you want to make a Grit mad, say "Martin."

Even Socialist orators are taking a rest this hot weather.

Its astonishing how "Liberal" the present outfit at Ottawa are with the people's money.

Ogle gets $2 a day and board as a Socialist spellbinder. His audiences get bored but not the cash.

The Liberals in this riding are candidate hunting. J. M. Kellie has taken to the hills.

If a man makes mistakes selling figs,
To the breezes our last line is flung
And the course of all German big wigs
Is morgendammerungshandelmachterrechtsverderbmuhwanderung.

The Clarion says the editor of the HERALD was dazed on a recent occasion. Even J. W. Bennett would be dazed after the Eagle initiation. Come along, comrade, and try it.

The Mail calls the Grit boodle bag report "moonshine." In the vernacular moonshine is something, generally whiskey, made illicitly for the purpose of defrauding the revenue. A very probable source for the boodle in question.

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.

To-morrow is the last day for placing your name on the Voters' List. A man neglecting to exercise the Franchise is an Unworthy Citizen.

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 8th, 1903, for the purpose of electing delegates to a convention to be held at Revelstoke, in the rooms of the Revelstoke Liberal-Conservative Association, 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
Camborne	5
Clanwilliam and Sawmill	1
Comaplix	2
Glacier	1
Goldfields	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 interest of the Liberal-Conservative party.

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

JOHN HOUSTON,
President of the Liberal-Conservative Union of British Columbia.
Dated at Revelstoke July 25th, 1903.

WANTED.

GOOD CARPENTERS.

Experienced Carpenters and Framers for Mill Work at Arrowhead. Address W. J. LUDGATE, Arrowhead.

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.

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OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

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Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

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

J. Albert Stone · Prop

ICE CREAM

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.

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WOOD

Wood for sale including

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

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MACHINERY

Steam Engines and Boilers.
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Machinery for every purpose

J. L. NEILSON & CO.,
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FOR
RHUBARB
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RED CURRANTS
BLACK CURRANTS
WHITE CURRANTS
HOME GROWN TOMATOES
CUCUMBERS ETC., ETC.,
GO TO
J. MALEYS STORE,
SECOND STREET.

Conservative Headquarters, Selkirk Hall.

LEGAL

LE MAISTRE & SCOTT.
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
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J. M. Scott, B.A., LL.B. W. de V. le Maistre, M.A.

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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 quarter, in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren welcome
T. H. BAKER, President. H. COOKE, Secretary.

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

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.,
MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.
R. LOYST, C. C.
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SPECIALTIES:
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Bedford McNeill Code!
COWAN BLOCK, Revelstoke, B. C.

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 complaints against the Assessment for the year 1903, as made by the Assessor of the City of Revelstoke, will be held at the City Hall, Revelstoke, B. C., on Monday, August 24, 1903, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

H. FLOYD,
City Clerk.

Revelstoke, B. C., July 21, 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 next. For full information, plans, specifications etc., apply to the undersigned. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

A. E. PHIPPS,
Manager.

Revelstoke, B. C. 28th July 1903.

Notice.

Take notice that, under the provisions of the "Liquor License Act," I shall, at the next sittings of the Revelstoke District Licensing Court, apply for a retail license for the premises known as the Clarendon Hotel, Camborne, B. C.

FRANK J. GOLDSMITH.

Dated at Camborne, B. C., this 20th day of July, 1903.

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Millmen and Bushmen wanted. Apply to Jas. Taylor, Arrowhead Lumber Co., Arrowhead, B. C.

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Good Carpenters wanted immediately.—Apply to,
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Woolens—The best and most complete range ever shown in Revelstoke before.

Prices right consistent with good material and workmanship.

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

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Stables supplied with Single, Double, Saddle and Pack Horses and Freight Teams for any part of the District.

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Free Bus meets all trains. Hourly Street Car—Fare 10c.

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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.

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Canon Farrar	George William Curtis	Henry W. Grady	Hamilton Wright Mabie
William Cullen Bryant	John L. Stoddard	Jonathan P. Dolliver	Joseph Jefferson
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EVERY young man wants to succeed. How? Obviously the way to learn is to study the methods of men who have succeeded.

Guides to success are many. What do they say? Be honest. Tell the truth. Work hard. Save money. Do $20 worth of work for wages of $5. Such advice is good, no doubt, as far as it goes,—but is not something *more* needed? Did these methods alone make HILLIS, and BOK, and REED, and CARNEGIE, and CURTIS, successful?

Young men are not fools. They see that there *is* a secret of success, and that it is more than honesty and hard work, else every honest hard worker would be successful.

The secret lies in controlling the minds of men. How to make others believe you, trust you, and do what you wish,—this is what you must learn. To be sure, few will learn it but those who also work hard and tell the truth. These come *first*,—but they are not *all*.

As a guide to the highest success, "MODERN ELOQUENCE" has no rival. It is a splendid series of object-lessons by masters in the art of influencing men's minds. And the success aimed at is far more than mere money success. Fame, power, honor, the gratitude and love of generations to come,—these are the rewards which have spurred to such efforts the men whose words are gathered in these ten rich volumes.

In "MODERN ELOQUENCE" the men who have won success in every line speak for our instruction:—

In **Law**, there are Evarts and Phelps, both the Choates, Coudert, and David Dudley Field.

In **Journalism**, Dana, Halstead, Watterson, McClure, McKelway, and Whitelaw Reid.

In **Politics**, Cleveland and Harrison, Blaine and Conkling, Sumner and Seward; we listen to the eloquence of Gladstone, then to that of his great rival, Disraeli.

In **Literature**, we have the best thoughts of Dickens and Thackeray, in contrast with the more modern humor of Howells and Mark Twain; or Carlyle, Froude, and Morley speak to us from across the sea, for comparison with our own Emerson and Curtis.

Among the heroes of **War** are Grant and Sherman, Sampson and Schley, Miles, Wheeler, and Lew Wallace.

Among great **Educators** are Eliot, Gilman, and Hadley.

Among great **Scientists**, Huxley and Tyndall, Herbert Spencer and Agassiz.

Among successful men of **Business** are Carnegie and Depew, E. W. Bok and Cyrus W. Field. President Eliot's address on the "Uses of Education for Business," and Gladstone's "Modern Training for Life," are guides for the beginner to learn by heart; and Bok's lecture on "The Keys to Success" is of the greatest practical value to every young man ambitious to succeed.

[V 100]

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GENTLEMEN: Referring to your advertisement of Hon. Thomas B. Reed's Library of "MODERN ELOQUENCE" in

Revelstoke Herald

I should be pleased to receive portfolio of sample pages, photogravures, and chromatic plates; also full particulars regarding bindings, prices, terms, etc.

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams Lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the east fork of Cayenne creek, marked "Geo. H. Tennant's north west corner," about seven miles up from Adams lake, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Geo. H. Tennant's north east corner," planted near the north bank of the east fork of Cayenne creek, about seven miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 6th day of July, 1903.

GEO. H. TENNANT.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "Emma McCleery's north west corner," planted about one mile south from Cayenne creek, and about fifteen miles up from Adams lake, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 7th day of July, 1903.

EMMA McCLEERY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Julia Butler's north west corner," planted near the north bank of Cayenne creek, about fifteen miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Julia Butler's north east corner," planted near the north bank of Cayenne creek, about 15 miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of July, 1903.

JULIA BUTLER.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "James Hayes' south west corner," planted near the north bank of Cayenne creek, about fifteen miles up from Adams lake, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "James Hayes' south east corner," planted near the north bank of Cayenne creek, about fifteen miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of July, 1903.

JAMES HAYES.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Frank W. Galland's southeast corner," planted about one mile north from Cayenne creek, about fifteen miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Frank W. Galland's south west corner," planted about one mile north from Cayenne creek, about fifteen miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of July, 1903.

FRANK W. GALLAND.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Issabel Galland's south west corner" planted a quarter of a mile from the north bank of Cayenne creek, about sixteen miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Issabel Galland's north west corner," planted a quarter of a mile from the north bank of Cayenne creek, about sixteen miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 9th day of July, 1903.

ISSABEL GALLAND.

R. Howson & Co. are unloading to-day a Car of Furniture.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Mary Hayes' south west corner," planted one and a quarter miles north from Cayenne creek, about sixteen miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Mary Hayes' south west corner," planted on the north bank of Cayenne creek about seventeen miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 9th day of July, 1903.

MARY HAYES.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Frank Wadsworth's north west corner," planted on the north bank of Cayenne creek, about seventeen miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 9th day of July, 1903.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Frank Wadsworth's north east corner," planted about one hundred yards from the south bank of Cayenne creek about eighteen and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 10th day of July, 1903

FRANK WADSWORTH.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "H. Wadsworth's south east corner," planted about one hundred yards from the south bank of Cayenne creek, about eighteen and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "H. Wadsworth's north west corner," planted about one hundred yards from the south bank of Cayenne creek, about eighteen and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 10th day of July, 1903.

H. WADSWORTH.

NOTICE,

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "W. S. Rogers' south west corner," planted about one hundred yards from the south bank of Cayenne creek, about eighteen and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "W. S. Rogers' north west corner," planted about quarter of a mile from the south bank of Cayenne creek, about nineteen miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 10th day of July, 1903.

W. S. ROGERS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Frank Morgan's south west corner," planted about half a mile from Cayenne creek, about nineteen and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 10th day of July, 1903.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Frank Morgan's north west corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about twenty-one miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 11th day of July, 1903.

FRANK MORGAN.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on Seymour river, a tributary of Shuswap lake, B. C.

1. Commencing at a post marked "B. Boynton's South East Corner," planted on the east bank of the Seymour river, about six miles up from Shuswap Lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 29th day of July, 1903.

B. BOYNTON.

2. Commencing at a post marked "B. Boynton's South East Corner," planted on the east bank of the Seymour river, about six miles up from Shuswap lake, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, to the point of commencement.

Dated this 30th day of July, 1903.

B. BOYNTON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "John Mason's north east corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about 21 miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "John Mason's south west corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about 21 miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 11th day of July, 1903.

JOHN MASON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Thomas H. Steven's south east corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about 21 miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 11th day of July, 1903.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Thomas H. Stevens' south west corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about 23 miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.

THOMAS H. STEVENS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Henry Works' north west corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about 23 miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Henry Works' north east corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about 23 miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.

HENRY WORKS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek. (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams Lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "William Hastings' south west corner," planted on the west bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek, about twenty-seven miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 17th day of July, 1903.

WILLIAM HASTINGS.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Work for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on the Seymour river, a tributary of Shuswap lake, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "H. Webster's North West Corner," planted on the east bank of the North Fork of the Seymour river, about 15 miles up from Shuswap lake, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 28th day of July, 1903.

H. WEBSTER.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet District, B.

1. Commencing at a post marked "A. F. Peckham's North West Corner," planted on the north bank of Cayenne creek, about ten miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 19th day of July, 1903.

A. F. PECKHAM.

2. Commencing at a post marked A. F. Peckham's south west corner," planted on the north bank of Cayenne creek, about eleven miles up from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, to point of commencement.

Dated this 19th day of July, 1903.

A. F. PECKHAM.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "W. B. Tomlinson's south east corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about 23 miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "W. B. Tomlinson's north west corner," planted one half a mile south from Cayenne creek about twenty-four miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.

W. B. TOMLINSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "B. V. Stevens' south west corner," planted on the east shore of Adams lake, about one quarter of a mile north from the mouth of Cayenne creek, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 21st day of July, 1903.

B. V. STEVENS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Lucy Tomlinson's north west corner," planted one quarter of a mile from the north bank of Cayenne creek, about twenty-four miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Lucy Tomlinson's south west corner," planted one quarter of a mile from the north bank of Cayenne creek, about twenty-four miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.

LUCY TOMLINSON.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "Charles Lamson's south east corner," planted one quarter of a mile from the north bank of Cayenne creek, about twenty-four miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.

CHARLES LAMSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intendto make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber fr m the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B.C

1 Commencing at a post marked "L. B. Nickerson's south east corner," planted on the west bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek, about twenty-seven miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "L. B. Nickerson's north east corner," planted on the west bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek about twenty-seven miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 17th day of July, 1903.

L. B. NICKERSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Cayenne creek (Mo-mich river) a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district, B.C.

1 Commencing at a post marked "Charles Allen's south east corner," planted on the west bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek about twenty-eight miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Charles Allen's south west corner," planted on the west bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek, about twenty-eight miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 17th day of July, 1903.

CHARLES ALLEN.

NOTICE

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

Commencing at the south west corner of Lot 80 "A", on the Columbia river, about four miles south of the mouth of Gold creek, thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains, more or less to the bank of the Columbia river; thence northerly following the bank of the Columbia river to the south boundary of Lot 80 "A", thence along the south boundary of Lot 80 "A" to the point of commencement.

Dated this 2nd day of August, 1903.

MAURICE QUINN,
Per C. R.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate in West Kootenay district.

Commencing at a post planted about one mile east from Columbia river and about one mile north from Boyd's ranch, at the south east corner of P. Agren's north limit and marked "F. J. Adair's south west corner post," thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence West 40 chains to the place of commencement containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated July 6th, 1903.

F. J. ADAIR.

ONLY SEVEN DAYS LEFT TO REGISTER.

2— TWO DAYS —2

Rossland Summer Carnival

Under the auspices of the Mayor and City Council.

Tuesday,----Wednesday,

AUG. 25, 26

PATRONS—The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and Rossland Miners Union, No. 38, W. F. of M.

$5,000 IN PRIZES

LIST OF EVENTS

Tugs of War, Drilling Contests, Firemen Contests, Grand Baseball and Lacrosse Tournaments, Horse Racing, Military Parade, Wrestling Matches, Sparring Bouts, etc.

For further particulars apply to

A. J. DREWRY,
SECRETARY.

2— TWO DAYS —2

GET YOUR NAME ON THE VOTERS' LIST.

WILDCAT STRATEGY.

The Clever Way in Which the Animal Outwitted a Pack of Pursuing Hounds.

In many parts of Tennessee, hunting wildcats is as popular a sport as the fox chase. The wildcat is as tricky as the fox. He has a still more dogged way of sticking to the thickest cover and the most rugged ground, and when overtaken will generally fight till he dies.

Some years ago I witnessed a wildcat perform an act of cunning quite as remarkable as any I have heard attributed to the fox. With six other young men I was camped near the head waters of Buffalo Creek, not far from the Alabama line, when we determined to try a wildcat chase, and for that purpose went to a thickly wooded strip of country lying between the Buffalo and one of its tributary streams. In the dense woods there are occasionally small openings connected by a few old roads which we could traverse on horseback. Only at the lower end of this strip of woods were there any caves or holes to which the wildcats would be likely to retreat.

Our chase began on a cloudy, drizzling morning, a capital time for the hunt, for in such weather the game is easily started and the trail is strong. Three of our party, including myself took positions near the junction of the two streams, in the edge of a small space that was clear of undergrowth, but set with taller trees. The other four, taking the dogs, went some two miles up the river to start the game, which would probably pass near our position, either to take refuge in a neighboring bluff on the river bank, or as was more likely to dodge the hounds by winding among the rocks, and then doubling on their trail.

We had waited fully two hours when we heard the distant cry of a hound, and soon afterward a full chorus of the dogs. They were coming toward our place of concealment, although as yet far off, and to judge from their cry the trail was growing hotter every moment. After a run of some twenty minutes the steady baying was succeeded by a din of short, sharp yelps, and then we knew the pack had sighted the game. We kept perfectly quiet among the bushes, our guns ready for action and when the hounds were about a quarter of a mile distant we heard a rustling among the bushes between us and the dogs, a succession of light, springing leaps, and then an enormous wildcat bounded into the clearing.

We should have fired but that our curiosity was roused by the eccentric movements of the creature. For an instant he looked back in the direction of the hounds, then making several active springs to the left he returned to his trail and made as many springs to the right. Then turning he jumped upon the trunk of a leaning chestnut tree, which, having been blown down, had been broken off some forty feet from the root. The break was seven or eight feet from the ground, and the leaning trunk was pointing in the direction from which the hounds were coming.

The cat ran quickly to the upper end, but instead of leaping off, as we expected, he scrambled underneath the trunk, and crawled out upon a broken limb that projected two or three feet from the lower side. Here he sat, close crouched with his short ears thrown back and his great yellow eyes glaring fiercely.

Pretty soon the dogs came up in full cry on the trail. Three old hounds led the pack and these were a little puzzled when they came to where the cat had turned aside. The other hounds, most of them being young, scattered over the open place, all the while baying lustily, but without striking the trail at all. The leaders, having made several starts in different directions, finally struck the trail, and were forthwith joined by the others. Up the trunk they went with sonorous bay, one right after the other.

Under the end of the log on the broken limb still crouched the wildcat, motionless as stone, except as he bent his fierce yellow eyes around him and moved his short tail slowly from side to side. Only the thickness of the log was between him and the foremost hound; still he did not move, but only crouched closer to the limb. His pursuers paused but for a moment on the log, and then leaped to the ground in quick succession. After a little confusion in searching for the trail, they started off at full speed on the back track, and were soon some distance from the place.

The cat did not move from his place until the hounds were well out of sight. Then, raising his head, he cautiously looked around, and, finding no enemies in sight, he sprang lightly to the ground and started to make off another way. I wished to reward the animal's sagacity by allowing it to escape unhurt, but a shot from one of the party stopped its course.—Youth's Companion.

The New Motorman.

The new motorman was strong and willing, but he hadn't been in a city very much. He had done farm work up in northern Aroostook. The other motorman was instructing him.

"If a fire alarm rings in," said the old hand, "remember that the department, the fire engine and the rest have the right of way. Hold right up and let 'em past. If you don't they'll run you down."

The second day an alarm of fire was rung in. The car was near a cross street where the department must pass.

"Hold up," said the instructor.

Over the electric track tore the hose teams, then the fire engine, spouting flame and smoke. The new hand cast a look up the street and then spun his controller lever. The car started.

"You infernal fool, what are you doing?" howled the old man. He jumped and the new man jumped, and the hook and ladder truck tore the front platform off the car and disappeared in a cloud of dust, and with its men yelling like fiends.

"Why didn't you wait?" howled the instructor.

"Ba gar," replied his pupil, white and gasping, "I no t'ink we had to bodder for dat scare dam gang o' drunk house painters."

AN OPEN QUESTION.

Too Much Study Demanded at Home From Growing Boys and Girls.

It is an open question with many thoughtful people whether there is not a screw loose in the system which demands and exacts so much study at home from growing boys and girls. At precisely the period when the physical life is most imperious in its claims, when the lad is shooting up like a weed, when the girl is all legs and arms, and both are in the greatest need of play, of rest, of sleep, of exercise, they must spend five or six hours of daylight in school, brain and nerves under high pressure, stimulated to intellectual activity at every point. It is little wonder if they are correspondingly listless and languid when the hours of recitation are over, and not altogether ready to give any portion of the afternoon to the preparation of the next day's studies.

I fear the expectant attitude of American parents in general reinforces that school boards and trustees, since few fathers and mothers have patience with a dull child, or sufficient common sense not to be cruelly mortified if their sons and daughters do not make rapid progress.

The doctor interferes now and then, lays an arresting hand on the home work, cuts short the hours of school attendance, or advises a cessation of school for a while, but the doctor is obeyed under protest. Most of us would be deeply humiliated if our children were not regularly promoted every half year, or if our neighbor's children took prizes, and not ours.

In the mean time, if we sit down to render what assistance in the evening's labor may be within our power, we find our cheeks mantling with the blush of shame. We still can spell, but it is extremely doubtful whether we can pronounce, both Latin and English having suffered a change since our day. Our attention is bestowed elsewhere—on bread-winning, if we are fathers; on sewing, mending, visiting and housekeeping, if we are mothers. Yet we expiate many a sin, since here is an obligation which we cannot shirk.

The probable reason for the situation is that we attempt too much in primary, grammar and preparatory schools. In the first fourteen years of life the effort should be to train a child so that he or she may know how to pay close attention, how to learn. A very few subjects thoroughly mastered are of more value than many merely glanced at and superficially discerned.—Harper's Bazar.

How to Deal With Drink.

The true object of legal punishment is to eliminate crime by rescuing or reforming and our punishment should combine the deterrent and reformatory elements.

About 26,000 of the 62,000 drunks in the State of Massachusetts belong in Boston. About half of them are discharged after a night in the station-house, 7,000 are fined and 4,000 suffer imprisonment. Of the 26,000 only 1,270 go on probation. Thus the best form of discipline is used least and the worst form is used most.

Most of the judges of the municipal court, the police captains, superintendents and chaplains of the reformatory and charitable institutions say that the most promising field for reducing the evils of drunkenness lies in the direction of an extension of the probation system. They agree in emphasizing the value of the personal moral relationship.

And that is partly an answer to the question as to whether the State is properly meeting its responsibility that goes with its extraordinarily severe treatment of drunkards.

It is necessary to impress upon every individual in the community his personal responsibility for the law and its administration. At present we are doing for drunkards not what will reform but what degrades them. I refer to the 11,000 fined or sent to prison every year.

The system of fines violates the fundamental principle of democracy, because it is no punishment to the well-to-do, while it is a punishment to the poor. The rich man is able to secure his immediate discharge, while the poor man has to go to prison for want of the money to pay his fine, and there he associates with the most degraded people and becomes permanently corrupted, very likely.

Often the only alternative is that the wife or children have to be deprived of the necessaries of life in order to release their bread-winner. It is the innocent who are punished by such a system.—By Prof. Edward Cummings.

A Luminous Sea Crab.

One of the marine curiosities recently fished from the bottom of the Indian ocean by a dredging vessel in the employ of the Calcutta Society of Natural History was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light, similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity kindled by our common glow worms. The oddity was captured in the day time and placed in a large tank, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, when all was pitchy darkness, the crab surprised the naturalists by lighting up the tank so that all the other sea creatures, great and small, could be plainly seen.

Origin of "Setting the River on Fire"

In old English times, when each family was obliged to sift its own flour, it sometimes happened that an energetic man would turn his sieve so rapidly as to cause it to catch fire. The style of sieve used in those days was called a "temse," and it became a customary saying that a lazy man would never set the temse on fire. Now it happens that the name of the river Thames is pronounced like the name of this old flour sieve, and after many years, when the old-fashioned temse was forgotten, it was thought that setting the temse on fire meant setting the river on fire, and that is why to-day we say that a stupid person will never set the river on fire.—Ladies' Home Journal.

PEANUT ADVERTISING.

A Promoter's Method of Advancing the Interests of a Shin Plaster Concern.

"Gimme two cents' worth of those peanuts," said the smooth-faced young man, walking up to the Italian vender in front of the post office. The Italian measured the peanuts out and at the young man's suggestion, dumped them into the pocket of his coat. They went into the right-hand pocket, but the young man plunged his hand into the pocket on the left-hand side, and hauling out a nut, cracked it open and started to put the contents into his mouth. Suddenly he gave a loud exclamation, and then with apparent indignation, turned to the Italian and said:

"Say, John, what kind of peanuts do you call these?"

"They all right," protested the Italian.

"All right nuthin'," said the young man. "Just look at this," and from inside the peanut that he had just broken open, he pulled a small piece of paper, neatly folded up. Unfolding the paper he read aloud:

"This is no shell game. Use the famous Bumm Bumm Shin Plasters."

The young man took another peanut from the left-hand pocket and cracked that open. Out fell another fold of paper containing the same advertisement. The Italian's eyes were nearly popping out of his head. The young man put on a great show of indignation.

"This is the worst bunco game that I ever ran against," he exclaimed. "Take these peanuts back and keep them. I don't want the blame things," and with a rapid motion, he extracted a handful of peanuts from the same left-hand pocket, and throwing them in with the Italian's stock mixed them up, and went on his way, leaving the Italian gesticulating wildly, and making frantic efforts to explain.

This much was witnessed by a reporter, who decided forthwith that the young man was up to some game, an impression which was strengthened when he saw him approach another peanut vender and go through the same performance. So when the young man went on his way the reporter accosted him and asked him what the game was. The man was delightfully frank. Here is what he said:

"I get enough fun out of this thing watching the faces of those dagoes to pay me for doing it, even if I wasn't getting good pay. Say, it's the greatest game ever played. You see, it's this way. I make a living suggesting ways to advertise to big concerns. Now the Bumm Bumm Shin Plaster company wanted to reach the common people with advertisements of their stuff. So they send for me and ask me for a suggestion. The peanut game was one that I thought out a long time ago, but had never put into operation. The Bumm Bumm people thought it was all right and were willing to put up good money. I had a couple of women open up a bushel of peanuts, fold up these little circulars, put them inside, and then, by the use of a very small quantity of paste of each shell, put them together again. I sold the meat of the nuts to a candy man, and got more for them than I paid for the original bushel.

"I took the lot down to the office of the Bumm Bumm company, and they were dead stuck on the game. They gave me a fat check, and that being the end of my contract, I bobbed up with another suggestion. 'You can reach a lot of people with those things, just scattering them around the street,' I says, 'but I've got a better game than that.' Then I told them that for $10 a day I would mix those fake peanuts up with the stocks of venders, so that every man who bought peanuts on the street would be bound to get at least one of ours. Say, they were dead stuck on the game, and we closed at once. That's all there is to it. You've seen me at work and know how I do it. Say, but isn't it a peach of a game? I bet I've put forty peanut stocks on the bogus since I started out, and I've only been working three days."

How to Reduce Flesh.

I have just received a letter from a correspondent in New Orleans, who tells me that she has reduced herself sixty pounds by following my obesity treatment. Here it is:

Avoid all starches and sweetened food, all cereals, vegetables containing sugar or starch, such as peas, beans, corn, potatoes, etc. Have your bread toasted; sprinkle it with salt instead of butter. Milk is fattening. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids. Add a little of the juice of limes or lemons to it, if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven at the outside. No naps. You must take exercise.

If you cannot walk at least five miles a day, and do not wheel, go to one of the institutions where mechanical massage is given. Several of my correspondents report excellent results from this method of getting the vigorous exercise they require. The system is thoroughly wholesome and not expensive. In reducing flesh the one fact to recollect is that fat is carbon—oxygen destroys or burns out carbon. You must consume the carbon by the oxygen you take through your lungs. The more exercise the more oxygen and consequent destruction of fat by the one healthful method of curing obesity.

The more starch and sugar you eat the more carbon to burn away.

Sweet Odors.

Lavender is the housewife's scent, and tells of good home-making. Violet was the odor of the grandame long before the advent of the famous Parisian dame of ancienne noblesse, who said:

"The devil may smell of sulphur if he like, but my salon shall smell of violets."

Florentine, of course. It is the iris florentina, orris root, which gives the violet scent of commerce to the toilet. The rhizomes of this and other iris and flag are scented like violets and form the basis of violet perfumes and dry scents for various pomanders, bags, etc. Orris root is largely cultivated, dried in the sun and prepared in France and Italy.

IF YOU SEE IT IN

THE HERALD

IT IS SO! IT IS SO!

The Revelstoke Herald

Is the oldest weekly under the same management in the Kootenays. THE HERALD has a large circulation in the rich camps in close proximity to Revelstoke, and contains exclusive news of our mines, forests, and placer grounds. Its special correspondents at Ottawa and Victoria give the earliest intimation of important events and its news service is unexcelled by any paper in the Interior. It will be invaluable during the coming political campaign as arrangements have been made to cover the whole field.

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M. A. SMITH & CO.,

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

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

MEN!!! GIVE THE

Vacuum Developer

A trial and be convinced that it will give results sure and lasting. Cures weakness and undeveloped organs, stricture and varicocele. Send stamp for book sent sealed in plain envelope.

THE STRENVA HEALTH APPLIANCE CO., 311 Cordova Street, West, Vancouver, B.C.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams Lake, Lillooet District.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about one mile from the head of Adams lake and marked "K. A. Woodrow's northwest corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 19th day of June, 1903.

K. A. WOODROW.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams Lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 18 miles rom head of Adams lake and marked "J. I. Woodrow's south west corner," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 21st day of June, 1903.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 34 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "J. I. Woodrow's north east corner," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

J. I. WOODROW.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate near Tum Tum lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about 3 miles from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "W. Connelly's south east corner," thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about 3 miles from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "W. Connelly's south west corner," thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of June, 1903.

W. CONNELLY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 30 miles from head of Adams lake, and marked "E. A. Harris' north east corner," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 30 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "E. A. Harris' south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

E. A. HARRIS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 30 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "M. Bradley's south west corner," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 38 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "M. Bradley's south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of June, 1903.

M. BRADLEY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 32 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "W. A. Sutherland's north west corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 32 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "W. A. Sutherland's south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

W. A. SUTHERLAND.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about 3 miles from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "M. Hedstrom's south west corner," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 34 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "M. Hedstrom's north west corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

M. HEDSTROM.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 32 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "T. Steed's north east corner," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

T. STEED.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams' river, about 30 miles from head of lake and marked "F. F. Jarvis' north west corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

F. F. JARVIS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate near Tum Tum lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about 3 miles from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "M. Connelly's north east corner," thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about 3 miles from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "M. Connelly's north west corner," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of June, 1903.

M. CONNELLY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate near Tum Tum lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about 3 miles from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "J. Keough's north west corner," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about 3 miles from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "J. Keough's south west corner," thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of June, 1903.

J. KEOUGH.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate near Tum Tum lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about 3 miles up from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "L. Hughes' north east corner," thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about 3 miles from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "L. Hughes' south east corner," thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of June, 1903.

L. HUGHES.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate near Tum Tum lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about one mile from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "M. W. Maratta's south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about one mile from head of Tum Tum lake, and marked "M. W. Maratta's south west corner," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of June, 1903.

M. W. MARATTA.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 40 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "L. Klein's north east corner," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 40 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "L. Klein's south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of June, 1903.

L. KLEIN.

GOLDFIELDS POSSIBILITIES..

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

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For Terms and Particulars Write

ROGER F. PERRY, Manager, Goldfields, B.C.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 40 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "J. O. Bradley's north west corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 40 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "J. O. Bradley's south west corner," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of June, 1903.

J. O. BRADLEY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate near Tum Tum lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about one mile from head of Tum Tum lake, and marked "M. L. Bradley's north west corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of June, 1903.

M. L. BRADLEY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate near Tum Tum lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Kinbasket creek, about one mile from head of Tum Tum lake and marked "F. F. Jarvis' north east corner," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of June, 1903.

F. F. JARVIS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams Lake, Lillooet district.

1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 42 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "H. Myers' south west corner," thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 42 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "H. Myers' south east corner," thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of June, 1903.

H. MYERS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 38 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "J. Sands' south west corner," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

J. SANDS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 34 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "B. Steed's south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

B. STEED.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 36 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "J. Stone's north east corner," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

J. STONE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 38 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "G. W. Thomas' north west corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of June, 1903.

G. W. THOMAS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 36 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "H. Foblin's south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 36 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "H. Foblin's north west corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1903.

H. FOHLIN.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Adams river, a tributary of Adams lake, Lillooet district.

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Adams river, about 38 miles from head of Adams lake and marked "G. W. Thomas' north west corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of June, 1903.

G. W. THOMAS.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Downie Creek, about nine miles up from the mouth, and marked "Annie S. Johnson's south-west corner;" thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 9th day of June, 1903.

ANNIE S. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Downie creek, about nine miles up from the mouth, and marked "Annie S. Johnson's south-east corner," thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 9th day of June, 1903.

ANNIE S. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Downie creek, about 11 miles up from its mouth and marked "Nellie M. Johnson's south-east corner," thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 10th day of June, 1903.

NELLIE M. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Downie creek, just below the mouth of the south fork, and marked "Robert Kimble's south-west corner;" thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 13th day of June, 1903.

ROBERT KIMBLE.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Downie creek, just below the mouth of the south fork, and marked "Robert Kimble's south-west corner;" thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 13th day of June, 1903.

ROBERT KIMBLE.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post on the south bank of Downie creek, opposite the mouth of the north fork and marked "Laura Kimble's north-west corner," thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 15th day of June, 1903.

LAURA KIMBLE.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Downie creek about one mile above the mouth of the north fork, and marked "Elsie Kimble's north west corner," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 13th day of June 1903.

ELSIE KIMBLE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on the Seymour river, a tributary of Shuswap lake B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "G. Boynton's north west corner," planted on the west side of the Seymour river, about seven and a half miles up from Shuswap lake, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement

Dated this 25th day of June 1903.

G. BOYNTON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on the Seymour river, a tributary of Shuswap Lake, B.C.

Commencing at a post marked "A. Boynton's north east corner," planted on the west side of Seymour river, about seven and a half miles up from Shuswap lake, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of June, 1903.

A. BOYNTON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Downie Creek, about nine miles up from the mouth, and marked "Annie S. Johnson's south-west corner;" thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 9th day of June, 1903.

ANNIE S. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Downie creek, about nine miles up from the mouth, and marked "Annie S. Johnson's south-east corner," thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 9th day of June, 1903.

ANNIE S. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Downie creek about 2 miles above the mouth of the north fork and marked "Elsie Kimble's north west corner," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 13th day of June, 1903.

ELSIE KIMBLE.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Downie creek about 200 yards below the mouth of Boulder creek and marked "Eliza Kimble's north east corner," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 17th day of June, 1903.

ELIZA KIMBLE.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of *Downie creek about one mile below the mouth* of Granite creek and marked "Eliza Kimble's north west corner," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 17th day of June, 1903.

ELIZA KIMBLE.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on the Seymour River, a tributary of Shuswap Lake, B.C.

Commencing at a post marked "O. C. Boynton's north west corner," planted on the east bank of the north fork of Seymour river about twenty miles up from Shuswap Lake, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1903.

O. C. BOYNTON.

NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned intend to apply under the provisions of the "Tramway Company Incorporation Act" and amending acts, for the incorporation of a company with power to build, equip and operate a tramway and to construct and equip and operate telephone or telegraph lines in connection therewith, between a point on the north east arm of Upper Arrow Lake, at or near the townsite of Beaton and a point on Fish River, West Kootenay, 10 miles northerly from the town of Camborne.

The general route of said proposed tramway and telephone or telegraph lines shall be along or near the easterly shore of the north east arm of Upper Arrow Lake and thence northerly along or near the banks of Fish river.

Dated this 16th day of July, 1903.

A. Johnson, J. A. Darragh, G. S. McCarter, Applicants.

NOTICE

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

Commencing at "W. le Maistre's south east corner post" about half a mile west of west bank of Columbia River and on west boundary of John Nelson's ranche; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains to point of commencement.

W. LE MAISTRE.

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LOVE.

I.

I love the fields, I love the trees,
I love the hills and dales;
I love the dancing little waves,
I love the gleaming sails,
I love the frisking lambs, I love
The sky's entrancing blue,
And e'en yon Nanni goat I love,
Sweetheart, for loving you.

II.

I love the trees, I love the brooks
That gently flow along;
I love the cowbell on the cow
I love its ding-a-dong,
I love each tender blade of grass
That glistens in the dew,
And e'en the donkey browsing there
I love for loving you.

—S. E. Kiser.

Her Two-Fold Blessing.

The twilight of mid-July was full of brightness; the scent of new-mown slopes, boated in the air, and, just beyond the elms in the hollow, the full moon was rising up, a great globe of pearl. And from her low seat beneath the overhanging honeysuckles Bertha Wyman saw and felt all this summer beauty with the faint, blissful languor of a tropic dream.

"Bertha!"

Paul Fordham crossed the broad ribbon of moonlight that fluttered over the piazza, and came to sit down at the girl's feet.

"You are like a picture to-night, Bertha. Do you know it?"

"Am I?" Miss Wyman was accustomed to adulation, and took it very coolly, with only a royal smile flung back to her admirer.

"Hush—who is that?" she said, with a little start, as a light footstep sounded on the matted hall beyond.

"Only your aunt's companion, Mrs. Raymond. By the way, Bertha, what a very interesting little thing she is—such a child widow, with those big black eyes, and the heavy lashes, that seem actually to weigh down her eyelids! She makes me think of one of those exquisite little South American birds, all grace and sparkle."

"I never could account for the taste of you men," said Bertha, half contemptuously.

"No, but she is a beauty, by Jove! I can tell you what, my fair Saxon empress, if I hadn't lost my heart irrevocably to you long before I ever saw Mrs. Raymond, there's no telling what might have happened."

He spoke jestingly, but Bertha drew away the hand he had taken very coolly.

"It is not yet too late, Paul, if you really admire Zaidee Raymond so enthusiastically."

"Bertha!"

Miss Wyman laughed a strange, unnatural sort of laugh. Up to this moment her lips had never tasted the bitter cup of jealousy; now it seemed as if the draught was maddening. How flared Paul Fordham, her betrothed lover, so to speak in terms of commendation of any woman save herself?

Miss Wyman went up to her own apartments earlier than usual that evening, not because she was particularly weary, but because she wanted to punish Paul Fordham, who was fond of moonlight and sentiment and delicious July evenings, for his unwarrantable neglect of her aunt's dark eyed companion.

She sat there silent and motionless for well nigh half an hour; then there came a soft tap at her chamber door.

"Come in," said Bertha Wyman.

And Mrs. Raymond entered.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Miss Wyman, but were you aware that you left your bracelet on the piazza floor? Here it is."

"It takes you and Mr. Fordham some time to discover the loss of a bracelet," said Bertha, tauntingly. "I am really sorry to have given you the trouble of so lengthened a search."

Zaidee Raymond's cheeks flushed painfully.

"If you would but allow me to confide in you, Miss Wyman," she faltered, drawing a step or two nearer to the haughty Saxon beauty. "Mr. Fordham has told me—"

"I do not wish to become the repository of your confidence," said Bertha, with chilling abruptness; "nor do I care what Mr. Fordham chooses to tell you. Good night." And she motioned Mrs. Raymond imperatively from her presence.

It was about a week afterward that Bertha Wyman was coming home from a long walk to a distant farm house, where an old schoolmate of hers resided. She had refused Paul Fordham's escort, probably because she had seen him walking up and down the long hall with Mrs. Raymond at his side that very morning, and now she felt a little wearied, somewhat lonely and very cross. The sun had been down about half an hour, but the west was still illuminated with a belt of orange brightness, and the winding river tangled along the shore with starry water lilies, reflected the warm glow of the sky like a second firmament.

As Bertha descended into a little wooded hollow, fragrant with wild roses, for she had avoided the thoroughfare, unfrequented though it was, and chosen instead a shaded by path—she became conscious that two other persons were strolling along the road itself, from whom she was only divided by a tangled mass of wild grapevines, festooned from the slender branches of a few silver birches—two other persons—Paul Fordham and Zaidee Raymond.

The color died away from Bertha's somewhat flushed cheeks, as she paused to listen, for they too had paused where two roads separated.

"We must not walk any further together," said Paul Fordham's voice. "Nobody is to suspect anything yet, you know. We'll surprise them."

And then came Zaidee's soft, hesitating laugh.

"It seems like a dream, Mr. Fordham."

"But you will find it, I hope, a happy reality," he said, looking tenderly down upon her bowed head. "You do not regret trusting to me?"

"Oh!" she murmured. "I never dreamed that earth had so much happiness in store for me yet! And I owe it all to you!"

And then Bertha could hear his footsteps dying away in the distance, and could see Mrs. Raymond standing motionless for a moment, with her tiny hands clasped, and then gliding softly on, her scarlet scarf glimmering through the dusk like the wing of a Cylon bird.

"False! faithless!" muttered Bertha, under her breath, with her white teeth set closely together. And she! how dare she?"

She hurried down the twilight glade, the thorns tearing her dress, the briers wounding her delicate flesh, but she felt them no more than if they had been rose petals blown toward her by the evening breeze. Some strong, savage purpose was maturing in her mind—some overmastering passion held her whole being in its grasp.

She knew that to strike into the right road Zaidee must ere long take the secluded path she was treading. Her sole aim was to reach the tiny footbridge which crossed the narrow river first.

And she succeeded. It was quite dark—the fragrant, starry darkness of a midsummer night—when she hurried down the steep shelving bank.

"The planks are old and ruinous," she murmured. "They shook and rattled under my feet as I passed over today. Zaidee Raymond shall come between me and my plighted lover no more!"

As she crossed, she deliberatly stooped, tearing up plank after plank behind her and throwing them into the river with a dull, splashing sound. They were not large, but they had been twice, nay, three times their size, Bertha Wyman would have torn them away from the moldering beams, so supernatural seemed her strength in that instant.

"There!" she said, half aloud, pausing to look down into the peaceful stream where the planks floated amid the faint reflection of innumerable stars. "Long ago, when I was a child, a man was drowned here. The water is deep, and the spot is very lonely."

The next moment she was gone, hurrying madly away, as if some unseen presence were following close upon her footsteps.

"You're late to-night, Bertha!"

Paul was looking out for her from the piazza steps, and came pleasantly to meet her.

"I know it," she said, putting the hair away from her forehead, where the cold dew stood out in beads. "It is a long way from Redcote farm, and I—I did not walk very fast."

"Come and sit by me, Bertha," said Paul. "I've got a long story to tell you."

"What is it?" she asked mechanically.

"It's about little Zaide Raymond. She's not a widow, after all."

"Not a widow?"

"No; and how do you suppose I found it out? Clifford, my cousin Clifford, wrote to me from India, and he is her husband. You see, there was some misunderstanding, some absurd quarrel between them before the honeymoon was over. He was a jealous fool, and she was passionate and she ran away and left him. He somehow heard that she was in this part of the country, and wrote to me. Of course, the minute I got a chance to speak to her I knew it was Zaidee. And she is the happiest little creature in the world, to think he really loves her, and next week she's going out to him. I've managed it all. Don't you think I'm a pretty good diplomatist?"

His face was fairly radiant with honest pleasure as he looked down into Bertha's face. He did not see the gaze; her eyes, wide open and dilated, were fixed on vacancy, and her face was deadly white.

Merciful Heaven! What had she done in the wild, unreasoning madness of her jealousy? Was the blot of Cain upon her brow?

When she rose the next morning she looked as if an illness of months had passed over her head.

"How ill you look, dear," said her aunt. "I'm afraid that walk was too much for you yesterday. And it's so strange that Zaidee did not come home last night."

"Strange!" As Bertha closed her heavy eyes she almost seemed to see the dead face turned upward among the water lilies, with its wealth of jetty hair tangled amid their wreathed stems! Oh, as long as she lived that white face would haunt her waking or sleeping hours.

Would it be long before they found the corpse? Would they bring it up the flowery lawn, with the long hair dripping? Or would it float there, for days, perhaps, in the lonely spot? And—

"Why, Zaidee! where have you been?"

Bertha started up with a wild, hysteric scream. It was her aunt's voice, and Zaidee Raymond stood in the midst of them, with blooming cheeks and soft, dimpling smiles.

"At Farmer Geary's, to be sure. It was so dark when I passed there last night that the kind souls insisted on my staying there with them until morning. And it was a very lucky thing I did, for when we got to the bridge this morning we found that the thunder showers in the night had raised the stream and washed away half of those ruinous old planks!"

Bertha Wyman rose and came toward Zaidee, taking her to her bosom with a strong, tender pressure that the young creature scarce understood.

"Oh Zaidee, we were so frightened! Thank Heaven you are safe once more! Dearest Zaidee, Paul has told me all, and I am so glad!"

If ever a woman spoke from the bottom of her heart, Bertha Wyman did at that moment.

The next week Mrs. Raymond went out to join her husband in India, and a month afterward Paul Fordham was married to Bertha, whose unwonted gentleness and sweetness of demeanor rather astonished the whole household.

"Something has changed her very much," said the good old man. But no one ever knew what that "something" was that had wrought such an alteration in Bertha's character.

"A sail!" shouted the lookout.

The Admiral knit his brows.

"I hope it's the enemy!" he muttered. "I have enough powder to fight a battle, but not enough to fire a salute!"

With this he folded his arms and gloomily contemplated the horizon.—Detroit Journal

IMMORTAL.

Once we have loved we never lose,
That is not love which can forget,
Through loss and loneliness and grief
This gem is as its coronet
That true love never can forget,
That is not faith which drops its hold,
Once we have trusted, in our clasp
Forever lies life's changeless gold,
Nor withers in our loosened grasp,
True faith through all time keeps its clasp.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

THE FIRST CLASS.

"Please Mr. Ray, may I recite in the first class in arithmetic?

The request was made by a rather plain little girl, with a single braid of flaxen hair hanging down her back. She was dressed in a scrupulously clean, but somewhat faded, cotton gown.

It was recess, and Master Ray was correcting some writing exercises. He looked up from the paper spread before him and glanced somewhat quizzically over his spectacles at the petitioner.

"Why do you ask to recite in the first class?" he asked.

"Because my mother can't send me to school long, and I want to learn as fast I can."

"That is commendable, very commendable," said Master Ray, kindly, "but Josephine, you have not learned long division yet, and not knowing long division you cannot do examples in the greatest common divisor."

"Yes, please, Master Ray, I can do them. I heard you explain them this morning, and I have done all the examples in to-morrow's lesson but one."

"Ah!" said Master Ray, becoming interested. "So you understand long division. Let me see how well you can do the work for to-morrow's lesson. You may find the greatest common divisor of these two numbers," and, turning to the blackboard, he wrote 196 and 1728 on it.

Josephine took the chalk and set to work. Slowly, carefully, without hesitation, and without erasure, she set down figure after figure, and in a short time the example was correctly finished.

"Very well done! Admirably done!" exclaimed Master Ray, who had critically watched the progress of the work. "You may recite with the first class for a week, begining to-morrow, and we will see how well you can get on."

The Stony Brook school was a small country school and the boys and girls had their recess together. When Josephine made her request, no one was in the room but herself and the teacher. But Esther Baker, one of the large girls, came in to get something from her desk, just in time to hear Master Ray's last words.

"Oh, girls, girls!" she cried, as she ran out into the school yard. "What do you think! Master Ray is going to set that Feen Thayer into our class in arithmetic."

"The idea! That little midget!" cried Dora Paine indignantly.

"We don't want her, in our class, and we won't have her," said Jennie Grant.

"Why don't she stay with the little girls, where she belongs?" asked Lettie Carr.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Esther Baker. "We will spread out and take up the whole of our bench, and then she will have to sit by Will Rogers on the high seat. Won't she look comical then?" and Esther giggled as she spoke.

"Why don't you say something, Sophie?" said Jennie Grant. "Don't you think it is provoking?"

Sophie Ralston was little stouter and a little slower than her classmates. "Well, really," she drawled, "I don't know. If she can get the lessons"—but just then Master Ray appeared at the door and rang the bell. Recess was over.

When the first class in arithmetic was called next day, Josephine Thayer came timidly down the aisle, with her book and slate.

On the low bench the girls arranged themselves as Esther had suggested, so that there was apparently no room for another. Josephine paused hesitatingly at the end of the bench, and good-natured Sophie would have moved up a little, but Esther, who sat next, stoutly resisted the effort on Sophie's part. Josephine, with a deep blush, took a seat on the higher bench beside Will Rogers, the only boy in the class. At the sight of her feet dangling down and not quite touching the floor, the girls smiled, and an irrepressible giggle escaped from Esther, but it was instantly checked by a stern glance from Master Ray, and the recitation commenced.

First came the examples given out the day before all the classes had them correctly done. Then Master Ray explained carefully the use of the table of prime numbers, an explanation to which the different members of the class gave varying degrees of attention. Next followed an example to be worked at once, that the teacher might see how promptly and correctly the members of the class could do the work. The first pupil who finished the example out "one." The next who finished the example called out "two," and so on. Dora and Will usually called "one" and "two," and it was so in this case. The other girls called in order, varying from time: Sophie generally being the last. To-day Lettie called "three" and immediately after Josephine said "four." Esther and Jennie looked up in indignant surprise, but Sophie patiently kept on with her work. When the example had been finished by all, the work for the morrow was given out, the class was dismissed, and recess immediately followed.

An unpleasant experience awaited Josephine. The girls with whom she usually played, felt aggrieved at her defection. "Of course," said Mary Fay, "Feeny Thayer don't want to play with us now that she has gone into the first class." And little Nan Beckett, the smallest girl in school, spoke up pertly, "I'se sure I wouldn't go where I wasn't wanted." There was a general laugh at this, and Josephine, with heightened color, walked slowly away.

The boys by the brook were working on a water-wheel. Will was the leader and the other boys were following his directions. The brook was not so far off but what Will saw and heard what transpired among the girls and he felt sorry for the forlorn little figure apart from the rest.

"Say, Feeney," he called out pleasantly, "will you please go into the schoolhouse and ask Master Ray if he will come out and tell us why this wheel will not work?"

That was Will Roger's way, and Josephine turned with a lighter heart to do the bidding. She felt from his tone that she had one friend.

Will, like Josephine, was the only child of a widowed mother. But Josephine's mother lived in a little cottage on the outskirts of the village, and earned a scanty living by doing washing, scrubbing and plain sewing for her more fortunate neighbors. Will's mother, on the other hand, lived in a big house on the hill. She led the village society, and her son would go to college in a few years.

The days went by. It was a long week for Josephine, who went and came by herself, the other girl's keeping aloof from her. Sophie smiled at her, but Sophie's dimpled face was so benignant that it was hard for her not to smile. Josephine confided all her troubles to her mother, who encouraged her to perseverance in trying to get the lessons in the first class.

"Keep on, dearie," she said; "it will come out all right by and by. It must, for you have done nothing wrong, you know."

Will Rogers always had a cheery morning greeting for her, and sometimes a little chat about the arithmetic lesson. Master Ray looked on, apparently taking no notice as day after day Josephine was forced to perch herself on the high bench.

It was the last day of her week of probation. The lesson was a review of the week's work, and examples were given to be worked at once by the class.

"You may find," said Master Ray, "the greatest common divisor of 1393 and 4049." Instantly six pencils were clicking on six slates. But Josephine, having drawn the curved lines to begin division, thoughtfully considered the numbers. She opened her arithmetic and looked at a certain page in it.

"One," she called in a shy, low tone, scarcely louder than the music of the hurrying pencils. The pencils all stopped. There was absolute silence. All eyes were fixed on her.

"Are you sure you have the correct answer?" asked the teacher.

"Yes sir."

"Very well," said Master Ray, "let us see who will have the answer next."

It was two minutes, perhaps, before Will Rogers called out "two," presently, followed by a rather dejected "three" from Dora. A few minutes later and all had completed the work.

"How many figures did you make in doing the example, Dora?"

Dora counted. "Fifty-five, sir."

"And how many figures did you make, Josephine?"

"Eight, sir," was the answer.

Josephine was the only one in the class who remembered the explanation of the use of the table of prime numbers and applied it.

Master Ray leaned back in his chair. He rested his elbows on his arms and brought the tips of his fingers and thumbs together, as he thoughtfully surveyed the class.

"I have a question to put to you," he said. "Who is the best scholar in the class? Your judgment is usually good, Dora, who do you say?"

Poor Dora! It was hard for her. She had held the first place so long, her seat being the seat that in traditions of Stonybrook School belonged to the best scholar in the class. She had often thought that it belonged, perhaps, to Will, if he had chosen to claim it. And Dora was bright enough to see instantly the end at which the teacher was aiming. But she was equal to the occasion. A smile brightened her pretty face as she answered pleasantly:

"Why, Feeny Thayer, of course," and as she spoke she moved along the seat to make room for Josephine to sit above her.

"I knew I could depend on you, Dora," said Master Ray with kindly appreciation. "Josephine, this may be your place now," as he pointed to the vacant place.

But Josephine was appalled at the suggestion. Usurp Dora's place? It was not to be thought of.

"Oh, no, Master Ray!" she said, appealingly, "please let me sit here."

"But you will find the low bench much more comfortable."

Josephine glanced toward the girl's so steadfastly regarding her. There was a measuring smile on Sophie's face. A happy thought struck her.

"Then please, let me sit at the other end of Sophie?"

Dora was not a girl to do things by halves. At recess that day she kindly took Josephine by the hand and said:

"Come, Feeny, and play with us. I know a game that all girls can take part in, and we'll try it today."

And little Nan, perceiving at once the change in the atmosphere, ran to take Josephine's disengaged hand and smilingly said:

"Oh, yes, I's doin' to play with Feeny too."—Exchange.

Accuracy in Engineering.

Modern methods and perfected instruments have made accuracy in engineering truly remarkable. Think of digging a tunnel two and one-half miles long by working from opposite sides of a mountain and finishing in the middle with an error in alignment of less than one-fourth of an inch. That is what has just been accomplished in the construction of the second largest tunnel in the United States, the first being the Hoosac Tunnel, in Massachusetts. This tunnel in which the headings have just met, and which is now receiving its concrete lining, pierces the Cascades in the state of Washington, on the line of the Great Northern railway, and has its eastern portal in Chelan county and its western in Kings county.

It was found that the headings had varied a little less than a quarter of an inch from a straight line, that in distance their error was but two inches, and that the grades of the halves of the tunnel varied only two and one-half inches.

WOULD YOU IF YOU COULD.

Would you live to be a hundred
If you could?
There are rules and schedules made
To assist you, if obeyed
Age and death can be delayed;
Could you,
Would you,
Live to be a hundred if you could?

Would you live to be a hundred,
Think a bit,
With the snow upon your hair,
And your eyes a vacant stare?
Life a sob—a sigh—a prayer,
Could you,
Would you,
Live to be a hundred if you could?

—M. L. Rayne.

The Saving of Lucy Joy

Mrs. Dodge, twice widowed, and still buoyant, took a deep interest in the church. Some said she took a deeper interest in the minister, but, as Mr. Spriggs, a faithful widower and an officer of the church, quoted to the spinsters of his family, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

The Rev. Mr. John Draper was all that a congregation could reasonably demand—a good, devoted man, too old for the dangers of youth, too young for the errors of age. Mrs. Dodge, with her valuable experience, appreciated the strong qualities of such a man and acted accordingly. Her dealings with the other sex had taught her that the best way to manage a man was to make him believe that he was the only person in the world who could do impossible things. In the fullness of such vanity, even a minister might forget two previous husbands.

"Of course, Mr. Draper," Mrs. Dodge said in the quiet of his study, "it is a very delicate matter, but you are a man of such infinite tact, and every one trusts you so completely—especially Lucy—that you can speak of this with perfect propriety and without hurting her feelings in the least. She is such a beautiful girl that I tremble for her. It seems to be the fate of pretty girls in small places like this to make sudden choices and to have life-long regrets. We know what it is to marry happily—but the other thing—to marry is wretchedness."

"It is wretchedness," he repeated dreamily.

"I mean, of course, that the right sort of marriages is happiness forever, but the other kind is not—that is, we must see that Lucy does not make one of those sudden attachments which may wreck her life. We owe it to her as a member—as a working member of our church."

"What would you do?" he asked.

"Speak with her as her pastor. Her parents are both dead; she is almost alone in the world, and my heart often aches for her. One woman does little good by warning another woman—she—well, she seldom trusts her—it's in the sex, I suppose, but a word from a man like you, so consecrated to duty, will make just the impression that is needed. I know that I voice the feeling of your best members when I say this to you."

After she had gone the minister sat helplessly in his chair for fully ten minutes and then he got up and walked the floor. If it were a plain ordinary sinner to be handled he would know how to go about it; that was a part of his business, but to hint to a beautiful young woman of unimpeachable character that she was about to commit a sin was an extraordinary novelty in his work.

"Still," he said to himself, as he walked the floor, "there must be some reason for this request, and what Mrs. Dodge said is true, the prettiest girls of small places often do wreck their lives by impulsive decisions; they do become the victims of men experienced in the wiles of the world. But Lucy Joy! God forbid!"

He put on his hat and sought comfort in the sunshine of the spring morning. As he reached the street he almost ran into Lucy Joy, her arms full of dogwood and lilacs, and a grinning small boy pulling a wagon loaded with more of the blossoms.

Thoughts of the anxious Mrs. Dodge took wings.

"Good morning, Miss Lucy," he exclaimed with an enthusiasm which was not strictly spiritual, and he gave a fine gesture of interrogation towards the blossoms.

"Good morning," she replied. "For the wedding, you know. I do not know the bride, but they tell me she has no relatives or friends in the town and I thought possibly a few flowers might make it a little happier. It's at 4, isn't it?"

"Yes, but not for the public. I do not know them. They are simply coming to the church to be married."

"Then you must take all the responsibility for these decorations."

"If that be so, then I must go in and help you fix them."

And they entered the church and for half an hour were busy sticking the dogwood and lilacs where they could show best, watched over and helped by the small boy—whose name was not Cupid.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked as they came out of the church.

"I am not going home," she replied. "Mrs. Hasler has sent for me—she is very ill again."

"I was there yesterday. A sweet woman who bears her suffering like a saint. She is a sermon in patience."

"She thinks much of you," she remarked.

"And more of you," he said, and then, after a little pause, "Why not go together?" I wanted to give a part of my morning to you, and let us give it to her."

"I do not understand,' she replied "A part of the morning to me? Have I grievously offended?"

"Well—" he stumbled. "Well—you know—" he felt weak at the knees. "Well, Miss Lucy, it's just this, you know you are so beautiful—" He looked at her. Was there ever—could there ever be—a creature more lovely? And the deep blush that spread over her cheeks simply made perfection.

"Really, Mr. Draper, I do not know it," she replied.

"Well, if you do not, some of the elderly ladies of my church do, and they have asked me to speak to you."

The same old Adam—putting it all on the women.

"I am listening," she said frigidly, and the way the words came out—as he confessed afterwards—made him shiver from his bald spot to his toes.

"They all—that is we all—love you so, Miss Lucy—love you so, Miss Lucy, and you have been so kind to the church, have done so much—"

"Then I am almost as unpopular as a minister's wife," she put in, to his utter consternation, and before he could recover she went on: "You may say to your nice old ladies who never have a thought above knitting or getting another husband"—this made him wince—"that I work for the church because the church gives me what I cannot get elsewhere, peace, strength, consolation, and I love to give a little something in return. The reason I took those flowers to that lonesome wedding was to make the bride and groom feel that when they stood in the place there was something more than mere ceremony there—that there was kindness."

He had no words in return. They The Saving of Lucy Joy—TWO....., walked silently a few minutes, and then turned into a modest yard. Presently they stood at the bedside and the patient's face lighted up with joy. Even if dying, the average woman would stretch out life a few minutes to help out a romance and Mrs. Hasler was a saint.

"At last. At last," she said. "My two sweetest friends together—together."

They said nothing.

"Take good care of her, John," she exclaimed, and, Lucy, I know you will be a good wife."

How it all happened neither of them could afterwards tell, but when they found themselves again in the sunshine, each felt like running away from the other.

"It is so pitiful to see the mind wandering," said Miss Lucy, who was the first to speak.

"Together—together," repeated the preacher.

"It is indeed pitiful to see the mind wandering," she said again.

"Not wandering, but wondering, Miss Lucy—wondering if you will."

"What? Be good?"

"No, you know what I mean—be my wife, take my love—the love that has been growing for years, that never understood itself until now, a poor ignorant love that is not worthy, but a love that is true and full and pure. Oh, if I only could and we are not on the street, I would get down on my knees."

"To pray?" she asked. She could not help it.

"I do not care if we are on the street," he suddenly declared, and he took her hand and held it with a grip of steel and kept holding it until there was a little pressure in reply.

A few minutes later they met Mrs. Dodge, and with one look that lady of long and varied experience divined the result. She did not faint; she did not blush. She remarked upon the beauty of the day and calmly said: "I am going to call on the Spriggs girls," and Miss Lucy Joy, although fully reformed, did a sinful thing when she made the minister laugh by saying: "Poor Mr. Spriggs."—Kansas City Journal.

Wives of 1819.

The following are some extracts from a set of "Rules To Be Observed by Wives," printed in a number of the London Ladies' Magazine of 1819. They are comprehensive and deal with almost every emergency possible in married life. Though they would scarcely be regarded with favor by most wives of to-day, they were doubtless scarcely with proper humility by some of these wives' grandmothers and great-grandmothers.

"When a young gentleman makes you an offer hold yourself flattered by his presence and proportionately grateful.

"If you accept him (which we will suppose of course), study his temper and inclinations that you may better accommodate your own to them.

"After marriage obey him cheerfully, even though you think him in error; it is better that he should do wrong in what he commands than that you should do wrong in objecting to it.

"If he flatters you do not forget that it is but flattery; think lowly of yourself and highly of him, or at least make him believe so.

"Bear in mind continually that you are weak and dependent, and even if you are beautiful that it adds to your weakness and dependence.

"If you displease him be the first to conciliate and to mend; there is no degradation in seeking peace or in showing that you love your husband better than your triumph.

"When you rise in the morning resolve to be cheerful for the day; let your smiles dispel his frowns.

"Endeavor to save rather than to spend your husband's money; if his fortune be large, strive to preserve it; if small, to increase it.

"Be not importunate or obstrusive in your fondness, and choose proper occasions for your caresses, lest they prove wearisome.

"Your sex is most exposed to suffering because it is always in dependence; be neither angry nor ashamed of this dependence on a husband, nor of any of those which are in the proper order of Providence.

"Finally, recollect always that God has made you subject to him, and that he is your natural guardian and protector; that you owe your husband not less honor than love and not less love than obedience."

Quite in harmony with these "Rules To Be Observed by Wives" are the terms of disapprobation in which a New York magazine of a few years later comments upon a scheme afoot in Boston for the establishment of a "Ladies' Reading Room."

"It is contemplated to establish a ladies reading room in Boston. We shall not wish our brethren of 'Athens' joy or the success of the scheme. It has to us a most unfeminine and untoward aspect. What! remove our wives, mothers and sisters, even in the hours they devote to intellectual recreation, from their proper sphere and circle at home? What becomes, then, of the domestic duties and the endearing ties which bind our rougher sex to the fireside, lighted up more by the animated smiles of the beings which welcome us there than even the intense flames of the most brilliant Lehigh? Away with the thought! It is enough to dye the whole population blue."

If you don't want to know what a man's wife is like, study his taste in other women.

COLLINGWOOD IS WITH THE REST

Remarkable Cure of a Citizen By Dodd's Kidney Cure

Valentine Fisher's Terrible Sciatic Pains Speedily Vanish Before the Great Kidney Remedy

Collingwood, May 25. — (Special.) —Every city, town and village in Canada is reporting remarkable cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and Collingwood is not behind the rest. There are scores of people here who have used the great kidney remedy and who are not slow to tell of the splendid results. Valentine Fisher, well-known in the town and surrounding country, is one of them.

"I was troubled with Kidney Disease for thirteen years," Mr. Fisher says in telling of his cure. "It developed into Sciatica which located in my side so that I could not walk without a cane. I had to use hypodermic injections of morphine to ease the pain.

"I tried different medical men and medicines with no good results till I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes effected a perfect cure. I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who are suffering from Rheumatism or any other form of Kidney Disease."

To-day there are represented directly by reporters in the gallery of the House of Commons, about twenty daily London newspapers, and the total number of journalists who have entrance to the gallery is about 240.

Eighty-three thousand acres of pine timber lands, near Pine Bluffs, Ark., have been sold for lumbering purposes at an aggregate price of over $500,000. This is said to be the largest business deal of the kind in the history of this section.

"I think, Mrs. Fitznoodle, you are the most stupid woman I ever knew. I can't get anything through your head." "Yes," said the little woman, quietly, "how strange. You told me just the other day that everything you said to me went in one ear and out the other."

A chemical and pharmaceutical laboratory has been established at Bajkote, Western India. Its object is to improve the practice of native medicine, and to make known to Western science the valuable Indian remedies, as well at the possibilities of yet unfamiliar native herbs.

New York's aldermen have voted for an appropriation of $150,000 for the expenses of welcoming Admiral Dewey, and a member of the board wants "to know where the money is going." This solicitude of the alderman might imply that some of the money voted would be used for the purpose expressed in the appropriation.

An interesting memento of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava is to be sold in London shortly—the trumpet of Trumpet Major Gray, who was an orderly to Lord Cardigan, and with him headed the charge of "The Six Hundred." His medals and the Cross of the French Legion of Honor will also be auctioned.

In an article on the danger of long hours in druggists' shops the London Lancet says that during the four years ended July, 1898, thirteen dispensing assistants in drug stores committed suicide, and seven others attempted, but failed, to kill themselves. These suicides were the consequence of the physical conditions induced by the taking of drugs to resist the effects of fatigue.

A "curatorium" for eye troubles exists in St. Petersburg, which sends commissions through the country districts for the purpose of giving free treatment and advice to those among the peasantry who are suffering from affections of the eyes. The report of the year 1898 states that thirty-three of these ophthamological expeditions were sent out during the year to various parts of the empire.

In pre-revolutionary days there was a woman public executioner in Virginia. At that time death sentences were complied on condition that a criminal should perform this office. "Lady Betty," as she was afterward called, was sentenced to death for murder. She offered instead to become public executioner and held the office for many years. It is said that on the scaffold she officiated without a mask.

The Chinese have many things among their institutions which call forth the praise of travelers, but Chinese roads are not among them. In more senses than one the Celestials ought to "mend their ways." Confucius has left the saying that "a smoother of a way is a benefactor of his species," but visitors to the flowery land in the present day would come to the conclusion that such benefactors have been scarce for a long time past.

A law was recently passed in Norway prohibiting the sale of tobacco to any boy under 16 years of age without a signed order from an adult relative or employer. Even tourists who offer cigarettes to boys render themselves liable to prosecution. The police are instructed to confiscate the pipes, cigars and cigarettes of lads who smoke in the public streets. A fine for the offense is also imposed, which may be anywhere between 50 cents and $25.

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woolens and flannels,—you'll like it.

Marie Corelli on English Society.

Marie Corelli paints a sombre picture of modern London society in a recent article in the "Lady's Realm," on the "Decay of Home Life in England." She declares that the love of home—the desire to make a home—is far stronger in the poorer classes nowadays than in the wealthy or even the moderately rich of the general community, and adds: "Women of the 'upper ten' are no longer pre-eminent as rulers of the home, but are to be seen daily and nightly as noisy and pushing frequenters of public restaurants. The great lady is seldom or never to be found 'at home' on her own domain, but she may be easily met at the Carlton, Prince's or the Berkeley (on Sundays). The Old World chatelaine of a great house, who took pride in looking after the comfort of all her retainers, who displayed an active interest in every detail of management, surrounding herself with choice furniture, fine pictures, sweet linen, beautiful flowers, and home delicates of her own personal make or supervision, is becoming well-nigh obsolete. 'It is such a bore being at home!' is quite an ordinary phrase with the gawk-girl of the present day, who has no idea of the value of rest as an aid to beauty, or of the healthful and strengthening influences of a quiet and well-cultivated mind, and who has made herself what is *sometimes* casually termed a 'sight' by her skill at hockey, her speed in cycling, and her general 'rushing about,' in order to get anywhere away from the detested 'home.' The mother of a family now aspires to seem as young as her daughters, and among the vanishing graces of society may be noted the grace of old age. Nobody is old nowadays. Men of sixty wed girls of sixteen—women of fifty lead boys of twenty to the sacrificial altar. . . . The real 'old' lady, the real 'old' gentleman will soon be counted among the 'rare and curious' specimens of the race. The mother who was not 'married at sixteen' will ere long be a remarkable prodigy, and the paterfamilias who never explains that he 'made an unfortunate marriage when quite a boy' will rank beside her as a companion phenomenon. We have only to scan the pages of those periodicals which cater specially for fashionable folk, to see what a frantic dread of age pervades all classes of pleasure-loving society. The innumerable nostrums for removing wrinkles, massaging or 'steaming' the complexion, the 'coverings' for bald heads, the 'transformations' for thin hair, the 'rays' of gold or copper of auburn, which are cunningly contrived for gray or, to use the more polite word, 'faded' tresses; the great army of manicurists, masseurs and 'beauty specialists' who, in the most clever way, manage to make comfortable incomes out of the general panic which apparently prevails among their patrons at the inflexible, unstoppable march of Time—all these things are striking proofs of the constant, desperate fight kept up by a large and foolish majority against the laws of God and Nature."

Here is Miss Corelli's picture of the daily life of the average "wife" who belongs to the smart set: "She rises languidly from her bed at eleven, and occupies all her time till two o'clock in dressing, manuecuring, 'transforming' and 'massaging.' She also receives and sends a few telegrams. At two o'clock she goes out in her carriage and lunches with some chosen intimates at one or other of the fashionable restaurants. Lunch over, she returns home and lies down for an hour. Then she arrays herself in an elaborate tea-gown and receives a favored few in her boudoir, where, over a cup of tea, she assists to tear into piecemeal portions the characters of her dearest friends. Another 'rest,' and again the business of toilet is resumed. When en grande tenue she either goes out to dinner or entertains a large party of guests at her own table. A tete-a-tete meal with her husband would appear to her in the light of a positive calamity. She stays up playing 'bridge' till two or three o'clock in the morning and retires to bed more or less exhausted, and can only sleep with the aid of narcotics. She resumes the same useless existence and perpetrates the same wicked waste of time again the next day, and every day. Her children she scarcely sees, and the management of her house is entirely removed from her hands. The housekeeper takes all the accounts to her husband, who meekly pays the same, and lives for the most part at his club or at the houses of his various sporting friends. 'Home' is for him a mere farce. He knew what it was in his mother's day, when his grand old historical seat was a home indeed, and all the members of the family, young and old, looked upon it as the chief center of attraction, and the garnering point of love and faith and confidence; but since he grew up to manhood and took for his life partner a rapid lady of the new motor school of morals, he stands like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, contemplating the complete wreckage of his ship of life, and knowing sadly enough that he can never sail the seas of hope again."

A Scotch Temperance Sermon.

The new English semi-teetotal society for abolishing drinking between meals does not embody any new idea. It was strongly urged upon his congregation by a well-known Highland minister whose parishioners were too speedy with their drinks. After an eloquent exhortation, the reverend gentleman concluded: "And noo, ma freends, this tram-tramming and trink-trinking must cease; it must and shall not conteenue. Not that I object to a sma' gless of a mornin' to keep aff the chills before breakfast, or in the forenoon when an acquaintance looks in upon you or you veesit a neebor's house. An' pefore the good meat that Providence provides, an 'appetiser' is no amiss, but this is no the constant tram-trammin' that has to pe stoppit. An' if, in the sanctity of the home, ye hev a guest in the eventide, bring forth your bottle and join him in all thankfulness, for this is no the accursed tram-trinkin', but a cheerful partaking in the good things of this world in all sobriety and good fellowship. Finally, ma breturen, as far as ye can, avoid the whiskey especially bad whiskey."

Mrs. Stubbs—They have captured the cleverest hotel robber in the country, my dear. Mr. Stubbs—Indeed! Which hotel did he keep?—"Tit-Bits."

Literary Man—Those are rather cunning little bows you put on that new pen-wiper you've just made for me, dear. His wife (with a shriek)—Heavens! That's not a pen-wiper! It's my new hat!

Interesting Items.

M. Grobaut, professor of physiology in Paris, in describing the effect of alcohol upon animals, says that the successive stages of intoxication through which they pass are gaiety, sadness, solemnity, and a supreme intoxication which ends in death. Rabbits are very curious when under the influence of liquor, and a drunken kangaroo is brutally aggressive.

"Fresh air tablets are a preparation discovered by a French scientist," says the "Medical Times." "It was while investigating acetylene that he discovered that he could combine certain chemicals into a tablet which, on being dropped into water, dissolved and gave forth pure oxygen. These tablets will be exceedingly useful in a closed carriage, a submarine boat, a mine, or anywhere else where the air has become vitiated."

While Professor Cunningham lately expressed the belief that there was no authenticated instance of any human being ever exceeding the height of eight feet, an officer who took part in the Delhi Durbar declares that the Maharajah of Kashmir had in his retinue a giant eight feet ten inches high. "I know," he writes, "it sounds incredible, but I have actually seen him; and no long, overgrown slip of a man, but excellently proportioned, though rather on the broad side."

The March "Magazine of Art" has an interesting account of Bertram Hiles, the armless artist, with several reproductions of his works—one in color. Mr. Hiles, it seems, nourished the desire to become an artist from his early childhood. At eight years of age, however, he was deprived of both his arms in a tramcar accident at Bristol. But this did not cause him to abandon his intention, and he decided to fulfil it by learning to draw with his mouth. In six years from the date of the accident he had acquired such facility in this extraordinary method of work that he could accomplish with ease most things that we do with our hands.

Marconi believes that at some future time—he will not fix a date for it—wireless telegraphy will become available for domestic and office use, thus performing the functions now allotted to the telephone. He has already made experiments which convince him that it will be possible, with the aid of small models, or miniatures, of his sending apparatus, as now erected on a gigantic scale at Poldhu and elsewhere, to transmit messages from the interior of rooms which can be received in other rooms in the same city, or in neighboring towns. The walls of the houses will form no obstacle, but one of the chief problems will be that of a proper attuning of the instruments to prevent interference of waves, and to secure privacy for the messages.

Poor Lo Snatched Baldheaded.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, who has recently discovered a number of new varieties of fish in the streams of Hawaii and the Philippines, is a great sportsman as well as a conscientious ichthyologist. As might be expected, he uses the most approved of modern rods and flies in fishing.

"I have met some fishermen, even among professional sportsmen, who prefer old-fashioned methods," said Dr. Jordan, "and though the ancient story of the farmer's boy who catches fish with a bent pin fastened to a piece of twine where full-rigged sports from the city fail to get a bite borders on the mythical, I have actually witnessed instances of success with back-number outfits where modern appliances failed to land the game.

"One day in California I had had a remarkable run of luck, and that night as we sat around the camp-fire I took occasion to say that my success was due to the superior tie of flies I had used.

"'You may flatter yourself on the string you've brought in to-day,' said an old fisherman who had joined our party, 'but let me tell you, doctor, that I saw a Digger Indian catch more fish in an hour in this stream than you've landed all day with your fine flies.'

"'What bait did he use?' I asked.

"'Live grasshoppers,' replied the old man, 'but he didn't impale them. From his head he would stoically pluck a hair, and with it bind the struggling insect to the hook. Almost upon the instant that this bait struck the water a fish would leap for it. After landing him the Indian would calmly repeat the performance of snatching a hair from his head and affixing a fresh grasshopper to the hook.

"'I became fascinated,' continued the narrator. 'After the Indian had landed in quick succession a mighty string of salmon trout he suddenly stopped. I called to him to go on with the exciting sport, but he merely smiled grimly and pointed significantly to his head.'

"'What was the matter with his head?' I asked," said Dr. Jordan.

"'He had plucked it bald,' replied the old man."

Edison's Way of Working.

Thomas A. Edison is said never to read a book, outside of his technical reading, unless it is mentioned to him by his wife or some friend. Then he sits down and reads until he has finished it. One evening, says the New York "Times," he happened to be unusually engrossed with some "problems" and was nervously pacing up and down his library.

To divert his thoughts his wife came in and picked up the first book she saw. It happened to be "The Count of Monte Cristo."

"Have you ever read this story?" said Mrs. Edison to her husband.

He stopped and looked at the title.

"No, I never have. Is it good?"

Mrs. Edison assured him that it was.

"All right. I guess I'll read it now," and within two minutes the "problem," whatever it was, had been forgotten, and he was absorbed in Dumas's great story. As he finished the book he noticed the light of day peeping in, and on looking at his watch found it was five o'clock in the morning.

No sooner had he laid down the book than the forgotten "problem" jumped into his mind, and, putting on his hat, he went to his laboratory and worked unceasingly, without food or sleep, for thirty-six hours.

A Georgia exchange has discovered the meanest man in the United States. It is said that he pumped water on his head, let his hair freeze and then broke it off, rather than pay a barber for cutting it.—Atlanta "Constitution."

Naming The Baby.

Mr. Johnson looked upon from a letter he had been reading and smiled a thoughtful, reminiscent smile. "Well," he said to his sister, who was fidgeting about the room, waiting for his news, "judging by Ella's leter, they've had just about such a time naming that baby as people generally have with their first. You might as well sit while I tell you about it." Mr. Johnson sat down with an air of protest, but with great alacrity.

"Ella writes that she had some thoughts of calling the baby Laura, after mother," said Mr. Johnson, with his finger at the first sentence of the letter, "but before she had a chance to mention it, Frank said he wanted the baby named for her. Then—well, I might as well read it out to you. Here's what she says:

"'Of course I was pleased to have Frank want her named for me, but right away we began to have letters from the relatives. Aunt Myra said if the baby had her name, she should have all the family silver and something in the bank for a nest-egg. Frank's mother wrote that if we felt like naming the baby for Frank's grandmother, Hannah, she should be real gratified, and there was a set of pearls and a gold necklace that would fall to our baby.

"'While we were debating the matter each of Frank's three sisters wrote me, proposing a fancy name—Beatrice and Leonora and Francesca. We said them all over with Bennett and couldn't tell which sounded best.

"'Then came a letter from Cousin Mary saying that she'd been looking up things in the genealogical rooms and here was our chance to do honor to our only distinguished ancestress Betsey and she "trusted we would see the propriety of giving baby that revered name."

"'And yesterday I heard from Mattie Knowles and she said of course there would be no hesitation in my mind about a name. As soon as she heard of the dear baby she said to herself "Now Ella can pay her loving tribute to the memory of her girlhood's friend and companion, sweet little Julia Anne."

"'So you can imagine, father, how much discussion has come from all these letters, and how thankful I was when at last the matter was settled.'"

"Well, how was it settled, I'd like to know?" demanded Miss Johnson, impatiently; but her brother shook his head.

"She doesn't say," he replied, at which Miss Johnson reached out her hand.

"Give me that letter!" she cried, but her brother stayed her grasping fingers.

"Hold on!" he said. "Here's a crisscross on the first page that I'd overlooked."

Once more he adjusted his spectacles and read the last words:

"'Frank says perhaps you wouldn't understand, but I said you would, that of course we've named the baby Laura just as I'd always intended.'"

The Late Dr. Gatling.

The fearful instruments of destruction which modern warfare has developed have not always been the inventions of professional soldiers, but in some cases have been devised by civilians with a purely philanthropic intent. Take the gatling gun for example, the inventor of which, Dr. Richard J. Gatling, died in New York the other day, aged eighty-five. The idea of his destructive gun was suggested to him early in the Civil War by the spectacle of the great number of soldiers sent home for burial, who had died, not from bullets, but from disease in the hospitals. It occurred to him that there were too many men in the service. He thought if something could be invented whereby one soldier could do the work of a hundred, the other ninety-nine could stay at home, and there would be fewer widows and orphans in consequence. So he invented a gun which would throw hundreds of bullets by merely turning a crank. But though this gun made war more destructive, it did not reduce the number of soldiers as he had anticipated. Dr. Gatling, there is reason to believe, sought to mitigate the evil he had unintentionally wrought by turning his inventive genius to the arts of peace, and his last years were spent in perfecting a new plow he had invented, which, it is expected, will revolutionize agriculture on the great farms of the West. The plow runs by gasolene motor of sufficient power to propel the machine with the shares at any depth up to twelve inches. The plow not only plows, but harrows, rolls and seeds the ground at the same time, thus saving one-fourth the cost of planting.

Flattery.

"I find that flattery goes a great way with people," remarked a popular woman, "and it is astonishing how thickly you can spread it on. I used to think that flattery should be veiled; that your admiration should be insinuated rather than openly expressed; but, bless me, that is delicacy thrown away! I find that there is not one person in a hundred who will not swallow complacently the most extravagant compliments, and take all that you say in perfect good faith. Of course, tact must be employed. There is an obviously fulsome flattery that only annoys—the fawning, sweety-sweety people who have the same sugared phrases for everyone are bores—but in a quiet, sensible way, to deliver a compliment as if it were an indisputable fact, always tells, and, as I say, one need never be afraid of making it too strong!"

Repartee.

Miss Reeskay (patronizingly)—Rather embarrassing for you, I should think, always to be blushing when you shouldn't. Miss Daymure—And equally embarrassing for you, I should think, never to be blushing when you should! — "Smart Set."

Why the Teakettle Sings.

Little Tom will doubtless become a scientist. Already he has begun to see the connection between cause and effect. He was looking, says the New York "Times," at a drop of water through the microscope. Here and there and everywhere were darting animalculae.

"Now I know," said he, "what sings when the kettle boils. It's these little bugs."

"What does comfortable circumstances mean?" "Why, you're 'comfortable' when you're neither poor nor rich."—Detroit "Free Press."

The Predominant Partner.

Smithers had returned from business, eaten his dinner and read half through the evening paper before he noticed that his wife had scarcely spoken for the past two hours.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he inquired, when the fact dawned upon him. "What makes you so quiet tonight?"

"I'm thinking," replied the lady.

"What about?"

"Why, I am a partner in your firm—am I not?"

"M'yes, I suppose so."

"Well, anyhow, dad put a lot of money into it for me, didn't he?"

"Y-y-yes," reluctantly acknowledged Smithers.

"And yet you call it 'John Smithers & Co.'"

"Why not?"

"Fancy alluding to me as 'Co.'!" And the pained voice of the little woman showed how greatly she felt the insult. "I don't like it, and, what's more, I don't think it's right."

"What would you suggest, then?" asked the wretched man.

"Well—why not Mrs. Smithers and Husband?"

"But you are not the predominant partner," exclaimed Smithers, "and would therefore have no right to go first."

"How about John Smithers and Wife, then?"

"Perfectly ridiculous, my dear," said Smithers; "I've never heard of such a thing in my life. It's absurd, and——"

"Oh! of course, anything that I suggest is ridiculous or absurd," interrupted Mrs. Smithers. "Anyhow, I'm not going to be 'Co.' any longer, so I can tell you."

"What can I do, my dear?"

"I don't know what you can do," answered the little woman; "but I know what I can and will do—and that is make dad withdraw all the money he put in, unless you find some way out of it."

For a moment he felt like swearing, and then he wanted to tear his hair; but suddenly the idea occurred to him.

"We'll call it 'Smithers,'" said he. And "Smithers" it is.

A Mother's Responsibility.

Every mother is responsible to some extent for the health of her little ones, and the prudent mother will always keep at hand the means for protecting the health of her children. For this purpose there is absolutely no medicine can compare with Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets speedily relieve and promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, check simple fevers, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are good for children of all ages from birth upwards, and are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets praise them and keep them in the house. Mrs. John Weaver, Blissfield, N.B., says: "I have a family of six children and have used Baby's Own Tablets and know that they are the best medicine I have ever used for my little ones."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist, or they will be sent by mail, postpaid, at 25 cents a box, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A Fortune-Teller's Clients.

A fortune-teller who has just retired from business says that the majority of her clients were married women from thirty-five to fifty years of age. Very few unmarried women, excepting really young ones, consulted her, she said. It was the discontented, unhappy ones that came for consolation and hope. "They wanted to be told that they would be widows, and I told them, and they used to go away radiant; but they didn't want to be told that they'd remain widows; not they! Not the oldest or plainest of them, and to make them entirely hopeful I had to indicate another husband—rather vaguely, of course. He was already married, with this or that number of children, and it was evident that my client had him already in her eye, for she nearly always said, 'Yes, that's him!' and gave me details about him, and said she was sure 'things would right themselves'—which, of course, referred to his wife being got rid of some how when her husband had gone to glory."

The Pope's Contemporaries.

Though born two months after the end of 1809, the Pope may fairly be included among the big babies who made that year the richest in births of the nineteenth century. During the twelve months from January 1 to December 31, 1809, Gladstone, Bismarck, Abraham Lincoln, Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Darwin and Oliver Wendell Holmes all first saw the light. Such a coincidence in appearance surely bespeaks the presence of genius in the atmosphere. In the eighteenth century 1769 was similarly memorable for the birth of Napoleon, Wellington, Ney, Soult, Bourienne, Chateaubriand, Mehemet Ali, Cuiver, Humboldt and Castlereagh. The great birth year of this century must be left for some chronicler in the next to note. Perhaps it is 1903.

A Delicate Hint.

He was a well-meaning young man. He had a way, however, of standing by the side of a piano and rolling his eyes at the chandelier, while unsweet noises gurgled from his throat. Friends were too kind to suggest to him that his efforts were other than melodious. Such is the patient charity of this much-maligned world.

The man with iron-gray side whiskers and an eagle eye showed signs of overtested endurance.

It was his daughter who was playing accompaniments, and it was his gas they were burning.

"Did I understand you to say that you were going to sing 'Far Away'?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Why, now."

The questioner took out his watch and said:

"Well, I'm afraid you haven't much time to spare. The next train goes in less than three-quarters of an hour, and you'll have to start for the far away right away, if you're going to sing there before the week is out. Good-by, I hate to have you cut your visit short, but I wouldn't have those folks in the far away disappointed for anything!" — "Pick-Me-Up."

Another Fishing Fact.

It was a guest night at the club, and from the gleam in Stretcher's eyes, we who knew him recognized that he was in that humor when a man can tell a fishing story and actually believe it himself.

It came sooner than we anticipated, however, owing to a remark dropped by Fadders during the second course.

"Awfully woolly, this fish, don't you think?"

"It isn't as good as it might be," replied Stretcher. And then, jumping at the opportunity, he continued: "That reminds me of when I was sheep farming in Australia, some years ago—we had some fish once which were woolly with a vengeance."

"Worse than this?" asked Fadders.

"I'll tell you all about it, and then you can judge for yourself," answered Stretcher. "I was farming a few thousand acres of the low lands which were watered by the Burrumudgee River, and was doing remarkably well. In fact, I should have made a fortune there if the infernal river had not taken it into its head to flood just about the lambing season.

"Nearly all my grass-land was covered with water, and for weeks we didn't see anything of our largest flock of sheep, and naturally enough came to the conclusion that they were all destroyed.

"One day the head-shepherd and I went out in a little punt that we'd knocked together, just to have a look round, and see if we could catch some fish—for the hands at the station began to want a change of diet.

"We caught a lot of blue fish and some bass, and then I got a bite that nearly jerked me out of the boat; but John, the shepherd, lent me a hand, and between us we pulled the beggar in—and he was the strangest looking fish that ever I'd seen.

"However, there was a lot of him, and so we made our way back to the station, pleased at having done so well.

"I needn't tell you that out in the back settlements, down below there, we didn't use to go in much for cooking. Our chef at that time was a native called Wagga, to whom we handed over our catch, with instructions to clean, and bake them in the ashes.

"Later on the meal was served up, and, of course, everyone wanted to have a bit of the big fellow, so I served him out accordingly. But before I'd helped half a dozen, I noticed that something was wrong.

"'What's the matter, boys?' I enquired.

"'Well, boss,' answered old Steb, 'I've heard of woolly fish afore, but I'm blamed if I ever come across anything like this. Looke here!' And he held out on his fork a large piece of wool!

"There was no mistaking it; so I set to work to inspect the remainder of our big fish, and I found that just inside the outer layer of scales it had a layer of wool for all the world like a sheep.

"Of course I began to suspect the truth then—and, to cut a long story short, we found that the lambs that had just been born when the river flooded had adjusted themselves to circumstances.

"They'd grown fins instead of legs, gills in place of lungs, and had acquired an outside skin of scales.

"There hadn't been time for the wool to disappear altogether, but no doubt that would have happened in a few generations—only, when the floods went down, of course their environment altered again, and they had to change back once more.

"No, I can't say that they were a success, for, as fish, they were very tallowy; and afterwards, when they resumed their proper shape, there was always a herringy flavor about the mutton."

Some Letters of Recommendation.

The bearer of this has been my husband now for several years, and is only leaving me because we both feel the need of a change. He is willing and obliging, a first-rate man about the house, runs errands and carries bundles cheerfully, never kicks about expenses, and is used to one night out a week. I can cordially recommend him to anyone looking for a good, durable article. Mrs. A. Tonguer.

The young lady who bears this I have loved passionately for some time, and she is leaving me now only because I cannot afford to have her any longer. She is easily loved and responds readily to caresses. She is very fond of flowers and candy, and expects regular supplies. She likes to go to the theater and eat anything on the bill of fare. Anyone who wishes to be passionately loved and broke at the same time will find her up to all the requirements. Theodore Stuffer.

The bearer of this has been in our employ for more than a year, as conductor, and has given complete satisfaction. During that time he was never known to stop a car at the right corner, or to speak a civil word to a passenger. We are sorry to lose him. Street Railway Company.

The bearer of this has been my typewriter for two years past, and only leaves me at my wife's urgent request. She has a kind, gentle and loving disposition, and is a most desirable companion. She enjoys the theater very much, and is fond of long drives. I shall miss her. Sledger Skate.

Always the South Wind.

Of a hotel-keeper in the Scotch Highlands a tourist asked: "Is this a good place, landlord, do you think, for a person affected with a weak chest?"

"Nane better, sir; nane better," was the encouraging reply.

"I have been recommended, you know, by the doctor to settle in a place where the south wind blows. Does it blow much here?"

"Toots, ay!" was the reply; "it's aye the south wind that blaws here."

"Then how do you account for it blowing from the north at the present time?" said the tourist.

"Oh, that's easily accounted for, sir," was the reply. "It's the south wind, a' the same, sir, jist on its road back again."

Her Forte.

Grace—Do you not admit that a woman is the best judge of another woman's character? Gwendolyn—Yes, a good judge; but a better executioner.—"Smart Set."

Miss Antique—Mr. Gayboy tried to kiss me last night. Miss Sharpe—Dear me! so he has taken to drinking again.

A Moonlight Pastel.

The moonlight fell full upon the greensward of the park at Palm Beach. The greensward was soft, however, and the moonlight sustained no serious injuries. Two figures might have been seen sitting in a secluded nook. They were economizing space in a painfully evident manner. The voice of the youth rose and fell to the music of the sea, and finally staggered to its feet and remarked:

"Winsome damsel, I am in love. I have arrived at this conclusion not hastily, but after careful introspection and experimentation. Since first I met you I have been troubled, my most alarming symptom being an aching void. To-night the throbbing of that vacuum has been so strong that I have been able to locate it in my heart."

The voice of the youth choked with mingled emotion and tobacco, both of which he had been swallowing right along. Spreading a handkerchief upon the ground, he fell upon his knees, severing in his impetuosity the last bond of connection between his suspenders and his sky-blue trousers.

"Oh, fairest of maids!" he pleaded, "enter now into that emptiness and fill it with thy light and lavender perfume."

The fairest of maids smiled sadly and abruptly. Her face wore that far-away expression so characteristic of Pike's Peak. Her mind was wandering down the dim corridors of memory and had far to go. Her silence had the delicate odor of pepsin gum. The youth pressed her for an answer until his arm ached with the exertion.

Finally, after consulting her notebook, she made reply:

"At present I am heart-free. However, Jimmy Brown is scheduled for two weeks from next Monday; until then I am thine."

As the fateful words fell from her lips the youth caught them before they hit the ground and pressed them to his bosom. The maid leaned over and planted a kiss on his youthful brow, coyly removing her teeth as she did so.

After regulating their hearts so as to run neck and neck, and combining their thoughts into one idea, they wandered out into the cold, unfeeling world, and naught could be heard in the palm-punctured atmosphere save the strident bazoo of the dyspeptic toy alligator.—"Judge."

The Englishman Impaled.

War between the Scotch and the English is on once more. This time swords and long bows are not the implements of vengeance, but the pens of authors. Not long ago the publication of "The Unspeakable Scot" aroused much resentment among the dwellers in Caledonia by its unjust criticism of the Scotch people. A counter-thrust has now appeared from the pen of Angus McNeill, entitled "The Egregious English." This is made up of scathing irony, sarcasm, criticism, and hypercriticism, directed against the English people and some of their customs and institutions.

In brief, Mr. McNeill says England is decadent. Her men of business are "Willie boys;" her journalists are tied to apron-strings; her employed men are servile slaves; her women are as homely as Don Quixote's duenna, and with no redeeming qualities of mind; her army is weighted down with commissioned officers, knowing well how to climb the social ladder, but understanding nothing and caring as much about how to scale a kopje; her clergy are debased creatures, dishing up to a gluttonous public pabulum containing no ingredients of true religion or ethics; her politicians are wire-pullers; her poets died long ago; and her fiction writers are skilled only in glossing over the vulgar and presenting the manufacture to an undiscerning public. And so on through the list of subjects to the last, "The Beloved"—the Englishman abroad—well described in the irony of the author as follows: "He drops fatness and blessings as he walks. He smiles benignity and graciousness and 'I-am-glad-to-see-you-all-looking-so-well.' And before him runs one in plush, crying: 'Who is the most popular man of this footstool?' And all the people shall rejoice and say, 'The Englishman—God bless him!'"

Wisdom.

Young Bird—What an extraordinary development of legs it's got!

Old Bird—Of course—that's why they call it a "spring" chicken!—"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

Glaring Effrontery.

Uncle Absalom Ashby was much given to retailing old and hackneyed jokes. An acquaintance of his, thinking to cure him of the practice, one day gave him a copy of "Joe Miller's Jest Book," with the remark that he "might find something new in it."

The next time he met the old gentleman he asked him, "Well, uncle, what do you think of that book I gave you the other day?"

"I don't know who that 'ere Joe Miller is," indignantly responded Uncle Absalom, "but I do know he's a thief. He's got hold of a lot of my best stories and printed 'em, consarn him!"

Husband—You're not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding-dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is.—Philadelphia "Inquirer."

MAN'S LIMITATIONS.

To the Average Man "Cosmetics" Has His Dislike.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the November Woman's Home Companion discusses "Man's Limitations" when he attempts to discourse on the secrets of beauty. She says:

"To the average man the word 'cosmetics' has the effect of a red rag shaken in the face of a bull. Yet the word does not mean paint or pigment. Trace it back and you will find it signifies a preparation to restore harmony. This is the age of specialists. In days gone by whatever evil befell the human body the family physician was expected to relieve. Now we have the dentist the surgeon the oculist the artist, the pedicure, and still others skilled in the treatment of scalp and skin. A good complexion is the background of a woman's beauty. Nature's most beautiful grouping of features is ruined if the background loses its tone or becomes seamed or spotted. To avoid such disaster with the flight of years requires knowledge and patience. There are specialists in this line who are just as expert as the dentist or the oculist. No man is indignant or disgusted if his wife consults the dentist. He does not tell her that a cheerful disposition will preserve her teeth. Yet the complexion feels the ravages of indigestion, climate and inheritance quite as much as the teeth or eyes, and needs quite as skilful treatment. Yet the majority of ladies must keep their methods a secret because of the intolerance and unreasoning of man upon this subject.

"If a woman goes abroad with visible rouge on her cheeks, powder or her nose, or pencil-marks under her eyes, a man has a right to show a protest and voice his disgust. But he never stops at that. He immediately proceeds to air his ancient theories about a cheerful disposition and soap and water as the only cosmetic worthy for a respectable woman to use. Meantime the deadly scented soap-cake has ravaged more complexions than any pigment on the market."

Affectations.

While a few persons are affected through and through, and can do nothing naturally, most of us are caught here and there by affectation. The affectation of possessing knowledge which is really wanting is one of the commonest forms of the failing. Do you suppose that half the people who talk enthusiastically about music understand or love it? It is the same with art and its fashions. A run on a particular set of books is, to a large extent, a similar pretence. Many readers will say honestly what they have thought as they read, but a very large number wait on public opinion—or rather what they conceive to be polite opinion—and follow that into paths that they would never tread of their own free will.

As to affectations of manner, is there not a tendency in some quarters to regard gruffness as a sort of virtue, to think that plainness and bluntness are the signs of sincerity and to cultivate a direct, blurting for of speech, which is supposed to imply truthfulness and thoroughness? Yet men who speak in this way are not necessarily more straightforward than those who use more play to the graces of conversation. There is an affectation of honesty which may be a cloak for as much double dealing as if speech were smooth and looks humble. And then there is the opposite, and even more insufferable, affectation of humility by those who wish to curry favor. They talk into mild speech and adopt downcast looks when the style will serve their purpose, though they do not really entertain any of the sentiments which their bearing and demeanor represent. What of the women who cultivate a fascinating delicacy and fineness, a timidity and appealing innocence? It is usually as much a pose as is the braggadocio of the men who boast of their courage and daring and feats. They very plainly hint to the world that they are mighty fellows. All such poses are affectations and they admit of no defense. Be what you are. That is the antidote to every form of affectation.

Little Health Hints.

Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.

Try buttermilk for the removal of freckels, tan and butternut stains.

Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain and renew frequently.

Try taking cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

Try hard cider—a wineglassful three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.

Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping cough.

Handsome Table.

What do you do every week with the pictures that are printed in this newspaper? Did you ever examine them closely. Some of them are works of art for which the artist was paid a large sum.

If you have a little old plain wooden table, you can preserve these works of art and make an ornament at the same time. Select a pretty figure—of course a woman—and place it in the middle of your old table, having previously prepared it by a good scrubbing. Paste securely and, when finished, thert to a coat of thin varnish specially prepared for the purpose.

You will be pleased with the effect which is very like that of enamel.

Beware of the Spanish flounce or any shaped flounce not put and hung by the experienced hand. Unless it sets well it is an abomination. To set well it must be cut by a pattern which is perfectly accurate.

A WISE WOMAN

Always takes all possible precaution against the depredation of Moths when she packs away her Winter Clothing.

The precautions don't cost much, for we sell

MOTH BALLS AT 20c. PER LB.
CAMPHOR AT 10c. PER OUNCE

and a few cents may save a fine Suit of Clothing.

Canada Drug & Book Co
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

BORN.

GORDON.—At Revelstoke, on August 10th, to the wife of Robert Gordon, a daughter.

DIED.

BAYNE.—At Ferguson, on August 7th, 1903, Geo. H. Bayne, lately of Rossland. Remains were shipped east for interment at family home, Halifax, N. S.

HILLMAN.—At Calgary, on the 10th inst., Charlotte M. Hillman, aged 83 years. Beloved mother of Hillman brothers, ranchers, north east of the city.

RAMSEY.—At Revelstoke, on August 8th, 1903, Richard Ramsey, aged 66 years. The funeral took place on August 11th, at 2 p.m. to Revelstoke cemetery.

TAYLOR.—At Vancouver, on August 13, Ada, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. L. Taylor, of this city.

LOCALISMS

You can't register after tomorrow.

B.R. Atkins went down to St. Leon on Saturday.

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

Ed. Corning left on Tuesday for a few days fishing at Three Valley lake.

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

J. A. Darragh, who was in the city for a few days, returned to Fish river on Sunday.

The regular meeting, Red Rose Degree, S. O. E., will be held on Tuesday evening.

—Board and Room Wanted for two young ladies in a private family. Address HERALD office.

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P., met last evening when a good amount of business was transacted.

The Revelstoke Wine and Spirit Co. have opened a branch at Vernon. A. R. Grant is in charge.

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

There has been a slight raise in the Columbia river owing to the hot weather of the past few days.

R. Steiss left on Thursday for Comaplix to look into matters connected with the sawmill. He will return in a few days.

—Christie Fruit Cakes save baking these hot days. 1 and 2 lb. tins. C. B. Hume & Co.

The F. O. E. meet in Selkirk hall tonight for consideration of by-laws and other important matters. Initiations will also arise.

Saturday will be too late to register.

Mrs. D. E. McKay and family, of Eburne, B. C., who have been spending a couple of months with Mrs. A. Johnson, left on Monday for home.

—Attention is called to E. M. Allum's new ad. in this issue. As a watchmaker and optician his reputation is second to none in Revelstoke.

H. A. Brown returned on Sunday from a short visit to Fish river. While there he went up to the Eva mine and found it in first class shape.

Constable Upper went to Golden on Monday with a couple of men wanted there for theft. They were arrested on telegraphic descriptions.

Last Sunday evening Rev. C. Ladner preached a most eloquent sermon in the Methodist church. The discourse was largely upon the subject of dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenner, parents of Mrs. H. Cooke and Miss Kenner of this city, returned to their home in the east on Tuesday after a pleasant visit to Revelstoke.

Stuart McDonald, chef of the Hotel Revelstoke, and Ed. Moscrop are building handsome residences on First street, west of the hospital. W. A. Foote is the contractor.

Geo. Knapp, of R. Howson & Co., returned from Ferguson on Sunday with the remains of the late Geo. H. Bayne, which were shipped east for interment this morning.

There was a false alarm of fire about 2 a. m. on Tuesday. The whistle at the roundhouse was being tested and its syren strains got the firemen to ring the fire bell. Half the city got up, and then—went to bed again.

The British journalists, who are making a tour of Canada, passed through on Sunday evening. They will come back this way in about three days and, if it can be arranged, will go south and through the Kootenays.

—R. Howson & Co. have just received another car of furniture, the finest line ever opened in the city, including china cabinets, buffets, dining room and bed room suites in latest styles.

Voters' List closes tomorrow.

The opening of the city school has been postponed until the 17th instant.

—Bean Coffee ground while you wait, 25 to 50 cts. per lb. C. B. Hume & Co.

Thos. Kilpatrick left the city on official business for a few days Tuesday morning.

Fred. Fraser, Govt. Agent, left on Monday for Poplar creek. He will look into road and trail requirements.

This morning there were 1005 names on the voter's list for Revelstoke district. When the list closes tomorrow the total will be about 1100.

Our special Blend O O Coffee we continue to sell at 15 cts. C. B. Hume & Co.

Ed. Hillman, A. Hillman and C. Hillman left Tuesday morning for Calgary having received word of the sudden death of their mother.

The next meeting of the Ladies Hospital Guild will be held in Selkirk hall on Tuesday afternoon August 25. The election of officers for the ensuing term will take place.

—Water Ice Wafers, Salted Sodas, for 5 o'clock tea. C.B. Hume & Co.

We have received the prize list for the Victoria exhibition to be held on October 6 to 10. The list is an extensive one and many valuable special prizes are included.

—Bews' Drug and Book Store for all School Supplies.

The local team have received the gold medals won for trap shooting at the Golden celebration. They are of attractive design and a suitable souvenir of the occasion.

The many friends of Mr. Robert Gordon are congratulating him on the advent of a daughter to his home which happy event occurred on Monday.

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

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. T. E. L. Taylor at the death of their daughter, Ada, who died at Vancouver this morning. Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Cao leave Vancouver today with the body and will arrive on tomorrow morning's train. The funeral will take place to the family plot in Revelstoke cemetery.

—Ice Cream Sodas served daily at Bews' Fountain.

An English company has been incorporated with a capital of $150,000 and is taking over the sawmill and timber limits on Trout Lake from the owners Messrs. Cowan and McMaster & Scott, the consideration being $60,000 in cash and shares.

On Monday Willie, the eldest son of W. H. Edmonds, Registrar at Kamloops, was accidentally shot and died the following morning. He and a friend named Newman got hold of a revolver and while playing with it young Edmonds was shot through the forehead.

—New designs in Exercise Books and Scribblers at Bews'.

Mr. W. B. Brown, brother of H. A. Brown, was in the city on a short visit. They spent a few days last week in the Lardeau and took in Fish river camp pretty thoroughly, the visiting gentleman being very much impressed with the richness of the free gold belt. Mr. W.B. Brown, who has been in the Indian Civil Service for some 17 years, is on a year's furlough which he will spend in a tour of the principal countries of the world. He is a distinguished linguist and carries on his duties in Bengal without the aid of the usual interpreter. He is also acquainted with practically all European languages. Before leaving the far east he spent some time in Japan and penetrated many places far off the track of the average tourist, conforming in everything but costume to the habits and customs of the natives. He left on Tuesday for Banff and will cross the continent to Quebec, stopping at various points having historical and scenic interest.

Good Trail Work

The Government is rapidly proceeding with necessary trail work in this vicinity. A sum of $2,000 has been appropriated for the Canoe river trail, some ten miles of which will be built this summer. Two gangs, under M. Hyatt and T. Edwards are now proceeding with the work.

Other appropriations are $6000 for Downie creek, $1,500 for Camborne-Beatrice and $700 for Lexington-Boyd creek trails. The latter will be particularly welcome as it gives connections with the rich discoveries on Goat mountain and Boyd creek. These appropriations were secured upon urgent representations of Mr. Thos. Taylor and will be of much service to miners and prospectors in the districts concerned.

Telephone 48.

School Books
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

NEW SCRIBBLERS
NEW EXERCISE BOOK
NEW SCHOOL BAGS
NEW PENCILS Etc. Etc.

All Supplies Wanted for the School Opening.

W. BEWS, - Phm. B.
Druggist and Stationer.

THE HOSPITAL DIRECTORATE

Met on Thursday Evening and Appointed Officers — Ladies' Guild and Medical Superintendent's Reports.

The newly elected directors of the Hospital Society met at the hospital on Thursday evening last, as required by the bylaws, and elected the following officers:

President—T. Kilpatrick (re-elected).
Vice-Pres.—G. S. McCarter.
Secretary-Treasurer—A. E. Phipps. (re-elected).

As promised in our last issue we publish the Ladies' Guild and Medical Superintendent's reports for the year ending 31st July, which pressure on space prevented our reproducing before.

LADIES' GUILD REPORT.

The officers and members of the Ladies' Hospital Guild, take pleasure in presenting a brief report of the work done during the past year. On Sept. 7th, 1902, a public meeting was called for the election of officers, and to organize a membership roll. At this meeting it was decided to charge an annual membership fee of $1 and sixty-four names were placed upon the register. The following officers were elected:

Hon. Pres.—T. Kilpatrick, Esq.
President—Mrs. Carruthers.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Wilkes, Mrs. Lawrence.
Secretary—Mrs. B. A. Lawson.
Treasurer—Mrs. Dent.

On November 22nd, 1902, the first regular meeting was held. The following were elected an advisory board to confer with the Board of Directors from time to time: Mesdames Dent, W. M. Lawrence, F. Fraser, G. M. Clark, P. Hooley, Wilson, Risteen, J. J. Shaw. A constitution was drawn up, the name of the society to be the Victoria Hospital Guild, meetings to be held last Tuesday of each month in Selkirk hall the rent of building being $9 per year. It was decided that two members of the Guild visit the hospital each week during the year.

The annual hospital ball was held in Tapping's opera house on Jan. 23rd, and proved a great success, the net proceeds were $339.15.

The Guild decided to purchase an X-rays apparatus for the hospital at a cost of $460. The following donations were received: Messrs. Kilpatrick, Lindmark, McCarter, le Maistre, Kincaid, Pool $25 each, and many other smaller donations: Mesdames Lawson and Dent collected $15, the balance was paid from the funds of the Guild. The apparatus duly arrived, was set up in the hospital and is now doing efficient work.

On March 24th, 1903, Mrs. Carruthers, president of the Guild, retired from office, the Vice-President becoming presiding officer. The net result of the play given by the Harold Nelson Company, May 25th, 1903, was $61.45.

On July 31st, 1903, a garden party was given at the residence of Mrs. T. Kilpatrick, who kindly placed her residence and grounds at the disposal of the Guild. The net proceeds amounted to $51.

During the current year the Guild has purchased all necessary linen for the hospital and has furnished the dining room, to this must be added the X-rays and much incidental work.

Too much cannot be said of the good work done by Mrs. Carruthers during the year and the Guild desires to record its appreciation of the kindly and efficient aid given by one and all.

ANNIE C. WILKES,
President.

MINNIE K. LAWSON,
Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions	$262 50
Hospital Ball	339 15
Nelson benefit	61 45
Garden party	51 00
Dues	52 00
Boxes	18 62
Transfer account	26 74
Total	$811 46

EXPENDITURE.

X-rays	$460 00
Linens	265 53
Furnishings	21 00
Rent	14 00
Printing	9 75
Balance	38 18
Total	$811 46

ISABELLE F. DENT,
Treasurer.

MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

GENTLEMEN,—It affords me a good deal of pleasure to bring before you the first annual medical report of your hospital for the year just gone; the past year having been a most satisfactory one.

During the year 248 patients have passed through the hospital, with a total number of hospital days of 2025. Of these patients 215 were males and 33 females. There were 155 surgical cases, 80 medical cases and 1 obstetrical cases.

Quite a large portion of the work is devoted to what we call the "out-door" department. In this is included surgical dressings and minor operations on those who do not require to remain in the hospital, but return from time to time for surgical treatment, of these the total number of visits have been 2237.

Eighty-two operations have been performed during the year on "indoor" patients.

Several times during the past two months we were obliged to discharge convalescing patients and make room for new or more serious ones, thus the need for more space will before long be urgently felt, more especially if we obtain, as we hope to, the additional contracts from the new mills which are being erected in our vicinity.

We are confronted with the lack of an isolated wing or building, as so far our city has absolutely no place in which to place infectious cases occurring at hotels and boarding houses or coming, as they may at any time, off the trains. The staff desire to thank the friends of the hospital for their many kindnesses.

The members of the Ladies' Guild have been untiring in their efforts on our behalf and the hospital enjoys many things which without their aid we should have had to do without. We are also greatly indebted to them in their efforts in placing a first class X-ray machine in the hospital. It was installed on May 20th of this year and since then 20 examinations have been made. We should like these ladies to understand how much we appreciate their efforts and their interest.

I feel that I cannot close this report without a word of thanks to the nursing staff for their loyal support and faithful work a great deal of the success is due to their labours.

I have also to thank Dr. Cross, my associate on the medical board, for his able and willing assistance. It only remains now to thank you, gentlemen, for your courtesies to the staff during the past year.

I am, yours faithfully,
W. H. SUTHERLAND.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The directors held a business meeting on Monday evening when several matters were considered but not advanced to a sufficient stage to warrant publication.

Comaplix Cullings

From our own Correspondent.

On Wednesday 17 men came down from the logging camp and went elsewhere for higher wages.

As our teacher has not yet arrived the school has not been opened, which pleases the children.

Alec McRae and Capt. Forshund paid Comaplix a short visit on Saturday.

B. B. Starky came down from the Walhalla, a claim 4 miles from Comaplix, with some fine samples of ore.

Ben Bolton came in to work in the sawmill.

MACHINISTS BIG SMOKER

On Saturday Evening Last Was An Immense Success—Presentation to Bro. Nugent as a Mark of Esteem.

Upon very short notice a reception was gotten up by the members of the International Association of Machinists to Bro. W. Nugent, who returned on Thursday evening from Winnipeg where he had been attending the joint convention which recently fixed a new and higher scale of wages for the various employees of the C. P. R. from Fort William to the coast. The proceedings took the form of a smoking concert in Oddfellows hall and was attended by all available machinists, representatives of all the trades unions in the city and a few invited guests. The entertainment committee, of which Theo. J. Wadman was chairman, had spared no effort to make their part of the programme a success and mention must also be made of the first class catering of A.E. Bennison.

President R.B. Farwell occupied the chair and opened the proceedings with a short address. His remarks principally referred to the rapid growth of Kootenay Lodge of the I. A. of M., since he first knew it and he also expressed the great pleasure his association felt in seeing not only their own members but representatives of so many other brotherhoods present. (Applause.)

After a few musical selections came the event of the evening, the presentation to Bro. W. Nugent of a gold locket commemorative of his services at the recent convention. This piece of jewellry is a handsome specimen of the art, having on one side the square and calipers, emblems of the Machinists' order, and on the other a suitable inscription. Bro. Wadman made the presentation in a few well chosen words that were received with hearty applause which, on the recipient rising to make his acknowledgement, became deafening. Bro. Nugent first thanked those present for their appreciation of his efforts in Winnipeg, and he was more than pleased that the result was satisfactory. He thought the increase to thirty-six cents per hour was a great victory for the machinists and that they could congratulate themselves on the outcome of the convention. Before sitting down he also expressed the great surprise given him by the presentation and that he would always prize the locket as a token of the high esteem which he had for those who thus showed their appreciation of his services. (Cheers.)

Mr. T. J. Roberts, Locomotive Foreman came into the hall at this time and was showed to a seat at one of the well filled tables. A few minutes were devoted to refreshments and President Farwell then asked Mr. Roberts to give a short address. When he appeared on the platform those present showed their appreciation of his conduct to the mechanics with loud applause and it was a considerable time before Mr. Roberts could make himself heard. He first expressed his pleasure at the great success of the smoker and hoped that it would not be the last by any means of such enjoyable affairs. The machinists had won an increase in wages, he said, which he trusted would be earned by their increased attention to business. They had gone about the matter in an open manly way, and their success had brought him great pleasure. In regard to himself, he had started as an apprentice at the bottom of the ladder and worked up, but his present position was by no means an enviable one as there was a great deal of responsibility resting on his shoulders. He hoped the boys would put forth a special effort and do their level best while at work, as good men were in demand the world over. In conclusion, Mr. Roberts expressed his pleasure at having the opportunity to make a few remarks and thanked those present for their cordial hearing. (Applause.)

Jas. Outhett, on behalf of the blacksmiths' union, congratulated the machinists on their recent increase in wages and also stated that his order was working in harmony with the brethren of other associations.

H. F. Hay, President of the Carpenters Union, then made a rattling speech. He reiterated the congratulations of the previous speaker on the machinists success in the convention, and also expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present and said the entertainment committee deserved great credit for the first class smoker they had arranged in such a short time. (Applause.)

After P. Ainsley, foreman boilermaker, had made a few congratulatory remarks on behalf of his union the programme was continued and a very jolly time spent till midnight. Among others Messrs T. Melville, J. Allan, J. Johnson, W. Miller, P. Keeny, F. Burke and W. Hendry contributed songs, and special mention must be made of Mr. W. Gusnell's recitations. His rendering of "The Old Bachelor" was particularly good. Mr. R. Smith, another machinist, gave some good whistling solos and examples of mimicry.

Before the proceedings terminated a vote of thanks was passed to the entertainment committee and to Mr. J. Hooley who capably filled the duties of accompanist and a splendid evening's festivity concluded with the National Anthem.

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NOTICE.

Applications will be received by the undersigned for the position of second assistant to the Medical Superintendent of the Revelstoke Hospital up till Monday, August 24th next.

Applicants will state qualifications and salary expected.

A. E. PHIPPS, Secy.

REVELSTOKE SCHOOL BOARD.

The Trustees require the services of a Teacher for Division V. of the Public School. Must hold not less than a second class certificate. Salary $50.00 per month. Applications to reach the undersigned by the 15th inst.

H. FLOYD,
Secretary,

Revelstoke, Aug. 13, 1903.