The Herald Supplement

REVELSTOKE HERALD, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1903.

UNION
Cigar Factory
REVELSTOKE, B.C.
H. A. BROWN, PROP.
Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION
ALL GOODS UNION MADE

TROUSERS SEASON
In our new location you will find us do the Seasons Trade and giving the desired satisfaction.
NEW GOODS
UNION MADE
ELEGANTLY
DESIGNED
M. A. WILSON,
Graduate of Mitchell's School of Garment Cutting, New York.
Establishment—Next Taylor Block.

UNION HOTEL
FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE
Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
J. LAUGHTON, Prop. First Street.

FROM GROWER TO CONSUMER
NO MIDDLE MAN.
TOMATOES RIPE AND GREEN.
PICKLING ONIONS.
PEPPERS. CITRON.
CUCUMBERS. SQUASH.
MARROWS. CAULIFLOWER.
CHICKENS AND DUCKS.
FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.
J. MALEY, - SECOND STREET

I SCREAM
Said my best girl if you don't buy me some ICE CREAM after the Band Concert; and we'll go to
A. E. BENNISON,
Mackenzie Avenue.
Try Our Home Made Bread, Cakes and Confectionery.
ONCE USED. ALWAYS USED

M. A. SMITH & CO.,
Successors to A. N. Smith.

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS
Fresh and Complete Line of Groceries.

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

MACHINERY
Steam Engines and Boilers.
Hoisting and Elevating Machinery.
Saw and Planing Machinery.
Sash and Door Machinery.
MillSaws and Saw Filing Tools.
Iron Working Machinery.
Laundry Machinery.
Tannery Machinery.
Machinery for every purpose
J. L. NEILSON & CO.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

PELLEW-HARVEY,
BRYANT & GILMAN
Mining Engineers and Assayers,
VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1890
ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.
Tests made up to 2,000 lbs.
A specialty made of checking Smelter Pulps.
Samples from the Interior by mail or express promptly attended to.
Correspondence solicited.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

REVELSTOKE PHOTO STUDIO
Over Kootenay Mail Office.
A general excellence of all features of a Photograph is necessary to produce a perfect picture. The finish, position and the most appropriate mount, are the characteristics of our Studio.
W. B. FLEMING, - PHOTOGRAPHER

Men Wanted.
Millmen and bushmen wanted. Apply to Jas. Taylor, Arrowhead Lumber Co., Arrowhead, B. C.

LADY MINTO HOSPITAL FUND

Has Been Largely Subscribed in the East. — Opportunity Now for the West to Assist. —Small Amounts Received.

During Her Excellency the Countess of Minto's visit to the North-West three years ago she had occasion to observe the difficulty encountered by so many of the outlying districts in securing medical services under any circumstances, and the entire absence of hospital accommodation, over large tracts of country. Her Excellency accordingly raised a sum of $27.000 to assist in building small hospitals in suitable places. Up to date thirteen such hospitals have been built, each accommodating from six to thirty patients. These have proved of immense service in every case. Many most urgent appeals have been received from other parts to which it has been very hard to turn a deaf ear as they revealed most painful cases of loss of life and untold suffering for lack of hospital accommodation within reach. The original fund is almost exhausted and Her Excellency is desirous of raising an endowment fund, the income from which will partly provide aid for one or two new hospitals each year, the balance will go towards the expenses connected with organizing the fund, outfitting and despatching nurses and supervising the work of the hospitals annually. Hitherto the scheme has been incorporated with the work of the Victorian Order of Nurses, one of the objects of which is "to aid in the erection of cottage hospitals," see Royal Charter 5 (d). In all but one of the existing hospitals nurses have been supplied by the Victorian Order and their work inspected annually by the Chief Lady Superintendent. The Executive Council of the Order most heartily endorse the scheme devised by Her Excellency and hope to see it carried through successfully before the end of the years Already a very generous response has been made in some of the larger cities. In view of the fact that there must be many who would like to contribute moderate sums to so deserving a cause it is hoped that committees will be formed in different centres in order to collect as many of the smaller subscriptions as possible. The scheme is one of national scope and embraces not only the North-West Territories, but every part of Canada where a similar need exists.

In this connection it may be stated that of the hospitals aided up to the present nine are west of Winnipeg, three in Ontario and one in Pictou, N,S. From the original fund Revelstoke hospital has benefitted to the extent of $1,700, the grants being $1500 to the building fund and $200 towards the X ray apparatus. The idea of the endowment fund is to raise the sum of at least $125,000 which will bring an income of $5,000 per annum. This sum will be divided, as above mentioned, between the erection of hospitals and the provision of nurses. Already $106,000 has been subscribed, $51,000 in Toronto, $50,000 in Montreal and $5,000 in Ottawa. This leaves a sum of $19,000 still required. None has been subscribed by the maritime provinces, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia, and it is thought that they should contribute the balance. Divided it reaches a little over $3,000 each, and there should be no difficulty in British Columbia giving its share. Self help is a good thing and as Montreal gave one of the largest subscriptions, although no grants have been made to Quebec, this Province should give its quota. From the fund between $9,000 and $10,000 has been spent in this province in grants to Vernon, Kaslo and Revelstoke so that it is only right that British Columbia should subscribe its share and more particularly the cities benefitted. Applications are now in for assistance to Wilmer and Mission City, and it is in prospect that Atlin and other northern points will follow suit. The east has done nobly, let the west do the same. Contributions from 50 cents up will be gratefully received. The alleviation of sickness and suffering is not only a duty but a pleasure and this comprehensive scheme, which will provide for all time a respectable fund for this purpose, deserves the hearty support of everyone. Revelstoke is particularly concerned as the erection of the Queen Victoria Cottage Hospital was largely rendered possible by aid from a similar source.

Oriental Hotel
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

CITY COUNCIL.

The special meeting on Friday was attended by the Mayor and Ald. Foote, Law and McLeod. Very little but correspondence was considered, the first being from Supt. Kilpatrick, regarding

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The letter stated the quality was very poor, which was concurred in by the Mayor who asked Supt. Gordon for an explanation. The latter explained the cause was shortage of water owing to leakage of flume. Two men sent up to clean the wheel were to blame for the mishap that shut off the lights recently. Mr. Gordon was authorized to discharge any employee at power house who neglected his duty.

BROKEN BOILER.

E. E. Ward, Manager of Molsons Bank, wrote claiming damages for boiler breaking through water supply being shut off without notice. Supt. Gordon said boiler was in bad condition and had collapsed several times before. —City Clerk to reply disclaiming liability.

No. 2 Fire Brigade also wrote asking supplies.—Granted.

CHINESE LAUNDRIES.

A petition was received asking for extension of time for moving to restricted area until July 1901.—Granted as far as concerns present Council.

ROAD IMPROVEMENTS.

The Mayor thought First st. between Hume's and C.P. R. warehouse should be improved, Supt. Kilpatrick having offered cinders. Also that Third St. sidewalk be completed.

Ald. Foote recommended improving alley from Robson to McKenzie ave., near J. Palmer's and better drainage for No. 2 Fire Hall.

Ald. Law wanted sidewalk built past H. A. Brown's residence.—All these works were ordered proceeded with.

ASSESSMENT COURT.

It was, upon motion, resolved that the Mayor and Ald. Hume, Law, McCarty and McMahon constitute the Court of Revision for appeals against assessments to be held Monday. The council then adjourned.

Subscribe for THE HERALD. It gives the news.

Prov. Library
134

THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol. XIV; NO. 9 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1903 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

C. B. HUME & COMPANY
LIMITED.

Every Department in this House makes it a point to anticipate the requirments of the Season. Our Hardware man has handed us a list of Guns and Ammunition he has just placed in Stock for the Hunting Season. It looks like a complete Arsenal to us.

SHOTGUNS

Double Barrel Breech Loading, Top Snap, available for Smokeless Powder.
Prices . . . $15 $16 $22

Winchester Repeating Shot Guns, Sliding Action. Best Bird Gun on the market—
Price $25

WINCHESTER RIFLES

Model 1892, 30-30 Calibre, Oct. Barrel.....$22
Model 1890, 22 Calibre Repeating, Oct Barrel. 17
Model 1892, 30-30 Cal. Carbine, Oct. Barrel..19.50

SAVAGE RIFLES

Model 1899, 3.03 Calibre.....$27
Model 1899, 3.03 Calibre Carbine.....$25

AMMUNITION

Cartridges for all the latest model Rifles.
Loaded Shot Shells, No. 10 and 12, loaded with Smokeless or Black Powder.
Empty Shells, Pasteboard and Felt Wads.
Primers, Percussion Caps and Rifle Cleaners, etc.

Don't forget our other Departments. Always something new to show you.
VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME.

DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY.

C. B. HUME & COMPANY
LIMITED.

PLEASED WITH FISH RIVER

Shareholders of Elwood Tin-Workers Co. Well Pleased With Copper Dollar and Other Goldfields Properties.

A party of eastern investors passed through the city on Saturday en route home after a visit to the Copper Dollar and other Goldfields properties. The party consisted of Messrs. R. K. Floeter, of Lima, Ohio; J. R. Bottorff, J. W. Jones, And. Marshall and Chas. Lewis, of Elwood, Ind., and Alf. Dubuis, of Kokomo, Ind. They were piloted round by Mr. J. A. Darragh, manager of the Elwood Tinworkers Co. in which all are interested. With the exception of Mr. Floeter it was their first visit to British Columbia.

In conversation with the HERALD they all expressed themselves as more than pleased with the property of the company and it is probable work will be continued on a larger scale than heretofore. The condition of their own and other mines was a source of great surprise to the visitors who did not imagine that so much development work had been done in Fish river camp. They also had a good word to say for the scenic advantages of Arrow Lake and Halcyon Hot Springs and left with a most favorable impression of the Province.

Messrs. Floeter and Darragh left for Nelson on Monday to purchase rails and cars for use in the Copper Dollar tunnels. The rest of the party left for home on Sunday's No. 2.

Bible Society.

Owing to shortness of notice the meeting to form a branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society, held in St. Peter's Church last Friday evening, was slimly attended. The proceedings opened with devotional exercises by Revs. C. A. Procunier and W. C. Calder, Rev. C. Ladner occupying the chair. Revs. Gibson and Bryan, the delegates, delivered inspiring and interesting addresses and as a result a local branch was organized with the following officers: President, Rev. C. A. Procunier; Secretary, A. E. Miller; Treasurer, R. Howson, with the city's clergy as ex-officio members of the committee. The balance of committee will be elected at the next meeting.

—Try our Maple Leaf Tea, it will please you, Macdonald & Monteith.

CHANGES NEAR CLANWILLIAM

The Main Line of C. P. R. to be Diverted to Avoid Danger From Snow Slides—To Cost $90,000.

Work on a very important diversion of the C. P. R. will shortly be commenced under J. W. Stewart, who built the cut off at Field last year. Just east of Clanwilliam station, about 12 miles from here, the track passes an almost perpendicular bluff, the rock having been blasted away just sufficient to permit passage along the south shore of Toncawatla lake. The locality has been considered a dangerous one ever since the road was built, and, as early as 1886, a series of snowsheds was erected at very short intervals with glance cribs in the intervening spaces to divert the slides on to the sheds. No accident has ever occurred at this point but, at times in the spring, small slides have been going over two or three of the sheds at once while passenger trains were passing underneath. This condition of affairs has received serious consideration by the engineering department, and it has been decided that the only feasible course to avoid danger is to divert the train line somewhat west of Clanwilliam and have it skirt the north shore of the lake rejoining the present track in, we should judge, about two and a half miles from the western point of diversion. The route of the proposed change is now being surveyed and other preliminary work done and actual construction will be commenced as soon as the necessary work trains are available. The contract price is in the vicinity of $90,000 and it is possible the new piece of road will be completed this fall.

Rev. Robt. Hughes of Haliburton st. Nanaimo, will be ordained into the office of the ministry in the Methodist church here on Sunday morning the 30th inst. at 11 o'clock. The President of the Conference and the Supt. of Missions will perform the ordination service. Rev. Mr. Hughes will preach in the Methodist church at 7:30 p.m.

A man named R. Steinhoff was nearly drowned at A. Edgar's camp on Tuesday. He was in a boat when it capsized and both he and Mr. Edgar had a severe struggle before he was rescued.

WILL BE A BIG CELEBRATION

The Two Days Sports to Celebrate Labour Day Here Will Be Full of Attractions—Don't Miss the Big Event

On Tuesday evening the executive of the annual Labor Day celebration held a most enthusiastic meeting. Finances were taken up and it was found that at least one thousand dollars would be forthcoming for prizes. This being the case a programme was suggested which amply covers both days, giving valuable prizes in all events. Many of the merchants, in addition to liberal subscriptions, are offering prizes in silverware and other goods and altogether the project has been taken up with that enthusiasm which inevitably assures success. The programme will be finally decided upon at a meeting to be held on Saturday evening and handbills setting it out in full will at once be distributed broadcast over the surrounding territory. Special features will be arranged as particularly attractive to the miners and millmen and it is believed that the first Labour Day celebration in this city will be an event of joyful remembrance not only here but for every place in the vicinity. There are some few citizens who have not yet subscribed their quota towards expenses. They should see to the matter at once. Money makes the mare go and only a small amount further is needed to carry through the two days' sports with a vim that will surprise visitors.

Out of town people will be the object of special attention by the committee, and we can guarantee to them, one and all, a good time from the minute they arrive until the hour of reluctant departure. Come one, come all, enjoy yourselves to the full and discover that Revelstoke is not only the business hub of North Kootenay but the sport loving centre also. The Fulton Cup lacrosse match will be worth the trip alone, but so many features will be introduced that, wherever one's inclination may be, the favorite pastime of everybody will receive due attention at some time during the celebration.

ASTONISHING DISCOVERY

Of Free Gold in Ground Hog Basin—Five Feet Lead Averaging 173 Ounces to the Ton —Vein Proved 3000 Feet.

Good fortune seems always to come in streaks and that such is the case was proved last week when a discovery was made in Ground Hog Basin which bids fair to rival the recent strike at Poplar creek.

Gus Lund came down from the Big Bend on Friday evening and was good enough to furnish the HERALD with full particulars of a recent rich strike made by him on the Florence group, situated at the head of McCullough creek, in what is known as Ground Hog Basin. The new discovery is a vein of white quartz from 5 to 20 feet wide, running through the Florence, Minto and O. K. claims and has been traced for over 3000 feet. Five assays have been made across the lead and average 173 ounces in gold and $15 in silver, which practically gives the rock a total value of $3500 to the ton. Both the hanging and foot walls are schist which, to the width of 25 feet on each side of the quartz, is also very rich, averaging about $93 in gold. A tunnel has been driven for 20 feet on the vein and numerous open cuts across it, thus proving its continuity.

The Florence group consists of seven full sized claims, four being the property of Mr. Lund. In the Florence, Johannesburg and Rosebery, Messrs. C. B. Hume and C. F. Lindmark are associated with him. Before the recent discovery the group was placed under bond to an English company for $70,000 in cash and $50,000 in shares, but recent development places the property much above that figure in value. It may be mentioned also that 16 claims in the vicinity are owned by Messrs. McCarter, Kincaid and Kilpatrick and the new discovery runs through at least two of them. Ground Hog Basin has long been thought to be the original deposit from which the McCullough creek placers derived their gold and this is now proved. The recent strike is only 3½ miles above the leaseholds now being hydrauliced by the McCullough Creek Co., and old time placers were worked within 500 yards of it. The HERALD has on many occasions brought the riches of the Big Bend to the notice of its readers, and invited exploitation, and now reiterates that advice. There is a large area of mineral land in the vicinity of Ground Hog Basin that has never been prospected and rich returns should await practical men who will carefully go over the ground. It is comparatively easy of access as, from Death Rapids, the present head of navigation, a good trail leads right up to the source of McCullough creek.

Mr. Lund returned to the Florence on Tuesday and will further exploit the new strike. He is well known to practically all local readers of the HERALD and is everywhere regarded as a most reliable man. It is certain that the recent discovery is absolutely as stated.

MCCULLOUGH CREEK.

On his way down Mr. Lund called at the workings of the McCullough Creek Hydraulic Co., and predicts a very heavy clean up. He brought down word that Mr. J. D. Sibbald one day last week panned out 3½ ounces of coarse gold in an hour. Among it were three nuggets worth $10 each. The clean up will probably be made about 15th September.

Turkish Baths.

Jos. Morgan is nothing if not progressive and his latest move is one which will be a source of satisfaction to those who wish to enjoy life to its full extent. He is instituting a full Turkish bath and massage equipment. The new department will be under the superintendence of Mr. O'Connors who is an expert in his line. When it is remembered that Turkish baths cannot be obtained nearer than the coast Mr. Morgan's enterprise will be understood. The new departure will be particularly appreciated by railroad men, as after a long stretch of work nothing is more reviving. And there are others who get fagged out in different ways that will hail the new institution as a boon.

REVISED CITY ASSESSMENT

Shows Increase of 7·8 per cent in Land and 14 per cent in Improvements—Result of the Court of Revision.

As revised the city assessment roll shows a marked increase over last year. The figures are as follows:

	1903	1902	Inc. %
Land	$342,255	$317,426	7·8
Imp'mts.	370,360	343,230	8·
Totals	$712,615	$660,656	7·7

It will thus be seen that the total taxable value of the city this year has increased nearly $52,000. When it is remembered that the Water & Light Co.'s previous assessment on improvements of $20,000 has been eliminated through purchase by the city the rise in land values has been $24,820 and in improvements, i.e., buildings, $47,130. There are today 14 per cent more buildings in Revelstoke than there were a year ago, which increase, as they are all occupied, speaks volumes for the progress of the gateway of the Kootenays.

COURT OF REVISION.

At the Municipal Court of Revision held in the city hall on Monday, at 10 a.m., very few changes were made in the Assessment Roll. The court consisted of the Mayor, Ald. Law and McCarty. G. S. McCarter, city solicitor, was in attendance and F. B. Lewis represented the Townsite Co.

In all there were some twenty appeals, several being merely changes in ownership, but the only reductions allowed were as follows:

N. T. Edwards, house on Lot 7, Block 19, from $1000 to $900.

M. A. Smith, Lot 6, Block 3, from $450 to $400.

C. M. Field, building on Lot 7, Block 9, from $1200 to $600.

T. A. Welton, undivided part of townsite 19⅝ acres, reduced from $900 to $800 per acre.

Ladies' Guild Elect Officers

On Tuesday afternoon the Ladies' Hospital Guild held its annual meeting in Selkirk Hall, a large number of members being present. The chief order of business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. T. Kilpatrick.
1st Vice Pres.—Mrs. B. A. Lawson.
2nd " —Mrs. R. Tapping.
Secretary—Mrs. G. S. F indt.
Treasurer—Mrs. G. M. Clark.

The new board of officers starts out with the brightest prospects. Last year's work of the Guild created a high standard for them to follow but we believe their efforts this year will be even more productive than that of last. Various committees were also appointed, the personnel of which will appear in our next issue.

The directors of the hospital also met the other evening and appointed a new

ASSISTANT MEDICAL OFFICER

in the person of Dr. Chipperfield, who has had several years experience in the care of the sick and should prove a valuable addition to the medical staff

NEW WARD.

Mrs. A. G. M. Spragge has kindly consented to furnish a ward in the Queen Victoria Hospital in memory of her late husband. The only condition attached is that preference to beds in it be given to the Masonic fraternity, which was cheerfully concurred in by the directors.

Golden has had no fewer than three robberies of late. The Kootenay House was broken into and $10 stolen from the safe and a number of checks, but the checks were afterwards found. Two tramps stole $21 from Jos. Chalmers while he was intoxicated, and were committed for trial. G. S. Norman, an Innisfail horse-buyer, who was on his way to Revelstoke, discovered he was short $600 when he got off the train at Golden.

—Ripe Tomatoes, Cucumbers, etc. for pickling, C. B. Hume & Co.

MACEDONIAN IMBROGLIO

Reaches Large Dimensions—Mass Meeting—Alaskan Commission—Yacht Races—Tarte and Protection.

LONDON, August 26.—A despatch from Constantinople, dated Tuesday, says all the remaining European Redifs belonging to the second and third army corps, sixteen battalions of Redifs in Asiatic territory and 36 battalions of other reserves will be called to the colors. The number already on a war footing in Macedonia is nearly 350 battalions. The Turkish government is apparently decided to use all possible energy to repress the rebellion.

SOFIA, August 26.—An immense mass meeting of Macedonians held here today, resolved to the representatives of the great powers at Sofia urging their governments to take action. The recent visit of the Russian squadron to Turkish waters was described as "a moment of sunshine which quickly passed."

LONDON, August 26.—The first meeting of the Alaskan Boundary Commission will be held in London on Sept. 3.

FIRST CUP RACE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—In a splendid 12 to 15 knot breeze over a windward and leeward course of 30 miles, the sloop Reliance today beat Shamrock III, exactly 9 minutes actual time, or 7 minutes 3 seconds, after deducting 1 minute 55 seconds to Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger.

SECOND RACE.

Reliance won the second race last Tuesday by 79 seconds.

MONTREAL, August 26.—Hon. Mr. Tarte has been invited and has accepted an invitation to speak as an advocate of protection at a Conservative mass meeting to be held in Berthier on Sunday.

LONDON, August 26.—Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, writing to the Liberal-Unionist candidate in the Crewe district of Cheshire says he feels sanguine that his preferential tariff policy will, when thoroughly understood, commend itself to the workingmen of the country.

BASLE, Switzerland, August 26.—The debate in the Zionist s congress on the British proposal to set apart a portion of British East Africa for colonization by the Jews, closed today, when the congress by a vote of 255 to 177 adopted a resolution to appoint a committee of nine to proceed to East Africa to investigate the situation. The Russian delegates opposed the project.

MARQUESS OF SALISBURY DEAD

The Aged Statesman Passed Away Saturday Evening Aged 73 Years. — Sketch of His Career.

LONDON, Aug. 22.—Lord Salisbury died peacefully at 9:05 o'clock to-night.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil was born at the ancestral home of his family, Hatfield, on 10th Feb. 1830, and died at the same place. His death occurred on the 50th anniversary of his entry into public life as member for Stamford. During this long career he held many important portfolios and was Prime Minister Aug. 1887 and from June 1895 to July 12, from June to Nov. 1835, Aug. 1836 to 1902. Lord Salisbury married, in 1857, Georgina Caroline, daughter of Baron Alderson, who pre-deceased him some two years.

Lord Salisbury was a statesmen of wide knowledge and great ability. It fell to his lot to occupy the highest place in several times of stress and trouble in imperial affairs and, on all occasions, he exhibited a strength and dignity that compelled the highest respect. At the Berlin conference and in negotiations with the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Sultan he showed a grasp of foreign affairs which well warrants the epithet of "the greatest Foreign Secretary.

Apart from politics, Lord Salisbury had many claims to recognition. As a writer and chemist he occupied an unique position among the British aristocracy. In whatever circle of life his career might have fallen the deceased statesman would have been a remarkable man, and those of all shades of opinion unite in paying a tribute of respect and admiration to one of the great statesmen of modern times. He is succeeded in the marquisate by his eldest son, Lord Cranborne, creating a vacancy in the British House of Commons for Rochester district.

The funeral will take place on Monday next and will be private. A simultaneous service will be held in Westminster Abbey.

The Islands Winner

VICTORIA, Aug. 26.—Last night H. W. Bullock was nominated to contest the Islands riding in the Conservative interest against T. W. Patterson, Liberal. He is an old and respected resident of Salt Spring Island and will win by a small majority.

Bourne Bros.

Ready Mixed Paints. | Try Our Dry Paints.

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

BOURNE BROS. Mackenzie Avenue . . .

FALL 1903.
New Goods Arriving
FALL 1903.

BOUGHT DIRECT
FROM THE MANUFACTURER

Twenty-One Cases and Bales Opened and Put in Stock this Week:

Ladies' Wrappers.
Children's Dresses.
Table Linen, Napkins, Towels
Sheetings and Blankets.
Pillows and Cushions.

Boys', Youths', Knicker Pants

With Double Seats and Knees. These are hard wearing. Every pair guaranteed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE EMPRESS SHOE AND AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK PATTERNS

REID & YOUNG,
THE LEADING DRYGOODS MERCHANTS

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION.

FIRST ANNUAL
Labor Day Celebration
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Under the auspices of the Mayor and City Council.

SEPT. 7 SEPT. 8 **Monday, Tuesday** SEPT. 7 SEPT. 8

LACROSSE, BASEBALL,
ATHLETICS, GUN SHOOT

TRADES AND SOCIETIES PROCESSION.

GRAND BALL - - - GRAND CONCERT

For full particulars see small bills.

M. J. O'BRIEN, MAYOR, President. H. FLOYD, Secretary.
To whom all enquiries should be addressed.

WERE I THE SUN.

I'd always shine on holidays,
Were I the sun;
On sleepy heads I'd never gaze,
But focus all my morning rays
On busy folks of bustling ways,
Were I the sun.

I would not melt a sledding snow,
Were I the sun;
Nor spoil the ice where skaters go,
Nor help those useless weeds to grow
But hurry mortals on, you know,
Were I the sun.

I'd warm the swimming-pool just right,
Were I the sun;
On school-days I would hide my light,
The Fourth I'd always give you bright,
Nor set my scorch on Christmas night,
Were I the sun.

I would not heed such paltry toys,
Were I the sun—
Such work as grown-up men employs:
But I would favor solid joys—
In short, I'd rule the world for boys,
Were I the sun!

—Annie H. Wells in St. Nicholas

ROMANCE IN HER MSS.

Mr. Barrould, editor and proprietor of Smart Quills, stood by the fire in his private office biting his lips; his foot impatiently tapped the fender and his brows were knitted.

Here it was, within six weeks of Christmas, and the "Christmas number" was not yet out. Such a thing had never happened to Smart Quills before.

It was all due to the carelessness of one man—the man who always wrote the comic story for the extra number. He had had the stupidity to get an attack of pneumonia before writing the comic story.

"Young lady, sir," said the clerk, "wants to see you. Said you were busy; she said she wouldn't keep you a moment."

"Show her up," with quiet resignation.

The girl—she was nothing more—raised her eyes in a shy, frightened way to his, and then dropped them. Mr. Barrould started. Where had he seen eyes like those?

"I've brought a manuscript," she began, falteringly.

Mr. Barrould did not speak until her eyes were lowered again, and then he said, gruffly—more gruffly than he intended—"It should have been sent in the usual way. I do not read all manuscript that comes."

"Oh, I did not know. At least mother told me to post it, but I thought it would have more chance of being read this way. It will take it away again."

"What is it—a story? Comic or sentimental?" he asked.

"It is not an ordinary love story; it is not sentimental."

"Give it to me. I will have a look at it."

The girl's pale face flushed.

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed.

"The address is on it? I shall let you have my decision in a few days," was all Mr. Barrould said.

"Mr. Barrould"—timidly.

"Yes."

"I suppose—I mean—that is to say—are you—do you want a lady typewriter?"

Mr. Barrould did not want a typewriter girl; they had one down stairs they had not work for more. He said so, and then asked if she were one.

"I have had lessons and am now anxious to get work. I know shorthand, too;" then wistfully, "I can typo quickly, Mr. Barrould."

But the editor was silent, and in another second she was out of the room and down two flights of stairs.

The clerk was right. She was a lady without doubt. Evidently one who had "come down in the world," but one with gentlewoman stamped on every feature, despite the rubbed jacket and somewhat shabby skirt.

Mr. Barrould suddenly called down the tube which communicated with the room below.

"Hullo! One of you go after the lady who was here just now, and ask if she'd mind speaking to me for another second. Also order another typewriter."

But even after he had engaged Miss Mackay to come and "typewrote" three times a week he did not feel content. Two eyes would keep coming between him and his work. It was useless to attempt anything.

It was long since he had seen eyes like these, but twenty-five years ago just such another pair, with the same unfathomable gray depths, had looked into his, only those had been raised in all the sweet trustfulness of love, while these to-day had been shy and frightened.

There was a blot on the past of Mr. Barrould's life. A blot of wrong done to a woman and a girlish heart broken by his hand.

Once, long, long ago, there was a girl who had loved him better than all the world besides. Then a woman came between them, and Mr. Barrould threw aside the true gold for glitter. When he discovered his mistake it was too late.

He came back with the words to plead forgiveness on his lips, but only to find his sweetheart gone—no one knew whither.

And now he had engaged a typewriter girl—for whom he had no work—to come to the office just so that he might look in her eyes and be reminded of a girl he had loved and jilted, and whose memory he would love until he died.

II.

"Miss Mackay, may I ask if you have written any stories save that which I used for the Christmas number?"

She did not know how often he asked a question just that she might look at him. It was now close upon the 25th of December, and she had been in Barrould's employ for over a month.

"Yes. I have one ready, which I thought of sending in to the paper in the usual way," she replied.

"Ah! Well, look here, Miss Mackay. I believe Mr. James is rather busy just at present, and it might be sometime before you could have an answer. Suppose you bring it on Friday and I will have a look at it myself."

So when Miss Mackay came on the next day but one she brought with her the manuscript and as soon as she was settled at her work, which, by the by, would have suited Mr. Barrould just as well untyped, the editor drew the story from its blue wrapper and began to "look over it."

Something caused him to start and bend close before he had read half through the second page.

He had read only a few bold strokes, only two or three paragraphs, but they bore the editor of Smart Quills far away and away until they set him down once more in an old village—how plainly he saw it all!

But clearest of all stood out a house with plain whitewashed walls and diminutive walk leading up to the door. He could almost fancy he smelt the honeysuckle that used to climb the walls and peep around the corners of the windows; and there, in the shadow of the doorway, leaned a girl, her brown hair lit up by streaks of gold, and her gray eyes gazing wistfully at the sunlight, as she dreamily wondered what life, with all its mystery, would hold for her.

"Who wrote this story?" he demanded, abruptly.

"I did Mr. Barrould. That is to say, I wrote it at mother's dictation."

"You what! Tell me about it, girl!" the editor cried, hoarsely.

And then Miss Mackay gave her story in brief. There was no asking for sympathy, no craving for help; by a few short sentences Mr. Barrould was made aware of how her father had trifled away and squandered his fortune and died while she was yet a child, leaving his widow almost penniless; how the mother had struggled on and worked in order to support herself and child, and how a yet more serious calamity had overtaken them, that of Mrs. Mackay's sight failing gradually until at last she became totally blind; how they had managed to gain a little by Mrs. Mackay's stories, and how now Jessie was, in her turn, doing her best to work for them both.

"Ah," he said, when she had finished. "I never knew she was married. But Mary blind, you say—little Mary blind?"

But the typist did not catch the words; she had resumed her tapping on the keys.

"Does your mother know you came to me?" he asked.

She answered in the affirmative.

"Has she ever spoken of me? I—I knew her once—long ago—before she was married."

But no, the girl never heard Mr. Barrould's name mentioned. Was he sure it was not another Mary Ogilvie he had known? Her mother had never spoken of the friendship, as she would have otherwise done.

"Miss Mackay," he said, very suddenly, "are you aware that it is very dark, darker than usual, this afternoon! Suppose I were to see you home? You have a long way to go, and our paths do not lie apart so very much."

"Oh, I could not think of troubling you, Mr. Barrould; thank you so much all the same; I shall be quite safe. And then, too, Mr. James sometimes accompanies me most of the way. He lives near us, you know."

Mr. Barrould coughed. He did know; he knew very well that James lived in quite another direction, quite close to the editor's own house in fact.

"Miss Mackay," he said, in desperation, "would you mind if I were your escort this evening instead of Mr. James? I—I should like to see your mother."

A long way it was, too, or it seemed so to Mr. Barrould, but at length they stopped in the narrow street and Miss Mackay led the way up countless stone stairs, right to the very top flat.

A woman sat by the fire. She must have been pretty once, but now she was faded and weary; life had gone hard with her. But to Mr. Barrould she was still young and beautiful; she did not seem faded. As they entered she raised her head and turned her sightless eyes in the direction of the door.

"Is that you, Jesse? You are home earlier to-night, dearie, are you not?"

Mr. Barrould took a step forward.

"Mary, my beloved! Is it too late? Can you forgive me after all these years?" He fell on his knees by the chair.

"Jack!" she said tremblingly, feeling vaguely for his hand. "Jack!"

Jessie could not understand it all, but she slipped out of the room and closed the door softly behind her.

Half way down the stairs she met the sub-editor, who was coming up to ask her a question that he had been trying to put for some time, but for which he had always lacked the courage.

Then they went for a walk and when they came back the sub-editor had as important an announcement to make as the editor.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

What We Are Coming to.

Teacher (to applicant for admission)—Johnnie, have you got a certificate of vaccination for smallpox?

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated for croup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been treated with diphtheria serum?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had your arm scratched with cholera bacilli?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles, mumps, scarlet fever and old age?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you your own private drinking cup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you promise not to exchange sponges with the boy next to you, and never use any but your own pencils?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and sprinkle your clothes with chloride of lime once a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Johnnie, you have met the first requirements of the modern sanitarians, and you may now climb over yonder rail, occupy an isolated aluminum seat and begin making P's and Q's as your first lesson."

Sealing Cans by Electricity.

A new application of electro-depositing is in the sealing of cans of fruits and meat, and of bottles of wine and chemicals.

Lawyers work in the cause of justice; doctors in the cause of mercy.

CLOSE.

Since she went home—
Longer the evening shadows linger here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's not has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

—Robert J. Burdette in Ladies' Home Journal.

DISTILLATION.

The hors d'oeuvre—a novel mixture of savory fish, such as anchovy and red herring, with olives, gherkins, beet root, etc.—had come and gone. The soup, a consomme of delicious flavor, had had its day, and now the fish was before them. And still she had not spoken!

Justin Crawford ventured to survey her stealthily, with relieved curiosity. She was a slim, pale woman, with features refined to the point of thinness; meditative gray eyes, and hair whose undulations shone prettily, in the soft glow of the shaded lights.

"She must have caught my name," he said to himself, with subdued gratification. "She is probably a domestic woman, and domestic women are often deliciously ignorant." He almost thought he might venture a remark.

"The red mullet is good to-night. Do you know what it always reminds me of?"

"No. Tell me." And she looked up with all the simple deference of a woman of the old regime.

"Mortimer Collins' novels," he said. "He was so fond of it, and he made all his favorite characters eat it—I suppose as a reward."

"I have not read his books," she said. "Indeed I seldom read novels."

"This," he said to himself, "is a woman in a thousand!" His spirits rose, and he waxed timorously confidential.

"Neither do I," he said. "And yet people are always asking me what novels I 'like best.' I don't like any. I prefer a book with no conversation in it. The eternal chitchat in the average novel is to me intensely wearisome. I like something meditative—something one can smoke with. Lamb's and Stevenson's essays suit me very well. Did you ever read Bacon?"

"I think—we got him at school." There was an agreeable dubiety in her soft gray eyes.

"So did we. It's such a shame to call his things essays. They were achievements, and I like essays best."

Perhaps she was listening, but she did not answer, and there was a far away look in her tranquil eyes.

"She is wondering how her children are getting on at home without her," he decided. He knew she was married, for he had noted her marriage ring, and also a guard of dim old gold with an antique device imprinted upon it that she wore above it. "How superior to those assertive diamonds most people wear," he thought. "Her ring is like her—of plain, unassuming gold, with just sufficient pattern on it to individualize it."

She noted his glance and brightened to a semblance of vivacity. "You are looking at my old ring," she said. "It is an heirloom in my husband's family; it has mounted guard over wedding rings for more than a hundred years. See, here is the posy inside it," and as she took it off he noted its finely worn appearance, its shape curved to fit the finger and not aggressively round like the modern ring.

"May I hold it?" he said and took it from her and held it up in his long nervous fingers. "I like these old rings. They seem to me fitly to epitomize the old-fashioned woman. She had a gracious adaptability and fitted herself about a man's heart just as this ring does about your finger. The modern woman—like the modern ring—is always the same—round, assertive and complete. She never adapts herself to any one. Allow me," and he returned it to her with a bow full of antique gallantry.

There was a mellow flavor about their host's old Burgundy. It tempered the unquiet mind agreeably and filled their silence with serenity.

A ravishing entree came next—speech were an insult to it—and as they partook of it the last uneasy fear forsook him, and her thoughtful eyes betra, l a fine content.

"You do not care for too much conversation," he said insinuatingly.

"It depends," she said. "I think people are too fond of talking nowadays. It is all because the magazines say conversation is a lost art, and people try to prove it a mistake. We need interludes of silence to breed our fancy in."

"How delightful!"—and he felt almost gay. "She would not quote my essay on 'Silence' so casually did she know she was talking to the author."

"I agree with you," he said aloud. "The only conversation I thoroughly appreciate is that of children."

Her face lit up at once. "Are they not delicious?" she said.

"Now," he thought, "for the customary anecdote." Aloud, "I am sure you are a mother."

"I have two children—a little boy and a girl."

"And the little boy?" He had noted the differing inflections in her voice.

She flushed faintly, and her eyes fell. "He is my little boy," she said in a low tone, "and that is all about it."

He was at once content. How could he dream of this exceptional woman giving way to the customary anecdote?

"It is a great deal," he responded gently. "I know how it feels. It is like reading again a book you read twenty years ago, and have forgot, but as you read it all comes before you again. Boys are usually like their mothers—I am sure yours is." And his kindly glance seemed to say that in that case the boy had done well.

Across the table a vivacious lady with carefully curled hair and judiciously tinted complexion whispered to the man beside her: "Look at Justin Crawford. I never saw him talk so much before!"

When the sweets came, she partook of them with a lively greed that rather diverted Mr. Crawford. "I am sure," he said, "you like both sugar and milk in your tea."

"Of course."

"How delightfully usual!" And he sighed with content. "I am sorry I shall not see you up stairs afterward. I do like a woman who takes both sugar and milk. It's so much less trouble."

"Are you not coming up afterward?" She seemed surprised—disappointed.

The scared look came back to his short sighted eyes for a little. "I—I have a standing engagement at my club immediately after dinner," he said.

"Come up to-night." And the gray eyes looked soft persuasion at him.

"I shall," he began magnanimously. Then, his courage failing him, he added, "for ten minutes."

Shortly afterward there was the usual rustle of skirts, the agreeable patter on the stairs, the echo of a feminine laugh, and presently the distant rumble of the piano.

As a rule, this was a time of unutterable relief to Justin Crawford. Fate had made him a popular novelist—nature had denied him the hardihood to endure its social consequences. He had been tethered to so many admiring women during dinners that season that the festal meal had come to be a matter of mortal dread to him. Anywhere else he could escape, but not at dinner. To-night, however, he had enjoyed himself, at least in a negative way—he had been let alone and allowed to talk or be silent as he pleased.

When he went up stairs, he found his late companion lying on a curved chair at the half opened window. He went over beside her and peered out into the dark. They were almost at the corner of a busy thoroughfore. It had been wet, and the lamplight glimmered across the pavement.

Beyond was the dim greenness of trees, and the scent of wet May floated across to them. The moon hung apart, incurious, behind a veil of yellow vapor, and as they looked Big Ben struck the third quarter.

There was a clatter of cups and saucers behind them.

"I am ready"—and the gray eyes smiled demurely—"for my cup of tea."

"Ten minutes," he said as he went to fetch it, "is not a very long time."

He sat down beside her at the window.

"Do you see that seat just inside the park gate?"

"No," she said wonderingly. "What good sight you must have!"

"Shortsighted people always see well far away. There is a pair of lovers over there, and they see the colored lamp shades and hear the music here, and they think it very fine indeed, but do you think they would come in if we asked them?"

She looked a little puzzled, but he did not heed her—he liked a person he could forget, and he went on talking to himself, as it were: "No, they are better where they are. The scent of the May is stronger there, and the darkness is a kindly cloak. I should like to go over there myself, only"—with a whimsical flash of the short sighted eyes—"I should be alone, and so I should not require an umbrella, as they do."

No doubt he was talking nonsense, but the perception of it visible in her eyes recalled him to himself. He finished his tea and took the cups away. When he came back, he said diffidently, "Good night, Mrs."—and paused. He had not caught her name, and rather wished to know it.

She noted his expectancy, but for some reason did not respond. A little flush that rose in her cheeks was the only sign she made of having understood. "Good night, Mr. Crawford," she said.

He bowed and went away, but as he went down stairs he said to himself, "She knew my name after all, and yet she never mentioned my novels, or worried me in any way. A wonderful woman!"

An hour afterward Mrs. Willie Danvers was seated in her tiny drawing room, having a cigarette and a cafe noir with her husband—or, as she preferred to call him, her "chum."

"And how did you get on with your interview?" he asked.

"Beautifully—he never knew it was going on. He just prattled away about the old and the new women, children, cups of tea, lovers and umbrellas, and I distilled heaps of copy from him. Now and again, though, I didn't quite know what he was driving at," and again her clear gray eyes assumed that faraway look that had interested Justin Crawford so much.

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Danvers dryly. There is a fine casual contempt about husbands at times.—Fannie Douglas in National Observer.

M. Faure Is a Protestant.

The new President of the French Republic is very military in appearance—very well set up, and tall, with closely-cropped white hair and a black moustache. He is fifty-four years of age, but looks younger in the face, and is always very carefully dressed, being in fact, one of the few dandies of the French Chamber! He is a self-made man, having amassed a large fortune as a shipbuilder. He is a Protestant—the first who has ever been President—and a great ally of the Y. M. C. A.

Horses Low-Priced in France.

A very serious fall has taken place in the price of horses in Paris, also in various French towns. This is said to be mainly due to the extraordinary increase in the number of bicycles and tricycles, the production being during last year excessive—namely, over 100,000 more than in the year prior. The complaint is bitter on the part of horse dealers, who say the bicycle is taking their bread away; but they must, like the rest of society, suffer for the benefit of the million.

It ill becomes a Christian to indulge in worldly dainties.—Fulgentius.

SHE WANTS TO KNOW.

Tell me how to woo thee, Freddie,
I am anxious to begin;
I have got my facts all ready:
Tell me how your love to win.

Don't I have to take you hand, dear,
Tenderly within my own,
So that you may understand, dear,
That I would be yours, alone?

Only think what we've been missing,
Till the New Ioi came to gush—
Which of us should start the kissing—
Oughtn't one of us to blush.

Tell me, Freddie, how to woo thee,
For, when once our teachings go,
Women mean that they shall do the
Asking, and I want to know.

E. A. Miller, in Home and Country

CASE OF SUSPICION.

Old Lady Lendel had had a long conversation with her young friend and was enjoying herself very much. She was a dear, good soul, Lady Lendel, with a great desire to interfere with everything and put it all right, and remedy thus the raw amateurishness of Providence.

"The way I look at it, my dear," said old Lady Lendel, "is this. There can be no harm in making inquiries."

"I suppose not," said young Mr Heathcote, doubtfully.

"I think every woman ought to do it, really. It's very cheap, you know, and I could give you the address."

"Don't trouble, Lady Lendel."

"Oh, it's no trouble at all. What made me speak of it most particularly was that Mr. Heathcote is on the stock exchange and really, you know, my dear, I have heard tales about the stock exchange men that I should blush—actually blush—to repeat.

"And if there is nothing to be found out just see how nice it is to know. And if anything was wrong, why, you see, you've only to send for me and I should be most pleased."

"I am sure you are very good," said Mrs. Heathcote, faintly.

The result of this conversation was that a fortnight later young Mrs. Heathcote was walking up and down her drawing room waiting for Mr. Sweever. He was to call this afternoon with the result of his inquiries.

She, on her side, had not failed to watch her husband with exceeding narrowness. She felt that she did not want to misjudge Henry, and she could see nothing to justify suspicion, but hollow hearts do sometimes wear a mask, as she knew, and it was just possible that his was a case in point. Of course she hoped it was not so, but——"

"Gentleman to see you, ma'am."

"Show him in, Watson."

"I've called about the photographs, ma'am, that you were kind enough to order." Mr. Sweever looked at the departing Watson and raised his voice. "The price will run rather more than we anticipated, owing to——" He crept up to the door and closed it carefully.

"Thank you, Mr. Sweever."

"I beg," said Mr. Sweever, looking round to see that his hat was safe. "I beg, ma'am, that you won't mention it. It don't do to let the servants know everything. Gracious, why if you only knew the amount of information we get out of 'em you'd be astonished. You would, really, ma'am You'd be astonished."

"What news have you, Mr. Sweever?"

The private detective sighed and took out his pocketbook.

"I regret to say, ma'am," he said, slowly, "that I've found out terrible news."

"About my husband?" gasped young Mrs. Heathcote.

"About your husband," said Mr. Sweever. "I will begin at the beginning. You was married, you and Mr. Aitch—I call him Mr. Aitch for short," explained Mr. Sweever—"was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on the June 25, last year."

"Yes, yes; I know."

"Good," said Mr. Sweever, checking off the item.

"Mr. Aitch is on the Stock Exchange; his address is 125 Copthall Court. He has a good many friends, and he is called by them Alf-a-Crown. I haven't been able to find out," remarked Mr. Sweever, "why Mr. Aitch is called Alf-a-Crown."

"Do go on," said Mrs. Heatchcote.

"I should have had some trouble," went on Mr. Sweever, in finding out the particulars of Mr. Aitch's private life, only I 'appened by a bit of luck, to come across it all of a 'cap, as you may say. I put it all down here, and if you'll permit me, ma'am, to read it off seriaytum—that is to say, in proper order, it will be a saving of time and a saving of trouble. How I got the information—don't—matter,—I got it. That's good enough for you, ma'am, isn't it?"

She nodded her head quickly, and Mr. Sweever coughed and began:

"Has been seen at places of amusement with a young person. Young person has never called at office, but she is known by sight to my informant. Rather a good-looking girl, with tall, slim figure, and, in a general way, a merry manner with her. On one occasion——"

"Mr. Sweever, excuse me for interrupting you."

"There's a lot more, ma'am," said the disappointed reciter.

"I can't bear to hear it," declared young Mrs. Heathcote, passionately. "Make a copy of your information, please."

"Certainly, ma'am."

"Put down all the horrible facts that you have discovered. Omit nothing, Mr. Sweever.

"You bet," said Mr. Sweever, confidently.

"Spare no expense in getting further facts."

"I'll see to that, ma'am; I'll see there's no expense spared."

"And I will see that the matter is put into the hands of my solicitor at once."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, ma'am. With your permission I'll make a copy of it now, ma'am."

Mrs. Heathcote showed Mr. Sweever into the next room for the purpose and supplied him with pen and paper. That gentleman sat down with his pocketbook before him and proceeded laboriously to transcribe his notes, and the agitated Mrs. Heathcote left him and returned to have a good cry.

Her intention was foiled by the entrance of her husband. Heathcote put his silk hat on the table with a cheerful bang and went toward her.

"It's a leap frog day in the house, dear," he said genially, "so I thought I'd get back early. I thought, perhaps, we might have early dinner and go somewhere this evening.

She did not answer.

"Nobody has called, I suppose?"

He went to the mantle piece and switched on the electric light, and then saw that his wife was staring blankly before her. He watched her for a minute or two without saying a word.

"Henry," she said presently, "I have had—I have had information brought me of the double life you have been leading for some time past. I have been told about the visits to the theatre, of——"

"Who has dared to tell you of this?" thundered Mr. Heathcote.

"It is useless to be violent," she said, with an effort at calmness, "the only point is, is it true?"

"It is true," he said penitently: "It is all true, Helen. Forgive me if you can. Overlook the past, and try, try to forgive me."

"I will never forgive you, Henry, and I thank goodness——"

"Thank who?" he asked.

"I thank goodness," she repeated, "that I have found out thus early. If it had not been for dear Lady Lendel——"

"Oh, it was Lady Lendel, was it?"

"Yes, I shall never forget her."

"I'll try not to," murmured Heathcote.

"I should never have thought, Henry," said Mrs. Heathcote, brokenly, "that you could have behaved so—in so shameless a manner!" Her handkerchief went to her eyes and Heathcote made a step toward her, but stopped dir y.

"Well," he said, doggedly, "your eyes are opened now, Helen. I thought I should have been able to keep the affair dark, but the luck, I suppose, was against me. How did you find it out?"

"It is not necessary," she said, recovering herself, "to go into that. It is sufficient for you to know that I shall be a miserable woman for the rest of my life."

"I see," said Heathcote.

Mrs. Heathcote went toward the door.

"I shall arrange," she said tearfully, "that we shall never——"

"While I think of it, ma'am," said Mr. Sweever, entering with his pen between his teeth, as though it were a bit, and a letter in his hand, "here's one little document that was given to me, and I've brought it to you unopened. I'll get you to let me have it back, because it's addressed, I am told, to this very young party that we've been speaking of."

He handed to the agitated Mrs. Heathcote a square envelope. It was indorsed in her husband's handwriting, "Dearest Nell," and she opened it quickly and read the contents.

"Well, Sweever," said Mr. Heathcote, heartily, "how are you? Getting along all right with this little job? What?"

"S-s-s-h!" whispered Sweever, with much concern.

"Nearly finished your inquiries?"

"S-s-s-h!" said Mr. Sweever again, with earnestness.

"I suppose you've been pretty hard at work, over it, haven't you? No picnic being a private detective, is it?"

"Can't you shut it?" whispered Mr. Sweever in a perfect agony. "Can't you hold your silly jor? I wonder what in the world possessed you to come here? Aren't you afraid the guv'nor will catch you?"

"Oh, I don't mind," said Heathcote, carelessly.

"I s'pose I shall have to explain a bit now, ma'am," said Mr. Sweever, approaching his client and pointing to Heathcote. "This here is, as you probably know, Mr. Aitch's chief clerk. He gave me all the information on the strict q. t. when I called at the office, and he gave me that letter. I reckon that we're very much indebted to this young gent for all the kind help he's given us."

Mrs. Heathcote threw down the explanatory letter addressed to herself.

"Oh, my dear, dear husband!" she cried.

Mr. Sweever took up the note with astonishment and read it. Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote were for the moment otherwise engaged.

"My Dear Wife,—You are a very silly little woman to doubt me, and I assure you that you have no one to be jealous of. I have given Sweever some incriminating facts in regard to certain incidents in which I was engaged. In each case the other party was your own dear self. Your affectionate——"HUSBAND."

"The point is," grumbled Mr. Sweever, looking around for his hat, "the point is, where do I come in?"

Poor Mrs. Heathcote put her hand to her pocket for her purse.

"No, no, my dear," said her husband, "I'll pay. I've had the fun of this show. As for Lady Lendel, the next time she comes here I'll give her a piece of my mind."

"And I'll help," said young Mrs. Heathcote.—St. James Gazette.

Printing Press on a War Field.

The latest idea of the Emperor William is reported to be the construction of a printing press for service in the field. He has, it is stated, had a carriage constructed in which a little printing room is arranged so that in a campaign he will be able to have his orders, proclamations, etc., printed for distribution. Up to the present, he has always been accompanied by a carriage containing a table on which his secretary copied his orders. His Imperial Majesty will, it is said, make use of the new field printing press at the great manoeuvres this autumn.

History of Visiting Cards.

Visiting cards were used by the Chinese, it seems, as far back as 1,000 years ago. Their cards were very large, as they were on soft paper and tied with ribbon. Venice is believed to have been the first city in Europe to use cards, some dating from the latter part of the sixteenth century being still preserved in a museum there. The Venetian custom found its way into Germany in 100 years or so; London followed suit—followed suit literally—for the first visiting cards in Great Britain were playing cards, or parts of such cards.

House Plants For the Winter.

The best time to get decorative plants to be grown indoors during the winter is early in September. At that season artificial heat and high, moist temperature have been dispensed with, and plants are growing more naturally than at any other time in the year. There are but few which one can expect to grow well in the house in winter. The aspidistra is a plant which cannot be killed by ordinary neglect. Give it all the water it needs, an occasional application of fertilizer and a reasonable amount of light. The agave is a stately plant, and a well-grown specimen always attracts attention. For the hall it will be found quite as ornamental as a palm. Because of the semi-succulent nature of the foliage, it will not require much water, except when it is growing. Asparagus Sprengeeri is another plant which grows as well for the veriest amateur as it does for the owner of a greenhouse. Plant it in a soil of rich loam, and give it a liberal allowance of water when it needs it, a shady place to grow in and a frequent shower bath. Begonias are not often classed among the very robust plants, but there is one variety which I have found sure to grow well under difficulties. This variety is B. argentea guttata. Give it a soil of sandy loam, well drained. Be careful not to overwater, but shower it frequently—Eben E. Rexford, in The Ladies' Home Journal for September.

A Noted Engineer.

M. Phillipe Bunau-Varilla spoke in New York recently from the standpoint of an engineer on the subject, "Comparative Methods of the Nicaragua and Panama Canal Routes." He was born in Paris in 1859, and was admitted to the Ecole Polytechnique in 1878, being a classmate of Captain Dreyfus. When he left the institution he was named engineer of the State of France, an honor which is reserved for the twenty-nine or thirty men at the head of their class. In 1884 he left France to become the chief engineer of one of the three sections of the Panama Canal. Later he took charge of two sections, and still later became Director-General of the work.

He was decorated in 1887 by the French Government as a Knight of the Legion of Honor. After the financial crash, which stopped the work on the canal, he turned his attention to writing a history of the canal, and in 1892 published a volume on the construction, at the same time advancing a new and very ingenious theory of lock canal construction. In an annex to this publication he compared the Nicaragua and Panama routes, and approved the latter.

M. Bunau-Varilla aided in the construction of the Congo Railway, which opens Central Africa to civilization. He is the President of the Madrid, Caceres & Portugal Railway. His brother is one of the editors of the Paris paper, Le Matin, in which some insulting articles about the late Queen Victoria have appeared, but the writer of the articles has been dismissed from the staff of the paper and an apology made.

Gold Fish as Pets.

The immense demand for gold fish in Chicago is explained by the Misses Adams as being due to the fact that so many people in Chicago live in flats, where gold fish are about the only pets which can be tolerated. They make no noise and are considered highly decorative, and, above all, they call for little attention from their owners. It appears that the native gold fish from San Francisco are the finest of the American breed, although many come from the eastern States and Indiana. The Japanese and Oriental fantails have been shut out from America for some time owing to the regulations necessitated by the appearance of the bubonic plague. The food on which gold fish thrive best comes from Germany, and the "water moss," without which the gold fish will not prosper, is grown by the Misses Adams in large quantities. Other species of fish are bred on this interesting place, and the foreign population of Chicago places within the view of these intrepid business women endless vistas for new lines of work, for work it means, whatever the profit may be; the slightest relaxation of attention in relation to the health of their finny stock, will mean a serious loss, for while the healthy fish must be fed and cared for perpetually, the weakly ones must be isolated and nursed back to health and strength. The "silver fish," for example, which is really a species of the paradise fish, requires the utmost care and attention. They belong to the tribe of the nest-building fish, and the nests are composed of air-bubbles (not castles in Spain); which are blown by the male fish. The eggs deposited by the mother are hatched by the action of light, air and warmth, and the male parent watches the nest and the young ones, not allowing the mother to come near either eggs or "small fry." Usually of a dull grey color, it is only during courting season that the rainbow colors are discernible, and the darting fish are so brilliant, scintillating and shimmering with wonderful gleams of radiance, that it is almost impossible to recognize them as the quiet hermits in somber grey who have inhabited the tank for nine long months.

Australia Growing Tobacco.

A conference of tobacco-growers was held at Wangaratta, Australia, to meet Mr. J. M. Sinclair, the Government agent in London, who explained the steps taken by him to secure a market in England for tobacco leaf, and gave information for future guidance. He handled the only one trial shipment of unstemmed leaf, and the highest price then obtained was 4 1-2d per pound. Purchasers complained of the irregular grading and the trouble of stemming. If leaf was properly graded and stripped, he was convinced there would be no trouble in finding a market for it, and he urged the growers to proceed slowly, and attend carefully to classification and curing. From what he had seen in America, he believed that leaf equal to that produced in Kentucky and the other United States could be grown in Australia if proper varieties were secured and attention paid to curing and classification. He was anxious to obtain good samples to submit to reliable firms in England, who would take large quantities if they were satisfactory. Mr. A. Byrne presided over the meeting, which comprised growers resident in Hedi, Chestnut, Moyhu, Bright, Whorouly, Everton and Milawa, and advantage was taken of the conference to secure an opinion regarding the duties on leaf. It was unanimously decided to have a petition prepared for presentation to the Federal Parliament, requesting that the present excise duty of 9d per pound on colonial leaf be decreased. The speakers pointed out that when the excise duty was lowered from 1s to 6d the industry revived, but it gradually languished after the duty was raised to 9d some years ago. The concession asked for was urgently necessary, and should accompany the efforts to establish outside markets.

[COPYRIGHTED]

To Set Her Free

By FLORENCE WARDEN

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

person away from Astley, and determined as she was to hesitate at nothing which could help to bring about this result, Norma had conceived the notion that the place where the tragedy happened might still have unrevealed secrets, and she therefore took to haunting the little wood with an observant eye.

On many of these occasions she would see Dr. Wharles, sometimes in his gig, more often on foot, on his way to and from the Raggetts' cottage. But there were still more significant sights to be seen in and about the town.

The sight of Mrs. Wharles, driving through the little town one afternoon in the doctor's brougham, made Norma thoughtful. The doctor's wife was always showily dressed; but on this occasion Norma caught the glitter of jewels from the interior of the carriage, and it occurred to her to think it surprising that a woman in Mrs. Wharles's position, having no fortune of her own apart from her husband's modest earnings, should be able to wear diamonds.

Norma was not fond of gossip, but Mrs. Giles, her landlady, loved nothing so much. And when, two days later than the above occurrence, Norma met Mrs. Wharles coming out of the Vicarage wearing a cape of real sable, and a muff-chain of gold and pearls, she decided to relax her dignity a little, and to hear what Mrs. Giles had to say of the neighbors' chatter on this important matter.

So that afternoon, when she went in to tea, her landlady did not meet with the usual rather distant thanks which warned her to leave the room as soon as she had brought in the tea-things.

Lady Darwen—for so she was always called—was ready for a chat.

"Most pleasant weather this is, for February," she said; and Mrs. Giles stood still at once, with a beaming smile and a complacent crossing of her plump hands in front of her. "There were such a lot of people about to-day. All the ladies of Blackdale seemed to be taking tea with each other, and all in their smartest clothes, looking quite lovely."

"Indeed, my lady, and some of them are smart now, and no doubt about it," responded Mrs. Giles, taking the bait immediately. "Did you happen to see Dr. Wharles's lady now in her fine feathers? It's the talk of the place how grand she's grown of late, with her furs and her jewelry! More like a lady in your station, my lady, or in Lady Myfanwy Scorton's, than a country doctor's wife!"

"Oh, but Mrs. Wharles always did dress well, didn't she?" asked Norma.

Mrs. Giles put her head on one side condescendingly.

"She always did try to be very fine, my lady, if that's what you mean. But not like what she is now. Not but what I'm talking most from hearsay, but, still, I had it *from a friend* as works for the first dressmaker in the town, and she says, says she: 'There's a difference,' says she, 'in the way she used to dress and the way she dresses now. For while mink—which it seems is a kind of fur, my lady, as you know, no doubt, better nor me—mink,' says she, 'used for to be good enough for Mrs. Wharles, now it's sable,' says she. And it seems she wears diamonds, too, which nobody ever saw on her before nor wouldn't now, I expect, if her husband or her hadn't somehow come by money. Which it seems they've paid some bills lately that had been owing ever so long."

Norma felt some consternation at the torrent of gossip which her indulgence had let loose, and which, once started, was difficult to stop.

"Ah, well," she said, "Dr. Wharles is a rising man. They say he's by far the cleverest medical man in the neighborhood."

"Clever! I'll be bound he is!" said Mrs. Giles, portentously. "But I don't altogether hold with the doctor and his cleverness. I know they say there ain't nobody like him for operations and such like; but he hangs a deal too much round the houses where the flirty sort of ladies live, and thinks as much of a bright eye as he does of a broken leg. However, it's none of my business, if Raggett don't mind, that the doctor comes to yon cottage oftener than there's any sickness there. And, of course, they do say as there may be another reason."

"Oh, people shouldn't be so ill-natured," said Norma.

"My lady, isn't it human nature for to want to know the meaning of strange things? And there's no denying it's a strange thing that since the murder in the wood yonder the Wharleses seem to be swimming in money as they never were afore? Of course, I don't say the doctor would help himself from a dead man's pockets——"

"Oh," cried Norma, starting up aghast.

"Well, well, my lady, 'tisn't what I say, you know, I only repeat what other folks say. And perhaps it's as well you should know how folks will put two and two together. They say, some of 'em, my lady, as, if this man Rogerson boasted he would be richer after seeing Sir Astley than he was before, maybe the doctor wasn't above taking what he found in the man's pockets when he was examining the poor dead body, and putting it into his own."

Norma trembled with indignant excitement.

"But Sir Astley never saw the man, never spoke to him," she said, sharply. "Nothing is more certain than that. He wanted to see him, but he never did, until the poor fellow was dead."

Mrs. Giles listened to this in discreet silence. Respectful as her manner was, it was evident that Sir Astley's word went less far with her than the conjectures of her over-acute neighbors.

This difference of opinion having caused some slight embarrassment between Norma and her landlady, the former was glad to bring the interview to an end. But when she sat by herself over her lonely tea, she began in her turn to put two and two together, and to wonder whether there was any connection between Astley's munificence to Lottie at Leamington, and the sudden prosperity in the household of Dr. and Mrs. Wharles at Blackdale.

She was wondering whether it were worth while to communicate with Mr. Capper on this subject, and on the morning after her talk with Mrs. Giles she had begun a letter to him, when she was startled by the entrance of her landlady with a piece of news—the doctor had taken Ned Raggett into his employment.

"And what can he want of such a gowk as him, and that awkward he could never carry a case of medicines without breaking some, and that stupid he could never answer a question rightly at t'door, why, the doctor hisself only knows!" added Mrs. Giles.

Norma affected to treat the matter as unimportant, but she was really by no means of that opinion. Putting two and two together again, it seemed strange that the doctor's assiduity in visiting the Raggetts' cottage should have resulted in his engagement in his service of such an unornamental youth as Ned.

Norma had not known the lad previous to her meeting with him after the murder; but it was the common opinion of the neighbors, as she knew, that the occurrence of that evening had addled what little brains he had, and it was observed that he had become more taciturn and morose than ever.

It was some days later when Norma, returning from her afternoon walk by way of the wide path that led through the plantation from the house to the gate in the lane, was startled to find herself suddenly confronted with the lad, Ned Raggett, who started up at her approach from a fallen tree, on the trunk of which he had been sitting.

Each uttered an exclamation at sight of the other. Norma's first impulse was to ask him some questions, now that she met him alone, about the murder; but a second glance at him showed her that the lad looked too ill to be worried.

"Why," cried she, "what's the matter with you? You look as if you ought to be in bed, and under the doctor's care."

Ned shivered.

"I doan't want to have nowt to do wi' t'doctor," he said, shortly. "I've had enough of him and of t'missis, and I've left their place and I won't go back, I say I woan't, I woan't, I woan't!"

"But why not?" asked Norma, doing her best to suppress all the excitement she felt at this information. "Weren't they kind to you?"

The lad looked at her suspiciously out of the corners of his eyes.

"Oh, ay, kind enough; I doan't say as how they weren't kind. But—they do quarrel terr'ble, they do! Nag, nag, nag; I could hear 'em oop in my room o' neghts, and I couldn't sleep for it! No, no, I loike my work i' t' fields best, and so I off wi' my fine clothes all over buttons, and I run away."

"Well, you would have done better to let him prescribe for you before you came away," said Norma. "You look quite ill."

Ned shook his head.

"I'll go round to my grandmother's," said he. "She'll give me summat to make me reight. I'd sooner take her stuff than any of t' doctor's," he added, with a shuddery look round.

Suppressing as well as she could the intensity of the interest she felt in these words, Norma asked: "And what made you come here, of all places, instead of going to your grandmother's?"

The boy shot at her a sidelong, suspicious glance.

"Oh, t'wood's a fine place," said he, cautiously. "It's quiet, quieter nor it is at home. Father and mother, they quarrels too."

"I should have thought," said Norma, "that after what you saw here that night——"

The boy turned upon her savagely.

"I tell yo I see nowt, nowt," he said, angrily. "And whatever they says to me, and whatever they does to me, t'ain't no good; I see nowt."

"Who's been asking you about it, then?" asked Norma, gently.

But Ned looked at her sullenly, and moved away with a slouching step in the direction of the lane. As he went he cast uneasy glances round him, and shivered and shook, and staggered in his walk.

"Never mind who arsted me," he answered roughly. Then, with a cry, he stopped and stared in front of him.

They were by this time close to the edge of the plantation, and Norma had her key ready to unlock the gate. Even as she walked on towards it, she saw, peering over the wall, the face of Dr. Wharles.

Although it was not very late in the afternoon it was already somewhat misty under the trees, and neither she nor Ned could see more of the doctor than the fact that it was he who was looking over at them. After a moment's stupefied pause Ned ran forward a step and said hurriedly to the doctor:

"Hoo's been arsting me questions, but I've not towd her nowt. Hoo's been arsting about the murder; but I can't tell her nowt, and I've said so."

"Well, well," said Dr. Wharles, in his resonant tones, "there's nothing to shake and shiver about. What's wrong with you, my boy? And why aren't you back in my house by this time?"

"I doan't want to go back," said the boy in a low, frightened voice. "I'm not smart enough for your work, doctor; I'd rather not go back, sir; I'd rather go back home."

"Eh? What? Aren't you comfortable in my house? Aren't they kind to you, my boy?" asked the doctor, in a voice full of concern. By this time Norma had unlocked the gate and let Ned through it, locking it after her, and responding by a very cold bow to the doctor's salutation. As soon as the lad was outside in the lane Dr. Wharles, with professional eye, saw that all was not right with him. "Homesick, eh?" said he, "or got something the matter with your liver?"

And he kept his hand on the lad's shoulder, and looked at his tongue. But even as he turned to the lady to remark that there was not much wrong that a day or two in bed would not put right, Ned took advantage of the opportunity, and wrenching himself away from the doctor, was over the wall again and running along in the wood like a hare.

The doctor did not attempt to give chase.

"A singular lad that, Lady Darwen," said he, "sullen and taciturn, but good-hearted at bottom, I believe."

"I have no doubt of it," said Norma, as, with another very cold inclination of the head she turned away in the direction of Mrs. Giles' cottage.

But Dr. Wharles went after her.

"One moment, Lady Darwen," said he, intercepting her at the very door. "I do hope you'll allow me to express the very great regret I feel that any action or word of mine should have caused you pain." She moved restlessly, but he would not let her go. "You remember the sympathy I felt for you from the very first moment I met you at The Haigh. I'm sure you'll make allowances for the difficult position in which I am placed——"

"I not only make every allowance, Dr. Wharles, but I beg that you will not give yourself the trouble of expressing sympathy for me again."

There was nothing for it but for him to draw back and allow her to go in. But into his eyes as she passed him there came the very same look of cold hatred which had appeared in them when Astley had struck him with his whip.

Norma went indoors trembling very much. It was the first time she had spoken to the doctor since the inquest, and she would have avoided the meeting if she could. But once face to face with the man, listening to words which she knew to be hypocritical, to sympathy which she was certain was feigned, her repugnance had got the better of her prudence, and she felt, with a certain qualm of uneasiness, that she had made an enemy of him for life.

The next moment she started up from the chair on which she had sunk. She would follow Ned Raggett into the wood; she had noted the direction taken by him, skirting the wall in the direction of the high road—and try to extract from him some information concerning the murder she felt sure he had witnessed. She did not feel very hopeful about making him speak, but there was nothing to be lost, while something might be gained, by the attempt.

So, first looking out to be sure that Dr. Wharles was safely inside the Raggetts' cottage, she ran across the road again, let herself through the gate, and turned to the left under the wall.

As she went along she heard footsteps in the lane outside, going in the direction of the cottages; not the heavy footsteps of one of the laborers or their wives, but the light footfall of a woman of a different class.

Norma wondered whether it might be Lady Myfanwy or Miss Brown come to see her, as they sometimes did in the evening; but before she could call out or climb up to look over the high wall, she heard the sound of Dr. Wharles's laugh as he came out of the cottage, and instantly checked herself in the act of moving forward.

The next moment she was startled to hear a sharp exclamation in the doctor's voice while he was yet some distance away; and then the voice of Mrs. Wharles, on the other side of the wall from where Norma stood, uttered an angry cry.

"So I've caught you at last, have I?" cried the jealous wife, her voice, which she did not raise very high, trembling with passion. "I knew very well that there was something more than illness that brought you always up this lane, day after day, and evening after evening; I knew very well it was some woman. It's that bold-eyed, horrible Nance Raggett! I saw you with her. I saw you——"

"If you would condescend to be reasonable," replied the doctor, also in a low voice, but with clenched teeth and sullen, angry tones, "you would know why I visit the Raggatts' house so often."

"Oh, yes, of course, you'll say it's to stop young Raggett's mouth——"

At these words Norma, who had been moving away to be out of earshot of a conversation which was not intended for her, threw aside her scruples and waited, crouching against the wall, breathless, for the next words.

"Well, if you know that, can't you have the sense to be quiet about it?" growled the doctor.

"No, I sha'n't, because I know it's only an excuse, a blind. The boy will hold his tongue, you know that; you've cowed him too much for him ever to dare to speak. Besides, isn't he under your own eye now? Isn't he——"

"You fool!" retorted the doctor. "Don't you know he's run away? Come back here this evening? I caught him in the wood just now."

There was a pause. Mrs. Wharles seemed astonished at the information.

"Now get home as fast as you can, and for goodness' sake, if you must give me these scenes, let's have them indoors," said the doctor, sharply. "I don't know what more you want than you've got. You've got jewelry, clothes, everything you want; nearly every penny goes on you, and yet you're forever dissatisfied, forever wrangling and nagging! I've no patience with you!"

"No patience with me, after what I've done for you! Didn't I save your neck?"

Whether Norma cracked a broken branch under her feet in her startled amazement she never knew. But the doctor suddenly cried in a low voice:

"There's someone there listening, by Jove!"

Helter-skelter, as if flying for her life, Norma turned and fled into the recesses of the wood.

CHAPTER XXI.

Norma heard the voices of the doctor and his wife, as she fled through the wood. She gathered that the former wanted to get over the wall to investigate, but that Mrs. Wharles clung to him and would not let him go.

She was, therefore, soon able to stop and consider what she had better do: the suspicions she had somewhat vaguely entertained until now as to the doctor's share in the tragedy which had so recently taken place, had now become certainties; and she felt the need of some counsel and advice.

The words which she had overheard, while not evidence in themselves, pointed very clearly to the fact that everything depended upon the boy, Ned Raggett; and she knew that he must, by one means or another, be made to speak out and tell the truth.

And if he did? What would result? An incrimination of the doctor, without doubt, though to what extent it was impossible to say: and the consequent removal of all suspicion from Astley. But what else? Now that Rogerson was dead, the one witness who might have obtained Astley's freedom from the worthless woman who had deceived and wronged him, was out of the question. And that this was so, to Norma's mind, was indisputably proved by the fact that it had been necessary to get rid of him in order to secure the woman's claim upon Astley.

And then again came that puzzling question: how was it that Dr. Wharles and his wife had grown rich so suddenly? If it was with the money Astley had sent to Leamington, how was it that, out of a comparatively small sum like five hundred pounds, so much must have gone into the pockets of the doctor and his wife?

Norma felt that the solution of the whole mystery was as far off as ever.

By the time she had come to this conclusion she found herself close to the private road that led up to The Haigh; and, deciding that she could not sleep until she had confided her anxieties to someone, she waited just inside the lodge gates until an omnibus came in sight coming from Blackdale, and, getting inside it—for she was too nervous to trust herself alone along the high road—she proceeded as far as the gates of The Hall, where she got down, and went through the dark to the great house.

Norma had never been there before: the circumstances of her stay in the neighborhood had prevented her from returning the call made upon her by Lady Myfanwy and her companions: so that when she was shown into the long, cosy room, warm, comfortable, full of luxurious nooks, of flowers, of laughing, happy people, Norma felt that the contrast between this ideal English home and the desolation of The Haigh was strong indeed.

It was not yet six o'clock, but it was nearly dark outside. The blinds, however, had not been drawn down yet, and the only light in the big room came from a glowing, flaming fire which crackled and blazed at one end. The tongues of flame threw strange lights and shadows on deep saddle-bag chairs and settees, on richly colored and harmonious curtains and draperies, on warm terra-cotta walls, on graceful groups of plants and palms seen through the glass-door at the other end of the room, in the domed conservatory outside.

The whole impression the room and its merry, laughing occupants gave Norma was one of pleasure and luxury and charm; and when Sadie Brown rose from a corner and ran forward to meet her, she felt a thrill of transient delight that she had come into a corner of the world where all was not gray desolation and heart-breaking misery.

The next moment her joy was dashed to the ground. A voice she knew struck upon her ear and made her start: and looking quickly in the direction whence it came, Norma saw, to her bewilderment and despair, that the man in the deep low chair near the fire, to whom handsome Lady Myfanwy was talking earnestly, was no other than Astley!

She felt that the room swam round her. She, who had been spending her hours in sorrow and loneliness, pitying him, devising schemes for his release from the suspicion which lay upon him, found that her sympathy had been thrown away: he had been enjoying himself in the charming society of the woman who had so gracefully thrown herself into his arms for him to console her for the death of his cousin!

Sadie Brown on one side of her, and Jack on the other, were by this time drawing Norma forward to the hearth. There was no Lady Wyersdale, the Earl having been a widower for years; but there was a colorless aunt, over whom Lady Myfanwy and her two young sisters domineered with impunity.

The aunt came forward in her turn, and at the same time Lady Myfanwy rose languidly and apparently with some reluctance, and held out a rather chilly hand to the shy new comer.

Astley had already risen in amazement.

"Norma!" cried he.

"Astley!"

She fought down her feelings of distress, and gave him a wan smile as she took his hand and let him place her in the chair in which he had been sitting.

"We didn't expect to see you," said Lady Myfanwy, with what Norma could not help feeling was a slightly resentful tone.

"No. But I think—when you know—what I've just heard," faltered Norma in a low voice, "you will forgive me for disturbing you all. I've heard something too dreadful to bear alone: I wanted advice: and I didn't know where else to go. You see, I have no friends here except——"

And she turned with a grateful look at the American girl.

Jack broke out into indignant protests.

"What! And leave me out! Oh, how can you?" said he, as he insisted upon her giving him a look, too.

"And you; I didn't mean to leave you out; I should be very ungrateful if I did," said Norma.

"And—what's the news?" asked Jack eagerly. "Something good, I hope. Something that will help to bring the thieves and murderers to justice."

All except Lady Myfanwy, who took a chair a little way from the rest, as if the matter had no interest for her, clamored to hear more. Norma felt a little natural diffidence about repeating, especially to such a large audience, a conversation which had not been meant for her ears.

"I'd rather not say whom I heard talking," she said, "nor to whom. But I heard—overheard, I must confess, some talk which proved what we have all suspected, that the boy Ned Raggett did see the murder committed, and that he is being made to keep silence."

"Well! then we know who did it!" cried Jack loudly. "Of course it was that bounder of a doctor! I knew he was a scoundrel. I always felt he was. And now we must make the boy speak, and get the doctor hanged."

This speech naturally caused a good deal of commotion. Lady Myfanwy was angry.

"It's a shocking thing, Jack, for a boy like you to dare to accuse a man in the doctor's position of murder," said she. "As if the gossip overheard by people it was not intended for was to be taken as gospel!"

(To be Continued.)

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brother Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 2

Why Women Are Invalids.

The insane desire of fond parents that their children shall "shine" in their studies and accomplishments is one topic vigorously dealt with by Edward Bok in his editorial in The Ladies' Home Journal for September. Regarding the girls' side of this widespread evil he says: "There are parents who, not content with the studies which their daughters have to grapple with at school, load them down with a few special studies in the finer arts. I have in mind now several young girls, between the precarious ages of twelve and seventeen, who, after they return from school, have an extra dose of painting, music or languages. 'But my daughter must know something of these things,' is the protest of the fond mother. 'She must be able to hold her own with other girls of her set.' Of course, the girl at this tender age, with such a mental load, soon goes to pieces. She becomes anaemic, listless and nervous, and then the mother wonders why! To build her up everything under the sun is tried except a lessening of mental work and the unnatural strain upon the nervous system. The girl develops into what? A bundle of nerves encased in the most fragile frame, her physical vitality sapped almost to the last dreg. And in this condition she enters the marriage state! And yet we wonder why there are so few women absolutely free from organic troubles. Is it so inexplicable?"

Hope For the Negro.

Looking at the other race in the south, who must be reckoned, if they will allow themselves to be so, as a part of the southern people—whilst there is much to cause regret and even disappointment to those who are their truest friends, yet there is no little from which to draw hope, says Thomas Nelson Page, in September Atlantic. No other people ever had more disadvantages to contend with on their issue into freedom. They were seduced, deceived, misled. Their habits of industry were destroyed, and they were fooled into believing that they could be legislated into immediate equality with a race that, without mentioning superiority of ability and education; had a thousand years' start of them. They were made to believe that their only salvation lay in aligning themselves against the other race, and following blindly the adventurers who came to lead them to a new Promised Land. It is no wonder that they committed great blunders and great excesses. For nearly a generation they have been pushed along the wrong road. But now in place of political leaders, who were simply firebrands, is arising a new class of leaders, which, with a wider horizon, a deeper sagacity, and a truer patriotism, are endeavoring to establish a foundation of morality, industry, and knowledge, and to build upon them a race that shall be capable of availing itself of every opportunity that the future may present, and worthy of whatever fortune it may bring.

Ants and the Flowers.

"Like the rest of us, ants have a sweet tooth. Now, honey is produced by very many plants in their blossoms, but not for ants. Flowers advertise quite extensively, but only for flying customers. They hang out bright colors and bunch themselves together so that any bee or butterfly that is not totally blind may find them. In the case of the rhododendron they even go so far as to announce, 'This way to the bar.' For the evening trade they dress in white and are strongly perfumed. Bees and butterflies and such like crawl in, all bedaubed with pollen from other flowers of the same kind, and thus the plants are cross-fertilized; but ants and crawling things climb up and suck honey from a clover and then go to the next plant, which may not be a clover at all, and so the flower has wasted its honey and its pollen all for nothing. That is, it would if it let the ants do as they wanted. But it doesn't. When an ant comes around all the honey-bearing flowers shake their heads and say, 'Nothing for you—not to-day. No, no; go on away. Get out now, or I'll set the dog on you.' Some defend their blossoms with regular chevaux de frise of bristles and stickers; some make their stems gummy and hairy; some, like the snapdragon, shut up so tight that an ant cannot get in and make the flower stalk so dingle-dangling and so slippery that the ant falls off. Some open early and close early, knowing that bees rise betimes while ants are notorious slug-a-beds. But that there is a determined purpose to boycott the ants is evident from the fact that amphibious plants when they grow in the water where ements cannot get to them omit the defences they throw up when they grow on the land. On the other hand, some plants, recognizing the fact that ants are great for destroying worms and caterpillars, set out a kind of cheap lunch for them on the under side of the leaves. The acacia even goes so far as to grow hollow thorns as company houses for the ants, as well as furnishing them sweet syrup. But I think the smartest trick of all is played by the melampyrum pratense. It knew that the soil on an ant hill was more than usually fertile and well stirred up so it sat with its head in its hands for a long time and thought out this plan of action: 'Ants like honey. I'll squeeze out a little for them. They think the world and all of their young ones. I'll make my seeds look like their cocoons, and, more than that, I'll make them smell like their cocoons. They'll carry 'em under ground, and when spring comes they'll sprout.' It worked like a charm, and you will find the melampyrum pratense growing on ant hills where no other plant is allowed. It looks like a low-down trick to play, but where there is so much competition it doesn't do to be too particular."—Harvey Sutherland, in Ainslee's.

The Awakening of the Boy.

"There was always something very brave and beautiful to me in the sight of a boy when he first 'wakes up,' and seeing the worth of life takes it up with a stout heart and resolves to carry it nobly to the end through all disappointments and seeming defeats. I was born with a boy's nature and always had more sympathy for and interest in them than in girls, and have fought my fight for nearly fifteen years with a boy's spirit under my 'bib and tucker' and a boy's wrath when I got 'floored,' so I'm not preaching like a prim spinster, but freeing my mind like one of 'our fellows,' and as such I wish you all success, a cheerful heart, an honest tongue and a patient temper to help you through the world, for it's rough going and up-hill work much of the way."—"Miss Alcott's Letters to Her 'Laurie,'" in The Ladies' Home Journal for September.

First college professor—What are you going to do next to get your name in the papers?

Second college professor — I was thinking of declaring that the dictionary is too wordy to be considered good literature.—Baltimore American.

Brain Power in Animals.

A noted lecturer on stock-breeding declared some time ago that all stock success, either in breeding or feeding, must have its foundation fixed upon one idea, brain power of the animal, and that animal temperament and power of assimilation of food were dependent upon the brain strength of the animal, and that breeding for intelligence was a thing that should be placed first in the lists, and then the other desirable qualities would be much more easily secured. In this he was emphatic, that in the dairy the brain function of control of milk flow was not made enough of by the men who were breeding dairy cows. There was, in his opinion, no such thing as profitable milk-giving by a cow of low brain development, or equally low mental power. The cow of small brain and flat, dull eyes did not possess the vital quality sufficient to make her a good milker. She was either a cow that gave a good mess of milk for a while and dried off early, or was no milker at all. Of course, he said, this did not refer to a type of cattle that had their milking qualities bred out of them, and that aided by quickly drying them off to promote the beef habit. The cow of the largest active brain, strongest nerve power, indicated by the bright, protruding eye, other things being equal, was the best cow, and of most extended milking period. The idea was how to control this nerve force by quiet and gentle methods, humane care, and as nearly as possible uniform conditions, and have this abundant energy find its expression and escape in the form of milk. The highly-bred racehorse—a bundle of nervous energy—finds expression in the training and the racing; and the brain of this horse is the promoter of the energy of that "electric battery." In this brainy cow the milkpail is the reservoir of this discharged surplus energy, and the idea of the lecturer was that high excellence must be promoted from brain supply. Our readers might notice if there is any conection between brain power and their best cows.—London Farm & Home.

Improvement in Colts.

There are colts and colts, as the saying goes, but the differences between the young growing horses are to a very large extent due to the management and to the feeding. Colts are born, it is true; but to a large extent they are made by care and attention, and of these the feeding is the most important. A young animal may be very justly compared with a plant. The seed may be of the best, but unless the culture is equally good the growth is stunted. The young animal of whatever kind is subject to the same natural law. It is worth while to mention this, Maine Farmer says, for it is quite a common occurrence to see the avoidable deterioration of a wellbred young animal, due simply to this mistaken thought that blood will tell. Blood represents years and generations of the best breeding, feeding, care and education, one generation inheriting the gains made by previous ones. So it will be a simple loss of money to pay high prices for the service of a sire of high character, and then think that inherited influence will work out the problem without sufficient food to support it. An animal eats its food, chews and grinds it with its teeth, and makes it into a pulp by mixture with the saliva, which is really the first of the digestive and solvent fluids. The teeth crush and grind the food, and the more palatable this is the more is the flow of this fluid. Thus with pleasant food the mastication in the mouth is most perfectly performed, and as the saliva is a solvent and a chemical fluid as well, the food has its starch to some extent changed into sugar, and so goes into the stomach partly digested, one of the facts which should be duly considered by the feeder.

Every animal loves a change of foods. It is possible for any animal to live on a single food, but it will never improve on it. Wild animals in a state of nature never improve. They cannot improve; this is easily seen to be an impossible thing for them. But mankind is an improving animal, and when civilized is constantly bettering his condition, and improving everything he comes into possession of. It goes without saying that this is the result of intelligent feeding.

Feeding paves the foundation for training, and every step gained is firmly fixed and made the basis for future improvement. Thus it is our horses are constantly bettering their records in every way, and what has been accomplished is only a starting point for future improvement. All our live stock has been subjected to the same influences. We have two-year-old cattle which weigh as much as the old five-year-old steers.

Our cows at two years old yield more butter in a week than any average three of the stock of fifty years ago. Our lambs come to market under a year, and bring the values of two or three year old wethers of a generation back. Of course, this increases the profits of the breeders and feeders, and is equally an economy to the consumers. The lists of foods at command almost bewilder the scientific students, not to think of how the farmers and stock feeders are at a loss to choose this or that as being the most effective, and thus economical, and profitable. At the same time education runs alongside of the train of improvement, and as we gain in scientific information we apply it to practical uses. In regard to our live stock interests, this advantage is perceived on every hand. With improvements in horses, there are gains made in every way in our live stock.

This is all a result of the application of the ultimate principle of economy, by which the art of feeding animals has been so greatly extended, and by which our choice of foods is enlarged so that by the extension of the knowledge of the chemistry of foods the feeder is able to vary the bill of fare and economize in the cost.

A Life-long Fighter.

General Maximo Gomez, the Cuban leader, is the most interesting figure in Cuban history, next to Estrada Palma. The old liberator is not a native of Cuba, but his life has been one of devotion to struggling causes. Gomez is a San Dominican, who has been fighting in one country or another for sixty years. He got his military training in the Spanish army, and after passing through one revolution he left home and settled in Cuba. That island has been his home ever since, except for the time he has served in banishment. In 1895 he was given the supreme command of the Cuban forces, and for three years gave Spain as difficult a fight as she ever had in any of her colonies, and managed to lose comparatively few of his own men. At 78 General Gomez, in spite of his campaigns, is vigorous and active.

THE JUBILEE PRESENTS.

Queen Victoria Memroials for Toronto Fair.

Toronto, June 13. — This is a copy of a cablegram received by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and sent on to President McNaught of the exhibition, who was made very happy by its receipt yesterday.

Laurier, Ottawa: The King graciously says will have much pleasure in directing that the Jubilee presents which go to St. Louis show be first exhibited at Toronto Exhibition.—Strathcona.

The presents are valued at over one million dollars, and, while they remain on view here, they will be carefully guarded by a detachment of soldiers from the Fort. There can be no doubt about this exhibit being the leading feature of the fair, and his Majesty could not have done anything which will give more satisfaction to Canadians, unless he personally visits the exhibition.

Bulgarians Killed.

Constantinople, June 13.—It has become known that 20 Bulgarians were killed at the village of Yenije, Roumelia, recently in a combined attack made on it by a detachment of troops and neighboring Mussulman villagers. Fifty prisoners were taken to Adrianople.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

In the British House of Commons the budget bill was passed without a division.

The Toronto Labor Council has issued an open letter to British workmen on trade conditions here.

Tolton Bros'. agricultural implement works at Guelph were damaged by fire to the extent of over $20,000.

Mr. Goldwin Smith and Dr. Gilman were the chief guests at the dinner of the alumni of the University of Toronto.

George—I see nothing for us but to elope; do you think your father would forgive us?

Ethel—I'm sure he would.

George—How can you be sure?

Ethel—I felt a little nervous on that score and—I asked him.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Doctor—You have a bad cold, Mr. Jiggs. I'll give you some pills for it.

Jiggs—Oh, never mind, doctor. You can have it for nothing.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Shall I wrap the sandwich up?"

"No, I've got something to put around it."

"What?"

"Me."

"Yes," remarked the citizen of Sandy Lane, "our parson claims that these here racing automobiles are keeping some of his flock away from meeting."

"You don't mean to say anyone owns a racing automobile around here?" asked the drummer, in surprise.

"No, they don't own them, but they sit on the fence all day Sunday and throw stones at those that pass."—Chicago Daily News.

She met him at the kitchen door with a rolling pin in her hand, and she brandished it menacingly.

"Madam," he began.

"Well, what do you want?" she demanded aggressively. "What are you hanging around here for?"

"Madam," he explained, backing away, "I called to see if I could place an accident insurance policy on your husband, but after seeing you I am satisfied he is too great a risk."—Tit-Bits.

"At the Art Students' League, where I studied in 1884 and 1885," said C. D. Gibson, the illustrator, "there used to pose for me an extremely unprepossessing man. The fellow was asked by a young girl one day how he came to be so ugly.

"'You see, miss,' he replied, 'it came about like this: When I was a baby there wasn't a prettier, sweeter child in all the land, and I should have grown up to be a very handsome and attractive man by rights, but my mother put me out to nurse, and the nurse changed me for the ugly, ill-favored creature that I am."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The widow Simonds had appeared before Squire Benson with one complaint after another. This time she accused one of her neighbors of stealing two ducks.

"I missed them from the duck-pond yesterday," she said, plaintively, "an' this morning, square, I'm jest as sure as I'm standing here that I saw them in Harriet Shaw's yard. They had a different look from her own ducks."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the squire. "Mrs. Shaw is as honest as the sun, and you know it! Why, I've got half a dozen ducks in my yard this minute that are exactly like yours!"

"Well, square," said the widow, lugubriously, "these two aren't the first nor the only ones I've missed this summer, but you know I never was one to make complaints till I'm sure of my ground."—Youth's Companion.

"Do you ever work hard?" asked one of the examining committee.

"Do I ever work hard?" rejoined the millionaire, evidently a little hurt; "why, sometimes I work as hard as if I was getting only a dollar a day."—Brooklyn Life.

A negro preacher down south has discovered the real cause of the recent volcanic disasters. He says: "De earf, my friends, resolves on axels, as we all know. Somefin' is needed to keep the axels greased; so when de earf was made, petrolyum was put inside for dat purpose. De Standard Oil Comp'ny comes along an' strax dat petrolyum by borin' holes in de earf? De earf stix on its axels an' won't go round no more; den dere is a hot box, just as ef de earf wuz a big railway train—and den, my frien', dere is trouble."

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 36

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS----CANDIDATES NOMINATED.

DISTRICT	NO. OF MEMBS	CONSERVATIVE	LIBERAL	LABOUR	SOCIALIST	INDEPENDENT	TOTAL
Atlin	1			Jas. Kirkland			
Alberni	1	Capt. Wolley	W. W. B. McInnes				
Cranbrook	1	Thos. Cavin	Dr. J. H. King				
Cariboo	2	S. A. Rogers					
"		W. Adams					
Chilliwack	1	J. L. Atkinson	C. W. Munro				
Columbia	1						
Comox	1		F. McB. Young				
Cowichan	1	E. M. Skinner	J. N. Evans				
Delta	1		John Oliver				
Dewdney	1	Hon. R. McBride	T. F. Paterson				
Esquimalt	1	C. E. Pooley	John Jardine				
Fernie	1		E. C. Smith		J. McPherson		
Grand Forks	1	G. A. Fraser	Neil McCallum				
Greenwood	1	Dr. J. E. Spankie	J. R. Brown		J. Riordan		
Islands	1	Dr. T. Baker	T. W. Patterson				
Kamloops	1	F. J. Fulton	F. J. Deane				
Kaslo	1	Hon. R. F. Green	J. T. Retallack		S. Shannon		
Lillooet	1		Dr. G. Sanson				
Nanaimo City	1				Hawthornthwaite		
Nelson City	1	J. Houston	S. S. Taylor				
Newcastle	1		D. W. Murray				
New Westminster	1	T. Gifford					
Okanagan	1	Price Ellison	W. J. Stirling				
Revelstoke	1	Thos. Taylor			J. W. Bennett		
Richmond	1						
Rossland City	1						
Saanich	1		Jas. Bryden				
Similkameen	1	L. W. Shatford	W. J. Snodgrass				
Skeena	1	O. W. D. Clifford	P. Herman				
Slocan	1	Wm. Hunter	R. A. Bradshaw	Wm. Davidson			
Vancouver City	5			A. G. Perry	A. R. Stebbings		
"				F. Williams	E. Burns, jr.		
"							
"							
Victoria City	4				J. C. Watters		
"					O. L. Charlton		
"							
"							
Yale	1	T. G. McManamon	S. Henderson				
Ymir	1	H. Wright	A. Parr				
Total	42	Total number of candidates in the field					

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1903.

SYMPATHY.

We extend the heartiest sympathy to our afflicted friends, the Liberals, who meet on Saturday to choose an unwilling sacrifice in the political arena. They comfort themselves with the idea that they have plenty of timber to choose from, but it is of such stunted growth and small dimensions that the electors will make matchwood of it when the ballots are cast. Without wishing to suggest that the available timber is chiefly noted for its expanded head and enlarged growth of verdure we may commiserate our opponents on the total want of that trunk of principle which only can withstand the storms and buffets of a political campaign. And as this bushranging expedition must choose some victim, we wish to give some friendly advice. In Australia, some years ago, there was a noted outfit of bushrangers called, after its leader, the "Kelly gang," the principal in which adopted an unique method of self defence. We will not suggest that similarity of names may cause the adoption of our advice, but give it as a valuable pointer. The Kelly mentioned used to cover his head with a kind of iron pot which for some years prevented his receiving his deserts. What tin hat the Liberals may choose we are at a loss to discern, but we are perfectly sure that they will not obtain one in that remnant of the Labour party whose affections they are distractedly wooing. We happen to remember an epitaph on a gentleman named Jim which suits the occasion whether the victim is called Tom. Dick or Harry. Changing the cognomen may ruin the poetry but the sentiment will remain appropriate.

Poor Jim, Poor Jim!
His brain is gone, his eyes are dim,
His chance of resurrection's slim,
Of Styx he now is on the rim.
Pity him.
Poor Jim, Poor Jim!

CITY ASSESSMENT.

The small changes made in the Assessment Roll at the Court of Revision prove that not only was the work of the Assessor performed in an impartial manner but also that property owners, with very few exceptions, acquiesce in the substantial advance assumed by that official in the value of lands in the city. This is most satisfactory and an undoubted proof that Revelstoke is progressing very rapidly. No signs of boom are apparent. There are no vacant stores and houses are at a premium. The city within the past few years has steadily grown and property in the business districts much appreciated in value. We may mention that a lot on McKenzie avenue which was purchased in May for $800 was sold early this week for $1200, and that the owners of property on the same street bought at the former figure recently have, with one exception, agreed to taxation for the current year at $1000

The only real attack made upon civic taxation was a letter from Mr. G. M. Sproat on behalf of the Farwell estate. It was read at the Court of Revision, but Mr. Sproat, in the course of his epistle, admitted he knew absolutely nothing of affairs here, not even being acquainted with the personnel of the Mayor and Aldermen. He incidentally paid attention to the press, but as his want of knowledge is self admitted his contentions do not warrant much attention. Mr. Sproat seems to have forgotten that the old days of Farwell, with its few buildings on the water front and Bourne's store near the tank have changed and that Revelstoke is now an up to date city with many metropolitan conveniences. Might we suggest that he take to heart the parable of the Prodigal son. After his years of riotous living in Victoria he should turn his eyes towards his old abode. He would then discover that, although we don't boast music halls and the parliament buildings, Revelstoke is not such a bad place after all.

UNMITIGATED GALL.

For pure unmitigated gall the Socialist party, in this district particularly, is unsurpassed. The latest break is what is called in the vernacular "rubbering." This may be described as squirming one's self into places where our presence is not requested. The special class of "rubbering" we refer to is, in this instance, produced through a most appropriate instrument—the rubber stamp. And so on the Socialist weekly spasm, the "Western Clarion." Mr. Bennett's committee place a rubber stamp impression "Workingmen, join the union of your craft." At the time of writing the latest edition seen is that of August 14th, and prominently on its editorial page is the statement: "The pure and simple trades union has done all it can for the workers under capitalism."

Now then, it appears, if the statement made is true, the trades union is considered useless by the Socialists. Why, therefore, is the advice given to workingmen to spend their time and money to no purpose, as alleged, by joining such unions? We will make no personal observations on the matter at this time but answer the question by another quotation. In explanation we may say that during the recent building strike in Spokane Mr. P. H. Scullin, of Seattle, a prominent member of the Brotherhood of Carpenters union, was sent to try and settle the matter by conciliation and arbitration. He found, however, his efforts were to a very large extent balked by Socialists and so wrote a long letter to the "Spokesman-Review" setting forth his opinion of that party. In it he made, among others, the following observations:

"What, then, is the object of the Socialists in calling themselves trades-unionists? I have heard their leaders time and again upon the platform denounce trades unionists who refused to subscribe to their propaganda. The Socialists of today, knowing that the intelligent conservative and thinking workmen of this country where every man can exercise the sovereign weapon of the ballot on election day detests the very name of Socialism, join our unions, borrow our name, for the double purpose of hiding their deformity under the cloak of respectability and debauching the minds of our unthinking members with their pernicious doctrine.

"They are, within every union in which they have secured a foothold, an organization within an organization, a circle within a circle, and vote as a unit under the instructions of a recognized leader. And when they know they could never get passed at a full or half representative meeting, they adopt obstructionist tactics in the unions until they tire out the conservative element or the men with families who desire to go home at a reasonable hour, and the time arrives when they (who always stop to the last) find themselves in a majority. Then they spring their motions and carry them in spite of the feeble resistance that is left.

"They pursue the same nefarious and unscrupulous tactics to capture all the offices in the union, and more especially that of recording secretary, who is generally a man devoid of honor, who falsifies the minutes at one meeting and garbles the reading of them at the next, and this is how so many disgraceful rules have been introduced into some of the unions of late, and tactics adopted that bring discredit on unions that should stand before the public like unto Caesar's wife, above suspicion."

Mr. Scullin refers in his letter to the Western Federation of Miners and American Labour Union which have under the guise of trades unionism embraced the Socialist platform and concludes with the following very sensible advice:

"And I say to you genuine trades-unionists, bound together in the bonds of brotherhood, actuated only by a desire for the advancement of the whole human family, whose motto is and ever shall be, "do unto others as you would be done by"; watch closely and counteract their every move, and so preserve unsullied the spotless banner of trades unionism pure and simple which we men of the building trades have marched under for the past hundred years; preserve public respect, public confidence, and, above all, our own self-respect. Let not the mushroom unions of yesterday bring disgrace or discredit upon us or upon our banner, for we are here to stay, while they, brought into existence by the forcing process of a socialistic hotbed, will melt and disappear like yesterday's snowfall before a chinook wind, and they will leave us nothing as an inheritance but the memory of the shame they bring upon us."

And the Socialist party would also debar workingmen from uniting under the Labour banner. The issue of the "Clarion" referred to also states.

"If there was ever any need of proof to demonstrate the abortive efforts of a "Labor" party, founded within the limits of capitalism, the Clarion has secured such this week at first hand."

and then goes on to say, as such proof,

"The Australian "Labor" Party has secured so much Government ownership that the avenues for capitalist corruption and prostitution are largely increased."

We leave it to our readers to draw their own conclusions. The Socialist party on the one hand declares for government ownership of everything, and, on the other, declares that even partially secured it provides "avenues for capitalist corruption and prostitution."

The Conservative party is committed to government ownership of public utilities. Its motto on this point is "a national necessity should be a public trust," but the Socialists want this what they term "corruption and prostitution" carried into every avenue of public, mercantile and private life. Verily, "out of their own mouths shall ye convict them." Mr. Scullin was evidently right. The Conservative party adopts principles and stays by them—the Socialists hold their platform up with one foot and kick it down with the other. In their wild efforts to appear all things to all men they can only obtain one result, that of being nothing to nobody. A most desirable consummation.

Those who have not yet done so should contribute liberally to the Labour Day celebration. The first annual event of this kind in the city should receive the support of all classes of citizens. The efforts of the committee will doubtless attract a large influx of visitors, and they should be entertained with a programme of sports that will induce them to make their visit a yearly one.

Wood for sale including

Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.

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

W. FLEMING.

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 "J. A. Dudgeon's south east corner," planted about three hundred yards west from the east branch of the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-six and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "J. A. Dudgeon's south west corner," planted about three hundred yards west from the east branch of the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-six and a half 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 11th day of August, 1903.

J. A. DUDGEON.

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 "Fred Munn's south west corner," planted about half a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty and a half 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.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Fred Munn's south west corner," planted about half a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-one 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 10th day of August, 1903.

FRED. MUNN.

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 "Charles Rice's south west corner" planted on the east bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek about twenty-nine 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.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Charles Rice's south east corner" planted on the east bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek about twenty-nine miles up from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, to point of commencement.

Dated this 9th day of August 1903.

CHARLES RICE.

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 Webster's south east corner," planted about two hundred yards east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-three and a half 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 "John Webster's south east corner," planted about three-quarters of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-five and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1903.

JOHN WEBSTER.

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 "V. N. Wilson's south west corner," planted about three-quarters of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-five 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 the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "V. N. Wilson's north west corner" planted about three-quarters of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-five and a half 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 August, 1902.

V. N. WILSON.

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 Fryer's north west corner," planted about quarter of a mile north from the north bank of Cayenne creek about twenty-six 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.

2. Commencing at a post marked "James Fryer's north east corner," planted about quarter of a mile north from the north bank of Cayenne creek about twenty-six 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 8th day of August, 1903.

JAMES FRYER.

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 "Annie E. McIntosh's south east corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about twenty-nine 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 "Annie E. McIntosh's north east corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about twenty-nine 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 August, 1903.

ANNIE E. McINTOSH.

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 "Samuel King's south west corner," planted about quarter of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty 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,

2. Commencing at a post marked Samuel King's south east corner," planted about quarter of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty 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 10th day of August, 1903.

SAMUEL KING.

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 "Robert Manners' north east corner' planted on the north side of Cayenne creek about twenty-eight 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.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Robert Manners' north west corner" planted on the north side of Cayenne creek about twenty-eight 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 8th day of August 1903.

ROBERT MANNERS.

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 "Harry King's north west corner, planted about quarter of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty miles up from Adams lake, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Harry King's north west corner," planted about quarter of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty miles up from Adams lake, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 10th day of August, 1903.

HARRY KING.

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 H. Clifton's south east corner," planted about half a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-one miles up from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Charles H. Clifton's south west corner," planted near the east bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-one 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.

Dated this 10th day of August, 1903.

CHARLES H. CLIFTON.

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.

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 situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "L. Miller's north east corner post," about seven miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running west 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "L. Miller's south east corner post," about seven miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

L. MILLER.

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 situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "E. Miller's north east corner post," planted about five miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running 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 "E. Miller's north west corner post," planted on the north bank of Canoe river about nine miles above Glacier creek, running south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to place of commencement.

E. MILLER.

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 situate in Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post marked "J. Miller's south east corner post," planted about five miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

J. MILLER.

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 situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "T. L. Haig's north west corner post," planted about five miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "T. L. Haig's south west corner post," planted about five miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

T. L. HAIG.

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 situate in Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post marked "J. McLean's north west corner post," planted about one mile below Boulder creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

J. McLEAN.

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 in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "Flora J. Adair's south west corner post," planted at the east side of Peter Agren's south limit near Boyd's ranch, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to place of commencement. Containing 640 acres.

Dated July 6th, 1903.

F. J. ADAIR.

WANTED.

GOOD CARPENTERS

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

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 H. Clifton's south east corner," planted about half a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-one miles up from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Charles H. Clifton's south west corner," planted near the east bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-one 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.

Dated this 10th day of August, 1903.

CHARLES H. CLIFTON.

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 situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "M. Agnew's south east corner post," planted on the north bank of Canoe river about three miles above Glacier creek, running north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "M. Agnew's north east corner post," planted on the north bank of Canoe river about 3 miles above Glacier creek, running south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

M. AGNEW.

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 situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "J. Agnew's south west corner post," on the north bank of Canoe river about nine miles above Glacier creek, running 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 "J. Agnew's north east corner post," planted on the north bank of Canoe river about nine miles above Glacier creek, running south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

J. AGNEW.

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 situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "F. McLean's north west corner post," planted about seven miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running 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 "F. McLean's south west corner post," planted about seven miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

F. McLEAN.

LEGAL

LE MAISTRE & SCOTT.

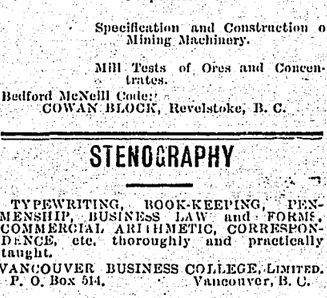
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Revelstoke, B. C.

J. M. Scott, B.A., LL.B. W. de V. le Maistre, M.A

HARVEY, M'CARTER & PINKHAM

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

SOCIETIES.



Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree meets third Tuesday of each 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.

P. LOYST, C. C.
R. DOUGLAS, K. of R. & S.
H. A. BROWN, Master of Finance.

MOSCROP BROS.

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

Pipes, Valves and Fittings.

Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

H. PERRY-LEAKE,

Mining Engineer and Metallurgist.

SPECIALTIES:

Examination and reports on Mining Properties.

Specification and Construction o Mining Machinery.

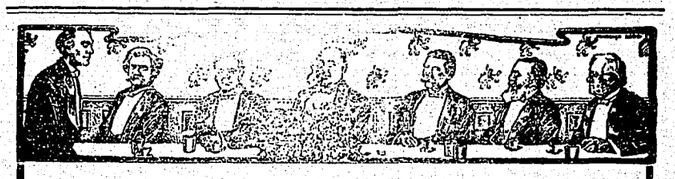
Mill Tests of Ores and Concentrates.

Bedford McNeill Code.
COWAN BLOCK, Revelstoke, B. C.

STENOGRAPHY

TYPEWRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, PENMENSHIP, BUSINESS LAW and FORMS, COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC, CORRESPONDENCE, etc. thoroughly and practically taught.

VANCOUVER BUSINESS COLLEGE, LIMITED.
P. O. Box 514. Vancouver, B. C.



MODERN ELOQUENCE

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed's Splendid Library of the Best After-Dinner Speeches, Classic and Popular Lectures, Famous Addresses, Reminiscence, Repartee, Anecdote, Illustration, and Story, in ten handsome volumes, illustrated by fine photogravures and color plates.

A FEW OF THE MANY CONTRIBUTORS:

Theodore Roosevelt	Sir Henry Irving	Champ Clark	Joseph Chamberlain
Charles Dudley Warner	John Tyndall	Russell H. Conwell	Mark Twain
John Morley	Charles Francis Adams	John M. Allen	John B. Gordon
William E. Gladstone	Henry Ward Beecher	Chauncey M. Depew	Oliver Wendell Holmes
Andrew Lang	Joseph H. Choate	Wendell Phillips	Wu Ting Fang
Canon Farrar	George William Curtis	Henry W. Grady	Hamilton Wright Mabie
William Cullen Bryant	John L. Spalding	Jonathan P. Dolliver	Joseph Jefferson
Lyman Abbott	Edward Eggleston	Robert J. Burdette	Arthur J. Balfour
Robert G. Ingersoll	Lord Beaconsfield	Horace Porter	John Ruskin
John B. Gough	Josh Billings	Artemus Ward	Henry M. Stanley
Charles A. Dana	William M. Evarts	Newell Dwight Hillis	Seth Low
	John Hay	Grover Cleveland	

"Modern Eloquence" as a Guide to Success

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 1100]

A FINE PORTFOLIO MAILED FREE

To John D. Morris and Company
1201 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

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.

Name .....
Occupation .....
Street .....
City and State .....

FOLD HERE—TEAR OFF—MAIL AT ONCE

John D. Morris and Company
Publishers Philadelphia

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 "A.W. McIntosh's south east corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about thirty 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 "A.W. McIntosh's south west corner," planted on the south bank of Cayenne creek, about thirty 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 August, 1903.

A. W. McINTOSH.

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 licenses 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 "Hattie Chanslor's south east corner" planted about one mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-seven and a half miles np from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Hattie Chanslor's north east corner" planted about one mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-seven and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, to point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of August, 1903.

HATTIE CHANSLOR.

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.

1. Commencing at a post marked "W. H. Wilson's north east corner," planted about threequarters of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-five and a half 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 "W. H. Wilson's south east corner, planted about one mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-six 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 August, 1903.

W. H. WILSON.

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 "J. H. Hill's north west corner," planted about half a mile west from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-eight and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 40 chains thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "J. H. Hill's north east corner." planted about half a mile west from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-eight and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of August, 1903.

J. H. HILL.

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 "E. Rogers' south west corner," planted about one mile west from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-nine miles up from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "E. Rogers' south east corner," planted about one mile west from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-nine miles up from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of August. 1903.

E. 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 "A. Hill's south east corner," planted about half a mile west from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-eight and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "A. Hill's south west corner," planted about half a mile west from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-eight and a half 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 12th day of August, 1903.

A. HILL.

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 "M. Dudgeon's north west corner" planted about one mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-seven and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 40 chains thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains thence west 160 chains, to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "M. Dudgeon's south west corner" planted about one mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-seven and a half 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 12th day of August, 1903.

M. DUDGEON.

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 "John Grant's south east corner" planted near the east bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-one and a half 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 10th day of August, 1903.

2. Commencing at a post marked "John Grant's north west corner" planted about two hundred yards east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-three and a half 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 August, 1903.

JOHN GRANT.

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 "Charles Hegenner's north west corner" planted on the north bank of Cayenne creek about twenty-five 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 "Charles Hegenner's north east corner" planted on the north bank of Cayenne creek about twenty-five 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 9th day of August, 1903.

CHARLES HEGENNER.

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 "Daniel Gallagher's north east corner" planted on the east bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek about twenty-nine miles up from Adams lake, thence south 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, to point of commencement.

2 Commencing at a post marked "Daniel Gallagher's north west corner" planted on the east bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek, about twenty-nine miles up from Adams lake, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, to point of commencement.

Dated this 9th day of August, 1903.

DANIEL GALLAGHER.

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 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 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 "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.

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 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 Weston's north east corner," planted about two hundred yards east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-three and a half 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 "Charles Weston's south west corner," planted about two hundred yards east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-three 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.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1903.

CHARLES WESTON.

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 "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 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 "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 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. 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 West 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.

GOLDFIELDS POSSIBILITIES..

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

REAL ESTATE

AT GROUND FLOOR PRICES

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

For Terms and Particulars Write

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

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 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 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 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 "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 10th 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 10th 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 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 mike application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry 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.

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 lands:

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 10th 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.

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.

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.

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., 317 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 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 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.

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 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.

LIVING FOR THE BEST THINGS.

J. R. Miller, St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a merchant seeking goodly pearls; and, having found one pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it.—Matthew, xiii., 45, 46.

In ancient times pearls were esteemed as the richest of all gems. Ancient writers speak in high praise of their beauty and their value.

This man sought for pearls—that is, for the best things of life. It is said, further, that he sought goodly pearls—that is, the best, the whitest, purest, largest pearls he could find. Thus he represents those who seek for the very best things—not the good merely, but the best. There are good things, and there are better things, and there are things that are best of all. Our choices in life are not only between the good and the evil; we must choose also between the good and the better.

We make a failure in religion when we do less than our best in our common daily work. Stradivarius, the old violin maker, said that he would rob God and leave a blank in the universe if he did not make good violins. Even God, he said, could not make man's best without man's best to help him. In the culture of character we should never be satisfied with anything less than our best. We are all builders—we are set to build temples. The trouble is that some of us are satisfied to build poor little wooden barracks instead of temples of marble and gold. We should never be willing to be less noble and beautiful in our character than the noblest and most beautiful. Artists say that a picture without a bit of sky in it wants something. It is flat and low. A life without sky, which does not reach up and take in heaven, has not attained the best.

The merchant found one pearl which was peerless even among pearls for its beauty. Christ is the peerless pearl of beauty. He is the One altogether lovely. No one of all who knew Him ever claimed that there was any flaw or fault in Him. He called Himself the Son of man; not the son of a man, but the Son of man; that is, of humanity. Some one suggests that if we could gather from all who ever have lived the little fragments of lovely character which have blossomed out in each and bring all these fragments together into one personality we should have the beauty of Jesus Christ. In one person you find gentleness, in another meekness, in another purity of heart, in another humility, in another kindness, in another patience—there is no one so sunken in sin that in him there is not some tiny flower of beauty. But in the holiest of men there are only two or three qualities of ideal beauty, with much that is stained and flecked mingled with these qualities. In Christ, however, the Son of man, all that is excellent is found. He is perfect man, not only sinless, but complete in His person. He is the pearl of great price.

When this merchant had found the one pearl, how did he make it his own? He bought it. What did he give for it? "He went and sold all that he had and bought it." Nor was it a bad investment. Sometimes men dispose of all they have and invest in some scheme which only fools them, eats up their possessions and leaves them beggared. But nobody was ever a loser from selling all his other pearls and buying the pearl of great price. It is the true riches, imperishable and eternal.

In all life we find this principle—that we must give up the lesser to get the greater. There was an English oculist who was very fond of cricket. But he found that the playing was affecting the delicacy of his touch, so that he could not do his work well. So, in order that he might be a better oculist and bring relief more surely and more skilfully to the sufferers who came to him, he gave up the sport he enjoyed so well. Every one who is living under a high spiritual motive is doing this continually, denying himself in personal ways in order to serve others better.

A man says, "I know I am not as good as I ought to be but it is hard to give up my faults and vices." No matter how hard it is, our Master calls us up higher, and we should give up all that is unworthy in order to obey Him. We get wedded to our routines of life and do not like to sacrifice them for the sake of new things. A familiar saying is, "The good is often the enemy of the best." The good is never worthy of us if there be a better possible. Men do not keep the old machinery in their mills when better machines have been invented. In schools and colleges the new education has supplanted the old. The ancient textbooks are of no use now—indeed, we have to have new textbooks almost every year to keep pace with the rapid progress of science. Some of the older people remember the day of tallow candles, but these gave way to lamps, and lamps to gas, and gas to electricity. Some of us remember the old mail coach and the long wait for letters coming only a few miles. Now we have the hourly mail deliveries and swift trains and steamers. And, impatient with even this mode of communication, we talk over telephone wires with a friend a thousand miles away and have our telegraph service girdling the world. Again the better is crowding out the good, and we are now beginning to talk across the sea without wires.

The merchant had gathered many pearls, goodly pearls. Then he saw one pearl which far surpassed in beauty and value any pearl in his collection. He was determined to have it for his own, and sold all his great store and bought this one matchless, peerless pearl. He did it because the one was worth more than all the many. We are Christians. We have tasted of the blessedness of the love of Christ. We have been gathering goodly pearls. We have found some of the treasures of God's grace. We know a little of joy, peace and victory. But there are sublimer reaches yet far beyond our present attainments. We should not be satisfied to stay where we are when we may press on further. We should not allow the good to keep us from going on to the best. We must be willing to exchange our goodly pearls for the greatest pearl.

In the Coils o an Anaconda.

This is the story of how Hendrick Copyjn, a young Hollander, engaged in collecting butterflies, spent a night in a Guiana swamp with an anaconda, as told in The New York Times:—

He had left Paramaribo behind three months before, and in a "dugout" manned by a couple of negroes had rowed up the Saramacca River, breaking into the jungle here and there to explore for new species of butterfly. The night Copyjn had his first adventure was a Christmas Eve. Everything seemed to have gone wrong that day. One of the rowers was stricken with the fever, and while Copyjn took his place at the paddle and filled up the negro with quinine, the unfortunate lay raving and seeing things in the bottom of the dugout.

He went asleep early that evening, after having made the fever patient comfortable, the three hammocks of the men hanging side by side. Copyjn does not know how long he slept. He lay awake a long time thinking of scenes of home, and a restless, evil foreboding took hold of him while he lay listening to the jungle sounds of the night. Then he fell into an uneasy half sleep, out of which he was awakened by a feeling as if he were under the spell of a nightmare. Gradually he came to consciousness, his chest seeming as if it were oppressed with a monster load which was more and more choking off his breath. The horror of the situation aroused him to his full faculties, and in an instant he realized he must be in the embrace of a monster snake. With a herculean effort he wrenched his arms, but the moment he moved them they were pinioned to his side. Horror-stricken, he gave a piercing scream, felt his ribs bend, and knew no more.

When he came to, the negroes were standing over him, and he ached in every bone and muscle. Then he learned how he escaped. His cry had brought one of the negroes on a jump. By the light of the fire the man saw what was happening. Like all good bushmen, the black slept ever beside his cutlass, and without fear or hesitation that he might cut through the reptile into the body of the man, he brought the blade down on the powerful back of the snake, severing the backbone and paralyzing its constricting powers. But, goaded by the pain, the snake made a lunge forward and sank its teeth into Copyjn's arm. On investigation the serpent was found to be an anaconda. It measured nearly fifteen feet. The Dutchman said the snake must have made a mistake, for it would not attack a human being while standing erect. But lying prone, the monster likely mistook its intended prey for a new species of animal worth sampling.

The Abuse of Nurses.

A young nurse of my acquaintance was found early one morning unconscious on the entry floor, says Mary Moss, in The May Atlantic. Upon inquiry the doctor learned that from Monday morning till Thursday night she had been without sleep, or even enough time off to bathe and change her clothes. Of course, she was extremely foolish to permit such a thing, on the patient's account as well as her own, but it was her first private case, and, feeling shy about obtruding personal wants in a time of general stress, she had relied on coffee and determination to pull her through. The stale joke, "Why do you have to sleep? I thought you were trained!" unfortunately contains not a grain of exaggeration. I have gone to a house where, after a day's nursing, a night spent in sponging a typhoid patient, at 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day the nurse was still in charge. No one had given her night lunch, breakfast, or even a cup of coffee. She had been on duty for 26 straight hours, working strenuously all the time; not a member of the household seemed equal to taking her place, or, indeed, dreamt of the necessity of doing so. Later it was rumored that this girl had become intemperate!

Bismarck on the United States

Herr Schierbrand, a recent writer on Prince Bismarck and Germany, has brought out some opinions uttered by him that have not hitherto been published. American politics, Bismarck confessed, had always been "a sealed book" to him; but as far as he could pretend to understand them they seemed to him "decadent." Cleveland, in his opinion, had "the stuff in him out of which statesmen are made," but was "thrown away in a republic." In May, 1898, less than three months before the Prince's death, his views were obtained (in spite of the opposition of his physician and his family, who were trying to shield him from fatiguing excitement) concerning the Spanish-American war. He regarded the course pursued by the United States as indefensible. Spanish misgovernment of Cuba was a mere pretext. "Colonies have often been mismanaged, and I suppose that the Americans, when they shall have colonies, will not be exempt. But that is no fair reason for dispossessing the owner. . . . Spoils spoils—all else is pretence." His remarks about the Monroe doctrine, which he described as "insolent dogma," were equally interesting. The doctrine had flourished only because of dissensions in Europe. A union of two strong naval powers like England and France could at any moment have made an end of it. On this occasion Schierbrand found Bismarck "bent and shrunken"; his hands trembled, his voice was "raucous and hollow"; but his "steel-blue eyes still shot fire," and "his intellectual faculties were unimpaired."—New York Evening Post.

AN ARIZONA WILD MAN.

Many strange stories have been told of the "wild man" of the Grand Canon of the Colorado, and while some persons have credited these weird tales, they have for the most part been regarded as the ingenious inventions of imaginative travellers, and have passed into tradition as such. But, according to H. W. Stevens of Cedar, Col., says The Albuquerque, New Mexico, Democrat, the "wild man" is not a myth, and he gives a thrilling account of an encounter he had with the creature.

"Two years ago," says Mr. Stevens, "I had business in the northwestern part of Arizona that took me in the neighborhood of the extreme lower end of the Grand Canon of the Colorado River, in Mohave County, Arizona. Having the misfortune of getting my arm broken, I took a trip to the river to kill time and catch a few beaver. I constructed a skiff, with the aid of a friend, and when my arm got strong enough I took a trip up the canon as far as I could go with a boat. A few miles above the entrance I hauled my boat upon the sand and got ready to examine the rock walls.

"The first thing that attracted my attention was the imprint of bare feet in the sand. Thinking the tracks had been made by some Indian, perhaps a Piute or a Hanlipi, I began looking the gorge over with much interest. Going down stream a short distance, I found more tracks.

"The third day of my stay I saw the head of a man on a bench of rocks on the north side of the river. Evidently he was seated on the edge of a cliff some distance above my camp. I rowed up stream a little above the point where I saw the man's head and part of his shoulders above the greasewood brush. Climbing up to the bench I had some difficulty in finding a place that I could get over the ledge and be on a level with my strange neighbor.

"I finally succeeded in approaching closer to the point. I saw sitting on a large boulder a man with long white hair and a matted beard that reached to his knees. The creature was unaware of my approach, and I gazed upon him for some moments unobserved. He was about fifty yards away and in full view. He wore no clothing, and upon his talon-like fingers were claws at least two inches long. A coat of grey hair nearly covered his body, with here and there a spot of dirty skin showing. I had found the 'wild man' of the rocks!

"At that moment a rock loosened by some animal came rolling down. The creature turned his face towards me. Horrors! What a face—it was seared and burned brown by the sun, with fiery green eyes. With a wild whoop and a leap he was off up over rocks and cliffs like a mountain sheep for about seventy-five yards. Then he stopped. He was armed with a queer-shaped club, large enough to fell an ox. Brandishing this bludgeon, he shrieked and chattered for a moment, then started towards me, roaring and still flourishing his weapon. Faster and faster he came, and my hair began to stiffen.

"I am a poor runner, so I stood my ground. When the creature was within about fifteen yards of me I raised my rifle to fire, thinking to cripple him. As I glanced along the barrel I heard a deep growl just above the wild man. Looking up I saw a she-cougar and two half-grown cubs. The mother cougar crouched, with tail lashing, ready to spring on the wild man. He also had heard the growl and he braced himself for the shock.

"I drew a hasty bead on the cougar and pressed the trigger. When the smoke had cleared away the mother cougar lay dead where the wild man had stood. The man himself had disappeared. The two young cougars were still on the rock, apparently greatly frightened by the report and echoes of my old Sharp's rifle.

"Reaching hastily for a cartridge I found I had neglected to buckle on my belt when leaving camp, so I hastily retreated to the boat, where I found everything as I had left it. I shoved the boat off and drifted toward camp, which was near the cougar. There lay the old cougar where she had fallen. The wild man was standing over the two cubs, which were also dead, he having beaten the life out of them with his club. He stood for a moment gazing on the carcasses, then got down on his hands and knees and drank the warm blood as it flowed from the death wounds. The sight sickened me.

"I stood up in the boat and yelled. The man sprang to his feet, took a long look at me, then flew up from ledge to ledge until he reached the fourth ledge, where he stopped. Here he flourished his club again and screamed the wildest, most unearthly screech I ever heard, then turned and sprang onward up the craggy wall of the canon.

"Not fancying my wild neighbor, I packed my outfit into the boat and drifted down and out of the canon before I made camp for the night. That was the strangest adventure of my life.

"Tradition records that years ago hostile Indians captured three men, bound them to logs far up the canon, and set them adrift upon the swollen river. It may be that this wild creature is one of those unfortunate men who, by chance, freed himself and escaped death, but was made insane by his awful experience."

The school lunch he went slowly back to the woods.

"His visits became of daily regularity, and, it being evident that he came with no evil intent, the teacher, and now and then a pupil, took to tossing him an apple or other bit of luncheon, and finally to feeding him out of hand, until now, so it is reported, that bear has almost quartered himself in that school district and lunches regularly with the Sander's Mill school children and teacher."

As long ago as Solomon's time
The kingly philosopher paid
In lofty measure a tribute sublime
To the way of a man with a maid.
But of all the various things that fill
The limits of life's brief span,
You may talk as you will, the most
wonderful still
Is the way of a maid with a man.

For the Farmer.

If skim milk is abundant, it will form one of the best foods possible to secure for a colt. If with this, or any other ration, a small amount daily (one-quarter pound or so) of dried blood can be given, it will keep him in good healthy condition and the coat smooth and glossy.

Probably the largest currant patch is located in Colorado, where a field of 180 acres is occupied by 135,000 currant bushes in rows of seven feet apart and bushes 3 1-2 feet apart in rows. At harvest time 150 hands are employed at 1 1-4 cents per pound for picking. The produce is used for preserving and wines.

The ninth annual report of the fruit experiment stations of Ontario, published under the direction of the Ontario Department of Agriculture by the O. A. College staff and the Fruitgrowers' Association of Ontario, has been issued. It is profusely illustrated by photographs of the fruits of Ontario and will be of value to everyone who reads it.

A bulletin on farm poultry with the results of some experiments in fattening chickens has been issued by the O. A. College under the direction of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. The bulletin is prepared by Mr. W. R. Graham, B.S.A., poultry manager and lecturer at the O. A. College. It contains matters of interest to everyone interested in the poultry trade.

To select seeds in a way to increase the size of clover plants, a German author recommends choice seeds of a distinct violet color from light green, slowly growing plants, with comparatively few heads, and those heads light red in color. He finds also that yellow seed from early dark green plants tend to shorten the growing period.

In the culture of squashes the use of pieces of mosquito netting eighteen inches square to place over the hills while the young plants are getting started is recommended as a protection against the striped cucumber beetle or squash bugs. A small wooden pin six inches in height is placed in the centre of the hill, the netting thrown over it to form a tent, and the sides fastened down with dirt.

Improving the Flock.

The common sheep is capable of much improvement by the use of well selected pure-bred rams of some desirable breed. The half-bred progeny of such a cross sometimes may appear to be equal in every respect to the pure-bred stock and is unquestionably so for all purposes except breeding. A few repeated crosses in this line will build up a flock to all appearances equal to the pure-bred original stock, writes Field and Farm. Of course there is great advantage to the shepherd who may procure as good blood as may exist but which is not of course held to be of equal value to the pure stock breeder. This applies to all well established breeds. The scale of points of the pure breeds is very exacting and a majority of lambs of the pure breeds do not fully come up to it. Hence there are grades of prices as of quality—the highest for exacting buyers, a second rate for the one who thinks pedigree is everything and who takes a second-class animal thinking that the blood will cover up some of the faults. The third class is the bargain hunter who takes the poorest stock at the lowest prices and boasts of the blood, but has no backing of quality to support it.

Care of Farm Harnesses.

Farmers are accused of neglecting most things about them, and of suffering their property to fall into decay for want of proper attention, at least by those who fancy they know the farmer's business better than he does himself; but one of the things he really does neglect is his harness and cart gears that are in every-day use. Farm harnesses are often hung in the stable behind the horses, and this is bad, because ammonia exercises a most damaging effect on leather. Not only is no effort made to preserve the leather, but it is very rare that any examination is made of the harness to see if any portion of it is weak, needs repair or is likely to break. Generally the breakdown comes when there is no means near at hand of repairing. This is not purely agricultural "luck"—it happens to other users of horses who do not regularly look to the soundness of their harness. With the greatest care there is always the liability to have harness break when drawing heavy loads or working in rough ground, but it is not so great as when the harness is neglected. It is especially bad policy to use harness that is not of the strongest for colts. If anything breaks the animal gets frightened, there is very often a bad accident, and when a colt gets out of harness it often leaves a very lasting impression. "Wax to receive and marble to retain" admirably expresses the mental condition of the horse, especially where accidents and public houses are concerned. To prevent the leather of a harness from perishing, or drying up so as to crack, it should occasionally be treated with neat's foot oil, or with black harness oil sold by saddlers and others for dressing this class of gear. Harnesses need washing quite as much as they do oiling, for they become encrusted with dry sweat, and the dust that is continually settling on them absorbs the leather so that it cracks, letting in the water every time it is out in the rain, so that it becomes rotten. Harness should be frequently taken to pieces and well washed, and, when nearly dry, well rubbed with a woollen rag dipped in the oil selected. No more oil should be put on than will be absorbed or dry in, so that when the leather is rubbed with a dry cloth it will be perfectly clean. Harness that is properly cared for will last twice as long as that which is neglected, never washed, never oiled and only cleaned at holiday times.—American Cultivator.

The King's Archers.

During the King's visit to Edinburgh the Royal Company of Archers—otherwise known as the King's Bodyguard for Scotland—are the most picturesque feature of the various ceremonies.

Between forty and sixty members of the company will remain on duty during the King's visit of four days, and there was a banquet in Archer's Hall, a beautiful old building containing priceless pictures, last evening.

To irreverent spectators a body of sedate and middle-aged gentlemen, all armed with large bows and arrows, parading in green and red uniforms, gauntlets and bonnets adorned with eagles' feathers, might perhaps appear ridiculous, but most people will be thankful for the survival of anything that is picturesque in these colorless days.

In order that members of the Bodyguard shall not do each other mortal damage in the narrow places of Holyrood Palace the following instructions are given in the drill book:—

"Before falling in everyone should see that his bow-string is not left slack, but tightened up by the green ribbon at the top. At barriers, stairs and narrow places bows will be brought to an upright position, without orders, and will be returned to the 'trail' when the obstruction is passed."

The King's Bodyguard for Scotland was first constituted in its present form in 1676, since which year minutes have been regularly kept with the exception of a short period at the end of the seventeenth century.

It must not be supposed that the Royal Archers cannot use their bows. They hold shooting matches every month, and during the King's visit the "Musselburgh arrow" will be shot for on Wednesday, May 13, the distance to the targets being 180 yards.

Women in Parliament.

Having regard to the fact that a woman has recently applied for admission as a barrister, and also to the fact that from the Bar to Parliament has come to be looked upon as a natural gradation, we need not be surprise if in a few years we find the "Parliamentary Notes" of our daily papers reading something like this:—

In the debate on the Bond Street Window Bill in the House of Peeresses yesterday the leader of the Opposition, the Lady Furbelough, in a very effective speech, severely criticized the hat of the Government leader, describing it as retrograde in the extreme. The Duchess, replying for the Government, said that the hat was absolutely the latest thing, and that if the Opposition leader depended on something else than the cheap fashion papers for her information she would now it. The Duchess concluded a heated tirade, in which she characterized her opponents as "horrid things," by bursting into tears. Salts having been administered, the House rose.

We hear that Lady Lena Fitzewe, the Premiere, will personally introduce the great corset bill.

The election of Mrs. Jonos, the eminent charwoman, is considered a great blow struck for democracy. The Tories are aghast, and Lady Lena, for whom Mrs. Jones chars, was very angry when she heard the result of the poll. Yesterday, when Mrs. Jones was being introduced, Lady Lena, who at the time was speaking on the better control of husbands bill, stopped suddenly, and, having surveyed the new member contemptuously for some moments, gave her a week's notice of the termination of her charing engagement.

We understand that it is proposed during the summer months to hold committees on the terrace, tea and buns being served during the progress of debate.

It is rumored in the lobby that in view of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany our Ambassadress at Berlin has been instructed to wear a last year's gown. It is hoped that this move will have its effect in modifying the attitude of the German Chancelloress, who has for some time been chagrined by the modish Parisian toilette of our British Representative.

The deceased husband's brother bill was thrown out for the twenty-third time yesterday.—Punch.

Hand-painted Dresses.

The hand-painted dress promises to be very popular during the season, says The Daily Graphic. The Princess of Wales is having one or two beautiful designs painted on dresses by a lady artist, and all the best houses are making up dresses of this charming character. White silk muslin, hand-painted in roses and forget-me-nots, are most facinating, and, trimmed with lace, have an almost fairylike effect. Bolder designs and more pronounced coloring are used on silk and satins, and on black mousseline de soie some remarkably striking and beautiful results are got One dinner gown of black silk muslin had the lower part of the skirt hand-painted in poppies, with buds and foliage, and the front of the bodice to match, only painted on a smaller scale. The upper part of the skirt was gauged and encrusted with black silk guipure. Another black evening dress was encrusted with motifs of jewelled black lace, and hand-painted in blue and yellow iris, with green foliage and jewelled dragon flies. This was a lovely dress.

Saved the Mouse's Life.

In The Illustrated Sporting News a writer says: A naturalist friend of mine tells this story:—"I recently saw a curious thing in my poultry yard. The cat was playing with a live mouse which she had caught, when a broody hen, taken off her nest, was put into the yard. She stretched herself and had a good shake, then she caught sight of the cat. With outspread wings the hen dashed at poor puss, knocked her over tweaked the mouse from her mouth, and then attacked her with the utmost fury. The cat was so frightened and demoralized by this sudden and unexpected attack that she bolted, and meanwhile the mouse had made its escape. Whether it was maternal instinct which prompted the hen to rescue Brer Mouse or whether it was antipathy to the cat is doubtful, but I favor the first suggestion."

NE'ER WAIT.

He's dead!
And when the roses grow above
His breast
Caressed
By the sun's bright glow and the
dews of night,
And shed
A perfume sweet o'er all his virtues;
like mis
Sunkissed
His faults will disappear,
As breath of love
Floats Heavenward

Pity?
Nay, waste no sympathy for him
now
His brow
Is no longer damp by the sweat of
toil,
Gritty
Nor grimy the hands that peaceful
rest
On breast
That will heave no more
With labor's strain—
Never again.

Perfect?
No! never a man but one was so,
You know,
Him crucified for goodness man despised
Expect
No perfection in this mortal life.
Where strife,
Perpetual storms awake—
Makes Virtue halt
In facing Fault.

Ne'er wait
Until the sombre shadows of the pall
Recall
The humble virtues of some departed friend.
Too late
When sabel robe has fallen for good
or harm
To charm
The silent clay that's left.—
The soul takes wings
From earthly things

When love
Would try to lead you to some
kindly deed
Make speed,
For laggard ne'er attained the higher goal.
Above
The puny weaknesses of earthly hate
Too late
May come immortal light.
"Must thou forgive
If thou wouldst live."
—S. E. Hampton.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

Twelve months had crept by since I had passed my trying examination and been admitted to the bar. I hired a cozy little office in a building filled with scores of prominent law firms. After arranging my well-stocked library, I nailed up my new sign among the rest and waited for my clients to appear. It soon became a sad trial of patience.

Among the many brilliant lights of the day my own name passed unnoticed.

Day after day, and month after month, I attended the courts or passed the time in pursuing celebrated cases. Like Micawber, I was waiting for something to turn up. The small capital with which I had started was dwindling away at an alarming pace and, as yet, I saw no prospective fee.

One pleasant afternoon Stanley Ferris, a young lawyer, who, like myself, was unwillingly idle, dropped in to see me.

"What news, Jack," he asked carelessly.

"Same as usual," I replied, despondently. "I've a notion to pack off in the wilderness for a few weeks. Everybody is out of town, and there is little prospect of picking up a fee until they return."

My friend was about to reply, when there came a low rap at the door.

As the door opened my heart gave a great bound. I felt that my long-looked-for client had arrived at last. At a single glance I took in all the details of my visitor's appearance. He was a middle aged man, dressed in plain costume, and with a seemingly good natured face. Most men would have set him down at once as a jolly, open-hearted individual; but I did not. My constant attendance at the courts had taught me much. There was something underlying his only smile and obsequious manner that made me distrust him.

"Is this Mr. Burns?" he asked blandly.

I bowed in the affirmative, and requested him to be seated. Stanley left the room at that moment, and the stranger continued:

"My name is Brown, sir,—Martin Brown. I have called upon you in a case of emergency."

"In what way can I be of service?" I asked.

"My friend, who is in a dying condition, wishes you to draw up a will at once."

I seized my hat and hurriedly followed my visitor. In the elegantly furnished room of a hotel we found the man.

Owing to the heavily darkened room, I could distinguish nothing of his features. He lay with his face turned toward the wall, and in feeble tones dictated the terms of the will, as I drew it up.

I accomplished my task to his satisfaction, and placed the document before him to sign. As he did so I noticed a deep red scar running across the back of his hand. The whole of the dying man's property—an immense one, by the way—was left to his dear friend, Martin Brown.

"As I left the house the smiling Mr. Brown handed me my fee. It was a beggarly amount—the more so from the fact Mr. Brown was soon to become wealthy. The man's wily smile, too, while his friend lay at the point of death sickened me, and I was glad to hurry away. On my return I met Stanley, and in answer to his inquiries I related the circumstances.

"A beggarly miser," he exclaimed indignantly. "I'd never believe it from his appearance."

It was nearly a week afterward that a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, called upon me. This time I had a case in reality. She was not more than twenty, but her beautiful face bore the impress of grief. In a few words she stated her business, retaining the names until she had heard my opinion.

Her story was as follows:

Three weeks before her uncle had left home in company with a man he called his friend. While in the city he had been taken suddenly ill and died. She had received no information of the fact until after her relative was buried.

Then came the strangest part of the story.

Two years before her uncle had made a will, making her, his only living relative, his sole heiress.

On her arrival in the city, however, she had been shown a will drawn by her uncle on his death-bed, in which he left his entire property to his friend.

She could conceive of no reason for such a strange act, and, distrusting the friend, had sought out a lawyer. Luckily she was unacquainted with the names of our distinguished lawyers. My glaring gold sign had been the first to catch her eye, and so she called upon me.

"The case certainly looks suspicious," I remarked. "I think I will be able to make a fight in your behalf Now, will you kindly furnish me with the names of these parties?"

"My uncle, sir, was Andrew Thurber. His friend calls himself Martin Brown."

Involuntarily my pen dropped from my surprised fingers. It was the very will I had drawn up myself.

She turned pale as I related the circumstances and arose to leave.

"I see I have made a very awkward mistake by calling upon you," she said, sadly.

"Wait one moment," I replied, quickly. "This Martin Brown is a total stranger to me. If he has been engaged in an act of villainy I shall not shield him."

We entered into a close conversation, at the end of which I said, confidently:

"Leave the case to me. If I fail it shall be through no fault of mine."

She accepted my offer with thanks and left me, thinking deeply.

During the interview I had learned that the deceased had no scar upon his right hand. Now, certain of villainly, I set to work diligently to find it out.

Working cautiously, I found the man who had laid the body out for burial. From him I learned that he had performed his task on the morning of June 23, just ten hours before I was called upon to draw up the will. The will had already been offered for probate, so there was no time to be lost.

Andrew Thurber's body was disinterred and the contents of the stomach analyzed. It was found to contain poison.

By some means the sly wretch got wind of my movements and attempted to fly. At that moment the detectives seized him. Confronted by the terrible proofs, he made a full confession.

Before his trial came off he ended his life by swallowing a quantity of the same deadly poison with which he had killed his victim.

Miss Thurber met with no further obstacles in regaining her rights.

Something still more important happened to me from my connection with the case. I wooed and won the beautiful girl for my wife. As Stanley Ferris remarked afterward, "I gained fame and fortune with a rush."

Pretty Experiments.

There arme many tricks and experiments that can be performed by boys and girls without the aid of expensive or intricate apparatus. Here are two good ones which fulfill this condition and one well worth trying: How many of you know that lads, lasses and lucifers have likes and dislikes in common? The average boy would prefer a sweetmeat to a bath at any time, and, strange to say, a common 'lucifer match has the same fastidious taste. If you want to test this curious quality get a basin of water and arrange a number of matches on the surface in the form of a star.

When the match heads are all nicely together in the centre of the basin touch the water with a piece of soap. Like a little boy they will run away from it as fast as they can. The matches will make for the side of the basin without the least possible delay.

Now take out the oap and touch the water with a piece of sugar and you will see a strange sight. All the matches will return to the centre of the basin, and appear to feed on the sugar with the greatest avidity

"Oh, it's nice to be a press agent," said one of that happy tribe the other day. "Here I have been putting in all my time this morning trying to convince two dramatic critics and four managing editors that our show is the best thing that ever opened in town, and I have been called the biggest liar on earth by all but one of them. Such practical unanimity makes a man think there may be something in the proposition."

"What did the sixth man tell you?"

"He wouldn't see me at all. He had been to the show."—Chicago Post.

The Romance of a Rose

An Episode of a House Party

By Harold Begbie.

VALENTINE MINETY first tasted the wine of fame when the president of the Royal Academy led him into the radiant presence of Lady Ryde. And the wine mounted in a purple cloud to his head when that beautiful young woman, after expressing a desire to purchase his first Academy picture, suggested he should dine and sleep at Ryde Castle the following week.

The young man had come from the sordid environment of a struggling existence in a garret into the broad spaces of aristocratic ease. He was a guest at Ryde Castle. He had drunk tea with a company of great people, he had chatted familiarly with my Lord Ryde, had explained, schoolmaster-wise, to half a dozen beautiful and clever women the hidden glories of the Velasquez in the drawing-room, and now he was in his bedroom preparing to dress for dinner.

Valentine Minety was young, passably well-looking, and monstrously conceited. It never struck him that Lady Ryde had invited him to her house because he was a young and struggling artist; it did not occur to him that the beautiful woman had included a novelist, a minor poet and the editor of a London newspaper among her guests. It seemed to him that Valentine Minety had become a member of the aristocracy because he was Valentine Minety; and to Valentine Minety he was not an artist, but the good-looking youth who stared so fixedly at him from every mirror he passed.

He looked at his new dress clothes, at the new patent-leather shoes, at the new collar, the new shirt, the new tie and the new handkerchief—all waiting to be glorified by his body. Looking at them, Valentine Minety fancied he had rather impressed the footman.

Then he thought of Lady Ryde. What beauty lay in the sad gray iris of her eyes! How gloriously the dark hair shaded her splendid brow! What pride, what sorrow curled the red lips! How prettily she blushed, too—blushed, when she spoke to him! She had looked at him so often as he talked to the others; when she had looked, had there not been a gentle smile on the proud, sorrowful mouth; suggestions of pleasure in the sad gray eyes? He had talked loud enough for her to hear.

He looked at himself in the glass.

The coat came away, and he pitched it—by force of habit—on the bed, still looking in the glass. He proceeded to undo his waistcoat, screwing his head round to catch a view of his profile. The waistcoat followed the coat.

Then he paused for a moment. Ought he not, perhaps, to ring for a footman to take off his boots? Knotty point! Surely the aristocracy did not unlace its own shoes? And yet if he should——

Valentine Minety started, his fingers twitching at his braces. No longer did he look in the glass; no longer did he think of his boots; his eyes were riveted upon the dressing-table, fixed in a frozen stare upon a little red rosebud twisted into a buttonhole and lying, ah! so daintily, upon a china tray in front of the glass.

"She is an angel, an angel!" cried Valentine, flinging his braces over his shoulders. "By all the amours of Venus! this is her gift to me, her invitation, her sweet encouragement! Was ever love more prettily made? Oh! the dear, darling flower! And oh! the radiant, radiant woman!"

He kissed the rose, laid it reverently back upon the table, and sat himself down before the glass. His boots came off with a rush; his shirt was jerked over his head in a twinkling; and the next minute he was plunging his face into hot water.

"Perhaps she's downstairs waiting for me now!" he told the towel.

Off went the trousers, off went the socks. The gorgeous silk socks were dragged proudly on the foot and up the leg, and then on went the new dress trousers, out came the new trees from the new patent leather shoes, and then, after some struggling, on went those new shoes over the new socks.

With his head in his fine new shirt, his hands breaking their way through the starched sleeves, Valentine told himself he must not rush this incident; Lady Ryde was not to be approached as boisterously as a barmaid. This matter required great delicacy.

His face came through the collar of the shirt, very red and fresh-looking. He looked in the glass and congratulated his beauty on its distinguished victory.

The collar was buttoned, the tie fixed, the hair brushed, the hands rinsed, the white waistcoat buttoned, the big gold chain stretched across from pocket to pocket, and then on went the coat.

He picked up the rosebud, turned the lapel of his coat forward, and then—well, he used a coarse expression. For the buttonhole was—a sham!

"Confound these cheap tailors!" cried Valentine, wrathfully.

In the midst of his wrath it occurred to him that it was very nearly eight o'clock. He thought of pinning the flower to his coat, but no; the stalk would look hopelessly vulgar. He thought of ripping open the hole with a pair of scissors; but there happened to be no scissors on the table. He thought of——

The clock rapped out the first strokes of eight.

He placed the flower reverently in the pocket of his poor, cheap coat, stuffed his new red silk handkerchief into his left sleeve, and with a final glance at himself in the now dusky glass, left the room in a rush while the last stroke of eight o'clock still vibrated in the air.

He entered the drawing-room with the butler, who announced dinner ere he had time to collect his senses. He stood awkwardly gazing at the glittering crowd of people. A vision in white sailed toward him, her beautiful voice said, in gentle reproach, "You have forgotten your flower, Mr. Minety!" and then he was offering his arm to another lady and following others from the room.

Throughout dinner his eyes sought hers, and sometimes she smiled encouragement. He looked dreadfully unhappy. Once, when her eyes rested upon him, he thought of drawing the rosebud from his pocket, and touching it with his lips. But Lord Ryde was athletic, and he refrained. The lady he had taken into dinner tried valiantly, but ineffectually, to put him at his ease. He could think of nothing but that whispered reproach, "You have forgotten your flower!"

He ate of every dish, drank freely of every wine, and when the ladies passed from the room, he did actually take the rosebud from his pocket and held it, ostensibly to his nose, in reality to his lips. Lady Ryde, moving past him at that moment, smiled prettily, and continued her progress with a strange look in her eyes. Thank goodness, she knew at last!

While Mr. Minety smoked his cigarette Lady Ryde was condoling with Miss Patch, the lady he had taken in to dinner.

"Was he dreadfully heavy, dear?" said my lady.

"Heavy! Heavy! Why, he can't even listen! I talked about the last season's improper novels, I rattled on about the war, I even tried to interest him in bulbs—the creature simply gaped up the table. Not a word, not an answer of any kind, unless an occasional grunt is a part of speech. Is it? I go out so little."

"Did you talk about his picture?" asked Lady Ryde, smiling.

"I didn't know he had painted one!"

"It's in the Academy."

"If I had only known! I thought you told me he was a poet, and I asked him whether he had read Mr. Archer's book, and if he thought Mr. Henley's poems would live, and if he was cutting out Austin's odes from the newspapers and pasting them in a book. What an old fool I have been! Poor, poor young man! And so he's one of your discoveries in the picture line? Water or oil, dearest? Landsee——"

"Here he is!" said Lady Ryde, and the gentlemen came into the room.

Old Lord Cheffington was shuffling toward Lady Ryde, when Mr. Minety, hurrying forward, shot in front of him and sat himself down by her side.

"How can I thank you!" he said, in a low voice.

"You are pleased?" she answered, smiling very prettily.

"It is the happiest moment of my life."

"You must come again."

"And till I come again," he made answer, very tenderly, "I shall look at it every day."

That beat her.

"Even if it fade—" he said.

"Oh, but it mustn't fade," she put in, thinking how freely a painter can talk about his work.

"Time is so cruel," he said sadly; "it spares not even the gifts of beauty."

"I always think," said Lady Ryde, thoughtfully, "that gifts properly employed never really decay. I hope, Mr. Minety, that you will never neglect your gift."

"It is my one thought."

"Ah! that is good to hear."

"Could one possibly neglect such a gift?" cried Valentine, a little huskily. "The very thought of neglect in such a relation is blasphemy."

Lady Ryde looked at him doubtfully.

"It may lose its freshness," went on Valentine, "the joy of its youth may depart, the scent that hangs about it may take to itself wings, but the message of it, the meaning of it, the great and glorious object for which it was created—that will remain till the end."

Lady Ryde put her handkerchief to her lips.

"I felt, when I first discovered it," said Valentine, "that it was too sacred to be exhibited for all the world to see. I wouldn't wear it as a fool wears his heart, for daws to peck at. It was for my eyes, for my eyes alone; and so I hid it from everybody—next to my heart. It should be sacrosanct for ever!"

For the last few minutes Lady Ryde had concluded that the cellars of Ryde Castle were responsible for this exhibition of intolerable egoism; but with the next remark of Mr. Minety she concluded that he was a raving madman.

"I have already idealized it and given it a body," he said, speaking in a low voice. "It is clothed with sweet flesh, it looks at me with eloquent eyes, and it throbs with a heart of our emotion. Every night I shall kiss it, kiss those lips of the imagination; every morning I shall kiss it, kiss that proud and lofty brow; and through the long day I shall say ever to myself, 'She is with me, she sees and understands, she rejoices with me, she is sad with me.' To the rest of the world it may be a thing despicable, withered leaves, a faded flower—but to me, for ever and ever it shall be a living, breathing embodiment of all that is fairest on the earth."

"And do you design your own frames?" asked Lady Ryde, a little coldly.

Mr. Minety started, almost angrily.

Ah! but it was explained. Lord Ryde was standing a few feet away, glancing over his shoulder in their direction. How cleverly this pretty lady had diverted suspicion! But while Mr. Minety was secretly applauding the tact of the beautiful lady who had come under the heel of his fascinations, old Lord Cheffington—who had known Lady Ryde ever since she was a baby—shuffled over toward the settee, held out his two old wrinkled hands, and when she had placed hers there, with a little glad cry, he pulled her gently to her feet and stood smiling and blinking triumphantly into her wide eyes.

"Louisa, my dear, I don't object to the salon, but you mustn't cast all your pearls before the lions, or I shall grumble like William. On my honor I shall. Come and tell me about your visit to Aunt Mary. I've got a good story for you about poor old Emily Powderham—a real good one. Come along."

And Valentine was left moping alone, till Miss Patch descended upon him with the rod of Ruskin.

In the midst of the good lady's chatter Inspiration whispered to the soul of Mr. Minety. With a muttered apology he rose from his seat and hurried from the room. Through the hall he rushed, up the stairs he sprang and down the corridor he fairly ran. He entered his room breathless, closed the door, lighted candles and dragged a chair to the writing table.

Then on a sheet of writing paper he wrote with quivering pen the following original love lines:

This rose, this rose,
It shall be fragrant of your clothes,
Your scented gown, your guessed-at hose
No other flower that grows
Such mystic perfume knows
Such joys, such woes;
It tells of thee, and robs me of repose;
It shakes me like a mighty wind that blows,
This rose!

Call me, oh, call,
Tho' risk we run, and danger fall,
And bid me, bid me whisper all
I feel, but dare not tell,
Under this rose's spell;
Ah, wondrous smell!
It steals thro' all the channels of my nose,
Into my brain, my heart, my soul it goes,
This rose!

Then he ran the bell.

He made a romantic figure standing there in the little bedroom with the stately candles flinging strange shadows on his flushed and agitated face. In his hands he held the paper—folded now and in an envelope—that confessed his hopeless passion. He twiddled the little packet nervously in his fingers, and stood there with close-shut lips, his heart beating noisily behind the shimmering front of his new shirt.

There was a knock at the door. "Enter!" said Valentine, slipping the love lines into the tail pocket of his coat.

A surprised footman opened the door.

"Come in and close the door," said Valentine, gravely.

The servant obeyed nervously.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the painter, suddenly.

The man grinned.

"I want you to do me a great service, a very great service; but it must be kept secret as the grave."

The fellow shifted his feet and stood gaping.

"I want you to tell me," said Valentine, approaching a step nearer, "where Lady Ryde's private rooms are."

The man backed.

"Can you do that for me?"

"I'd rather you asked her ladyship, sir, or the butler," announced the man.

"Don't be a fool; I'll pay you for it," said Valentine.

He produced a sovereign he could ill afford.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," objected the servant, wavering.

"I seek to do Lady Ryde no injury," said the painter, proudly. "I swear to you that is the truth. It is a social matter, pure and simple."

He held out the sovereign.

"It's—it's the end door on the right-hand side of the main corridor," said the man, taking the money.

"And now you can go," replied Valentine, in a tone of deep tragedy.

His plan was to wait until the ladies had withdrawn and then, slipping away from the men, to find his way to Lady Ryde's room and shoot his precious envelope under the door. He would, then, linger about the corridor hoping for an answer.

In this mood he descended to the drawing-room.

But the ladies sat on and on, and so impatient was the ardor of Mr. Minety that once more he crept away from the company and climbed the stairs to the upper floor. Instead, however, of turning to the right, in which direction his bedroom lay, our gallant stole stealthily to the left and entered the main corridor.

But the footman, fearful of having done a mischief—although, as you shall learn, he had guarded his mistress from murderous attack—had hinted to Mr. Rolls, the butler, that one of the professional chaps he was looking after struck him as being more in the burglary line than anything else. "Such questions as he asked me!" said the footman. "Why, you'd think he was going to nick every jewel in her ladyship's room, you would." So it came to pass that when Valentine entered the main corridor he found it occupied by a couple of maid-servants.

With admirable sang froid Mr. Minety began a calm but slightly contemptuous examination of the pictures on the wall. With the two servants watching him (one had already rung a bell) he would half close his eyes and study a picture with his head on one side, or perhaps approach the canvas very closely and search for the name of the painter. He had gone some ten yards down the corridor in this fashion when Mr. Rolls, the butler, arrived upon the scene.

"Examining the pictures, sir?" said Rolls, in a knowing way.

"I am," said Valentine.

"There's some remarkably fine pictures in the castle, sir," said the butler.

"Some are very good," replied Valentine, distantly.

"Perhaps you'd like me to point out the best ones to you. It wants a guide, this main corridor."

"Thank you, I am only passing along," replied Valentine. "I do not require a guide."

Rolls paused for a minute. Then, he added, in a very meaning fashion, "Your bedroom, sir, is in the opposite wing. You know that, I suppose."

"Quite well," announced Valentine, and continued his walk.

Rolls left him and descended the stairs. The two servants remained.

When convinced that he should never get privacy in that corridor Valentine turned his back upon the pictures and returned to the drawing-room, revolving in his mind how he could lay his poetical flowers at the feet of Lady Ryde. On entering the room he was carried off by Lord Ryde to examine a portfolio of prints in another apartment, and when the examination was over he discovered the ladies had retired for the night.

In his bedroom, clothed in new pajamas, Valentine waited till perfect silence settled over the castle. Then, putting on the frock coat, which the poor fellow had worn down from London (he had brought no dressing-gown), and with the love lines in his hand, he noiselessly opened the door and crept quietly into the corridor. Not a sound anywhere.

He passed swiftly to the main corridor, and with stealthy footsteps made his way to the end door on the right-hand side.

Through the keyhole he saw a light burning. His heart pumped in his bosom.

He knelt softly, placed his open envelope under the door, and then pushed it gently into the room.

Then he stood up, very white.

A slight noise reached his ears, the sound of slippered feet near the door.

A knot tied itself in his throat; for the life of him he could not breathe.

Then, lest she might think he had beaten a retreat, the lover in frock coat and pajamas jerked out a little cough.

He heard a soft whisper at the door, but could catch no words.

He coughed again.

Then the handle turned slowly but surely; the door grew gradually into the room.

A fat red face, crowned with a bristling array of metallic curling pins, stole stealthily to the opening and cocked a bibulous black eye into the corridor.

"Is that you, Mr. Rolls?" said a voice. Ah! such a voice!

Valentine could not speak.

"Mr. Rolls, is that you?" repeated the voice. "Is that you, Mr. Rolls?"

Valentine turned and bolted.

* * * * * *

Breakfast, as a rule, is a silent or at least a quiet meal, but breakfast at Ryde Castle on the following morning was almost uproarious in its gayety. Lord Ryde, coming down a little late, with his honest red face flaming with laughter, his eyes dancing with merriment, begged for complete silence that he might read to the company a love-letter which dear old Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, had received in a mysterious fashion during the night. And then standing at the open windows, bubbling with laughter, he read aloud poor Valentine's address to Lady Ryde.

When the last ringing laughter had rippled away—and you can fancy how they laughed at Mrs. Briggs's "guessed-at hose!"—the question of authorship was discussed, and it was agreed that some young footman must be laying siege to the heart and savings of the housekeeper. In this manner, amid much good humor, the subject was dismissed, and the guests strolled out into the gardens. Poor Valentine dragged behind, silent and white.

"By the way, Mr. Minety," said Lady Ryde, seeking to be pleasant, "this poetical footman and his rose remind me again that you did not wear your buttonhole last night. You were my only guest without a flower in his coat!"

He gaped into her eyes.

"I'm afraid your artistic sense must have quarreled with the colors. What were they? Did they clash very vilely? I will tell the gardener next time you pay us a visit to choose something very simple and severe for you. You shall wear a white rose. That will not offend, will it?"

And then as she gave him her hand in farewell: "There is no need for me to warn you against neglect of your great gift. You reverence your art, don't you? I remember how enthusiastic you were last night."

* * * * * *

Mr. Minety adopted a different style of handwriting when he wrote his name in the Visitors' Book, and he did not tip the footman who had valeted him.—"Town Topics."

Sagacity of a bulldog.

Representatives Payne and Dalzell on their recent visit to the South argued one day upon the intelligence of dogs, says the New York "Tribune." Mr. Dalzell held that the collie was the wisest of the dog family, while Mr. Payne claimed this honor for the bulldog, backing up his contention with a strange dog story.

"A reputable and honest farmer," he said, "told me once that he owned a sagacious bulldog to which he had given the name of Oscar. He also owned a bulldog of a fiery and malignant character. On a summer evening, when the sun's heat had inflamed the latter's temper highly, Oscar sauntered past him and was instantly attacked.

"Oscar ran with all his speed, but he was no match for his pursuer. Every second the distance between the two became smaller. The farmer, a long way off, was hurrying to the rescue, but it looked to him as though all thought of help was futile. Oscar seemed foredoomed.

"And then a strange thing happened. Oscar, as he ran, picked up a stone and carried it in his mouth. Nearer and nearer came the enemy. But now Oscar dropped the stone, and his pursuer, thinking it was something very valuable—something, maybe, to eat—stopped and examined it. His pause was brief, but nevertheless it was long enough for Oscar. On account of it the wise dog reached the farmhouse and was safe.

"The farmer claimed that the dropping of the stone had been a premeditated, well conceived act, and I agree with him. That is why I claim that the bulldog is the most intelligent of all his tribe."

High Art.

Scene—A gallery in the East End.

"Well, that 'ere title knocks me, Joe! What does that little bit want to be takin' a bath of physic for? Gal looks 'ealthy enough!"—"Punch."

TRIED AGAIN
AND WAS CURED

A Bailey, after Repeated Disappointments, used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And now his Old Pain is Gone for Good and he Can do any Kind of Stooping or Lifting Work.

Winnipeg, Man., June 8.—(Special).—So many deaths are now charged to Kidney Disease and ailments resulting from disordered Kidneys that the cure of Mr. H. Bailey, of 256 Patrick street, of this city, is being widely discussed. Mr. Bailey says:

"Some time ago I suffered a lot with pains across my back and in the region of the Kidneys. I had spent considerable money in England treating this ailment, but got no permanent relief.

"All by chance I read of some wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and though my previous failures made me hesitate I finally decided to try them. It was a fortunate thing for me that I did.

"After taking three boxes, I found myself perfectly free from any pain whatever, and no matter what stooping or lifting work I do, I never have the old pain.

"It is now two years since I was cured, and I think in justice to Dodd's Kidney Pills, I have the right to recommend them to anyone suffering from Kidney Disease."

LIFE'S TRIAL.

Ever lurking, trying facing,
On my way;
Pleasant visions all erasing,
Joy disturbing, quiet chasing,
Fondest selfish schemes defacing
Day by day—

What's the use of trying, daring,
In this life?
Trials waylay, with spite unsparing
Baffling, slighting, paining, wearing,
Every peaceful thought ensnaring
Into strife.

Would I rest, then cares assailing
Banish peace;
Triumphing but leads to failing;
Sudden joy is turned to wailing;
Ease of mind begets but ailing;
Cares ne'er cease

What's the end of all this toiling,
Troubles scene—
Where no sense is free from soiling,
Where belief but breeds embroiling,
Where no rest from planning, moiling
E'er is seen?

This I know, when trials defiant
Rise forlorn,
For the conflict, strong, reliant,
Wakes the soul, like sleeping giant
To whose sinews, supple, pliant,
Strength is born

This I know, that brave endeavor
Sinks in rust
If from trials we rest us ever;
Vain from courage trial to sever;
Toil and conflict draw us never
Into lust.

Each endeavor, true and earnest,
Leads to strength;
If from hope thou never turnest,
If for higher deeds thou yearnest,
Peace and joy, tho' late, thou learnest
Come at length

Welcome trials, hidden blessings,
Sent from God;
Wooing not with soft caressings,
Teaching not in doubtful guessings
Curing all our weak confessings
With thy rod.

A MYSTERY.

During my sojourn in Egypt," said Walton, removing his hookah from his burnt black beard, "I became interested in the horse; and desirous of possessing an Arabian of high quality, sought guidance of our local consul as to the best way of going about obtaining one. He gave me a letter to a certain camel and horse breeder of renown, located near Samana, Bedouin sheik, Hassam Moakbar by name. The sheik, he informed me, had reason to feel under obligations to him, which would insure me a pleasant reception. I took with me only a small escort—the consul's letter, in the Arabian tongue, being a sort of passport and affording me immunity from the toll gathering customary among the desert tribes. Arriving at the encampment at twilight, a scene of great beauty burst upon me. The stars were beginning to blaze forth with unusual size and brilliancy through the wonderful rare atmosphere. Threads of smoke rose perpendicularly from fires which sparkled among the long, low, wide tents, where preparations for the evening meal were going on.

"Negro slaves were roasting coffee, which gave forth a perfume only 'Araby the Blest' could yield. Round about parties of Arabs were exercising the horses—such creatures!—with manes flowing like the tresses of Princess Badroulbadour.

"Sehik Hassam, a man of noble appearance, met me, and after reading the letter, at once relaxed the sternness dignity of his countenance, and the supper being now ready, bade me partake of the same tray with himself. The meal consisted of kid's flesh roasted delicately with certain condiments, of the nature of eau de cologne, and washed down with mare's milk. A noble cup of coffee, however atoned for the singularity of this repast, and lighting cheroots of a strong, sweet flavor, we strolled among the horses, much of whose beauty and fine points were observable in the moonlight, for that luminary had now risen above the horizon. For reasons of his own, the sheik certainly did his best to get me what I wanted, and out of fifty, every one of which seemed to possess some different charm, I chose one, and regretted I had not chosen all the others. I was loath to leave so romantic a spot, and, though duty called, lingered some days, the guest of the sheik, who seemed equally unwilling to have me go, and plied me with rare tobacco and still rarer legends, dusky happenings of desert land, which had come within his kin, and revealed to few. I began to feel as if I had chewed the lotus buds, and did not care greatly whether I returned to my native land or not.

"One evening (that before the day set for my departure) while strolling and smoking, as usual, in the moonlight, at some distance from the encampment, our footsteps, whether by accident or the sheik's design, were directed toward a dark ridge of rocks which crested a great rise of sand on the horizon and shone jagged against the rising moon.

"'That forbidding pile,' said Sheik Hassam, with a wave of his long arm, causing a meteric effect with the glowing end of his cheroot, 'formed once the centre of an oasis, discovered by myself and tribe while seeking an unfrequented portion of the desert for the purpose of establishing ourselves for the favorable pursuit of our business.

"'This oasis seemed the portal of paradise when, in the splendor of the noontide, we halted, after days of travel beneath a copper sky, before its waving palms and luxuriant shade, among which gurgled hidden springs of water, blessed water, and the songs of birds echoed among the foliage.

"'"Allah be praised! We shall prosper here!" I cried aloud, and made them set up the tents, which were not few and dig a cistern, which was filled from the springs amid the groves. The heat diminished not, but rather intensified from day to day, so that the outer springs became dry, and we had to force our way inward (for the oasis was wide and of densest growth) to obtain supplies of water.

"'Here and there we encountered beaten paths, which struck us as being rather singular, as we had seen no living thing save birds. Possibly, we argued, they were made by the jackals, which howled about in the day time and went there for water after dark although on one occasion I could have sworn that a vague imprint in the sandy pathway was that of a beast of prey.

"'I kept a sharp lookout and sentinels even on watch about the horses, camels and goats tethered a short distance from the camp beneath leafy sheds. Nothing of note transpired for several days, except slight additional proofs from time to time that some living creature inhabited the place. The heat seemed to increase daily, and the sky assumed that reddish tinge which bodes no good to the dweller of the desert. At rare intervals across the yellow hillocks would come pirouetting diabolical little spirals of sand moved by puffs of wind, like breaths from a furnace.

"'On the morning of the fifth day Hamed my Circassian slave, a man of rare courage and singular personal beauty, disappeared into the depths of the oasis in quest of fresh water, that in the cistern being used for the beasts only, and, from the length of time elapsing, must have penetrated further than usual. Suddenly we perceived him at the edge of the jungle, wildly gesticulating. The Arabs' rifles were at their shoulders in an instant, but there was a mingled scream and roar, a flash of tawny flanks, and Hamed, dragged down from behind, disappeared into the wood.

"'The riflemen who had been earest to him fell upon their faces, paralyzed with some awful fear, and could not be induced to stir. What they had seen I knew not. Drawing my simitar and grasping my pistol I bade a huge black, under threat of instant death, follow with a lance, and plunged into the tangled wood at the spot where Hamed had disappeared. White fragments of cloth upon the broken twigs, borne down by what must have been a creature of unusual size and ponderous strength, guided us onward. Panting with the heat, bruised with falling, and now feeling giddy with a strange odor which began to prevade the air, we proceeded with the utmost caution along a path grown steep and rocky.

"'The terrible ordor had grown almost stifling, and mingling with it came a low, whining purr, apparently at no great distance now.

"'Crouching behind a ragged mass of rock which seemed to have been split by the heat (the black calling incessantly upon Allah with chattering teeth) I peered through the crevice into the space beyond. Soul of Mohammed! What a sight met my gaze!

"'Sprawled upon its belly at the entrance to a cavern, the lithe tail beating the ground, was a creature, the sight of which caused my scimitar to fall from my nerveless grasp. Out of a tangled red mane, rose a white neck of columnar strength, surmounted by a countenance of awful beauty. Beneath netted eyebrows glowed eyes like burnished brass, human in all save the slit pupils. The lips were a venomous red arch, through which flashed long canine teeth.

"'Before her, slightly propped against a bowlder, lay Hamed, white and limp, but conscious and fascinated. Ever and anon the great furry paw was thrust forward caressingly (the claws sheathed), and the eyes of the dread creature became narrow and tender, and the purring sound was repeated.

"'Streaming with sweat, I had managed to level my pistol across a projection, when a shadow fell over us which deepened, and a murmur broke upon our ears, increasing to a roar. Springing to its feet, its eyes blazing greenly in the gathering gloom, the Thing seized the shoulder of Hamed's garments in its teeth, and with a horrid screaming snarl leaped past us, as the simoon in all its fury burst upon us.

"'The black had already clambered to the highest rock and lay clasping the base of a large palm, face down, enveloped in his burnous. I did likewise, and after a period of unconscious ness, awoke, and painfully drawing myself up to a sitting posture against what remained of the palm stree, gazed about me. The black lay rigid at my side, stifled.

"'Around about among the rocks and trees and across the plain were great drifts and billows of sand, but of all my faithful people and valuable beasts there was no trace. A tent pole, with a fragment of canvas here and there, marked their graves.

"'I was rescued in a delirious condition by my partner, who came weekly to visit the encampment.

"'That I am stopping in this vicinity is owing to an irrestible fascination the spot has for me, and to its being in the direct road to the market town, whither I go at intervals to trade. The mystery that yonder sand heaps envelop will never be revealed until the desert and the sea give up their dead.'"

"How did you and George get along at the seashore?" asked her best friend. "Swimmingly," was the reply.

Three Stomachs on a Week's Vacation.

Eat, drink and be merry while giving the digestive apparatus a healing, wholesome rest!

It can be done by the use of

DR. VON STAN'S
PINEAPPLE TABLETS.

Pineapple will digest meat in a dish at 103°. The rest cure is the best cure, the only cure for dyspepsia. That's the whole story except that the large tablets digest food, the small ones tone up the digestive apparatus.—Price 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

opens a new tunnel in a choked up nostril and lines it with a new membrane. In ten minutes will relieve cold or catarrh or cure the most obstinate headache. A quick cure—a safe cure—not a slow remedy. 17.

Humor of the Hour.

Father—William, what are you doing with that bird book?

William—I'm looking for a picture of a round robin.—Chicago News.

"That tramp is a genius."

"You don't say!"

"I do, though. He struck me for a dime, saying he was a literary man; ten minutes later he struck me again; ten minutes later he struck me again; tackled me just now as though he had never seen me before."

"Well?"

"I asked him what literary work was his line, and he said he was the 'Absent-minded Beggar.'"—Mail and Express.

Shouting Isn't Proving

In the matter of the so-called Catarrh Cures: Others prate and promise; we perform and prove.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

is a powder put in the nostril, not in the mouth. It is not a remedy, but the cure, and the healing effect is felt at once. The breath will come freely, filling the system with a new vigor. Colds and Catarrh are relieved, and headache fully cured in ten minutes.

Catarrh of twenty years' standing cured in a few days

Hon. George Taylor, the well known politician, of Scranton, Pa., writes: Effect of Dr. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER can truly say was magical. First application cleared my head instantly. I used it according to directions, and I have not had the slightest symptoms since."

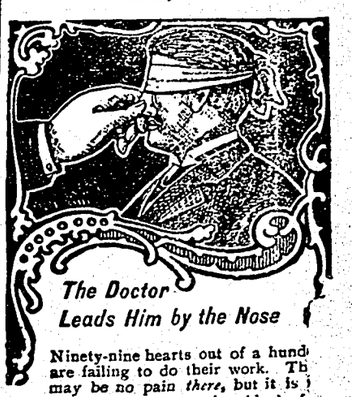
Dr. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS

make even a high liver a long liver. For dullness of the skin, eruptions, languor and bowel irregularities, every pill is as good as a physician, although they cost only ten cents for forty doses. 18.

It was commencement day, and Miss Eunice Whatnot had taken one of the principal prizes. At the close of the exercises her friends crowded round her to offer their congratulations.

"But weren't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it?" asked one of them.

"Oh, no," said Miss Eunice, with a bright smile. "I just knew that when it came to English composition I had 'em all skinned alive!"—Youth's Companion.



The Doctor Leads Him by the Nose

Ninety-nine hearts out of a hundred are failing to do their work. The trouble may be no pain *there*, but it is *somewhere* for some organ is robbed of its proper need of blood by this insidious heart failure, and distress follows. Common sense says, cure where the trouble and pain begin. Use

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE,

because it begins at the blood's distributing organ, healing that rapidly and making it strong and able, quickly sends strength and health to every other organ. It is the only way that combines science and sense and relieves and cures.

HENRY AKEY, of Peterboro, Ont., writes: "I suffered with my heart, nerves and general debility. The best doctors said I must die within a month. On my wife's advice I tried Dr. AGNEW'S HEART CURE. Relief from the first dose. I am fully cured. Weighed 128 pounds—now 180 pounds.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT will drive Piles away for ever. Relief on the instant. Speedily removes all skin blood and pimples, tetter, salt rheum, etc. Price, 35c.

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.

LOCALISMS

E. A. Bradley returned from the east on Thursday evening.

—Heintzman Piano for Sale at R. Howson's Furniture store.

W. M. Brown came down from McCullough creek on Friday.

—Pure honey "Chilliwack" the very best. C. B. Hume & Co.

Mrs. Dent left on Tuesday on an extended visit to Toronto.

—For comfort buy an Ostermoor mattrass from R. Howson & Co.

James Leamy, Dominion timber inspector, came to town Sunday evening.

—Go to Macdonald & Monteith for *Maple Leaf Tea. We mean it.*

The Bioscope show on Thursday and Friday evenings was particulary good.

—For Bird's Eye Maple and English Mahogany Furniture see our windows John E. Wood.

Dr. Lazier of Camborne returned to that place on Tuesday after a couple of days here.

—A new line of Rattan upholstered and Cobbler Rockers just opened up at R. Howson & Co's Furniture store.

After an interesting contest the Coronation hotel, at Salmon Arm. has been given a licence.

—If there is any particular kind of Breakfast Food you would like we have it, C. B. Hume & Co.

The Liberal party holds its convention to select a candidates on Saturday. Poor thing!

McKenzie and Ramsey have started on their contract for painting the City Hall.

The City Council held its first meeting in the new City Hall on Friday evening.

Rev. C. Ladner preached to a large audience on Sunday evening on the subject "Sowing wild oats."

The Junior Lacrosse Club left on Tuesday night for Vernon where they played a match yesterday.

Mayor and Mrs. Burrell, of Grand Forks, have returned home after a visit to Revelstoke and Halcyon.

The current issue of the "Gazette" gives the appointment of D. B. Lazier, M.D., as resident physician at Camborne.

Last Friday two high pressure cylinders exploded at the Granby mines. W. G. Fraser was slightly hurt.

—Are you not going to be in the fashion and treat yourself to an afternoon tea table, only two left, John E. Wood.

Frank U. Freeman, of Hancock, Mich., was in the city for a few days last week and returned home on Tuesday.

W. H. Falding, accountant for P. Burns & Co., passed through on Tuesday en route to Rossland after a few days at the coast.

No objections have been made to names placed on the Voters' list by the Conservatives. Which prove they are all entitled to vote.

Very special services will be held in the Salvation Army Barracks on Saturday and Sunday next. All are invited to attend.

Gold Range Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will confer third rank amplified form on Wednesday evening next. A full attendance is requested.

L. A. Fretz has the champion cauliflower of the season. On Friday he brought us one measuring 40 inches in circumference. Next!

Gus Lund, an interview with whom appears in another column, came down from Ground Hog Basin on Friday, returning Tuesday morning.

J. Kernaghan has secured the contract for the new Imperial Bank block and commenced work on Monday. The building has to be completed by March 1st.

Sir Thos. Lipton has been active in providing Shamrocks, but it remains for the Edmonton "Post" to christen the present challenger "Shamrock III."

D. M. Stephenson was brought down on Saturday's No. 1 from Rogers' Pass by Tom Taylor. He fell off a snowshed and sustained somewhat severe injuries.

The Independent band gave a well attended concert on Saturday evening and many regretted the programme was cut short through inclement weather.

James Taylor and associates have purchased the Enderby sawmill together with stock of logs, limits, etc. The timber available is estimated at 300 million feet.

Archd. McMillan, of Westbourne, Man., has purchased the Lake View Hotel at Arrowhead from J. J. Foley, the consideration being $10,000. W. J. Lightborne took charge for him on Friday.

Salmon Arm apples are coming in and are in splendid shape. Macdonald and Monteith have a large stock.

It is reported that the Revelstoke Juniors met defeat at the hands of Vernon yesterday by a score of 5 to 1.

Conductor A. McLean, Mrs. McLean and family left yesterday on No. 2 on a month's visit to friendt in Manitoba.

Miss Roberta Stevenson, a graduate of Columbian Methodist College, is now in charge of Arrowhead school.

Alan McNab has sold his property in this city and moved to Kamloops where business compels him to reside in future.

Work on the enlargements to R. S. Wilson's building next the Taylor block is progressing rapidly under contractor L. A. Fretz.

Guy Barber moved into his new store on Tuesday. When arranged it will be one of the finest jewellry establishments in the Kootenays.

W. M. Brown left on Sunday morning for Rossland to attend the executive meeting of the Mining Association of B. C. of which he is a member.

Lacrosse practise will be held every night from now on in preparation for the game on Labour Day with Kamloops. All players are urgently requested to turn out.

There will be a general meeting of supporters of the present government at Selkirk Hall tomorrow evening. The campaign is now on and all should put their shoulder to the wheel.

The committee having charge of the Fulton Cup have decided that, owing to technical objections, the game played on July 1st shall not count. Accordingly the match will have to be re-played at Kamloops not later than 14th Sept., and after the Labor day game.

J. Lacroix has leased the Fretz building on First street, opposite the City Hotel, and commenced business as a wholesale and retail confectioner. He has had a large experience in Minneapolis, Ottawa and other large cities and will doubtless meet with extensive patronage.

Mrs. A. G. M. Spragge was in the city for a few days last week in the interest of Lady Minto's hospital endowment fund, particulars of which are given elsewhere. She intended to go to Kaslo for a similar purpose but had to postpone the trip. Miss Spragge, who had badly sprained her arm in Vancouver, joined her here en route to Golden, where they will be the guests of Mrs. J. E. Griffith for a few days.

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.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Schmock and Hambly have made application for a Retail Liquor Licence for the Gold Hill Hotel at Poplar creek, under the provisions of the "Liquor Licence Act, 1900," and that a meeting of the Board of Revelstoke Licence commissioners will be held in the Provincial Police Office, Revelstoke, on Wednesday, the 9th day of September, 1903, at the hour of 2 p.m., to consider said application.

By order.
R. A. UPPER.
Revelstoke, Aug. 26, 1903. Chief Inspector.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor directs the publication of the following Circular, issued by the Commander-in-Chief, and desires to express the hope, for reasons that will appeal to every reader, that the request for the restoration to the Boers of prized family Bibles lost by them during the late war will meet with a generous response.

Any such Bibles may be sent to the Provincial Secretary's Office, and they will be forwarded to the Secretary of State of Canada for transmission to London.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
12th August, 1903.

WAR OFFICE,
London, S.W., June, 1903.

SIR,—I am directed by th Commander-in-Chief to inform you that it has been brought to his notice that, on the conclusion of the recent War in South Africa, a large number of Boer families found, on returning to their farms, that their family Bibles had disappeared.

It appears that the Boer inhabitants of the South African Colonies set great store by their family Bibles, which often contain family records of some antiquity and even in some cases are the only repository of such records in consequence of the unavoidable destruction of church registers.

Lord Roberts feels sure that if any persons have in their possession any of these Bibles they will willingly return them when they learn how they are valued by their former possessors and he thinks it unnecessary to emphasise how much such a kindly act would be appreciated by our new fellow subjects.

He therefore wishes it to be known as widely as possible among all officers and soldiers who are now serving or have been retired, discharged or relegated to the Reserve, whether they belong or belonged to the Regular Army, Auxiliary or Colonial Corps and also among any of their friends, to whom they may have given them as relics, that Mr. W. H. Alexander, of 12, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E. C., has kindly consented to receive and dispatch to their owners any such Bibles which may have been taken from Boer farms.

He feels sure that the above facts and the knowledge that it is his wish that all such relics *should find their way back* to their former owners will be sufficient to ensure that their present owners, however much they value them, will readily part with them for this purpose.

I am, etc.,
A. WYNNE.
D. A. G.
The General Officer Commanding.

SEALED TENDERS.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to Sept. 27th, for the labor of Cottoning and Papering the ceiling of the Opera House, size 75x46 feet. Lowest tender or none necessarily excepted.

R. TAPPING, Mgr.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post marked "James S. O'Donnell's south east corner," planted on the west bank of the north fork of Downie creek about one mile up from the forks, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of August, 1903.

JAMES S. O'DONNELL.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "Sallie Brown's south west corner," planted on the north bank of the north fork of Downie creek about three miles up from the forks thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Sallie Brown's south west corner," planted on the north bank of the north fork of Downie creek, about two miles up from the forks, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of August, 1903.

SALLIE BROWN.

NOTICE.

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

1. *Commencing at a post planted about half a* mile above Kelly creek, on the north bank of Canoe river and marked "B. Smith's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about half a mile above Kelly creek and marked "B. Smith's south west corner post," *thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains,* thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 10th day of August, 1903.

B. SMITH.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about one mile above Boulder creek and marked "W. A. McMahon's south west corner post," running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the north of Canoe river, nearly opposite Kelly creek and marked "W. A. McMahon's south west corner post," and running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 7th day of August, 1903.

W. A. McMAHON.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, below the mouth of Kelly creek *and marked "H. Steed's north west corner* post," thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about one mile below Kelly creek and marked "H. Steed's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 10th day of August, 1903.

H. STEED.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river about half a mile above Kelly creek and marked "Geo. Ross's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post on the north bank of Canoe river, about half a mile above Kelly creek and marked "Geo. Ross's north west corner post," thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to initial post.

Dated the 10th day of August, 1903.

GEO. ROSS.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about three miles above Kelly creek and marked "M. Smith's north west corner post," and running south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted at M. Smith's north west corner post and marked "M. Smith's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 16th day of August, 1903.

M. SMITH.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about one mile below the mouth of Boulder creek and marked "F. Young's south west corner post," and running 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 at Boulder creek, on the north bank of Canoe river and marked "F. Young's south west corner post," and running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 7th day of August, 1903.

F. YOUNG.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted 200 feet north of the north west corner post of James Smith's timber berth above Death Rapids in the Big Bend district and marked "H. Colbeck's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted about one quarter of a mile south east of Devil's Garden in the Big Bend district and marked "H. Colbeck's south west corner post," thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to initial post.

Dated 22nd August, 1903.

H. COLBECK.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted three-quarters *of a mile west of James* McMahon's lumber camp above Death Rapids in the Big Bend district and marked "J. Howson's south east corner," thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted three-quarters of a mile west of James McMahon's lumber camp above Death Rapids in the Big Bend district and *marked* "J. Howson's north east corner post," thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to initial post.

Dated August 22nd, 1903.

J. HOWSON.

H. W. Edwards, Taxidermist.

DEER HEADS, BIRDS, ANIMALS MOUNTED.

REVELSTOKE, - - B. C.

JUST OPENED
In L. A. Fretz Store, First Street.

CANDY FACTORY
Where Pure and Fresh Confectionery in all its branches will be manufactured both Wholesale and Retail.

The Only Institution of Its Kind Between Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast.

J. LACROIX, MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONER.

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

PRIME BEEF. PORK. MUTTON. SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

R. Howson & Co.

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

Picture Framing a Specialty.

Undertakers, Embalmers
Graduate of Massachusetts College of Embalming.

SIBBALD & FIELD,
AGENTS FOR

Real Estate
C. P. R. TOWNSITE.
MARA TOWNSITE.
GERRARD TOWNSITE.
CAMBORNE TOWNSITE,

FINANCIAL
Canada Permanent & Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.
Colonial Investment and Loan Company.

Insurance

Sun Fire.	Caledonian Fire.	Atlas Fire.
Canadian Fire.	Mercantile Fire.	Northern Fire.
Guardian Fire.	Manchester Fire.	Great West Life.
Ocean, Accident and Guarantee.		Confederation Life
Canadian Accident Assurance Co.		Connecticut Fire

COAL FOR SALE, HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT.
CONVEYANCING.
J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public. CHAS. M. FIELD.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

USELESS TIMEPIECES

If there is a watch or clock in your home that refuses to go, let us have a look at it.

You know it would go if it could. Something somewhere is wrong. It may be nothing serious.

A few minutes time at a few cents cost may make it practically as good as new.

However, we will look it over for you, and if it can be fixed we can fix it.

E. M. ALLUM, WATCHMAKER AND OPTICIAN.
HAVE YOUR EYES TESTED AND FITTED WITH GLASSES.

BUSINESS IS BRISK

Since we started, particularly on acccount of our

MAPLE LEAF TEA

Every person is buying it now. If you have not used it give it a trial.

Ready Made Clothing

Is another specialty. We have just received a large consignment and we would like you to inspect. Prices Away Down.

Men's Wear

Our Stock of goods in this line is complete, guaranteed, and invites competition.

..MACDONALD & MONTEITH..
FIRST STREET.

THE LEADING STORE

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

New Goods Are Arriving

AND BEING OPENED UP AS FAST AS POSSIBLE

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

W. J. GEORGE, MACKENZIE AVENUE.

HIGH CLASS
..Furniture..

Just opened up two cars of Furniture. One car contained the best goods that can be bought in Canada, including all the latest styles in Bedroom, Sitting Room and Dining Room Furniture. Our second car contained cheap Bedroom Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture.

We carry a full and complete stock. Intending purchasers will do well to visit us.

John E. Wood, REVELSTOKE FURNITURE STORE.
Cabinet Making. Upholstering. Picture Framing

In Your Hands...

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

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

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

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS TO ORDER.

.J. B. CRESSMAN, - Mackenzie Ave.

HOTEL VICTORIA
W. M. BROWN, Prop.

One of the best and commodious hotels in the City.

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

I HAVE IT!

The largest stock of the latest WATCHES, CLOCKS, RINGS, SILVER WARE, CUT GLASS, FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, Etc. My many years' experience enables me to buy goods at the right prices, enabling me to sell to the public at reasonable prices.

J. GUY BARBER.
WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.