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AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

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In the getting together of our stocks our watchword has always been "QUALITY." In every department in the store we aim to have the best. In a mere glance you possibly would not be able to notice this, but we are always eager to show goods.

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EVA MINE JOINS THE SHIPPERS

Satisfactory Results of First Clean up—Quartz Averages $15 to the ton—Description of Machinery.

CAMBORNE, B. C., Nov. 9. Now that the Eva stamp mill has made its first mill run a description of the same will not be out of order. As reported at the time construction was commenced a lot of blasting was done to give a rock foundation to the battery frame. The wisdom, however, of this has been proved since the mill began working.

The mill itself occupies a space of about 80 by 35 feet and the total height from the tram terminal to the lowest floor is 85 feet. The vanner room contains four 6 ft. Frue vanners which are fed from a cone sizer and the battery consists of ten stamps made by the Fraser & Chalmers Co., weiging over half a ton each. The mill is also equipped with automatic feeders.

The source of power is water, brought from Pool creek about 4000 feet from the penstock above the mill by a 24 by 36 inch covered flume. An 18 inch rivetted steel pipe conveys the water about 1000 feet from the penstock to the Pelton impulse wheels which work under a head of 400 feet.

There are three Pelton water motors, one for the Comet Brock crusher (65 h. p.), one for driving the stamps (135 h. p.) and one for the vanners and electric light plant (20 h. p.). The building is heated by a (5 h. p.) boiler of locomotive type.

The tramway was built by the well known firm of R. C. Riblet, of Nelson, and is about 1400 yards in length with one span of 1000 feet. It has a capacity of about 200,000 lbs every ten hours and the buckets are sized to hold 10 cubic feet of ore. Everything about the mill is in good shape and it is estimated that from now on the mill will be kept in constant occupation.

As for the result of the mill run it was not as large as I anticipated owing to some practically barren schist being put through with the ore. There were 705 tons milled in just short of 500 hours or about 15 tons for a ten hour shift. When the mill finds herself it is expected to increase this to 400 lbs an hour each stamp or a total of 48 tons for a full day. As for values the result was quite up to what the management thought. The plates saved 385 oz. of gold which averages about $18.50 or a total of $7122.50, and there are nearly 5 tons of concentrates which should bring the grand total in the vicinity of $9000. As there was little more than 600 tons of average run ore, outside the barren stuff mentioned above, the general value may be taken as $15 to the ton which is very good.

Some remarks have been made regarding my forecast of $20,000 for a full month's run. All I can say is that when the mill gets running steadily with 48 tons per diem of the same value as that turned out, about $15 to the ton, the monthly output will be over $20,000. This is clearly proved by the present returns and the only reason my statements were misunderstood is that my remarks for the October run were not read as intended to refer to a full month.

Purvis-Dunn.

This morning at 7.30 the wedding of Miss Helena Dunn and Mr. J. P. Purvis was solemnized by Rev. Henry L. Roy, the ceremony taking place at 1157 Harwood street, the residence of Mr. L. T. Solloway, brother-in-law of the bride.

The bride, who was attired in a neat brown travelling suit, was attended by Miss Lew, and the best man was Mr. Alex. Purvis. A large number of handsome and costly presents testified to the popularity of both bride and groom. Mr. Purvis is well known in athletic circles, having been a member of the Vancouver Football Club since 1889. He was a prominent figure on the all-Canadian football team which went to England last year.

Shortly after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Purvis left for Seattle and Portland on their wedding trip. Upon returning they will proceed to Field, where they will take up their residence. (Vancouver World, Nov. 4th.)

CHINAMAN'S THROAT CUT

Charlie Sing Murdered at Steveston—Highbinders Suspected—Verdict at Inquest—Stuart the Sacrifice.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VANCOUVER, Nov. 11.—The sensation of the week was the murder of Charlie Sing, a well known Chinese gambler and merchant, at Steveston on Saturday. He was running a branch store there and not appearing at the usual time some countrymen investigated and found him on his bed with his throat cut from ear to ear. As no weapon was discovered it is evidently a case of murder. The whole room had been ransacked and as he had about $700 in his possession robbery may have been the cause. There are two other theories advanced; one that the murder was done by Japanese gamblers with whom he had some trouble and the other that it was the work of Highbinders. It is stated that Charlie was suspected of being a tool of the police here and was responsible for the success of the big raid on Dupont Street recently. He had certainly complained to the police that he was in fear of his life but when asked to make an official complaint refused to disclose the names of his enemies.

An inquest was held on Saturday when Dr. R. F. Greer gave evidence that death was caused by two if not three gashes with a large knife. The jury returned a verdict of murder against parties unknown. The murdered man was buried in Vancouver on Monday.

Two arrests have been made, one Chay Say, the old man who discovered that murder had been committed and Lee Ming Foy a partner of deceased in his gambling enterprise. The Highbinder theory is receiving close attention. Several members of the police force have identified the dead man as the one who complained to them and his friends have given corroborative evidence of the meeting at which Charlie was warned he would be killed if he did not secure the release of the men arrested during the big raid. Although three Japs were among his gambling partners it is not at present thought they had anything to do with the murder. They have, on the contrary, given the police valuable assistance in their investigations.

Capt. J. Duff Stuart was selected last night to lead the forlorn hope against Hon. Chas. Wilson. There is, as usual, considerable division in Grit ranks and the Attorney-General will have a bigger mojority than before.

Quo Vadis and Hamlet.

The two night's engagement of Harold Nelson and his talented company at the Opera House next Monday and Tuesday will certainly be the big theatrical event of the season. His last visit was a source of great pleasure to all lovers of the drama and we predict for him crowded houses both nights.

Monday evening's play, "Quo Vadis," is of a semi-religious character. Founded on the masterpiece of the great Polish novelist, Sienkiewicz, introduced to the western world by the admirable translations of Jeremiah Curtin, it abounds in dramatic incidents full advantage of which was taken by the dramatist. The story is too well known to need a summary but we may say that wherever Mr. Nelson has appeared in the principal role of Marcus Vinicius he has achieved a veritable triumph. The dashing reckless soldier who becomes changed, through love of Lygia the hostage daughter of the christian King, to the ardent follower of the then despised sect of the man of Galilee, is a character study of brilliant conception and well sustained portrayal. As Petronius, the arbiter elegantarium of Rome, Clifford Lane Bruce has added new laurels to his already favorable reputation and altogether the performance will be a notable one in the histrionic annals of Revelstoke.

Of Hamlet little need be said. Mr. Nelson appeared as the melancholy Dane here in the spring, and we know his performance was an artistic success. From everywhere we receive accounts of his remarkable advance in his profession and feel assured that the well known soliloquies will receive an even more perfect rendition than before.

The company has been provided with scenery and costumes regardless of expense. Mr. C. P. Walker, of the Winnipeg Theatre, who manages the present tour, has provided an equipment never before equalled in the west and the performances will be in every way equal to those of the best metropolitan companies. We may say, also, that a complete acetalyne and oil plant is carried to provide an adequate stage effect for the principal scene in "Que Vadis," the burning of Rome.

Orangemen Entertain

The supper and concert given by L. O. L. No. 1658 and L. T. B. No. 174 in Selkirk Hall on Thursday evening was very well attended. The ladies had provided a bountiful supper which was much appreciated by all present. Mr. Ed. Adair acted as chairman of the concert the programme for which was as follows:

Chorus	"Maple Leaf."
	Members L. T. B.
Address	Chairman.
Instrumental solo	Mr. A. G. Crick.
Recitation	Mr. J. W. Bennett.
Solo	Mrs. Tweedale.
Address	Rev. W. C. Calder.
Duett	"Whispering Hope"
	Mrs. Lee and Miss Swift.
Recitation	"Prayer or Works"
	Mrs. O'Brien.
Solo,	"People who live in glass Houses"
	Mrs. W. Bews.
Address	Rev. R. McIntyre
	God Save the King.

Too much praise cannot be given to the ladies who were responsible for the supper and proved indefatigable in their efforts to see everyone well provided for. Most of the items on the programme were encored and the speeches of the Chairman and Rev. R. McIntyre were most suitable to the occasion. A satisfactory sum was realized towards the building fund for the Orange Hall the corner stone of which it is hoped will be laid in the near future.

THE CABINET IS COMPLETED

Premier McBride Announces the new Arrangement of Portfolios—Fulton President of Council—His Career.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 6.—The cabinet has been completed, the rearrangement of portfolios resulting as follows:

Premier, Minister of Mines and Provincial Secretary, Hon. Richard McBride.

President of the Council, Hon. F. J. Fulton, B. A., K. C.

Attorney-General, Hon. Charles Wilson, K. C., (late president of the council.)

Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Hon. R. F. Green (late minister of mines.)

Minister of Finance, Hon. R. G. Tatlow.

The Premier represented to the Governor the need of retrenchment and His Honour cheerfully acquiesced in the mines and Provincial Secretary's departments being administered by one member of the cabinet. The necessary legislation to make this in form will be passed at the coming session.

The writ for the bye-election in Vancouver has been issued. Nomination will be on Monday, Nov. 16th and election Nov. 18. The Liberals will bring out a candidate to oppose Hon. Chas. Wilson.

Hon. Frederick John Fulton, the new minister, is a member of the legal profession, and sits for North Yale, where he defeated Mr. F. J. Deane, the Liberal candidate, on two occasions. Hon. Mr. Fulton is a son of Alexander Fulton, Scotch, and Barbara Fulton, English. Born the 8th of December, 1862, at Bedlington, England. Educated at Haversham Grammar school and Magdalene college, Cambridge (B. A. Cantab.) Unmarried. A barrister-at-law. First elected to legislature at general election of 1900. A Protestant; a Conservative.

Hon. Mr. Fulton settled in Hamilton, Ont., on first coming to Canada. In the autumn of 1888 he went to Kamloops, with which enterprising town he has been ever since identified, and where he is held in high esteem by all classes. The choice of Mr. Fulton is considered by shrewd observers to be a particularly happy one, as he is a very strong man in his own constituency of North Yale, where two victories in succession over an admittedly popular, as well as a young and exceedingly vigorous man like F. J. Deane, attest the grasp which he has laid upon the affection of the North Yalers.

SEVEN HUNDRED PLUNKS SILVER

Is the Latest Discovery on the Mammoth at Goat Mountain—Silver Dollar Gold — First Masquerade.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CAMBORNE, Nov. 9.—Since my last week's letter another important discovery has been made on the Mammoth group, Goat mountain. It was, as usual, made in an unlooked for manner. The owners intend to work the property all winter and have accordingly devoted their attention to building camps, trail work and taking supplies up to the claims. This was practically completed and they were starting, under foreman Sid Graham, to excavate a foundation for the blacksmith shop, when they came across a new vein of silver-lead ore that assays all the way from $300 to $725 to the ton. Five and a half tons were taken out of the find to complete excavation work and the figures given are from assays of a dozen or so unselected samples.

The Northwestern Development Syndicate is out of difficulty. The reconstruction scheme has worked so well that enough money has been raised to meet all liabilities and it is probable work will be resumed before Christmas. A new directorate has been elected, all new blood with the exception of Judge J. B. Curtis who made such a favorable impression here when he acted as temporary manager of the company.

The recent rich strike of free gold on the Silver Dollar group, Mohawk creek, has every appearance of being permanent. I was talking to Tom Wills, who came down Friday from the property and he says that gold is visible to the naked eye all across the lead and several specimens, one weighing 10,000 lbs., have been taken out fully equal to the big pocket found last spring on the Goldfinch. It is more than possible that development will be continued all winter.

The first masquerade ball held here will take place on Monday and will be largely attended, not only by home people but many residents of Beaton, Comaplix, Trout Lake and Ferguson. The band has been practising assiduously and now put up splendid dance music.

CLAIM JUMPER DEALT WITH

E. Tanghe Convicted on two Charges in Connection with Poplar Creek Claims—Three Months and Committal.

(Special to THE HERALD.)

TROUT LAKE, Nov. 5.—The first trial against Poplar Creek claim jumpers ended today in convicting prisoner E. Tanghe, a prospector from Rossland, on two charges. In first case the magistrate sent Tanghe up for trial on a two thousand dollar bond for stealing gold ore from famous Lucky Jack mineral claim outside of the limits of a placer claim which the prisoner was permitted to locate. Robt. Hodge, of Ferguson, prosecuted on behalf Great Northern Mines Ltd. The defence was conducted by A. H. McNeill, K. C., of Rossland. The second was on an information laid by Fred Fraser, Gold Commissioner at Revelstoke, against Tanghe for disobeying his order to remove certain stakes. In this case Fraser prosecuted on his own behalf, the prisoner being defended by Mr. McNeill. The Magistrate sentenced prisoner to three months hard labor at Nelson goal. The trials created intense interest, the court room being packed with a crowd of Poplar Creek prospectors who universally approved the Magistrate's decisions. Claim jumping and unlawful surveying have gone to such an extent in that camp that only the prompt execution of justice has prevented the miners taking the law into their own hands. Other civil cases against Lucky Jack are still pending, and, from today's convictions, the owners have apparently little to fear.

—Our Ram Lal's Tea is put up in one pound packages, 60c. a package or five packages for $2.50. If you have never tried this famous tea come in and we will give you a sample, C. B. Hume & Co.

BUY THE BEST.

We carry a full line of McCLARY'S STOVES—for Wood or Coal. These are the best and most durable stoves made in Canada. There are some in constant use in town that we sold 15 years ago and still in good condition.

Granite and White Enamelled Ware. Mining, Mill and Builders' Hardware.

For Choice Groceries in large or small Quantities Write, Wire, 'Phone or Call on

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MAIL ORDERS SUBJECT TO DISCOUNT.

$25,000 $25,000

MAMMOTH SLAUGHTER SALE

$25,000 $25,000

Drygoods, Clothing, Men's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 20
ON THE FOLLOWING LINES:
DRESS GOODS, LADIES' MANTLES, GOLF CAPES, DRESS SKIRTS, in both Women's and Misses', FURS AND MILLINERY.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 10
ON ALL OTHER GOODS THROUGHOUT OUR ENTIRE STOCK.

New Blouses in Flannel, New Vestings and Silk.

Flannels, Flannelettes, Wrapperettes, Bleached and Unbleached Cotton Sheeting, Prints, Ginghams, Blankets, Flannelette Sheets, Comforters, Table Linen and Napkins, Ready-Made Clothing, Hosiery and Underwear, Boots and Shoes, Etc.

Thrifty Buyers

Here's an Opportunity

For you to make a dollar go further than ever before. You can't afford to miss this Mammoth Slaughter Sale. It means a great saving to your pocket.

Don't ask why we are doing this. We have our reasons.

REID & YOUNG
LEADING DRYGOODS MERCHANTS.

MAIL ORDERS SUBJECT TO THIS DISCOUNT.

Husband and Foe

A NOVEL

Gordon watched her sullenly, though his fear increased every moment, as she stood with her eyes covered, trembling from head to foot. He had been in too many awkward situations not to be able to rally his forces when a crisis came, and he was fast growing himself again, but for the unspeakable dread of what would happen to him in the future if he were discovered. There was very little remorse in his heart over his murderous work; it was of himself he thought; and his blood ran cold at the shadow of the horrible fate awaiting him if this girl did not come to his rescue.

In Katharine alone lay his safeguard.

His quick, cunning brain worked on, planning and seeing every difficulty. Fate, or the luck the devil is supposed to find for his children, was singularly kind to him. Craven Adair was not known by a single person in Ledstone or the country round; he had not even taken a lodging for the night; so his disappearance would never be remarked. Fraser's Mine — as has been said— stood absolutely alone and desolate, and even supposing that prying eyes came about the place— well, determined Gordon, with a shudder, the dark pit would guard its secret well— the dead man at the bottom was safely tombed.

Few people had met him in his quick walk, through the town, to keep the interview he had written Adair to expect, and if they had, what more natural than that he should have followed his cousin to escort her in her morning's constitutional before breakfast?

All this flashed in swiftness through his brain; but, comforting as it was, his lips twitched nervously and his heart beat with sickening dread as he gazed at the girl's blanched, terrified face.

She was his last—his only chance! He set his teeth fiercely and choked down an oath. Would she save him, or would she set the police on him, and have him hunted like a dog? The bare suggestion made him quiver like a leaf, and at the moment Katharine seemed to wake from the semi-trance into which she had fallen, and looking about her with a hurried, fearful glance, she began to walk away; the dog Carlo, who was shivering as if he understood some awful thing had happened, following her with a low whine of pleasure at leaving the place.

Gordon's breath came quick and fast; in two strides he was beside her.

"Katharine," he said, in tones so full of fear and excitement as to be almost inaudible, "where are you going?"

"I must go away from here; away," she murmured half vacantly. "Let me pass."

But he gripped her two hands in his.

"You are going home— home to my mother, to sit down quietly and see my ruin. Katharine, have you no heart — no pity? I tell you that my life is in danger— that—I am in your hands! You must speak! Katharine, you will save me— you must save me! I am a desperate man!"

She lifted her wonderful gray eyes to his face.

"Why should I save you?" she broke out swiftly. "Why should you not die as you have made him die? No, no!" Her voice grew choked and hoarse. "I—I can have nothing to do with you, I—"

"Then you will see my mother die —for how will she live when I am gone?— without lifting a hand to help her?" Gordon's face was white to the lips. Time was flying, and there was not a moment to be lost. Before night came on, she and he must be far from here— he would not breathe in comfort till he had left Ledstone far, far behind, and had Katharine secure in his grasp.

Katharine stood for a moment gazing at him. A strange calm had come upon her.

"Go on," she said curtly; "tell me what you wish me to do."

All at once a vision of the mother's sweet, sad face had come before her eyes; the memory of Lucy Smythe's devotion, idolatry, rose to her mind; the remembrance of the many thousand acts of womanly love she had received— surged in her heart. What was it he said?

This mother would die if he were gone, and she, Katharine, alone could avert that.

Over and over again she said this to herself, in a dull, mechanical way, while Gordon poured out a string of words— appeals, entreaties, prayers— in a fearful, low, hurried manner, that dimly roused a feeling of contemptible pity in her breast.

She looked down as he paused, then, in a quiet, clear voice, she said:

"Come with me!"

Gordon's blood-shot eyes moved nervously.

"What— what are you going to do?" he whispered, shrinking back.

For Katharine had walked straight up to the mouth of that black abyss that was poor Craven Adair's last resting place.

"Come," she repeated curtly, and stretching out her hand she dragged him to her side— for his strength seemed to give way beneath the perfect agony of fear that swept over him. "Now swear," she said passionately; "swear over his grave that if I become your wife, you will leave me utterly alone; you will never come near me, or dare to approach me for a single moment. Swear, I say!"

When he had finished, Katharine threw off his hand.

"Now, leave me," she said faintly. "I accept the sacrifice, Gordon Smythe. I will be your wife, since by that I can save you from shame and death; but I do not do it for you! The vilest reptile that crawls is not more loathsome to me than you are. It is for your mother's sake alone I do this, so that she may never know that her son whom she loves and honors so well is nothing more than a scoundrel, a thief and a murderer! Go, I have given you my word, and I will not draw back. Make what plans you like, I will agree to them, but —but do not come near me too often, or my strength, my resolution may fail me at the last moment, and I may shrink from taking a husband on whose head rests the blood of an innocent man, on whose soul lies the awful sin of murder!"

* * * * * *

About sixteen or eighteen miles from Ledstone was situated the charming cathedral city of Northminster. No greater contrast could be possibly imagined than that which existed between the pretty Gothic-built Northminster, and smoky, noisy, busy Ledstone. The inhabitants were mostly of a clerical and military description, among which were scattered here and there one or two scions of aristocratic families whose poverty were only equaled by their pride, and whose raison d'etre appeared to be to rule over Northminster society in a haughty and determined fashion, and to this rule it must be confessed Northminster cheerfully and willingly consented.

There were, as we have said, one or two of these families, but perhaps the head of them all, and the veritable social queen in this peaceful town, was Lady Blanche Bellairs, the widow of a naval commander, who had been both a brave and splendidly connected man.

There were many who rebelled in secret against Lady Blanche's tyranny, but as it was kept in secret it did not very much matter, and on the whole the proud, handsome woman was admired, respected and liked by her friends and acquaintances.

She resided in a delightful, queer, three- cornered old house, that was full of curiosities and valuables, brought back by the admiral from his many cruises, and although there was undoubted grandeur, still there was a distinct air of comfort and enjoyment throughout Maple Tree House. Lady Blanche Bellairs was never so happy as when young voices were echoing in the hall and low, rambling rooms. She was childless; no one had ever heard regret on this subject pass her lips, but upstairs in the corner of her jewel case lay a folded paper with a lock of soft, golden hair, cut from the head of the baby that lived only to rend the mother's heart with grief over its untimely death, ere it passed away. The world knew nothing of this golden curl, but it did remark that, stern and proud as Lady Blanche was, she always had a kind word for a young maiden, and an approving smile for a youth. In fact her house was always full of nieces and nephews, in whose honor Lady Blanche gave the continual tennis parties, picnics, dances, etcetera, for which Maple Tree House was so celebrated; and among all these young people, if Lady Blanche had a favorite, the warmth of her heart was given to Lord Otway, eldest son of her brother, the present Earl of Thanecourt, and heir of course to the title. Such a bright, pleasant young fellow this Ormande Lord Otway was, full of life and vigor in every nerve of his tall, well-built frame; there was no athletic sport or game in which he did not shine— cricket, tennis, golf, he mastered them all; even billiards was not unknown to him, although, as he laughingly said now and then to his aunt:

"If only my bishop knew it, Aunt Blanche, what a row there would be? Wouldn't there?"

For Ormande Lord Otway was in the Church, a profession he had taken up at his own express desire; and if there were many who cheered and admired his prowess in the cricket field, there were others—aye! hundreds of others— who knew his strength, his comfort, the fervent, religious beauty of his mind, that had ministered to them in their sufferings scores of times.

In the July of the year in which this story opens, however, Lord Otway took a short holiday and instead of going to Thane Castle and his family, chose to run down to Northminster and stay with his aunt, Lady Blanche Bellairs, who happened to have as a guest at the same time a young lady whom she was in no wise loth to put in the young man's way.

"It would be a good arrangement," mused Lady Blanche, on a hot July afternoon, as she sat under the trees in the garden, and watched four young people play a game of lawn tennis. "Any one can see she is half way in love with him, and her money would be a splendid thing for Otway!" and Lady Blanche sighed.

The Thanecourt exchequers were very scantily filled and at the rate the present earl was living, they must soon be empty—that is to say, comparatively empty— and if Ormande Lord Otway were to marry money it would be a very good thing, indeed, for the Thanecourt estates.

"She is pretty," the lady mused on. "Yes, Barbara is certainly pretty; and, although Ormande is in the Church, he can appreciate feminine beauty as well as anybody. Well, young people!" This was said out loud, as a slight, girlish figure and Lord Otway's broad, manly one approached her chair.

"I am no use without my own racket, Lady Blanche! I never can play without it," observed Miss Barbara Mostyn, sinking into a garden chair, with a slight frown on her pretty, babyish face.

"Has it not arrived yet? I thought you wrote for it to be sent, my dear." Lady Blanche pursed up her lips. "I must complain to the station master; things are very much delayed nowadays."

"Oh, don't trouble, Lady Blanche; it really does not matter."

"Oh, yes, my dear, it does! Ormande, will you go indoors and ask Marshall to send some one to the station at once to inquire for Miss Mostyn's tennis racket?"

"I'll go myself, Aunt Blanche." Lord Otway sprang to his feet in an instant. "I assure you, Miss Mostyn, I shall enjoy the walk," as Barbara uttered a protest to this. "I want to do a commission for myself! I shall bring back the racket in triumph, and shall expect to be well beaten for my pains."

Barbara Mostyn watched him stride away with mingled feelings of elation and annoyance. It was decidedly pleasant that he should go all that way to gratify her wish, and yet she would have preferred him to stay here in the cool and talk to her. She admired him immensely, this spoiled, petted child of fortune. If she had one regret about him it was that he should be in the Church. To Miss Mostyn it was perfectly incomprehensible that a future earl should willingly give up his whole life to work for others, and she was altogether too shallow to recognize the sweetness and beauty of this man's mind. All she cared about was how she looked in his eyes, and the chance she had of becoming Lady Otway, and the future Countess of Thanecourt, a position which held decided charms for her.

Little did she think, as she sat under the trees this July afternoon, that as Lord Otway strode away in the hot sun to fetch her tennis racket, he was going to meet one who would destroy the airy castle her ambitious mind had pictured, and live in his heart to his dying day.

CHAPTER IV.

Fast and firm through Northminster's sultry, deserted streets walked the Rev. Lord Otway. He had discarded his long black coat for an ordinary tennis jacket, but in passing through the hall he had picked up his clerical slouched hat, and had thrown it on his curly head, and in this incongruous garb took his way to the station.

The station was very empty when he reached it, and neither the racket nor the station master were to be found; only a hot, tired porter.

"Maybe it 'll come down by the next train from London, my lord. It's due in a quarter of an hour. I'll run up with it to Maple Tree House direct, my lord."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You are tired out as it is, Simmonds," was Lord Otway's cheery remark. "I have absolutely nothing to do. I'll wait for the train and the racket, too."

The porter touched his hat, and gazed after the young man with much appreciation in his face.

"He's one of the right sort, he is," he muttered to himself. Then he ran after Lord Otway.

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but I forgot to say as how you're on the wrong platform, and the next train as comes in here 'll be for London, not from it."

"All right, Simmonds. I'll go round. Thank you."

But just then a bench in a cool corner held forth distinct allurements, and feeling hot and rather tired, the young man sank on to it and fell into a pleasant reverie.

He was aroused by a voice coming from the waiting room just behind him, and the tones struck strangely on his ear. Versed as he was in mental suffering, he knew at once that the speaker was going through some deep mental agony.

"Why have you followed me here? —have I not kept my vow? Why have you broken your promise? I tell you once and for all, if you do not leave me I will fling myself on the rails before the coming train, and end it all!"

The words came out in sharp, short gasps, as though the girl, for it was undoubtedly a girl who uttered them, was beside herself with misery.

The answer was mumbled very low.

Lord Otway found himself straining his ears to catch it, but the next moment he pulled himself up. With a blush of shame at his own curiosity he rose from his seat and walked away, but not before he caught the girl's voice again.

"My plans, my future are nothing to you. I have only one desire, to part from you now, and never see your face again. Now go—go!"

Lord Otway walked a few steps down the platform; he could cross the tracks quite easily now if he chose, and yet he did not embrace the opportunity, but stood staring down at the gleaming metals in a strangely vague way till the tinkling of the signal bell, and a little fuss and shouting at the other end of the station told him the train from London was due. With a start he drew back and retraced his steps to the seat again, and just as the train steamed in, a young man came hurriedly out of the waiting-room, brushing him roughly as he went, and strode to the approaching string of cars. Lord Otway watched him in the same vague way as he had stared at the railway tracks, and as the engine whistled and the train steamed slowly by him, his eyes went to that particular compartment into which the young man had entered.

Lord Otway's brows contracted, as his gaze rested on the other's face. He had indeed never seen so handsome yet so evil a countenance before, and there was a curious mixture of feelings in his breast as the carriage passed and the train disappeared, carrying away that face to vanish in the distance. He sat thinking for a moment, when he was aroused again by another person coming out of the room behind him.

Lord Otway turned his head slowly, and almost started.

If the man's evil face had given him a sense of discomfort and dislike, this girl's exquisite one sent a sudden and distinct feeling of admiration, pity and attraction into his breast.

It was such a pure, pale, sorrowful face. She stood in the doorway and breathed a sigh, a broken sigh, telling, more than words, that she had been enduring the greatest of mental suffering.

"He is gone! Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!" Lord Otway heard her white lips, murmur; then, with another sigh, and brushing her hot, weary eyes, the girl moved past him with slow steps.

Her tall, graceful form was clothed in a soft gray dress; she wore a gray hat, round which was a thick veil, which was flung back, as if to give her air.

To Lord Otway she seemed the embodiment of some beautiful saint; he could not take his eyes from her.

Katharine, for it was she, had no knowledge of his gaze or of his presence; she walked by, lost in her confused, miserable thoughts, seeing, knowing nothing, save that the sacrifice was over— her task was done. She stood a few minutes, with clasped hands, gazing over the pretty view that surrounded Northminster station; then, as a bell rang out suddenly, and the noise of a distant rumble caught her ear, she started, turned and saw that she had not a moment to lose if she would cross the line and catch her train back to Ledstone. With feverish haste she ran to the edge of the platform and down the steps. Her foot was on the line, when, by some mischance, she slipped— staggered and fell.

She was conscious of a sudden sharp pain in her ankle, then of a frank voice shouting encouragement, then of some one stooping over her and raising her in a pair of strong arms, and then— she knew no more.

When she opened her eyes she found herself lying in the waiting-room, on a pile of hard cushions, with a sensation of water on her brow and a bottle of strong smelling salts at her nose.

"Come, that's better!" said a gentle yet cheery voice just above her; and lifting her sweet gray eyes, Katharine met the eager, interested, almost tender gaze of a pair of deep blue ones bent anxiously on her face.

She tried to murmur something, or to move, but both efforts were fruitless, and all she could do was to close her eyes again and sigh faintly.

Lord Otway stood by irresolute, with the station- master, Simmonds the porter, and a motherly- looking old lady, who had witnessed the accident from the other platform, and had come hastily to proffer her help and her smelling salts.

"Perhaps, if you were to leave her with me alone, poor dear, she might be better," was her suggestion, as Katharine still lay so quiet and white.

Consequently the stationmaster and porter went outside and Lord Otway followed.

In a few moments the old lady was back.

"It's her foot, poor dear; she seems to be in great pain. I think we should have a doctor. And does any one know where she lives? She ought to be taken home."

Lord Otway was starting to run off rapidly for medical help when the old lady stopped him.

"Can't the porter bring the doctor? I think the child would like to speak to you, sir."

Lord Otway flushed a little, but without a word, turned and re-entered the waiting- room.

Katharine's eyes rested on him as he came up to her. She stretched out her trembling hand.

"I—I want to thank you,' she said faintly. "You saved —my—my life; it was very good of you!"

Lord Otway looked down for an instant at the delicate hand that lay like a lily on his sunburnt palm, then his fingers closed on it.

"I did nothing— absolutely nothing!" he answered hurriedly, "You were in no immediately danger. I only feared you had hurt yourself, and I am grieved to find, through this kind lady, that my fear was too well founded."

"I have twisted my foot, but it will be better directly, and I must get home as soon as I can.'

Katharine spoke bravely, but he saw by the twitching of her white lips and the convulsive movement of the hand he still held that she was even now in great pain.

"May I help you still further? Please let me!" he urged eagerly. "Is there anything you want? Can I do anything?"

Katharine drew her hand from his and tried to bring herself into a sitting position.

"I must get back to Ledstone, at once," she murmured, and then her strength failed her and she had to sink down on the cushions and close her eyes.

Lord Otway felt a sudden thrill of tenderness strike his heart.

"I—I am afraid that will be impossible," he replied gently. "You see you cannot move. The doctor will be here directly, and perhaps he may give you his permission, but I doubt it—I do indeed. You are not strong enough to stand, I can see that for myself.

Katharine made no reply; she felt terribly troubled. What would Mrs. Smythe think of her absence? How anxious and frightened she would be! Lord Otway's voice broke in on her musings. It was odd how curiously his tones seemed to breathe an atmosphere of comfort to her!

"Will you let me send a telegram to your friends! That will set their minds at rest."

Katharine feebly shook her head. She knew how timid Lucy Smythe was; she would always turn pale and shrink from the very sight of a buff-colored envelope, and she had not been well in the morning.

"No," she murmured; "I must go myself."

At this moment Simmonds, the porter, returned with a doctor, and after a few words of explanation, Lord Otway withdrew, leaving the girl alone with the physician and the old lady, whose kind heart was evidently touched warmly.

The young clergyman waited outside. He had forgotten all about Miss Mostyn's tennis racket, and the fact that about this moment the dressing gong was sounding at Maple Tree House did not even creep into his mind. He was thinking, in a vaguely tender way, about the girl whose face had so startled him by its beauty and its mental suffering, wondering what the trouble could be that had come to her so early, what connection that evil-eyed man could have with one so fair, so pure-looking as she, what—

The doctor approaching him made him start.

"It is a very bad sprain, indeed; an awkward case altogether. She lives in Ledstone, she tells me, and was actually imagining she could return there at once. Of course, such a thing is quite out of the question. I asked her if she had any friends in Northminster to whom I could send, and she says there is no one here that she knows at all."

Lord Otway paused.

"Is her foot hurt very much?" he asked slowly.

"She must not dream of putting it to the ground for a fortnight or three weeks. The inflammation is excessive. The best plan will be to telegraph to her home in Ledstone. I am anxious to help her all I can, but she seems very undecided."

Lord Otway held out his hand.

"There is no occasion to detain you, sir," he said, frankly and suddenly. "I am sure you are very busy. I will look after this young lady and if you will give me your name, I will ask her to communicate with you, as doubtless you may wish to see her again."

"My name is Stewart. I live in the Close Yard, and will go to her at once if she sends for me. I have had the pleasure of seeing you here often, Lord Otway."

And then, with a few more courteous, genial words, Dr. Stewart moved away, looking back as he went to add:—

"I have told the young lady I will gladly place my carriage at her disposal to take her to whatever hotel she may decide on. I will send it back when I have gone on to my appointment, which is important."

When Lord Otway went in again he found Katharine lying back with her right foot all enveloped in bandages. The porter had warned Dr. Stewart they might be wanted.

"The doctor refuses to let me go to Ledstone," she said hurriedly, nervously. Already this young man seemed half a friend. She felt she might count on his help.

"I think he is wise," was his answer, given very gently.

Katharine's lips trembled.

"What am I to do?" she murmured.

The old lady, who was standing gazing down at her with real pity, here broke in:

"If you will come home with me, my dear, for a day or two, I shall be most delighted to have you. I am only a quiet old maid, and live in a very humble way; but my best is at your disposal, child, if you care to accept it, and in the meantime you can send over to Ledstone for your mother."

Katharine's hand went out to her,

"I have no mother," she said; "but I have a dear friend, with whom I live. I must send to her and tell her, or she will get wretched and frightened about me."

"Yes, send, my dear, and let me persuade you to come home with me! My name is Caroline Weston, and I will make you as comfortable as I can; the sight of your sweet young face will more than repay me."

Lord Otway gave the little old maid one of his brightest smiles, while Katharine tried to murmur her thanks.

All at once she felt she could bear no more.

The horrible strain she had had to endure during the last two days had worn her nervous system to a thread. How she lived through them she could not tell. All she could remember — with horrible clearness— was that shrill death scream, that boy's white face, as it was swallowed up in the pit's darkness. She had returned to Rose Cottage as in a dream; she had gone through the ghastly farce of eating, moving and speaking, as though nothing had come to alter the monotonous tenor of her life. She had dimly heard Gordon's whispered words, giving her directions how to act, before he rushed up to London, greatly to his mother's disappointment, who little knew what important business it was that should thus cut short his unexpected visit.

Katharine, as she paced her small bed- room during the long, terrible night— hours when all was still and quiet— went over and over again the horrible scene which would be stamped on her memory forever, and wondered vaguely how it was her brain still lived and worked at such a time. It all flashed back to her again as she lay with closed eyes on the cushions in the railway station.

The intolerable bursting sense of fear that Gordon's crime would be discovered, and the mother's heart be torn with anguish, shame and despairing grief; the effort to keep her emotion hidden from her cousin; the growing loathing and horror of the man for whom she was about to sacrifice herself. Then the hurried note from Gordon telling her he had arranged everything; the license was taken, the one day necessary had expired, and he was awaiting her in Northminster for the fulfillent of her promise that was to give him safety. London had been impossible. Katharine could not have gone there without curiosity. She occasionally went over to Northminster to shop for Mrs. Smythe and herself, as Gordon knew. Therefore the marriage was fixed to take place at the registrar's office.

In all the long forty- eight hours that had elapsed before the note reached her, not a sign of the murdered man came forward to convict and condemn the murderer; and now Gordon Smythe was safe, this hot July afternoon, as he was whizzed through the country to London. For Katharine Brereton had not failed; she had kept her word, and was his wife—wife to a man who was to her the most horrible thing in the whole world!

With this burdening her heart and brain, was it a wonder that when her accident came, and she found herself compelled to stay in Northminster for days, that Katharine's endurance broke down, and that she clutched at the friendly services these two strangers offered her?

"Thank you, thank you!" was all she could murmur, and Miss Weston cheerfully refused to hear any protest, and chatted on warmly how she and her old servant, Dorcas, would soon nurse the poor little foot well again.

"And you must send for your friend. Let me see; what can we do? You say she is frightened at telegrams— and no wonder, the nasty things; I hate them myself! Well could we not send a note by the guard of the next train?"

"I have a better plan," said Lord Otway, quietly. "I am just going to send for Dr. Stewart's carriage, as he suggested, and then, when you have been comfortably settled and left in this kind lady's most generous care, if you will give me your friend's address, I will go over to Ledstone, explain matters, and bring her back with me to-night. No! please, don't thank and— and don't, please, don't cry; I can't bear it!"

With that the young man turned away hurriedly, and having despatched a porter to see if the carriage was coming, walked to and fro till the answer in the affirmative came; and then, in the easiest and most charming way, he insisted on lifting the girl's slender figure, and carrying it, alone and unassisted, to the brougham.

Words of gratitude trembled on Katharine's pale lips, but she was in such pain she could only muster up strength to give him Mrs. Smythe's address, and whisper him not to frighten the gentle little creature. Then she fell back on the soft- cushioned seat with closed eyes, as the horses started away slowly, leaving Lord Otway standing, hat in hand, staring after the brougham like a man in a dream.

Simmonds, the porter, recalled him to himself.

"The racket's 'ere, my lord," he said respectfully. "It came by the last train more nor an hour ago."

Lord Otway started suddenly.

"I had forgotten all about it, Simmonds," he muttered hurriedly. "You must take it up to Maple Tree House, after all. There is something for your trouble; and here, Simmonds," hastily scribbling a few lines on a page of his note- book, "tell Marshall to give that to Lady Blanche, and say she is not to be alarmed if I am not home till late!"

And then, utterly regardless of his costume, Lord Otway walked to the booking- office and took a ticket for Ledstone. He suddenly felt a curious sensation come stealing over him that he would take a ticket for Kamschatka, or the world's end, if thereby he might secure the exquisite delight of gazing into Katharine's lovely eyes.

CHAPTER V.

The doctor's large, roomy brougham went through Northminster's wide, picturesque streets at a nice even pace, but notwithstanding all the coachman's care the jolting caused Katharine most terrible pain, and good- hearted Miss Weston was growing quite anxious as she gazed at the sweet face, all drawn and contracted with suffering, the pallor increasing every moment.

She regretted then that she had not permitted Lord Otway to accompany them in the drive to her house, but she had urged him to start for Ledstone instead, divining rightly that the girl was in great anxiety that Mrs. Smythe should be spared all alarm about her, and that she would rather send to her than enlist Lord Otway's further services on her own behalf. Still the little old maid, brave and kind as she was, could not help regretting that that nice young man had not come with her, and it was with extreme joy that she discovered Dr. Stewart standing on her doorstep as the carriage pulled up.

"I am in excellent time," he said, coming forward to open the door. "I just met the porter running up with a message for Lord Otway, to the Maple Tree House, and he told me you had kindly come forward to this young lady's rescue; now, would you like to make any arrangements first, before my man and I lift her out, because I should wish to have her kept perfectly quiet when we have placed her down, so—"

"I will speak to Dorcas," was Miss Weston's reply, and she tripped up the spotless steps, and after a brief interview with her old- fashioned maid, returned quickly.

"Everything is quite ready; I always keep my spare room aired and prepared. Dorcas will lead the way. Oh, Dr. Stewart, I am very glad you are here. Poor child, poor dear, she looks so bad!"

"Oh, she will be all right in a day or two. Now, if all is ready."

And then Katharine found herself lifted out and carried through a low, wide hall, and up a quaint old staircase, when she became unconscious.

Her first real sensation on awakening was a curious one; she missed something— what was it? Her eyes went round vaguely yet eagerly, to catch the tender gaze of those deep blue orbs that had been bent over her just now, her ear waited to catch the frank, manly tones; she started as a voice came to her.

"There, my dear, you are better now, aren't you? See, this is Dorcas, who will nurse you; she is the finest nurse in the world, is Dorcas, and—"

But recollection had suddenly returned to the girl; she put out her hand and drew the other's worn one to her lips.

"How good you are, how good," she murmured, as two tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on the white, linen sheet.

"There, there, you must not excite yourself, must she, Dorcas? and don't worry about your friend. Lord Otway started off to fetch her at once; the last train from Ledstone reaches here at half-past ten, so we can't expect them to arrive till then. Now, Dorcas, what do you say to some of your nutritious beef tea?" And so Miss Weston chatted on, trying to cheer the girl's spirits, which she thought were affected by the pain of her injured foot.

"If father can see me now what torture he must be enduring; his only child, his little Kattie linked for life to a black- hearted, treacherous murderer, having the memory of that poor, slain boy forever on her mind; her peace, her happiness gone, unutterably gone! Ah,' thought the girl, bitterly, miserably, as she lay with closed eyes in what Miss Weston imagined was a nice sleep—"Ah, far better that death should come and end it all; far better, that I should have been killed this afternoon! Why did he not leave me on the track? He would have done far more for me than by saving my life!"

And then came a strong wave of self- reproach, and she felt a pang go through her aching heart, as she recalled the gentle words, the strong comfort of his presence, and felt, once again, his deep, tender gaze melt, as it were, into her very soul.

And, with that memory waking a curious sensation in her troubled breast, Katharine gradually dropped into the first real sleep that had come to her since her trouble came.

* * * * * *

Lord Otway had no difficulty in finding Rose Cottage. He picked his way through the narrow streets, taking, with great good nature, the somewhat disagreeable chaff and jokes, the factory hands flung at his attire as he went.

"Oh, something has happened to Katharine! I know it— I know it!" she cried, as the young man asked her if she were Mrs. Smythe. "Oh, tell me quick, is she dead?"

In an instant Lord Otway had reassured her and explained all, and the color flickered back into Lucy Smythe's pale cheeks.

"I tried to persuade Katharine not to go to Northminster to-day; it was so hot, and I had a sort of presentiment something would happen, but she would go. She is so good; she wanted to make me a cool dress, and we get things better at Northminster than here. Is she very much hurt, poor darling? It is so good of you to come, but Katharine always thinks of everything; she knows how stupidly nervous I am— and, oh, please come in and rest! and will you have something to eat? Sarah has laid supper; we were waiting for Katharine. I will get ready at once, and go to her, dear child. She is so sweet. I love her as if she were my own daughter. Do come in and have some supper!" and, talking hurriedly, with tears springing nervously to her eyes, Mrs. Smythe drew Lord Otway up the path, despite his protests.

"I shall be hurt if you do not rest and refresh yourself," Mrs. Smythe said.

So he gave in and followed her into the pretty little cottage, where Mrs. Smythe, having first ensconced him in the dining- room at the dainty table, fled to the kitchen to tell Sarah all about it.

Lord Otway rose from his seat as soon as he was alone.

She lives here. This was her home. There stood her work- basket with the pile of unfinished sewing peeping out. There the little old piano with her songs strewn on the top. The little kitten that came purring about his feet had been kissed and caressed by her.

It was only a simple country home, but it seemed beautiful to him, haunted as he was by that lovely face, those marvelous eyes, the exquisite purity of the whole countenance. He knew he had not guessed wrong; it was a delight to feel that she was just what he had imagined. Lucy Smythe's tender love and adoration of her came as a testimony to him and he needed one.

His eyes, going round the room, suddenly fell on a portrait of Katharine. It was one she had taken in Northminster as a surprise gift for her cousin. Lord Otway took it up. It was good but not half good enough. But what photograph or picture could portray her face as it really was?

He replaced the picture, and was turning away, when his brows contracted. There, staring at him with a bold, insolent smile, was that evil-eyed handsome man he had seen in the afternoon. Lord Otway shuddered. It seemed profanation, desecration, to put those two faces together.

At that very moment Mrs. Smythe came hurrying in full of apologies and entreaties that he would do justice to her supper, and the young man woke from his troubled thoughts.

"Tell me," he said suddenly, pointing to the portrait, "who—who is this man?"

Mrs. Smythe's face flushed with proud tenderness.

"That is my boy, sir— my only child, Gordon, the dearest and best son ever mother possessed. I am sorry he is not here; he went back to London two days ago. I should like you to have met him. Is he not handsome? Ah! you must forgive me, sir; remember, I am his mother, and see him through eyes of love."

Lord Otway was silent, but a sense of oppression was on him. To please his gentle hostess, he ate a few mouthfuls, but somehow he did not feel at ease with that dark, evil face staring at him, and he breathed a sigh of relief as Sarah announced that Dr. Weatherley had sent his carriage to drive Mrs. Smythe to the station, and they passed out into the air.

Lord Otway waited until he had seen Mrs. Smythe go up stairs under Miss Weston's care, then, having heard the latest news of the invalid, he took his departure and walked sharply back in the moonlight to Maple Tree House.

It was considerably past eleven when he entered his aunt's drawing-room, but Lady Blanche was up waiting for him, and Miss Mostyn was keeping her hostess company, and, to judge from the frown on her face, was not in the best of tempers.

"My dear Ormande, what on earth has happened?— where have you been?" was Lady Blanche's greeting.

Lord Otway sank into a chair a trifle wearily; but, tired as he was, he gave his aunt a full account of his afternoon's work.

"I suppose you will never outgrow your very Quixotic disposition to rush about and slave yourself to death for other people," she observed.

Miss Mostyn's face that had grown suddenly clear when Lord Otway entered, was now clouded again.

"It is really very, very good of you," she said, rising languidly, and bidding Lady Blanche good- night. "You deserve to be canonized, Lord Otway. "But don't you think you have taken a great deal of unnecessary trouble? Surely it would have been wiser to have let this young person be taken to the hospital. I subscribe very largely to charities and hospitals, you know," she added, with a little laugh, as he rose to open the door for her, "and so I am of an opinion they should be used in cases like this. I don't suppose the girl will be in the least degree grateful to you —that sort of people never are. Good-night!"

And with that Miss Mostyn went slowly away, leaving Lord Otway, with a new and, it must be confessed, unclerical sensation of anger burning in his breast, which lingered long after he had kissed his aunt, and retired to his own room to smoke and muse over the events of the day.

CHAPTER VI.

Katharine's sprain was a very severe one. Dr. Stewart paid her a visit every day, and Miss Weston vied with Mrs. Smythe in nursing the girl and helping her to the best of her power. The two women had fraternized at once, and Mrs. Smythe had no words strong enough to express her gratitude for the generous and unusual manner in which Miss Weston had come forward to Katharine's assistance.

Of course she had made an attempt to have the invalid moved; she naturally shrank from trespassing on the hospitality of one who was, after all, a complete stranger to them, but Dr. Stewart was so peremptory in his refusal to permit this, and Caroline Weston was so hurt at the bare suggestion, that there was nothing to do but give in and submit to circumstances.

Katharine herself was so extremely ill the day following her accident that she could take no part in this discussion, and save for one protest that was silenced by a kiss from Miss Weston, she was content to lie in the dainty lavender- scented bedroom, with the sunshine glinting the pretty walls and white dimity hangings. She felt that while she was here she might draw breath easily, that she was free for the moment from the intolerable dread of detection, the horrible mental agony that had lived with her during the long, awful days since that scene at the old pit. She closed her eyes and lay as still as death, save when an occasional shudder

Jane the Unexpected.

By ANNIE P. DOBIE.

JANE THORNTON reclined at ease in the most luxurious of hammocks, on the roomiest and shadiest of verandahs. The warm June sun tried in vain to reach her through the thick curtain of wisteria and Virginia creeper. Jane felt that she owed it to herself to take things easy after all her efforts of the past two weeks. She had entertained all her friends, and paid all her social debts. She felt that she could look the whole world in the face, for she owed not any man—or woman either, which was more to the point. Such a time as she had had, too, with mother away in Europe—not that she was much help when she was at home—and how terribly disappointing cook had been, with her father taking sick just at the very time she was most needed! Tommy had done errands and carried messages, but small brothers of twelve are not always to be counted upon. It had taken nothing short of two evenings and two afternoons to get around all the people in her set. It was really an awful thing to live all one's life in a growing country town; one's circle of friends was ever growing wider and entailing larger responsibilities in entertaining. And owing to mother's ill-health they had been in everybody's debt—in everybody's, that is, but the Martins'. It was really too contemptible the way those people acted! They were asked everywhere, and never gave as much as an old-fashioned tea in return. And they were such pretty girls, too, and so popular with the men, it seemed too bad to cut them. But why on earth couldn't they give something? Even if it were only an "At Home," that one only goes to to show one's newest gown. And then the mean little tricks they resorted to! Just as everybody was getting tired of inviting them, and they were just about to topple off the social wave, they always gave out that they were going to have a large party, were going to ask everybody; and on the strength of this they received invitations for the rest of the season. But the "large party" always failed to materialize. Some of their intimate friends said it was because their upstairs was "awfully shabby;" but really, if people couldn't keep in the swim they should retire from the struggle gracefully. At any rate, Jane had left them out; she was not going to be imposed upon.

A light step on the walk startled Jane from her reverie, and her bosom friend, Eleanor Smith, came tripping up in radiant summer garb.

"How can you lie there this lovely morning? You said you had ever so many things to see to before going to the mountains. Are you going next week?" Eleanor's conversation consisted largely of questions that she seldom gave one time to answer.

"Oh, well, I need a rest before I go. No one ever wants to go to a summer resort fagged out. You know how wearing it is," said Jane.

"What do you think I got at the post this morning? Guess who is giving a tea!" and Eleanor held up a dainty pale pink envelope bearing her address in a delicate hand. "You could never guess in the world! I nearly fainted with surprise when I saw whom it was from!"

"The Martins?" faltered Jane at a venture.

"How in the world did you know?" said Eleanor. "Someone told you, of course."

"No, indeed," said Jane; "your mind must have communicated it to mine."

"Well, they are actually giving a garden party! They have asked everybody. You should have been at the post to see all the people walking off with pink envelopes. It looked too funny!" laughed Eleanor. "What shall you wear, Jane? Your new gown from J—'s?"

"Perhaps I sha'n't be invited," said Jane. "You know I left them out when I gave my parties, and I fancy Mrs. Martin and Lou are rather cool to me when we meet."

"Oh, the idea!" said Eleanor. "Just as if every hair of their heads doesn't owe you an invitation! Of course you'll be asked!"

"When is it to be?" asked Jane.

"To-morrow. I met Mrs. Skimmer and she told me all about it. That woman knows everything. It's a mystery to me where she gets her news. The party is for Bob Martin, who has done so well out in Vancouver. He is making a flying visit, and they have to give something for him, you know. I shall wear my pink muslin with the frills. What are you going to do this afternoon, Jane?"

"Nothing in particular. I am going to the Willsons' for a while this evening, but shall come home early."

"I promised in a moment of weakness to take Bee and Jacky to the Beach this afternoon," said Eleanor. "I can't get out of it. Come along and help me take care of them. We can have tea there and you can go to the Willsons' after."

"Very well," said Jane; "I shall meet you on the two o'clock boat. The sail will do me good."

Eleanor went off, leaving Jane to review the possibilities of her wardrobe in the event of her being invited to the Martins'. Her blue muslin with the lace was still fresh, but then pale blue was rather trying to any but the most youthful complexion by daylight. Why not wear her cream voile with the medallions? It was intended for swell occasions at the Mountain House, and she might as well look her best, especially as Bob Martin would be there. One cannot afford to overlook possibilities when one is thirty-two.

When Tommy came in to lunch the pink envelope was not forthcoming. Jane felt some misgivings; but when she questioned him and found that he had been off at Loon Lake all morning with his chum, Dick Winters, and had forgotten to go to the post-office, she felt relieved. Luncheon was late, so that Jane had no time to call at the post-office herself; in fact, she had no time to think about Martins, garden party, or anything but catching the boat.

The afternoon was anything but dull, with the children to be amused and rescued from several more or less perilous situations. Eight o'clock found them making the home trip, each with a young Smith fast asleep on her hands. Jane hurried on to the Willsons', where she spent the evening, and twelve o'clock was just chiming out as she reached home, weary in every limb.

As she passed through the hall on her way upstairs she glanced at the little table where the family letters were always placed—there, sure enough, was the pink envelope directed to her in a neat hand!

Next morning Jane slept late, and had to rush about to keep her appointments at various dressmakers' and dry goods shops. Several times she met Bessie Martin, who greeted her with the most engaging of smiles. She was late for luncheon, and had barely time to snatch a little rest before it was time to dress for the Martins' party.

This was a very important ceremony. Baths and wavings of hair and arrangement of laces absorb a large amount of time; but when at last Miss Thornton sallied forth she was well satisfied with the result. To see her sauntering leisurely along, the perfection of grace and elegance, one could never have guessed how hard it had been to get her back hair done at the proper angle or the fearful struggle she had had in getting arrayed in her new voile.

When she reached her destination the party was in progress. Some of the younger guests were playing tennis, while others were scattered in groups on the lawn. The older ladies preferred to remain chatting indoors or hugged the verandahs, trying to look as if they were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Jane made her way to the drawing-room, where the Martins were receiving their guests. As they greeted her she was conscious of a peculiar note in their cordiality, a vague indefinable something which quickly communicated itself to her. A sort of veiled surprise, impossible to explain or describe. She was presented to the cousin, who proved to be a fine-looking man of simple manners, with whom one was at ease in a moment. But much as Jane felt inclined to stay and enjoy his society, she felt impelled to get away as soon as she could decently make her escape. After partaking of the ethereal viands usually served on such occasions, Jane made her adieux, excusing herself on the ground that she had many preparations to make for her intended journey.

On the way home, try as she would, she could not account for the strange feeling she had experienced on greeting the Martins. There was something wrong, but what? As she neared home an awful thought struck her. She hurriedly opened the door and rushed to the hall-table. There lay the pink envelope still unbroken. She hastily tore it open, and read the following:

MRS. ARNOLDI
will Demonstrate the uses of
BARKER'S CHOCOLATE
to the ladies of M. at
David Young's Grocery Store,
Tuesday and Wednesday next from 3 to 6.
You are cordially invited.

Jane turned cold and collapsed on the lowest step of the stair, utterly regardless of her new voile in her humiliation.

Was ever anyone in such a predicament? What would the Martins think? And Bob Martin! And she had made such a good impression. If she had only opened that envelope, and not taken so much for granted! How should she ever explain? She could not eat at dinner, thinking and planning out ways of making the matter right; and by bedtime she had in imagination apologized and explained to the Martins in about twenty different ways. Occasionally the ridiculous side of it would come uppermost, and she would laugh heartily, but misery returned when she faced the awful facts.

Her sleep that night was troubled, but when morning came her resolve was made. Taking the pink envelope in her hand she started out, dreading the encounter and trying to imagine what the Martins would do and say. She was shown into the drawing-room, and when Mrs. Martin came in a few minutes later Jane at once entered upon her difficult task. Of course they treated the mistake as a huge joke, and Jane soon felt quite reassured. In the midst of it all Bob Martin came in and joined in their laughter, and the end of it was that his visit was not the flying one he had intended. He lingered on in M. for some weeks longer, much to the surprise of Mrs. Skimmer and gossips of her type. Somehow Jane postponed her visit to the mountains, and when her mother returned home three months later there was a trousseau to be provided and a wedding day was fixed for the following January.

Both—Well I never seed a huglier mug in all my nat'ral!

The Truth.

Old Plutocrat (with irony)—Do you think you can support my daughter in the style that she has been accustomed to?

Young Suitor—Well, no; but I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you.

Old Plutocrat (subdued)—Take her, my son, and be happy.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Farmer Hornihand (reading the markets)—Pity th' President didn't hev no more luck when he was a-huntin' down there in Mississip. Mrs. Hornihand—Why, Silas? Farmer Hornihand—Hain't you been a-readin' how th' bears is playin' smash with th' cotton crop?—Baltimore "American."

Teacher—A reptile is a creature that does not stand on feet, but crawls on the ground. Now, who'll give me an example of a reptile? Pupil—Baby brother.

Weighing a Thought.

Professor W. G. Anderson of Yale University lately succeeded in practically weighing the result of a thought's action. A student was placed on a "muscle-bed," poised on a balance so that the center of gravity of his body was exactly over its center. When he was set to solving mathematical problems, the increased weight of blood at his head changed his center of gravity and caused an immediate dip of the balance to that side. Repeating the multiplication table of nines caused greater displacement than repeating the table of fives, and, in general, that displacement grew greater with greater intensity of thought. Carrying the experiment further, the experimenter had the student imagine himself going through leg-gymnastics. As he performed the feats mentally, one by one, the blood flowed to the limbs in sufficient quantities to tip the balance according to the movement thought of. By purely mental action the center of gravity of the body was shifted four inches, or as much as by raising the doubled arms above the shoulders. These experiments were repeated on a large number of students, with the same results.

To test still further the mastering influence of mind over muscle, the strength of the right and the left arms of eleven young men was registered. The average strength of the right arms was one hundred and eleven pounds; of the left arms, ninety-seven pounds. The men practised special exercises with the right hand only for one week. Tests of both arms were again made, and, while the average strength of the right arm had increased six pounds, that of the unexercised left arm had increased seven pounds. This showed clearly that the brain action connected with the gymnastics developed not only the muscles put in action, but also other muscles controlled by the same portion of the brain. This could only come about by sending blood and nervous force to the proper parts by purely mental action. Professor Anderson says of the results:

"I can prove by my muscle-bed that the important thing in all exercises is the mental effort put forth. I can lie down on this muscle-bed and think of a jig, and though apparently my feet do not move, and actually the muscles are not active, the muscle-bed sinks toward my feet, showing that there has been a flow of blood toward the muscles, and that, if I did dance a jig, the muscles would be well supplied with blood under this mental stimulus."—J. Lincoln Brooks, in "Success."

He Received His Sight.

A story of a man blind from birth and who can now see, is told by a London "Daily Mail" correspondent. It was on April 24 that John Carruth left his home at Croft Head, Bridge of Weir, for the Glasgow Ophthalmic Hospital, where the operation which gave him his sight was performed. "The first face he saw was that of Dr. Stewart. He did not know what it was at first, but when the doctor spoke he knew that what he was looking at must be a face. It was like a dream. 'I was bewildered,' said Carruth; 'all was so beautiful.' Then the day after the operation. That was the day the bandages were removed. Then Carruth beheld the first woman he had ever seen. She was Nurse Mellor. 'I knew she was a woman because her face was pale and smooth. I was too long in seeing Dr. Ramsay. I should like to have seen his face first.'

"No words were too good for 'Nurse,' or for all the nurses. And his mother! With what emotion he spoke of the first time he saw her. 'I kind of surprised her,' he said, proudly. 'She came to the ward and said, "How are you getting on?" Well, I had a peep at her sideways and asked her how many wrinkles she had on her brow. Then she said, joyfully, "You can see. How can you tell? Can you count them?" I could not see aye enough for that, but I could see her dear face.'

"Then, what does he think of women now that he first beholds them? They are very beautiful, he says. 'They all seem so good. I think the world and the people in it are fine. I have always (this with a touch of pride) thought a good deal of the ladies, and now it is so good to see their faces, to look at them in their fine dresses. They always told me women were my best friends, and I always knew they were, but now I know it more than ever. They are so kind and gentle, beautiful and graceful.'

"What did he think of the earth? 'Oh, it is lovely! So much lovelier and greater than I had ever thought or imagined. I am surprised and overjoyed. I had never thought there was such difference and variety in the appearance of things. Coming home I was really overwhelmed as we rushed past the green fields and trees.'"

Carruth learns every moment. He says that he often dreamed that he would see the world, but he never imagined it as it is. He had no idea there were so many people on earth. Carruth is in a curious fix with his neighbors. He knows them all by the sound of their voice. In his blindness they called to him and he replied, but now when he sees them he is unable to recognize them until they speak.

Papa's Idea.

Lord Littlecash (lovingly)—You are my soul.

Edith—Yes; I told papa that. "Oh, what did he say?" "Said you didn't earn enough to keep your soul and body together."—"Judge."

A cynic is a man who is rude to oneself. A wit is a man who is rude about other people.

A man to whom illness was chronic
When told that he needed a tonic,
Said, "Oh, doctor, dear,
Won't you please make it beer?"
"No, no," said the doc, "that's Teutonic."

"Jones is a conscientious fellow." "What makes you think so?" "I watched him play solitaire for two hours last night, and he never cheated once."—Brooklyn "Life."

"Remember, boys," said the teacher, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as 'fail.'" After a few moments a boy raised his hand. "Well, what is it, Socrates?" asked the teacher. "I was merely going to suggest," replied the youngster, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."—The Wasp.

Mr. Archibald's Wife.

A STORY OF A CLOCK.

By JETNA.

I'M an old grandfather's clock.

In these days, when there's a cry for "all things new," anything that is not "up to date," however interesting and valuable it may be, is apt to be relegated to the shelf.

In my long life I must say, truly, I have always been treated with the utmost deference and affection, for, you see, people of good family and high education generally are very much attached to handsome and useful bits of furniture, and seldom discard them for a fashionable "fad." Anyway, I hear that we are quite in demand now, though in bygone days there were few houses that could not boast of one of us, and, to my thinking—but that's neither here nor there.

I am two hundred years old, and not ashamed to say so. A good deal of ticking I've done in that time, and a good deal of life I've seen. Ah, me! the changes that take place with the flight of ages. The old faces vanish and are replaced by the younger ones, who in their turn have their day and then make way for others. Yet, looking back, it does not seem so very long ago that ladies wore powdered hair and patches, and inflated their gowns with huge hoops, and went a-visiting in sedan chairs. Queer times those, when a man was hanged for stealing a sheep and duels were every-day occurrences. 'Twas always love affairs they fought over. Ladies, I have heard, dye their hair now, instead of powdering it and wear gowns in which "the clinging effect" is carried to such an extreme that I marvel how they get in and out of them. Of course it's a graceful style, if only people would not carry what they call "style" to such a ridiculous length. Thank goodness, though, there are numbers of sensible folk who like to look natural, in spite of the mandates of fashionable modistes.

I haven't done much traveling. You see almost all my life has been spent with Scotch people, where the "auld hoose" passes from generation to generation, with all its belongings. Many a tale I could tell, ofttimes humorous and oft-times sad, for is not life made up of contrasts? I often think what strange pranks human emotion, love, hate, fear, sympathy, make human beings play!

At the time I am writing of my home was with three old sisters: high-bred, aristocratic ladies, with straight backs (guiltless of ever having yielded to the seductions of a rocking-chair) and aquiline noses—the "family nose," they proudly called it. A trifle stern—reserved also—but they had dear, warm hearts beneath that coldness. Why, I've seen Miss Cecilia's faded gray eyes grow wonderfully soft and tender at the sight of the first rose of summer, for they fairly worshipped every plant and tree and shrub in that wonderful old garden of theirs.

I could see it from where I stood in the lobby, and away beyond to the red brick wall, where hung the most delicious fruit, sun-kissed into perfection of taste and color—golden apricots, pears peaches, plums—amongst the trellised leaves. If I even began to tell you about the sweet, old-fashioned flowers that grew in such profusion I'd never be able to stop. Most of them took prizes year in, year out, at the show, which old Sandy was "awfu' prood of." And you should have seen the "alleys" of roses, and the arbor thickly covered with them, where the "Gineral" used to smoke his pipe, and—but I must get on.

One day, when the roses were blooming grandly, an unwonted excitement got up in the house. I found out that a young nephew and his bride were expected from across the ocean. Goodness me, if there wasn't a fuss! I was rubbed and rubbed, till I shone like a looking-glass. The old ladies wouldn't allow "furniture polish" to be used for me—and I think it would have been quite degrading.

I remembered Mr. Archie—a fine, stalwart young fellow. He had married an American heiress. The fortune she would inherit had been made in "trade." Now this was a great blow to the pride of the Ker family—besides, they had had other hopes concerning their nephew. So when the couple arrived I could see they had hard work to conceal their rather unjust prejudices. She was a tiny creature, with large, dark eyes and a plump little figure. I confess I fell in love with her at the very first, and she seemed equally taken with me, for she cried out when passing me, "Why! what a very quaint, love of a clock! I dote on these delightfully antique things, with an old-family air about them!"

She had an attractive manner, and looked kind of shy-like, I thought. You see, she was but young, poor thing, and had spent most of her life at an English boarding-school, I heard. Then, of course, meeting new relatives must be a little bit trying, even for an American heiress. It seemed so for her, anyway.

Mr. Archie was gay and "canty" as ever. He smiled at me and said: "Well, old fellow, glad to see you in such good health!" Just at that moment I struck four o'clock, which meant from me, "The same to you!"

When "Petite" (as we all called the young wife) chose she could be most fascinating, but I noticed she seemed rather ill at ease with her new relatives. You see, her ways were so different from theirs. Her voice wanted softness, and her expressions were often rather odd. I fancied they grated on the refined manners of the old people. I used to love to listen to the negro melodies which she sometimes sang in the evenings, to the accompaniment of the banjo. Her voice was clear and sympathetic, but often had a sad ring in it, I thought. Perhaps she was a wee bit homesick, for all she had a most devoted husband. Amongst her songs my favorite was "Swannee River"—it touched me wonderfully—and then there was the "Canadian Boat Song." She would sing that with Mr. Archie. I did enjoy that one!

It was such a pity, I often thought as the days went by, that the young creature seemed as far away from the old ladies' hearts as ever. The trouble was they had made up their minds that their nephew was to marry the fair, tall and stately daughter of a neighboring baronet, who possessed irreproachable manners and "a family nose." Report said she had been "fair daft" about our young master, but report often makes mistakes—but I must not digress, or you'll be dubbing me a tiresome old chatterbox.

About two months later we decided to give a dinner party—and to give it in style too. Just the day before it was to come off an unlucky accident befell the coachman, who was to assist in waiting at table. He sprained his ankle. Mrs. Archibald "fished up," as she expressed it, a seemingly very smart young man to take his place. So everything went off swimmingly. What a display of fine things! The old family plate was all on show, and made a brave one.

'Twas a bright, happy gathering; many young, fresh faces, too, amongst it. That pleased me; you see, when one gets old it seems natural like to feel that way. Mr. Archie told such amusing anecdotes of his life in the colonies, and also some terrifying ones, principally relating to his trip to a place called—something ending with a "dike," where gold was plentiful. I fairly shivered when I heard them—such hair-breadth escapes! And there he was, sitting amongst us, alive and well, and as jolly—("Come now, old Grandfather, get on; no havering!") But I must say, Mr. Archie had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

A couple of days later I overheard Mr. and Mrs. Archibald talking, as they were coming down the stairs, arm in arm—for they were always "that loving." She seemed a wee bit put out, for there were tears in her dark eyes, and she looked different altogether, for she was wearing a black gown instead of the usual white one—a relative had died, I suppose.

It was the 12th of August, and her husband was going away for a week's grouse-shooting, which begins in Scotland on that day.

I am soft-hearted. Those tears went straight to my heart. They are the solace of the old, but the young should not grieve.

"It's my nose, Archie," she was saying, half laughing, half crying. "I think I could make them love me if only I had a 'family nose' and could look stately."

You should have heard Mr. Archie laugh, and he assured her she had the dearest little nose in the world. It was the feature in her face he'd first fallen in love with, and then he quoted some poetry about "the petal of a flower"—"tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower," that was it.

They stopped beside me. "They'll love you, never fear, some day, sweetheart," says he. "Won't they, old fellow?" And I struck two o'clock, which signified, "They will!" I didn't think then that I—but I'll tell you all about it.

So we were left alone—and some fine grouse from the moors made their appearance. Of course you know these birds are always kept till they are quite old, so Susan took them down to the cellar. I'm far away from heather and sportsmen now, but ah me! a tiny sprig of it affects me as nothing else can, except, maybe, the bagpipes. I dare say I'm very sentimental—but, dear me! what would life be without sentiment, which is, after all, just love and proper feeling, without which, I'm thinking, the pulse of this big, bustling world would cease to beat.

Now what happened after this is one of the stirring incidents of my life. My body is long, but so is my head, and I'll always feel sure that 'twas the new man who had taken our old coachman's place for these few days who was the culprit. He was very far removed from being a professional at his work, but he meant business for all that, and Mr. Archie's absence from home was a step in the right direction.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 18th of August, when all was quiet and asleep in the old house, I heard a queer kind of fuzzling in the dining-room. Then light footsteps seemed to come to and fro into the hall. Everything was dark as pitch. Even the harvest moon was tired of shining, and not a ray from her fell (as usual) on the tiled floor of the lobby just then. Hark! What—who is that creeping noiselessly down the thickly carpeted stairs? My old eyes could not see—and yet, is that not a white figure, for all the world like a big snowflake, drifting down, down. Ah! a streak of moonlight falls athwart it and shows clear and distinct the figure of Mr. Archibald's little wife.

She stooped as if to pick up or grope for something, and I heard her say, "I may have dropped it in the garden."

Then she gave a kind of stumble, and a sort of stifled cry. Then—oh, my! I saw her lift our solid silver, richly chased coffee-pot from the lowest step, just behind the knight in armor, who had stood sentinel there, grim and stern, for long, long years. The moon, always capricious, hid her face again behind a cloud, but I could see that big snowflake, standing stock still, as if it had been frozen into a beautiful statue.

She stooped towards the dining-room as if listening, and then she crossed swiftly over to me. I was only a couple of yards away, luckily. She pulled open my glass door and one after another she pushed inside of me the collection of silver plate that the "gentleman" at work now in the pantry had placed there, carefully avoiding "clinking" them against my brass weights—spoons, forks, teapot, salver—everything higgledy-piggledy.

Just think of the courage of that pretty young creature who had grasped the situation so quickly—and risen to the occasion—and it all seemed to be done in a twinkling. For all she knew, a gang of desperadoes might have sprung out and crushed the life out of her before she'd time to give one "skirl" for help. But the best of the play was to come.

I was fearfully excited, so much so that my heart beats were louder than usual, and how I ached with sympathy when her little mites of hands could scarcely lock the door of my case, they were trembling so! But she did it, and slipped the key in within the bodice of her dressing-gown.

Just a few moments after we could hear the thief's footsteps returning. He evidently was going to make his exit by a small window just behind the stair-case, and probably planned throwing the booty out and then making away with it. But if ever a man had mistaken his vocation, he had, for he hadn't the pluck of a mouse in him.

On hearing him returning, she crept behind me. All her courage must have left her, for she just sank down, and I could hear her poor teeth chattering. My size and the darkness pretty effectually hid her small figure. Anyway, the whilom burglar (I could not catch a glimpse of his face, for his back was to me all the time) made direct for that precious coffee-pot and all the other bits of silver that were so dear to my old mistresses. He had a black baize bag with him, I noticed, and probably there was a confederate waiting outside. When he found they had been carried away he expected next, I reckon, cold steel against his forehead, or he fancied some supernatural agency had been at work. If he only could have seen the frightened, helpless thing, all that was in his way—but, thanks to me, he couldn't. I stood solemnly, tick, tick, ticking, calm and brave and strong. I verily believe if that coward had seen and laid a finger on the little heroine of the play I would have cried out loud.

But he didn't—he just gave a smothered cry, a wild glance from right to left, and then he made for and was through that small window in a jiffy. I've often since wondered how he managed, for he was a phenomenally tall man. He did, anyway, and left everything behind; even the black bag was dropped in his flight.

Our poor little lady had to keep to her bed with a kind of nervous attack after her first and, I hope, last adventure of the kind. And I had quite a siege of indigestion and was all out of order for some time after, my heart beating like a steam engine, and several times I struck twenty-four without stopping.

You may imagine the gratitude of our family and the praise we both did get. But what pleased me more than anything was that, then and there, Mr. Archie's wife, "the thorn in the flesh" lately, and quite unfairly, I thought, was forever after loved, aye, doted upon, by those high-bred dames. "For, her own sweet sake," they said, but 'twas the lucky termination to that thrilling episode, in which I played such an important part, that softened their hearts, say I; and I think the game was worth the candle. Good-by.

Clearly Defined.

Sunday School Teacher—And what is the meaning of "righteous indignation?"

Pupil—Bein' angry wivout cussin', lidy

Reasons Why.

A correspondence has been taking place in an exchange with regard to the reason why men don't go to church, and, as we know something about it, we beg to offer the following additional reasons:

Because the church won't come to them.

Because the missus goes there.

Because they want to smoke.

Because they are not allowed to show their new hats.

Because they cannot stand a man having all the conversation to himself.

Because they want exercise.

Because they want rest.

Because it reminds them of their wedding-day.

How did She Know?

Mrs. Tomkins—Yes, my dear, Mrs. Jorkins is very badly bred. I passed her yesterday in the street, and she turned round and looked after me four times.

Not Transparent.

Lawyer Bullyrag—Sir, you have stated under oath that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks, in your estimation?

Witness—Well—er—a gentleman looks—er—

Lawyer Bullyrag—I don't want any of your "ers," sir; and remember that you are under oath. Can you see in this court room any person that looks like a gentleman?

Witness (with sudden asperity)—I could if you would stand out of the way. You're not transparent.

An Eccentric Man's Funeral.

The will of Captain W. F. Norton, Louisville's eccentric capitalist and landed proprietor, who died recently at Coronado Beach, contains a clause in which the deceased made these provisions for his funeral, and which is quite as eccentric as that of the late S. J. Major of Ottawa: "That no services of a religious character be held; that a special train of Pullmans be chartered to take his remains from Louisville—'where he has for so long been buried alive'—to Cincinnati; that the buffets of the cars be well stocked with good things to eat and drink, in order that his friends do not thirst or hunger; that while the remains are being cremated at Cincinnati an orchestra render a programme of popular and select music." The programme is attached to the will, and it is stipulated that when an intermission is reached the friends ask the orchestra to join them "in drinking my bon voyage."

The Playful Czar.

London "Truth."

I do not know whether—as stated by a medical journal—Peter the Great first made Spa a fashionable resort. But what I do know is that when his Czarish Majesty—as he was then termed—frequented a watering-place in order to benefit his health, his habits were peculiar. When he visited Marienbad or Carlsbad (I think it was Carlsbad), his doctor recommended him to take three glasses of water on rising. The next day, on calling upon him, he found Peter with three water barrels before him. He had got through the first and was attacking the second, but he complained that he was already feeling somewhat uncomfortable. The doctor assured him that he had recommended three glasses and not three barrels. In order to avoid such mistakes in future, Peter took up a pistol and shot him through the head.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powder as it is both soap and disinfectant.

For the Farmer.

There are hens in every flock that do not lay enough eggs to pay for their board. There are individual hens in these same flocks that do the bulk of the laying. Economy comes in by breeding from the heavy layers, and getting rid of the inferior stock.

Of all the senseless practices in the care of horses none is to be criticized more severely than that of watering the horses immediately after feeding them grain. Give them their water before feeding and the causes of colic will be very largely removed. Give them their water before feeding, and they will get very much better results from their rations, especially the grain. It is time there was a radical change in the treatment of horses in this respect.

Ropy Milk.

Concerning the trouble, which is caused by an outside germ which gets into the milk after it is drawn, Prof. Farrington recommends the following:—

The best way to overcome this trouble is to carefully wash the cow's udder and brush her legs, afterwards drying both with a clean towel; then the milker should wash his hands, thoroughly steam the pail into which he milks, and after throwing away the first streams of milk drawn, milk the cow with dry hands into this clean pail. The milk should be protected as carefully as possible from dust and then strained into the cans in which it is to be transported or in which it is to cream rising. The strainers carrying cans and separators used, should be given an extra and scalding in order to of these germs which cause of the ropy milk is no doubt that this trouble may be overcome in this way, and the success one has in doing it will depend entirely on how carefully he protects the milk from the germs, which must get into the milk after it is drawn from the cow.

Cures For Ivy Poison.

Carbonate of soda dissolved in hot water, making a very strong solution, will frequently cure at once if it can be applied at the very earliest symptom of poisoning. Salt in hot water will sometimes relieve when soda does not. Other simple country cures are a strong lye made from wood ashes, sassafras tea, made as strong as possible, and lime water. A doctor's remedy is a solution of sugar of lead mixed with opium in equal quantities. Water as hot as can be borne affords relief from the terrible itching.

Another lotion is made from carbonate of zinc one-half ounce, lime-water and glycerine each two ounces. For excessive poison use a salve made by boiling yellow dock root in lard. Where there is abrasion of the skin and the poison is spreading from the discharge, use a lotion made by boiling the stalks and leaves of the blackberry bushes in water. Use this lotion to bathe the affected parts; it is a sure remedy. Never use the liquid cloths or salve a second time, as that only tends to spread the poison; use fresh cloths and destroy the others. Washing in strong salt water after exposure to the ivy is a preventive.

Sudden Death.

I am frequently asked to explain mysterious cases of sudden death occurring in the poultry yard, and in the majority of cases the inquirers have a suspicion of foul play. It very rarely happens, however, that the post-mortem examination reveals any reason for this suspicion; and it is curious how surprised some people are to learn that sudden death is a very common incident among poultry. Yet it is so—domestic poultry are very prone to heart trouble, but that is not the case with wild birds. It very rarely happens that a wild bird dies suddenly. What is the reason of this? Is it not to be found in the fact that wild birds living under more natural conditions than domestic poultry—never overcrowded, and consequently never under an unhealthy condition of body—are not subject to the conditions which give rise to cases of sudden death.

There are two principal causes of sudden death in poultry: the one apoplexy—effusion of blood on the brain; the other syncope—fatal fainting—the seat of which is, of course, in the heart. Both these, especially the former, can be induced by over-feeding. A bird becomes inordinately fat, its liver does not act properly, and its blood becomes sluggish. Sudden excitement or a generally overwrought condition of the system causes one of the tiny vessels to give way in the brain, and paralysis sets in. A case of apoplexy should always be distinguished from one of syncope by the paralyzed state of the bird for some time before it dies, the head being often twisted round, the bird blinking its eyes as though it could see but could not see straight. On the other hand, syncope—fatal fainting—is a matter of a few moments. The bird is apparently well, but after some unusual piece of exertion it falls down, and is dead before it can be picked up. There is practically no cure for either of these troubles; the one is too sudden altogether, and the other—the brain trouble, apoplexy—is likely to recur. Often a bird will have an apoplectic seizure, and will slowly recover, but until it is very carefully looked after and never allowed to overfeed itself, the trouble is sure to recur. I always advise fanciers, when they have had a case or two of sudden death among their poultry, to take it as a warning and reduce the food allowance and treat them as though they had liver complaint—by saline aperients and by giving them some work to do to earn their living. This is always safe, and its adoption in time will often prevent more serious trouble.—W. M. Freeman in Farm and Home (Eng).

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1903.

THE CABINET FILLED

Premier McBride announced the completion of his cabinet last Friday. The new minister, Hon. F. J. Fulton, K. C., is certainly an acquisition to the strength of the Government and the other changes made will meet with the approval of the Province. As we predicted some time ago Hon. Charles Wilson becomes Attorney-General, a position which even his political opponents admit he will fill with honour to himself and the Crown.

Mr. McBride, as we stated months ago would be the case, has returned to his former department, that of Mines. His tenure of that office in the Dunsmuir cabinet was marked by distingulshed ability and we are assured that he will lose no time in placing the mining laws on a satisfactory and intelligent basis. We referred to this matter at length in our last issue. True to his pledge to reduce expenditure he has taken upon himself, also, the duties of Provincial Secretary and thus saves the taxpayers $4,000 per annum.

Hon. R. F. Green, as Chief Commissioner, has no easy task before him, but we believe that the business acumen he has displayed in his private affairs will enable him to conduct the great spending department in a capable manner. If he can only get his somewhat fossilised subordinates to attend to business promptly he will deserve well of the Province.

Hon. R. G. Tatlow has every requisite to make a successful Minister of Finance. Accustomed to deal with large sums of money, and the trusted agent of several financial corporations, it is only reasonable to suppose that he will guard the public treasury and disburse the income of British Columbia in a conservative, business-like way.

Taken all in all, the Cabinet is a strong and capable one. It will have the respect of the business community and, while not inclined to be too radical, will not hesitate in taking any steps forward that will be for the good of all classes alike. There will be no shilly-shallying on the Mongolian question. Our rights will be demanded we believe with success. Possessing the confidence of the people it will meet the Legislature with a good working majority and, for the next four years at least, we will have at the head of affairs the most capable cabinet that British Columbia has yet seen.

EMPIRE TARIFFS.

The campaign now being waged by Mr. Chamberlain in Great Britain is unique in many respects. For the first time in the history of the Empire colonial statesmen are being invited to speak on old country platforms upon a question that, taken narrowly, affects Great Britain alone but is Empire-wide in its broader scope. This invitation is decidedly a step forward. Such men as Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. G. E. Foster and Hon. J. Israel Tarte are entitled, from actual experience, to speak with authority on the question of protection for home industries and the effect of a preferential tariff and we believe great good, from an educational standpoint, will result from their efforts.

We are in a position to state that a similar course was recommended to Sir Wilfrid Laurier prior to the Colonial Conference of 1902. It was pointed out to him that the result of the deliberations of the Premiers from Britain beyond the seas, to be effective, would probably require amendments in the fiscal policy of Great Britain, and that authoritative statements from the Colonial leaders in a series of meetings in the large cities of Great Britain would create great interest in the subjects discussed and probably form the genesis of a revulsion of public opinion. This suggestion Sir Wilfrid Laurier evidently did not believe worthy of consideration. We are glad to see, however, that Mr. Chamberlain has called upon the Empire's statesmen to assist him in his Imperial campaign.

The broadsheets we publish this week deal conclusively with the fallacy of what is generally termed the balance of trade. Official statistics disprove the assertion that exports and imports rise or fall together and, for the first time, the British electorate is clearly shown the fallacy of another rule, sometimes falsely attributed to Cobden: "Take care of your imports and your exports will take care of themselves.

Another interesting table shows that Great Britain must, in the future, look to her colonies for expansion of export trade. While for 11 years exports to foreign countries have remained stationary those to other portions of the Empire have increased 26 per cent and to the self-governing colonies 45 per cent. Facts like these are somewhat new to British readers who, unfortunately, have until recently taken very little note of colonial affairs. Now they are being spread broadcast over the mother country we hope, and fully believe, that education in Imperial affairs will cause a large majority ultimately to rally round the banner of the late Colonial Secretary.

MAJORITIES.

The lot of the honest legislator is, and always has been, very hard. A fetish has been set up, and is almost universally worshipped, that the will of the majority must be done. To those who think this is wrong in principle and often times proves disastrous in action. Herbert Spencer realized this very clearly in "Social Statics" when he said:

"Of the many political superstitions, none is so widely diffused as the notion that majorities are omnipotent."

"We deny the right of a majority to rob. If great violations are wrong, so also are smaller ones. If the will of the many cannot supersede the first principle of majority in these cases, neither can it in any."

Again, in an essay on "The Great Superstition" he enlarges on the same subject:

"The great political superstition of the past was the divine right of kings. The great political superstition of the present is the divine right of parliaments. The oil of anointing seems unawares to have dripped from the head of the one to the heads of the many, and given sacredness to them also and to their decrees. The fundamental assumption made by legislators and people alike, is that a majority has powers which have no bounds. What we seek is some higher warrant for the subordination of the minority to majority than that arising from inability to resist physical coercion."

Burke, in his "Reflections on the French Revolution," displays a similar trend of thought:

"It is said that twenty-four millions ought to prevail over two hundred thousand. True, if the constitution of a kingdom be a problem in arithmetic. This sort of discourse does well enough with the lamp-post for its second, but to men who may reason calmly it is ridiculous. The will of the many and their interest must very often differ, and great will be the difference when they make an evil choice."

These statements are self apparent, but as there is no chance that in the near future the ballot system will be altered the question arises, "What is best to do?" The so-called representative system represents only the counting of votes, not the best thought of the nation. One man may be more competent than twenty others, but his judgment may be overpowered by the ignorant majority. Our duty therefore is plain. We have been given the franchise; let us strive to deserve it. Prejudice should not prevail against judgement. Each of us, to do his full duty as a citizen, should earnestly study matters of public interest before marking his ballot. Our vote should be the outward sign of honest conviction after careful consideration. In this way the majority would, at all events be honest, and, in most instances right.

FISH RIVER.

It is satisfactory to note that a scheme has been adopted whereby work on the properties of the North Western Development Syndicate will probably be resumed. The Gold Finch, on which a large amount of development has been done, is admitted by competent authorities to be in a fair way to become a paying mine and we feel assured the shareholders will advance the sum necessary to meet the Syndicate's liabilities and enable a fair test to be made of the property.

The unwarrantable expenditures made by the first manager caused the syndicate to become crippled financially but under Judge J. B. Curtis and later Frank Blackwell operations were carried on with due regard to economy and the short mill runs made showed that the gold is there and in satisfactory quantities. We hope that the reconstruction scheme will be successful as there is no doubt that the property is valuable and, under competent management, would in the near future become a steady dividend payer.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Vancouver "World" in a recent issue had the following to say:

"Revelstoke's dream of a big ice rink has been ended by public indifference to the scheme."

May we be permitted to point out that Revelstoke has the finest rink in the Province and has had for several years. When the "World" wants to get a skate on let him come here.

The "Mail" considers the crow bounty scandalous. Of course our contemporary prefers sable scavengers to song birds. We don't.

This is what the St. Paul "Pioneer Press" has to say about the Alaskan award:

"Mother may I go out to swim?
"Yes my darling daughter;
"Hang your clothes on the bound'ry line,
"But don't go near the water."

Three men were killed and several seriously injured during the annual automobile hill climbing contest near Paris on Saturday. They could have committed suicide easier riding down hill.

By the use of the electrophone the London "Mail" had a verbatim report of Chamberlain's Birmingham speech on the streets of the metropolis, 137 miles away, within half an hour after its conclusion.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Miner" Methods.

CAMBORNE, B. C., Nov. 4th 1903.

EDITOR HERALD:

Sir:—The last issue of the Camborne Miner, published by H. S. Wallace, attempts to take the HERALD to task with reference to the approximate monthly clean-up of the Eva mill, sent by a correspondent, and estimated @ $20,000. The correspondent I admit may have been too optimistic in his approximation—but he may also be pretty near the mark. However, we in camp would prefer to see the Miner, instead of decrying correspondents and everlastingly "booming" the townsite of which Wallace is also the owner, use a little more space to the mining resources of the Fish River camp. If he knows so much about the Eva then why does he not tell us just what the mill run will approximate for the first month.

Wallace tells how the townsite donated the lumber (?) for the sidewalks (?) Mighty generous to give a few shakes. And right here may I ask why in thunder he does not go to work and make some roads? Surely if anything is needed here it is road improvements and the townsite owners could expend a little money to profitable advantage, and I know no reader of the Miner would have the slightest objection to it's telling us of the "vast amount of money expended." And further local correspondents would doubtless tell this to the world.

However, all Wallace appears capable of doing in his little sheet, is to boost the townsite at the expense of the mining industry. Editorially he throws a slur on the integrety of the management of the few companies operating in this camp. Altogether he has brought down on his shallow brain pan the disapproval of both miners and citizens, over his coarse attempt to belittle the HERALD'S correspondent, who has at all times endeavored to correctly report the mining situation here, which readers of the Miner are free to admit Wallace has passed up in his endeavor to "boom" the townsite for his own pecuniary benefit.

He says "the plain truth is good enough." Mr. Wallace had better stick to this piece of sage advice the next time he visits Rossland.

Trusting you will find space for this.

Faithfully,
A SUBSCRIBER.

[N. B. We did not intend noticing the "Miner's" break as on the face of it the allegation of "fake despatches" is untrue. If the "Miner" reads its exchanges it would see that similar information was given by the same correspondent to the coast papers. Ed.]

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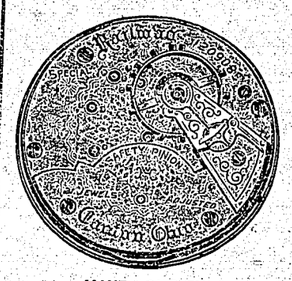

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CHAMBERLAIN MANIFESTOS

Text of the Broadsheets now Flooding Great Britain to Further Chamberlain's Tariff Reform Campaign.

The author of the series of broadsheets now being reprinted by the HERALD is Mr. C. A. Vince, of Birmingham, a quiet, unassuming, middle-aged gentleman who has followed Mr. Chamberlain's career since he was the radical mayor of that big midland city. Of a peculiar cast of countenance, with somewhat a suggestion of Mr. Pickwick's in his demeanour, he hardly appears to be the man who is engineering the printed part of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign. Mr. Vince's family, with that of the Dales, hold Nonconformist opinion in the hollow of their hand and are gradually turning it towards the light of preferential tariffs. Below are two more of these interesting publications.

NO. 5.—THE DECAY OF OUR EXPORT TRADE IN MANUFACTURED GOODS.

The total value of the manufactured goods exported from the United Kingdom in the years 1883, 1890, and 1901 was:

In 1883 . .	£215,000,000
In 1890 . .	230,090,000
In 1901 . .	222,000,000

The value of manufactured goods exported from the United States and from Germany in the same years was:

	UNITED STATES	GERMANY
1883	£28,000,000	£ 98,000,000
1890	31,000,000	107,000,000
1901	86,000,000	145,000,000

Thus the rases of Increase or Decrease per cent. of the export trade (in manufactures) of the three competing countries were:

United Kingdom—Decrease of 3½ p c.
United States—Increase of 174 p.c.
Germany—Increase of 35½ p.c.

It was a maxim with old-fashioned economists that imports and exports must rise and fall together, because "We pay for imports with exports." Hence the rule, sometimes falsely attributed to Cobden: "Take care of your imports and your exports will take care of themselves."

This maxim may be tested by comparing the statistics given above with the following statement of imports of manufactured goods into the United Kingdom:

1883 . . .	£53,000,000
1890 . . .	63,000,000
1900 . . .	93,000,000

So we find that as imports rise exports are falling.

Nevertheless, you will often hear this discredited maxim re-asserted by those who prefer the theories of 60 years since to the experience of today.

The same theory-loving politicians and economists are opposing the suggestion of Preferential Tariffs, or Reciprocity with the Colonies, on the ground that our commercial prosperity rests solely on free trade.

Germany and the United States are both highly protected countries. They enter our market freely, but make us pay in import duties for access to theirs.

The statistics given above prove that to say the least, the advantage does not lie altogether with one-sided free trade against protection.

NO. 6.—FOREIGN AND COLONIAL TRADE.

The following table shows the value of exports of British and Irish produce, excluding coal, bullion and specie, and ships, to foreign countries and to British possessions in the two years 1891 and 1902:

Exports	1891 £	1902 £
Foreign countries	145,675,000	145,550,000
British poss.	83,924,000	105,696,000
Total	£ 229,599,000	251,246,000

For the self-governing Colonies alone the statistics are:

1891 . .	£ 40,454,000
1902 . .	58,679,000

Thus the export trade to Foreign countries remained stationary, while that to the British possessions (including India) increased by £21,772,000, or 26 per cent. Taking the self-governing Colonies alone, the increase was £18,225,000, or 45 per cent.

This increase is partly due to the system of preferential tariffs instituted by Canada.

In July, 1902, the Colonial Premiers, at the Conference in London, passed unanimously resolutions:

(1) Recognising that the principle of preferential trade between the United Kingdom and His Majesty's dominions beyond the seas would stimulate and facilitate mutual commercial intercourse, and would strengthen the Empire:

(2) Declaring it to be desirable that all the Colonies should give preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the United Kingdom:

(3) Respectfully urging upon His Majesty's Government the expediency of granting in the United Kingdom preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the Colonies.

Mr. Chamberlain's proposal is, in brief, to encourage the preferential tariffs of the Colonies by reciprocatin this policy, and by protecting them against retaliation by Foreign Powers.

AN INSTRUCTIVE COMPARISON.

Mr. Chamberlain's proposal is being resisted on the ground that it is contrary to our established habit of Free Trade—or rather of free imports.

This objection raises a question upon which an interesting light is thrown by the following comparison of the rate of increase of export trade in the United Kingdom, under onesided Free Trade, with that of Germany and the United States, under a protective system.

EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC PRODUCE.

	United Kingdom.	Germany.	United States.
1890	£263,000,000	£166,000,000	£176,000,000
1900	283,000,000	222,000,000	286,000,000
Increase,	20,000,000	56,000,000	110,000,000
Increase per cent	7½	33½	62½

Four and a half per cent on First Mortgage Loan.

If you have money out at two to four per cent, write to the undersigned who can place your money so it will net you four and one half per cent on first-class city property where the insurance on the property will cover the full amount of loan.

The people of the South are making more money than the people of any section of the union. Fruit growing and truck farming pay large profits because the farmer gets his products into market six weeks earlier than the farmer of any other section. Rice growing, sugar cane growing and the making of sugar, cotton growing bring to the farmers large returns, and these crops are sure. No droughts to cause a failure. Where people are making money is the place to loan for sure and safe return of principal and interest.

I give as reference Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of Supreme Court for North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C; Mr. Josephus Daniels, Editor Daily News and Observer, the leading daily in North Carolina, Raleigh; Mr. John H. Sharp, Treasurer Seaboard Air Line Railway, Portsmouth, Va., and Mr. E. H. Clement, Editor Daily Transcript, Boston, Mass. If you want any information about the South, its lands, water powers, best place to spend winter, etc., as well as loaning money, write me and I will gladly reply. Address John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C.

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 situatid in the Kamloops district:

Commencing at a post marked "J. A. Lewis South-West Corner Post," about half a mile from the north bank of Barriere River, and about one mile east from Thompson River, running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

J. A. LEWIS.

Dated Oct. 27th, 1903.

NOTICE.

Re the Estate of Richard Ramsay, Deceased

Take notice that all persons having any claim against the Estate of the late Richard Ramsay must send in their claims duly verified to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of November, A.D., 1903, and any person owing any debt to the said Estate must pay the same to the undersigned on or before the above date.

Dated this 28th day of October, A.D., 1903.

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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.

Dated this Sept. 18th, 1903.

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.

Dated this 17th Sept., 1903.

F. McLEAN.

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 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 "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.

Dated this Sept. 19th, 1903.

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:

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 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 "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.

Dated this 17th day of September, 1903.

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.

Dated this 19th September, 1903.

E. MILLER.

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 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 three miles above Glacier creek, running south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated the 19th day of Sept., 1903.

M. AGNEW.

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 sixty days after date we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands, situated on the east side of Adams lake, at the mouth of the Mo-Mich river, Lillooet district B. C.

Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Adams lake about twenty (20) chains north west of the mouth of the Mo-Mich river, and marked "Harbor Lumber Co's. north west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence south 60 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 60 chains, to point of commencement. Containing 240 acres more or less.

Dated th's 24th day of September, 1903.

HARBOR LUMBER CO.

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. 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.

2. Commencing at a post marked "J. Miller's north west corner post," planted about three-quarter's of a mile above 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.

Dated this 18th day of Sept., 1903.

J. MILLER.

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. 713 Cordova Street, West, Vancouver, B.C.

Sale of Lands for Unpaid Delinquent Taxes in the Revelstoke Assessment District, Province of British Columbia.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, on Monday, the Seventh Day of December A. D., 1903, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, I shall sell at Public Auction the lands hereinafter set out of the persons in said list hereinafter set out, for the delinquent taxes unpaid by said persons on the 31st. day of December 1902, and for interest, costs and expenses, including the cost of advertising said sale.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

Name of Person Assessed.	Short Description of Property.		Col. No. 1 Delinquent Taxes. Taxes	Interest at date of Sale.	Col. 2 Statutory costs and expenses	Col. 3 Total
Armstrong, C.	Income Tax	Revelstoke	$ 4 50	$ 35	$ 2 00	$ 6 85
Armstrong, W. J.	Lots 13, 14, Block 11, and Income Tax	"	13 60	1 05	2 00	16 65
Brown, Chas. C.	Income Tax	"	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
Buchanan, M. M.	Lot 1, Block 3	Camborne	6 20	50	2 00	8 70
Brayton, W. N.	Lot 21, Block 5, Lots 19, 20, Block 6, Lots 13,14 [Block 7,	Ferguson	37 00	2 95	2 00	41 95
Boomer, L.	Lot 13, Block 31	Ferguson	2 00	15	2 00	4 15
Bourne Bros	Stock of Groceries etc.	Revelstoke	60 00	4 50	2 00	66 50
Campbell, Josephine	Lots 1 to 4, Block 10, Lots 11, 12, block 11	"	24 00	1 95	2 00	27 95
Cameron, Dan	Lot 9, Block18	Ferguson	2 40	20	2 00	4 60
Coursier, H. N.	Income Tax	Revelstoke	5 00	40	2 00	7 40
Clark, A. A.	Lots 9, 10, Block 4	Burton City	12 90	1 00	2 00	15 90
"	Lots 13, 15, Block 5	Camborne				
Charles, J. W. S.	Lot 1, Block 39	Trout Lake	2 40	20	2 00	4 60
Chung Lun	Personal Property	Revelstoke	7 50	60	2 00	10 10
Corson, F. H.	Income Tax	"	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
Cashato, D.	Lot 13, Block 20	"	2 40	20	2 00	4 60
Downie, Thos.	Income Tax	"	27 50	2 20	2 00	31 70
Daly, Frank	Lot 46, Block 40	Trout Lake	3 60	25	2 00	5 85
Dunbar, Dan	Lot 22, Block 55	Ferguson	2 10	15	2 00	4 25
Davis, Pete	Lots 11, 12, House, Block 5	Revelstoke	2 40	20	2 00	4 60
Downs, Thos.	Villa Lots 42, 44	"	7 70	60	2 00	10 30
Eulie, Mar	Lot 15, Block 18	"	8 00	65	2 00	10 65
Fink, Henry	Lot 11, Block 18	"	3 10	25	2 00	5 35
Fleishman, J.	Lots 6, 7, Block 2, Lot 10, Block 55	Ferguson	14 40	1 15	2 00	17 55
Forsters, Order	Lots 16, 17, Block 47	Trout Lake	2 40	20	2 00	4 60
Forddred, G.	Lot 31, Block 47, house	"	7 20	55	2 00	9 75
Forbes, E. N. D.	Store and Stock	Illecillewaet	6 15	50	2 00	8 65
Greeley Creek Saw Mill Co.	Mill Machinery etc.,	Greeley Creek	53 35	4 25	2 00	59 60
Gallon & Co., T.	Lots 1 to 7, Block 4, Lots 4, 5, Block 7	Ferguson	11 40	90	2 00	14 30
Gunn, R.	Lot 4, building, Block 55	"	2 80	20	2 00	5 00
Goddard, B.	Lot 5, house, Block 21	Revelstoke	9 60	75	2 00	12 35
Horner, Allan	Lot 10, Block 18	"	3 05	25	2 00	5 30
Hutchison, Jas.	Horses, Wagons etc.	"	16 85	1 30	2 00	20 15
Hall, C.	Lot 6, Block 31	Ferguson	2 80	20	2 00	5 00
Harris, J. H.	Lots 14, 15, Block 6	"	6 40	50	2 00	8 90
Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium Co	Lot 100, Group 1, Hotel, Stock etc.	Halcyon	153 75	12 25	2 00	168 00
Heyland, R.	Income Tax	Revelstoke	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
Jenkins, J. W	Income Tax	"	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
Knowles, J.	Lot 6, Block 10, Lot 9, Block 50	Ferguson	2 10	15	2 00	4 25
Kirkup, W.	Lot 2712, Group 1	Big Bend	14 10	1 10	2 00	17 20
Lawson, J.	Income Tax	Revelstoke	7 50	60	2 00	10 10
Lyons, Jno. W.	Income Tax	"	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
Mara, J. A.	Lots 5, 6, Block 12,	"	3 20	25	2 00	5 45
Moore, Pete	Lots 18, 19, Block 1	Ferguson	6 60	50	2 00	9 10
Moore, R. A. I.	Lot 26, Block 49	Trout Lake	2 40	20	2 00	4 60
Mesker, A. C.	Lot 8, Block 30	Ferguson	2 60	20	2 00	4 80
McLean, D. H.	Income Tax	Revelstoke	7 50	60	2 00	10 10
McLean, A.	Income Tax	"	7 50	60	2 00	10 10
McSorley, H. J.	Income Tax	"	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
McIntosh, D.	Lots 8 to 10, Block 7, Lot 7, Block 30	Ferguson	8 40	65	2 00	11 05
McCarthy, D.	Lots 10, 11, Block 48, Lot 25, Block 46	Trout Lake	4 80	35	2 00	7 15
McMahon, Jas.	Stock of Shingles	Revelstoke	3 75	25	2 00	6 00
McDonald, W. A.	Lots 8, 9, Block 5	Revelstoke	3 20	25	2 00	5 45
Newman, W. S.	Lots 3, and 4, Block 21. Lots 16, 17, Block 16, Income Tax, Revelstoke Lot 21 Block 1	Ferguson	49 60	3 95	2 00	55 55
Newman, Geo.	Lots 8, 9, Store, Block 3, Arrowhead, Lot 9 Block 5	[Ferguson	95 20	7 60	2 00	104 80
Nostrand, G. Van	Lot 10, Block 5	Ferguson	3 20	25	2 00	5 45
Ogelivie, W. F.	Income Tax	Revelstoke	7 50	60	2 00	10 10
Perry, R.	Lots 16, 17, house, Block, 42	Ferguson	6 40	50	2 00	8 90
Patrick, L.	Income Tax	Revelstoke	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
Pettipiece, R. P.	Lots 25, 26, house, Block 30	Ferguson	3 20	25	2 00	5 45
Perry, R. F.	Lots 2 to 14. 16 17, Block I	Goldfields				
"	Lots 1 to 8, 10, 12 to 14, 17 Block 2	"				
"	Lots 1 to 15, 17 to 22, 28, 30, 32, 33, 36 to 48, Block 4	[Goldfields				
"	Lots 1 to 9, 11 to 26, 29 to 48, Block 5	"				
"	Lots 1 to 40, 42 to 48, Block 6	"				
"	Lots 1 to 48, Block 7	"				
"	Lots 1 to 48, Block 9	"				
"	Lots 1 to 48, Block 10	"				
"	Lots 1 to 24, Block 11	"				
"	Unsurveyed portion, 114 acres		52 50	4 20	2 00	58 70
Pat, Chinaman	Lots 18 and 19 and house, Block 17	Revelstoke	4 00	30	2 00	6 30
Reid, Mathew	Lot 18, Block 5	Ferguson	3 20	25	2 00	5 45
Revestoke, Printing & Pub. Co.	Printing Presses, etc.	Revelstoke	10 00	80	2 00	12 80
Revelstoke Herald	" " "	"	39 00	3 10	2 00	44 10
Roser, Fred.	Lot 10, Block 6; Lots 21 and 22, Block 8	"	12 70	1 00	2 00	15 70
Raymond, C. R.	Lot 3, Block 52	Trout Lake	2 40	20	2 00	4 60
Roman & Hector	Hotel at Gerrard		3 20	25	2 00	5 45
Risteen, G. F.	Income tax	Revelstoke	7 50	60	2 00	10 10
Robinson, Mrs. Annie	Lot 19, and house, Block 26	"	8 55	65	2 00	11 20
Smith, A. O.	Lot 47, Block 47	Trout Lake	2 40	20	2 00	4 60
Snell, Jas.	House	"	3 20	25	2 00	5 45
Solloway, L. T.	Income and Personal Property	Revelstoke	14 25	1 15	2 00	17 40
Solloway, A. E.	Income tax	"	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
Sweeney, Thos.	Income tax	"	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
Sandberg, Ole	Lots 44 and 45, Block 40	Trout Lake	2 40	20	2 00	4 60
Stillwell, C. H.	Lots 25 to 27, Block 41	"	5 60	45	2 00	8 05
Smith, J. E.	Lot 39 and house, Block 47	"	3 20	25	2 00	5 45
Shields & Magee	Teams, wagons, etc.	Connaplix	3 75	25	2 00	6 00
Schmidt, Jacob	Lot 4707, Group 1, near Trout Lake		6 40	50	2 00	8 90
Turner, J. A.	Lot 9, Block 28	Revelstoke	3 10	25	2 00	5 35
Thomson, Wm.	Lots 26 and 27, Block 51	Trout Lake	8 55	65	2 00	11 20
Tarantini, John	Lot 8 and house, Block 30	Revelstoke	3 20	25	2 00	5 45
Temple, Chas. H.	Income tax	Revelstoke	7 50	60	2 00	10 10
Tomlinson, Wm.	Income tax	"	12 00	95	2 00	14 95
Union Cigar Factory	Stock of Cigars	"	4 50	35	2 00	6 85
Vandall Estate	Lot 4, Block 3 and hotel	"	31 00	2 50	2 00	35 50
Walsh, A. K. D.	Lot 2, Block 15	"	3 10	25	2 00	5 35
Wells, F. B.	Stock of Gents' furnishings, etc.	"	127 50	10 20	2 00	139 70
Worden Bros.	Lot 48, Block 39	Trout Lake	3 60	25	2 00	5 85
Welton, T. A.	Lots 17 and 18, 21 to 24, Block 11, and Lots 23 and 24, Block 4	Revelstoke	6 40	50	2 00	8 90
Woodward, E. G.	Lot 6, Block 6 and building	Ferguson	14 55	1 15	2 00	17 70

FRED FRASER,
Assessor and Collector,
Revelstoke Assessment District, Revelstoke, B. C.

THE TROPICS

The Actual Poverty in Life's Necessaries in the Land of Sun.

That the tropics are really poor in natural resources instead of being rich is the argument of Dr. Semeleder of Cordoba, Mexico. His arguments are especially interesting just now, when so much attention is being attracted to the hot regions of the world as places for exploitation. The doctor in a letter to the Medical Record says:

"All men dream of the marvelous riches of the tropics, of the birds with rainbow plumage, of the extravagant flowers, of the elegant tree ferns, of the banana and palms with waving leaves, and of the cocoa palm, which furnishes man with everything necessary for life. Indeed, we pity him who has never seen a tropical landscape, as we pity him who has never seen the sea. Then we think of the enormous treasures the English, Spaniards and Dutch have harvested from their tropical colonies, and naturally we think that the tropics are the richest regions of the world. All this may be true, yet nevertheless, in another sense, instead of being rich, the tropics are fatally poor. Unable to secure the necessaries of life, the people of tropical countries are like the man in whose hand everything turns to gold, yet who perishes of hunger and thirst.

"Of all the breadstuffs necessary for a man the tropics furnish only corn and rice, and these only to a limited extent. They have no wheat, rye or potatoes. The banana may be, as Humboldt says, 133 times more productive than wheat and 44 times more so than potatoes, yet it cannot replace either as food. Nor can white men live for any length of time on rice and corn alone, nor on bananas and palm nuts. Native tropical foods can only hold body and soul together, as they furnish but little vigor, energy and power. No machine can do good work with poor fuel. A man who has neither bread nor meat cannot get life and strength and push from tea, coffee, sugar, vanilla and all precious spices. Tropical products are merely commercial luxuries, and if the inhabitants of cold climes did not buy them the people of the tropics would lack the necessaries and comforts of life and would yet choke with their own riches.

"If we wish to know the effects of the poor diet of the tropics combined with the effects of the heat, we have only to look at the inhabitants of these countries. As a general rule, they are thin, poorly built and unfit for intellectual or physical labor. Occasional exceptions will only confirm the rule.

"Even the foods which are produced are insufficient in amount, so that the least interference with the annual crops results in famines, as is the case in India today. Indeed, India has always been the land of fabulous riches of a few and of famines of the millions. Until recently in the cold countries there were none of fabulous wealth and but few famines.

"Everything in hot countries is harmful to man; the ground, the water and the air, swarming with miasms and vermin, and with torment and danger. Life is as much a torment as a pleasure, for whatever makes life worth living is lacking. They depend for indispensable necessaries upon the temperate zones, to which they furnish only the luxuries."

Inconsistent Woman.

While visiting in the East she learned that her fiance had once been engaged to a girl who lives in Providence. Of course she insisted on meeting this girl, jealously recognizing that she was handsome, bright and unusually attractive.

"I have heard," the Detroit girl finally blurted out, "that you and Harry used to think a great deal of each other."

"Fiddlesticks! He was a little boy, and I a little girl. Just poppy love, don't you know. He went out West and had the good sense to fall in love with you, and I'm going to marry at Easter."

"But who broke it off?"

"Neither of us. We just drifted apart. Harry's a capital fellow, and he was fortunate in finding you. I want you both at my wedding. Remember me kindly to him and congratulate him."

All this was tactful, but the young lady came home annoyed because Harry had been engaged and because he had never told her of it.

"Why," he said, when brought to book, "I never thought it worth mentioning. We were mere children. I long since ceased to think of her as more than a friend."

"But she's a sweet girl."

"Very."

"And she's stylish, vivacious and smart."

"Yes."

"And much more beautiful than I."

"Ye—, why, darling, you don't mean it," for she was holding the ring toward him, her eyes flashing and her face as hard as granite. It required an hour of endearing words, praise and caresses to get that ring back where he wanted it.—Detroit Free Press.

The Empress Dowager's name is Tsu-Tsi,
But who will believe the report,
Though cabled with particularity o'er,
That they called her Susie for short?
—Detroit Journal.

Here the king gave command for the instant decapitation of thirty conspirators.

"And yet," observed His Majesty sadly, "there are those who insist that kingcraft involves little or no headwork!"—Detroit Journal.

The Divine Method of Making a Useful Man.

Rev. Andrew Hageman, Collegiate Church, New York City.

For mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.—Isaiah, vi. 5.

The setting of this vision of Isaiah is within the walls of the Temple. The Lord as He appears to him fills the place with His glory and shakes the posts thereof with the greatness of His power. Around and above this enthroned one stood or floated in the air seraphim, glowing with the glory and possessed of the purity of their Lord and celebrating in testimony the praises of Jehovah's holiness and power.

What was the effect upon Isaiah of witnessing such a vision of the divine glory and righteousness? Exactly the same as has always been and always will be when any man sees God. His own sins and the sins of his people Isaiah saw rise mountain high and pass in vivid panorama before his eyes.

Dreadful condition, you say, to be in. Truly awful to remain there. But that God of purity and love read between the lines of His servant's self-abhorrence and self-helplessness a desire to do what he had not the power to perform, and quick as thought one of those seraphs obedient to the divine will took a living coal from off the altar and touched therewith the prophet's lips, purifying them, invigorating them with a power to speak not possessed before. What was the result? Henceforth Isaiah is a new man—a renewed man—verifying the fact in a peculiar sense that "no man can see the face of God and live" as he lived before. Jehovah has errands of mercy not only for seraphim to perform, but for men among men. "Whom shall I send?" says the Lord as the triune God took counsel within hearing of Isaiah concerning His people Israel's welfare. Ay, noble, blest, sanctified man that he now is, his sins pardoned and forgiven, Isaiah boldly steps forward and says, "Here am I; send me." Saved, blessed, used, and a blessing to others. No wonder that Isaiah was afterward used of God to prophesy some of the sweetest, most loving prophecies concerning the coming Christ, the patient, suffering, sympathizing, mighty Redeemer.

This theme, therefore, plainly indicates to us that Isaiah's experience may be ours, and that to see more of God as He is will lead us on and up into just such enjoyments of usefulness. Oh! to study this Book of His revealed thought and will more faithfully, to listen attentively to the experiences of older ones who have loved and trusted in the promises of God all their days and have never been disappointed, to see the glory of God emanating from the lives of faithful parents and obedient children, to witness the vital power of a truly consecrated life—the vision of God in a human soul. These are revelations which God gives to every one of us of Himself—God manifested in human flesh like our own. And then to see Jesus as He is revealed in His Word—the divine human Christ, living for a generation of years in this world of sin, battling with its toils and cares and hardships and sorrows as you and I have to do and yet never murmuring, suffering the slights and the meanness and the oppression and the overbearing of His fellow-men without ever resenting one such injustice; enduring the pains of persecution, of falsehood, of mockery, of shame, and never reviling in return; hunted to death, scourged, mocked, scorned, crucified, and never opening His lips save to breathe a prayer of forgiveness in behalf of His persecutors. Who can contemplate such a life of holiness—your exemplar and mine—without standing in awe? Seeing God thus perfectly manifested in a human life, how our little selves sink into insignificance! If ever you see God as manifested in Jesus Christ, as evidenced in the lives and conduct of Christians, as revealed in His written Word or displayed in the wonders of nature and of Providence, then you too will prostrate yourself, as Isaiah did, in humility, in self-abhorrence, in self-helplessness. For to see God is to hate all sin. Such a view of God's holiness and such a touch of His forgiving love result in the consecration of a man's life and the warming of his heart into sympathetic obedience toward all things which God would have him do. So that when God wants a messenger to send he promptly and cheerfully responds, "Here am I; send me."

What a "cure-all" such a vision is for the diseased ones who are suffering from the fever which is raging in their spiritual systems because of the conflict between duty and inclination! Why, to obtain one view of Him as He is and as He ought to be adored and trusted and served would silence forever all such conflict of thought and would inspire with a zeal in service which is undying. Try this as a specific for Sabbath morning drowsiness and weariness born of a too close and a too constant touch with the world's work and see if it does not draw you to the blessed employments of the Sabbath Day with a greater intensity of love than any which compels you to take up your daily engagements.

And then as to all aggressive work for Christ, where is the inspiration and power like that which comes to a man whose eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts? Go to the homes of this or of any city or town or hamlet and you will find that the men and women of power, of love, of burning consecration for Christ, are those who have gained it by their vision of God, by their conception of the holiness of His character and surroundings, by their sense of their own unfitness and unworthiness in His sight—yes, by the conscious touch of divine love which has cleansed their lips and sanctified their lives and made them willing to do service for Him cheerfully at His will. Let all, therefore, take at once one look at Him in whom God reveals Himself and live.

For while this look your sins displays
In all their blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals your pardon, too.

Boy Bottle-blowers.

Writing in Charities (New York), Mrs. Florence Kelley graphically describes the hard conditions under which thousands of young boys are working in the glass-bottle factories of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Mrs. Kelley says that a glass-blower in a bottle factory usually requires three boys to carry bottles from the moulder to the annealing oven. In some factories the blowers are required to furnish boys, and as they do not sacrifice their sons (whom they introduce into the trade as apprentices, if at all), they are continually searching for available sources of supply. For years the rumor refused to die out that certain charitable institutions of Philadelphia systematically furnished orphan boys who had reached the twelfth birthday to glass works in New Jersey, where the law, until this year, permitted boys to begin work at that tender age. These boys were nominally adopted by glass-blowers, whose slaves they became. Within a year applications have been made to a philanthropist in New Jersey for young lads to be "adopted" by glass-blowers, who were required to furnish more boys than they could obtain. Pennsylvania, Indiana and New Jersey still permit the glass industry to use up and wear out by night work little boys who are nominally thirteen and fourteen years of age, but are really of any age at which the employers find them available.

A private letter from South Africa says: Christian Dewet, the renowned guerilla leader, failed to renew his gun license, and was summoned to the South African Constabulary camp at Vredefort. He appeared, and on refusing to take out a new license, his fowling-piece and gun were taken from him by Captain Dalgleish, the officer commanding the S. A. C. at Vredefort, the district in which Dewet resides.

The Cost of Fires.

The following is from Chambers' Journal:—The annual fire bill of the United Kingdom may be taken at £20,000,000, that of the United States at £28,000,000. There are besides the fire insurance annual bill and the bill for the fire stations, with their costly sites and buildings, the fire engines, the other machinery and the horses. All this outlay keeps us poor. But the loss of life is worse, and it is easy to build fireproof—or better, incombustible—houses, such as in the River Plata countries, and probably in Bethlehem and Nazareth. The manner is as follows:—In these countries they neither use the arch iron, but hardwood, which, having mostly to come a thousand miles down the river, is dear. So all the floors and the roof, which is flat, are supported by joists shaped as in this country, and across them are laid rails of the same hardwood, about a foot apart, upon which rests the ends on thin bricks, on which another layer of bricks or sometimes two is laid in mortar, and on this tiles. Then there is no skirting or panelling. In Britain cement should be used for that purpose, and there should be no boxing of doors and windows, the frames being built in securely. The doors are also of hardwood. In that fine climate no lath or plaster is ever used. In this country the laths should be of iron, and if moulding is wanted around the doors it should be of cement instead of dangerous inflammable wood. In such houses a bonfire made by piling a lot of sticks and shavings on the best bed in the best bedroom and setting fire to it would not set the house on fire. The writer has for sixty-four years lived in or been connected with the great city of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic, and the largest city in the southern hemisphere, with 852,000 inhabitants, and never heard of a life being lost by fire, but there are fires in grocers' shops and such like places. Latterly, as pine from the United States is now abundant, some builders have used it partially in buildings in the capital, and such are not quite fireproof, but it is a bad practice. In Britain, as roofs must slope, because of the snow, and flat roofs would not do, the slates should be fixed in some way to iron strips. This might be a little troublesome at first, but our slaters and smiths would soon find out the way.

Ruins of Rheinfels.

No one who has made the journey up the Rhine, the Chicago Record-Herald says, will have forgotten the ancient ruin of Rheinfels, perched upon a rock 400 feet above the surface of the river at St. Gear. Last week it collapsed, and now it is but a ruin of a ruin. The traveller of the future will be shown the spot where the castle once stood, but no longer the walls of the castle themselves. Rheinfels had a history that went back to the time of Emperor Frederick II. It was built in 1276 by Count Diether III. of Katzenelnbogen. Those were the days when prince and merchant were sworn enemies, and before long Count Diether was busily taking toll of every trader who passed by along the great waterway of the land. The Rhenish cities were in league with one another to protect themselves from just such extortion as this, and soon they were in hot siege of the castle. The burghers fought their good fight against the Count for fifteen months, but Rheinfels was too strong for them, and in the end they retired in despair. After that the castle stood many a siege. From behind its walls the Hessian General Von Goerz, in 1692, resisted successfully an army of 24,000 Frenchmen. But in 1758 it was surprised and taken by the French, who held it for five years, and again in 1794 it fell into the hands of the same enemy, this time by the treason of its commandant. Three years later the French blew it up with gunpowder. It endured a century longer for the humble uses of the sightseer, but now even that stage of its history is ended, and the Rhine is poorer by the loss of one more of its relics of the stormy past.

Lost His Stall.

The writ of ejectment, says The London Daily Mail, issued against George Allen, who for twenty-seven years has sold newspapers and periodicals at the stall adjoining Burlington House, deprives him of one of the most lucrative street stands in England. "The day has gone against me, and I have no favor or anything to conceal," said the newsagent. "My gross profits from the sale of newspapers and magazines amounted to £850 a year. I received £250 a year for exhibiting contents bills in front of the stall and against the railings of Burlington House. I paid no rent, rates or taxes." Allen was a boy when he began to sell newspapers in the street opposite the stall which he eventually erected. In the course of time he placed over the stall a handsome awning, which he divided into advertisement spaces—another substantial source of revenue. Fifteen years ago the stall was producing £600 annually. Latterly as much as £18 was taken in one day. If Allen had won his case the stall would have been worth £10,000. His lost "pitch" was pronounced the best of its kind.

"That new comet discovered by the observers at Marseilles has two tails."
"Saw it in the evening, didn't he?"
"Of course."
"Maybe it had on its dress coat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean. 1B

Breed for What is Wanted.

The farmers who condemn the use of breeds are those who have never tried the experiment of improvement. Their chief argument against pure breeds is that the success is in the feeding—"the trough is the breed"—and, while it is admitted that breed unsupported by the trough can never prove a profitable agent under any circumstances unless the proper breed be used for the purpose to be attained. Good breeds require good feeding, but they give greater returns for such treatment than can be procured from common stock under similar treatment. The difficulty in the way of breeding is that farmers do not familiarize themselves with the characteristics of the breeds. Some dairymen who sell milk improve their stock carefully to the best of their knowledge by procuring Jerseys. Such cases, in which milk dairymen introduce dairy blood in their herds with a view of increasing milk production, are often noticed, not supposing that because the Jerseys are better adapted to butter-making they have no high records for milk production. It is an improvement in the one respect, however, as it increases the butter production, but dairymen who sell milk and make no specialty of butter gain but very little by the improvement, except the increase in value of the stock, which, of course more than pays for the expense of improvement; but, if the improvement derived is not in the direction of butter, the dairyman makes a mistake, for the reason that he should have Holsteins, which not only yield large quantities of milk, but which, in certain families, possess excellent butter-yielding qualities.

To make dairying profitable the dairyman must first determine his preference as to whether he intends to sell milk, butter, or both. The cow is the machine that converts food into more salable products. She is the factory which manufactures either milk or butter, and she must be the right kind of cow for the purpose required or she will be a failure. If she is to give a large yield of milk daily for immediate sale it will be a rare exception if she is a Jersey, and as the dairyman has the privilege of breeding exactly the kind of animal that will suit his purpose, he alone, and not the cow, will be at fault if his milk supply is not up to the highest yield.

There is another thing the dairyman must guard against, which is that a milch cow must not convert her food into beef. If a cow is intended for milk she must be a milk machine and nothing else. If she is to produce both beef and butter at the same time she will excel in neither direction. She is not wanted for beef, and all food turned into beef must come from that intended for milk, but when her milking career is ended she may then be at liberty to divert the production of milk to that of beef. Thus a farmer should breed for the animal he desires. He should study his wants and aim to ratify them. If his trough is to be the receptable of everything which is convertible into material he should keep only such stock as will fulfill his expectations. The beef-producing, butter-yielding and milk-giving breeds differ in form and characteristics.

The most essential requisite in a dairy is cleanliness of the stalls and milk rooms. Any odors in the stable are quickly absorbed by the milk, and the ease and facility of churning depend upon the system and arrangement for keeping the milk. The best quality of butter is not always produced from special breeds of cows, as many suppose, but by management. "Gilt-edged" butter is not obtained from the Jerseys exclusively, for the best butter-producing cow will fail to provide her quota of butter if the food given her is inferior. A herd of dairy cows are the machines for the conversion of food into milk, and the products of milk—butter and cheese—depend for quality upon the skill of the dairyman. There is no monopoly in the production of the "gilt-edged" article.—Philadelphia Record.

The Coffee Was Harmless.

Lord Charles Beresford's wit is of the rugged, seafaring kind, somewhat lacking that Chesterfieldian grace which characterizes the wit of the modern raconteur. Here is a story which illustrates this contention as applied to the famous Admiral:

Lord Charles on one occasion was breakfasting in a small hotel far out in the country, and accidentally he upset a cup of coffee over the clean white tablecloth which the good lady of the house had dug up from her most sacred linen cupboard for the benefit of the British Admiral. Unfortunately, the upsetting of the steaming coffee also upset the good lady's temper, and she soundly rated Lord Charles for his want of tact.

"It's a good thing for you," she said, "that the coffee has not left much stain on my cloth!"

"It was too weak, ma'am," replied the Admiral. "You'll have to stain your coffee before you can expect to stain your table linen. Use more beans, ma'am; use more beans!"

J. Weed and Yu Li.

Jimpson Weed was a newcomer to the city, and Chinese laundrymen were "yellow primroses" to him. But he knew that every Chinaman was called John.

So, when he had deposited a bundle of soiled collars and cuffs at the Mongolian laundry which flourished in the vicinity of his boarding house, he indulged a conversational impulse by remarking:

"Say, can I have them clothes by Chewsday, John? Your name's John, ain't it?"

"You lie," replied the celestial, with the customary placid smile.

The retort brought a blow from Jimpson Weed. The blow brought some Chinese repartee, delivered with a flat-iron. Then came more blows, more flat-irons, more Chinamen, a terrific general engagement—and the police.

As Jimpson Weed was ushered into the patrol waggon, together with a bunch of disordered pigtails, what was left of his eyes permitted him a glimpse of the inscription over his adversary's place of business.

The sign read: "Yu Li. Heap cheap."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

That Ivory Furniture.

Mrs. Smeaton, wife of the Hon. Donald Smeaton, in a letter to The Daily News, throws some light on the remarkable incident of the Maharajah of Benares' ivory suite of furniture, which has been acquired by Lord Curzon. "While travelling in the Northwest Provinces," says Mrs. Smeaton, "I was hospitably invited by the Maharajah to rest a day at Benares in his guest-house, Nardesur. His Diwan (Minister), who received me, apologized for the bareness of the stateroom, explaining that the fine old suite of carved ivory furniture, presented to an ancestor of the present Maharajah, as reward for services to the British Government, had been taken by the Viceroy, who had intimated his desire to possess it. This, to a native gentleman, is equivalent to a command, so the Maharajah received 'in exchange' a rifle (which a well-known sportsman in the district valued at about 30 guineas), and sent his heirloom, at his own expense, to Calcutta. There I saw part of it at the School of Art, being repaired under the supervision of Mr. Haxell, the superintendent, who declared the exquisite painted carvings to be unique, and, though said to have cost originally a thousand pounds, to be now practically priceless. To anyone, like myself, who has seen the carvings, the idea that they are worth, as is declared, but £100 is ridiculous. My memory still retains visions of the exceeding beauty of the delicately-tinted wreaths of flowers and leaves, which formed the bands of the couches, chairs and stools—incrustations, as it were, in solid ivory, of old-world broideries. One word more. The Maharajah was most reluctant to part with his possession. Fair play, honesty of purpose and consideration in dealing with native chiefs have hitherto been conspicuous qualities in our Indian administrators; they have, to say the least, been compromised in this transaction." The Hon. Mrs. Smeaton's husband has spent over 30 years in India and Burmah. He is now Financial Commissioner of Burmah and a member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council—posts so high that on the one hand they guarantee the authenticity of Mrs. Smeaton's information, and, on the other, they make it almost impossible for Mr. Smeaton to long remain in them under Lord Curzon. In the House of Commons, in reply to Mr. MacNeill, Lord George Hamilton stated that this ivory suite of furniture was "lying in an unoccupied house in a very dilapidated condition. The Viceroy, having ascertained that the Maharajah took no interest in it, offered to buy it; and when the Maharajah offered to present it, explained that according to Toshakand rules, he could not accept presents.

"Having ascertained that the Maharajah was fond of sporting weapons, and would like a first-class rifle, the Viceroy ordered one at £81, which he exchanged for the furniture."

The furniture has since been restored at the Viceroy's expense (£30), and is valued by an expert at £100, says this official explanation.

Hardships in Somaliland.

A member of the British Field Force in Somaliland, writing to an Essex correspondent, says:—"At present there is not much fighting here, but plenty of privations. I landed at Obbia and stayed there two days, and then went on eighty miles in two days on my horse. I had to drink water from wells containing human bones. For three days I was on a pint of water per diem. Things are a little more lively now. Some prisoners were captured last night, also a lot of sheep, goats, etc. I felt sorry for the prisoners, for they were nearly dead for want of water. The water is vile; one has to has to risk getting a mouthful of dead camel, and we have no whiskey to kill the microbes we swallow. At night we are huddled up like chickens. We have no tents, only binnies (huts) made of bushes. We get a little excitement now and again at night. Some of the Mullah's scouts generally put a few shots into the zareba, but the scouts keep a good distance away. I shall be glad to get out of this place, for snakes, scorpions, etc., are not the most pleasant bedmates. If the English people only knew what we have had to contend with—shortness and quality of food and water, also extreme heat, hard work and little rest—if they only knew, they would stop the whole affair. We have had no vegetables of any kind since landing, and bread is unknown. I saw two bottles of whiskey sold for 100 rupees (over £6) each. The Boer contingent say that they would do ten South African campaigns in preference to one like this."

Soldier and Consul.

A question of military etiquette has arisen in Melbourne. Sir Malcolm McEacharn, the head of a large Anglo-Australian firm, is the Major of a Scottish regiment in that city, and he has accepted the post of Consul for Japan. Are the two positions compatible? Sir John Forrest, the Commonwealth Minister of Defence, thinks not. He doubts very much whether Lord Roberts would allow any British officer to act as Consul for another nation. On his attention being called to the case of Dr. C. S. Ryan, who is Consul for Turkey in Melbourne, and who holds the rank of Colonel as principal medical officer of the Victorian forces, Sir John remarked that the case of a non-combatant was entirely different. Dr. Ryan accompanied Osman Pasha to Plevna and had many adventures during the famous siege. He wears two Turkish orders and the war medal.

Helping the Little Chap.

The Boer Commandant who had charge of the British prisoners taken after the battles of Glencoe, Dundee and Nicholson's Nek, on going his round at midnight on one occasion was astounded to see a British soldier acting as Boer sentinel over the prisoners.

He paced up and down the space of his limited vigilance, with his rifle carried in true sentinel style, and on meeting the amazed commandant, calmly saluted and reported, "All right, sir." In reply to the commandant, "Tommy" gave the following extraordinary explanation. He said: "Well, sir, this here poor little chap" (pointing to the sleeping form of a Boer lad fifteen years old) "was dog tired for want o' sleep arter two nights of dooty. I takes pity on the little chap, an' I says: 'Look 'ere, you're regular done up, you are, that's sartin. You give me your rifle and take a bit o' sleep, an' I'll do sentry-go for you, I will. Honor bright! I won't do nothin' wrong, blow me if I do! So the little chap went off. It's all right, sir; don't blame him; he's only a kid!"—"V.C."

The "Canals" in Mars.

At the last meeting of the Astronomical Society striking confirmation was obtained of the view that the "canals" in Mars are due for the most part to an optical delusion on the part of the observer. Astronomers are coming more and more to this view, its latest adherent being Professor Simon Newcomb. A drawing of the planet showing no canals was placed before classes of boys at Greenwich Hospital School, and they were required to make copies of it. Those placed nearest it drew no canals, but those further away delineated "canals" closely resembling those observed by Schiaparelli and others. It is probable that the eye becomes hypersensitive by long gazing at details which are imperfectly seen, being at the limit of visibility, and that the retinal blood vessels then convey impressions of "canals" to the vision-centre in the brain. The boys were quite unbiased, being unacquainted with any drawings of Mars. Probably Mars is not inhabited, and never will be, but it is very likely has been. It is now in the state which the earth will reach in three or four million years.

THE SNAKE BITE.

NO MORE DEATHS CAUSED BY THIS POISONOUS REPTILE.

Injections of Snake Virus Immunize All Living Animals Against the Serpent—The Discovery Hailed as a godsend to India Where Thousands are Killed Every Year.

Snakebite can be cured on the Pasteur principle. Equally important—perhaps more so—science has learned to vaccinate people against snake poison just as it vaccinates them against small-pox.

Fortified thus, you might wander barelegged through the groves of Florida and let the rattlers and moccasins bite you as much as they pleased. It would not be necessary even to resort to the time-honored whiskey treatment.

Seeing that rattlesnakes are found in every state of the Union—one was killed within two miles of New York city not long ago—and that copperheads and mocassins make themselves at home pretty nearly everywhere, this discovery should increase the comfort and security of life in the unsettled parts of this country. Primarily it is hailed as a godsend to India, where 20,000 persons every year are killed by the bite of the cobra.

The snake himself furnishes the remedy for his bite under the method invented by Prof. Frazer, of Edinburgh, and Dr. A. Calmette, of the Pasteur Institute, France. Snake venom is injected into the bodies of living animals in doses at first small and gradually becoming larger until the animal is proof against harm from a bite even of the largest serpent.

From the animal thus immunized a serum is procured—serum is the liquid, colorless element of blood—which injected into the veins of a man renders him also safe from harm should a snake bite him, or, if administered soon after a bite, will neutralize the poison.

Antivenine is the name given to the serum. Dwellers in snake countries who are wise will fortify their blood with it beforehand rather than take chances of procuring a dose after the snake has done his work, as delay might be fatal.

How long a dose of the serum will make a man proof against snake poison has not been found out yet, but the influence lasts more than twenty days in a rabbit.

One of the most interesting discoveries made by the savants in their experiments was that an inoculated mother can impart immunity to her offspring. A tabby cat was one of the many subjects employed. Cobra venom was pumped into her blood by slow degrees until she was in fit condition to play tag with a family of snakes and not come to any harm.

Shortly afterward she presented the gratified scientists with a family of six bouncing kittens—which meant to them six new subjects for experiment.

Those unhappy kittens soon felt the prick of the hypodermic needle and the sickness that follows small doses of snake poison, and, not knowing that it was in the interests of mankind, they doubtless felt aggrieved.

The astonishing part of it was that they proved not at all susceptible to the venom, and the obvious conclusion was that the mother's milk immunized them. One of them actually withstood twice the dose large enough to kill a full grown cat. It is sad to record that the savants, hungry for precise facts, killed another of the kittens by injecting a triple dose.

It is generally supposed that snake poison taken into the stomach has no effect upon the system, but Dr. Frazer has come to the conclusion that it acts as a prophylactic against snake-bite just as quinine does against malaria.

This is one of the instances in which science has confirmed a discovery of savage man. The Bushmen of South Africa swallow the poison bags of snakes to make themselves immune from the fangs, and the blacks of Australia, by eating venomous snakes whole, arrive at the same result in addition to providing themselves with a hearty meal when kangaroos are scarce.

How the Moqui Indians of Arizona protect themselves against poison in their famous snake dances, when they freely take rattlers in their mouths and are often bitten, is not known outside the order of priesthood to which this rite is confined, but there is ground for suspicion that they, too, fortify themselves by swallowing the poison.

A Cape Colony physician, Dr. Lawrence, knew a Kaffir boy who allowed deadly snakes to bite him and showed no ill effects from it. He explained his immunity by relating that when a child he had been bitten by a puff adder, removed the poison glands and dosed him with pellets of mud dipped in the venom.

Prof. Calmette procured his snake poison from Delhi, India. For $5 a month a Mahometan named Kullan furnished him with the venom extracted from 100 live cobras every week.

He had a special room with a floor of polished cement on which the snakes, which need unevenness of surface for locomotion, were almost helpless.

Kullan, who had a knack of gaining control over his captives and talked to them as if they were his dearest friends, would collect the venom by holding a concave watch-glass in a reptile's mouth while he grasped its neck with the other hand.

The cobra would close its fangs on the glass and squirt a dose of venom into the hollow. From 60 to 100 snakes would thus be "milked" in the course of the morning.

The venom in the watch-glasses was allowed to dry to a flaky yellow powder and was then scraped into tubes, sealed up and forwarded to Prof. Calmette.

Mr. Ditmar, who has charge of the reptiles at Bronx Park, has a different method of extracting the poison. He fastens a handkerchief over the mouth of a tumbler and permits the rattlesnake, or whatever it may be, to bite through it.

There is a fine collection of snakes, including three or four large cobras, at the Bronx Zoo. Mr. Ditmar began by keeping snakes as domestic pets and had learned a great deal about them as an amateur before he obtained his present position.

New Yorkers may be interested to know that, whereas there are no poisonous snakes in Greater New York, rattlesnakes and copperheads are to be found in great numbers up the state, in Long Island and in New Jersey. Within the bounds of the municipality itself—particularly in Staten Island—there are black snakes six feet long and at least five varieties of smaller harmless snakes—garter snakes, ribbon snakes, grass snakes, hog-nosed snakes and water snakes.

The most interesting of these is the hog-nosed snake, sometimes ignorantly called the puff adder and firmly believed by most rustics to be a deadly viper.

He is a thick-set, handsome little fellow, ranging from a foot to two feet long, striped with black and orange. On being disturbed he coils flattens his head and hisses long and loud.

This is a clever trick to frighten away his enemies, but so conscious is he of his own helplessness that he does not even try to bite the hand that lifts him from the ground.

His nose, with which he digs in sandy soil, is tip-tilted, sharp and of bony structure, in shape resembling the snaut of a hog.

Some Curious Engagement Rings.

In choosing engagement rings for their fiancees lovers at times discard the conventional jewelled circlet in favor of the bizarre, fantastic, and even grewsome.

Not long since, says Tit-Bits, out of a portion of a horseshoe that he had found a young man had a ring made, which he gave to the lady of his choice on the day of their betrothal. The remainder of the horseshoe was utilized in the manufacture of a brooch and earrings.

Another iron ring, which a short while since was accepted by a young girl as a token of her lover's constancy, was a section cut from the barrel of a pistol which many years back had played an unenviable part in a family tragedy.

The scion of a wealthy family, whose fortunes owed their existence to extensive tobacco plantations, had a ring made out of the fragrant weed, hardened by some process to the consistency almost of metal, with which to encircle the finger of his inamorita. A single diamond gave relief to the amulet's sombre hue.

Opals, formerly considered so ill omened, are now not infrequently employed in the setting of engagement rings. One gentleman, a native of Manchester, went, indeed, to an almost extreme length in his reprobation of superstition, the ring which he gave to the lady he has now married being a hoop of thirteen opals, the former possessor of each of which had met some serious misfortune.

The engagement ring chosen by a well known actress had once decked the finger of an Egyptian mummy. Disdaining everyday gewgaw with its vulgar glint of gems, she set her fancy upon this strangely discolored stone, which had nothing to recommend it but its unconventionality and age.

A wealthy bachelor, whom we will call Taylor, has lately compounded his third threatened breach of promise action by the payment of a sum cunning well into four figures. To each of the three ladies who have in turn promised to be his wife this gentleman has presented an engagement ring made of a peculiar glass, in the sibylline character of which the eccentric giver places such faith that its fracture presages, in his judgment, some matrimonial disaster. Perhaps the ladies were careless, but thrice has the vitreous hoop been broken, and thrice has Mr. Taylor, sooner than venture on marriage, paid a handsome sum to keep the affair out of court.

Did You Know That Metals Need Rest.

It may sound strangely to hear persons talk about a "tired steel axle" or a "fatigued iron rail," but that sort of talk is heard along railways and in machine shops, and is considered correct. "The idea of inanimate metal becoming weary!" may be your thought, but experts familiar with the ways of machinery say that work makes it tired, and that it needs rest, as you do.

"What caused the axle to break?" asks the railway superintendent.

"Fatigue of the metal," answers the inspector.

That answer is frequent and often in accordance with the facts. At times an axle breaks or a rail parts or a wheel separates under much less than the usual strain, and the most careful examination possible will show no defect or weakness. This leads engineers to charge fatigue of the metal with the result.

Sinews of steel can tire as well as muscles of brawn, and metal that does not have its rest will cease to do its work, and may cause great damage. At least so the engineers say; and assert that without rest the affinity of the molecules of the metal for each other becomes weakened, until the breaking point is reached. Then comes trouble.

Barbers hold the same opinion, and say that razors must have a rest, or else you cannot keep an edge on them, and many men who shave themselves keep two or more razors so as to make a vacation for recuperation possible.

It has been decided in England that if a person keeps bees, he does it at his own risk, and that he is liable in damages if the insects revolt and invade the premises of other people.

The Gate to Health is a hale heart, and the better the blood pump the more vigorous the vitality.

Some know they have weak hearts; others only know that they're ill and don't suspect the heart.

But cure the heart cures every part. No heart is too sound; ninety-nine out of a hundred are disordered or diseased.

Doctors do not get to the heart of the subject; to be effective that is what medicine must do.

Dr. AGNEW'S HEART CURE enthrones health where disease reigned, in the great center of the system, the heart. Then good blood pumps in full measure, sends new life quivering through every organ and tissue of the body. It means new courage, new cheer, a new lease of life.

Dr. AGNEW'S PILLS scavengers of the digestive system and healers of the disordered apparatus. Purely vegetable and mild, forty doses for ten cents. One-fifth the price of the next best competing pill. 13

Telegraphy Still Lives.

Every six months or so an inventor appears with a device that he is sure is going to put an end to the business of the telegraph operator and his old Morse sounder. Prof. Fleming, an expert associated with the Marconi Company, was lecturing before an audience at the Royal Institution in London. He illustrated his lecture with a message flashed directly from the Marconi station in Cornwall, through all intervening obstacles, to his table. He had taken pains to assure his audience that no one could possibly receive this message except with the instruments before it, which were the only set "in tune" with the sending instruments.

In the middle of the message as it came the word "rats" was interpolated. The audience was amused. Prof. Fleming was indignant. Rigid inquiry having proved that the senders in Cornwall were guiltless of the flippancy, Prof. Fleming wrote a wrathful letter to The Times, terming the interpolation "scientific hooliganism," and calling upon the perpetrators to reveal their identity.

In the next issue of The Times Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, a person whose business it is to amuse the public with scientific curiosities, confessed that he was the "hooligan." He also declared, as a fact of interest to the Marconi Company's shareholders, that the message had been practised for several hours, that fifty horse-power had been expended in getting it through, and that he had intercepted it and added to it with ordinary "untuned" instruments stationed in the neighborhood.

A Tinker's Dam

is the bank of dirt he makes to hold in the melting solder.

There's nothing so worthless a second after except Spoon medicines for Catarrh.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is an antiseptic, healing dressing, applied directly to the diseased surface by the patient himself, who blows the powder through a tube into his nostrils.

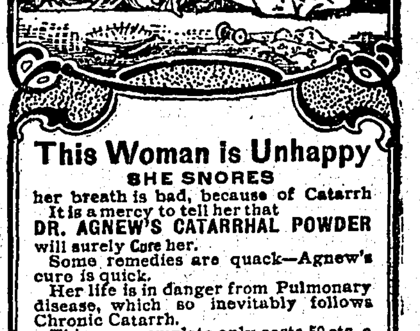
The cure dates from the first puff.

You needn't snuffle from colds and hay fever, if you have Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in the house. It relieves colds or catarrh, and cures headache in ten minutes.

The American Medicine Co., Allentown, Pa., writes:— "Your Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the best seller in catarrh remedies we have in our store, and our customers praise it very highly."

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS are the only conquerors of indigestion, dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach. They digest the food, giving the stomach as long a holiday as it needs to get well. Cured thousands, will cure you. Price, 35c. 14

"Pa, what's an auto-da-fe?" "Ask your uncle Billy; he knows more about the French machines than I do."



This Woman is Unhappy

SHE SNORES

her breath is bad, because of Catarrh

It is a mercy to tell her that

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER

will surely Cure her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

distress her father's words caused her

"There, there," continued the old man, "they are foolish tears; but cry it out; you will feel better for it, and be my merry little girl again one of these days. If I was a girl, it's few tears I would waste on the scamp that ran away from me."

"I cannot believe that Claude meant to desert me, father," interposed Rosa, pleadingly.

The old man's brow darkened.

"Believe it or not, girl," he said, "he's but a scamp, and I'd sooner see you dead than married to him. He's made a fool of you, and I must leave it to work off. When your wits come back, you'll be ashamed of every tear shed for such a scapegrace."

Rosa saw that to attempt to controvert her father's opinion of Claude would only be to arouse his anger, and she wisely chose to be silent.

The old man did not attempt to press his wishes on her any further, but turned away with the bluff counsel to cheer up and forget her troubles.

Cheer up! The words sounded like mockery to poor Rosa. In the conflict which she saw ahead between her filial duty and her plighted troth, there appeared nothing to cheer and encourage her. The future lowered on her vision dark and threatening, and portentious of the wreck of all her hopes of happiness.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lawyer Saybrook had very little of the sentimental in his disposition. But who is proof against the rosy archer at all times and under all circumstances? The time comes when the most wary must be taken in a snare.

The elder Saybrook entered his domicile one day, with thoughts intent upon business. He wished to have a talk with Ralph, who, however, was not in the office. He made his way to the domestic department where Mrs. Grewy presided. That excellent housekeeper had been engaged in moulding bread, and three shapely loaves stood on the moulding board as he entered. Mrs. Grewy blushed slightly, and then smiled sweetly, as she saw the lawyer.

Somehow, it had never before struck Mr. Saybrook that Mrs. Grewy was an attractive female, but just at this particular moment it flashed on him that the widow, as she stood with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows showing a white and shapely arm, and with a jaunty cap on her head, presented rather a handsome figure. This thought entered the lawyer's mind, but his immediate object was to enquire for Ralph, so he said:

"Has Ralph been in, Mrs. Grewy?"

"He went out about half an hour ago," replied Mrs. Grewy, and again a rosy hue suffused her face. Now, there was really no reason for the widow to blush. Mr. Saybrook's object was plainly very prosaic, and there was certainly nothing unusual in his inquiring for his son. Still, his sudden advent had evidently so accorded with some fancy of the widow's as to produce the tell-tale signal in question.

"Did he say when he would be back?" continued the lawyer.

"Oh, bless you, no," replied the widow; "he never does, you know; and I shouldn't presume to ask."

"Or didn't say where he was going?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Saybrook; but then if you are anxious to know, I might make a pretty good guess. He dressed himself with unusual care, and I suspect that he was going up to Mr. Bruyn's."

And having said this, the widow thought it proper to look down archly, and again let a rosy tinge suffuse her face.

Now the lawyer had been fully answered, and there was no occasion for him to remain longer in the kitchen. But he hesitated a moment, and then advanced toward the table where the widow had been at work.

"Making bread, eh?" he said. "Really, Mrs. Grewy, I must compliment you on your effort."

The effect of these words on the widow was truly remarkable. They not only caused her to blush again in a very charming manner, but the lawyer would have sworn that in the space of about three seconds she grew twenty years younger, so pleased and animated did she become under the effect of his compliment.

Now the truth was that the widow had long worshipped in silence the stately lawyer, and had in fancy cherished the idea that he would make a more than acceptable substitute for the late Mr. Grewy, who in truth had been but a plain and illiterate, though good-natured blacksmith. Mr. Saybrook, however, had hitherto never manifested the slightest interest in the widow's efforts to please him, and this sudden unbending quite took her by surprise. The lawyer, though, had long been aware of the not very carefully concealed worship of his housekeeper, but, while it had not been displeasing to his vanity, to reciprocate her sentimental attitude was about the last thing he would have thought of under ordinary circumstances.

But this digression is delaying the widow's answer.

"Really, Mr. Saybrook," she replied, "you are very kind to speak so; and, if I do say it myself, I do not think there are many women who can surpass me in baking of any kind; but then I always put my whole soul in my work, which is a good deal, but very natural, as it is my highest ambition to please you."

"U-m-m—yes—of course," replied the lawyer. "And so Ralph has gone up to old Bruyn's?"

"Yes—that is, I think he has," said the widow. "And I must say, Mr. Saybrook, that I think the young lady is very fortunate who succeeds in getting him. Of course, I admit I am somewhat prejudiced—but how can I help it? I think he is really the most elegant young man I ever knew."

"Ah," interposed the lawyer.

"Yes, indeed," continued the widow, gazing archly up. "And he resembles you so much; it is really quite remarkable."

"Well," said the lawyer, "I agree with you about Ralph. The girl will be fortunate who gets him. And yet I am particularly anxious about this present affair of his. I think he is getting along, Mrs. Grewy. I do not think it would be any mistake to have it understood that he is to marry Rosa, but of course I would not wish to have it known as coming from me, you know."

"Oh, certainly not," replied the widow. "Really, I am quite surprised—and pleased, too, although one may be sure that Ralph cannot get anybody too good for him."

"Well, if Ralph comes in this way tell him I want to see him," said the lawyer. "I am going up in the office."

"But won't you have just a bite of something before you go, Mr. Saybrook," inquired the widow, with a sudden display of tender anxiety for his carnal comfort. "Let me show you some cake I have just been baking."

"No, no, Mrs. Grewy; not at present; do not disturb yourself. I must go at once."

And so the lawyer left, having succeeded in raising the most ardent hopes in the bosom of the widow that she would yet be the rich and distinguished Mrs. Saybrook, while he had at the same time taken the best measure possible to have it publicly understood that Ralph and Rosa were not only engaged but very shortly to be married. He took his accustomed seat in his office, and hour after hour flew by while he was deeply absorbed in writing.

At last Ralph came in.

"Eh, Ralph," said the elder man, "take a seat. Just home, eh? Well, what lucy to-day? Any more favorable report."

"Well, slightly, perhaps," replied the young man, drawling out his tones with easy indifference. "It isn't my tactics, you know, to hurry matters. I undertook to press my claims a little to-day, however, and succeeded in extracting the answer that, while I was held in the deepest respect, it was not possible that I could become the recipient of anything more than friendship while any doubt remained as to the actual sentiments of a certain young gentleman now in Europe. Not a very encouraging answer, perhaps; but inferentially I see therein a sign of hope."

"Ralph, I am rather out of patience with you," exclaimed the father. "And yet I admire your imperturbable coolness. But I never can bear to delay in such matters as this. There is no telling what new difficulty will spring up. That girl's obstinacy annoys me exceedingly. Everything is straight now if it wasn't for her infatuation for that young fool of a Rolff. I have the old man completely in my power, I think, and I believe I could speedily bring him to exert his authority. But you have been so opposed to it, I have hesitated."

"Well," interposed Ralph, "I don't know but that I am getting a little tired of the way matters are going myself. I don't like to own up beat in such a contest—in fact, I don't; but if time is a question of moment, I don't know that I should object to a little pressure being used."

"Well," responded the elder, "I have a plan in my mind to stir up the old gentleman that I think will work satisfactorily, and I must put it in operation."

"What is it?" asked Ralph.

"Well, never mind at present," replied his father. "All you need concern yourself about is to note the result. Old Bruyn will doubtless be in this evening, and I shall see what I can do with him. My idea is, that if we can only induce him to bring a moderate amount of pressure to bear on Rosa she will speedily yield. This is the sentimental period of her existence, and young Rolff having secured the first place in her affections, she naturally clings to him. It is very natural, and, in fact, she is to be commended for it; only it is cursed inconvenient for us. But she will not be a whit less devoted to you, my boy, after she once makes up her mind to accept you as her lover. She is rather more constant than her sex generally, and I like her the better for it."

"She's a tip-top girl," replied Ralph, "and I'm hanged if I don't grow to like her better every time I see her. She's the soul of sweetness and sincerity, and I'm almost sorry for her, she grieves so over that fellow Claude. But of course I'll make her a better husband, and I fancy I'll cure her yet of admiration for anybody beside myself."

"Well, Ralph, we'll hope for the best, and work for it as well. And now just look over these papers in Saybrook vs. Miner, and see if they are all right."

Evening came, and shortly after supper hour was over, Farmer Bruyn dropped into the office of the lawyer. Anthony Saybrook received him with especial warmth, and speedily ordered in glasses and bottles, and pressed his hospitality on the free hearted old fellow with all his arts of persuasion.

After they had both tossed off a couple of glasses of wine, and exhausted the ordinary topics of interest, the lawyer thought it time to introduce the subject of his plan to influence the old gentleman to so exercise his parental authority over his daughter as to induce her to look more favorably on Ralph's suit.

"By the way, Mr. Bruyn—but, come, let me fill your glass up again. There, there—don't say no; it is a very light wine, and wouldn't hurt you if you drank a gallon of it. What was I going to say? Ah, I recollect—I have a bit of news that may interest you. I have an offer to sell the Rolff property."

The old farmer gazed up in evident surprise.

"Who to?" he asked.

"Well, I am not at liberty to state yet. He is a very wealthy city merchant, who wishes to retire, and seek a healthy and quiet locality to spend the remainder of his days. The offer came to me through a legal friend of mine, and is really a very good one, as the old gentleman is willing to pay liberally."

"If you are going to sell," interposed Farmer Bruyn, "first sell me the wood lot, and the meadows next to the road. I'll pay more than he will."

"Ah, but, my dear sir, that would cripple the balance of the estate, and spoil my bargain."

"But you promised me," said the farmer doggedly, flushing up in a way that showed how deeply he was interested.

"I said I would consider your claims; but the fact is, my dear Mr. Bruyn, I do not wish to sell the place at all. My ambition has been to put it in repair, and deed the place to Ralph as a wedding present, of course calculating also to make it my own home for the balance of my days. If there were any immediate prospect of Ralph getting married, I might still adhere to my plans—in fact, I undoubtedly would; but it is an expensive project, and one I would not care to undertake without the boy was to make a good match with a young lady who would have something to add to his own fortune and enable them to support the place in the style it would require. As matters are, however, there seems no immediate prospect of Ralph succeeding with the only matrimonial suit he has yet undertaken—of course, my dear sir, you know to what I refer—and the old place is rather a weight on my hands; and I don't know as I am justified in refusing such an excellent offer. Of course, my dear Mr. Bruyn, I would like to oblige you, if my interests rendered it in any way admissable. The truth is, I have indulged the fond hope that Ralph would succeed in his suit with your daughter and that thus our two properties, which seem destined naturally to be united, would come together as the joint property of our children. But, of course, you know, Mr. Bruyn—"

"No, I don't know," interrupted the old man. "I thought we understood each other pretty well on that subject, and as far as I'm concerned, I don't see why there is any trouble about it."

"Ah, but Ralph informs me that your daughter positively refuses to give up her belief in the good faith of her former lover, Claude Rolff, and makes every prospect of his winning her hand dependent upon her being first fully assured that young Rolff will not return to fulfill his pledges. Of course, that creates an obstacle whose removal is so uncertain and indefinite that it seems absolutely foolish, from a business point of view, to refuse a good offer to sell in order to take such improbable chances."

Farmer Bruyn sat down the glass he had been holding in his hand, and leaned forward in his chair.

"And so Rosa tells Ralph she intends to marry Claude Rolff yet?" he asked.

"That's about it," replied the lawyer. "She seems to have full faith that he will come back, and is resolved at least to wait and give him the chance to claim her."

The farmer leaned back in his chair, and laughed heartily.

"Ah, sir, she's a rare girl, and, by my dunder, I believe she's got some of my own grit in her. But don't you fear sir; she'll never throw herself away on that young scamp. I'll take care of that. She's always been a good girl, and she'll do as I say, I'll warrant. I've taken a liking to Ralph myself, and Rosa will like him too, yet. But he's a dunder head. Why don't he spark her so as to cut out that young scamp? Ain't got the courage, of a mouse, eh, sir—ha, ha, ha! 'Twasn't so when I was a young man. I never gave my wife any peace till she said she'd have me. She was bound she wouldn't marry me, but I was bound to have her, and I got her. No, no; Rosa's all right. It's Ralph that don't know how to manage. Well, I must see to it—I must see to it. It won't do to have our plans broken up.'

"It would grieve me exceedingly," replied the lawyer. "I had already begun to make my estimates for having the old house repaired and fixed over, when this offer came, and, together with Ralph's despondent report, set me to thinking seriously. But, of course, my dear Mr. Bruyn, as you say, we must not allow our plans to fall through so easily. I am disposed now to agree with you that the fault is partly Ralph's. I must talk to him, and give him some advice. These young people need the supervision and advice of their parents, Mr. Bruyn.

"Aye, that they do; and I mean my daughter shall have it."

Thus under the influence of wine and the blandishments of the lawyer, the old farmer was fully caught in the trap that had been laid for him; and, after some further talk, he started for home, full of thoughts and plans that boded no happiness to Rosa.

CHAPTER XXII.

Some days passed by, and the toils about poor Rosa Bruyn grew more distressing and hard to bear. She could see that her father had fully set his mind on her marrying Ralph Saybrook. She was aware that he was a man who, with all his kindness of heart, never could brook being thwarted in any way and was altogether too practical and coarse in his nature to appreciate her sentimental objections to the proposed matrimonial agreement. He apparently did not consider that her objections could be anything more than temporary, or that sooner or later she would not forget Claude Rolff and be ready to accept Ralph in his place with all her accustomed cheerfulness and obedience.

At the same time, a change was going on in the nature of the old farmer. He had for two or three years retired from the more active labor in managing his farm, and now found time every day to spend a few hours in the village, and was certain to make thither a regular evening trip. This spare time was mostly spent either in the tavern or in the company of lawyer Saybrook. The lawyer not only liked a social glass himself, but was well aware of the effect of good spirits in promoting a friendly and complying disposition in those he wished to influence, and, interested as he was in securing the welfare of Ralph with the old farmer, he did not fail to ply him with his best liquors as often as he called. Moreover, the old man took pride in supporting the character of a free-hearted burgher, and did not escape from Ronk's tavern of an evening without having indulged in more strong spirits than was good for him.

Mrs. Bruyn and Rosa could both notice that the effect of these potations was to increase the irascibility and obstinacy of the head of the household when he was crossed, while the constant brooding to become the possessor of more lands, and particularly of the rich fields and heavy woods adjoining on the side of the Rolff estate, became more and more a monomania with him.

The means the old farmer took to influence his daughter—or, rather, the attitude and disposition toward her which were a natural result of his feelings and wishes—were such as to greatly increase her distress and weaken her resolution.

He used no harshness toward her. His irritability showed itself rather in a quarrelsome and dictatorial disposition toward his farm laborers, and a faultfinding habit about the house which was a source of great anxiety to Mrs. Bruyn.

The generous-hearted girl was deeply grieved thus to see herself the innocent cause of trouble to others.

Toward herself, however, her father was more than usually kind. He treated her obstinacy in clinging to her faith in Claude with a bluff and hearty ridicule, but under it his love for her shone out in a certain tenderness of look and tone that belied his curt words.

Rosa recognized this, and it added to the difficulty of her position. Her nature was naturally a self-sacrificing one. Were her own happiness alone involved, she felt that she could yield without a murmur to anything that her father wished. But her word was plighted; deep in her heart she felt convinced of Claude's constancy and faith; she could not face the reflection of his returning one day to find that she had been weak and false.

Thus, all the efforts of her father to convince her of Claude's unworthiness only resulted in her clinging more firmly to her faith in him.

The old farmer was withal amused with her display of firmness, and rather admired her spirit. Had it not been for his frequent visits to lawyer Saybrook's office and the skill with which that accomplished schemer played on his ambition and avarice, he probably would have left Ralph to his own fate.

But the fear of seeing Rolff House go into the hands of a stranger, and of entirely losing the lands he had coveted for so many years, spurred him on.

He sat on the front stoop one day, in his accustomed chair, smoking his pipe. It was early autumn, and his eyes could wander over a portion of his own land, and down to where the woods and meadows of the Rolff place joined his own line. Over the crest of the intervening hill, the gables and chimneys of Rolff House rose clear against the sky.

It was a beautiful view, and Rosa, who had appeared at the hall door stood awhile passively admiring it, indulging, no doubt, sad reflections as to the future.

"Come here, Rosa," said the farmer. She stepped quietly to his side.

"See there," he said taking his pipe from his mouth with one hand, while with the other he pointed toward Rolff House, "there lies the best bit of land in the whole country. The old house there, in my day, was a grand place, and everybody thought it a palace. It's in bad shape now—'twasn't in the Rolff blood to keep it up. Ah, it's bad blood, girl, it never could keep what it didn't gain honestly. That place now is Anthony Saybrook's and he tells me he is going to sell it if Ralph don't get married, but if he does he will give it to him. A grand place it would be if it was fixed up and the spooks driven out. It can be yours and Ralph's, and with it enough money to make it as grand as it ever was. Now, I am going over to Mr. Saybrook's to-night, and if I tell him you are willing to marry Ralph, he'll draw up a deed giving the whole property to you two, and of course what I've got will be yours, and in my old age I'd be happy to see my little girl the lady of the country."

Rosa grew pale, and was silent a moment.

"The place is Claude's, father," she said finally; "it was left to him; it ought to be his."

"Tut, tut, girl; he gave it away for the money to waste and riot in a foreign land. It's his no longer. I knew he would never keep it; but I never thought he'd be such a dunderhead as he was about it."

"He was cheated; there is fraud somewhere; Claude would never have given up Rolff House," replied Rosa, speaking low but with painful intensity.

"What's done is done, girl," said the old man, resuming his pipe. "I saw the paper deeding the old place away, and it had Claude's name to it. I know his writing well enough. He's lost it, and lost it for good, and there isn't much chance that he'll ever come back here. Come, Rosa, give up your foolishness about Claude, and take a man that's got brains, and knows how to make money and keep it, too. You'll never get a better chance."

"Oh, father, you do not know what you ask me," replied the poor girl, breaking into tears.

"Yes, I do; I ask you to give up a vagabond and scamp for a steady, honest young fellow, who's got everything I want the man that marries you to have. Don't be foolish, girl. It's too good a chance to throw away. I don't want to see anybody else have that property. I've always wanted to buy it, to settle on you when you marry; but now it can be yours with just a word. When Ralph speaks to you next time, Rosa, take an old man's advice, and don't put him off for a poor coot who never meant to marry you."

Poor Rosa could not reply. She attempted to speak, but her tongue refused to perform its office. Finally overcome by her feelings, she turned and walked slowly away and entered the house, her manner showing only too plainly her deep agitation.

The old man turned and gazed after her as she slowly disappeared.

"Ah, poor girl," he muttered. "She's sore hurt by that young scamp, and I was fool enough to let it all happen when I might have nipped it in the bud. But it's better she should suffer now for a little while than all her life. She'll come around. I can trust her; she's got rare good sense; and as soon as her eyes are opened, she'll think more of Ralph than she ever did of that vagabond."

And with this comforting reflection, the old farmer puffed anew on his pipe, and turned his thoughts to the bargains he could drive with the shrewd lawyer when it came to arranging the terms of the marriage settlement.

(To be Continued.)

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Mainly About People.

A woman with eight young children boarded a street car which was already comfortably filled. The conductor became a trifle impatient because it took the family so long to get aboard, and as the mother finally reached the top step and the car began to move, the conductor asked, with a suspicion of a smile: "Are these all your children, madam, or is it a picnic?" "They are all my children," returned the woman, with a grim smile, "and I tell you it's no picnic."

The other day the London "Pall Mall Gazette" referred to W. S. Gilbert as "the late W. S. Gilbert." This called forth a note of protest from the famous comic opera librettist, in which he said: "There is a line in your issue of yesterday that must have sent a thrill of joy through many a worthy home. I refer to a line in an article headed 'A Naval Battle,' in which I am referred to as 'the late W. S. Gilbert.' I am always sorry to spoil sport, but common candor compels me to admit (reluctantly) that I am still alive. Yours faithfully, W. S. Gilbert."

Frederick III. of Prussia, who delighted in his reputation as the most laconic man in Europe, once met a Hungarian magnate, taking the waters at Carlsbad, who had also acquired fame for abruptness of speech. This tempted the Prussian monarch to meet him and try him in the arts of brevity. The magnate was pointed out to Frederick as he stood in the hall of his hotel. The king went up to him, and the following conversation was the result: Frederick—Bathing? Hungarian—Drinking. Frederick — Officer? Hungarian—Magnate. Frederick—So! Hungarian (taking the initiative)—Detective? Frederick—King! Hungarian—Congratulate!

Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, the wife of the Secretary of the United States Treasury, has recently given out in Washington a number of amusing interviews about the inadequacy of the salaries of cabinet officers. Mrs. Shaw was Miss Alice Crawshaw in her youth, and she has always been noted for her ready wit. It is said of her that a young man of humorous bent one day exclaimed in her presence: "What could be more dreadful than for a woman, after mending her husband's coat, to find in one of the pockets a love letter from another woman?" "Fortunately," said Mrs. Shaw, "that could never happen. The woman would find the letter first, and then she would not mend the coat."

A village clergyman, declares "Public Opinion," has this ingenious bit among his records: One day he was summoned in haste by Mrs. Johnston, who had been taken suddenly ill. He went in some wonder, because she was not of his parish, and was known to be devoted to her own minister, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins. While he was waiting in the parlor, before seeking the sick woman, he beguiled the time by talking with her daughter. "I am very much pleased to know your mother thought of me in her illness," he said. "Is Mr. Hopkins away?" The lady looked unfeignedly shocked. "No," she said. "Oh, no. But we're afraid it's something contagious, and we didn't like him to run any risks."

Mrs. Van Vorst, the author of "The Woman Who Toils," had many amusing and odd adventures during her life as a worker. One adventure that has not heretofore been printed concerned a taciturn man. She met this man on a New England road, mending a worm fence. "Can you tell me," she said to him, "how far it is from here to the next town?" He pointed forward. "Milestone little further on will tell you," he growled. Rudeness such as this vexed Mrs. Van Vorst. "But the milestone will be no good to me, for I can't read," she said. Thereupon the taciturn man chuckled a little. "Ho, ho," he said, "it is just the kind o' milestone for people that can't read, for all the writin's been washed off of it."

The following story of the Pope is current in Italy, where Leo XIII. personally is most popular even amongst the anti-Clericals. He has—or is supposed to have—some nephews who find it somewhat difficult to extract money from him. The wife of one of these nephews is said to have undertaken to get some from him. She solicited an interview, and, having obtained it, said: "Holy Father, I come to seek your advice. I am poor, I have a large family, and, alas! I am in debt. I have been gifted by heaven with a good voice, and the proprietor of a music hall has offered me a large salary to appear on his stage and sing a few simple songs. Ought I to accept the offer?" "Certainly," replied his Holiness; "and I only regret that my official position will not allow me to be present at your debut."

Professor James Bryce in his recently published "Studies in Contemporary Biography" has this paragraph on Gladstone and Darwin: "Once in the lobby of the House of Commons, seeing his countenance saddened by the troubles of Ireland, I told him, in order to divert his thoughts, how someone had recently discovered that Dante had in his last years been appointed at Ravenna to a lectureship which raised him above the pitch of want. Mr. Gladstone's face at once lit up and he said, 'How strange it is to think that these great souls whose words are a beacon-light to all the generations that have come after them, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life, just like the rest of us common mortals.' The phrase reminded me that a few days before I had heard Mr. Darwin, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Mr. Gladstone had given him, say, 'And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like one of ourselves.' The two great men were alike unconscious of their greatness."

The Odds Against Him.

Ezra Pike—Mother, you got ter stop takin' in summer boarders, or else I got ter quit farmin'.

Mrs. Pike—W'y, pa, what's the trouble?

Ezra Pike—They's no use prayin' fer rain with fourteen summer boarders prayin' fer fair weather.—"Judge."

"Ah, Jean, dear," she said to the duke, "why don't you go to papa to-day? Delays are dangerous, you know." "Yes, I realize that," he replied, "but I've only known you three days, and these get-rich-quick schemes always seem to be so risky?"—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Crawford—Why don't you tell your wife the baby is crying? Crabshaw—If I did she would sing it to sleep.—"Judge."

Anecdotal.

It is related that Sainte-Beuve detested rain. On one occasion, when he had to fight a duel, he appeared with a pistol in one hand and an umbrella in the other. "I am willing to be shot," he exclaimed, "but not to get wet."

George Meredith, the eminent novelist, is as alert and witty in his casual talk as he is in his fiction. Not long ago, in conversation with a friend, Mr. Meredith was asked his opinion of a certain obnoxious person who had lately settled in the neighborhood. "He seems to me," replied the author of "Diana of the Crossways," "to be one of the least of God's mercies."

A characteristic story of the late Sir Hector Macdonald has just reached us. Always a man of few words, when sending his only son to a public school for the first time, he addressed the following brief note to the headmaster: "Herewith boy Hector, to be made a man of"—a sentence worthy of being handed down to posterity as a remarkable example of brevity and sterling common sense.

An Englishman of somewhat questionable reputation, who was criticizing the American way of spelling, once turned to Maurice Barrymore, the actor, and said: "I'll leave it to Mr. Barrymore. Is it right to leave out the 'u' in such words as harbor, neighbor, honor, candor, etc?" "Well, about harbor and neighbor I am not sure," replied Barrymore, "but when it comes to honor and candor I leave you out."

The story is told of a Scotch preacher who gave his people long, strong sermons, and delivered them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to occupy his pulpit in the morning. "An' were you satisfied wi' my preaching?" asked his friend, as they walked home from the kirk. "Weel," said his host, slowly, "it was a fair discoorse, Willm, a fair discoorse; but it pained me at the last to see the folk looking sae fresh and wide awake. I mistrust 'twasna sae long nor sae sound as it should hae been."

When Booker T. Washington was asked by a Southerner recently to prove to a Northern audience that that section was really responsible for the introduction of slavery into the American colonies, Mr. Washington said he was reminded of the story of an old colored man who had a pig, which he sold one morning to a white man for three dollars. The white man drove off with his purchase, but on the road the pig escaped, and found its way back to Uncle Zeke's cabin. A little later, another white man came along, and Uncle Zeke sold him the same pig for another three dollars. On his way home with the pig the second purchaser encountered the first returning in search of the escaped animal. After some wrangling they decided to go back and refer the question to the old darkey. "Uncle Zeke" said number one, "didn't you sell me this pig at nine o'clock this morning?" "Sho' I did, massa." "But, Uncle Zeke," said number two, "didn't I pay you three dollars for this pig at twelve o'clock?" "Sho' you did, massa." "Well, then, who does the pig belong to?" "Sakes alive," said Uncle Zeke, "can't you white folks settle dat question between yo'selves?"

Like many Frenchmen, especially those hailing from the south of France, President Loubet is very fond of those national dishes in which garlic forms an important ingredient. Once, in his lawyer days, when he was pleading in court after having partaken of some such dish, his democratic tastes in this respect placed him in a somewhat embarrassing position. The presiding judge happened to be a man of aristocratic origin and breeding, to whom the odor of garlic was absolutely intolerable. M. Loubet rose and began his argument. He had not proceeded very far when the judge was observed to sniff rather uncomfortably and to take out a perfumed handkerchief, reinforcing it a few moments later with a smelling-bottle. These measures, however, proved of no avail as a protection from the pungent and penetrating effluvium which emanated from the future President of the republic. At last, his olfactory sense rising in open rebellion, the indignant judge shouted: "Usher, open the windows; open the doors. For heaven's sake, let out this abominable smell!" Since then M. Loubet, it is said, though he still preserves his simplicity of life, has eliminated garlic from his articles of diet.

EVIDENCE THAT NONE CAN DOUBT

That Dodd's Kidney Pills are the One Sure Cure for Rheumatism

W. E. Ellis got so He Could not Walk Alone or Feed Himself—He Tells of His Cure.

Cedar Dale, Ont., Aug. 24.—(Special).—Every day seems to furnish fresh proofs that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure and permanent cure for rheumatism. This village furnishes evidence that no one can doubt in the person of W. E. Ellis. His story is best given in his own words:

"Two years ago," says Mr. Ellis, "I got Muscular Rheumatism. I tried all sorts of medicines, but none of them did me any good.

"At last my wife would send for a doctor. When he arrived I said 'Doctor, can you cure Muscular Rheumatism?' 'No,' said the doctor. 'Then,' I said, 'you are of no use to me.' "

"I got so bad I could not feed myself or walk alone. Then I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took six boxes of them, which drove all the Rheumatism out of me and left me in good health again."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by removing the cause—by putting the Kidneys in shape to take the uric acid out of the blood. They always cure Lumbago and Sciatica in the same way.

STABLE HINTS.

Here are some "stable hints" that are good enough to be offered to horse owners generally:

Give your stable a thorough cleaning occasionally. It will more than repay you in way of appearance, and be beneficial in a sanitary way.

Give your stable plenty of air and light.

Always water your horses before feeding. You can teach him to drink then by not offering water after feeding, thereby avoiding possible colic.

Don't water or feed when hot.

Give your horse grain in a large surfaced feed box, or use an iron one with an irregular surface (half ball), molded in; he will not fill his mouth so full, chewing his food better.

Feed your horse as near the ground as possible; when eating low down more saliva becomes mixed with the food, aiding digestion.

Have your stable stalls as nearly on a level as possible.

Use a little lime occasionally in your stalls and barn yard. Lime is a great purifier.

Don't speak to your horse louder than you would to your sweetheart, an don't allow profanity used around him—a horse with brains don't like to be talked to like a prize fighter.

Have regular hours for feeding your horse, and give him sufficient time to eat.

Don't strike your horse with a fork handle, or strike him over the head; if he needs punishing use a small whip—everyday clubbing or striking does no good. Make him respect you and the whip, and have him fear nothing else.

Use your horse kindly, but do not pet him—it makes him too familiar. Pet horses are like pet people—no good.

Feed your horse clean food; if your oats are dusty clean them, and don't feed hay full of dust or dirt.

Don't tie your horse too low down or too long, just so he can have the use of his head to lie down.

Change your horse's feed occasionally; it will make him feel good. Give him bran, roots, etc. (small quantities of roots at first until accustomed to them). How would you like to be fed day in and day out on one kind of food?

Don't allow your horse to stand in manure or wet places. This is what causes thrush, and the ammonia arising in such places affects the eyes, etc., and coming in contact with the carriage and harness destroys varnish and weakens leather.

Keep your horse feeling good by proper food and care and he will more than repay you for the little extra time you give him.

Keep your horse well groomed, as a well-kept animal not only appears better but keeps easier and feels better (like a man after a bath) than one neglected.

Keep a little salt where your horse can get it at his pleasure, not throwing it in his feed. How do you like your food over salted?

Keep your horse's mane and tail well cleaned and wash his tail and dock occasionally in a pail of water. It will greatly stimulate it and grow a flowing tail.

Dairy Hints.

Butter-fat percentage is not increased or decreased by this, that or the other feed. The percentage seems to be as much a fixed thing as is the number of legs, or ears, or eyes, on bones in the cow's body. Dairymen may safely recognize this truth and act upon it with confidence in the making up of rations for their cows.

In building up a dairy herd the dairyman must work on the individual cow with feeds and tests. Pedigree will not insure milk-flow or butter-fat. Blood will not insure vigor. Every blooded and pedigreed cow should be tested just as thoroughly as the grade cow or the promising scrub.

The cheap cows of the great strains are generally not valuable dairy cows, for they are generally cheap because they lack the chief characteristics of their strain, the quantity and quality of milk, the ease of keeping, the good make-up in general. The observant dairyman will find some so-called Jersey or Holstein-Friesian or Ayrshire or other herds that are very inferior herds in every essential, because made up of the cheapest and poorest cows that are entitled to bear one or another of the great strain names.

If the dairyman buys blood or strain at all he should buy at least respectable animals of the selected variety.

Milk will vary in color as well as flavor with varied feeds.

Butter fat is a compound of ten or more separate substances, all of which are oily, and this may be the reason why no single oily substance fed to a cow will perceptibly increase her percentage of butter-fat.—New York Farmer.

Lice and Remedies.

Chicks hatched later than May will sometimes make slow growth, hence are driven from their nests by the millions of red lice, and the large head-lice torment the fowls until exhaustion ensues. At night the hens cannot rest, and disease appears because the vigor of the flock has been lowered to a point where the birds cannot resist contagion. One of the essentials now is to provide a dust-bath, so that the birds can dust. Whenever you notice a fowl rolling on the ground, as though endeavoring to dust itself, it is a sure sign that lice are at work. When the hens do not lay, examine their heads for the large lice, and also clean out and drench the poultry-house. Boiling water or hot soap-suds will kill lice instantly, but the remedy must be used freely; that is, drench the house, every portion, with kerosene emulsion or boiling water, and repeat it twice a week until no signs of lice can be noticed. The hens will then rid themselves of lice with the dust-bath. The advertised lice remedies are cheap and excellent.

Souvenir Post Cards

Giving three views of Revelstoke. Just the thing for sending away to your friends.

Three for 25c.

75c. a Dozen.

Canada Drug & Book Company.

MARRIED

ADAIR-WOODCOCK—At Calgary, on Thursday, Nov. 5, by Rev. G. W. Kirby, Ernest Edgar Adair, of this city to Rita, daughter of Christopher Woodcock of Norlund, Ont.

LOCALISMS

Harold Nelson is coming.

The weather man this week is an artist in black and white.

Hospital Ball, Friday Nov. 20th. Tickets, Gentlemen $2; Ladies $1.

—A good Singer Sewing Machine, at H. Manning for $15.

Hospital Ball, Friday Nov. 20th. Tickets, Gentlemen $2; Ladies $1.

—One Raymond Sewing Machine for $7, at H. Manning's.

The next Assayer's Examination will be held in Victoria on Dec. 7th.

D. Ferguson arrived in the city on Tuesday evening and left for Victoria yesterday.

—A Snap, $15 for a first class seven drawer Sewing Machine, at H. Manning's.

Frank U. Freeman, of Hancock, Mich., was in the city on Tuesday en route to Poplar creek.

—"Quo Vadis" at the Opera House on Monday evening. Harold Nelson Company.

Messrs. le Maistre and T. Downie returned on Saturday evening from a week's visit to Edmonton.

—Ladies Flannelette Drawers, regular price 75c. Friday and Saturday 50c. C. B. Hume & Co.

Thomas Downie, chief train despatcher, is spending the balance of his holidays at the coast.

—Boys School Boots, regular price $2, Friday and Saturday while they last $1.40. C. B. Hume & Co.

F. W. Holden, advance agent for the Harold Nelson Company, was in the city for a couple of days this week.

The new curling stones for the local club have arrived in Vancouver and should be here by the end of the week.

Thos. Taylor, M.P.P., was at Poplar creek looking after his mining interests there and returned Tuesday.

The Associated Silver-Lead mines of British Columbia has been formed, under the "Co-operative Associations Act," by Kaslo men.

Rev. W. E. Chrisnas concluded his series of revival services in the Methodist church on Sunday and left for the east the next day.

The Socialist Local held a well attended meeting on Friday evening the subject of discussion being "The Class Struggle."

Mrs. W. J. McMicken, of Carberry, Man., arrived in the city on Friday last on a visit to her daughter Mrs. J. B. Cressman.

Rev. B. McIntyre and Miss McIntyre, of Sandon, were in the city for a few days last week the guests of their sister Mrs. R. Davis.

Mrs. A. E. Kincaid, who has been spending a few months visiting relations in the east, returned home on Saturday evening.

Howard Shafer, the 18-year-old son of J. Shafer, a rancher at Kamloops, accidentally shot himself while crossing the Thompson river in a canoe.

—Try our bulk tea, we have one line at 40c. a pound that cannot be beat in Canada for flavor or price. We would like to give you a sample.—C. B. Hume & Co.

J. A. Magee and J. H. McKenzie, of Comaplix, left on Saturday morning for Calumet, Michigan and other points in the south. They will return in the early spring.

The Maridor-Goulding Vaudeville company played a two nights engagement at the Opera House on Monday and Tuesday. There was a good audience both evenings and the show was above the average.

The many friends of Ernest Adair are congratulating him on his wedding which took place at Calgary on Thursday last. The HERALD extends best wishes to the happy couple and hopes for them a long and happy married life.

—HOUSE FOR SALE—Mrs. Spurling is offering her house on Third Street for sale as she intends leaving for England. Anyone wishing to obtain a very desirable residence should take advantage of this opportunity.

There will be a special summons meeting of the F. O. E. tonight. Every member requested to attend as business of great importance will come up. Final arrangements will also be made for the big Kangaroo Court next Thursday.

W. Nicholson, the well known locomotive engineer, has resigned from the C.P.R. and with Mrs. Nicholson and family left for the east this morning where they will in future reside. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson's many friends in this city will join the HERALD in wishing them prosperity in their new home.

The United States Congress convened in special session on Monday.

—BOY WANTED—to do light work. Apply at HERALD office.

—Harold Nelson Monday and Tuesday.

—Leave your orders for anthracite coal with H. N. Cousier.

—On Sale, large Base Burner, at John E. Wood's.

Wm. McGirr, the well known cigar drummer, was in the city on Tuesday.

—A car of Ham and Bacon just in, C. B. Hume & Co.

—A Singer Sewing Machine for $7, at H. Manning's.

—W. J. Curry, resident dentist. Parlors over Bews' drug store.

—Another car of furniture just arrived at R. Howson & Co's.

—Dennison's flowered crepe paper for lamp shades at Bews' Drug Store.

J. J. Foley left for the east yesterday morning. He will spend some time in Toronto.

—40 inch Apron Gingham, regular 20c. Friday and Saturday 15c. C. B. Hume & Co.

—Complete set of Waverley novels, cloth bound, for sale at Bews' Drug Store.

The executive of the Provincial Mining Association will meet in Kamloops on Nov. 23.

—See the Fancy Bound Books in Oozecalf, Wood Veneer and Burnt Leather at Walter Bews' Drug Store.

The Montreal hotel, Kamloops, was burned to the ground early Monday morning. Loss about $6000, no insurance.

—HOUSE TO RENT—From December 1st. House at corner of McKenzie avenue and Fourth street. Apply to P. Agren.

According to coast papers the C.P.R. will shortly discontinue the use of coal oil on all passenger trains in favor of acetalyne lighting.

Mr. W. de V. le Maistre has decided to relinquish his law business in this city and will remove to Edmonton about the beginning of next month.

—FURNITURE FOR SALE — By owner, who is leaving the city, a quantity of household furniture in good condition. Apply to W. de V. le Maistre.

H. Manning is offering bargains in four sewing machines in this issue. The machines are in good repair, and must be sold to make room for Christmas displays.

The Shakespearian Society held its usual meeting on Tuesday evening continuing the study of "Much ado about Nothing." There will be no meeting next week as all the members want to hear Harold Nelson.

T. J. Graham, of Beaton, has a contract for taking out 4,000,000 feet of timber for the Arrow Lake Lumber Co. on the upper lake. He has his teams and supplies on the ground.

STENOGRAPHER—Efficient lady stenographer and invoice clerk desires position in this city. Highest recommendations. Will be disengaged at the end of the year. Address enquiries to HERALD office.

Although the tax sale for property in Revelstoke Assessment District is advertised in this issue owners will save statutory costs of publication if they pay arrears before next Thursday, Nov. 19.

—WANTED—An energetic man to represent the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, in Revelstoke and district, on liberal terms of salary and commission, experience unnecessary. Apply personally in the evening to J. Alexander, Inspector of Agencies, Hotel Revelstoke.

Curling Club.

The annual general meeting of the Curling Club will be held this evening in No. 2 Fire Hall at 8 p. m. sharp, for election of officers and arranging for the coming season. All members and intending members are particularly requested to attend.

New Time Table.

READ UP		Daily, except Sunday.		READ DOWN
18.15	Ar.	Nelson	Lv.	7.00
16.30	"	Procter	"	8.45
16.15	"	Pilot Bay	"	9.00
15.50	"	Ainsworth	"	9.25
14.55	Lv.	Kaslo	Ar.	10.10
		Monday, Wednesday and Friday.		
14.50	Ar.	Kaslo	Lv.	10.50
13.30	Lv.	Lardo	Ar.	12.20
11.45	Ar.	Lardo	Lv.	12.05
11.20	"	La Blanche	"	13.20
11.12	"	Howser	"	13.25
11.00	"	Bosworth	"	13.40
10.40	"	Duncanes	"	14.05
10.30	Lv.	Gerrard	Ar.	14.30
10.01	Ar.	Gerrard	Lv.	14.45
8.00	Lv.	Trout Lake	Ar.	16.45

CHOCOLATES

MARACAIBO brands to the front. We have received a fresh stock. A well assorted stock, put in handsome packages at prices to suit. Chocolates in bulk; highest grade

60c. per lb.

W. BEWS, Phm. B.

Druggist and Stationer.

Dispensing of Prescriptions Our Specialty.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended to.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION

Of Labor in Session at Boston—Extracts from President Gompers' Address—Situation in Canada Discussed.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 10.—On the floor of historic Faneuil Hall, where a century and more ago the early builders of the Republic were wont to assemble and pour forth their patriotic utterances, there were gathered yesterday morning hundreds of representatives of the bone and sinew, the muscle and energy of the toiling millions of the United States. They were the delegates to the twenty-third annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, and among them was represented every trade and every industry of the New World.

In the course of his address, President Gompers said:

"Never in the history of the labor movement in this or any other country, or, for that matter, never in the history of any movement for the uplifting of the toiling masses, has there been such a uniform growth in the number of unions formed, or in the number of wage-workers becoming members of existing unions, as has transpired within the past year. From October 1, 1902, to September 30, 1903, we issued from the American Federation of Labor the following charters: International unions, 20; state federations, 8; central labor unions, 171; local trade unions and federal labor unions, 1139; total, 1333.

"At the end of the fiscal year, October 1, 1903, we had affiliated to the American Federation of Labor: International unions, 113 (the international unions have approximately 22,500 local unions); state federations, 29; central labor unions, 549; local trade unions and federal labor unions, 1747.

Referring to the labor movement in Canada, Mr. Gompers said:

"The trade union movement in Canada is keeping pace with the movement in the United States and other parts of the American continent.

"Of course, legislatively, our fellow trade unionists of Canada must have an absolutely free hand, unimpaired by interference from us in any character.

"We should give, as we gladly receive, suggestions and advice that may benefit each other legislatively. Any attempt on the part of either to interfere with the legislative policy that the other may believe advantageous would impair the influence and effectiveness of all.

REVELSTOKE Business College

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES IN THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

Instruction is given in Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Penmanship, Correspondence, English, Shorthand and Typewriting.

Classes are being formed for French and Latin.

Removed TO NEW PREMISES

Having moved into my own commodious premises I can supply

Home-Made Candies

Fresh **Roasted Peanuts**

Fresh **Tobaccos, Cigars**

Pipes, Etc.

AT CITY PRICES

HORACE MANNING,

McKenzie Avenue.

MASON & RISCH PIANOS

Renowned for their full and sympathetic tone. Unsurpassed in finish and case design.

J. McLeod, - Agent

2—NIGHTS—2

OPERA HOUSE

MONDAY and TUESDAY

NOV. 16 and 17

HAROLD NELSON

THE EMINENT CANADIAN ACTOR AND HIS COMPANY.

Monday

The great religious drama

"Quo Vadis."

Tuesday

Shakespeare's Tragedy

"Hamlet."

PRICES— $1.00 and 75c.

Reserve Your Seats at the Canada Drug & Book Company.

2—NIGHTS—2

SOUTHERN PINES, Moore Co., N. C.

The most delightful climate for a Home or Winter Resort. Only sixteen hours from New York. Write to Board of Trade of Southern Pines for booklet.

IN THE MATTER OF THE COMPANIES' ACTS, 1862 TO 1900.

and

IN THE MATTER OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA FINANCIAL TRUST AND GENERAL CORPORATION, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the creditors of the above named Company are required on or before the 8th day of January, 1904, to send their names and addresses and the particulars of their debts or claims and the names and addresses of their Solicitors (if any) to Sydney George Cole of 14 Fredericks Place, Old Jewry, in the City of London, England, Chartered Accountant, the Liquidator of the said Company, and if so required by notice in writing from the said Liquidator are by their Solicitors or personally to come in and prove their said debts or claims at such time and place as shall be specified in such notice, or in default thereof they will be excluded from the benefit of any distribution made before such debts are proved.

Dated this 23rd day of October, 1903.

DAVIDSON & MORRISS,
40 and 42 Queen Victoria Street,
London, England.

Solicitors to the above named Liquidator.

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 "P. J. O. (Olson's Lot)," about one and a half miles from Galena Bay, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Arrowhead, Nov. 5th, 1903, J. DUFFY.

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 planted at the north west corner of Lot 6343, about two miles east of Galena Bay, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Arrowhead, Nov. 4th, 1903. J. DUFFY.

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 in West Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post planted at the south west corner of Lot 6143, about two and a half miles east of Galena Bay, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Arrowhead, Nov. 4th, 1903. H. FOHLIN.

Card of Thanks.

The officers and members of L. O. L. No. 1058 and L. T. B. 174, beg to tender their sincere thanks to all who so kindly lent assistance in making the 5th of November supper and concert such a splendid success.

R. ATCHISON,
Chairman of Committee.

Residences For Sale

Three Dwellings and Lots for sale cheap. The buildings are all in first class condition.

One Frame Dwelling, 1½ storeys, in good repair. Lot 50x100 feet. Situated on Third street, west, near Cowan Block.

One Frame Dwelling, one-storey, in good repair, two lots, (one corner lot). Size of lots, 25 x 100. Third Street, east, near the Harbor Lumber Co.'s Mills.

One Frame Dwelling, 1½ storeys. One Lot 25x100, situate on Fourth Street, near the Harbor Lumber Co.'s mills.

FOR TERMS AND PARTICULARS APPLY TO.

R. J. BURGAR, QUEEN'S HOTEL REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Intending purchasers can find Mr. Burgar at the Queen's Hotel from 6:30 to 7:30 each evening.

Red Cross Drugstore

J. A. Buckham

(Successor to J. A. Miller & Co.)

DRUGGIST, CHEMIST, STATIONER, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, ETC., ETC.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.

Business is Still Coming Our Way..

Our Prices are Away Down This Week in Mackinaws, German Socks, Rubbers and all lines of Heavy Underwear. We still have a few Rain Coats, Umbrellas, Etc., left.

Just to hand a large assortment of Oil Clothing, which we are selling cheap.

Choice Groceries and Vegetables

We are unloading another Car of Choice Groceries to-day, also a Car of Mixed Vegetables and will be prepared to quote you prices very low. When you are wanting anything in the above line.

DON'T FORGET US.

..MACDONALD & MONTEITH..

FIRST STREET.

The Leading Store

THE STORE THAT NEVER DISAPPOINTS

Winter days will come again and you will need something for Street and Housewear. You will find the latest styles here, and we have the very latest materials in the store, so put the two together and you will be ready for New York or Paris.

DRESS GOODS.

Are conspicuous by their variety this year. If you wish the latest London or Paris Novelty take one of our Snowflake Zebelines, or, if you wish to buy a more dressy gown, buy a German Broadcloth and have it made with Medallions and Pendant Trimmings.

DRESS MAKING.

"We Fear Nae Foe."

MISS LEE, who has charge of Our Dressmaking Department, will be delighted to talk over the latest fashions with you and give you the proper style in dress if you entrust her with your orders.

NEW IDEA PATTERNS.

NO PATTERN OVER TEN CENTS. We will guarantee them to be the best in the market.

W. J. GEORGE, MACKENZIE AVENUE . .

Call and See Our New Goods.

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

..Stylish Overcoats..

In full bloom for Fall and Winter. If you want an overcoat that combines warmth, protection against inclement weather, distinction as to the appearance, stability of color, honesty as to material and tailoring with fairness of price, all you need to do is to search our stock of patterns, let us make up the garment and your exact requirements will be met.

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS TO ORDER.

J. B. CRESSMAN, - Mackenzie Ave

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD FOR

-Furniture-

CARPETS, LINOLEUM, FLOOR OIL, WALL PAPER, BLINDS, ETC.

R. HOWSON & CO.

PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

Funeral Directors & Embalmers, Graduate Massachusetts Embalming School.

Slaughter Sale at Reid & Young's

Still On. Don't Miss It.