THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol. XIV: NO. 10 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1903 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

READY-TO-WEAR HATS
FOR THE LADIES

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats, the advance guard of the Fall Millinery Season. Every hat new and correct in design.

THE ELITE
THE COQUETTE.
TORPEDO TURBAN.
ALICE TURBAN.
MARIE AUTIONETTE.

Are some of the styles mostly spoken of in the Fashion Journal. You will find them on show in the Millinery Room and Miss Ward will welcome you.

This week's additions to stock are Ladies' Wrappers, made up dresses for Children. New Lace Curtains, New Tapestry Curtains.

FOR FRIDAY

We have a line of Men's Hats Regular Price $3.50—
FRIDAY.....$2.50

Turkish Toweling. Reg. 30c. per yard.—
FRIDAY, 6 for.....$1.00

A Woman's Oxford Shoe. Regular $1.50—
FRIDAY.....$1.10

C. B. HUME & COMPANY
LIMITED.

APPROVES OF TIMBER LAWS

G. McCormick, M. P., Heavy Investor in Mills Considers B. C. Timber Laws Best in the World.

With that tendency to foul their own nest that the Opposition press delights in an attempt has been made by various newspapers, particularly the "Vancouver World," to denounce the timber laws in force in British Columbia. This irresponsible scandal mongering has discouraged capital to a certain extent, but investors who have investigated the matter have arrived at a far different conclusion. It is refreshing, therefore, to have the opinion of Mr. C. McCormick, M. P., one of the heaviest shareholders in the Pacific Coast Lumber Company and also largely associated with the Arrowhead Lumber Company that is about to build a very large mill at that point. In a recent interview with the "News Advertiser," Mr. McCormick speaks very favorably of the laws at present in force and considers them the best in the world barring the United States. To quote:

"Speaking of the

B. C. TIMBER LAWS,

Mr. McCormick remarked that contrary to local opinion he regarded the laws regulating timber lands in this Province as the best in the world, barring United States. As far as he had been able to look into them, the British Columbia laws enabled a man of small capital to secure timber limits by merely staking out and recording them. He could establish a small mill and commence business on a practically insignificant capital. This created industries in many sections, and was greatly to the advantage of the Province. In Ontario it would be impossible for a man of similarly small means to follow the same course. The law there was framed in the interests of the capitalists, and consequently a few men controlled the business. The British Columbia law was framed in the interests of the small man. As regards the complaints heard against the nontransferrable licence law, they did not exist in reality. They were technical restrictions only and he had always found the officials willing to recognize transfers made.

On being asked for an expression of opinion regarding the refusal of the Government to grant the request of the loggers for a temporary removal of the log export prohibition law, Mr. McCormick replied that the action of the Government was

WELL ADVISED

and in the best interests of the country. It should be the aim of the authorities to aid in building up the industries and labor-employing institutions of the country. To allow the raw products to be exported for manufacture abroad, when the manufacturer could be forced to come to the scene of production and establish his works, was similar to killing the goose that was laying the golden eggs. It was of far greater importance to a country to secure the establishment of large labor-employing mills in its midst and thus ensure the retention of the profits and business of both the logging and mill industries, than, for temporary benefits, to allow the produce of the country to be shipped abroad in its raw state to build up manufactories in other lands. The proposed change would also encourage the labor of such countries to come to our Province, for certain portions of the year only, for the purpose of earning good money with which to return to their own country to spend during the slack season. The placing of the embargo upon the export of logs in Ontario had benefited that Province to a wonderful extent. In Big Inlet, for instance, the population of some 12,000 people had dwindled down to about 3,000 in 1897-8, owing to the lack of protection for the lumbering industry. After the placing of the embargo on the export of logs in 1898, the population again increased, and in a year or two reached its former strength of some 10,000 or 12,000 people. He had been one of the first public advocates of the embargo, having commenced its agitation in 1887, and revived it again in 1890 and 1891."

This expression of opinion from a heavy investor is worth more than all the frothing of political agitators. The laws are considered by those most interested just and fair, and it is wise to let well enough alone. This the present Conservative government proposes to do.

—Say! what is the matter with you? Go and buy your furniture from John E. Wood. We have a splendid selection, no better made. We do not want the whole earth, we are satisfied with part of it, come and patronize us, we will guarantee that you will have no kick coming. If you have, come and tell us and we will gladly rectify anything that is not right.—John E. Wood, the Peoples' Furniture House.

—A handsome line of Carpets directly imported from England, just arrived at R. Howson & Co's.

THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE

Monday and Tuesday's Programme in Full—Races, Sports and Prizes—The City will be en fete.

That Revelstoke will have the greatest celebration ever held in North Kootenay is now assured beyond the shadow of a doubt. Its leading features hava never been surpassed and the whole city has determined to make the affair a success. On Tuesday evening the Executive Committee, together with the chairmen of the various subdivisions, held a most enthusiastic meeting and closed up all arrangements with the exception of a few minor matters which will be arranged at a final meeting on Saturday night. We publish the full programme of the two days' festivities and feel assured, that not only will Revelstoke readers of the HERALD fully appreciate the efforts of those in charge of the sports, but those from outside points will also become imbued with the acceleration of spirits that arises from hard work well done and join us in our first annual Labour Day Celebration.

To shorten up the business aspect it may be stated that at Tuesday's meeting the following tenders were accepted: John Laughton, licensed liquor stand, $30, and Horace Manning, candy booth $10, it being fully understood that, if anything approaching intoxication was observed at the athletic grounds the booth offending would have its license at once withdrawn. Special arrangements have been made for transference of visitors to the grounds and altogether the affair gives promise of brilliant success. The C. P. R. has given a fare and third rate from all outside points, including steamer routes, and, if patronage warrants from nearby places will probably reduce it still lower to single fare.

The presence of the Premier is a most flattering compliment to the city as, although invited to attend larger celebrations at the coast, he has decided to attend the first in Revelstoke and thus accentuate his opinion that the "day of workingmen" should be adequately festivitised, if we may use the expression, all over the Unionists' Utopia, the Province of British Columbia. With these few introductory remarks we now present to our readers the full programme. The first event on Monday morning will be the grand

LABOR AND FRATERNAL PARADE

which will fall in line at the City Hall promptly at 10 a.m. There will be many merchants' and other floats, unions en masse, and some of the fraternal societies. The route arranged is as follows. From City Hall down McKenzie ave. to First st., along First st. to Government, thence to Second st., along Second street to Charles, thence to Front and along Front to Wright, where the turn will be made. The return journey will be up Wright to Douglas and along Douglas and the water front to the junction of Government and Third, along Third to McKenzie ave. and north to the City Hall. This route takes in all that part of the city available and is the most satisfactory that can be arranged. The following are officers governing the parade: Marshal, Robt. Gordon; Committee, Messrs. A. E. Kincaid, T. Melville, R. A. Upper, J. Stewart and J. Ringer and the judges have been nominated as Messrs. G. S. McCarter, T. Kilpatrick and F. Young. Several valuable prizes are allotted to this event consisting of, firstly, the Union, Societies and Merchants, to the amount of $30, $20, and $20 for best float or general appearance. Bicyclists will also receive attention having been allotted the following inducements: Best decorated lady's wheel, $10; best decorated gentleman's wheel, $10 and best comic wheel $5. While the parade is in progress a

RIFLE SHOOT

will be going on at the club grounds. Fifty dollars has been donated to this event and there will be competitions at 200, 500 and 600 yards of a class to make warm the artist of the bullseye and circles.

This will fill up Monday morning and then we all go to lunch. After this comes the big

FULTON CUP LACROSSE MATCH

which is certain to arouse great enthusiasm. Revelstoke won on Dominion Day but this victory was disallowed on technical grounds and Kamloops and Revelstoke will line up for the first real contest of 1903 for the much coveted trophy. Before and after the match a long programme of

ATHLETIC SPORTS

will be carried out, the programme as arranged being as follows:

HANDICAP	1	2	3
Boys race (over 12) 50 yds.	$3	$2	$1
Girls " " "	3	2	1
Boys " (under 12) 25 yds.	3	2	1
Girls " " "	3	2	1

100 yd. race, open, entrance 50c., 1st prize pair pants value $10, donated by J. B. Cressman; 2nd case razors, W. M. Lawrence, value $5; 3rd pipe, value $2.

Tug of War, 10 men a side, without cleats. Prizes cash $25 and Cup, donated by Dr. Cross, to be won 3 years in succession for final ownership. Entries will be received by President of Sports Committee until 10 a.m. and heats arranged on grounds.

Quarter mile race, open, entrance 25c., 1st prize, vest, M. A. Wilson, value $10; 2nd, goods, any store, value $5.

Obstacle race, 220 yards, $5 $3 $2

Potato race, 25 yards, potato every five, $5, $3, $2.

Putting the Shot, 16lbs $3 $2

Sack race, 50 yards 5 3 2

Greasy Pig—Winner to have the pig.

And after this comes dinner and a short time for recuperation until the

GRAND BALL

in the Opera house, which opens at 9 p.m. The Independent band are arranging special music for the occasion and the event will be one of Terpsichorean delight. The charge for admittance will be $2 each gentleman, ladies of course, as on all Labour Day observances, being welcomed by the light of their presnce. Then to bed to wake up the next day and take in the

TRAP SHOOTING CONTESTS

which start on Tuesday punctually at 8:30 a.m. Birds and cartridges will be on hand at the grounds and maybe a few spare guns for those who omit the provision of weapons. Most generous appropriations have been made for carrying out the following:

PROGRAMME

No. 1—Grand Challenge Cup. 20 birds, known traps and and angles, teams of five men, $5 entrance.—Five gold medals to winning team, value $50.

No. 2—Cowan-Holten-Downs Cup.—Teams of three men, unknown traps and angles.

No. 3—Sweepstakes — Five pair doubles. $1 entrance, $5 added.

No. 4.—Sweepstakes.—Five birds, singles, unknown traps and angles. $1 entrance, $5 added.

No. 5.—Sweepstakes.—Ten singles, unknown traps and angles. $1 entrance, $10 added.

A gold medal, value $10, will be given for highest score for gun competing in all above events.

In sweepstakes money will be divided 1st, 2nd and 3rd gun. Birds will be charged at the rate of 1½ cents and deducted from the stakes.

In events 3 and 4, and medal for highest score, manufacturers' agents can compete for birds only.

Prospector's Shoot, 100 yards off hand, entrance 25c. Prizes $5, $3, $2.

Tuesday afternoon will be devoted to matches, Great Britain, Canada and

(Continued on Page 8).

GOVERNMENT'S SUGGESTIONS

Recommend that G. T. P. be at once Started from Coast and no Mongolians Employed —Other Telegraph News.

VICTORIA, Sept. 2.—At an important meeting of the British Columbia Executive Council a minute was passed recommending the Dominion authorities, first, to work on the mountain section of the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific railway by commencing operasions from the Pacific terminus and continuing eastwards to the boundary of British Columbia, and secondly that no Asiatics be employed on the construction of the road.

ROSSLAND, Sept. 2.—James Wardner, famous throughout the Kootenay as a mining promoter and raconteur, is dying of blood poisoning in a Milwaukee hospital.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 2.—Three explosions occurred today on the Austrian steamer Raskapu soon after she left the Bulgarian port of Burgas for Vienna, 29 persons being killed.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Sept. 2.—Colonial Secretary Chamberlain today cabled an authorization to the local Colonial Bank to advance £50,000 to the planters whose plantations were practically destroyed by the recent storms.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—The race between Reliance and Shamrock had again to be called off today for lack of wind.

NANAIMO, B. C., Aug. 31.—At an enthusiastic meeting of delegates from the several centres of Newcastle constituency held at Ladysmith Saturday night, Mr. Andrew Bryden received the nomination of the Conservative party as candidate in the coming election.

OTTAWA, Sept. 2.—A division was reached in the House on the transcontinental railway resolutions. All the amendments were voted down. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's resolution to give effect to the contract was carried by a majority of 46.

MONTREAL, Sept. 1.—A number of those who compose the British parliamentary party reached here lastnight, including Lord Lyveden, Lord Braye, Sir Edward Clark, William C. Macdonna, Col. Sadler, Mr. George Doughty and others. They will stay in Montreal a couple of days and then proceed west as far as the coast.

VIENNA, Sept. 1.—King Edward arrived here at 5 o'clock this afternoon from Marienbad, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception. The city was elaborately decorated and along the route from the railroad station to the Hofburg, triumphal arches, displaying the Austrian and British flags entwined were erected.

Junior Conservatives

A meeting will be held in Selkirk Hall tomorrow evening, at 8.15 p. m., for the purpose of organizing a Young Men's Conservative Club. All those interested are cordially invited to attend. Officers will be elected and arrangements made for regular musical and other meetings.

ELDORADO IS IN OUR MIDST

Seven Miles From Trout Lake Another Poplar Creek Discovered—Discoverys Point to Big Bend.

Between the discovery at Ground Hog Basin, mentioned in our last issue, and the widly circulated find at Poplar Creek the splendid mineral zone has been located and staked with in seven miles of Trout Lake. And this strike is equal to, if not better than, Poplar creek, of the same kind and with similar hanging walls. The latest showing should overshadow the Poplar outfit. We say this for two reasons, firstly, because the Poplar creek find was bruited abroad by novices while the other was the work of practical men, and secondly because the latest excitement has attracted prospectors of approved ability while the other was simply a rush of "che chacos" to a place where they thought gold was sticking up in chunks.

The first news that came to the HERALD of the recent find was conveyed in a wire from Trout Lake on Sunday afternoon which read:

"Another Poplar creek discovered, everyone excited, many will leave when proved."

This despatch created considerable interest in our office, but we decided not to be a victim of a stampede until something tangible was apparent. But we were too late and now proceed to tell the story of the find as given from reliable resources.

About Friday last Mr. Wm. Davie went out to do assessment work on one or two claims about seven miles north of Trout Lake. In the course of his work he found that, in addition to the veins formerly located, several new outcroppings of quartz appeared which looked like rich ore. One of these was therefore turned over and it was then found that the gold which, owing to surface concentration, was not apparent among the large spheres of iron capping, was clearly seen with the naked eye a foot or so below the surface. The news was quickly circulated by Mr. Davie and, on Saturday last, several claims were staked. When the news came to Trout Lake the excitement started. The samples brought down made the population practically wild. In the twinkling of an eye business was suspended, men and women rushed up the trail in the wild search for gold and, at the moment of writing, probably two or three hundred are on the ground wording with pick and shovel, pan and rocker, taking out for themselves gold from the auriferous Lardeau.

This find has been verified by many local residents. Deputy Sheriff Knapp, who came in from Trout Lake leaving there Sunday morning, says that from 11 p. m., until the time of his leaving, the mad rush for claims continued. The trail was a moving mass of humanity all heading towards the recently found El Dorado and the town of Trout Lake is deserted.

A press despatch from Beaton says: "The scene of the discovery is about three miles east of the lake, in the direction of Ferguson, where the Nettie L., Silver Cup and other rich mines are situated. The fact that it is in direct line with the phenomenal deposits which have been struck on Poplar creek in the south and Fish river in the north indicates that the free rich gold belt of the Lardeau is from twenty to thirty miles long."

Without further absolute news the HERALD does not advise its readers to seek the new locality. It is probable that by now all locations in the vicinity have been taken up. The new find, however, demonstrates the fact that a continuity of rock formative exists through the large stretch of country between the Lardeau and the Big Bend. We have insisted on this on several occasions, not only by personal observation but also through specimens of rock from the various locations made. There should be no particular rush to the find in the vicinity of Trout Lake, but practical men should investigate the country between the places much boomed recently and locate for themselves claims of equal value of those at Poplar creek, Trout Lake and Ground Hog Basin.

Ordination Service

The ordination of Rev. Robert Hughes, of Habburton St. Methodist church, Nanaimo, took place at the Methodist church here on Sunday morning at 11, a. m. The church was very beautifully decorated with cut flowers and plants and appropriate music was rendered by the choir. Rev. James Turner, President of the Conference, conducted the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Dr. Woodsworth, Supt. of Missions in Manitoba and N. W. T., Rev. J. H. White, Supt. of Missions in B. C., and Rev. C. Ladner, pastor of the church. Rev. J. H. White delivered a most instructive charge to the candidate his text being 1st, Timothy, IV; 16, "Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

In the afternoon, at 2.30, the visiting clergymen delivered suitable addresses to the Sabbath school children and in the evening the Rev. R. Hughes preached a most impressive sermon to a large congregation. He also conducted an after service at which a large number remained.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes left Monday evening for their new home in Nanaimo.

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Raw Linseed Oil
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FALL 1903.
New Goods Arriving
FALL 1903.

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

Ladies' Wrappers.
Children's Dresses.
Table Linen, Napkins, Towels
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Boys', Youths', Knicker Pants

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MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION.

FIRST ANNUAL
Labor Day Celebration
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Under the auspices of the Mayor and City Council.

SEPT. 7 SEPT. 8 — Monday, Tuesday — SEPT. 7 SEPT. 8

LACROSSE, BASEBALL,
ATHLETICS, GUN SHOOT

TRADES AND SOCIETIES PROCESSION.

GRAND BALL - - - GRAND CONCERT

For full particulars see small bills.

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

THE IDEAL LIFE.

Joseph Silverman, D.D., Rabbi
Temple Emanu-El, New York.

And he said, Go forth and stand upon the mountain before the Lord.—I. Kings, xix., 11.

There are times when we who have lived constantly in the valleys become dissatisfied with our surroundings, with the commonplace scenery, the narrow horizon and contracted vision, and look with envious eyes to the few who have succeeded in climbing to the mountain top. Then, under some sudden spell, we summon up courage, gather our feeble strength and attempt to climb the steep and rugged ascent. And when at last, after many trials and failures, we reach the summit we are fully rewarded for our exertions by the glorious sight before us and by the exhilaration of the upper air.

Those in the valley can see only a small part of the world's wonders—here a field, a garden, there a cavern, a river or lake. Upon the mountain top the sublime and awe-inspiring prospect of the world's wonderful design, beauty, majesty and power bursts full upon the eye. From below we saw only a few peaks; from above hundreds of peaks come into view, hundreds of smaller mountains, separated by undulations of green forests or by silver threads of limpid waters. From below we had a limited outlook, saw only our own confined surroundings—a few peasants, villagers or conceited townspeople; beheld only petty affairs of mundane life, which seemed of such paramount importance to the denizens of the valley. From the heights we have, comparatively speaking, an almost unlimited horizon and can see at a glance many cities and villages, and in the distance hills and valleys, rivers and lakes, and beyond the mighty ocean embracing all things. From above all great cities seem but as toy villages, men and women as tiny miniatures and our seemingly vast enterprises as the block houses of children at play. Standing there on the mountain top, in the very presence of the Lord, as it were, upon the throne of creation, we seem to realize a sense of our greater selves and our larger possibilities, and to feel that the people and the things we have left below are but the chrysalis from which we have escaped; that the world in the valley is but the stepping stone to the higher world above.

There are luminous hours in our lives when the soul yearns to emancipate itself from the limitations under which it was born and has continued to exist, and seeks to rise to some higher estate of manhood or womanhood. We have at times visions of men and women who have risen to spiritual heights which we aspire to reach. They seem to live on the mountain tops of life and enjoy a greater and broader view of human affairs. They are men of unusual wisdom, profound reason, of uncompromising convictions; men who stand on the vantage ground of truth, who love righteousness, execute justice and walk humbly before their God; broad-gauge men, full of sympathy and love for humanity; whole-souled men and women who can smile benignly and speak graciously, yet wisely; philanthropists, lovers of mankind, who temper justice with mercy, judgment with charity, and who, like Divinity, are patient, long suffering and abundant in kindness and mercy.

In our better moments we seek to stand upon such a lofty plane. Our ordinary lives seem commonplace, "stale, flat and unprofitable." We go constantly through the same routine of eating and drinking, sleeping and waking. The great masses seem like thousands and millions and myriads of molecules and organized cells that contribute to the mechanism of the universe. We seem often to be only as the small teeth on the cog wheels of human and cosmic life, rotating upon one another to move some other set of wheels and thus transmit power, vitality and growth to an infinite number of revolving wheels. Now and then some of us rebel against a cruel, at least an undesirable, fate or destiny. We aspire to some higher existence than that of the beast; we want to be something more than merely a part of a cog wheel; we have an ambition to be a power that moves the wheel, to be a conscious and active directing force, not a mere passive piece of mechanism. We wish to be not the clay that is moulded, but the potter who designs and executes the plan. In our better hours we reach out to such an ideal life that is far above our material, worldly existence, with its constant round of toil and care, coupled with only a modicum of pleasure.

It is such an ideal that reconciles us to the most bitter disappointments. It is the buoy that keeps us afloat in the tempestuous sea of life until some unexpected help comes to our rescue. The man without an ideal is lost in this cordid, selfish and cold-hearted world. He is subject to despondency, despair and a broken spirit that often follows bitter disappointment, and to the loss of health, happiness and fortune as a result of the deceit and ingratitude of selfish and treacherous friends.

At such a time the words "Go forth and stand on the mountain top before the Lord" appeal to us with a wonderful force. Get thee out of the slough of despair, out of the valley where dwell the narrow and the evil minded, and stand on the heights of the ideal life, with the great and the good, before the Lord. This ideal fortifies the soul, brushes aside the brooding care, drives away the lowering clouds and sends a ray of sunshine into our dark surroundings. We begin to feel that what we have lost is not all of life: there are still health, happiness and fortune in store for us; that the sea is never drained; that new friends can be made in place of the old; that all truth and justice, all appreciation and sympathy are not destroyed; that new love can grow even from the grave of a dead affection. The ideal gives new zest to life, a new halo to our surroundings. It spells new opportunity and undying hope.

For the Queen's Nurses.

The King and Queen received at Buckingham Palace on May 21 a deputation from the committee of the Queen's Nurses' Endowment Fund, says The London Express, who handed over to their Majesties £81,000—made up by the subscriptions of four million contributors—which is the women's memorial to the late Queen, and will be devoted to the endowment of the "Queen Victoria Jubilee Nurses" Institute, towards which £70,000 was similarly collected in connection with the jubilee of 1887. After the deputation had been separately presented to the King and Queen, who cordially shook hands with all, the Marchioness of Londonderry handed to his Majesty a draft for £66,000, subscribed in England and Wales and by British residents abroad, together with a roll recording the names of the contributing counties and boroughs, and other details. The Countess of Cadogan, on behalf of Ireland, followed with a certificate for £5,874 8s 10d. The Duchess of Buccleuch had already presented the Scottish collection, which amounted to £12,000.

Their Majesties, having endorsed each document with their names, the King replied in the following terms:—"I congratulate you on the success of your kindly labors, and I am very glad that so large a sum has been contributed to so worthy an object as the Queen's nurses. It is an additional pleasure to the Queen and myself that this sum should have been collected as a memorial to my beloved mother."

The Queen, as patron of the Queen's nurses, also briefly expressed her thanks, and the deputation withdrew.

They Knew About It.

The Chicago Tribune is responsible for the following, which is applicable to others than those who live in that city.

"Say, boys," he broke in, "poor Jimmy Turner's dead."

Jimmy Turner was a jockey and trainer well known on western tracks, and each member of the party heaved a preliminary sigh of regret at his taking off. But not one of them was surprised. Not at all. Quite to the contrary. Every one of them had foreseen and predicted it time after time.

"Well, I'm not a bit surprised," said the first man. "The last time I saw Jimmy he looked mighty bad to me. Kind of peaked about the eyes——"

"Yes," said the second man, breaking in, "and he's had that beetle flush on his cheeks for the last two months."

"I was telling my wife yesterday," went on the third member of the wise men's association, "that poor Jimmy wasn't long for this world. How long was he sick?

"About a minute," said the newcomer. "He was run over and killed by a passenger train."

Should Have Been Spanked.

Before the Windsor Magistrates, The London Star says, a youth, aged thirteen, was charged with theft. Chief Constable Nicholls gave the lad a bad character, and said he throw knives at his mother and father, and locked them in rooms until they gave him money. The

The Desperado:—You can 'ammer for a week, but I don't let you out under a tanner.—London Star.

father said that once the boy locked some visitors in a room, prevented them catching a train, and demanded money before he would let them free. The Bench sent this promising youth to a reformatory school.

For the Farmer.

A simple way to test the quality of oil cake is to throw a few handfuls of the ground article into boiling water and let it cool. The amount of scum on the top will show the oil, along with the straws, chaff and light weed seeds contained in it; the sediment at the bottom will show the sand and dirt, while the odor will indicate whether it is made of sound or inferior seed. This last point is a very important one.

Potato-growing.

Few people study into the reasons for doing a thing, and instead of doing their work according to reason many do it according to "grandfather's rule," handed down from bygone days. When the soil was new, full of humus and plant food, and was light and loose, the roots could get through it to great lengths easily, and if cut off by a careless cultivator could get plenty of food in the circumscribed area; but now our soils have been robbed of all material which holds them up and keeps them mellow, and are sadly deficient in available plant food, so that a larger area is required to grow the plant, and an injury to the roots causes a failure of food and a lessening of the yield.

The ploughing between the rows and extensive hilling once in fashion is not the best method for the present time, and certainly is not the cheapest. It is said that when the potatoes were brought back to their native home from Ireland the practice of hilling was brought with them. I know of no other reason for it. In that country they made hills, to get them up out of the too moist soil; here we need more moisture as a rule. The roots are the means by which food is obtained; to cut off roots is to cut off food supply. The roots as they become old and tough lose the power to take in food, and the process is continued further out where they are smaller. The older the plant the further from the base is the food obtained. The growth and length of the roots are very great.

When the foliage is not more than ten inches high the roots are eighteen inches long; later they are from three to five feet. Should one wash away the dirt carefully and get all the roots without breaking them, they would make a rope larger than a braid of a woman's hair. It is safe to say that by midsummer there is not an inch of soil in a potato field that is not filled with the roots. No deep cultivation can be given at this time without injury. Once I grew 150 bushels an acre without any cultivating at all. Potatoes grow in spite of, not because of, cultivation.

We cultivate to keep down weeds, to break up the crust and preserve the water supply, not to make potatoes grow. If you do not believe it, plant some and cover with straw, and see. The method which will do all of these things best, quickest and cheapest, without injuring the root growth, is the one we want and are seeking.

The previous preparation has much to do with the methods we can use, and the after treatment should always be kept in mind when planting any crop. Potatoes that are planted shallow must be hilled up some or they will be sunburned; hence, level culture requires deeper planting. The new tubers are always attached to the stalk, and are always above the seed piece planted. Therefore, a shallow-planted potato must be covered by hilling to keep the new tubers covered. This hilling not only cuts off the roots, but gives the sun a chance to dry out the sides of the hills and decrease the yield.

Where the mark was shallow and the soil was not very mellow, I would plough deep between the rows with a one-horse plough or cultivator with very sharp teeth the minute the potatoes begin to come up and before the roots are long. I would turn the dirt onto them and completely cover the just protruding top. This will smother small weeds, cover them deeper and loosen the soil between the rows all at one operation; but the weeder across the rows should follow at once, to level and loosen the dirt that is on the plants. If you have no weeder use a harrow with "pig" teeth.

The roots are the canals and the water the agent which carries the food through them to the foliage. One must dig up the soil well, so the canal can get through it, and so the capillary action will furnish water. This cultivation must be done, for no one ever succeeded in growing a good crop in hard soil, and it must be done before the canal is made (grown) or it will be destroyed. After the first deep, thorough work, twice in a row, the teeth should not go deeper than two inches again at any time.

Where the tubers are covered four inches deep, as they should be, they should be harrowed with a smoothing harrow, or a spring tooth with teeth set shallow, twice before they come up. This will not tear them out; do not be afraid of it. Let the team walk between the rows and not step on the hills. When they come up the ground should be as clean of weeds and as level as a house floor, mellow as a garden and the undersoil moist. After they are two inches high and have turned green, harrow or cultivate and follow with a weeder. Always use a weeder across the rows, as it will level down the dirt which is worked toward the plants, is less likely to cover with stone and takes out the weeds better. Work over the potatoes often enough to keep any crust from forming, to keep sprouting weeds killed, and raise a dust to drive away flea beetles.

Unless compelled by the manner of planting, do not hill up at all. The workings will work up a little soil, and there will be a rounded surface toward the plant, but no deep trenches. By this method of using the team harrows and weeder the cost of cultivating should be only a few dollars an acre; for a boy, who costs 50 cents, and the team will harrow ten or twelve acres a day, and do it better than any man and cultivator.

The great trouble with all ordinary cultivation is that the weeds in the hill and the crust on it are not broken and both cause a loss, that the cost is too great and too much time is taken. To grow potatoes at from 10 to 20 cents a bushel we must adopt improved methods.—G. E. Chapman, in N. Y. "Tribune Farmer."

Antarctic Exploration.

We have yet to get many of the details of what the Discovery has achieved in the Antarctic for exploration and science, says The London Chronicle. Moreover, when the relief ship Morning left her, bringing news to New Zealand, she had only half done her work. We know enough, however, to be able to say that the present British Antarctic expedition will rank as one of the most notable in the history of polar travel and research. Captain Scott and his comrades of the great sledge journey got nearer to the south pole by two hundred miles than anybody has been before. They reached 82 deg. 17 S., and it is not impossible that during their second year's stay in these regions they may contrive to surpass this record. Then land has been found at the extremity of the ice barrier, and it has been made clear that Mounts Erebus and Terror form part of an island set in a strait, and not, as once had been thought, part of a solid Antarctic continent. Altogether, a very remarkable addition is likely to be made to our knowledge of the Antarctic, and so to our full understanding of the globe, when the Discovery comes back from the wilderness of ice which has closed around her. Her equipment for her mission is in singular contrast for its completeness to that of the craft which first sailed to the far south. Chronicles of them go back to the early part of the eighteenth century, and suggest the names of George Shelvoke and Lozier Bouvet of Crozet, James Cook and Furneaux. The nineteenth century brings us to Bellinghausen, the Russian, to Charles Wilkes, the American, and in particular to the expedition, in the years 1839-41, of Sir James Ross. He discovered Victoria Land, christened Mounts Erebus and Terror after his own ships, and reached as far towards the south pole as 78 deg. 10. In 1874 Sir George Nares, with the Challenger, first crossed the Antarctic Circle by steam, and in recent years there have been the expeditions of the Belgica and of the Southern Cross, the latter fitted out by Sir George Newnes, and commanded by Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink, who penetrated to 78 deg. 50 south. With the coming of the twentieth century there also came a revival of Antarctic exploration, on what may fairly be called the grand scale. Scottish, German and Swedish expeditions are all at present probing the secrets of the far south, and all in such a way that they work in with the larger undertaking organized by the Royal Geographical Society. The Discovery took the route of the Ross Sea, while the Scotia approached the polar ice from the direction of the Falkland Islands. The Swedish vessel Antarctic went by Cape Horn and Graham Land, and the German ship Gauss by Kerguelen. "The main objects," said Sir Clements Markham, discussing Antarctic exploration before the Discovery sailed from England, "are to determine as far as possible the extent and nature of the south polar lands, to ascertain the nature of its glaciation and the condition of the ice-cap, to observe the character of the underlying rocks and to make a magnetic survey south of 40 deg., S. Much importance is also attached to the meteorological observations, and especially to meteorological observations south of 74 deg. Deep-sea soundings, with temperatures, are also to be taken, and biological observations are to be made." Here was work enough for the Discovery. She sailed from England in July, 1901, for New Zealand. At Lyttleton Captain Scott made his final preparations and then stemmed south into the icy unknown. During the ensuing Antarctic summer she visited Cape Adare, Wood Bay, and Cape Crozier, and made a far-reaching cruise eastward along the ice barrier. The coast was followed to latitude 76 deg., longitude 152 deg. 30 min., or about 150 miles beyond the furthest point previously reached in this direction. The land discovered in the extremity of the ice barrier was extensive and rugged, peaks and mountains rising from it into the clear Antarctic sky. Returning westward, the Discovery eventually found excellent winter quarters—she was still frozen in when the Morning left—in the vicinity of Mount Erebus, where McMurdo Bay is indicated on the map. "Here," Sir Clements Markham had said, speaking in anticipation, "there is probably a better climate than at Cape Adare, because it is within the anticyclonic region." It has now been ascertained that McMurdo Bay is really a strait, and valuable observations have been made as to the volcanic Mounts Erebus and Terror. Only smoke, not fire, seems to have been seen issuing from them, and by it the officers and crew of the Discovery could tell the direction of the wind. A trying but valuable sledge expedition was made to Mount Terror by a party under Lieutenant Royds. The log-books of the Discovery also record a fine piece of work by Lieutenants Armitage and Skelton, who were away twenty-one days exploring the western range of Antarctic mountains. Greatest of all in this ice travelling was, of course, the journey southward of Captain Scott's own party. If they got nearer by 207 miles—that seems to be as exact a calculation as can be made at the moment—to the south pole than anybody has been before, they assuredly did it by heroic toil and endurance. Exposure almost cost one of them his life, and as their dogs died they had themselves to drag the sledges back to the Discovery. Her people will have adventures enough to tell as well as a mine of information to give the world. We shall have the evidence which points to the ice barrier being afloat, though connected with the land ice. Again, a Victoria Land traversed by ranges of high mountains will mean new marks on the south polar map. Within the present month the full despatches brought by the Morning from the Discovery will be available in England. The intention is to make their contents public at a meeting of the Geographical Society held for the purpose. It is possible that the King or the Prince of Wales may be present at this meeting.

Austrian Army Suicides.

Statistics of suicide in the Austro-Hungarian army tell a dark story. Even among the civilian population of that empire the percentage of suicides is high—1.63 per 10,000 inhabitants, as against 0.76 in Britain, though still lower than Germany, whose percentage is 2.71. Austrian army suicides, however, are equal to those of any three other European armies put together. Britain's army of free men does not weary of its own existence. The percentage is 2.06 per 10,000, while in the Austrian army it rises to 12.53, even double that of the German army, which may be described as a bad second, with a rate of 6.32.

Relics of Ancient London.

According to London papers, recently to hand, the workmen employed in the demolitions on the site of the new Sessions House in the Old Bailey have unearthed a portion of the old Roman wall immediately behind the "Dead-man's Walk," the burial-place for executed malefactors. A substantial piece of the old wall was known to exist at the back of Newgate, and there is a special clause in the contract for the present works there providing for the careful preservation of the relic. The old wall formerly ran almost parallel with the Old Bailey. The structure of the wall can be plainly seen on examination of the portion now unearthed, which is built of ragstone, flint, and lime, and bonded at intervals with courses of plain and curved edged tiles. The bastion at St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, the fragment in the street known as London Wall, and a portion in George street, Tower Hill, are the only other traces on a large scale now left of the Roman structure. The wall was built about 305 A.D. by the Emperor Constantine, to keep out the hordes of Picts and Scots, at which time, north of the wall, was a huge forest tract infested with wild beasts. The wall was afterwards (about 370 A.D.) repaired by Theodoclus, a General of the Emperor Valentinian. Old Roman London was scarcely larger than Hyde Park. Its level was eighteen feet below the present level of Cheapside. The distance from north at London Wall, to south, at the Thames, was half a mile, and from east, at the Tower, to west, at Ludgate, about one mile. The gates on the old wall were Bridgegate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate and Aldgate.

Aliens in Britain.

The President of the Local Government Board has furnished Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., with the result of the inquiries he has made concerning the destitute aliens relieved from the British poor rate in England and Wales during the year 1902. The result is not less remarkable than that shown by Mr. Akers-Douglas' recent census of the foreigners in his Majesty's prisons. That showed a total of nearly seven hundred criminal aliens, maintained by the British taxpayer at a cost estimated at £30,000 a year, apart from their depredations and the expense of law and police. Four thousand six hundred and eighteen destitute aliens were granted poor-law relief last year. Of these, 1,922 were admitted as indoor cases, while 227 were sent to lunatic or imbecile asylums. London accounts in the total for 3,234 destitute aliens, of whom 1,210 were indoor and 163 lunatics, or idiots. The provinces afforded relief to 1,284 destitute aliens and 129 alien vagrants, and sent 53 to lunatic asylums. The greatest charge fell upon Liverpool, with 435 destitute aliens, of whom 291 were indoor and ten lunatic. Leeds was, however, a good second in this hospitality. Relief was afforded to 446 destitute aliens, but of these only 41 were admitted indoors. Twenty-four aliens, upon the other hand, were sent to the West Riding lunatic asylums. Birmingham Union comes third with 121 alien paupers. But Cardiff is only one point behind, with 120, of whom 31 were indoor and 27 lunatic. West Derby, Manchester, Salford and Prestwich come next in order, while the unions of Sheffield and Ecclesall maintain 21 aliens, including one idiot. The nationality of these 4,618 destitute aliens was thus made up:—Russians and Poles, 2,486; Germans, 746; Italians, 252; Austrians, 143; Roumanians, 63; other nationalities, 464. It is to be remembered that the poor law relief is entirely independent of that afforded by the Jewish Boards of Guardians and the Russo-Jewish Joint Committee, who relieved in the course of last year upwards of 6,000 destitute aliens in London alone. Last year the Home Office issued letters of British naturalization to upwards of 800 aliens, one-half of whom were Russians and Poles.

The statement is made that the first "black list of habitual drunkards" published in London under the new licensing law contains the names of three times as many women as men.

M. A. P. on Amusements.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his Mainly About People (May 23), joins in the crusade against bridge, and in part says:—"Life would be tolerable but for its amusements," said a great politician and a philosopher of the 'sixties. What would he have said if he had lived to our days? The campaign against "bridge," which The Daily Express is waging, is one of the marks of the revolt which is rising against our present methods and habits of life. It is a campaign with which I have great sympathy. I remember talking some years ago to a lady of great beauty and social popularity, who told me she had almost abandoned visits to country houses, simply because she hated bridge so much, and she found that nobody who did not love bridge was regarded with any favor any more in the country house. The mere playing of bridge, of course, is not an offence in itself; a game of cards is a very harmless and often a very necessary relaxation after the hard work of the day. I confess there was a time when I played cards nearly every night of my life, and I found it very healthy to enjoy for some hours complete forgetfulness of all the labors and worries of my life. I must add that I chose the most idiotic game of cards I could find—an American game called casino—and that I never played for money. There are only two conditions on which any person ought to gamble; the first, of course, is that he should be always certain to win; and the second, that he should be equally sure that the people from whom he won could afford to lose. In other words, as these two conditions can never be present, one should never gamble at all. How anybody is able to sit down at the table of a friend, or to allow a friend to sit down at his table and lose money or win money from that friend, which he is unable to afford, passes my comprehension. And yet I was told by that same lady to whom I alluded at the beginning of this article that she has seen men and women exchange large checks with each other on the morning of the day when the house party was breaking up, and the guests were scattering to their different destinations. People will differ about these things, but I would regard a country house, if I owned one, where such things took place, as sunk to the level of Ratcliffe Highway. To my poor judgment, vulgarity could not get much lower than turning one's house into a gambling saloon. Gambling has always existed, perhaps may always exist, but undoubtedly the invention of bridge has brought with it an increase of the spirit and the practice to quite an alarming extent. Who, five or ten years ago, would have thought it possible that same men and women, and, above all, that young girls would sit down in the middle of the day or in the early afternoon and start to gamble? Who would have believed it possible that men and women of good station and of decent surroundings would stop up all night gambling, and that, again, young women would be found amongst the keenest and the most eager of the players with the cards? Yet these things now constantly take place, and indeed a young woman of certain sections of society who does not play bridge and does not gamble would be voted a mere prudish frump. It is high time that protests were raised against all this madness and vulgarity, and I am glad to see that certain newspapers and preachers have the courage to take up the crusade.

An Indian Postage Stamp.

We published recently, says The Daily Graphic, the accompanying facsimile of a postage stamp of the native Indian State of Bundi, in Rajputana, sent to us by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. of Ipswich, who wrote:—"Unfortunately we can give you no translation of the inscription, nor a correct description of the central design, which looks to us like a one-eyed bandmaster repelling the attack of two

Facsimile of the Stamp—Daily Graphic.

abnormally big-headed calves, which are evidently intended to represent Indian sacred bulls."

Mr. J. V. Densai, writing from on board the steamship Oceana, off Port Said, has kindly sent us a translation of the inscription and an explanation of the design. He says:—

"The top line means the State of Bundi. The line under it consists of two letters forming one word, meaning 'one.' The line under the design also consists of two letters, making one word, 'anna.' The last line gives the year of the issue, Samvat, 1954,' corresponding with A.D., 1898. This is a one anna stamp, issued by the State of Bundi in 1898.

"The design, too, is simple. It is meant to represent the emblem of the particular sect of Hinduism to which the Chief of Bundi belongs. A bull is used as a conveyance by the Hindu god Siva, and the followers of that sect have bulls as their signs."

A Valuable Picture Refused.

There has just come to light in Bristol, England, an interesting romance of a picture. For some years there has been hanging in the Bristol Young Men's Christian Association a picture entitled "The Holy Family." The owner lent it for a long time, and once proposed that the association should buy it. He did not wish to drive a hard bargain. The picture was obviously a good one; it was six feet by four and a half feet. Would the committee like to buy it for £20? "If you would," he said, "I am so much in sympathy with your excellent work that I am willing to contribute £5 myself toward the purchase money." But the committee felt that they had more important demands for their £5 notes, and they replied accordingly. By and by the owner died, and the executors began to realize his estate. The picture was looked up and the work was ordered to be packed and sent to London for sale. Judge the satisfaction of the executors when they received an offer of £7,000 for it, and were advised not to sell under £10,000. Experts have identified the picture as from the brush of Pietro de Cortona, the great Italian painter of the early seventeenth century.

Wanted to Work For Herself.

The following story has been going the rounds of the British press:—A young Russian woman of the aristocratic class, highly educated, and the only daughter of an official well up in the Government service, who disappeared mysteriously about four years ago, has just been discovered in the person of "Alexander Rodishevsky," under which name she was masquerading as a man and acting in the capacity of a foreman of the railway. She had been most carefully reared, and at the time of her disappearance was about to return to the university where she had already made some notable successes. When found the girl explained that her intention was to rise to an eminent position in the State by her own unaided efforts and then to give a brilliant example to the world of the facts which woman, when she really wills, is capable of achieving. The fellow-workers of Alexander Rodishevsky on the railway say that he was industrious and ambitious and received rapid promotion. Many of them had predicted that he would rise to become Minister of Ways and Communications.

British Trade for 1902.

The annual statement of British trade for the year 1902 shows that as far as imports are concerned the highest figures ever reached are recorded—£528,391,274. The nearest approach to this was in 1900, when the imports amounted to £523,075,169. On the other hand, exports for 1902 only come to £349,238,779. In 1900 they totalled over £5,000,000 more. The difference between imports and exports is therefore £179,152,495, and has not been so great at any period of the country's commercial existence. Many of the items of trade have an interest of their own. In 1902 we bought motor cars to the value of £992,229, and exported them to the extent of £155,340. Parts of motor cars were imported to the value of £110,836, and exported to the value of £16,803. For oxen and bulls the country paid £7,743,473, the lowest bill in this respect for five years. For dead meat of various kinds the national account was well over £38,000,000. For beer and ale the foreigner, chiefly the German, was paid £167,015. Spirits and liqueurs cost well over £2,000,000 and for wine we paid more than twice that sum. Three millions for vegetables, five for tobacco, two and a half for margarine, twenty and a half for butter, twenty-seven for wheat—these are a few more points that figure in John Bull's little yearly bill. The greatest profit is disclosed on raw materials bought, which are manufactured and exported. The value of raw cotton imported was £41,249,202. Besides the amount used for home demands, this was exported in manufactured form to the value of £65,033,194. Iron and steel exports nearly reached £30,000,000, and other nations paid £6,000,000 for ships built in the yards of this country, not counting those built for foreigners and registered as British.

Conductor of "Black Maria."

After riding for sixteen years on the only desirable seat inside a prison van—that of the conductor, says The London Daily Mail, Sergeant Delaspee has just retired from the Metropolitan police force, leaving behind him at Marlborough Street Police Station a small black cat that has sat upon the step of his van every afternoon for nearly the whole of that period. Among the criminals of the west end Sergeant Delaspee and the small black cat have come to be regarded as inseparable friends. Not long ago the sergeant was ushering one of his passengers into the van, and the man espied pussy standing by. "Why, guv'nor, you had that cat when I had a ride ten years ago," said the prisoner, who seemed quite cheered by the recollection. During his sixteen years as conductor of "Black Maria" the sergeant has driven about one hundred thousand miles between Marlborough Street, Marylebone and Bow Street Police Stations and Pentonville and Holloway Prisons, and has conducted 300,000 men and women of every rank in life. A baby was born during one journey. Once he provided an impromptu entertainment for Queen Victoria. In his van were nineteen West End flower girls, sent to prison in default of paying fines for obstructing the streets. In Oxford street the van had to wait while the Queen drove by, and the nineteen girls whiled away the time by singing. The crowd laughed and cheered, and the Queen must have been much surprised at the cheerful strains proceeding from the black "musical box," as the sergeant named it. Although he has travelled with so many thousand prisoners, including quite a score of murderers or alleged murderers, Sergeant Delaspee has only once been attacked, and that by a man who was half mad. No prisoner has ever tried to escape from him, and he attributes his immunity from trouble to the sympathetic attitude he invariably adopted toward his charges. On one night he travelled with twenty men, every one of whom was charged with some act of violence. He "boxed" sixteen of them in the tiny compartments, and had to ride with the other four in the central passage. Two of the four were charged with murder, but there was no disagreeable incident on the ride, although a dense fog rendered the journey much longer than usual. Peers of the realm have ridden in the van. After a well-known raid on a west end club three members of the nobility rode in the seclusion of "Black Maria" rather than ride with police officers in hansom cabs. Of the murderers whom Mr. Delaspee escorted the most notorious were the German Muller, who killed a man by baking him in a baker's oven, and Mrs. Pearcey, who killed the wife and child of a former sweetheart. Even in the seclusion of the prison van Mrs. Pearcey protested her innocence, and she seemed fully to expect to be released. Another murderer on his way to trial gleefully promised to go round in the evening and see Sergeant Delaspee and present him with he best cigar in London for his kindness. In the evening he returned, sentenced to death.

The Railways of Africa.

In connection with African railway undertakings, it is interesting to read an official statement issued by Secretary Jones of the British South Africa Company, who recently visited Rhodesia. Mr. Jones, says Public Opinion, speaks with special gratification of the "inexhaustible supply of coal" which the advent of the railway to the Wankie coal fields will soon throw open. He estimates the initial output of the Wankie colliery at 300 tons daily, and declares that, with the exception of the best Welsh coal, there is no better steam coal in the world than the product of Wankie. With the gold-mining industry of Rhodesia we are more or less familiar, but it is not so well known that copper, zinc and other mineral deposits abound in that region. Mr. Jones further states that the prospects of agriculture are exceedingly hopeful, and that facilities now exist for the employment of modern farm machinery.

Proceeding to Uganda, one finds that the railway there is practically finished. All the steel viaducts for the road have been completed, and there only remains the substitution of steel structures for a few small and unimportant temporary bridges. Trading vessels are being placed on Victoria Nyanza. At present there is a through train twice weekly in each direction between Mombasa and Fort Florence.

In Ethiopia and the Soudan the work of development and exploitation is progressing apace. The treaty recently concluded between King Menelik and the British Government probably means the early construction of the Berber-Suakin railroad via Kassala (costing some $15,300,000), and the subsequent extension of the Kassala line southward to Lake Rudolph, where eventually it will form a junction with the Uganda Railway, at the same time marking a long step toward the realization of the Cape-to-Cairo scheme. A few days ago the Djibouti-Harrar Railway was opened; thus Ethiopia is to be exploited from the east. It is, however, not unlikely that a large part of the future trade of this virgin kingdom will be drawn towards Khartoum. English and American capitalists recently despatched a corps of engineers to survey a railway from Khartoum to Addis Abeba, and in June an expedition will start for Abyssinia to descend the Blue Nile, in order to test its value as a commercial waterway, in view of diverting a portion of the traffic passing via Djibouti.

The general impression as to the natural resources of Ethiopia and the Soudan is that they are rich, but undeveloped. With particular reference to the Soudan, The Egyptian Gazette says editorially:—"On the whole, although the Soudan will take several more years to develop, there are practically no limits to the possibilities for outside capital which the recovered provinces afford. With great tracts of fertile soil now producing little but jungle, and with a water supply only needing scientific storage and distribution to fulfil all requirements, there is no reason why the Soudan should not become one of the world's greatest granaries. All of these and other treasures are placed at the disposal of humanity at large by the extermination of the Dervishes, and British enterprise must have lamentably deteriorated if it hangs back in the competition to cater for the wants of 25,000,000 people."

There'll be no cure for th' servant girl question 'slong as neither side 'll admit that th' other has any claims to consid'ration:—Reflections of Uncle Ike.

BOYS IN A BOX OF DYNAMITE.

Smoking Complacently to the Horror of Interested Spectators.

"I was lying a big water main," said a contractor. "We had completed the job and were filling up the trench. Where the pipe ended we were obliged to put a board covering over the end, as work on the next section had not been started and probably would not be for some time. We had filled up the entire trench and placed the big board covering over the end and had partly filled the hole with dirt when he heard a feeble cry from the pipe. The workmen were frightened for a moment, finally the foreman recovered presence of mind enough to order them to remove the dirt and boards and see what was in the pipe. When they had done so out crawled about as thoroughly frightened a boy as I ever saw. He said he had crawled into the pipe in the afternoon to hide from his companions and had fallen asleep and was only awakened by the noise of the dirt and stones falling against the boards covering up the end of the pipe.

His mother happened along about this time. When she learned what had occurred she set down her market basket, picked up a lath and treated us to an exhibition of how a boy should be properly spanked. She did the job in artistic shape, and when she stopped for breath that boy had the fact impressed upon his mind that a nap in a big water main was against the rules of the family."

"Three small boys," said another contractor, "gave me about as bad a scare last summer as I ever had in my life, and if I had caught any one of the three I would have administered a spanking which would have been up to all the contract requirements of a well-regulated family. I had been doing a piece of work uptown near a large open lot, and the small boys of the neighborhood used to bother us by interfering with the drills and other tools when the workmen were not about. One rainy morning about a week before the Fourth of July the crowd had been annoying the watchman by firing off firecrackers about the place. As the men were not working on account of the rain, the boys had been having a gay time, and about 11 o'clock I came up to the place to prepare to set the men to work at 1 o'clock, as it looked like clearing up. I found the watchman enjoying himself in a saloon, and after I had berated him for his negligence we proceeded toward the place.

"To our horror we saw that the lid of the large box where our dynamite was stored partly open and propped up with a stick, and from out the box were coming frequently little puffs of smoke. We ran for our lives until we had reached a safe distance and awaited the outcome. As there were 100 pounds of dynamite and about fifty pounds of black powder stored in that box, neither of us would have gone near it for any amount of money.

"We warned every one who came near did all we could to avoid an accident. And after waiting about ten minutes in breathless expectation of a terrible explosion we saw three youngsters stick up their heads and peep out. We made a run for those youngsters, and out they jumped and scampered away. If the watchman had been sober and I had been about 125 pounds lighter and twenty-five years younger we might have caught those little scamps, but beer, age and avoirdupois were against us and they got away."

A Little Daisy.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

The merchant had arrived at his office as early as 7 o'clock, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing. At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant.

"Well, what are you is such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday evening to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me say so, and I'll skip. The only place I can stop long in is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come?" replied the youngster, "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you'd said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants it.—Detroit Free Press.

Minister (to naughty boy)—Tommy, you should be good—like my little boy.

Tommy—Oh, people donate you so many slippers he doesn't dare to be bad.

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To Set Her Free

By Florence Warden

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

There was a moment's dead silence after this disagreeable speech. Astley, to Norma's great relief, took up her cause at once.

"I'm quite sure," said he, "that Norma would not have mentioned words that were not intended for her to hear except in a matter of great moment. And a wife may be excused, surely," he went on, "if she feels that to clear her husband of even the faintest suspicion of being concerned in a murder is a matter of moment."

Norma was so grateful, so deeply touched by these words and the tone in which they were uttered, that it was with difficulty she kept back the tears. Lady Myfanwy answered him at once, rather impatiently.

"If there were any serious idea of connecting you with this dreadful thing," she said, "it would be different. But there isn't. We all know you to be incapable of anything but the most honourable and chivalrous conduct. When there are real suspicions about, it will be time to talk about exonerating you."

"The suspicions are real enough, unfortunately," said Astley. "I've already heard a good many things said about me, by people who didn't know who I was, which were not pleasant hearing for any man. The question is, if the boy's mouth is being kept shut, who's to get him to speak?"

"The police, if anybody," said Lady Myfanwy.

"They've tried, I happen to know," said he, "and to no purpose. The very name of police is alarming to a lad, especially to one who has been 'got at,' as he apparently has been.

"We could listen with more interest, you know, to your account of your experiences," went on Lady Myfanwy to Norma, not using any name in addressing her, "if you would be a little more outspoken. Surely, if it is a secret, we might be trusted with it. When you appear to have come here for our advice, too."

Norma hesitated, and Astley, who began to be indignant at the tone Lady Myfanwy was taking, turned to Norma.

"Come," he said, "you will be able to talk more freely to me than you dare do here. Lady Myfanwy and Lady Violet will excuse us both, I'm sure. We may have to wire up to town for some help, and to consider what is best to be done."

"But you will come back to dinner, won't you?" said Lady Myfanwy in a pleading voice, as he made Norma rise to go. "You promised, you know!"

"Even a promise is subject to revision in a case of emergency," he said, courteously, but rather coolly; "I'm very grateful for your kindness to me, Lady Myfanwy, but I must show some regard to the wishes of my wife."

When they were outside in the dark and the cold again, Norma's spirits fell still lower than before. The belief that she was losing whatever hold she had upon Astley, and that Lady Myfanwy had succeeded in supplanting her in his regard, weighed upon her like lead. At the same time she tried to bear up under this new blow, and told herself that, since happiness with herself was out of the question, she ought to be glad that he had found, in the earl's daughter, a powerful friend. These feelings and thoughts made her silent, and it was Astley who spoke first. Following her down the drive, after he had been detained a few moments by the imperious Lady Myfanwy, he drew her reluctant hand through his arm and said:

"My dear, you look unhappy, horribly unhappy! What is it? Something worse than anything you have told us of?"

At the kind words, Norma felt her courage and her stoicism giving way; the next moment her tears were falling.

"Yes, there is something worse," she said. "There's—there's—Lady Myfanwy!"

Her tone told him more than her words. With an imperious action which there was no resisting, he threw his arm round her. They were by this time far away from the great house, the lights of which shone out faintly in the distance between the trees of the park.

"Silly, silly child, to be jealous!" said he.

Again the tone was more eloquent than the speech. Norma felt a little comfort steal into her heart.

"I know, oh, I know that I'm nothing to you now, that it seems impossible to hope that we can ever be happy, and—and I know I don't deserve to be!" she almost sobbed. "But—oh, to find you there, with that woman leaning over you, and talking to you in that charming, caressing way she has with the people she likes—oh, don't you see how hard it seemed? When I'd thought you were miles and miles away!"

"The reason why I was not miles away was that there was an attraction that drew me back here," said Astley gently, keeping her hand tucked under his arm. "I came back only this afternoon—a flying visit to hear whether the police had found out anything, and to learn how you were. I had scarcely got out of the station when some of the Hall people drove up, and insisted on my going back with them instead of going to an hotel, as I had intended to do. There! Are you satisfied now?"

Norma drew a shivering sigh.

"Satisfied! No," said she. "It would take more than that to make me feel anything so acute as satisfaction. I shall feel that when—when you are perfectly happy, no matter what becomes of me!"

"Would you be satisfied to see me happy with Lady Myfanwy?" he asked playfully.

But the shiver which passed through her made him grave again. She, however, tried to smile, as she said gently: "Yes, yes. If you could be happy with her, then I should be content. Really, really."

"Well, I could not," said Astley decidedly. "There's only one woman who could make me happy, and that's the wife who shall be my wife yet in the eyes of all the world!"

And he pressed upon her lips a comforting kiss of love and tenderness, which, all unreasonable as it was, gave her a little fresh hope, fresh courage.

And when he left her at the end of the lane, by her own wish, that they might not set the cottagers chattering, she walked with a lighter step and a lighter heart than when she went forth that afternoon on her errand of discovery.

In the darkness, when she came to the first cottage, she saw Nance Raggett in her doorway. After a moment's hesitation, Norma stopped to ask her how Ned was. She fancied from the woman's manner that she was uneasy about something.

"It's about him I'm worriting," answered Nance civilly enough. "The lad coom home this afternoon, and he's been greeting about t' cold, and I'm nigh sure he's downright ill. Maybe he's caught cold wearing these fine new claes of t' doctor's."

"I thought he was ill when I met him in the wood this afternoon," said Norma.

"Ay, so he is too, and me wi' nobody to go and fetch t' doctor."

Norma said eagerly: "Let me watch him while you go."

"Oh, I doan't like for to trouble your ladyship," said Nance, looking, however, as if she felt rather grateful.

But Norma persisted in her offer, and Nance, apologetically saying she had tried to get someone from the neighboring cottages, but they were all out marketing for the next day, which was Sunday, at length availed herself of the offer, and ran in to put on her shawl, while Norma went back to her own lodging to leave her muff and gloves.

At the door of Nance's cottage they parted, Nance speeding away to the town, with her basket on her arm, after learning that Norma was quite ready to stay for a couple of hours if necessary, in charge of the invalid.

"He's lying quiet enough," said Nance, "as if he was asleep. He'll not take no notice of you, most like, your ladyship, nor so much as open his eyes. I didn't tell him as how you was so good as to coom to him."

"All right. I'll take great care of him," said Norma, as she went into the cottage.

Nance had made the sick lad a bed in the little parlor into which the front door of the cottage opened; and there he lay in the corner, just as she had said, with his eyes closed, and a dusky flush on his face.

Norma sat down without making the least noise, in a chair which was just out of his sight if he should open his eyes. She thought that the sight of her might disturb him, so that if he would sleep on quietly without knowing she was there, it would be better for him than if she were to have to soothe him by assurances that she had nothing to worry him about while he was ill.

As she sat there, recalling vividly the scene which had been enacted in that very room only a short time before, the group of startled faces, the wondering women, all crowding round the figures of Astley, the doctor and the boy, with the very same smoky little lamp, smelling strongly of parallin, burning on the corner of the mantelpiece, Norma noticed that the invalid was beginning to grow restless, and to mutter and to turn in his uneasy sleep.

Presently he woke with a start, and looked at her, apparently without knowing who she was.

Norma offered him some water, as he was moving his lips as if thirsty; he drank a little, and then turned his head away and was quiet for a space.

Before long, however, he began to mutter, and presently Norma caught a few words of such obvious import that she listened with stunning ears and wild eyes.

"No, no, I swear I swear I'll say nowt, not if they flays me, I woan't!" muttered the boy brokenly.

Then after a pause he repeated the same words, varied by the repetition of a word here and there, and then again he fell into silence.

Suddenly he sat up in bed, and stared before him with blazing eyes:

"Doan't do it, doan't do it, doctor, doan't, doan't! It's murder, murder! Murder!"

He almost shrieked the last word, and then, after a moment's silence, during which he drew his breath hard, with clenched teeth and deep moans, he fell back on the pillow with a shudder and a low cry.

Norma shook with horror. Here then was the truth, the ghastly horrible truth, wrung in his delirium from the unfortunate boy. Before she could move from where she sat, the lad began again.

"Doctor, doctor, it's murder! Yon poor chap's dead, and yo've killed him! No, no, I woan't say nowt. I woan't say nowt!"

Always the same words, varied ever so little; always the same grim horror dictating it all.

And while Norma, with her face turned to the bed, listened, terror-struck, still as a statue, something made her look up and turn to the middle of the room.

There, listening also to the boy's ravings, and witness of her presence there, was Dr. Wharles, white-faced, grim of aspect, desperate.

Norma leaped up from her seat; but with a hand of iron, he forced her down.

CHAPTER XXII.

Norma controlled herself by a strong effort, and instead of appearing afraid of the doctor, presently looked up at him, and said:

"You frightened me at first, Dr. Wharles; but I'm very glad you've come. The boy's delirious, and his head is full of the wildest fancies."

The doctor, who still had his hand on her arm, looked at her for a moment suspiciously, and then said, in a sort of tentative way, as if uncertain whether to bully or to conciliate:

"What did he say then?"

Before Norma could answer, the voice of the lad broke out once more, crying in a tone of abject fear:

"Doan't hurt me, doctor. I woan't say nowt, I woan't, trust me."

Norma turned her face again to the doctor, with an appearance of being deeply puzzled.

"There, he talks like that all the time," she said. "I suppose, through talking to you yesterday in the wood, where he was also on the night of the murder, he has mixed the two occasions together. Don't you think so?"

Dr. Wharles looked her full in the eyes, but Norma stood the test, returning his gaze without blinking.

"Ah, perhaps he has," said he.

But before he could say more the boy's voice cried out again, more loudly than before: "Doctor, doctor, doan't do nowt to me. I'll be as still as the dead, I woan't say as how I see yo murder him!"

In spite of all her care and caution, Norma could not repress a shudder as these wild words, earnestly uttered, came from the dry lips of the sick lad. Dr. Wharles made a sudden movement towards the bed, and she sprang up. As he turned on hearing her move, they came face to face so abruptly that there was no time for either to prepare a mask: the real thoughts, the real feelings of each were shown on the two faces: both knew the truth; that the man was a murderer, and that the woman knew it.

Norma, knowing the whole truth as certainly as if she had seen the doctor commit the crime, could not support the strain long. An irrepressible shudder ran through her, and she sank down again on the chair with her head turned away, so that she might not meet his eyes.

There was a horrible silence, broken only by the mutterings and deep-drawn breaths of the sick lad. Then, when Dr. Wharles had had time to collect his thoughts, he went up to the bed and looked at the boy.

Instantly Norma turned, watching him closely; and the doctor's fresh-colored face grew pale as he read in her eyes suspicion of his possible intention.

When he spoke, however, his voice was gentle and much softer than usual. Norma, who knew that his utterances were usually of the full-voiced sort to be expected from the full blooded type of manhood to which he belonged, thought the unnaturally subdued tones uncanny.

"You are right, Lady Darwen, the boy is full of wild fancies. I always thought he must have seen something more than he owned to on the night of the tragedy, and now I'm certain of it."

Amazed at his audacity, Norma sat stupefied, unable to make any sort of answer. The doctor took the lad's hand in his, and went on:

"I am very strongly of opinion that he knows perfectly well who committed the murder."

Seized with a sudden disgust at her own attitude in temporizing with this scoundrel, she answered recklessly, with unmistakable dryness: "And I'm sure of it!"

With a rapid glance at him she noted that the momentary pallor of his face had been succeeded by a deeper flush than before, and she knew that he took her words as a sort of challenge. He did not turn his head, however, but sat still on the boy's bed, holding his hand, and watching him.

His touch seemed to have a strange effect upon Ned Raggett. Instead of crying out as before, the lad lay very still with the exception of a slight twitching of the muscles of his face, and very silent except for occasional and indistinct mutterings.

"He seems quieter now," said the doctor, after what seemed to Norma a long pause. She made no reply. She was watching every movement of his with an eagle eye. She knew well that the man who had not hesitated at murder on one occasion, would not shrink from a repetition of the crime in order to hide the evidence of his first misdeed.

Did he mean to kill the lad, the sole possessor of his guilty secret?

Dr. Wharles turned his head suddenly, and read her fear in her eyes. He met it with a horrible smile, that showed his white teeth but did not reach his cold blue eyes.

"Don't look so frightened, Lady Darwen," said he, "the lad's not so ill as you fear. After a quiet night, he'll be better in the morning, take my word for it."

Norma looked down, and said nothing. She held the firm opinion that the doctor was very anxious that Ned should not only have a quiet night, but that he should remain quiet for ever.

There was another awkward silence. Then the doctor said, in his old voice, ringing, sonorous, cheerful:

"Would you go and ask your landlady if she would go into the town and get a little ice? I think I could make him more comfortable with an ice-bag over his forehead."

"Mrs. Giles is out," said Norma. "She's doing her Saturday night's marketing; and so are all the other neighbors, I'm afraid."

As she said this, she saw a look in the doctor's eye which sent a chill down her spine. Did he contemplate seizing the opportunity of making away not only with the sick lad, but with herself?

As he rose abruptly from his seat on the bed, the fear was so strong upon Norma that he meant to do some mischief either to her or the lad that she sprang across the room and took her place by the head of the boy's bed, glancing down at the same time at the fireplace by her side to make sure that the poker was ready to her hand in case of need.

It struck her as strange that Ned, who had been quiet and silent, even in his delirious condition, while the doctor's touch was upon him, now began to chatter and to moan again, using always the same words, with dull reiteration. And each time that he called upon the doctor "not to hurt him, for he would say nowt," Norma felt that the murderer's eyes were upon them both, and dreaded an attack.

The moments dragged wearily along; she heard the tic-tac of the clock in the kitchen, the movements of the fowls in the yard outside, the slight sound of the wind in the branches of the trees on the opposite side of the lane: but never, strain her ears as she might, the sound of a human being near. It was indeed as she had said: all the occupants of the three cottages, except poor Ned, had gone into the town: except for her own powers of persuasion, stratagem or muscle, she and Ned were at the doctor's mercy—at the mercy of a desperate criminal.

Ned was growing noisy again, was raising his voice to the old pitch of screaming terror: but the doctor, who knew that nothing could happen which would either strengthen or alter Norma's convictions concerning him, did not again try to pacify him. Instead, he walked thoughtfully to the door, opened it, and looked out.

Norma stared at him, watching every movement. The dimly burning, smoky lamp and the red fire, combined to give but a feeble and murky light. But it seemed that her senses were unnaturally acute, for not the smallest action of the doctor's, as he stood outside in the little porch in the darkness, escaped her. She saw him put his hand to his breast pocket, and, with a cry, she rushed across the cottage floor and caused him to start.

"Why, Dr. Wharles, you carry a revolver about with you, then?" almost shrieked she, as she leaned, panting, against the doorway, and the doctor, who had turned at her words, staggered a step or two backwards into the lane.

She had not seen any weapon: it was only her intuition that it was a revolver his fingers were touching, when he put up his hand. But the startled, guilty look which flashed across his face at her accusation told her that she had made a good guess.

For one moment she stared out at him, as he, taken aback, found himself for a moment without a reply. Then she shut the door in his face, and drew the bolt.

The boy's voice from the bed rang out again, hoarsely:

"Doctor, doctor, I'll swear I see nowt!"

Norma put up her hands to her head, giddy with the horrible sensations which had followed each other so rapidly. What would happen? She had flung down the gauntlet now; she had let the doctor see that she knew him to be the murderer, that she feared new outrages on his part. Would he leave her there, and content himself with bold denial of there being any truth in Ned's ravings? Or would he, since he appeared to have for a moment contemplated some sort of attack, carry out his intentions still?

The suspense she felt was horrible, not to be borne. The cottage window—there was only one to this front room—was shutterless. She crept towards it and looked out. Whether the doctor was concealed in the porch she could not make out; and she could hear no sound from outside.

She ran across the room and into the kitchen behind, to see whether he had gone round to that entrance. But even as she went, Ned cried out, in a voice of terror that arrested her steps:

"Why do you run away? Is he after you?"

He was sitting up in bed, staring at her with eyes full of terror. Fearing that the torment which he had been suffering would turn the lad's brain, and recognizing that her first duty was to the patient of whom she was in charge, she contented herself with shutting the door of the room she was in and drawing a heavy chest in front of it.

Then she went quickly to Ned's side, and, sitting beside him, addressed to him soothing words which, to her great relief, presently appeared to have some effect upon him: for he allowed himself to be persuaded to lie down again, muttering still, but with less vehemence.

She was still sitting beside him, listening intently for the least sound outside, when there was a violent pull at the handle of the door.

Norma stood up abruptly, in attitude of battle. But the voice which called out sharply to her was not that of Dr. Wharles, but of Nance Raggett, who cried out:

"Open, open the door, I say!"

Norma ran to obey her, with a great feeling of thankfulness that her watch was over.

What, however, was her horror and dismay when she found, on unbolting the door, that she was confronted, not only by Nance, but by the doctor, who followed the indignant woman into the cottage.

It was he indeed who spoke first.

"Well, Mrs. Raggett, what did I tell you? We all know that your sex has privileges, and rank also. But for a lady to turn a medical man out, and lock the door upon him, when he wished to do his duty and try to alleviate the sufferings of his patient, is, I think, a stretch even of beauty's prerogative."

"It's a piece o' cheek as ever I see!" cried Mrs. Raggett indignantly. "And I'd ha' seen yo' at t' bottom of t' sea, my lady though yo' are, if I'd ha' thowt yo' meant to use Ned so!"

Norma, who felt how awkward her position was, and how hopeless it would be for her to try to get this woman to believe her, with the artful, persuasive, handsome doctor using his utmost influence against her, felt nevertheless that she had better take up at once the position she meant permanently to hold as regarded the whole matter.

So she turned boldly to Nance, and said:

"The lad has been delirious for some time. If you will hear what he says you will understand why I did what I did."

The doctor broke in: "Perhaps I can explain this lady's motives and actions better than she could herself. Lady Darwen, naturally enough, takes sides with her husband, who, as I dare say you have heard, attacked me in the open street the other day on account of some family affairs of his, in which he, quite wrongly, imagined that I was mixed up."

As he spoke the doctor laid an unpleasant emphasis upon the words "Lady Darwen" and "her husband," in order, so Norma felt sure, to rouse her anger against him, and to induce her to prejudice herself in Mrs. Raggett's eyes by some outburst of indignation. She, however, kept quite still, and endured the rest of his speech with as much equanimity as the opening:

"When she undertook to watch by Ned's side this evening, she no doubt conceived the idea of getting him to incriminate someone in the matter of the terrible crime that was committed in the wood across the road the other day, in order to divert the suspicion which, as we all know, rests upon Sir Astley Darwen, the man whom poor Rogerson came to the town to see."

Still Norma said nothing, though every moment the doctor's tone grew more bitter, more insulting. He went on:

"I understand, Mrs. Raggett, that Ned was quite quiet when you left him?"

"Ay, he was lying quiet, most o' t' time."

"And yet, not an hour later, no, nor half an hour, I found him raving!"

Here Norma did glance up quickly, but she did not speak.

(To be Continued.)

A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes. 4B

SHE SIGNALS ALL SAILORS.

"The Little Lighthouse Girl" Never Fails to Greet Ships That Pass.

Sailormen who navigate the seas on the South Atlantic coast are always glad when they near the harbor of Savannah, for that means that they will pass within saluting distance of "the little lighthouse girl." This, be it understood, is the officially accepted title of Miss Florence Martus, who has for the last eleven years waved a friendly signal to every craft passing between the city and the sea. It is the hobby of this young girl to greet the ships that go and wish them a safe return, and greet the ships that come and congratulate them on their voyage. She says that the ships are her world. She hasn't much world outside of the marine houses, to be sure, for she lives with her brother and her mother on the bleakest, most uninviting island imaginable on the southern bank of the Savanah River, ten miles from town.

The Martus dwelling is the only habitation on Elba Island. There is no landing wharf and visitors arrive on an average once a year. George Martus attends to the range of lights which keep the pilots in the right part of the most tortuous channel in that part of the ocean. Besides the lighthouse is the cottage where these three persons spend their lives. The barks, the steamers, the schooners and the various other craft never get near enough for an exchange of greetings other than that expressive form of good will, the waving of a handkerchif by day and of a lantern by night. And as the girl sends out her welcome the seamen, who all know her and who would resent the elimination of the ceremony which she has popularized, send back an answering salute, three "toots" of the steam whistle. Then Miss Martus is as happy as a belle at a debutante party.

It is her desire that no vessel shall pass the lighthouse without receiving a salute. She never overlooks a sail in the daytime, and her handkerchief is ever ready for its service of cordiality. And at night she seems to feel intuitively the approach of her ships, for she has frequently made ready the lantern before the expected boat hove in sight. She says it is her ambition to signal every ship that touches Savannah. She was asked her reason for signalling the passing sea throng.

"I do it," she answered, "because they are my friends, almost the only friends I have. I love to see them come and go, and when they go I always pray for their safe return."

Do to Others, Etc.

Little Johnnie—I wonder why men always like to talk about their school days?

Little Willie—Oh, I guess it's because after they get growed up they want to find out where their teachers live so they can do unto them as they got done by.

Was Punished Enough.

A very subdued looking boy of about thirteen years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in one of the Boston public schools and handed her a note before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in his book. The note read as follows: "Miss B.: Please excuse James for not being thare yesterday. He played trooant, but i gess you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, an' a driver of a sled they hung onto licked him allso. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him until next time.

Remarkable Dog in Trip.

With the departure of Lieutenant-Commander C. S. Richmond from League Island he having been detached from the command of the Dixie and ordered to take the Pensacola from Mare Island, Cal., to Gaum, there has disappeared from the navy yard one of the sights, the commander's three legged dog. This animal has been the officer's constant companion on land and sea since the recent war, and, with its master, was in the thickest of some of the engagements off Cuba. The dog is known as Trip, because he has only three legs, the left front limb having been cut clean off in the war by a shell from a land battery on the Cuban shore. The dog is of the mongrel order, his owner having picked him up while at one of the southern ports. Commander Richman declares that Trip must go wherever his master is ordered, and so the dog if off for Gaum. The sailors on the different vessels on which Trip has journeyed with his proud owner spent much of their spare time teaching him tricks, and he is now able to give a very entertaining acrobatic performance. He turns front and back somersaults, but his principal act is to stand on his lone front leg. For minutes he will thus poise himself, with his tail sticking up in the air.

GOING TO TELL IT.

The Great South American Rheumatism Cure; the kind that cures in a few days the most obstinate and painful cases.

If you have a friend suffering from that horror, or from lumbago or neuralgia, it is your duty at least to offer it to him. It will relieve, with the first dose. You too.

William Marshall, of Varney Post Office, County of Gray, Ontario, writes:

"For the last year I was continually in bed. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctoring and medicines which proved of little relief. The first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure gave me instant relief. I am completely cured."

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC builds up into vigor and health the most shattered systems. It is unmatched in female complaints, or general debility in either sex.

Hundreds of testimonials from the cured ones. 19

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

In Kansas the state banks alone contain $23,042,878 in deposits.

Brazil will exhibit 500 varieties of serpents at the Paris display in 1900.

Fond father (showing off his offspring's intelligence)—Now, Elsie, dear, what is a cat?

Elsie—Dunno.

Fond Father—Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when every one's in bed?

Elsie (promptly)—Papa.—John Bull.

Willie — Pa, "practical" means "crooked," doesn't it?

Pa—Certainly not. What makes you think that?

Willie—Well, what do the papers mean then when they talk about "practical politics"?—Philadelphia Press.

Aim at the Heart.

Let it be Grip, Malaria Fever or what not, always strike at the Heart

to protect it, to strengthen it, to cure it, and you baffle every other ailment.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure

puts new vigor into every heart, and ninety-nine out of a hundred need it, for that percentage are sick. Having put that machine in good working order, it has guaranteed the whole system against sickness. Every organ is soon sound. It always relieves in 30 minutes.

Mrs. Ezra Dugraham, Temple, N.B., Canada, writes:—"Have had heart trouble for years; would have it as often as three times a week, sometimes lasting twenty-four hours. Was persuaded to give Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure a trial, which I did, with the greatest results. It surely is a peerless remedy, and would advise any one who has heart trouble to try it."

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT.

He who would be free from piles and skin eurptions must use this cure, which routs them out at once and for all time.

The safest, quickest cure, because compounded on correct principles. Fiercest foe of itching skin diseases. Price, 35 cents. 2

Whitby's Water and Light By-law.

Whitby, June 16.—A by-law for joint system of waterworks and electric lighting had its first reading in the town Council last night. The estimated cost is $50,000 for waterworks and $15,000 for electric light. The pumping and light station will be at the wharf at the mouth of the harbor.

HUSH! THESE MAIDS KNOW

that the long agony of female weaknesses, the torture of their more mature sisters, may be all avoided by the use of the great

South American Nervine Tonic

which gives impulse, power, vigor and vim to every vital organ, thus producing or preserving BEAUTY of FACE and FORM by feeding the nerves directly until they put the system in order.

Edward Purrey, of Sydney Centre, British Columbia, states: "My wife was taken down with nervous prostration which later developed into paralysis of one side. Three bottles of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE worked wonders for her. We cannot speak too highly of the remedy."

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets digest the food in the stomach without the aid of the stomach, giving the stomach a rest.—They heal the stomach by the best cure—the rest cure. Price, 35c. 21

A LESSON FOR WIVES.

Demonstration of Reason Why Husbands Do Not Always Save Money.

It was her private opinion that he was not a good business man, and possibly she was right.

"I can handle the family finances better than you," she was accustom to say, and she said it so often that he finally told her to try it.

"I'll have my personal account—that the bank put in your name" he said, "and will proceed to stand from under. All bills, everything that pertains to our living expenses, shall be attended to by you. I will draw a certain amount each week for such personal expenses as lunches and car fare, with a small allowance for something in the liquid line occasionally, but you shall have entire charge of everything else."

Naturally she was jubilant. She hadn't put in ten years telling him how he could save money without getting the idea that she knew something about it. It took a little time to have his book written up, and the accounts transferred to her, but finally one evening he brought home a nice little check-book and told her it was all arranged.

Just about a week later she met him at the office late one afternoon, and went to dinner with him. They had a good dinner, just such a dinner as they had had on previous occasions when they had taken dinner together down-town, and she enjoyed it thoroughly until he pushed the check for it over to her.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"Pay it," he said.

"Well, I guess I won't do any such Thing," she returned warmly. "You thing," she returned warmly. "You pay it yourself."

"I haven't anything to do with it," he insisted. "You're the cashier. You've started in to show me how to keep expenses down, and naturally you'll find it no trick at all if I pay your bills. When I was making you an allowance for your incidental personal expenses I never expected you to pay for dinners you took with me, did I?"

She paid. She felt that she was being cheated in some way, but she paid, and then suggested sarcastically that she supposed he would expect her to pay for the theatre tickets too.

"Certainly," he replied.

"Well, then we won't go," she said.

"Just as you say," he returned pleasantly. "You're the financial manager."

The ride home was not an especially enjoyable one, although he seemed to be in excellent humor. She was inclined to be morose, and she had not entirely recovered her equanimity when he reached home the following evening.

"A bill for a dozen shirts came today," she said shortly. "I don't see why they addressed it to me."

"I charged them to you," he explained. "I'm not running and account these days, you know. Did you pay it?"

"No, I didn't, and I won't."

"Oh, you'd better," he urged.

"Well, I won't," she answered decidedly.

"You wouldn't have your poor husband sued by a haberdasher would you?" he asked. "Just think how it would look."

"Well, how do you suppose I am going to save money if I have to keep paying it out like this?" she demanded.

"I could have saved money myself if I hadn't had to buy for both of us," he answered.

"Well, it isn't fair; that's all I can say," she exclaimed, but she paid the bill, although she did it under protest.

Things went along with comparative smoothness for a few days after this, and then one morning one of the children asked for 98 cents to get a school-book.

"Go to your mother," was the reply of the man who had abdicated as the head of the house.

"But I haven't any change," she protested.

"A cashier should make it a point always to have change," he said. "You surely can't expect me to buy the children's school books out of my pocket money."

She said he was a mean thing, but she had to get the change.

The following Sunday they all went to take dinner with a relative in another part of the city, and she had to pay the street car fare on two lines of cars for the whole family.

Then one night when they were caught out in the rain she had to pay for the carriage that brought them home, and she remarked rather bitterly that money just seemed to melt away. He admitted that he had had somewhat that same experience with it when he was handling the cash.

In time she began to brood over these matters. It seemed to her as if he were always asking for money in trifling amounts to pay for things that she had never been bothered about before, or else was bringing home bills. And somehow, in some ways, he did not seem to be as attentive as he had been formerly. So it happened that one night he found her on the verge of tears.

"You used to bring me home flowers occasionally," she said, "and you never used to let me go out anywhere without them, and—and—and when we went to the Browns for dinner night before last, I was the only woman there without a corsage bouquet or a flower in her hair. You don't know how badly I felt, but I was too proud to say anything about it."

"Why, my dear," he protested, "I didn't know you wanted any flowers."

"You know I always like flowers," she retorted. "I'm passionately fond of them, and—and you've never forgotten that before."

"But you didn't give me any money to get them with," he explained, "and I didn't feel like charging them to you."

For a minute there was doubt as to whether it would be tears or flashing eyes. Then she went over to her little desk, picked up her checkbook and threw it on the floor at his feet.

"Take your old check book!" she exclaimed. "I don't want to have anything to do with it. I don't want to manage anything"——

"Except me," he put in.

And the next night he brought her home a fine large bouquet of roses.

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS----CANDIDATES NOMINATED.

DISTRICT	No. of M'bers	CONSERVATIVE	LIBERAL	LABOUR	SOCIALIST	INDEPENDENT	TOTAL
Atlin	1			Jas. Kirkland			
Alberni	1	Capt. Wolley	W. W. B. McInnes				
Cranbrook	1	Thos. Cavin	Dr. J. H. King				
Cariboo	2	S. A. Rogers					
"		W. Adams					
Chilliwack	1	J. L. Atkinson	C. W. Munro				
Columbia	1		W. C. Wells				
Comox	1		F. McB. Young				
Cowichan	1	E. M. Skinner	J. N. Evans				
Delta	1		John Oliver				
Dewdney	1	Hon. R. McBride					
Esquimalt	1	C. E. Pooley	John Jardine				
Fernie	1		E. C. Smith		J. McPherson		
Grand Forks	1	G. A. Fraser	Neil McCallum				
Greenwood	1	Dr. J. E. Spankie	J. R. Brown		J. Riordan		
Islands	1	H. W. Bullock	T. W. Patterson				
Kamloops	1	F. J. Fulton	F. J. Deane				
Kaslo	1	Hon. R. F. Green	J. T. Retallack		S. Shannon		
Lillooet	1		Dr. G. Sanson				
Nanaimo City	1	E. Quennell			Hawthornthwaite		
Nelson City	1	J. Houston	S. S. Taylor				
Newcastle	1		D. W. Murray		P. Williams		
New Westminster	1	T. Gifford					
Okanagan	1	Price Ellison	W. J. Stirling				
Revelstoke	1	Thos. Taylor			J. W. Bennett	J. M. Kellie	
Richmond	1	F. Carter-Cotton	J. C. Brown				
Rossland City	1						
Saanich	1		Jas. Bryden				
Similkameen	1	L. W. Shatford	W. J. Snodgrass				
Skeena	1	C. W. D. Clifford	P. Herman				
Slocan	1	Wm. Hunter	R. A. Bradshaw	Wm. Davidson			
Vancouver City	5			A. G. Perry	A. R. Stebbings		
"				F. Williams	E. Burns, jr.		
"							
"							
Victoria City	4				J. C. Watters		
"					O. L. Charlton		
"							
"							
Yale	1	T. G. McManamon	S. Henderson				
Ymir	1	H. Wright	A. Parr				
Total	42	Total number of candidates in the field					

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1903.

ENDORSED.

Many of our readers know that, in the commercial world, if one's credit is not sufficiently good when raising the wind he must get a note endorsed. It is the same in political life. When a prospective candidate's credit has been dissipated by past misdeeds he wanders round promiscuously looking for endorsement. No man with the strength of a party behind him finds it necessary to be endorsed, he comes forward as the straight candidate of his political allies and stands fairly and squarely before the electorate on his own merits. He does not require or ask for a crutch in the shape of endorsement to enable him to pursue his devious way.

With our usual prophetic eye we located the political cripple to be endorsed by the Liberal remnant here, but hardly thought he would ask for more than one crutch. But J. M. Kellie knows his weakness and has not only appropriated a pair of crutches, but a walking stick also. They are quite necessary, but such confessions of weakness at the outset are ill auguries of success. Yet we find him entering on the campaign entirely unable to stand by himself, supported on one side by a few Liberals, by a few renegade Unionists on the other, and providing a walking stick for himself in the old flim flam "Independent." On the other hand Thomas Taylor stands where he stood in 1900. He was placed in nomination and elected as a Conservative then and the same course of events will occur on the present occasion. He serves one master alone—the people at large—and does not descend to forming an unholy trinity like his opponent, who poses as a Lib-Lab. Independent. Mr. Kellie should take to heart the biblical adage, "no man can serve two masters," and not try to get round it by endeavouring to be a myrmidon of three. His defeat is a foregone conclusion, but he would better have died fighting as a recognizable political entity than something, to use the old saying, "neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring."

NO SOCIALISM

The underhand methods by which the Socialists try to use trades unions in their propaganda was well shown in Grand Forks recently. The branch of the American Labour Union there wished to put a labour candidate in the field and finally decided to do so. But the men who wished for a labour man, pure and simple, were disgusted to find that immediately he was nominated he avowed himself a Socialist and accepted that platform. The result has been the withdrawal of a large number of members and the formation of a Smeltermen's Federal Union, affiliated with the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress.

We have often warned our readers of these tactics and again state, without fear of denial, that the only use Socialist have for trades unions is to join them and, when members, try to undermine union principles and force the Socialist cult. Every Socialist in a trade union is a traitor to that union. The proceedings are alleged to be laid bare to the Socialist local. Their presence is a menace to the very life of working men's brotherhoods. If trades unionists would do their duty they would rise in their might and expel every Socialist as a traitor to the cause of labour and a renegade to the obligation imposed upon him by membership. This danger is not chimerical. The Labour Commission that recently investigated trade disputes in B. C. in its report gives some interesting letters from Geo. Estes, President of the U. B. R. E., to Harold Poore, late organizer, in one of which appears:

"In this way you will constantly stimulate and augment a great public sentiment for the U. B. R. E. for Industrial Unions, for the A. L. U. and for Socialism (but don't use the word.)"

This absolutely proves our contention that the presence of Socialists in trades unions is part of a concerted effort to bring the Socialist cult into union circles. But they insist on their object being well concealed and accordingly President Estes says work for Socialism "BUT DON'T USE THE WORD." As a matter of fact, these letters were all sold to the C.P.R. by the organizer who received but a a small sum of money for his betrayal. The motto of the American Labor Union Journal now circulated in this city by Mr. Bennett's committee, is "The working class—may they always be right, but the working class RIGHT OR WRONG. The Socialists stop at nothing, realize no principle of right or wrong, but are so anxious for political power that self exposure is always apparent. Right is Right for the working as for other classes, but no man with the smallest sense of justice would claim advantages for the workingmen if such were wrong. We have cited a few instances of the traitrous actions of Socialists in trades unions and will later on take occasion to expose the fallacies of the whole creed.

LABOR EST ORARE.

The monkish axiom "Labor est orare"—work is prayer—conveys in epigrammatic form a most important truth. The definition of prayer is "to ask earnestly," and with what greater earnestness can a petition be made than by sweat of the brow and honest toil. It is true today as in apostolic days, "By their works ye shall know them." In this time of fierce business competition it is well to remember the fate of worshippers of the golden calf. Money is not the highest reward of labour, it is found in the consciousness of duty done. The man who does with all his might whatsoever his hand findeth to do is the true rich man, the man of millions may be poor indeed. Let us not forget that "Virtue is its own reward" and the cardinal necessity of virtue is efficacy.

And in carrying out the furtherment of virtue the most potential instrument has been trades unionism. It is all very well to prate of the liberty of the subject, of the sovereign right to work of every man, but membership in the union of his craft is a guarantee of efficacy and that his work will be well performed. We know there are societies calling themselves trades unions that do not insist on proficiency as a sine qua non for membership, but they cannot be representative of a trade, and are therefore without the pale. And true unionists on Labour Day would do well to recall who it was that gave their unions legal status. George Brown, the father of Liberalism in Canada, imprisoned his printers when they wished to unite. The Mackenzie administration afforded them no relief and it was not until 1882 that the Conservative government, under the late Sir John A. Macdonald, passed the Act which has become the magna charta of unionism in Canada and enables men of every handicraft to form brotherhoods for mutual protection, social advancement and betterment of trade conditions.

A DISGRACE.

On Wednesday of last week H. R. H. Princess Louise formally launched the battleship "Dominion," the last of a series known as the Edward VII. class. In the course of the event the Duke of Argyle, known and respected as Governor General of Canada when Marquess of Lorne, is reported to have said that "whatever was in any way connected with the Dominion of Canada was sure to become a great success."

Referring to the Dominion, was Canada in any way connected with the occasion? A careful scrutiny of the public accounts and Hansard fails to disclose anything but the name. And, as Shakespeare says, "whats' in a name?" If reference were made to any other colony and battleships identified with it we would find that not only in name but in fact the man of war referred to had an additional connection with such colony. For many years New South Wales and other colonies in Australia have paid the expense of a battleship in the Imperial navy. The Diamond Jubilee gave occasion for Cape Colony to present to the Empire another in the "Good Hope." But where has Canada been? Echo answers, "Where?"

The richest, largest, most populated colony in the Empire has been lip loyal only and it is time for a change. A prefix should be put to the name of the battleship just launched. It should be called "Not the Dominion." It is a disgrace to Canada, guarded on the east by the North Atlantic Squadron and on the west by the North Pacific, that nothing at all has been done towards paying our share of the expense. Britain is and always will be "Mistress of the Seas" but it is hard if she be not assisted in retaining such command by the premier colony, this Dominion of ours.

The unpatriotic tactics of the Liberal party are shown not only in this way, but also by actually stealing from the British exchequer money paid for the equipment of Canadians to serve in South Africa. This is a grave charge, but it is proved by the Auditor-General's report. On page Q 96, of such report for the fiscal year ending 30th June 1902, we find, under the head of "Special Service, South Africa," that the Federal Government expended $95,378.96 and received from the British Treasury $102,599.24 leaving a credit balance of $7,220.28, which was calmly transferred to the credit of the Militia Department, Vide page Q 2. Nothing more need be said.

Because the new $500 headtax on Chinese entering the country comes into effect at the beginning of next year, Vancouver Celestials are sending home money by the bucketful to bring out their cousins and other relatives so that they may arrive here before the new law comes into force. Not only are relatives being sent for, but it is a fact that Vancouver Chinese merchants are clubbing together for the purpose of bringing over Chinamen who could not reach here without assistance for a couple of years. The Vancouver merchants plan to get a commission from these men who will be assisted in their immigration to this country, and whose wages will be under the control of the Vancouver labor investors for some time after they arrive.—Vancouver Province.

St. Bernard Pups.

For Sale, three pure bred St. Bernard pups about one month old. Apply immediately to the HERALD office.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 11th day of August, 1903.
J. A. DUDGEON.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 10th day of August, 1903.
FRED. MUNN.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "Robert Manners' north east corner" planted on the north side of Cayenne creek about twenty-eight miles up from Adams lake, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Robert Manners' north west corner" planted on the north side of Cayenne creek about twenty-eight miles up from Adams lake, thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of August 1903.
ROBERT MANNERS.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 9th day of August 1903.
CHARLES RICE.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "John Webster's south east corner," planted about two hundred yards east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-three and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

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

Dated this 11th day of August, 1903.
JOHN WEBSTER.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "V. N. Wilson's south west corner," planted about three-quarters of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-five and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of *commencement.*

2. Commencing at a post marked "V. N. Wilson's *north west corner*" planted about three-quarters of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-five and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 *chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 8* chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1903.
V. N. WILSON.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "James Fryer's north west corner," planted about quarter of a mile north from the north bank *of Cayenne creek about twenty-six miles up* from Adams lake, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commence*ment.*

2. Commencing at a post marked "James Fryer's north east corner," planted about quarter of a mile north from the north bank of Cayenne creek about twenty-six miles up from Adams lake, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of August, 1903.
JAMES FRYER.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 8th day of August, 1903.
ANNIE E. McINTOSH.

NOTICE

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

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

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

Dated this 10th day of August, 1903.
SAMUEL KING.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 10th day of August, 1903.
HARRY KING.

NOTICE.

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

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

2. Commencing at a post marked "Charles H. Clifton's south west corner," planted near the east bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-one and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 10th day of August, 1903.
CHARLES H. CLIFTON.

Notice.

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 24th day of August, 1903.
M. AGNEW.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 24th day of August, 1903.
J. AGNEW.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

F. McLEAN.

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 24th day of August, 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 24th day of August, 1903.
E. MILLER.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 24th day of August, 1903.
J. MILLER.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "T. L. Haig's north west corner post," planted about five miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running south 80 chains, thence east 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 24th day of August, 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:

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

Dated this 24th day of August, 1903.
J. McLEAN.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated July 6th, 1903.
F. J. ADAIR.

WANTED.
GOOD CARPENTERS

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SOCIETIES.

FIDELITY S·O·E

Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree meets third Tuesday of each quarter, in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren welcome

T. H. BAKER, President. H. COOKE, Secretary.

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Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellow's Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited

ED. ADAIR, W. M
W. JOHNSTON, Rec.-Sec.

Cold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.,

MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.

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

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[V 100]

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GENTLEMEN: Referring to your advertisement of Hon. Thomas B. Reed's Library of "MODERN ELOQUENCE" in Revelstoke Herald I should be pleased to receive portfolio of sample pages, photogravures, and chromatic plates; also full particulars regarding bindings, prices, terms, etc.

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The Herald Supplement

REVELSTOKE HERALD, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1903.

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Men Wanted.

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CITY COUNCIL

The City Council held a short but most important meeting on Friday evening, the only business being the fixing of tax rate for the current year. The Mayor presided and Alds. Foote, Law, McCarty and McLeod were present. After a short discussion the rates were fixed at 13 mills general and 15 mills special rate.

The special rate is for amounts due on debentures and the general for civic improvements. As the rate is only on half improvements the amounts to be realized are $7911.52 for the special rate and $6857.65 for the general. After the usual rebate is made it is probable the amounts will be $7000 and $6000 respectively. As it is expected some $4000 profit will be made on electric light and water there is about $10,000 available for civic work, from which must be deducted the moving, fitting up and painting of the new City Hall, costing about $1250. Most of the balance has been already appropriated.

Liberal Convention

The Liberals met in convention on Saturday evening and endorsed the candidature of J. M. Kellie for Revelstoke riding. Several wild speeches were made one alleging 95 % of the vote in Fish river. As half the electors have signed the Camborne Conservative roll the idiocy of such statements is apparent.

There is a rift in the lute, however, and already rumours are rife that another convention will be called. The reason given is that Mr. Kellie, from his reactionary and straw clutching tendencies, is unacceptable to the rank and file of the party.

Conservative Rally

A large and enthusiastic meesing of Conservatives was held on Friday evening. President Young in the chair. Short addresses were made by Thos. Taylor, A. Johnson and others and all present were confident of a handsome victory. The workers are doing nobly and will not let up until after election day. Ward committees and committee for the new Young Men's Club were formed and many other matters put in good shape.

Court of Revision

At the Court of Revision held on Monday the following names were struck off the Voters List:

A. Belanger	Too short residence.
C. Belanger	"
H. Belanger	"
J. Richardson	"
C. L. Fox	"
W. J. Curry	"
A. L. McQuarrie	Non-resident.

There were a couple of other objections, but they were not sustained.

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

A QUESTION REPLIED TO

Correspondent's Request Regarding C. & W. Land Deal Answered From Official Documents—McBride Innocent.

Editor Herald:

Sir, I see in Saturday's Mail the statement made that the Premier knew all about the C. & W. deal and was present when the order granting the coal lands was made. Is this true?

INQUIRER.

Editor's note—In the first place coal and oil lands are not under the jurisdiction of the Minister of Mines, which office Mr. McBride held in the Dunsmuir cabinet. The only department which could be aware of the lands in question was that of Lands and Works, presided over by Mr. Wells. In the course of his evidence Mr. McBride swore that the reason given by Mr. Wells for his recommendation was the saving of 300,000 acres of land, that no intimation was given by Mr. Wells as to their value and that the council meetiug of Aug. 10th, 1901, was only a step in the negotiations to clear up the long outstanding dispute with the C. P. R.

In this connection it is well to note the findings of the committee. "The Minute of Council, which was placed before the Governor, signed by Mr. Turner and Mr. Wells, although dated the 10th August, was not signed until some date later than the 28th of August, 1901."

Mr. McBride left Victoria about August 15th, and was in the city of Revelstoke on August 25th and 26th, 1901. He returned to Victoria on the evening of Sept. 2nd and resigned at 10 a. m. on Sept. 3rd. It will thus be seen that he was present at the first discussion of the matter and left Victoria immediately after.

He was not present when the Minute of Council was signed. He was not in the Cabinet on Sept. 3rd when it was sent to the Provincial Secretary's office for transmission to the Governor. He was not in the Cabinet when the Order in Council was approved. He relied on Mr. Wells' statement. As he stated in his evidence: "I never at any time went into the full details of the thing; it came from the Department of Lands and Works, and it is customary, if the Minister brings a recommendation into Council, it passes." The inference to be drawn is this, that although by his oath of office Mr. McBride could not divulge what occurred, there was some dissension in the Cabinet as, if not, why was not the minute signed on 10th August, when considered? That the disturbing element was Mr. McBride is inferentially proved by the fact that, although nearly a month old, the Order was signed during Mr. McBride's absence on the mainland, rushed to the Governor the day he resigned and signed by His Honour the day after. This appears to be the only correct solution of a matter the crux of which must be somewhat obscure owing to the secrecy, maintained by oath, surrounding the proceedings at Cabinet meetings.

Mrs. LeMaistre and child returned from Banff on Monday evenirg.

According to the Vernon "News", The intermediate lacrosse match: Revelstoke vs. Vernon, took place yesterday afternoon resulting in a score of four to five in favor of Vernon. The teams were pretty evenly matched as regards weight, and the game throughout was hotly contested, the goals only coming after a great deal of energetic stick-handling.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 8th day of August, 1903.
A. W. McINTOSH.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 12th day of August, 1903.
HATTIE CHANSLOR.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "W. H. Wilson's north east corner," planted about threequarters of a mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-five and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "W. H. Wilson's south east corner, planted about one mile east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-six miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1903.
W. H. WILSON.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 12th day of August, 1903.
J. H. HILL.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 12th day of August, 1903.
E. ROGERS.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 12th day of August, 1903.
A. HILL.

NOTICE

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

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

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

Dated this 12th day of August, 1903.
M. DUDGEON.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "John Grant's south east corner" planted near the east bank of the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-one and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, to point of commencement.

Dated this 10th day of August, 1903.

2. Commencing at a post marked "John Grant's north west corner" planted about two hundred yards east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-three and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, to point of commencement.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1903.
JOHN GRANT.

NOTICE

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

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

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

Dated this 9th day of August, 1903.
CHARLES HEGENNER.

NOTICE,

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

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

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

Dated this 9th day of August, 1903.
DANIEL GALLAGHER.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 6th day of July, 1903.
GEO. H. TENNANT.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 7th day of July, 1903.
EMMA McCLEERY.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 16th day of July, 1903.
A. Johnson, J. A. Darragh, G. S. McCarter,
Applicants.

NOTICE

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "Charles Weston's north east corner," planted about two hundred yards east from the north fork of Cayenne creek about thirty-three and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Charles Weston's south west corner," planted about two hundred yards east from the north fork of Cayenne creek, about thirty-three and a half miles up from Adams lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1903.
CHARLES WESTON.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 9th day of July, 1903.
MARY HAYES.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 9th day of July, 1903.

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

Dated this 10th day of July, 1903.
FRANK WADSWORTH.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 10th day of July, 1903.
H. WADSWORTH.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 10th day of July, 1903.
W. S. ROGERS.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 10th day of July, 1903.

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

Dated this 11th day of July, 1903.
FRANK MORGAN.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 29th day of July, 1903.
B. BOYNTON.

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

Dated this 30th day of July, 1903.
B. BOYNTON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post marked "James S. O'Donnell's south east corner," planted on the west bank of the north fork of Downie creek about one mile up from the forks, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of August, 1903.
JAMES S. O'DONNELL.

NOTICE.

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

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

2. Commencing at a post planted at Boulder creek, on the north bank of Canoe river and marked "E. Young's south west corner post," and running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 7th day of August, 1903.
F. YOUNG.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted 200 feet north of the north west corner post of James Smith's timber berth above Death Rapids in the Big Bend district and marked "H. Colbeck's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted about one quarter of a mile south east of Devil's Garden in the Big Bend district and marked "H. Colbeck's south west corner post," thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to initial post.

Dated 22nd August, 1903.
H. COLBECK.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted three-quarters of a mile west of James McMahon's lumber camp above Death Rapids in the Big Bend district and marked "J. Howson's south east corner," thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted three-quarters of a mile west of James McMahon's lumber camp above Death Rapids in the Big Bend district and marked "J. Howson's north east corner post," thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to initial post.

Dated August 22nd, 1903.
J. HOWSON.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 11th day of July, 1903.
JOHN MASON.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 11th day of July, 1903.

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

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.
THOMAS H. STEVENS.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.
HENRY WORKS.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 8th day of July, 1903.
JAMES HAYES.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about one mile above Boulder creek and marked "W. A. McMahon's south west corner post," running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the north of Canoe river, nearly opposite Kelly creek and marked "W. A. McMahon's south west corner post," and running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 7th day of August, 1903.
W. A. McMAHON.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, below the mouth of Kelly creek and marked "H. Steed's north west corner post," thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about one mile below Kelly creek and marked "H. Steed's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 10th day of August, 1903.
H. STEED.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "Sallie Brown's south west corner," planted on the north bank of the north fork of Downie creek about three miles up from the forks thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Sallie Brown's south west corner," planted on the north bank of the north fork of Downie creek, about two miles up from the forks, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of August, 1903.
SALLIE BROWN.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted about half a mile above Kelly creek, on the north bank of Canoe river and marked "B. Smith's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about half a mile above Kelly creek and marked "B. Smith's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 10th day of August, 1903.
B. SMITH.

NOTICE

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

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

Dated this 28th day of July, 1903.
H. WEBSTER.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 19th day of July, 1903.
A. F. PECKHAM.

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

Dated this 19th day of July, 1903.
A. F. PECKHAM.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.
W. B. TOMLINSON.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 21st day of July, 1903.
B. V. STEVENS.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.
LUCY TOMLINSON.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 17th day of July, 1903.
WILLIAM HASTINGS.

NOTICE

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

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

Dated this 12th day of July, 1903.
CHARLES LAMSON.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 8th day of July, 1903.
FRANK W. GALLAND.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 17th day of July, 1903.
L. B. NICKERSON.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 17th day of July, 1903.
CHARLES ALLEN.

NOTICE

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

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

Dated this 2nd day of August, 1903.
MAURICE QUINN,
Per C. R.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 9th day of July, 1903.
ISSABEL GALLAND.

MEN !!! GIVE THE

Vacuum Developer

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Dated this 8th day of July, 1903.
JULIA BUTLER.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Canoe river about half a mile above Kelly creek and marked "Geo. Ross's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to initial post.

2. Commencing at a post on the north bank of Canoe river, about half a mile above Kelly creek and marked "Geo. Ross's north west corner post," thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to initial post.

Dated the 10th day of August, 1903.
GEO. ROSS.

NOTICE.

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

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

2. Commencing at a post planted at M. Smith's north west corner post and marked "M. Smith's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 10th day of August, 1903.
M. SMITH.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Schmock and Hambly have made application for a Retail Liquor Licence for the Gold Hill Hotel at Poplar creek, under the provisions of the "Liquor Licence Act, 1900," and that a meeting of the Board of Revelstoke Licence commissioners will be held in the Provincial Police Office, Revelstoke, on Wednesday, the 9th day of September, 1903, at the hour of 2 p.m., to consider said application.

By order,
R. A. UPPER,
Revelstoke, Aug. 26, 1903. Chief Inspector.

SEALED TENDERS.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to Sept. 27th, for the labor of Cottoning and Papering the ceiling of the Opera House, size 75x46 feet. Lowest tender or none necessarily excepted.

R. TAPPING, Mgr.

H. W. Edwards, Taxidermist.

DEER HEADS, BIRDS, ANIMALS MOUNTED.

REVELSTOKE, - - B. C.

CONSERVATIVE PLATFORM.

[Adopted at Revelstoke, September 13th, 1902.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Ass and the Lion

THERE once lived in Portugal, about two days' journey from Lisbon, a miller who had an ass, which, like other asses, had very long ears, thick lips and a voice that made the whole country resound. His fare was so poor and mean that he was but a skeleton, and could no longer bear his burden. Then he was beaten every day by the miller, who tried to make him do what was beyond his power. At last he ran away from his master, and went long and far, till he came to the foot of a mountain, so verdant and pleasing in all things that he resolved to remain there for the remainder of his days.

He looked all around him to see if there was anything to be feared and then boldly ascended the mountain, where at his pleasure he grazed upon the fine grass before him, thanking God that he had been delivered from the hands of the wicked and cruel tyrant of a miller and put in sweet grass up to his knees to sustain his miserable life.

While he was satisfying his appetite, a proud lion approached, who marveled greatly at the boldness of the ass in having come to feed upon the mountain without license. And having never before seen such an animal, the lion was afraid of him and dared not pass him at first.

On the other hand, the ass, seeing the lion, was so much alarmed that his hair bristled and stood up. He no longer dared bend his neck to eat the grass, nor even move from his place.

Finally, the lion, growing confident, approached the ass and said to him:

"What are you doing here, comrade? What has made you so bold as to come here? Who are you?"

To whom the ass replied:

"And who are you yourself that ask me this?"

Then the lion, astonished at this proud reply, answered:

"I am the king of all the animals."

"What is your name?" demanded the ass.

"They call me lion. And what is your name?"

The ass with restored confidence, replied:

"They who know me call me Brancalion."

Then the lion said to himself:

"Truly, here is something I cannot comprehend. This person must be something more than I am." And addressing the ass, said:

"Brancalion, your name and words show clearly that you ought to be more powerful, robust and courageous than I am. Nevertheless, I am of the opinion that we would better prove each other."

These words so puffed up the ass that he turned his back upon the lion, threw his hind legs into the air and brayed very furiously to the great surprise of the lion.

The evening now being near at hand, the lion said to the ass:

"We will repose now, brother, and tomorrow morning prove our strength and skill. He who then shows himself best able to do three things which I shall propose, shall be lord of the mountain."

To which the ass agreed.

The morning came, and they arose and went forth in company till they arrived at a deep and wide ditch. Then the lion said to the ass:

"Brancalion, I am your friend, but I shall never be at rest till I know your power and skill. Do me the pleasure, I beseech you, now that the occasion presents itself, to let me see which of us can best leap this ditch." Saying this, he bounded to the other side.

The ass did his best to follow him, but leaped so awkwardly that he fell upon a great log in the middle of the ditch, where he was in great danger of death, his fore feet and head on one side, and the rest of his body on the other.

The lion, noticing the perilous condition of the ass, cried out:

"What are you doing, comrade?"

But the poor ass was past answering. So the lion, fearing that he would die if left to hang there upon the log, descended into the ditch and drew him out.

The ass, finding himself out of danger, turned to the lion and heaped upon him all the abuse in his power. The lion, astonished at this ungrateful conduct, asked why he thus upbraided him when he had so kindly saved his life.

The ass, pretending to be angry, replied with insolence:

"You vile and malicious creature! Do you ask me why I upbraid you? I wish you to know that you have deprived me of the greatest pleasure I ever received. You thought perhaps that I was suffering while I was ravished with delight."

"What kind of delight?" asked the lion.

"It was on purpose that I landed on the log, my fore feet on one side and my hind feet on the other, that I might balance myself, and know which is heaviest, my head or my tail."

"You are indeed a cunning creature," answered the lion. "I never would have believed what I do of you if I had not learned by my own observation. I am satisfied that you ought to be king of the mountain."

Going further on, they came to a wide and swift-flowing river.

"Brancalion, my friend," said the lion, "if you are willing, we will again try our strength and dexterity in swimming this river."

"I am willing," said Brancalion, "but I want to see you swim across before I do."

The lion, who was a good swimmer, crossed the river in less than no time. Standing on the opposite shore, he cried out:

"Brancalion, what are you doing over there? Why don't you swim over? Courage! Courage! I am waiting for you."

The poor ass threw himself into the water and swam to the middle of the river, where, overcome by the force of the current and the waves, his head went under and he soon sank entirely out of sight. The lion knew not what to do, caring on the one hand that the ass would drown, and on the other, that if he helped him, he might again be angry, and kill him. He finally decided to help him, and plunged into the stream and caught him by the tail, which he pulled so long and vigorously that he succeeded in getting him to the bank.

The ass, finding himself on land, safe from the terrible waves, put himself into a passion as before and abused the lion.

"Traitor! Wretch!" he exclaimed, "you are my evil spirit, depriving me of all that I enjoy. Ah me! When shall I again have such enjoyment!"

The lion tried to excuse himself, saying:

"Comrade, my dear friend, I was afraid you would drown in the river. That is why I drew you out. I thought I was doing you a favor instead of displeasing you."

"Keep silence, I pray you," said the ass. "But tell me, if you can, what profit or pleasure you had in swimming the river?"

"None," answered the lion.

"See if I had none," returned the ass, shaking the water from his long ears and body. Then seeing a little fish fall at his feet, he exclaimed: "Do you see now, you great blockhead, what you have done? If I had only been allowed to go to the bottom of the river, I should at my ease and pleasure have taken a multitude of those fishes. I warn you now not to interfere with me any more, if you do not wish to make me your enemy, which would not be well for you, I assure you. Whenever you think me dead or in danger of death, I wish you to leave me alone; for what seems to you death is life and happiness to me."

The shades of night were now gathering, and the lion and ass sought a place of repose. The next morning they were awake at the first dawn of light, and agreed to go hunting, the lion in one direction, the ass in another, and to meet again at a certain hour and place, when he one who had captured the most game was to be king of the mountain.

The lion went into the deepest part of the forest, where he killed and ate much prey; the ass went to a farm where he saw the barn door open, and a great pile of oats on the barn floor. He entered without leave, and ate so much oats that he was ready to burst. He then repaired to the place where he was to meet the lion and lay down. A raven flying by and seeing him lying motionless, thought he was dead, and lighting on him, picked off the grains of oats that were still sticking to his lips. Vexed with the raven, the ass struck it such a blow with one of his hoofs that it fell dead beside him.

When the lion returned from his chase he said to Brancalion:

"Hear what I have taken, and tell me if I am not a good hunter?"

Then he told what game he had taken.

"And how did you take it?" said Brancalion.

The lion told him all he had done, his arts, his ambushes and his races.

The ass interrupted him:

"O fool, brainless creature that you are! From morning until now you have not ceased to run, and bustle, and brush through the thickets, and chase over the mountains to take what little you took. And I, lying here and taking my pleasure, have caught and eaten so much that I am just ready to burst, as you may easily see. And to prove to you that I am not telling idle stories, I have kept this fat bird as a morsel for you, which for the love of me, I beg you will accept."

The lion thanked the ass for the bird and then went away, resolved never again to present himself before the ass. While on his way he met a wolf running at great speed. The lion stopped him with the enquiry:

"Where are you going so fast, comrade wolf?"

"On important business. I must be at a certain place this very hour, so don't trouble me," replied the wolf.

But the lion, believing that the wolf was rushing into danger, begged him to go no farther.

"Not far from here," said he, "is Brancalion, a very strange animal, with monstrous ears, and a hide thick enough for a shield. His voice is like thunder; any beast would fly before it. Then he does the most wonderful things. He is a monarch before whom all must tremble."

The wolf knew that the lion spoke of the ass, and said to him:

"Don't be afraid. It is only an ass, the most contemptible animal ever created, good for nothing but to bear burdens and blows. As for me, I have eaten in my time more than a hundred of them. Come with me. We may go safely, as I shall show you."

"Go, my friend, if it seems good to you," said the lion; "for my part, I am satisfied with what I have seen."

But the wolf prevailed on the lion to accompany him on condition that they should not separate from each other; and to make this sure, they tied their tails together. They then started towards the ass, who saw them at a distance, and, being afraid, was just about to fly, when the lion, pointing him out to the wolf, exclaimed:

"See, brother! See him coming straight for us! Let us not wait, for he will kill us. I know his fury."

The wolf burned with the desire to attack the ass.

"Be quiet," he said to the lion, "be quiet, I entreat you, and have no fear. It is only an ass."

But the lion, more frightened than ever, plunged through the most tangled thickets, and leaped the widest ditches. While he was breaking through a thick hedge a thorn tore open his left eye. Such was his fright that he thought the hurt came from Brancalion; and, still flying on, exclaimed to the wolf:

"Didn't I tell you rightly, comrade? Run! Run! run faster! He has already put out one of my eyes."

And still flying he dragged the poor wolf against the sharp rocks, and through the most dangerous places, till the poor creature died of his bruises and other hurts.

When at last the lion believed himself in safety, he said to the wolf:

"Comrade, I think we may now untie our tails; what do you say?"

Hearing no answer, he turned and saw that he was fastened to a dead body.

"Ah, comrade, I told you he would kill you," he exclaimed; "but you were obstinate; you would not believe me. See what it has cost us! You have lost your life, and I my left eye."

Then, untying himself, he abandoned the dead wolf, and went to hide himself in dense and dark caverns, leaving the ass possessor of the mountain, from whence it has come that the ass dwells among the haunts of men, and the lion in savage and uninhabited places.

But men, as well as lions, are sometimes deceived and over-reached by false pretensions.

A Change, at Least.

Like many good, fresh jokes, this one from the Chicago "News" is built on a very old and very common experience:

"Your daughter has improved wonderfully in her piano-playing," said Mrs. Sexton.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Mrs. Homer, "if you are really sincere."

"Why do you think I am not sincere?"

"Well, you see, we didn't know whether she was improving or whether we were merely getting used to it."

A CLOSE CALL.

Harold Ward's Fight With an Angry Eagle.

Harold C. Ward, son of Major A. H. Ward, of 723 Pine street, Alameda, returned recently from a trip into the mountains of southern Santa Clara county, where he had an exciting night adventure while robbing the nest of a golden eagle. Ward is carrying his left arm in a sling. Describing his singular experience he said:

"I went down to Sargent's Station to spend a week with the eagles, intending to study their nesting habits and to collect some of their handsome eggs.

"It was suggested that we try our luck by the light of the moon, and we determined to visit an eagle's nest which we knew of in a big sycamore three or four miles distant. We set out with a fish basket to hold the eggs and a pair of climbing irons. It was about 10 o'clock when I began to climb the sycamore. There were no birds in sight, but just as I reached the branch near which the nest was built in a big fork I saw that the eagle was at home.

"It rose, bristling out all its feathers and making a hissing sound. I had not expected any such opposition and with a startled yell I struck at the creature with my hat. There was a swish of wings and the bird sailed off.

"I moved along nearer the nest, built of sticks as big as my arm, and then suddenly I got a grip on the limb and ducked. There was a rush through the air a few inches from my head that seemed to me like a small cyclone. 'Fight him off!' called out my companion, and summoning all the nerve I had left I got out my big clasp-knife.

"I had not long to wait for a chance to use it. With an angry scream I saw the eagle swooping down for me. Locking my legs tightly about my perch and seizing hold of a limb on my left, I was just in time to prepare for the blow. The bird struck me squarely in the breast, nearly stunning me, with its wings, while it sank its talons in my left arm to the bone. I struck at it with the knife, but it was blind with fury, and, perhaps, taking me for a marauding wildcat or coon, fought desperately for my eyes.

"I felt my blood flowing while my clothes were being torn into shreds by the wild passes it made. I knew that I soon must fall to the ground or be cut to pieces away up there in the tree. It was a dreadful sensation. With a howl of pain and terror I made a last effort and plunged the knife deep into the eagle's body. It seemed for a moment that it would keep on fighting me, but weakening, it released its hold and fell off slantingly, to be lost in the gloom, carrying my knife with it.

"I was too weak to do anything but hold on for some minutes, and then you can wager I took a long breath of relief. Feeling sure I was now well quit of the eagle I recalled what I was up in the tree for, and, looking into the nest, saw two fine eggs, which I lowered safely into the basket."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Confirmation Suits of White Challie.

BABIES OF THE WORLD.

Unique Calculation of the Boys and Girls Born Every Year.

It has been computed that about 36,000,000 babies are born into the world each year, says Woman's Life. The rate of production is, therefore, about seventy per minute, or more than one for every beat of the clock.

With the one-a-second calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find, on the authority of a well-known statistician, that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the world.

The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of twenty a minute, 1,200 an hour during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would have seen only the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls.

Cultivated Plants.

The different varities of wheat are believed by some to have had their origin in an unimportant forage grass, and a wild plant still growing on English and French coasts has given us the white and red cabbages, cauliflower and perhaps even the common turnip. From the little explored bacteria and fungi may be expected many useful products.

IT ISN'T THE THING YOU DO.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
That gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle winning, tone,
Which you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion,
That tarries until too late;
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

A LOCAL PARAGRAPH.

"The time has come for the American people to act. Shall fifty million patriots sit supinely by and let conscienceless rascals tear the stars of glory from the flag they love and trample its proud folds of crimson and white into the mire of national dishonor? Not while the deeds of '76 still shine through the mists of years in unexampled splendor. Not while the memories of '61 yet live in the hearts that thrilled with the stress of that heroic struggle. Not while"—Joel Snively, editor of the Meloogie Monitor, laid down his pen with a sigh.

Outside the dusty little window the green waters of the bay were sparkling in the sunshine. A keen north breeze was driving great huddling masses of white-shouldered clouds over a field of dazzling azure, and only a man who loved the sport with the whole-souled earnestness that filled his entire being could know how the fish must be biting on such a morning! Oh, to be out on that gleaming expanse armed with rod and line, with only the sun and clouds for company and a thousand pounds or so of gamy vertebrates playing about within reach of his cunning hook.

But also, it was Friday morning. On Saturday some two hundred impatient subscribers would expect the weekly dish of personal, political and intellectual pabulum which his facile pen had long served to them, on that day, with more or less punctuality, according to the season. His duty clearly held him to his post at such a time, however, much his inclinations might have led him elsewhere.

So, with another lingering glance at the scene without, Mr. Snively took up his pen and resumed the stirring appeal which was to awaken fifty million patriots to action and incidentally convince the Republicans of Meloogie that it was their duty to vote for Joe Gridley for poundmaster.

So engrossed did the editor become in this pleasing task that he did not hear a step upon the creaking stair a little later. If he had he would have known at once that it was a woman and a lady who was approaching, for long and often painful experience had enabled Mr. Snively to determine with inerring accuracy what sort of person was climbing the somewhat perilous ascent to the editorial sactum almost as soon as his foot touched the first step.

But for once the editor did not hear the soft footfall on the stair, so he was very much surprised and not a little disconcerted when a fresh, sweet voice, almost at his elbow, said "Good Morning, Mr. Snively," and looking up he beheld his neighbor, Mrs. Tracy, her plump figure buttoned into the trimmest of blue serge yachting suits, her smiling face shaded by a wide-brimmed hat and in her hand a fish pole, pointed, brass-tipped, elegant—the very perfection of dainty uselessness.

Without waiting for a response to her greeting she briefly made known her errand. She was anxious for a day's fishing and had been told of an Elysian spot, where the fish were so plentiful they were actually to be had for the asking. Unluckily, however, her own boat had not come, so she had ventured to ask if, in case he was not using it, Mr. Snively would be so kind as to lend her his yawl, it being impossible to hire one in the village.

Mr. Snively was delighted. Mrs. Tracy was a pretty widow of uncertain age but no uncertain charm, who had taken the cottage next to the editor's own some six months before. In the course of a rather desultory acquaintance the genial bachelor, whose ideas of the fair sex were those common to his kind, had discovered that his fair neighbor was a cheery little body of sound political views and excellent literary tastes (from the first he had been a prompt and paying subscriber to the Monitor), but beyond that his imagination had not soared. Now, however, behold the pretty widow invested with a wholly new interest. She was fond of fishing!

Eagerly Mr. Snively assured his visitor of his pleasure in putting his boat at her disposal and gave her exhaustive directions as to the means of obtaining it. A delightful half-hour of conversation followed. As though it were a magician's wand the dainty fish pole had placed the editor and his guest at once on terms of the most charming intimacy and the former didn't remember ever to have enjoyed a conversation so much in his life, albeit the talk was wholly of reels and rods and spoonhooks and other instruments of slaughter.

All things, however, are bound to come to an end, especially in an editorial office, so it wasn't long before Mrs. Tracy took her leave, escorted down the stairway by her delighted host.

At the door they were met by a spicy breeze straight from the pine woods across the bay. Mr. Snively sighed.

"Where is this wonderful place you are going to?" he asked.

"Ah, that's a secret," she replied gayly. "I promised I'd never, never tell."

"Oh, well, then I suppose it's a crime to even guess." And once more the editor sighed as he glanced out at the sparkling waters.

"But you've been so kind," exclaimed the widow, noting the sigh and immediately filled with compunction. "It seems ungracious of me to keep it from you who love so to fish." And then as she saw him give another wistful glance bayward she burst out impulsively: "Promise not to betray me and I'll tell you—It's Patchang Lake!" "Patchang!" cried Mr. Snively in surprise. "Why, I never heard of a fish down there in my life."

"That's the charm of it," she rejoined gleefully, "and the man who told me about it (such a dear, dirty, old fisherman he was) was fearfully afraid some one else would find it out; so don't betray me." And she hurried away with a parting smile that made the dusty office seem duller than ever when he got back to it and reluctantly commenced setting up his editorials, for Mr. Snively constituted the whole working force of the Monitor.

And his task, too, seemed harder than ever, after the interruption. Thoughts of his pretty visitor kept intruding themselves into the midst of his most impassioned apeals to the voters of Meloogie.

How blue here eyes were and what bewitching little rings of hair the wind had blown up under the big hat.

And then the fishing.

The editor of the Monitor shook his head. Could it be possible any man living could have a soul so lost to honor as to play a joke on a woman who looked like that? It seemed impossible and yet Mr. Snively was as sure there wasn't a fish within a mile of Patchang as he was that there wasn't a free silver man in Meloogie.

Perhaps then Mrs. Track was sitting in that yawl vainly waiting for the bite he felt certain she wouldn't get if she sat there till the United States got an honest government. And he was actually staying at home and deliberately abandoning a friend to such a fate!

As this agonizing thought occurred to Mr. Snively he dropped his type and started for the door. But once there he paused and slowly returned to his form, only to find it more and more impossible to keep his mind on his work.

At last he gave up in despair.

Taking a hasty survey of what he'd already accomplished he found his columns tolerably full, with the exception of perhaps a single paragraph on the local page. By hard work the following morning he might hope to set up his pages and would trust to luck for the missing paragraph.

Like all fishermen, Mr. Snively was a firm believer in luck. He was also a man of action when he chose and within five minutes of this calculation he had locked up the editorial department and was on his way to Patchang Lake.

When he reached that shallow sheet of water a little lady in blue serge sat in a boat in the centre thereof, with an expression of virtuous indignation on her sunburnt features.

"What luck?" called the editor from the shore.

"Luck!" cried the fair sportswoman, dolefully. "There's not enough water in this lake to catch cold in, much less a fish. All I've got for my trouble is a mighty poor opinion of fishermen in general and one dirty one in particular."

"Come over here," said Snively. "I know a pond not a thousand miles away where the fish bite like mosquitoes. If you'll try it I think I can raise your opinion of fishermen before I'm a day older."

"I can't," confessed the widow, blushing with anger and mortification. "I'm stuck—in the mud."

One moment the man of letters hesitated on the bank and then, with an inward prayer that he might at least be spared to get out that week's paper, he waded boldly into the expanse of treacherous mud that rolled between him and beauty in distress.

The next morning the editor walked into the Monitor office clad in his Sunday clothes. With his accustomed methodical neatness he pulled off his coat, hung it behind the door, and carefully drew over his linen sleeves a pair of black alpaca ones. Then he lighted his pipe and took his place at the form.

There, just as he had left it, was the vacant space at the end of the local column still yawning for the missing paragraph.

Mr. Snively regarded it for a few minutes reflectively—then he took up his pen, as a smile gradually spread itself over his face until it reached his eyes. It still lingered there when a little later he finished and paused to glance over his work.

What he read was this:

"The editor of the Monitor, after many years of bachelorhood, has had the good fortune to incur the risk and responsibilities of matrimony. He was married this morning to Mrs. Gertrude Tracy of Elm cottage and asks the congratulations and good wishes of his subscribers in this the happiest hour of his life."—Edgar Temple Field in Chicago Times Herald.

OUR ERRORS IN SPEECH.

Way It is Our Girls Are Misjudged at Uses of Slang

There is no reason at all why any girl, in however humble a station in life, should not try her very best to speak good English. Reading the best literature and listening to well educated people are both great means of helping her, especially if she offers both the sincere flatery of imitation. There are a good many every-day faults in speaking, which one hears often from the lips of people in different stations of life. They are the weeds of speech, and the moment one is recognized it should be promptly pulled up by the roots and cast aside. The curtailing and alteratios of certain words is not pretty. Say an "invitation," not an "invite;" a "face," not a "phiz;" or, worse still, a "mug;" a "cousin," not a "coz;" and remember to say "photograph," and not "photo." That poor word "got" is often sadly used, or rather misused. It is wrong to say that A is "going to get married," she is "going to be married;" and you can express your meaning quite as well by "I have a brother" as by "I have got a brother." People who speak good English avoid long words, and prefer saying "buy" to "purchase," "house" to 'residence," "begin" to "commence. Also they never speak of "sherry wine" or "carriage drives," but "sherry" and a "drive." They also recollect to apply "ride" to its proper use. "They "ride" a bicycle, a horse or doskey, but they "drive" in a carriage, team, or omnibus, and "travel" in a train. There are some expressions which are not pretty or indicative of gentle breeding. I dislike the word "vulgar" so very much that I must denote these expressions by the term "common."

"That fat is in the fire," an expressive of a quarrel or scene, is much used by uneducated people, who also speak of "outings," and worse still, "airings." Instead of saying, "I got that pattern from," they say, "I had it off her," which sounds very bad indeed. In alluding to servants, do not say, "the girl," or, "Miss A keeps two girls," but use the word 'maid," or servants.' It is better to say, "I had to stay indoors," and "stay at home," rather than "stop at home." The words "stylish" and "genteel," are equally objectionable words. "Father" and "Mother" are far preferable to "papa" and "mamma," and the latter words sound very foolish in the mouths of those who have passed childhood. In speaking of your parents to acquaintances say "my mother," "my father," not omitting the possessive pronoun. When anyone is speaking to you, do not jog them by saying "yes, yes" constantly; it is not polite. Let them take their own time for saying what they want to say. As for slang, a little bit of it is perhaps permissible nowadays from girls who in former years would have been greatly condemned for using any. However, it is well to use a little discrimination for a great deal of slang used by school boys, men, or others, is very unsuitable to a girl. A peculiar expression used by some people should be avoided, and that is "out." Some persons when they are goin away for a holiday, or to leave the place they are in, say they are going "out." If they said they were "going out of town" it was quite correct: but "out" by itself is ugly and incorrect. To hear a person say they "enjoy bad health" is absurd and foolish on the face of the matter. You may say, "I dined," or "lunched", or "breakfasted," but never "tead;" you must say, "had tea." The habit which obtains among some people of nipping off the "g's" is extremely ugly To hear of "travelin'," "sittin'," goin'," etc., grates on one's ear, as all incorrect speech does, or ought to do. Ruskin says: "A well educated gentleman"—and it applies equally to a woman—"may not know many languages—may not be able to speak any but his own. But whatever languages he knows, he knows precisely whatever words he pronounces he pronounces rightly. Above all, he is learned in the peerage of words, knows the words of true decent and ancient blood at a glance from words of modern canaille." "Provincial dialect, he also remarks, "is not vulgar, but cockney dialect is so in a deep degree, because it is the corruption of a finer language continually heard." With care and attention a great deal may be done, and good anunciation be attained, as well as a selection of words in speaking, which will show a knowledge of English "As she should be spoken."

Verdi's New Opera.

Verdi has now gone back to Milan, where he is keeping a paternal eye on the house of retreat for old musicians which he is founding there and which is now rapidly approaching completion. At the same time he is working, says "M. A. P.," on a new opera.

For several months past he has kept this a dead secret, and even his most intimate friends knew nothing whatever about his project. But eventually they began to make discreet inquiries as to the reason why the maestro shut himself up so many hours daily in his study, and it was thus that they learned at last that he was writing an opera.

But even now Verdi is very reserved upon this subject. All that is really definitely known is that the hero of the work is Nero and that a few of the passages, which have been played over to his intimate circle, are of exquisite beauty. Before giving the opera to the world Verdi will take the advice of his friends, for he is afraid that (to use his own words) "this child of my old age may come into the world weak, sickly and ill formed."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water and disinfects. 38

HISTORICAL LOVE STORY

MADAME ROLAND'S LOVE

A Literary Romance.

The name of Mme. Roland is one of the most famous in French history. Her learning, her cleverness and her power in political circles are well known. Her love story has been less often told.

As a child in Paris, 150 years ago, Manon Philippon was the constant companion of her father in his leisure hours. At other times she assisted her mother in the household. When alone she read constantly.

Then she was sent away to a convent school. In five years she returned learned, accomplished and beautiful.

Many lovers sought her, but she cared for none of them. Her parents were glad, for they wished to keep her with them.

Then came a jeweler of great wealth. Her father was pleased and urged Manon to accept him.

But the girl refused.

"He does not know enough," she said. "I can only be happy with my equal."

The father was angry. He thought her wilful.

The next suitor was a young physician.

"Now," said her mother, "Manon will be satisfied. Dr. Dupont has a profession."

"He knows nothing but his profession," exclaimed Manon disdainfully. "A thousand things I have read he has never even heard of."

In vain her father stormed and raged. Even the tender, sad pleadings of her mother could not move her.

"I am an invalid," said the mother, whose health had failed. "I would like to see you settled in a home of your own, with a husband to care for you."

"I could not be happy. I do not love him," returned the daughter. "I would gladly do as you wish if I could."

Mme. Philippon said no more. She had married a man she did not love at the command of her parents, and was not happy.

Shortly after this Manon's mother died. It was a terrible blow to the girl, who loved her dearly. So great was the daughter's grief that she became ill and her life was despaired of.

When she recovered she found comfort in her books once more.

Then she met M. Roland.

He had long wished to know her. He had seen and admired her portrait.

She, too, was charmed with him.

He was tall, slender and well-formed. His broad brow expressed intellect. His voice was strong but sweet. His usual expression was sad, but at times his face lighted up with bright, winning smiles.

Above all, Manon found him in sympathy with her tastes and ideas. He had read and studied much, and they were interested in the same things.

They talked of poetry, of philosophy, of history. They discussed the lives of noted men and women and the political affairs of different countries.

As yet they thought only of being friends.

Then M. Roland traveled. He went to Italy, Switzerland, Sicily and Malta. From every land he wrote Manon long letters describing his travels.

For several years they corresponded. Then they met.

Manon was more beautiful than before. They were happy in each other's society.

"Manon," whispered M. Roland, "let us be always happy as we are now. Why should we ever part?"

"If my father will consent," replied Manon.

But the father would not consent. He was still angry because Manon had refused the man he had approved. Now he would not allow her to marry the one she loved.

"If I cannot marry M. Roland, I will accept no one else," said Manon firmly. "I will enter a convent. If need be I will become the bride of Heaven."

Neither father nor daughter would yield. M. Roland was forced to leave.

Manon went into the convent where years before she had attended school.

She did not spend her time in weeping and sighing. Instead, she used her every moment in adding to her store of knowledge.

Nor was she resentful against her father. Each week she visited him, mended his linen and saw that everything was done for his comfort.

Six months passed. Then M. Roland appeared at the convent. He was pale and sad.

"Manon," he entreated, "I cannot live without you."

"But my father," said Manon, hesitatingly.

"Perhaps now he will relent. May I not again ask him?" pleaded the lover.

They went to the father. He was touched by their devotion. He consented.

So Manon Philippon became Mme. Roland.

Her noble, heroic, exalted character called forth the admiration of Europe, and still is remembered. And always, too, is remembered the depth of her love for the husband to whom she gave her whole heart and life.—Lydia Kingsmill Commander, in New York Evening Journal.

A Very Impolite Dog.

A man in New York State, writes a correspondent, is the owner of a small but pure-blooded Skye terrier, named Rex, whose intelligence is remarkable. Some of Rex's bright performances certainly are the result of reasoning power, which used to be regarded as the gift of the human family only.

Rex sleeps at the foot of his master's bed, upon a soft rug of his own. He is a dog of good habits, better behaved than many children, in fact; but, like a child, he insists upon his rights: his own spot before the fire, his own corner of the sofa, his own bed and, what is most interesting, his own bedtime.

Often in the evening when visitors remain beyond ten o'clock, Rex enters the parlor, walks anxiously about, and lies down in the very midst of the circle with a wearied air that cannot be mistaken. If the visitors still remain, he will rise and yawn, then mildly whine, and with rapidly wagging tail seek his master's side and look expectantly up into his face, as if to say, "Why don't they go, so that we may retire?"

If all these tactics fail, he will drop his ears and tail and walk to the door, sometimes giving a sharp, cross bark, his whole manner indicating deep disapproval of such late hours.

Twice in his life he has done more than to hint at his wishes on occasions of this kind.

One wet evening a stranger, who was calling upon Rex's mistress, left his rubbers near the hall door. With the privilege of an old friend, his call was extended beyond the hour for Rex's retirement. As usual, the dog displayed his sleepiness and evident opinion that the gentleman was outstaying his welcome, but no notice was taken of him until, with an air of desperation, he marched into the parlor with one of the caller's rubbers, laid it at his feet, and then quickly returned with the other, which he placed beside it. Then, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes, he backed off and stood looking at the stranger as if to say, "There! Do you understand that hint?"

His second exploit was even more remarkable. On this occasion a half-dozen people had been playing whist with his master and mistress. When the game was over, between ten and eleven o'clock, they still stood or sat about the room, engaged in conversation.

Rex was tired, and thoroughly out of humor. No one seemed to give a thought to him, and nothing that he could do attracted any attention. There were too many visitors to urge them all to depart by producing their overshoes, even if they wore them, but a brilliant idea came to him. He dashed upstairs to the sleeping-rooms, seized his master's nightgown, which lay ready for use upon the bed, and, dragging it behind him, spread it at his master's feet in the parlor below, in full view of the assembled guests.

This stratagem was a brilliant success, for, amid shouts of laughter and the consternation of the master, the callers said good-night.

Antipathies of Great Men.

It is a natural human trait to desire kinship with great minds, and partly for this reason the world loves to hear of the little weaknesses, inconsistencies, and illogical prejudices of its intellectual giants. The following, then, a carefully compiled and, so far as the writer knows, absolutely authentic list of the antipathies of certain past-masters, may prove of general interest, thinks "Punch":

Shakespeare, it seems, disliked a forced abstention from victuals.

Lord Chesterfield hated to have the chair upon which he was just sitting down withdrawn from under him.

The Iron Duke (and it may be remarked in passing that Lord Roberts of our own day has a similar aversion) would grow quite uneasy if shut up in the same room with a mad dog.

Dr. Abernethy, a man proverbially intolerant of mere fads and crotchets, had yet a strong personal objection to sleeping in damp sheets.

Schiller would never, if he could avoid it, write with a broken nib.

Carlyle never liked being alluded to as a "blithering idiot."

Keats would go out of his way to avoid a lunatic with a knife.

Faraday, the great chemist, disliked the sensation of nitric acid on his hands.

Macready had a great disrelish for either the flavor or perfume of bad eggs.

Mendelssohn did not like the sound of a finger-nail being drawn across a slate. A thumb-nail caused him similar disquiet.

Disraeli would walk about or stand rather than sit upon a freshly-painted bench.

Dr. Johnson hated to have anyone run and butt him in the waistcoat.

Sir Walter Raleigh had a marked objection to prison life; and Lord Burleigh, his great contemporary, never liked to slip off a curbstone with his tongue between his teeth.

Interested Motives.

The first missionaries who landed in New Guinea had many difficulties to contend with, of which the most persistent was the suspicion of the natives.

The Rev. James Chalmers, who was there twenty years ago, says the prevailing theory was that the missionaries had been compelled to leave their own land on account of hunger. This was the conversation that took place shortly after his landing:

"What is the name of your country?"

"Beritani," which is the native corruption of Great Britain.

"Is it a large land?"

"Yes."

"What is your chief?"

"A woman named Victoria."

"What! A woman?"

"Yes, and she has great power."

"Why did you leave your country?"

"To teach you, and to tell you of the great Spirit Who loves us all."

"Have you cocoanuts in your country?"

"No."

"Have you yams?"

"No."

"Have you sago?"

"No."

"Have you sweet potatoes?"

"No."

"Have you breadfruit?"

"No."

"Have you plenty of hoop-iron and tomahawks?"

"Yes, a great abundance."

"We understand now why you have come. You have nothing to eat in Beritani, but have plenty of tomahawks and hoop-iron with which you can buy food."

Curious Bits of News.

Professor Curie of Paris, who, aided by his wife, discovered and extracted from pitch-blende the strange substance called radium, recently remarked that he would not venture into a room containing one kilogram of radium because it would probably destroy his eyesight, burn off his skin, and even kill him. Radium gives off more abundantly than any other known substance the mysterious emanations named Becquerel rays, which are supposed to consist of almost infinitely minute particles. They are driven off with a velocity as high as 100,000 miles per second, and cause serious inflammations upon the hands of persons working with the substance. They also give rise to luminous effects.

In consequence of the construction of the great Assouan dam on the Nile, 600 miles above Cairo, the famous temples on the Island of Philae are partially submerged when the reservoir is full of water. But the civilized world would not willingly see these magnificent relics of antiquity destroyed, and accordingly an elaborate system of underpinning the buildings was adopted. Some of the colonnades and temples were found to be resting on fractured stone beams, broken by subsidence of the soil. Heavy steel girders, enclosed with rubble masonry and mortar, which protect them from corrosion, were placed under the broken foundations, and the masonry was carried down to bed rock beneath. The work was done in the face of considerable danger, but without accident.

The project of climbing the loftiest mountain on the earth, Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, whose tremendous head rises, according to trigonometrical measurements, 29,002 feet above sea-level, has now reached a stage immediately antecedent to the actual attempt. A party, led by Mr. Eckenstein, an experienced climber, has set out for the foot of the great peak. Several celebrated mountain-climbers have expressed the opinion that the feat is feasible, but only by the method of gradual ascent, whereby the adventurers may become inured to the effects of a rare atmosphere. Months, and even years, may be spent in ascending to higher and higher levels, a long pause being made after every considerable advance. The highest ascent now on record is that of Aconcagua, in the Andes, the elevation of which is 23,080 feet, 5,922 feet, or more than a mile, less than the height of Everest.

Recent press despatches announce the discovery by a professor in Prague of a lamp lighted by means of bacteria. Of this report "The Lancet" (London) remarks: "We suppose that the discovery amounts to an improved method of feeding photogenic bacteria, the existence of which has been known for some years. . . . The experiment is quite simple and easily succeeds. All that is necessary is to place the flesh of fresh haddocks or herring in a two or three per cent. solution of common salt, keeping the mixture at a temperature of about 7 degrees C. above freezing point. After a few days it will be found that not merely the flesh of the fish but also the whole of the liquid in which it is immersed gives off a pale greenish light, which becomes much more brilliant if a little sugar is added. . . . Doubtless by paying attention to the needs of these specific bacteria—by employing, for example, highly stimulating food—more intense light than was hitherto the case has been obtained. It is even suggested that the bacteria light might afford a safety-lamp for the miner."

Probably few persons who go up or down Broadway or any other important thoroughfare of New York city have ever stopped to ask why the hands on the faces of nearly all the big wooden clocks that swing as signs over jewelry stores indicate that it is eighteen minutes past eight o'clock. These clock hands indicate, according to the New York "Tribune," the exact time in the evening when Lincoln, accompanied by his wife, left the White House on April 14, 1865, to go to Ford's Theater, Washington, where John Wilkes Booth, the actor, shot him. The man who first originated this wooden clock sign idea had a workshop in a downtown street in 1865, and shortly after the assassination he conceived the idea of painting the hands on all his signs to point out this special time. His successors in the business continued the practice, as did other men. There is probably not a great street in New York city to-day that has not one or more of these reminders.

Spoiled the Scene.

Romeo De Ranter was crossing a bridge when his attention was attracted by the shrieking of someone in the murky depths below him. It being quite dark, he could not see the person who was evidently in danger; but, guided by the calls for help, he rushed to the side of the bridge, poised for a moment on the railing, and leaped into the river, shouting:

"Keep up your courage, gir-rl! I will save yuh!"

Once in the water, he swam with steady strokes to her side and seized her in his strong clasp. There was but little current, and he called:

"Tell the stage-hands to shake her up a little! This scene will go bad from the front."

But the water remained calm, and he slowly dragged the dripping form of the young woman to land. With strenuous efforts he lifted her to the shore and clambered after her.

"That calcium man is rotten!" he growled. "I should have had the spotlight from the time I jumped."

Even when the people who had witnessed his feat rushed up to congratulate him on his bravery he would not listen to them, but strode off, muttering:

"And they didn't have anyone back of the set to throw up a bucket of water to make a good splash. Miserable stage-management! What is the drummer coming to, anyhow?"—"Judge."

"What ales the porter?" "His young daughter wines all the time, and he is going home to liquor."—Princeton "Tiger."

Waggish Bounder.—I've just spent a week at Lord and Lady Blank's place. His Friend.—You have? Why, which of them invited you? "Neither. Fact is, I knew that Lord and Lady B. were not on speaking terms just now, so I went and stayed. Each thinks the other invited me."

Tobogganing into a Bear.

A member of the Wellman polar expedition of 1898-9, Paul Bjoervig, is described by Mr. Walter Wellman, in "A Tragedy of the Far North," as a man of superior courage, of unexampled fortitude and of inspiring character. If there was a bit of dangerous work to do, he was sure to be the first to plunge in. He sang and laughed at his work. If he went down into a "povridge," half ice and half salt water, and was pulled out by his hair, he came up with a joke about the ice cream freezer.

One day three men were out bear-hunting on an island. Two of them had rifles, the other had none. The last was Bjoervig. They found a bear, wounded him, and chased him to the top of a glacier. There bruin stood at bay. One of the hunters went to the left, another to the right. Bjoervig laboriously mounted the ice-pile to scare the beast down where the others might get a shot. But one of the hunters became impatient, and started to climb up also. On the way he lost his footing, fell, and slid forty or fifty feet into a pocket of soft snow.

At that moment, unfortunately, Bjoervig frightened the bear. Leaving the summit of the ice-heap, the beast slipped and slid straight toward the helpless man, who was floundering up to his armpits below. Apparently the man's life was not worth a half-kroner. In a few seconds the bear would be upon him, and would tear him to pieces. The brute was wounded, furious, desperate.

Bjoervig saw what he had to do. He did not hesitate. He followed the bear. From his perch at the summit he threw himself down the precipitous slope. He rolled, fell, slipped straight down toward the big white bear. He had no weapon but an oaken skee-staff, a mere cane; nevertheless he made straight for the bear.

Down the hillock slope he came, bumping and leaping, and yelling at the top of his voice. His cries, the commotion which he raised, the vision the bear saw of a man flying down at him, frightened the beast half out of his wits; diverted his attention from the imperiled hunter to the bold pursuer.

This was what Bjoervig was working for. The bear dug his mighty claws into the ice and stopped and looked at Bjoervig, but Bjoervig could not stop. The slope was too steep, his momentum too great. He dug his hands into the crust of the snow; he tried to thrust his skee-staff deep into the surface. It was in vain. Now he was almost upon the bear; the beast crouched to spring at him. Another second and it would all be over. Crack! the rifle spoke. The man down below had had time to recover his equilibrium. Another shot and the battle was over. Bjoervig and the bear rolled down together.

"You saved my life," said the man with the gun, when Bjoervig had picked himself up.

"No, no," responded Bjoervig, whipping the snow out of his hair, "you saved mine."

The Domestic Shah.

"Don't you think that there are many men who want to be fussed over and require just as much waiting upon as the most spoiled and helpless of women?" asks a correspondent, and then proceeds to answer: "The majority, I dare say, are not guilty of this weakness, but there are heaps of men-noodles who want their womenkind to 'cosset' them as if they were babies or invalids. They must be cockered up with every kind of indulgence; they have all the airs and the unbridled tempers and extravagances of a Shah-in-Shah, and the more generously and patiently their whims and fancies are borne with, the more exacting and domineering do they become, the more difficult to please, the more outrageous in their demands, and the more impossible and hopeless to get on with happily and comfortably.

"When a domestic tyrant of this type returns to his domicile everything must be at a standstill until he has signified his lordly pleasure as to whether the different members of the family may continue their occupations or not, and no matter what they are doing, or have done, you may be pretty certain that it is not right in his eyes! If he has mislaid a book or a newspaper nobody in the place is allowed to have any peace until it is found.

"As for his pipe or tobacco-pouch, why nothing short of a domestic revolution occurs if treasures of this sort happen to be banished temporarily from his view. They are so dear to him, so indispensable to his happiness, so absolutely necessary to his existence, that he cannot even bear them out of his sight, and unless he can lay his hand on them at once, the mildest mannered of men is capable of transforming himself into a Nero at any moment. Don't we all know the Boanerges-like roar, 'Where's my pipe? Has anyone seen my pipe?' or the testy remark, 'Most extraordinary thing how everything gets interfered with here. I can't even put my pipe down a minute or two but somebody hides it or takes it away!' Ten to one he has covered it over himself with his newspaper, and, after creating a great hubbub and commotion, it is found just where he laid it himself."

Child Study.

One hundred children were handed each a hot iron.

Thirty-three boys and eighteen girls said "Ouch!" Twenty-five girls and ten boys said "Ooch!"

Of the girls who said "Ouch!" seven had pug-noses and one toed in.

Thirteen boys born of foreign parents said "Ooch!"

The conclusions to be drawn from this interesting experiment will be embodied in a book and published in the Practical Science Series.

Literary Progress in England.

An association of young ladies for the study of Tennyson's works has been recently formed in a rural district, under the presidency of the local curate, who, having in a communication with a newly-enlisted member advised the young lady to bring her "Longfellow" with her to the meetings, was astonished and dismayed to receive a reply from the lady's mother to the effect that she could not allow her daughter to join a society of which "fellows," either long or short, were allowed to be members, and that she was surprised that a clergyman should countenance "such goings-on."—English exchange.

Studies in Natural History.

The Boy.

This untamable little creature, which is well called "The Terror of the Neighborhood," is perhaps the most feared and dreaded of all animals, and the one that causes the most aggravation.

Most people have the same instinctive desire to throttle a boy at sight, and on general principles, that they have to kill a snake. Unfortunately, the law prevents this; and as it has been found inexpedient to keep it confined like a lion or a jackal in a steel cage, out of harm's way, human beings have been unable to protect themselves against a creature so bloodthirsty that it finds its chief delight in torturing its victims.

This causes everyone to view the advent of a Boy in a community with alarm, while the presence of two or three depreciates the value of property and makes nervous people flee from the vicinity.

Although naturalists have devoted much time to the study of this subject, they have never been able to definitely classify the Boy, owing to his partaking of the obnoxious traits of all the other animals. Physically, it is all Stomach and Yell, with a rudimentary heart and no soul.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the Boy is greatly esteemed as a household pet, and is quite generally kept in that capacity. Indeed, few families are satisfied and happy without one, although after having received one they never know another minute's peace and quiet as long as they have it about the house.

This is the most startling fact in all natural history, as, having observed their friends' boys, one would think that no money could induce a person to undertake to raise a creature that was so much trouble.

In looks the Boy presents a curious anomaly, as it changes at different ages. When it is quite young, and at the time, it may be observed, that most people select it, it is soft and beautiful, with an angelic expression that appeals strongly to female owners and causes them to rave over it.

A little later it gets stringy and long-legged, with pale green freckles and warts, and generally uncouth and unprepossessing appearance. Fortunately, however, by this time its owners have become attached to it; otherwise it would be cast out to perish.

The habits of the Boy afford a most instructive study. It eats steadily from the time it gets up until it goes to bed, and devours the most indigestible substances with perfect impunity. Green apples, liquorice, hunks of bread and meat, doughnuts and whole pots of jam disappear down its throat without raising the slightest commotion in its stomach. When it is not opening its mouth to poke food down, it is opening it to emit a series of hideous sounds, so practically a Boy's mouth is never shut. These sounds are unintelligible to human beings, but are apparently understood by its mates.

Naturalists also call attention to the fact that a Boy is the only animal that spends its time in play, and it has been further observed that it soon wearies of any sport that does not hurt someone else. Another curious thing is that although a Boy can play all day, he becomes ill and weary the minute work is suggested to him or he starts to school. This is probably constitutional.

Occasionally a boy has been broken in to do a few household tasks, but it requires so much energy and trouble to make it do any useful work that few people have the physical strength to attempt it.

Boys are also femiphobes, and frequently bite and kick when a pretty girl desires to kiss them and stroke their hair. In time, however, they can be broken of this bad habit, and taught to endure female caresses with much equanimity.

The chief characteristic of a Boy is his aversion to soap and water. In this it is like the cat, and it is with difficulty driven near the bath tub. It also balks at being dressed up and shown off before company. Now and then, it is true, you find one who will consent to be adorned in Fauntleroy collars, and who will get out on the floor and do its little tricks without the whip, but these are never pure-blooded Boys. They are mongrels with a strong strain of Sissy in them.

A curious thing in this connection is that everyone who owns a Boy believes that he is a wonder and will be a future winner in the show. He also bitterly resents the insinuation that his Boy possesses the same characteristics of other boys, or would be guilty of such a thing as breaking windows or ringing old maids' door bells.

Most people, as has been said, like to keep a Boy themselves, but all, without exception, object to their neighbor's, and those who have none get even by prophesying evil things of the Boy across the street. Sometimes, however, the creature turns out well, and then we all brag that we knew it when it was a Boy.

His Complaint.

I am a baby, eleven months old, and early worn out already. Please let me alone!

I am not a prodigy, except to the extent that, not having anything to say, I don't talk. Two big persons claim to be my parents—why can't they let it go at that? I have never denied the charge. I haven't much data to go by, but I don't think I am either a magician, a learned pig, or a virtuoso. I don't hanker for applause; so, it will be an appreciated favor if you won't put me through any parlor tricks.

If I have my wealthy old Uncle Ezra's nose, congratulate Uncle Ezra, but don't blame me. I may be a kleptomaniac, for all I know, but I can't help it.

Don't rattle rattles at me—they rattle me. Don't goo-goo and ootsie-kootsie at me. I can't understand it any better than the English language.

The pain I have is not in my stomach, but in my neck. I don't want to be entertained or mystified or medicated or applauded. And, if you don't want me to grow up to be a hypochondriac, a stamp-collector, an awful example, a ping-pong enthusiast, a misanthrope, you just lemme me!—"Smart Set."

Dedude.—That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel, and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that? Old Gent.—By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth.

Two old women, "Mother" Baker Eddy and Mark Twain, slang-whanging each other in the papers, do not present an edifying spectacle.—"Town Topics."

The Models of Paris.

"Where there are painters there must be models, and in Paris, where the artistic population is the largest and most cosmopolitan in the world, the models, if they could be brought together in one company, would make a little world of small comedies and large tragedies," writes Virginia Blanchard in the "English Illustrated Magazine."

"As a rule, they know one another only as other people do, according to their common successes and common failures. The better class women of the profession—that is, those whose gifts have earned for them the honor of posing for great painters—always say in reply to enquiries, 'Oh, I don't know any models!' in a tone which says, 'My dear sir, though my beauty is such I cannot escape the importunities of painters, and I have consented to make the world the happier for my having been created, still, you must not make the mistake of supposing me to be an ordinary model.' Her case is an exceptional one. I have known a great many exceptional cases; in fact, there is quite a colony of them.

"Before the mists are scattered along Rue Duperre by a tardy sun rising above the white towers of Sacre Coeur, on the heights of Montmartre, when the goatherd, in his blue smock and sabots, has driven his flock before the wild music of his pipe along Rue des Martyrs beyond Montmartre, into suburban Paris, there is a gathering of the brotherhood of models around the fountain of Place Pigalle. They gather there every Monday morning of the year. It is an old custom of the quarter, the origin of which is forgotten in the melee of traditions.

"It is a strange group of humanity, these models, in their varied and eccentric costumes. Velveteens, long cloaks (which drape the figure with a certain picturesque grace), wide soft hats, and long hair seem to be the accepted mode, as well as the peasant's costume of Italy, which the women sometimes wear. The men who possess costumes usually carry them in a bag of bright stuff under their long cloaks.

"The commanding Raphael, whose name, no doubt, was chosen after his choice of profession, occupies the central position, partly by reason of his great height and also because he is a bulwark around which the weaker members cling. He is to a limited extent a born tragedian. His natural pose is one of uncompromising fierceness. He, the mildest-hearted of old poseurs, would make a splendid model for a bandit, with his fierce brows, long wild locks and beard.

"A little pathetic, faded, grimy figure by his side is 'grand mere,' as they call her, an old, gray-haired woman, still hugging the illusions of her youth, and waiting in the tawdry splendor of her national costume for the painters who used to celebrate her, and who have long since passed by for the last time. The kindly Raphael taps his brow significantly, and murmurs 'Elle est folle!'

"And that little rogue Jean Dagnano of the glorious melancholy eyes! It is not often that Jean joins the group at the Place, for he is a much-requested model, and his engagements are made ahead, but sometimes he comes looking like a little old man in his long trousers, much too big for him, and great hat which reposes comically over his ears. But even in those absurd clothes he has a certain charm—the union of the ludicrous with the beautiful.

"The young Madonna but recently come from the vineyards of Italy, her brown cheeks still warm with Southern sunshine, has learned the value of a sweetly maternal expression, and is always provided with an enfant of the proper age, even when she must rent it!

"The painter descends from his heights at an early hour, and proceeds slowly to the Place. He appears in the distance! The curtain has risen, the play has begun!

"Raphael, with a step forward, tosses his head and knits his shaggy brows into their fiercest expression; the elder Dagnano turns his martyred eyes heavenward; the Madonna rests hers tenderly on the infant for whom she is paying a franc a day; the short man with the bushy hair, whose figure shed of its strange garments is a model of athletic power, turns his back (which is his good point) and demands a light of his gay friend! If it is all acting it is not bad art. Each performer has perfected his role in this one-act pantomime of the streets until it rivals the performances of the Odeon! The happy model who walks away in the footsteps of the velveteened, long-haired painter of the quarter is as real in his part as is his patron. And, after all, it is such a pleasing, pretty part! Who would essay to separate the real from the make-believe; the sentiment from the color of it; the passion from the show of it, in delightful Paris?

"It is all art; and if in the pursuit of the beautiful they forget the truth, if the original idea is lost in the thousand seductive bypaths of art, still we have, once or twice in a century, a Millet or a Rodin to sound a recall to the stern Mother."

Expensive.

It was a beautiful evening in the Spring of 2001. The moon shone pale and transcendent in the clouds above, and as the two lovers sat close together, no sound was heard save the stealthy tread of the one spectator to their tryst.

The young man pressed the maiden to his heart, and turning her face to his, was about to kiss her, when she drew back.

"Darling," she asked anxiously, "what is the tax on kisses?"

"One dollar each," he observed grimly, "but I don't care if my salary is mortgaged up to next Christmas. I'm desperate for a kiss."

"Don't!" she said pleadingly. "The tax assessor is watching our every movement and is ready to chalk it down. You know, even now, it is costing you fifty cents an hour to be with me."

"I know it!" exclaimed her lover, "but, my darling, aside from our own cramped finances, you know the trusts must live. The head of the Lovers' Trust is only worth eight trillions, and suppose we should go out of business! Why, his dividends might be cut down. No, no. Let us love, even if the tax is raised to a dollar an hour and there is no bread in the house. I must be true to my country's best interests."

"You are right," she said, yielding to his superior mind.

And as their lips met in a long, lingering dollar kiss, the registering machine, planted twenty feet back of them, clicked out its ominous sound, showing that John Jones, American citizen, had been docked for one kiss by the United States Amalgamated Lovers' Trust.—"Life."

Anecdotal.

Terence V. Powderly, formerly Commissioner-General of Immigration, met Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania just outside the White House the other morning. "How's your gout getting along?" a bystander asked Mr. Powderly. "I'm troubled with an old injury to my knee, but I suppose you might as well call it gout as anything," he replied. "Up my way," remarked Senator Penrose, "they call it 'whiskey on the hoof.'"

"Uncle Joe" Cannon sometimes gets mixed in his metaphor when addressing the United States House of Representatives. While arguing against a bill in favor of a railroad, he once began in preacher-like tones as follows: "The railroads have been before the Senate on their knees praying and praying and praying;" then, suddenly changing his tone, he concluded; "and, gentlemen, it is time to call their hand."

When a shot was fired in the wings of the Tivoli Opera House during the third act of "Carmen" on Zelie de Lussan's opening night, a disappointed spectator who considered Tennery's Don Jose about "the limit" remarked, with a sigh of relief, "Thank God." Those about him, who shared his feelings, snickered sympathetically. But their smiles were turned to peals of laughter when Don Jose presently bobbed up serenely, and the talkative wag exclaimed tragically, "Ye gods, her aim was bad! She missed him!"

An Englishman used to meet the great philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, every morning walking with his ugly poodle along the promenade in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Schopenhauer's eccentric appearance, deeply immersed in thought, excited the Englishman's curiosity to such an extent that one day he could contain himself no longer, and walking up to the philosopher, addressed him abruptly thus: "Tell me, sir, who, in the name of fate, are you?" "Ah!" Schopenhauer replied, "I only wish I knew that myself."

The Rev. Washington Gladden, after a lecture at Harvard, discussed with a number of students the Christian religion. The students, as is sometimes the way with young men, manifested a lack of faith. They were not ashamed of this lack, either. They seemed, on the contrary, to be proud of it. "I," said a lad of eighteen years, a freshman, "I am an agnostic." He spoke pompously, his hands in his pockets. He regarded narrowly the effect on Mr. Gladden of his bold words. "You are an agnostic?" said the clergyman. "I am an agnostic." "What is an agnostic?" Mr. Gladden asked. "Tell me, won't you, just what meaning you attribute to that word?" The lad swaggered about the room. He still kept his hands in his pockets. "An agnostic," he said, frowning, "why, an agnostic is—ah—a fellow—a fellow who isn't sure of anything." "How does it happen, then," asked the clergyman, "that you're sure you're an agnostic?"

"Puff"-Ectly Impossible.

The Canadian Parliament has passed a motion forbidding the import, manufacture, or sale of cigarettes.—Morning Paper.

Though 'tis, at best, a very old
And somewhat feeble joke,
This motion, we are bound to say,
Must end, ere long, in smoke!
For, though Canadians cigarettes
Must not import or sell,
They'll find that those they make themselves
Will serve them just as well!

—London "Truth."

Revenge.

The burglar softly opened the door of the suburbanite's sleeping apartment, slipped inside, and searched the room thoroughly, but found nothing worth stealing. "Darn him!" he soliloquized; "I'll get some satisfaction out of him, anyway!" Thereupon he set the alarm clock on the bureau for the hour of three, and softly departed.—Chicago "Tribune."

"What is it, Bobbie?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "That's wrong about man bein' the noblest work of God." "Oh, no, it isn't. What made you think it was?" "Well, my ma says she made pa what he is."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

London women have decided to revive the bonnet. Picture hats, toques and flares look well on pretty women, but in a bonnet a pretty woman looks her prettiest.—"Town Topics."

CURED HIS BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Former President of Bricklayer's Union used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Andrew McCormick, of Toronto, Tells of a Cure for the most dreaded of all Diseases.

Toronto, June 15.—(Special). — In these days when the dreaded Bright's Disease seems to be selecting its victims at will the report of an authenticated cure is received with relief by all classes of the community. And such a report comes from Andrew McCormick, of 243 Spadina avenue, this city.

That Mr. McCormick is well-known and highly respected, is evidenced by the fact that he has held high offices in several fraternal societies, and was for several years President of the Bricklayers' Union. Interviewed regarding the cure, Mr. McCormick says:

"I suffered with an attack of Bright's Disease and naturally was much troubled concerning it. I heard of the wonderful cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills and concluded to try them. The result was so satisfactory that it gives me pleasure to recommend them."

Make and keep the Kidneys sound by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and there can be no Bright's Disease.

BIG HEARTED ACTOR.

An Incident of Joseph Jefferson's Love for Children.

The life of very young actors and actresses is generally a far from pleasant one, but from all appearances the experience of little Miss Virgie Clydon and Master Harold Welsh, the two clever children in Mr. Joseph Jefferson's company, are notable exceptions. Mr. Jefferson is generally known as a great lover of children but some of his many kindnesses to the little folk around him are beautiful characteristics of a great man.

It is said that during the long rehearsals when these two little folks were learning the parts which they have to play in "Rip Van Winkle," Mr. Jefferson would never allow the stage manager to be cross with them, and when he saw that they were getting tired he would suggest a game of tag or hide and seek. Can you imagine anything nicer to a tired little actor than a big romp behind the flies and around great piles of stage property?

It is said that at such times Mr. Jefferson is quite as interested a player as the children and that he can run plenty fast enough to make it a bare matter to catch him. When he is hiding among the big piles of stage property he is able to use his voice in such a way that it is sure to fool the person "blinding," and in this way he often gets in free.

After they have played until every one is out of breath they sit down to rest and talk it all over, and the children point out the mistakes made in the game by Mr. Jefferson, and he tells them that if they had done so and so they never would have been able to catch him. And then they go back to their real work, and so, perhaps, Mr. Jefferson is responsible for at least a part of the cleverness with which these children play their parts for he always keeps them so much interested in their work.

A Swinging Bed.

Here is a swinging bed which a venturesome boy has constructed and arranged to swing out of his window so as to sleep in the open air with no canopy except that of heaven above

him. It is a risky thing for one to do unless he is perfectly certain that he will not roll out or attempt to walk in the night. But its location on the breezy side of a house gives one all the air there is.

Sunday In the Italian Quarter.

Every Sunday all the little strolling Italians — monkey-boys, concertina players, organ grinders, and plaster-image sellers—stay at home in their little houses of the Italian quarter. On this day they put on their best clothes, and it is a pretty sight to see them going to church with their fathers and mothers. The little girls are spotlessly clean; their white blouses have been freshly washed, and the pink kerchiefs on their heads have been carefully folded and ironed. The small boys are not so carefully washed, because their parents evidently think that they are not required to be so clean as girls, but they generally wear good corduroy suits and well-polished boots. The church where they go is a very large building in Hatton Garden, called the Italian Church. Once or twice during the year a very pretty ceremony takes place in the church. Hundreds of little Italian girls, in white dresses, white stockings and shoes, and long white muslin veils, walk slowly round the large church, carry lighted candles. Behind them comes a procession of small Italian boys dressed in dark suits and white gloves. They also carry lighted candles and some of them bear great banners of silk. As they march round solemnly, the organ peals out and fills the great church with a mighty sound of music while the children sing a pretty hymn with a great number of verses.—Cassell's Little Folks.

Dewey's Thanks to a 9 Year-Old Admirer

Rita Cosgrove is one of the proudest little girls in Philadelphia. She has received an autograph letter from Admiral Dewey in which that hero thanks her for a little remembrance which she sent him after she had read of his great victory at Manila. Rita is nine years old and is expert with her needle. She was much excited during war time and Admiral Dewey became her idol. She worked hard over a table spread, embroidered in national colors. When it was finished she surprised her parents by saying that she was going to send it to Dewey. It was wrapped with great care and intrusted to the mails. Rita scarcely hoped to hear of it again, but Admiral Dewey was pleased with the child's gift and a short time ago the postman handed to her a letter, the envelope of which was covered with postmarks. The letter was as follows:

"My Dear Miss Cosgrove: My sincere thanks for your present, which I appreciate very much. Also, for your kind wishes and sympathy. Very sincerely — George Dewey."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A BAD TOOTH BRUSH

Usually looks like a good one when you buy it. That is a failing in the Tooth Brush Business, and its the reason why people pay a good price for a poor brush. We have some they cost 25c. and will give satisfaction when the best comes. Made by the best makers and will suit you.

WE KEEP THE BEST

Canada Drug & Book Co

BORN.

GERRARD—At Comaplix, on August 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gerrard, a son.

LOCALISMS

—12-foot Linoleum at R. Howson & Co's

The old timers will hold a dinner on Sept. 10th.

—Read C. B. Hume & Co's ad on first page of this issue.

The cement floor to the basement of the school has been completed.

—California and B. C. peaches arriving daily at C. B. Hume & Co's.

The next Court of Assize will be held here on October 12th.

—Crab apples, green tomatoes, ripe tomatoes, plums. C. B. Hume & Co.

R. F. Perry, of Goldfields, spent Monday in the city.

—Elegant new lace and tapestry curtains. C. B. Hume & Co.

F. J. Deane passed through Tuesday morning on his way to Nelson.

The Alaska Boundary Commission is holding its first session today.

—Go to Macdonald & Monteith for union made overalls, jumpers and hats.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Scott left yesterday morning on a fortnight's visit to Spokane.

—Royal Bavarian china and Tiffany art glass ware decidedly new. C. B. Hume & Co.

—Don't forget going to Macdonald & Monteith for your shirts, collars and ties for Labour Day.

B. E. Drew, of Camborne, has resigned his commission as Justice of the Peace.

—Prescriptions are filled with the very best of drugs only at the Canada Drug & Book Co's.

The regular meeting of the Loyal True Blues takes place in the lodge room to-morrow night.

—Violin, Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin strings always new and strong, sold at the Canada Drug & Book Co's.

G. S. McCarter left on Sunday for Banff having been summoned there by the illness of Mrs. McCarter.

The Eagles have decided to parade on Labor Day. They will turn out from 50 to 60 strong.

—Song Folio? We have a large supply only opened this week. Come and see them. Canada Drug & Book Co.

The regular drill of the R. M. R. will be held in the drill hall tonight instead of on Friday evening as formerly.

E. Wilson, M. A., formerly of Revelstoke, has been appointed principal of the Armstrong high school.

The special services of the Salvation Army, led by Adj't. Andrews, on Saturday and Sunday were well attended.

—Say don't you want a nice hat, fine shoes or a suit of clothes for Labour Day. Well try Macdonald & Monteith.

The Mail has made another discovery, that netties are a good vegetable. It's like teaching your grandmother to suck eggs.

C. H. Temple has been appointed permanent Master Mechanic here. Several machinists were relieved from duty last week.

Work is rapidly progressing on the new Imperial Bank block. Excavation has been completed and the stone foundation commenced.

On Monday afternoon a large number of citizens went up to Sahmon Arm to greet with a salvo the opening of the shooting season.

P. Agren will erect a two story block on McKenzie Avenue next R. S. Wilson's building. The stores will be occupied by J. B. Cressman and A. Evans.

At Monday's meeting of the Epworth League the subject was "Prohibition", conducted by the President. The audience was large and the discusson most instructive.

—LOST—Between the Sash and Door Factory and R. Howson & Co's store, a note book, containing cheque and postal order. Finder please return to J. Maley, Second street.

When professional work is required it should be done by a qualified man. It is probable the Land Surveyors' Association will look into E. A. Haggen's qualifications as a P. L. S.

Messrs. C. B., Murray and Lorne Hume left on Tuesday's boat on a couple of weeks visit to the Revelstoke Lumber Co.'s camps and the McCullough Creek Hydraulic Co.'s ground on McCullough creek, Big Bend.

James Fax, the well known Canadian comedian, Ethel Schofield, entertainer, and Bella Fax, soprano, will appear in the Opera House about the end of the month. Mr. Fax will undoubtedly draw a large house as he is well known to all eastern theatre goers.

Two sons of W. T. Holder of Kaslo, were drowned in Kootenay lake on Friday. The younger, aged 11, got beyond his depth and the elder, aged 13, lost his life trying to save his brother. Both boys were great favorites in the community.

At the last meeting of L. O. L. No. 1658, a resolution expressing sympathy with the Rev. Mr. Calder and Mrs. Pettipiece who were unfairly attacked by a correspondent in a recent issue of the Kootenay Mail was passed by the lodge unanimously.

Miss Ethel Abbott, of Essex, England, accompanied Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes from the old country here with the intention of spending a season in the Province. Although Miss Abbott has been an extensive traveller this is her first visit to Canada and she is very favorably impressed with its resources and scenery. The mountain scenery of B. C., she considers, much exceeds that of Switzerland in beauty and immensity.

Heroic Engineer

GRASSETTE, QUE., Aug. 31.—The Imperial Limited of the Canadian Pacific Railway, met with a very serious headon collision, three and a half miles west of Grassette at 8.30 o'clock this morning, caused by a light engine and caboose, in charge of Conductor Charlesbois, who overlooked the instructions to side-track, to allow the Limited to pass him.

Fireman P. Moran, who started to jump from his engine, was caught between the engine and tender, and instantly killed.

Engineer McMahon stayed with his engine until he had reversed the machine and applied the air-brakes. By this time it was too late to get clear. When the engines struck, Engineer McMahon was caught by one foot, and his leg was scalded terribly, from the effects of which he died at 2 o'clock this afternoon. All the passengers escaped serious injury.

The passengers, feeling that they owed Engineer McMahon, who stuck so bravely to his post, some recognition, took up a subscription of over $150 for the deceased hero's wife.

Retiring Liberals.

(From an Occasional Correspondent)

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., Aug. 31. —J. C. Brown, the late member of the Dunsmuir government, who received the unanimous nomination on behalf of the Liberals in this city has declined to accept. He considers discretion the better part of valour. In the neighbouring riding of Dewdney, T. F. Patterson, who was going to wipe the floor with Hon. Richard McBride has stepped down and out. He alleges pressure of business as the cause, but did not find such pressure until after a careful canvass of the riding. He found himself in such a hopeless minority that it would be foolish to continue in the field. On the other side of the Fraser, John Oliver is not having all his own way. His recent utterances regarding the C. & W. have reduced his influence much and many of the farmers there, who know the Premier well and followed the investigation with care, have come to the conclusion that "Honest John's" utterances are not only intemperate, but false, and have gauged him properly as the agent of the servant girl robbing Olalla Copper Co. Everything points to a clean sweep for the Conservatives in the Fraser Valley.

Comaplix Cullings

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Salvationists visited our town last week.

Sister M. Leona and Sister Valentinia, of the Providence Orphanage, New Westminster, B. C., came in Thursday on their annual visit.

At the Liberal meeting, presided by J. A. Magee chairman, J. Fairhall, B. B Starky and George Blainey were elected delegates to the meeting at Revelstoke. Instead of going they sent their proxy to Mr. McRae.

Our mill and store are now lighted by electricity.

Dr. Lazier, of Camborne, was called early Monday morning to attend the young son of Wm. Gerrard who is very sick.

Minto Endowment Fund

The Ladies' Hospital Guild held a special meeting on Saturday last when Mrs. Arthur Spragge delivered a most interesting address on the objects of the above endowment fund. Mrs. Spragge dwelt strongly upon the important point, that unless the Endowment Fund were raised, the Victorian Order of Nurses, which would be provided by it with an annual income, might possibly lapse and where would the Queen Victoria Cottage Hospital be at Revelstoke without the Victorian Order of Nurses? No nurses could be provided from other sources at their salaries and with their travelling expenses paid from the coast, so that Revelstoke and the surrounding district by contributing from 25 cents upwards to the fund were not diverting money from the town but simply helping to maintain the nurses for the Hospital, which would be useless without them. The Guild thereupon passed a resolution endorsing the appeal published in our columns last week and Mrs. G. M. Clark, the treasurer, will be glad to receive subscriptions from 25 cents up for this most laudable object.

Telephone—48.

School Books

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

NEW SCRIBBLERS
NEW EXERCISE BOOK
NEW SCHOOL BAGS
NEW PENCILS Etc. Etc.

All Supplies Wanted for the School Opening.

W. BEWS, - Phm. B.

Druggist and Stationer.

THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

the United States being represented by their favorite sports. The events are as follows:

Football—1 o'clock, Vernon v Revelstoke.

Intermediate Lacrosse—Revelstoke v Vernon, 2:15 sharp.

Baseball—1 sharp, Revelstoke v Kamloops.

and it is safe to say that never in the history of British Columbia have three first class matches of these kinds been ever arranged to take place in one afternoon. In this connection it may be stated that most generous appropriations have been made to cover the expenses and entertainment of the city's guests on this occasion. And then will come the wind up, the

GRAND SMOKING CONCERT

in the Opera House on Tuesday evening at 8:30, admission to which will be 25c. Hon. Richard McBride will probably be there and present the challenge cups for various events in the sports to winning teams. A splendid bill of faro has been arranged and music, song, recitation, etc., will form a fitting conclusion to the big two days' sports. But we must not forget that there will also be a

FIREMENS' RACE

consisting of an 100 yards hub and hub competition, prizes $30 and $20. This will be held on Monday on Second St. opposite the Opera House. Each team will carry the same weight of hose and any inequality regarding weight, diameter, etc. of reel be satisfactorily arranged before starting.

That's what the HERALD has to say regarding Revelstoke's big celebration. The whole town will welcome visitors. Everybody having friends outside will receive them with open hands and the farewell saying to strangers is summed up in the old distich

Happy to meet,
Sorry to part,
Glad to meet again.

NOTES.

For the convenience of those attending we publish the colours of the badges of the various committees. Anyone requiring information should apply to the first man met wearing the rightly coloured badge:

Officers and Management—Mauve.
Reception—Blue.
Sports—Green.
Grounds—Crimson.
Transportation—Pink.
Entertainment—Grey.
Finance—Red.
Parade—Yellow.
Judges—Cerise.

The millmen should have a good time. Watch for bulletins.

Camborne and Fish River are coming in a body. The stamp mill town may bring its band.

The Premier pays a great compliment to Revelstoke in choosing it in preference to Vancouver and Nanaimo. But this is our first celebration.

We are the stuff.

Revelstoke will have a bigger advertisement than it ever got before.

The admission to the grounds will be two bits.

The Gun Club were awarded $25 for the use of their grounds.

It's a nice easy walk along the Big Bend road to the grounds. If you don't like walking there will be many conveyances.

Robt. Gordon will be marshal of the parade.

A float will much help a merchant in his business. The union men patronize those who help them.

It is possible several other special prizes will be announced on Monday.

THIS MORNING.

Everything is working smoothly and the weather man says both days will be fine. If he's not doing right we'll fire him.

You should trot out your flags. Make the city brilliant.

The contested games will be very close. Let us hope Revelstoke will win.

The gun shooting contests are arousing enthusiasm all over.

Kamloops supporters will be out in force for the Fulton Cup match. The Vernon football boys will boost for their intermediates.

If you miss anything you'll miss something good.

We have determined on a good time and we are going to have it.

Revelstoke is the hub of the central interior.

Mayor O'Brien is working like a Trojan as president and all committees are backing him up.

There's nothing achieves like success.

In everybody's heart for the celebration the only word will be

W-E-L-C-O-M-E.

NOTICE.

Public notice is given that the Big Bend Lumber Company Limited have adopted the below mentioned timber marks for logs belonging to them and all persons are warned against dealing with or keeping in possession any logs bearing any of said marks:

B. B. L. Co. A.B.
235

Dated at Arrowhead, Aug. 28, 1903.

THE BIG BEND LUMBER CO. LTD.
THEO. LUDGATE, President.

Tenders Wanted

Sealed Tenders will be received up to and including Thursday, the 17th instant, for the purchase of certain buildings situated on the Lanark Group of Mineral Claims, about two miles east of Illecillewaet station. For further information, form of tender and condition of sale, apply to the undersigned. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. V. ARMSTRONG.

Dated, Revelstoke, 2nd Sept., 1903.

Tenders Wanted

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned for the erection of a Manse building for St. Andrew's church will be received up to noon, Thursday, Sept. 10th. For plans and specifications apply at the office of Lewis Bros.

THOS. MORE,
Secretary.

Revelstoke, B. C., Sept. 2nd, 1903.

JUST OPENED

In L. A. Freiz Store, First Street.

CANDY FACTORY

Where Pure and Fresh Confectionery in all its branches will be manufactured both Wholesale and Retail.

The Only Institution of Its Kind Between Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast.

J. LACROIX, MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONER.

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

PRIME BEEF. PORK. MUTTON. SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

R. Howson & Co.

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

Picture Framing a Specialty.

Undertakers, Embalmers

Graduate of Massachusetts College of Embalming.

SIBBALD & FIELD,

AGENTS FOR

Real Estate — C. P. R. TOWNSITE. MARA TOWNSITE. GERRARD TOWNSITE. CAMBORNE TOWNSITE.

FINANCIAL— Canada Permanent & Western. Canada Mortgage Corporation. Colonial Investment and Loan Company.

Insurance — Sun Fire. Caledonian Fire. Atlas Fire. Canadian Fire. Mercantile Fire. Northern Fire. Guardian Fire. Manchester Fire. Great West Life. Ocean Accident and Guarantee. Confederation Life. Canadian Accident Assurance Co. Connecticut Fire

COAL FOR SALE. HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT. CONVEYANCING.

J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public. CHAS. M. FIELD.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

WATCHES! WATCHES!!

I have a large and well assorted stock of the very best movements. VERITAS, VANGUARD, New Railway, all 23, jewelled.

Cases to suit all pockets.

Fully guaranteed watches from $5.00 up.

E. M. Allum

Jeweller and Optician, - McKenzie Ave.

HAVE YOUR EYES TESTED AND FITTED WITH GLASSES.

..MACDONALD & MONTEITH..

FIRST STREET.

LABOR DAY WILL SOON BE HERE

We have just opened a large stock of Fancy Shirts, Collars, Ties and Fine Shoes. The above we have ordered specially for Labor Day. Be sure and call in and see these new lines.

You might also see our stock of Ready Made Clothing which is the best in town. Fit guaranteed.

Give us your September order for Groceries. Prices Away Down.

MACDONALD & MONTEITH

THE LEADING STORE

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

New Goods Are Arriving

AND BEING OPENED UP AS FAST AS POSSIBLE

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

W. J. GEORGE, MACKENZIE AVENUE.

HIGH CLASS ..Furniture..

Just opened up two cars of Furniture. One car contained the best goods that can be bought in Canada, including all the latest styles in Bedroom, Sitting Room and Dining Room Furniture. Our second car contained cheap Bedroom Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture.

We carry a full and complete stock. Intending purchasers will do well to visit us.

John E. Wood, REVELSTOKE FURNITURE STORE.

Cabinet Making. Upholstering. Picture Framing.

In Your Hands...

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

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

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

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS TO ORDER.

J. B. CRESSMAN, - Mackenzie Ave.

HOTEL VICTORIA

W. M. BROWN, Prop.

One of the best and commodious hotels in the City.

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

I HAVE IT!

The largest stock of the latest WATCHES, CLOCKS, RINGS, SILVER WARE, CUT GLASS, FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, Etc. My many years' experience enables me to buy goods at the right prices, enabling me to sell to the public at reasonable prices.

J. GUY BARBER.
WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.