THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XIV: NO. 26 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1903 $2 00 a Year in Advance

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT. WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

C. B. Hume & Co.
DEPARTMENT STORE

Good Things For Xmas

The Custom of present giving is yearly on the increase. What gives a person more pleasure than remembering relatives or friends by a suitable offering at this Season of the year. Every Department has something Good, New, and novel to offer. An increased staff of Sales People at your service.

All are welcome to visit the Store. Bring the Children to see the Toys.

Toys Department.

DOLLS—10 inch kid body Sleeping Dolls. 35c
12 inch Dressed Dolls with Bonnets and Shoes $2 00
Rubber Dolls, Negro Dolls, Clowns 35c

CHILDREN'S SET TABLEWARE.—
Children's China Sets..35c 75c $1 $1 50
Wash Set—Tub, Pail, Ringer, etc. 75c
Children's Sets Table Cutlery....$1 $1 25

CHILDREN'S BOOKS—
Golden Hour, Stories of the Bible, Nursery Tales, Santa Claus, Robinson Crusoe.

DRESSERS—(different sizes)—$1 25 $1 50 $1 75
Dolls, Cats, Rabbits, Horses, Balls, Banks, Mouth Organs, Horns, Cups, Mugs, Baby Rattles, etc., all the way from.....10c 15c 25c 35c 50c

Come and bring the children. It will be worth any persons time to see our display.

Drygoods Department.

FOR MEN—Silk Handkerchiefs.75c $1 00 $1 25
Shaped Neck Scarfs and Dress Shirt Protectors...75c $1 00 $1 50 $2 00
Xmas Ties.....50c 65c 75c $1 00
Gloves—Silk lined and unlined Suede and Kid gloves..$1 50 $1 75 $2 50
Silk Umbrellas....$5 $6 50 $7 50 $9 00
House Coats and Dressing Jackets. $10 00
Fancy Suspenders, in Christmas Boxes.....$1 00 $1 25 $1 50
Pipes.....$1 00 $1 50 $2 00
Pipes in Cases.....$2 50 $3 50 $5 $6 00
Brush Sets.....$2 75 $3 00
Cuff Links.....$1.00 $1 50 $2 50 $5 00
Tie Pins.....50c. 75c $1 00
Travelling Sets in Cases.....$4 60 $6 00
Pocket Cutlery, Field Glasses, Musical Instruments, etc
Ink Stands.....75c $1 00 $2 50
Ormala Gold Inkstnads....75c and $1 00

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.—
Novelties and Suitable Gifts for Ladies both young and old.
Four yards Silk Waist Lengths, Fancy Silk, in boxes $2 75 $3 50 $4 50
5½ to 7 yards Dress Lengths, colored and Black, nicely put up in Fancy Boxes.....$4 00 $7 50 $10 60
Ladies' Gloria and Silk Umbrellas $4 00 $6 00 $7 00 $9 00
Ladies' Kid Gloves, lined and unlined, Colored and Black..10c $1 25 $2
Ladies' Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs 50c 75c
Perfumes in Fancy Bottles.... .....,50c 75c $1 00 $3 00 $5 00
Fancy Ties, Jabots, Collars, Belts, Girdles, Stocks..... .....35c 75c $1 00 $1 50 $2 00
Dressing Cases.....$3 00 $6 50 $15 00
Brush Sets.....$2 75 $3 50
Chiffon, Sequien Trimmed Fans.. .....$1 75 $2 25 $2 70 $3 00 $5 00
Tenneriffe Lace and Battenburg. Prices.....75c $1 00 $1 50 $2 00
Fur Collarette Caperines $5 00 $7 50 $10 00 $20 00
Silk Dress Waists....$6 00 $8 50 $10 00

Boot and Shoe Dept.

A Pair of Boots or Shoes is a very Suitable and Useful Gift. Here is Our List:

Ladies' Fine Shoes.....$2 50 $3 50 $5 00
Ladies' Felt Juliet Shoes..... $1 25
Ladies' Lined Buskins..... $2 00
Misses' Felt Juliet Shoes..... 85c
Men's Hockey (Patented)..... $3 50
Men's and Boys' Fancy Home Shoes.....
Romeo—$2 75. Fancy Velvet... $1 25
Aligators..... $1 25
Children's and Ladies' Leggings, Lambs Wool Soles, Etc.

Grocery Department.

A careful study of this list will show you special prices for the qualities offered.

NETS—ALL KINDS—Pecans, Almonds, Walnuts, Brazils, new and Perfectly Fresh.....25c. per lb.
Shelled Almonds, Walnuts, etc.....50c per lb.
Lemon and Orange Peel.....20c per lb.
Citron Peel.....25c. per lb.
Raisins—Valencias, Fresh Fruit, O. S ..15c per lb.
" London Layers.....25c and 35c per lb.
" Muscatels, (New Goods).....12½c per lb.
" Golden Sultanas.....17c per lb.
Cleaned Raisins and Currants in packages .....12½c per lb.
Cooking Figs.....12½c per lb.
Eating Figs.....25c per lb.
Shepp's Cocoanut in packages or bulk.
Navel Oranges.....40c and 50c per doz.
Japanese Oranges.....65c per box
Spanish Grapes, New Apples
Xmas Candies.....25c 50c and 75c per lb.
New Chocolates and Bon Bons in fancy Packages.....40c and 75c per lb.
Crystalized Fruits in Boxes.....30c and 50c per lb.
Van Camp's Plum Pudding.....40c and 75c per lb.
Fruit Cakes.....40c. each

China and Glassware

Nice Gifts and very acceptable.

Children's Cup and Saucers.....10c 15c 25c
Men's Moustache Cups and Saucers...75c to $1 25
Ladies' Fancy Cups and Bon-Bon dishes 35c 75c $1 75
Fruit and Salad Bowls.....75c to $3 50
Cake Plates, each.....35c to $1 50
Japanese Biscuit Jars.....$1 00 to $1 50
Fruit Callops..... $1 75
Flower Urns.....$1 00 $1 50 $2 50 $5 00
Flower and Fern Vases.....$1 25 to $3 50
Cocoa Jugs.....$1 00 to $4 00
Fancy Water Sets.....$1 25 1 50 1 75
Olive Dishes.....25c 50c 75c
Glass Fruit Diches.....25c 35c 50c
Dinner Sets.....$12 00 to $20 00
Tea Sets..... $4 50 to $10 00
New Cut Glass, the real thing. Royal Hungarian China. Tiffony Art Glassware. American Sparkling Crystal Glassware are among the new arrivals. You must see them and we welcome your coming.

Hardware Department.

Boys' Tool Chests—$1.00 to 8.00. Sleds.—$1.00 1.50 2.50 2.75. Skates.—85c $1.00 2.25. Razor Strops.—75c. $1.00 $1.50. Pocket Knives.—10c. to $2.50
CUTLERY AND SILVERWARE.—Silver Knives and Forks, 1 dozen in boxes—$6.50
RiFLES (Savage) 22-Calibre Repeating, New Model. $20.00
" 3.03 " " $25.00
REVOLVERS, (Iver Johnston.—$7.00 and $7.50. Shot Guns (double barrel)—$15.00

We present here only a partial list of items in stocks we are showing as space forbids any further extension. With an increased staff of Sales People we can ensure Prompt attention to every customer.

C. B. Hume & Co.
DEPARTMENT STORE.
EVERYBODY WELCOME. EVERYBODY WELCOME

ERNEST CASHEL THE MURDERER

Who Escaped From Police Barracks at Calgary Last Week is Still at Large—Police Hot on His Trail.

No effort is being spared by the N. W. M. P. to locate the murderer, Ernest Cashel, whose daring escape from the Mounted Police barracks at Calgary last Wednesday is now known throughout Canada. Ever since his disappearance from the guardhouse, the constables of the force have been on the go day and night. Some of them have had practically no sleep since, but their determination to catch Cashel keeps them up.

There is hardly a foot of country within a radius of 50 miles of Calgary that has not been gone over by the mounted men. Every shack and every dugout has been searched and every rancher or farmer has been informed of Cashel's escape.

The Mounted Police horses have been used so much since Cashel's escape that many of the animals have played completely out, and will have to be rested and a number of fresh horses had to be hired in order to provide the police with mounts.

Cashel's execution, which was set for last Tuesday morning, has cheated the public executioner, Radcliffe, out of a job.

When the news of the escape of Cashel reached the department of justice, the minister was in a quandary as to what steps should be taken. As this is the first case in Canada in which a murderer has escaped, according to the law, Cashel would be considered dead after December 15. To get out of the difficulty the minister of justice telegraphed to the chief justice of the North West Territories, instructing him to reprieve Ernest Cashel for four weeks, in order that in the event of Cashel's re-capture another date for the execution may be set. This got over the possibility of the police catching a runaway "dead to the law."

Ernest Cashel since his escape has completely disguised himself. He is not now wearing the clothes he had on when he made his escape.

Sunday afternoon he went into the ranch house of Frank Rigby, about 15 miles west of Calgary, when the latter was away and dressed himself in what clothes he could find.

As a result Cashel is now wearing a big Stetson hat, a dark blue military overcoat, with a noticeable bone button on it. He also took a dark serge suit and a pair of Jaeger button boots. This disguise will assist Cashel, it is believed.

Cashel left his old clothes at Rigby's.

Cashel also went to the ranche of a man named Smith 15 miles from Calgary and stole a buckskin horse. This horse Cashel rode to a point just west of Calgary, where he left the animal. The horse was taken in charge by the police.

At 4 o'clock Monday afternoon the Police were hot on the trail of Cashel and the Police believe they will run him to earth immediately.

The police are certain that the man they are after is the escaped murderer.

There is very little that is new in the Cashel business up to yesterday says a Calgary despatch. He has eluded the police again. The police believe that at one time they were within 20 yards of him, while he was hiding in the bush. They did not know this until after, when he was at Rigby's on Sunday, where he changed his raiment, exchanging his own for Rigby's best suit of clothes. He also took a valuable ring. The note he left was an unusual one. It reads as follows:

"Cashel, $1,000, return in 6 months,
(Signed)
ERNEST CASHEL."

The police are still patrolling the city, believing that Cashel is still here. They have ordered the men from Macleod and High River to work north carefully until they reach the city.

The scaffold is proceeding under the direction of Radcliffe.

L. O. L.

The annual December meeting of L. O. L. No. 1058, will be held in the lodge room tomorrow (Friday) evening at 8 o'clock. Election of officers and other important business is to be transacted. All members are expected to attend the December meeting.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

Chamcerlain, at Leeds, Reads Letter from Fielding Stating Canadian Ministers Favor His Policy—Other News.

LONDON, Dec. 16.—Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Leeds today, called the objection that Colonies never asked preference monstrous misrepresentation. He asked if they had forgotten Ottawa conference and Toronto conferences where every Premier urged consideration of mutual preference. Let them send him as a messenger to the Colonies with full power and he would be perfectly willing to risk his reputation, being able, not merely to satisfy Colonies (we have something to give them worth acceptance), but also secure equal measure in turn. He read letters from Finance Minister Fielding, of Canada, stating that the position taken by Canadian Ministers at colonial conference last year favor Imperial preferential trade and is cordially endorsed by both great political parties in Canada.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The Cuban reciprocity bill was passed in the U. S. Senate today by a vote of 57 to 18.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 16.—About four thousand Jews at Kirsherieff are asking for aid to emigrate to Argentina or Canada.

BELFAST, IRELAND, Dec. 16.—It was announced today that twenty-six battalions of volunteers will shortly be raised in Ireland. The government has hitherto refused to extend the volunteer movement to Ireland.

PARIS, Dec. 16.—France will make a favorable reply to Russo-Austrian proposals for the establishment of the Cretan system of adminstration in Macedonia. Italy and Great Britain are also expected to accept it.

BERLIN, Dec. 16.—Owing to his maltreatment of soldiers, a non-commissioned infantry officer named Franzki, has been sentenced to five years imprisonment and dishonorable discharge from the army.

HON. FOSTER'S PREDICTIONS

What Wheat Canada will Produce in Five Years—Question of Reciprocity and the Chamberlain Campaign Discussed.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—Geo. E. Foster, former finance minister of Canada, who has just returned from England, where he has been making speeches in favor of preferential tariff and assisting in the campaign of former Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlan, declares that within five years the Dominion will be able to supply England with the wheat now sent from the United States.

"Last year," he said, "we raised sixty million bushels of wheat and more than one hundred million bushels of grain. We have now under cultivation three million acres of wheat land, and still have one hundred million acres just as good, which will be grain-producing land in the near future. No country in the world will take the place of Canada as a food producer.

This is due to the richness of the soil, and the climate. We Canadians think the United States in all its relations with us has been a very insistent nation. Your people are the best in the world, but we do not look upon your government as the broadest minded in the world.

"We import from the United States a large number of agricultural products but from us the United States import very little. In manufactures our tariff runs about 28 per cent, while that of the United States is about 40 per cent. The disparity seems to be great. If you won't let us in on a fair tariff, we will have to raise the tariff against you. We think our country is just as good as the United States.

"There was a feeling of disappointment among us concerning the Alaskan award, but that is passing away. You see the United States stretched its carcass across our front door. We have got to step over your people when we want to get out to sea, that is if you will let us."

—WANTED—South African scrip. State lowest price. P. O. Box 94, Revelstoke.

BOURNE BROS.

Hay, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Feed Wheat, Flour, Rolled Oats, Etc.

Bacon, Hams, Eggs, Groceries and Canned Goods, Etc., Etc.

ORDERS SHIPPED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED

BOURNE BROS.

MACKENZIE AVENUE.

FAREWELL TO MR. KENDALL

By his Fellow Workers in the C P R Service at the Smoker Tuesday Night — Resolution and Address

On Tuesday evening the employees of the C. P. R. tendered a farewell smoker to A. H. Kendall, late foreman in the C. P. R. shops who, with Mrs. Kendall, is leaving the city to reside in the east permanently. During the evening Mr. Kendall was the recipient of a handsome silver service from his fellow workers as a token of respect, while an address was read by Mr. T. Wadman, secretary of the Machinists Union, on behalf of the employees. Mr. R. B. Farwell occupied the chair, and an extensive programme of songs and speeches was rendered during the evening. The following is the address which accompanied the presentation.

"I feel myself honored indeed in being delegated to voice the sentiments of those who have, for the past twelve months, been your co-workers in the C. P. R. shops of Revelstoke. However inadequately I may accomplish this pleasing task, rest assured it is simply because I have not graduated in this capacity on many similar occasions and am no High Priest in the the art of making speeches or presenting addresses. Brother, your comrades have felt that they could not permit you, their foreman, to depart from the classic shades of Revelstoke without assuring you of the high place you hold in their esteem and affection. That sentiment is shared not alone by those who ranked close to you in the shops but also by the novices who did apprentice work in that great school of industry and by whom you will be long held in pleasant recollection for the patience you displayed in teaching them the craft, and the kindly encouraging words and wise advice you gave them as they toiled under your supervision. Accept therefore their grateful thanks. When you have gone to your new field of labor (where we guarantee you in advance new laurels, but none greater than those you have won here) and your fellow craftsmen here answer to the roll call at the shops so to speak we shall miss you and wish, selfishly perhaps, that you were still with us.

"You will, I am sure, associate with the souvenir which I now present you on behalf of those present, the remembrance of the sincere assurances I have already given you, that your memory will long be kept green in the hearts of your legion of friends in Revelstoke. As a "boss" we have found you thoroughly equipped in every respect and your example in the shops has been an incentive to do the best we could and an inspiration. In emulating that good example every subordinate has done honor to himself and to his best and highest nature. And all the high and holy obligations which appertain to the bread-winner, the husband and father, you have nobly and generously discharged. Continue then to deserve the admiration of your fellow workers and rest assured Heaven's choicest gifts shall be showered upon you. In conclusion we wish yourself and Mrs. Kendall all happiness and prosperity in your new home.

"On behalf of the C. P. R. boys.
"T. WADMAN."

—When you are buying candies and fruits remember our's are fresh and new. C. B. Hume & Co.

DUCHESNAY VS. C. P. R.

Trial of Action Arising From a Fatal Accident in Railway Tunnel Will be Held in Vancouver Instead of Revelstoke.

Mr. C. B. Macneill applied to the Honorable Mr. Justice Irving in Supreme Court Chambers yesterday for a change of venue in the damage action of Duchesnay vs. C. P. R. from Revelstoke to Vancouver.

The suit arose out of the unfortunate death of the late Mr. E. J. Duchesnay, who was accidently killed while examining one of the mainline tunnels about four miles this side of North Bend some years ago. Mr. H. J. Cambie and Mr. Duchesnay were going through the tunnel, making an inspection, when a boulder fell from the roof upon the latter killing him instantly. Mr. Duchesnay was a company superintendent at the time, with headquarters at Revelstoke, and the plaintiff in the present action is his widow. The action is on behalf of the widow and children for damages for loss of husband and father.

Messrs. Wilson, Senkler & Bloomfield, solicitors for the plaintiff, set the place of trial as Revelstoke, but this was changed this morning to Vancouver. Mr. Macneill read affidavits to the effect that the place of accident is nearer Vancouver than Revelstoke, and that it would be more convenient for witnesses and all concerned to attend in this city. The plaintiff resides here, and the head offices of the defendant company are also in this city.

His Lordship ordered that the venue be changed to Vancouver, and the trial, which will most likely be a jury one, will be held in this city.—Vancouver Province.

Curling Club

A meeting of the curling club was held in No. 2 fire hall last Thursday evening, and, in the absence of the president and vice-president, Mr. H. A. Brown was voted to the chair. The chairman, who represented the local club at the annual meeting of the Kootenay Curling Association which was held at Rossland recently, and a report of which was published in the last issue of the HERALD, gave an outline of the proceedings of the meeting. The election of skips was then proceeded with resulting as follows: H. A. Brown, A. M. Pinkham, G. H. Brock, A. McRae, G. S. McCarter, D. M. Rae, A. E. Kincaid, J. A. Dallas, W. A. Foote, and R. A. Upper. H. A. Brown and W. A. Foote were appointed a committee to collect the cash and prizes donated towards the bonspiel. A bonspiel committee consisting of Messrs. Kincaid, Coursier, McRae, Jackson, Lindmark, Foote and Sturdy was also appointed.

Election of Officers

At the last regular meeting of Court Mt. Begbie, I. O. F., No. 3,461, on Monday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Court Deputy.—E. Moscrop.
Court Physician.—Dr. Chipperfield.
P. C. R.—C. W. Mitchell.
C. R.—B. R. Atkins.
V. C. R.—T. P. Smith.
Rec.-Sec.—B. R. Campbell.
Financial-Sec.—J. L. Smith.
Treasurer.—B. F. Gayman.
Orator.—W. A. MacMahon.
S.W.—J. E. McLean.
J.W.—F. H. Fretz.
S. B.—J. A. Ringer.
J. B.—J. Lee.

A BY-WAY TO FORTUNE

I.

THOUGH the affair attracted much interest at the time and many reports, some of them highly imaginative, were circulated through the district, there is, I believe, no one so competent to give a plain, substantial account as myself; for I was present at the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last scene.

"It all comes along of this new eddication," said the village cronies (we were in the fifties then). "If he hadn't a' been eddicated, he couldn't a' done it."

"Eddication" or no, the news fell like a thunderbolt on our country-side: the Squire's house broken into, his old butler wounded, and, chief of all, the famous diamonds stolen! Simple folk could scarcely realize a parallel audacity; as for our village constable, he was fathoms out of his depth even in the shallows of such a mystery. Special men came down from London for the case, and, after a month's silence, a development was arrived at.

Many years have passed—more, indeed, than I care to reckon—*since that eventful afternoon*, yet the memory of it still lingers with me vividly, for I was but a stripling at the time, and unused to the harsh realities of the world.

Picture to yourself an autumn day, quiet on the ear, but raw and damp to one's flesh, with little drops of water hanging from every brown leaf, and clouds of steam rising from the horses' backs, and behind them your servant plowing alone in a far outlying field. There could be few more solitary tasks, for, the place being remote and wild you might work there a year and a day without hearing the sound of a man's voice. At the bottom of the field ran a strip of wood about three hundred yards wide, and extending a mile or so up the valley. As I plodded slowly in the furrow, I whistled to myself for company's sake, and had thus got well into the swing of my labor, *when, turning on one headland*, I caught sight of three figures creeping down the field under the shelter of the opposite hedge. As they *reached the spot to which my plowing* led me they halted, and watched my steady progress across the field toward them. They were fine, strong men, I noted, respectably clad in sober-colored clothes. Inexperienced as I was, in their stalwart upright bearing, the squareness of their shoulders, their heavy clean shaved jaws and fixed expression, I recognized, through the civilian attire that most curious and at times terrible product—the disciplined man. As I drew my horses up, one, who appeared the leader, and carried, I remember, a smart little cane, which he bent before him in both hands, spoke to me.

"Farmer Hazlitt's son, I believe?" he said.

I replied that was so.

"Well, Mr. Hazlitt, your father," he continued, "down at the farm, told me you would give some information."

I was at his disposal, I said.

He kept under the hedge, and spoke in a low tone, yet the words were distinct and his manner to the point.

"First then, is that Croomley Wood?" he asked, pointing to the lower side of the field, where the land sloped into the valley.

"Yes," I answered.

"Do you know it well?"

"As well as any person in the parish *for very few go there save the gypsies* for firewood."

"How many paths are there in it?" was his next question.

"Only one."

"Could a man push through it elsewhere?"

"It is possible, of course," I said; "but you would hear him half a mile off." He appeared pleased at my answers, and nodded a sharp "Good."

"Now, where does this single path run?" starting again.

"About six yards in the wood from the bottom of this field."

"Then if I stand down there I cannot miss seeing or hearing anyone who passes through the wood?"

"No," I replied.

"And if anyone comes from that direction"—he pointed across the valley—"it will be also impossible?"

"Yes; but *in that case*," I added, "I should myself catch a glimpse of them from here, as the path rises almost out of the wood for a few yards at one place."

"Good," he said once more; "it is a pleasure to question you, Mr. Hazlitt. One thing more let me beg of you, and that is to oblige me by going on with your plow as if you had not seen us. A look, a word from you at a critical point might *spoil one of the prettiest bits of* work ever put up."

I said he might rely on me.

"If you see anything, don't see anything, but keep your horses moving," were his last rather enigmatical words.

They went, falling naturally in step and in line, down the hedge, whilst I pulled my team round for another turn and so had my back to them till I had crossed the field. When I again faced *in their direction*, I saw that they were concealed at various distances along the top of the wood, and that two comrades of the same substantial build had joined them, making in all five. Journeying from headland to headland in the usual stolid fashion of men that follow the plow, I could not help fancying that I was in a manner playing the part of decoy to some unsuspecting wretch; but, reflecting it was none of my business, I persevered on my way to and fro. Thus about two hours passed. What happened then?—nothing but the crowing of a cock pheasant, answered almost immediately by a rival from another part of the wood. Had not my eye chanced to rest at that moment on the only one of the five watchers distinctly visible to me (the man whose questions I had answered) the thing would have passed me unnoticed. He (the watcher) had made himself fairly comfortable even among the dripping branches, with the smart cane stuck in the ground before him, and a short pipe in his mouth. On the first pheasant-call he put the pipe smartly in his pocket and changed his position stealthily to one of extreme readiness. So long as I faced towards the wood I could, of course, be keenly on the alert without betraying it; but in the return furrow this was impossible save by breaking my promise in looking round. I resisted the temptation till halfway across, when an uncontrollable impulse led me to drop one of the lines and thus obtain an opportunity of glancing behind me. It was the affair of a moment, it is true, but I saw the figure of a woman flitting hurriedly along the wood-path; she carried a small basket under her arm. "Martha Foster—Ned the poacher's wife," rose instinctively to my lips. Another yard and she was hidden by a thicket. I was so surprised that I made no attempt to continue plowing, but stood staring at the opening through which I had seen her. A deep and, to me, solemn silence reigned; then a startled magpie fled chattering from the branches, followed almost immediately by the shrill scream of a woman, and a yell, half rage, half defiance, so intense, so savage, that I scarcely thought it came from a man, but rather from some wild animal at bay. Scream after scream thrilled me as, leaving my team, I rushed down to the wood. At a broadening of the path three figures were struggling with a prostrate man; two others held a woman back, who clawed and shrieked like a fury; on the ground lay her basket, with the food it contained scattered and trodden in the drifts of damp, sodden leaves. There was a sharp metallic click, and the three stalwart men rose, leaving their prisoner handcuffed on his face.

"Come, missus, be reasonable," said the leader; "you'll only do him harm now."

Even she cowered before their calm, machine-like *impassibility*, and her cries *subsided to a low moaning*. They lifted Ned Foster to his feet, put their clothes, disordered and muddy from the encounter, to rights, lit their pipes, and exchanged a few words, such as: "Smart bit of business;" "Very pretty indeed;" "Glad to hear that pheasant-call," and so forth. "Now then, my lads, fall in and let's be marching," said the leader, picking up his cane.

Since his capture Ned Foster had preserved a *sullen silence*, but now he growled out: "What's this along of, mates?"

"Squire Venne's diamonds and wounding his butler," was the brief reply. "Come, heat foot forward, or we sha'n't reach in till dark."

Before they left the fields to enter the closed-in lanes, Ned Foster turned for one last look at a white cottage standing alone in the fields across the valley *whence the woman had come bringing* the food that led to his capture—the home which should know him no more. But his wife, following last and unguarded—for they had no fear of her attempting to escape—let her eyes wander neither to the right nor left, nor indeed ever lifted them from the prisoner, who with hands crossed before him, strode doggedly beside his captors.

Thus the curtain falls on Alpha, the *first scene in this history*. Before telling the second and final, I must pause to give a few, very few words of explanation.

Squire Venne was a *gentleman* of ancient family, moderate estates, and emphatic pretensions to social position. There were two things for which the Vennes had, during many years, been distinguished, both to their county friends and to our village folks — first, their *chronic impecuniosity*, and the *straits* they were often put to as a result; secondly, the famous family diamonds, which Mrs. Venne wore on every possible occasion, to the great comment of other county ladies. Many a time had financial storms arisen which threatened to swamp Squire Venne and his house forever unless the famous jewels were sacrificed to still the troubled waters. Yet when all seemed lost through this unaccountable *obstinacy*, at that very moment, by some mysterious negotiations other expedients were always found; and though report often had it that at last the diamonds had been sold, with the next Hunt Ball Mrs. Venne was again the envy of her neighbors.

The surprise in the village at the capture of the poacher was very great, for it was not thought even that he was in the district, as he had set out (it was *now remembered against him*) with great ostentation up-country in search of work a week before the robbery, and had not been seen since. Having always been a *morose, sullen man, not much pity was* felt for him by his neighbors, though a distinct note of elation might be generally observed that, after all, the affair was the result of local talent.

Ned Foster was in due time tried, convicted and sentenced to be transported; the evidence of his guilt was absolutely conclusive. Martha Foster, against whom lay nothing beyond taking food to her husband, was discharged, when she returned to live alone in the old white cottage.

So far success had attended the efforts of the police, but one important feature of the case remained unsolved—the jewels had not been traced. Fragments of their mountings were found on the person of the prisoner, yet threat or promise was alike powerless to induce him to disclose his knowledge or produce any effect save a savage snarl at their impotence. The prevailing impression was that he had a confederate in some accomplished rogue, who was doubtless the designer of the whole plot, and who had undertaken the disposal of the gems. Precautions were therefore taken by the officials to keep a watch on all known channels through which such goods might be expected to pass—as I have said without result.

In spite of this fact, Squire Venne used every influence he possessed to obtain a mitigation of the sentence. It was, he said, a painful thing to him to feel a fellow-creature doomed to the horrors of transportation for those wretched jewels. This also was in vain; and so Ned Foster was buried under the shadow *of the convict prison in the prime of his* life, whilst the famous diamonds remained securely concealed from the world's eyes. Winter drew to summer, and summer in turn to winter, and so many times over, till people forgot the great robbery at the Hall, or, if they did recall it, were doubtful whether it happened in the year '55 or '53; and still the convict worked out his punishment, and still the diamonds glittered unseen, *unknown, from their hiding-place.*

II.

It is a long entr' acte to my second scene—fifteen years. In such a space *changes come to even a country village*. Time did not spare ours. Martha Foster had died; the close of her life was passed in solitude, half forced on her, half sought, but utter and complete. The white cottage had fallen into ruins; doors, window-frames, and later even rafters were burnt by wandering gypsies on their camp-fires; cattle sought shelter in it from rain and sun; over the hearth a stout elderberry-tree shot up, showing its *branches above the four bare walls* that alone remained partly intact; in the garden before the house rabbits from

IS PROFANITY ON THE INCREASE?—ASK CENTRAL.

Croomley Wood sported at dusk—they had little to fear now from Ned Foster, the poacher. Yet, if in some places age, decay and death had sown their desolation, in others the signs of new work and progress appeared: a school, a public-house, a railway, marked their different aspects. It was from the nearest station on this line that I found myself trudging one dark night. The season was a rainy one, I remember; the day, like many of its fellows, showery, and though it was fine when I left the little platform, the clouds now threatened an outburst at any moment. I am not a timid man, yet many times in that walk through the wet, muddy lanes I glanced over my shoulders uneasily into the darkness. I fancied continually that I caught the sound of footsteps at a measured distance behind me; pausing to listen, there was nothing but a tremulous rustling of leaves before the rain. About a mile from home I reached a field-path, in crossing which a considerable saving in time and labor could be effected by those who knew it well enough to travel by night. After a moment's hesitation—for the nervous feeling still had a grip of my mind—a few large spots of rain urged me to immediate decision; so, leaving the road, I pushed on at a swinging stride along the lonely footpath. Down came the rain in heavy thunder-drops. Recalling thankfully that my way led by the ruined poacher's cottage, I quickened pace and neared the four bare walls at a run. Had I gone inside there would have been more shelter, but the darkness of the interior looked so blank and eerie that I merely crouched under the outside masonry, comforting myself with the thought that the shower would probably be as short as it was fierce. I might have stood there five minutes, when a noise, the clink of a nailed boot on stone, startled me. Peering in through an opening where two of the walls had gaped apart, I saw, to my astonishment, a faint light shining. This speck, growing larger and brighter, resolved itself into a candle flickering from a nook of the dilapidated fireplace; beside it, as if waiting for the feeble wick to gather force, stood two men. A tangled mass of creepers drooped across the gap in the sides of the cottage, and enabled me to watch intently their movements without much risk of being observed; for which, when the light fell more strongly on them, I felt very grateful, as their appearance did not invite confidence. Beyond this one mutual trait, they were types of men as unlike as possible. The nearest to me was of small build, unmistakably Jewish in countenance, and dressed in shabby smart clothes, from which he now scraped recent mud-splashes carefully; the other had a powerful frame, a hard, worn face, wild eyes, and unkempt grizzled hair. He looked like some ragged outcast, and carried, I noticed with alarm, a short iron bar. This man stood shading his eyes with one hand, whilst he gazed round the deserted home.

"To come to this!" he said in a hoarse voice.

There was a long silence, broken at length by the other. "Hold up, my friend; you learnt what to expect," he said, flicking himself with a red silk handkerchief.

"They told me that she was dead; they told me the old house was fallen but could a man a' believed this?—trees growing from the hearth; beasts of the field treading through it as they will." His voice rose in pitch at each word.

"Hush! somebody might hear us, my friend; you know we have got better work on hand to-night than crying over spilt milk." He spoke with a cunning power in his voice.

"Ay, you're right, my lad," cried the elder man, his voice changing at once; "that's all gone and done with. I've paid the price—fifteen years of hell, and this"—he waved his hand round the ruins; "but it's my turn at last. Such sparklers, my lad, such sparklers!"

"Now you are talking like a man should," approved the other, nodding his head, "so let's get to business; that fool in front of us on the road has delayed it more than enough already."

This was the home-coming of Ned Foster, and thus I chanced to be a spectator of the sequel to the great diamond robbery.

At the Jew's last request, Ned Foster now took a step forward, then stared round the four tumble-down walls in a vacant, bewildered fashion.

"Well, what's the matter now?" asked the Jew in a querulous tone.

"It is all so broken down, there's no trace even of the stairs. I can't fix the spot."

His companion bit his lips in vexation, but replied in the same cool, even manner: "Come, pull yourself together, friend; this is no way of doing business. You buried them under a flag at the bottom of the stairs, you say?"

The returned convict nodded.

"Can you remember where these stairs stood?"

"Between the two rooms about here, I think." He walked two-thirds down the cottage and hesitated.

"Well, then, one room must have been much larger than the other," said the little man, closing his eyes shrewdly.

"No, they were both about the same size; leastways this was a bit the biggest," replied Ned Foster, pointing helplessly to the smaller third of the interior which he had marked as cut off by the stairs. From his dazed expression it was plain to me that his memory had almost entirely given way. The Jew jumped up in a sudden paroxysm of rage. "You fool," he shrieked, "if the stairs are where you have placed them, how can that be the largest room?"

There was a long pause while Ned Foster rubbed his forehead despondently, and the other paced up and down to regain composure.

"Come, this is no way of doing business, friend," again said the Jew. He scanned the convict's face long and thoughtfully, after which he started the most extraordinary cross-examination I have ever heard, putting one question after another, and perceiving the coming answer so rapidly that the man before him had not time to form his words ere he anticipated them and passed to another query. They ran something after this: "Now, friend," in a sharp voice, "which room did you live in? which room did you see the light in of nights when you came home from work? This, you say," as they walked to the end of the cottage indicated. "Now where did you have your table? In the middle of the room?—right, friend. When you sat at your supper, were you near the fire? About a yard and a half off, was it? Very well, then, we may put one side of the table here." He marked the distance off from the old hearth by a stone. "How broad was this table? A little over a yard, you think, friend." He again placed a stone to mark it. "Now was there anything between this side of the table and the wall? A dresser where your wife kept her crockery?—good. Could you pass easily between this dresser and the table? Yes. Well, we will give it this much, and, adding a yard for the width, it will bring the wall here," placing another stone.

So, after similar measurements in all directions and innumerable questions, a complete ground-plan of the cottage was obtained, and finally a certain spot located under which the Jew confidently asserted was the particular flag-stone they required.

The consternation of the convict had now left him; a feverish eagerness prevailed in its stead, and he fell to the excavation of earth and fallen masonry, which had accumulated to some depth over the stone floor of the cottage. It was heavy work, and the single tool they had was of little assistance to them; so, unwilling as he seemed to be, the worker was soon compelled to relinquish the task to his companion, who continued it in a much more leisurely style. Ned Foster now squatted down, holding the candle, and presently, when his breath had returned, spoke again:

"When I remember all I've gone through for these diamonds and how little you've done, it makes me wonder how I ever came to share 'em with you," he said, musing gloomily.

The Jew straightened his back for a moment as he replied contemptuously: "You—what can you do without me, friend? Get caught over the first stones; get a shilling where I can give you a pound. Where would you have been just now if not for me?" He spat as if disgusted, and resumed his work. The convict continued to mumble and wink at the candle till he spoke aloud once more:

"I don't go back on taking you in; it's only—only——"

"Only what, friend?"

"Only, if you should try to cheat me over them, my lad," his voice going very low, "nothing could save you or hide you from me or keep me off you. I've waited fifteen years for these, I'd wait fifty for you. I'd have your blood if I followed you to——"

"Come, friend, what's the good of going into all this?" interrupted the Jew; "it's not business, I say." He spoke soothingly, but the gleam of his black eyes flashed to where I stood.

Presently, when they had dug down about two feet, I caught the ring of iron on the flags.

"Let me come down to it now, do you hear?" shouted the elder man so eagerly as almost to threaten.

"Just as you please, friend," was the cool reply; "you could have done it all if you liked. Have we hit the right flag-stone?"

Ned Foster nodded—he seemed too full for speech—and began to use the bar as a lever, for which purpose it had evidently been brought. The stone was soon pried up, and going down on his knees he burrowed in the earth underneath with his hands. First he drew out a rust-eaten gun-barrel; then a bundle of game-wires, the rotting pegs still dangling from them; after that the gun stock, and a steel gin or two. On each of these coming to light they laughed excitedly; but a long, anxious silence followed as he searched for something lying still deeper. It was a strange scene: the two men in this desolated house, through which the candle shed a quivering light, throwing up vividly the darl alert features of the Jew who held it whilst it imparted an odd, fantastic appearance to the other's bent figure, half hidden in the earth; the whole framed by the outside darkness and the stillness of night, for the rain had long ceased.

Suddenly Ned Foster sprang up with a cry, grasping a battered tin shot-flask. I could hear the rattle of hard objects inside. His senses seemed to leave him and he ran to a corner by himself, clutching the canister to his body, as if afraid the air might rob him of his treasure. The Jew's face had flushed, too, in the first moment, but he sneered now at his companion's frenzy, and without a word started to push the earth and flagstone into the hole. Meanwhile the convict recovering somewhat from his overpowering emotion, knelt down where the earth was smooth, and pulling a dirty rag from his pocket, spread it out before him; then he twisted the top from the shot-flask, and poured the diamonds gloatingly one by one on the rag. Every now and again I caught a sparkle as the candle-flame trembled in the air. This sight overcame the apparent indifference of the Jew, for he drew near and watched the little heap grow slowly larger with a fascinated gaze.

"How many more have you got there friend?" he asked almost in a whisper, as the other paused and looked up in his face.

"More—twice as many—three times as many." He shook the flask and laughed.

I don't think that the past fifteen years and the ruin they had brought with them weighed on the convict's mind at that moment. The man standing knelt down beside him, and, taking a few stones in his hand, examined them with the air of an expert, the other eyeing him suspiciously.

A long, a very long pause ensued. At length the Jew regained his feet. As he turned, I was almost startled into an exclamation that must have betrayed me, his features had such a ghastly expression. He took two or three hasty turns up and down, and pulling a bottle from his coat, gulped down the contents like a man with a fever thirst on him. Ned Foster's eyes never shifted, but still no word was uttered.

"Friend," said the Jew at length, "do you know what share of those stones I want?"

There was no reply.

"I don't want one, not one; you can keep 'em all," he snarled, showing his teeth.

Still no answer, but the convict ran his hand through the stones; it seemed as if he failed to understand the words spoken to him.

"I am counted a good judge by my friends in the trade," continued the Jew, "and I think if you sell them well—very well, mind—they will about pay your fare to London. I shall try and find the way back myself. Don't ever come near me again. I might—I might do you harm, my friend." He stepped out into the darkness with the most venomous contortion in his face human creature ever bore. As for Ned Foster, he took not the slightest notice, but continued to play with the spurious gems, uttering at intervals a low, gleeful laugh.

I comprehended then how Squire Venne had managed to pay his debts, and enable his wife still to wear diamonds, if only of paste.

Thus ended Omega, the final scene of this tragedy; what remains is of the simplest. In one of Squire Venne's almshouses lived for a few years a broken old man, oblivious of all—name, birthplace, career—whose sole remaining impulse was to guard and surreptitiously play with a handful of paste diamonds. To the day of his death none save the squire, himself an aged man, and the writer, recognized in him Ned Foster, the ex-convict. He lies buried by his faithful wife, Martha.

Byways to fortune, easier traveling, shorter though they may seem than the high road, "the straight way and the true," along which slow and honest folk plod, generally turn out very rough and tortuous paths indeed, their wayfarers often losing themselves in a valley, misty at its mouth, and ending in a great darkness.

A Bedouin Wedding.

The Arab wedding at Earl's Court, says The London Chronicle in describing a recent event there, was quite a popular event, as no doubt it was meant to be. It was also as picturesque as the Arabs, following their own customs, could make it amid the surroundings of a London exhibition. The bridegroom was Hamdun Salach, tall and twenty-one; the bride, Halima Muhamel, a girl of fourteen. Both were members of the little community from Assouan, Egypt, who form the Assouan village at Earl's Court. The bride wore a dress of blue velvet, trimmed with gold lace of an old Egyptian pattern. She had a white tulle veil, roses in her hair, and jewelled ornaments. Four bridesmaids, in robes of a soft Oriental cloth, kept her company. Like her, they were brown of face—brown as a berry—and a little embarrassed by the crowd.

The wedding began with a procession from the central part of the exhibition to the Assouan village. Hamdun rode in front on a horse, which was neither pure white nor an Arab, as it should have been, but which did very well. Its hoofs had been painted green and red and other colors patronized by the Bischari tribe to which the bride and bridegroom belong. Halima drove in a little carriage with an escort of Arabs, variously picturesque, and to the sound of weird music. So the procession got to the Assouan village, where so many visitors, at sixpence a head, had gathered that most of them saw little of the actual marriage ceremony. Hamdun got down from his horse, and with a rifle hanging from his shoulder strode towards a tent, decorated with flowers, and which represented his home. In fact, he had, as it were, been to the tent of the bride's parents for her and had brought her to his own.

A Bischari priest now took matters in hand and set the fathers of bride and bridegroom to the task of arranging the marriage settlement. Among the Arabs—as perhaps elsewhere—this is really done by the mothers. All the fathers had to do was to look important and confirm what their wives had agreed upon. They did so with many words and gesticulations, to which bride and bridegroom seemed to be entirely indifferent. It was explained casually that the father of the former was in the Soudan skin trade—when he is at home—and the father of the latter a hunter.

All being arranged, the Bischari priest read some verses from the Koran, and the Arabs gathered about him intoned them. This was the formal marriage, and the high contracting parties had then each to face an allocution from their respective fathers. Hamdun's sire bade him be a good husband and a good hunter, like his father. Halima's father counselled her to be a dutiful, hard-working wife. "The bride, the bride," cried curious people, who in the crush could see nothing of her. Hamdun lifted Halima in his arms, and she got a genial cheer, but there was disappointment when he did not also kiss her. She blushed furiously under her brown skin, and was no doubt glad to be nearly done with a rather trying ceremony.

It only remained for light-footed Arabs to scurry about with trays of dates and raisins, bananas and cakes—souan village to entertain the marriage tokens of another hospitable home set up, and for the dancing dervishes and the other wonder workers of the Ascompany.

Australian Military Forces.

The Melbourne correspondent of The Chronicle writes regarding the unification of the Australian military forces that what General Hutton has obtained the Government's assent to is practically this: The complete organization of (1) a mobile field force capable of being sent anywhere in Australia at short notice, and (2) a garrison force designed to defend the vulnerable spots in each State. Both these forces are composed of volunteers or militia acting under the instructions of some 1,500 professional soldiers who form the nucleus of artillery and garrisons required for fixed defences, the technical direction of forts and mines and a military tuition staff. The Australian field force will consist on a peace footing of 13,911 men and sixty guns, capable of expansion in time of war to 26,833 men and eighty-four guns. The garrison force will be composed of 11,896 men and twenty-six guns, exclusive of the rifle clubs, which now total over 30,000 men. Taking the two forces and the rifle clubs together it will be possible for Australia to put in the field or at her forts in time of war at least 68,000 trained men, made up, approximately, as follows:—

Field force	26,500
Garrison force	11,900
Rifle clubs	30,000
	68,400

With a physically fit manhood population of 700,000 to draw upon, the 68,400 trained men would become the backbone of an army of half a million men should invasion actually occur.

For the purposes of broad generalization the Federal army now stands divided into eighteen regiments of Australian Light Horse, thirteen batteries of Australian artillery, three field companies of Australian Engineers, and twelve regiments (three brigades) of Australian Infantry. Each arm is given an excess of officers in proportion to the peace establishment of privates. Peace cadres, with their full complement of trained officers and non-commissioned officers can therefore on mobilization in time of national emergency be expanded to war requirements without any danger of crisis through lack of efficient leaders.

King Edward's Visit to Vienna.

Dealing with King Edward's visit to Vienna, The London Chronicle says:—"A grim spectacle seen by the King in his visit to the Imperial burial vault in the Church of the Capuchins has escaped record. It is a row of more than 150 crystal vases, mounted in gold and topped by a crown. Each of these vases contains the heart of a dead Hapsburg. In the thirteenth century the Duke Francis died in Switzerland, and directed that his heart should be removed and sent to Vienna. Ever since this custom has been observed in the Hapsburg family. On the death of a member the heart is removed and preserved in a crystal vase. In the Capuchin vault there are now 152 such vases, and 113 Imperial coffins. The surplus of thirty-nine vases contain the hearts of Hapsburgs whose bodies are buried elsewhere. The sole exception to this Hapsburg custom was that of the late Archduke Ludwig, whose will forbade the removal of his heart.

DID HIM GOOD AND NO MISTAKE

What Simon V. Landry has to say of Dodd's Kidney Pills

He was Weak, Run Down and a Total Wreck—Three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put him to Work Again.

River Bourgeois, Richmond Co., Que., Sept. 28.—(Special).—Simon V. Landry, well known here, adds his testimony to the thousands of others all over Canada who owe their health and even life itself, to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was bothered for over a year with Lame Back, Weak Back, Palpitation of the Heart and General Weakness," says Mr. Landry. "In fact I was a total wreck. I could not work as I got tired and weak so easily and I had a weakness in my stomach so that I could not bend down to do anything.

"I had tried different kinds of medicine without benefit till I gave Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. From the first they did me good and I had only taken three boxes when I was able to start work again. They did me good and no mistake."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are known by their cures in every corner of Canada. They cure the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys ensure pure blood. Pure blood means good health, cheerfulness and abundant energy. That's how Dodd's Kidney Pills make new men and women out of run down, worn out people.

Too Much Success.

The way of the philanthropist, of whom the author of "A Third Pot-Pourri" tells, seems unduly hard. The philanthropist, who was a gentle old lady of Exeter, Eng., got hold of a maimed sailor, who moved her to great pity. To help him along she purchased a tray on which he was to expose gingerbread for sale.

She gave him a start in gingerbread, also the privilege of standing before her most respectable residence to cry his wares. In addition, she composed and taught him the following words to repeat at intervals:

"Will any good, kind Christian buy some fine spicy gingerbread of a poor, afflicted old man?"

The first morning the sailor sold a shilling's worth of gingerbread in a short time, and his success went to his head. Pretty soon, from his station on the pavement in front of the gentle old lady's house, his voice floated in to her in this appeal:

"Will any poor, afflicted Christian buy some good, kind gingerbread of a fine, spicy old man?"

Despite this sadly mixed cry, trade became very good—so good, indeed, that when the philanthropist again heard her words they ran:

"Will any fine, spicy Christian buy some poor, afflicted gingerbread of a good, kind old man?"

Doctors Prescribe KOLA TONIC WINE

Manufactured from Kola, Celery and Pepsin, for weak and nervous people, it is very invigorating, by its use it enables the system to ward off fevers, bilious headaches and is the greatest appetite restorer known, it is also a positive cure for indigestion and dyspepsia. Sold all over the Dominion. Beware of imitations. Remember it is only manufactured by The Hygiene Kola Co., 84 Church St., Sole Proprietors.

What a Prominent Druggist says:

Toronto, Feb. 24, 1903.

Hygiene Kola Company, Toronto, Ont.:

Gentlemen—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to certify to the merits of your Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine. I have tested it and can recommend it very highly to anyone needing a first-class tonic and dyspepsia cure, and the Kola, Celery and Pepsin used in the preparation of it are pure and of the very best quality, and altogether I believe you have a preparation which only needs to be known to be appreciated.

F. W. McLEAN, Chemist,
Queen and Church streets, Toronto.

A FLATTERING CHOICE.

A Baptist minister in a certain village was astonished at being called in to minister to a dying churchman. Having afforded what consolation he could to the sick man, he asked the churchman's wife: "Why didn't you send for your own clergyman?" "Oh, no, sir," she replied, "the doctor said the case was infectious."—Westminster Gazette.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

I knew then that this stranger was a brother of the religious society which my brother had joined. I invited him to a seat, and asked him to give me all particulars. He told me of my brother's final hours, and declared that he had died at peace, having for years been one of the most faithful, sacrificing and devout members of his order. He had left, he said, a written testament, with directions that it be brought and delivered to me. He handed me the paper. Opening and reading it, I found it to be in my brother's handwriting, and that it contained his last wishes in regard to his affairs. He gave a short narrative of his long travels and adventures, in which he had particularly sought to trace up the proper heirs to some valuable jewels which he had acquired under cinrcumstances that had always troubled his conscience, and which, consequently, he had never allowed himself to dispose of. In this he was successful, a coat of arms furnishing the clue; and the jewels were restored. His other wealth had come through prize money, but as he said, sometimes acquired in deeds of actual piracy, and he determined, for the full relief of his conscience, to devote a sum to charity equal to the full amount of what he considered he had acquired by violent and unlawful means. The sum fixed on, he wandered far and wide, bestowing charity wherever he had opportunity. In his travels he became acquainted with a Jesuit missionary. An intimacy was formed, and, through the influence of his new-found friend, his thoughts were turned in the direction of religion. He at last determined to join the society to which his friend belonged, and make use of its organization to dispense his charitable sums. He had continued to draw as largely on the contents of the old vault as he thought he could do without crippling the resources he had designed for me; but death was drawing near, and still the sum he had fixed on as cancelling all his ill-gotten gains, was not made good. So, trembling on the brink of the grave, he abjured me to allow a certain sum each year for a certain number of years to the use of the brethren of a certain monastery in France, that it might be applied by them to the charities to which he wished it devoted. He knew, he said, that I would grant this request, and he could die in peace. And with a blessing for me and his little grandchild, the paper came to an end.

I then had a long conversation with the strange visitor in regard to my brother's last wishes. He impressed me as being a devout and good man whom I could trust. I informed him of the course I had pursued in regard to my brother's property, and that I never touched and knew not the amount of his treasure in the old vault. I told him, that, as the companion and friend of my brother, and knowing his wishes, I would give him a key to the vault, leaving him to supply himself with such money as he desired to take. In answer, he said he could honestly take only so much for each year, and would take no more. We finally arranged that he should have a key to the vault, coming when he chose, entering the house by a secret entrance and taking such money as he desired from the vault. So he quietly came and went yearly. I desired that he should enjoy the hospitalities of my house on his visits, but he would not, and asked only that a dark basement room, that conneted with the cellar containing the vault, be furnished with a desk, pallet and chair, candles, and a little fuel, so that he might occupy it when he came, to the disturbance of nobody.

At last, dear Claude, as I felt myself growing feebler with age, I sought to make such arrangements as would leave my property unencumbered by any conditions in your hands. I waited till the stranger priest came again, and besought him to take at once all that he deemed proper to fulfill my brother's dying wishes. He declined, as he said that it was only allowable according to my brother's wishes to take so much each year. I spoke of the probabilities of sudden death overtaking me at my advanced age, and the chance that it would place obstacles in the way of the payment of the annual tribute according to my brother's wishes. He then said he would go and consult with the superior officers of his society on the subject. On inquiry, I found that the amount remaining to be paid was equal to the sum of five annual payments. So, to provide against all contingencies, and to avoid any legal and formal disposition of the matter (which I shrank from, as it would only add to popular gossip about matters incapable of public explanation), I arranged with him to leave the old vault protected against intrusion for five years after my death, should it occur ere he came again. This would allow of my brother's last wishes being fully carried out. At theh same time, if he agreed with the brethren of his society to take the full amount of the money at one visit, he was to place a visible and lasting mark, in the shape of a small white cross, in each corner of the old vault, as a sign that his visits were ended, and that the arrangements to gratify my brother's last wishes were duly completed.

If these lines ever come to your eyes, my dear Claude, I will have been long at rest in my grave, and you will have been duly informed of my plans to carry out the arrangements herein described. These revelations will explain to you why such strange instructions as will have been given you have seemed necessary. But with the opening of this paper, all mystery and all limitation to your rights in your inheritance will have departed. You will be left, my dear boy, I trust, with ample wealth. Though I have never touched or counted my brother's stores, I know that great wealth still remains in the old vault. All will be yours. You need have no hesitation in using it, for no responsibility can descend to you through three generations. Moreover, long years of sorrow and penitence, and the restoration in deeds of charity of much more than the original sum, can well have lifted the guilt from the treasures of Rolff House.

And now, my dear Claude, you can understand why a cloud has always rested over Rolff House and its inmates, and which has shadowed your young life. You can understand much that has no doubt always seemed mysterious to you in my actions and your surroundings. With a sense of darkness and horror always on my mind, and settled grief at my heart, my life and actions have not been what in youth I dreamed they could ever be. I can well believe that I have grown crabbed and peculiar, and often I have deemed that perhaps my reason has been warped. I can be no proper guide and instructor for guileless, aspiring youth. It will be well when the hand of death takes me away.

But you will live, my dear, dear boy, to be a wise and good man. You will use the wealth left you to do good deeds. You wil continue, perhaps, the line of our family, not under the cloud of guilt, but in the light of innocence and happiness. God's blessing be on you and with you through life.

RACHEL VAN BUYSEN.

After finishing the reading of the manuscript, Claude leaned back in his chair and gave himself up to reflection. A light had been thrown on the mystery that had rested over Rolff House. He could not doubt that his aunt's statement was a true explanation of all that had seemed strange to him in the surroundings of his youthful days. It was such an explanation as accounted to his mind for his aunt's peculiarities of character and what had often seemed to him her inexplicable ways. Between the lines of the constrained, plainly-written narrative, he could read the tragic history of her life, with its one sombre, unbroken cloud of sorrow and sacrifice; and his heart melted at the thought of the ungenerous judgment with which he had always viewed her eccentric, apparently parsimonious ways.

A whirl of thoughts crowded on his mind. What did the old vault contain? Would it yield up him a princely fortune? If so, what use could it be to him now, that he was thwarted in the chief object of his happiness? Should he change his plans, and give up his idea of serving his country to revel in wealth and pleasure? Amid these conflicting emotions, he sat and reflected some time, and then made up his mind to go down and consult old Carl Crum in regard to his aunt's statement and the best course to be pursued.

CHAPTER XXXXIII.

Claude did not find that old Carl appeared much astonished when he communicated to him the strange facts he had derived from his aunt's written statement, or even after he had been allowed to read the paper. In fact, in such a perfectly matter of fact way did he take the matter, that Claude was inclined to believe that he had had previous knowledge, and had been entrusted by his aunt with greater confidence than he had ever suspected.

But the old fellow seemed pleased at the turn of the matter.

"Well, well," he said, "I am glad this thing has ended up so speedily. I never quite liked having that old priest in the house with his hands in those money chests, and particularly since the old lady died; but of course it was no business of mine. No doubt all has turned out for the best. It's my opinion that you ought to examine the old vault at once, ascertain what treasure is left in it, and take proper measures for its security. If it wasn't for the reputation the old house has for furnishing quarters for a select assortment of the most dangerous possible kind of ghosts, I would have been more concerned than I have been all these months for the safety of the valuables in the house. But now it's our own fault if everything is not made safe."

Claude was as anxious as possible to examine the old vault, and proceeded in company with old Carl at once to the house. They made their way to the cellar, and Claude produced the key that his aunt had left in his charge, and the outer door was opened after some difficulty. Within was another door, of iron, with a key in the heavy lock, attached to which was a folded piece of paper. Claude detached it, opened it and read it. It ran thus:

The last sum due on account of the bequest of brother Maximus (otherwise known as Rolff Van Buysen) to the order of which he was a member, having been taken, according to due arrangement, by me, I hereby make note of the fact. And herewith I make a statement of the amounts I have taken, and the times at which they were taken, in order that it may appear that the trust confided in me has not been abused, and that the wishes of our deceased brother have been strictly fulfilled. And I aver that I have taken no more than was justly due, and that all has been applied in works of charity as brother Maximus himself planned and desired. I leave my blessing on this house. I will pray always, and my brethren with me, that peace, prosperity and the blessing of Heaven may abide ever within these walls. I sign myself, JUSTINUS.

"Faith, a maganimous epistle," said old Carl. "Tis not every one who would have been so discreet, considering the opportunity he had. I must confess that the old man seems to have had a full share of honesty and piety—and it is well he did."

Claude put the papers in his pocket, and proceeded to open the inner vault door. Within this door, the vault was divided into a number of compartments each of which had its separate door, which was locked. To Claude's surprise, old Carl now produced a bunch of keys, which he said had been given into his possession but a few days before by the strange visitor, and which they found to fit the various locks of the inner vault. On opening the doors of these receptacles, they were found filled with bags of coin, and valuable papers of various kinds; and, although Claude was not able to make any estimate of the value of the contents of the old vault, he felt satisfied that it was considerable, and that his aunt's dying intimation that he would be left in the possession of wealth was realized.

But the young man did not hail his good fortune with the joy it once would have afforded him. He sought suggestions of old Carl as to what course to pursue for the security of his treasures, and followed his advice implicitly. The next few days were spent in installing old Carl and Margaret in Rolff House, and making all things as comfortable and safe as possible.

Then Claude, spite of all advice and remonstrances from his worthy old friend, bid a hasty adieu, and set out for the headquarters of the army.

CHAPTER XXXXIV.

The treaty of Ghent in 1814 brought peace again to the country. On the disbanding of the army, Claude Rolff returned to his native village. He had passed unscathed through two campaigns, and rendered his country brave and faithful service.

Some important changes had taken place during his absence at the seat of war.

Old Carl still remained at his post at Rolff House, and was as faithful and vigorous as ever; but the aged Margaret had passed away. Her health had long been feeble, and she had never recovered from the shock that Leb. Sackett's devilry had caused her, and she sank to rest at a good old age. By advice of Claude's lawyer, Mr. Halstead, a new housekeeper had been engaged in her place, being no less a personage than the widow Grewy. Whether the widow was entirely satisfied with this arrangement is not known; but sh had somehow failed in her assault on the obdurate heart of the bachelor lawyer, and had accepted through his influence the comfortable place in question as perhaps the only available compromise.

Ralph Saybrook had remained some time in the old village after his father's flight. He seemed to enjoy the dignity of being left in the possession of the business and property of his parent, and, being undisturbed by any legal proceedings, was apparently in no hurry to dispose of the property, as he was being constantly urged to do by his father's letters. In truth, Anthony Saybrook, in his voluntary banishment, began to realize what it is to educate a child to cold-blooded villainy and selfishness. Ralph was not without hopes that he could yet win the hand of Rosa Bruyn, and, with this object in view, he temporized with his father's orders to dispose of the property, urging various ingenious excuses, while he was in reality planning to appropriate his inheritance in a rather premature manner. But all of Ralph's hopes of gaining the hand of Rosa Bruyn came to an end through a lingering sickness that struck down the old farmer. A severe rheumatic attack held him confined to his bed for months. Racked with pain, and broken in strength and spirit, the obdurate old man found his only comfort in the love and tenderness of his wife and daughter, and a gradual change came over him that convinced Ralph ere long that he was no more susceptible to his manipulations. Thus disappointed, Ralph in time disposed of his father's property, and went to join him in a Western State, and the quiet little village heard of them no more.

Claude had returned home in many respects a changed man. He had grown in knowledge of the world as well as in years, and his military experience had been well calculated to discipline his impulsive and ardent nature. In one thing he remained unchanged, and that was in his devotion to the fair object of his first love. All obstacles had for some time been removed from his path. Rosa had obtained her father's consent to open correspondence with him ere he left the seat of war; and when he returned home the first doorway he had entered was that of old farmer Bruyn. Very tender and blissful was the meeting between the long-parted lovers. And when they went hand in hand to the chamber of the invalid old man, it was to kneel and receive his blessing. Claude could hardly realize this happy change; but Death is a potent peacemaker, and the hand of death was on the old farmer. He lived to see his daughter the happy bride of Claude Rolff, and the mistress of Rolff House, and then passed peacefully away.

Claude had the venerable mansion of his fathers restored, and settled down in it as a quiet country gentleman. Under the subduing influence of perfect domestic happiness, all his ambitious ideas of fame as an artist faded away, and he could dream of no happier existence than to be at the head of a well ordered household, dispensing hospitality and charity with a liberal hand. The blessing the stranger priest had invoked on Rolff House seemed to have descended to abide there. Gradually neatness and order and beauty were restored to the surroundings; light and cheerfulness replaced mystery and gloom; and the noble old mansion ere long lost its reputation as an abode of hobgoblins and evil spirits. The mirth and prattle of childhood's voice again were heard within its walls; and no happier family could have been found in all the land than that contained beneath the venerable roof of Rolff House. No fairer, wiser or more gracious matron than the wife of Claude Rolff ever ruled over a household with the rod of love. Age never came more gently to widowed dame than it did to Mrs. Bruyn, and no kinder or more indulgent grandmother ever shared the joys and sorrows of childhood. As for old Carl Crum, he always remained attached to the household, and was always a favorite with old and young—especially the latter. And he never was happier himself, or a greater hero in the eyes of wondering childhood than when he gathered a group of little ones around him of an evening and told anew the never old legends stored in his memory relating to the mystery of Rolff House.

THE END.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT
Removes all hard, soft or callaoused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish cure ever known.

A FATAL WOOING

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "The Crime of Hallow-E'en," "The Flirtations of a Beauty," "Willful Gaynell," "Little Leafy," "Only a Mechanic's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Terrible Vow.

"Oh, pilot, 'tis a fearful night; there's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee, this is no time to sleep."
"Go down!" the sailor cries. "Go down! this is no place for thee;
The night is wild, yet wilder far, the fury of the sea."

It is midnight on the ocean.

The great silver moon breaks through the white, fleecy clouds, flooding the dark, rippling waves into a sheen of sparkling, silvery brightness.

A land-bird flutters aloft, weary with long flying; lost in a world where there are no forests, but the tall, careening masts of the ships, and no foliage but the drifts of spray; it cleaves awhile to the smooth spars, till, urged by some homeward yearning, it bears on in the face of the wind sinking, then rising over the angry waters, until its strength is gone, and the blue waves gather the poor flutterer to their cold, glassy bosom.

Ulmont Ulvesford leans his arms on the railing of the deck, gazing down into the deep, shimmering water, then up at the clouds overhead.

"By this time the following week," he told himself, "he should reach Boston."

How little the handsome young heir of the Ulvesford Silver Mines knew, as he watched the moon scudding in the blue dome above him, as he stood there, not one care on his proud, noble face, ere the sun should pierce the clouds in yonder smiling heavens, the whole course of his life would be changed.

The smile on his face deepened as he thought of the great event which was to happen on the day he reached Boston.

The steamer had been due on the day previous, but, owing to unaccountable delay, they would not reach port until late the following week.

Ulmont Ulvesford passes his twenty-first birthday, watching the blue waters and the bluer sky. There were few young men that could boast of a more magnificent inheritance than that to which the young heir had succeeded.

The Ulvesfords were a proud, haughty race, one of the oldest and noblest in Boston.

Glendon Ulvesford, the wealthy owner of the Ulvesford Silver Mines, had died two years before, and in the last words he uttered he thanked God a son had been born to him, to prolong the good old name.

This son had been given them late in life; and upon him they had lavished all of their worshipful love; no wish from his infancy up had ever been denied him, and this very overindulgence which never sought to curb the fire of his impetuous, willful nature, was the deep root from which sprang all the keenest sorrows he experienced in his after life. Those who knew him best trembled for his future and wondered how it would all end.

He was finely proportioned, tall and broad- shouldered, his features were marked and fine, the white brow, over which the dark-brown hair waved, was broad and intellectual, his hazel eyes piercing and quick, and his well-cut lip, unadorned by mustache, varying with every changing feature of momentary emotion, gave by the peculiar bend in which they were fastened in repose, a peculiar tone of scornful playfulness to every expression of his countenance.

He knew the elite of the country would be gathered together to bid him welcome; he smiled when he looked down into the white, seething water, thinking of the moment he should clasp pretty Loraine Lorrimer's little white hand in greeting, and watch the flush sweep across that high-bred face clear-cut as a cameo. On the day he reached Boston he was to claim the peerless young heiress as his bride. There could be no question as to the suitability of the alliance; both were of wealthy families, young and handsome; they were both very young, yet it was much better for Ulmont Ulvesford, thought those who knew him, that he should marry young, for they knew there was a spark of fickleness in the young man's nature, which gave promise of grave results, unless they were timely nipped in the bud.

He had been abroad a year, which makes quite a difference in the human heart; and of late doubtful shadows flitted across his mind.

There could be no question of his love for his pretty, golden- haired Loraine; he was true to her in word, deed and thought; still he often wondered if that one eventful moment, when, influenced by some sweep, mysterious spell, he had impulsively asked Loraine to be his wife, were to be lived over again would he have done otherwise?

He smiled as he thought how differently the poets express their dreams of love, how it thrilled the heart, aye, the very soul, how the moments that separated a lover from the one beloved seemed the length of eternity.

Ulmont leaned his handsome head on his white hands, gazing thoughtfully down into the white, foam- tipped waves, thinking how strange it was that he had experienced none of this; one week more and he should see America and Loraine, yet the thought afforded him not one extravagant pulse grow. He laughed at the sweet fancies of the poets. They had said: "A life without love is never a perfect one."

When he had asked Loraine Lorrimer to become his wife he had fulfilled the dearest wish of his haughty, lady-mother's heart. One week more, then he could claim his bride.

A week. Ah! what might happen in that time; volcanoes have swallowed peaceful villages; wind and tide destroyed great cities; whole nations in the brief interval of a week have been swept from the face of the earth.

Already a shadow no larger than a bird's wing had crossed his path, and in the distance the lowering storm clouds would suddenly burst upon his hapless head, sowing the seeds that would end in the bitterest of tragedies.

So intent was Ulmont with his own thoughts, he had not observed an old man and a young girl kneeling by his side, where the shadows were thickest, in the most secluded portion of the deck.

"To-morrow we shall reach Boston, Izetta," said the old man, wistfully, laying his hands lightly on the girl's dark curls.

"Yes, grandfather," she answered, softly, "let us hope in sunny America we may forget the past."

The old man shook his head with a long, low sigh.

"I fear not, Izetta," he replied; "the world has been cruel to me child, cruel to the bitter end. It is hard for one of my years, Izetta, to commence gathering up the fallen ends of fortune that slipped through my heedless fingers in youth. I have lived my life and dreamed my dreams, but, Izetta, you will never know how sweet a dream it was."

"Let us trust, dear grandfather, that in America we may yet retrieve our fallen fortunes," answered the young girl, hopefully.

"Hush!" cried the old man, with a quivering voice; "those were the words your mother spoke long years ago."

"Poor, dear mother," sighed Izetta, gazing up at the great sorrowful stars that glittered in the blue dome above her, as if in that far-off cloudland she could trace the fairy young mother's face that had smiled upon her under the sunny skies of Italy.

"If she had only lived, grandfather," she said, "our lives would have been so different."

"My Natalie died of a broken heart," he murmured, plaintively; "she married against my will—in vain I warned her; youth is blind and will not see. When our fortune was wasted, and the fever threatened Natalie, you were born; in the midst of all he fled, none knew whither—'twas said he died. The shock killed my poor Natalie; we have had a hard lot of it ever since, you and I, little one. I have tried to be very kind to you. Heaven only knows what a comfort you have been to me! Izetta, child," he said, as if stirred by a sudden impulse, "sing me the song Natalie loved so well. I feel a strange unrest; perhaps, 'twill soothe me."

'Twas the sweetest melody ever uttered by a human voice fell upon the startled ear of Ulmont Ulvesford, a voice that thrilled him to the very heart core, he could not tell why, a voice pathetic, low, and wondrous sweet, with only the wild dashing of the waves for an accompaniment, or the flapping of some night- bird's bird's wing of plaintive, quivering note.

Ere the first vibrations of that sweet, sad strain had died away, the young heir seemed to have commenced a new life, and those bright aimless years of his past—a desert lying far behind him.

The pale moon broke through the overhanging clouds, and Ulmont leaned breathlessly forward to gaze upon the face of the singer.

She was of scarcely sixteen summers, and the face turned toward him, so wondrously lovely in its rich, dusky beauty, thrilled his heart as it had never thrilled before, a rare, brilliant, sparkling, foreign face, framed in a mass of jetty curls that fell upon the crimson cloak she wore in unconfined luxuriance; eyes, large, dark and luminous, fringed by their heavy silken lashes, before which the stars seemed pale in their wondrous splendor. A face which ripens only under sunny foreign skies.

The shifting moonbeams pierced the fleecy clouds, flooding the dark shadows where they sat in its silvery light.

There was a time coming in the life of Ulmont Ulvesford when he would look back to that scene with almost a curse on his lips; now he only saw its brightness, the rare, exquisite face in its glorious beauty, and the beautiful eyes gazing up into the haggard face of the old man at her side with wistful tenderness.

"Did you like the song, grandfather?" she asked, softly.

His only answer was a sigh that died away in a fitful moan.

The young girl little dreamed the picture she made, her head resting on the old man's shoulder, her long curls, darker than a raven's plume, lying against his snowy beard.

"Izetta," said the old man, solemnly, turning toward her with a look she had never seen on his face before, "I have had such strange fancies, such strange forebodings to-night. In the whisperings of the wind I can hear Natalie's voice, and in those fleecy clouds I can see a white hand beckoning me. Are you there, Izetta, child? I cannot see you."

"Grandfather, oh, grandfather," she said, "are you ill? Speak to me!"

She saw a strange light gathering in his eyes, and breaking over his face. The white lips moved, but no sound issued from them. Then the roving eyes saw the figure of a young man not far from them, leaning against the railing, watching them intently.

By a great effort the old man raised his hand, and beckoned him to his side.

There was something in that pitiful appeal Ulmont Ulvesford could not resist.

Long and earnestly those strangely brilliant eyes scanned the noble young face. One hand the old man stretched out to him, and with the other clasped the young girl to his breast.

Ulmont took the outstretched hand with a firm, gentle pressure.

"You are an American?" said the old man, speaking with difficulty.

Ulmont bowed assent.

"You have an honest and noble face," he said huskily, "one I can trust."

Again Ulmont bowed over the wan, thin hand that clung tenaciously to his.

"We are strangers," continued the old man, "but I have the greatest favor to ask of you that man can grant to man."

A puzzled look swept over Ulmont's fave. He scarcely knew what answer to make him.

"You are surely ill, sir," said he, gravely. "Allow me to call the ship's physician to your aid."

The other smiled faintly.

"No," he whispered, "I shall soon be beyond all help. My moments are precious. I could not die with the thought that presses hard upon me unspoken."

Again Ulmont insisted upon calling medical assistance, but the wan hand tightened its hold upon his own.

"I have a strange presentiment," whispered the old man. "I shall never reach America. A mist rises before me. Should anything befall me ere we reach the port will you be a brother to my child. I could not die and know she was uncared for and alone. In this belt about me you will find one hundred francs. Will you take them for her? Will you accept the trust?"

There was a strange gurgling in his throat, but the fleeting breath still clung to its mortal tenement.

Ulmont was bewildered. What should he say—what should he do?

"Promise me," wailed the old man, sharply, in an agony of entreaty. "Another moment, and my life is spent. Promise you will protect my child, come what may, and you will gain a dying man's eternal blessing. For the love of heaven, speak quickly!"

It was all so sudden Ulmont scarcely realized what he did.

How could he refuse to vital a request, with those entreating eyes burning into his very soul? He seemed as if in a strange dream.

"I promise," he answered, slowly.

"Swear it!" gasped the dying voice. "You will protect Izetta, come what may."

"I will protect Izetta, come what may," repeated Ulmont steadily. "As I deal by your child, so may Heaven deal with me!"

"God bless you! I shall hold the trust a sacred one," whispered the faint voice.

A smile of unutterable joy lit up his wrinkled face.

"Bless you!" he muttered; then he turned to the young girl clinging and sobbing her heart out on his breast.

"Izetta," he murmured, "Izetta—"

That beloved name was the last word Victor Rienzi ever uttered. His hands relaxed their hold; his head fell forward on his breast.

The steamer plowed heavily through the dark, seething waters. The pale moon looked pityingly down from the misty clouds upon the white, horrified face of Ulmont Ulvesford, and the fair, young girl, who uttered, in piercing cries:

"Grandfather! oh, my grandfather, speak to me; do not leave me all alone. See, my heart is breaking!"

The bitter cries died away over the dark, rippling water; the stiffening fingers and the cold lips gave back no answering caress, as was their wont. It was all over. The sands of the old man's life were run. He was dead. And the White Cresson bore steadily on her way.

CHAPTER II.

A Question of Honor.

All through the long night and the day that followed Ulmont pondered long and earnestly over the strange predicament in which he found himself suddenly placed; he felt annoyed and perplexed.

Two days ago he was as free and untrammeled as the wind that blew; now, the responsibility of this young girl's future was thrust suddenly upon him.

He paced the deck to and fro, asking himself over and over again what he should do with her.

At first, he had thought of taking Izetta directly home; then the stern, haughty face of his lady- mother rose up before him in bitter censure, as her keen eyes fell searchingly, coldly on the timid, shrinking orphan who had been thrust so unceremoniously upon their care; then he wondered what Loraine, his promised bride, would think of this affair.

That thought disturbed him above all others; her calm, proud face rose up before him in wondering disapproval.

That quite convinced him it would be the most imprudent course he could possibly pursue, taking Izetta home until he had prepared the way for her.

He was certainly vexed about the whole matter.

Since the death of her grandfather, Izetta had turned to him instinctively for sympathy, a world of unutterable woe in the mute, dark eyes, raised to his face.

She was wholly adrift on the world—without rudder or compass.

By some strange, capricious impulse, when Izetta had timidly asked him his name, he had answered by giving her his middle name—Alderic Ross.

A flush mantled his clear brow as his lips framed the name; overindulgence through all his boyhood had given somewhat of a dash of recklessness to his nature, yet this was the first deception he had ever willfully lent himself to.

He quite regretted it the next moment after he had spoken.

He could hardly have told why he did it. Only heaven alone could have foretold the terrible consequences which were to accrue from that one heedless act of folly.

Ulmont thought it best to acquaint Izetta at once with the plans he had made in regard to her future.

He knew just where he should find her, sitting on a coil of rope in a remote quarter of the deck; her large eyes with a far away look in them, gazing out over the water, her hands clasped idly in her lap.

Ulmont's vexation and annoyance partly vanished as he took a seat by her side.

"Izetta," he said kindly, "I have concluded it will be best to leave you at the next port, which we shall reach in probably an hour or so, while I go on alone—"

(To be Continued.)

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

Count Guardabassi, the baritone, who earlier in life achieved no little reputation as a portrait painter, once painted a portrait of Leo XIII. His Holiness scrutinized it carefully. "The lips and cheeks are too bloodless," he said. "You must put a little more color into them." After his Holiness had departed, Count Guardabassi touched the lips and cheeks with rouge. The next day the picture was again inspected by the Pope, who, expressing himself as highly pleased with it, gave the young artist his approbation in writing. After the portrait had been removed from the Vatican the artist carefully wiped off the rouge.

A Canadian university man was touring in Scotland last summer. One Sunday morning he put his little hammer in his pocket (for he is an amateur geologist), and, strolling out upon the hills, he began to chip off such specimens of rock as interested him. A native happened along as the man was thus engaged. The native looked on with a frown for a moment. Then he said: "Sir, do ye ken yer breakin' more than stones there?" "Breakin' the Sabbath, eh?" said the young Canadian with a laugh, and, to appease the Scot, he put away the hammer and walked onward a little way with him. A turn of the road revealed the ruins of a castle. "What castle is that?" said the stranger. The Scot frowned. "It's noo' the day," he said, severely, "to be speirin' sic things."

At a certain London church the collection used to be made in nicely embroidered bags, but so many old buttons and stale pieces of chocolate being put in, it was decided to try "plates" instead. The first Sunday the usual number of coppers and three-penny pieces were put in, but among them a bright yellow shining piece was observable. On Monday morning there were more callers than usual at the vestry, some of them with the same application. After a short interval another came with the same, "Oh, I am so sorry, but I put a sovereign into the plate yesterday by mistake. Could I have it, as I really cannot afford it?" "What?" said the vicar; "you are the fifth that has been to see me this morning with the same application, but the church warden has just told me that the supposed sovereign is only a gilded shilling!"

Gregarious Reading of Poetry.

Andrew Lang has lately been taking a fall out of the Browning and other poet societies, as did Stedman long ago. In an article on "Poet and Public," in the London "Morning Post," the genial Scotsman writes:

It may also be noted that many people who certainly read poetry seem to feel timid, lonely and deserted, so that they flock together into little mobs for mutual protection, Wordsworth societies, Browning societies, reading societies of all kinds. Now, I would as lief fish at Loch Leven in a fishing competition—men in boats shouting to each other and breaking the silence round Queen Mary's island prison, whiskey going, every kind of gregarious horror—as read poetry in a society. It is in solitude, "in a nook with a book," that poetry is to be tasted. But we hear of a society for reading Mr. Meredith among the Northumbrians—one might as well read E[illegible] society. These studies demand [illegible] application. A dozen decent bo[illegible] to dig the meaning out of "In Memoriam" is a spectacle comic and mournful, and one that would have consternated the poet. It takes a dozen men and women to understand him—and then they don't.

He—If you loved me you would marry me while I am poor.

She—You do me injustice. I love you too much to have your precious health risked by my cooking. Wait until you can afford to keep servants.—New Yorker.

Slinks—Yes, sir, I insist that all water used for drinking should be boiled at least half an hour.

Dinks—You are a physician, I presume?

Slinks—No, I am a coal dealer.—Chicago News.

An Indiana woman who lost her voice several years ago was struck by lightning recently, and the shock restored her speech. They say she hasn't stopped talking yet.

"Her husband must have been glad."

"I s'pose so. But all the other men are roasting him good because he didn't have any lightning rods on his house."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Singleton—Hello, Doubleday! You twins look so much alike I never can tell you apart. Who are you, yourself or your brother?

Doubleday—Neither. I am my brother's brother.—Boston Transcript.

The Husband—Do you think, my dear, that all this so-called culture, these fads, these lectures and ethical and philosophical movements of yours really do you any good?

The Wife—Calculable good! Why, every day I li[illegible] I appreciate more and more fully what an insignificant creature man is!—Life.

They were sitting on the beach.

"Let us make love," he whispered, "so that we may have something by which to remember the seashore when we are far away."

"Ah," she said, softly, "I suppose you'd call this a souvenir spoon."—Philadelphia Record.

"So you met the usual fate," said the man who sneers. "You went into Wall street intending to be a bull or a bear and find yourself merely a lamb."

"No," was the answer, "I'm not a lamb. I've been on the losing side persistently for years. I'm a sheep."—Washington Star.

Xmas Furniture

Christmas will soon be here, and you will be thinking of what to buy. Let us suggest that you buy a good sensible piece of Furniture; it will make your home look cosy, besides, it will be useful as well as ornamental. We have all kinds of Furniture suitable for presents. Come and select a piece and we will save it for you.

John E. Wood, REVELSTOKE FURNITURE STORE.

Cabinet Making. Upholstering. Picture Framing.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1903.

THE ELECTIONS WILL COME SOON.

The Dominion general elections are assured at the present time. When they will be held is in the power of only one man to announce. At Ottawa active preparations are being made for an early appeal to the electorate. The lists have been prepared and poll books and other requisites for the polling booths are being received in large quantities. The ministers are actively engaged in sizing up the political situation, and the writs may be issued at short notice.

There is no time to be lost, therefore, in preparing for the fight, which from present indications will result in the defeat of the Laurier government. The chances for the success of the Conservative party have never been brighter than now. Not only has the Liberal party been weakened by the desertion of some of its best fighting material, but the scores of broken pledges, which stand out prominently as the most noteworthy features of the past seven years of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration, have disgusted a large section of the rank and file of the Reform party. "All of the people" have decided that they will not be "fooled all of the time" and a reaction has set in against the governing party, which spells "disaster." The Conservative forces should at once get down to hard work.

Four and a half per cent on First Mortgage Loan.

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

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

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

CANADA AND TREATY-MAKING

(By Sir Charles Tupper.)

As a very important issue has been raised by the Dominion Government which, in my opinion, involves nothing less than the severance of Canada from Great Britain, I must ask space in your paper for a few observations.

ARE "OUR HANDS TIED"?

When the discussion on the Alaskan boundary award took place a month ago in the House of Commons, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, said:

"I have often regretted also that we have not in our own hands the treaty-making power which would enable us to dispose of our own affairs. But in this matter we are dealing with a position that was forced upon us—we have not the treaty-making power. I am sorry to say that the whole correspondence which we have had upon this question since 1899 has not yet been placed before Parliament; I am sorry not only that we have not the treaty-making power, but that we are not in such an independent position that it is in my power to place before Parliament the whole of the correspondence as it passed between the Canadian Government and the British Government. But we shall have that correspondence, and it will be placed before Parliament at the next session—the whole of it, no matter what protest may come from abroad, we shall have the whole of it, and then this country may know exactly what has taken place, and what share of responsibility must rest upon each of the parties concerned in this matter. But we have no such power, our hands are tied to a large extent owing to the fact of our connection—which has its benefits, but which has also its disadvantages—the fact of our connection with the Mother Country making us not free agents, and obliging us to deal with questions affecting ourselves through the instrumentality of the British Ambassador."

"AN EMBARRASSING THIRD PARTY."

I need scarcely say that I read that remarkable statement with surprise, but I hoped it was only a temporary ebullition intended to draw attention away from the serious diplomatic mistake he had made in departing from the pledge he had given to the Parliament of Canada to maintain the position taken by Lord Herschell and himself, when they indignantly rejected the proposal of the United States plenipotentiaries in 1899 to appoint a tribunal of three on each side to settle the Alaskan boundary and without any provision for ratification by the Parliament of Canada. This question has since assumed a grave aspect. At the annual banquet of the law students of Laval University on the 18th instant the Hon. Mr. Prefontaine, a member of the Cabinet, in the presence of the Prime Minister, made the following declaration:

"Has not the time come to make a further step to amend some of the machinery of the Administration? He recalled the words of the Marquis of Lorne, in 1883, when he was leaving Canada, after serving a term as Governor-General. In response to a farewell address by the House of Commons, his Lordship said: 'You have the power to make treaties on your own responsibility with foreign nations, and your High Commissioner is associated in the negotiations with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. You are not the subjects, but the allies of a great country which gave you birth, and which is ready with all her energy to champion your interests. It is the recognition of this state of affairs which gives a significance to the presentation of this address."

The Minister continued: "Has not the time come when we should ask ourselves whether these words of Lord Argyll, 'You have the right to make treaties on your own responsibility' should not be applied in the full latitude and amplitude which they seem to bear? If we are the allies and not the subjects of Great Britain, could we not negotiate with foreign nations without the presence of an embarrassing third party—a useless presence if we have the right to make our treaties? The inner history of negotiation teaches us that the third parties appointed by London have not been useful allies, and that Sir John Macdonald would voluntarily have dispensed with the aid of Lord Northcote in the Washington Treaty of 1871. And that is not the only striking example that I might mention."

The Montreal Star, in reporting this speech, says:

"Important declarations on the part of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, marked the annual dinner of the Laval law students at the Place Viger Hotel last evening. Reading from an evidently carefully prepared document, the Minister put forth the strongest claims for treaty-making powers for Canada. He based his claims largely on the declaration of the present Duke of Argyll, who, when leaving Canada in 1883, as Marquis of Lorne, in his farewell speech referred to Canada as an ally and not a subject of Great Britain."

CANADA'S JOINT PLENIPOTENTIARY.

I can hardly believe that either the Premier or Mr. Prefontaine appreciates the gravity of the position they have taken in thus proposing to throw off all the authority of Great Britain in our dealings with foreign countries, and, as a matter of course, relieving the Mother Country from any obligation to support Canada in enforcing such treaties. What is our present position? When Sir Alexander Galt was High Commissioner for Canada and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach Secretary of State for the Colonies the latter refused the application of the Canadian Government to have the representative of Canada appointed a Plenipotentiary in the negotiations of treaties in which we were interested, but said the British Minister would carry on the negotiations instructed by the High Commissioner. When I succeeded Sir Alexander Galt, in 1883, he told me how unsatisfactory such an arrangement was. I took the question up with the Colonial Office promptly, with the result that our views were met to the fullest extent. Shortly afterwards I was appointed by her Majesty a joint plenipotentiary with the British Minister at Madrid to negotiate a treaty with Spain, and the instructions from Lord Salisbury to Sir Clare Ford were that the negotiations were to be carried on by me with all the aid he could give.

When I was appointed by the Queen a pleripotentiary in conjunction with the Earl of Dufferin to negotiate the Franco-Canadian Treaty of 1893, the instructions given by Lord Rosebery were similar.

In 1887, when the press of the United States was ringing with denunciation of Canada for enforcing the Treaty of 1818, I was appointed by the Queen a joint plenipotentiary with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Lionel Sackville West to negotiate the Treaty of Washington of 1888, which was signed by the plenipotentiaries of both countries. That treaty was not ratified by the Senate of the United States, but the modus vivendi then arranged to regulate the Atlantic fisheries was warmly approved by President Cleveland, and was declared by his successor, President Harrison, to have removed all friction between the United States and Canada on that subject.

CANADA'S PARLIAMENT RATIFIES.

Mr. Prefontaine seems to have forgotten that Sir John A. Macdonald, when appointed a joint High Commissioner with the Marquis of Ripon and Sir Stafford Northcote, succeeded in obtaining such terms for Canada as secured the ratification of the Treaty of Washington of 1871 by a large majority of our Parliament. Under that treaty the arbitration at Halifax awarded Canada and Newfoundland $5,500,000 in addition to the free entry of our fish into the United States. That tribunal was constituted by an equal representation of both countries, with Count de la Fosse, the then Belgian Minister at Washington, as umpire.

Neither of these treaties could have been successfully negotiated without the hearty support of Great Britain, and they all contained a clause requiring their ratification by the Parliament of Canada, which was obtained in every case.

BRITAIN ENFORCES OUR RIGHTS.

Have Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues, who demand the severance of almost the only tie that now unites us to Great Britain, forgotten that when our vessels were seized in the Behring Sea by the cruisers of the United States and confiscated, reparation was demanded by Great Britain, and a properly constituted international tribunal arranged, with the result that the United States were compelled to make good the damage they had inflicted? Nor must it be forgotten that during the delay in making the arrangements for that tribunal the Secretary of State of the United States notified Sir Julian Pauncefote that the American cruisers had been instructed to seize any Canadian sealers found in Behring Sea, and that upon the indignant protest of myself, as the representative of Canada, Lord Salisbury sent an ultimatum through Sir Julian Pauncefote, saying that if a Canadian sealer was seized the United States must be prepared to take the consequences. This was promptly followed by the recall of the instructions given to the American cruisers, and Canada was spared the humiliation she must otherwise have suffered.

TREATY POWER CONCEDED.

It will thus be seen that the right to negotiate commercial treaties has been fully conceded, and I do not believe that the fact that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has failed so lamentably in all his diplomatic efforts will be considered a sufficient reason by the people of Canada for practically assuming a position of absolute independence by rejecting the authority of the Crown in all treaties and divesting ourselves of any claim to the support of Great Britain.

CHARLES TUPPER.

Winnipeg, Nov. 26, 1903.

LEGAL

JOHN MANNING SCOTT,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
First Street - - Revelstoke, B. C.

HARVEY, M'CARTER & PINKHAM
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
FIRST STREET, Revelstoke B. C.

SOCIETIES.

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

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

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

H. PERRY-LEAKE,
Mining Engineer and Metallurgist.
SPECIALTIES:
Examination and reports on Mining Properties.
Specification and Construction o Mining Machinery.
Mill Tests of Ores and Concentrates.
Bedford McNeill Code.
COWAN BLOCK, Revelstoke, B. C.

REVELSTOKE Business College

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES IN THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

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

Classes are being formed for French and Latin.

REVELSTOKE BUSINESS COLLEGE

MASON & RISCH PIANOS
Renowned for their full and sympathetic tone. Unsurpassed in finish and case design.
J. McLeod, - Agent

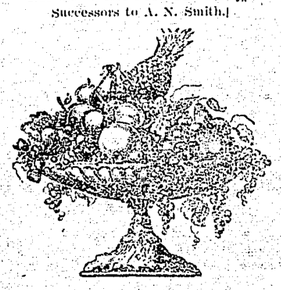
WOOD
Wood for sale including
Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.
All orders left at W. M. Lawrence's will receive prompt attention.
W. FLEMING.

FANCY CAKE AND CONFECTIONERY
If you want the above we can supply you with anything in this line.
TRY OUR WHOLESOME
White and Brown Bread
Scones and Buns
Dances and Private Parties Catered for. Full Stock of Excellent Candies.
A. E. BENNISON, Mackenzie Avenue.

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

NEW GOODS
See Wilson's newly imported stock of Wools for the Fall Trade.
The best assortment ever landed in Revelstoke.
Look for the UNION LABEL on all garments made by us.
M. A. WILSON,
Graduate of Mitchell's School of Garment Cutting, New York.
Establishment—Next Taylor Block.

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



BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS
Fresh and Complete Line of Groceries.

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

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN
Mining Engineers and Assayers,
VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1896
ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.
Tests made up to 2,000 lbs.
A specialty made of checking Smelter Pulps.
Samples from the Interior by mail or express promptly attended to.
Correspondence solicited.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

H. W. Edwards, Taxidermist.
DEER HEADS, BIRDS, ANIMALS MOUNTED.
REVELSTOKE, - - B. C.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED
Write for our interesting books "Inventor's Help" and "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention or improvement and we will tell you free our opinion as to whether it is probably patentable. Rejected applications have often been successfully prosecuted by us. We conduct fully equipped offices in Montreal and Washington; this qualifies us to promptly dispatch work and quickly secure Patents as broad as the invention. Highest references furnished.
Patents procured through Marion & Marion receive special notice without charge in over 100 newspapers distributed throughout the Dominion.
Specialty:—Patent business of Manufacturers and Engineers.
MARION & MARION
Patent Experts and Solicitors
Offices: New York Life B'ld'g, Montreal. Atlantic Bldg, Washington D.C.

SIBBALD & FIELD,
AGENTS FOR
Real Estate — C. P. R. TOWNSITE, MARA TOWNSITE, GERRARD TOWNSITE, CAMBORNE TOWNSITE.
FINANCIAL—Canada Permanent & Western Canada Mortgage Corporation. Canadian Loan Company.
FIRE INSURANCE—Atlas Fire, Alliance Fire, Northern Fire, Manchester Fire, Great West Life, Fidelity and Guarantee, Confederation Life, Accident Assurance Co., Connecticut Fire
COAL FOR SALE. HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT. CONVEYANCING.
J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public, REVELSTOKE, B.C. CHAS. M. FIELD.

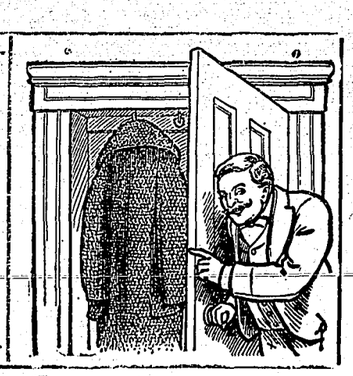
HOTEL VICTORIA
One of the best and commodious hotels in the City . . . . . .
Free 'Bus meets all trains
Hourly Street Car.
Fare 10 Cents.
W. M. Brown, Prop. Front Street.

GET YOUR EYES TESTED FREE OF CHARGE.
LOOK!! EIGHT-DAY CLOCKS $3.00
J. GUY BARBER, - Jeweller, Optician

P. BURNS & CO'Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
PRIME BEEF. PORK. MUTTON SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

WATCHES FOR XMAS!
We have the largest and most complete stock of watches ever exhibited in Revelstoke. What delights your boy or girl more than a Christmas present of a Watch.
NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.
NO PRESENT LIKE THE TIME.
Our prices for Girls or Boys Watches fully guaranteed range from $2.50 Upward.
Also inspect our fashionably assorted stock of Rings, Bracelets, Gold and Pearl Brooches, Necklets, Pendants, Fobs, Lockets and Silverware.
Our Prices are Reduced during the Xmas Season
E. M. ALLUM, Mackenzie Ave.

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



LADIES' TAILORED SUITS TO ORDER.
J. B. CRESSMAN, - Mackenzie Ave

WM. FLEMING,
Wholesale & Retail Meat Merchant.
Fish and Game in Season.
First Street, - Revelstoke, B. C.

SOUTHERN PINES,
Moore Co., N. C.
The most delightful climate for a Home or Winter Resort.
Only sixteen hours from New York. Write to Board of Trade of Southern Pines for booklet.

IMPROVE YOUR CHANCES
in the Commercial world by taking a complete course in Isaac Pitman's Shorthand. Shorthand cannot be successfully taught by mail. I offer you personal and practical instruction at my Evening Classes which commence on November 2nd. STUDENTS PREPARED FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE. For further particulars apply to
WALTER MUNRO,
Revelstoke, B. C

WHY INDIANS PAINT.

An Apache Legend That Accounts for a Strange Custom of the Red Men.

"'Why do Indians paint their faces?" I have asked that question of hundreds of red men, and have received but one answer. Of all the tribes that I have visited but one has legend accounting for the hideous decorations that are to be seen on the faces of Indians under all ceremonial circumstances.

"I was sitting at a camp fire in a village of Jacarilla Apaches one night listening to the stories and legends that were being told, when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the usual expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians. To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected. An old fellow who had sat all the evening listening to the stories without changing his attitude grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity, he told the following legend:

"'Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry. After walking all day he saw a deer and shot at it, but the arrow was turned aside and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for life. He was almost exhausted, and, when he felt his strength giving way, he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear, who, you know, is the grandfather of men, to save him. The big bear heard the call and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly, so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"'Now, you know, no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away, but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the bloody face. When the man found that he was uninjured he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off. Where the claws of the lion scraped it off there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighter. You know, all men paint their faces that way with blood and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Atmosphere of Mars.

Prof. Edward S. Holden, of the Lick Observatory, has made another savage attack upon Astronomer Percival Lowell's theory of the canals and gardens of Mars. The Mount Hamilton observer does not deal with the Flagstaff (Arizona) observations at all, but bases his new argument entirely upon the observations of the spectrum of Mars by his fellow-stargazer, Prof. Campbell. As a result of this, Prof. Holden declares that Mars possesses only the very thinnest, if any, atmosphere. Prof. Campbell has been unable to detect any difference under similar conditions between the spectrum of Mars and that of the moon. Hence, the deduction is inferred that Mars has no more atmosphere than the moon, which has no atmosphere at all, or, at all events, only an indefinitely thin envelope.

Solar light is modified by the gases of any planetary atmosphere through which it passes. That Mars' spectrum should be, like the moon's, simply the combined solar and terrestrial spectra certainly lends plausibility to the assertion of Prof. Holden that the atmosphere, the snow melting, the watery canals, and, above all, the oxygen-breathing inhabitants of Mars, are mere chimeras. As Prof. Holden insists, it seems probable that "an atmosphere one-fourth as extensive as our own would certainly have been detected, and very probably an atmosphere much less extensive than this. The atmosphere of Mars—if, indeed, it have any at all—must be at least as thin as that of the highest peaks of the Himalayas." However, the evidence of these spectroscopic results must not be too fully accepted until the real nature of certain other notable peculiarities of Mars—principally the bright "prominences" or mountains of Mars, at the terminator of the planet—shall have been definitely determined.

Floor Covering Out of Old Shoes.

A new use has been found for old boots and shoes. This is how they are treated in the process of conversion into a novel kind of house carpet: The shoes are thrown promiscuously into a large tank into which steam and dissolving compounds are run, thereby causing old shoes to take a thick liquid form. Certain proportions of tallow, borax and glue are then introduced, and the pulp is then run into molds. The molds are shaped after the plan of a regular sand mold and may have the form of flowers, leaves, figures or geometrical designs. The pulp is run into these molds, and the figure hardens in the cold air. These casts are arranged in the proper figure or design, when a cementing process begins. The cement is a compound made from the leather pulp and glue, and is run between the figures. The figures soften a little with the compound, and the whole hardens together. In the casting of each figure a different colored pulp is used—red pulp for red roses, white pulp for white flowers, green for leaves, and so on. Thus elaborate designs may be carried out. Then comes the pressing by the use of rollers, and polishing with varnish. The result is a nice-looking floor covering, the cost of which is less than straw matting, and less than oil-cloth; in fact, an economical and durable carpet covering.—The American Upholsterer.

Waggery of an Old Barbarian.

An Arab was asked by a traveller why he had taken a second wife. He replied coolly: "That is very simple; when I had only one wife she quarreled with me, and, now that I have two wives in the house, they quarrel with each other and I get a rest."

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 situated on Adams lake in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "H. S. Johnson's south east corner" planted on the west shore of Adams lake about two miles south from the mouth of Adams river, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 13th day of October, 1903.

H. S. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on Adams lake in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "Harbor Lumber Co.'s south east corner" planted on the west shore of Adams lake about one and a half miles south west from the mouth of Spa-pil-em creek, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of October, 1903.

HARBOR LUMBER COMPANY.

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 situated on Harbor creek, a tributary of Adams river, in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "H. McCleery's north-west corner post," planted on the north bank of Harbor creek about eight miles up from Adams river, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 2nd day of November, 1903.

H. 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 eastern of Upper Arrow Lake, at or near the townsite of Beaton and a point on Fish River, West Kootenay, 10 miles northerly from the town of Camborne.

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

Dated this 16th day of July, 1903.

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

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on the east shore of Adams lake in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Adams lake, about two miles south of the Mo-Mich river and marked "Harbor Lumber Company's north-west corner," thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 30th day of September, 1903.

HARBOR LUMBER COMPANY.

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 situated on Harbor lake, in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "G. McCleery's south-east corner post," planted on the west side of Harbor lake, about thirteen miles up from Adams river, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this fourth day of November, 1903.

G. McCLEERY.

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 situated on Harbor lake, in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "J. P. McCleery's north-west corner post," planted at the head of Harbor lake, about thirteen miles up from Adams river, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th day of November, 1903.

J P. McCLEERY.

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 situated on Harbor lake, in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "D. McCleery's north-west corner post," planted on the west side of Harbor lake about twelve miles up from Adams river, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 3rd day of November, 1903.

D. McCLEERY.

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 situated on Harbor lake, in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "G. McCleery's north-east corner post," planted on the west side of Harbor lake about thirteen miles up from Adams river, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th day of November, 1903.

G. McCLEERY.

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 situated on Harbor lake, in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "D. McCleery's north-west corner post," planted on the west side of Harbor lake about twelve miles up from Adams river, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 3rd day of November, 1903.

D. McCLEERY.

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 situated on Upper Adams river in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "A. Anderson's south south west corner post" planted about 50 yards from the east bank of Upper Adams river, about 20½ miles up from Adams lake, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of October, 1903.

A. ANDERSON.

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 situated on Upper Adams river in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "R. Steiss' north-east corner post," planted about fifty yards east from the east bank of Upper Adams river, about twenty miles up from Adams lake, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of October, 1903.

R. STEISS.

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 situated on Harbor creek, a tributary of Adams river, in Lillooet district, B. C

Commencing at a post marked "B. McCleery's south east corner post" planted on the north bank of Harbor creek about eight miles up from Adams river, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 2nd day of November, 1903.

B. McCLEERY.

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 situated on Harbor lake, in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "J. P. McCleery's south-west corner post," planted at the head of Harbor lake about thirteen miles up from Adams river, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th day of November, 1903.

J. P. McCLEERY.

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 situated on Harbor creek, a tributary of Adams river, in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "H. McCleery's south east corner post," planted on the north side of Harbor creek, about nine miles up from Adams river, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 2nd day of November, 1903.

H. McCLEERY.

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 situated on Harbor creek, a tributary of Adams river, in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "B. McCleery's north-east corner post," planted on the north bank of Harbor creek about eight miles up from Adams river, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 2nd day of November, 1903.

B. McCLEERY.

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 situated on Adams lake in Lillooet district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "H. S. Johnson's south east corner," planted on the west shore of Adams lake at the mouth of the Spa-pil-em creek, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 12th day of October, 1903.

H. S. JOHNSON.

WANTED.

GOOD CARPENTERS

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

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

MOSCROP BROS.

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

Pipes, Valves and Fittings.

Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Yankee

WINTER RESORT

Pine Clad Sand Hills of North Carolina; Pine Bluff.

A Two-Cent Stamp for Booklet.

F. C. ALLEN, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE.

Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

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

J. Albert Stone · Prop

UNION HOTEL

FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

J. LAUGHTON, Prop. First Street.

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 E

235

Dated at Arrowhead, Aug. 28, 1903.

THE BIG BEND LUMBER CO. LTD.
THEO. LUDGATE, President.

$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE **$2.00**

THE REVELSTOKE HERALD and RAILWAYMEN'S JOURNAL

The Revelstoke Herald and Railwaymen's Journal is the oldest established newspaper under one management in the Interior. It numbers among its subscribers residents of all parts of the Province and the Western States. It is the most valuable advertising medium in North Kootenay, being read by everybody.

THE HERALD'S news of the mines, logging and lumber industries is reliable and up-to-date. Its special correspondents are in touch with Dominion and Provincial authorities and give exclusive news in advance of important political events.

THE HERALD deals with local matters in an impartial manner and for the past seven years has been an important factor in building up the City of Revelstoke.

THE HERALD is the Working Man's paper. It speaks fearlessly for the right no matter whose interests are affected.

THE HERALD will give, during the next session of the Provincial Legislature, a crisp and unbiassed account of all the proceedings and generally inform its readers regarding what will be the most important deliberations of that body since its inception.

Job Printing Department

OUR JOB DEPARTMENT has every facility for turning out First-Class Work at right prices and our customers all return. Try Us and you will know the reason why.

The Revelstoke Herald and Railwaymen's Journal.

$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE **$2.00**

Husband and Foe

A NOVEL

for her sweet Barbara that she had not been near Miss Brereton, or even Miss Brereton's room.

"And you must not be alarmed," she said, in great trepidation; "Parsons has seen her, and tells me it is only an attack of rheumatism, or something of the sort. Really, I must say, dearest, Miss Brereton seems a very impossible young person; if you would be wise, Barbara, you would send her about her business at once!"

Miss Mostyn sniffed at her strong smelling salts for a moment, then opened her eyes.

"When I want your advice, Aunt Mildred, I will ask for it," she observed, curtly.

"Is she going to spoil all my plans?" she thought, and then minced away on her high heels to that part of the house in which Miss Brereton was lorated.

There was no answer to her sharp tap at the door, and turning the handle unceremoniously, Barbara walked in.

Katharine was lying on the pillows, perfectly rigid and still; her beautiful hair was unbound and was thrown in careless luxuriance away from her. She was deathly pale, save for the deep black marks that encircled her closed eyes.

In her nervousness and selfishness, Barbara hesitated to approach the bed; it seemed to her as though it was the face of a dead woman she saw. But while she was thinking of this, the long dark eyelashes were raised, and Katharine's eyes met hers. Barbara frowned for a moment. Despite the pallor, the unmistakable marks of suffering. Katharine's face was as supremely lovely as ever; and knowing this, Barbara's jealous hatred swelled still more in her breast.

"They tell me you are ill," she said, without in the least modulating her high, clear voice. "I hope it is nothing serious."

All trace of her brief sympathy and kindliness had disappeared. Katharine, as she was, saw that; she felt that she would get no pity from this girl or receive any friendly attention.

She struggled to raise her head from the pillow.

"It is nothing much—a cold," she murmured, and the hoarseness in her tones bore testimony to the truth of the last assertion. "I— I shall be better in an hour."

"I am sure I hope so," Miss Mostyn observed curtly, "for there is a great deal to be done here before to-morrow. Really I think Lady Drummond should have ascertained the condition of your health before engaging you, but Aunt Ellen is always so impetuous."

Katharine drew her breath with something like a sigh.

"I—I am afraid I do not please you," she said, humbly and weakly. "I had better go away."

"Oh, we settled all that yesterday," Barbara said, straightening her thin lips into a semblance of a smile. She was looking about her with sharp, quick eyes to discover anything that might go to strengthen the suspicion that had come into her mind. "If you can't get up, you can't, and so there is an end to the matter. I need not tell you how very inconvenient this is, coming to-day of all days, but I presume you would not be ill if you could help it. I will leave these letters on the table for you to answer if you can, in an hour's time, and please let me know when they are done."

And with that, Barbara walked out of the room, closing the door behind her with a sharp bang.

As Miss Mostyn entered the large breakfast room, she discovered Lord Otway there alone, standing by one of the windows. His face looked strangely worn and pale; there was an air of misery over it which had completely aged it.

He greeted Barbara with a smile, and then went on to say that a most unfortunate circumstance had occurred to cut short his visit, and call him back to town.

Barbara's heart stood still for a moment.

"What, go away before my birthday, Lord Otway? No, no, I cannot allow it!"

Ormande's eyes were fixed on the moonlit trees outside.

"I'm afraid I have no choice, Miss Mostyn. I really ought to have been back at work last week. I—I must go now."

"But you only came yesterday, and then you told me you should stay several days. Has anything happened since then?"

Barbara put the question almost innocently. At once she had guessed the truth— something had occurred between Katharine and him; and Ormande answered her hurriedly:

"Yes; something has happened, Miss Mostyn, and I must go."

"Oh, dear!" Barbara sat down mournfully. "There is going to be nothing but disappointment, and I did hope it would have been such a pleasant time. You going away so hurriedly, and there is my dear Miss Brereton upstairs so dreadfully ill, I am quite alarmed about her."

The shot told. Ormande started, and she saw one of his hands clutch the stout window frame, while his face faded into a greater pallor.

"Miss— Miss Brereton ill?" he said, speaking as all as his agitation would let him. "Is— is—" he could get no further.

"Oh, it is nothing infectious," Barbara answered blandly. "I have just come from her. It is only a very bad cold and rheumatism. I knew you would be sorry, Lord Otway, you have such a kind heart, and are always so sympathetic to people in her position of life." She was watching him keenly all the time, though apparently she was occupied in culling for herself a small bouquet of roses from the branches of the creeper that nodded in at the windows.

Ormande said nothing. For the life of him he could not speak.

"I cannot love you; I cannot — I am not free!"

But though hope was dead, his love lived stronger than ever.

He forgot his own suffering to remember hers. The look of agony on her dear, sweet face as he beheld it last night rushed to his mind once more. If —if only he might be allowed to comfort her, to give her help with this burden of love that was weighing her down.

Barbara watched him intently.

"How he loves her!" she said to herself, with bitter mortification and venom. "He thinks her an angel of beauty and purity. I must destroy that conclusion. He shall not go away till he has seen of what clay his idol is made. Then, —then" — Barbara picked a rose to pieces with thin, hard fingers —"then he must learn to turn to me for sympathy. He is so simple I think I shall be able to manage him. Now, if everything turns as I have planned, I may yet hold the trump card in my hand," and while she was thinking this swiftly to herself, she was speaking in what seemed gentle, womanly accents to Ormande about Katharine.

"Do you know Lord Otway, I have wanted to discuss her with you ever since I knew you were coming. I am so distressed about her. She is not happy. Oh, no, no! she is not happy. She seems to me"— Barbara pronounced each word distinctly — "as if she had some great secret on her mind, something she was afraid of, herself I wish" —Barbara picked another rose —"I wish that you in your capacity as clergyman would try and comfort her a little. I am sure——"

But Ormande broke in sharply.

"It is impossible," he said, shrinking from so great a temptation as seeing and speaking to Katharine again. "Miss Brereton would resent my interference, and rightly, too."

"But you, yourself, see that she is unhappy, poor girl. I long to do something for her. She is so sad, yet you think her beautiful, Lord Otway, don't you?"

Ormande passed one hand over his blue eyes, that had lost their joyous radiance.

"Yes," he said, quietly; "she is most beautiful. Poor child!"

"Ah! how glad I am to hear you say that! I wanted to rouse your interest in her so much, dear Lord Otway!" —indeed, there was quite a flush of excitement on Barbara's cheeks —"I want her to make a friend of me —to confide in me. It is strange and sad that one so young as she should look as she does,"

Ormande felt, he scarcely knew why, uneasy. There was much apparent sympathy and interest in Miss Mostyn's manner, but somehow it did not ring true in his ears.

He was loyal to his darling.

"You forget that Miss Brereton has been very ill; her accident was naturally a blow to her nerves, and now——"

"Her accident! Oh, did she tell you about it? She is always so reticent with me." Barbara was feverishly eager to know all he knew. "How did it happen?"

Lord Otway looked at her in surprise.

"Miss Brereton is the lady whom I was fortunate enough to assist one afternoon at Northminster Station. You may remember, Miss Mostyn, it was the day I went to find your tennis racket."

Barbara bit her lip suddenly. Remember!— aye, that she did, right well!

So it was Katharine she had to thank all along for her disappointment and neglect while she was at Maple Tree House; she who had come forward suddenly to be the barrier in the path that was to lead to the glories of Thane Castle; she who was the cause of all the failure. If Barbara had hated Katharine before, she positively loathed her now; her ears buzzed with the hot blood that rushed into her brain. She was conscious of only one desire —to be revenged; to see Katharine dragged down to utter misery and destitution her charms gone, her beauty destroyed —nothing of that pure, sweet loveliness left; and in that moment she swore that if mortal hands could do this, she would do it. She forced herself to smile as she answered Lord Otway.

"Indeed! —this is a surprise! Miss Brereton did not mention it to me. Oh, then I need not enlist your sympathies on her account; of course, you gave them long ago?"

"You —you will not go to-day. Promise me that you will not. I want you so badly!" she sank her voice coaxingly. "I want you to stay and help me in my anxiety about Katharine."

Ormande hesitated only a moment, but the blood had surged into his veins and his heart had thrilled at that name. What would he not have done for Katharine's sake? Who knew but that he might be able to give her some comfort in her trouble? and even that poor consolation was as joy to his hopeless, longing heart.

* * *

The letters Miss Mostyn had left in her companion's room were all ready and finished before lunch time.

Patty carried them downstairs and met Miss Mostyn on her way.

"Tell Miss Brereton I require her in the library this afternoon," she said, curtly, to the girl, and passed on.

Patty looked after her with much indignation.

"And never so much as to ask how she were, poor thing, and her that bad! Lor'! I'd sooner serve a stone nor Miss Mostyn; that I would!"

Katharine received the message in utter silence. By sheer force of will she had dragged herself from her bed and struggled into her clothes.

Mrs. Parsons, tolling up to inquire how she was early in the morning, had found the girl sitting on the edge of the bed, grasping the back of a chair and holding her head erect, with closed eyes and compressed lips. In the twinkling of a second the good housekeeper had taken matters into her own hands.

She had sent Patty flying for hot water and mustard, into a large tub of which she plunged Katharine's two little feet; then twisting up the masses of dark hair, she applied a small mustard plaster at the back of the neck.

Katharine slept for two hours; then, though she was as weak as a kitten, she resisted on getting up.

"The pain is gone — quite, quite gone," she assured Mrs. Parsons, who was much dissatisfied at this independent spirit on the part of her patient. And so, by dint of courage and determination, Katharine managed to sit at the table and dispatch the letters.

She felt very weak afterward, but nothing should prevent her going down as Barbara had desired.

The library was empty, so she thought, as she entered it, and she stood for one minute to recover herself.

"I—I hope I shall not be foolish and faint, or do anything stupid," she said to herself, unsteadily.

And even as she thought this, she put out her hand, and groped blindly for a chair; she was conscious of nothing for an instant but a sort of heavy cloud enveloping her, and then the cloud rolled away, and she awoke to find herself held closely in two strong arms, and a voice murmuring passionate, despairing love words in her ear.

She lifted her eyes slowly, and let them rest on those dear blue ones as one would gaze on the exquisite beauty of heaven's sky.

Ormande recovered himself first.

"You are better, dear?" he asked, eagerly. "Tell me you are better."

She rested against his heart for one instant in silence. She was gathering strength enough to draw herself away from his hold.

As if divining this wish, Ormande moved her gently to a large armchair, and put her into it as he would have put a little child.

Then he stood with folded arms gazing down at her, a world of passionate love dwelling in his eyes.

"Why do you look like that?" he asked in choked, husky tones. "Katharine— it— it breaks my heart!"

"They— they told me you were gone."

Ormande's brow contracted.

"You wish me to go, dear?" he asked gently.

She shook her head feebly, but her eyes went up to his and he understood their plaintive beauty as well as though she had spoken.

"Yes, yes, you are right," he said agitatedly. "It is better we do not meet. I will go. I will do anything to spare you pain, Katharine."

A mist rose before her eyes.

How good, how noble, how generous he was! Surely no man was ever like him.

She put out her trembling hand toward him.

"I believe you, I believe you," she whispered. "Would to Heaven you could do this, but you cannot. Lord Otway, I—I want to speak to you. I want to ask you to try and forget me. You said last night that was not possible. I am glad," she went on eagerly, a faint tinge of color creeping into her cheeks, "glad I have spoken to you again. It will be a great relief to me. I do not want to be the cause of bringing a shadow on your life. I want to know that you are bright and happy as I have always known you. The— the future must hold so much happiness for you, I——"

"Katharine," he interrupted her, his voice quivering with emotion, "Katharine, you do care then what becomes of me, you do care!"

"Care!" she repeated, and unconsciously the whole strength of her love rang out in that one word. "Care what becomes of you? Oh, Ormande!"

With a smothered cry he was on his knees beside her.

"Katharine, my darling, my darling!"

He had her two small hands in his, and covered them with his passionate kisses.

"Give me one moment of Paradise," he pleaded, as she would have drawn them out of his hold, her sweet face quivering with emotion. "Only one moment before I go away from you into the dark shadows of my lonely life, Katharine. Answer me this, if —if you had been free, dear, if fate had been kinder, could you have given me your love?"

There was a sudden pause between them; involuntarily they had both risen to their feet, their hands clasped close together; Katharine's head was bent, but urged by the magnetic power of his will, she raised it slowly, and their eyes met. A look of joy flashed across Ormande's face as he read the answer written in them; with a murmur of tenderness, he stooped to press his lips to hers, then suddenly he checked himself.

She loved him but she was not free. With a groan he bent his lips to her hands instead, raining kisses on them; then he straightened himself, and, putting his right hand on her beautiful, bowed head, he said quietly and solemnly:

"Heaven bless and guard you, my darling, now and henceforth!" and then, without another word or look, he turned and went away.

Katharine clung to the oaken mantel-piece as he went, then suddenly she lifted her hands and kissed them hurriedly, passionately.

"Ormande! Ormande! my heart will break!" she said to herself, and, flinging her arms out, she fell forward on the cushions of the chair, her slender form shaken with sobs.

How long she lay there Katharine never knew; she was insensible to everything but her grief. She did not know that directly Lord Otway had gone, the window had been pushed open quietly, and a man had come into the room from the terrace outside— that this man was close beside her, regarding her with a sneer and a look of triumphant delight on his dark, handsome face. She knew nothing, cared for nothing, but this bitter new sorrow, and would have lain there prostrate from weeping and weakness still longer, if the man had not gone forward and touched her gently on the shoulder.

As she started up and turned round slowly, he spoke.

"A very pretty scene, on my life; but scarcely so pleasant for a husband as one might suppose! Come, Mrs. Gordon Smythe; I am waiting for a welcome. A wife should show some little signs of delight when she meets her husband, after such a long absence as ours has been. What have you to say to me, eh?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Katharine's very heart-beat seemed to stop. A sudden, a horrible feeling of fear came upon her. She clung to the arms of the chair with her poor, weak hands, and gazed up into Gordon Smythe's dark face as the caged animal gazes at the serpent that will presently devour it. Was it some hideous dream? Was it really she who crouched there on the floor and felt that heavy hand on her shoulder? She had passed through such a succession of terrible mental crises that she was scarcely mistress of herself. But her pale, tear-stained face, her dazed eyes, did not touch Gordon's pity. He had an old score to settle with the girl, and he did not intend to be thwarted in his intention to be even with her; his passionate anger and jealousy were roused at the scene he had just witnessed. It maddened him to remember with what detestation Katharine had always regarded him; how utterly indifferent she had been to his personal attractions; how little pains she had taken to let him see in what contempt she held him! And then to recall the parting with Ormande, and to know that another man possessed the love, the loyalty, he considered should be his own. Katharine's beauty, as she had lifted her eyes, laden with their message of love, to answer that sage question of Ormande's, had infuriated Gordon beyond description. He registered a vow then that he would humble her; he would have her at his feet; that she should give the sweetness of her beauty and love to him, her husband. Now, more than ever, he determined to punish her, and, with the fear of discovery and detection gone, Gordon saw the path opening to this occupation, more particularly since he had discovered that Katharine loved and was loved in return.

"Come," he said again, suavely, pressing his hold still closer on her shoulder, "come, have you no words of welcome for me, eh?"

His voice recalled her to herself.

With a gesture full of loathing, she pushed herself onto her feet and staggered back from him.

"Do— do not touch me!" she gasped, with a shudder that made her tremble from head to foot. "Do — do not touch——"

Her voice died away inaudibly.

Gordon laughed softly, but his eyes flashed at her like a flame of angry lightning.

"You are not generally so particular, are you?" he asked with a sneer, as he sat across a chair and folded his arms on the oaken back. "I fancy —I may be mistaken, of course!— but I fancy I saw that gentleman, whoever he may be, indulging in some very strong protestations of affection to you just now!"

Katharine was leaning against the tall mantelpiece, quivering in every limb. The old pain had come back into her head, her temples were throbbing, and she felt very ill. Dimly she comprehended that the small peace she had hitherto been allowed was at an end.

He smiled to himself with great satisfaction as he noticed her drawn, despairing face.

"Most husbands, of course, would object," he went on in a careless manner; "but I am not so strict. By all means enjoy yourself when you are alone; when I am with you that is a different matter. Such embraces as you have to spare I naturally expect will belong to me. I do not care to share my wife with any one, not even with the heir to an earldom."

Gordon drew out a dainty, jeweled case, and having abstracted a cigarette, closed the lid with a click and put it in his pocket.

"You do not object, I suppose?" he asked, coolly, and then he reached over to the table for a match and lit the cigarette. "I am afraid," he said with a sneer lingering round his lips —"I am afraid that I must have given you a great start just now. You did not think to see me here, did you?" He blew a tiny cloud of smoke into the air. "Had you done so, no doubt the very entertaining scene I witnessed just now would have been avoided or postponed. I really regret that our relations with each other have not been of a nature to admit of a correspondence, as then you would have learned that I was a friend of your employer, and was about to run down to this very charming old house to participate in what seems likely to be a really pleasant fete."

He put the cigarette between his teeth again and smoked it in silence, watching the girl between his half-closed eyes, and thoroughly enjoying the agony she was enduring.

"As I have just said, a letter would have prepared you for my coming. We really must not fail to communicate with each other in the future, when circumstances may happen to separate us for awhile." He broke off some of the cigarette ash into a little Dresden plate that stood at his elbow. "We really must do this," he repeated, and then all of a sudden he was on his legs, had dashed his cigarette into the fire grate, and had firm hold of Katharine's two wrists.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, his ugly passion creeping from beneath the veil of suavity.

Fear, pride, loathing, horror, all combined to give Katharine strength. She looked him straight in the eyes with her large orbs full of contempt and disgust.

"Let me go!" she said in low, distinct tones. "Let me pass — murderer!"

Gordon laughed shortly and tightened his grip on her wrists.

"Oh, dear, no! I am not going to deprive myself of the pleasure of your company just yet. I have really a great deal to say to you, my wife!"

Katharine shivered, and her heart sank like lead in her breast.

"Take care!" she murmured, as well as her pallid lips would let her. "Take care! Do not try me too much! If you have forgotten our compact, I have not. Leave me free, or— or I will ——"

"What?" he broke in very slowly. "You will do what? Review your position, my dear girl, and you will see that there is positively nothing you can do. Our compact, you say! Well, what of it? I promised to leave you unmolested. Yes, I remember saying something of the sort, but it really makes no difference now what I said."

"You —you swore an oath" — the poor girl's courage was deserting her —"an oath!" The words died away in a broken sob, and her head sank forward on her breast.

"Ah! no doubt. I have done many foolish things in my time; but, of course, as you can see for yourself, if I had sworn fifty oaths it can affect nothing now. Facts are unpleasant things, but it is always best to look them in the face; and the facts in our case are these —that you, of your own free will —mark that! of your own free will —became my lawful wife, and gave me full and legal power of controlling your life. Whether I swore one oath or twenty has nothing to do with it. You are my wife; you married me of your own will, and by no one else's, and so, my dear Kattie" —with another laugh —"the best thing you can do is to reconcile yours self to facts, and make up your mind to be as good a wife as you possibly can be. I will not be very exacting, only ——"

Katharine interrupted him; with a strength born of despair she wrenched herself free from his hold.

"Never! never! never!" she cried, her voice husky with agitation. "I would sooner die than —than this should be. I will speak out; I will tell the truth; I will expose you; I— I——"

"Yes," Gordon drawled, moving a step nearer. "Yes. You will tell the truth. What truth?" He paused a moment. "What truth will you tell to the whole world?"

"What truth?" Katharine stood gazing at him with distraught eyes; she was riveted, stunned by his words. "You —you ask me that?"

"Undoubtedly!" Gordon assumed a puzzled air. "Undoubtedly I do, for I assure you, my dear girl, I am at a loss to understand your words; at least, I cannot see what unpleasant truth you can have to explain, unless —unless"— he came a step nearer to her, fixing her with his cool black eyes, and magnetizing her beneath their power as a snake magnetizes its victim —"unless" — he pronounced each word very slowly — "it be to proclaim to the world a story that will not redound to your own credit or reputation. I suppose you have got that old madness in your brain again —that wild, improbable story that you married me because you wished to save my life, having seen me commit a murder at some vague and mysterious time. Really, my dear Katharine, I had hoped that this lunacy would have been cured. Of course, great allowance is given to a woman when she is in the state of mental distress that you were in when you became my wife; but there is a limit to everything, and when it comes to your declaring you must tell the truth" — his eyes searching hers still more fiercely —"why, then, my girl, it is time that I, too, turned and said that I would give my version of the matter, which is, after all, a very one for any girl to own. Shall I tell it to you now? Listen!" —nearer and nearer he went toward her —"if the world asks me why you became my wife, I shall answer this —that I did it to make an honest woman of you; that you had loved me not wisely but too well, and that in order to save your reputation I sacrificed myself most generously, and gave you my name. You understand that, Kattie; it is quite clear to you, isn't it? You see now that any story of yours I shall immediately declare to be an hallucination of your brain, brought on by the mental trouble you had suffered. I don't want any mistake, my dear girl. I want you to see and understand clearly that if any truth is told, it is you and not me who will suffer the most!"

He clenched her wrists again as he finished; and, uttering a broken cry of horror and despair mingled, the unhappy girl sank nerveless, prostrate at his feet, utterly crushed beneath the fiendish cruelty and wickedness of those wicked words.

"If I could die! If I could die now!" she thought wildly to herself. She was alive to the full horror of the moment. Weak, sick, faint as she was, no merciful swoon or oblivion came to her rescue; no dark cloud crept over her brain and wrapped her for a time in unconsciousness. Her limbs had given way; the power to stand up proudly and defy this villain was taken from her; but the weakness did not touch her brain. She was sensible —keenly, awfully sensible— to the terrible position in which she was placed; and even in this moment she was not selfish in her sorrow, for her generous woman's heart found time to beat sadly as she thought of the wasted love poor Lucy Smythe had poured out on this man, and the shock that any portion of the truth would be to the weak, doting mother.

"It is as well we should understand our positions at once, isn't it?" he said, with a ring of triumphant pleasure in his voice. "We shall have no more nonsense in future, no more threats about telling the truth, for we know what we have got to expect, don't we? And I think it would be advisable if you were to get up from than very unnecessary and uncomfortable position; it might give rise to unpleasant remarks if a servant were to come in. Allow me to assist you to a chair."

He drew the girl to her feet as he spoke, and would have supported her to a seat, but Katharine recoiled from him, and staggered into the big arm-chair without his aid.

His brow darkened, then cleared.

"Never mind; I can wait. I have won so far— the rest must follow," he muttered between his teeth.

And Katharine, in that pause, was thinking wildly, desperately.

"Let me be calm. I must temporize, then I must get away — anywhere, to the utmost ends of the world!— to escape from him."

Poor girl! She had her women's wits to aid her, but she was no match for such a nature as Gordon Smythe's. She little knew that her silence and calmness were translated as rightly as though she had spoken out her thoughts.

Gordon smiled complacently as he watched her.

"She thinks to deceive me!" he muttered to himself. "Poor fool! Escape will not be so easy, as she will find! By Jove! I never bargained for a jealous woman as an ally, nor for a lover to play into my hands. Katharine is the sort of being who will tear out her very heart for the man she loves. Curse him!"

He took out another cigarette and lit it quietly, then came nearer to the girl and sat down.

"Now we are going to be sensible, aren't we? Commend me to you Kattie, for a clever woman. You were simply wasted in Ledstone, a second-rate, dirty, provincial town."

Katharine shuddered. He could even dare to speak of Ledstone thus —Ledstone, the place where——"

Gordon took no notice of the shudder.

"You require bright scenes, blue skies, and cheerful society, and you shall have it. I have often heard you descant to my mother on the charm and beauty of continental life, my girl, and a thoroughly jolly one you shall find it. I can answer for that!"

Katharine was trembling in every limb. Words of loathing, hatred, pride rose to her lips, but she forced them back; she must be silent, she told herself feverishly. Help must come. Some chance of escape must be found —it should be found, even if it cost her her life.

Gordon smiled to himself and smoked on slowly.

"You are very silent, Kattie," he observed, turning his lurid eyes on her. "Don't you like the plan? Oh, well, we must give it a trial, and then if you can suggest anything better, why, of course, I will be quite ready to—— No, no, my dear wife, sit down;" for, with an inarticulate murmur Katharine had sprung to her feet again. "Sit down, I have not half finished, and you need not be alarmed that Miss Mostyn will require you; she has very kindly given us the use of the library for this afternoon. I dare say she imagines, naturally, that a husband and wife have a good deal to say to one another, and so she——"

"You— you have told——" Katharine could get no further; words failed her, and, bending forward, she buried her ashen face in her hands.

Gordon smiled again as he blew another cloud of smoke from between his lips.

"I told her," he said softly, "that it was with great joy I had received and accepted the kind invitation she telegraphed to me yesterday afternoon, as I was most desirous of making my peace with the dearest and loveliest little wife in the world— a wife who was at that moment under her roof, and acting as her companion. I think Miss Mostyn a very sympathetic woman; very sympathetic, indeed!" Gordon finished drily.

Katharine was weeping bitterly.

"Come," he said softly. "Come, you have shed quite enough tears for today. I don't want your eyes to be spoiled entirely— they are much too beautiful. Come!" he put his hand suddenly on her shoulder. "Do you hear me, Katharine?"

The bitterness of her despair woke her proud anger.

"Leave me!" she cried wildly, darting from the chair and his touch. "Leave me! I—I can bear no more. If you come near me again, I will kill myself; I swear it!"

For one instant she reared her tall, graceful form with a superb gesture.

"I loathe you, I hate you, Gordon Smythe!" she said in fierce, concentrated accents, "and though I sacrificed myself once, I will not again. Go! Go, before I rouse the entire household, and tell them what a coward and villain you are. Go, I say, or——" Her voice broke; as quickly as it had come, her strength left her. She clutched wildly at a chair, at anything for support, her form swaying to and fro uncertainly. A low, broken groan came from her white lips as she felt herself caught in Gordon's strong, hateful arms, and clasped close to his black, murderous heart; and then the tension of the brain relaxed, the horror faded into the background; mistily and vaguely, nature gave forth her aid at last, and Katharine knew no more.

"You loathe me, you hate me, do you?" Gordon muttered, gazing down at the still, white, lovely face. "Loathe me, hate me though you may, I am your master, Katharine, and you know it at last!"

Bending his lips, he poured passionate kisses on her unconscious face, and then, putting her down on the cushioned chair, stood guard over her till she should recover, till the poor, weary, heart-broken spirit struggled back to life again— a life that was worse to her than death itself!

CHAPTER XX.

Gordon Smythe had a very distinct plan for the future sketched in his mind as he sat gazing at Katharine's mute, white face. He had been making up his mind ever since that journey to Brexley, and the discovery he made, there, that he should bring Katharine to her senses, not only for the sake of satisfying his revenge, but as a means of procuring for himself a life full of luxury and idleness.

The girl's beauty was his only capital, but Gordon knew his world. Katharine's face was a possession to conjure with. He had resolved to leave London; in point of fact, London was getting just a trifle too hot to hold him, and he had not spent so pleasant a time there since Craven Adair's disappearance that he should care to make it his perpetual home; added to which the occupation which his ambitious heart had determined on following was not one calculated to flourish in England, or under English legislation. The continent held forth much brighter prospects to him, with Katharine as his decoy; in plain words, he saw no reason why he should not turn his long experience in gambling to a most excellent account. At any rate, he meant to try, regardless of any obstacle the girl might put in his path, and heedless of his mother's failing health, from the constant worry and care he had caused her.

All this he planned and arranged during the past week or so, and it really seemed to him a stroke of the most extraordinary luck when he received a telegram from Barbara Mostyn, begging him to overlook the briefness of the invitation, and to give her the pleasure of his company at Brexley Hall without further delay.

Gordon had been a little amazed at this invitation, but in the very first moment of his meeting with Barbara he had fathomed the mystery, and had discovered that jealousy and hatred of Katharine were at the bottom of it all. Although he had told Katharine he had spoken of their marriage to Miss Mostyn, he had only deceived her; he never did anything hastily, and he wanted to see how the land lay with Barbara before he confided too much in her. He had lied to Katharine on this point, because he wished to impress upon her that there was no escaping him, and as we have seen, he succeeded even beyond his hopes.

"Now let me see how I must continue," he thought to himself, rising to pace to and fro, and making no effort to restore Katharine to consciousness. "I want no scenes with that parson chap; he might give me some trouble. I must get her more completely into my power. If I boldly state that she is my wife, that will not do. She has a tongue in her head and would speak, and though I have managed to silence her effectually, her words might have an ugly significance to others; very ugly, taking into consideration the fact that Adair has disappeared. Let me think. That Mostyn girl is as eager to do her harm as I am to get her completely under my thumb. She would help me in anything, but that fellow Otway may give me some trouble. Surely I am not going to be beaten when I have got so far as this."

His brows contracted, and he bit his lip savagely, but all of a sudden, his face cleared.

"I have it!" he muttered to himself; "of course! the very thing! What a fool I was not to think of it before! The sweet Barbara will perform her share most admirably, while Katharine"— he moved a step nearer — "Katharine will do anything in the world to save that man from trouble. She will sacrifice health, honor, even life itself for her love. I know her —I know her well!"

His eyes fastened themselves savagely on her wan, lovely face, and a mad sort of feeling surged up in his heart, as he realized that with all his brutality, his strength, his wicked power, he could never be master of the girl's soul; he could never be anything but hateful and degraded in her eyes.

He turned away with a short, uncomfortable laugh; conscience will assert itself sometimes, and briefly though it was, a wave of self-disgust passed through Gordon Smythe's breast as these thoughts came. But that feeling soon passed, and old, evil ones sprang up in its place.

"Yes," he said, over and over again to himself. "Yes, that will do; nothing could be better. I fancy Miss Mostyn will come to my aid. I must make that, however, for there is no time to lose; she is coming to herself. I must strike while the iron is hot, and then get at the gentle Barbara afterward."

Katharine's lips had parted, and a sigh had come from between them.

Gordon had thrown himself into his old attitude on a chair, and, with his arms folded, was carefully surveying her with a smile. Consciousness did not come entirely at first, but, as the faintness wore off, the dazed look vanished out of her lovely orbs.

A small stand of liquors and spirits was on the table, and Gordon, rising, poured out a little dose of brandy.

"Drink this!" he commanded abruptly. "No, don't refuse. You will require all your strength, I can tell you."

In fact her undeniable illness was alarming and provoking to him. A sick wife was not exactly what he wanted. Weakened beyond all description, Katharine found herself obeying him. She swallowed the spirit, and he left her in peace for a moment or two, then, drawing up his chair close to her side, he bent forward confidentially.

"I am glad we are beginning to understand each other so well, Kattie," he said, in that semi-affectionate, familiar tone which made her proud blood boil; "it is so much better to begin as we mean to go on, isn't it?"

Gordon smiled to himself; he understood her face thoroughly.

"Of course you have determined to be a sensible girl, and do everything as I wish, Kattie; haven't you?"

She shivered, and clung to the arm of the chair for protection, as it were.

"I will never link my life to yours! I will die first!" she muttered, hoarsely and quickly.

Gordon laughed outright.

"A most praiseworthy declaration! Die! Oh, by all means, my dear, die, if it will give you any satisfaction to do so! Tastes differ! I don't consider that death holds out such tempting prospects; but then I forgot— all martyred young females talk of dying on the smallest provocation, don't they?"

Katharine shivered again. What— what was she to do with such a nature as this to struggle against?

"Laugh away!" she said bitterly, in tones of utter misery. "I know there is not a spark of honor, of manliness, of generosity in you to which I can appeal, but"— her voice sank from weakness— "I do— do not mean to even speak with you again if I can help it; there are others who will help me when the truth is told, who will——"

"Are there?" Gordon interrupted with a sneer. "You think the world will treat you with kindness and consideration when my story has been told?"

Katharine's anguish-laden eyes met his.

"They will not believe your story," she said feebly.

"Will they not? I must beg to differ from you in that, Kattie. Perhaps you think they will believe yours. Foolish child! Why, when it came to be proved, it would melt into thin air!"

Katharine drew a deep, sharp breath.

"You— you forget!" she whispered. "There is always the— the old mine, and——" she could say no more.

"The old mine? Oh, yes, of course, that remains; but what of it? There is nothing in the mine that would support your accusation!"

Katharine repeated the last words to herself in a slow, dazed way. She looked at him undecidedly, then gave a broken cry, and buried her face in her hands suddenly.

Was he right after all, and her brain was going? The thought rushed wildly into her mind.

"Absolutely nothing!" Smythe went on suavely. "And with Craven Adair out in Australia, why, you see, my dear Kattie, your story would be nowhere beside mine; would it?"

"Oh, what crime have I ever committed that my life should be darkened and cursed by you as it is now?"

The words broke fiercely from her pale lips, and Gordon frowned.

"Come," he said roughly, "we have had enough heroics for to-day; let us arrive at a good, practical understanding. You are my wife, there is no gainsaying that. You wish our marriage to be denied and kept secret, do you not?"

A momentary gleam of light in her eyes answered him.

"Very well," he observed; "now it suits my purpose to be kind to you, Kattie, much as you may be surprised at the fact, therefore I wish to tell you that I will meet you in this desire half way. Our marriage shall be secret. No one but ourselves shall know of it. We will meet as friends and cousins while we remain under this roof together, for if either of us goes away suddenly it will be a very regrettable thing, from many points of view, and you shall be as independent and free of me as you were before I came."

He paused.

Katharine, in her surprise, agitation and excitement, was leaning forward, with parted lips.

"Yes, I am quite in earnest," he said, answering that look with a sneering smile. "Quite. Do you doubt me?"

She did not reply. She was almost too weak for words, but at length a whisper broke from her lips.

"But— but you have told Miss Mostyn!"

(To be Continued.)

Universality of Religion.

G. M. DAVIDSON, Assistant Priest, Church of the Redeemer (P. E.), New York City.

As I pased by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, "To the Unknown God." Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.—Acts xvii., 23.

Nowhere do mankind forget their origin, their nature, their destiny. Coming from God and sustained by him, the affections and thoughts of men tend to God, their actions, their needs bespeak Him.

Religion, worship are universal because there is implanted in the heart of universal humanity the thought that there is a God and that He is one, and because the life in men received must needs return to the source whence it comes.

All mankind stand upon a common ground; they have a common relation—they have a common Father. They are created to a same definite end and purpose, even such an end and purpose as are consonant with the wonderful, glorious, perfect nature of their divine Creator.

And only as mankind are brought face to face with their divine Creator and studied in connection with Him do we apprehend the nature of man aright and shall we or do we find results that are true and just and pleasing, and here true and just and pleasing to the extent that man's idea and thought and worship of God are true and just, in some degree adoquate to the nature of the divine Being whom he adores.

Interiorly, religions have much in common. It is in their exterior aspects that they are so diverse. For instance, "the moral law"—the Ten Commandments—was known to the nations of the world before it was promulgated from Mount Sinai, but here it was reiterated and made known as a divine command and in its entirety and fullness.

So, too, among all nations there has been a knowledge of the invisible God and of the unity of God. And it is a most interesting and instructive study to go back as far as we can in the history of any nation or people and become acquainted with its earliest ideas of religion, with its earliest ideas of the one Supreme Being.

While we find among all nations an idea of the invisible God, we find also an idea of God manifest, of God as a Saviour, of God as a sensible object of worship; but in time the true idea of God being lost sight of, at least with most.

A common danger here pertains to all mankind, in that they may pervert, or depart from or fall short of the true knowledge of God. Mankind are wont to form to themselves a god of their own imagining; nor can they do otherwise.

God is in Himself. He is. He is the One who is—the "I Am"—and as such "no man hath seen God at any time." But God manifests Himself, and yet our conception of Him is according to the state in which we are. God becomes and is to us what we are capable of *forming* and causing Him to be.

This knowledge of God is, indeed, dependent upon the character of the truth coming to us from without, teaching us of Him, but even these very truths take shape and find expression according to the form and state of our own mind and life, and within these limits the image and likeness of God may be to us a true one.

An understanding of the life of God in man leads to an understanding of the divine Incarnation—leads to the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus, "in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," and to a knowledge of the incarnation of divinity in finite humanity—in the whole human race.

Here is a deep and intricate study. It is in view of such a study, I am sure, the Christian Church must feel and know that it has knowledge and life to present to the world superior to all other knowledge of God that is extant in the world.

There is, there can be, but one divine Incarnation, but one divine Redeemer and Saviour.

God is one, not many. His own divine humanity is one, not many.

Religion, worship, life must find unfoldment, growth, fulfilment in God as He is revealed in Christ Jesus, the Redeemer and Saviour of the world, and then in His coming again in the body of humanity—His Church.

It is here that we stand before great and wondrous truths. Not that the Church nor any one has yet fathomed the wondrous truths that herein lie.

The Church stands confronted with confessed mysteries. Shall these mysteries be revealed? And if they be revealed shall there not ensue a presence and power and blessing of God far surpassing that which is or has been known?

And with this presence of God there shall come to pass a universal brotherhood of mankind—a universal Church—the Church catholic, wherein the Lord alone is worshipped and obeyed. Would this not bespeak a change, a wondrous change, in the life of humanity and of the world?

It is the knowledge and life of God that changes the world of mankind for good. And great and wonderful and glorious as is God, so likewise great and wonderful and glorious are the changes which He effects in the life of the individual, of society, of the Church and of the world.

Not too great things can we look for at the hands of God, for He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Amen.

Anecdotal.

A secretary of a fire insurance company tells of an old woman who called on an agent to arrange for insurance on her house and furniture. "We haven't had no insurance for five years," she explained; "we hev jes' been dependin' on the Lord; but I says to my old man, I says, thet it's terrible risky, I says."

Anna, a Southern beauty of four years, had a decided aversion to her morning bath. One evening her nurse was telling her of God's goodness and His willingness to wash away her sins, when she suddenly set up a lusty howl, exclaiming: "Oh, don't let Him wash them away! Don't let Him wash them! Tell Him to pick them off!"

When Henry Irving was rehearsing for his production of "Faust," he experienced much difficulty in restraining the exuberance of the supers, who persisted in being light-hearted, even in Hades. Sir Henry is proverbially long-suffering about such matters, but his patience finally gave out, and he thundered: "Kindly remember that you are supposed to be in hell, not picnicking at Hampstead heath."

Senators Blackburn and Lindsay of Kentucky were once traveling together through the Alleghany Mountains. Blackburn went into the smoking-room and returned in a few minutes looking so much depressed that Lindsay asked: "What's the matter, Joe?" "Why, I've said Blackburn, in heartbroken tones, lost the better part of my baggage." "Was it stolen or did you leave it behind?" "Worse than either—the cork came out."

Charles Dudley Warner, who was editor of the Hartford "Press" in the sixties, was one day confronted by a compositor, who said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." The editor was pleased, and replied that he was glad to see the man felt the call of duty and was hastening to serve his country in its troublous time. "Oh, it ain't that," remarked the printer, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your d——d copy."

A North Missouri editor received a note the other day telling him that one of his subscribers was dead, and asking that his paper be discontinued. A few days later the editor met the "deceased" subscriber on the street, and told him about the note. "I wrote that note myself," returned the subscriber. "What for?" asked the editor. "Well, I wanted to stop yer paper," said the subscriber, candidly, "an' knowin' how bad you need the money I didn't have the heart to come right out an' do it. So I jes' wrote you the note about bein' dead."

Fisherman's Luck.

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

Overfeeding Horses.

The following good advice from the pen of Dr. A. S. Alexander is well worth attention by every owner of a work horse. He says:—

It is perfectly safe to assert that thousands of work horses are injured by kindness. The owner thinks that because his team is hard worked it ought to be heavily fed, but he forgets that it is not what a horse eats, but what he digests that counts. This is especially the case in summer, when there is much field work to be done and little time in which to do it.

The horse hurries home, hot and weary, is given all he can "hog," and goes out to the water trough, where he fills up on water and goes on to work again. First of all, his stomach was not in a fit condition for food reception. The fatigued, hot, sweaty horse cannot digest food. He needs a rest first and then a drink of water, which passes through his stomach and stays in the large intestines. If he first eats oats or corn and then drinks water, the food is largely washed out by the water and passes to the small and large intestines where such food is not digested, but decomposes, giving off gas and thus sets up more or less disturbance and distress.

Under these circumstances a horse is not properly fed just because he has been furnished with six quarts of oats or from eight to thirteen ears of corn and all the new hay he can gobble in the short interim of the noon hour.

He has been fed, to be sure, but he has derived little benefit from his food. All of the benefit comes from the portion of the food digested, and that is very small when there is insufficient time first to masticate properly and then digest normally.

In the busy season the work horse should have small amounts of concentrated, nutritious food, just such an amount as he can masticate and digest. Corn ads fuel to the heat of his body and does not supply the strength and vigor he most requires. That comes from oats, and time is needed for its mastication.

Hay is unnecessary and actually injurious when fed at noon. It is not digested while the horse is at work. It does not remain in the stomach, but, like water, passes through into the large intestines, where it lies inert or decomposing until a period of rest promotes the normal process of digestion.

On general principles it will pay to cut in half the ration now being fed to work horses, provided they are given little time to masticate and digest their food. This will be found remedial where horses are evidently doing poorly, sweating too much, panting when at work, or having a tendency to diarrhoea. They will do better on less food for the reason that they digest a greater proportion of its nutrients.

Altering Grade Marks on Fruit Packages.

The fruit division, Ottawa, says in reference to this matter:—Shippers who still use the old system of marking fruit "XXX," "XX" and "X" instead of "No. 1," No. 2," and "No. 3" (which mean the same thing), should always enclose the two lower grade marks, "XX" and "X" in a circle, oval or diamond, in order that dealers who handle the packages may not have an opportunity of injuring their reputation by adding an "X" to "raise the grade." This practice, though not common, has come under the notice of the trade, and is liable to cause trouble to the original packer whose name is on the package.

Canadian Butter for Japan.

The dairy division, Ottawa, reports that as a direct result of the Canadian exhibit at the Osaka Exposition three new customers have recently been secured in Japan for the butter made at the Government creameries in the west. In this connection it is encouraging to find that the amount of butter exported to Japan by the dairy division is more than three times as great this year as during the corresponding period last year.

Pigs for the British Market.

Sanders Spencer's article on "Rearing and Fattening Pigs," in The Journal of the Board of Agriculture, says, speaking of American supplies, that "the very serious shortage of maize of the 1901 harvest has been tided over with comparative ease by the use of wheat, and so successful has the mixture of maize and wheat proved for pig feeding, that probably many American hog-raisers will continue the plan of mixing the food for their pigs, since the quality of the meat is improved, and the losses from broken legs in transit on the cars to the large centres, such as Chicago, are considerably less. Indeed it is now frankly admitted by pig feeders in America that the low price of wheat and the scarcity of maize have proved to them a great blessing in disguise. One other step they will have to take ere their pork and bacon take a high place on the English market—they will have to alter the form and quality of their pigs. Fashion and the desire to produce a very fat pig, or, in other words, a prize-winning and lard pig, have together simply ruined the majority of the pigs on the American continent for producing a side of high-class bacon such as would realize the highest price on the English markets. The change is sure to come, and one of the levers will be the demand on the part of American consumers for such bacon as they can eat, since the well-to-do and middle classes have become as fond of mild-cured bacon and hams as have the same and even lower classes in this country. The hog-raisers on the other side will very readily alter their system as soon as it becomes evident that there is profit in it. Of course a few of the moneyed men and fanciers may still persist in breeding and exhibiting the lard hog, and there may still be found judges who are interested in, and who will continue to award the prizes to, the obese animals, whose only excuse for their existence is that they can win prizes and honors for their millionaire owners. But most probably we are about to see a great change in the type and character of the fat hog generally produced in the States."

Humor of the Hour.

Ernie—I hear Maud is down at the beach fishing for a rich husband.

Ida—Yes, and she said she could have caught a nobleman, but he was called home suddenly.

Ernie—That's just like fishing—the big one always gets away.—Philadelphia Record.

Dr. Rainsford had a habit at one time of conditioning his actions with the phrase "Deo volente," or "God willing," or something of the sort. An old woman, the head of an aristocratic family, invited him to dine.

"I shall be delighted to accept," he said, "if I am spared."

Perhaps the woman thought she sniffed cant in the terminal phrase, for she said quickly, "Oh, if you're dead, I promise not to expect you."—Christian Register.

Mrs. Greene—Now, tell me truly, do you believe it is any benefit to punish children?

Mrs. Berch—Certainly. You can't imagine how much better I feel after I've given Tom and Mabel a good trouncing.—San Francisco Wasp.

When Hetty Green was brought to court on complaint of not having a license for her dog Dewey, she said:

"I've got a New York license for the dog. Ain't that enough?"

"No, you must have a Jersey license."

"Must I? Well, it's mighty extravagant; but a dog's worth mor'n a lawyer, anyhow; barks louder for you, and don't cost near so much."—New York Times.

"What do you think of old Uncle Peter devising all his money for the erection of a mausoleum over his remains?" said the first needy relative.

"Awful!" replied the second. "It's just a wilful waste."

"Huh! I call it a wasteful will."—Philadelphia Press.

Explained—"Our air mattresses," said the dealer, "are all filled in the months of April, May and June. That accounts for their remarkably resilient qualities."

"Is the air of those months better than others?"

"They are the spring months, you know."—Life.

Moneybags—How did your banquet go off, Banklurk?

Banklurk—Not as well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an arm and a leg to answer to the toast "Our Absent Members."—The New Yorker.

The man who was so cautious about spending his money that he was always looking for the best of it—very much the best of it—called the waiter to him.

"Waiter," he said, "there's a fly in that beer."

"Ill get another glass of it, sir," was the prompt reply.

"All right," returned the petty financier, "but just wait until I drink this."—Chicago Evening Post.

The Friend—And so you don't trust your lawyer?

The Farmer—No, sir. He and the lawyer on the other side are too awfully polite. Don't call each other no names at all.—Kansas City Independent.

"You mustn't kiss me—papa might hear you."

"Is—is he near enough to hear us?"

"Yes, but he's very, very deaf."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Enpeck—Oh, you needn't talk. You're not quite perfection yourself I would have you know.

Enpeck—No, my dear, but when you are around I'm mighty near perfection.

Mrs. Enpeck—Oh, Henry!—Baltimore American.

She (at the ball game)—What are they applauding that man for? He (clapping vigorously)—A great catch. She—Is he? The idea! How rich is he supposed to be?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Willie—Pa, you don't get chestnuts until after there's a frost, do you?

Pa—Except in the case of a farce comedy, my son. Then the chestnuts come first, and the frost afterward.—Philadelphia Press.

"Agatha," said her mother, "I don't like to hear a daughter of mine tell even a conventional lie. You know you can't bear Aunt Becky, and yet when she came the other day you said, 'Auntie, how glad I am to see you!'"

"That wasn't a lie, mamma," answered Agatha. "That was an exclamation."—Chicago Tribune.

"I heard to-day that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician."

"Not at all."

"I don't like to contradict, but I'm positive you did say so."

"You misunderstood me. I said he followed the medical profession."—Philadelphia Press.

A big, gawky-looking fellow came into the smoking compartment of one of the Pullman cars on the Knickerbocker just as the train was pulling out, and, taking a cigar from his pocket, began to scratch the company's matches (that will light only on the box) on the sole of his shoe. He tried a half dozen without succeeding in lighting one, but the incident created a laugh.

"You can't light those matches on anything but the box," ventured one of the men in the compartment.

"I always have done it," answered the big fellow, and he tried it again on the sole of his shoe.

"I'll bet you the dinner for the crowd in the cafe car," said the first speaker, "that you can't light one of those matches on the sole of your shoe."

"I'll take the bet," was the hurried answer.

Then he coolly rubbed some of the "stuff" from the box on the sole of one of his shoes, and lighted a match, and everybody got ready for the "first call for the dining car."—Indianapolis News.

A Groom's Voluntary.

Sir Frederick Bridge, the English musician, is a good story teller, according to T.A.T., and has a fund of amusing personal experiences to draw upon. One of the great musician's best stories is about a provincial church organist, who was once a pupil of his. This young man was appointed to an important church in the Midlands. In course of time he married. During his absence his voluntaries were much missed by the congregation. They had always been appreciated, and their renewal was looked forward to. "Imagine," says Sir Frederick Bridge, "the intense amusement of the people when the newly-married organist gave as his first voluntary, upon his return, Handel's 'Waft Her, Angels, to the Skies.'"

To Build Cruisers.

As a result of the recent naval manoeuvres the British authorities are considering the advisability of building some "dogging" cruisers, to pursue battleship fleets of the enemy and pounce on those which are forced to fall behind. The Bacchante and the Absukir "dogged" Lord Charles Beresford's fleet the whole way almost to the Azores. The Bugeilla Majestic had something the matter with her engines. She was frequently compelled to slow down. Then the big, heavily armed cruisers of the pursuing fleet would swoop down on her. It was necessary to slow down the entire squadron several times for her protection.

"Another point of much interest is that of speed in battleships," writes a British naval authority. "Those who have been engaged in the manoeuvres would have done much better with a few knots more in hand. There are experienced flag officers who say that high speed in battleships is not essential. Yet if gun powder and protection go before it, speed is, in nine cases out of ten, the only thing that can enable a strong fleet to bring a weak one to action. It is the factor that enforces victory and will enable the British fleet to carry on its old policy of seeking out the enemy to destroy him wherever he may be found."

The Wrong Man.

They had been married only a few months, and the wife stood by the side of her husband looking into one of the department store windows. A handsome tailor-made dress took her fancy, and she left her husband to examine it more closely. Then she went back to him, still talking.

"You never look at anything I want to look at any more," she complained. "You don't care how I dress. You don't care for me any more. Why, you haven't kissed me for two weeks."

"Indeed, I am sorry, but it is not my fault," said the man.

Turning, the lady looked at him and gasped. She had taken the arm of the wrong man.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Baloon Trip.

There is nothing exciting about a balloon voyage. You take your place in a shallow wicker basket; decide to take a picture of the crowd as you leave the earth; hear the order "let go," and before you can press the button the crowd has evaporated—sunk out of sight—and the rest is a moving picture show, with no sense of motion, the air delightfully cool and absolute silence. Presently a voice, apparently from another balloon a long way off, asks how you like the journey. You have exactly the same trouble with your hearing you had while in the caisson, but from an opposite cause—there pressure, here rarefaction. In this case, too, the act of swallowing brings relief. A balloon trip is for all the world like sitting in a dentist's chair and taking a whiff of gas, followed by a pleasant dream. But, of course, instead of taking gas, gas is taking you. Photography under these conditions is a very simple matter—pointing the lens over the edge of the basket, waiting until the desired object comes into view, and the snapshot is taken.—W. N. Jennings, in Booklovers' Magazine.

A Quiet Village.

It seems hardly credible, says The London Telegraph, that not more than thirty minutes from all the noise and bustle of Paris there lies a village that is so quiet, so peaceful and so old-fashioned that one would imagine one's self at least one hundred miles away from the gay capital. Here at this village, La Frette by name, and about fifteen minutes' walk from Cormeilles, preparations for midday and evening repasts have to be made very early in the morning, for no such thing as a good shop is anywhere near, and the walk to Cormeilles is one which one considers twice before taking, for it is up steep and rough roads. So daily butcher, baker and greengrocer pass this quaint little place, and the villagers gather round the various tradesmen and make their purchases for the day. They also buy their clothes in this way, and may often be seen trying on bonnets, dresses and boots in the middle of the street. From a scenic point of view, all artists have agreed that there is no place to equal La Frette between Paris and Havre. To the left of the village is the park of Maisons Laffitte, and facing the park is Sartrouville, while opposite lies the forest of St. Germain, in all its green splendor. To the right is Herblay, quite an important place, whose church is visible for miles along the Seine. La Frette itself has the quaintest villagers possible. Many of them speak worse French than those of the Midi, and it is an event indeed when one takes a journey up to the capital. They are thriftiest of the thrifty. Only a short time ago one of the peasants gave his daughter no less a sum than 250,000 francs on her wedding day, and another is to receive the same amount on her approaching marriage. And yet this man, who must be worth 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 francs at least, lives in a patched-up old house and digs in the fields from early morning till late at night.

Be Regular in Milking.

The cow is a creature of habit, and therefore the time and manner of milking should vary as little as possible from day to day. The yield of milk will sometimes vary by reason of matters of such small moment that we fail to reckon them. *From our results* a change in milkers showed a small average loss in yield. Some cows were not affected at all, while others gave a slightly reduced yield. This will depend, however, upon the ability of the milker. Carlyle found no appreciable difference in the frequent changing of milkers. Tracy found by a good milker following a careless one an increase with five cows of 244 pounds of milk in two weeks.

Cows fed at milking time are apt to hold their milk when the customary feed is withheld. This may occur even when the animals have access to abundant pasture. This is so noticeable with some of the station cows that it is advisable to give them a little grain through the summer season to induce them to give down their milk. Emery notes that a cow that gave over seven pounds of milk gave only two pounds when her customary feed was withheld at milking time.

Allowing cows to miss a milking has a tendency to dry them up, and is liable to cause an injury to the udder, some cows being affected much more than others in this respect.—(Bulletin No. 106, Kentucky Agricultural College.)

DEMONS OF INDIGESTION.

Dyspepsia and Other Stomach Disorders

The Cause of Endless Misery.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets—nature's wonderful remedy—speedily relieve and permanently cure Wind on the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Belching up of Foul Gases, Nausea, Vomiting, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Relieve at once—cure positively. Geo. Sunderland, a prominent business man of Welland, Ont., says: "After suffering for over three years with a most distressing case of Dyspepsia, and trying innumerable remedies without obtaining any relief, my druggist persuaded me to try a box of **Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.** I was soon entirely restored to health. I am certain they will cure the disease, in any stage whatever."

Torturing Aches and Pains.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid poison in the blood, and until it is eliminated and the blood purified, the body will continue to be racked by aches and pains. **The South American Rheumatic Cure** neutralizes the acid. Cures Rheumatism in one to three days to stay cured. No. 32

The Straw Hat Business.

The traveling salesman for the wholesale hat houses start out with straw hats for the next season before the last of the straw hats worn hereabouts have been put aside; the first to go start about the 1st of September. The straw hat season in the South opens on March 1; at some extreme points earlier. Wholesale deliveries in the South begin in January, and they are mostly completed by the middle of February. The active season in straw hat manufacturing runs from September to about the middle of April.—New York Sun.

DON'T HAWK AND SPIT.

Do Your Friends Avoid You by Reason of These

Symptoms of Catarrh?

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder quickly dispels every loathsome symptom of Catarrh and effects a permanent cure. It stands alone as a remedy for Catarrh, both chronic and acute; Hay Fever, Headache, Sore Throat, Influenza, Deafness, Tonsilitis and all other diseases of the nose and throat. Cures the severest cases and cures them speedily. Rev. J. Louer Grimm, a well-known clergyman of Springer, York Co., Pa., writes: "Both myself and family have used **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder** for the past two years, and I can conscientiously recommend it to any one who suffers from Catarrh or other nose or throat diseases. I would consider it wrong not to recommend it every chance I get."

Liver Working Properly?

If not, it's proof that your entire system is disorganized. **Agnew's Liver Pills**—entirely vegetable—regulate the Liver, purify the whole body, restoring it to perfect health. 40 doses 10c. No. 33

Enjoying Himself.

William's table manners were notoriously bad—so bad that he was facetiously accused of spoiling the manners of a pet coon chained in the back yard. He gripped his fork as though afraid it was going to get away from him, and he used it like a hay-fork. Reproaches and entreaties were in vain. His big sister's pleading, "Please, William, don't eat like a pig," made no impression upon him.

One day William and his bosom friend, a small neighbor, dined alone, and William was heard to say in a tone of great satisfaction as he planted both elbows on the table, "Say, Harry, they's nobody here but us. Let's eat like hogs and enjoy ourselves."—Caroline Lockhart in "Lippincott's."

NO NEED TO SUFFER.

Torture of Rheumatism Relieved in Six Hours Cured

In One to Three Days.

The acid poison that invades the joints in Rheumatism can be reached only through the blood. **South American Rheumatic Cure** neutralizes the acids, dissolves and washes out all foreign substances, and sends a current of rich, red blood to the affected parts, bestowing instant relief from the torturing pains. Read what C. M. Mayheer, of Thomasville, Ont., has to say: "My joints were so badly swollen with Rheumatism that I could hardly walk, or even feed myself. I have tried various other remedies, but they did me no good, and I almost despaired of getting cured. A friend advised me to try **The South American Rheumatic Cure,** and after using only three bottles I was entirely cured, and have never had a return of the agonizing symptoms."

Pain in Your Kidneys?

South American Kidney Cure purges the kidneys of every impurity, and restores them to health—speedily and perfectly. No. 31

The Key of the Empire.

The Saturday Review, London, recently had an article under the caption of "Canada, the Key to the Empire," of which Public Opinion published the following condensation:—"Canada presents all the difficulties of the Imperial problem, and all the aids to the solution, in an acute form. It is the only self-governing colony in which the interest of a foreign country has reached, under our happy-go-lucky system, enormous dimensions. . . . The growth of Canada in recent years is not due so much to British as to United States enterprise, and it must be obvious to all who study the problem that if we fail now (to consolidate the empire), nothing can stop the separation of Canada from the United Kingdom and its ultimate absorption by the United States. If Canada goes, other colonies must follow, and the disintegration of the British Empire will be the distinguishing feature of the nineteenth century history. If we succeed, we shall not only solve the Canadian problem; the consolidation of the empire presents no greater problem than that. It is not a time in which we can adopt the free trade text, 'Let us eat and drink free food, for to-morrow we die.' . . . . An Imperial policy is based upon the fact that it is the interest of the empire that it should be adopted; that the United Kingdom will secure a fresh lease of life for those economic energies which otherwise in no very distant future must decay; and that the colonies will achieve a more rapid development than is possible in isolation. English people, at any rate those who reject the free trade nostrums, should be the first to admit that the present arrangement with Canada, if made permanent, and unaccompanied with a change on our part, must be unsatisfactory from the Canadian point of view and incompatible with local aspirations. If we reciprocate by stimulating the wheat production of Canada, their manufacturers will find ample scope for all their energies in the increased economic activity which the influx of population and its demand for all kinds of commodities will insure, while at the same time there will be an ever-widening market for the more highly specialized industries of the United Kingdom. In this movement there can be no question of the surrender of their independence and freedom of action by any of the colonies. We are not going to revive the mercantile system. Nothing more is required at any stage of Imperial consolidation than an Imperial Council to aid and advise in the adjustment of the commercial relations of the empire."

Effect of Wind Upon Trains.

The American correspondent of Page's Magazine calls attention to a series of experiments which have been made by the Pacific Electric Railway Company of Los Angeles, California, on the effectiveness of wind brakes in increasing the efficiency of its long-distance inter-urban cars. The tests were made on the Long Beach division of the system, extending from Los Angeles to the ocean, where a stiff wind is encountered, and were attended with results of a most remarkable character. Among the different shaped windbreaks that were tried was one which resembled the cow-catcher of a locomotive, its base being on a level with the floor of the car, and the knife-edged backbone extending upward at an angle of 45 degrees to the top of the car, while the sides rounded off in a convex curve till they coincided with the sides of the car. Eventually the forward part of the structure will be constructed of glass, so that the motorman may sit within the shelter of this hood and control the car without being disturbed. It was found that with this shield it required but 220 h. p. to make a speed of sixty miles per hour, whereas without it 290 h. p. was necessary—a saving of about 24 per cent. in power. Also at a speed of fifty miles per hour the result in favor of the hood was 137 as against 170 h.p. Mr. R. S. Masson, the consulting engineer of the company, under whose directions the tests were made, declares that in the face of these highly satisfactory results there can be no doubt that the windbreak will soon be adopted on all long-distance cars.

New York Chief of Police.

Mr. William Devery, whose term as Chief of Police of New York was marked by an administration the evil and shame of which have not yet been eradicated, is a Mayoralty candidate in the big city. A New York Tribune reporter thus records an interview with the "Big Chief," as Devery is familiarly known:

Let Tammany and fusion worry about the Mayoralty campaign!

"No worry in mine," says the Chief Bug, "Bill" Devery. "I've got things cinched; I can't lose."

And so certain is he of this that he will not even consider his future moves, in case he doesn't win.

"There's goin' to be a revolution—a revolution by the peepul, an' the peepul are goin' to get in control. The trusts don't realize that, and the newspapers don't seem to be on to the game. An' say, pard, Tammany Hall don't seem to think that the peepul are tired f havin' their votes stole from them, but they are. I tell you, there's things goin' to be doin' this campaign. I'm goin' to win out on this Mayor-ality fight, as well as at the primaries. I was never in a losin' fight yet."

So said the Big Chief yesterday—said it, and really meant it. He had spent the afternoon in conferences with his henchmen, among them Assemblyman "Dick" Butler and "Sam" Parks and his bodyguard. As a relaxation, Devery surveyed the general political field.

"We're goin' to have a rip-sizzle of a day to-morrow," he began. "Our biggest meeting will be right here at headquarters, but we'll have another at Tenth avenue and Twenty-eighth street, and one at Eighth avenue and Twenty first street. If my encyclopaedia holds out, I expect to toddle around to each one. Tammany is spending a lot of money in this district—all it can borrow, I guess. Maybe Croker'll send over some. Will he ever come back? Sure thing! And when he does you'll see Charlie Murphy (he's no more than a wooden Indian in front of a cigar store) stood on his head, while all the leaders go back to Croker. No, I'm goin' to win out in the primaries, but I wouldn't take the job of district leader from Tammany Hall. I wouldn't be leader of the Wigwam, but when I'm elected there'll be a house-cleanin' over that way. Murphy'll go back to the gas reports, and some of the others'll never be heard of again. They say all the Sheehan leaders went over to Goodwin. Well, I'll bet I get more than Goodwin. Sheehan and I was both cheated of our rights by Tammany. Sheehan's men are Democrats, and they're goin' to stand by me. Sheehan and I never had a voice in appointin' the election inspectors. I hear that some of them are goin' to load up the boxes. They might throw 'em in the East River. Let 'em try it! I'll have a lawyer at every pollin' place, and if they try to monkey I'll land 'em in the station house. I hear there'll be floaters from Paterson and the Bowery and the eighteenth district. Well, they'd better stay east of Seventh avenue, 'cause the wind changes often over here, and we're liable to have an equinoxial.

"Take my tip, boys. I'm goin' to win. Are you with us?"

The Most Valuable Knife.

The most valuable knife in the world is to be seen in the collection of a famous firm of cutlers in Sheffield. It is large enough to fit the pocket of none but a giant and contains seventy-five blades, which close up like those of an ordinary knife. Each of the larger blades is elaborately engraved and among the subjects of these strange pictures are views of Sheffield College, the City of York, Windsor Castle, Arundel Castle and a score of other famous scenes. The hafts are of mother of pearl, carved with great skill. On one side the artist has depicted a stag hunt and on the other a boar hunt. When asked as to the value of this knife, the finder replied: "Well, we calculated it up to five, but that was before it was finished. And then we ceased to estimate what it had cost."

Drygoods Merchants

REID AND YOUNG

Drygoods Merchants

Let Us Suggest Some Gift Hints

Best Values and Assortment Here.

Ladies' Fur Boas, Ladies' Fur Collarettes, Fur Muffs, Children's Furs, Boas and Muffs, Ladies' and Children's Jackets, Ladies' Made-Up Costumes, Ladies' Jackets, Ladies' Cloaks, Silk Blouses, Silk Dressing Sacques, Silk Full Length Gowns, Ladies' Skirts, Kid Gloves, Ladies' Belts, etc.

Infants' Cloaks, Booties, etc. Children's Velvet Bonnets.

Portieres Curtains, Lace Curtains, Table Linen and Napkins, Table Covers, Piano Covers.

Men's Ties, Suits, Overcoats, Mufflers, Lined Kid Gloves, Slippers, Suspenders.

Boys' Reefers, Overcoats, Suits, Mitts and Gloves.

10—VALUABLE PRIZES GIVEN AWAY.—10

A BONA FIDE GIFT SALE

A Coupon is given with every Dollar's Worth of Goods purchased, the Drawing to take place **January 20th, 1904,** under the supervision of two of Revlstoke's most trustworthy citizens.

PRIZES		VALUE
1	Ladies' Seal Jacket	$60 00
2	Set of Dishes	20 00
3	Gentleman's Dress Suit Case	8 00
4	One Pair Best American Shoes	5 00
5	Piano Cover	5 00
6	A Boys' Reefer Overcoat	5 00
7	One Set Pillow Shams and Scarf	5 00
8	Table Linen and Napkins	5 00
9	Baby Cashmere Cloak	4 50
10	One Dozen Linen Handkerchiefs Ladies or Gent's.	4 50

You cannot fail to select in our varied stock a suitable and useful Xmas Present for your friend or relation. Every effort has been set forth to make this Gift Sale one of the most elaborate of its kind ever held in this City.

THIS DRAWING TAKES PLACE ON JANUARY 20th NEXT

Revelstoke, B. C. **REID & YOUNG,** Revelstoke, B. C.

P. S,—Letter Orders received between now and time of drawing will be entitled to Coupon and Share in the Prizes.

The Leading Store

THE STORE THAT NEVER DISAPPOINTS

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

DRESS GOODS.

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

DRESS MAKING.

"We Fear Nae Foe."

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

NEW IDEA PATTERNS.

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

W. J. GEORGE, MACKENZIE AVENUE . .

Call and See Our New Goods.

OUR CHRISTMAS DISPLAY

We have a magnificent display of the very best of goods.

We have nothing cheap, as we only keep the best.

Toys
Fancy Goods
Kodaks
Cameras
Perfume
Books
Beautifully Bound

CANADA DRUG & BOOK COMPANY

Born

YOUNG—On Wednesday, Dec. 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Young, a son.

Married

CARR-TURNROSS—At the Methodist Parsonage, on Wednesday, Dec. 16, by Rev. C. Ladner, William G. Carr to Miss Hilda C. Turnross, both of Revelstoke.

LOCALISMS

Eagles' Masquerade Ball, Opera House, New Year's Eve.

Don't forget the Christmas Carol, shop early.

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

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

Thos. Taylor, M. P. P., returned yesterday morning from Victoria.

100 lbs. cranberries in at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Mrs. A. E. Baldry is in Kamloops visiting her mother, Mrs. Unwin.

—WANTED—Employment in store or office by capable man, good lingnist.

—Chums Annual for boys at Bews' Drug Store.

Eagles Masquerade Ball, New Year's Eve, Opera House.

Peter Daufault left on Tuesday morning for Quebec on a visit to relatives.

—English Plum Puddings, home made, leave your order at the City Bakery, A E Bennison

Rev. Wm. C. Windel, of Toronto, Presbyterian, retired, one of the oldest clergymen in Canada is dead, aged 92.

—Well worth your while to read C. B. Hume & Co's ad of seasonable and useful gifts on first page of this issue.

J. Kernaghan, contractor, and his crew are at Field finishing up the work on the new C. P. R. Hotel.

—100 boxes Jap oranges in which will be sold at 65 cents per box. C. B. Hume & Co.

Mr. C. Johnson, of the Harbor Lumber Co., returned on Sunday morning from a month's visit to Minneapolis.

Eagles' Masquerade Ball, New Year's Eve, Opera House.

—A full stock of silver mounted ebony brushes at Bews' Drug Store.

Conservative rally in Selkirk Hall tomorrow evening.

—Odd pieces of fine Limoge china for sale at Bews' Drug Store.

Mr. Stevenson, of North Dakota, is in the city this past week visiting his sister Mrs. H. Laughead.

—English plum-puddings, home made. Leave your order at the City Bakery. A. E. Bennison.

Hewitt Bostock has refused the offer of the Liberal nomination for the Yale-Cariboo riding.

—If you want anything in Toys, see our stock. Canada Drug and Book Co.

Mrs. J. H. White left by No. 2 this morning on a visit to her parents at Boston.

—Fresh—A shipment of Webb's best Canadian chocolates in 1lb. and ½lb. boxes at the Canada Drug & Book Co.

—What about that piece of furniture you was going to get for Christmas. Come along don't be so slow about it: if you have not got dough enough we will help you out—John E. Wood.

Our Christmas Stock is Complete

Call early and give us a better chance to serve you.

We can suit you in **MIRRORS** either in style or price.

OUR PERFUME & ATOMIZER STOCK never was larger or better.

OUR FANCY CHOCLATE PACKAGES are the handsomest to be had, comprising the choicest from **WEBB'S, STEWART'S, and McCORMICK'S.**

OUR STOCK OF BOOKS AND CARDS is large and varied.

GIVE US A CALL.

Walter Bews, Phm. B.

Druggist and Stationer.

—Xmas Cards! Hundreds to choose from at the Canada Drug & Book Co.

The London, Ont., board of trade has passed a resolution unanimously approving Chamberlain's tariff policy.

—Handsome boxes of note paper for Xmas gifts at Bews' Drug Store.

The second annual meeting of the Provincial Mining Association will be held in Victoria on February 22nd next.

—Miss W. Lennox, teacher of pianoforte, is ready to receive pupils. For terms, call at Mrs. MacRury's: Third street. nov 19-1m

Mr. Stewart, of the Revelstoke Lumber Co's mill, leaves at the end of the week on a visit to his old home at Lucknow, Ont.

—Christmas is getting nearer, and before you buy be sure you see the stock of fancy goods in every line that the Canada Drug & Book Co. have.

Remember the meeting in the Conservative Club rooms, Selkirk Hall, tomorrow evening. Music, programme, speeches.

—English Plum Puddings, home made, leave your order at the City Bakery, A E Bennison

There will be a meeting in the Young Conservative Club room tomorrow, Friday evening. All Conservatives are requested to attend.

E. Dupont, accompanied by his son, left yesterday on No. 2 for Ottawa where he will visit his parents for a couple of months.

Alex. Moore, C. P. R. bridge carpenter, died in the Royal Inland Hospital, Kamloops, of bright's disease last week.

—Say! aren't you going to treat yourself to a couch for Christmas. No home is complete without a good couch, we have some swell ones, John E. Wood.

J. M. Ward, a well known resident of Nelson, and brother of Mr. E. E. Ward, late manager of the Molsons Bank in this city, died on Tuesday last in Nelson of pneumonia.

H. M. S. Flora was successfully taken from the rocks at Village Pont, Vancouver Island, on Friday last after being tied up for eight days. The Flora is now in dry dock at Esquimalt being repaired.

The Knights of Pythias contemplate giving a ball on the 14th February next, (Valentine's Day). It goes without saying that it will be a success as the Knights are noted for their ability to entertain.

Mr. H. Perry-Leake, of Revelstoke, is in the city, says the Vancouver World, to superintend the over-haul of the plant which was recently purchased by the Iron Mask Company to put in on their property at Kamloops.

Terrible Regan, the pugilist, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary by Judge Henderson at Vancouver last week. Regan was found guilty of holding up a young man named Slater on the streets of Vancouver and relieving him of all his cash and watch.

—Well! Lord bless us, the amount of Xmas presents we are selling is a corker. People are commencing to realize the sensible suggestion we made last week in advising them not to spend their money in worthless Xmas presents, but to buy something useful. What does any other comfort amount to if you have not a cosy home. Home, without a mother or wife is no good, but home without tasty furniture is still worse. John E. Wood.

Messrs. Ross of Fernie, and Dr. King of Cranbrook, members of the local house, passed through for their homes yesterday from Victoria.

The Salvation Army will hold their Christmas tree service on Monday, Dec. 21st. A programme will be rendered by the children. All are welcome. A collection will be taken at the door to defray expenses.

A New York special says the Evening Post of that city predicts the defeat of the Liberals in Canada at the forthcoming elections, owing to the alienation of the extreme protectionists and the discrediting of the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme.

The HERALD regrets to announce the death of Frank Berger which took place at the hospital this morning. The news of the death of this promising young man who has battled for life so long in the hospital will be received with general regret throughout the city and the bereaved mother, brothers and sisters will have their sympathy.

Sale by Auction

We have a lot of old truck which we would like to get rid of. It isn't over forty-five years old, and of course if it was any good we would keep it, but being that it is as old fashioned as Adam and will tumble to pieces as you pack it home, we prefer to sell it. If you have any sense come and buy some new furniture which is up-to-date and costs no more than the old rubbish which they are glad to git rid of. We will give straight 10 per cent off all purchases from now to the New Year.

JOHN E. WOOD,
THE PEOPLE'S FURNITURE HOUSE.

Public School Closing

The public schools close tomorrow for the Christmas season. Principal Millar and staff extend an earnest invitation to the parents of the children to be present tomorrow morning during the closing exercises.

Fatal Accident on the C. P. R.

WINNIPEG, Dec. 14.—A serious accident occurred on the Deloraine section of the C. P. R. this morning, a few minutes past 8 o'clock. Engineer Graham, of Winnipeg, was killed, and Fireman Chambers and Baggageman Nicholson, both of this city, were injured.

The accident happened about four-and-a-half miles east of Killarney. Passenger train No. 14, with Engineer Graham at the throttle, was ploughing its way through small drifts of snow that had fallen as a result of the storm, when the engine struck a drift that had been packed down hard and solid. The engine left the track, derailing with it the baggage-car, mail and smoking-car. Two passenger coaches and a tourist car in the train did not leave the tracks. None of the passengers on the train, which was not very heavily loaded, were injured.

Engineer Graham was badly cut up and was instantly killed. The injuries to Fireman Chambers are serious, and he will probably die. Nicholson was but slightly injured. The dead engineer leaves a wife and three children in this city.

Card of Thanks

I wish to heartily thank the dear spinsters (especially the more ancient ones) who so nobly responded to my appeal last week. I did a rushing week's business and hope the dear girls will redouble their efforts from now to the new year. This running in single harness don't amount to anything. The next harness I buy will be for two. Children's cribs, double beds, cradles, etc., in great variety.

JOHN E. WOOD,
THE PEOPLE'S FURNITURE HOUSE.

Elections February 15th

MONTREAL, Dec. 14.—The Star Monday says that it is learned from authoritative source that the Dominion elections will be held February 15th, and that Liberal candidates all over Canada have been notified that this will be the date.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

SANTA CLAUS

CHRISTMAS GOODS
Just Opened Up.

CANDIES
TOBACCOS
PIPES, ETC.,
at the usual price.

HORACE MANNING,
McKenzie Avenue.

WOOD FOR SALE

BIRCH —$5.00
FUR —$4.50
HEMLOCK—$4.50
CEDAR—$3.50

Apply to

A. Cowie
CITY RESTAURANT
First Street.

BALED HAY

FOR SALE—Three Hundred Tons No. 1 Prairie Hay. For particulars and prices address

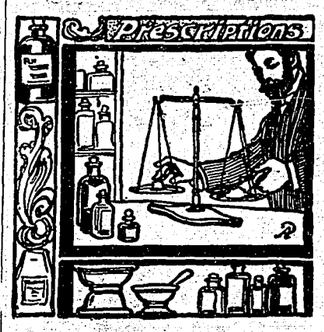
Olds Lumber and H. D. Co.

Christmas is Ahead
But we are Ahead of 'Xmas

With the most complete stock of FURNITURE ever exhibited in Revelstoke. Everything which adds to the comfort of a home and makes life worth living will be found at

R. Howson & Co.'s Furniture Store.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS TO CASH PURCHASERS.



You Have a Prescription
You want it Prepared Correctly

The most important part of our business is putting up Prescriptions. There is no store where this feature has more careful attention than here.

Bring us your next Prescription and have it prepared by a careful and capable Druggist.

Our Dispensing experience enables us to guarantee accuracy.

Fresh Pure Drugs arriving daily, also a stock of toilet articles.

J. A. BUCKHAM
THE RED CROSS DRUG STORE

We are sacrificing Prices on Toys to clear out stock. Bring the Children Along.

XMAS IS COMING

MACDONALD & MONTEITH TO THE FRONT

THIS IS WHAT WE INTEND DOING FOR OUR CUSTOMERS UNTIL JAN. 1st. 1904.

Our Price is $5 for the Lot.

Will Change any Order to Suit Customer.

4 lbs. Seeded Raisins	50c
4 lbs. Currants	50c
3 lbs. Layer Raisins	60c
2 lbs. Morris Peel	40c
1 Bottle Lemon	15c
1 Bottle Vanilla	15c
3 lbs. Cranberries	50c
3 lbs. Mixed Nuts	75c
8 lbs. Granulated Sugar	50c
10 lbs. Brown Sugar	50c
1 Box Japanese Oranges	75c
4 lbs. Mixed Biscuits	50c
Total	$5 80

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

Now we will talk about Crockery and Glassware. In this line we have a complete srock and would ask you to call and see us.

GENT'S FSRNISHINGS—Our stock of Neckwear, Suspenders, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Shirts Caps, etc. is the nicest assortment ever brought to this city. We defy competition in this town and that no Eastern hand-me-down house can compete with us in price and quality.

..MACDONALD & MONTEITH..
FIRST STREET.

Subscribe for the Herald