# THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
# RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

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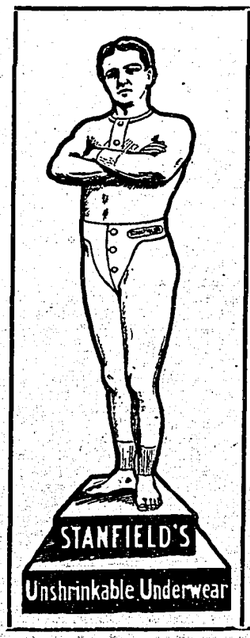
MAR 5 1904
VICTORIA, B. C.



## C. B. HUME & CO., Limited
DEPARTMENT STORE.




### MEN'S WEAR

In this department we are getting together a stock for the Spring Trade that will surpass any of our former efforts. We will be glad to have the opportunity of showing you through our different lines.

**CLOTHING**

Men's Tweed Suits, Barbers' Coats, Waiters' Coats, Lounging Coats. Separate Trousers.

**UNDERWEAR**

The famous Stanfield's Underwear (unshrinkable), Sanitary Linen Mesh.

Balbriggan Underwear in colors and Black.

Cashmere Underwear in colors and Black.

Suspenders, Umbrellas, Rain Coats, Caps, Night Shirts, Handkerchiefs, etc. The famous Trainman's Window Cap.

### Hosiery

IS ONE OF OUR SPECIALTIES THIS YEAR

New Light Weight Wools for Spring. Cashmere in plain and fancy. We have Special Wool Hose..... Three Pairs for $1.00

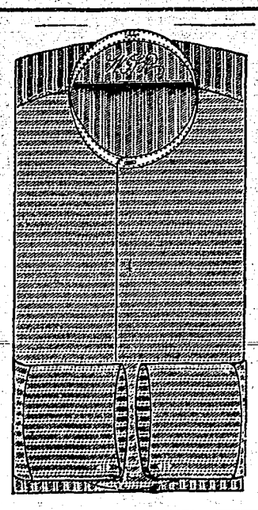
### Gloves

Very dressy lines in Silk Lined Moccas, Tan Suede, Grey Suede, and Ox Blood, the new shade.

**FANCY**

### White Shirts

Evening Dress Shirts, Negligie, Colored Cambric, and a good line of working shirts.



**COLLARS**

The New Wing Collar, the New Poke Etc., and different heights in the Folded Collar.

**TIES**

White Dress Ties, White Hook-on Bows, Fancy Midget Teck's, Four-in-Hands, etc.

### Sweaters

A large showing of Fancy Patterns and Plain Colors.

### Haberdash'ry

Bachelor Buttons, Collar Buttons, Cuff Links, Gaiters, Pocket Combs, Pipes, Belts, Toilet Brushes, Tie Clips, Arm Bands, Combs, Tie Pins, Nail Brushes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarette Holders, Pens, Handkerchiefs, Perfume, Shaving Brushes, Shaving Soap, Hair Brushes, Travelling Cases, Razor Strops, Lead Pencils, Writing Material, etc.

Agents for SLATER'S UNION MADE SHOES —We have both makes of Slater's Shoes.

## C. B. HUME & CO., Limited
**Department Store.**


## B.C. MINING ASSOCIATION

**Election of Officers.—Vancouver Decided on for Their Next Convention.—Dominion Minister of Mines Wanted.**

The Mining Association met last week in Victoria and account it as one of their most successful conventions.

A committee from the association waited on the government and asked for an outline of modifications they proposed to the two per cent. tax and the government in reply thanked the committee and said they would be glad of suggestions for an alternative to the tax mentioned.

The Convention also passed a resolution urging the Dominion Government to appoint a minister of mines from the Pacific Coast. Senator Templeman's name was mentioned in connection with the matter.

Another resolution urged the government to issue crown grants for mineral claims within fifteen days after application had been made for the same.

Another resolution asked that passenger steamers be allowed to carry explosives under proper restrictions.

Messrs. Keen and Hobson were reelected president and vice-president respectively, amid great enthusiasm, and Rowland Machin, resident vice-president, vice D. W. Higgins.

The electoral district representatives on the executive were elected as follows: Atlin, J. H. Brownlee; Cariboo, John Hopp; Cowichan, P. J. Pearson; Grand Forks, George W. Rumberger; Nelson, Leslie Hill; Rossland, E. B. Kirby; Revelstoke, W. M. Brown; Vancouver, R. P. McLennan; Victoria, E. Dewdney; Yale, A. E. Howse; Trail, D. W. Moore.

### B. C. Mining Association.

We have had an interview with Mr. Brown the representative of this district at the general convention held in Victoria, since his return from the coast. The constituency of Revelstoke at large and the local mining association are certainly greatly indebted to Mr. Brown that such an able and well versed mining man as he is, was there in the interests of this district.

Had it not happened that Mr. Brown was over in Oregon on business and returned to Victoria in time for the convention the local branch here would not have been represented. On arriving in Victoria he fully expected to meet the delegates from Revelstoke but none showed up. However when the convention was called and a resolution passed authorising the president to select a committee to investigate the credentials of the several delegates. Mr. Brown was one chosen on that committee thus making it easy for him to stand as delegate from Revelstoke. The convention adjourned and later when the Provincial Executive was being nominated Mr. Brown stated that as he was the only delegate present from Revelstoke he could make no nominations. It was, however, urgently requested by several members that he stand and he was unanimously reelected. From the Provincial Executive was chosen the Parliamentary Committee as follows: W. M. Brown, Mr. Edgar Dewdney. Clive Phillips-Wooley, D. W. Moore, A. C, Galt, Colin F. Jackson, C, H. Dickie, E. H. Croasidaile and Harry G. Leamen.

This is the most important committee of the whole as it will meet the Government to confer on the best possible method to be pursued by the government to facilitate this chief industry of the Province.

Mr. Brown has done much for the local branch here. He has attended a number of other branch conventions entirely at his own expense and when the question of the $2000 deficit came up in Kamloops, and it was decided to assess each local branch in proportion to its membership, Mr. Brown made out his own personal cheque to the amount of $40, the proportion the then membership of 100 of our local branch was called upon to pay. Not only does the Association here stand indebted to him to that amount in cash but is also responsible to him that any interest whatever, in the local branch has been kept alive.

The recent convention says Mr. Brown, was the most successful they have yet had, all leaving with a renewed resolution to go back to their several local branches and do their utmost to enliven and further the interest in mining.

Action was taken towards incorporation and a special committee in Victoria was formed to look after that point.

The question has arisen here as well as elsewhere: "What has the Mining Association done?" Well, when we consider the obstacles it has had to contend with, it has certainly done well to exist at all. Up till hardly a year ago B. C. has been without a government and even now, owing to the long hopelessly tangled affairs of the Province, the present government is just getting on its feet. Time it must take to get things in working order and already we see vast benefits from the well directed and energetic efforts put forth by the Hon. Mr. McBride and his ministry. Heretofore it has been utterly useless for capital to invest in B. C. as the province had no government and was subject to the influence of any Tom, Dick or Harry who might chance to be in power for a month or two and mining regulations particularly might make a dozen changes a year.

We are thankful that this state of things is reversed and that we now have a stable government with a good working majority, and regularity and fairness in mining laws will be one of the government's chief aims.

In conclusion we would urge upon the citizens of Revelstoke and district the great importance of this industry to our Province and to supplement the generous efforts of Mr. Brown on behalf of our local mining branch so that when the next mining association meeting is called instead of the small attendance at the last meeting there will be treble the membership of 100 of last year.

## NEW IMPERIAL MINES, LIMITED

**Arranging for Work on Their Property — Some Particulars about the High Grade Imperial Group.**

The New Imperial Mines, Limited, with head offices in this city, has just been formed for the purpose of acquiring the Imperial group of three claims owned by D. Wolseley and situated on the Illecillewaet river in the Revelstoke mining division. The capital of the company is $100,000, in shares of $50 each, which are now being offered to the public at par.

The Imperial group is located about twenty miles north of Albert Canyon station on the C. P. R. and is reached by a good wagon road that can be used all the year round extending from Albert Canyon to within a few hundred feet of the workings. The work already done on the group consists of tunnels and drifts of 160 feet in length, a shaft of 22 feet on the vein and the vein stripped on the surface for over 200 feet.

The ore from this group is especially high grade. Three smelter tests have been made and an average of from $100 to $125 per ton in all values are given. Samples assayed by W. Pellew Harvey, of Vancouver, have given returns of $842.80 per ton, and by Mr. A. H. Holdich, Camborne, as follows: Gold, $7.20; silver, 900 oz., copper, 8.22 per cent per ton.

Arrangements are now being made to carry on the work of development this coming year, and this work will be under the direction of Mr. Wolseley, who located the property, and who has disposed of it to the company, receiving as payment shares in the company, thereby showing his belief in the property to be genuine. The directors are all local people and there are no paid officials so that every dollar will be spent in development work. The company are now offering 250 shares at $50 each, 25 per cent down and balance in three, six and nine months. There is no better proposition before the investing public of British Columbia today and, in the opinion of the HERALD, purchasers of New Imperial Mines, Limited, stock have the very best possible chance to make good returns on their money.

It is estimated that about 1300 men are at present employed in the mines and smelters of the Boundary district. The monthly pay roll is upwards of $140,000. In the spring the wages will approach an average at the rate of $2,000,000 annually. All miners in the Boundary section receive $3.50 per 8 hour day underground, or 10 hours above. Shipments for the past week average 17,856 ore tonnage. The great bulk of this goes to the Granby smelter.

## DELIBERATE FALSEHOODS

**The Editor of the Mail Endeavors to Score Political Opponents by Publishing False Statements.**

In his issue of the 20th February the editor of the Kootenay Mail, in order to make a political point against the member for this riding, Mr. Taylor, and the McBride government, deliberately lied. The editor of the Mail said:

"Not only are the appropriations for this riding only about half of former years, but even Harry Wright, the weakest man in the McBride following, has been able to get 25 per cent more by way of appropriations for his constituency of Trail than Mr. Taylor the government whip has obtained for the large and important Revelstoke riding; and Minister Green has got about twice as much for the Kaslo constituency."

The real facts of the matter according to the official publication of this year's estimates are as follows:

Mr. Taylor, Revelstoke.....$15,500
Mr. Wright, Ymir.....$10,000
Mr. Green, Kaslo.....$12,500

We would suggest to the failing memory of the author of the above the quite recent sub-division of this riding into something like half what it was. The appropriations obtained by Mr. Taylor were therefore naturally less than formerly on account of the smaller district but were proportionately much greater than those allotted in former years. Where there is such a glaring proof of the falsity of such a statement as the above we are led to question the sanity of the producer. At any rate as the day of the anniversary of the famed George Washington is near at hand we would advise our worthy friend the editor of the Kootenay Mail to duly celebrate this great man and turn over about 17 new leaves.

### City School Report.

The annual school report published by the Superintendent of Education Alex. Robinson, B. A., is at hand. The report on the Revelstoke school by David Wilson, is as follows:

"Inspected December 5th and 8th, 1902, and April 22nd, 1903; 221 pupils present. On occasion of second visit tone of school had been greatly raised; careful supervision of whole school by principal; improvement in every respect in first division, which is made up of passed entrance pupils and senior classes; second division in charge of substitute. Senior classes, fair work, but teacher unable to retain attention of pupils; intermediate classes in third division; good order and careful teaching. Fourth division with intermediate and junior work in fair condition; large pupils for advancement. Fifth and sixth divisions with junior classes only, show progress; teachers endeavoring to make lessons interesting as well as instructive; supplementary reading introduced. Many of the school-rooms tastefully decorated with pictures and colored drawings on blackboards. In January, 1903, the Revelstoke school was moved into a fine brick building, erected on the old school site, which is about midway between the old and the new town. This building contains eight class-rooms, and is not only well constructed but well designed for school purposes. Each room is supplied with a large closet, or book-case, to hold apparatus and books; staff already looking forward to formation of school library and museum."

The teachers at time of inspection were:

1st Division—E. E. Miller.
2nd " —Miss A. Smith.
3rd " —Miss S. V. Robinson.
4th " —Miss M. Fraser.
5th " —Miss F. I. Dent.
6th " —Miss H. M. Grant.

The staff should feel justly proud of the above encouraging report as many of the districts were scored heavily.

Since this inspection Miss Robinson has given up her position, Miss Atkinson taking her place.

There is also now an additional division with Miss Hobbs as teacher.

### Steamship Queen Partially Burned.

The steamer Queen, running from Victoria to Frisco, caught fire at 4:30 on Saturday morning last. The fire started in the stern of the vessel but Capt. Cousins kept the ship's head to the wind and thus prevented the spreading of the flames. Several boat loads of women and children left the ship and one capsized the others going to the rescue. Later the fire was got under control and the boats came back to the steamer. From the purser's report about 14 lives were lost.

The S. S. Queen was the finest boat on the Pacific coast. Other boats on the same run are the "City of Pueblo" and the "Umatilla."


## 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.


### Curling.

Last night Kincaid and Upper met in the final for the Equitable Cup, the former winning out by 18 to 7.

The final in the Green Curlers competition was fought out at the rink on Tuesday night the contestants being C. M. Field and Bert Howe, the former winning out by a score of 13 to 5. The prize in this competition is a pair of curling stones presented by Mr. C. B. Hume, president of the club.

The individual prizes which accompany the Burns bonspiel trophy arrived this week. They consist of four handsome silver soup tureens and were won by C. B. Hume, C. R. McDonald, J. A. Dallas, D. M. Rae, skip. The second prize, also presented by P. Burns, Esq., consisting of four military brush setts, was won by one of the Sandon rinks.

## PROGRESSIVE CAMBORNE

**Fish River Gold Camp in a Flourishing Condition—Road Building—Daily Mail Service Wanted—Dredging.**

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

CAMBORNE, B. C., Feb. 26.—During the past week business has been brisk, consequent upon the Great Northern Mines, Limited, and the Calumet & B. C. Gold Mines, Limited, disbursing some $8,000 in checks. The financial clouds that for a time were hovering over the camp are clearing away and the citizens generally are at last awaking to the fact that Fish River camp is going to take its place in the front rank of the gold producing camps of the Province.

Besides the two pay-rolls mentioned Camborne receives much financial benefit from the different lumbering outfits employed along the Fish river.

It is announced that the Harbor Lumber Company will erect a new modern mill at this point to replace the one recently destroyed. It will be located on Fish river and will add a considerable pay-roll.

Your correspondent learns that the $2,000 conditionally appropriated by the government toward the construction of the Fish river road beyond Camborne to the mouth of Boyd creek will be turned over to the Harbor Lumber Company who have undertaken to build the road. It is to be constructed on the west side of the river and a bridge will be built in the vicinity of Boyd creek.

An agitation has been started for the purpose of circulating petitions here, Ferguson, Beaton and Trout Lake City urging the government to establish a daily mail service in the Upper Lardeau. At present there is a three-times-a-week service and to say the least, considering the importance of the various towns, the mining and lumbering industry, it is inadequate.

A petition is in circulation between here and Beaton addressed to Hon. W. A. Galliher, M. P., requesting him to use his influence with the Dominion Government for the purpose of having the river approach to Beaton made navigable. At the present time it is necessary to go nearly three-quarters of a mile beyond Beaton to high water landing. It is figured with the aid of the government dredge that the cost of doing this work would be but a trifle and would effect a great saving financially to shippers and the public generally. Already over 100 voters have signed, including the numerous crews of loggers employed between the two places. This is something that has been urged time and again, and Mr. Galliher though promising to use his influence, at the time of his election, failed to keep his pledge. The dredge has been laid up at different times, with the crew idle, and pay going on, when it could have been profitably employed at Beaton.

### To-Day's Despatches

TOKIO, March 2.—A telegram received here to-day in official quarters states that the trans-Siberian railway between Harbin and Nikolisk has been destroyed for a distance of a mile and a quarter. This cuts off communication with Vladivostock.

TOKIO, March 3.—The main Russian force is concentrated at Liso Yang. It is believed the Russians will make the Yalu river their main line of defence.

TOKIO, March 2.—The Cabinet met to-day and discussed war taxation measures. It is planned to increase by seventy million yen the amount to be raised by taxation.

### Hockey

While our ladies team did not bring back victory yet they established a reputation of the best for playing a clean lady-like game. There was some dissention as to the advisibility of the ladies going down to Rossland to play but from the most dignified way in which they conducted themselves there can be no question as to anything in the least out of the way. Rossland people one and all complimented the Revelstoke girls on their pleasing womanly behaviour. On Saturday evening the teams lined up as follows;

| ROSSLAND | | REVELSTOKE |
|---|---|---|
| Mary Milne | Goal | N. Dunne |
| E. Blackman | Point | E. Pettipiece |
| M. Govinan | Cover Point | V. Coleman |
| F. Honey | Centre | B. Sawyer |
| E. Demuth | Right Wing | A. Buck |
| Edna Honey | Rover | M. Buck |
| K. Hamilton | Left Wing | M. Corley |

The teams played 30 minutes each way and the score totalled 6 to 1 in favor of Rossland, Miss Sawyer scoring the one goal for Revelstoke.

Perhaps the main fault in the play of Revelstoke was that their whole attention seemed turned to the defense and they bunched themselves around their own goal, not going out to check the rushes of the Rossland forwards, thus allowing them to shoot at close range.

But under the instruction of their coach, Mr. Bews, this little defect was remedied in the Monday night game, when with the exception of one or two changes on the Rossland 7, the line up was the same as Saturday.

The girls showed in this last game what a little practise had done for them and Rossland was certainly up against the real thing.

The score resulted in a tie the order of the goals being the following;

1 Rossland, 2 Revelstoke, 3 Revelstoke, 4 Rossland, 5 Rossland, 6 Revelstoke, 7 Rossland, 8 Revelstoke.

The ladies speak very highly of the courteous reception they received in Rossland and also of the delightful way in which they were chaperoned by Mrs. Bews.

Tomorrow night a match will be played for the city championship—C. P. R. versus City. The teams will be picked from the following:

C. P. R.—Wood, Barber, Allen, McCann, Calder, Chambers, Bowden, and O. G. McDonald.

City—Wickens, Swan, Watt, Allum, W. Bews, H. Bews, Edwards, H. Sawyer, and Armstrong.

It will be seen that neither team has the advantage and as both have been desirous of proving their superiority for some time an exciting game may be lookhd for. Game will be called at 8 o'clock sharp. Admission 25 cents, to all, which will include one hour's skating.

### War Notes.

It is said that Japan has instructed her consul to quietly accept the offers of Canadian nurses for services in war made a few weeks ago. Consul Nosse rejected the offers but now it is said he has received instructions from Tokio to reverse his decision. Applications go direct to Nosse as a private transaction. The Dominion authorities are not supposed to know anything about it. One Ottawa lady is among the applicants.

Hockey Match Friday night, admission 25 cents.

# A Point of Honor.

By Norman Duncan.

DAVID GREY was an old man when first I knew him, a bent old fellow with a staff in his hand, who was long "past his labor," as they say elsewhere, and had settled down to pass the last of life where he had spent the strength of it. That was long ago; it was when I was a schoolboy, and spent my long summer vacations in the Red River district.

Boy and man, David had been in the service of the Hudson Bay Company as hunter, clerk, trader, explorer, factor; and there, in the changed wilderness, while the moon was up and silence was all about, he told us many a tale of trade and fight and narrow escape. It was on such a night that we learned how Donald McLeod, the factor, strong, courageous, defiant, had scorned a compromise with his honor, although his arms were pinioned behind him and a dozen tomahawks were flourished about his head.

"I said I wouldn't, and I won't," I had said to my friend, Jimmy Evans, as we passed up the walk to David's cottage that night.

"You're not always so particular," said Jimmy, tartly.

It was pure perversity on my part—the seizing of an excuse to escape a canoe trip to Hunter's Island.

"Well," I repeated, obstinately, "I said I wouldn't, and I won't."

"What's that you're saying?" old David called from the porch.

"Billy's obstinate," said Jimmy, with a laugh, as we sat down with David. "He said he wouldn't, and he won't—go to Hunter's Island to-morrow."

"You call Donald McLeod to my mind again," said David. "That was what he said. 'I said I wouldn't, and I won't.' But it was different," with a glance at me out of the corner of his eye. "Something important—something important to McLeod, to me, to the women and children, to the poor fellow to whom McLeod had passed his word—something of vast importance hung upon it then."

"Tell us about it," I asked.

"It was long ago," said David, "not later than 1820, I'm sure, for I was little more than a boy then. McLeod was the factor at Fort Refuge, a remote post situated three hundred miles or more to the north-east of this, but now abandoned. And a successful, fair-dealing trader he was, albeit so stern and taciturn as to keep both his helpers and his half-civilized customers in awe of him. It was deep in the wilderness—not the wilderness as you boys know it, where a man might wander night and day without fear of wild beast or savage, but a vast, unexplored place, with dangers lurking everywhere.

"'Grey,' he said to me when I reported for duty, fresh from headquarters, 'if you do your duty by me, I'll do mine by you.'

"'I'll try to,' said I.

"'When you know me better,' said McLeod, with quiet emphasis, 'you'll know that I stand by my word.'

"We dealt, of course, with the Indians, who, spring and fall, brought their furs to the fort, and never failed to remain until they had wasted their earnings in the fashion that best pleased their fancy.

"Even then the Indians were degenerate, given over to idleness and debauchery; but they were not so far sunk in these habits as are the dull, lazy fellows who sell you the baskets and beaded moccasins that the squaws make to-day. They were superstitious, malicious, revengeful, and they were almost in a condition of savagery, for the only law they knew was the law our guns enforced. Some authority was vested in the factor, and he was not slow to exert it when a flagrant offence was committed near by.

"There's no band of Indians in these parts,' I was told, 'that can scare McLeod. He'll see justice done for and against them as between man and man.'

"Fort Refuge was set in a wide clearing. It was built of logs and surrounded by a high, stout stockade. Admittance to the yard was by a great gate, which was closed promptly at sundown, and always strongly barred. We had no garrison regularly stationed there to defend us. In all, it may be, we could muster nine men—McLeod, two clerks, and a number of stout fellows who helped handle the stores. Moreover, were our gate to be closed and our fort surrounded by a hostile force, we should be utterly cut off from communication with those quarters whence relief might come. We had the company's wares to guard, and we knew that once we were overcome, whatever the object of the attack, the wares and our lives would be lost together.

"'But we can stand a long siege,' I used to think; and indeed there was good ground for comfort in that.

"Our stockade was impregnable to an attack by force, no doubt; but as it soon appeared, it was no more than a paper ribbon before the wily strategy of the Indians. One night, when I had shut the gates and dropped the bars, I heard a long-drawn cry—a scream, in which it was not hard to detect the quality of terror and great stress. It came, as I thought, from the edge of the forest. When it was repeated, near at hand, my heart went to my mouth, for I knew that a band of Indians was encamped beyond, and had been carousing for a week past. Then came a knocking at the gate—a desperate pounding and kicking.

"'Let me in! Open! Open!' I heard a man cry.

"I had my hands on the bar to lift it and throw open the gate when McLeod came out of his house.

"'Stop!' he shouted.

"I withdrew from the gate. He approached, waved me back, and put his own hand on the bar.

"'Who's there?' he asked.

"'Let me in, McLeod. It's Landley. Quick! Open the gate, or I'll be killed!'

"McLeod's hesitation vanished. He opened the gate. A man stumbled in. Then the gate was shut with a bang.

"'What's this about, Landley?' McLeod said, sternly. 'What trouble have you got yourself into now?'

"I knew Landley for a white man who had abandoned himself to a shiftless, vicious life with the Indians. He had sunk lower, even, than they. He was an evil, worthless, ragged fellow, despised within the fort and respected nowhere. But while he stood there, gasping and terror-stricken, I pitied him; and it may be McLeod himself was stirred by the mere kinship of color.

"'Speak up, man!' he commanded. 'What have you done?'

"'I've done no wrong,' Landley whimpered. 'Buffalo Horn's young son died, and they put the blame on me. They say I've cast the evil eye on him. They say I killed him with a spell. You know me, McLeod. You know I haven't got the evil eye. Don't turn me out, man. They're coming to kill me. Don't give me up. You know I'm not blood-guilty. You know me. You know I haven't got the evil eye.'

"'Tush, man!' said McLeod. 'Is that all the trouble?'

"'That's all!' Landley cried. 'I've done no harm. Don't give me up to them.'

"'I won't,' McLeod said, positively. 'You're safe here until they prove you blood-guilty. I'll not give you up.'

"With that, McLeod turned on his heel and went to the shop. When he had ordered a watch to be kept on the clearing on all sides, we devoted ourselves to the matter in hand—the preparation of the regular quarterly statement for the officials at headquarters. But as we labored, hatchets, knives and the cruel evil faces of the savages, by whom, as I chose to think, we were threatened, mixed themselves with the figures, to my bewilderment.

"Soon the dusk came, and while I trimmed and lighted the candles in the shadowy outer room there seemed to be shapes in the corners which I had never seen there in quieter times. McLeod, however, was unperturbed. He had forgotten all about the numerous band which he stood ready to defy.

"'Do you think there is danger?' said I.

"'Danger?' said he. 'From what?'

"'Buffalo Horn's band,' said I.

"'Nonsense!' said he. 'What is that last total? There seems to be a shilling and sixpence missing here.'

"At that moment one of the helpers came in. He was visibly excited—like a man who bears tidings.

"'Red Feather is at the gate,' he said.

"'Is he alone?' said McLeod.

"'Yes, sir. We made sure of that.'

"'Fetch him here,' said the factor calmly. 'Take Tom and Tobias to the gate, and don't let Red Feather hold it open.'

"Red Feather was soon brought in. He was the chief of the band, an old, cruel Indian, chief in name, but inferior in authority to Buffalo Horn, who was chief in fact. McLeod continued his work.

"'Let us talk,' said Red Feather, at last.

"He spoke in his own tongue, which I shall interpret freely for you. McLeod put his pen aside and faced about.

"'What have we to talk about?' he asked. 'The trading is done. You have your supplies. There is no business between us.'

"'We have the white man to talk about,' said Red Feather. 'He has killed a child of our tribe, and you have given him refuge here. He has killed the son of Buffalo Horn with the evil eye. He must be put to death.'

"'I know this man,' said McLeod. 'He has not the evil eye. He has killed no man, and he shall not be given up.'

"'His life is forfeit to the tribe.'

"'His life is in my keeping. I have said that he shall not lose it. Am I the man to break my word?'

"'You have kept your word between us,' said Red Feather. 'You are not the man to break your word.'

"'What business, then, lies between us? Our talk is done.'

"The guard at the gate interrupted. 'There is a man knocking at the gate,' he said.

"'It is my brother,' said Red Feather. 'He comes to join the talk. Let him in.'

"'Open the gate,' said McLeod.

"It was growing dark. I went with the guard to admit the brother of Red Feather. Dusk had fallen over the clearing. The sky was overcast; in half an hour it would be deep night, the clearing one with the forest. But we opened the gate. A tall Indian stalked in. He was alone, and I knew him for the brother of Red Feather. I followed him to the shop, making sure first that the bar was in place.

"'Let us have the white man,' he said to McLeod. 'Let the peace between us continue.'

"McLeod considered the threat. It was not a rash one. He did not wish to provoke a conflict, but he had no thought of surrendering the refugee. As for me, my trust was in the stockade.

"'I will talk with the white man,' he said.

"The factor was gone for half an hour. He secreted Landley, inspected the fences, gathered the women and children in the blockhouse, and returned to the council.

"'The white man is not blood-guilty,' he said, proudly. 'I have promised him protection and he shall have it.'

"Again the helper came. 'There is another knock at the gate,' said he.

"'Who is there?' said McLeod.

"'It's so dark I can't see,' said the helper.

"'The man is my cousin,' said Red Feather. 'He has come to talk with us. Let him in, for he is a wise man and may help us.'

"'Open the gate,' said McLeod.

"We sat silent, waiting for the cousin of Red Feather, the wise man who might help us. I heard the rattle of the bar as the helper lifted it, then the creak of the gate. Then a furious outcry, a confusion of howls and screams, a war whoop and a rush of feet. The Indians were within the stockade. A moment later they burst into the shop and advanced upon us, uttering blood-curdling whoops and brandishing their hatchets and knives. McLeod reached for the musket above the desk, but before his fingers touched it Red Feather caught him by the arms, and with the help of the brother made him prisoner. At the same instant I was secured.

"'Let us strike! Let us strike!' the Indians kept shouting, all the while dancing about us, flourishing their weapons.

"The danger was real and terrible. We were at the mercy of the band, and at that moment I did not doubt that they were bent on murder and pillage. There had been a cruel massacre at Fort Pine but a few months before. The story was fresh in my mind. That crime had gone unpunished; nor was it likely that a sufficient force would be sent west to give the band their due. There was nothing now to deter Red Feather's men from committing a similar outrage. We were remote from our kind, on the edge of a wilderness into which escape was a simple matter. Our guns, as I have said, had been our law and defence, and we were now utterly in the power of our enemies.

"'Let us strike! Let us strike!' was the cry.

"Buffalo Horn had come in with the band. It was soon evident that to the restraining influence of his presence was due our respite. He waved his braves back. They withdrew and became quiet.

"'Will you give the murderer of my child to our tribe?' the chief said to McLeod.

"'He is no longer mine to give,' said the factor.

"'Will you give him to us in peace and forget that he has gone with us?'

"McLeod was still in the grasp of Red Feather and his brother. Buffalo Horn was facing him. Behind the chief, awaiting his signal, was the band, with knives and hatchets in hand.

"'No,' said McLeod.

"The tumult was renewed. The Indians advanced, threatening the factor with their weapons and crying out for his death. But McLeod was not to be terrified.

"'Let us take the white man,' said Buffalo Horn, lifting his hand for silence. 'We have no quarrel with you. Let all be as it was.'

"'No,' said McLeod. 'I will never consent to his murder.'

"'Let us take him.'

"'I said I wouldn't,' said McLeod, 'and I won't.'

"It seemed to me that the end had come. Buffalo Horn looked steadily into McLeod's eyes. McLeod gave him glance for glance. He was ready to die for the word he had passed. The Indian hesitated. It may be that he did not want to precipitate the slaughter. Then he turned, as if to give the signal. Before his hand was raised, however, the daughter of the Indian interpreter of the post pushed her way through the band of braves and stood before their chief.

"'Listen,' said she. 'Have you come to rob the great company of its goods?'

"'No,' said Buffalo Horn. 'We have no quarrel with the great company.'

"She was a slip of a girl, to whom, in sickness and in health, McLeod had been unfailingly kind. She knew no fear, and in intelligence she was superior to all the other women of her race I have known.

"'Have you come to take the life of this man?' she went on, moving closer to Buffalo Horn, and looking deep into his eyes.

"'No,' said the chief, 'we have no quarrel with this man. He is a good man, but he will not deliver the murderer of my child.'

"'Will you take his life because of that?'

"'No; we will take his life because he will betray our part in the death of the white man whom he has tried to shelter.'

"'There are others who might betray you.'

"'And their lives, also,' said Buffalo Horn, composedly.

"All that had been implied was now expressed. He was to massacre us all to shield his tribe from the punishment that might follow the discovery of his revenge.

"'You will lay waste the fort,' said the interpreter's daughter, 'but will the ruins not accuse you to the great company which this man serves?'

"'We will be far away.'

"'And will you never care to return to the grounds you have hunted from childhood?'

"To this Buffalo Horn made no reply. He looked at the floor, his arms folded, and he was silent for a long time.

"'This man,' said the girl, touching McLeod on the shoulder, 'has dealt fairly by you. He has kept his faith with you. He said that he would provide you with food through the hard seasons. Has he not done so?'

"'He has kept faith with us,' said the chief. 'Therefore he is a good man.'

"'He is a good man because he has kept faith with you,' the girl said, eagerly. 'Would you, then, have him break faith with some other? He has said to the white man, "I will not give you up." Would you have him break the word he has passed? For if he breaks it once, will he not break it again? If he should yield up the white man, what security would you have that he would provide for you through the next hard season?'

"'He keeps his word,' said Buffalo Horn. 'He is a good man.'

"He made a sign to Red Feather to release McLeod. Then he gathered his braves about him, and stalking solemnly at their head, led them out of the shop, over the courtyard and through the gate. We were left alone.

"'Leave the gate open, Tobias,' said McLeod. 'Come, boys,' to me, 'let us get to work on the quarterly statement again. This interruption came at an awkward time. We'll have to make up for it.'"

That was the end of David's story.

## Business Term.

"Dis-count for cash."

## Pat Illustrates.

Bridget and Pat were reading an article on "The Law of Compensation."

"Just fancy" exclaimed Bridget. "Accordin' to this, whin a man loses wan av his sinses another gits more developed. For instance, a bloind man gits more sinse av hearin' an' touch, an' ——"

"Shure, an' it's quite thrue," answered Pat. "Oi've noticed it meself. Whin a man has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra the other's longer."—"Tit-Bits."

"Has Mrs. Lowboy any marriageable daughters?" "No; but she thinks she has."—Ex.

First Theatergoer—This play was taken from the Italian. Second Ditto—Lucky Italians—Ex.

## New Zealand's Man-Killing Geyser.

The Australian "Review of Reviews" for September, just to hand, contains a vivid account of a remarkable disaster which occurred recently in New Zealand:

Waimangu geyser, Rotorua, New Zealand, is one of the most remarkable geysers in the world: a lake of boiling water, black and threatening, that, at irregular intervals, shoots up into space a vast column of water, mud and stones to a height sometimes of over 1,000 feet. It is simply one of the wonders of the world. It is situated on a crater chain, which was formed by the great Tarawera eruption rift. One photograph taken while it was playing shows liquid mud rising to a height estimated at 1,800 feet. The immense stone, shot up hundreds of feet, as shown on the photograph, was afterwards found to measure 12 feet by 8 feet. The steam cloud from the geyser can be seen thirty miles away. One feature is the echelon discharge of many of the shots. The first might send stones and mud perpendicularly, so that they all fall back into the crater. The second might come at an angle, and bombard the bank where the victims stood. On Sunday afternoon, August 30, a group of tourists were waiting to secure a snapshot of the next eruption, when a dreadful discharge of boiling water and mud took place, and four persons—two of them young ladies, and one of them a well-known guide—were caught in the watery cyclone, swept away in a moment and destroyed; the mother of the two girls, only a few feet distant, being a shrieking spectator of the tragedy. Here is a description of the incident by an eye-witness:

"My sister and myself had been staying at Rotorua since Monday last. Our first view of the giant geyser at Waimangu was obtained on Tuesday. There was then not a ripple on it. We made up our minds that we would visit it again, and we did so on Sunday, accompanying a fairly large party, consisting for the most part of tourists. The geyser was then playing gently. We took up a position near the shelter shed and watched the jets of water shoot upwards. About 12.30 a shot went up to a height of 400 feet or thereabouts. After crossing to the far side and inspecting the display from numerous positions, we came back, passed over the bridge, and stood on a slight projection. Looking over the edge of the geyser, we were rewarded by seeing an outburst from the geyser reach a height of 800 feet. Other shots went higher still. It was a stupendous spectacle. About 3 p.m. I noticed a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had arrived at Waimangu about 2.30 or 2.45. They included the Misses Nicholls, Joseph Warbrick and Mr. McNaughton. The ladies and gentlemen took up a position some forty or fifty yards in front of where I was standing. They had cameras with them, and were evidently bent on getting snapshots of Waimangu in action.

"At twenty minutes past three the geyser sent up a huge column of boiling mud and scalding water that spread out over a wide area. For perhaps rather more than a minute the entire scene was enveloped in darkness, made all the more terrifying by reverberations as of thunder and a vibration that filled the atmosphere and caused the ground under our feet to tremble. I called out to my sister to run for her life, and I fled after her. Fortunately, we had a clear path in front of us, and we got away just in time, a huge fragment of rock falling within a yard of us. The eruption lasted for about two minutes.

"The disappearance of Misses Nicholls, Mr. J. Warbrick and Mr. McNaughton caused the utmost consternation. They had apparently attempted to reach the path, but without success, the boiling torrent sweeping them into the seething cauldron below. Search was at once made for the victims. Warbrick, the guide, assisted by a number of others, including myself, took part in this painful task. The first body recovered was that of Mr. McNaughton. This was found about half a mile from the bridge in about twelve feet of water. It was terribly disfigured, the head in particular being badly cut. Some distance further on the body of Joseph Warbrick was found, also shockingly distorted. The bodies of the ladies were recovered at a distance of about a mile from the spot where they were standing when the eruption took place. Their jackets and shoes had been washed off them, and they were greatly disfigured. Mrs. Nicholls, mother of the unfortunate young ladies, was dazed and heart-broken. It was pitiable to witness her grief.

"You will form some idea of the force of the explosion when I tell you that a stone weighing not less than a hundredweight was projected through the air for well nigh a mile, and ere it buried itself almost out of sight in the earth split a huge rock into fragments. Hundreds of tons of mud and stones were thrown up from the mouth of the geyser."

## German Anti-Tipping League.

A movement has just been started in Berlin to abolish, if possible, the practice of tipping in cafes and restaurants. An anti-tipping league has been founded in Berlin, with branches in the principal cities of Germany. The members of the league sign a pledge to frequent only those restaurants and cafes in which tipping is strictly prohibited. The proprietors of the establishments which abolish the tipping will be supplied gratis with a big sign bearing the letters "O. T." (Ohne trinkgeld) meaning "no tips," printed in large type. The waiters themselves profess to be in favor of the innovation as long as their employers pay them a wage sufficiently large to enable them to dispense with tips. It would be a great relief to the traveling public, and particularly to American tourists, who at home are not accustomed to be taxed at every turn, if the league should become a success.

## Just So.

Little Elmer (who has an enquiring mind)—Papa, which bone was it that was taken from Adam to make a woman of?

Professor Broadhead—The bone of contention, my son.—"The Smiler."

"What a queer fad Mrs. Dashington has started since returning from her latest visit to South Dakota."

"Do you mean the popular society favorite who has had so many divorces?"

"Yes. She has had her wedding-rings put on a chain and is wearing them as a necklace. It is awfully fetching, too."—New York "Herald."


La grippe, pneumonia and influenza often leave a nasty cough when they're gone.
It is a dangerous thing to neglect. Cure it with

**Shiloh's Consumption Cure** The Lung Tonic

The cure that is guaranteed by your druggist.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO.
Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y. 9


"Ollie" James, the giant from Kentucky, who is now a member of Congress, was making a political speech. "I want to ask you a question," shouted a man in the rear of the hall. "Well, my friend," asked Mr. James, blandly, "what is it?" "I want you to tell this gathering what is the difference between Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt?" "Nothing simpler," replied Mr. James. "Mr. Cleveland is too sedate to hunt, and Mr. Roosevelt is too restless to fish."

Walking home from school the other day some children were discussing the perfection and usefulness of their respective fathers. "My father's the best man in the world," said one little girl; "he is a minister. He makes people go to church." "Mine is the best," piped up another; "he's a doctor. He makes sick people well so they can go to church." Three or four more enlarged upon the benefit the world derived from their fathers, when finally a sweet, blue-eyed little girl said: "My papa's the best of all. He's a poet." "A poet," said another, in sympathetic surprise; "why, a poet isn't a profession! It's a disease!"

One evening, during his recent visit to England, Rear-Admiral Charles S. Cotton was entertained at dinner. Among the other guests were the Bishop of Durham, a clergyman noted for his wit, and a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man with a loud, coarse laugh, who ate and drank a good deal, and who cracked every little while a stupid joke. He did not know the bishop from Adam, but seeing his clerical garb, he decided he must be a parson, and that here was a chance for him to poke a little fun at the parson's trade. "I have three sons," he began, in a loud tone, nudging his neighbor and winking toward the bishop —"three fine lads. They are in trade. I had always said that if I ever had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him." The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh, and the Bishop of Durham said to him, with a quiet smile: "Your father thought differently from you, eh?"

It is the custom in Abyssinia for all foreign missions to bring presents to King Menelik. The French, some years ago, brought a lot of Parisian mechanical toys—sheep that squeaked, pigs that ran about on their hind legs, and dolls that talked. They thought such things would be certain to tickle the fancy of a dusky king. Menelik looked at them for a moment with disgust and rage, then he thrust them aside. "Do you think," he asked, "that I am a child or a savage, that I should delight in toys?" The Russian and English emissaries showed a truer insight into his character. They brought him Mauser pistols, revolvers, and the latest and best rifles they could buy. He was delighted. "These are gifts worthy to be received by a warrior and a king," he declared. The influence of the Russians and English over Menelik dates from that lucky incident, but the French have always been badly represented at his court. After Kitchener's victory at Omdurman, the French at Addia Abeba assured Menelik that the English had been beaten, with the loss of 16,000 men. When he heard the truth later, that Kitchener had crushed the dervishes with the loss of only 323 of his soldiers, he exclaimed in disgust: "What liars they are!" Since then he has never believed a word the French envoys have told him, and he always speaks of them with contempt.

At one of his lectures, just after his return from the Klondike, Joaquin Miller told the following story: "One night I was invited to a dance in a miner's cabin, and while Bill Dalton scraped away on his fiddle we just hoed it down. But the miners tramped in and out so much between dances that before midnight the ladies declared the floor was so slippery they couldn't dance another step unless something was done. Then something was done that never was possible in mining days in California. Each miner gallantly opened his buckskin powder pouch and sprinkled gold dust on the floor! And this was repeated throughout the night. And in the morning, ladies and gentlemen, those miners never troubled themselves about sweeping up that gold dust. They just hitched up their dog-sleds and rode away." At this point of Miller's narrative there was a slight agitation in the audience, an ominous sign of incredulity, but Miller was equal to it. With a wave of his hand toward one of the boxes he said: "And my old friend up there in the box, Captain John Healy, will substantiate what I say." It was a master stroke of the poet, for the house burst into applause, and greatly embarrassed the modest millionaire mining and railroad promoter of Alaska, who unsuspectingly had accepted Miller's invitation to attend the lecture in the afternoon.

## Woman's Privilege.

W. T. Stead says that there are only three privileges of the female sex, namely, that in going in or out of a room the woman goes first, that she is served before man at a meal (a statement which is quite wrong, by the way, only one woman at table having that distinction, the one on the host's right; the other guests whether male or female, in every household above mere middle class being served in regular rotation), and that in a tram a man gives up his seat to her. I could give Mr. Stead many more. Our bills are paid for us—when our male belongings have any money to pay them with; we are made love to, which may be despicable but is distinctly enjoyable; we are admired, which is no doubt foolish but none the less gratifying to us.—The Countess in London "Outlook."

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

## QUEER CUSTOMS.

Observed in Various Countries at Christmas Tide.

**In England.**

That fine old ceremony, the bringing in of the boar's head, is observed at Queen Victoria's table at Rugby, Eton, Winchester and Harrow, and at Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

It dates from the Pagan age, when the ancient Britons killed a boar at the winter solstice and offered its head to Freyr, the God of Peace and Plenty, who was supposed to ride upon a bear with golden bristles.

**In Spain.**

In old Seville and the other beautiful cities of Spain Christmas is largely an out-of-door celebration. The Anglo-Saxon idea of hearth and home is foreign to the Latin temperament, and the gracious climate lends itself to all fresco merry-making.

All is movement, color, tumult, dance, song. The great plazas are kaleidoscopes of human movement. The cathedrals and churches are thronged. Piety and gayety mingle.

**In Italy.**

Inspired by the ancient poet's fine thought of cheering the Virgin during the pangs of maternity, young men and maidens throng on Christmas eve before her shrines, and play upon their guitars and mandolins, singing songs of praise.

It is their part, too, to decorate the beautiful old churches most profusely—a loving service at which they spend the greater part of the night, refreshed by a collation after midnight mass.

**In Germany.**

This is the land of Santa Claus—the home of the beautiful legend of Kris Kringle, which is a corruption of Christ Kindlin, or Christ Child.

While the good child finds its little stocking laden with Kris Kringle's gifts, the naughty child finds nothing but a birch rod placed there by the avenging Pelsnichol—"St. Nicholas with the fud." Such an experience makes the small victim intensely miserable.

**In Mexico.**

To eat cakes on the Noche Buena (Christmas Eve) is the immemorial right of the Mexican belle—and they are all sweet-tooths.

The Mexican confectioner is an artist. His show window at this season presents a rich and rare array of such things as make the mouth water—such elaborate combinations of creams, glaced fruits and the like as transcend the imagination even of the New York matinee girl.

**In Sweden.**

One of the earliest and quaintest of Christian legends is an article of faith among Scandanavians.

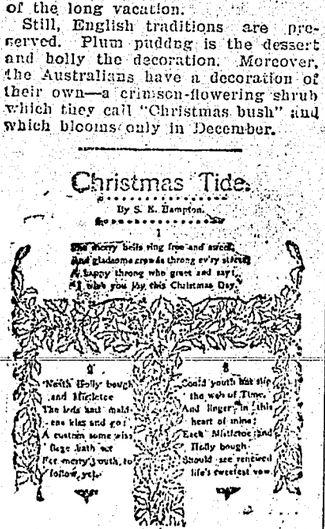
They believe that even as the ox and the ass of Bethlehem are said to have fallen upon their knees when Jesus was born in the manger, so all domestic cattle on the stroke of midnight that heralds Christmas Day prostrate themselves in silent worship.

This belief gives rise to a kindly feeling toward the brute creation.

**In Australia.**

It is the midsummer season. The mercury may register 100 degrees or more. Families, instead of being united, are divided, for this is the time of the long vacation.

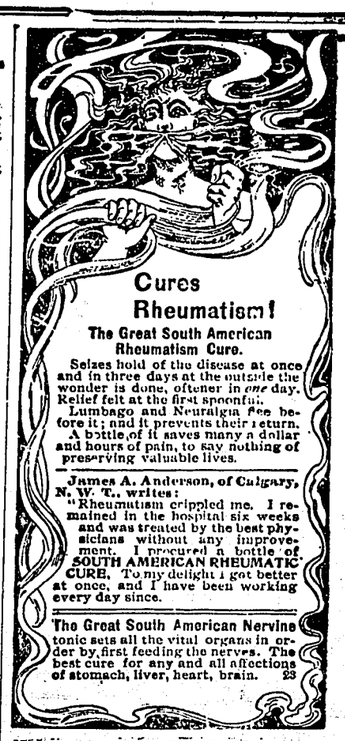
Still, English traditions are preserved. Plum pudding is the dessert and holly the decoration. Moreover, the Australians have a decoration of their own—a crimson-flowering shrub which they call "Christmas bush" and which blooms only in December.




**Yule Dollies.**

Mrs. Cornelia C. Bedford gives the following Christmas recipe: Cream together one-half of a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar. Add gradually two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of cream or rich milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla and three cupfuls of flour with which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, then stand for an hour in a very cold place. Have ready a tin cutter in the shape of a doll about five inches long. Take a portion of the dough out on the board at one time, roll out one-half inch thick and cut into dolls. Brush each over with milk and dredge lightly with powdered sugar; use currants for eyes and bake on greased pans in a moderate oven. When cold decorate the skirts of each doll with ruffles of frosting. Wrap separately in sheets of waxed paper. In packing place the doll in a long shallow box, pack firmly with tissue paper and before closing the box add a tiny Christmas card and sprig of holly. Tie the box with red ribbon.

It is worth while to get tired out because one so enjoys rest afterward.—Mark Twain.

**Cures Rheumatism!**

The Great South American Rheumatism Cure.

Seizes hold of the disease at once and in three days at the outside the wonder is done, oftener in *one* day. Relief felt at the first spoonful.

Lumbago and Neuralgia flee before it; and it prevents their return. A bottle of it saves many a dollar and hours of pain, to say nothing of preserving valuable lives.

James A. Anderson, of Calgary, N. W. T., writes:
"Rheumatism crippled me. I remained in the hospital six weeks and was treated by the best physicians without any improvement. I procured a bottle of SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE. To my delight I got better at once, and I have been working every day since.

The Great South American Nervine tonic sets all the vital organs in order by first feeding the nerves. The best cure for any and all affections of stomach, liver, heart, brain. 23


## Artistic and Beautiful.

The use of electric light is becoming so general for house lighting in Toronto that it seems almost unnecessary to demonstrate the many beautiful effects which may be had by the use of electric lighting in the home. The Electric Light Company find, however, a very good purpose is being accomplished by having the art showrooms in their new office building in Adelaide street east thrown open to the public. It is their intention to have an exhibit of the latest things in electric fixtures there, in order that Toronto people may have the benefit of a large variety of beautiful pieces to select from. Their wish is that everyone who takes an interest in the artistic and beautiful should call and see their display.


**GOOD BLOOD IS NO GOOD UNLESS CIRCULATED**

**A Sick Man mistakes his Illness, or his Doctor does**

He shows symptoms of consumption, or dyspepsia, or what not, because improper blood nourishment of lungs or liver has brought them on. In such cases look to the heart; unless it pumps rich red blood through the system, your specific doesn't reach the spot.

**Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure** sends the blood coursing through the veins as nature intended. It heals the heart and thus helps the health of every organ.

Rev. L. W. Showers, of Eldertown, Pa. writes:— "For many years I suffered with organic heart disease. I have tried many physicians and taken numberless remedies. I purchased a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and received almost instant relief. The choking, beating, thumping and palpitation have now almost entirely disappeared. The remedy is wonderful."

Keep clean inside as well as outside. Dr Agnew's Liver Pills are the correct form. Cleanse and stimulate the digestive apparatus Only 10c. for forty doses. 2


## Wasted Indignation.

"Let me see," said the minister, as he was making out the baptismal certificate, "this is the thirteenth, isn't it?"

"The thirteenth," exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, but it's only the seventh, and would have been the sixth, only two of 'em were twins."

"The thirteenth—or September," said the minister, mildly, and peace was restored.—Ex.


**CATARRH**

**It makes a man ridiculous, it makes him an offensive nuisance and it makes him dangerously sick.**

Catarrh is not a luxury or a necessity.

It is pretty sure to bring on consumption, pneumonia, or at least, bronchitis. You cannot afford either.

You can afford the cure for it. A cheap cure that has never failed. It is Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

It relieves a cold or catarrh, or cures a headache in ten minutes, it entirely heals up the catarrh-wasted surfaces.

No other remedy can count noses with us—cured noses.

C. E. Zimmerman, of the staff of the Roanoke World, states:—

"Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Cure is the only remedy that has ever given me any permanent relief, after suffering more than fifteen years from Catarrh."

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure first looks to the main spring of life and health, sets up the heart in new strength, feels the nerves and fills every other organ with life. Cured thousands; will cure you. 22

# MATT

A Tale of a Caravan

A NOVEL

"Summat black, William Jones?"

"Yes. Coming and going. Now it comes, and it's black; now it goes,and the water looks white where it was. If it isn't wreck, it's weed; if it hin't weed, its wreck. And the tide's flowing, and it'll go ashore afore night at the Caldron Point, if I wait for it. But I sha'n't wait," he added, eagerly. "I'll go and overhaul it now."

He looked around suspicious, and then said:

"Matt, did you seen any of them coast-guard chaps as you come along?"

"No, William Jones."

"Thought not. They're up Pencross way, fooling about; so there's a chance for an honest man to look arter his living without no questioning. You come along with me, and if it is summat, I'll gie thee tup-pence some o' these fine days."

As he turned to go, his eye fell for the first time on her attire.

"What's this, Matt? What are you doing in your Sunday clothes?"

The girl was at a loss how to reply. She blushed scarlet, and hung down her head. Fortunately for her, the man was too absorbed in his main object of thought to catechise her further. He only shook his fat head in severe disapprobation, and led the way down to a small creek in the rocks, where a rough coble was rocking, secured by a rusty chain.

"Jump in and take the paddles. I'll sit astarn and keep watch."

The girl obeyed and leaped in; but before sitting down she tucked up her dress to her knees to avoid the dirty water in the bottom of the boat. William Jones followed, and pushed off with his hands. Calm as the water was, there was a heavy shoreward swell, on which they were immediately uplifted with some danger of being swept back on the rocks; but Matt handled the paddles like one to the manner born, and the boat shot out swiftly on the shining sea.

"Pull away, Matt," said the man, not looking at her. "You ain't tired not you!"

With a long-drawn breath Matt drew in the oars, and, swift as thought, peeled off her jacket and threw off her hat, leaving her head exposed to the burning sun.

Now, the silk gown she wore had evidently been used by its original owner as a festal raiment, for it had been cut low, and had short sleeves. So Matt's shoulders and arms were perfectly bare, and very white they looked in contrast with her sun-freckled hands, her sunburnt face, and her warm brown neck. Her bust was as yet undeveloped, but her neck and shoulders were fine, and her arms beautifully molded. Altogether, her friend the painter, could he have seen her just then, would have regarded her with increasing admiration.

Freed from the incumbrance of her jacket, she now pulled away with easy grace and skill. Further and further the boat receded from the shore, till the promontory they had left was a couple of miles away. Suddenly William Jones made a sign to the girl to stop, and stood up in the boat to reconnoitre.

The object at which he had been gazing so long was now clearly visible It consisted of something black, floating on a glassy stretch of water, and surrounded by fragments of loose scum or foam; it was to all appearance motionless, but was, in reality, drifting wearily shoreward on the flowing tide.

William Jones now evinced increasing excitement, and urged his companion to hurry quickly forward — which she did, putting out all her strength in a series of rapid and powerful strokes. Another quarter of an hour brought them to the spot where the object was floating. Trembling with eagerness, the man leaned over the boat's side with outstretched hands.

As he did so, Matt turned her head away with a curious gesture of dread.

"What is it, William Jones?" she asked, not looking at him. "It isn't —you know —one o' them?"

"No, it ain't," replied the man, leaning over the side of the coble, and tilting the gunwale almost to the water's edge. "Too early for them, Matt. If they comes, it won't be till Sunday"s tide. They're down at the bottom now and ain't yet rose. Easy! Lean t'other way! So there —look out!"

As he spoke he struggled with something in the water, and at last, with an effort which almost capsized the boat, pulled it in. Matt looked now and saw that it was a small, flat, wooden trunk, covered with pieces of slimy weed. Floating near it were several pieces of splintered wood which seemed to have formed part of a boat. These, too, William secured, and threw down on the footboard beneath him.

"It's a box, that's what it is," cried Matt.

"It's a box, surely," said Jones. "And it's locked, too. And, look ye now. I misdoubt there's nowt inside, or mayhap it would have sunk. Howsomever, we'll see!"

After an unavailing effort to force it open with his hands, he drew forth a large clasp-knife, worked away at the lock, and tried to force open the lid, which soon yielded to his efforts; as the [illegible] the salt water had already begun to rot the wood. On being first opened the box was found to contain only a couple of coarse linen shirts, an old newspaper, two or three [illegible]s, and half a bottle of some [illegible] fluid.

On examining these articles one by one William Jones threw them [illegible] into the box with gestures of disgust, retaining only the bottle, which he uncorked and applied to his lips.

"Rum!" he said, smacking his lips, and nodding at Matt. Then, recorking the bottle carefully, he returned it to the box, and, standing up, reconnoitered the sea on every side. But nothing else rewarded his eager search; he threw himself down in the stern of the boat and ordered Matt to pull back to shore.

As they went he closed one eye thoughtfully, and mused aloud:

"Night before last it blew half a gale from the southard. This here box came a-wash from the east coast of Ireland. May be it was a big ship as was lost; them planks was part of a vessel's long-boat. More's coming if the wind don"t come up from the norrard. The moon's full to-night and to-morrow. I'll tell the old 'un and keep a sharp lookout off the Caldron Point."

Matt rowed on steadily until they came within a quarter of a mile of the shore, when William Jones stood up again and reconnoitered the prospect inland.

"Pull in, Matt!" he said, after a minute. "All's square!"

Soon afterward the boat reached the rocks. William Jones sprang out and, running up to the platform above, took another survey. This being satisfactory he ran down again and lifted the box out of the boat, carrying it with ease under one arm.

"Make the boat fast," he said, in a husky whisper, "and bring them bits o wood along with you for the fire. I'll out on to the cottage with this here. It ain't much, but it's summat; so I'll carry it clean out o' sight before them precious coast- guards come smelling about."

With these words he clambered up the rocks with his burden, leaving Matt to follow leisurely in his wake.

## CHAPTER V.

### Concludes With A Kiss.

Not far from the spot where William Jones had landed, and removed some little distance from the deserted village, with its desolate main street and roofless habitations, there stood a low, one-storied cottage, quite as black and forbidding- looking as any of the abandoned dwellings in its vicinity. Over the door was placed, like a sign, the wooden figure- head of a young woman, naked to the waist, holding a mirror in her hand and regarding herself with remarkable complacency, despite the fact that accident had deprived her of a nose and one eye, and that the beautiful red complexion and jet black hair she had once possessed had been entirely washed away by the action of the elements, leaving her all over of a leperous pallor. The rest of the building, as I have suggested, was of sinister blackness, though here and there it was sprinkled with wet sea-sand.

To this cottage William Jones ran with his treasure- trove, and, entering in without ceremony, found himself in almost total darkness; for the light which crept through the blackened panes of the small window was only just sufficient to make darkness visible. But this worthy seaside character, having in addition to a cat's predatory instincts, something of a cat's power of vision, clearly discerned everything in the chamber he just entered—a rude, stone- paved kitchen, with an open fireplace and no grate, black rafters overhead, from which suspended sundry lean pieces of bacon, a couple of wooden chairs, a table, and, in one corner, a sort of bed in the wall, where a human figure was reposing. Setting down the trunk on the floor he marched right over to the bed, and unceremoniously shook the individual lying upon it, whom he discovered to be a man, muttering in a heavy sleep. Finding that he did not wake with shaking William Jones bent down and cried lustily in his ear:

"Wreck! wreck ashore!"

The effect was instantaneous. The figure rose up in bed, disclosing the head and shoulders of a very old man, who wore a red cotton night-cap, and whose hair and beard were as white as snow.

"Eh? Wheer? Wheer?" he cried, in a shrill treble, looking vacantly around him.

"Wake up, old 'un!" said William, seizing him and shaking him again. "It's me, William Jones."

"William? is it my son William?" returned the old man, peering out into the darkness.

"Yes, father. Look ye now, you was a-talking again in your sleep, you was. A good thing no one heerd you but your son William. Some o these days you'll be letting summat out, you will, if you go on like this."

The old man shook his head feebly, then, clasping his hands together in a kind of rapture, he looked at his son and said:

"Yes, William, I was a-dreaming. Oh, it was such a heavingly dream! I was a-standing on the shore, William, and it was a-blowing hard from the east, and all at once I see a ship as big as an Indiaman, come in wi all sail set, and go ashore; and I looked round, William dear, and there was no one nigh but you and me; and, when she broke up, I see gold and silver and jewels come washing ashore just like floating weeds, and the drownded, every one of 'em, had rings on their fingers, and gold watches and cheens, and, more'n that, that their hands were full of shining gold; and one on 'em—a lady, William —had a bright diamond ring, as big as a walnut; but when I tried to pull it off, it wouldn't come; and just as I pulled out my leetle knife to cut the finger off, and put it in my pocket, you shook me, William and woke me up. Oh, it was a heavingly dream!"

William Jones had listened with ill-disguised interest to the early part of this speech, but, on its conclusion, he gave another grunt of undissembled disgust.

"Well, you're awake now, old 'un; so jump up. I've brought summat home. Look sharp, and get a light.'

Thereupon the old man, who was fully dressed, in a pair of old woolen trousers and a guernsey, slipped from the bed, and began fumbling about the room. He soon found what he wanted—a box of matches and a rude, home-made candle, fashioned of a long, coarse reed dipped in sheep's tallow; but, owing to the fact that he was exceedingly feeble and tremulous, he was so long in lighting up, that his gentle son grew impatient.

"Here, give 'un to me!" said William. "You're wasting them matches just as if they cost nowt. A precious father you are, and no mistake."

The candle being lighted and burning with a feeble flame, he informed the old man of what he had found. In a moment the latter was down on his knees, opening the box, and greedily examining its contents. But William pushed him impatiently away and closed the lid with a bang.

"There, enough o' that, old 'un! You hold the light while I carry the box in and put it away."

"All right, William dear—all right," returned the old man, obeying gleefully. "I know'd we should have luck, by that beautiful dream."

The two men— one holding the light and the other carrying the trunk— passed through a door at the back of the kitchen and entered an inner chamber. This chamber, too, contained a window, which was so blocked up, however, by number of all kinds that little or no daylight entered. Piled up in great confusion were old sacks, some partly full, some empty, coils of rope, broken oars, broken fragments of ships planks, rotten and barnacled, a small boat's rudder, dirty sails, several oil-skin coats, bits of iron ballast, and other flotsam and jetsam. But in one corner of the room was a small wooden bed, with a mattress and coarse bed- clothing, and hanging on a nail close to it was certain feminine attire which the owner of the Caravan would have recognized as the garb worn by Matt on morning of her first appearance.

Placing the box down, William Jones carefully covered it with a portion of an old sail.

"It's summat, but it ain't much," he muttered, discontentedly. "Lucky them coast- guards didn't see me come ashore. If they did, though it wouldn't signify; for what's floating on the sea belongs to him as finds it."

A sound startled him as he spoke, and, looking round suspiciously, he saw Matt entering the room, loaded with broken wood. But she was not alone; standing behind her in the shadow was a man— none other, indeed than Monk, of Monkshurst.

While Matt entered the room to throw down her load of wood. Monk stood in the doorway. His quick eye had noted the movements of father and son.

"More plunder, William Jones?" he asked, grimly.

In a moment William Jones was transformed. The keen expression of his face changed to one of mingled stupidity and sadness; he began to whine.

"More plunder, Mr. Monk?" he said. "No, no; the days for finding that are gone. Matt and me has been on the shore foraging for a bit o' firewood —that be all. Put it down, Matt, put it down."

Matt did as she was told; opening her arms, she threw her load into a corner of the room: then William Jones hurried the whole party back into the kitchen.

The men seated themselves on benches; but Matt moved about the room to get a light. The light as well as everything else, was a living illustration of the meanness of William Jones. It consisted, not of a candle, but of a long rush, which had been gathered from the marshes by Matt, and afterward dried and dipped in grease by William Jones. Matt lighted it and fixed it in a little iron niche which was evidently made for the purpose, and which was attached to a table near the hearth. When the work was finished, she threw off her hat and jacket, retired to the further end of the hearth, and sat down on the floor.

During the whole of this time Mr. Monk had been watching her gloomily; and he had been watched in his turn by William Jones. At last the latter spoke:

"Matt's growed," said he; "she's growed wonderful. Lord bless us! she's a bit changed sin' that night when you found her down on the shore. Why, her own friends wouldn't know her!"

Mr. Monk started and frowned.

"Her friends?" he said — "what friends?"

"Why, them as owns her," continued William Jones. "If they wasn't all drowned in the ship what she came ashore from, they must be somewheer. Mayhap some day they'll find her, and reward me for bringin' her up a good gal— that's what I allus tell her."

"So that's what you always tell her, do you?" returned Monk, grimly. "Then you're a fool for your pains. The girl's got no friends— haven't I told you that before?"

"Certainly you have, Mr. Monk," returned William Jones, meekly; "but look ye now, I think—"

"You've no right to think,'" thundered Monk; "you're not paid for thinking; you're paid for keeping the girl, and what more do you want? Matt," he continued, in a softer tone, "come to me."

"Where have you been to-day," he said, "to have on that frock?"

"I put it on to be took!"

"To be took?" repeated Monk.

"Yes," returned Matt; "to have my likeness took. There be a painter chap here that lives in a cart; he's took it."

It was curious to note the changes in Mr. Monk's face. At first he tried to appear amiable; then his face gradually darkened into a look of angry suspicion. Matt never once withdrew her eyes from him — his very presence seemed to arouse all that was bad in her; and she glared at him through her tangled locks in much the same manner as a shaggy terrier puppy might gaze at a bull which it would fain attack, but feared on account of its superior strength.

"Matt," said Mr. Monk again, "come here."

This time she obeyed; she rose slowly from her seat and went reluctantly to his side.

"Matt, look me in the face," he said. "Do you know who this painter is?"

Matt shook her head.

"How many times have you seen him?"

"Twice."

"And what has he said to you?"

"A lot o' things."

"Tell me one thing."

"He asked me who my mother was, and I told him I hadn't got none."

Mr. Monk's face once more grew black as night.

"So," he said, "poking and prying and asking questions. I thought as much. He's a scoundrelly vagabond!"

"No, he ain't," said Matt, bluntly.

"Matt, my girl," said Mr. Monk, taking no notice of her interruption, "I want you to promise me something."

"What is it?"

"Not to go near that painter again!"

Matt shook her head.

"She'n't prom'se," she said, "'cause I shall go. My likeness ain't took yet— he takes a time, he does. I'm going to put them things on to-morrow and be took again."

For a moment the light is his eyes looked dangerous, then he smiled and patted her cheek— at which caress she shrunk away.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Matt. "I don't like to be pulled about, that's all."

"You mean you don't like me?"

"Don't know. That's telling."

"And yet you've no cause to hate me, Matt, for I've been a good friend to you— and always shall, because I like you, Matt. Do you understand, I like you?"

So anxious did he seem to impress this upon her, that he put his arm around her waist, drew her toward him, and kissed her on the cheek, a ceremony he had never performed before. But Matt seemed by no means to appreciate the honor; as his lips touched her cheeks she shivered, and when he released her she began rubbing at the place as if to wipe the touch away.

Mr. Monk then left the cottage, taking William Jones with him. Ten minutes later William Jones returned alone.

"Where's he?" asked Matt.

"Meanin' Mr. Monk, Matt — he be gone!" said William Jones.

"Gone for good?" demanded Matt, impatiently.

"No, he ain't, Matt; he'll be down here to-morrow, he will; and you'd best be at home!"

Matt said nothing this time; she only turned away sullenly and shrugged her shoulders.

"Matt," said William Jones, presently.

"Well?"

"Mr. Monk seems uncommon fond of you, he do."

Matt reflected for a moment, then she replied:

"I wonder what he's fond o' me for, William Jones?"

"Well, I dunno; 'cause he is, I suppose," returned William Jones, having no more logical answer at his command.

"Tain't that," said Matt; "he don't love me 'cause I'm me, William Jones. There's summat else, and I should just like to know what that summat is, I should."

William Jones looked at her, conscious that there was a new development of sagacity in her character, but utterly at a loss to understand what that new development meant.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Also Concludes With a Kiss.

When Matt awoke the next morning, the first thing she did was to look around for her Sunday clothes, which on retiring to rest she had carefully placed beside her bed. They were gone, and in their place lay the habiliments she was accustomed to wear on her erratic pilgrimages every day.

Her face grew cloudy; she hunted all round the chamber, but, finding nothing that she sought, she was compelled to array herself as she best could.

"William Jones," she said, when she sat with that worthy at a hermit's breakfast of dry bread and whey, "where's my Sunday clothes?"

William Jones fidgeted a bit, then he said:

"They're put where you won't find 'em. Look ye, now, Matt, you'd best be after doin' summat useful than runnin' about after a painter chap. I was down on the shore this morning, and I seen heaps o' wood — you'd best get some of it afore night!"

Matt gave a snort, but said nothing A few minutes later her banign protector left the cottage, and a little after he had disappeared Matt issued forth; but instead of beating the shore for firewood, as she had been told to do, she ran across the fields to the painter.

She found him already established at his work. The fact was he had been for some time strolling about with his hands in his pockets, and scanning the prospect on every side for a sight of her. Having got tired of this characteristic occupation, he at length sat down and began to put a few touches to the portrait. Seeing that he was unconscious of her approach Matt crept up quietly behind him and took a peep at the picture.

Her black eyes dilated with pleasure

"Oh, ain't it beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"So you have come at last," said Brinkley quietly, going on with his painting.

She made no movement and no further sound; so he continued:

"Perhaps, now you have come, you'll be good enough to step round that I may continue my work. I am longing to refresh my memory with a sight of your face, Matt!"

"Well, you can't," said Matt; "they're locked up!"

"Eh —what's locked up —my memory or your face?"

It was clear Matt could not appreciate banter. She saw him smile, and guessed that he was laughing at her, and her face grew black and mutinous. She would have slunk off, but his voice stopped her.

"Come here, Matt," he said. "Don't be silly, child; tell me what's the matter, and— why, what has become of your resplendent raiment — your gorgeous Sunday clothes?"

"Didn't I tell you? —they're locked up."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, William Jones done it 'cause he told him. He don't want me to come here and be took."

"Oh! Tell you what it is, Matt, we will have our own way, in spite of them. For the present this picture shall be put aside. If in a day or so you can again don your Sunday raiment, and sit to me again in them —if not, I dare say I shall be able to finish the dress from memory. That portrait I shall give to you. In the meantime, as I want one for myself, I will paint you as you are. Do you approve?"

Matt nodded her head vigorously.

"Very well," said Brinkley. "Then we will get on."

He removed from his easel and carefully covered the portrait upon which he had been working. Then he put up a fresh cardboard, and sat down, inviting Matt to do the same.

With the disappearance of the Sunday clothes, the girl's stiffness seemed to have disappeared also, and she became again a veritable child of Nature. She looked like a shaggy young pony fresh from a race on the mountain- side, as she threw herself on the ground in an attitude which was all picturesqueness and beauty. Then, with her plump, sunburnt hand she began to carelessly pull up the grass, while her black eyes searched alternately the prospect and the painter's face.

Presently she spoke:

"He says you're a pryin' scoundrel," she said.

Brinkley looked up and smiled.

"Who's he, Matt?"

"Mr. Monk" she replied, and gave a jerk with her head in the direction of Monkshurst.

"Oh, indeed," said Brinkley. "I is my amiable equestrian friend, is it? I'm sure I'm much obliged to him. And when, may I ask, did he bore you with his opinion of me?"

"Last night, when he come to see William Jones. He said I wasn't to be took no more, 'cause you was a scoundrel poking and prying."

Brinkley began to whistle, and went on for a while vigorously touching up his work. Then he looked up and regarded the girl curiously.

"Mr. Monk seems to be very much interested in you, Matt?"

The girl nodded her head vigorously; then remembering the odious caress to which Mr. Monk had subjected her, she began to violently rub her cheek again.

"Why is Mr. Monk so interested in you? Do you know?"

"P'raps it's cause he found me when I come ashore."

"Oh, he found you, did he? Then why doesn't he keep you?"

"He do, only I live along o' William Jones."

Again Brinkley began whistling lightly, and working away vigorously with his brush. Presently the conversation began again.

"Matt, what things did you come ashore in?"

"I dunno!"

"You have never heard whether anything was found with you which might lead to your finding your relations?"

"No; no more has William Jones He says may be they'll find me some day and reward him, but Mr. Monk says they were all drownded, and I ain't got no friends 'cept him and William Jones."

"Well, since he found you, I suppose he ought to know; and since you have no relations, Matt, and no claim upon anybody in the world, it was very kind of Mr. Monk to keep you, instead of sending you to the workhouse as he might have done."

On this point Matt seemed rather skeptical.

"Well," continued Brinkley, as he went on lightly touching up his work, "perhaps I have done my equestrian friend a wrong. Perhaps his unamiable exterior belies his real nature, perhaps he is good and kind, generous to the poor, willing to help the helpless —like you for instance."

"Is it him?" exclaimed Matt "Monk, of Monkshurst! Why he don't give nothin' to nobody. No fear."

"And yet, according to your own showing, he has helped to support you all these years —you, who have no claim whatever upon him."

This was an enigma to which Matt had no solution. She said no more, but Brinkley, while he continued his painting, silently ruminated thus:

"It strikes me this puzzle would be worth unraveling if I could only find the key. Query, is the young person the key, if I but knew how to use her? Perhaps, since the amiable Monk evidently dislikes my coming into communication with her. But it would be useless to lay the case before her, since, if she is the key, she is quite unconscious of it herself."

He threw down his brush, rose and stretched himself, and said:

"Look here, Matt, I'm tired of work. The sun shining on those sand-hills and on the far-off sea is too tempting. I shall go for a walk, and you, if you are in the mood, shall be my guide."

She evidently was in the mood, for she was on her feet in an instant.

"All right, master," she said, "I'll go."

"Very well. Tim, bring forth some refreshment. We will refresh the inner man and girl before we start."

Tim disappeared into the Caravan. Presently he reappeared bearing a small tray, some biscuits and a couple of glasses. This he placed on the camp-stool, which his master had just vacated, and which, when not in use as a seat, served as a table. Brinkley poured out two glasses of milk, then, looking at Matt, he held the little glass on high.

"Brandy, Matt!"

She shook her head.

"Very well, child; I think you are wise. Here, take the milk and drink confusion to your enemies!"

Matt took the glass of milk and drank it down, while Brinkley hastened to dilute and dispose of the other. Then he gave some orders to Tim and they started off.

To the sand-hills, they wended their way. Having gained them, they followed a route which Matt knew full well, and which soon brought them to the narrow foot-path beyond. During the walk she was singularly silent, and Brinkley seemed to be busily trying to work out some abstruse problem which had taken possession of his brain.

When they had followed the foot-path for some distance and had gained the greensward on the top of the cliffs, the young man threw himself upon the grass and invited Matt to do the same. It was very pleasant there, soothing both to the eye and to the mind.

"Do you see that house standing all by itself, close to shore?" said Matt, pointing to the cottage where she lived. "That belongs to William Jones. And, look ye now, there be William Jones on the rocks!"

Looking down, Brinkley beheld a figure moving along the rocks, just where the water touched the edge.

"Very lazy of William Jones," he said. "Why isn't he at work?"

"At work?"

"Yes, tilling the fields or fishing. By the way, I forgot to ask you, is he a fisherman?"

"No, he ain't," said Matt. "He's a wrecker, he is!"

"A what?" exclaimed Brinkley.

"A wrecker," continued Matt, as if wrecking was the most natural occupation in the world. Brinkley looked at her; imagining that she must be practicing some wild joke. He had certainly heard of wreckers, but he had always believed that they were a species of humanity which had belonged to past centuries.

"That sea don't look ugly, do it?" she continued, pointing at the ocean. "But it is; there's rocks out there, where the ships split on; then they go all to pieces and the things come ashore."

"And what becomes of all the things, Matt?"

"Some of 'em's stole, and some of 'em's took by the coast- guards. They do say," she added, mysteriously, "as there's lots o' things— gold and silver—hid among them sand-hills. Before the coast- guards come all the folk was wreckers, like William Jones, and they used to get what come ashore and they used to hide it in the sand-hills."

"Indeed! Then, if that is the case, why don't they take the treasure up and turn it into money?"

"Why? 'Cause them sand- hills is allus changing and shifting about, they are; though they know well enough the things is there, there's no findin' 'of 'em!"

"I always thought William Jones was poor?"

"So he is, he says!" replied Matt; "'cause, though he be allus foraging, he don't find much now on account o' them coast-guard chaps."

After they had rested themselves they went a little further up the cliff, then they followed a narrow winding path which brought them to the shore below. Here Matt, who seemed to be pretty well grounded in the history of the place, pointed him out the wonders of the coast. She showed him the caves, which tradition said had been formerly used as wreckers haunts and treasure-stores, but which were now washed by the sea, and covered with slimy weeds; then she brought him to a promontory where they told her she herself had been found. This spot Brinkley examined curiously, then he looked at the girl.

"I suppose you had clothes on when you came ashore, didn't you, Matt?"

"Why, of course I had. William Jones has got 'em!"

"Has he? Where?"

"In his cave, I expect."

"His cave! Where is that?" asked Brinkley, becoming very much interested.

"Dunno," returned Matt; "perhaps it's somewhere here about. I've seen William Jones come about here, I have, but I never could track him!"

Matt's information on the subject was so vague that it seemed useless to institute a search; so, after a regretful look at the rocks, Brinkley proposed that they should saunter back along the shore.

"By the way," said he, "I want you to introduce me to William Jones."

"To William Jones?"

"Yes. Strange as the fancy may seem to you, I should like for once in my life to stand face to face with a real live wrecker."

They made their way back along the coast, until they reached William Jones cottage.

"William Jones," said she, "here be the painter!"

By the light of the flickering rush-light Brinkley now looked about him. At a glance he noted some of the details of the queer little room; then his eyes fell upon the occupants whom, from Matt's description, he recognized as William Jones, and the grizzly author of his being.

The old man, who, Brinkley perforce admitted, certainly bore some resemblance to the Rembrandtish head which Matt had recognized, sat dozing fitfully by the hearth, while his son was busily employed in mending an old lantern.

Upon the entrance of Brinkley, the lantern was quickly thrown aside, and William Jones, assuming a most obsequious manner, hastened to give a welcome to the stranger. Brinkley was amused. He accepted William Jones' offer of a seat, then he lit up his brier-root pipe, and while smoking lazily, he put a few questions to his host. But if he expected to gain information of any kind he was soon undeceived. William Jones was no fool. Combined with excessive avarice, he possessed all the cunning of the fox, and the moment he saw that the stranger was pumping him, he was on his guard.

Presently, however, his curiosity gained the day. Categorically, in his turn, he began to question Brinkley about his doings.

"I suppose now, master," said he, "you travel about a deal in that cart o' your'n?"

Brinkley explained that the "cart" in question had been in his possession only a few months.

"But I traveled a good deal before I got it," he explained. "This time last year I was in Ireland."

"In Ireland, master?"

"Yes, on the west coast; do you know it?"

William Jones shook his head.

"There be plenty wreck there, ain't there?" said he suddenly.

"Wreck!" repeated Brinkley.

"Yes, I've heard tell o' wonderful storms and big ships breaking up. Look ye now, they do tell wonderful tales; and I wonder sometimes if all they says be true."

Brinkley looked at his host for a minute or so in silent wonder, for the little man was transformed.

"Wreck!" said the father. "Ay, there it be, driftin' in wi' the wind and the tide, William— driftin' in wi' the tide."

"Shut up, old man," said William, giving his father a nudge; then turning again to Brinkley, he said, "Be them tales true, master?"

"Eh? Oh, yes; perfectly true," said Brinkley, being in a lively humor and determined to give his host a treat.

The expression in the eyes of William Jones became even more greedy.

"P'raps," he said, "you've seen some of them wrecks?"

"Dear me, yes," answered Brinkley, determined to give the reins to his imagination. "I've seen any number of them. Huge ships broken up like matchboxes, and every soul on board them drowned; then afterward—"

"Ah, yes, mister," said William Jones, eagerly, as the other paused; "arter—"

"Well, afterward, my friend, I've seen treasures come ashore that would have made you and me, and a dozen others, rich for life."

"Lor, dear! and what become of it, master— tell me that?"

"What became of it?" repeated Brinkley, whose imagination was beginning to give way; "why, it was appropriated, of course, by the population."

"And didn't you take your share, mister?"

"I?" repeated Brinkley, who was getting muddled; "well, no;— firstly, because I did not wish to — I have a superstitious horror of wearing dead men's things; and secondly, because I could not have done so had I wished. The people are clannish; they wanted it all for themselves, and would have killed any interfering stranger."

"I suppose, mister, there be no coast- guard chaps there?" said William Jones.

"Oh, dear, no! No coast- guards."

"Ah!" sighed the old man, coming out of his trance. "It warn't so long ago when there warn't no coast-guard chaps here neither. Then times was better for honest men. On a dark night 'twas easy to put a light on the headland, and sometimes we got a prize or two that way, didn't we, William dear? but now—"

"You shut up!" roared William, giving his parent a very forcible dig in the ribs. "You don't know what you're talkin' about, you don't. The old 'un is a bit queer in the head, master," he explained; "and he's allus a-dreamin', he is. There ain't no prizes here, the Lord knows; it's a'most as much as we can do to git a bit o' bread. Matt knows that; don't we, Matt?"

But whatever Matt knew she evidently meant to keep to herself, for she gave no reply. Presently, after a little more general conversation, Brinkley rose to go. He offered a two- shilling piece to William Jones; and, somewhat to his amazement, that worthy accepted it gratefully.

"Good-by, Matt," said Brinkley. But in a trice Matt was beside him.

"I'm going to show you the way," she explained as she went out with him into the air.

"Whew!" said Brinkley when they were fairly clear of the cabin; "the open air is better than that den: but then William Jones is very poor, isn't he, Matt?"

"He says he is."

"But don't you believe it?"

"P'raps I do, and p'raps I don't; it don't matter to you, does it?"

"Not the least in the world."

They went on for a while in silence; then Matt, who had been furtively watching his face all the while, spoke again:

"You ain't angry, are you, master?" she asked.

"I angry— what for?"

"'Cause I said that just now."

"Dear me, no; whatever you might say, Matt, wouldn't offend me."

If he expected to please her by this he was mistaken.

"That's cause you don't care. Well, I don't care neither, if you don't."

She ran a little ahead of him, and continued to precede him until she gained the last sand- hill, and caught a glimpse of the Caravan. Then she paused.

"You don't want me to go no further, do you?"

"No."

"All right— good by."

She gave a bound, like a young deer, and prepared to start for a swift run back, but the young man called her.

"Matt, come here!"

She came up to him. He put his arm about her shoulders, bent over her upturned face, and kissed her. In her impulsive way, Matt returned the kiss ardently; then, to her amazement, she gave one strange look into his eyes— blushed violently, and hung her head.

"Come, give me another, Matt," he said.

But Matt would not comply. With one jerk she freed herself from him; then, swift as lightning she ran back across the hills toward the sea.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Matt Grows Matrimonial.

That night the young man of the Caravan had curious dreams, and throughout them all moved like a presiding fairy, Matt of Aberglyn. Sometimes he was wandering on stormy shores, watching the wrecks of mighty argosies; again, he was in mysterious caverns underneath the ground, searching for and finding buried treasure; still again, he was standing on the decks of storm- tossed vessels, while the breakers thundered close at hand, and the bale- fires burned on lonely headlands. But at all times, and in all places, Matt was his companion.

And, curiously enough, Matt in his dream was very different to the Matt of waking reality; taller and brighter —in fact as beautiful as a vision can be; so that his spirit was full of a strange sensation of love and pity, and the touch of the warm little hand disturbed his spirit with mysterious joy. So vivid did this dream become at last, that he found himself seated on a sunny rock by the sea, by Matt's side; and he was talking to her like a lover, with his arm around her waist; and she turned to him, with her great eyes fixed on his, and kissed him over and over again, so passionately that he awoke!

It was blowing hard, and the rain was pelting furiously on the roof of the Caravan. He tried to go to sleep again, but the face of Matt (as he had seen it in his dream) kept him a long time awake.

"Now young man," he said to himself, "this is idiotic. In the first place, Matt, is a child, not a young woman; in the second place, she is a vulgar little thing, not a young lady: in the third place, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for thinking of sentiment at all in such a connection. Is your brain softening, youngster? or are you laboring under the malign influence of William Jones? The kiss you gave to this unsophisticated daughter of the desert was paternal, or say, amicable; it was a very nice kiss, but it has no right to make you dream of stuff and nonsense."

But the influence of the dream was over him, and in that half-sleeping, half- waking state, he felt like a boy in love. He found himself calculating the age of his own friend. Let him see! it was fifteen years since, in her own figurative expression, she "come ashore," and the question remained, How old was she on that interesting occasion? As far as he could make out from her appearance, she could not be more than sixteen. For a damsel of that age, her kiss was decidedly precocious.

At last he tumbled off again, and dreamed that Matt was a young lady of beautiful attire and captivating manners, to whom he was "engaged;" and her speech, strange to say, was quite poetical, and refined; and they walked together, hand in hand, to a country church on a green hill-side, and were just going to enter, when who should appear upon the threshold but Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst! But they passed him by, and stood before the altar, where the parson stood in his white robes, and when the parson asked aloud whether any one saw any just reason or impediment that they should not be joined in holy matrimony, the same Monk stepped forward, with a Mephistophelian smile, and cried, "Yes, I do!" On which the young man woke again in agitation, to find that it was broad daylight and a fine fresh summer morning.

Whom should he find waiting for him when he had dressed himself and stepped from the house on wheels but Matt herself! Yes, there she was, as wild and quaintly- attired as ever, quite unlike the ethereal individual

# Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

Published every Thursday. Subscription $2 per year. Advertising rates on application.

Changes of advertisements must be in before noon on Wednesday to insure insertion.

Job Printing in all its branches promptly and neatly executed.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1904.


## *ADVERTISING B. C.*

We are in receipt of a little pamphlet published by the C. P. R. descriptive of British Columbia as a mining, agricultural and lumbering centre. It relates particularly to the Kootenay and Boundary districts, is neatly and tastefully gotten up, and as a means of advertising our immediate vicinity and surrounding country it is certainly very useful.

This is only one of the many features the Company has introduced in its endeavor to advertise and build up our province. Unfortunately there are some individuals and even some newspapers, political and otherwise, who have sought to minimize and disclaim the fact that we reap untold advantages from the enterprise and push of this great company. They have endeavored to show that the C. P.R. Co. is a huge, grasping, grinding, soulless corporation, and ruining of the country for the company's own financial advancement.

The fallacy and falsity of such a presentation is an axiomatic fact to anyone who will stop to consider the great development and commercial importance our province has achieved solely through the efforts of the above company in opening up to us the abundant means of transportation we now enjoy. Not only in the transportation system has the company labored but it has collected all possible details relative to the richness of the mineral wealth, the fertility of the soil, the beautiful climate, the extensive lumbering possibilities of this most westerly province and published them unsparingly to induce settlers and home-seekers to locate here. The plea is of course made that these efforts are for their own pecuniary benefit. Even granting such, for we have not yet reached the millenium point in the world's history where either individuals or corporations labor to benefit the other party only, still the advantages we have derived from the C. P. R. are the principle factors which have made this province what it is today.

Whenever the natural resources of this country have been sufficient to induce outside capital to invest, the company have made that inducement much stronger by connecting such points if possible with her lines of railway. Considering the circumstances and natural obstacles the lines of communication we possess in the Canadian Pacific railway are not excelled anywhere and equalled in few portions of the globe.

## *RADIUM*

Considerable interest generally and great excitement scientifically is being shown over the discovery of Radium by Mr. and Mrs. Currie. They were presented jointly with the Davy medal by the Royal Society of London, England. It is said that this act on the part of the Great English Scientific Society, and their cordial welcome to Monsieur and Madame Currie has greatly pleased the French and made them for the time quite forget the old national ill feeling. Surely scientific advancement and the progress of education are greater factors than any in the moulding of nations.

Doubtless many are unaware of the nature of this elusive substance, and as a matter of fact it is somewhat hard to describe to those unacquainted with chemistry physics.

In appearance it is something like sand in the day time while in the darkness it gives off a glow similar to phosphorous. Every hour it radiates a quantity of heat capable of melting its own weight of ice, and always holds a temperature some two or three degrees above the surrounding air.

Uranium, an element which has been known for some time, has the power of emitting light and heat rays or, technically speaking, radiactive power, but Radium has this power 1,000,000 times greater. It gives off as many of these rays (called "Becquerel rays" from the discoverer) at 300 degrees below zero as it does at the usual temperature. Although it may be in a continual state of activity, it seems never to change in any way.

As to the practical benefit to be derived from this metal, it is presumed by medical men that it will be effective as a cure for cancer, consumption and blindness. These perhaps our two most serious diseases and our greatest affliction will at last have found a remedy if the hopes of the medical fraternity are correct. Although it is used in treatment for blindness, yet to one working with it with the naked eye it is very injurious to the eyesight, causing inflammation and great pain. Also if it is carried in the pocket it will cause a sore on the body similar to a burn. From these facts it is evidently—"Hot stuff."

The price of this substance is valued at $4,000,000 per pound, to those of us here who are interested in gold mines at $16 per ounce there will perhaps come a desire to prospect for Radium. A recent discovery by a professor at the German University of Frieberg shows that all natural springs of water and also pretroleum wells possess a natural gas whose radiations are similar to and probably identical to Radium. This prevents a corner ever being put on this newly discovered and most valuable metal.

## *ANOTHER EDITORS' TOUR.*

Arrangements have been completed by W. J. White, superintendent of immigration agencies, with the Allied Press Association of Indiana, for another press tour through Western Canada. The party, which intends leaving Chicago by special train on July 13th, will visit the Canadian Northwest and many B. C. points. They expect to have a party of something over 200, among them many prominent Senators and other Government officials.

## *EDITORIAL NOTES.*

The latest issue of the B. C. Gazette is just to hand. Noticeable are the many joint stock companies recently incorporated.

After a most lengthy controversy on both sides of the Senate, the Panama canal treaty has at last been ratified. Nothing now remains for Uncle Sam but to throw off his coat and dig.

Congressman Dick has been nominated to be the successor of the late Senator Hanna. The ballot will be taken on March 1st, but as the Republican party has a very strong following the election will be merely formal.

In an editorial in the last number of the B. C. Lumberman on "The Trade and the Situation" the lumbering industry of B. C., particularly of this and the Kootenay section is commented on as being in a very prosperous and flourishing state. An abundant trade is looked for in the coming season owing to the advanced price in the wheat market. It is thought that this very prosperous condition in the Northwest and Manitoba will induce new settlers to locate there and building operations will be extensive thereby creating an ever increasing demand for good B. C. lumber.

In the last issue of the Camborne Miner there is a plea for a daily mail service. It seems that about a year ago a petition asking for such a service was circulated through that district receiving 131 signatures and was sent to Mr. Galliher, M. P., but unfortunately that was the apparent end of it.

All are aware of the growing importance of the Camborne district, including Trout Lake, Beaton, Comaplix and Ferguson, and surely there is ample reason that a daily, instead of the present tri-weekly service, is not only their right but quite necessary. Considering the fact that many of our citizens have business interests in the Camborne district, the introduction of a daily service there would not only be of immense benefit to that district but also of considerable importance to Revelstoke. We therefor feel confident that the request of the Camborne district will be granted, viz., that whatever lies in the power of the citizens of Revelstoke to forward such will be cheerfully done.

## Mail and Empire's War News

People who wish to be posted on the progress of the Japanese-Russian war should subscribe for the Toronto Mail and Empire, which will cover the field with the same thoroughness that witnessed its handling of the Spanish American and Boer wars. Not only will the Mail and Empire be served by the Laffan Bureau and the Associated Press, but it will publish the cables of the special correspondents of the London Times, London Daily Mail and the Paris edition of the New York Herald.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YODO FUJII, PROP.

BEST EATING HOUSE IN THE CITY.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS

**MEN WANTED**

TWENTY-FIVE (25) BUSH MEN wanted by

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I can quickly sell for cash, without local publicity, your Business, Real Estate or Partnership, no matter where located. Send me full particulars, prices, etc. Address:

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**HAY FOR SALE**

One Car of No. 1 clear Timothy, apply to

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THIS SPACE RESERVED

**$1.00**

to the party cutting this out and presenting same to the Advertiser.

**? WHO**

**Yankee WINTER RESORT**

Pine Clad Sand Hills of North Carolina: Pine Bluff.

A Two-Cent Stamp for Booklet.

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BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

Large, Light bedrooms.
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FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company's Funds for sale at 6 per cent.
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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. B. 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

W. B. FLEMING, W. M
J. ACHESON, Rec.-Sec.

KOOTENAY STAR, R. B. P.

Meets on First Tuesday of every month, in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. ACHESON, W. P.
J. H. ARMSTRONG, Reg.

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.

A. J. HOWE, C. C.
J. W. BENNETT, K. of R. & S.
H. A. BROWN, Master of Finance.

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Mining Engineer and Metallurgist.

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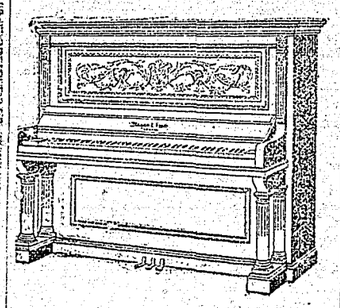

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NOTICE.

Public notice is given that the Big Bend Lumber Company Limited have adopted the below mentioned timber marks for logs belonging to them and all persons are warned against dealing with or keeping in possession any logs bearing any of said marks:

B. B. L. Co. A B

235

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

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

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TRY OUR WHOLESOME

White and Brown Bread Scones and Buns

Dances and Private Parties Catered To. Full stock of Excellent Candies.

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Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

**FINE TAILORING**

IN SPRING SUITINGS AND OVERCOATINGS

We have a handsome assortment to choose from at prices that should be attractive to careful buyers.
Everything strictly up-to-date in style, fit and finish.

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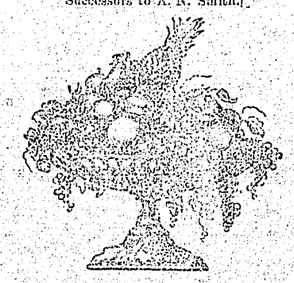
Successors to A. N. Smith.



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Fare 10 Cents.

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PRIME BEEF, PORK, MUTTON SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

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To wear good glasses. To those who have to work and feel that their eyes are continually aching from that cause should wear a pair. The trouble is that the majority of people do not know that the right glasses will give that needed rest.
WE WILL EXAMINE YOUR EYES FREE OF CHARGE, and if you feel that you are justified in wearing glasses we can fit you. A large quantity always in stock.

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DON'T SUFFER ANY LONGER

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Our Rush for 1903 is over, and as usual at this time of year we make a specialty of

**BLACK SUITS**

What is nicer and more becoming.

You should try one of our latest Black Suits. They are stylishly made, frock and full dress. We have a stock of nice goods to select from, and we guarantee every suit.

Our stock of Tweeds are well selected, and in order to keep our hands employed until the arrival of Spring Goods, we are having a Special January Sale.

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WALTER MUNRO,
Revelstoke, B. C

## CITY COUNCIL

On Friday evening last the council met with His Worship Mayor Brown presiding, and Aldermen Abbaharnson, McLeod Field and Lewis present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were adopted as read and the communications followed next in order:—

Statement from Premier McBride notifying the council of the appointment of the License and Police Commissioners.

An application from R. Tapping asking the privilege of building a verandah over Kootenay Mail building for the protection of the sidewalk from snow sliding off the roof.—Laid over.

A request from the residents on First street to have the road broken open.—Referred to Public Works Committee with power to act.

Letter from A. J. Pilfier asking for $3.50 per cord for supplying the 75 cords of wood, instead of $3 as per contract, stating that the job entailed more work than he thought at time of signing contract.—Refused.

From Sibbald & Field stating that premiums on certain policies were due. —Decided to renew for same amounts as last year.

Report of Fire, Water & Light Committee on the break at power house was received and filed.

Report of School Board on estimates for ensuing year amounting to $8030. —Received and filed.

Matter of the advisibility of having a High School was then brought up. The initial cost would be $1500 and the additional cost this year was estimated at $450, while the annual cost each ensuing year was estimated at $1050.—Laid over till next examination to see if the necessary number of pupils, viz., 20, were forthcoming.

The chairman of committee from the bonspiel made a pathetic appeal for the city to cancel a bill of $16 which they held against the bonspiel management.

The Mayor pointed out that this bonspiel was a great benefit in its advertisement of the city and it was all the counil had been asked to contribute and surgested it be granted.

Moved by Ald. Lewis, seconded Ald. McLeod that bill be cancelled.—Carried unanimously and the committee of two departed joyfully.

Report of Fire, Water & Light Committee on the investigation as to the public safety of Tapping's Opera House and their recommendations, received and filed.

Moved by Ald. Lewis, seconded by Ald. Field that Mr. Tapping be given a week to make necessary improvements, superintended by Public Works Committee—Carried.

Report of F. W. & L. committee re increase in Mr. Dunn's salary.—Refused.

F. W. & L. Committee's recommendation that wing dam be put in to protect electric light plant from slush was received and filed. Their report re armature burning out also filed.

Under the head of new business Ald. Lewis brought up the matter of the city's protection from conflagration. He remarked that the city had reached such a point in its growth when steps should be taken to make a fire limit and restrict the buildings to brick within that limit.

Clerk Floyd suggested that some definite data be brought to show sufficient grounds for any action being taken by council.

Laid over for further consideration.

Report of committee who were to investigate Two-mile and Bridge creeks for a new supply. They found in Bridge creek a water supply four times the capacity of the present source and sufficient to amply supply a city of 15,000 people for fire and domestic purposes.

Mr. E. A. Haggen then informed the council that he had conferred with Mr. Keefer the Dominion Government Engineer and that Mr. Keefer notified him that Mr. Galliher, Dominion member for this district was soon going to Ottawa and that if a conference could be arranged by the council with Mr. Galliher, explaining the case he might secure a grant from Dominion House for dredging the channel of the Columbia.

On the advise of His Worship the council decided to form themselves into a committee to interview Mr. Galliher to the end if possible of securing said grant.

The council then adjourned with the announcement that an informal meeting would be held on Saturday to talk over certain matters.

## A Trapper's Fate.

Four or five weeks ago word was brought to Kamloops by a party of trappers who had then just come down the North Thompson of the finding in December last near Tete Jaune Cache of the body of Mat Green, prospector and trapper by some Indians.

The information came to hand in a very roundabout fashion. An Indian named Alexander, belonging to the Tehutehuqualk reserve, 50 miles north of Kamloops, was one of those who found the body and on his way down he stopped at Peavine with McCorvie and Pridgeon and told them of finding the body about 25 miles from Tete Jaune Cache, and that the skull was fractured. It was supposed that he had fallen while out hunting. The Indians buried the body near where they found it.

Another party of trappers on their way to Kamloops heard of this and when they arrived here one of them, W. M. Berry, gave the information to the Provincial Constable Alexander. The Indian, also came to Kamloops, but so far as is known made no statement to the authorities on the matter and had returned either to the upper reserve or Tete Jaune Cache before the trappers told their story.

At the present season of the year it is almost impossible to send anyone into the Tete Jaune country with any hope of discovering any evidence that would throw light upon the affair, and it will be some weeks yet ere anything can be done to verify the story of Green's death.

## Verse Makers

The result of the rather novel offer made by the Vancouver Province of a box at the opera house in that city during the engagement of the "Bostonians" to the one sending in the best stanza of poetry which would conform in metre to a popular song the Bostonians were introducing in this town is at hand. The ideas in the submitted verses were all topical and nearly all the "would-be" poets were fed at the muse of the twist in the city government including the mayor, aldermen and police.

The following are winners of the 1st and second prize.

Our Mayor and Corporation
Are in great perturberation:
These new Police Commissioners
Have filled their minds august with fears
They'll make His Worship marry;
With bylaws play old Harry;
They'll educate the Aldermen
"From a woman's point of view, by "Gwen."

Ah! Dreaming, dreaming,
Dreaming in their sleep
That the Government has held
Their dignity too cheap;
When they awake things won't be as they seem,
Vancouver won't be a wide-open town;
And that's no idle dream.
—F. G. Brougham.

The manager while dozing,
Thought, "Doors I must be closing,
"Already there's a crowded house,
"There isn't room for e'en a mouse.
"We've sold five thousand tickets,
"I'll count my cash," said Ricketts—
But he awoke, awoke to swear,
For there were none but deadheads there.

Ah! Dreaming, dreaming,
Talking in his sleep,
Getting rich in Dreamland,
Where bank accounts are cheap.
When we awake
Things are not what they seem,
And the crowded house
Oft proves 'twas just an idle dream.
—G. E. Macdonald.

## "Bob White."

Many of our readers will be interested in the following clipping from the News-Advertiser of the 5th instant:

Messrs. D. and A. Ross are mourning the loss of their old four-footed friend, "Bob White," probably the oldest horse in British Columbia, if not in Canada. Its age is unknown, and it was past the time when it could be determined by its teeth, but it has been estimated at between 30 and 40 years, a remarkable age for a horse. Raised in Brantford, Ont., where Bob gained good a mark, he was sent west, and Dr. Bland remembers him at Calgary in 1886, when, although an old horse, he still managed to secure many a purse. The Messrs. Ross have owned him for 13 years or more, but by kind treatment he was in good health almost to the last. Some little time ago "Bob" was attacked with meningitis, which rendered his hind legs helpless, and it was decided to put him out of misery. The unpleasant task was entrusted to Dr. Bland,—but such vitality did the old horse possess that it required the use of a pound of chloroform before he entered the horses' paradise.


## 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.


REVELSTOKE ASSESSMENT DISTRICT
WEST KOOTENAY.

Take notice that I shall hold a Court of Revision and Appeal, under the Assessment Act, 1903, for the Revelstoke Assessment District, on Monday the Fourteenth day of March, 1904, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Revelstoke.

Dated at Revelstoke, this 15th day of February, 1904.

CHAS. M. FIELD,
Judge of the Court of Revision and Appeal Revelstoke Assessment District of West Kootenay.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF KOOTENAY, HOLDEN AT REVELSTOKE.

In the matter of Thomas Tollifson, deceased, and
In the matter of the "Official Administrators' Act," dated 6th day of January, A. D., 1904.

Upon reading the affidavit of George S. McCarter it is ordered, that George S. McCarter, Official Administrator for part of the County of Kootenay, shall be administrator of all and singular the estate of Thomas Tollifson, deceased, and that notice of this order be published in 4 issues of the Revelstoke Herald newspaper published at Revelstoke, B. C.

"J. A. FORIN,"
J.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF KOOTENAY, HOLDEN AT REVELSTOKE.

In the matter of Robert Taylor, deceased, and
In the matter of the "Official Administrators' Act," dated 6th day of January, A. D., 1904.

Upon reading the affidavit of Fred C. Elliott, it is ordered, that George S. McCarter, Official administrator for part of the County of Kootenay, shall be administrator of all and singular the estate of Robert Taylor, deceased, and that notice of this order be published in 4 issues of the Revelstoke Herald newspaper published at Revelstoke, B. C.

"J. A. FORIN,"
J.

NOTE.

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:

Commencing at a post marked "A. M. Hyatt's initial post," situated on the west bank of the Columbia river in the Northern Boundary of Township 4, Big Bend and running west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Dec. 30th, 1903.

A. M. HYATT.

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.

Commencing at a post situated on the east bank of the Columbia river at the Northern Boundary of Township 4, Big Bend and marked "A. M. Hyatt's initial post," running east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Dec. 30th, 1903.

A. M. HYATT.


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


THE PRINCE MINING & DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED LIABILITY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Prince Mining and Development Company, Limited Liability, will be held at the Company's offices, First Street, Revelstoke, B. C., on WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of March, A. D., 1904, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and for all other purposes relating to the management of the Company.

It is proposed to amend the By-Laws by increasing the number of Directors to seven.

The Transfer Book of the Company will be closed during the fourteen days immediately preceding such meeting.

Dated at Revelstoke, B. C., this 17th day of February, A. D., 1904.

J. M. SCOTT,
Secretary.


## WANTED

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## The Revelstoke Herald and Railwaymen's Journal

$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE $2.00

# A FATAL WOOING

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

She remembered Silvernook must lie toward the north. There were no stars to guide her; still she told herself she knew the way; she could not miss the road, it could be but a few miles distant.

Izetta watched the first gray streaks of dawn pierce the dull, leaden sky, with a grateful heart. All the night long she had pushed steadily onward. It was dark and lonely; she thanked God for the friendly morning light; she could not be far from there, she told herself.

Then she stood still and looked about her. Merciful Heaven! where was she. She never remembered having been in that locality before. She had been so sure she was in the right path, whereas, she found herself in a trackless, boundless sea of snow.

She was the only living being amidst all that vast expanse of frozen whiteness, whose outline was broken, here and there, only by some hardy, bare branched shrub or tree that rose up darkly from its white, shrouded bed; the cold, white, dreary expanse of snow stretched out on all sides as far as her eye could reach; no path was discernible through the uneven driftings.

For some moments Izetta gazed around her in blank bewilderment; then her lips grew white with a sudden fear.

"I have lost my way!" she cried out in horror.

There was no path before her, and the footprints of her own feet were [illegible] obliterated by the thick, [illegible] snow.

[illegible] could not retrace her steps; she [illegible] in the snow and tried to [illegible]

[illegible] was growing quite used to [illegible] oreseen events were ever [illegible] themselves unawares upon [illegible]

[illegible] see the raven careening [illegible] the upper air above her [illegible] thought occurred to her: [illegible] ever be able to reach [illegible]

[illegible] and benumbed; she [illegible] own in the soft, white [illegible] Yet she had often [illegible] meant death.

[illegible] to bear up a little [illegible]

[illegible] he thought, "it does [illegible] much what becomes of [illegible]

[illegible] tasted food since the [illegible] still she did not feel the [illegible]

[illegible] wofully tired and weary, [illegible] hat was all. Ere she was hardly [illegible] the sun had sunk behind the [illegible] western clouds.

[illegible] of night would soon [illegible] her, ushered in by the [illegible] falling snow.

[illegible] the chiming of far-off [illegible] upon her ear; at first they sounded like church bells; then she [illegible] that this was Christmas [illegible]

[illegible] paused in the twilight, the [illegible] sounded nearer and nearer. A dark speck was skimming toward her from the distant horizen. Could it be a human being? Her [illegible] was one of intense joy, [illegible] gave place to the [illegible] terror.

"What if it should be Heath Hampton?" she thought, trembling like a leaf.

Ah, she could screen herself behind the bushes; if it was no one who might be seeking her, she would cry out to them.

Izetta was not a moment too soon. Nearer and nearer each moment dashed the sleigh and its occupants over the white, crusted snow.

Another instant, and they had reached the very spot where she knelt, screened by the alder bushes! they were so near she could have put out her hand and touched them as they grazed her hiding-place.

Had those prancing steeds swerved ever so slightly toward those alder bushes, they must have crushed her.

Now she could see their faces. A voice, hoarse with wrath, which she knew but too well, cried sharply:

"I say she must have come this way; you stupid colt, to have lost track of the footprints."

"I could not help it," answered a voice, which she instantly recognized as the dwarf's; "the fault is the snow falling so fast not mine."

Suddenly Vatal drew rein.

"Have you forgotten, sir, you are nearing dangerous ground? Yonder lies Ulvesford Manor in the distance, to the right, there."

His companion uttered a short, hard, mocking laugh, that made Izetta, crouching in her ambush, almost faint with fear.

"I have forgotten nothing," answered Heath Hampton, wrathfully. "Ulvesford knows nothing of my return from abroad. I have succeeded in keeping that a profound secret. I could not wish him better luck than to meet him here and now. He has led a charmed life; twice he has escaped me, once in Switzerland, and once on this very road by the cliff; he shall never escape me the third time. He little dreams of the vengeance which shall soon be meted out to him."

"Fate seems against you of late," answered the dwarf.

"Yes, I'm at the bottom of the wheel now, Vatal," answered Hampton; "but it revolves quickly. I'll soon be at the top. Dame Fortune dealt Ulvesford the winning cards in gaining the heiress of Lorrimer Hall. Even this dark-eyed little beauty has eluded my grasp. I was so sure — hark! what noise was that?"

The next instant Izetta met the glaring eyes of Heath Hampton gazing fixedly at her through the branches.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Ulvesford Mansion.

"What noise was that?" again queried Heath Hampton.

"I'm sure I did not hear any," answered Vatal.

"Pshaw!" muttered the other, impatiently. "I believe I'm growing as fanciful as a woman."

His keen, shrewd eyes had not detected the startled, dark eyes gazing as if fascinated upon him.

"You had better turn about, Vatal," he ordered; "she cannot have gone very far; we will take a short cut across; she must be somewhere about."

The next moment the horses were plunging on through the darkness in an opposite direction.

"Mother," she cried, raising her eyes to heaven, through her tearless sobs, "I had rather lie cold and lifeless upon the pure, cold snow here, food for the vultures of the air, than breathe the same air with this human vulture, from whom you have saved your child."

The bitter cold and the great mental excitement through which she had so lately passed were beginning to tell upon Izetta's sadly shattered nerves; her garments were white with the fallen snow, and with great difficulty she made her way step by step.

Once she staggered and fell. She was beginning to feel delightfully warm and drowsy; the bitter cold seemed to have passed harmlessly by her. If she could only lie down and rest a few moments she would feel refreshed directly.

Suddenly the shrill cry of a nightbird circling above her head partially aroused her lagging energy.

They had spoken of some place at the right; she had walked many miles and found no such place, she had told herself, with a pitiful little laugh that sounded strangely weird among dark trees and waste of snow.

Suddenly the flashing of many lights burst upon her view; for one brief instant she half imagined she was walking down the street of some Italian city upon a gala night. Delightful strains of music fell upon her ear. The music awoke Izetta's soul to consciousness of her position.

Oh! how she strove to reach the lights and the music. A few steps more and she reached the park gate. The sound of revelry was at its height.

Izetta crept up the broad walk, from which the snow had been carefully brushed.

From the great rows of windows which opened out upon the arched porch the shimmering curtains were looped back, and the brilliant, rosy light poured warmly out upon the cold, white snow.

Izetta crept nearer and nearer, her dark garments trailing after her.

She could see great throngs of gayly-dressed women, against backgrounds of great banks of roses, who seemed to laugh at the cold, the storm and the snow without.

Their arms and shoulders, 'neath gossamer tulles, shone like polished marble under the blazing light of the colored chandeliers.

Izetta pressed her white, wild face closer against the window-pane. No one could see her, she told herself; no one would know she was watching out there in the cold and the darkness.

Her long, dark hair, on which the white snowflakes lay thick, tossed about her face with the breeze. Her dark, sorrowful eyes, like gleaming stars, shone strangely lustrous.

She could have gazed on the scene forever, with never a thought of the cold or the storm. She quite forgot she had intended to inquire the way to Silvernook.

She was riveted to the spot by the mirth and lights within.

* * *

Loraine Ulvesford intended her first Christmas at home should be a magnificent affair.

An hour before her guests arrived she stood before her mirror, clasping a diamond bracelet on her white, rounded arm, that gleamed and quivered with every motion with a thousand jets of flame, her proud, haughty mouth was wreathed in smiles.

Loraine was always thinking of her husband when she smiled.

He sat at a little distance from her, his head bent on his hands in a strange fit of despondency, which even she could not charm away with her witty banter and winning smile.

Suddenly she turned to him.

"Ulmont," she asked, "you are quite sure you are pleased that you married me?"

She was leaning both her elbows on his chair, her lovely eyes gazing into his own.

"It is rather late in the day for you to be asking such a question of me, Loraine."

She put back his fair hair from his forehead with her soft, white, jeweled hand, answering slowly:

"Ulmont, my husband, I can never feel quite sure of your love for me. Sometimes when your arms are about me, and your lips pressed to mine, I feel a strange sensation, as if a strong hand had suddenly thrust us asunder, and your kisses, while yet warm, seem to grow cold on my lips; there are times you seem so silent and abstracted— why is it?"

"There has ever been a weight on my mind since the accident which befell me; probably some trifling affair, it may be after all."

"Do you think it is the memory of some one whom you have met abroad?" she asked, anxiously.

"Jealous, Loraine," he laughed; "it is more likely some message I have promised to deliver for some friend which eludes my memory so persistently."

"You have never loved any one except me, have you, Ulmont?"

"You do not doubt that you are my first last and only love, do you, Loraine?"

"No; to doubt you would be death," she answered; "yet, somehow you are not the same; you have seemed so changed since you went abroad. You are not gay and merry as before."

Ulmont laid his handsome head back upon the crimson cushion with a merry laugh.

"How would you have it, my pretty Loraine; if a man's love does not strengthen and deepen under the influence of so peerless a wife as yourself, he may safely be labeled heartless— better have lived a bachelor forlorn."

Still Loraine was not satisfied; she would be the sharer of his every thought.

"I believe I am growing jealous," she said, with a smile; "still I am thankful I have only your thoughts for rivals."

A rival— it was the first time such an idea had crossed her mind.

"If I had ever had a rival in your affections, Ulmont," she said, "I could not have answered for myself."

She was the last daughter of the long line of Loraines; it had often been said they were never crossed in love. Heaven pity the man who was weighed in the balance of their affections and was found wanting.

Loraine, with a bright glow in her heart, went down among her guests, little dreaming of the terrible web fate was weaving around the husband she so madly loved.

Had her very life been asked as a ransom for his, she would cheerfully have paid it. Those who saw Loraine Ulvesford that night in the glow of her peerless beauty never forgot her, or the strange occurrence that made that Christmas Eve a memorable one.

Mirth was at its height, intoxicating the sense with rapturous bewilderment. Loraine had given the first waltz to Dr. Stafford; he regretted when it was over.

"It is not often I am favored with so graceful a partner as yourself, Mrs. Ulvesford," he said, gallantly, leading her to a seat in a bower of bending ferns that arched above one of the long, French windows that led out into the porch.

Loraine was about to make some light rejoinder, but the words died away on her lips in a piercing scream which brought the guests hurriedly about her as she pointed to the window.

There crouching close against the dark pane, they beheld a white, wistful, beautiful face, framed by long, dark, disheveled hair, and gleaming, mournful eyes.

The white, cold snow on the ivy vines, and the long, glistening icicles formed a weird background that struck a subtle fear to the hearts of all who gazed.

In an instant flashed across Loraine's mind that beautiful, foreign face that had haunted her so strangely in the vine-covered Alps.

The gentlemen had started out to search for the owner of face which when observed, had instantly disappeared.

Loraine looked around for Ulmont; he was not among them. She heard [illegible] strange murmurs from the porch without.

"Keep the ladies back," the gentlemen were saying; but the ladies would not be kept back; they would know all about the disturbance.

Loraine, heedless of shawl or wrap, made her way out to the group hovering around some dark object lying upon the snow.

The gentlemen entreated her to return to the house.

"You will catch your death of cold, Mrs. Ulvesford," they urged; "see, you are shivering now."

As Loraine persisted in seeing what was the matter, the group silently made way for her.

There was something in the still beauty of the white, upturned face lying there that touched a deep chord in Loraine's heart as she knelt down in the snow beside her.

In after life people often spoke, who witnessed that sight, of the strange contrast they made. Loraine in her robe of velvet, the flashing lights quivering on her flaming jewels and on her golden hair, and the slight, delicate figure lying there wrapped in the dark, snow-covered cloak, the sweet face, perfect as if carved in marble, on which the dark, silken lashes lay, seemed the face of a child; there was a pitiful expression about the mouth, hard to see on one so young.

"Where is Dr. Stafford?" called Loraine.

"I am here," he responded, promptly; "I have forced some wine down the poor creature's throat; she will soon recover, Mrs. Ulvesford."

"Why is she not brought into the house?" asked Loraine.

"I have ordered a carriage to have her removed to the hospital," replied the doctor; "little good comes of harboring people of this kind in one's home."

There was something appealing in the still, white face that made the heart of Ulmont Ulvesford's wife warm unconsciously toward her.

It was a strange fate which led these two women together. these two who so passionately loved the same husband— the bitterest of rivals.

"The child must be brought into the house, for the present, at least," responded Loraine, resolutely.

The long cloak, which had hitherto quite concealed the silent figure lying there, was suddenly tossed back by the driving wind.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Loraine, as she gazed in startled awe upon the white, marble face; "she is no child; she is——"

"Hush!" commanded the doctor, who hastily replaced the cloak about the quiet form, and bore her tenderly within. "Shall she be sent to the hospital, Mrs. Ulvesford?" he asked, anxiously.

"No," answered Loraine, simply; "I could not have the heart to turn the poor creature from the sheltering walls of Ulvesford Mansion."

How little she knew who it was whom she harbored; she knew not that she, who had been borne into that home so helplessly, should by rights have reigned there, its mistress the loved and honored wife of its master.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

In The Gray Dawn.

The mirth and revelry which had been momentarily suspended, [illegible] on again with redoubled zest, little heeding the strange occurrence which was taking place in another part of the building.

The doctor had been quickly and secretly summoned.

"I am sorry for making a pleasure visit one of business," said Mrs. Lorrimer, apologetically; "but there may be occasion for your services before morning, doctor."

"I shall be only too pleased to render what assistance lies in my power."

"If anything out of the usual order transpires, you will please inform me at once," said Mrs. Lorrimer.

"Certainly."

It was a strange, unnatural sight; Doctor Stafford in full ball-room costume, sprays of white heather in the lapel of his coat, watching gravely the flickering shadows that crossed the most beautiful face upon which he had ever gazed.

He felt a strange thrill of interest in the friendless young outcast.

Once the dark eyes opened wide, and a sweet voice whispered:

"Alderic, darling, is that you?"

Doctor Stafford clinched his hands in a tight grip as he brushed a tear from his eye; then patiently resumed his watching.

In the gray early dawn of the Christmas morning, the doctor hurriedly called for Mrs. Lorrimer.

"You wished to be notified if anything unusual occurred;" there was a kindly smile on his care-worn face as he continued: "I am happy to inform you of the presence of a handsome male child."

"Oh, Dr. Stafford!"

"It is very true, madam," he replied, leading the way to the apartment he had lately quitted.

"See," whispered Mrs. Lorrimer, pointing to the white hand of the young mother as it lay beside the infant; "she wears a marriage-ring. Poor thing! where is her husband, I wonder?"

"That is not an easy question to answer, madam."

Suddenly the dark eyes opened wide, fixing themselves upon the elegantly-attired lady and gentleman bending over her.

"Where am I?" asked Izetta, in a weak voice.

The doctor took up a little bundle which lay beside her; the wee, piping voice of a little babe fell upon her ear; those two standing at that bedside never forgot the glorious light that broke over the young mother's face when she heard the voice of her little babe.

Tears sprang to Mrs. Lorrimer's eyes, cold proud woman though she was, and the doctor, quite used to such sights, turned away his head.

"You are not to talk, my dear," commanded the doctor, placing the little bundle in her arms. "You are to lie still and keep very quiet."

As the sun rose on that well-remembered Christmas morning, and the chiming church bells kept time to the merry sleigh bells' jingle and the merry laugh of sportive children, a great sense of security and peace fell over Izetta as she closed her eyes in a dreamless sleep.

Loraine was almost incredulous when she heard the news.

Ulmont had been quite indignant when he heard of the affair.

Loraine, who was sitting beside him when the intelligence was brought her, looked up into her husband's face, reading instinctively his thoughts.

"Of what are you thinking, Ulmont?" she asked, timidly.

He gazed thoughtfully over the distant hills as he answered:

"Loraine, this is the first stranger ever born beneath the roof of the Ulvesfords. Every member of the family was born here," he repeated, "and here they returned to die. It is strange, the first break has been made in our time, Loraine. I had rather it had been otherwise."

"I am sure I did not know, Ulmont; I never thought."

"It was all due to your kindness of heart, Loraine; there is no help for it now. The bells of Ulvesford Mansion should not ring; it is not an heir of the Ulvesfords, whose birth should be joyously celebrated."

"You are not angry with me, Ulmont."

"Certainly not, dear," and he passed on to his library.

A few moments later Loraine followed him, the most curiously beautiful smile playing about her mouth.

"I have something here to show you," she said, blushing rosily.

Ulmont leaned back in his chair, and pushed the pile of letters before him into a drawer.

"Now I am all attention; what is it?"

For answer, she placed a little, wee, soft bundle she carried directly in his arms; the next instant an infant's piping wail fell upon his ear.

Two great, dark eyes were staring wonderingly up into his own, and a little, waxen hand curled confidingly around his forefinger.

For an instant every drop of blood left Ulmont Ulvesford's handsome face.

Ah! who could tell what that tiny, creature that held him spellbound, causing his heart to thrill as it had never thrilled before.

The magic touch of the little waxen hand unmanned him.

The little head rested against his breast with a soft, low coo.

The great, dark, searching eyes never left his face.

Ah! who could tell what that tiny, nursing cherub had discovered.

Loraine's face grew white as death as she watched the infant lying so contentedly upon her husband's breast

She was beginning to feel heartily sorry she had brought it to him.

"Ah, Loraine," he sighed, "I would give half my fortune, and think it well spent, if this little one was the heir of Ulvesford Manor!"

The white lines of pain grew deeper about Loraine's face, as, with a forced laugh, she replied, quite carelessly:

"You will make me forget my errand, Ulmont!"

"It must have been a very important one if it could be so easily forgotten."

"Is it not important the baby should have a name? That was my errand here. The young mother held out her hands to me and said, 'Call him what you will.' I thought perhaps you could help me, dear."

"How?"

"By suggesting something you think appropriate."

"There's plenty of time to think of that."

"I have already thought of a name for him," declared Loraine, timidly. "Somehow I thought—I did not know whether you would approve of it."

"What is the name you thought of?" he asked, curiously.

Was it the cruel irony of fate that caused Ulmont Ulvesford's guileless young wife to lay her hand trustingly upon her husband's arm as she answered, with a smile on her lips:

"Because this little stranger was born at Ulvesford Mansion, I wish him called Ulmont."

A silence, deep as death, fell between them.

The dark eyes of the infant pleadingly searched Ulmont Ulvesford's face.

His beautiful young wife knelt at his feet, the firelight playing on her golden hair.

(To be Continued.)

# On Trial for His Life.

By John Fox, Jr.

The following episode is taken from John Fox, jr.'s, exquisite story, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," a book published this fall. Chad, a boy, the hero of the story, returns home to find that his dog Jack has been accused of sheep-stealing. The Turners are the people with whom he lives. The Dillons are the enemies of the Turners. Whizzer is the Dillons' dog.

By degrees the whole story was told Chad that night. Now and then the Turners would ask him about his stay in the Bluegrass, but the boy would answer as briefly as possible, and come back to Jack. Before going to bed, Chad said he would bring Jack into the house.

"Somebody might pizen him," he explained, and when he came back he startled the circle about the fire:

"Whar's Whizzer?" he asked, sharply. "Who's seen Whizzer?"

Then it developed that no one had seen the Dillon dog since the day before the sheep was found dead near a ravine at the foot of the mountain in a back pasture. Late that afternoon Melissa had found Whizzer in that very pasture when she was driving old Betsy, the brindle, home at milking time. Since then, no one of the Turners had seen the Dillon dog. That, however, did not prove that Whizzer was not at home. And yet——

"I'd like to know whar Whizzer is now!" said Chad, and after, at Joel's command, he had tied Jack to a bedpost—an outrage that puzzled the dog sorely—the boy threshed his bed for an hour, trying to think out a defence for Jack, and wondering if Whizzer might not have been concerned in the death of the sheep.

It is hardly possible that what happened next day could happen anywhere except among simple people of the hills Briefly, the old Squire and the circuit-rider had brought old Joel to the point of saying the night before that he would give Jack up to be killed if he could be proven guilty. "But," the old hunter cried with an oath, "you've got to prove him guilty." And thereupon the Squire said he would give Jack every chance that he would give a man—he would try him; each side could bring in witnesses; old Joel could have a lawyer if he wished, and Jack's case would go before a jury. If pronounced innocent, Jack should go free; if guilty—then the dog should be handed over to the sheriff to be shot at sundown. Joel agreed.

It was a strange procession that left the gate of the Turner cabin next morning. Old Joel led the way, mounted, with "old Sal," his rifle, across his saddle-bow. Behind him came Mother Turner and Melissa on foot, and Chad with his rifle over his left shoulder, and leading Jack by a string with his right hand. Behind them slouched Tall Tom with his rifle, and Dolph and Rube, each with a huge, old-fashioned horse-pistol swinging from his right hip. Last strode the schoolmaster. The cabin was left deserted, the hospitable door held closed by a deerskin latch caught to a wooden pin outside.

It was a strange humiliation to Jack thus to be led along the highway, like a criminal going to the gallows. There was no power on earth that could have moved him from Chad's side, other than the boy's own command, but old Joel had sworn that he would keep the dog tied, and the old hunter always kept his word. He had sworn, too, that Jack should have a fair trial. Therefore, the guns—and the schoolmaster walked with his hands behind him and his eyes on the ground; he feared trouble.

Half a mile up the river and to one side of the road a space of some thirty feet square had been cut into a patch of rhododendron and filled with rude benches of slabs, in front of which was a rough platform on which sat a home-made, cane-bottomed chair. Except for the opening from the road, the space was walled with a circle of living green, through which the sun dappled the benches with quivering disks of yellow light, and high above great poplars and oaks arched their mighty heads. It was an open-air "meeting-house" where the circuit-rider preached during his summer circuit, and there the trial was to take place.

Already a crowd was idling, whittling, gossiping to the road, when the Turner cavalcade came in sight—and for ten miles up and down the river people were coming in for the trial.

"Mornin', gentlemen," said old Joel, gravely.

"Mornin'," answered several, among whom was the Squire, who eyed Joel's gun and the guns coming up the road.

"Squirrel huntin'?" he asked, and as the old hunter did not answer, he added sharply:

"Air you afeerd, Joel Turner, that you ain't a-goin' to git justice from me?"

"I don't keer whar it comes from," said Joel, grimly, "but I'm a-goin' to have it."

It was plain that the old man not only was making no plea for sympathy, but was alienating the little he had, and what he had was very little, for who but a lover of dogs can give full sympathy to his kind? And then Jack was believed to be guilty. It was curious to see how each Dillon shrank unconsciously as the Turners gathered—all but Jerry, one of the giant twins. He always stood his ground, fearing not man nor dog—nor devil.

Ten minutes later the Squire took his seat on the platform, while the circuit-rider squatted down beside him. The crowd, men, women and children, took the rough benches. To one side sat and stood the Dillons, old Tad and little Tad, Daws, Nance, and others of the tribe. Straight in front of the Squire gathered the Turners about Melissa and Chad and Jack as a center—with Jack squatted on his haunches foremost of all—facing the Squire with grave dignity, and looking at none else save, occasionally, the old hunter or his little master.

To the right stood the sheriff with his rifle, and on the outskirts hung the schoolmaster. Quickly the old Squire chose a jury, giving old Joel the opportunity to object as he called each man's name. Old Joel objected to none, for every man called he knew was more friendly to him than to the Dillons, and old Tad Dillon raised no word of protest, for he knew his case was clear. Then began the trial, and any soul that was there would have shuddered could he have known how that trial was to divide neighbor against neighbor, and mean death and bloodshed for half a century after the trial itself was long forgotten.

The first witness, old Tad—long, lean, stooping, crafty—had seen the sheep rushing wildly up the hillside "'bout crack o' day," he said, and had sent Daws up to see what the matter was. Daws had shouted back:

"That damned Turner dog has killed one of our sheep. Thar he comes now. Kill him!" And old Tad had rushed indoors for his rifle and had taken a shot at Jack as he leaped into the road and loped for home. Just then a stern, thick little voice rose from behind Jack:

"Hit was a God's blessin' fer you that you didn't hit him."

The Squire glared down at the boy, and old Joel said kindly:

"Hush, Chad."

Old Dillon had then gone down to the Turners, and asked them to kill the dog, but old Joel had refused.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Chad asked, sharply.

"You can't axe that question," said the Squire. "Hit's er-er-irrelevant."

Daws came next. When he reached the fence upon the hillside he could see the sheep lying still on the ground. As he was climbing over, the Turner dog jumped the fence and Daws saw blood on his muzzle.

"How close was you to him?" asked the Squire.

"'Bout twenty feet," said Daws.

"Humph!" said old Joel.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Again the old Squire glared down at Chad.

"Don't you axe that question again, boy. Didn't I tell you hit was irrelevant?"

"What's irrelevant?" the boy asked bluntly.

The Squire hesitated. "Why—why, hit ain't got nothin' to do with the case."

"Hit ain't?" shouted Chad.

"Joel," said the Squire testily, "ef you don't keep that boy still, I'll fine him fer contempt o' court."

Joel laughed, but he put his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. Little Tad Dillon and Nance and the Dillon mother had all seen Jack running down the road. There was no doubt but that it was the Turner dog. And with this clear against poor Jack, the Dillons rested. And what else could the Turners do but establish Jack's character and put in a plea of mercy—a useless plea, old Joel knew—for a first offence? Jack was the best dog old Joel had ever known, and the old man told wonderful tales of the dog's intelligence and kindness, and how, one night, Jack had guarded a stray lamb that had broken its leg until daybreak, and he had been led to the dog and the sheep by Jack's barking for help. The Turner boys confirmed this story, though it was received with incredulity.

How could a dog that would guard one lone, helpless lamb all night long take the life of another?

There was no witness that had aught but kind words to say of the dog, or aught but wonder that he should have done this thing—even back to the cattle dealer who had given him to Chad. For at that time the dealer said—so testified Chad, no objection being raised to hearsay evidence—that Jack was the best dog he ever knew. That was all the Turners or anybody could do or say, and the old Squire was about to turn the case over to the jury when Chad rose.

"Squire," he said, and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog. I lived with him night an' day for 'bout three years, an' I want to axe some questions."

He turned to Daws.

"I want to axe you ef thar was any blood around that sheep."

"Thar was a great big pool o' blood," said Daws, indignantly.

Chad looked at the Squire.

"Well, a sheep-killin' dog don't leave no great big pool o' blood, Squire, with the fust one he kills. He sucks it." Several men nodded their heads.

"Squire, the fust time I come over these mountains, the fust people I see was these Dillons—an' Whizzer. They sicked Whizzer on Jack hyeh, and Jack whooped him. Then Tad thar jumped me and I whooped him." (The Turner boys were nodding confirmation.) "Sence that time they've hated Jack an' they've hated me, an' they hate the Turners partly for takin' keer o' me. Now, you said somethin' I axed just now was irrelevant, but I tell you, Squire, I know a sheep-killin' dawg, and jes' as I know Jack ain't, I know the Dillon dog naturely is and I tell you if the Dillons' dawg killed that sheep and they could put it on Jack—they'd do it. They'd do it—Squire, an' I tell you, you—orten't—to let—the—sheriff—that—shoot my—dog — until the Dillons answers what I axed—" the boy's passionate cry rang against the green walls and out the opening and across the river—

"Whar's Whizzer?"

The boy startled the crowd and the old Squire himself, who turned quickly to the Dillons.

"Well, whar is Whizzer?"

Nobody answered.

"He ain't been seen, Squire, sence the evenin' afore the night o' the killin'!" Chad's statement seemed to be true. Not a voice contradicted.

"An' I want to know if Daws seed signs o' killin' on Jack's head when he jumped the fence, why them same signs didn't show when he got home."

Poor Chad! Here old Tad Dillon raised his hand.

"Axe the Turners, Squire," he said and as the schoolmaster on the outskirts shrank, as though he meant to leave the crowd, the old man's quick eye caught the movement and he added:

"Axe the school teacher!"

Every eye turned with the Squire's to the master, whose face was strangely serious straightway.

"Did you see any signs on the dawg when he got home?" The gaunt man hesitated, with one swift glance at the boy, who almost paled in answer.

"Why," said the schoolmaster, and again he hesitated, but old Joel, in a voice that was without hope, encouraged him:

"Go on!"

"What was they?"

"Jack had blood on his muzzle, and a little strand o' wool behind one ear."

There was no hope against that testimony. Melissa broke away from her mother and ran out to the road—weeping. Chad dropped with a sob to his bench and put his arms around the dog; then he rose up and walked out of the opening, while Jack leaped against his leash to follow. The schoolmaster put out his hand to stop him, but the boy struck it aside without looking up and went on; he could not stay to see Jack condemned. He knew what the verdict would be, and in twenty minutes the jury gave it, without leaving their seats.

"Guilty!"

The sheriff came forward. He knew Jack and Jack knew him and wagged his tail and whimpered up at him when he took the leash.

"Well, by——, this is a job I don't like, an' I'm damned ef I'm agoin' to shoot this dawg afore he knows what I'm shootin' him fer. I'm goin' to show him that sheep fust. Whar's that sheep, Daws?"

Daws led the way down the road, over the fence, across the meadow, and up the hillside where lay the slain sheep. Chad and Melissa saw them coming—the whole crowd—before they themselves were seen. For a minute the boy watched them. They were going to kill Jack where the Dillons said he had killed the sheep, and the boy jumped to his feet and ran up the hill a little way and disappeared in the bushes that he might not hear Jack's death shot, while Melissa sat where she was, watching the crowd come on. Daws was at the foot of the hill and she saw him make a gesture toward her, and then the sheriff came on with Jack—over the fence, past her, the sheriff saying kindly, "Howdy, Melissa. I shorely am sorry to have to kill Jack," and on to the dead sheep, which lay fifty yards beyond. If the sheriff expected Jack to drop head and tail and look mean he was greatly mistaken. Jack neither hung back nor sniffed at the carcass. Instead he put one forefoot on it and with the other bent in the air looked, without shame, into the sheriff's eyes, as much as to say:

"Yes, this is a wicked and shameful thing, but what have I got to do with it? Why are you bringing me here?"

The sheriff came back greatly puzzled and shaking his head. Passing Melissa he stopped to let the unhappy little girl give Jack a last pat, and it was there that Jack suddenly caught scent of Chad's tracks. With one mighty bound the dog snatched the rawhide string from the careless sheriff's hand, and in a moment, with his nose to the ground, was speeding up toward the woods. With a startled yell and a frightful oath, the sheriff threw his rifle to his shoulder, but the little girl sprang up and caught the barrel with both hands, shaking it fiercely up and down and hieing Jack on with shriek after shriek. A minute later Jack had disappeared in the bushes, Melissa was running like the wind down the hill toward home, while the whole crowd in the meadow was rushing up toward the sheriff, led by the Dillons, who were yelling and swearing like madmen. Above them the crestfallen sheriff waited. The Dillons crowded angrily about him, gesticulating and threatening, while he told his story. But nothing could be done—nothing. They did not know that Chad was up in the woods or they would have gone in search of him—knowing that when they found him they would find Jack—but to look for Jack now would be like searching for a needle in a haystack. There was nothing to do, then, but to wait for Jack to come home, which he would surely do to get to Chad, and it was while old Joel was promising that the dog should be surrendered to the sheriff that little Tad Dillon gave an excited shriek:

"Look up thar!"

And up there at the edge of the wood was Chad standing, and at his feet Jack, sitting on his haunches, with his tongue out and looking as though nothing had happened or could ever happen to Chad or to him.

"Come up hyeh," shouted Chad.

"You come down hyeh," shouted the sheriff, angrily. So Chad came down, with Jack trotting after him. Chad had cut off the rawhide string, but the sheriff caught Jack by the nape of the neck.

"You won't git away from me agin, I reckon."

"Well, I reckon you ain't goin' to shoot him," said Chad. "Leggo that dawg."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," said old Joel. "The dawg ain't goin' to leave the boy." The sheriff let go.

"Come on up hyeh," said Chad. "I got somethin' to show ye."

The boy turned with such certainty that without a word Squire, sheriff, Turners, Dillons and spectators followed. As they approached a deep ravine the boy pointed to the ground where were evidences of some fierce struggle—the dirt thrown up, and several small stones scattered about with faded stains of blood on them.

"Wait hyeh!" said the boy, and he slid down the ravine and appeared again dragging something after him. Tall Tom ran down to help him and the two threw before the astonished crowd the body of a black and white dog.

"Now I reckon you know whar Whizzer is," panted Chad vindictively to the Dillons.

"Well, what of it?" snapped Daws.

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy with fine sarcasm. "Only Whizzer killed that sheep and Jack killed Whizzer." From every Dillon throat came a scornful grunt.

"Oh, I reckon so," said Chad, easily. "Look thar!" He lifted the dead dog's head and pointed at the strands of wool between his teeth. He turned it over, showing the deadly grip on the throat and close to the jaws, that had choked the life from Whizzer—Jack's own grip.

"Ef you will jus' rickollect, Jack had the same grip the time afore—when I pulled him off o' Whizzer."

"By ——, that's so," said Tall Tom, and Dolph and Rube echoed him, amid a dozen voices, for not only Joel, but many of his neighbors, knew Jack's method of fighting, which had made him a victor up and down the length of Kingdom Come.

There was little doubt that the boy was right—that Jack had come on Whizzer killing the sheep, and had caught him at the edge of the ravine, where the two had fought, rolling down and settling the old feud between them in the darkness at the bottom. And up there on the hillside, the jury that pronounced Jack guilty pronounced him innocent, and, as the Turners started joyfully down the hill, the sun that was to have sunk on Jack stiff in death sank on Jack frisking before them—home.

## A Country Editor's Plea.

Here is a heart-to-heart talk which a country editor, who evidently has troubles of his own, recently gave to his delinquent subscribers: "Good morning. Have you paid your subscription this year? Perhaps you owe for last year, or several years. Now, you understand, we don't need money; we have millions—to get. But it is really an imposition to let people go on carrying our money when we are strong and healthy, and so abundantly able to bear the burden ourselves. For this reason we ask anybody who has any of our money in his possession to leave it at the office, or send it by post, freight train, express, or any other way, just so it gets here. Silver and gold are heavy, and it would be a matter of life-long regret if anybody should get bow-legged carrying it about for us."

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# KEEPING THE HEART TENDER.

Louis Albert Banks, D.D., Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, New York.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—*Romans, xii., 15.*

The Christian is to be no hermit, no recluse who draws his heart into his shell and goes self-absorbed along the way of life, thinking only of his own affairs. His heart is to be open to the cries of joy as well as sorrow. He is to have a tender heart, easily reached with the gladness or the sorrow of his neighbor. "Rejoice," says Paul, "with them that do rejoice, weep with them that weep."

The way this command is put robs it of all possible selfishness. We are to rejoice with other people in their joy. A great many selfish people envy the joy of others and would if they could rob them of it and leave them bare, carrying all the joy away for themselves. But the Christian idea is to rejoice with the one who is glad and thus reinforce and increase his gladness. And we all know how much there is in that. Every man who has had a sudden gladness come upon him has had the desire to tell it to some-one else. The joy of any great vision, such as a splendid waterfall or a glimpse of a great snow mountain or some scene of wild beauty in the forest, is a small thing, if one has the experience alone, compared to what it is if you have a congenial soul with which to share it. Such sharing, instead of dividing and subtracting from your own delight, multiplies it many times. And the same law holds good in all other joy. We have a desire to impart it, a desire to talk about it with others, and we often have the opportunity of greatly increasing the joy of another by listening and putting ourselves into sympathetic touch with the gladness which has come to his soul.

You know some lonely man or woman who has few joys and few friends, and when a letter or some little experience that seems trifling to you with your many friends and your numerous sources of happiness comes to that man or that women it is a real opportunity given of God to you to listen with kindling eye and appreciative face and word while they talk to you of their joy. Such a privilege to them is a little foretaste of heaven, where all selfishness will be banished and everyone will be seeking to give joy to others.

There is no more regrettable mistake for any Christian to make than to permit himself to become so self-absorbed, no matter how great his work may be, that he shall become a kill-joy to weak and ordinary people who look to him for appreciation in the gladness which comes to their lives. Jesus Christ was never so self-absorbed in His sublime mission for the world's salvation that He could not enter with sympathetic heart and tender appreciation into the joys as well as the sorrows of others. He cast no dark shadow at the wedding feast, but added to its gladness. Surely we have no right to be above our Lord and hold it beneath our dignity to bestow our smiles on the wholesome gladness that has come to any soul.

But we must not only keep our hearts tender in appreciation of the joys of others, but in sympathetic relation to their sorrows as well. We should be so sensitive in our relation to our fellow-men that it will be impossible for us to see a sad look on any face and our own heart not feel something of the flow of it. How sensitive Jesus was to the petition of the blind, to the lonely wail of the leper, to the silent shame of the disgraced woman, to the anxious appeal of the father whose child was sick, to the quiet tears of the poor widow following her only son to the grave! In these and countless other cases Christ's heart mourned as though He Himself were blind, or leprous, or anxious, or a mourner behind the bier. He entered with perfect sympathy and fellowship into the sorrows of the people with whom He lived. His heart was so tender that every breath of human sadness swept His soul as though it had been a harp. So we must keep our hearts tender.

Do you ask me how we can do this? The answer is very simple: By putting ourselves constantly in helpful relations to others. Do the kind deed on every opportunity, and you may be very sure that the kind feeling will soon come to be natural to you. The difficulty is that we often curb our kind feelings and restrain them. We shut back the sympathetic word that is on our lips until our tongues become dumb to that kind of speech. Give your heart a chance to show its gladness. Give your lips the opportunity to speak the sympathetic word. Give your hands and feet free will to go on their missions of kindness and cheer, and you will soon see that your heart is growing tender and mellow, so that none rejoice and you are not glad, and none are sorrowful and you are not stricken.

## Away From the Office.

As a proof of what soldiers in the field can do when not hampered by the civilian element at the War Office, Lord Wolseley, in his book, "The Story of a Soldier's Life," instances the case of his Red River expedition—his first independent command:—

"I believe it was the cheapest operation we have carried out, when what was accomplished is fairly weighed and considered. The total expense was under £100,000. For that sum about 1,400 men were sent by rail and steamer . . . and then in canoes and boats for six hundred miles through a wilderness of rivers, lakes, forests and rocks, where, as no food was to be obtained, everything required had to be taken with us and transported on the soldiers' backs over difficult portages for many miles. I attribute this economic result to the fact that it was planned and organized far away from all War Office and meddling."

# For the Ladies.

## Knives.

The loosening of the handles of knives is due to the fact that the knives have been tossed into a pan of hot water, together with the forks and spoons, and, in consequence, the cement has melted away. Knives when brought from the table, should be scraped against the edge of a plate to remove as much soil as possible and the blades should then rest in a jug, not a pan, of hot water, into which a little bit of soda has been melted, care being taken that the water does not reach the handle, where it *joins the blade.*

## Bookish Women.

Bookishness is an unreliable test of ability. I have known bookish women who were profuse readers and delighted in study, but were not of much use for anything else, and I have known other women who took books rather hard, but amply made up for that disability by their closeness of observation and mental energy. As between persons who read to save themselves the trouble of thinking, and persons who observe and think, but find reading laborious, the latter are likely to be best worth while. But reading, observation and thought ought to work well together and to make for practical efficiency. A mind that is capable of Greek and analytical geometry is usually capable also, under proper training, of omelets, good coffee and household administration.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Bazar.

## Hindu English.

Lady Curzon, who was Miss Leiter of Chicago, gets a lot of fun out of her life in India. Among other fads, it is said that she makes a point of collecting any amusing attempts made by Hindus to write English that may come under her notice, and has many ludicrous specimens in her scrapbook. Recently she got from Bombay a letter that two brothers sent out to their patrons on the death of their father, who had been the head of the firm. The letter ran: "Gentlemen,—We have the pleasure to inform you that our respected father departed this life on the 10th inst. His business will be conducted by his beloved sons, whose names are given below. The opium market is quiet, and mal. 1,500 rupees per chest. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? We remain, etc."—Leslie's Weekly.

## Care of House Plants.

The advent of colder weather means increased fire heat, the latter also meaning an increased aridity or dryness of the atmosphere. The latter condition will probably induce a visit from insect pests, unless precautions are taken to prevent their appearance. Green fly and red spider are most to be feared, especially the latter, as their appearance is not so easily detected as that of the aphis, or green fly.

Copious sprinkling and syringing with cold water is the best preventive for the attacks of the so-called spider. Salvias, fuchsias, roses and carnations are first favorites with this little pest. When first attacked, the leaves of these plants present a whitish, dusty-looking appearance, especially on the underneath side, and the leaves will soon commence dropping twice every day. Tobacco water is the best remedy for green fly, although tobacco leaf stems, or even a cigar thoroughly dried and rubbed into a fine powder and sprinkled on the plants infested with green fly will generally rid the plant of them. The latter application is best made after the plants have been recently sprinkled or syringed, as the tobacco dust adheres better when the foliage of the plant is moist.—William Hunt, Guelph, Ont.

## Keep the Windows Open.

You would not think of drinking stale or poisoned water, would you? You know that if you were to be shut in an air-tight compartment death would result. Of all the necessities of life, you can live longer without any of them than air. Impure air and darkened apartments are the cause of an untold number of deaths annually. You know that on a sunless day, with a close atmosphere, you are out of sorts at the best, if you are lucky enough to escape physical ailments while you are mentally depressed. But once let the sun shine brightly, and clear the atmosphere, how different, how much better you feel in every way.

Cold weather is coming, and when you are tempted to close up the house as tight as it can be made, remember these things, and don't do it, especially at night. Keep the windows in the sleeping apartments open enough to at least give you sufficient fresh air. A cold room does not indicate that it is healthy, far from it. A sleeper will soon breathe up all the fresh air in a room, and if there is not a constant supply of fresh air, he simply breathes over and over again the poison thrown off by his lungs. And the breathing of this vitiated air only tends to lower the temperature and vitality of the system, so that it is not as capable of withstanding the rigors of winter. Fresh air is heating to the body; in fact, upon it depends the combustion of the fuel in the body and by which we are kept alive, which we should always bear in mind.

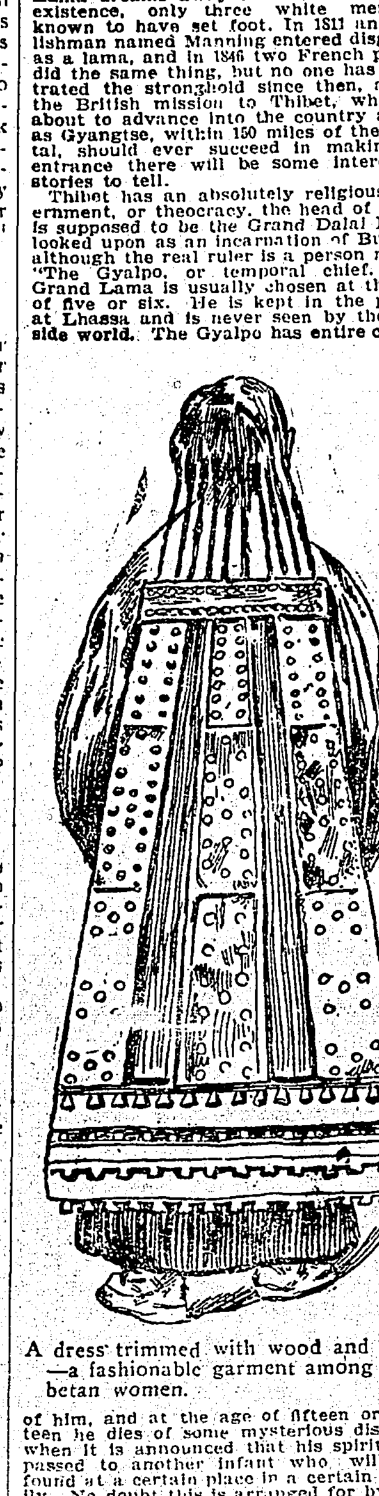
Even with open windows during the night, bed chambers and bed clothing should be thoroughly aired each morning, and allowed all the sunlight possible. During sleep, not only do the lungs throw off more poison than during the day, but it is especially so with the body in its relaxed condition and when the pores are all open. During sleep the body should have plenty of covering; better to have too much than not enough, both to induce deep slumber and to keep the skin moist and the pores open that they may have the opportunity to rid the system of poison. Bear in mind that death would follow the closing of the pores.

Fresh air in cold weather will cost money, as more fuel will be required but it will be economy, for if it does not save sickness and doctor bills, and which it most likely will do, you will feel better and the stronger for it.—Cooking Club

# Thebitian Customs.

**A British-Indian expedition is about to start—perhaps has already started—for Thibet, to insist upon the carrying out of commercial and other treaties, which those in authority in that strange country have refused to comply with. The expedition is also undoubtedly intended to make it quite clear to Russia, which power, it is said, contemplates advances in Thibet by virtue of recent treaties with China, that Britain intends her influence to be paramount there. A recent copy of The London Daily Mail, from which the accompanying illustrations are taken, says:—Thibet is the one land of mystery which remains in the world, for, although every other part of the globe has been explored, there is still this one great, mysterious, semi-savage land, guarded by stupendous mountains, from which the innovating white man is fiercely excluded. It seems as if all the strangest and most fantastic customs on earth had taken refuge in this last retreat, for there one woman has many husbands, the ruler is a child, who dies before he comes of age, the inhabitants wash themselves with grease, and praying is done by machinery. Lhassa is the capital, and within the walls of this city, which is the mystery of mysteries, where the Grand Dalai Lama dreams away his sacred but brief existence, only three white men are known to have set foot. In 1811 an Englishman named Manning entered disguised as a lama, and in 1846 two French priests did the same thing, but no one has penetrated the stronghold since then, and if the British mission to Thibet, which is about to advance into the country as far as Gyangtse, within 150 miles of the capital, should ever succeed in making an entrance there will be some interesting stories to tell.**

Thibet has an absolutely religious Government, or theocracy, the head of which is supposed to be the Grand Dalai Lama, looked upon as an incarnation of Buddha, although the real ruler is a person named "The Gyalpo, or temporal chief. The Grand Lama is usually chosen at the age of five or six. He is kept in the palace at Lhassa and is never seen by the outside world. The Gyalpo has entire charge



A dress trimmed with wood and nails —a fashionable garment among Thibetan women.

of him, and at the age of fifteen or sixteen he dies of some mysterious disease, when it is announced that his spirit has passed to another infant who will be found at a certain place in a certain family. No doubt this is arranged for by the Gyalpo and his assistants, for the child is always found as directed and duly installed with great pomp and many weird ceremonies.

There are curious marriage laws in the country by which a woman is allowed to have as many husbands as she likes, although a man may only have one wife. The women are very fond of decorating themselves with turquoises, which are found in large quantities, though not of the pure blue quality familiar to us. The Thibet gems are like rough pebbles varying in size from a pea to a hen's egg, and they are full of black specks and veins. The women literally cover themselves with the stones, and often all their worldly wealth is invested in the jewels, so that they go about carrying all the property they have.

One of the most curious religious customs is the use of prayer wheels. These are somewhat in the shape of a barrel, and the prayers are written all round them. The person who wishes to pray merely gives the wheel a turn—it is swung upon an axle, and the prayers are supposed to be said for him as long as the motion continues, while he is able to get on with any employment he happens to be engaged on. The process by which a Buddhist passes through various forms of incarnation before he becomes fit to enter Nirvana—heaven—may be accelerated by prayer. It is said that devout men in Thibet have a number of prayer wheels worked by wind and water, and in this way make progress that would otherwise occupy millions of years of incarnations.

Of the many weird religious ceremonies, the most curious is the one which takes place in the spring at the Thibetan Gumpa, or monastery, which is situated to the left of the Indus, about twenty-five miles beyond Leh. Every spring the inhabitants of the surrounding country gather there to hold a kind of huge fair, the chief feature of which is a Miracle Play given by the monks, who take this opportunity of appealing to the fears and superstitions of the people. The monks came on the stage with wild antics and dressed in yellow robes with peaked hoods. When these hoods fall back hideous masks are disclosed. In this costume they rush madly about, beating drums and tambourines. It is thought they are intended to represent some of the ugly forms that meet the dead man's soul in space. From time to time a crowd of strangely painted naked figures rush on the stage; these are supposed to represent the souls of the dead men. At another stage of the performance a number of yellow twigs are handed to the dancing monks. Each twig is blessed by a priest, who flicks them with a red feather dipped in holy water. They are then flung on the ground outside the gate of the monastery, to which they are supposed to become a protection by keeping out the evil one. Later the actors, to keep off the evil eye, wear brass visors, and arm themselves with "sacred bells," "holy thunderbolts," skull drums, and many other weird instruments.

The appearance for the first time in the navy list of the name of "Cochrane" among the new cruisers is a final if tardy acknowledgment of the supreme greatness as a sailor and fighter of the famous Lord Cochrane, grandfather of the present Earl of Dundonald. Cochrane was second only to Nelson among his contemporaries, but his rugged honesty made him an awkward man for officialism to recognize.—London Star.

# The Canadian Pioneers.

The British press, and the papers of Portsmouth in particular, review sympathetically a book of poems by Mr. Johnston-Smith, who has taken up his residence at Southsea. The Portsmouth Daily Mail says:—

The poems cover a wide field, introducing the reader, as the author tells us in his preface, to "the growing poetical literature of Greater Britain. . . Many of its themes lie outside the beaten path of the poetry of the United Kingdom," touching such inspiring themes as "the sublimity of sunlit Niagara, the chaste and terrible beauty of the iceberg of the North Atlantic, the legends of maritime Canada and Newfoundland."

The selection grouped under the general title of "Canadian Maple Leaves" gives us an insight not only into some of the legendary lore of the Dominion—richer than some may imagine — but it also breathes the spirit of loyalty and love for the mother country which Canada's sons so nobly demonstrated in South Africa. Let us make one selection as a case in point:—

With bleeding feet our fathers ploughed a
furrow straight and deep,
Wherein they planted freedom's seed, and
we the harvest reap.
*If ever we forget the Isles which nerved
their hero-hands*
'Twill be because we silent lie in earth,
oh, Mother Lands!
God bless thee, merry England, and bonnie Scotland, too!—
God bless thee, verdant Erin, and Wales
so brave and true!—
Gems deeply set in water, which shine on
Glory's robe
And flash the light of Liberty around the
rolling globe.
We'll rally round the Union Jack a Greater Britain's might.
Though all the world oppose in arms we'll
*stand for truth and right.*
Wave oriflame of Glory over continents
and seas!
Lead—lead the march of Freedom 'mid
the battle and the breeze.

## Britain and the Persian Gulf.

The *London Daily Chronicle* of Nov. 20 makes the following editorial remarks in connection with Lord Curzon's tour of inspection in the Persian Gulf:—"The interest of Great Britain in the matter is clear. It is to prevent the control of the gulf by any naval power other than themselves. This policy is dictated alike by political, strategical and commercial considerations. The security of India would be affected by the establishment of another power in the gulf; the great sea route to the east would be flanked, and British, and still more, of course, British-Indian, trade would be put at a disadvantage. The Viceroy's tour is in part intended as a practical demonstration in the general policy declared by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords last May. More specifically it may be hoped that Lord Curzon will succeed in establishing relations which shall be more favorable to British trade than Persian policy has recently been."

In its news columns the same paper, referring in detail to the tour says:—Bunder-abbas has long been thought a desirable port by Russia, and the first mention of Russian designs on this port was promptly followed by an attempt on the part of her ally, France, to acquire a coaling station at Muscat. This was brought to naught by a prompt demonstration on our part. A British man-of-war appeared off Muscat ready for action and with orders to bombard the town should the Sultan of Oman (or Sheik of Muscat) concede anything to the French. With the Russians at Bunder-abbas and the French at Muscat, our position at Bahrein and Bushire would be seriously imperilled, and the route to India and the east open to attack at any time.

It has been asked whether the trade in the Persian Gulf is worth our risking a war with Russia, and the suggestion has been made that we should give way sooner than go to the expense of a war. As against this, Lord Curzon, in his private capacity, has gone so far as to declare that he would "impeach any Minister who acquiesced in such a surrender as a traitor to his country." Also Lord Lansdowne, in his speech in the House of Lords on May 12 last, announced that we "should resist the attempt of any power to establish a naval base or armed port in the Persian Gulf with all the means at our disposal." One would naturally think, after such a speech by the Foreign Secretary, that any action on the part of the Government would be in harmony with the sentiments so strongly expressed. Yet last July, when the Anglo-Persian treaty was published, it was found to be almost identical with the Russo-Persian treaty, which has been designed to hamper British traders to the advantage of their Russian competitors.

Of Lord Curzon personally The Chronicle has the following interesting note:—It is a rare event for a man to visit a country as newspaper correspondent, and a few years afterwards to return to it in vice-regal state. That is Lord Curzon's experience, for in 1889 he went out to Persia as correspondent to The Times, and during his six months' stay in the country sent seventeen letters to that journal. The visit also resulted in two large volumes, which provided a compendious work, dealing with every aspect of public life in Persia. The views he expressed were already in print when Mr. Curzon, as he then was, became Under Secretary for India, and were formed in entire independence of official authority or inspiration. It will be interesting to see how far they have been modified by twelve years spent in the service of the Government.

## He Has a Pull.

According to the critics of United States Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, now in the Philippines, who are trying to prevent the Senate from confirming his nomination to be a Major-General, he is an army doctor with very little military experience, who came to the front during the Spanish war through his acquaintance with President McKinley; who led his regiment of "Rough Riders" into an ambush at Santiago, from which they were rescued by the colored troops; who did what any other sanitary expert might have done in cleaning up Santiago; who inspired a magazine criticism of his superior, General Brooke, and then supplanted him as Governor of Cuba; who administered the affairs of the island so extravagantly as to leave the treasury well-nigh bankrupt; who fastened the gambling game of jai alai upon Havana by a ten-years' franchise, and received valuable gifts of silver and jewels from the gambling concern; who sent Major Rathbone to jail after an unfair trial; and who is now using his personal "pull" with the President to reach the highest rank in the army over the heads of a hundred or more of his seniors in service.

## Archie Shade's Watch.

"While picnicking with a crowd in the country the other day," says the Joplin "News-Herald," "Arch Shade accidentally dropped his watch in a spring, and, quite naturally, it has since refused to run. He took the timepiece to a jeweler, and the following conversation ensued:

"'Here's my watch; can you fix it?'

"'What's the matter? Did you break the spring?'

"'No; the spring broke the watch.'

"The man wondered, but proceeded to examine the injured article.

"'The spring is broken,' he finally announced.

"'No wonder,' said Arch; 'I dropped the watch in it.'

"It began to dawn upon the jeweler that the young man was certainly insane, and just as he was glancing around for some avenue of escape Arch explained the situation."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or callaoused lumps and blemishes from horses blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, 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.

# For the Farmer.

*The process of tearing down*, or what is commonly termed "wearing out" our land, has been the work of generations, and the building up must necessarily be the effort of years. On the ordinary farm, with its five or six year rotation, each particular tract is reached and worked only six or seven times in one generation, which should prompt us to make as much improvement as possible when opportunity offers.

Sheep are necessary on some farms in order to save much of the waste materials. Sheep will eat many plants that other animals will not touch. It may not be profitable for some farmers to keep large flocks of sheep, but a dozen sheep will cost almost nothing. The same may be said of one or two pigs which give a profit because they consume materials that would otherwise go to the manure heap, but too many sheep or pigs may make the item of labor too costly to allow of a profit.

## Value of Shredded Fodder.

Ask men who have made a practice of feeding shredded foder why they do it, and they will tell you that they feed it because their cattle, horses and sheep like it so well and thrive so well upon it, and because they cannot afford to let it go to waste and feed hay which could be sold for two or three times as much as the prepared fodder costs. When the farmer computes the cost of cutting and shredding his fodder it looks high, but he must remember that, although it does cost him from $2.50 to $3.50 per ton, it takes the place of hay which has a market value from two to three times that amount. Men who have made a practice of feeding shredded fodder state that it costs from $3 to $5 an acre to prepare it, and that an acre of average corn will yield from one and one-half to two and one-half tons of dry fodder. They say further that a ton of fodder has as much or perhaps more feed value than a ton of average hay. Corn used for shredding is bound and shocked when the grains are well dented and glazed over, but before the stalk has shown many signs of ripening. When thoroughly dry it is run through the husker and shredded and stowed away in the mow.—Iowa Agriculturist.

## Double Yolked Eggs.

Many poultry dealers are proud that their hens produce double-yolked eggs, and I have known numerous cases in my experience of hens laying eggs with three yolks. The habit, however, is one to be discouraged in every possible way, says a writer in London Farmer and Stockbreeder, for it is not an indication of productiveness, but rather of disease. It is caused either by some sudden disturbance from the ordinary conditions of life, as a severe fright, or else it is due to weakness of the egg organs—the natural process of formation not being gone through properly and regularly. In almost every case this condition is brought about by overfeeding—a too rapid development of the yolks causing more than one to leave the ovary at a time to enter the oviduct. A hen which once gets into this habit will always be liable to illness, which usually takes the form of loss of power in the legs, even if an actual rupture does not occur internally. Such a hen should therefore be put at once on short rations with a view to checking for the time being the development of eggs. It is not the hen which lays a double-yolked egg occasionally that is a profitable hen. What the poultry farmer should aim at is a higher general standard in egg production—a better average size and more regular laying. Some hens only lay once every two or three days. These are the "unprofitables," and they are often the birds which are addicted to the "double yolk" evil.

## Great Demand for Poultry.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture has received communications from British dealers who desire to purchase Canadian poultry. One of the dealers, Mr. James Blackburn of Manchester, Eng., is at present in Canada negotiating for the shipment of poultry. For four years the Department of Agriculture has exported the chickens fatted at the illustration stations to Mr. Blackburn. The dealings have been perfectly satisfactory, and the prices obtained for the chickens have been profitable. Mr. Blackburn said that he would like to handle 3,000 cases of chickens per week.

Mr. Hare, chief of the Dominion Poultry Division, states that prices offer substantial inducements to Canadian exporting firms to ship poultry to Great Britain. The poultry should be forwarded in a steamship equipped with cold storage. The railway and steamship companies will inform shippers when suitable steamships will leave St. John or Halifax. Even on small consignments of poultry the freight charges will not be over one cent per pound.

The chickens fatted at the illustration stations have been sold in Toronto, Montreal, St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., Sydney, C.B., and Charlottetown, P.E.I., and also to dealers in other smaller cities. The price obtained for fatted chickens in Toronto was 11c per pound, in Montreal 13c per pound, and in the cities in the Maritime Provinces, with the exception of Charlottetown, 11c per pound. The chickens were sold in Charlottetown at 10c per pound.

The fatted chickens sold to the merchants gave perfect satisfaction, and it would be to the interest of farmers to fatten their chickens before they are marketed. The department could have sold several times as many fatted chickens if an extra number could have been bought from the farmers in the vicinity of the fattening stations. A Charlottetown merchant stated: "We have a reply from the party to whom we shipped the last lot, and he speaks of them as being very fine, and expressed surprise that we could produce such chickens in this country." Almost any farmer in this country can produce fatted chickens equal to the Government chickens at little extra expense for labor and feed.

# SAT NIGHT AND DAY IN A CHAIR

## Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Rheumatism

**William Doeg, of Strong Township, Hale and Hearty after Four Years of Torture—The Story of his Sickness and his Cure**

Sundridge, Dec. 7.—(Special)—After four years of torture, during which he was scarcely an hour free from pain, Wm. Doeg, a farmer, living on Co. 3, Strong Township, and well known here, is a hale and hearty man. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. Speaking of his cure Mr. Doeg says:

"The trouble started in my back and the pain got so bad I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair.

"The pain would sometimes move to other parts of my body, and when in my knees I was unable to walk.

"I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors, and also tried different medicines without receiving any benefit. I feared I would never again be free from pain.

"M attention was called to cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and I started to use them. Before I had finished the second box I was a new man, entirely free from pain. It has not come back since."

Uric acid in the blood is the cause of Rheumatism. If the Kidneys are working right they take all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys work right.

## For The Extermination of The "Piano Pest."

In Germany the attack on the promiscuous use of the piano and other noisy musical instruments at all times and places has assumed almost the phase of a crusade. The latest and most characteristic discussion of the problem is a determined protest made by Siegmund Auerbach, a leading physician of *Frankfort-on-the-Main*, in the Supplement of the Munich "Allgemeine Zeitung," No. 142, the oldest and probably most influential general scientific journal in the country. The publication of the protest in this journal is significant, indicating that the learned world of the Fatherland is taking the matter seriously. We translate and quote the following:

"The protest of thinkers against the piano pest is not new, nor have the protestants been the meanest among men. Both Goethe and Schopenhauer have virtually cursed the evil habit of their thoughtless neighbors that interfered with their work and comfort, and yet, comparatively speaking, their sufferings must have been small compared with that of most modern men. Still more recently the litterateur, M. Lessing, wrote a series of articles in the 'Nord und Sud,' in which he voiced the protest of nervous people against this evil. It is well known to what trouble Mrs. Carlyle went to save her husband from molestation of this kind, and how Richard Wagner bought peace at a high price from the distorting street rabble in Florence. The question itself has a history which prominent men have helped to make.

"The question has both a medical and a legal side. The effect of such noise on the finely-strung nerves of the thinkers and writers is very dangerous, and as a physician I can testify to this danger. Piano-players have no right to endanger the health of their neighbors, and, this being the case, it is the right and the duty of States and governments to protect their people against the pest. There are regulations that forbid crying out wares on the streets, that regulate the noise that may be made by hucksters and others; why should there not be regulations to protect people from the piano hammerer? Just how this is to be done it will be the business of our lawmakers to determine. But one way that seems to be good would be to determine that those who by their callings or by choice are bound to use the piano or the loud musical instruments hours and hours each day should be compelled to live in certain quarters of the city, or in certain squares in a street, or in certain sections of squares, just as in the railroad trains there are certain parts and portions where smoking is allowed and others where it is forbidden. In this way there would be unmusical places where other people could live undisturbed and be sure that the next moving-day would not bring the unwelcome pianos into the new neighborhood. But both medical and legal considerations call for an extermination of the 'piano pest.'"

## Provincial Appointments.

Toronto, Dec. 7. — The following Provincial appointments are gazetted: Dr. C. McL. Lang, Owen Sound, and Dr. T. E. Bennett, Meaford, associate coroners in the county of Grey; E. P. Flintoft, Waterloo; G. F. Kelleher, Galt; Edward Proulx, Plantagenet, and J. A. Cockburn, Crysler, county of Stormont, to be notaries public; David Robertson, Warkworth, clerk of Ninth Division Court of Northumberland county, in place of the late R. P. Hurlburt; and Hugh A. McLean, Underwood, clerk of the Sixth Division Court of Bruce county.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

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

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 245

# The Latest Humor.

Bertha—What a queer man that young professor is!

Ethel — Yes; I talked about new books, and he said he hadn't got through reading Shakespeare yet.—Detroit Free Press.

Mother—Why don't you behave better to your teacher?

Tommy—Why, I'm as kind to her as I kin be.

Mother—You are?

Tommy—Yes'm. Every time she licks me I cry as loud as I kin so's to make her believe she's hurtin' me.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The veterinary made a critical examination of the ailing steer.

Here and there, wherever the demarcation of a bone was visible, he attempted to pinch the skin.

But it would not work.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the owner of the steer.

"He has what would be called 'conservatism' in a man. But as he is only a dumb brute, we say he is hidebound."—Baltimore American.

"I saw you out walking with your wife yesterday."

"I didn't know you knew my wife."

"I don't."

"Then what makes you think it was she that you saw me with?"

"You didn't appear to be saying anything to her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who is an admirer of girls, tells this story of a maiden named Dorothy, who always found some good excuse for having her own way. Dorothy's father came to her one evening and said:

"See here, Dorothy. I don't like young Freshman's coming here so much. Next time he makes you a visit just give him the cold shoulder."

"But, papa, he is a vegetarian," answered the unabashed Dorothy.—New York Times.

"He seems to be quite an important personage now."

"Why, he always was, and so were the other members of his family."

"Nonsense."

"Not at all. He started as janitor in a flat, his brother is a policeman, and his sister a cook-lady."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Noorich—That picture's one of the old masters'.

Norah (the new maid)—Well, it can't be of any value, ma'am, or sure he'd 'av' taken it wid him whin he moved.—Harper's Magazine.

Post-Nuptial—He (whose wife has been reading some of his old love letters to her)—What is the use of keeping all those old things?

She—Lest we forget—lest we forget.—Brooklyn Life.

Little Emily Kingsbury, aged four, who attends the kindergarten and calls it the "kidney garden," was being examined as to the senses.

"What are your ears for, Emily?"

"To hear with," was the answer.

"And what are your eyes for?"

"To see with."

"And what is your nose for?"

"To blow," was the innocent answer.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The late Dr. Thomas Hoyt, after preaching his last sermon as pastor of the Chambers-Wylie Church, was entertaining President Patton of Princeton; Henry C. Minton, Moderator of the General Assembly, and other eminent men, at dinner. The guests were speaking in strong praise of the sermon the minister had just preached on the different religions, and those versed in theology were discussing the doctrinal points he had brought out. Dr. Hoyt's son was sitting at the table, and Dr. Minton, turning to him, said:

"My lad, what did you think of your father's sermon? I saw you listening intently."

All waited to hear the boy's reply. Mr. Hoyt smiled cordially.

"I guess it was very good," said the boy, languidly; "but there were four mighty fine places where he could have stopped."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Among the company, says The Essex Weekly News, at the West Field, Grays, to witness the distribution of prizes to the Shaftesbury boys were two brothers of the cloth, who, though differing in denomination, got on well together as clerics should. At length, as the scent of a fine Havana was wafted to his nostrils, one pulled out a well-seasoned pipe. "Ah, brother," said his friend, "when shall I cure you of that bad habit of smoking?" With a twinkle in his eye the other replied through a cloud of smoke, "There are two places to smoke, you know. One is this world; the other is the next. I'm going to get mine done in this. You can do as you like."

Discussing the difficulty of young and unknown playwrights in getting manuscript read, David Belasco said the other day:

"In a majority of cases the plays are not read, nor even looked at. But the managers like to make a man think his play has been read, even if they have to reject it. When I was a young man I went with manuscripts to a manager to whom I afterwards sold several plays. My copy was tied up in a neat roll, with a knot of pink tape. I knew that knot, and I knew that the manager or his reader couldn't tie another one like it if he tried.

"'Come in two weeks,' he said.

"I went, and the play was handed back.

"'Have you read it?' I inquired.

"'Sure,' said the manager. 'Read it myself. Sorry it won't do.'

"I untied the knot, unrolled the manuscript and laid on the manager's desk sixty-four pages of white paper without a mark on it."—New York Times.

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**$28 Suits** Black Broadcloth Lined with Taffeta Silk **Now $14.**

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Homespun Cheviot Serges, latest styles. All this Season's Goods.

Regular $6.50 Now $4.50
Regular $8.00 Now $6.00
Regular $9.00 Now $7.00

Black Broad Cloth and Camels Hair Cloth Skirts—
Regular $11.50 and $12 for $8.00

## New Goods Just Being Opened Up..

White Lawn Blouses, all sizes. Prices 1.00, 1.25, 1.75, 2.00

Colored Zephyr Blouses. Prices ranging 90c. 1.00, 1.50.

NEW SHEETINGS AT OLD PRICES.

Table Linens and Napkins.

Lace Curtains bought direct from English manufacturers—75c, 1.00, 1.50 to 6.00 per pair.

Portier Curtains, Plain Chenille, Roman Stripes, New Colorings.

**Mail Orders Promptly Attended to**

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### Coming Events

Mar. 15.—Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. Walter McRaye, at Opera House.

Mar 17.—St. Patrick's Concert under auspices Ladies Aid Catholic church.

April 4.—Easter Monday. Knights of Pythias Ball.

April 19.—Bazaar and Concert in Selkirk Hall, under auspices of Ladies Aid of Methodist Church.

### BORN.

KILPATRICK—On Thursday, Feb. 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. T. Kilpatrick, a son.

CRESSMAN—On Sunday, Feb. 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cressman, a daughter.

### LOCALISMS

12 ft. Linoleum, a large stock to choose from at R. Howson & Co.

Fresh honey in the comb at per comb 30c. C. B. Hume & Co.

—Read C. B. Hume & Co's. advt. on first page of this issue.

The recent conflagration at Rochester, N. Y., is estimated at three million dollars loss.

You can't do better than buy a carpet from R. Howson's large and well assorted stock.

W. A. Galliher, M. P., passed through the city en route to Ottawa Wednesday morning.

New hams and bacon and fresh pure lard—a carload just arrived. C. B. Hume & Co.

March certainly has come in like a lamb and we can therefore expect some nasty weather about the 31st.

Accordion plaited chiffon. Ruching Silk Ruffling. Chiffon with Ruch Edge, New Veilings. C. B. Hume & Co.

Geo. Knapp has returned from a holiday trip to his home in Ingersoll, Ont. He reports the winter as being very severe.

D. McCarthy has received the contract for the erection of a two storey store, 28 feet by 50 feet, at Arrowhead for Mr. Lightburn. The front will be plentifully supplied with plate glass and will in every respect be strictly up to date. The upper storey will be used as a residence.

Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. Walter McRaye will appear at the Opera House on March 15th. It is nearly six years since Miss Johnson has been in Revelstoke and as her programme is quite up-to-date and chosen from the best Canadian authors, it is expected that the evening will be very entertaining.

Carpet remnant sale still on at R. Howson's Furniture Sale.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper passed through the city en route to Ottawa on Wednesday morning.

Fresh oranges, bananas, apples, lemons, etc. C. B. Hume & Co.

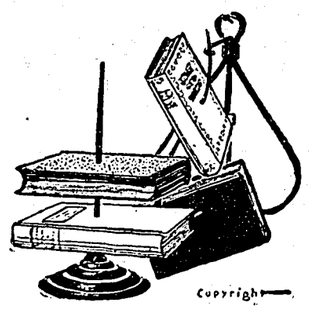
J. Baker, of Slocan City, member of the executive of the Western Federation of Miners, was in town Friday last.

Question—Are we to have Dominion Government competition in places of amusement?—Manager Opera House, Revelstoke.

In connection with the Bible Society's anniversary, L. O. L. No. 1658 will attend service in the Presbyterian Church at 7:30 p.m. Members are requested to meet in the I. O. O. F. hall at 7 p.m. sharp. All Orangemen in the city are requested to attend. By order of the Recording Secretary,
J. ACHESON.

Wm. Hamilton of the Hamilton Manufacturing Company, of Peterboro passed through the city on Friday en route from New York to Lillooet to install a gold bucket dredge for work on the Fraser. Mr. Hamilton states that he lost 4 days between New York and Revelstoke owing to snow blockades.

The manager of the "What Happened to Jones" Co. at the performance on Friday night requested that the gentlemen in the gallery would not smoke. Smoking is strictly against the rules and regulations of the Opera House and surely those who attend that place of amusement can restrain themselves from the weed for a couple of hours.

## Put on File

A few memorandums about our goods.

At some future time when tempted to buy

## Stationery

elsewhere, look us up, and examine the quality and variety of our stock. We have many styles in Invitation Note Paper and Envelopes, including **The Fine Duchesse,** which will suit almost any taste.

In regular lines we make a specialty of **Devonshire Note.**

Apart from Stationery, our Drug stock is always complete.

**WALTER BEWS, Phm.B.**

Mail Orders Promptly Attended to.


Patterson's Pickles, new and tasty, in pint jars, 20c. C. B. Hume & Co.

Miss E. Adair, of Schrieber, Ont., arrived in the city yesterday on a visit to her brother Ernest Adair.

If this snow continues we will soon be like the citizens of a town in the Western States who had to dig down in the snow 30 feet, put in a ladder and wind the town clock.

Sunday will be the centenial anniversary of the foundation of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The subject for Sunday evening in the Methodist Church will be "The Bible and the Centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society." The main object in holding this special service is to obtain funds for the wider spread of the Bible. Since its formation this society has published 180,000,000 copies of the Bible in 370 languages.

Mr. Sibbald has returned from the south where he has been for the past two weeks in connection with minihg interests. Among other places Mr. Sibbald visited the great hydraulic plant at Grant's Pass, Ore., where they have a working claim of over 1500 acres. He also was in Nevada City but the majority of the mines there were shut down owing to the difficulty in disposing of the large amount of refuse sluiced out. Mr. Sibbald finds few new ideas in the placer mining system in the south which are not in operation here. Of course, as he says, in every workable mining property different circumstances call for different methods in working and while one system is all right for one claim it might be entirely unsatisfactory in another. The two most important ideas to keep in view, says Mr. Sibbald in working any mining property whatever, are judgment and economy. Owing to the very bad weather in Southern Oregon he was unable to include in his trip many points he would have liked to have visited.

### Dramatic.

On Friday and Saturday nights of last week Mr. C. P. Walker's "What Happened to Jones" Co. witn Mr. Millard Reid as lead, gave us a return engagement on their way back from the coast.

On Friday night the company put on "Why Smith left Home" and on Saturday "What Happened to Jones," the two most famous of the Broadhurst plays.

Speaking locally, this is just a little bit the best thing we have yet seen. Revelstoke, situated as it is, and owing to the circumstances that it is yet in its early history we are naturally open to the affliction of the numerous barn storiners and cheap shows and it is a real pleasure to be treated to such a high class comedy as was put on by this company last week.

Mr. C. P. Walker, who is owner and manager of the Winnipeg Theatre and who controls and operates what is known as the Red River Valley circuit of theatres extending south from Winnipeg through Grand Forks to St. Paul, has already treated us to good legitimate drama in the Harold Nelson Co, which is well and favorably known throughout the west. While it is an unfortunate fact that Mr. Nelson greatly overestimates the ability of that worthy gentleman and forces Sir Henry Irving to take a back seat, yet no one can dispute the fact that Mr Nelson takes his work with spirit, feeling and a good measure of success.

Not only have we been helped to an adequate supply of Shakespearian drama but Mr. Walker has obained at considerable cost the "Jones & Smith" Co. and the west has had a rare treat in good high class comedy. Mr. Walker certainly deserves great praise for his efforts in encouraging and presenting good, wholesome and legitimate drama. Anyone could see from the houses of Friday and Saturday night there were no great dividends forthcoming but nevertheless the west can now depend that any company sent out by C. P. Walker is "good stuff" worthy of a bumper house. As to the company itself while it is certainly the best thing we have had here yet now that we are entering into the time when we expect to get some of the good things and work up to the best, we cannot refrain from a few comments. It is the universal salve to human nature to pick to pieces and that is the only way the critic can relieve himself and obtain some few crumbs of satisfaction. Space in this issue, however, will not allow of further comment, but would specially like to mention Mr. E. H. Higgins, Miss Grace Hanna, Miss Anna Dupont, and, of course the lead, Mr. Millard Reid.

### Mining Notes.

It is reported that bedrock has been reached at a 6-foot depth on Bullion creek near White Horse and that the dirt runs $8 to the pan.

Osmiridium and platinum have been found in the alluvial gravels of the Cariboo district. Special appliances are being installed at the Horsefly to extract these metals."

Last week the Elkhorn mine at Greenwood sent a car of ore to the local smelter that will net $100 to the ton. The mine is shipping regularly about two cars of ore monthly, and is looking better than ever.

J. W. Nelson and W. H. Rambo of Greenwood have been engaged all winter opening up the Standard, which adjoins the Rambler, on the West Fork of Kettle rives. They have driven a tunnel about 80 feet on a quartz vein running high in silver, and averaging about a foot in width.

James Breen, it is reported, is negotiating for the construction of a smelter in the Boundary. Mr. Breen was connected with the construction of the smelters at Trail and Northport. It is presumed the proposed Boundary plant is intended to treat ores from the Dominion group, the Brooklyn and Stemwinder properties at Phoenix.

### The Globe's War News

The Russo-Japan conflict has commenced in earnest, and that part of the world is now the centre of interest.

In order that our readers may be kept in the closest touch with the situation we have made special arrangements whereby they can have the Weekly Globe for the year 1904 on specially liberal terms.

The Globe, with its usual enterprise, has made arrangements with the London Times whereby it is able to publish simultaneously the reports sent direct from the scene of action. The Times, London, England, has established its reputation as being the greatest and most reliable newsgatherer in the world, and our readers can have full benefit of its excellent staff of correspondents by reading the daily or the weekly Globe.

The Globe has the exclusive control of this service in Canada, and these reports will not appear in their original form in any other Canadian publication.

A summarized report with every item of interest will be especially written for the weekly Globe, enabling readers to gain a thorough knowledge of the situation without the trouble of reading columns of contradictory and confusing reports.

The weekly Globe, with its illustrated section and many interesting features, is now one of the cleanest and brightest newspapers in America, and we are pleased to be able to announce that the arrangement just completed will enable subscribers to secure it for this year at a special price.

### New Barber Shop

Having opened a new barber shop in Mr. L. A. Fretz's building, opposite the City Hotel, I invite my friends and the public in general to give me a call.

EUG. L'EVEGUE.


## BALED HAY FOR SALE

Baled Hay for sale in carload lots, good quality. Apply Box 700, Calgary, Alberta.



OPENING

## AUCTION SALE

—:OF:—

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# Your Opportunity

To purchase a building lot in the choicest residential portion of the City is NOW.

All indications point to the coming year as the most prosperous year in Revelstoke's history.

At the opening of Spring, and the building boom that is inevitable, that choice plot that you have contemplated buying, may be advanced in price or bought for speculation.

We have facilities, not generally possessed by other agents that we offer you on a building proposition on these most desirable residence lots of the

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### Revelstoke Licence District

Notice is hereby given that John Ennest, of Camborne, has made application, under the provisions of the "Liquor Licence Act, 1900," for a transfer of his licence for the Criterion Hotel at Camborne, to Powers & McKian, of Camborne, and that a meeting of the Board of Licence Commissioners will be held to consider such application at the Provincial Police Office, Revelstoke, on Tuesday, the 15th day of March, 1904, at the hour of 2 p.m. in the afternoon.

R. A. UPPER,
Chief Licence Inspector.

Provincial Police Office,
Revelstoke, B. C., March 1st, 1904.

### NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands situated on the North side of Upper Arrow Lake near the mouth of Columbia River in West Kootenay District, commencing at a post planted on the north side of Upper Arrow Lake and on the East boundary of Lot 384, Group One, and marked T. Kilpatrick's south west corner post; thence north 20 chains; thence east 60 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence west 60 chains to the point of commencement, containing 120 acres more or less.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1904.

T. KILPATRICK.