

THE REVELSTOKE HERALD

AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XV: NO. 12

REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22 1904

\$2.00 a Year in Advance

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

Millinery Opening

WE AGAIN TAKE PLEASURE in inviting you to Our Fall Millinery Opening. The showing this year is superb. Some of the delightful models are developed in Velvet, ornamented with Cut Steel Buckles, Ornaments, Etc. The well-known Tailored Hat is much in evidence. Some of the Newer creations are the Chamcon, Torpedo Turbans, Companitas Trogans. There are some very pretty color schemes in the Shaded-Browns, Champagne Greens, Beavers, etc.

Some Dainty Novelties are shown Trimmed in Applique, showing a touch of the Popular Burnt-Orange Velvet. We welcome any of the Ladies to our Millinery Parlors at any time, and hope to see a large number at the Millinery Opening on

Thursday, Sept. 29th

Bargains for Friday, Sept. 30

We have these few lines that will interest buyers of Fall Goods:

Men's All-Wool Cashmere Hose All sizes. Regular 35c. Friday you can buy them at the reduced figures 25c.	Turkish Bath Towels Colored or White, Reg. 25c. Towel. Selling on Friday for 15c.
Men's Heavy all-Wool Underwear Odd Shirts and Drawers—some to match. Reg. Price \$1.50. Friday— 90c.	Dark Colored Flannelette In Dark Grey and Colored checks. Reg. 12½c. Friday's Price 8c.

New Arrivals

Children's and Ladies' Flannelette Underwear. Dressing Jackets, Etc.

This is a line we want to draw your attention to for Fall Wear. You can enjoy solid comfort if you take advantage of Our Fall Underwear.

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

THE FAMOUS SILVER DOLLAR

Developing into one of the Richest Mines in B. C.—A Herald Correspondent Visits the Property—The New Strike.

Another big strike of high grade ore was made on the Silver Dollar group last week. As has been previously stated in the HERALD this well known group is situated on Mount Creek, about 3½ miles south east of Omineca, while in close proximity to the south lie the Beatrice and Silver Crown properties upon which are to be found some immensely rich gold and silver bearing ledges. The Silver Dollar group consists of three full claims and two fractions, viz. Little Johnny, Iron Dollar, Carbonate Hill, Gillman fraction, and Carbonate Hill fraction, comprising in all about 175 acres, nearly all of which is well timbered. This property is owned by the Elwood Tinworkers Gold Mining Company of Elwood, Indiana, being purchased by them some time ago from the trustees of the estate of the late Joseph Best, the original locator, and the company are devoting their energies, under the capable supervision of Mr. J. A. Darragh, to a thorough development of the property. Up to the present time fully \$8,000 has been expended on development work about half of which was accomplished by the late Mr. Best.

When the announcement was first made of this last and most important strike a correspondent of the HERALD visited the property with a view to ascertaining the extent of the strike and the intentions of the company regarding future operations.

Since acquiring this valuable property development work has been systematically and vigorously prosecuted by Mr. Darragh, manager for the company, with the result of the magnificent showings which have been reported from time to time in these columns. The work consists of three prospect tunnels, open cuts and shafts. On the Carbonate Hill fraction a tunnel has been driven 45 feet, and on the Gillman fraction a tunnel 35 feet. The latter tunnel, 75 feet in length is a crosscut, and after drifting for 100 feet on the lead in which ore was uncovered all the way, tests were made of the schist and quartz, giving returns averaging from \$2.40 to \$15 to the ton in free gold. By looking closely at the schist in which the gold bearing quartz is embedded, high values are also to be obtained. This fact is clearly demonstrated in the workings of all the best properties in the Fish River camp.

In one of the open cuts recently made on the Iron Dollar, in a success easterly direction, from where the drifting operations are in progress, 20 inches of high grade steel galena has been exposed on the foot wall of the lead. Some three feet of splendid looking quartz carrying high values in free gold is also exposed on the adjoining lead towards the hanging wall. Each panning of this quartz, after crushing in a mortar, showed a string of colors that was a good indication of the immense richness of the ore.

Continuing in a south-easterly direction, towards the Beatrice, splendid showings of free gold have been obtained at two other points. The work lately done clearly demonstrates the existence of another lead, similar to that exposed on the Silver Crown and which was heretofore supposed to be the same lead. The new lead running in a westerly direction parallels that on the Silver Crown. Thus four separate and distinct leads, each carrying high values in gold and silver, have already been exposed on this property, and two of the claims which form part of this group, viz. the Little Johnny and Carbonate Hill, have not yet been prospected to any great extent. There is every probability that when this is done additional ore bodies will be discovered, as these two claims are well situated within the highly mineralized zone on this mountain. Taking this into consideration, together with the splendid results which have already been obtained from the work so far prosecuted, the outlook for the Silver Dollar becoming one of the richest mines in the Province, is very bright indeed.

The company have purchased a compressor plant from the Rand Drill Co. at Roseland, and a saw mill, both of which will be installed as soon as the trail leading to the property has been put in shape for the transportation of the machinery. It is the intention of the management, before definitely deciding as to the method of treating the ores, to have a thorough mill test made. It is altogether probable, however, that a stamp mill will shortly be erected for the purpose of treating the big bodies of high grade gold ore now showing in the different leads on the property. From the business-like and practical way in which this property has been handled since being acquired by the Elwood company, there is every reason to believe that before long the property will be equipped with a complete and up-to-date plant necessary for the successful developing and mining of the rich ore bodies that have recently been demonstrated to exist on this group. The Elwood Tinworkers Gold Mining Co., and their manager, Mr. Darragh, are to be congratulated upon the highly satisfactory results obtained so far on the Silver Dollar group, and the HERALD is confident that in a comparatively short time the Silver Dollar will be shipping its rich bullion and galena ores to the refineries and smelters and

thus give to the stockholders handsome returns for their investments, and placing the camp among the largest producers of the precious metals in British Columbia, while at the same time it will do as much to convince the public of the richness of North Kootenay as the Granby Mines have done for the Boundary district. This is not only the HERALD's opinion but is the view generally expressed by all the mining men who are acquainted with the property.

Ghastly Tragedy in Vancouver

About 10 o'clock Monday morning, Joe Nucchi, a well known bootblack and gambler, shot and instantly killed 15-year-old Daisy Capella because she refused to marry him at once. Financial troubles had aided in driving Nucchi to the point of desperation that made his awful act possible. The child, for she was no more, was carrying her youngest sister, a baby some six months old, in her arms when the madman shot her through the head at such close range that the cloth of her little round sailor cap was burnt by the exploding powder. The bullet entered just below one ear and a slight bulging of the ball of the opposite eye showed that it had passed or lodged close behind it. Death must have been instantaneous as the girl fell to the ground Nucchi placed the muzzle of the revolver to his right temple, and sent another bullet crashing through his own brain. The first bullet went through the sleeve of the baby's dress. Nucchi was 43 years of age.

A CARNIVAL OF CRIME

Is the Verdict Against the Liberal Party in Ontario.—North Perth and the Soo Seething With Corruption

Out of eight protests entered against the return of candidates elected to the Ontario House of which three protests are against the return of Conservatives and five against the return of Liberal members, only four have come to trial, so far two Conservatives and two Liberals, with the startling result that both the Conservatives have been retained in their seats and congratulated by the judges, while the two Liberals have been found guilty of corruption of a most scandalous nature. The Liberals in North Perth and the Soo Ste. Marie election stopped at nothing to ensure the return of the Grit candidates. The Liberal workers were sweltering in political debauchery, plugging, whiskey, money, ballot stuffing, anything to win.

How different it has been in the case of the Conservative cause the following dispatch will explain: Walkerton, Ont., Sept. 20.—The trial of the election protest against the return of Mr. Hugh Clarke, Conservative, who represents Centre Bruce in the Ontario Legislature, today, was short, Mr. Clarke being not only maintained in his seat, but complimented by Chief Justice Moss on the clean election contest he had conducted.

Let the independent voter read the results of the trials also, and it is a certainty that they will consider it is time for a change.

Blacksmith and Machine Shop.

C. J. Wilkes has just installed in connection with his blacksmith and machine shop, one of the latest and most up-to-date lathes manufactured by the F. W. and John Barnes Co. of Rockford, Ill. The machine has six changes of speed, and a capacity of 8x24 inches. With this addition to his appliances Mr. Wilkes is now in a position to do all kinds of machine repairs, blacksmithing, etc., on the shortest notice. Any orders left with Mr. Wilkes receive prompt and personal attention.

Premier McBride's Visit

This morning Thos. Taylor, M.P.P., received a telegram from Hon. Richard McBride stating that he would be in Revelstoke on the 29th inst.

Supplies for French Creek.

The supplies for the French Creek Placer Property, were shipped north by the s.s. Revelstoke on Tuesday. Mr. R. A. Bradley, manager of the company, is expected back from the east next week, when a crew will be engaged and work commenced for the season on this valuable property.

The Telephone System.

W. Cowan, manager of the Telephone Company, is improving the system by a very large outlay of capital, at the present time. New poles are being erected throughout the city and a building for the accommodation of the central offices is contemplated in the near future. When the plans now being carried out are complete, Revelstoke will have one of the most complete telephone exchanges in the west.

—Go to C. B. Hume & Co., for Guns, Rifles and Ammunition.

GOVERNMENT BY DECEPTION

How Labour Legislation has been Manipulated—Utilising Liberal Senators to Strangle Bills—Facts from Records.

Sir William Mulock is by instinct an aristocrat; in political finesse a thinly veneered democrat. However, he can never hope to play the game of successfully hoodwinking the working masses for any prolonged period, and at the same time be hand in glove with the employers of labour. He was vouchsafed a great chance to distinguish himself as a practical legislator; he will was there, but alas, the occasion demanded genius. Sir William when endeavoring to be dramatic in parliament, is amusing, not impressive, for all who have watched his career or read the debates in the House of Commons, are inclined to question his sincerity, not so much an opportunist as his leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but quite willing to surpass him, if possible, in political tergiversation. The Postmaster General and Minister of Labour believes in Mulock, thinks Mulock, reads Mulock, presents bouquets to Mulock, and wonders how the interests of Labour ever prospered while Mulock was in private life. Naturally, amid the multifarious possibilities of personal advancement, the statesman was absorbed in the demagogue, and the trick of deceiving labour organizations soon became a pastime. We propose discussing this subject at length, more particularly because Sir William Mulock recently asked in the House of Commons "What have the Conservatives ever done for the workingman?" Had the Minister even casually read of or remembered events dating from '72, he would never have asked the question in short; it seems almost superfluous to discuss the issue, save and except to prove how utterly ignorant or wilfully deceptive Sir William Mulock is. So far back as 1872, the "Grits," now so-called "Liberals," were prepared to crush the manhood from Canadian politics. Was it not the Hon. George Brown, editor of The Globe, ex-premier of Canada, under the legislative union and one of the leaders of the Grit forces, who first had the shackles rivetted about the limbs of those who claimed the right to appease the value of their labour? Was not this ill-fated gentleman, who aimed at pillaging twenty-four printers, by invoking an obsolete law, as old as the days of Queen Anne, but overlooked when the details of the British North America Act were being considered by the Imperial authorities? Was not the leader of the Liberals, who in Toronto denounced Labour organizations, declaring publicly that "masters should have no dealings with union men," that he "trusted those who had shewn a rebellious spirit against their employers would be driven from CANADA." The striking printers were arrested, handcuffed and escorted to jail, despite the wide spread indignation manifested. Who became their champions? Grits? Liberals? Not by any means. Robert Beatty, editor of the Conservative Leader, and Sir John Macdonald, the Conservative premier, who advised the Governor-General to liberate the unfortunate victims, finally repealed the obnoxious statute and gave parliamentary sanction to a measure conferring the right of workingmen to establish unions and regulate their own business conditions.

Again, for many years the products of coal-labour were permitted to come into competition with those of the honest artisan. The Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, when Premier and Minister of Public Works, from 1874 to 1878, declared in the House of Commons: "I have an idea which is not clearly defined of employing the Labour of convicts in carrying on the public works of the country. It is quite possible that they might be able to manufacture the greater portion of the rolling stock on the RAILROADS ABOUT TO BE CONSTRUCTED." It remained for Sir John Macdonald, Premier and leader of the Conservatives to declare it a penalty to employ convict labour to compete against honest toil. Prior to Sir John coming into power (1878), the Hon., afterwards Sir David Mills, Mr. Mackenzie's colleague defended his leader. He said: "Nothing could be more preposterous than arguments of the hon. gentlemen (Conservative speakers) in this particular. They might just as well legislate criminally against the introduction of emigrants into this country. If the convicts were taught trades it would be a practical advantage to them, when they went back to their community." In other words, so-called Liberals proposed to offer a premium on criminal life, while the industrious, thrifty artisan, was to be hampered at every point by the educated convict.

Now, as to Chinese. In 1875-6 a resolution was moved by Conservatives purporting to restrict Chinese being employed in constructing the Canadian Pacific. A storm of objection was raised by the Liberals. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie denounced the resolution. He said: "I hope the honourable gentlemen did not really expect such a resolution to obtain any support in this House. It is one unprecedented in its character and at variance with those tolerant laws which afford employment and an asylum to all who come into this country, irrespective of colour, hair or anything else." The Conservatives came into power; Sir John Macdonald favoured restriction of Chinese, at

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.

THE BIG BEND TIMBER CAMPS
The Revelstoke Lumber Co. Have Complete Camps in Operation in Their Timber Limits North.
The Revelstoke Lumber Co. are sending up by the s.s. Revelstoke many tons of provisions for their different camps in the Big Bend. The company have now cut and piled on the river bank, between Carnes Creek and Stoner Point, some three and one half million feet of logs of first class quality, which will be sent down the river to the mills at once, and in fact over a million feet is already in the boom by this time. During a recent trip by a HERALD reporter by the s.s. Revelstoke, an opportunity was afforded us of a visit to the company's camp, at Stoner Point. The company have here erected large comfortable and commodious accommodation for the employees of the camp and everything was found to be in first class shape. The sleeping accommodation for the 40 men, now employed, was first class, while the boarding department was all that could be wished for. The provisions sent up are the very best that can be secured on the market and the culinary department is in the care of an experienced chef and assistant, the table fare being equal at all times to the best that can be found in the leading hotels of a town or city. During the winter, the company will have in operation about three camps with sufficient men, horses and other appliances for the cut of timber, with which to supply their mills for next year.
Shot Three Caribou
On Tuesday morning Capt. Forslund and A. M. Pinkham shot three caribou from the upper deck of the s.s. Revelstoke as she was steaming up the river. They ran across them at a point 12 miles from the city. The crew succeeded in getting two of the carcasses, but the third one floated down the river and was lost.
(Continued on Page 9).

THE LEADING STORE
HEADQUARTERS FOR FASHIONABLE MERCHANDISE
LOVELY SUMMER DRESS GOODS AT BARGAIN PRICES
The most attractive display of Ladies' Dress Goods, Wash Muslins, Blouses, Skirts, Tailor-Made Costumes, Etc., all New Designs and pretty patterns.
LADIES' UNDERWEAR
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR
We have a large assortment in these lines in Silk and Cotton goods. Very Cool and comfortable.
IN GENT'S FURNISHINGS WE ARE SECOND TO NONE
And carry all the up-to-date styles in Suits, Pants, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Underwear, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.
FOR FIT, COMFORT AND STYLISH DRESSES
We are in the Lead. This Department is under the management of MISS WILSON. Here the Ladies can have their dresses made up in the Latest Fashions on shortest notice at reasonable prices.
W. J. GEORGE, Mackenzie Avenue.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

About theHouse

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

For sweetbread croquettes, cook, cool and mince a sweetbread, add enough chopped chicken to make a full pint. Melt one-quarter cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of flour and cook until frothy. Add gradually, stirring all the time, one cupful of rich, well-seasoned chicken stock and one-half cupful of cream. Season with pepper, and a beaten egg and the mixture sweet breads. When cool, shape, roll in fine bread or cracker crumbs, then in beaten eggs and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat, drain, and serve with mushroom sauce.

Banana Shortcake.—Make a rich custard, crust, of cake in jelly-cake tins in not too thick layers. When done, split open with forks and butter while hot, three layers being enough for one cake. The two bottom layers and one top make the best shape. Take about three good-sized thoroughly ripe bananas and spread finely with a fork. Spread a layer of the fruit on the crust, adding the least bit of salt, and sprinkle well with powdered sugar. Add the next layer in the same way. On the last one spread fruit very thickly well mixed with sugar, so as to form sort of icing. Serve with soft custard flavored with vanilla.

Egg Croquettes.—Beat hard-boiled eggs, three table-spoonfuls of cream, butter the size of a large nutmeg, a heaping table-spoonful of salt, a dash of pepper. When the eggs are very hard and perfectly cold roll through a fine wire sieve, add the cream, salt and pepper, heating in gradually. Melt the butter and stir in. As eggs sometimes vary in size, a little thickening may be needed to give the right consistency. Use the finest cracker dust, adding a little at a time until the mixture can be moulded into very soft balls. Roll in cracker dust and drop into a deep kettle of hot fat to fry. When they are browned drain on a wire sieve, and serve with lettuce salad. For this purpose the croquettes should be cold. When hot, serve with crisp bacon.

Lemon Snaps.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, one ground spoonful of allspice, two of half and the juice of a large lemon. Mix all well together and add a cup of molasses, beat it well, pour it on buttered sheet tins and spread it thinly over them. Bake in a rather slow oven, and roll each square around the finger as it is raised from the tin. These are quite as delicious as the best brandy snaps sold by confectioners.

Beef Root.—Two pounds round steak, chopped fine, two well-beaten eggs, one-half teaspoonful rolled crackers, one-half cup warm butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one small onion and a little sage; season with salt and pepper, mix all together with a stiff spoon. Put in a deep square bread tin and bake one hour in a hot oven. Baste quite often after it begins to brown. The onion or any kind of other flavoring for meats added. This is very nice hot for dinner or sliced cold for lunch.

Almond Custard.—One pint of milk, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth pound of almonds, blanched and pounded fine, two eggs and two teaspoonfuls of rose-water. Stir over the fire till thick as cream, then set in oven till firm. Just before serving cover with whipped cream, tinted delicately with strawberry syrup and currant jelly.

Virginia Coffee.—Three eggs, well beaten; two heaping cups Indian cornmeal and one of flour; sift into the flour two teaspoonfuls baking powder; add one tablespoonful melted lard, three cups sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt; beat well; bake quickly in rings or small party pans; serve hot.

USEFUL HINTS.

To prevent articles of silverware from tarnishing warm them when cleaned and paint them over with a thin solution of alcohol in alcohol, using a wide, soft brush for the purpose. Articles so treated must be wiped only with dry cloths.

Every housewife in whose homes lamps are used realizes the annoyance that comes of less brilliant light than is given by the new burner. What is not generally understood is that the difficulty arises from dust which settles in the tiny apertures and prevents the free passage of air. If the burners are unscrewed from the lamps occasionally, freed of their wicks and boiled in a solution of washing soda and water, they will burn brilliantly clean and the light will be once more all that can be desired. Wicks, too, should be more often renewed than is commonly the case, as they are apt to absorb the oil less readily after prolonged usage. Often the simple plan for boiling the burner and fitting it with new wicks will mean all the difference between the discomfort of the dim, uncertain light and the gratification that comes of a clean and bright one.

A domestic magazine advises that the baking of a cake should be divided into four equal parts. This necessitates looking at the cake only four times. At the end of the first quarter the cake should be somewhat risen, with bubbles on the top. The second quarter finds it well risen and beginning to brown. At the end of the third it is "set," and evenly, but lightly browned. At the last look the cake should be ready to take out.

For making lemonade, increased richness and flavor can be obtained by stirring granulated sugar into the lemon juice until a thick syrup is formed about two hours in advance of one's need. This should be placed in a refrigerator until wanted, when shaved ice is to be added and the stirring resumed. Just before serving pour a water,

still stirring while letting the water drip in slowly from a funnel.

It may shock tidy housekeepers to hear it, but the poor coffee one gets in the average household is due largely to the washing of the pot. It is plunged in with other pots in all but exceptional cases, and washed with the common dish cloth. "A coffee pot," says a cook where coffee is famous, "should never be washed. It should be filled with cold water and left to stand for a few moments after using. Then it should be brushed out carefully with a long-handled brush, scalded with hot water and left to dry with the lip open till it is to be used again. Coffee made carefully in a pot so treated becomes a neater fit for the gods."

Bottles and small center pieces, especially with quantities of open work, can be laundered with very little trouble at home. Castile or any white soap is the best cleansing medium. After washing and rinsing thoroughly in hot water, stretch them upon a window, taking care that every sculp and petal is well smoothed and let them dry. They will require no ironing and look like new.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER HATS.

Lovely summer hats can sometimes be evolved from old ones with very little trouble or expense. Children never object to wearing old hats made over if they are pretty and becoming, and while their every-day hats should be plain they need not be ugly. Pretty and serviceable hats may be made of soft, old crowns of linen or silk, sewed into brims from old hats, and a narrow quilling of the same material on the edge of the brim will be all the trimming needed for the hat.

An old leghorn hat was transformed into a lovely summer hat by making a new crown of green and white chip and net weave and adding a two-inch chip straw braid to the brim. These braids come in every grade and color, and help out wonderfully in transforming old hats. There is no limit to the possibilities of an old leghorn hat, as it can be cleaned for a few times with a paste made of lemon juice and flowers of sulphur. When they cannot be cleaned any longer in this way they can be colored black or any of the bright colors.

It is easy to lower a high crown by removing several rows of braid, or to give height to a low one by adding several rows and the brims can be made any desired width by adding rows of fancy braids.

Black or tan straw hats can be freshened by brushing them over once or twice with light shoe polish of the desired color. A white straw hat that is only slightly soiled may be cleaned with corn meal moistened with warm water.

You can color a white hat any shade you would like by dissolving some diamond dye for wool of the color wanted in a little alcohol and applying it to the hat with a brush. Colored hats that have faded can be freshened by using dye of the same color, then the hat must be given a coat of thin varnish. Many of the pretty summer hats begin to fade and show signs of wear long before the summer is over, and sometimes a very beautiful outlay of money and a little trouble will make them prettier than when new.

IN THE KAISER'S ARMY

"FIRST CLASS MEN" CREATE A SENSATION.

New Military Novel That Aims at Reform of German Officers' Corps.

The officers of the German army are writing under another lash of scorn. Freiherr von Schlicht, a retired officer and a scion of a noble family, has written a book called "First Class Men," and in its 250 pages he has dealt exclusively with the shortcomings of the officers in a typical crack regiment in the Kaiser's army.

The book is similar to the famous "Life in a Small Garrison Town," written by Lieut. Bilse, the young officer who was imprisoned and disgraced by revealing the scandals of army life. Capt. Freiherr von Schlicht was careful not to publish his book until he had retired and was beyond the reach of the Kaiser's wrath.

The government forbade the publication of Von Schlicht's book in Germany, but it was brought out in London, and it is being printed in enormous editions and sold all over the world, except openly in German bookstalls.

COMMONER BECOMES OFFICER.

The story, in outline, is this: On a festive occasion, when the noble officers of this regiment entertain a number of equally aristocratic friends, the representative of the sovereign announces that his majesty has added a new and promising officer to the corps. On hearing the name of the newcomer, which is that of a commoner, the officers without exception behave in a most disgraceful manner, but when the commoner is introduced to the corps, he is met with the most cordial reception, and the commoner becomes an officer.

"Do you know," says one noble officer to another, "I have lately thought a good deal about the pride of nobility and the spirit of caste. When we regiments of the Guards at a fraternal meal drink to the spirit of the officers' corps and express the hope that it may remain the same, this, in my opinion, does not only mean that we are to preserve our loyalty and affection to our sovereign, but also that we are to remain the first class men which we are, the bearers of old noble names who, as members of the most aristocratic regiments, are always to maintain the dividing line

which separates us from commoners."

TROUSERS BUTTONS.

Later on, when the great calamity of the admission of the commoner has been declared, the talk turns naturally to Winkler, the innocent cause of all this bother. The representative of his majesty are bombarded with questions, once champagne has loosened the tongues.

"But, count, for heaven's sake tell us. You must know something about him. Who is this Winkler?" "Gentlemen," the adjutant said at last, "all the colonel and I know is what his majesty has just told us. Old Winkler is a factory owner."

"They all felt as if a load had been lifted. Factory owner! This was not much, and of course could not be compared with the social position of a noble squire or a court official, but, after all, Krupp himself had been an fond only a factory owner, and the German emperor had called him friend before all the world. Yes, they felt relieved until they saw that the count was holding something back, something relating to the factory owner. "Guns or engines?" "Neither of them. Trouser buttons." "If a flash of lightning had struck them they could not have recoiled more suddenly, more horror struck. "Good God!" they said.

Presently the new man is introduced. The noble officers have been bidden to meet their new comrade in the barracks yard. "Gentlemen," the colonel says, "I have asked you to meet me in order that I may introduce our new comrade, Lieut. Winkler. If you please, Lieutenant."

Lieut. Winkler advanced a step and, saluting by touching his helmet, standing at the stiff, prescribed attitude, a figure of medium height, strong and slender. He had a good figure and looked extremely well in the becoming gold embroidered uniform of the regiment. The healthy look on his young face—he was 27 years old—with the fair mustache, and his clear blue eyes, suggested energy and independence. Many a man would have been able to hide a certain nervousness at such a moment, but Winkler's face remained serenely quiet.

LOOK FOR RICH GIRLS.

The contrast between the young commoner, with his innate tact and modesty, his sensible outlook, his keen sense of honor and dignity, and his aristocratic comrades with their boundless conceit, their cynicism concerning women and money matters, their gluttony and drunkenness, is striking. Perhaps it is even a little more convincing if painted in less startling colors. After the absolute worthlessness of the aristocratic officers has been revealed in the course of some chapters shown up in various ways, the author devotes some time to an explanation of the usual means adopted to escape from the degrading imppecunious position into which the large majority of officers of his class find themselves.

The remedy towards which they have turned is marriage with a rich girl, and which is a callousness which shows the depths to which they have sunk, is marriage with a rich girl. Here their pride of birth leaves them entirely in the lurch. All they require is a father-in-law who is able and willing to pay their own—and probably their relations'—debts, and a troupe of manufacturers' daughters, who does as well as a dame of the bluest blood in the country.

DOESN'T WANT TO BE SOLD.

As soon as it becomes known that Winkler is a man of great wealth, a retired officer of an old noble family, steeped in debt, is ready to sell his only daughter—who, by the way, is the only creditable representative of the crowd of "first class" people in the book. This is the advice of the father to the son.

"Never mind your pride of birth till you have a husband. There are plenty of commoners ready to exchange their miserable gold for a beautiful aristocratic wife who can introduce them into good society and preside at their table. When you have a husband you can do anything, and a husband you can do anything, and the more you show him what sacrifice it has cost you to become his wife the more he will love and honor you."

The girl, in the present case, remains proudly and fiercely her father's and brother's business, and by her reticence and refusal to be attracted Winkler, and ends by becoming his wife. The absolute truth with which the author exposes these disgraceful doings will be patent to all who know anything of the life led by the average German officer.

Prof. Winkler shows a fortitude under his trials which is truly heroic. He bears unnumbered humiliations, and gains some sort of position among his noble comrades by sheer force of character. But he ends as the hero of Lieut. Bilse's book ended—disheartened and disappointed—he leaves the regiment to engage in business life.

MOUNTAINS OF SOAP.

In a mountain near Elko, Nevada, there is an inexhaustible supply of pure soap. One may enter the mine with a butcher's knife and cut out a large piece as he wants. It is beautifully mottled, and on being exposed to the air hardens somewhat. The mountain of clay is of fine texture, and it contains boracic acid, soda, and borate of lime. Its color is given it by the iron and other minerals. In its natural state it is rather strong in alkali, and removes rapidly along the walls of the valley. The hardness is diminished by her comrades. She tosses her head impatiently. Chris waves his rifle in triumph. Without a shudder of warning she pitches forward upon her long black nose, lies still, her red body strangely out of tone with the pale yellow of the landscape. Her head comrades are but a spatter of dots sprinkled across the open veldt. Chris has no time for sentiment. He springs from his horse, clambers down to the carcass. With the docility of long experience he skins it.

"Can you tell me what a smile is, please?" asked the father of his daughter. "A smile is a thing that cracks one's face without breaking it open," replied the small observer.

HUNTING THE HARTBEEST

SPORT ON THE VELDT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Pursuing Fleet Footed Game and Picking Off Antelopes With a Rifle.

The mornings are cold in South Africa—cold with the chill of ice champagne. One wakes with the impression of a summons. One is glad to make. The world is full of beautiful day views. I have seen the sun rise north and south of the equator, in the eastern and in the western hemisphere. Nowhere have I known, says Douglas Story in the Shanghai Times, so inviting a day-break as upon the veldt. It calls one to action with the smile of an assured obedience.

One wakes with one's feet to the smoldering embers. The blankets no longer tempt to sleep. They are grown strangely inadequate. The sky in the distance is green with the green of the jade stone. Through it the morning star has burned a tiny glow point. Elsewhere is dense blackness. The stillness is tangible. The sounds of the night have died. The sounds of the day are not heard. The green above the skyline lightens to the green of old bronze. A Kaffir drags a brand from the heap of sticks. He adjusts it into life. He says about his cooking. The waiters bit thorns rattle their dry bones. The world stirs to its waking. The green of the horizon lightens to yellow. It warms to orange. It blazes into crimson. Out of the heart of the furnace emerges the sun, red, gleaming, new-minted. From the cook pot comes the fragrance of coffee. It is 4 o'clock of a South African morning.

A SOUSE IN THE BUCKET. A tightening of belts, the swallowing of a pannikin of coffee, the munching of a Bar meal cookie, the on-said of a Basuto pony, and a sparsely to minutes when the veldt pheasants are calling from the grass. The sun clears itself of the horizon. We ride away from the wagon. The white tilt gleams monstrously huge in the dawn light. We knot our handkerchiefs about our throats, and Chris Villiers, for the air cuts keen as a razor.

Chris is Boer-born and veldt-bred; long, lanky, loose-jointed, with far-sighted blue eyes set deep beneath saggy eyebrows the color of the sun-dried grass. He is a hunter, and he sits his horse straight-shouldered, with the balance of a skater. His clothes are coarse and chase-stained, his beard long and untrimmed, his volleys hacked from the hide of the water buck with his own hand. His stirrups are mud-caked and rusty. His rifle is clean and burnished. It is his fetish and his friend. His name is carved with infinite care upon the stock. His waist is girded with a set of fashionably beaded and glistening cartridges. "His eyes and his rifle tell the tale the Englishman learned at Colenso and at Modder River. From his youth up Chris has been taught to shoot to kill. He has learned the value of cartridges. He rides with his rifle butt resting upon his thigh.

Beyond, in the yellow veldt, is a troop of hartbeest. They are grouped about a salt pan. Their triangular shadows show black upon the sand. Through the glass their long black faces, upstanding withers, drooping quarters, gnarled horns, seen the rudely modelled creations of a savage. Their russet coats glow against the cold white of the pan. The cows are licking the salt edge of the brack, swaying their tails. Two bulls on their knees are belaboring each other goodnaturedly with their awkward, ineffectual horns. The clatter of their swashbuckling comes with the memory of a medieval tourney. I would faint stay and watch. Chris needs meat. His rifle goes up at the leftmost bull. I aim at the other.

THE REPORTS ARE AS ONE.

There is a sudden peace between the duellists. The Boer's bull falls forward upon his opponent. The other struggles to his feet. Their horns are interlocked. Before the wounded antelope can rid himself of the embarrassment of the head, our rifles ring out a second time. Two hartbeest lie stretched upon the pan. The herd is off up the wind. The white blaze upon their rumps bobs ludicrously.

No horse can outrun the hartbeest, but we can afford to give them chase. Away out over the veldt they stretch. Their clean-cut limbs move rhythmically. They race as though drilled by a sergeant instructor. It is a glorious but glorious thing, the morning. The cool air is invigorating as a shower bath. The horses enjoy the sport. Chris points with his rifle to the front of the antelope. His keen eye has detected the break of a donga. He digs his rusty spur into his pony. The horses gallop mightily. The antelope are swallowed up in the dip of the valley. The horses are pulled up on the very brink of the donga. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" "Yes," they answer, gazing into the hollow. There, to the right, is the bevy of red coats. They are 300 yards distant. Chris wastes no time. He sights at a lumbering cow. The rifle cracks. The hartbeest swerves as though stung by an insect. The third of the bullet comes heavily back to us. The antelope keeps on.

We spring to our ponies. We ride rapidly along the verge of the valley. The hartbeest is disabled by her comrades. She tosses her head impatiently. Chris waves his rifle in triumph. Without a shudder of warning she pitches forward upon her long black nose, lies still, her red body strangely out of tone with the pale yellow of the landscape. Her head comrades are but a spatter of dots sprinkled across the open veldt. Chris has no time for sentiment. He springs from his horse, clambers down to the carcass. With the docility of long experience he skins it.

Johnny—"Maw's always talking about hygienic diet. What is a hygienic diet?" Tommy—"It's any kind of diet you don't like!"

We need no bulging and the heads of the bull hartbeest at the brack pan are better worth keeping than this staring one of the cow.

So he toils up the bank with the reeking hide to his pony, fastens it behind his saddle, and mounts for the homeward journey. Beneath, in the donga, we leave the corpse of the hartbeest, pathetic in its nakedness. In the blue vault above an anvil is poised, watching the carrion. From the rocks a jackal creeps hungrily forward. There is no beast of the desert, so poor that the veldt scavengers will not.

WAKE HIM AT HIS DYING.

Easily we triple on the back trail, Chris singing the volkslied. There is an ominous gathering of vultures above the brack pan. Chris quickens his pony, ceases his carol. "Das op, Mijneheer!" he yells across to me. "The avasogals are tearing the skins."

We enter to the edge of the pan. Nothing has been disturbed. The vultures have time at their disposal. They are still circling above the dead hartbeest, content to wait the approach of the jackals. We hobble our horses, and set to the labor of skinning. They look strangely unnatural, the two antelope, with their eyes set high up in the forehead, with their corrugated horns jutting upward and outward, then sharply bent back over the neck, with the bushy tufts of hair crowning their heads. Yet, do they afford royal sport, and our bag is usually heavy. We have fresh meat enough to delight the Kaffirs, to yield a meal for our own table. So we ride away from the brack pan. We found it pure and unsullied, dimpled with the dainty footprints of antelope. We leave it blood-stained and trampled upon, polluted with the presence of beasts of carrion.

It is not now and airless. The veldt palpitated like a living thing. Outlines are blurred. Foul flies cling to the skins at our saddles. Locusts spring out from underneath our horses' hoofs. We plug steadily campward. We stumble upon it almost before we had recognized the surroundings. We kick up a slumbering Kaffir. We call for water. We demand resolution throughout the camp. The veldt is a mass of sticks for the fire. The cook boy lovingly handles the fresh meat. His assistants bake cookies and cut up vegetables. The driver departs for the strayed oxen. In the shade, under the wagon, we lie, waiting till. We are weary—hungry. Our pipes afford some little alleviation. We think of the joys of the morning, of the satisfaction of the kill, of men in pink hunting red hartbeest, of pheasants as vultures tearing carrion, of "Skoff, baas!"

The grinning coo boy has made ready our steaks of antelope. We rub our eyes, and fall to as only the men of the veldt can fall to after a morning's riding. Hartbeest is not so palatable as springbok or koodoo, but this is no day of fine distinctions. We eat. We smoke. We fall asleep in the shade of the wagon. We shall not inspect till 4 o'clock. Elsewhere the world is silent. Even the locusts are at rest. The hot peace of the veldt has settled upon us.

STRANGE STREET NAMES.

Curious Titles Given to Roads and Passages.

Among the many strangely named streets in Strassburg perhaps the most singular is that called "Where the Fox preaches to the Ducks." There are also Water Soup Street (Soupe à l'Eau), Lung Street, Heaven Street and a host of others. Some of the names are quite ludicrous and we owe their existence to a French official. When the French took Strassburg from the Germans in 1692 they ordered this man to translate all the names of streets from German into French. He knew German very imperfectly and the consequence was a series of burlesque names.

In London we have some quaint titles too. In Remondsey road, running by the side of the river is called Pickle Herring Street. In Chelsea there is World's End Passage, near Gray's Inn a Cold Bath Passage, and everyone knows Poultry, Paternoster Row, Amen Corner and Ave Maria Lane have all kept their names since Roman Catholic times, hundreds of years ago, when the processions used to pass along chanting psalms. The principal street in Edinburgh is the famous Cowgate. Brussels owns some curious streets. There are Short Street, of the Long Chariot, the Street of One Person, so called because it is so narrow two people can hardly pass each other, and a road with a Flemish name, of thirty-six letters, which being interpreted means the Street of the Unracked Silver Count. In Boulogne there is the Street of the Living Corner and the road of Last Halfpenny. On the official list of the town of Tulle there is a thoroughfare entered as Rue Sans Nom, or Nameless Street.

At Marseilles you will find "The Street Paved with Love," and in Nancy the "Place of the Moor Blowing a Trumpet," though for many years (Maure (Moore) and Mort (death) were confused, and it was known by the less cheerful name of Death Blowing a Trumpet.

The Street of the Sucking Pig is at Chalons, and in Ravenna is a road with a very length and grotesque name, the Street of the Fortification round the Lost Sheep. There is a nest of quite small streets at Geneva, near one of the principal churches, named Heaven Street, Hell Street, Purgatory Street, and Limbo Street. Nor must we forget the Street which is called "Straight" in the Holy Land.

Johnny—"Maw's always talking about hygienic diet. What is a hygienic diet?" Tommy—"It's any kind of diet you don't like!"

BIRTH OF A NEW SENSE

STORY OF A MAN WHO HAD HIS SIGHT RESTORED.

When Only Theory is Known Objects and Distances Cannot be Distinguished.

If the eyes of one who had never seen were suddenly opened, the world would be a strange sight. We see not only by the means of the physical powers of the eye, but by experience. A blind man whose sight is restored, cannot recognize his own face until he touches her face or hears her voice. A man who has never seen until he was thirty years old has sent to the Problem, a magazine for the blind, a remarkable account of his experience when the bandage was drawn from his eyes in the hospital and he was, as it were, born again into the world.

What I saw frightened me, it was so big and made such strange notions. I called out in terror and put out my hand. My fingers touched of my nurse's face. I knew she was there, for she had just taken the bandage from my eyes, and I knew what I was touching, but I did not know what it was I saw.

"For mercy's sake, what is it?" I asked. The nurse answered me soothingly, taking my fingers in her hand and moving them from her motion in her eyes, to her nose, chin, and forehead.

WAS HER FACE.

"It is my face that you see. Look! You know 'this is my mouth'—my chin—and these are my eyes." So I knew that I was seeing what was familiar to the touch of my fingers—a human face. But the sensation was still one of terror. I seemed so small beside that expanse of human features which was so familiar to my fingers, so unnatural to my new sense.

When the nurse moved away from my feet I felt a new sensation, which was so agreeable that I laughed aloud. The nurse came back, but not so close as before.

WHAT IS THAT?

"You are looking at the blanket which lies across your feet," she said.

"Blankets must be beautiful things," I said.

"It is a red blanket," she explained.

Then I thought I knew why people spoke of the beauty of the red rose. This was my first knowledge of colors.

RED, PLEASING COLOR.

I saw, and yet did not know that I saw. How could I know at first that those new and wonderful sensations meant the birth of a sense of which I knew nothing except in theory? Of course I was expecting to see; but was this sight—a this jumble of extraordinary sensations?

The dazzling light first convinced me for I had always been able to distinguish between night and day. But I could not recognize objects with my new-found sense until I had translated into its speech the language of the other senses.

The one lesson of the blanket was sufficient to teach me the color, red. Yellow was a different matter. The nurse brought me a cool drink. I could recognize her by sight now. The thing I saw in her hands I knew to be a tray and I felt of it. Suddenly I felt a thrill of disgust. "What is that thing on the tray?" I asked. "It makes me sick."

"It is a lemon. You said you liked lemonade."

"Then it is yellow. It is the color that nauseates me."

Any object close to me looked tremendously large. I had often romped with children, yet when I first set eyes on a baby, it looked gigantic.

DIDN'T KNOW DISTANCE.

"That must be the pavement," I said. "I'm going to feel of it to make sure."

"My goodness!" laughed the nurse. "The pavement is two stories below."

The first meal I ate was an odd experience. When I saw that great hand with a huge fork approaching my mouth, the inclination to dodge was almost irresistible.

MAKING SURE.

An old farmer, writing recently to a railway company's head office, asked for rates, distances, time, and so forth for many important kinds of freight over the principal lines. The letter probed deep into traffic business; it was indicative of a keen mind; plainly its writer, provided a fair treatment, would become a valuable patron of the line.

So the railway company sent, post haste, one of their brightest young traffic agents to see him. The agent got off at his station and had to walk five miles to reach his house. Arriving, with some disappointment, at a small farm, the agent took from his pocket the long list of rates that three clerks had spent half a night in compiling, and he said to the old man:—

"I have come, sir, to answer your recent letter in person. Here, on these papers, you will find each of your questions treated in detail. May we hope to do some business with you?"

The farmer looked over the list of answers with a grunt of satisfaction. "You're from the railway company, eh?" he said. "Well, you can't hope for business from me, but I'm obliged to you just the same for all this information. It's for my son. You see, he's got to take an examination next month, and a lot of it will be about railways, so I thought I'd get him some facts first hand."

Working religion is not religious work.

"TEMPLE OF MELODRAMA"

LONDON LANDMARKS THAT ARE DISAPPEARING.

Romantic Stories of Some of the Buildings in the Great City.

There was surely never a time when the historic landmarks of London were being removed as rapidly as now. It is only a few weeks since the Lyceum Theatre was handed over to the destroyers, and now the Surrey Theatre, and the "Temple of Melodrama," is to be in all probability demolished, and St. James's Hall, the houses of Sarah Siddons and William Wilberforce, the famous Black Bull Tavern in Holborn, and several other buildings whose names are eloquent of history are all doomed, says London Tit-Bits.

What a world of memories the very name "The Surrey" suggests to theatre-lovers! The "grandparent" of the present building was opened as long as 1782, by the great Charles Dibdin, under the high-sounding name the "Royal Circus and Equestrian Philharmonic Academy." It was designed as a rival to Astley's, and a wonderful bill of fare was offered to its patrons, ranging from a "real stag-hunt" to fireworks displays, and from "Lectures on Heads" to spectacular dramas, such as the "Destruction of the Bastille," and "FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP."

The circus was burnt down in 1805, and the new building which rose from its ashes was under the lessship of the great Ellison, who produced Shakespeare to piano and clarinet accompaniment, in order to keep within the law of the time, which did not permit him to introduce dialogue without a musical accompaniment. A little later the Surrey, as it was rechristened in 1816, became the recognized home of melodrama, and the flesh of transplanted theatre-goers was made to creep with such plays as "Jonathan Bradford, or the Murder at the Roadside Inn," which ran 290 nights, by the way—and "The Gamblers," in which the actual sofa on which Thurtell slept after murdering Mr. Ware, as well as the scoundrel's gig, was shown. The very scene was burnt down a second time in 1836, and the present building then rose in its place.

Another doomed survival of bygone days is the BLACK BULL TAVERN, the last link in the Holborn district with the old coaching days, and an inn beloved of Charles Dickens. Mrs. Gamp, it will be remembered, nursed Mr. Lewson at this very Black Bull. "There's a gent, sir, at 'The Bull' in Holborn," she told Mr. Mould, the undertaker, "as has been told ill there and is abed."

A little while, but not so long as might be," was Mrs. Gamp's opinion of the prospect from a window of the tavern. "I'm glad to see partridges in case of fire and lots of roof and chimney-pots to walk upon." A very picturesque tavern it must have been in its prime, but the galleries and stables have long gone, and now all that remains is to be pulled down to make way for an extension of business premises.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

will have many to mourn its disappearance, though its history has little of romance in it. It was built only forty-six years ago, and Mr. Stanley has a vivid recollection of singing at the opening concert in aid of Middlesex Hospital. He is the only survivor of all the soloists who sang then. It was in St. James's Hall that Charles Dickens gave his second series of readings, and that Paderewski, in November, 1899, gave a memorable recital which added \$5,750 to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. The hall cost \$350,000 to erect and stands on the ancient boundary of Thorney Island, famous for its quicksand.

Mrs. Siddons's well-known house in Upper Baker Street, where she spent many happy years, is also to become a memory. There are few memorials of the

QUEEN OF TRAGEDY.

to be seen in it—little beyond a small side window of painted glass, which she placed there, and which contains medallions of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Cowley, and Dryden. How she loved the house, with its glorious view from her favorite bow-window away to distant Hampstead, and how, when the view was threatened by the too enterprising builders of her day, she appealed to the Regent himself, who gave orders that the outlook should be spared, is known to all who have read her life-story.

There is but room to mention one other vanishing link with the past—Broomfield, the house on Clapham Common in which William Wilberforce the great philanthropist, lived and dreamt his dreams of freed slaves, and where his famous son, the abolitionist bishop, was born. Broomfield was the Mecca of many a man and woman whose names are now part of the history of philanthropy—Granville Sharp, Zachary Macaulay, Lord Teignmouth, Hannah More, and many another, who loved to sit

That Affair of the Luggage.

When Claud Andrews received an invitation from his great-aunt to spend Saturday to Tuesday with her he groaned in spirit, but sat down to dispatch a ready compliance.

"It's a wretched bore!" he informed his sister; "but I suppose I must go."

"Will you want your dress suit, Claud?"

"Rather! There's a small dinner party at the house. It seems, on Saturday night. Dreadfully dull affair, but then, of course—"

Claud concluded by shrugging his shoulders. This implied that a young man with financial expectations can endure a good many disagreeable things.

Saturday arrived. As befits most of the trains on the Great Southern Railway, Claud's train reached Ilkington forty minutes late. Darkness had already closed in. Claud leapt out of the carriage and hailed a porter.

"Hi! Get my bag out of the van. A dark brown one marked C. A. in large letters."

The porter, vanished on the quest, and Claud set about securing a cab. As usual, the yard was empty, but he found one just outside the station and jumped in. The porter reappeared, trundling some luggage on a trolley.

"Please! I put it on top, sir?"

"Thank you, sir. Cabman knows where to go?"

"Yes. Tell him to drive as fast as he likes."

The vehicle passed out of the station.

Miss Maria Sheppard lived, three miles out of Ilkington, in a large, gaunt, prim, old-fashioned residence, curiously in harmony with her own appearance and disposition. As the cab stopped, Claud nervously cleared his throat and blew his nose. Dozens of previous visits in no way minimized his lack of ease in these august surroundings.

A grand-looking footman came down the steps and declined to accommodate himself with Claud's luggage.

"Shall I unpack your things as usual, sir?"

"If you please! Here are my keys. The usual room, I suppose, James?"

"Yes, Mr. Claud! Miss Sheppard's in the drawing-room."

The young man nervously turned the handle of the drawing-room door. A stately old lady rose from a dimly-lit corner.

"Is that you, Claud?"

"Yes, Aunt."

"I'm glad to see you. She presented an icy cheek. "How are you?"

"Very well, thanks."

"And your people—you have left them well?"

"In the best of health."

"That's right. Now come and sit down and warm yourself, before you go and take off your things."

For ten minutes there was an exchange of family news; then Miss Sheppard glanced at the clock.

"Perhaps you would like to go up, and dress now, Claud. We shall be dining in half an hour."

Stiffing a sigh of thanksgiving, Claud passed out of his aunt's presence. At the top of the stairs the footman awaited him. It might be an optical delusion, but certainly the ordinarily demure James appeared to be smiling.

"Please, Mr. Claud," he began with hesitation, "I'm afraid there's something wrong."

"Wrong, James! Where?"

"If you'll step into your room I'll show you."

Claud followed the man with curiosity.

On the bed in the room he was about to occupy stretched a strange array of garments. Two dresses—an evening one and a fancy costume of most alarming hues—knew company with a powder box, a rouge pot, and a false wig. James coughed discreetly behind his hand.

"It didn't like to take anything more out, sir."

"Is this a joke, James?" Claud spoke severely.

"Oh, no, sir!" replied the man, straightening his features with difficulty. "It all came out of your portmanteau."

"My portmanteau! Heavens, man, what do you mean?"

For answer James pointed to a dark-looking object on the further side of the bed. One glance at it was sufficient for Claud.

"Good gracious, that's not mine! I thought there seemed something strange about it, sir. I hadly found such a horrible trouble with the key."

"Most extraordinary! No wonder the porter mistook it in the dark. It's marked C. A., just like mine and labelled for Ilkington. Whoever can it belong to, James? There's no name anywhere."

James took a discreet glance at the articles. In array before him the fancy costume, which seemed to be a Gaiety's was his special regard. Outside the illustrated weeklies, which found their way down to the servant's hall, he had never seen anything half so startling.

"Don't know, I'm sure, Mr. Claud. Looks uncommon like an actress' rig-out, don't it, Mr. Claud?"

"Hush, James, my aunt would go off into fits. The other man woman I mean—must have got my bag in exchange. Oh, it's a beastly awkward situation."

He sat down on the edge of the bed, wondering what was to be done. By the loss of his bag he found himself without any personal equipment for the evening, and to appear at dinner in tweeds was, in his aunt's eyes, only a less heinous sin than to

eat peas with the assistance of one's knife.

"Put the things back in the trunk as carefully as you can, James."

"Yes, sir."

"And—oh, James, you haven't got a fairly decent dress suit, you could lend me for the evening, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Claud, least ways it's my second best one. But I ain't quite your flogger, sir."

"Never mind. I can pad a little, I daresay. It isn't very shiny?"

"Only at the elbows! They will go there."

"Hight! Fetch it along! You're a good fellow, James."

"Always glad to help a gentleman in a difficulty, sir."

"Thanks. I never thought of it, but probably the owner of that pretty costume is in a worse plight than I am." And as James proceeded on his quest, Claud added to himself, "Poor little girl! Wonder if she can't!"

Miss Sheppard's dinner-parties were small, select, and portentously dull affairs. On the present occasion the company was represented by a Dr. Culross, who talked of the driest subjects in the driest tones; his son, Ralph, studying for the Church and with an opinion of himself in no way warmed by his abilities; and two ladies, one a Miss Sanderson, the other her cousin, a youngish-looking girl, whose name Claud, on being introduced, had failed to catch.

When the time came for the gentlemen to join the ladies, Claud felt distinctly relieved. The monotony of the evening had got on his nerves, and the father, under the influence of port wine, had grown very dogmatic. When Claud entered the drawing-room he was glad to notice a vacant seat beside the fair unknown, and, stepping across, secured it.

"I didn't catch your name, Miss—"

"Armitage, Mr. Andrews."

"Ah, you have the advantage over me. I've been having such a dull time."

She looked at him with laughter in her eyes, and whispered:

"But they are very estimable people."

"Maybe, but not my sort! Not you either, I fancy?"

"I cannot honestly say they are."

A delightful mutual understanding had already been established between them. Claud felt that this dinner party was going to prove endurable. His aunt was at that moment summoned out of the room; Dr. Culross and his son were expanding the few questions to Miss Sanderson, who was evidently trying desperately to take it all in.

"I'm glad I don't pose at being clever, Mr. Andrews."

"Why?"

"Because if I did, I should require to be in that circle over there."

"You are good, Miss Armitage, to prefer the society of poor uneducated little me."

"You know I didn't mean that. But I think one soon finds one's affinities, don't you?"

"I'm sure of it."

He looked at her more closely. A pretty, fascinating girl, but how different! Did she not realize that dress accomplished so much for a woman? But she was probably poor. She observed that moment the misfit of his dress suit and those dreadfully shiny elbows, which he could not keep out of sight. A man should recognize that a woman is attracted by nice clothes. But of course, it was "only an eccentricity on his part."

"I wonder how long we shall be left in peace, Mr. Andrews. The war-fare is a wordy one over there. Oh, bother! Here's my cousin coming across."

Under cover of a hotly contested point between the two gentlemen, Miss Sanderson had escaped.

"Please play us something, Clara."

"My music's upstairs."

"Do, Miss Armitage! A little Chopin would soothe us all," added Claud.

"Well, if you really want me to."

She left the room in quest of the music.

When James summoned Miss Sheppard out of the drawing-room, she spoke to him somewhat sharply:

"What is it, James? No dispute in the kitchen, I hope?"

"No, ma'am! A man has called, wishing to see you at once."

"You told him I was engaged with you?"

"Yes, ma'am, but he won't go away."

"Indeed! Where is he?"

"In the library, ma'am!"

"Is he a gentleman?"

"James thought a moment."

"Not exactly, ma'am!"

Miss Sheppard thought of ylie books and ran.

Under the one gas-burner which had been lit in the library a person stood. Miss Sheppard looked him up and down. He might be anything. Her first impression was that he was a gentleman cadger.

"Well, my man?"

"Sorry to disturb you, madam, but—"

"Please state your business quickly."

"Beg pardon! The fact is—I've come on a most delicate matter."

Miss Sheppard thought that she understood this preface.

"If it's relief you want you should apply to the parish. I must really say you to go."

The man straightened himself and tried to look pompous, but the shortness of his height, and the shrillness of his voice detracted from the effect.

"Madam, I am a detective in the employ of the Great Southern Railway. I have come in search of a thief, whom, consciously or unconsciously, you are harboring in this house."

Miss Sheppard moved in the direction of the bell. Of the two she preferred a poverty-stricken gentleman to an escaped lunatic.

"A young man whom I understand to be your nephew stole a lady's trunk to-night at Ilkington Station, and has brought it here."

"I do not know what you mean."

"I am only stating facts, madam."

We've had other similar cases of bags being stolen and are put out of the luggage vans, and now I think we've caught the thief. The porter who wheeled the bag, and the cabman who drove him here can both corroborate my evidence. I have called to see your nephew, and here I wait until he chooses to appear."

The objectionable person sat down in Miss Sheppard's best favorite chair.

"You are either made or intoxicated," said that lady with asperity and some loss of dignity. "I shall fetch my nephew to put you instantly out of the house."

A minute later she sailed into the drawing-room and beckoned Claud. He came out, and at a sign from her closed the door behind him.

"Yes, Aunt? You look pale. What has happened?"

"I may look pale, but I'm really furious. There's a dreadful person in the library who accuses you of stealing a lady's trunk at Ilkington Station to-night. He is ridiculous. Will you come and speak to him?"

In the dim light she had not noticed Claud's change of color. So the matter was discovered. Was there any chance of having it out?

"I'll come and speak to him," he nervously said.

But he had not taken one step before a scream rang out from above. Aunt and nephew looked at one another.

"What's that?" she cried.

"Miss Armitage left the drawing-room just now for some music; I wonder—"

"Run, Claud, run!"

He bounded up the stairs three steps at a time. Instinct guided him in the direction of his own room.

The light there had been turned partly on. Miss Armitage was standing beside the bed, regarding triumphantly the overland trunk. She turned at the sound of his footsteps.

"I hope I haven't frightened them downstairs, Mr. Andrews, but I couldn't help screaming a little just now. Something extraordinary has happened."

"What?"

"I came up stairs for my music, as you know, and mistook this room for the one I had left my things in. Groping my way in the dark I tumbled over this trunk, half of which was projecting from the bed. Imagine my surprise and delight when I found it was my lost luggage!"

"Your lost luggage?"

"Yes, stolen, as I thought, from Ilkington Station to-night. Oh, it was so awkward. I had no evening dress to come here in, so was forced to borrow this wretched, old, ill-fitting frock from my cousin. But how in the world did the trunk get here?"

Claud's face was wreathed in smiles. Confession would be good for his soul.

"I am the culprit, Miss Armitage."

"You?"

"Yes, I let a stupid porter leave it on the top of my cab at the station last evening without looking properly at it. But the mistake was a natural one. Both were marked 'C. A.'"

Miss Armitage was laughing, too.

"Our initials must be similar."

"They are. You have probably noticed my clothes to-night, Miss Armitage, they belong to—"

"James, my aunt's esteemed footman. In the absence of my bag—by-the-by, where is my bag?"

"Still lying at the station, Mr. Andrews, unlabeled like my own. Oh, how careless we both were! Py-the-way, you haven't unpacked mine, have you? There are some things in it that I shouldn't."

Claud hastened to reply with some truth.

"I saw at once that there was a mistake."

"And there he stopped. He thought of the contents of Miss Armitage's trunk. To think that she maintained so fair a complexion by artificial means, and masqueraded in a Gaiety's costume! Who but the fastest of young ladies could own such belongings? And he had really thought her very nice!

"I'm so glad," she was saying.

"You see there are all my things for the tableaux-vivants in the church school-room on Monday."

"Tableaux-vivants?" repeated Claud, light breaking in upon the darkness.

"Yes, I am to be a Gaiety girl, you know. And Miriam specially told me to bring sufficient paint and rouge for all the performers, as you can't get such things in Ilkington."

"Hush! I hear my aunt! Come, we'll go and tell the detective waiting downstairs that his services are no longer required."

On Monday the gentleman who was to have played Blue-Beard fell ill, and Claud took his place with great efficiency.

"You know people always do better in parts dissimilar to their own personalities," he informed Clara Armitage.

Apparently she believed him, for a few weeks later she remarked to Miss Sanderson:

"Oh, Miriam, isn't it nice to be able to marry without changing the initials on one's bag?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Hostess (to friend who has been brought in to take pot-luck)—"I'm afraid, Mr. Simpson, we've only got a very poor dinner to offer you."

"Simpson—My dear madam, I beg you not to apologize. I assure you I think it quite desirable to underfeed occasionally."

Jack Asn—How do you keep the birds from eating up all the cherries in your orchard? Joshua Bitt—Oh, I plant a pair of shoe-trees at each end to scare them away.

"Oh, for the wings of a dove!" sighed the poet with the unbarbered hair. "Order what you like," rejoined the prosaic person, "but for me, give me the breast of a chicken."

Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)—"Did you ever try talking to yourself after going to bed?"

YOUNG FOLKS

HIS COMPENSATION.

I'm "kep in" when I'm "tardy," An "I'm "kep in" when I'm "late," I'm "kep in" for "position"— That means not settin' straight.

I'm "kep in" on my joggery, My "kep in" an' my writin', An' I'm "kep in" some for laughin', But I'm "kep in" most for fightin'.

I'm "kep in" when my marbles Comes rattlin' from my pockets, An' sometimes when my matches Gits mixed up with my rockets.

I'm "kep in" of I whisper, An' I'm "kep in" if I show The piece I've borrowed An' am warnin' in my jaw!

The truth is, 'at I'm "kep in" Most everything I do! But one jolly thing about it Is the teacher's "kep in" tool

STORY OF A SHEEP DOG.

It was a beautiful morning in June on a North Dakota ranch. The family had gathered around the breakfast table, when mother came in, and said Harvey would not be down, as he had taken cold, and had some fever, and therefore would not be able to go out with his bunch of sheep, writes Mr. R. W. Davidson.

"I am sorry to hear that," said I. "I had intended going to town to-day to get that new harness, so Jack could break those bronchos, and get them handy before the haying season, but I can put that off until some other time, and I will take charge of Harvey's sheep until he gets well."

So after breakfast I went out and whistled for Fido, the little shepherd dog, who came running up with a surprised look on his face at such an unusual call. But after I had told him that Harvey was not well this morning, and he said: "I would have to look after the sheep, he put his nose to the dinner pail to make sure that the dinner was all right, and being told that there was enough for both, his face brightened, and he turned and led the way to the sheep shed."

Arriving at the sheds I threw open the wide doors, but the sheep seemed a stranger before them, were timid; they stood looking at me in wonder. I turned to the little dog, and said: "What will we do now, Fido?"

And by the way of an answer, he passed quickly in at the door, and up one side of the shed, as close to the wall as possible, until he reached the far end of the shed. Then the flock gave way for him. Fido walked back and forth behind them until near the door, an old ewe with a small lamb turned and with a threatening look, and stamping her feet, disputed Fido's right to follow them. But when she had approached dangerously near, the little dog gave a short, sharp little bark, and took the ewe and lamb all out of the old ewe and sent her scampering off after the flock with the little lamb following close at her heels.

Nothing unusual occurred during the day. Fido did the running up and down hills, and seemed to know all that was needed before I would ask him. When evening came, and the flock going toward home, I discovered a lamb over the brook, its mother trying to coax it across. I went up to help her, but our best efforts failed, for although the brook was very narrow and the lamb could almost have stepped across, time after time again it would run down to the edge, and stopping short, run back up the bank as though it enjoyed its mother's grief and vexation.

I was getting, as the boys say, "warm under the collar." Looking around, I saw Fido sitting alone on one side watching our play. Here, I thought, is my chance for revenge. "Come here, Fido, and catch the little beast; take a leg right off!" said I. He came quietly up to me, and then sprang for the lamb, and throwing himself upon it, caught it between his fore legs, and with his nose over its back pressed it to his breast, thus lying on the ground, holding it fast until I reached him, and taking it from him, threw it over the brook to its anxious mother.

FEARLESS AND HONEST.

A Scotch lad landed at Castle Garden, New York, the brightest, yet the loneliest passenger of an emigrant ship. He was barely fourteen and had not a friend in America, and only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow passenger, who had befriended him during their voyage from Glasgow, "don't you wish you were safe now with your mother in the Old Country?"

"No," said the boy; "I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

"Well, lad, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him.

"I can be loyal and true to any body who will give me something to do, and be the quick response."

A well known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkship in his office had been unfavorable, had taken a stroll down Broadway to ascertain whether he could find a boy to his liking. A canny Scotchman himself, he had noticed the arrival of a Glasgow steamer, and fancied that he might be able to get a trustworthy clerk from his own country. Sandy's fearless face caught his eye. The honest, true Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart.

"Tell me your story," he said, kindly.

SOME JAPANESE LEGENDS

STORIES WHICH ARE WELL WORTH RECORDING.

Everything Is Picturesque and Pretty in the Brown Man's Land.

When the cherry bloom is on the trees and all the eastern world is gay, then is the time to hear the legends of the land, writes A. G. Hales. A traveler need not waste his time in the dirty, ill-kept taverns, amidst the reek of cheap tobacco and the smell of stale drinks; for it is not there that he will hear the stories which are worth recording. One has only to wander out of the mazes of this City of Tokio, out of the dismal howling of the hawkers, who peddle all things from horses to hair-pins, hurrying the ear with their discordant tones until they make a burden of existence; out of the way of electric tramscars, that flash through crowded thoroughfares where women carry babies on their backs, just as the black gin of the Australian bush carries her pickaninny; and little brown men, ashamed of their small stature, move from place to place in shoes which have wooden bars below the soles three inches high, sitting in marvelously well with most other things in this country of "make believe," where the painted bamboo passes current for marble: out of the track of the rich-shaven men, who trot, mostly barefooted through slush and slime, taking the place that in most other lands is filled by hosts of burden; out, far out into the suburbs, where the nearly naked coolies work in the gardens and the rice fields from earliest dawn to the fall of darkness, toiling for a wage that would seem the zero of poverty to a tramp out of luck in other lands; out there, where the shady tress line the highway, you may run across an old-world spot embowered in trees a house of call, with three sides open, and a counter running all round the open space, with a roof of thatch running upward to a point and capped with wood.

WHERE STORIES ARE TOLD.

Trees that are a mass of beauty crowd around the dwelling; trees that look like forest brides and bridesmaids—dressed in stainless white or purest pink, with clouds of petals falling in an unending shower, and flirting as they fall with whispering winds and softest sunshine, beauty's benediction on the bare brown earth. Beyond the trees a public bath, where the women come to draw the household water, and in the shade of the trees seats for travelers. It is there that you hear the stories that are worth keeping in memory. Stories of strange loves, fierce hates, bold deeds. Stories rich in miracles worked by the gods whose shrines are found on every hand. Folk lore runs riot in such places, and men learned in such matters wander round from place to place to tell the tales, and these are the stories that dwell in an ear of song, or the songs that the trees sing when their boughs are swaying in the wind. If you want war, they will tell of war, tell of deeds done in the land of Nippon in the days of the Samurai. If you desire to hear of intrigue, they have a store of tales worth the hearing. If it is the love of a man for a maid that would please you, they have no dearth of such stories. Should you desire to hear the songs the women croon to their babies in their dreamy, tear-stained voices, they will chant them for your hearing, and many a pleasant hour may be wiled away if you have yens in your pocket to pay for the pleasures out there by the old-world well. Lolling there with my pipe in my mouth and my interpreter at my feet, I heard many things that will do me good in the years to come, amongst others.

A group of girls were round the well one day. They belonged to the richer class of small landowners in that part, and were all well dressed and well fed. To them came a youth very poor and very meanly clad, and asked to be allowed to drink out of one of their pitchers, but they all turned away disdainfully because of his poverty, giving him scornful looks and cold comfort, and he went away his way unrefreshed and sorrowful. Then the teller of the tale, who was sitting on the

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

LEGEND OF THE PROUD BAMBOO.

Once when the earth was very gay and glad, said the story teller, a great bamboo reared its graceful head toward the skies, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And all who passed by stopped to look at it because it was so tall and proud, and swayed so gracefully to every passing breeze. Close to this fair, strong bamboo dwelt a rough old willow tree, so old and rugged that none ever thought of giving it more than a passing glance, and the bamboo in its pride looked down upon the hourly willow. One morning, when the dew was on the grass, the bamboo and the willow saw a thin, weak little green shoot rising between them, a little thing that had leapt out of the ground in the night, and the wind blew it hither and thither until it was twisted and tangled and almost broken, and the bamboo laughed at the weak thing, and told it to crawl along the ground and not try to stand alone. But the willow whispered to the newcomer to be brave and patient, and told it to wait with patience until the warm sun came and gave it strength.

Let me learn against you a grow as I say, pleaded the weakling to the bamboo, but the proud beauty shook off the clinging tendrils of the helpless one, and would have none of it, and the little stranger, faint and sick at heart, fell to the ground and crawled to the foot of the willow tree to die. But the willow called to it to take heart, saying, "Clasp your tender tendrils in my bark and hold on to me," and the stranger did so.

Day by day it grew in strength and beauty, wrapping its soft green limbs around the old willow. One day a great mass of buds showed themselves amongst this green foliage and the bamboo sneered, crying, "What are those ugly lumps that are now coming amongst your leaves? Is it a plague that you have brought so near me? But the next day the sun shone on the buds and they burst open, and the old willow was one great blaze of glory from the ground right up to its topmost height.

That night the man who owned the ground said to his workmen: "Clear a space around the old willow; cut down and burn all that is in the way; for the gods have sent us this lovely thing, and we must protect it." And one of his hired men said: "Shall we spare the bamboo? It is straight, and tall, and strong."

"Not so," replied the master; "Japan is full of bamboos as straight and as tall, but a willow crowned with such beauty as this no man hath seen." And the thing was done, even as the owner had commanded.

When the damsels heard this tale, they rose and took their water pails and went away, abashed because they knew that their false pride had been rebuked.

KINGS IRISH HOME.

Will Likely Make Lismore Castle His Residence.

When the King goes back to Erin it will be, it is said, to a home of his own. His Majesty has for a long time been credited with the intention of purchasing an Irish royal residence and the visit of the King and Queen to the Duke of Devonshire revived the rumor that a transfer of Lismore Castle will soon be effected from the Duke to his Majesty.

Lismore Castle came to the Cavendishes, with great estates, by marriage. It is a large and imposing building on the banks of the Blackwater, and the gardens and terraces are laid out in the old-fashioned style. The place is altogether attractive. The great site of the estate is an avenue of yews, about 200 feet in length, the trees forming a complete arch overhead. The ballroom, which was once used as a chapel, has a beautiful pointed Gothic roof of woodwork and stained glass windows.

Fair-dressing, indeed, is becoming more and more of an art, and one as important as that of dress itself. There is a distinct movement, I see, in favor of a centre parting, which is so trying to any but features of the most perfect regularity. It has, however, always been the ideal coiffure for women, and those who can afford to do so will no doubt hasten to adopt this most graceful of all styles. Meanwhile, for those who are less able to bear it, there are styles innumerable, and flowers, jewels, twisted tulle and ribbons, and—I am ashamed to say it—the dearly-bought osprey are all in evidence. I see, by the way, that bird-lovers are by no means lax in their crusade against this odious vogue, and in the end they must triumph. So aware are milliners of the deadly five stand being made against ospreys that, it is said, many of the genuine ones are sold as imitations to make their sale the easier to conscience-stricken customers. And, best sign of all, as I am reminded by a correspondent, even some of the lighter society papers are, to their honor be it said, making a protest against the custom. Meantime, the "Humanitarian League," who we can never forget were the original promoters of the crusade, will take heart of grace, though they will feel that their motto, like that of Sir Richard Greville's, must still be, "Fight on, fight on."

The ugly statue of Thomas Moore, in College street, Dublin, is to be replaced by one more worthy of the poet.

As fast as some men make opportunities others grab them.

No woman looks as good to others as she does to herself.

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irish-Canadians.

Another Irish centenarian, Miss Ann Hughes, Tipperary, has passed away after seeing 110 years.

Enormous catches of mackerel have been made by the Manx fishing fleet off the west coast of Ireland.

Dublin is in a curious position, as the capital of a Catholic country, of not only possessing no Catholic cathedral, but of having two Protestant cathedrals.

The King has presented to the Royal University of Ireland, a signed portrait of himself through the Chancellor of the University, the Earl of Meath. The King and Queen are honorary graduates of the Royal University.

Portrush is gaining in public favor as a popular holiday resort, and its proximity to the far-famed Giants' Causeway adds to its popularity. It is situated in one of the most beautiful and romantic districts in Erin's fair Isle.

The Press Association's Belfast correspondent states that 1,700 tenants on the Mourne estate of Lord Kilmorey have agreed to purchase their holdings, this being the second important sale announced under the Land Act within a week.

Burglars entered the branch of the English, Irish and Australian Chartered Bank of Dublin, and having bound and gagged the clerk, when they found it bed, blew up the strongroom with dynamite and secured £1,700, including £800 in gold. They then decamped in the manager's buggy.

Mr. Walter H. Wilson, president of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the firm of Harland & Wolff, shipbuilders, died suddenly while travelling in a train from Kilmore to the city. The deceased was a member of the local committee of the Midland Railway Company of England.

At Dublin Joseph Hudson was charged on remand with burglariously entering the house of William Ford, a cashier. The prisoner, it is alleged, broke into the house and stole keys which fitted the safe at the Co-operative Stores. The police were informed that the prisoner was caught almost in the act of breaking into the stores.

A young lady named Sexton, aged 16, died in the infirmary at Cork as the result of a bicycle accident. She was riding her machine through a principal street, when she was run into by a jaunting car, on which were two policemen who were consigning a prisoner to jail. The horse attached to the car trod upon the lady, inflicting severe internal injuries.

A public meeting, presided over by the Earl of Meath, was held in Dublin recently for the purpose of promoting a memorial to the 25 officers and 665 men of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers who fell in the South African campaign. It was unanimously resolved, with the sanction of the Board of Works, to erect in St. Stephen's green a bronze memorial costing £3,000. A telegram was read from the King stating that he was glad to hear of the proposed memorial.

Lord Shannon, who advertises the historic town of Castle Martyr, which he owns, in County Cork, as being for sale, is a peer who possesses more than an ordinary interest for Americans owing to the fact that he is known as the "Corby Earl." At the time of his father's death, some fourteen years ago, no trace of him could be found. The last that had been heard of him was that he had been part owner of a ranch in Minnesota about four years previously. That is to say, in 1886. But his whereabouts could not be ascertained for a long time, and much money was spent in scouring the whole of the United States and Canada even to the Yukon, in an endeavor to apprise him of his father's death and of his own accession to the earldom before he was found living quietly in New York.

A deputation from Dublin waited upon the Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House, regarding the scheme, to which the King has given his patronage, for holding an international exhibition in Dublin in 1906.

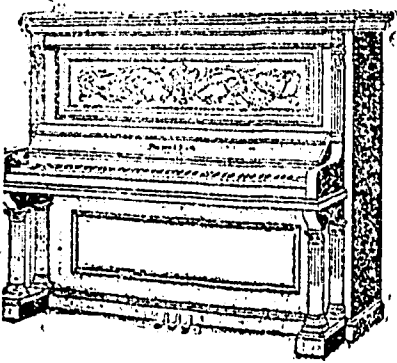
The Lord Mayor said some gentlemen in Dublin desired that the exhibition should be national, and had sent him a telegram, but he agreed with the deputation that an international exhibition would be likely to promote the industrial improvement of Ireland. Lord Lansdowne, in a letter, offered to render in official capacity all possible assistance to make the exhibition a success. Lord Crewe, Lord Downshire, Mr. Carnegie, Sir Thomas Lipton and others wrote supporting the movement. A resolution declaring the international exhibition in Dublin to be worthy of the support of the City of London was carried unanimously, and a London committee was appointed to co-operate with the organizing committee.

ONE FOR THE PARSON.

A celebrated man not long since received a just rebuke. A lecturer stated that the alchemist knew how to make a most excellent cup of coffee. A country parson wrote to him asking him for the recipe. His request was granted, but at the bottom of the letter was the following manifestation of stupendous conceit: "I hope that this is a genuine request, and not a surreptitious mode of securing my autograph."

To this the parson replied: "Accept my thanks for the recipe for making coffee. I wrote in good faith, and, in order to convince you of that fact, allow me to return what it is obvious you infinitely prize, but which is of no value to me—your autograph."

MASON & RISCH PIANOS



Thirty Years Before
the Public.
Twelve Thousand in
Actual Use.

They are the product of money, brains and experience—substantial pianos for people who buy, but one instrument in a life time. They look well, sound well and wear well. Yet with all their goodness they are sold at a reasonable price on easy terms. A card with your name and address will bring you our illustrated catalogue and an explanation of our easy time system of payments, of which you may avail yourself, no matter where you live.

MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., LTD.
32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, ON.
J. Macleod, Agent, Second Street.

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, SEPT. 22, 1904.

JOCKEYING THE ELECTORATE.

It is the boast of some ardent "Liberals" that the present Government is "abreast of the times." Like other claims, this is open to dispute. Take for instance the jugglery with reference to a general election. Last January the country was turned topsy-turvy by a semi-official announcement that writs were about to be issued. Liberals and Conservatives alike, prepared for a campaign; candidates were nominated, political literature prepared by both parties, when, presto! another session of parliament was announced and the fact made public that a blunder in the Grand Trunk Pacific contract necessitated this policy. What was the blunder? Simply that the promoters of the Grand Trunk Pacific demanded better terms; although, it must be remembered, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, from his place in parliament had, several months before (September 1903), declared that unless the measure was sanctioned by parliament then, the transcontinental railway would not be built, or at least the project would be in jeopardy. "Now, today is the time." Since then one year has elapsed. Since then, sweeping changes have been made in the contract, and new legislation has passed. In January last Sir Wilfrid and his newspapers insinuated that the Government desired to submit to the people a rejection or approval of a policy involving the expenditure of \$150,000,000. During the session of parliament, closed last month, the amended scheme, costing fully \$170,000,000, was forced through the House, and then it was announced that the Grand Trunk Pacific was a surety. Now, there are semi-official intimations that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not finally decided upon a general election, while the Liberals are making all their arrangements for a campaign! What does it mean? Are the free and independent electors to be chained to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's chariot wheels? Are they to be humbugged and bamboozled by political tricksters? Even this might be tolerated; but there is a more serious phase of the question: the business aspect. It is most unfair, unjust and unpatriotic for any Government to keep the country in suspense; it injures business, hampers trade and creates a spirit of unrest and uncertainty. In short, it is a crime for any government to adopt a policy of "jockeying" their masters. It is a misdemeanor which the electors should punish, upon the first opportunity. The truth is the people should demand a statutory date for the meeting of Parliament and should also insist upon a law requiring reasonable notice before a dissolution of Parliament.

ment, save and except in cases of grave national emergency. Mr. R. L. Borden has announced that he will be guided by the popular vote as to whether or not the "people should own the Grand Trunk Pacific" or the "Grand Trunk Pacific should own the people." He has declared for encouraging Canadian industries, Canadian labour and agriculture by protective legislation. Surely it is time for the Government to speak out. They have, it is true, reserved Kootenay and Yale-Cariboo and Comox-Alidin, in British Columbia, for final assault in case of a close election; they have loaded the dice in other directions—and still they fear to face an outraged and deceived electorate. And of such is the kingdom of Liberalism!

A SIGNIFICANT INDICTMENT

It has been a favorite axiom, one believed in for many years, that so long as the western country was accorded a few scattering Government favours, a closely pruned number of items in the Estimates made by the Dominion Finance Minister—here a public building, there a dredge, elsewhere a dock or some other local requirement—that the people did not care what become of the millions voted to the east. There may have been some truth in that, but the present financial position of British Columbia has prompted observers and taxpayers to think, sum up the public expenditures and decide that a halt should be called. But even in the East notes of alarm are being sounded by those who have carefully watched the trend of public expenditure and who realize that there is very dangerous element in this widespread Government extravagance. For instance, the Farmer's Association—a non-political body, representing sixty constituencies in the Province of Ontario, recently held its annual session in Toronto, the President Mr. J. Lockie Wilson, delivering the opening address. He at once got to the heart of his subject, as follows: "I am not a pessimist, but if I have read the history of the past eight, the lean years will come again, and empty barns and starvation prices will severely earn, besides a living, enough to bear the burdensome taxation necessarily following a reckless increase of expenditures that must be largely borne by the toilers in field and factory. It would be wisdom on the part of our political pilots to fix their eyes on the headland and reef in their sails, before the storm breaks upon us. Keep a vow registered that the member of Parliament who gives his pledge to vote for certain principles, then deliberately breaks his word, would never again receive your vote and influence."

The key note of common sense is struck, when the President of an association, such as that referred to, calls upon all honest men to repudiate any member of Parliament, who having pledged himself to vote for certain principles, after being elected, deliberately violates pledges, breaks his word and turns the cold shoulder to those who confided in him. President Wilson further said: "Once upon a time, beyond which

memory knoweth not to the contrary, a number of politicians met in convention and said they viewed with alarm the large increase in the controllable expenditure of the Dominion, amounting to \$37,000,000, and the consequent undue taxation of the people; and solemnly vowed that if they were entrusted with the reins of government they would, by rigid economy and retrenchment, reduce the annual expenditure of the people's money from three to five millions. Now, history repeats itself. Ten short years have come and gone, and the representative of the farmers of Canada, met in convention, and I think I speak for the majority of the farmers of Canada when I state we, too, view with sincere alarm the proposed expenditure of nearly \$80,000,000."

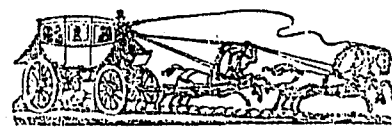
This indictment of the Government now in power at Ottawa, is the natural result of their reckless extravagance. It is a judicial decision, for it is from a non-political body, allied with neither party—but voting according to what they consider in the interest of the entire Dominion.

TC COMMUNICATE WITH MOVING TRAINS.

An American Consular report gives interesting details of experiments conducted by the German Government in testing a device for the prevention of railway collisions. It has been installed on the main line between Frankfurt and Hanau, and its success in keeping engineers informed as to the state of their line has been entirely satisfactory. The medium of communication is a third rail in the middle of the track, so jointed as to form a continuous electric conductor. Midway under the forward part of the engine is hung the working instrument, an electrical apparatus enclosed in a square case or jacket, occupying a cubic foot of space. The instrument is connected with a contact shoe which slides along the third rail, and by wire with a telephone and electric alarm bell in the cab of the locomotive and a red incandescent lamp, which is lighted by the same impulse that rouses the alarm bell into action. A further improvement of the device sets the electric brakes on the engine or entire train simultaneously with the alarm signal which sounds the bell and lights the red lamp. The apparatus is so adjusted and arranged that the engineer can at any moment, by touching a lever, satisfy himself that it is in full working condition. In practice the same warning signal is sounded upon every engine equipped with the apparatus which is on the same track and within the prescribed radius—a kilometre or a mile, as the case may be—from the engine and train which cause the obstruction. If a semaphore signal be falsely set at safety the train may run past it into a block or section in which another engine is halted or moving, with perfect security that warning will be given in ample time to prevent a collision under any and all conditions of darkness, fog, storm or mistaken instructions. The invention puts the engineer of every train into instantaneous touch with other trains, switchmen, and station and crossing keepers in his neighborhood, and keeps ever before his eye and ear an automatic and infallible signal, which springs into activity the moment that his locomotive, whether running forward or backward, comes within the radius of danger from collision. The Russian Government has obtained permission from the inventors to test the device in actual service on the new military lines in Siberia. Although safety appliances seldom fulfill in actual practice the results promised by experiments, the frequency of railway accidents warrants and demands a trial of every preventive means that mechanical invention makes available.

That Dundonald Issue

The lively interest displayed by the people of St. John in the remarks of Mr. Borden touching the shameful treatment accorded Lord Dundonald by the Dominion government, is valuable as suggesting the prominence of that incident in the approaching campaign. Evidently the public refuses to accept the silence of the government officials as closing the case in which one of the ablest generals of the empire was humiliated for daring to allude to the base political intrigue of the minister of militia. Dundonald is honored by the home government. He occupies a conspicuous position as Commander in Chief of the forces in Ceylon. In the meantime the fair minded people of Canada purport to administer such a rebuke to those who resent the searchlight of publicity on the methods of the militia department, as will prevent gross irregularities in the future.—Calgary Herald.



CITY LIVERY STABLES

First-Class Livery and Feed Stables, Saddle Horses.
Single and Double Rigs for Hire on Reasonable Terms. Turned out Clean and Neat.
Express, Delivery and Draying a Specialty.

DRY WOOD FOR SALE

Orders left here for Firewood promptly filled.
Dry Fir, Hemlock and Cedar.
Get Your Winter's Wood Now.

Chas. Turnross, Prop

RAILWAY STREET.

HOTEL VICTORIA

W. M. Brown, Prop. Front Street

One of the best and commodious hotels in the City.
Free Bus meets all trains
Hourly Street Car.
Fare 10 Cents.

THE REVELSTOKE WINE & SPIRIT CO. LIMITED.

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS.

Manufacturers of Aerated Waters
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

LEGAL

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

HARVEY, MCARTER & PINKHAM
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
First Street, Revelstoke B. C.

SOCIETIES.



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

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1652.
Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellows 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 L. O. O. F. Hall.

J. ACHESON, W. B. J. H. ARMSTRONG, REG.

Cold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.
MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.
GORDON BROCK, C. STEWART McDONALD, K. of R. & S. H. A. BROWN, M. of P.

MOSCROP BROS.

Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating, Electric Wiring & Bell Works.
Pipes, Valves and Fittings.
Second St., REVELSTOKE, B. C.

H. W. Edwards,
Taxidermist.

DEER HEADS, BIRDS, ANIMALS MOUNTED.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Jas. I. Woodrow BUTCHER

Retail Dealer in—
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Etc.
Fish and Game in Season....

All orders promptly filled.
Corner Douglas King Streets, REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Vegetables and Fruit For Sale

Potatoes, Carrots, Turnips, Beets, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Beets, Parsnips, etc.

Black Currants, Red Currants, White Currants and Gooseberries.

Parties desiring any of the above goods should apply to

J. MATCH, East of C.P.R. Depot, Revelstoke, B. C.

FANCY CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY

If you want the above we can supply you with anything in this line.

TRY OUR WHOLESALE

White and Brown Bread
Scones and Buns

Dances and Private Parties Catered To. Full Stock of Excellent Candles.

A. E. BENNISON,
Mackenzie Avenue.

NEW FALL SUITINGS

Our method of selection insures the most satisfactory results to our patrons.

By getting your clothing from us is a guarantee that you get the best in style, fit and finish.

M. A. WILSON,
Graduate of Mitchell's School of Garment Cutting, New York.
Establishment—Next Taylor Block.

HOBBSON & BELL



BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS
Fresh and Complete Line of Groceries.

ITS A REST FOR YOUR EYES

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.

E. M. ALLUM, WATCHMAKER, AND OPTICIAN

DON'T SUFFER
ANY LONGER
Save Your
EYES

Free
Examination

J. GUY BARBER, - Jeweller, Optician

REAL ESTATE AGENTS. CONVEYANCING NOTARIES PUBLIC

SIBBALD & FIELD

AGENTS FOR { C.P.R. Townsite Mara Townsite
Gerrard Townsite.

AGENTS FOR { Fire and Life Insurance Companies—
only Reliable Ones.

AGENTS FOR—Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation
COAL MERCHANT—Comox.

First Street, - Cp. Macdonald & Monteith's

WM. FLEMING,

Wholesale & Retail Meat Merchant.

Fish and Game in Season.

First Street, - Revelstoke, B. C.

REOPENED REMODELED

Palace Restaurant

Two cets South of the New Imperial Bank

Premises formerly occupied by Union Restaurant.

Mrs. McKittrick, Manageress.

Open at all hours. Short Orders tastefully served.

Meal Tickets Issued. Terms Moderate.

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

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

New Goods

As usual this Store will continue to be the Seat of Fashion during 1904 and 1905. Special designs in Suitings and Trouserings. Exclusive Patterns in all the Latest Novelties. See Our Fancy Vestings in Honeycomb effects. They are new and pleasing.



Substantial and Dressed Men

cannot be well fitted unless their apparel is made to order. Our HIGH CLASS TAILORING adds to the beauty of a good form and corrects the defects of those lacking physical perfection. We make to order and we make to fit. There is no guessing about our work. Our figures on measurements and our figures on prices are correct.

J. B. CRESSMAN - THE ART TAILOR.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

"Oh! feminine jealousy and spite. The Palliser is naturally a vindictive turn of mind, and one who would never forgive another woman for defending her. There is a want of generosity about Miss Palliser's character."

"Yes, there's no denying her to be a dangerous woman. I knew she was what the French call a mauvaisse langue, but I had no idea she could write. She would make her fortune as a critic—one of your cut-me-down pull-them-all-to-pieces sort of people."

"She'd fill that role beautifully. Still she would have to moderate the vigor of her style if she wished to keep clear of shoals. But now tell me what you mean to do? Are you still bent on revenge?"

"Most decidedly. I shall inform all my friends and acquaintances of Miss Palliser's conduct and beg them to show her the cold shoulder. Between us all I fancy we can make things a trifle too hot to be altogether pleasant."

"She was as good as her word, and in ten minutes' time every soul out hunting that day, either on horseback or on wheels, had learnt who was the authoress of the offending article that had appeared in the County Sporting Chronicle. They one and all agreed to cut Miss Palliser dead."

By-and-by the lady appeared, quite unsuspecting, in the inner recesses of the wood, where she had been ploughing up and down through a sea of mud, and perceiving Colonel Clinker, Mrs. Forrester, Mr. McGrath, and Kate standing talking together close to the gate by which she gained egress, said with impudent assurance—

"Good-morning, Mrs. Forrester; good-morning, Miss Brewer, morning, Colonel Clinker."

The two ladies returned her greeting with a frigid stare and never moved a muscle by way of recognition, but Jack Clinker made his horse pace one step in advance, and sternly fastening his grey-blue eyes on Miss Palliser's small twinkling ones, said, with a cutting dignity of manner—

"Madam, we the members of Sir Beauchamp Leonard's hounds, beg to offer our congratulations on your literary talents, but at the same time we decline the honor of your further acquaintance."

The cat evidently was out of the bag, and Miss Palliser knew the game to be at an end. "She turned ghastly pale and her thin lips quivered with the mortification and regret attendant upon unwelcome discovery."

"She never said a single word in reply, but she turned her good hunter sharply away with a quick jerk of her powerful wrist and set his head straight for home, although at that very moment the hounds were giving tongue in covert, and a fox had just been viewed away over the nearest field."

Her revenge had been of brief duration, and now exposure had overtaken and disgraced her.

As she moved through the crowd not a soul gave a nod of recognition. Even Mrs. Paget pretended not to see her as she passed, and if ever a woman were punished Miss Palliser was at that moment. Bitterly indeed she regretted the angry folly amounting to madness, which had caused her to copy out many of those round-robin periodicals and old society papers she happened to have by her, and which had led her into so terrible a quandary.

CHAPTER XXIV.

If pleasant moments pass away on this earth all too quickly, there remains at least a counterbalancing advantage in the steady passage of unpleasant ones. Of abused time possesses the virtue of strict impartiality. His inexorable hand moves on, alike indifferent to pleasure and to pain, equalizing all in turn as it sweeps over them. Were it not so, the human mind must give way under the strain far oftener than it does, for if our sufferings always retained their acuteness, if with the lapse of days and months and years their fresh edge did not gradually become blunted, then life indeed would be unendurable. But a merciful Providence has ordained otherwise. In the majority of cases, and time soothes our wounds as he dulls our joys. So by degrees the incidents recorded in the last chapter faded gently from men's minds, until at length they ceased to occupy any prominent position therein, and harmony was once more restored. New topics of conversation arose to banish the old, for oftentimes the more eagerly subject is discussed, the more liable is it to become exhausted.

The month of December was ushered in with cold, white sea-fogs, which wreathed all the country in sullen mists, moistening the naked branches of the stripped trees and the pointed spikes of the blackthorn in the hedges. Rain also descended, and torrents, and once or twice the hounds had to be taken home in the middle of the day, owing to the impossibility of following them through the heavy fog. The sodden leaves lay in heaps upon the saturated ground, while ditches began to open out and to reveal hitherto unseen though not altogether unsuspected depths. The roads were ankle-deep in rich brown mud, and the brooks came swirling down charged with all sorts of refuse in such rapid torrents that in many cases they broke through their banks and flooded all the meadows and low-lying ground, so that acres upon acres of water met the eye in every direction. Hunting people grumbled, left all considerations of personal appearance at home, arrayed themselves in covert-coats, comforters, pot hats, and nondescript waterproof garments of every shape and size, prior to splashing through the treacherous moisture and resisting a further downfall; while many of the less enthusiastic, or more luxurious, either hurried up to the Metropolis under pretence of witnessing the last new piece at the theatre, or stayed at home, and smoked long cherry-wood pipes, declaring hunting under such circumstances was not "good enough," and reiterating with more force than originality the well-known saying about the folly of making "a toil of your pleasures."

Farmers shook their heads dolefully—all outdoor labor having come to a standstill—talked in dismal prophetic strain of the weather and their future prospects, declaring, with customary and annual forebodings, "times were shocking bad, and the country was going fast to the dogs"—though with all due respect to these worthy agricultural authorities, it certainly looked more like being given over to the fishes than to any dry-footed animal.

The declining days of the old year were speeding away in damp and in misery. It seemed as if the sky wept out of sympathy for the loss of an ancient friend, and the sun hid his bright face among the lowering clouds, refusing to give forth a single ray of sunshine by way of comfort. Nothing more dreary could possibly have been imagined. Yet through all this hunting struggled on, and horses also, while the wet state of the ground apparently gave rise to a marvellous scent, and such runs were recorded as but very few of the whole large field ever managed to see the end of, for the steeds sobbed and labored through the deluged pastures, sending the water splashing up each time it rose above their fetlock-joints and nose, but of the stoutest, strongest animals, a stone or two beyond their rider's weight, could—hope—to live through many hours of such work. Some broke down hopelessly, some banged their joints and hit their legs, whilst others again lost flesh, refused to eat, and looked like living sear-

crow. To those who owned cattle not quite up to the mark, it was doubly provoking to witness from a distance, becoming with each mile more and more enforced, many a truly first-class run. The wise sportsman was he who dissembled and shielded the falling powers of his horse from universal discovery. An excuse was easily found—a lost shoe, a train to catch, or telegram to send off, were sufficient to cover a timely retreat. But this wet weather, greatly as it was disliked by the majority, suited the Duckling exactly. Hounds were unable to travel quite so fast as on the top of the ground, and he could stay all day. He literally revelled in dirt, and galloped through it like a steam-engine. After an unusually fine run, in which he had covered himself with glory, Kate Brewer, wet to the skin, but greatly elated in spirit, found herself riding in the direction of Foxington, with Colonel Clinker as her companion.

They now usually rode home together, and Kate, who had recognized that they should do so, while during the many miles they had covered side by side they had attained a very confidential and intimate footing. These two young people suited each other, and found in many respects their tastes, ideas, and inclinations were very similar. Kate was fond of her theories, and had all the enthusiasm for high and noble aims in life, and although he invariably laughed at her remarks at the time, vowing they were too highly pitched, he often ultimately adopted her views; whilst she learnt daily to recognize more and more the inherent goodness and kindness of his disposition, and to look to it with a perfect trust, which far greater talents might possibly have failed to inspire.

"I always asked favors of you, Miss Brewer," said Colonel Clinker, as they subsided into a walk, after a long, steady jog, during which neither of them had uttered more than an occasional fragmentary exclamation; "I want you to do me one now."

"I should say it was the other way about," returned Kate, ducking her head so as to allow a small stream of water to escape from the brim of her hat. "What is it? Nothing very terrible I hope?"

"Oh, no, not at all. But I want you to come to Sandown next week. The races are on Thursday and Friday. You told me once that one good turn deserves another." Well, I helped you through your stoep-chase in a sort of way—at least, you were kind enough to say so—and now I want you to help me through mine."

"How do you mean through yours? You never mentioned it before?"

"No, because I feel ashamed of bothering you with all my little private affairs. Good-natured as you are in listening to them, I can't believe they possess any special interest, looking at her curiously."

"Are you going to ride?" she asked, a deeper flush mounting to her fresh, damp cheeks, than even their long trot could have accounted for.

"Yes."

"And you want me to come and look on?" She put the question in a subdued voice, for her heart was beating fast at the very thought.

"Would you think it very conceited if I said that I did?"

"She turned her head away without answering."

"Will you come?" he said persuasively, not realizing that anything in her power to grant she would concede to him, for true love renders people curiously modest and distrustful of their own power to please.

"Yes, if I can," she spoke very softly, but something in the manner of uttering the word seemed to place him, for his face brightened instantaneously.

"That's all right," he said heartily. "So now I'll tell you all about it. You must know I expect to have a pretty busy time at Sandown, for I have promised to ride horses, belonging to at least half-a-dozen different fellows, besides which I intend running dear old Snowflake in the United Hunters' Steeplechase."

The entries, she was decidedly close upon five hundred, so that I have pretty well made up my mind to have a shy at it. Snowflake, too, was never better in his life, and the heavy going is all in his favor. It suits him. He and the Duckling are just a pair in that respect. Snowflake is an awfully sound-minded horse, exactly the sort to make light of a hill to fall against, and I can't help thinking he possesses an uncommonly fair chance of winning. You won't grudge giving up a couple of days' hunting for once in a way, in order to see Snowflake distinguish himself, will you?"

"Yes, I shall, tremendously," she said with a smile which effectually succeeded in contradicting the assertion. "If I hear when I come back that they have had a good run I shall be as savage as a bear."

"Well, so shall I for the matter of that, though it's always one's luck. However," speaking in tones of confident cheeriness, "we will have an awfully jolly time of it. We will all run up to town together on Wednesday evening after hunting."

"Who's all?" interrupted she mischievously.

"Oh! you and I and—Mr. McGrath, I suppose. Mr. McGrath, and Perry, Iy-theo, has it ever struck you that those two young people rather fancy each other?"

"Which two young people?" feigning complete ignorance.

"Why, Miss Whitbread and the Chipper, of course."

"Dear me! Fancy your having only just found that out! Men are dull."

"Then you admit to having noticed a flirtation in that direction?"

"I don't know. Mary never flirts in the true acceptance of the term; she is romantic, and fancies herself in love instead."

"And you—what do you do? Is

your nature a similar one?"

"Don't be so silly," giving the Duckling's round sides a little impatient kick with the heel. "How else are we to amuse ourselves when we're up to town?"

"Why, we'll go to a theatre together on the first night, races again the following day, and catch the eight o'clock special back, which will land us safe and sound at Foxington somewhere about ten thirty p.m. What do you say to the programme? Does it please your majesty?"

"Very much indeed, if only it can be carried out."

"Why do you say 'if'? There are no insuperable difficulties to be overcome."

"Insuperable, no—difficulties, yes. To begin with, nice things never do come off according to our anticipations; and secondly, I doubt very much if Mary, who is so strong on the proprieties, will consider you and Mr. McGrath, sufficient chaperones for two young ladies at a public theatre."

"Oh, bother the chaperone! Can't you raise a placid old woman somewhere?"

"What a disrespectful way of talking!" exclaimed Kate with a laugh. "Do you mean to say the whole thing is to be knocked on the head for such nonsense?"

"I didn't say that; anyhow, I promise to talk the matter over with Mary when I get home, and how best the outing can be managed. You know," playfully, "I don't dare do anything without consulting Mary. Whitbread. She prevents my tumbling into no end of scrapes."

"Tell Miss Whitbread from me that Mr. McGrath says he will go if she does."

"To gain a man's advantage, and I shan't tell her any such thing."

"For my soul, I believe the Chipper's most awfully spoony. I do indeed, Miss Brewer, and it would be only charitable to give the young people a chance. The Chipper is not half a bad fellow."

"Since when, may I ask, have you developed these match-making propensities?"

"Oh, I don't know; not very long. This winter I think."

"Then if the habit be so recently acquired as all that, you will not probably find much difficulty in discontinuing it," said Kate, with a mischievous spirit upon her. "I hate match-making. No good ever comes of it." She was thinking of that morning's attempt at match-making of her Uncle Campbell's. Presently she added after a slight pause, "If Mr. McGrath really cares for Mary, as you say, he is free to speak to her of his own accord, and interference from a third party is as unnecessary as it is judicious."

Now when a man makes a suggestion, even in fun, and finds that suggestion accepted with serious disfavor, he is least said is soonest mended. So Jack Clinker, in fact, felt rather small. Colonel Clinker cleared his throat once or twice, and said testily—

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brewer. I'm sorry I spoke. I presume you will give up all idea of going to Sandown, then?"

He sat quite straight up in the saddle, and looked steadily out before him, the contrary, directly I got clear to his mind, she had no wish to go, and therefore she should not see that he cared one way or the other. It had been a silly fancy on his part, not wholly free from vanity, desiring she should witness Snowflake's success. His victory was a matter of indifference to Miss Brewer. After all it was but a rural, and least said is soonest mended. So Jack Clinker argued to himself in his quickly aroused pride. But Kate, half guessing what caused his annoyance, said airily—

"You are very ready in your surmises, Colonel Clinker, in fact, almost amusingly so, but for once they are not distinguished by their usual accuracy. I have not given up the idea of going to Sandown at all."

"You mean to ask Mary to write to an aunt of hers living in town, a Mrs. Tryon, and beg her to put us up for a couple of nights, so there!"

She uttered the last words in a little mocking tone, which nevertheless restored him to complete good-humor. He could not feel angry with her for long, though she had a malicious way of taking up his speculations, and turning and twisting them, which was decidedly irritating at times, especially to a man grown over sensitive from a love he had not yet dared to avow. But now all was right again between them.

(To be continued.)

DO NOT MARRY THE MAN Who is a spendthrift. Whose highest ambition is to become rich. Who is jealous of every man who looks at his fancies. Who sneers at the trifling eccentricities of others. Who thinks that a comfortable home and plenty to eat and wear should satisfy any woman. Who thinks that the woman who gets him for a husband will be lucky beyond the rest of the world. Who dictates to his sisters, and does not think it necessary to show them the same consideration as other girls. Who regards his cigars, drinks, and other dissipation as necessities, but who would consider his wife's necessities as little as possible. Who allows a luxury. Who does not regard marriage as a partnership in which there must be mutual concessions, but would be likely to think he owned his wife.

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, swelling and protruding piles, we manufacture and guarantee it. See the inside of the daily press and ask your neighbor what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if it does not cure you. Write to Dr. Chase or to E. J. Anderson, Boston & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

GIVE HIM GOOD CARE.

Plainly speaking, the horse is about the most useful of any animal. Man's best helper, and for this reason he should be given the best of care. Think of him as your world of yourself. You know your own habits and needs, then if you have a horse you should have a thorough knowledge of his habits and needs.

The first thing to learn is proper feeding and watering, and in the first rules are regularity, common sense and a judgment of the kind and amount of food to give. The horse is the best judge of the amount of water.

After watering feed the bulky food, such as hay, leaving the grain or mass foods until last, remembering that the amount of work a horse does makes a difference in his appetite. He should be fed with the object of supplying heat and muscle or strength in view and not to put on abundance of fat. The horse that is confused or stabled and has to work at all times cannot, of course, get natural food, that is, grass. Therefore he requires a nourishing food. There are mixed feeds on the market and one or two of them are excellent to use in your feeding and they are safe. Hay, grass, oats, barley, corn, beans, rye, peas, bran, linseed, carrots, turnips, apples and potatoes are the general foods. Oats is the best grain food, next is corn, and they are improved to a great extent if fed crushed. Of the latter, however, too much is not good, as it produces little hard muscle and supplies heat and fat. The season makes a difference when feeding corn. As stated it induces heat; therefore more should be fed in winter than in summer.

Your horse should have pure water given from a clean bucket or trough. Ice water should never be given, and in winter water should be heated to

TAKE THE CHILL OFF.

Before starting on a journey a horse must have a good drink, but during the journey he should be given water only in small quantities, as he is liable to sickness if allowed to drink too much or while in a heated condition. Oatmeal—water is very beneficial to a tired or exhausted horse.

A horse is like ourselves. We have our likes. The first thing in the morning we want a drink. So with the horse. Know his wants. He should be watered early in the morning, then again about twenty minutes before each meal.

You like good wholesome food. Don't give your horse any old sort of grain. Feed good hay; in quantity according to the size of the horse and the amount of work he is doing. Try about thirteen to eighteen or nineteen pounds, and see how he likes it. Note results. Bran mixed with cut feed daily is good.

The time for feeding is between five and six in the morning, then at noon, and again between six and seven in the evening, making the evening meal the heaviest. Cooked feed is no good and will cause trouble with the feeding of a tired or heated horse, like ourselves. Would you like to come from your labors and sit down to your meal in a heated or tired state? No. You would take a rest first. The same is true with your horse. Allow him to cool off first and then colic and indigestion will be prevented.

The food should always be served in a clean trough. Green feed should be fed with the greatest kind of care.

We like luxuries, and a change—well, apples, carrots and so forth are luxuries for the horse and they will not hurt him; he likes them for a change, while a piece of rock salt always in reach will work wonders for him. If possible let him have a ten-minute run in a pasture every evening.

All in all your horse to be good and well must be treated well, and at this season especially, when he is so liable to colds, chills and like diseases, caused by weather changes; so it would be well to watch your surroundings closely and do for him what you would do for yourself. Give him good care.

LAYING EGGS.

The following contains some items of practical information.

If you expect to make money from eggs you must understand how to manage your hens. You must have your chicken house so arranged that your hens are under your control and then take good care of them. You must encourage them to lay at the time of year when eggs bring the best price, and keep them from laying when the price is low. That is business. Farmers' wives do not generally run the poultry business in that. However it can be done, and it pays well to do it. Start with a few and see what success you have. If you can do it, branch out and increase your flock another year.

When eggs are cheap, put your hens on hill ranges for about two weeks. Then they will cease to lay. Next put them on good feed. Sunflower seed and corn make good feed, or better still, wheat and sunflower seed. This starts them moulting. Feed them this way for about two weeks; then they will begin to shed their plumage, and by the time your neighbor's hens stop laying yours will have rested and be ready to begin laying in earnest again, and keep it up all winter, while prices are right. Do not keep all of your hens. Sell off about half of them each year and let good pullets take

their places. The eggs from old hens are larger than those from pullets, but the latter are better layers, and you are after numbers more than size. When you prepare your eggs for market, see to it that they are packed with care; and have them uniform in size and color. Look for customers who can afford to pay a fancy price and give them a fancy article. That is the way to make money out of your hens.

TAINTED MILK.

Soon we will hear much complaint from the customers of milk products about taints in milk. The dairymen's difficulties begin when he is obliged to rectify this trouble. In nine cases out of ten the cause of bad or tainted milk is due to the dairymen's neglect in handling his dairy. Dr. Gerber, the Swiss scientist, gives the following causes of bad or tainted milk:

1. Poor, decayed fodder, or irrational methods of feeding.
2. Poor, dirty water used for drinking water or for the washing of utensils.
3. Foul air in cow stable, or the cows lying in their own dung.
4. Lack of cleanliness in milking; unclean pails on udder.
5. Keeping the milk long in too warm poorly ventilated and dirty places.
6. Neglecting to cool the milk rapidly, directly after milking.
7. Lack of cleanliness in the care of the milk, from which cause the greater number of milk taints arise.
8. Poor transportation facilities.
9. Sick cows, udder diseases, etc.
10. Cans being in heat.
11. Mixing fresh and old milk in the same can.
12. Rusty tin pails and tin cans.

The above causes seem to be pretty clearly given and cover in a comprehensive way, yet concise, manner the general causes of taints in milk. We trust that those of our readers who are having trouble with taints in their milk will read the above causes over carefully and profit by the suggestions they contain.

EMBRYO ADMIRALS.

How Lord Charles Beresford Trains His Officers.

Lord Charles Beresford has introduced into the training of the Channel squadron new methods especially adapted for modern war.

When at sea, every morning from 7.30 to 8, evolutions of the squadron are conducted, not by the captains of the respective ships, but by the officer of the watch. This teaches them to handle ships and to learn to read the signals without resorting to the signal book.

A few years ago it was rare for any officer or captain of signals to be able to read a hoist of flags without recourse to the signal dictionary. It is due to the persistence of Lord Charles Beresford that the knowledge of signals has extended throughout the fleet to such an extent that no less than a minute to a minute and a half is saved in the execution of some evolutions. The value of this saving of time may mean the difference between winning and losing a battle.

In the Channel squadron each captain, in turn takes charge of squadrons, thus learning to handle a fleet. Hitherto no captain has begun to learn the A B C of an admiral's duties until he hoists his own flag.

Under the Beresford system of training each captain in the Channel squadron becomes a trained admiral, and when the time comes to hoist the flag he is prepared to do so for the performance of his duties instead of having to learn them.

Much practice in evolution and turning movements is carried on at night with and without lights.

As regards the men, the Channel fleet is virtually a training squadron, the lower deck hands are changed every six months. From this cause the drills are necessarily constant and severe, but the material turned out is of the best. The squadron was never in a higher state of efficiency than is the case to-day.

TAKING IT BACK.

"I couldn't help it, papa!" She looked up into his face with her blue eyes, and it was impossible to doubt her.

"But you didn't seem to be protesting very much," said the old gentleman.

"Well, what did you do?"

"I told him it was an insult, and that he must take it back."

"And then?"

"To was taking it back when you came in and saw him."

TEN INCHES TO THE FOOT.

Prof. W. Le Conte Stevens, acting on the theory that the metric system can only be made popular in this country by adopting its decimal plan while changing the present names of familiar weights and measures as little as possible, suggests the following changes: Let the yard be made equal to the meter; let the foot be made the fourth instead of the third part of a yard, and let it have 10 instead of 12 inches; let the pound be made equal to half a kilogram; let the quart equal the liter; let the ton be 1,000 kilograms; let the pint, gallon, peck and bushel be defined in terms of the quart. Professor Stevens points out that in this way the inch would be shortened less than two per cent., but he admits that even this slight change would inconvenience mechanical engineers and machine manufacturers.

FOOTGEAR OF JAPANESE

MAKE THEIR FEET HARD AND THE ANKLES STRONG.

Learning to Walk on a "Geta" is An Exceedingly Difficult Process.

The Japanese shoes, or "geta," as they are called, are one of the singularly distinctive features of Japanese life which will strike the observer with wonderment as soon as he sees them looming along the roadway, or hears them scraping the gravel with an irritating squeak that makes his very nerves shudder. Nevertheless, awkward though the shoes appear, they are of a kind constructed to make feet as hard as sheet iron, and ankles as strong as steel girders.

The shoes are divided into two varieties: the low shoe is called the "komageta," and is only used when the roads are in good condition. The high shoes, named "ashida," are worn when the weather is rainy and the roads are muddy. Both kinds have thin things attached to the surface to secure them to the feet, which are therefore not covered as if they were in shoes, but are left exposed to atmospheric conditions. The "komageta" resemble somewhat the Lancashire clog, and their construction merely entails the carving of a block of wood to the proper size. The "ashida," however, are of more complicated design. They have two thin pieces of wood, about three inches high, at right angles to the soles, and occasionally, in the case of priests or pilgrims, only one bar attached.

Some of the "geta" worn by little girls are painted in many colors, and others have a tiny ball hanging from a hollow place at the back, which, as it tinkles in a mystic way, heralds the approach of children. The superior makes are covered with mats.

MADE OF PANAMA.

The highest price amount to about 10 yen, or \$2 while the cheapest is less than 10 yen, or a few cents; but then the "geta" will not last longer than a month, and once out of repair can never be mended.

Learning to walk on a "geta" is an exceedingly difficult process. Indeed, it is far easier to acquire skating or stilt walking. The average child in Japan takes about two months before being able to move alone on the national footgear, and the little ones repeatedly slip from the wooden blocks, falling to the ground, which seems to their miniature imaginations a considerable distance beneath them. Although foreigners usually take with readiness to the customs of Japan, they are absolutely unable to manipulate the perilous "geta."

A curious story is told of a San Francisco merchant who was invited to attend a fancy dress ball. He thought it would be quite the correct thing to attend in Japanese costume, and wrote to a friend in Yokohama to send a complete suit of the costume of a gentleman of high class. On receipt of the costume he was immensely surprised at its extreme variety, being able to move alone on the national footgear, and the intricacies of the flowing robes, but when he unearthed the "geta," he was completely at a loss to understand its use. Having only just arrived in the country, and not being over-observant, he had omitted to notice the foot arrangements of the people. After much earnest consideration, he was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. "Ah," he exclaimed in his desire to extol everything Japanese, "this wooden block has got a very lovely shape, it is very beautifully carved and artistic. Therefore, it must be a kind of decoration to be worn on the shoulders like epaulettes." And so the merchant went to the ball with a "geta" on each shoulder instead of on each foot!

SOME PARENTS

allow their children to play barefoot on the streets, but who going out with their elders, or paying visits, it is essential that every one, from the smallest to the tallest, must mount the wooden clog, and propel themselves in this odd fashion. The dislike of the Japanese children for the activity of outdoor games is to be mainly attributed to the awkward encumbrances with which their little feet are loaded. For instance, the school boys see Japanese children gambolling in open playgrounds—they have yet to learn the feverish pleasures of "hide and seek" or "rounders," while such a thing as top spinning or football never obstructs the roadway.

Singular superstitions are associated with the "geta," which at times are decidedly useful. When a host desires that a too attentive caller should depart he induces somebody to burn moxa, which has a peculiar odor, upon his shoes, which are outside the door. The guest will immediately take the hint, and simultaneously his leave. When a thong of a "geta" is accidentally severed on the return from the visit to a sick person a firm belief exists that the patient must die. The Japanese, however, dearly love the "geta," and although civilization may teach them to win battles it will never induce them to wear leather boots!

EXCUSED HER INEXPERIENCE.

A small boy, aged 5, had a step-mother who was young and nervous. She had never had experience with children and the small boy's slightest ailment tortured her into a panic.

Group threatened one day, and the doctor was sent for in wild haste. As the doctor entered the room the child raised his head from his pillow and croaked hoarsely, in apology for the hasty summons:

"You must excuse her, doctor, this is the first time she has ever been a mother."

Liquor drowns sorrow almost as quickly as fresh water will drown a fish.

Trouble With The Kidneys

Ailments of the Most Painful Nature Result—Prompt Cure Comes With the Use of

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

From every part of this broad land come letters of recommendation for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They seem to be well suited to the needs of many people, who obtain no benefit from ordinary kidney medicines.

When you wait to think of the hosts of cures they are making it is no wonder they have such an enormous sale.

Mrs. Caswell Reid, Orrville, Muskoka, Ont., writes:—"For nearly twenty years I was troubled with kidney disease and have recently been completely cured by using three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I have tried a great many remedies, but never seemed to get anything to do me much good until I used these pills."

Mr. John Garin, an old resident of Thorold, Ont., states:—"For twenty years I was badly afflicted with kidney troubles, indigestion and bladder discharges. During that

time I was a great sufferer and had to get up six to twelve times nightly to pass water. I tried different doctors and used all sorts of medicines to no avail."

"Finally, I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and soon found relief. Thus encouraged I continued to use these pills and after having taken twelve boxes was again in perfect health and vigor. I can sleep undisturbed, the pains in the kidneys and back are gone, and I am feeling well and strong. I consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a great boon to suffering humanity and had I known about them when I was a young man could have escaped suffering all the best years of my life."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on

every box.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, swelling and protruding piles, we manufacture and guarantee it. See the inside of the daily press and ask your neighbor what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if it does not cure you. Write to Dr. Chase or to E. J. Anderson, Boston & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

HEALTH

PARATYPHOID FEVER.

This is a new disease, or rather a newly discovered disease, which has been considerably discussed of late in the medical world. It is an interesting affection, and its discovery has served to clear up many puzzling points in relation to typhoid fever. Originally typhus and typhoid fevers were thought to be identical, but early in the last century observers detected certain differences in the symptoms which served to mark two groups of cases, and soon they found that they really had to do with two distinct diseases—typhus and typhoid fevers. Now, nearly one hundred years later, they find that there are two typhoid fevers, but the distinction in this case lies less in differences in the symptoms than in the fact that the microbes associated with the two diseases differ.

The newly differentiated is called paratyphoid fever, and the germ associated with it the paratyphoid bacillus. Although typhoid fever occurs as a rule but once in the same person, one attack conferring an immunity which lasts for the rest of life, there have seemed to be so many exceptions that some authorities have even doubted the existence of any rule, and have asserted that second attacks of the disease are common. But these exceptions are easily explained now, for it is likely that an attack of typhoid fever will not protect against a subsequent exposure to paratyphoid infection, and vice versa.

The symptoms differ but little from those of typhoid fever, and often it is possible to make an absolute diagnosis only by means of blood test. The malady begins with the usual loss of appetite, headache and muscle-ache, and out-of-sorts feelings common to all beginning fevers. The fever comes and goes, being higher in the evening, but is not so regular in its up-and-down movements as in true typhoid. The tongue is coated, some gurgling is heard in the bowels when pressure is made in the right groin, and there is almost always some diarrhoea. The spleen is enlarged, and there is often an eruption like that of typhoid fever. There may be some throat sore, the start, and a cough is common.

The disease lasts about three weeks and there may be relapses, as in true typhoid. It is apparently less dangerous than typhoid, the mortality being only between three and four per cent. instead of between fifteen and twenty. The treatment is practically the same in both disorders, consisting chiefly in good nursing and in combating possible complications.—Youth's Companion.

HOW MUCH TO EAT.

How shall one terminate how much food to eat? Let your sensations decide. It must be kept in mind that the entire function of digestion and assimilation is carried on without conscious supervision or concurrence. It should be entirely unaided and unforced, excepting by the feeling which accompanies and follows its normal accomplishment.

Satiety is had. It implies a sensation of fullness in the region of the stomach, and that means that too much food has been taken. The exact correspondence, in a healthy animal, between the appetite and the amount of food required is extraordinary.

As a rule, the meal, unless eaten very slowly, should cease before the appetite is entirely satisfied, because a little time is required for the outlying organs and tissues to feel the effects of the food that has been ingested. If too little has been taken, it is easy enough to make it up at the next meal, and the appetite will be only the better, and the food more grateful.

No one was ever sorry for having involuntarily eaten too little, while millions every day repent having eaten too much. It has been said that the great lesson homoeopathy taught the world was this: That whereas physicians have been in the habit of giving the patient the largest dose he can stand, they have been led to see that their purpose was better subserved by giving him the smallest dose that would produce the desired effect. And so it is with food.

SPINACH AS MEDICINE.

There is no green vegetable of such value as spinach. The English appreciate more than we do this fact, perhaps because a great physician, whose memory is still revered there, called it the broom of the stomach. It ought to be eaten twice a week, if possible, during the months when it is cheap, and once a week during the winter. Its value can only be obtained by proper cooking in a very small quantity of water, in an uncovered vessel, and for about fifteen minutes. It will come from the kettle a beautiful green and rich in the salts required for the cleansing of the blood during the heated time of the year. Its frequent appearance in the family menu does much for a good, clear complexion.

A SURE CURE.

Mrs. Mac, reading an advertisement, exclaimed: "The very thing I have wanted for years for John. I will send for it." For the advertisement ran as follows: "A gentleman who was cured of drinking, smoking, talking too loud, staying from home late at night, going to races, and gambling, and who also gained 25 lb. in three years, and was completely restored to health, will sell the secret of his cure to any respectable person for fifty cents. Guaranteed genuine. Addressed in confidence, and so forth." The fifty cents was sent, and the reply arrived: "Dear madam, it ran, 'I was cured of all the bad habits mentioned by a three years' enforced residence in His Majesty's prisons.'"

DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI

PHYSICIAN TO THE POPE
PRAISES DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

In Four Cases of Anaemia Their Effects Were so Satisfactory That He Will Go on Using Them.

Dr. Lapponi, whose skill preserved the life of the late Pope Leo XIII. to the great age of 92, and to whose care the health of the present Pope, His Holiness Pius X., is confided, has written the remarkable letter of which the following is a translation:—

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple Anaemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of Anaemia or Chlorosis, but also in cases of Neurasthenia and the like."

DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.



Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, Physician to the Pope, who has written a letter in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this opinion. Dr. Lapponi's high official position places his professional competence above question, and it is certain that he did not write as above without weighing his words, or without a full sense of the effect his opinion would have.

The "simple anaemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is of course the tired, languid condition of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of that development, is so often imperilled. A girl, bright and merry enough in childhood, will in her teens grow by degrees pale and languid. Frequent headaches, and a sense of uneasiness which she cannot understand, makes her miserable. Just when it is time for her to leave off being a girl and become a woman—a change which comes to different individuals at different ages—her development lingers—why? Because she has too little blood. That is what Dr. Lapponi means when he speaks, in the scientific language natural to him, of the "anaemia of development." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have the power of making new blood. They cure anaemia just as food cures hunger. That is how they help growing girls, who, for want of this new blood, often drift into chronic ill-health, or "go into a decline"—which means consumption—and die. Dr. Williams' Pills could save them.

The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a nerve tonic, referred to by Dr. Lapponi, makes them valuable to men as well as women. They act on the nerves through the blood and thus cure diseases like St. Vitus dance, neuralgia, paralysis and locomotor ataxia. When buying these pills it is important to see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. Never take a substitute, as it is worse than a waste of money—it is a menace to health. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your dealer write the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent you post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

SOCIAL RANK.

"Mamma," said the young microbe, "you didn't speak to the stranger that nodded to you just now."

"No, dear," answered the mother microbe. "She's from a ragged old \$1 bill, while we inhabit a \$100 bill. We must never lose sight of the obligation that our station in life imposes upon us, my child."

It sometimes happens that a handsome woman hasn't brains enough to be pretty.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

You cannot watch your little ones too carefully during the hot weather. At this time sickness comes swiftly and the sands of the little life are apt to glide away almost before you know it. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum, and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent during the hot weather. At the first sign of any of these troubles Baby's Own Tablets should be given—better still an occasional dose will prevent these troubles coming, and the Tablets should therefore be kept in every child's life. Mrs. J. R. Standen, Weyburn, N.W.T., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, and when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such good satisfaction." This is the experience of all mothers who have used the Tablets. If you do not find the Tablets at your druggist send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail post paid.

JAPANESE BABIES.

Common Sights in the Streets of All Jap Cities.

The streets of Yokohama and for that matter, of all Japanese cities and towns, fairly swarm with children, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle, and the question of race suicide certainly cannot be raised here. It seems in many streets that we see more children than adults, which may be partially accounted for by the fact that many of the adults are indoors, while the children usually are not. They are of all ages, and when old enough romp around the streets and engage in their games with the greatest vim. A book could be written on this feature of street life in Japanese cities, and the subject would not then be exhausted. Almost every woman is carrying a child on her back, as the universal way of carrying them is in a sort of a bag, made by tying the ends of a piece of cotton cloth around the shoulders and depositing the baby in the receptacle thus formed. Some of these babies seem entirely too large to be thus carried, and they are not, as a rule, agreeable objects to look upon, for when they are awake their heads are lying on one side, with a most stupid expression. In most cases they are asleep, and it would seem, from the way their heads hang over the bag, that their necks would be dislocated. They certainly possess the power of sleeping under the most discouraging circumstances as the mothers go about just as if the child were not there, and stoop over when necessary in their work.

Many mothers do not bathe their children until they are two years old at least, not because they desire to avoid the labor involved, but because they have been taught for a generation that this was the proper course to pursue. The result, as a matter of fact, is not pleasing to European eyes.

As soon as a female child grows to a certain age she is also utilized to carry the baby, which is sure to be in the family, and little girls often go around with huge babies on their backs, almost half as large as themselves, and romp and play with the utmost indifference as regards their burden the stupid expression of the baby blinking, if awake, as if it did not mind in the least having its head almost jounced from its neck.

ECCENTRIC LANDLORD.

Newcastle Man Who Collected Rents in a Barrow.

Thousands of Newcastle (England) citizens recently witnessed the funeral of the late Mr. George Handyside, a "self-made" millionaire, whose career was one of the most romantic in the annals of commercial life. He began as a cobbler's boy at Berwick and died in his 80th year the owner of vast tracts of residential and business property on Tyneside.

His methods were decidedly eccentric. He thought nothing of buying a whole street of houses at once, demolishing them, and re-erecting buildings upon plans of his own. Every Monday he used to perambulate his acres of tenemented property with bell and barrow collecting rents. Those who answered the summons and brought out the money to him received discount in the shape of a few coppers returned. It was his proud boast that he had never employed a half in his life. When imposed upon he would philosophically say, "I shan't miss the money, and it don't do them any good."

He never asked for rent at a house in which the bread-winners were ill, and in the case of death his first act was to call and say to the widow, "You shall live here rent free as long as you remain a widow."

Though worth considerably over a million sterling, he turned out at six every morning to labor with his men whom he paid every night for the work done. From a consumption "cure" he made vast sums of money, but at all his establishments there was the announcement that those who could not afford to buy would receive it free. At the time of his death he had building schemes on hand which would take 20 years to complete.

His bequests include £100,000 to Newcastle charities.

JAPAN'S RED CROSS.

Sir Frederick Treves Says Many Good Things About It.

Sir Frederick Treves, the King's surgeon, writing from Tokyo to the "Medical Journal," has some most interesting things to say about the medical and surgical equipment of the Japanese army.

"In Japan," he says, "there is very little evidence that this wonderful nation is at war. All over the country mobilization is being carried on, but very quietly and methodically."

"Most excellent arrangements are made by the Red Cross and other societies to secure every possible comfort for the soldier on his way to the transport, and no opportunity is lost to give him a good 'send off.' The field equipment of the Army Medical Corps in Japan is excellent, light, simple, and inexpensive, and full of ingenious devices in almost every department."

"In times of war the Red Cross Society supplements the medical work of the service. This society is remarkable in its size, its many branches all over the country, its important work, and its very admirable organization. It is a society of voluntary workers."

"The Red Cross Society is able to supply through its various branches 3,000 female nurses and 2,000 male nurses. Female nurses will not be sent to the front, but will undertake duty in Japan in the military and Red Cross hospitals in various parts of the country."

Any kind of success worth having never arrives unexpectedly.

JUST ONE MORE REMARKABLE CASE

DIABETES IS AGAIN VANQUISHED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Donat Lafamme, of St. Marguerite, Que., the man Cured—Further Proof of the far Reaching Power of the Great Kidney Remedy.

St. Marguerite, Dorchester Co., Que., July 11.—(Special).—That all varieties and stages of Kidney Disease yield readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills has been proved almost daily for years, but when another victory over the deadly Diabetes is scored it is always worthy of mention. Such a case happened here.

Donat Lafamme is the man cured, and the cure was quick as well as complete. Speaking of his cure Dr. Lafamme says:

"For two years I suffered from Diabetes. I was attended by the doctor, but all his remedies did me no good. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and two boxes cured me completely."

What will cure Diabetes will cure any Kidney disease is an old saying. And no doubt remains that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes.

MODERN WRECKING TRAIN

ONE ENGINE AND SIX CARS GENERALLY.

The Train Is Given Full Right of Way Over the Line.

One of the most important features of a modern railway system is the auxiliary train, or, as it is sometimes called, the wrecking train.

It is not a scheduled train, it produces no revenue, yet it increases the dividends of the company very materially by saving the stock and property of the road, and its importance is made evident by the fact that it has running rights over any other train on the road, even the special train of the president himself being included.

When an auxiliary train starts for the scene of a wreck, the conductor is given an order with right of track over any other train, and also an order to work between two points until the track is cleared again. It is the auxiliary train that keeps the railway lines clear, and prevents any unnecessary delay in the running of the trains.

At every divisional point on the system an auxiliary train is kept, although the size, power, weight and equipment of the outfits differ according to the importance of the various places. For instance, the C. P. R. has auxiliaries at Smith's Falls, Havelock, London, and Toronto Junction, but the Junction outfit is said to be the largest, and best-equipped in Ontario, simply because it is situated in the centre of a network of railways. It may be north or east or west, whenever the call of "wreck" comes.

ENGINE AND SIX CARS.

The train is made up of an engine and only six cars. Next to the engine is the derrick car, built like a flat car, but much stronger and heavier. On it is the derrick or crane, which is used for lifting and moving heavy weights, trucks, and box cars. A strong and well-built derrick will lift a weight of 40 tons. The device is simple. Chains are used, and whenever the ponderous arm of the machine is directly over the object

WRONG TRACK.

Had to Switch.

Even the most careful person is apt to get on the wrong track regarding food sometimes and has to switch over.

When the right food is selected the host of ails that come from improper food and drink disappear, even where the trouble has been of lifelong standing.

"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite and I was allowed to eat whatever I fancied—rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot biscuit, etc.—so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order, and at the age of twenty-three I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve force to fall back on, lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me."

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave this food (new to me) a proper trial and it showed he knew what he was about, because I got better by bounds from the very first. That was in the summer and by winter I was in better health than ever before in my life, had gained in flesh and weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body, all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts."

"I have happened three years ago, and never since then have I had any but perfect health for I stick to my Grape-Nuts food and cream and still think it delicious. I eat it every day. I never tire of this food and can enjoy a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream when nothing else satisfies my appetite and it's surprising how sustained and strong a small saucerful will make one feel for hours." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

True food that carries one along and "there's a reason." Grape-Nuts 10 days proves big things. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woollens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Ocean Brand.

It is to lift, an engine tugs on a chain that passes through a pulley, and slowly but surely the load must come. The derrick car is well blocked up and made perfectly stationary before this operation is begun, for too great a weight might play havoc with its equilibrium if it were not well fixed. Clamps are even used to fasten the wheels to the rails.

Down east steam derricks are used, and they are powerful enough, it is said, to lift a large-sized engine itself. The Ontario divisions are not yet blessed with the steam derrick. At the siding nearest the wreck the derrick car is put ahead of the engine in order to have it in place for its work.

The second car on the train is the one that contains the tools, all the implements necessary for the skilled workmen to use in clearing a wreck from the line. Then comes a car loaded with ties and rails, a precautionary measure, in view of the need sometimes of patching up a portion of the track. Another car is loaded with wooden blocks and jacks, in order that any heavy weight not to be reached by the derrick may be hoisted and blocked up till on a level with the track. When level, it is an easy matter to lay rails and pull the car or truck, or whatever it may be, back on the track again.

THE DINING CAR. In the dining car the men find the nourishing food that they need when their work is done. This car is always a part of the train, and his Majesty the Cook is an important member of the crew. He is supposed to eat and sleep and stay on the car, and when he leaves it he must have a substitute ready.

In the van stay the crew, numbering from 12 to 20 men. This crew is composed of men who are experienced in railway life, men who are expert machinists, men who can tell at a glance what needs to be done, and who know also how to do it. They are carefully picked from the hundreds who work in the shops and around the yards, and they are supposed to be always ready for a call. Speed is a prime essential in the work of an auxiliary. Forty minutes is the time allowed for preparation. Forty minutes after the message telling of a wreck is received, the auxiliary is supposed to be pulling out of the divisional point. The instant that the news of a wreck comes, the word is passed around, the crew next due out are called, the regular auxiliary men are called by car repairers and call boys, and in a few minutes all are on the spot. No time for lunch. Just a moment to kiss wife and children good-bye, and then off to the train, perhaps not to return for days, and perhaps to be back in a few hours. For it's an uncertain life always.

PICKS UP SECTION MEN.

As the train rolls along it picks up gangs of section men if the wreck is reported as a big one. These men are to do any track-laying that is found necessary. All possible speed is made to the scene of the wreck. A mile a minute is often the rate. When it is reached the men get to work, and as rapidly as possible set to work to straighten out the tangle. On such an occasion time means money, and not a minute is to be lost.

As the engine goes clean off the track and into the ditch, the men build a foundation solid and secure under it, and raise the locomotive by the sure and steady work of jacks. Every inch that is gained is filled up by blocks until at last the engine is level with the track. Then temporary rails are laid, and it is once more placed on its native rails. Then it is pulled to the nearest repairing shops, there to be fitted for service again.

WHEN SUCCESS IS EASY.

The principles that win in success are very simple and few in number. They are: First, industry, but I not overwork; second, willingness to profit by the experience of others; third, ability, coupled with modesty; fourth, simple and correct habits; fifth, honesty, politeness and fairness. Any one of ordinary ability who practises these rules cannot avoid success. Success is easier than failure.

How's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Beware of cheap imitations.

Hewitt—I'm always happy when I'm smoking a good cigar. Jewell—You expect your friends to contribute too much to your happiness.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all Druggists and General Stores.

Sippins—Don't you think that old Mrs. Snoply has an uneven disposition? Pipkins—Quite the reverse. She is always the same—disagreeable.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited

Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

LOWER PRICES

USE

BETTER QUALITY

FIBRE EDDY WARE

CAN BE HAD IN
Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.
INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME.

Attractions for Sportsmen on the Line of the Grand Trunk.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has issued a handsome publication, profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, descriptive of the many attractive localities for sportsmen on their line of railway. Many of the regions reached by the Grand Trunk seem to have been specially prepared for the delectation of mankind, and where for a brief period the cares of business are cast aside and life is given up to enjoyment. Not only do the "Highlands of Ontario" present unrivalled facilities for both hunting, fishing and camping, but the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Rideau River and Lakes, Lake St. John, and the many attractive localities in Maine and New Hampshire, present equal opportunities for health, pleasure and sport. All these localities are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and on trains unequalled on the continent. Abstracts of Ontario, Michigan, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine fish and game laws are inserted in the publication for the guidance of sportsmen. The Grand Trunk Railway has also issued descriptive illustrated matter for each district septuaginta, which are sent free on application to the agents of the Company and to Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

Pigeons hovering about the London streets are everybody's prov, having no owners, the police say that they cannot and will not take action against any person killing the birds.

Wilson's Fly Pads: the original and only genuine. Avoid cheap imitations.

In volume of commerce the great ports stand in this order: London, New York, Antwerp, Hamburg, Hong Kong, Liverpool, Cardiff, Rotterdam, Singapore, Marseilles, Tyne ports, and Gibraltar.

Wilson's Fly Pads, One ten cent packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

Society people are very fortunate in being able to talk without putting themselves to the trouble of thinking.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

In the British Museum is a love-letter to an Egyptian princess, 3,500 years old, and inscribed on a brick. Anatoly, the court scribe, looked like during a breach-of-promise-case in those days?

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral of the Russian Navy.

For Over Sixty Years Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring has been used by millions of mothers for their children's sore teething, colic, and all the ailments of infancy. It cures the child, softens the gums, always pain, cures teething, regulates the stomach and bowels, and cures all the ailments of infancy. It is sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring."

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral of the Russian Navy.

For Over Sixty Years Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring has been used by millions of mothers for their children's sore teething, colic, and all the ailments of infancy. It cures the child, softens the gums, always pain, cures teething, regulates the stomach and bowels, and cures all the ailments of infancy. It is sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring."

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral of the Russian Navy.

For Over Sixty Years Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring has been used by millions of mothers for their children's sore teething, colic, and all the ailments of infancy. It cures the child, softens the gums, always pain, cures teething, regulates the stomach and bowels, and cures all the ailments of infancy. It is sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring."

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral of the Russian Navy.

For Over Sixty Years Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring has been used by millions of mothers for their children's sore teething, colic, and all the ailments of infancy. It cures the child, softens the gums, always pain, cures teething, regulates the stomach and bowels, and cures all the ailments of infancy. It is sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring."

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral of the Russian Navy.

For Over Sixty Years Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring has been used by millions of mothers for their children's sore teething, colic, and all the ailments of infancy. It cures the child, softens the gums, always pain, cures teething, regulates the stomach and bowels, and cures all the ailments of infancy. It is sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring."

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral of the Russian Navy.

For Over Sixty Years Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring has been used by millions of mothers for their children's sore teething, colic, and all the ailments of infancy. It cures the child, softens the gums, always pain, cures teething, regulates the stomach and bowels, and cures all the ailments of infancy. It is sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winklow's Suffering Syring."

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

INVESTMENTS

FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS.

that are safe and earn good rates of interest. We offer good securities that are paying 3 to 4 per cent. half yearly, or better than 7 and 8 per cent. per annum. For full particulars address: "Excutor," No. 11 Queen St. East, Toronto.

BUCHANAN'S UNLOADING OUTFIT

Works well both on stacks and in barns, unloads all kinds of hay and grain, either loose or in sheaves. Send for catalogue to M. T. BUCHANAN & CO., Ingersoll, Ont. 25-34.

CARPET DYEING

Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 158, Montreal.

"Do you think Miss Richy cares anything for you?" "Well, I think she's beginning to care a little." "What makes you think that?" "Why, the last time I called she only yawned twice, and two weeks ago I counted five yawns in one evening."

Many a man who imagines he could run the earth can't even manage a small garden successfully.

Wilson's Fly Pads will clear your house of flies.

One cock often spoils the broth as completely as too many.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A girl doesn't necessarily object to a young man's moustache because she sets her face against it.

Wilson's Fly Pads, Three hundred times cheaper than sticky paper.

Austria evidently wants an entente cordiale. The Vienna City Council has voted \$200 to an Austrian travelling information bureau in London, established to promote intercourse between Austria and England.

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

\$13,750 has just been paid for a single playing-card, a nine of diamonds. Upon the back of it Holbein had painted an exquisite miniature of Frances Howard, Duchess of Norfolk.

St. Martin, Que., May 16, 1895. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial

Reliable Goods
At Good Values

REID & YOUNG

Reliable Goods
At Good Values

A SPLENDID SHOWING OF NEW FALL GOODS

Our Shelves, Tables and Counters Boom With Fresh and New
Goods Direct from the Best Markets.

New Black and Colored Dress
Goods.

New Blouses and Skirts.

New Mantles for Women.

New Coats for Girls.

New Corsets and Waists for
Ladies and Children.

New Golf Waists and Ladies'
Sweaters, made from Best German Wool

Silk Waists

No two alike—Get your pick before the
assortment is broken.

Under Vests

A full Range in Women's and Chil-
dren's.—Come and investigate.

Ready-to-Wear Hats

The most extensive display of Women's
and Children's Ready-to-Wear Hats we have
ever made.

Blankets, Comforters

Bought direct from the mills. If you are
short of these line look us up.

Men's Furnishings

New Clothing for Men and Boys,—
The latest styles for Fall and winter wear.

New Hats. 35 Dozen New Ties just to
hand. Underwear, Hosiery, Etc.

Boots and Shoes

The American Harlow Shoe Co.'s Shoes
—Try a pair,—if not satisfied—your money
back. Our guarantee goes with every pair.

We invite you to come and
visit this Store and look over
Our New Fall Goods.

Millinery and Dress-
making Upstairs.

REID & YOUNG

Millinery and Dress-
making Upstairs.

A Great Convenience

Around a house is to have a
place to keep books. You
can get these sectional book
cases at the Canada Drug &
Book Co.'s Store. They keep
all the sizes. You buy the
top and the base and as many
intermediate sections as you
wish—they fit anywhere.

Call and see them or write

CANADA DRUG & BOOK CO., Ltd

Coming Events.

Sept. 22-23—Stuart's Comic Players.
Sept. 27th.—Harold Nelson Company,
in "Heart and Sword". Opera
House.

LOCALISMS

—Pipes repaired at Brown's Cigar
Store.

—Fresh Celery, well bleached, always
in, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

—Mr. W. J. Lightburne, of Arrow-
head, was in the city on Tuesday.

—Brown wants a boy to learn the
cigar business.

—Big variety of carpet squares at R.
Howson's furniture store.

—Premier McBride will formally open
Kamloops Fair on the 28th inst.

—A large stock of iron beds and
springs at Howson's furniture store.

—Call and see Kings patent revolving
Rifle Sight, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

—The stone foundation for the Law-
rence Hardware Co's. building, was
completed on Monday.

—If you can't get the Brand of Cigars
and Tobaccos you want, at your dealer's.
TELL IT TO BROWN.

—Fresh imported cheese, Ontario
cheese, prime Stilton cheese at C. B.
Hume & Co's.

—Smoke "The Union"
Cigar.

Thursday, November 17th, has been
proclaimed a day of general thank-
giving throughout the Dominion.

—IT'S A POSITIVE FACT. Brown
will save you money on Pipes, Tobac-
cos and Cigars.

J. D. Sibbald and Mrs. Sibbald
returned this morning from a month's
visit to the coast cities.

The railway trainmen between
Brandon and Laggan are having a
great deal of trouble at present with
the "spotters."

FOR SALE, CHEAP—Household
Effects. Complete, Almost New.
Owner leaving City. Apply P. O.
Box 151.

Engineer L. Solloway and Mrs.
Solloway, of Vancouver, are in the
city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. E.
Solloway.

—H. R. Ines, of Montreal, makes an
Iron Bed and spring without any wool
frame, the best bed and spring for the
money on the market. R. Howson &
Co. have the agency.

—A car of Ontario Fresh Eggs, in at
C. B. Hume & Co's.

—G. B. Chocolates in half, and 1 lb.
boxes, or in bulk at C. B. Hume & Co.

—Mrs. Thos. Kilpatrick returned last
week from a two months visit to her
parents home in Nova Scotia.

—Brown is going to make a change in
his business. KEEP YOUR EYE ON
HIM.

—Mrs. Ed. Adair returned on Friday
last from a two weeks visit to her
daughter, Mrs. Jas. Edwards, at
Vancouver.

—WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.
money returned if goods were lower
priced elsewhere when bought of us.
BROWN'S CIGAR STORE.

—Ladies! remember the regular meet-
ing of the Hospital Guild takes place
in the City Hall on Tuesday afternoon
next at 3.30 o'clock. Please attend.

All First-Class Dealers
Sell "The Union" Cigar.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McRoe went
south this morning to Nelson, where
they are under engagement by the
Nelson Fair Management during fair
week.

Mrs. Johnson, Miss Laura Way,
mother and niece of A. Johnson, of the
HERALD, and Mrs. L. Glavin, left on
Monday morning for their home in
North Bay, after two months spent in
British Columbia.

Mrs. C. H. M. Sutherland, enter-
tained two of the Sunday school classes
at the Parsonage on Monday evening.
The gathering was in honor of Miss
Nora Kennedy, who is a member of
Mrs. Sutherland's class, and who after
a nearly two years visit with her uncle,
Mr. F. Downs, is about to return to
her home in Ontario. The evening
was pleasantly passed in games and
music, after which refreshments were
served. Miss Kennedy has made many
friends here who will miss her, but
who wish her every prosperity.

SOUVENIRS

BURNT LEATHER

We have a big variety of
Souvenirs in this new and
in this new and most artistic
material in the form of
many things useful and
ornamental—Purses, Book
Marks, Book Covers, Han-
diers, Pillow Cushions, Pho-
tos, Blank Books, etc. Most
appropriate mementos for
visitors to take or send to
their friends.

Each piece bearing an
interesting local view and
serving the double purpose
of an artistic reminder of
Revelstoke and of real use
to its recipient.

W. Bews

Phm. B.
DRUGGIST AND STATIONER
Next Hume Bk.

Two Dispensers.

Ask for "The Union" Cigar.

The touring automobile, carrying
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gidden, of Boston,
passed through Revelstoke on Friday
at 12.30 o'clock. Conductor Alex For-
rest was in charge from Laggan to
Vancouver.

Mrs. J. A. Davagh, left last week
for Alberta, on a visit to her
sons Alex and George, who are ranch-
ing in that neighborhood. Mrs. Dav-
agh was accompanied by her
daughter.

The Lawrence Hardware Co's. new
block is being constructed almost
entirely by home products. The Revel-
stoke Lumber Co. is supplying the
lumber. C. B. Hume & Co. the brick
and the stone is from the quarry just
to the north of the C.P.R. track.

Next Sunday will be Rally Day in
the Methodist church Sunday school,
when every member is expected to be
present. An interesting programme
of songs, responsive readings and show
addresses has been arranged. The
parents of the scholars and the public
generally are invited to be present.
Service at 2.30 p.m.

The members of the Epworth
League of the Methodist church, are
planning for the fall and winter's
work. The service on Sunday evening
will be under the auspices of the
League and will be a special service
for young people. The Pastor will
preach a sermon to young men, upon
the subject, "Three Flash-Lights into
the Soul of a Great Man." A hearty
invitation is extended to the young
men of Revelstoke. The choir are
preparing special music.

Prof. Buell gave one of his interest-
ing lectures on a tour round the world.
The lecture was profusely illustrated
by a magnificent collection of views
comprising the principal spots of
interest in the Old Country, the cap-
ital cities of Europe, the Holy Land,
etc., concluding with a trip over the
C. P. R. from Montreal to Vancouver
showing the progress of the country
during the last 20 years. The lecture
was interspersed with a number of
illustrated songs, in which the Pro-
fessor was assisted by local talent.
The lecture was most interesting and
instructive and the large audience
went home well satisfied with their
evening's entertainment.

Opera House Tonight.

Stuart's Comic Players will appear
at the Opera House tonight. The
company came in from Kamloops
this morning where they played a
two-nights' engagement to crowded
houses. "The Post, possibly the
cleverest comedian on the western
stage today, is with this company and
will appear tonight in the side-split-
ting comedy "U and I." Patrons of
the theatre should not fail to attend,
and enjoy an evening with these
clever people.

Band Promenade Concert.

The first concert of the series to be
held by the Ladies Hospital Guild dur-
ing the winter months, given by them
on Friday evening in the Opera House,
proved to be an unqualified success,
from both financial and musical
standpoints. Although the audience
were late in arriving, the band gave
its first selection at 8.30, and it required
nothing further to show that the con-
tinual practice by the band during the
last few months, under the able lead-
ership of Mr. R. H. Sawyer, has re-
sulted in their presentability to render
good music in a very creditable man-
ner. The first number was quickly
followed by others and the programme
came to an end about 10 o'clock, all

too soon for lovers of good music.

Several of the numbers were par-
ticularly good, noticeably the fourth,
seventh and eighth, which were ren-
dered with much care and an appre-
ciation of the theme, which latter
point is usually overlooked in bands
not under the direction of professional
leaders. The following numbers com-
posed the programme for the concert
part of the entertainment:

1 United Empire March. R. H. Hughes
2 Tres Jolie Waltzes. Waldteufel
3 Garden Flower Schottische. Lewis
4 Selection from The Merry Minstrel
5 Polly Prim, Characteristic. Henry
6 Cecelia Waltzes. Louis Maurer
7 Wedding Feast, March. Taylor
8 Among the Roses, Waltz. Barnhouse

It is to be regretted that, on account
of the date selected, quite a number of
those interested in music and in the
welfare of our hospital, were unable
to attend, as the object of these con-
certs, namely to provide funds for
much needed improvements to the
hospital, is one worthy an effort on
the part of our citizens.

A suggestion as to future concerts
would not perhaps be objectionable,
that copies of the programme be given
to those of the audience who may
desire them, for as is well known, a
knowledge of what is coming is almost
indispensable to those who wish to
criticise the rendering of the several
numbers.

The ladies provided coffee and cake
and did their best in every way to
make the evening what it was, one of
great enjoyment.

After the programme proper, those
who wished to enjoy a few turns of
the mazy dance were entertained with
suitable music by the band, the end of
which came sharp at midnight. Alto-
gether the ladies are to be congrat-
ulated on the success of their venture.

Rathbone Sisters Lodge.

Mrs. Wessie Katzenstein, Deputy
Supreme Chief of Rathbone Sisters,
arrived from Spokane, Wash., on
Friday last, 16th inst., to organize a
Temple of Sisters in connection with
Gold Range Lodge, Knights of Py-
thias. The organization took place
the same evening in the K. of P. lodge
rooms, fifteen ladies and eighteen
Knights were in its charter members.
Officers were elected as follows:

Past Chief—Mrs. J. A. Agnew.
Most Ex. Chief—Mrs. H. A. Brown.
Excellent Senior—Mrs. B. Van Horn.
Junior—Mrs. J. Cook.
Mistress of Temple—Mrs. P. Somes.
Mistress of Records and Correspondence—Mrs. P. E. Ainsley.
Mrs. of Finance—Mrs. J. W. Bennett.
Protector of Temple—Mrs. L. Gordon.
Guard of Outer Temple—Mrs. J. McCallum.

Trustees—Mrs. Brown, Holten and
Burdige.

Music and refreshments were in-
cluded in for a short time, after which
the meeting adjourned.

Saturday afternoon was spent in
instructing the officers in their
various duties and Saturday evening
a meeting was held in which rules
initiation degree was put on, and
which reflects much credit on those
who took part.

The meeting then adjourned to Mrs.
H. A. Brown's house where a very
pleasant hour was spent with music
and refreshments.

Mrs. H. A. Brown and to the committee of
Knights for their valuable assistance
in the organization.

We have every reason to believe
there is a bright future for the newly
formed Temple.

I O O F Banquet

Tuesday evening last the members
of the I. O. O. F. lodges in the city,
assembled in their hall over the post

office block to meet the Grand Master
of the Order for British Columbia,
ex-Mayor Neelands of Vancouver.

During the evening a banquet was
tendered the Grand Master by the
brethren, at which fifty members of
the Order were present. The banquet
was prepared by Mrs. McKilrick of
the Palace restaurant, which was
splendidly arranged, the tables being
tastefully decorated and the caterer
was the recipient of many congratu-
lations. Speeches, songs, music, etc.,
were rendered during the evening and
a pleasant time spent among the
brethren present.

GOVERNMENT BY DECEPTION

(Continued from Page 1.)

crawled up to the Senate, where it
was anticipated the finishing blow
would be administered. Sir William
and his colleagues reckoned without
their host, their game was detected
and the Secretary of State forced to
show the cloven hoof. It would be
difficult to imagine why the conspiring
Liberals expected men who since 1872
had been the earnest friends of work-
men, should in 1907 prove enemies
to their interests. The Government
support in the Senate was rapidly
increasing and that, with even a fair
Conservative vote would ensure the
passing of any important measure.
However, when bill No. 5, "an act to
renew the importation and employ-
ment of aliens" (see Senate official
reports, pages 603, etc.) a lengthy
debate ensued.

Hon. Mr. Casgrain (conservative),
said: "Living as I do, on the border,
should be derelict in my duty, if I
did not call attention to the harsh and
shameful treatment that Canadians
are subjected to, when going to the
United States in search of employ-
ment. . . . Retaliation is a measure
to be deplored; but becomes a necessity
for a nation which has a sense of its
dignity and of the protection due to
its own citizens."

It may be mentioned that bill No. 5
did not emanate from the Government
still Sir William Mulock displayed no
animosity towards it. Consequently,
the Hon. R. W. Scott, leader in the
Senate, renounced Government sup-
porters that it was not a measure
demanding the slave vote. He, how-
ever, did all he could to defeat it,
saying (page 603), "If we put this on

DO IT NOW

GET A BOTTLE OF

CREAM OF WITCH HAZEL

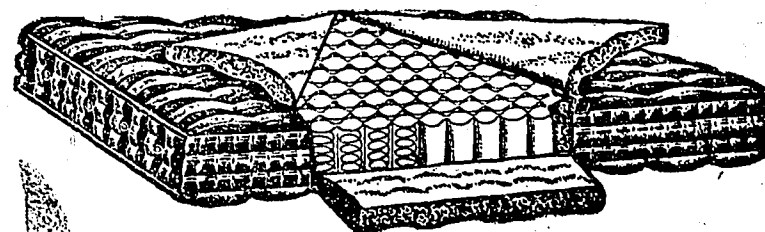
An exquisite Toilet
Lotion for
Chapped Hands,
Roughness of the Skin
Redness, Irritation, Etc.

Gentlemen find it excellent for
Use After Shaving

We make it ourselves and there-
fore guarantee its quality and
purity.

Price 25c.
Red Cross Drug Store
C. A. ADAMS, Manager.

THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS.



PAT. SEPT. 1900.

R. HOWSON & CO., FURNITURE DEALERS.
AGENTS FOR THE "OSTERMOOR" MATTRESS

NEW FALL CLOTHES

We are showing all the new kinds
in FALL CLOTHES now. We are
ready for the Biggest Fall Trade we
ever had. We are going to get it if
good value and perfect Styles have
anything to do with it.

Call and see our Latest in MEN'S
FALL HATS—they are swell.

Our Stock of Boys' Clothing has just
arrived.

Macdonald & Monteith

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS
FIRST STREET.

our statute book, it is an announce-
ment of what our intentions are." (page 604) "I do not think it would be
really wise to pass this act. . . . It is
not on a line with the views of the
people of Canada." Again (page 605) "I
advise MYSTERY men, because it
is not a bill which should be enforced."

Hon. Mr. Macdonald (Conservative,
British Columbia) "I would not give
to the United States one single thing.
I should certainly like to try
this bill. . . . I should meet them
blow for blow."

Sir Mackenzie Bowell (Conservative)
pointed out that when he accompanied
Sir John Thompson, and Hon. G.
Foster, to the conference at Washing-
ton, Mr. Blaine said the Government
could not change the law, as it was
introduced by an independent.

Hon. Mr. O'Brien (Conservative)
page 608 said: "The speaker, 'We put
this on the statute book, and show
that we are determined to act in our
own defence, the sooner the United
States will come to terms.'"

The Hon. the Secretary of State,
finding that Conservative Senators
were not prepared to assist him in
picking chestnuts out of the fire,
became somewhat anxious. At all
events his friends appeared sullen and
he made a final appeal (page 720), "I
CANNOT ALLOW THIS BILL TO PASS
WITHOUT EXPRESSING MY VERY GREAT
REGRET that the parliament of Canada
should be the last to see it has with
regard to this measure."

Such as the bill was, it received a
third reading, thanks to the support
voiced by Sir Mackenzie Bowell
and the Conservative Senators gener-
ally, and today Sir William Mulock,
with much effrontery asked—"What
has the Conservative party done for
the workman?"

Heart and Sword

Mr. Harold Nelson and his talented
company, in the romantic comedy
drama, "Heart and Sword", will
appear in the Opera House next
Tuesday, Sept. 27th. Mr. Nelson is
well known to theatre goers in this
city and there is no doubt but a bump-
er house will greet him on Tuesday
evening.

Presentation at Arrowhead
There was a large and representa-
tive gathering in the Union Hotel,
Arrowhead on Monday evening, when
Rev. W. J. Johnston, B. A., was pre-
sented with a purse of fifty dollars as
a token of appreciation and esteem on
the part of the Presbyterian congre-
gation and friends. The gift was
accompanied by an address wherein
Mr. Johnston was assured of the good
will felt towards him by the donors,
their sorrow at the necessity of his
leaving occasioned as it is by ill
health and of their wishes for his
speedy recovery and restoration to
his chosen work. During the com-
punctious period of Mr. John-
ston's ministry in Arrowhead, he has
made many friends, the work under
his hand has gone rapidly forward
and everybody seems exceedingly
sorry that sickness compels him for a
time at least to discontinue active
work as a minister. Our friend left

on Monday for the prairie where we
hope its refreshing breezes will win
back to him health and vigor.

Brick For Sale.

The undersigned have just burned a
kiln of 500,000 brick, of first-class
quality. For price and information
apply to C. B. Hume & Co.

—TWELVE CARPENTERS WANT-
ED. Six Months' work, apply to
J. KERNAGHAN, REVELSTOKE.

—FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN—
A first-class J. & J. Taylor Safe. Apply
P. O. Box 71, J.W.B.

NOTICE.

"Notice is hereby given that thirty days after
date I intend to apply to the Chief Com-
missioner of Lands and Works for a special licence
to cut and carry away timber from the follow-
ing described lands, situated in West
Kootenai."

Commencing at "Frank L. Fowler's south
west corner post," being about three miles
south of Mica creek, running thence east 40
chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west
40 chains, thence south 160 chains to the point
of commencement. Containing 640 acres.
Dated this 15th day of September, 1904.

FRANK L. FOWLER.



HORACE
MANNING

LICENSED AUCTIONEER

Is prepared to handle Auction
Sales of every description.

For terms apply to
H. MANNING, Mackenzie Av.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

REVELSTOKE

OPERA HOUSE

ONE—NIGHT ONLY—ONE
TUESDAY, SEPT. 27

Mr. C. P. Walker presents
the Eminent Canadian Actor

HAROLD NELSON

and his company in the
remarkably successful Romantic
Comedy Drama

"Heart and Sword"

The most complete and beautiful
scenic and costume equipment ever
seen here.

Prices \$1, 75c., and 50c.

Reserved Seats at the Canada
Drug & Book Co.

The Great Northern Mines, Ltd.

A Consolidation of the following Gold Properties:

The Lucky Jack Group: POPLAR CREEK.

The Swede Group: POPLAR CREEK.

The Oyster-Criterion Group: FISH RIVER AND POOL CREEK.

The Imperial Group: FISH RIVER AND POOL CREEK.

The Lade Group: GAINER CREEK.

The Strathcona Group: SILVER CUP MOUNTAIN.

TWENTY-ONE Claims of Valuable Gold Mining Property.

CAPITAL

\$1,500,000.00, in Shares of the Par value of One Dollar.

DIRECTORS

W. B. Pool, President the Ophir-Lade Mining Syndicate, Limited, Ferguson, B. C.
W. F. Cochrane, the Cochrane Rancho Company, Limited, Macleod, Alberta.
F. W. Gotsal, Rancho Owner, Cowley, Alberta.
J. J. Young, M. L. A., President The Herald Company, Limited, Calgary, Alberta.
T. Kilpatrick, Superintendent C. P. R., Revelstoke, B. C.
E. M. Morgan, Locator of the Lucky Jack Mine, Poplar, B. C.
James Lade, Mine Superintendent, Camborne, B. C.
B. Crilley, Assistant Manager Ophir-Lade Mining Syndicate, Limited, Ferguson, B. C.

HEAD OFFICE, FERGUSON, B. C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Poplar Creek, B. C.; Camborne, B. C.

BANKERS: Imperial Bank of Canada, Ferguson, B. C.

SOLICITOR AND SECRETARY: Robert Hodge, Ferguson, B. C.

The promoters of the Great Northern Mines, Limited, have every reason to feel that they are presenting a proposition which stands unique in the history of mining, and one in which the few who are fortunate enough to have shares allotted to them may well feel that they have an interest in some of the richest gold mines ever discovered.

Every man who reads has heard of the sensation created by the discovery of the Lucky Jack, at Poplar Creek. That a claim of such unheard of richness should have lain for years on a well known line of travel, passed over by hundreds of prospectors—even having a railroad built through it—to be discovered at last by the men from whom this Company bought it, is almost incredible. It is a case of truth being stranger than fiction.

The Company's second acquisition, the Swede Group, comprising the Goldsmith and Gold Hill claims, (over 100 acres), is, in the opinion of many, an even bigger and richer property.

It is an accepted fact among mining men that a camp does not usually produce more than two or three great mines. In the Poplar Creek camp there are three great gold properties, and the Great Northern Mines, Limited, owns two of them.

A CONSOLIDATION.

The promoters of this Company have in the past successfully operated the famous Nettie L. and Silver Cup Mines in the Lardeau. They can point to an experience of nearly ten years mining and prospecting in this district, during which time they have organized several companies, and developed many valuable properties, in each case with marked success.

Having acquired several of the most notable free milling gold groups in British Columbia, the promoters decided to consolidate them in one big, solidly organized company, and place on the market, for a limited time only, a small block of the stock at par. Hence this prospectus.

The consolidation includes the following properties, which are more fully described in another part of this prospectus:

GAINER CREEK PROPERTY.

No. 1.—Olive Mabel Goldenville Foundation Annie L. Ophir Two-and-a-half Famous	Crown granted, partially developed; contain rich, free milling and telluric ore. Surveyed for Crown grant.
--	---

FISH CREEK PROPERTIES.

No. 2.—Oyster Criterion Mascot Cold Bug	Claims all Crown granted, developed, and stamp mill, etc., erected ready to mine and pay dividends this year.
No. 3.—Rossland Imperial Balfour	Crown granted and partially developed; adjoining above group and Eva mine.

FERGUSON PROPERTY.

No. 4.—Strathcona Triune Fraction	Assessments completed to date.
--------------------------------------	--------------------------------

POPLAR CREEK PROPERTIES.

No. 5.—Lucky Jack Lucky Three Little Phil	Surveyed and Crown grants applied for.
No. 6.—Goldsmith Gold Hill	Will be Crown granted as soon as possible.

THE COMPANY'S POLICY.

It is the intention of the Company to actively develop all these valuable properties and sell such of them as they do not wish to mine themselves, either to outside capitalists or to subsidiary companies to be formed by the parent Company, the proceeds going to the shareholders of the Great Northern Mines, Limited.

DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY.

No. 1, embracing seven claims, (a claim is about 52 acres), and well known throughout the province as the Lade group, is situated on Gainer Creek, fourteen miles above Ferguson.

A tunnel 112 feet long has been run and a shaft sunk on the ore. Five tons of the ore shipped to the smelter gave returns of \$1,100 to the ton, in free gold. Frequent assays of ore from other parts of the claims have more than confirmed this high value, running from \$200 to \$3,200, and from picked samples as high as \$11,340 to the ton.

The property is traversed by a main ledge, 8 to 12 feet wide, and several smaller veins carrying high values in free gold and telluride, similar to the rich ores of Cripple Creek, Colorado. In the

Lade group the present promoters were satisfied from assays, development work and thorough investigation, that they had a property as rich as any in British Columbia; but on account of the distance from transportation, and the altitude, (over 8,000 feet), they decided to let it lie until a more convenient season, and in the meantime acquired other gold claims from which quicker returns could be obtained.

A COMPLETE MINE

No. 2, consisting of seven claims, has been purchased from the Ophir-Lade Mining Syndicate, and is a gold mine in full working order. It is situated on Fish River and Pool Creek, 1500 feet above Camborne, and only six miles from a daily steamboat landing at the head of Arrow Lake. On this property, the Ophir-Lade Syndicate has completed, at a cost of about \$24,000, 1500 feet of tunnels, cross cuts and other development work. It has also, at an approximate cost of \$35,000, installed one of the most complete and best constructed outfits of machinery in the province, including a ten-stamp Fraser & Chalmers quartz mill, rock crusher, Frue vanners, air compressor and drills, aerial tramway, two Pelton water wheels, (300 horse power), assay office, and all necessary buildings.

For a description of this property, the Directors have pleasure in referring to the report of Mr. A. H. Gracey, mining engineer of Nelson, made in 1901. At that time Mr. Gracey was manager of the Eva mine. Space does not allow the reproduction of his report in full, but the following extracts will give a fair idea of the value of this property:

GEOLOGY.

"The country rock of the neighborhood is metamorphic in character, but may be called in general a talc schist, with probably some chlorite present. A belt of this formation extends many miles in an East and West direction, and, so far, the free gold discoveries in this district are mostly confined to this belt.

VEINS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

"Exposed on the property at the present time are two well defined veins of free gold bearing quartz, which have been opened up on the surface by cuts, etc., for considerable distances. The Oyster vein (on the Oyster claim) strikes N. 60 degrees W. and pitches into the mountain at an angle of 57 degrees from the horizontal. It has a width, where exposed, of from 8 to 25 feet, a large portion of which is solid quartz.

"The Criterion vein (on the Criterion claim) has been exposed by open cuts for a distance of about 400 feet. The strike is due East and West (magnetic) and the surface cuts show a width of vein of from 3 to 17 feet. The vein is composed of solid quartz, carrying its chief values in free gold, associated at some points with a little iron pyrites and galena. The following assays are of samples carefully taken from this vein by myself:

- "1. Average chipped across both ends at collar of shaft—\$18.00 gold per ton.
- "2. Average ore from bottom of shaft—\$21.60.
- "3. Average chipped across big cut—17 feet wide—\$4.50 per ton.
- "4. Average chipped across cut No. 3, 4 feet wide, solid quartz, \$3.20 per ton. There are in this cut some rich seams showing free gold which are not included in sample.

"Selected samples from these cuts gave assays running from \$478.20 to \$2,601.40 per ton.

"A large amount of exceedingly rich ore has been found, especially at the point where the shaft is being sunk.

"Intersecting this gold bearing quartz vein is a smaller vein of galena and iron from 12 inches to 24 inches wide. This has been stripped for over 60 feet and is particularly well defined and regular. Average samples of this vein give values as follows:

Gold.....\$22.80
Silver.....25.2 oz.
Lead.....27.6 per cent.

"Although these veins are not developed to any extent, they are all exceptionally promising, especially the Criterion vein. They are all well defined and with every appearance of permanency and warrant a thorough development.

"The facilities for cheap mining and milling are excellent. The veins can be worked to depths of hundreds of feet from tunnel levels. There is an abundance of timber suitable for all mining purposes on the property, while for power purposes a record for 300 miners' inches of water has been secured in Pool Creek at the foot of the mountain."

IMMEDIATE RETURNS EXPECTED.

In the course of a few days it is expected that the stamp mill at this mine will be producing bullion in sufficient quantity to pay immediate dividends.

ANOTHER GOOD PROPERTY.

No. 3, The Imperial, Balfour and Rossland claims, lying on Lexington mountain, immediately between three working mines, the Eva, the Cholla, the Oyster-Criterion. There are on the property three well defined quartz ledges, showing free gold on the surface. A 60 foot tunnel has been run on the Imperial. It is run on the ledge and free gold was encountered throughout its entire length.

The large amount of development work done both on the Eva, and Oyster-Criterion had proved that the rich gold values on this mountain continue and even improve with depth. At the 700 foot level on the Eva, close to the line of this group, some of the richest ore on the mountain has been struck. The workings of both of these well known mines are close to the property of the Great Northern. The main ledges on the property run into the Oyster-Criterion ground.

The tramway and air pipe of the Oyster-Criterion run over the property, and the Eva tramway cuts across one corner.

The whole of Lexington mountain is a mass of ledges of free milling quartz, and the Great Northern Company have every reason to believe they own one of the richest portions of the hill.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Ophir-Lade Syndicate is being called to formally ratify the sale of that company's property to the Great Northern.

TWO POTENTIAL CLAIMS.

No. 4 property consists of the Strathcona full claim, and the Triune fraction, lying on Silver Cup mountain, near Ferguson, between the Triune and the Cromwell, both of which have been proved by extensive work to be rich in gold. The Triune has shipped a large amount of ore, averaging about \$240 to the ton. The Cromwell has made a shipment to the Trail smelter, representing 13 days' work for two men, and yielding as follows:

OUNCES PER TON.	TOTAL VALUE.
Gold 5.76.....	\$722.53 (after deducting 5%)
Silver 18.1.....	71.24 (" " ")
	\$793.97
Smelting charges.....	79.22
Net proceeds.....	\$714.55

THE GREAT LUCKY JACK.

No. 5, The Lucky Jack has been so much talked of since its discovery, and has created such a sensation in mining circles, being described in all the leading mining journals, that the directors feel it almost unnecessary to say much further. The group comprises three claims, situated at the mouth of Poplar Creek, and with the Lardeau branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway running through it.

No less than seven ledges have been discovered on it, all carrying free gold.

The main ledge, containing the phenomenal showing which has astonished the world, cuts the mountain vertically and is from 18 inches to 6 feet wide. A tunnel is now being run at the lowest workable point on

[OVER]

THE GREAT NORTHERN MINES, Ltd.

the ledge. On September 12th it was in 50 feet, and the ore has been found to retain its sensational values throughout.

Timber, water power, tunnelling sites, and every natural advantage for economical mining are at hand. It is interesting to note that the mouth of Poplar Creek was mined for placer gold in the '60's and from the amount of work done, it is evident that a large quantity of gold was taken out, but it remained for the present owners to locate the source of the gold.

The company has already taken steps to install a stamp mill and all necessary machinery for quickly mining out the wealth of the Lucky Jack and converting it into dividends for the shareholders.

LAST BUT BEST.

No. 5. Though enough has been said in the foregoing to satisfy even the most sceptical, there is still better to follow.

Words fail to describe the phenomenal richness of the "Swede" group.

Briefly, however, it may be stated, that it consists of two full claims, the "Goldsmith" and "Gold Hill" being a continuation of the Lucky Jack and lying higher up the mountain, thus furnishing better tunnelling sites and enabling the ledges to be mined to a depth of nearly 2,000 feet, without sinking.

There are, as far as known to date, nearly a dozen ledges on the claims, carrying from an ounce to over a hundred thousand dollars per ton in free gold, and besides this, there are rich deposits of galena and telluride on the claims, as indicated by the following certificate given by Mr. J. McLellan, assayer, of Poplar and Trout Lake City, after testing the ore:

	Gold, ozs. per ton.	Value.	Silver, ozs. per ton.	Value.	Total value per ton.
Galena, etc.	24.02	\$480.40	90.70	\$50.79	\$531.19

Telluride ore from the Lucky Jack and Swede groups, assayed by Mr. McKillop, assayer of Nelson, gave returns of from \$1,700 to \$6,540.

STATEMENTS ACCURATE.

The promoters of this company are men well known in Western Canada, and occupying such positions that they cannot afford to connect their names with any other than legitimate mining ventures.

Every statement in this prospectus is made advisedly, with a full knowledge of their responsibility as directors. The promoters have engaged in active and legitimate mining for many years. They are not here today and gone tomorrow. They expect to stay with mining, and assist in making British Columbia what she is destined to be—one of the greatest mining countries of the world.

In the expectation of making the Great Northern one of the strongest mining companies on the continent, they have thrown all their gold properties into this consolidation. Not a single claim or interest has been held back.

The expense of operating and management will be comparatively small, especially as the same economical methods will prevail which have characterized the promoters of the Ophir-Lade and Nettie L., and which have enabled them to achieve signal success in the past.

STRICTLY LIMITED.

The company will, under no consideration, sell more than one hundred thousand shares, and the proceeds will be used strictly for development purposes and paying for plant and machinery.

The shares are of the par value of one dollar, and are offered for a limited time only at that figure. They are fully paid, non-assessable and carry no further liability whatever.

The directors reserve the right to allot shares according to priority of application, or in the event of the shares being over-subscribed, to allot them pro rata.

APPLICATIONS FOR SHARES.

Applications for shares, accompanied by payment in full, should be made to the Imperial Bank of Canada, or the secretary of the company, Ferguson, B. C.

FERGUSON, B. C., September 21, 1903.

Poplar Creek Immensely Rich.

Words Fail to Give an Idea of the Great Riches of the New Discovery is Opinion of Mr. Beatty.

(From the Vancouver Daily Ledger, August 15th, 1903.)

"By any newspaper description it would be hard to exaggerate the gold discovery on Poplar creek. If I described to the press what I saw, a sufficiently glowing account could not be written to convey an idea of the marvellous showing of the Lucky Jack and the great richness of the surrounding country."

This statement was made by T. J. Beatty, the well known mining man of Vancouver. Mr. Beatty has been working in the Lardeau, crown granting claims about thirty miles away from the find. He had heard about the discovery, but thought little about it until Mr. Pool, the purchaser of the Lucky Jack, happened to be in the vicinity, with the secretary of the company organized to work the wonderful mine. These men showed him chunks of quartz as big as a man's fist, fully half gold. This settled him and he made a quick trip to the mines. But he was too late. The miners had already stampeeded from every direction, small settlements being deserted, and a town of tents had sprung up around the creek.

Everything in sight had been taken up, and those who want claims now in the district will have to buy them, unless they discover new ledges in unprospected sections.

"The last I saw of Pool, the man who bought the Lucky Jack, for \$200,000, money made right in the district, for he only recently sold the Nettie L. for a large sum, he was heading for the Canadian Territories with his grip full of nuggets to sell stock," Mr. Beatty said.

The quickest way to get to the big strike is to go to Arrowhead on the C. P. R., take the boat to Beaton, stage to Trout Lake, boat to Gerrard, train to Poplar Creek. The traveller can walk to the Lucky Jack from the train in six minutes. You can hit the Lucky Jack with a stone from the wagon road. It seems incredible to a casual observer how it is possible that the rich claim could have been undiscovered so long, lying as it does practically beside the railroad track.

This is explained by the fact that the fire burnt the moss off the rock last fall, and left the big bluff clean. All the country rock through that belt is a dioritic schist, and the exact location of the Lucky Jack is no exception to the rule.

The Lucky Jack can be seen from the road, not a hundred yards distant, the vein showing a great white

streak of quartz cutting the grey, stone perpendicularly for over three hundred feet, and from three to four feet in width. A closer inspection of the claim is very interesting. Notices were posted in every direction, warning people to keep away from the ledge, while Messrs. Morgan and O'Connor, two of the owners of the Lucky Jack, and Secretary Holden, of the new company, were mounted on guard at the ledge with loaded rifles.

Mr. Beatty examined the ledge up the face of the bluff. No one, however, was allowed to go further back, although the owner stated that the surface behind was much richer than on the face of the bluff.

"I saw at the base of the bluff," Mr. Beatty said, "chunks of quartz that were broken off the ledge, some of them two and three feet across, and gold sticking out of them on all sides which could be seen a rod away. These boulders are very numerous, being piled up in a basin at the foot of the bluff. The same conditions prevailed in the ledge itself, the white quartz being several where the gold is sticking out, in sizes from a ten cent piece to that of fifty cents."

"In running the fingers across the nuggets jutting from the rocks they felt quite sharp and were very well defined. It is certainly the richest gold quartz that I have ever seen. I have, of course, seen pockets that were very rich, but this is not a pocket. According to Mr. Pool, one of the owners, he considers that when he first looked at the mine, sizing up the proposition with a view to purchase, that there was certainly a million dollars staring him in the face. I think that the chances are there are three or four million dollars right above ground to stoop."

"Yet this is only one of the marvellously rich ledges, for when I was there I got several well authenticated statements that there were other properties just around the same vicinity even richer than the Lucky Jack, some of them carrying even as much as five ounces of platinum. A lot of these properties are owned by Swedes. As the country is largely populated with people of this nationality, they were the first on the spot and did most of the locating. In some instances the Swedes, as soon as they uncovered the ledge, cover it up again with earth to keep it hidden from view."

"The claims now extend a distance of twenty-five miles, and over six miles wide through heavy timber. They extend from Tender Foot creek

away down to below the second crossing of the Lardeau. The recorder at Trout Lake states that he had recorded forty claims on Monday last, and that he had recorded on an average forty a day from a date shortly after the Lucky Jack was located on the 9th of July by Messrs. Hamilton, O'Connor and Morgan."

"The three locators of the Lucky Jack got one thousand dollars each on the first deposit, and will get \$42,000 in sixty days from the first of August, and the balance of \$200,000 later on, mostly taken in stock, as the locators thought the mine was too valuable to sell for cash. Hamilton is quiet a young man and has been in Revelstoke since he was a boy. Hamilton and a son of one of the original owners first located the big bluff."

Mr. Morgan, senior, and Mr. O'Connor had located smaller rings behind the big bluff, and Mr. Hamilton and the younger Morgan left the camp where they were all located, in a listless sort of way, more for a walk than anything else, while the rest of the party went in a different direction. Hamilton and the younger Morgan had not walked along the trail but a few feet from the camp before they stumbled on the big bluff, speckled with gold, the story of which has been circulated throughout the civilized world, and which has been declared by experts from Mexico, Australia and Western United States as the richest showings of any place in the world."

"The country does not seem to be confined to gold alone. Towards the head of Poplar and Rapid creeks a Swede has uncovered a ledge of high grade silver and gold. At Rapid creek I visited the Broken Hill claim, also the Rogers and Smith groups. I picked up pieces of quartz in the claims from the surface with nuggets in them. These claims are about three miles from the Lucky Jack in a straight line west, the showing here being also very rich with the same formation. Rogers and Smith have gold in a tunnel at the depth of 125 feet. The same nature of nuggety quartz is on the Lucky Jack, and gold can be panned from the quartz on all the big leads."

"These rich finds are all in the same belt as the well known mines Nettie L. and Silver Chip and Camboorne. The first two of these mines are putting on this year about \$300,000 worth of work in the shape of concentrators, saw mills, aerial tramways, and camp equipments, and are making preparations for one of the most permanent camps in British Columbia. In both of these mines the gold values are coming in with depth, so that they think they will turn to gold mines instead of silver mines."

"Among other companies which are actively engaged in developing the country are the Truine, Monagan, the Lucky Boy, Ruffled Grouse, and several others. The stories of the press regarding the fabulous wealth of the new find have not in the least been exaggerated in this instance and the richest mine of them all was stumbled on by a boy by the merest chance."

Where Gold Glitters

The Marvellous Richness of Poplar Creek Ledge.

(From the Rossland Miner, September 13, 1903.)

Frank Holten, the well known mining man and chief representative of W. B. Pool, the "King of the Lardeau," is in the city. Mr. Holten comes direct from the Poplar creek gold fields, and is in Rossland arranging certain plans with Mr. Pool for the immediate development of the now famous Lucky Jack group on an extensive scale.

The Rich Lucky Jack.

The Lucky Jack mines are located on the south side of Poplar creek near its confluence with the Lardeau river. The group contains three full claims and a fraction, covering a compact area of something like 170 acres. The Lucky Jack is situated in the very heart of the Poplar creek camp, and is generally admitted by those competent to judge to have the most phenomenal showings of free gold quartz ever discovered in Western America. The richness of the ore is something fabulous. It is so thickly impregnated with coarse gold that there is no difficulty in selecting from the several ledges specimens that contain more precious metal than quartz. Owing to the topography and general physical character of the country, the veins are exposed to view in a remarkable way. From natural causes much of the rock in the vicinity of the large ledges has been broken away, together with the vein filling, thus disintegrating large quantities of high grade ore all ready for treatment.

Early History.

To a representative of the Miner Mr. Holten was induced to give an approximate idea of how matters stand in the new gold fields at the present time.

"It is difficult," he said, "to give a description of the richness of Poplar creek without arousing the scepticism of those who have not been on the ground. I have mined all over the west and until I went to Poplar creek would not have believed that it was possible to find a district of such widespread and genuine richness as unquestionably occurs in these new discoveries. It is all the more surprising from the fact that the surrounding country has been fairly well prospected. At the mouth of Poplar creek and along the lower Lardeau there are evidences of extensive placer operations. It is generally supposed that this was a profitable field for placer miners in the early sixties and following the rushes to the Fraser river and the Wild Horse. But in those days prospectors do not appear to have thought of lode mining as they do today, and consequently did not trouble themselves about the real source of the amiferous alluvial deposits which they worked at that time. It was the same with the prospectors who overran the district in the latter part of the nineties. The Lardeau had gained fame as a silver lead district only. No one thought of prospecting particularly for gold veins. For that reason they confined their explorations strictly to the argentiferous belt, avoiding the formation in the neighborhood of Poplar because it presented a more or less forbidding appearance as a field for silver or lead."

"It was not until quite recently that a few adventurous spirits casually entered the new field. The finds of Messrs. Morgan and O'Connor started things. Then prospectors began to flock in from neighboring Lardeau districts, from Kootenay lake points, and from the Slokan. A little over a month ago three old timers named Morgan, Hamilton and O'Connor stumbled across the big vein on the Lucky Jack. They were only alive to the possibilities of the district because they had seen the remarkable showings on other discoveries in the neighborhood. When, however, they saw the Lucky Jack outcrop they were simply transfixed with amazement. The ore was alive with free gold. They lost no time in tracing up the showing. At every point along the lead-for-over-600 feet they found evidences of richness at every blow of the pick. There was an uniformity of showing, sometimes excellent, the showing at the original discovery."

Closed the Deal.

"I arrived in camp a few days after the discovery, and was taken to see the findings after a hasty examination may be better imagined than described. I could scarcely believe my senses. Never before had I seen quartz of such quality and in such profusion. To use a common prospecting term, the property was 'lousy' with gold. My one idea was to hold the fort until I could communicate with my principal. Mr. Pool. I asked for 48 hours' grace and the locators agreed. Mr. Pool was at Camboorne. I found him and had him there within the time limit. He made a cursory examination and, after a brief period of negotiations with the owners, quietly set down under a cedar tree and wrote out a check which gained him absolute control of the property."

"We shall have a mill on the ground as fast as circumstances will permit. Two months after the plant is in operation I conservatively estimate that we shall have panned out something like a quarter of a million dollars' worth of gold. Of course we shall thoroughly equip the mine with every mining requisite. We have an abundance of water for the mill and electricity. There is already enough ore available to run the mill for a considerable period. Long before it is exhausted we shall have ample storing ground ready. The plans for development embrace a system of tunnels running in on the main vein, which strikes up and down the mountain side. For this reason alone there can be no question as to the permanency of the ore. There are

nine other leads on the property. Some are parallel to the main vein, while others occur at right angles to it. Each and all the veins show free gold to the naked eye."

People Flocking In.

Mr. Holten says there are from 1000 to 1500 people in the Poplar creek district. The country is being explored from Trout lake to Kootenay lake, and rich strikes are being made daily. The most feverish excitement prevails. A number of people are in the district trying to make deals with the prospectors, but most of them have limited backing. Mr. Pool was the first man of means to get on the ground.

A New Town.

A town will be started at the mouth of Poplar creek and on the flat portion of the Lucky Jack group. It will probably bear the name of Poolsburg. Mr. Holten says it is admirably situated for townsite purposes, being directly on the railway which runs to Trout Lake, and in the heart of the new gold fields.

Mr. Holten returns to Poplar tomorrow to rush work on the buildings that are being erected at the Lucky Jack.

More Gold on Poplar Creek

Just Returned Traveller Pictures Immense Wealth of the Camp.

(Victoria Colonist, Sept. 15, 1903.)

From Our Own Correspondent.

Vancouver, Sept. 14.—"Gold in nuggets and chunks and strings and hollows in the rock hemmed with gold. Gold far in the crevices where it could not be seen, but could be felt at arm's length. Gold lying on the ground and guarded with rifles. One prospector is in jail, another panning all day, and never looking up except for his meals. Gold galore. Gold to dream of and wonder at; great fortunes plattered on the rocks for the world to look at. I never hoped to see so much gold and now I have seen the richest surface showing in the world. Nothing more in the yellow gold line will ever surprise me." This, in effect, is the way Mr. F. G. T. Lucas expressed himself on his return last night from the Poplar creek country.

Mr. Lucas says that the C. P. R. track passes within 100 feet of the richest showing, and the white quartz can be seen from the railway, where it juts out three or four feet from the country rock. This is the Lucky Jack claim. Though much has been written of the claim, not the half has been told. In fact all the stories told in the camp of a sensational nature would fill a fat volume, but they would partake too much of the color of the metal found there that they would not be credited. Messrs. Morgan, O'Connor and Orange Hamilton, who staked the claim, are now driving a tunnel 200 feet at the base of the bluff. Half way up the bluff is a crevice as deep as a man can reach his arm in, and on both sides of that crevice to the end gold nuggets can be felt with the naked fingers. When Orange Hamilton got his share of the \$40,000 and he was the man who actually staked the property, he got on a wild bender, and kept it up so long that he is now in jail for safe keeping."

A man named Buffalo located the Lucky Jack two years ago, but did his assessment work above the bluff. He never recorded his work and his claim became forfeited. When he heard of his ill luck he went to the second crossing and located a claim on Cascade creek, which it is said is as rich as the Lucky Jack."

There he sits panning gold all day, spending but a few moments in his meals and heaping up a great fortune. But men war their heads and say that Buffalo's mind runs too much on gold. The specimens shown to favored strangers by the Lucky Jack proprietors stagger a man who has never seen such native gold. The first one rolled out is a big block of quartz weighing about 400 pounds. This chunk is in the shape of an immense plum pudding and the nuggets of gold which are literally speckled all over the rock resemble, in comparative size if not in color, the plums in the plum pudding. The next specimen is probably one of the most unique in the world. It is irregular in shape and is in three detached pieces, which are held together by strings of gold, and when one piece is held in the fingers the others tremble and sway from side to side on the golden tendrils which bind them. Needless to say this specimen is preserved just as it was taken from the Lucky Jack bluff. A trunk is then pulled out, an ordinary travelling trunk, and presto, the lid is thrown open, disclosing a heap of nuggets and chunks of rock and half quartz and half gold, the glittering pile nearly filling the trunk. The last and possibly the best specimen of the lot is brought to light from an "old Chum" tobacco pouch. It is a chunk of quartz as big as a man's fist, and over this quartz, extending half way around are two wide bands of solid gold. There were many other specimens stolen by visitors. As much as \$1,000 being taken away in two weeks. That was before a guard of men with rifles were stationed at the mine. There was on depression in the rock which was rimmed with gold, a yellow halo. This gold was knocked off and carried away."

Three Swedes, who originally held the Lucky Jack and abandoned it, staked a claim over the bluff, which has proved to be fabulously rich, and from surface showings, Messrs. Pool and Young of Calgary, who have an option on the Lucky Jack, have also secured an option on the Swedes' claim for \$50,000 cash. J. G. Devlin, better known as the "Gunner from Galway," has staked a fraction outside the Lucky Jack claim, and three stakes are driven close together. That of Hamilton, that of Hanna and Goth, and that of the "Gunner of Galway." Pat

Perkins located a lead ten feet from the railroad track, showing the same nugget quartz as the Lucky Jack, but this lead is undoubtedly on the Lucky Jack claim.

The ground in the camp seems to be impregnated with the yellow metal, for the crib work below the bridge over Poplar creek is packed with rock which runs extremely rich in free gold. On the other side of the creek from where the Lucky Jack is located, Marquis and Gilbert have been working for four years and they have recently struck it very rich, claiming to have located the mother lode from which the Lucky Jack is an offshoot. This lode is of decomposed quartz, and a ton of it on the dump is said to contain \$4,000 in gold, while an offshoot from this lode contains the same kind of quartz and just as rich as the Lucky Jack quartz."

Owing to the fact that the strikes were made late in the season there has been no stampede to the camp and there are not a great many miners there at present. But those that are there are intensely in earnest, and as an indication of that earnestness, Mr. Lucas says that he saw one man working close to the track on a rocky bluff where the train passed. The train rushed by but a few feet over his head but he did not look up or stop driving his drill for one second as the train thundered by. He was anticipating every moment to see a fortune burst upon his view and not even the mighty thunder and close proximity of a railway train could disturb the intense concentration of his thoughts upon his fascinating work in the spring there will be a stampede to Poplar creek and the world will yet hear more of the fairytale land, in the lap of civilization, a land gilded with gold."

More About the Lucky Jack.

(From the Winnipeg Tribune.)

"Yes, the Lucky Jack gold deposits are probably the richest of any ever found in America," said R. W. Warner, of Vancouver, who is stopping at the Vendome.

"Newspapers have given vivid descriptions of the wealth of gold ore recently discovered in the Poplar creek country, but the half has not been told. I have a brother who has lived within 40 miles of the Lucky Jack for nearly a year, and the contents of some of the letters which I have received from him are almost beyond belief."

"People who have taken up claims there, as well as those who did own land in the vicinity," he continued, "are trying to keep the outside world ignorant of the true state of affairs. (Great as has been their precaution, people have flocked to the scene in such numbers that it is now almost impossible to procure a foot of land in the whole district."

To make his assertions more complete, Mr. Warner produced a letter which he had received from his brother last Friday.

The part of the letter which pertained to the wonderful discovery, ran as follows:

"Excitement around Lucky Jack and all along Poplar creek is at a fearful pitch. People who couldn't tell gold ore if they saw it, are running about the country with a pick axe on their shoulder and a frying pan slide to their belt. I think the good claims have all been spotted, so I am not losing any sleep. If a person wants to talk with a man who has made a find he must do so at a distance of a quarter of a mile, because rifles are as numerous here as men. Yet to date I have heard of no shooting. 'The paper you sent me contained a good account of the value of the ore found here, but I don't believe the writer knew of the amount of ore discovered. My opinion is that the ground for miles around is loaded with the yellow stuff.'"

A Permanent Camp.

(From the Vancouver Province, September 15, 1903.)

"The Poplar creek district is a permanent camp, and there will be a great rush of prospectors there next season," said a Vancouver business man who has just returned from the upper country.

"The find is not a pocket—the whole hill where the Lucky Jack was found seems to be a fine line of gold bearing ore, and indications are that other finds will be made before the season is out."

"One particular feature of the new fields is the ease with which they can be reached. It is three hours' run by steamer and rail to the find, and you can look right at the Lucky Jack claim from the railway track. The owners are making arrangements for putting in a stamp mill, and are building bunkhouses and making other improvements preparatory to permanent work. Very few people are allowed to see the workings. They have a tunnel in 60 feet at the edge of the hill, which is 200 feet high. All the way along this tunnel the showing is just as good as where the first discovery was made. The showing is also similar all the way up the hill, and on the Swedes' claim, which adjoins the Lucky Jack at the rear."

"The quartz is the richest that any one in the country has ever seen. They have one piece of quartz of about 300 pounds which is studded all over with bunches of gold clustered in stringers as large as walnuts. A new find of considerable importance has been made at the second crossing of the creek, two miles below the Jack. One of the finders of the original claim was a young fellow named Hamilton. He got a thousand dollars in cash for what he sold and then proceeded to try to create a liquor famine in the surrounding country. He is now being detained by friends in Revelstoke."