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THE REVELSTOKE HERALD

AND

RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Legislative Assembly
NOV 5 - 1904
VICTORIA, B. C.

Vol XV: NO. 19 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1904 $2 00 a Year in Advance

C. B. HUME & CO., Limited

DEPARTMENT STORE

CLOTH SKIRTS

A new line of Cloth Skirts—these are the only Black Cloth Skirt, self-trimmed, well tailored and perfect fitters. Would be cheap at $8.00. Our Price is **$5.00**

A Heavy Grey Homespun all-wool, nicely made,—a splendd winter skirt—the price ought to be $6.00 Our price is **$4.50**

These lines are in great demand and this is a skirt seldom seen in the west. We have made a reduction in the price and we await your inspection.

COLORED SILKS

For Fancy Work we have a line of 20 inch China Silk in 20 different colors and selling at 20c. Just the identical article you ladies are looking for. We have it in all colors of the rainbow.

SILK WAISTS

A beautiful line of Silk Waists in Cream, Black, Pink, Blue, Tuscan, etc., nice for evening wear. The price is **$4.25 to $6.50**

FRIDAY SNAPS

32 inch Flannelette, all colors. Regular Price 15c. FRIDAY'S PRICE—8c.

Turkish Toweling, in colors, very heavy, good for Roller Towels. Regular Price 25c. FRIDAY'S PRICE—6 for $1.00

Women's Heavy Ribbed Hose, all wool, a regular 40c. stocking. Friday 4 pairs for $1.00 or per pair 25c.

Grocery Department

Our Grocery Department was never in a better condition to meet your requirements. For years we have made a study of this part of the business and have been reaching out for the ne west and freshest goods we could. We have a full stock of the regular lines as well as all the new grades of Fancy Groceries and deltcacies. We employ a man especially to collect orders. All you have to do is to send us word and he will call on you regularly.

C. B. HUME & CO, Limited

Department Store.

REVELSTOKE PIONEER GONE

Mr William Kirkup Dies Suddenly at the Oriental Hotel Tuesday Evening from Heart Failure

Yesterday at noon the startling news was given out that Wm. Kirkup was found dead in his bed at the Oriental hotel, having apparently been dead some 10 hours before it was known to Mr. A. Stone, or the employees of the hotel. Tuesday evening Mr. Kirkup retired to his room early apparently to rest, and without taking off his clothes he laid down on the bed and expired without a moments' notice. The proprietor of the hotel noticed that Mr. Kirkup did not come down to breakfast and went up to his room, finding deceased in bed and lying in a natural position, and supposing him to be asleep, did not then try to arrouse him, but went up again about midday and was horrified to find that Mr. Kirkup was dead. Mr. Stone notified the authorities at once and on arrival of the doctor the body was examined and it was learned that death had taken place some hours previously.

The late Wm. Kirkup was an old timer in this district, coming to Revelstoke first in the year 1885 and has more or less identified with mining interests in this district and particularly in the Big Bend as a placer miner up to the time of his death.

Mr. Kirkup's belief in the great riches of the placer grounds in the Big Bend district never wavered, and that district had no better friend than "Bill" Kirkup. To the old timers of this district the news of his death will be received with genuine regret. He was big hearted and his hand was always open to help the needy, and no one ever appealed to "Bill" for assistance and was refused. The HERALD sincerely regrets to announce the news of his death, and joins with the many friends here in extending sympathy to his relatives in the hour of their sad bereavement.

TICKET OF LEAVE MAN

Grand Amateur Production by the Revelstoke Dramatic Club Nov. 9th — Splendid Scenery, Special Music and Dance.

Patrons of the drama should not fail to see the production of the "Ticket of Leave Man" by the Dramatic Club on Wednesday evening next, Nov. 9th, in the Opera House. This is one of the most successful four-act dramas that has been produced of late years. Special scenery is being painted by Mr. T. H. Dunne which is exceptionally good, one representing Bellevue Tea Gardens in London, and another The Churchyard of St. Nicholas, being works of art. Great care has been exercised in the distributing the different roles, and as will be seen from the cast this will without doubt be the best production of the season and no expense is being spared to make it so. Robert Brierly, the hero, will be interpreted by J. W. Chilton, who created such a good impression in the last production given by the club. As Hawkshaw, the detective, E. Sturdy has a good part and should not fail to make good. Mr. Gibson, the kind-hearted banker, will be cleverly portrayed by D. M. Rae. Sam Willoughby, a fresh young city chap, and Maltby, the proprietor of the Bellevue Tea Gardens, will no doubt find clever exponents in C. D. Palmer and A. Crosby, who will make their first appearance in this play. James Dalton, alias Downey, alias the Tiger, will be handled by W. Henry, and gives him three distinct types of persons to play and is one of the most difficult roles in the "Ticket of Leave Man." As Melter Moss, the plotting Hebrew and Dalton's pal, W. A. Chambers will no doubt give a good account of himself. The comedy element will be handled by Mrs. T. H. Dunne as Emily St. Evremond, and T. Hudson as Green Jones, which goes without saying that this branch of the performance will be well attended to. Miss Mae Corley as May Edwards, the heroine, has a part which is well adapted to this talented young lady's style. As the talkative Mrs. Willoughby a better person to fill the part than Mrs. C. J. Wilkes it would be a difficult task to find, it being a splendid part.

Special arrangements have been made for music to be furnished by an orchestra of five pieces. At the conclusion of the performance dancing will be indulged in, and all attending the play are invited to remain.

The management respectfully request the public to be on hand in good time as the play is a long one and will be followed by a dance, for these reasons the curtain will rise promptly at 8:15 and those who fail to see the garden scene in the opening of the first act will miss one of the best parts of the performance.

Postponed

The Beggar Prince Opera Company will not play as advertised at the opera house to-night. No. 1 is late and the company cannot get here in time.

WAGE EARNERS ASK JUSTICE

Twenty Thousand Workingmen of Montreal Appeal for Protection—Tidal Wave in Favor of Conservatives in Quebec.

MONTREAL, Oct. 31.—The workingmen of Montreal to the number of upwards of 20,000 are out with a manifesto in favor of all Conservative candidates. The manifesto reads as follows:

"Montreal, Oct. 31, 1904.

"To Brother Workingmen:

"Having taken cognizance of written assurances of the most binding character signed by Mr. Campbell Lane, Conservative candidate for parliament in St. Lawrence division; by Mr. H. B. Ames, Conservative candidate in St. Anthony division; by Mr. A. T. Marechal, Conservative candidate in St. Mary's division; by Mr. F. D. Monk, Conservative candidate in Jacques Cartier division; by Mr. M. J. Morrison, Conservative candidate in St. Anne's division; by Mr. J. T. Cardinal, Conservative candidate in St. James' division, and Mr. S. D. Vallieres, Conservative candidate in Maisonneuve, indicating that the Conservative party will be a straight protectionist party, and furthermore, having taken cognizance of written pledges deposited with Mr. H. Laporte, mayor of Montreal, said pledges to be placed in the hands of Mr. John A. Flett, of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, of Hamilton, Ontario, and Mayor Laporte as permanent custodians, and said pledges to be retained by them as the property of the workingmen of Canada, these pledges, which are of the most unequivocal nature, bind the candidates to work for in parliament until actually successful, such measures as will secure for the workingmen opportunity to bring about the political change that will enable them to share in the benefits of a policy of adequate protection for Canadian industries and Canadian labor."

There is a tidal wave setting in which promises to carry the workingmen by tens of thousands to the support of the Conservative candidates. Mr. Tarte says no man could have forseen the changes of feeling and the effect it will have in Quebec.

It is this outlook that supports the view that the Conservative party is coming to power.

ELECTION RETURNS

The Conservatives have the wire into their Committee rooms in Selkirk Hall. All are invited to come and hear the returns hot from the wires

THE FAMOUS UNION JACK

Bonded to a Minnesota Syndicate for $100,000—Thompson, Kirkpatrick and Carter the Lucky Owners

The Trout Lake Topic announces in its last issue an important mining deal at Ferguson. Messrs. Forbes and Morton of Minnesota are the purchasers of the famous Union Jack group on the North Fork. This property is owned by Lew Thompson, Joe Kirkpatrick and others, and the bond calls for the payment of $100,000. Upon the Union Jack the owners have done a great deal of hard work, and for over three years have been pounding away with an abiding faith in their ground. The HERALD is pleased to chronicle this news and extends congratulations to Lew Thompson, Joe Kirkpatrick and the others on their good fortune.

La Mascotte.

A tuneful little comic opera, full of catchy airs, entertaining situations, and comical characters is "La Mascotte" which will be rendered here on Saturday, Nov. 3rd, by the Beggar Prince Opera Company, under the management of W. Cranston.

Miss Irene Palmer, as "Betina," the "Mascotte," is an alluring little woman. She is a graceful contribution to the company. Miss Gertrude Hutchenson is a charming "Princess" and F. A. Wade and Jack Spaulding, comedians, the best. F. W. Walters, the tenor, as the "Shepherd Boy," and G. Byron Bronti, the baritone, as "Matteo," are some of the others in the large cast who are features of the opera.

The costumes are gorgeous and the staging in keeping with the excellent company. The personnel includes many well known men and women who have contributed to the success of comic opera in the largest cities of the continent.

CONSERVATIVES ORGANIZE

List of Officers—Plans for a Successful Campaign in the Kootenay Bye-Election Arranged.

An enthusiastic meeting of Conservatives was held in the club rooms, Selkirk Hall, on Thursday night when officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Hon. Pres.—Hon. R. L. Borden.
Hon. Vice-Presidents—Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, Thos. Taylor, M.P.P.
President—Chas. F. Lindmark.
1st Vice-Pres.—G. S. McCarter.
2nd Vice-Pres.—Chas. Holten.
Sec.-Treas.—W. W. Foster.

Executive Committee—E. M. Allum, E. Adair, H. Buckley, W. M. Brown, F. Corson, Thos. Downs, W. A. Foote, C. M. Field, R. Gordon, P. Hooley, W. Hornell, A. Johnson, B. A. Lawson, A. J. McDonell, J. McLeod, W. Newman, J. A. Ringer, J. M. Scott, R. Tapping, W. G. Sutherland, T. Wadman, F. Young.

Campaign Secretary in charge of committee rooms and hall—R. Rogers.

After the election of officers the executive held a meeting when all matters pertaining to the approaching bye-election in this constituency were taken up and discussed. There is a determination throughout the riding to elect Mr. Mackintosh, the Conservative standard bearer, no matter what the general results in the Dominion may be.

All Conservatives and friends opposed to the present government and in favor of government-owned railway are requested to visit the Conservative committee rooms, Selkirk Hall, and assist in the fight in this riding.

C P R Engineer Killed

Engineer J. Dauphin was killed and Fireman Loyd slightly hurt, in a wreck Saturday, two miles west of Canmore. A light engine with a caboose going east, ran into a burning bridge and turned over. The structure was composed of four spans ten feet high, covering a dry chasm, where a cloud burst at one time washed out a piece of track.

The origin of the fire has not been established. Engineer Dauphin got clear of his engine, but lived only a few minutes after being found. He was a resident of Calgary and a popular railroad man.—Calgary Herald.

Monday Night's Fire.

On Monday night about 8 o'clock fire destroyed the dwelling and entire household effects of Mrs. T. Skinner and daughter, leaving them practically destitute. In a comparatively short time after the discovery of the fire the house was in ruins. No. 1 fire brigade did good work but were unable to save the proderty owing to the fact that the fire had gained too great headway before being discovered.

A Social Evening

The second monthly entertainment of the Rathbone Sisters and the Knights of Pythias took place last night, there being over 100 in attendance. The feature of the evening was a guessing contest of quotations placed around the hall. Those present were given one hour to make their guesses, tasty cards with pencils being provided for this purpose, the result being, 1st. ladies' prize, paper knife, Miss R. Valentine, 2nd. prize, a smoking set, being won by Mr. H. Burrell, booby prize, match scratcher, won by R. N. Doyle. Refreshments were then served and after dancing for an hour, a very pleasant evening was brought to a close.

We congratulate the Rathbone Sisters and the Knights of Pythias upon the completeness of their organizations and as social entertainers. They certainly maintain the prestige held by this order.

Mr. Mackintosh's Meetings.

Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, Conservative candidate in Kootenay, will address the electors at the following places on the following dates:

Kasló	Thursday Nov.	3rd
Moyie	Friday, "	4th
Marysville	Saturday "	5th
Cranbrook	Sunday "	6th
Kimberley	Monday "	7th
Morrissey	Tuesday "	8th
Fernie	Wednesday "	9th
Michel	Thursday "	10th
Fort Steele	Friday "	11th
Along Columbia to Golden	Saturday, Nov. Tuesday "	12th 15th
Revelstoke	Wednesday "	16th
Arrowhead	Thursday "	17th

In addition to the above, public meetings will be held at different points throughout the Riding, to be addressed by different speakers.

School Attendance for October.

	No. on Roll	Per Cent.	Present every Session
High School	23	93.78	14
Division I.	34	95.44	22
Division II.	39	83.51	19
Division III.	44	87.93	27
Division IV.	37	91.89	15
Division V.	42	90.23	19
Division VI.	51	90.64	23
Division VII.	63	89.71	24
	333	90.39	163

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 LEADING STORE

HEAQUARTERS 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.

SHIRTS !! SHIRTS !!

Just opened up Thirty Dozen Shirts, all sizes, a nice variety of patterns and makes. Drop in and look them over. Our Prices on these Shirts range within the reach of all buyers. If you need anything in this line we can suit you.

BOYS' CLOTHING

We have three lines in Boys' Clothing we want to draw your attention to, viz., Boys' Reefers, Overcoats and Suits, made up in the fashionable centres of the east and sent to us direct.

RUBBERS

We have them in the light and heavy makes—and selling them almost as cheap in Our Store as in the Eastern cities.

Macdonald & Monteith

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS

FIRST STREET.

"The Ticket of Leave Man"

OPERA HOUSE NOV. 9th

Fashion ....Talk

THE NEWEST COATS.

In the matter of coats, it is already pretty evident that a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream for whereas we have been accustomed to see none but the shortest and loosest of coats now for many seasons past, we shall be required in the immediate future to transfer our affections to coats that are moulded closely to the figure both back and front, and that measure, a long three-quarter length. Many very smart traveling gowns have been made already with these long coats, while one of the most striking frocks included in the trousseau of a recent bride was made entirely in white broderie anglaise, with a plain skirt finished at the hem, with a narrow flounce of broderie, and a tight-fitting coat of the same material, in a three-quarter length, with long revers and gauntlet cuffs of white Irish poplin, covered with Irish crochet lace.

Another long coat of the same description was made to wear with a very chic gown in dark brown taffetas mousseline shot with heather purple. The skirt of this gown was trimmed near the hem with three gathered bouillonnes of the same silk. The coat was made with long basques, fitting smoothly round the figure below the waist, but having the bodice part closely gathered down the centre of the front, and fastened there with dull gold buttons. The sleeves of this coat were also noteworthy, as they were made in the old leg of mutton shape, and arranged with a considerable amount of fullness between the shoulder and the elbow, while from the elbow to the wrist, they were wrinkled lightly round the arm, in a quaint but very becoming fashion.

In the case of the cloth coats for wearing with tailor gowns, the sleeves will be smaller, and of a much more simple form—a fact which argues that, of necessity, the sleeves of the bodices will also be considerably less voluminous as time goes on. With these longer coats, many of which will be made with full basques, smaller sleeves will be a foregone conclusion, if any kind of graceful proportion is to be preserved to the figure.

MODES FOR AUTUMN.

Jealously guarded as the secrets of the coming fashions always are, certain lines have been already laid down for the immediate future, by the great ecuturies in London and in Paris, and it is scarcely likely that any great deviations will be made from these during the next few months. Walking skirts will remain short and very full, and there are those even among the oracles who hint at a lining of buckram in the hem at first, to be succeeded afterwards by whalebone, with possibly steel, as a last resource. Between a steel-stiffened skirt and a crinoline there is little more than a verbal difference, although one can but hope that if we are to have crinoline at all, it will remain in a modified form unsuspected by the majority, and so cleverely insinuated that its existence will be rather hinted at than emphatically expressed.

Full skirts will be worn also in the case of those gowns that are intended for smart occasions, although the pleats and gathers will be more simply arranged than has hitherto been the case, while the flounces and frills will be fewer in number than they have been lately. In many cases, where soft fabrics like crepe de chine and colours mousseline are being used the skirts will be allowed to fall in long, straight folds from waist to feet, the bodices being also very simply but picturesquely arranged with full folds coming from the shoulders and crossing in front, under a deep waist-belt of soft silk or satin ribbon.

A large collar of the very fine Irish crochet lace or Venetian guipure will be worn with a bodice of this kind, while the full sleeves, drooping off the shoulders, will be drawn into Vandyke cuffs of lace to correspond. The tendency of all the newsest bodices will be toward fitting closely to the figure, many of them being arranged with long points in front, draped slightly as they reach the region of the waist so that they give the effect of a belt, and worn, of course, outside the skirt. For tailor gowns and coats plain smooth materials will be worn, some of the newest bodices being made to fasten like a riding habit, straight down the centre of the front.

JUST WHAT HE'D LIKE.

Sarcastic Father—"Julia, that young man Smily has been here three nights in succession, and it has been nearly midnight when he left. Hadn't you better invite him to bring his trunk and make his home with us?"

Innocent Daughter—"Oh, papa! may I? It is just what he wanted, but he was too bashful to ask you. He'll be delighted when I tell him this evening."

SCHOOL GARDENS.

It is said that no fewer than 7,769 school gardens exist in Austria, not including the sister kingdom of Hungary They are connected with both private and public schools, and are used for purposes of practical instruction in horticulture and tree-growing.

GENERAL HEALTH DAY.

The State of Utah has established a holiday in honor of germs. It is called General Health Day, and is the first Monday in October. On this day all theatres, churches, public halls, hotels, boarding-houses, and so forth, must be thoroughly disinfected.

IN MODERN DAYS.

THE WAYS OF DOING THINGS HAVE GREATLY CHANGED.

No Branch of Science Has Made Greater Advancement Than That of Medicine—Thousands of Lives Prolonged by Modern Discoveries.

"Few things have developed as rapidly during the past quarter of a century as the science of medicine," said a well known practitioner recently. "And undoubtedly the most striking phase in its progress is in the treatment of the blood. In the old days it was thought that opening a vein and letting the blood out was a cure for most diseases. The utter fallacy of that theory was discovered after a while. Then the symptoms of the disease were treated and the blood disregarded. That also has been shown to be a wrong practice, for, though driven away for a time, the symptoms always return if the cause is not removed, and the disease is worse than before. It is the root of the disease that must be attacked, and the most important developments of modern medical science has been in discovering that, in most diseases, this lies in the condition of blood. If the blood is thin and poor, the nerves and vital organs cannot receive their proper nourishment, the system becomes run down and in a condition to invite disease. Build up the blood, restore the worn-out nerves and you remove the cause. When the cause is gone the disease will vanish."

An instance of the truth of this is given by Miss A. M. Tuckey, Oxdrift, Ont., who says:—"I do not know what would have become of me had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was troubled with dizziness, headaches and general prostration. I tried several medicines but instead of getting better I was gradually but surely growing worse. I became so weak I could no longer work, and it was while in this condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using the pills for a few weeks I began to gain strength; my appetite returned, the headaches and dizziness vanished, and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done in my life. I cannot thank you enough for the good the pills have done me, and I hope they will long continue to help other sufferers."

Indigestion, neuralgia, heart trouble, anaemia, kidney and liver complaints, rheumatism, the functional ailments of women, and a host of other troubles are all a disease of the blood, and that is why they are always cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which actually make new, rich, red blood, thus reaching the root of the disease and driving it from the system. The great success of this medicine has induced some unscrupulous dealers to offer pink colored imitations. You can protect yourself against these by seeing that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or may be had direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

THE BOW AND BATTLEAXE

GREATER SLAUGHTER THAN WITH FIREARMS.

Comparison of Casualties Suggests That Gunpowder is a Beneficence.

The horror of war increases pari passu with the advance of civilization, and the value set upon life has arisen proportionately with our ability to appreciate its pleasures, its mutuality and associations, says The Pall Mall Gazette. Partly the sentimentalism of up-to-date journalism partly our own sensibility of nature, has disposed us to regard any battle losses over 1,000 as "terrible." But the strange truth is that as we go back in the history of war we shall notice an extraordinary increase in the propartion of losses to the numbers engaged, until we begin to realize that the longbow and clothyard shaft of our ancestors were much more deadly weapons than the modern magazine rifle, with its small bullet and high velocity.

Such facts would doubtless have confounded M. Bloch, whose favorite contention it was that, owing to the deadliness of modern weapons, war was rapidly becoming impossible. A closer study of history would have taught him that the discovery of gunpowder was in reality a beneficent invention, which has enabled an armed struggle to be decided without the former necessity for prolonged close-quarter fighting and the deadly weapons of the melee.

It cannot be charged that men are less courageous now-a-days when they are called upon to face much more terrifying instruments of warfare. But the fact remains that the Lee-Enfield the Mauser, quick-firing artillery and high explosive shells are productive of nothing like such slaughter as the long-bow, the battleax and the sword in the hands of our fighting ancestors.

SOME BATTLES COMPARED.

If we take battles like Colenso and Kinchau since the employment of magazine rifles and quick-firing artillery, and compare them with engagements such as Crecy, Poitiers or Agincourt, we cannot fail to be impressed with the astonishing discrepancy in the casualty lists. In Gen. Buller's attack on the Boers at the battle of Colenso, his men presented as fair a mark for the action of the modern firearm as our enemies could have desired. Yet, as a result of several hours' hot fighting, during which many brave deeds were done by officers and men, who recklessly exposed themselves to a storm of bullets and shell fire, our losses were not more than 1,100 men out of a force of 25,000 to 30,000, while those of the Boers were probably far less.

Compare such a casualty list with the slaughter at Agincourt in 1415, a battle which lasted for not much longer than three hours between an English force of 14,000 men under Henry V. and 50,000 French led by their Constable. It was the longbow and the clothyard shaft which broke the French army and was the most potent agent of destruction on that great day in our military annals. Over 10,000 French were slain outright, and two or three times that number were wounded.

With the result of this three hours' battle it is interesting to contrast the sixteen hours' struggle in Kinchau between the Russians and Japanese, where both sides were armed to the teeth with modern weapons and the position was taken after successive assaults in the face of an apparently murderous fire from heavy artillery and magazine rifles. At the end of this prolonged contest the losses of the victors, compelled to advance through the fire-swept zone in front of Nanshan, were no more than 4,000 men, of whom only 750 were killed, out of a total force of about 60,000.

How infinitely more terrible again was the work of the bow and the battleax at the battle of Crecy in 1436 when our Edward III. and his son, the Black Prince, routed the great army of Philip of France. The English army numbered 30,000 men, that of Philip 120,000. Again the longbow proved its terrible effectiveness. The French were utterly unable to sustain the heavy fire of its yard-long projectiles, against which armor was but an indifferent protection, and were routed with the loss of 1,200 knights, 1,400 esquires and 34,000 men, of whom no less than 30,000 were killed outright. The same casualty lists were noticeable at the battle of Poitiers, where 12,000 English defeated 60,000 French; and so terrible was the execution done by the English bowmen that 11,000 of their enemy were slain outright. Both Hastings and Bannockburn bear additional testimony to the formidable and deadly character of these old battles. At the former 30,000 men fell on both sides, while the latter resulted in total losses of 38,000 in both cases a heavy percentage of the combatants

LISTS MUCH SMALLER.

As we gradually approach our own time we shall find not only that the proportion of those actually slain in battle to the number of those who are wounded shows a sensible decrease, but the total casualty lists are almost invariably smaller. in proportion to the numbers engaged, in spite of the fact that the weapons of war are always described as growing more and more deadly.

In the campaign of Marlborough there was still much hand-to-hand fighting, for, although artillery had taken its place in the battlefield the infantry firearm was possessed of little range or accuracy. Accordingly, at Blenheim and Malplaquet two of the most bloody struggles of later times, although the slain show a decreasing ratio, the losses on both sides, out of a total of about 150,000 combatants, were, in the former engagement, 44,000 killed wounded and prisoners, while the cost of driving the French from a strong position at Malplaquet was 20,000 killed and wounded out of a force of 90,000.

Although in the larger armies of more modern times losses have reached in many instances a high figure, yet the percentage of slaughter, especially of killed to wounded combatants, has shown a remarkable decrease from the horrible figures of ancient battles and sieges, before the discovery of gun-powder and the increasing perfection of firearms as it may appear—began to diminish the butchery which invariably attended the encounter of armed battles in olden times.

The explanation is that fighting is now carried on at such a distance and in separate bodies of infinitely great manoeuvring that the least tactical advantage becomes instantly obvious, while the abandonment of armor and the ponderous weapons of the melee has endowed bodies of troops with superior mobility, both in advance and retreat.

In old days, when the effective range of the longbow was not more than 18 to 20 score yards, a battle could only be decided by armies coming to close quarters at an early stage of the combat. The consequence was they become so intermingled that they could with difficulty be separated, and, indeed, the victor was often quite unable to feel assured of success until he found no more of his opponents to slaughter. Moreover, it was much more difficult to make effective use of cover then than now, and the bowman of Agincourt was debarred from the use of his weapon in the prone position adopted by his successor, the rifleman of to-day.

CHANGE FOOD.

Some Very Fine Results Follow.

The wrong kind of food will put the body in such a diseased condition that no medicines will cure it. There is no way but to change food. A man in Mo. says:

"For 2 years I was troubled so with my nerves that sometimes I was prostrated and could hardly ever get in a full month at my work.

My stomach, back and head would throb so I could get no rest at night except by fits and starts, and always had distressing pains.

"I was quite certain the trouble came from my stomach, but two physicians could not help me and all the tonics failed and so finally I turned to food.

"When I had studied up on food and learned what might be expected from leaving off meat and the regular food I had been living on, I felt that a change to Grape-Nuts would be just what was required so I went to eating it.

"From the start I got stronger and better until I was well again and from that time I haven't used a bit of medicine for I haven't needed any.

"I am so much better in every way, sleep soundly now-a-days and am free from the bad dreams. Indeed this food has made such a great change in me that my wife and daughter have taken it up and we are never without Grape-Nuts on our table now-a-days It is a wonderful sustainer, and we frequently have nothing else at all but a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast or supper." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek Mich.

Good food and good rest. These are the tonics that succeed where all the bottled tonics and drugs fail. Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts will show one the road to health, strength and vigor. "There's a reason."

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

HEALTHY BABIES.

Healthy babies are always happy babies. If the stomach and bowels are kept right the little ones will be healthy and happy. Baby's Own Tablets are the best thing in the world to accomplish this purpose. The Tablets are the favorite prescription of a doctor who for years made the ailments of little ones a specialty. They are used in thousands of homes, bringing health to little ones and comfort to mothers. The Tablets reduce fever, break up colds, expel worms, check diarrhoea, cure constipation, promote indigestion, allay the irritation of teething and bring sound healthy sleep. Ask any mother who has used these tablets and she will tell you there is no other medicine so safe and effective. Good for the new born baby or the well grown child, and guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Medicine dealers everywhere sell the Tablets or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A certain restaurant has become famous for its high prices. At the entrance a man just leaving paid his bill, was recently overheard to ask the waiter, "I say—do you charge anything for going out?"

Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and kindred ailments, take wings before the healing qualities of *South American Nervine*. Thomas Hoskins, of Durham, Ont., took his preacher's advice, followed directions, and was cured permanently of the worst form of Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. He has recommended it to others with gratifying results. It's a great nerve builder.—12

"Hullo, uncle," exclaimed the nephew, as he warmly grasped the old man's hand. "Glad to see you looking so well. How is my dear aunt and all my charming little cousins—" "Here, my boy," interrupted the wise old gentleman, as he pulled out his purse, "how much do you want this time?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Teacher—I suppose you know, Harry, that in keeping you after school I punish myself as well as you? Harry—Yes, miss' that's why I don't mind it.

A Pleasant Duty—"When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas Murdock, of Hamburg, Pa. "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. 50 cts."—9

Mr. Hardup—"Look here! you've made a mistake with my washing. You sent home four ar five handkerchiefs that don't belong to me, and nothing else." Washerwoman—"They ain't handkerchiefs; that's your last shirt, sor."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Samkins—"It is impossible for us to see ourselves as other see us." Timkins—"Ever try to get into Parliament?"

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures windcolic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22—40

Toddy—"Papa, every now and then I see something in the papers about the 'ruling passion.' What is it?" Papa (after a cautious glance around)—"It's a disease your ma is badly afflicted with, my son!"

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. *Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly* and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rashes during teething time. 35 cents a box.—7

"I'd like to see the master of the house," said the canvasser. "The baby's aslape, sor!" snapped the kitchen-maid, slamming the door in his face.

SETTLERS LOW RATES WEST

Via the Chicago and North Western Railway, every day from Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, settlers one way second class tickets at very low rates from Chicago to points in Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California, also to Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Rossland and other points in the Kootenay District. Correspondingly low rates from all points in Canada. Full particulars from nearest ticket agent or B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King Street, Toronto, Ont.

FIRST DOSE WENT RIGHT TO SPOT

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER TALKS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Gives Valuable Advice to These Who Use the Railroad Train Frequently.

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 19.—(Special)—Mr. J. H. Ireland, one of the oldest and best known commercial travellers on the road, has come out with a statement for the benefit of his fellow travellers.

"It is with pleasure," says Mr. Ireland, "that I endorse Dodd's Kidney Pills. While on a trip through the Maritime Provinces Dodd's Kidney Pills completely cured me of a severe pain in my back that had bothered me for some time. The first dose seemed to go right to the spot and removed the trouble so effectually that it has not and is not likely to return.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are just as advertised," Mr. Ireland concludes. "They cure to stay cured."

Travellers, railroad men and others who ride on the railway a great deal are subject to Kidney Troubles. They will find Mr. Ireland's statement valuable reading.

WATER FOR FIRES.

The quantity of water used for the purpose of extinguishing fires in the County of London last year, according to an official return, prepared and issued by the London Fire Brigade, was 27,000,050 gallons, or nearly 12,516 tons. Of this about a quarter was taken from the river, canals, and docks, and the remainder from the street pipes.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

ENOUGH SAID.

"Did your father object to our engagement when you told him I couldn't live without you, darling?"

"No, he didn't exactly object. He only said he hoped you were prepared to die!"

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Roads—"When he called you a fool what did you say?" Street—"I told him that some folks didn't know enough to keep their opinions to themselves. I think I had him there."

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—11

"My boy, I forgive you for running away with my daughter." The Groom—"But I can never forgive you for letting me!"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

WOMAN SMOKER'S RECORD.

Attributing her long life to the use of tobacco, Mrs. Judith Moyer, of Kutztown, Pennsylvania, declares, at the age of ninety-six, that she smokes twenty-four pipes of tobacco a day.

Do you catch cold easily? Does the cold hang on? Try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It cures the most stubborn kind of coughs and colds. If it doesn't cure you, your money will be refunded.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can. 203

TIME TO BE CAUGHT.

There was a solicitor in a certain town who weaved pretty dreams all day instead of looking after the interests of his clients, and he was so engrossed in this occupation a day or two ago that he made no response to the gruff "Good morning" of a big man who entered.

"I said 'Good morning,'" repeated the visitor.

"I heard you," answered the solicitor; "but there are many different ways of saying 'Good morning.' There is the cheery 'Good morning' and the depressing 'Good morning,' there is the friendly 'Good morning' and the churlish one. Yours was churlish and I didn't care to answer it."

"Well, mister," answered the big man, deliberately, "as you're so very particular, you shall teach me how to say 'Good morning' in the right way. There'll be plenty of time to learn. I'm the bailiff, I am, and I've come to stop with you!"

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.

TRADE MARK ISLAND CITY

USE— "ISLAND CITY" HOUSE AND FLOOR **PAINTS**

Will Dry in 8 Hours.

On Sale at all Hardware Dealers

P. D. DODS & CO., Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

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 WARE

CAN BE HAD IN

Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

"Have you asked papa?" "Yes, I telephoned him. He said he didn't know who I was, but it was all right."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Amateur gamblers soon reduce the art of losing to a science.

Eat What You Like—Give the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable—60 in a box, 35 cents.—8

A REMARKABLE CAT.

Carried 85 Miles in Basket, But Returned Safely.

What is probably another record has been created, this time by a cat, which has walked from London to Overslade, near Rugby, England, a distance of 85 miles.

"Jummy," as the "tramp" is called, belongs to Mrs. Mark Robinson of 9 Belsize grove, Hampstead, and is just an ordinary, medium-sized cat. Although 7 years old, "Jummy" had never before displayed any nomadic tendency, its previous rambles having always been confined to the neighborhood of its home.

About the beginning of June Mr. Robinson brought the cat from Overslade to Hampstead, and it was at once apparent that "Jummy," like the Rev. Mr. Spalding, didn't like London. The climax came when some furniture was moved into the house. This was too much, and "Jummy" took his departure.

Nothing more was heard of it until about a fortnight ago, when news came from Overslade that "Jummy" had returned, its coat a trifle rough, its limbs a trifle thinner, but "Jummy" nevertheless. As the cat was brought to London in a closed basket, its achievement in walking back is really remarkable.

WHAT STONE BALLS MEAN.

In ancient times it was the custom of the victors in a battle to decorate their doorposts with the skulls of the vanquished. With the advance of civilization, Britons, of course, no longer carry it out, but the custom has not been allowed to drop altogether, as is seen by the stone balls which are often set on gateposts—a relic of a barbarous idea of long ago. In certain parts of Africa the skulls are still used as decorations; whole villages may be seen with the doorposts of the houses surmounted in this gruesome fashion.

Old whalebone, which has become bent and useless, should be soaked in hot water, and then laid on a table to dry. In this way it is straightened out and has a new life of usefulness before it.

Flies Carry Contagion

Wilson's Fly Pads

Kill the flies and disease germs too.

Dominion Line Steamships

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

Moderate Rate Service.

Second cabin passengers berthed in best accommodation on the steamer at the low rate of $40 to Liverpool, or $42.50 to London. Third class to Liverpool, London, Glasgow or Queenstown $15.00. For all particulars apply to local agents, or DOMINION LINE OFFICES, 41 King St. E., Toronto, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, 1c per oz. the best place is

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

MONTREAL

H.B.K. BRAND

BIG SHIRT

Made big enough for a big man to work in with comfort. Has more material in it than any other brand of shirt in Canada. Made on the H.B.K. scale it requires 39½ to 42 yards per dozen, whereas common shirts have only 32 to 33 yards.

That's the reason why the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt never chafes the armpits, is never tight at the neck or wristbands, is always loose, full and comfortable and wears well.

Each shirt bears a tiny book that tells the whole history of the "Big" Shirt, and also contains a notarial declaration that the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt contains 39½ to 42 yards of material per dozen.

Sold at all dealers but only with this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.

Montreal Winnipeg Dawson

1

A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXXII.

The news that Jessie was undoubtedly still alive was too heavy to be broken at once at Redwoods. Philip was glad of the long, silent walk back over the snow, during which he could think it over and decide how much it would be desirable to reveal.

Before returning to the farm, he turned aside and called at the Rectory, the lights of which shone invitingly on the snowy lawn between the trees. Here he was received with a friendly warmth that gave him the only home-feeling he had had in England. Mr. Ingleby had heard of his unexpected return the night before, and came out into the hall to welcome him, silently pressing his hand and drawing him into his snug study, where a mundane odor of bird's-eye tobacco was distinctly recognizable; and where fishing rods and guns adorned the walls, along with shelves laden with ponderous theological tomes.

"I got your letter, and came at once," Philip said, when they were seated opposite each other before the fire.

"Too late," Mr. Ingleby returned, "if I hadn't been as big an ass as ever brayed in a pulpit, I should have written long before. As it is, I might have spared my meddling and left you there in peace."

"Not at all, I can never be too grateful to you for writing," Philip rejoined, warmly.

"She was in the wrong place, Phil," continued Mr. Ingleby; "that is how it all happened. Poor dear child. She asked me to intercede with you and the other guardians to get her away from Redwoods, and I, like a fool, advised her to stay and make puddings for her cousin. I thought it mere girlish discontent and idleness, and never dreamed that the dear child wanted to fly from temptation. I see it all now. If I had been a woman, she might have told me—or a Catholic priest. By Jove, Phil, the confessional is a fine institution, let Protestants rant as they will."

"Do you think," asked Philip, turning very red with a sudden rush of thought, "surely you don't think that was why she was so anxious to leave the place?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, sighing heavily, "that was at the bottom of all; she was tempted, she knew her own weakness and saw that flight was the only thing. Think, Phil, of the mental and moral loneliness of that sweet child—of her innocence and ignorance, and remember the antagonist she was pitted against—the cool-headed, cold-hearted man of the world, versed in all its slippery ways, ten years her senior, with the serpent's own beguiling tongue, and —by heavens!"

He rose, trying to throw off his indignation by bodily movement, in the course of which he upset two chairs and brought down a set of fishing tackle with a crash; while Philip muttered some fierce anathema against the unnamed object of Mr. Ingleby's just anger.

"But the deceit," Philip said in a deep voice, shaken with anger, "innocence does not deceive and plot. Innocence does not make and keep secret assignations in woods."

"Innocence knows no harm in assignations," Mr. Ingleby rejoined, "I vow to you, Philip, upon my honor, that those meetings were guileless in intention on her part. Why, when I told her of the cackle on that day when my sister's virtue took the alarm, and she froze the dear child with her Gorgon scowl, she couldn't see the harm, wanted to know why it was worse to be seen walking in woods with him than with me——"

"Absurd," Philip broke in with cruel candor, "at your age."

"H'm. Well, I believe I have some nine years the advantage of that fellow. "As a matter of fact," he added with some embarrassment, "she was seen walking with me—and —ah—well, I may as well say at once that there has been some attempt to put the blame on me."

"On you!" Philip laughed aloud. "And where and when, may I ask, did these romantic troubles take place?" he added with a certain savage mirth, whereupon Mr. Ingleby explained the occasions on which he and Jessie had been seen together, the one accidental meeting by the stream and the various times of escorting her home. "You see," he said in conclusion, "those meetings have been equally accidental on her part."

"You are a staunch friend," said Philip, with a kind of gloomy satisfaction; "but how do you explain the disappearance? Suicide?"

Mr. Ingleby quivered. "God only knows," he replied, "what a sensative, friendless girl may do in desperation."

"Not that," Philip rejoined in a harsh voice. "I can't lay that flattering unction to my soul." And he told his friend what he had just learned from Sally Samson, and was surprised to find that Mr. Ingleby, though viewing the intelligencee with gravity, was not much startled. "And I could have killed the old woman for telling me," he almost sobbed in conclusion.

"Philip! Philip!" cried Mr. Ingleby, suddenly appreciating the depth of the young man's grief laying his hand with gentle firmness on his shoulder. "Poor boy! A heavy burden is laid upon you. God help you, dear lad!"

"Matthew and Martha were so proud of her" he said brokenly, "and she was trusted to me. But what could I do? I had to go out. And then the mutiny."

"You could not do otherwise. But she was too young to be really won before you left. And with such rare beauty—there was temptation on every side."

"She was a pretty child," he assented, rather coldly.

"She was an unusually beautiful woman," returned Mr. Inglebyt, with fervor. "She developed marvellously of late. You did not see her—as we did. She tried to be true. She struggled against temptation."

"A good girl does not allaw herself to be tempted; she is true without trying."

Mr. Ingleby removed his caressing hand from Philip's shoulder; he thought him hard and unjust, but he considered the bitterness of an injured lover.

"What shall you do?" he asked after some minutes' silence.

"God knows," replied Philip, heavily. "Of course," he added after a gloomy pause, "I shall leave no stone unturned to effect a marriage. And I shall probably thrash him publicly."

"It would be tempting," said Mr. Ingleby, thoughtfully reflecting how he should enjoy doing it. "But I wouldn't do that, if I were you, certainly not yet, and most decidedly not till the thing is proved."

"Proved!" cried Philip with scorn. "Certainly, proved beyond doubt. You are very ready to accept the worse, conclusion, dear lad, and in your truly crule position one cannot blame you."

"My good soul," returned Philip, desperately, "how in the name of all that is maddening is any other conclusion possible? What other can you even suggest?"

"Have patience and listen to a man much older than yourself, and at least more experienced if not wiser; venerate these gray hairs, Phil," he added pointing to some silver threads which had appeared in his blue-black curly hair of late; "together with some lines about the eyes and mouth and a haggard look quite foreign to his sweet and sunny nature. "It is my impression, confirmed by what Sally Samson told you this morning, that poor dear Jessie went alone."

"Yet, as far as London, where that scoundrel met her."

"He went to London that day, so did I. We did not meet or catch a glimpse of one another."

"He would take care of that. Besides, Mr. Ingleby, what possible motive could she have for going alone?" He did not like to add that he knew that she could have had no money for the journey.

"Two motives," settling himself in a chair and crossing his legs with the air of an assured advocate, "first, to flee from temtation; secondly, to fly disgrace."

"Which she merely courted," Philip objected.

"Look here, Phil," Mr. Ingleby continued, earnestly. "I don't think you quite realize what scurrilous talk may mean to a sensitive, high-spirited, pure-minded girl. You know that I told her, heaven only knows how clumsily and brutally, but there was no one else to do it. You know how my sister behaved, and you may imagine what Mrs. Plummer's gentle spiriting would have been like, so I had to put my great blundering paw into the matter for the dear child's sake—I wish to heaven I had left it alone—and yet she must have heard sooner or later. And I have since found that women had been cutting her right and left. Confound these virtuous women, Philip! Why can't they preserve their ferocious virtue without driving sweet and gentle creatures to desperation? By Jove! if I were a layman I could say some things! Well, I am warranted as it is in saying that many a poor, drunken, fool-mouthed outcast reeling along the streets to-day will pass into Heaven before these Pharisaic Plummers and people. I've preached and I'll preach again—but, no—I won't it only makes them worse, the moment, they scent a personal application." But I tell you this," he cried, bringing his first down on the table so that the lamp clattered and the dog sleeping on the rug woke up and barked, "if that old harridan—I mean if that con—if Mrs. Plummer opened her door this night and saw that sweet child in the cold, she would shut it in her face—for the mere suspicion and scandal, guilty or not guilty. My sister would do the same. And if she had erred and returned penitent, either of these bitterly righteous women would drive her forth with blows rather than receive her. And then those dam—those exec—those Pharisees would stalk grimly to church and expect me to give them the Sacrament. Philip, Jessie had a taste of my sister's Christian charity beneath this very roof, and she knew the coarse treatment Mrs. Plummer was likely to afford a tempted or compromised girl. She knew that in the eyes of the gossips she was compromised, for I told her—God forgive me—and the stony-faced Pharisees told her more by their silence and grim looks. To what rash acts such desperation might drive her I fear to think, but she might well have run away to hide from this storm of calumny, as I believe she did, she went off in the very heart of the storm. Poor child, poor dear child!" he added sitting down with thick-coming breath and covering his face.

Philip was comforted by this outburst, for we like sympathy, and the more our hearts and even tongues accuse those dear to us the better do we like others to defend them, but he was surprised as well as comforted, especially surprised at the heterodox fury with which Mr. Ingleby assailed the fierceness of female virtue as manifested in his own sister and Mrs. Plummer, who could scarcely be expected, he thought, to behave otherwise than Mr. Ingleby indicated. He ventured to make some observation to that effect, saying that female honor was of such vital importance to society, that no price was too high to pay for it, that the suffering, even if unmerited, of individuals, was as nothing in comparison with the virtue of the whole sex, and such like platitudes.

"Virtue!" cried Mr. Ingleby, passionately, "virtue be—by Heaven, Philip, it is enough to make a saint swear to see the cruelty perpetrated on women in the name of virtue. I tell you, man, that all this twaddle is in the interest of vice and not virtue. It is this that makes our cities sinks of foulness, it is this that drives tempted or misled innocence into the ranks of the outcast army, that army of oppressed misery that in its turn tempts and oppresses and preys on the vitals of society, it is this that shuts every door of hope upon her who has slipped but once and declares in a voice of thunder, 'henceforth thou shalt sin more and more,' in Satanic opposition to the gospel, 'sin no more.' This cruelty to the one sex, the weak and defenceless, in fiendish wedlock with total immunity to the other sex, the strong and aggressive—" He paused for want of words to his passion, and Philip broke in, horrified.

"Surely, surely you would not condone such wrong on the part of any woman? Why, it would be an insult and outrage to those we are bound to reverence to the utmost to permit the once fallen to mingle with them."

"I would condone nothing," he replied, more tranquilly, eased by this outburst; "but I cannot see why women are more injured by the society of sinful women than of sinful men, which the best of their sex are expected to endure daily. For instance I doubt if Claude Medway's society would have been more baneful to that sweet girl if he had been a lady," he added, grimly smiling.

"Women think otherwise."

"It is the mystery of mysteries that women should be so hard on women. It must be owned that here their cruelty passes men's."

"For their honor's sake," Philip, said; "and for this we honor women. But surely," he added, returning from theory to fact, "Jessie could not have run away from slander. She had better have taken her life at once. What should she do alone in the world? Where would she shelter? Who would befriend her? Why, a child of thirteen could do nothing more frantically foolish."

"Heaven only knows what she thought, in worldly matters she was such a child," Mr. Ingleby replied, with his eyes full of tears. "I have sometimes wondered if she thought she could support herself by painting. She did sell one or two of her pictures."

"She would have come back long ago in that case," Philip replied, thinking this theory too wild even for conjecture.

"Would she?" asked Mr. Ingleby with heart-stricken emphasis, and both were silent for some moments with fears they dared not express.

Then Mr. Ingleby told Philip of Claude Medway's strenuous denials of all knowledge of Jessie's whereabouts and his expressed anxiety concerning her. He added the significant fact that the supposed engagement between Medway and his cousin was undoubtedly at an end, since Miss Lonsdale was engaged to and about to marry the Marquis of Bardexter, whose family was more remarkable for antiquity than wealth. Finally, at Philip's request he related all that he knew of Jessie's history during his absence in India and ended with a vivid depicture of her beauty and grace, her sweet manner, her modest bearing, her singular intelligence and taste.

"Upon my honor," Philip thought when he left, greatly heartened by his interview, "if the dear old fellow were ten years younger I should think he was in love with her himself."

The next afternoon he called at Marwell Court. Sir Arthur took his visit as a matter of course, regretted that Lady Gertrude was not at home, spoke of the interest with which he had followed his movements in India and heard of his distinction and talked of the Mutiny.

"Sir Arthur," Philip broke in at last, "you do not perhaps know that I am one of the guardians of Miss Jessie Meade, respecting whose—ah—connection with some members of your family I am ancious to know everything that can be known."

"Quite so," replied Sir Arthur, with a sudden change of manner. "It is a sad business. I have done all I could to get to the bottom of it, in vain. It has occasioned great distress in my family. My daughter, who is an invalid, as you may know, was attached to Miss Meade, whose society was the means of beguiling many weary hours for her. My niece, Miss Lonsdale, was first struck by Miss Meade's singular beauty and refinement and brought her to my house, where I was glad to receive her as your future wife as well as for her own sake." Miss Meade was not well placed at Redwoods. The Plummers are excellent people, for whom I have the highest respect, but with her."

"Miss Meade was born in that station," said Philip, stiffly, "and I was bred in it."

"Pardon me, Miss Meade was bred out of it, and had virtually left it in becoming engaged to you. Whtever your breeding may have been, Philip, and you can choose it yourself, remember, you have simply justified your gentle birth. In spite of my natural interest in a young lady of beauty so rare," he continued, "I tried to discourage my niece's intimacy with her. Miss Lonsdale is in the habit of forming sudden and ardent friendships and as suddenly getting tired of them. I considered Miss Meade too good for such treatment. But ladies sometimes have wills of their own. Miss Medway then became interested in Miss Meade who was able to soothe my daughter's sufferings as no one else could. Seeing this, I offered her a home in this house. Had she accepted it, she would have had the advantage of Lady Gertrude's personal supervision and guidance, she would have been a privileged inmate and enjoyed every comfort and consideration as my daughter's companion. This, to my regret, she declined. She would have been as a daughter to me, for the charm of her companionship is not less than that of her beauty. And when you returned to claim her I had pictured to myself a marriage from this house. She continued to be a welcome guest here until October; when we were pained by her refusal to visit my daughter, and soon after that startled by the news of her mysterious disappearance, to which in spite of the absurd rumors circulating on such occasions, there has been not the slightest clue. My own opinion is that some accident befell her."

"Did you ever make her any present?" Philip asked, suddenly rousing himself from gloomy reflections.

"Nothing beyond fruit and flowers. She was not a girl with whom one would venture a liberty of that kind.

"Do you know if your daughter gave her a present?"

"You shall see Miss Medway, only let me beg of you not to distress her by any surmise of a—a—painful nature."

But Ethel had given Jessie no presents, they found on inquiry. Then Philip spoke of the share attributed to Claude in Jessie's disappearance.

"Surely," Sir Arthur replied, "you do your sister grievous wrong by crediting these reports. And as the world regards these things, you do not injure my son."

"Why injure him?" returned Philip, coldly. "But I shall do so unless he is able to explain his conduct to my satisfaction. No man has a right, whatever his intentions may be, to compromise a young girl, ignorant as she was of the ways of the world, by walking alone in woods with her as he undoubtedly did."

"If you take my advice," said Sir Arthur, "you will let Claude alone. He knows no more of the matter than you do. He scarcely knew her. I give you his address and warn you against rashly dragging your ward's name in the dust. I am sorry that this miserable scandal should have arisen, and will afford every possible help to clear it up; but I warn you that a young woman's name is best guarded by silence."

So Philip thought, but he was unshaken in his conviction as to the cause of Jessie's disappearance. In the event of any accident to Jessie her remains must sooner or later have been discovered, the coincidence of Claude's sudden journey on the day of her disappearance after a meeting between them ont the previous evening was remarkable.

Before leaving the house, Philip was summoned to see Miss Lonsdale, whom he had once met when dining at Marwell Court after the Crimea.

(To be Continued.)

No Energy For The Daily Work

Rich Blood Makes the Weak Strong and the Blood Is Made Rich by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

You are tired, listless, weak and languid; have no interest in your work; lack the energy required for going about your usual occupation; your appetite is not good, and your meals have no attraction for you; you have headaches, it may be, and spells of weakness and dizziness; you feel down-hearted and discouraged, and wonder what causes you to be so miserable.

It is in the blood. The blood is thin, weak, and watery, and lacking in the qualities which go to form nervous energy, the vital force which runs the machinery of the body. Your health has become run down, and you cannot get better without the assistance of some restorative. In this connection we mention Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because it has proven itself to be the most thoroughly satisfactory spring medicine and system-builder that can be obtained.

Mrs. G. M. Brown, Cobourg, Ont., states:—"I was completely run down in health last spring, and could not do one day's work without being laid up for about two days afterwards. I felt weak, languid, and miserable most of the time, and was often blue and discouraged because of my continued ill-health. When in this state I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and did so with most satisfactory results. It built up my system wonderfully, strengthened and fostered my nerves, and took away all feeling of languor and fatigue. I cannot say anything too good about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and hope that others may profit by my experience."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is bound to prove beneficial to you, for it is composed of nature's greatest restoratives, and acts in accordance with nature's laws. Gradually and certainly it increases flesh and weight, adds new, firm muscles and tissues to the body, rounds out the form, and instils new energy and vigor into the system. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

THE FARM DAIRY.

Do you keep scrub cows or cows of any breed that are of less two hundred pounds butter capacity? If so, why not sell, trade or beef them and get some good ones of three hundred pounds or more butter capacity? It costs more to feed, milk, stable and pay taxes on five or six than on three or four. If you do not value your time, feed etc., but just keep cows for their company and a little butter, cream and milk, the poor ones will answer, but they will not build up your bank account very fast. Not making a business of selling milk or butter, eh? Well what is the difference? You are keeping cows to furnish milk, butter and cream for your family and costs more to feed six poor cows than four good ones. Why not have the four good ones and sell four tons more hay and fifty bushels more grain that the two extra cows would have eaten, and put fifty dollars more in the bank for a rainy day? A plain business proposition isn't it? Does your wife milk the cows while your boy and dog mind them in the lane or in one corner of the pasture field? Try it yourself once or twice when the flies are troublesome, and we believe you will realize the necessity of a change in the arrangements for milking. Fix a nice clean place in the darkest part of your stable where the cows may be tied and fed a couple of quarts of bran or meal each; rip up three or four old bone dust sacks and sew them together; throw this over the cow while you are milking to keep the flies off; or better still to keep some Shoo Fly on hand and apply that two or three times per week. It pays in the increased flow of milk as well as reducing the annoyance while milking. If you insist on having your wife do the milking this arrangement will make it

MUCH EASIER FOR HER.

We have always held the opinion that under most circumstances it is the man's place to do the milking. Surely a man has but little thought of his wife if he compels or allows her to tramp around in a dirty barnyard or stable after cows. Her place is in the house, and if she takes proper care of that, and cooks wholesome meals for you and your hired man and the children and keeps your clothes clean and in order, she has done enough without milking cows, hoeing the garden and many other things some men seem to think their wives should do. Do you still use the old fashioned gallon crocks or cans for setting milk? If so, discard them and adopt a better system. Of course a hand separator is the best proposition, and following that some system of deep setting, using ice or cold water. Be careful about investing in socalled creamers. About one-half of the kinds sold on the market are worthless. Do not use any kind that require any preparation put in the milk or the milk diluted with water. You can go to a tin shop and get a very good outfit without very big outlay. Have the tinner make you a number of cans about sixteen inches high, and eight inches in diameter; put handles on, two inches from the top, make a tin lid for the can in the shape of a cone; solder on to the cone a rim two inches wide, one-half inch larger in diameter than your can is, so that the cone-shaped lid will go down over the cap and rest on the handles. Fill within one inch of the top with milk and set in cold water. Make a water tight box to hold the cans and fill the box with water so that it will come up above the lower edge of the cap. If you are any kind of a mechanic you can arrgnge such a box conveniently; possibly so you can have running water through it, at any rate so you can fill it once or twice from the well each day. It is little work, but it pays in more and better cream and butter and you will always have sweet milk and cream for breakfast, even if it did thunder during the night.

HOW ABOUT YOUR CHURN.

Still using the old-fashioned up-and-down kind? Let your wife take that to keep her chicken feed in and get her a splinter new barrel churn. One of five gallons capacity won't cost more than three or four dollars, and is ever so much better. Do not buy any churns of peedlers—the kind that will churn in two minutes, or get one or two pounds of butter out of a gallon of milk, they are fakes. You can get the right kind of your hardware merchant if he is up-to-date. Do not keep your cream standing around where it is hot or where the flies will get into it. Keep it in the coolest place possible until you get enough for a churning. Then warm it up to about 90 degrees and keep it warm until it becomes slightly sour. Reduce the temperature to about 63 degrees and churn. As soon as the butter breaks and the butter globules are about the size of No. 4 shot, draw off the buttermilk and put in three or four gallons of cold water; give the churn a dozen turns, and draw off. Fill the churn with water and wash the butter again; draw off water and salt to taste, about one ounce to the pound, not more than this. The butter must be worked in the churn. Much butter is ruined by too much working. Better get a pound butter print and some parchment paper; it is nice for your own table and keeps better. If you take the surplus to your grocer, he will soon pay you an extra price for what you have to spare as his trade will call for your butter. Better still find one or two private customers who are willing to pay a good price for good butter, and sell to them, getting at least five cents per pound advance over the market price for common country butter. There is a satisfaction in producing an extra fine product of anything, try it on butter.

SHEEP NOTES.

The earliest lambs bring the highest prices.

Merino sheep should never be confined on low lands at night.

Shipping poor sheep to market is practically giving them away.

To secure the best prices, wool should be sent to market in the best condition.

For poor lands and short pasture sheep are decidedly better adapted than cattle.

Sheep are not naturally so well adapted to rough usage and picking their own as cattle.

It takes blood to feed sheep ticks, and blood is too costly to be used in that way.

Any animal when fed heavily should have a variety of food. This is especially so with sheep.

All flocks should be graded according to age, size and conditions as far as practicable.

The most unfavorable condition under which sheep can be grown is to subject them to feeding on low, washy pastures.

It is often the case that poor sheep are kept at a positive loss when good sheep under the same circumstances would return a profit.

The permanent futility of a farm is increased to a great extent by the number of sheep kept on the farm.

Under present conditions it is very poor economy to select a ewe for breeding that has no merit to recommend her.

So far as can be done the flock should be culled, cut out so that there will be one grade of wool.

One half the trouble that is experienced from foot rot might be avoided if the sheep's feet were kept trimmed and the animals kept dry under foot. Wool is a product which does not take fertility from the soil like grain growing, but if slightly managed adds to value of the soil for grain growing.

Sheep to fatten the most rapidly and on the least grain must be kept quiet and not allowed to run about so much as to run their flesh off.

Sheep are the most difficult of all stock to put into a good condition again, after they have been allowed to run down.

The longest and finest wool and the heaviest fleeces grow on sheep which are well fed and are kept steadily in a good condition.

It is a very exceptional case that it was advisable to purchase old sheep even to feed to fatten, the better plan is to get rid of old sheep and keep only vigorous thrifty ones.

The type of sheep most to be desired is the one that will bring in the largest returns under the peculiar conditions and surroundings under which they are raised and they will vary radically in different localities.

NOT IN THE RECKONING.

To a young man who stood smoking a cigar at a street corner the other day there approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend.

"How many cigars a day do you usually smoke?" asked the licensed meddler in other people's affairs.

"Three," replied the youth as patiently as he could.

Then the inquisition continued.

"How much do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents each," confessed the young man.

"Didn't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would save that money, by the time you are as old as I am you would own that big building at the corner?"

"Do you own it?" inquired the smoker.

"No," replied the other.

"Well, I do," said the young man.

"Poor old Prof. Thinkard went home the other night, and he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't think what it was." "And didn't he remember it at all?" "Oh, yes; after thinking about two hours he realized that he had wanted to go to bed early."

WAS ALMOST UNKNOWN

COL. YOUNGHUSBAND'S SUCCESS IN THIBET.

The Leadership of the Expedition Called for Great Ability.

All the world is wondering at the dogged courage and splendid manhood of Lieut.-Col. Frank J. Younghusband, the British Commissioner to Thibet, who has succeeded in honeycombing his way into that forbidden country with his life in his hand.

Col. Younghusband is the first foreigner to enter, undisguised, the mountain city of mystery, Lhassa, capital of Thibet.

Henry Savage, the explorer, was tortured almost to death because he tried to enter the closed city, merely to satisfy his curiosity about it.

Colonel Younghusband entered it for quite another reason, one which should have made his reception yet more doubtful than that of Explorer Savage. He went to demand of the Dalai Lama, the Grand Lama, temporal and spiritual ruler of Thibet, why he had violated the treaty with Great Britain. Briefly, Col. Younghusband went to Lhassa, the city of weird sights, of blood and death, to settle "a cup of tea." In the language of Lord Rosebery, the trouble was "a war over a cup of tea," and Colonel Younghusband had come to settle the cup for all time.

STICKS TO THE POINT.

"Why do you not buy your tea of Ceylon, as arranged in the treaty?" he had come to demand of the Dalai Lama, but he had to ask the question of the Amban, the resident Chinese Minister, because the Dalai Lama had run away.

"No doubt it can all be arranged to your satisfaction," the Amban had said, with many salaams and much smiling suavity. And Colonel Younghusband, the man of courage, is calmly, and in imminent danger of losing his head, waiting for the matter to be arranged. In fact, he has not the slightest intention of leaving the weird white city until it has been arranged, and that entirely to his satisfaction and the pleasure of his Government.

TROUBLR OVER SUPPLIES.

His chief trouble just now is in getting enough to eat for himself and troops.

Thibetan officials, having been warned that if supplies were not forthcoming the British would be obliged to seize them, replied that they were unable to compel the peasants to sell their grain. One thousand troops, with four guns, marched one day to the Daipung Monastery, a mile distant, containing seven thousand monks, and probably the largest monastery in the world.

Colonel Younghusband sent a small party ahead with a letter, asking the abbot of Daipung Monastery for supplies, and offering to pay liberally for them if they were furnished. If not furnished for payment, Colonel Younghusband's letter added, they would be taken by force.

Crowds of monks collected at the entrance to the monastery. They refused to take the letter, and flung stones and Thibetan oaths at the couriers. The detachment of British officers left the letter on top of a pile of stones and weighted by a heavy stone and returned to camp.

The abbot, watching the melee from the window, ordered that letter be brought to him. Six hours elapsed before there was a reply to the letter.

MONKS GAVE IN.

Then a long procession of fierce-eyed, reluctant monks came up the narrow mountain pathway, bearing 100 maunds, or 800 pounds, of flour for distribution among 1,500 hungry men.

Another letter was sent to the abbot by the returning priests, a letter of few words and curt, giving the abbot four days in which to produce 3,500 maunds (28,000 pounds) of flour.

It is characteristic of the British army that of this man who has performed one of the bravest feats in history almost nothing is known. He has been in the British service for more than twenty years. He is an Englishman and a brave man. That is all that is known, and perhaps that is enough.

RUSSIA'S LOST LIBERTY.

Constitution Proposed by Alexander Second.

Russia has asked for its liberal constitution, and in Copenhagen such a document really exists and is considered of high value.

Russia had in 1879 drawn up a sketch of a constitution, providing for the summoning of a consultative chamber, and preparing for the introduction of liberal institutions. The Czar Alexander II. had approved of the sketch with several alterations, and it was also approved by the then Hereditary Grand Duke, who later became Alexander III., and by several Ministers.

But the murder of Alexander II. in 1881 stopped every approach to a liberal policy, and the document referred to seemed to have disappeared.

Now the Russian Government, remarkably enough, appears to have interested itself in the outlined constitution, for, learning that the son of the man who drafted it lives in Copenhagen, it invited him to search his father's papers.

There, after 25 years, has been found the paper in question, containing both the marginal notes of Alexander II. and also the names of those statesmen who had read it.

The document has now, through the Russian Embassy at Copenhagen, been sent to the Government, and there is a great deal of excitement and expectation concerning its further fate.

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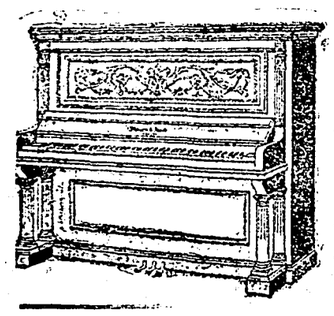

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THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1904.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

(Extracts from Mr. Blair's Memorandum)

The Memorandum, which appears in the Montreal Star opens with a strong defence of Government Ownership. The Intercolonial he urges has not had a fair test. Its location is bad commercially and was dictated by political and military reasons. As for its administration Mr. Blair argues (1) that it has been free from secret rates and discrimination; (2) that corporation owned railways are by no means free from political influences and corruption in management. He heartily approves Government Ownership of railways in Canada.

"There is one certain means of putting the Intercolonial upon an interest paying basis, and that is by the extension of its line. The Montreal extension has done much; but the further extension will do more."

"All winter shipments from west ordinarily reach the seaports, to St. John or Portland via the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk, respectively and although the Intercolonial is fairly well placed to carry freight to Halifax and St. John it must always remain excluded from that portion of the business arising west of Montreal so long as present conditions continue."

"The undersigned has long held the opinion that a port on the Georgian Bay should be reached by the Intercolonial and thus a connection had with the Canadian Northern by water transport open and practicable for from 4 to 6 weeks longer than canal navigation."

"To the undersigned, it has always appeared as if no good reason, founded upon the highest political wisdom, existed why the Province of Ontario should not be traversed by the Intercolonial. That Province has been the storm centre of all opposition of the Government Railway."

Nothing it would seem could be devised in the way of a railway policy better calculated to strengthen the Labor Party in Ontario than this would do. If evidence were required to support this view, it would be found in the enthusiasm with which the people of that Province have approved the building of the Temiskaming Railway by the Provincial Government. Not a word is heard of the folly of Government Ownership in connection with that project. The fact is public opinion is ripe to accept such a policy as a boon from the Government, and as promising relief to the country, from what, rightly or wrongly, people believe are unreasonable exactions of the corporation railways.

It would be a grave political blunder to respond to the western cry—and it must be responded to—without seeing to it that the interests of the people of the east are not overlooked.

Mr. Blair next urges the purchase of the Canada Eastern by the Government.

Public opinion, Mr. Blair states, "is now very decidedly opposed to the bonusing policy."

If bonds may be disposed of by companies at a large discount, and stock distributed gratuitously or on terms which produce little or no cash at all for construction and equipment purposes—which has been forbidden by the law—the business such railways will do will, for dividend purposes, be always unduly burdened, and will be a grave handicap for all time to the development of the interior. With capital shares and bonds ultimately coming into the hands of innocent buyers at prices increasing with the growth of the railway traffic, it will be impossible for either a Railway Commission or the Government itself to reduce tolls below a dividend paying basis. Moreover the system is not sound. Why should a few people be allowed to make themselves millionaires in such a way?

It may not be possible to repair the errors of the past. It is possible to prevent their repetition in the case of new railway undertakings in future.

The ideal policy as it appears to the undersigned, for Government to adopt so soon as it shall be deemed necessary to take up the subject of a third transcontinental railway, would be to insure first, that the railway shall not promote the carriage of our export products of our imports southerly by way of United States lines of railway; but to and from the St. Lawrence in summer and the ports of Halifax and St. John in winter. That the Quebec bridge be utilized as a part of the said line and that the railway be pushed westerly from that point by degrees to the Peace River district. Through the Rockies to the Pacific coast. In the meantime it would be well to decline all assistance of railways to which Government has not already committed, and propose to Parliament that railway charters covering this territory be withheld.

FOR PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

Labor Leaders say Workingmen Should Support Mr. Borden's Railway Policy—The Premier Criticized.

TORONTO, Nov. 1.—Leaders of organized labor are far from pleased at being told by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that the public ownership plank in their platform is not a British idea, but a POPULIST FAD CONCEIVED IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Premier's campaign against Mr. Borden's scheme of government ownership of the new transcontinental railway has alienated much support that organized labor was prepared to give him. Leaders in the labor movement are plainly stating their disappointment at and resentment of the Premier's stand.

Mr. John A. Flett, of Hamilton, past president of the Dominion Trades Congress, and organizer in Canada for the American Federation of Labor, says: "Organized labor has proclaimed itself in favor of public ownership of railways and telegraphs on many occasions. This policy has been adopted as one of the planks in the declaration of principles of the Trades and Labor organizations of Canada, and any party that would favor public operation and ownership, all other things being equal, will receive the approval of the organized working people of this country. Mr. Borden's policy comes nearer filling the bill in this particular than Sir Wilfrid's, the latter gentleman being opposed to Government operation. In my opinion the proper policy would be to continue the Intercolonial Railway right thru' to the Pacific coast."

Another who takes exception to the Premier's utterances is Mr. David A. Carey. Mr. Carey is past president of the Dominion Trades Congress and is the district officer of the American Federation of Musicians, representing Canada east of Winnipeg. He says: "Since the Trade Congress of Canada, at its recent meeting, has gone on record for the public ownership not only of railways, but all public utilities I cannot see anything for the labor organizations who have repeatedly affirmed their loyalty to that policy, to do than to oppose Sir Wilfrid Laurier. I am personally of opinion that the labor organizations will uphold the party which advocates this policy. I cannot see why any labor man can vote otherwise when it is considered that the rank and file of the labor movement in this country have always on all occasions approved of the policy adopted by their executive body, the Dominion Trades Congress. Personally I am strongly in favor of such a policy."

Mr. James Wilson, editor of the Toiler, admits that it is hard for workingmen sometimes to get away from old political affiliations, but as a matter of principle they are bound to support the party that advocates the policy of public ownership. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his speech at Massey Hall was very inconsistent. He denounced the public operation of railways, yet almost in the next breath he commended Government ownership of telephone and telegraph. I believe," said Mr. Wilson, "that the working people will support the principle of public ownership."

Why the Census Cost so Much.

EDITOR HERALD:

DEAR SIR,—The Hon. Mr. Fisher has given many reasons for the enormous cost of the 1901 census over that of 1891. The cost of the former (1901) up to the present being over $1,200,000 and not yet finished, whilst that of 1891 was under $600.000.

The real reason for this vast difference in the cost came out before the public accounts committee during the session of 1903. The facts demonstrated were:

That the enumerators were engaged at $3 per day of eight hours, and the same rate for overtime.

That two days after they were at work they were recalled to a central point by the commissioners to receive fresh instructions.

This was the evidence given by the census commissioner for West Middlesex, and there can be no doubt but that all the commissioners had to do the same.

To call the enumerators to a central point after they had been some days at work, re-instruct them, and have them go over the ground they had already covered, must have taken on the average about ten days. There were 8,800 enumerators engaged at $3 per day. The extra cost owing to this blunder would be $264,000

The evidence taken proves that after the work was nearly completed an order-in-council was passed on the 28th April changing the pay of enumerators from $3 per day to piece work. This mode of payment would deprive the enumerators of any compensation for the delay in being recalled, and having to go over the work again. Many of the enumerators wrote to the papers at the time recording their objections to the change.

To satisfy the enumerators they were permitted to charge for extras to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars, as may be seen from a reference to the Auditor-General's report for 1902-03.

The above was the main cause of the costliness of this census compared to the last. Other mistakes were made that were not so costly in money but their ultimate effect will be hurtful to the good name of Canada. I need only call attention to a few of these mistakes.

According to the original figures entered in the schedules by the enumerators, a large area of land in Canada yielded two crops during the census year. This gave rise to a seeming anomaly between the area in field crops in schedule 4, and the area of crops reaped, the particulars of which are given in schedule 5. These two areas very seldom agree, for farmers frequently sow but do not reap, whilst a vast number get two crops from some portion of their land during the same year. From the evidence taken before the public accounts committee Mr. Blue instructed the staff to make these two areas agree. To do this hundreds of thousands of figures had to be changed at a very great cost, and the inference to be drawn from the figures in the resulting census bulletins is: that not a single acre of land in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific yielded two crops during the census year.

In the census of 1891 fallow land was included in the item field crops, and involved no change in the figures.

This time the fallow land was added to the area in pasture and involved a vast change in the enumerators' figures, increasing enormously the apparent area in pasture. Other items in the Agricultural schedules were changed for one reason or other, with the most extraordinary results. For instance the area of land occupied in B. C., N. B., N. S., and P. E. I., was less by 2,885,662 acres in 1901 than in 1891. This result was obtained by cutting out large areas returned by the enumerators as land occupied.

The area in field crops in 1901 was less by 2,441,314 acres than in 1891. This arises from the fact that the area in fallow was included in field crops in 1891.

According to this census the farmers of Ontario, Quebec, N. B., N. S., and P. E. I., have cleared their farms of 4,967,431 acres of bush or forest, since 1891, yet the cleared portion of their farms is returned as 2,031,128 acres less in 1901 than it was in 1891. This result was obtained by cutting out large areas of forest returned as occupied, and adding a portion of the land returned as forest, to pasture.

The greatest discrepancy occurs in the area of pasture land.

The census of Agriculture taken each year by the Ontario Government gives the pasture land of Ontario in 1901 as 2,964,600 acres, The Census Return Bulletin 17 has it 5,248,179 acres.

The excess area in the Census Return is owing to the fact that all fallow land was added to pasture, and also a large area of forest. To obtain these results the original figures entered by the enumerators in the schedules have been changed in thousands of cases and at vast expense.

Rather than be a party to these changes I resigned my position on the census staff in the spring of 1902, explaining to the Minister of Agriculture my reasons for so doing.

H. WASHINGTON.

Ottawa, Oct. 19th. 1904.

How Zulu Women Sew.

The skill of the Zulu of South Africa in sewing fur is a household word in South Africa, and some of the other tribes compete with them. The needle employed is widely different from that used by the ordinary needle women. In the first place, it has no eye; in the second, it is like a skewer, pointed at one end and thick at the other.

The thread is not of cotton, but is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made from the sinews in the neck of a giraffe. It is stiff, inelastic, with a great tendency to "kink" and tangle itself up with anything near it. Before being used it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft, and is then beaten between two smooth stones, which causes it to separate into filaments, which can thus be obtained of any strength and thickness. Thus, the steamstress has a considerable amount of labor before she commences with the real work in hand.

Finally, she squats on the ground, (for no native stands to work, or do anything else, who can possibly help it), and, taking her needle, bores two holes in the edges of the rug or garment on which she is working. The thread is then pushed through with the butt of the needle, drawn tight, and two more holes are made with a like result, the skewer progressing very slowly, but fast enough for a country where time is of no value whatever.

The skin upon which the seamstress is working is dampened with water before she commences; and as the damp thread and hide dry out it brings the work very closely together.

Mean Tactics.

The more recent trick played by some of William Galliher's supporters is to go to a voter and say, "I'm a hide-bound Liberal, but if the Government is defeated, I will vote Conservative; now, will you agree to reverse your vote according to these terms?" This is "heads I win, tails you lose," for the only hope Mr. Galliher's supporters have is that the Government may be sustained, otherwise the "grafters" will desert Mr. Galliher. Our friends ave not made of compromising stuff. We strongly urge all newspapers and all Conservative committees to caution Mr. Mackintosh's supporters against being cajoled by tactics such as these. There is a great principle at stake, let electors not forget this.

SOCIETIES.

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

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

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.

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J. ACHESON, Rec.-Sec.

KOOTENAY STAR, R. B. P.

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The purchaser will be required to move the building away within two weeks from date of purchase.

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WM. FLEMING,

Wholesale & Retail Meat Merchant.

Fish and Game in Season.

First Street, - Revelstoke, B. C.

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Two Doors South of the New Imperial Bank

Premises formerly occupied by Union Restaurant.

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Meal Tickets Issued. Terms Moderate.

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

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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 Dressy 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.

It is Up to William Galliher!

At Fernie, a few nights since, according to the Nelson NEWS, Mr. William Galliher, the "Liberal" candidate for Kootenay solemnly declared that he "advocated" protection on lumber! Could deception further go? He may have privately spoken to a Minister about it; but **He Voted Against Protection to Canadian Industries.** Perhaps he will read his speech (if he made any) and also tell the people where the vote was—when he visits various points!

Mr. Galliher Voted Against Every Resolution Favoring Protection to Kootenay Industries!

What about protection and fostering of our Iron and Steel Industries? Mr. Galliher **voted against** adequate protection for this industry, one that would boom the Kootenay country.

Again, William Galliher in 1903 demanded the Dingley Tariff rates (2½ cents per lb.) on lead to save Slocan and other districts. But when it came to a vote—he **voted against adequate protection for our mining industries.**

Perhaps he will say why our lead producers were forced to be satisfied with a "bounty," while the big concern at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, was vouchsafed a duty of $7 per ton. Of course Mr. Galliher favored that. It was a big corporation!

Where are the votes of William Galliher in favor of protection on lumber and lead and iron and steel manufactures to be found? Produce them, Mr. William Galliher! **You cannot!**

What about William Galliher's vote against giving preference to British subjects in the matter of employment on the Grand Trunk Pacific? Come, Mr. William Galliher, how did you vote. Not how did you speak? Well, you did not even speak!

We can produce a score of votes recorded by Mr. Galliher, each one against the interests of his constituents. Take from 1901 to 1904 and the Votes and Proceedings (official), show that out of **seventy-five votes** recorded by others William Galliher was present at **only twenty-four** votes!

Now, Mr. Galliher, It is Up to You!

It is up to you to explain to the toiler why you voted down a resolution moved on the 25th of April, 1902, (page 307, Votes and Proceedings of Parliament)—**"that the minimum wage to be paid to trackmen and other laborers on the Government system of railways should be at least $1.50 per day."** Why did you oppose the interests of the working man? Are not his muscles his capital?

It is up to you to explain why you voted down (1903) a motion calling upon the Government to protect the miners of Yukon against the monopoly given to the Treadgold Company? Only the exertions of the people stopped it.

It is up to you to explain, if you can, why you voted (26th April, 1904) against Mr. Clarke's motion in favor of the people owning their own Railway across the continent, also **against Mr. Borden's motion to the same effect?**

You could not trust the People, now you ask their Votes.

It is up to you to explain why, on the 20th of April (1904), you voted against the proposition that before granting further concessions to the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Government "should first seek the advice of independent experts," and thus protect the electors of Kootenay and other constituencies?

It is up to you to explain, why on the 19th of May, you voted against the Grand Trunk Pacific being required to hand over to Canada certain stocks, in lieu of aid granted that enterprise?

It is up to you to explain why you favored the sum of $25,000,000 in stock being given to the Grand Trunk, to be owned and disposed of by them? It was usurous interest, and you favored the big corporation!

It is up to you to give reasons for these disgraceful and unpatriotic votes.

It is up to you to explain why you had the Kootenay election deferred and represented to Parliament that the country was in such a bad condition, the ballot boxes could not be delivered in time! "Loaded dice" surely!

It is up to you to explain why you professed to desire the election should take place on the same day as the general election—then **voted against** Mr. Alcorn's motion that nomination should be one week earlier in Kootenay Division? This would have solved the problem—but you were not sincere!

It is up to you, then to shew that you have not been the bond slave of big corporations and the pliant tool of Ottawa Ministers. When you attempt this, **Produce the Records** of the Country—**Produce the Votes and Proceedings of the House of Commons of Canada.**

Give an Account of Your Stewardship—Not a Lecture on the Grand Trunk Pacific!

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNER.

To H. P. Smith, or to whomsoever he may have transferred his interests in the Carbonate Chief mineral claim, situated on Keystone Mountain, Big Bend district of West Kootenay.

You are hereby notified that I, Henry Wilcox, co-owner with you in the Carbonate Chief mineral claim, above described have performed labor and made expenditure on the said claim to the extent of $102.50 under the provisions of Section 24 of the Mineral Act, in order to hold said claim, and the years for which said labor was performed and expenditure made having expired, I do hereby give you notice to contribute your proportion of such expenditure; and you are further notified that if at the expiration of 90 days of publication hereof, you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of the expenditure so made and required by Section 24 of the Mineral Act, together with all costs of advertising, your interest in said claim shall become vested in me under and by virtue of provisions of Section 4 of the Mineral Act amended Act, 1900.

Dated at Revelstoke, B. C., August 4th, 1904.

HENRY WILCOX, Co-owner.

NOTICE.

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

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 19th day of September, 1904.

FRANK L. FOWLER.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at "N. T. Edward's south west corner post," on the east bank of the Columbia river, about 300 feet above Mica creek running east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to post of commencement.

Dated this 19th day of September, 1904.

N. T. EDWARDS.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post marked "R. A. Blackmore's north west corner post," on the east bank of the Columbia river, about 300 feet above Mica creek, running east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the post of commencement.

Dated this 19th day of September, 1904.

R. A. BLACKMORE.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of OLAF B. HANSEN, deceased, and

In the matter of the "Official Administrator's Act."

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by order of His Honor Andrew Leamy, County Judge, dated the 26th day of October, 1904, George Smith McCarter, Official Administrator for that part of Kootenay County comprised within the Revelstoke Electoral District, has been granted letters of administration, to administer all and singular the estate of Olaf B. Hansen, deceased, intestate.

And further take notice that all claims upon the said estate must be sent into the said Administrator, at his Office Imperial Bank Block, Revelstoke, B. C., within 30 days from the date hereof, after which time all proceeds will be distributed among the parties lawfully thereunto entitled.

GEORGE SMITH McCARTER,
Official Administrator.

Dated the 19th day of October, 1904

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Licence Inspector for a transfer of licence from the Home Hotel, to the Pavilion Hotel Goldfields.

R. F. PERRY.

Dated October 20th, 1904.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on the west side of Upper Arrow Lake, and about 3½ miles south of Bannock Point:

Commencing at a post situated on the banks of the lake, thence south 80 chains, (following the meanderings of the shore) thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 21st day of October, 1904.

ROBERT SANDERSON.

This Shorthand is totally different to all others It only takes weeks to learn instead of months or years. It can be read like print. At the fourth lesson you write 40 words, and at the 10th lesson 100 words a minute. The first three lessons enables you to make private notes, and the 9th lesson brings you to corresponding style, the 20th and final lesson to reporting. It takes but two hours to learn the first lesson and a specimen may be seen at the REVELSTOKE HERALD on application to the Manager, Mr. A. Johnson. Lessons by mail are quite easy. We guarantee success. Our youngest pupils are 13½ and the eldest 82. Typewriting taught by mail. We forward you lesson sheets to teach you the correct fingering—all the fingers. All are taught on the blind touch system. Write, saying the machine you have, or if we are to supply you with a New or Second Hand one. We do not hire out machines. Terms for Shorthand $40, to completion payable by instalments. Typewriting $25 to completion, but payment in advance.

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Studio Over Imperial Bank,
P. O. Box 176. Victoria, B.C

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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.

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

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VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1890

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

Tests made up to 2,000 lbs.
A specialty made of checking Smelter Pulps.
Samples from the Interior by mail or express promptly attended to.
Correspondence solicited.
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Massage Treatment

DR. J. O'CONNOR
FIRST STREET

Patients Visited at Their Homes By Appointment

Turkish Baths, $1.00

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MACHINIST & BLACKSMITH

All Kinds of Jobbing Work Done.

Lathe work a Specialty

Opposite Salvation Army FIRST STREET.
Licensed Auctioneer for the City of Revelstoke.

Wood and Coal For Sale

The undersigned is prepared to fill all orders for wood and coal in future.
Orders to be left at W. M. Lawrence's Hardware Store or with the undersigned.

Swan Carlson

Jas. I. Woodrow BUTCHER

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

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

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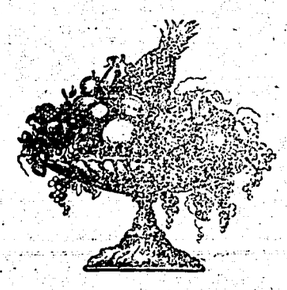

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Fresh and Complete Line of Groceries.

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

TRY OUR WHOLESOME
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Dances and Private Parties Catered To. Full Stock of Excellent Candies.

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Mackenzie Avenue,

It Pays to Advertise in The Herald

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W. J. LIGHTBURNE, Manager.

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STRICLY FIRST-CLASS

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH BEST BRANDS
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
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Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

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

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Agent for the famous cushion frame wheels—all roads good roads with the cushion frames.

Bicycle fittings, Dunlop, M. and W., and Single tube tires, pumps, bells, gas and oil lamps, handle grips, saddles, valves, Morrow coaster brakes, etc. Wheels repaired.

Cycle Depot
Back of Roy Smythe's Tobacco Store.

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New designs for Cushion Tops, Tinted Centrepieces, Large Collar designs.

Materials for Duchess, Arabian, Battenburg and Point Lace.

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KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

Appeals to parents who desire their sons to have home care and comforts while receiving a superior
INTELLECTUAL, MORAL AND PHYSICAL TRAINING.
It has met with remarkable success in
COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS AND ATHLETICS,
and it has the confidence and patronage of many of the best families. Reopens Sept. 6th. References: The Lord Bishop of New Westminster; The Rev. Dr. Pentreath, Archdeacon of Columbia, etc. **REV. C. J. BRENTON, M.A., Head Master,**
576 BURRARD ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

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Greenhouse and Market Garden
AT A BARGAIN PRICE

Contains Four Acres, House and Outbuildings, Large Greenhouse, Etc. Will be sold cheap for Cash.

Call for particulars at the HERALD Office.

FOR SALE
—At a Bargain if Sold This Month—

ONE RESIDENCE

In Central Part of the City, and One Lot 50 x 100.

A GOOD RANCHE

80 Acres, close to town, 35 acres of which can be easily cleared. Suitable for Hay and Mixed Farming. Apply for particulars at HERALD Office.

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Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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ROSSLAND, B. C.

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Best Buy in B. C. Canada, at 15 cents

Greatest Gold Discovery of the Age is in B. C.

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CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES, LIMITED.
Capital $625,000 of which 35 per cent. in Shares now in Treasury. Shares fully paid and non-assessable.

Mines directly west of the Le Roi and Le Roi No. 2, War Eagle and Centre Star, four of the largest gold-copper mines in the world, all of which have paid large dividends.

Same identical ore and veins now in sight on the BIG FOUR. Large ore bodies.

Assays from $5 to $800 in gold, copper, silver, etc. Very rich display as now on exhibition in the city ore exhibit, causing wide comment.

We have nearly two miles of railway on BIG FOUR property with water and timber in abundance.

Rossland's ore shipments for 1902, 350,000 tons. Shipped for 1903, about 410,000 tons. Total value of Rossland ores mined, $27,000,000.

Rossland's large ore bodies are a great success with the concentration system of ore reduction. $3.00 ore now pays to mine as now proved by the latest reports and dividends.

No less than 100 shares sold. Shares can be had on instalment plan, payments monthly. Twenty per cent. cash, balance wirhin a year.

Company has no debts or liabilities, and a full force of men working.

REFERENCES—The Hon. Mayor, Gold Commissioner, Postmaster or any bank or business man in the city.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Please Note Price at 15c. Per Share for One Month

Any amount less than $1 send by postoffice or express money order; over this amount, by Bank Draft to Secretary to BIG FOUR CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES, LIMITED, Rossland, B. C., Canada.

Order Blanks and our most comprehensive and complete Illustrated Prospectus showing all Rossland mines and giving valuable information, with Maps and Reports from Mining Engineers, sent only to investors or those desiring to invest.

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

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

W. M. Brown, Prop. **Front Street**

THE REVELSTOKE WINE & SPIRIT CO.
LIMITED.

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS.

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2 CARS OF FURNITURE

Crockeryware, Carpets, Linoleums, Oilcloth, &c.

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Cabinet Making Upholstering Picture Framing.

Call and See Our Scotch Tweeds

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We also carry the Best Lines of Worsteds and Serges in the market. PRICES RIGHT!

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AGENTS FOR THE "OSTERMOOR" MATTRESS

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

Pipes, Valves and Fittings.

Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Lime For Sale.

The undersigned has just received a carload of first quality lime.

E. C. FROMEY.

H. W. Edwards, Taxidermist.

DEER HEADS, BIRDS, ANIMALS MOUNTED.

REVELSTOKE, - - B. C.

The Mystery of Kingswood

I.

"A more terrible chain of apparently damning circumstances woven round a human being to drag him to the gallows I cannot conceive."

That is how Serjeant Ballantine was one of the counsel for the prosecution, and he frequently referred to the case as one of the most remarkable criminal mysteries he had ever had to deal with.

"When the case for the prosecution was closed," he said, "Franz was, in my eyes, inevitably bound for the gallows. Someone touched me on the shoulder, and, turning, I found one of the defending counsel bending over to whisper in my ear. 'You think Franz as good as found guilty, don't you?' he asked. I nodded. 'Well, we're going to get him off,' he said. I wondered at his entertaining so absurd an idea. What, short of a miracle, could get Franz out of that dock?"

Kingswood Rectory was a large, old-fashioned, red-brick building, four miles from Reigate, standing remote from other houses in its gardens, and surrounded by shrubberies and trees. In June, 1864, the rector and his family were away for a holiday and the house had been left in charge of a caretaker—Mrs. Halliday, a woman fifty-five years of age. One morning the Reigate police were summoned in hot haste to investigate the circumstances surrounding this lady's death.

She had been murdered!

Her body was discovered lying on the floor of her bedroom, clothed only in her nightdress. A gag—a piece of rag—had been thrust into her mouth, and her hands and feet had been tightly bound with stout string.

"She has been dead some hours," declared the doctor whom the police officers had brought with them.

Beside the body was a rough beech cudgel—a branch which had clearly been only recently torn from the tree. The string with which the woman's limbs were tied was a peculiar hempen cord—known as "rublay" cord, of special manufacture, and only sold at very few shops. These might form valuable clues, but they seemed insignificant before the next discovery.

Lying on the floor under the dead woman's bed the officers found a little packet of six papers. Three of these related to one Johann Carl Franz—a birth-certificate, a baptism-certificate, and a service-certificate—the last a species of testimonial granted to German craftsmen. This document6 contained a minute description of Carl Franz's personal appearance, for the purpose of identification:

The three other papers bore no reference to Franz—at least, not by name. One was a letter, signed "Adolphe Krohn," begging money from some lady, whose name and address was not given; another was a note from Mademoiselle Tietjens, the celebrated singer. It bore a date three days previous to the murder, and was an answer to an appeal made to her for alms. The last document was a list of names of prominent people, with their addresses.

The packet of papers must have slipped out of the murderer's pocket while he was bending over his victim, and fallen under the bed without his suspecting his loss. In the slang of Scotland Yard trackers, it seemed that the perpetrator of the crime had "left his visiting-card." Overcome by some sudden alarm of discovery, the murderer had become blind and deaf to everything around him, and filled with only one thought—that of escaping from the scene of his crime. The contemplated robbery was forgotten in that rush of fear. Not a thing was missing from the house. Even the murdered woman's purse, with her money in it, was found untouched in the pocket of her dress hanging behind the door.

An examination of the house and grounds disclosed the fact that there had been two men concerned in the crime. They had entered by a window, the latch of which they had forced, and had fled by the front door, which they had drawn to, but not fastened behind them.

With that minute, official description of Carl Franz which the police had found in the death-room, it did not seem possible that he should long elude them. The detectives quickly discovered that two Germans—one short and dark, and his companion tall and fair-haired—had stayed at an inn in Reigate. The tall, fair man tallied with the description of Franz.

II.

There was only one shop in Reigate at which the "rublay" cord could be bought. The shop assistant examined the piece the police had unbound from the dead woman's limbs.

"I sold some of that cord to two foreigners," she said. "One was short and dark, and the other was tall and fair. They were foreigners, I know, for they talked so strangely."

"What was the tall, fair man like?" asked the officers; and the woman described him.

"That's Carl Franz!" was the officer's comment.

Later, on the night of the crime, a laborer had seen the two men standing beneath a beech-tree. One of the tree's lower branches had been torn off, and the rough end of the cudgel found beside the dead woman exactly fitted the gap in the trunk.

Leaving behind them these awful testimonials to their visit to Kingswood, the two foreigners had afterwards disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed them.

Several weeks of keen search resulted in no trace being discovered of Carl Franz. When it began to be thought that, in spite of all precautions, he must have succeeded in leaving the country, he was suddenly found in a cell in a London police-station. One day a tall, fair-haired German was brought in by a policeman, charged with a trivial offence. He gave the name of Salzmann, but the police were doubtful as to its correctness, in spite of his vigorous assertions that he had never borne any other name.

"We believe that you are Carl Franz, who is wanted on suspicion of having murdered Martha Halliday, at Kingswood Rectory," declared the superintendent. And at last, when confronted by a detective brought from Saxony, who declared he was Carl Franz, the prisoner confessed he was the sought-for man.

"I am Carl Franz," he said. "I never murdered the woman, but I read about the affair in the newspapers. I heard people talking of the murder, and saying that I, Carl Franz, was being hunted for. I was so frightened that I changed my name to Salzmann, in the hope that the police would not catch me. But I am innocent. I swear it!"

The prisoner lodged in a house in Whitechapel, and on the detectives proceeding to search there they discovered what appeared to be another important link in the chain of evidence which should place the hangman's noose round Franz's neck.

In a drawer was one of Carl Franz's shirts, rolled up and tied with a piece of cord. The cord was "rublay"—the very same kind of cord as that with which the murderers had tied Mrs. Halliday!

"Counsel for the prosecution have brought evidence, a mass of details, which I am well aware must appear, at first sight, to almost conclusively bring home the guilt of that poor woman's death to the prisoner," said the counsel for the defence. "I hope to be able to prove to you that all these apparently damning facts are absolutely consistent with the perfect innocence of the accused man—Carl Franz."

A few months previously, amongst the passengers landed from a steamer at Hull, was a tall, fair-haired German youth, with only a little silver in his pocket, and in his hand a little bundle, containing a second suit of clothes and some treasured papers. The passenger was Carl Franz, bent upon making his way to America, where he had heard fortune smiled upon the worker more freely than it did in the Fatherland.

Disappointment awaited him at Liverpool, he could not obtain a passage, and Franz determined to plod to London. It was a long tramp, and on the road he chanced to fall in with friends—Germans, like himself—one short and dark, calling himself Adolphe Krohn, and the other tall and fair. The latter was remarkably similar to Carl Franz himself. Franz told them all about himself, and was delighted when they invited him to join them in their journey to London. Carl Franz was to learn the folly of making friends too quickly.

"What are you doing?" asked the tall man one night, when the party had made themselves as comfortable as they could under the side of a rick. Franz was busy writing with a pencil in a little book he had produced from his bundle.

"I keep a diary," he replied. "I put down in it what's chanced during the day. I've kept it up every day since I left my home in Saxony."

The tall stranger was interested, and he inquired about the other papers which Franz had with him.

"They are papers of identification and my work certificate," answered Franz.

"If they're no use to you you might let me have them," suggested the stranger coolly. "We're so much alike that no one would suspect the papers were not mine." But Franz refused to part with them.

A few mornings later, waking after a night spent on some straw in the corner of a field, Franz found his companions gone, and his bundle—his precious clothes, his diary, his papers of identification—was gone, too.

Such was the story Franz told.

Had Adolpe Krohn and his light-haired companion—more like Carl Franz than ever, now he was dressed in Franz's suit of clothes he had stolen—travelled to Kingswood Rectory, and committed that crime? People listened incredulously to that declaration of the accused man. No one, they declared, could believe such a cock-and-bull story. It was to be corroborated in strange fashion.

While Franz was lying in prison awaiting trial, some tramps, walking along a Northamptonshire lane, turned aside into a shed to rest. There was a heap of straw in the place, and, proceeding to make themselves comfortable, one of them suddenly unearthed a little manuscript book filled with queer pencil-writing. After some discussion the men decided to hand their find to the police.

The book so oddly found was the missing diary of Carl Franz, recording every day's travel from the time of his leaving home to the close of that day on which Carl went to sleep to have so disagreeable an awakening. The prisoner's statement that the papers found in the murdered woman's room had been stolen from him was rendered at once probable.

There could be no doubt that a man calling himself "Adolphe Krohn" existed, and that he had as a companion a tall, fair-haired man, bearing a peculiar likeness to the prisoner Franz.

But there remained the clue of the "rublay" cord which bound the victim's limbs and the cord similar to it with which Franz's shirt was secured.

"I picked up the piece of string lying on the pavement outside the tobacconist's shop in the street by my lodgings," declared Franz.

It was proved that the manufactory of the firm making the special cord, and supplying it to the shop in Reigate from which the murderers of Mrs. Halliday purchased it, was only two minutes away from Franz's lodging. A detective declared that upon paying a visit to the street he found many pieces of the same string lying around. Carl Franz's story might be perfectly true.

After long deliberation the jury pronounced Carl Franz "Not guilty."

Whose was the hand that so foully took the life of Martha Halliday was never to be known.—London Answers.

YOUNG FOLKS

THE SCHOOLS OF JAPAN.

The Japanese schools are nearly all modelled after the schools of America, England, France and Germany. The students are not, of course, trained in modern athletics and could hold their own at nothing of this kind with our magnificent college boys, but in simple physical training, making the very best of what nature has provided, the Japanese excel any people I have ever seen, writes a traveller in Japan.

My very first day in the little island empire was full of exclamations about this constantly evident national characteristic, which belongs to the lower classes and the great middle class. The ship on which I crossed the Pacific Ocean han not cast her anchor in Yokohama harbor before she was surrounded by a great crowd—"swarm" better expresses it—of sampans, little heavy wooden boats propelled by a single oar at the stern, and almost without exception handled by boys apparently about twelve or fourteen years of age, and whose half-naked bodies straining against the heavy oars, looked as if they had been modelled in bronze by some master artist. Their training is the kind which necessity forces upon the laborer, of course, but it is none the less splendid.

After the sturdy young towers, came the 'riksha men—or boys, as they are mostly. One may live in Japan for years and never cease to wonder at their power of endurance and their remarkable muscular development. And they are proud of it, and spare no labor that will increase their strength. But most of Japan's defenders are from the higher ranks of the race, the old soldiery, the Samurai, who may now be called the top of the great middle class, and the children of this class are trained from babyhood to endure all things in a manner that makes the average European stand aghast.

In Yokohama, I happened, during an afternoon's walk, to come upon the drill-grounds of the public schools of the city. The boys were all dressed in white-duck uniforms. They were divided into companies, and each company was commanded by a master, a teacher of gymnastics. There were a number of companies lined up together when I happened upon the scene, and the teachers were giving their commands in unison, the result being a unison of

PRECISE MOVEMENT

that was superb. It was the ordinary calisthenic drill, but I had never seen it so well done. These little fellows, not one of whom looked more than ten or twelve years old from our standpoint, took it all in as solemn earnest as if they were a regiment of soldiers being reviewed by their Emperor, and it was hard to believe they were boys from the public schools come together from districts all over the city. And they were all armed with small rifles, as I discovered when I walked about the grounds and found detachments here and there lying upon the grass with their guns proudly stacked in even rows, after the manner of a camping army.

At another quarter of the great green square were running contests going on under the direction of teachers, the unusual feature of which was that when the boys had reached the end of the course they had their feet tied together and jumped all the way back. It was a race both ways, of course, and the winner on the return was loudly cheered by students and onlookers. As the boys jump they swing both arms above their heads, and after watching them for a full half-hour I decided that the boy who practises this exercise as the Japanese do it will need no other for a splendid physical development, since in it every muscle in the body comes into play.

Then came the girls. They were pretty nearly as many of them as there were boys, and they were dressed in the hideous uniform which all the public-school girls in Japan wear. I wonder how a nation with such a fine sense of beauty, so much appreciation for quiet delicacy of color and grace of outline, can tolerate this costume. It consists of a wonderful purple skirt, made with box-plaits on a wide band, reaching two inches or more above the waist line and hanging unevenly to the ankles, and a kimono for the top part of any color or pattern that happens to suit the individual fancy. The skirt is the uniform. It is the Europeanized part of the girls and is simply put on by them over the kimono, which is their native and every-day dress. Combined with the little wooden shoes, which look so quaint and pretty with a kimono, but so unsightly with a skirt, the outfit makes the poor little mousmes the ugliest little things imaginable, unless one can lose sight of the awful skirt and see only the

PRETTY YOUNG FACES,

crowned with a wealth of rich, black hair, "done up" after the most approved matronly fashion. Well, it isn't hard to imagine, is it, what several hundred of these purple skirts would look like on a green athletic field that had just been vacated by a crowd of fine little boys in white-duck knickerbockers and box-coats? It was hardly fair to the poor little girls. They suffered by comparison. But they were just as finely drilled as the boys, and went through the same set of exercises with as much precision and earnestness.

Having become interested in the physical training of young Japan, I went one day in Kioto to the Butokuden, or hall of martial virtue, to see jiu-jitsu, which Lafcadio Hearn defines as "the old Samurai art of fighting with weapons," and ken-jitsu, which is a remarkable long-sword drill practised with bamboo sticks. There is only the one room in the building, and it is of extraordinary size. At one end of the room the floor is raised about three inches and covered with beautiful soft mats, and this is the place devoted to jiu-jitsu, which is a kind of wrestling, to once more quote Mr. Hearn, "that teaches you to rely for victory solely upon the strength of your opponent. The very name jiu-jitsu means to conquer by yielding."

At the opposite end of Butoku-den, and occupying by far the larger half of the hall, is a great bare place which is used for the less elegant, but perhaps more useful, sword drill. A class was just getting into its regimentals—I don't know what else to call them—as we entered. These consisted of a body shield which looked not unlike a tight cork life-preserver, a heavy iron helmet and visor, and enormous clanking gauntlets. Everybody was barefoot and wore the regulation unbeautiful costume of indescribable divided skirt and kimono. The weapon was merely a long bamboo stick with a hand-guard. Somebody gave a signal, and all present, teachers and pupils, fell upon their faces before the empty imperial box. Then teachers and pupils saluted each other with a degree or so less of humility, and

THE EXERCISE BEGAN.

It really alarmed me at first. I thought they had all suddenly gone mad. Such hideous noises I never heard issue from human throats. They shrieked like demons from the lowest regions. They made horrible faces through the ugly iron masks, and fought as if the fate of Japan were in their hands that minute. Crash! crash! the heavy bamboo sticks came down upon the tops of heads, upon unprotected arms and necks. They backed each other all over the place, fighting desperately and working to get a final blow upon the tops of each others' heads. The one who did this was counted winner, and instantly the combatants were down upon the floor giving the ancient Samurai sword salute, and all the time the terrible yelling continued. I was told it was done to make them seem more terrible to the enemy, but I thought it was a most fortunate custom, simply because it would be awful to have to take such punishment as was inflicted and make no sound. I think the yells were a very good vent for a very natural feeling. Then there was a class of little fellows, of ten and twelve, who would, all together, set upon a single big teacher and punish him to the utmost of their immature strength, while taking without a sign the punishment which he purposely inflicted upon them. Once they succeeded in disarming him, and this gave them the right to try and get his helmet off, which, if they were successful, would make him their prisoner. And they took after him with yells like little demons, nobody paying the slightest attention to them, it all being a part of a very serious business. They finally caught him and tripped him, one little chap running between his legs to accomplish this. Then they piled on top of him and worked like little beavers. It was a very good imitation of a football game. But the teacher managed to keep his helmet on for nearly a half-hour, while about a dozen boys did their combined utmost to get it off. Finally they succeeded, and the teacher came up bareheaded but smiling, with his arm all torn and bleeding. He went down upon the floor before his little pupils and offered them his sword, hilt foremost, but they with equal courtesy declined to accept it, and restored his helmet and his liberty, after which the fight began again.

SCOLDING CURE.

In Queen Elizabeth's day an instrument of torture was used to prevent women from scolding and nagging. It consisted of an iron framework—called the "scold's bridle"—somewhat similar to a cage, which was slipped over the head of the person whom it was desired to punish. In the framework were eyeholes and a specially prepared projection in front for the tongue of the victim. The interior of the projection was lined with spikes, so that if the wearer attempted to speak her tongue was liable to get badly lacerated. It did not often require more than one application of this torture to break the gossip of her unpleasant habit.

MUST PAY DOCTOR'S BILLS.

The medical practitioners of Friedrichstal, Germany, have got up a "black-list" of people who are behind with payments to their doctors. Medical aid will be refused to them as long as they remain on this list.

SINGING FLOORS.

Japanese ladies sometimes have the floors of their boudoirs, underneath the mats, so arranged that by the movement of the boards when trodden upon sounds something like the chirping of birds are emitted.

A strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from boots quickly and without the slightest injury to leather. It is far better than the usual brush.

He—"Here is your dressmaker's bill. She is becoming impatient for her money!" She—"Indeed! Then I must call to-morrow and order a new dress."

"Why, don't you sing at all now, dear?" "No. My doctor has strictly forbidden me to practise." "Oh! Does he lives in your neighborhood?"

She—"Then you believe in nothing?" He—"I in everything I can and." She—"Oh, well, that amounts to the same thing."

TREATMENT BY DEPUTY

TRIAL PATIENTS FOR RICH INVALIDS.

Poor People Who Reap the First Fruits of Great Discoveries.

"The average human being has a pronounced objection to medical experiments being conducted on his own person, however salutary the results are expected to be."

So spoke a celebrated doctor to the writer of this article, and he added: "On innumerable occasions when a certain course of treatment is recommended to patients, who are at the same time both rich, sceptical, and perhaps nervous, they express a desire to watch the effects of the same treatment on another person before submitting to it themselves; and sometimes they have been known to put their hands in their pockets for large sums of money in order that they may be completely satisfied in this way."

Thus, a few weeks ago, according to the same authority, a new treatment for cancer was announced by a Continental doctor, which could only be properly tested at his own place in Germany. There was one case of

A RICH ENGLISH PATIENT,

who had tried all recognized methods of dealing with this terrible malady without success, and he was at this time not only sceptical as to anything new, but not well enough to make a long journey unless fairly well satisfied beforehand that there was at least a respectable chance of the results being satisfactory. His own doctors were also doubtful as to whether the evidence afforded justified taking such a course.

Accordingly the patient offered to pay all the expenses of any other poor sufferer whose case might be approved by his medical man as being very similar to his own, and to give him a bonus of $1,000 as well, on condition that he would proceed at once on a three months' course of this new treatment, and report weekly to his patron as to the results. The matter was arranged, a patient selected, and he is at the present time putting the treatment to the test, and reporting.

Again, a couple of years since, a middle-aged gentleman who is pretty well known in London society, and who had for a long time been living a very health-breaking sort of life, fell ill with a complication of maladies, and his doctor, when consulted, prescribed a very drastic and unpleasant course of treatment, which involved long abstention from almost everything which in the patient's opinion made life worth living. He declared that, however ill he was, he would like to see the effect of this sort of doctoring on some other person before he underwent such sacrifices on his own account.

A TRIAL THAT FAILED.

It so happened that a precisely similar case came under the attention of the medical man about the same time; but the patient was poor, and could not leave his work for such a long period as this treatment would involve. This being mentioned to the other, he took him into his own house, paid him a salary which was double what he had been getting, guaranteed him satisfactory employment afterwards, and settled all the doctor's fees for the treatment prescribed. Then he had the pleasure of watching its effects day by day, and studying them. In three weeks he was satisfied as to its efficacy.

But one of the most remarkable instances on record of this kind of thing was that afforded in the case of Mr. Rouss, the New York millionaire, who had lost his sight entirely by too much study of astronomy through a telescope at night. He was so overwhelmed by his terrible affliction that he offered a reward of $1,000,000 to any medical man who would discover a means of restoring to him the use of his eyes. The prize was a very tempting one. A poor man was discovered who was suffering from precisely the same disease of the optic nerve as Mr. Rouss, and the latter engaged him, and rewarded him handsomely for submitting to a severe method of treatment which the oculists felt they would like to try, but with which they were afraid for many reasons of experimenting on the rich blind man. The pity of it was that it failed, and both had to remain in darkness; but the millionaire, grateful anyhow, to his fellow-sufferer, settled upon him a substantial pension for the rest of his life.

KOCH CURE WAS TRIED.

When the Koch treatment for consumption first came out and made a sensation a few years ago, there were thousands of poor people who were clamoring to go to Berlin and try it there; whilst, on the other hand, the more well-to-do, under the advice of home specialists, who were not at all satisfied about it, preferred to stay at home for the time being, although they were very curious as to the results that were being said to be achieved. Thus it happened that in quite a large number of cases poor consumptives were sent to Berlin, with all expenses paid by rich ones, merely that they might return home to report to the latter upon the benefit, if any, that they had received.

This kind of thing has its humorous side as well as the other. There are hangers-on to most hospitals who are willing to submit to any kind of medical or surgical treatment, not attended by absolute danger for a consideration, and the ar- ity of these persons is often s- ing.

ILL TO ORDER.

One time a curious case of a very infrequent skin disease was submitted to a leading institution, and there were circumstances which made the staff hesitate about taking the surgical course which they felt was most likely to be efficient, after all. A trial was necessary beforehand, but such patients were scarce to the last degree. However, the doctor's perplexity became known to one of the hangers-on, and ten days later he came forward with the signs of this disease—not by any means a dangerous one—in full evidence upon him. How on earth he had managed to contract it in the time was then, and still remains, a mystery. He was operated upon, and cured immediately, receiving a suitable honorarium for the inconvenience to which he had been put; and then the other patient was taken in hand and similarly relieved.

GROWTH OF THE MAFIA

TERRIBLE CEREMONY OF THE INITIATION.

Secret of the Dread Society's Influence on Italian Life.

There are many secret societies in Europe, but without a doubt the Mafia of Italy is the worst of all, says a writer in the London Express for its members openly defy the laws of God and man with an impunity that seems incredible in the twentieth century.

Murders, thefts, and arson are to them incidents, not crimes, while even the sanctity of family life is invaded if so the Mafia wills it.

The Mafia is not a child of to-day, but a hoary old blackguard of ages, who for more than 300 years has wrought havoc with the morals of Italy and her people.

It grew up in Sicily, where constant fighting with new invaders finally finished in fighting all authority and by any means. It extends to

ALL PARTS OF ITALY.

The bond that unites its members is neither political, religious nor social. The bond that joins this heterogenous mass of humanity is one of reciprocal liability.

If a member commits a crime he knows that he will be supported by men in all branches of life who will pause at nothing to outwit justice. In political matters, also, the members bind themselves together, frequently changing the whole character of an election if they desire one of their members to become a deputy. Then, again, when one of their members starts a new business they will flock round him and purchase goods from his shop.

CEREMONY OF INITIATION.

The ceremony of initiation after probation is short, but terrible, as the man, after smearing the image of his favorite saint with blood drawn from his body, sets the image on fire and takes the following oath:—

"I swear on my honor to be faithful to the brotherhood. As this saint and the drops of my blood are destroyed, so will I shed all my blood for the fraternity; and as these ashes and this blood can never be restored, so can I never become free from the brotherhood."

But this is not all, for, drawing a revolver, he shoots at a crucifix, thereby showing his willingness to kill his nearest relation if so commanded. Then the ceremony of initiation is finished.

His name is not written in any local record, but is sent to headquarters, where, by mouth, it is communicated to the various mafiosi in the districts where the new member lives. These initiate him into the various signs and ordinances of the brotherhood. If he is unfaithful to the cause a dagger quickly shuts his mouth forever.

POWER OF THE SOCIETY.

Its greatest power is in the protection of its members from punishment for crimes committed. The judge on the bench, the prosecuting counsel and the gendarmes may be Mafiosi, so powerful in all branches of society is the sect. A short time ago a foul murder was committed in broad daylight in one of the chief streets of Palmero. The criminal was caught red-handed, but managed to break away from the police and dart down a narrow alley.

A veritable steeplechase followed, as on the cry of "Mafiosi" being raised the police found their way impeded by the people throwing chairs, tables and everything they could lay their hands on out of the windows.

The man escaped and to this day has never been apprehended, although the police know his whereabouts. They dare not arrest him. They fear the Mafia.

As to its great political influence, ask an Italian the secret of Crispi's success, and he will tell you in two words—"The Mafia."

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

Do not tie yourself or your money up. Do not risk all your savings in any scheme, no matter how much it may promise. Do not invest your hard-earned money in anything without first making a thorough and searching investigation. Do not be misled by those who tell you that it is "now or never," and that if you wait you are liable to lose the best thing that ever came to you. Make up your mind that if you lose your money you will not lose your head, and that you will not invest in anything until you thoroughly understand all about it.

There are plenty of good things waiting. If you miss one, there are hundreds of others. People will tell you that the opportunity will go by, and you will lose a great chance to make money if you do not act promptly. But take your time, and investigate. Make it a cast-iron rule never to invest in any enterprise until you have gone to the very bottom of it, and if it is not so sound that level-headed men will put money in it, do not touch it. The habit of investigating before you embark in any business will be a happiness-protector and an ambition-protector as well.

YANKEE NURSES IN JAPAN

THEY MEANT WELL, BUT WERE USELESS.

Proved Themselves Somewhat of a Burden to Medical Staff.

An important personage confided to me the other day that of all the difficulties the Japanese Government has been compelled to contend with since the beginning of the war, the most perplexing were the newspaper men and the American nurses, writes W. E. Cuetis in the Chicago Record-Herald. They did not want either to come here. Both have been inexpressible nuisances, but they could not be abated for many reasons, chief of which was a desire to make both believe that they were cordially welcome. In dealing with the war correspondents, however, the Japanese authorities made a very serious mistake, and by their lack of candor have provoked indignation and enmity when they might have had good will and friendship. However, there have been errors on both sides.

The nurses were more easily disposed of. They have been buried under compliments and attentions and gifts, and have been sent to the other end of Japan, where they are supposed to be nursing sick soldiers and prisoners of war, and, so far as we have heard, they are contented and happy and are conscious of being international benefactors, but they do not realize the annoyance and anxiety which the Japanese have suffered on their account.

JAPAN WAS GRATEFUL.

Public sentiment has expressed itself in many forms both concerning the nurses and the correspondents, and that part of the community which has not been responsible for their well being has manifested the greatest pleasure and gratitude on account of their presence.

Nevertheless, the medical department of the army, which was responsible for their pleasure and comfort and was required to take care of them, was very much upset. So far as the personnel of the party is concerned, nothing more could be desired. I doubt whether better examples of American womanhood could have been selected. Every citizen of the United States was proud of its representatives in their white cotton caps and gowns and their long aprons, which, by the way happen to be remarkably becoming to every one of the party. And that these women should cross 3,000 miles of land and 6,000 miles of sea to nurse wounded and sick Japanese soldiers made the heart of the whole nation swell with grateful pride and affection. But the medical department of the army was compelled to contemplate the situation from a very different point of view.

LACKED A FEW THINGS.

The American nurses cannot speak or understand the Japanese or any other language but English. Hence very few of the army surgeons or soldiers can converse with them.

They cannot communicate with their patients or with their doctors; they cannot learn the symptoms of one nor understand the instructions of the other. If one of the patients under their charge should ask for something not one of the American nurses would know whether he wanted a drink of water or the latest edition of the Japanese encyclopedia. If a patient should be suddenly taken worse or if he should have a spasm they would be utterly helpless, and in order to enable them to perform any duty whatever the doctors were compelled to furnish each of the American nurses with an interpreter.

But that is not all. The American nurses cannot eat Japanese food or live in the Japanese style. Hence it has been necessary for the medical department to spend a lot of money and take a lot of trouble to remodel one of the houses at the Hiroshima Hospital in modern style and employ European cooks in order to make them comfortable. Thus they have not only been a burden but an expense, and the surgeons in charge have been in a position to sympathize with the gentleman in the story when the Emperor honored him with the gift of a white elephant.

PERFECT EQUIPMENT.

Nor were the nurses needed. No other nation has so complete and perfect a hospital organization as Japan. Like everything else connected with the army, it is absolutely perfect. The hospital corps on the 31st of March consisted of the following:

Fourteen surgeons general, two hundred and ninety-one surgeons, forty-five apothecaries and pharmacists, nineteen hundred and twenty women nurses, seven hundred and sixty-three men nurses, four hundred and fifty-seven cooks, laundresses and other servants; two hospital ships, four hundred and sixty-nine field stretchers, three hundred and ninety-eight cases of medicines and surgical instruments, fifty-two thousand four hundred and thirty-eight beds and cots.

Hence, as you will realize, the services of the lovely American nurses were not needed. But, as a social event, and as a manifestation of the sympathy and kindly sentiment of the American women for Japan their visit has been an eminent success.

"I s'pose it's all right," said Mr. Newrich. "But it doesn't seem fair?" "What doesn't seem fair?" "For Matilda to scold because I want to eat dinner in my shirt sleeves. I don't make any fuss about her party dresses, an' they haven't any sleeves at all."

Divers in the Navy, before being passed as proficient, have to be able to work in twelve fathoms of water for an hour, and twenty fathoms for a quarter.

A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXXI.

The next afternoon, about the falling of dusk, saw Philip walking through snowy lanes and across field-paths toward the river's bank. He had pulled his coat-collar up about his face and crushed his hat over his eyes, and with a burning fear of being recognized by passengers as he strode swiftly along in the pale snow gleam.

Ashamed of Jessie. That was indeed a strange experience and yet it was the strongest in all the wild medley of agonized feelings that surged within him. He pitied her much, but he condemned her more. Nothing, he thought, with the stern Pharisaism of male kindred, could palliate, much less excuse conduct such as hers; those secret meetings augured deception as well as a frailty that made him shudder; piteous as the idea of a self-sought death of despair was, it was still the one sign of grace to be hoped for. But he did not think that she had taken her life; the country talk, the cold looks and averted heads of her acquaintances would not provide a motive strong enough for so desperate a measure, and no more pressing motive could be argued. He did not know what Jessie had known too well that, guilty or not guilty, Mrs. Plummer would never receive a disgraced girl beneath her roof. "She might die on the road first," was her expression.

In the long watches of the night, as he tossed uneasily upon Mrs. Plummer's lavender-scented pillows he had thought much of Jessie's disharmony with her surroundings. Redwoods, the scene of pleasant holidays in childhood, had been taken without criticism, but now that he came fresh to it after so long an interval and habitual experience of more polished modes of life, it struck him that "Wood ways" could scarcely have been congenial to Jessie, the more so as she saw homespun roughness in contrast with the refined elegance, almost splendor, of Marwell Court. A vague remorse mingled with these thoughts; he asked himself again and again what he could have done better for her, and the answer always was, nothing. The fault seemed to lie in circumstance; she had been trained out of harmony with her position in life, she had no social status, she had risen from one class but not reached another. If he had taken her to India, her isolation would have been frightful; he would have to leave her while he marched to the first Relief of Lucknow, and went through the Rohilcunde campaign. And if he married her in England and left her behind, it would have been far worse. Then Jessie's sweet, sorrowful face would rise before him with gentle reproach. No evil could be attributed to that sweet and guileless child. But he remembered that nearly every woman has once been innocent. He had passed the morning, not without some feeling of sacrilege, in the small white-draped room that had been hers, looking over her papers and things in search of some clue to her disappearance. His own letters were all there, neatly packeted and endorsed; how cold and hard they seemed to be! One had arrived after her disappearance and had never been opened; there was something inexpressibly ghastly in opening and reading it. Her favorite books were there, a scanty stock; her Thomas a Kempis, the Tennyson he had given her on her fifteenth birthday, well-worn and much underlined—

> Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might
> Smote the chord of Self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

This was dated, September, 1858, and doubly scored.

There were long and most affectionate letters from Miss Lonsdale; she appeared to have kept every scrap of her writing; one or two pencilled notes from Ethel Medway—not a line of writing in the hand he expected and feared to see. There was a commonplace book, dainty and neat, into which she had copied passages from books that pleased her; he was surprised at the extent and judgment of her reading. Some household recipes, work-patterns, and half a dozen enigmas and charades completed Jessie's stock of papers. A few trinkets, old-fashioned things of Mrs. Meade's, were left in the little rosewood dressing-case, among them, wrapped in silver paper and inscribed, "For Philip," was the ring he had given her at their parents' grave, the opal ring, which she said was unlucky.

"But whatever is this?" Mrs. Plummer exclaimed, while exploring a drawer of clothing at his desire. His heart sank at the sight; for it was a morocco, velvet-lined jewel-case, fresh and new, bearing the name of a well-known firm of London jewellers in gold letters, and it had evidently been put into the far corner of the drawer for concealment. He wrapped it in paper and set it aside for future use.

"Dear heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer, soon after, as something rolled over the bare, white boards from the folds of a dress she was vigorously shaking before replacing in the drawer, "how did she come by pearls?"

"How, indeed!" he echoed, picking it up and examing it with heavy fear. It was large, of beautiful lustre, and pierced. It must have been worn with that dress and dropped from a string; it was no cheap imitation, but a pearl of price, a thing she could not possible have bought. He did not like Mrs. Plummer to see it; and put it quickly away wondering, with an awed wonder, that women should sell their souls for stones, and be tricked by so poor a thing as the flash of a jewel.

The last gleam of sunset was gone when he reached the riverside, and stood upon the bank at the spot where the handkerchief had been found. The place had been a playground for them as children. Here heavy timbers, chained roughly together to prevent their being washed away, were laid raft-like, along the river's edge to be seasoned; the shore ends half bedded in mud, the others lifted and floated by the full tide. To stand on the end of a timber-balk, and spring up and down, with the water splashing through the cracks when the great beams rebounded from the spring, had then been a heavenly pleasure. If one performed this dance upon a long balk stretching into the river far beyond the others, one had the additional happiness of the chance of missing one's footing and going splash into the water, a catastrophe that once befell poor little Jessie, whom he had fished out with some difficulty and much laughter on his part, and weeping on hers, and carried home, a piteous little object like a drowned kitten.

Near these timbers was a small grove of stunted oaks, some of which leaned over the water; there boys used to undress and, climbing into the tress, take headers from the overhanging tops. Opposite was meadow whence they bathed at full tide, drying themselves by the simple process of racing round the mead in the sun and wind, shouting and leaping like young colts, as innocent of clothes and as unconscious of their need as unfallen Adam.

The meadow was white now, the river was black in the dusk by contrast with its snowy banks; the edges of the timbers were scaled by great white flakes of ice, the tide was running up, flowing strongly beneath his feet, as he stood on the edge of the floating timbers slippery with snow; the grove was heavy with shadows. About a foot beyond the timbers the channel was deep; he knew it well, and so did Jessie; a slight spring from the springy balks and one would be in mid-stream out of depth. No house was in sight but the ark, built on a boat at the water's edge, the grove would shelter one from the gaze of passers-by. Sally Samson, the old woman who lived there, had seen her from her door. Roger had found the handkerchief on the timbers; but what motive had Jessie for self-destruction? Roger maintained that the scandal had crazed her, but Philip thought it would take something stronger than mere talk to drive a girl who held secret meetings, received jewels, and was false to her absent lover and friend, to desperation. How false Jessie had been, to how solemn a troth-plight, to what sacred memories! False to her dead father and all her youth. Yet he did not reproach himself for his own passionate swerve from loyalty; he had conquered his heart's desire and sacrificed all his hopes of advancement to keep faith with this frail, slight creature. Besides, he was a man, and are not men's temptations heavier than women's? are not their passions stronger? Must not a man love when under the spell of beauty and fascination he does not seek? Is it not criminal for a woman to love at all except at the word of command? Do good women feel the beauty of men—slight as it is in the estimation of males—or yield to fascinations they have not encouraged? So Philip thought in his instictive male arrogance, drawing conclusions from arbitrarily fashioned premises, such as men lay down for women, blindly wondering when the latter spoil the syllogism by a false conclusion, and not dreaming that either premise can be false.

Musing thus, he went along the foot-path toward the black ark, whence one red glow from a little window gave comfortable assurance of warmth and humanity amidst the black and white desolation of the snow-wrapped fields and deserted, dark-flowing river. Thence another and broader glow streamed at his approach, as Sally opened her little door at the top of the railed gangway leading to her ark and stood in the keen open air, a quaint figure, familiar to him from early childhood, calling to her dog.

"Good evening, Sally," he called out, stopping at the foot of the gangway which passed from the bank over the water at flood and over shingle at ebb tide: "don't you remember Philip Randal, of Stillbrooke Mill?"

"Meade's boy? Yes, I minds 'en," she replied, taking a pinch of snuff and surveying him with a critical air. "Growed," she added after a few seconds, when she dipped down into her ark beckoning to him to follow into the warm little nest.

It was an old tub of a boat ten feet long, shored up by timbers firmly sunk in the river's bed, so that the tide could not float it off. A low plank wall rose from its sides some two feet or three feet high, this was topped by a slant wooden roof like an inverted boat. With its tiny windows, one shoreward and one riverward, its little door and its stove-pipe through the roof, it was exactly like the Noah's Ark the children used to play with, and it was a thrilling joy to them to go there of a summer afternoon, especially at full tide, when it seemed to float on the river, to draw in the gangway and have tea in the marvellous little house, every inch of space in which had been utilized for Sally's limited needs.

Philip felt like a giant as he descended two steps and sat on the chest by the little grate, which blazed cheerily with burning driftwood and bits of old boats; there was the little dresser with bits of shining crockery, the curtained bed-place, the geranium in the window, the few pots and pans, the candlestick, the seashells, lumps of coral, and other sea treasures, the Maltese doll once the desire of Jessie's eyes, and the full-rigged model frigate, long the desire of his own. How delicious Sally's milkless tea used to be in this fairy dwelling, and Sally herself, what a marvellous picturesque old sibyl she looked as she sat taking her snuff, the scent of which seemed to Philip like a memory of infancy, relating the after tale, chiefly of the sea. So she sat to-day in the winter firelight as she used to sit in the summer sunglow, the same quaint figure, with the same brown expressionless face surrounded by the flauping white cap-frill of her cap, the same bare, brown arms, which, like the face, seemed carved in old oak; the same dingy crossover shawl, the same scanty dark skirt that he remembered in boyhood. Summer and winter, indoors and out, Sally's attire never varied, thus she rowed on the river in sun or wind, wet or cold.

He had brought her a packet of snuff, and some Indian figures to add to her curiosities. She received them with a grunt of satisfaction; then she rose, and opening a tiny cupboard above the little fireplace brought forth a black bottle containing some pale, clear cognac which she poured into one of the old china tea-cups and gave him, and which he knew well had never passed the custom-house. While she did this, he took rapid stock of the familiar objects in the cabin, and saw on a little shelf with the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, a railway time-table, which his quick eye made out to be of last year's date.

He talked of old times, and of the Crimea and the Mutiny, and then Sally began, as she always did after a taste from the black bottle, of her stories. He listened silently till she became almost unconscious of his presence, and she rambled on, as she probably did in the long nights and summer days when she sat alone, her mind thrown back on the past.

Then, when she paused and fell to staring before her into the glowing wood-coals, he said without preamble:

"Who was in the boat with you and Miss Jessie last October, Sally?"

"Never a soul," she replied, still gazing into the fire, her head slightly bowed forward and her hands resting on her knees.

"And how long were you rowing to Lynmouth, that fine, calm day?" he added, keeping his hand before his eyes while his elbow was on the table, lest she should turn and catch the eager, pained interest that he could keep out of his voice but not out of his face.

"Matter of a hour; tide agen us," she said, absently, being, for so practised a story-teller, short of speech, doubtless made her tales tell the more.

"And you had to pull well, wanting to catch the mid-day boat, no doubt?" he continued, vainly trying to speak carelessly.

But either some vibration in his voice or his persistent catechising, roused the old woman, and she turned and eyed him sharply.

"Who's talking of boats?" she growled.

"Look here, Sally," said Philip, "let all be square, fair, and above board. How much did she give you to put the Plummers off the scent?"

Sally looked at him and took more snuff, not unmoved by the apparently irrelevant fact that he sent his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and caused the mellow chink of coin to be heard.

"Pound," she said. "What's your'n?"

"One pound ten," he replied, producing the money.

"'Taint enough," said Sally, promptly.

"That's a pity," he returned, "there's no more to be had. Thirty shillings are not picked up every day."

"Ah, dear, I be a lone ooman," moaned Sally, eying the bright gold wistfully.

"I am her guardian, in place of her father," continued Philip. "She didn't know I was coming home yet and very likely wrote to tell me all about it. I daresay the letter reached India just as I stepped ashore."

"Not she, didn't want nobody to know," Sally said.

"For the first days, perhaps. But she may be wanting money now and I not able to send it." He took up the two gold pieces and tossed them on the table as he spoke.

"What 'll ye do to her?" she asked, following the coins with her eyes.

"See that she wants nothing, poor child! and that—that nobody does her harm," he muttered, brokenly.

"Make it two, lad, ah, deary me! I be a lone lorn ooman. Make it two, dear," she said, coaxingly.

He clinked another half-sovereign down on the little table and Sally covered the three bright coins with her hard, brown hand.

"Winter's hard, living's hard, 'tis hard to be a lone ooman," she muttered, clutching the gold, yet staring irresolutely into the fire.

"Still harder to be alone when young and beautiful and unprotected," added Philip. "It will be the best day's work you ever did in your life, Sally, if you just tell the whole truth."

"Ah, deary, dear! She begged and prayed and settled the day and hour and tide long afore. She fixed twice, but couldn't get down here. 'How 'll you live away from your folk?' I asked. 'I shan't want, Sally,' she says. 'My fortune 'll be made. I'm gwine where the ground is covered with gold,' she says."

"Did she come alone?" asked Philip, in the deepest voice.

"Alone, as lone as the dead. Once gone, no coming back, I tells her. No good. Go she must."

"What did she take with her? Boxes?"

"Box and a bag. Jim fetched it from Cleeve. She give him five shillings. Just catched the boat at Lynmouth Pier."

"Who met her there?"

"Man carried her things aboard."

"How was he dressed? Like a gentleman's servant?" he continued in an agitated voice.

"Lord knows. A bit of brass tied on's arm. There was a lot more like 'en helping off boxes."

"Oh, a porter," he said with relief.

Further questioning elicited nothing more of importance, so enjoining reticence upon the old sibyl, Philip took his leave of her, and stumbled out of the tiny nutshell into the night with his worst fears confirmed.

What duplicity, what a long course of intrigue on the part of this young, soft, tender thing. What could blame him for having no suspicion of double dealing in that quarter? Why he would as soon have thought of suspecting one of Heaven's whitest angels.

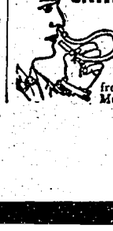
Half way across the snowy field, which sloped somewhat steeply down to the river, he stopped and looked back at the solitary light in Sally's tiny window. He could just see the dark mass of the oak-grove, the black blot in which the one red eye of light glowed, and the darkness of the river flowing between its ghostly gleaming banks; it was a clear, moonless, still night, the black vault of sky blazed with the white fire of innumerable frosty stars, the light of which reflected from the snow was sufficient to walk by and discern objects in outline.

He took something from his pocket and hurled it with the widest sweep of his arm toward the dark river; it glittered in the pallid light, making a tiny trail as it flew like the tiniest of falling stars and vanished. It was the opal ring he had given Jessie at her parents' grave.

(To be Continued.)

Customer (severely)—"Do you sell diseased meat here?" Butcher (blandly)—"Worse than that." Customer (excitedly)—"Mercy on us! How can that be possible?" Butcher (confidentially)—"The meat I sell is dead—absolutely dead, sir." "Oh!"

M'Lubberty—"Nora, me jewel, Oi hov wan for yez. Av a man is born in Lapland, lives in Finland, an' dies in Poland, phwot is he?" Mrs. M'Lubberty (promptly)—"A car-rrpse." M'Lubberty (disgustedly)—"Begorra, somebody must hov told yez."



DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

A LETTER FROM OVER THE SEA

Tells of Good News Received From Calgary, Atla., Which Brought Joy Into His Life.

Here is a sincere and unsolicited letter from an Englishman who was almost led to take his own life on account of what he suffered from itching piles. He had doctors' advice and remedies to no end and after sixteen years' of suffering was without hope of recovery. He tells in his letter how he accidentally heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

114, Milton Road,
Margate, England.

Edmanson, Bates & Co.,
Toronto, Can.,

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to write to acknowledge the great good Dr. Chase's Ointment has done for me. I had suffered from itching piles for over sixteen years, and suffered badly at that. There have been times when I could and would have put an end to it all if it had not been for the thought of meeting God. Some people may think I am stretching it a point, but those who have suffered as I have will know.

At other times I have felt I could take a knife and cut away the parts until I came to the bottom of the evil, but thank God it is all past. It was quite by accident that I came to know of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have had doctors' advice and remedies to no end and could not say how much I spent in that sixteen years. I had a Calgary paper sent to me and there I saw your Ointment advertised. It just met my case, as it said for itching piles and saved painful operations.

As I could not get Dr. Chase's Ointment from my chemist, I wrote to my brother, Mr. H. Shelley of Calgary, Alta., and he sent me one box. Before I had used one-third of the box I was perfectly cured by this ointment.

I am sure you will be surprised to get this letter from this corner of the world, but I felt it my duty to acknowledge the great good Dr. Chase's Ointment has done for me. You are at liberty to make use of this letter as you see fit. All I should like to say to anyone who suffers from this dreadful complaint is I know it cures. With many thanks, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
T. Shelley.

If you enclose a stamp for reply, Mr. Shelley would no doubt gladly answer any question about his case. But there are similar cases among your own friends and neighbors with whom you can have a personal interview. If you are not acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment you will be surprised at the cures which are being brought about in your own neighborhood. No preparation has ever been more heartily endorsed by people who have used it and none has ever been so successful in curing piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

COST OF RAISING CALVES.

A great many experiments in the feeding of farm animals have been made, but they have been incomplete as a basis for estimating the absolute cost and profits of animal production, because as a rule they cover only a small portion of the animal's life. Realizing the importance of more complete data in this respect, several of the experimental stations have made records of the amount and cost of food consumed by various animals from birth to maturity. While these observations need to be repeated many times under a variety of conditions before it would be safe to draw too positive conclusions from them, the results already obtained are suggestive and of considerable practical value.

Mr. W. Clark has recorded data regarding the cost of raising heifer calves. In a number of cases the record covered from birth to maturity—that is, for approximately two years. One of the calves weighing at birth 56 pounds, consumed during the first year 159 pounds of whole milk, 2,738 pounds of skim milk, 66 pounds bran, 224 pounds of hay, and was pastured for one hundred and sixty-one days. When one year old she had cost $12.86 and weighed 435 pounds. During the second year the ration was made up of sorghum hay, silage, oat straw, corn stover, and a little cotton seed and bran. The period of pasture covered two hundred and twenty-four days. The cost of the feed was $9.09 and she weighed at the end of the year 665 pounds. She dropped her first calf a few days before she was two years old. The total cost of feed up to this time was $21.95.

THE FEED EATEN

by two other calves, which the author believes made a normal growth, cost $11.40 and $13.66 respectively, for the first year. One of these calves weighed 43 pounds at birth and during the first year consumed 92 pounds of whole milk, 1,192 lbs. of skim milk, 322 pounds hay, and 204 pounds of bran, and was on pasture one hundred and sixty-five days. The other calf weighed 50 pounds at birth and was fed in much the same way, weighing when a year old 350 pounds.

Data are also recorded regarding three other calves, which the author believes consumed too little skim milk during the first year and hence did not make satisfactory growth. Furthermore, they were accidently bred too early. One of these calves weighed 50 pounds at birth. During the first year 250 pounds of whole milk, 1,195 pounds of skim milk, 180 pounds of bran, 63 pounds of corn meal, and 405 pounds of hay were eaten, and the calf was on pasture one hundred and twelve days. The cost of feed for the first year was $11.65 and the weight when a year old 340 pounds. Aside from pasturage she was fed during the second year cotton seed, corn stover, oat straw and silage. She dropped her first calf when twenty-two months old. The cost of feeding up to the time of calving was $7.61, making the total cost of feeding $19.26.

The second of these calves weighed 36 pounds at birth. She was fed under much the same conditions as the other, consuming 1,097 pounds of skim milk the first year, and dropped her first calf when two years old. Her weight when a year old was 350 pounds, and the total cost of feeding for two years $19.48.

The third calf weighed 38 pounds at birth, and during the first year was fed skim milk and whole milk in addition to some hay, grain and pasturage, the amount of skim milk consumed being 1,740 pounds. The first calf was dropped when nineteen months old, and her weight was then 445 pounds. The total cost of feeding up to this time was $17.21.

Considering the test as a whole, the average cost for the first year's growth of these calves was $11.77 or from birth until the time of calving $19.47.

DAIRY NOTES.

There is much loss by imperfect skimming.

Cream is ripened before churning to develope flavor.

Milking qualities of a high order are bred into the cow.

It is the milk from the fresh cow that produces the perfect butter flavor.

To feed cows economically yet sufficiently, give only what the cows will eat up clean.

The amount of butter that can be made is limited by the amount of butter fats in the milk.

It is not so much the amount of butter a cow produces as what it costs to produce, that determines the profit.

A brush is much better than a cloth to clean milk vessels. It gets at places that a cloth will not reach.

The law of stimulation holds good in milking and if well followed will help to make good milkers.

A cow with a big udder is not always an enormous milker, nor is a thick yellow skin an unfailing sign of a rich milker.

In purchasing new dairy implements two things should be considered: Will it perceptibly improve the products? Will it cheapen production?

The very best butter is that which is best made, and the breed of the cow has very little to do with it.

One of the chief advantages of the separator is the enhanced value of skim milk, which is perfectly sweet.

A poor process of manufacture will spoil the product from the finest cream ever collected from milk.

The contact of air does not injure or prevent milk from keeping, provided the air is pure and free from any contagious agency.

The less milk is cooled after setting, the more quickly it sours, and souring milk quickly is against good cream raising.

Good cream raising means keeping the milk sweet as long as possible, and this is possible by cooling it down quickly in the cans.

Hang a new motto up in the dairy and call it Cleanliness First. It will pay.

Cows should be milked at the same time every day. If not some of the profits will be lost.

Most of filth and bacteria that find the way into the milk pail come from the surface of the udder.

The temperature at which cream should churn is 56 to 58 degrees in summer, and two to four degrees more in winter.

Milking should always be done with dry hands, and each cow should be milked, if possible, by the same person each day.

Remember there is no profit in keeping dairy cows unless they are paying their way. Look in your herd carefully, and weed out the inferior ones.

Dry light milk pails and dry pastures usually go together. It is not too late to sow a patch of corn or peas and oats near the farm buildings, to be used as morning and evening feed.

RAPE PASTURE FOR PIGS.

Prof. W. L. Carlyle gives the following as his conclusions regarding the value of rape as a pasture for hogs:

1. That with pigs from four to ten months old, an acre of rape, when properly grown, has a feeding value when combined with a ration of corn and shorts, equivalent to 2,436 pounds of a mixture of these grain feeds and a money value of $19.49 per acre.

2. That rape is a better green feed for growing pigs than good clover pasture, the pigs fed upon the rape having made on the average 100 pounds of gain on 33.5 pounds less grain than was required by the pigs fed upon clover pasture.

3. The pigs are more thrifty, have better appetites and make correspondingly better gains when supplied with a rape pasture in conjunction with their grain feed than when fed on grain alone.

4. That a plot of Dwarf Essex forage rape, when planted in drills thirty inches apart, early in May, in Wisconsin, will yield three good crops of pasture forage in a favorable season.

5. That rape is the most satisfactory and cheapest green feed for swine that we have fed.

6. That every feeder of hogs should plant each spring a small field of rape adjoining his hog yard, and provide himself with a few rods of movable fence, to properly feed the rape to brood sows and young pigs.

7. That rape should be sown for this purpose in drills thirty inches apart, to faciliate the stirring of the ground and cultivation after each successive growth has been eaten off.

8. The hogs should not be turned upon a rape pasture until the plants are at least twelve to fourteen inches high, and that they should be prevented from rooting while in the rape field.

9. That rape is not a satisfactory feed when fed alone, when it is desired to have any live weight gain made in hogs, though it has been found that they will just about maintain themselves without loss of weight on this feed alone.

BAD TEMPER DIET.

Which is Intended to Effect a Certain Cure.

In a little pamphlet issued by a vegetarian society Miss Alice Braithwaite writes:—

"Through the investigations of Dr. Haig we now know that the effect of certain foods is to render the blood acid. These foods are, with the exception of milk, cheese and butter, all the products of the animal kingdom, including fish and eggs; peas, beans, lentils, asparagus, mushrooms, tea, coffee, cocoa, and to some extent oatmeal and brown bread. We then get slow or impeded capillary circulation, and this impeded caterpillary circulation is the foundation of innumerable evils, for the uric acid in which the waste products of the body are thrown off is never completely got rid of, but is retained in the body, and this, together with the high blood pressure arising from the impeded circulation, brings about a condition of greater or less disease, of which headache and neuralgia, rheumatism and dyspepsia, depression and bad temper are common.

The breakfast menu to cure such bad temper is as follows:—

"A cup of milk, or milk and hot water, where milk does not suit," says Miss Braithwaite, "bread or toast and butter, with a few almonds, which for those who like them so, may be toasted a pale gold color, will make a good breakfast, but which after a course of eggs, bacon and coffee, will probably require a little preliminary dieting before it will be enjoyed as it deserves. A little potato may occasionally be given at breakfast, with advantage."

It is recommended that the examples of the Buddhist monks, who were not allowed to eat food after noon be followed in a direct form—that is to say, that to induce a good digestion and as an aid to sound and restful sleep, the last of the three meals of the day should be as light as possible, and must not be later than 7.30 p.m.

Vegetarians who are not yet aware of the fact, may be interested to know that of green vegetables Brussels sprouts are by far the most valuable as food, as they are about half the value of bread, one ounce containing 17 grains of albumen, while other vegetables average from six to eight grains.

"Many fruits are useful, for the total effect of fruit as alkaline, though the immediate effect may be acid."

The wise man who has anything to say to a mule says it to his face.

AT THE JAPANESE COURT

THE EMPEROR NOW RECEIVES STRANGERS.

Nothing in These Courts to Suggest the Odd Customs of the East.

The outside world knows, perhaps, less of the Japanese Court than of any other Royal or Imperial Court in the civilized world, said a gentleman who has spent forty years of his life in the land of the Mikado; but to-day the life of the Court is publicity itself compared with the days when I first set foot in Tokio.

Why, forty years ago no one among his own subjects even might catch a glimpse of the Emperor except his own family and a few of his principal nobles; whereas now, exalted and almost sacred personage as he is, his face is familiar to millions, and he receives strangers at his Court, if not as frequently, almost as affably and frankly as King Edward himself.

But the foreigner sees little of the picturesque and impressive aspects of the Japanese Court. He is received with little ceremony at a morning Court, and carries away a picture of courtiers in sober, almost dingy, uniform, or the evening clothes of the Westerners, and of a dark, solemn-eyed Emperor with a pleasant smile and a few gracious words, who somehow fails to realize his expectations. But let him, if he be lucky enough to be invited, attend an evening Court, and the splendor of his environment will be

A LIFELONG MEMORY.

What will strike him perhaps most of all will be the utter absence of anything that suggests the East. From the stately suite of rooms with their sumptuous furnishing to the gay uniforms of the men, the Parisian dresses of the women, and the seductive menu of the supper, everything is as European as if the scene were in Paris itself and not in the Far East. This is the phase of Japanese Court life that is presented to the world; but side by side with it is another aspect as thoroughly Japanese to-day as it was a thousand years ago. Just behind the imposing reception-rooms and other rooms—countless suites of them—in which, if you take your peep at the proper time, you will see the ladies of the Court, from the Empress downwards, clothed in the comfortable and picturesque native dress, squatting on their heels and sipping tea from dainty cups, or blowing wreaths of smoke from equally dainty pipes, chattering and laughing the while with the gay abandon of children. In other rooms they sleep on floors of spotless white, wrapped in their cosy quilts, just as the ladies of Japan have slept for many a century.

This is, of course, the true life of the Emperor, his wives, and countless Court ladies and officials. The Emperor, as you may know, has a round dozen of wives, one of the first rank, chosen from the five chief princely families, and the rest of noble but inferior birth. The former only can be Empress, though any one of the latter may be the mother of

A FUTURE MIKADO.

Each of these wives has her little Court, her suite of rooms, her ladies, and her attendants; the size of the rooms and the number of the suite being regulated by the relative importance of the ladies.

And very charming and clever women these wives of the Emperor are; for each one is selected from hundreds of eligible maidens for her grace of manner and bearing, her immaculate reputation, and her culture, as shown principally by her knowledge of Japanese literature and art and by her skill in music and the making of verses.

The most picturesque functions of the Japanese Court are the garden-parties, of which the Emperor gives two a year—one when the cherry-blossom is in bloom, and the second when the chrysanthemum is in its full pride of beauty. These parties are held in the gardens of the Imperial Palace, which are, perhaps, the most beautiful in the world.

I was once privileged to attend one of these parties and the pictures of the brilliant Imperial procession, winding through avenues of trees laden with blossoms; of the pavilion smothered with cherry-blossom, in front of which the Emperor and Empress received their guests; of the graceful dancing of hundreds of geishas; the countless tiny tables scattered everywhere over the gardens, each with its picturesque group of guests; the gay music, the universal feast of color, all overarched by a glorious blue sky—these pictures are the most beautiful and vivid that the East with all its wonders has ever presented to my eyes.

HOW TO SLEEP WELL.

No drugs or opiates should ever be taken. They give no permanent relief, but only add to the bodily distempers which induce loss of sleep.

A tepid bath before retiring is often effectual in securing good rest.

Late meals should be avoided, unless they are habitual.

The counting of numbers backward and forward will sometimes induce somnolency.

Counting imaginary sheep jumping over an imaginary fence has also been found effective.

Rolling about the eyeballs or gazing intently toward the root of the nose often induces sleep.

It is said when in deep thought, the mind being especially active, the eyballs turn upward. When sleepless try to turn them down. The result will soon be unconsciousness. It requires an active effort of the will to keep the eyes in the downward position, but it usually ends in sleep.

There may be people smarter than you are, but of course they dodge us.

SALE OF DRESS GOODS

In order to Clear Out Our immense Stock of Dress Goods we are making this Wholesale Slaughter and ask all who are interested to TAKE ADVANTAGE of the Prices which are listed below, marked down in plain figures

AT PRICES TO SUIT A LIMITED POCKET BOOK.

Dress Goods

Regular Price $1 75	Now $1 25
1 25	90
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75	50
45	25

The most of these goods were bought this Season. We invite your inspection.

Jackets! Mantles!

Just a few Ladies Jackets and Mantles left. Regular Price $15. Now you can buy them here for the remarkably low price—$7.00

—$7.00

Skirts & Costumes

One Only Dark Tweed Costume, Size 36— Regular Price $24. Now $12.

One only Dark Tweed Costume. Size 38— Regular Price $16.00. Now $9.

One only Navy Blue Costume. Size 34.— Regular Price $21.00. Now $10.

One only English Heavy Tweed. Size 34.— Regular Price $14.00. Now 7.00

One only Grey Tweed. Size 34= Regular Price 18.00. Now $12.00

One only Black Cloth. Size 36.— Regular Price 27.00. Now 15.00

These are all new, and latest styles. We have cut prices in two on these Ready-to-Wear Costumes, having decided to go out of this line —We are offering them to you at less than the manufacturers' price.

Men's and Boys' Wear

Men's Odd Pants.	Boys' Odd Pants
Men's Overcoats.	Boys' Overcoats
Men's Reefers.	Boys' Reefers

Come in and take advantage of the low prices in these lines. It will more than repay you.

We extend a hearty invitation to one and all to take advantage of the Low Prices we are asking for Our Goods at this Sale. All Goods as represented or money refunded.

Boots and Shoes

We have a large line of Boots and Shoes at usual prices. The best makes in all grades.

Sole Agents for Butterick Patterns in this City

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Sole Agents for Butterick Patterns in this City

Nordheimer Pianos

A supply of the Celebrated Nordheimer Pianos has been shipped direct from the Factory.

Intending purchasers of High Grade Instruments would do well to wait for their arrival.

Revelstoke Insurance Agency

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ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

BEGGAR PRINCE OPERA COMPANY

Thursday NOV. 3

Friday NOV. 4

Saturday NOV. 5

Thursday, Nov. 3 — Fra Diavolo

Friday, Nov. 4 — Girofle-Girofla

Saturday, Nov. 5 — La Mascott

Special Excursion Rates on C. P. Ry. to parties coming from a distance.

Plans for the three Operas at the Canada Drug & Book Co. OPEN NOW.

All Mail Orders for Tickets carefully attended to.

ADMISSION TICKETS $1.00 and 75c.

A Great Convenience

Around a house is to have a place to keep books. You can get those 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.

Nov. 3, 4, 5—Beggar Prince Opera Co.
Nov. 9—"The Ticket of Leave Man," Amateur Dramatic Club.
Nov. 17—Philharmonic Soc. Concert.

LOCALISMS

—New Books arriving at Bews' drug store.

Saturday is Guy Fawkes' day, anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot.

—To Rent. Furnished Rooms, apply to Mrs. McPhadden.

—Good eating Pears, Graps and choice Apples, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Smoke Brown's "Special" Cigar.

Miss McKinnon, of Seattle, Wash., is in the city the guest of Mrs. M. J. Ross.

—Unloading to-day, another car of Bear Brand Eggs, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

—Parker's Fountain Pens give excellent satisfaction, sold at Bews' drug store.

Excellent choruses are being practised for the Philharmonic Society Concert, Thanksgiving night, Nov. 17.

—Call and see the pretty odd pieces of furniture at Howson's.

—The finest of Perfumes and Perfumed Soaps at Bews' drug store.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Corson returned on Monday from a holiday visit of two weeks on the Coast.

—More Hams and Bacons from Gorden & Ironsides. Just unloading a car at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Philharmonic Concert, Thanksgiving night, Nov. 17th, at the Opera House. Tickets 50 cents. A musical treat assured.

—BROOCH LOST—Leaf Brooch lost on Sunday evening. Finder will please leave the same at the HERALD office. Reward.

W. Humphreys returned to the city yesterday morning from Vancouver and was heartily welcomed back by his many friends in the city.

—If you are looking for odd pieces in China Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, or anything else in China or Glassware we have it, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

The plan of reserved seats for the amateur dramatic performance "The Ticket of Leave Man," is rapidly filling up. This promises to be the event of the season and those desirous of attending should book their seats without further delay. Don't forget the date—Wednesday, Nov. 9th.

Smoke Brown's "Marca Vuelta" Cigar.

—Just opened a car load of Furniture at Howson's.

Mrs. W. J. Lee and family returned on Monday from a three month's holiday visit to the east.

—Flowers and Vegetables all winter, carnations, chrysanthemums, lettuce, and watercress. Floral designs a specialty—J. MALEY, Florist.

R. Venables, formerly of Medicine Hat, arrived in the city a couple of weeks ago and is employed as locomotive engineer on the C.P.R. here.

Major J. W. Vaughan, of Vancouver was in the city yesterday. Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Leake are surveying timber limits at Three Valley Lake, near Craigellachie.

W. C. Calhoun, of the post office staff, returned on Saturday from a two months' holiday in the east, visiting his old home in New Brunswick, the St. Louis Fair, and other points of interest.

The members of Kootenay Lodge, A. F. and A. M., No. 15, will attend Morning Prayer at St. Peter's Church on Sunday morning, Nov. 6th at 11 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

Mr. Tapping is putting on a lot of improvements to the Opera House, which when completed will give Revelstoke a handsome and up-to-date play house. The painters are now engaged painting the outside walls and roof.

The turkey supper on Hallowe'en night, under the auspices of St. Peter's Church Ladies Guild, was a splendid success. A sumptuous supper was tastefully served from 6 to 8 o'clock, after which a social dance was indulged in and heartily enjoyed by the large number present. The ladies are greatly pleased at the handsome returns, which their untiring efforts well merited.

Muscle Kinks

They hurt, too—cut like a knife—sometimes they won't let go—they just hang on and stab.

THOMAS' WHITE LINIMENT

takes out the kinks and knocks them on the head and make them let go. It drives out the pain, limbers up the stiff and sore muscles and makes them pliable

TWENTY-FIVE & FIFTY cts.

A BOTTLE.

W. Bews Phm. B.

Druggist and Stationer
Next Hume Block.

Smoke Brown's "Union" Cigar.

—Most elegant line of furniture ever displayed in Revelstoke at Howson's.

The importance of discipline in case of fire was shown on Tuesday, when the fire bell of the Public school was rang and over 300 children and teachers took only 57 seconds to vacate the school.

See the "Ticket of Leave Man," at the Opera House next Wednesday evening. The grandest dramatic performance of the season. Special scenery, splendid music. A social dance follows the performance, get your "Ticket of Leave" now, at the Canada Drug and Book Store, admission 50c., reserved seats 75c.

The Talent Society of St. Peter's Church, desire to express their sincere thanks to all the friends, who, by their kind gifts and assistance made the turkey supper such a splendid success. All the china and glassware, etc., not returned, because the ladies cannot identify pieces, can be had at the Rectory.

Mrs. Rutherford, Dominion President of the W. C. T. U., will be in the city on Friday and a reception will be tendered her at the Presbyterian Manse at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon, all ladies interested in the work are cordially invited to be present. On Friday evening an address and lecture will be given in the Presbyterian church, commencing at 8 o'clock. A collection will be taken up.

A Splendid Shop

Mr. Sam McMahon, for the past few months has been busy with the construction of his new blacksmith and wagon shop, on First street, which was finally completed about a month ago. Mr. McMahon has the best and most complete shop in the west. The shop contains the very latest and up-to-date machinery for the work in his line. Besides blacksmith work of all kinds, Mr. McMahon carries a very fine line of waggons, buggies, cutters and farm machinery. Last week Mr. McMahon imported from the east a handsome double cutter for Charley Turnross. It is one of the handsomest turnouts in the west and must be seen and examined to thoroughly understand its perfection in build and appearance. It is on exhibition in Mr. McMahon's shop up-stairs.

Will Advertise the Province

Mr. J. A. Darragh left on Tuesday morning for the east on a business trip. He will visit all the important cities in the middle and eastern States and Canada. Through the efforts of Mr. Darragh a large amount of American capital has found its way into the famous Fish Creek camp, and his visit east at present will do a great deal to advertise the mineral resources of this district and particularly the Fish river section. THE HERALD with Mr. Darragh's many friends in this portion of British Columbia, where he is well known, will wish him every success.

Mr. Blair's Protest

(Written for the HERALD by Ed. Adair)

There is a famed New Brunswick man.
His name is Andrew Blair;
The Railways and Canals were under
His particular care.
The strongest kind of party man
A campaigner most terrific,
Yet he drew the line and did resign
O'er this absurd Grand Trunk Pacific.

He said "I can't support it;
Such a dreadful wilful waste;
There's no way I can justify

Another Change

We are enlarging our Store in order to handle Our Rapidly Increasing Business.
We hope this change will meet with the approval of Our Many Patrons. YOURS FOR MORE BUSINESS.

Wholesale **Brown's** Retail

Good Goods

Such most unseemly haste;
We have no information,
Exploration or surveys;
The whole ridiculous subject
Is enveloped in a haze.

Now there's the Intercolonial,
Which this scheme would parallel,
The millions we have spent on that
Might every bit as well
Be buried in the ocean;
For tw'll not be worth a rap
And this Great National Highway
Will become a line of scrap.

Its the most hairbrained scheme
That e'er evolved from any human creature:
Turn it inside out or outside in
It has no redeeming feature;
There's not one single grain of sense,
A man could contemplate;
The secret of the whole thing is,
That Cox cannot wait.

His leader came and said "for shame!
I'm astonished Andrew Blair,
That you'd resign at such a time,
I wonder how you dare.
Elections now are coming on,
And money we must have,
What better way now is there pray
Than by the contest shave.

And as to there unseemly haste,
We dare not hesitate,
But anxiously and earnestly
Pray Heaven we'er not too late.
There comes a tide in our affairs
Which leads on to the flood,
And now when each might be made rich,
Your in a badly mood.

I really thought you better trained
Than for qualms of conscience care,
But this infernal cabinet, yet
Will drive me to despair;
For there was Tarte, who got so smart
With his protective view,
You know right well what him befel,
It should a warning be to you.

Now there's Cartwright, a gallant Knight,
Right after my own heart;
And he's so wise, he'd shut his eyes
When he cannot take our part.
And why can you not do the same,
And in silence hold your peace;
While we will put this matter through
And share with you the price?

But if you still insist upon
Resigning your position,
Then on what terms will you refrain
From your active opposition?
For that we cannot, dare not, have
If you agree to the condition
We'll have you appointed Chairman
Of this new Railway Commission.

A ten thousand dollar sinecure,
A most lucrative position;
What more could even you expect
Than the liberal proposition?"
And so the scandalous work goes on,
Plundering night and day;
But the people's eyes are open now;
There's a reckoning soon to pay.

Wilfrid will find unto his cost,
Of his guilt we are aware;
There's others yet to settle with
Besides this Andrew Blair;
And when election day arrives,
Which now is near at hand—
We'll mark our ballots as free men,
And by our leader stand.

Let us vote for R. L. Borden,
The man we're proud to own;
His policy is protection
For our industries here at home.
Let us throw old parties to the wind,
And answer to the call
And vote for Government ownership
And a railway owned by all.

The Liberal Meeting

Last night Mr. Wm. Galliher ex-M. P. for Kootenay riding held a meeting in the Opera House when about two hundred Conservatives and Liberals attended and listened for nearly two hours to his speech on the railway policy of the government and his statements as to his conduct for the past four years in the House as representative of this riding. Mr. W. M. Lawrence was the chairman and on the platform were seated Messrs. F. B. Lewis, J. M. Kellie, John Abrahamson, Robt. Caley and G. M. Clarke. The greater portion of Mr. Galliher's address was taken up with the Liberal policy in regard to the contract with Senator Cox and C. M. Hays in their connection with the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and stated that the Government would only be asked to put up some $13,000,000, but he did not refer to Mr. Blair's estimate of $129,000,000 which he, Mr. Blair, stated it would cost to build the road and in consequence was forced to resign from the Liberal Government because he saw the enormity and deception of the deal that was to be perpetrated upon the people of Canada. Mr. Galliher also stated that the people of Canada would not have to pay one cent. All that would be required of the Government was their endorsation of a few million dollars worth of notes, handed over to Hays and Cox to be discounted in the money markets of the world, (loud applause from the gallery.) When Mr. Galliher had squared the government to his own liking he turned his attention to the policy of the Conservative party as regards government ownership of railways. He read from his notes, furnished no doubt, by Mr. McPherson, the stalwart representative of Liberalism in this riding, of a speech Mr. Borden had made some years ago in reference to railway construction but Mr. Galliher did not make reference to the fact that Mr. Borden as leader of the Conservatives in Canada declares that if the people of Canada elected him today at the polls he would build a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and at once and that construction would begin from the B. C. end simultaneously with the eastern portion of Canada and for the sole benefit of the people of Canada and to be operated by an independent commission appointed by the Dominion parliament.

Next question taken up by Mr. Galliher was Sir Wm. Mallock's Compulsory Arbitration Bill, and stated his position and attitude in connection with this bill. He stated that he was approached by railway men and asked to oppose the bill as being against their best interest. He, Mr. Galliher, at once went to Sir William and told him that he could not support the bill. Sir William, he says, had the bill altered three times, and had at last when he found that the bill was so harmless that it would not hurt the railway men or help them very much, endorsed it, thus putting upon the Statute book legislation that simply was not worth the paper it was written upon, a statement which Mr. Galliher made at Field the other night to railway men, who refused to endorse under any condition Mr. Galliher's position in this matter.

Next question he referred to was protection to B. C. lumber, and he bubbled over with enthusiasm. He embraced the lumbermen throughout British Columbia and incidentally stated B. C. was not getting justice and should have protection, but he was unable to go to Sir Wm. Mulock and other members of the government and get the matter righted and give justice to the B. C. lumber industry. In one voice Mr. Galliher decried protection and in the next advocated protection.

Mr. Galliher did not tell the electors why he voted to have the election in this riding postponed until three weeks after the general election throughout the Dominion. He could have stated that he hoped the Government would win and he would then have a better chance and only possible chance to get to Ottawa again—which is paramount to a deliberate insult to the electors of this riding.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the meeting dispersed with cheers called for by Mr. Lawrence, chairman.

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 therefore guarantee its quality and purity.

Price 25c.

Red Cross Drug Store

C. A. ADAMS, Manager.

Presentation.

A pleasant gathering assembled at the High School on Friday afternoon last, when Master Wally Clark was presented with the gold medal donated by Dr. Cross to the pupil obtaining the highest number of marks at the High School entrance examinations which took place before the midsummer holidays. Mrs. T. Kilpatrick made the presentation and addresses of congratulation were delivered by the chairman of the school board, Mr. C. F. Lindmark, Secretary Floyd, and Revs. Procunier, Calder and Sutherland, Mr. Miller, Principal of the public school and Dr. Cross.

Cards of Thanks

I wish to thank all who have helped me in providing blankets, clothing, etc., for myself and children.

MRS. M. HORNE.

I wish to thank Mr. Bain and others who have been kind to me in providing furniture, clothing and food for myself and daughter. It is a great help to me, loosing everything as I did by fire. I hope anyone wishing work done by the day will address,

MRS. EMMA SKINNER.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post marked "D. Dewar's north west corner post," thence 40 chains south, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this 22nd day of October, 1904.

D. DEWAR.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post marked "J. H. Robinson's north west corner post," thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this 22nd day of October, 1904.

J. H. ROBINSON.

Revelstoke Assessment District

TAKE NOTICE that I shall hold a Court of Revision and Appeal, under the Assessment Act, 1903, for the Revelstoke Assessment District, on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of November, 1904, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Revelstoke.

Dated at Revelstoke, this 1st day of November, 1904.

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

NOTICE.

After Nov. 1st, 1904, the Sunday trips of the Steamer "Geo. F. Piper," between Comaplix, Beaton & Arrowhead, will be discontinued until further notice.

EMPIRE LUMBER CO., LTD.
A. F. Dudgeon, Manager