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AND
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Leg. Legislative Assembly OCT 31 1904 VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Ladies' and Children's Underwear

We are ready to cater for your requirement in Ladies' and Children's Warm Winter Underwear. Everything in all wool, Union and Fleece Lined, in White and Natural Wool.

These lines are all of the best makes and direct from the manufacturers.

All Sizes in Black Tights

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We have just opened a fine assortment of Wrapperettes in Fancy colors, suitable for wrappers and Kimonas.

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Nice Collarettes, Collars, Neck Ruffs, Etc. Solid Comforters for the winter season.

Bargains for all on Friday

Table Linen (all linen) 54 inches wide), half bleached, nice for Family Use. Regular 50c quality. Friday's price—25c.

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FLANNELETTE—A Fine Wide 32 inch Flannelette in all colors. Regular Price—15c. Friday per yard 10c.

Take Advantage of Them.

Dress Making

In this Department we are well to the front with a choice selection of Dressy Goods, which make up well and are in vogue with the Fashionable Centres. The goods are made up on the Second Floor of Our Store by Expert Dressmakers.

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 newest 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.

WHOLESALE CORRUPTION

All Kinds of Inducements made by Liberal Government to Capture Constituencies—Roll Up, Tumble Up.

The Toronto News (Independent), edited by J. T. Willison, formerly editor of the Globe, the chief Liberal organ, publishes the following editorial on the actions of the Laurier Government:

"The Government that 'does things' was never so active as during the few weeks that have passed since Parliament was dissolved. Waterfronts are improved, bridges erected, post offices provided, with a celerity that fills the beholder with great awe and solemn wonder.

"Just as Urquhart was nominated for North Toronto a bridge dropped from his sleeve before the enraptured delegates. We are waiting to see a dredge chase Major Leslie along the muddy Don in East Toronto, and Mr. Dewart will prove a disappointment in the South, if it is found that no harbor improvements are concealed about his person. Robinette, in Centre, is thought to be hatching a new wing for the drill shed, and Captain Hunter, in the West, will be expected to have something new in Government supplies, cut according to the latest fashion, and warranted to wash, until the close of the campaign.

"Mr. Eastwood has now a bay front for Hamilton, and Aylesworth a canal for Port Hope. Guthrie has enlarged the post office in Guelph and Donnely is to get $50,000 or more on account for Simcoe. In Winnipeg a new branch post office and improvements at St. Andrew's rapids, have dropped auspiciously from the full hands of the Government candidate. So in West Northumberland, just as the Liberal candidate was nominated a dredge made its welcome appearance in Cobourg harbor. Surveyors are out along the Georgian Bay canal and the Transcontinental Railway commissioners have gone on a circuit.

"All along the route there will be something doing, and at each stage the royal progress will be superintended by Government candidates. No constituency will be neglected and no proper demand refused.

"Even in remote Prince Edward Island, the omnipresent Government yearns over its devoted people, and simultaneously with the appearance of its candidates they receive lower telegraphic rates and night service. On the Welland canal the faithful employes, in the face of a hard winter and a harder election, have got an increase of wages, and at Ottawa good fortune has come to the laborers at the Experimental farm and to the Dominion Constabulary. All this, however, is as nothing to the two hundred millions to be paid out to labor in the construction of the transcontinental railway, at standard rates, with no sweating and with time allowed for Labor Day.

"There will be hard times, we are told, in Germany, South Africa, the United States and Great Britain, but in larger Canada there will be a riot of plenty, with money to burn. Roll up, tumble up, if you can't get up, send your name up. As yet, only a few counties have been heard from. Rush in your orders before all the choice lots are taken. Only two weeks remain of the great sacrifice sale of wharves, post offices, drill sheds, custom houses, canals and railways. Away with surplus, down with the auditor-general and God Save the King."

The Queen's Hotel.

The heating apparatus for the new Queen's Hotel is now being installed and will be finished shortly. This completes the construction of this splendid new hotel. HERALD man in company with Mr. J. H. Robinson, spent half an hour on Tuesday inspecting the premises. The building is well finished throughout, being plastered, and the rooms finished in B. C. cedar and fir, which, when polished, oiled and varnished, give a very beautiful effect.

On the ground floor is the dining room, offices, public sitting rooms, bar room and kitchen, while in the basement is the store house and heating apparatus. On the second floor are a number of large, comfortable well furnished bedrooms, also a handsome ladies' parlor. The third floor contains a number of well furnished bedrooms, of which there are forty-six in the house. The Queen's hotel is first class in every respect and among the best appointed houses in the west.

Conservatives Attention !

To-night, at 8 o'clock, in Selkirk Hall, a meeting of all Conservatives will be held. Important Business.

—BROWN LEADS in UP-TO-DATE METHODS in the Cigar business.

BEGGAR PRINCE OPERA COMING

A Three-Nights Engagement of This World-Famed Romantic Comic Opera, Commencing Thursday, Nov. 3.

On a very large guarantee, Manager Cranston has secured the above musical organization for a complete tour of British Columbia and Alberta.

Revelstoke is to have three nights, viz., Thursday, Nov. 3, Auber's beautiful, romantic opera, Fra Diavolo; Friday night, Loque's Girofle-Girofla and on Saturday night La Mascotte or Beggar Prince.

Mr. Wade's company has been a most successful one for the past 12 seasons throughout the central and southern states, and this summer, on their first Canadian tour they played to capacity houses for three weeks in the Winnipeg theatre, and repeated their success in Brandon. The personnel of the company has remained practically unchanged for the past five years, and includes some of the best comic opera talent of America.

Miss Irene Palmer is the prima donna, soprano, supported by Addie Mumford and Lilia Thorn. Gertrude Hutchenson and Winnifred Peterson are the contraltos; F. W. Walters and Jay C. Taylor, tenor; G. Bryon, Bronti and Carl Lieberg, baritones. The minor parts are in capable hands and F. A. Wade and Jack Spalding play the comedy parts. Ivan Rudseal is the musical director.

There is perhaps no class of amusement so entertaining as good comic opera, for it always combines a good plot or story, dramatic situations, and side-splitting comedy, all capped by excellent music. And there is perhaps no organization playing the one night stand houses, more capable than the Beggar Prince Opera Company.

THE RUSSIANS BLUNDERED

Fire and Sink Fishing Vessels in the North Sea—Great Britain Demands Immediate Reparation.

HULL, ENG., Oct. 25.—Warships of the Russian Baltic squadron, on their way to fight the Japanese, attacked defenceless vessels of the British fishing fleet in the North Sea early last Saturday morning.

One vessel was sunk, the steam trawler Crane, and her captain and mate were instantly killed. It is reported that one or two other vessels were so badly damaged that they went down. Of the hundred and sixty fishing vessels through which the Russian vessels passed, five are still unaccounted for, and some anxiety exists regarding their safety.

LONDON, Oct. 25, 5 p.m.—The British Government this afternoon sent urgent notes of protest to the Russian Government on the subject of the Russian attack on the British fishing fleet in the North Sea. The notes were sent both through Ambassador Hardinge and the Russian Ambassador in London.

In Lord Lansdowne's protest special stress is laid on the callousness displayed by the Russians in not going to the assistance of the fishermen. Lord Lansdowne asks that redress shall be made.

It is believed in Government circles that the Russian Government will take the earliest opportunity to give satisfaction, and it appears to be expected that Russia will explain the affair, adding that the Russian officials had reasons to believe that there were mines or ships with mines in the neighborhood where the fishing fleet was attacked.

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.

The Same Man

A writer to the Nelson Tribune asks the following question and the Tribune gives the answer below: Is John Boultbee, the returning officer for Kootenay electoral district, the John Boultbee, who, when police magistrate of Rossland, sentenced Tom Beamish to three months in the provincial jail at Nelson for interfering with the aliens imported to work in the Le Roi mine in 1892?

U. N. MINER.

October, 19th.

A man by the name of John Boultbee was at one time police magistrate of Rossland.

MR. BORDEN TO ELECTORS

Leader of Conservative Party Issues an Address to the People—Canada for the Canadians.

The leader of the Conservative party Mr. R. L. Borden has issued the following message:

HALIFAX, N. S.,
Oct. 24, 1904.

TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

Parliament is now dissolved and political parties must submit themselves, their actions and their policies to the judgment of the people.

Since my election to the leadership of the Liberal-Conservative party, it has been my privilege to address audiences in every province and territory of the Dominion, the Yukon excepted, and with my colleagues to discuss in parliament many subjects affecting the public weal. Our policy has been clearly defined and consistent, the same in every quarter, alike to every class. The records of parliament show where we stand on the public questions which have been before the country since the last elections. These cannot all be discussed in this message, but in regard to some of the principal issues involved in this contests I submit a few words from the platform on which we appear for your judgment.

The subject of most immediate concern is transportation. Having regard to the enormous obligations which would be imposed upon the people by the Government's rash transcontinental project, to the certainty that its adoption by you would shut out for a century government ownership of railways; to the vital importance of controlling our own traffic and commerce; this question is the most momentous and far reaching that has ever been submitted to the electorate of Canada. The immense territory and ever increasing products of Canada demand the best and most economical transportation. We know that the people are willing to provide generously whatever money may be necessary for the development of the Dominion and our policy is to extend and improve its transportation facilities by land and by water but we insist that what the people pay for the people should own and control; that public money should be used for Canada for its people and not to promote the trade and wealth of foreign people. We fully realize the country's needs for increased facilities of transportation, efficient service and reasonable rates must be assured. We also confirm the necessity of thoroughly equipping our national ports and of developing and extending our system of canals and inland waterways. The principles upon which Sir John A. MacDonald based his fiscal policy in 1878 guide us to-day. We maintain and we will develop that policy for the advancement of the whole Dominion. It is a stable policy avowed openly without reserve. It is a practical business policy adjustable to the needs of the time. Our aim is so to apply it for the common good of the people and for the conservation of the Canadian market for the Canadian producer, that honest industry in every legitimate calling may receive a just reward, that the toiler may enjoy in his own land full employment under conditions which ensure a just wage, that capital may be attracted to and may be safely invested in our industries. That articles and commodities required for the use of our people may be produced as far as is reasonably possible in this country. We believe that any of our markets by means of reciprocal trade arrangements should besought among those within the Empire who are our customers rather than in foreign countries. A preference for our products in British markets would lead to an immediate enormous development of our resources. Such a preference the Conservative party will endeavor to obtain on favorable terms.

R. L. BORDEN.

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 FASH IONABLE 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.

Fit-Reform Clothing
For Fit-Finding Men

HATS AND CAPS

Our Hats and Caps are like like the Japs—On Top—we can supply you with all kinds.

OVERCOATS

Overcoats, Rain Coats, (Light and Heavy) at prices to Suit your purse.

Latest Styles and Lowest Price is is Our Motto.

Macdonald & Monteith
UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS
FIRST STREET.

STANDARD BEARERS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The following are the candidates in nomination for seats in the Dominion House of Commons for British Columbia constituencies:

	Conservative	Liberal	Socialist
Kootenay	C. H. MACKINTOSH	W. A. Galliher	
Yale-Cariboo	M. Burill	Duncan Ross	
New Westminster	J. D. Taylor	J. B. Kennedy	
Victoria	Hon. E. G. Prior	Geo. Riley	J. C. Watters
Vancouver	R. B. Ellis	R. G. Macpherson	J.T.Mortimer
Nanaimo	C. P. Wolley	Ralph Smith	W. Fenton
Comox-Atlin	W. Manson	W. Sloan	

Fashion ....Talk

THE LINEN COSTUME.

Among the charming costumes of linen seen lately was one of light brown, of Eton coat and round skirt. The skirt was laid in wide sideplaits released about the knees, and the little coat was belted in at the waist and bloused a little all around above it. The fronts came together at the bottom, but rounded up—with a slightly squared cut—at the top, at the upper portions, and the sleeves small at the top, were gathered in wide cuffs. A stitched band of the linen formed the finish to the neck and fronts. There was no trimming of any sort used. The round straw hat, a trifle lighter than the linen, had a brim that was bent down irregularly all round, and from the low crown stray cherries, shaded red, swung at intervals.

An odd white linen frock, made with an almost tight bodice and an equally tight skirt, which hugged the figure to the knees, was covered as to bodice and the upper portion of the skirt with heavy white linen lace, that on the skirt formed a design ending in points like rays above the wide circular blouse and the blouse, although it was drawn so tightly as to be practically a close bodice was completely covered with it, as were the sleeves, which, close near the shoulders, sagged above the linen lace cuffs. The woman wearing this costume also wore a round white sailor hat, the crown of which had a band wreath of white roses with a loose black velvet bow across the top of the brim at the front, and another at the back, but under the brim and attached to a bandeau.

HIGH CROWNS PREDOMINANT.

The models from abroad in hats nearly all show decided if not high crowns. Velvet is to be used, and a novelty in chenille braids is the employment of shaded effects, and black chenille bands trimmed with swinging bugles is the most marked novelty in these.

Frosted beads of large size are used on new models, and appear as both crown and brim ornaments.

Paris made hats of embroidery and straw combined are trimmed, among other things, with aigrettes of barley, oats, or wheat. A bundle of the straw is tied as a sheaf, and placed upright at one side of the hat. Poppies and other field flowers are sometimes used with the grain.

The foundation for some lace hats has the black lace threaded with gold or other metallic threads.

On red hats, which are not so fashionable this season as previously, blackberries, varying from pale green to black and interspersed with straw like white flowers, are used. Cherries shading from pink to red and black are always used more or less.

Stamped cut out velvet for hat trimmings and facings are another novelty in hat trimmings.

FUR BANDS ON GOWNS.

As previously mentioned, bands of fur will be used on gowns for autumn and winter wear. Already late autumn walking and carriage gowns are being offered in Paris having their coats trimmed with inch wide bands of fur, and on certain of these coats the seams are outlined with strips of fur, a style of trimming rather odd than artistic. Dark furs are given the preference for trimming costumes.

These fur trimmed coats are cut with narrow backs showing no center seam, wide under arm sections, and narrow front pieces. Most of them are collarless, and when collars are used they are the turned down variety. The sleeves are coat shaped and not at all tight.

New blouses in Paris are made of alternate rows of ribbon and Russian lace. The ribbon used is only half the width of the lace employed, the latter being of mixed colorings. These are worn with skirts the color of which match the ribbon or the lace; and are worn over fitting silk underbodies or corset covers without yokes or sleeves.

SMALL HATS LITTLE SHOWN.

New autumn hats, or rather hats to be offered the the autumn buyers, are largely of lace in black or white, or even in certain colors, the latter, of course, to match the colors of the gowns they are to be worn with Cluny, Venise, and Irish are used largely for the picyuresque and large creations. The small hat is little in evidence, and the toque is enlarged to the dimensions of a small hat.

In veilings the chiffons still lead, although certain handsome lace veils are purchased to drape hats instead of the chiffon; the latter, however, are far less expensive, and for traveling and country wear are the only appropriate veillings for summer hackabout wear. In September the sale of net veilings will begin to increase and of chiffons to decrease.

NOTHING WHITE THERE.

Albert, the young man of the family, was undeniably ill. The doctor was sent for. He pronounced it a case of jaundice, as indeed the parents had suspected, from the patient's yellowish appearance.

Albert's little sister was explaining to a caller.

"He's got the yaller janders," she said. "The doctor says so."

"But how could the doctor tell, Bessie?" asked the caller.

"Easy enough," replied Bessie. "Anybody could tell it by jes' lookin' into the—the yelks of his eyes."

"What," says an inquisitive young lady, "is the most popular color for a bride?" We may be a little particular in these matters, but we should prefer a white one.

WHY NIHILISM PROSPERS

RUSSIAN SAILORS ARE TREATED LIKE CATTLE.

And Whipped While at Work Until They and Their Persecutors Are Exhausted.

"The men are cattle, and the officers brutes." So spoke (says a writer in the London Daily Despatch) a lieutenant in the English navy to me the other day. He had been telling me an awful story; awful not so much from the intrinsic facts as from what those facts suggest. He had been with our China squadron and in one port had seen a Russian man-of-war coaling. The whole time the bunkers were being filled the whips never ceased going. The Russian officers stood over the sailors, lashing them continuously. Could any fact be more eloquent, more suggestive? In the thud of the whips as they fell on the shoulders of the cowardly, beast-like sailors, you might hear the echo of all the cruelty, the ignorance and the public dishonesty which are making it possible for Japan to win each fight in the Far East. "Every nation," says the proverb, "has the government it deserves." Russia will some day awaken to it all, and a revolution as bloody as the French will wipe out the tyrants and bureaucracies, the lying, thieving nobles and officials. Meanwhile, the whip falls and the peasant's back winces, and "King Knout" is lord of all.

The knout is one of the most terrible instruments of punishment ever invented by man, and to be sentenced to it, as admininistered by Russian "justice," is often equivalent to death—the maximum sentence of 101 lashes is indeed regarded by the Russian tribunals as

A CAPITAL ONE.

Knouts differ in form just as do "cats" and birches in England; but the usual one is a heavy leather thong some six feet long. The lash is flat and hard, and ends in a beak-like hook. It is sometimes bound with wire thread, making its edges sharp so as to cut into the victim's back. "Knouting" is regarded as a profession, needing long study and practice, and executioners have to serve an apprenticeship before being called into the prison service. In former times the "knouter" was usually a criminal condemned to the whip, but reprieved, and then burdened with the task for twelve years whilst instructing others, who learned the rudiments of the art on a lay figure.

The offender is stretched on an inclined frame and his hands and feet are extended at full length and fastened to iron rings at the extremities of the frame. Sometimes the head is tied up in such a way as to prevent any movement or cry of suffering to escape him. Different prisoners are knouted in different degrees, according to their crimes, the punishment varying from a severe thrashing to certain death. Immediate death may be caused by making the victim dislocate his own neck in the agony of his struggles against the iron ring securing his head. Or death may be delayed a day or two by making the lash wind around the body, cutting into the breast and inflicting mortal injury. A skilled "knouter" could smash a brick into dust at a single blow, so wonderful became the perfection of aim with the hideous weapon.

The records of the lash in Russia are terrible enough. Beginning with the fearful history of Peter the Great, who is accused by history of having knouted his own son to death the secret story of mis-governed Russia is

A STORY OF THE LASH.

One of the most terrible accounts is of seven tartars condemned to the knout in 1823. Their sentence was that they were to be knouted in each town in which their crimes of robbery had been committed. Each was bound in turn with hands, feet and head fastened, and beaten with a knout as thick as a man's wrist. Not one of the men survived to reach the last few towns; they were all beaten to death. They were criminals, but the knout is no respector of persons, and, unlike all other European lands, all subjects of the Czar—even the high born beauties of the land—are liable to its punishment. There is the historic case of Madame Capuchin, one of the beauties of the Court of Czarina Elizabeth. She had been compromised with a love affair with an ambassador, and some royal secret had been made public. She was at first ordered to have her tongue cut out, but the Empress changed the penalty to knouting. Beautifully dressed she appeared on the scaffold and made a pitiful appeal to the crowd to save her. But the Russian is what his long servitude has made him, and they saw her stripped to her waist and scoured till the blood from the wounds in the back dyed her skirt crimson. In all grades of society there are stories of women having been flogged with terrible severity; even ladies of rank, guilty of small offences, being sent off to the police station, like ordinary criminals, and subjected to grossest indignities and cruelties. A German newspaper is the authority for an extraordinary instance of this. The victims were three noted beauties who were actually seized at an imperial ball and driven straight from the palace in their own carriages to the police station, just as they were, in their superb dresses and jewels to be flogged for an offence which was really nothing than "gossiping." After the outbreak of the Crimean war the Russian government issued an order for supplies of lint, rags and other necessities of the field hospitals. The wife of the governor of Moscow, hearing of the superior forces of the English and French, frivolously said that "the supplies were not likely to be needed." The remark was overheard, reported to the police, and she was

SUMMONED TO APPEAR.

Unable to deny the charge, she was flogged in so merciless a manner as to break the bone of one arm.

Russians tell you the knout has been abolished, or as good as abolished. That is all rubbish. On paper, perhaps, but imperial decrees count for nothing, when you have a Bobrikoff or a Kouropatkin. And lashing is a national institution, which no decrees will end. Insubordinate servants are flogged; children are, of course flogged, mounted Cossacks beat street crowds like drovers do cattle. The greatest of Russian poets, Pushkin, was arrested and flogged in the rooms of the prefect of police by order of the Czar, because his verse was characterized by a frank criticism which was not welcome to imperial circles.

And with the lash the shadow of Siberia lowers over all. A friend of the writer, at Moscow for the czar's coronation, had an acquaintance with a waiter who looked after him each night at dinner. The fellow was industrious, intelligent and good-tempered. The day after the ceremony my friend went to the restaurant for his meal; the waiter was not in his place. His enquiry brought nothing but shrugs of the shoulders and Que voulez-vouses from the man's comrades, until at last the manager confidentially related how Ivan had incautiously said: "What a shame to waste so many roubles on the Little Father's coronation when the people of Moscow are starving," and the manager added: "It is Siberia. We shall never see Ivan again." But Ivan is only treading the road of sorrows so many feet have trod, and if he stumbles the lash falls brutally on his back, and before him lies Saghalien and the knout, and behind him a people lashed into a sullen apathy.

MONEY-MAKING.

Many Governments Supplied by the Birmingham Mint.

Birmingham, England, has a mint which in addition to turning out millions of English coins does more in the way of supplying foreign Governments with coin than any other money-making establishment in the world.

A few days ago it shipped the first installment of a huge Egyptian order for 10,000,000 piasters. The consignment weighed five tons, was conveyed in sixty cases and valued at $15,000,000. For well over a century Birmingham has taken the lead in this literal kind of money making. As far back as 1797 one firm coined under contract for the British Government 4,000 tons of copper coin, valued at about $4,000,000. Among the countries and Governments which have gone time after time to Birmingham for their money are India, Tunis, Canada, Turkey, China, Hong Kong, Hayti, Sarawak, Tuscany, Venezuela and Chile.

In some instances, notably in that of China, the coins were not made in Birmingham. As a matter of fact, no Chinese coin has, so far as is known, ever been made outside the Celestial Empire. The pride and prejudice of the Chinese have to be humored, so the firm sent out a complete plant with men to operate it, and the coins were struck in China. No fewer than eight separate plants have been sent out to China in this way.

For the new kingdom of Italy the same thing was done in 1862. 1,600 tons of "blanks" being shipped to furnish the raw material. Again, in Marseilles, when the re-establishment of the empire under Napoleon III. rendered necessary a new copper coinage, 750 tons of metal were in this way turned into money on French soil.

"That woman next door went and got a hat exactly like mine." "Did you make a fuss about it?" "No; I gave mine to the cook."

A WISE MOTHER.

A wise mother never attempts to cure the ailments from which her little ones suffer by stupefying them with sleeping draughts, "soothing" preparations and similar medicines containing opiates. This class of medicines are responsible for the untimely death of thousands of little ones, though some mothers may not realize it. When your little ones are ailing give them Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mothers who have used the Tablets always speak in their praise. Mrs. A. Johnston, Eddystone, Ont., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets all you recommend them to be. My baby was troubled with eczema, and was very cross and restless, but since giving her the Tablets she has become quite well and is now a strong healthy child." Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHAT'S THE USE.

To Keep a "Coffee Complexion."

A lady says: "Postum has helped my complexion so much that my friends say I am growing young again. My complexion used to be coffee colored, muddy and yellow, but it is now clear and rosy as when I was a girl. I was induced to try Postum by a friend who had suffered just as I had suffered from terrible indigestion, palpitation of the heart and sinking spells.

"After I had used Postum a week I was so much better that I was afraid it would not last. But now two years have passed and I am a well woman. I owe it all to leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.

"I had drank coffee all my life. I suspected that it was the cause of my trouble, but it was not until I actually quit coffee and started to try Postum that I became certain; then all my troubles ceased and I am now well and strong again." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

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

OLD-TIME AXIOMS.

The following are from an old scrap-book: An independent man is one who blacks his own boots, who can live without whiskey and tobacco, who earns at least a penny a day more than he spends, and who can, upon a pinch, shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror. A great man is one who can teach his children to obey him when out of his sight. A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when a friend unexpectedly drops in to dine with him. A sensible wife looks for her enjoyment at home—a silly one abroad. A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded. A simple girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments and by mawkish sentiment, which has little to do with a true heart as the gaudy dress she wears. A good girl always respects herself, and is thus sure to be respected by others. Apes remain apes, though you clothe them with velvet. We often pardon those who weary us, but we cannot pardon those whom we weary.

MAN WITH TWO HEARTS.

Another interesting discovery has been made in connection with the man Giuseppe de Maggio, of Alessano, Italy, whose heart, it was announced some time ago, was situated on the right side. The doctors have again examined Maggio, and have declared that he possesses two hearts—one which beats on the right, the other insensible and immobile on the left. In addition to his two hearts, the man has two ribs more than normally-constituted individuals. He has always enjoyed good health, and was an excellent cavalry soldier.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

In conversation with Mr. H. R. Charlton, of the Grand Trunk Railway System, who has just returned from the "World's Fair" at St. Louis, some interesting information was gleaned regarding this largest of Expositions ever held. Many of the Eastern people, said Mr. Charlton, are under the impression that the temperature of St. Louis at this time of the year is unbearable and that the mercury reaches a high point. This impression is quite erroneous and the average for the past week shows 72 degrees. The days are pleasant and the evenings cool and comfortable. Thousands of people are now reaching St. Louis from all parts of the country and during the rest of the life of the Exhibition (December 1st) hundreds of thousands will have visited this mammoth undertaking. To avoid the crowds that will undoubtedly be there later all those wishing to see the Exposition to the best advantage should go now before the exceptionally large crowds are in evidence. The attendance is increasing every day and last Monday nearly 200,000 people passed through the gates. Another erroneous idea which seems to have gained ground is the price charged for accommodation at St. Louis, the rumor of which is unwarranted. There are hotels and private boarding houses which cater to the pockets of all classes and a letter to the Information Bureau, "World's Fair" will readily bring a list of these places. Without a personal visit no one has any conception of the magnitude, grandeur, artistic beauty and greatness embodied in the 1240 acres that contain the displays from every country in the universe and embrace the acme of perfection and evolution of liberal arts and science up to the twentieth century. To see this with one's own eyes is worth years of study and is an education in itself.

His Majesty's famous Grenedier Band from England and renowned throughout the British Empire opened a six weeks' engagement at the Fair on August 29th and crowds surrounded the stand applauding lustily to every number. The night effect on the grounds with the buildings illuminated with myriads of electric lights is beyond description, and must be seen to be fully appreciated. One noticeable feature of the Exposition is the facility for the economy of the visitor's time and the saving of his strength that has been provided. Gondolas, electric launches and boats traverse the two miles of lagoons which surround the Main buildings and an intramural railway reaches every part of the grounds. Rolling chairs may be secured for trips through the buildings and elsewhere, and large automobiles with well informed Guides make trips throughout the grounds. Meals can be secured on the grounds at reasonable rates from twenty-five cents up to any price one likes to pay. The Grand Trunk Exhibit of the Forestry, Fish and Game Building is attracting much attention and the consensus of opinion is that it is the finest in the building. The many fine pictures of the fishing, hunting and summer resort districts in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec appeal to the sportsman and tourist and the animated picture machines showing the "International Limited" and scenic pictures of different sections of the line holds the attention of visitors, bringing Canada prominently before the people of the American continent.

Those who desire to keep in touch with the world's progress and who wish to spend a most pleasant and profitable time should not fail to see the largest and most comprehensive Exposition that has ever been known as a "World's Fair" and now is the time to go.

The Grand Trunk have also installed exhibits at the Eastern Canada Exposition held at Sherbrooke, Que., at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, and the Western Pennsylvania Exposition, Pittsburg, Pa., all now taking place. The Western Pennsylvania Exposition is one of the largest annual fairs held in the United States and lasts 46 days. The space occupied by the Grand Trunk is 3,000 feet and it is estimated that not less than half a million people will visit the display.

HE FEELS AS YOUNG AS EVER

MR. CHESTER LOOMIS TOOK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

And From a Used up Man He Became as Smart as a Boy.

Orland, Ont., Sept. 19—(Special)—Mr. Chester Loomis, an old and respected farmer living in this section, is spreading broadcast the good news that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for the Lame Back and Kidney Disease so common among old people. Mr. Loomis says:

"I am 76 years of age and smart and active as a boy and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for it.

"Before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so used up I could hardly ride in a buggy and I could not do any work of my kind. Everybody thought I would not live long. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy."

The Kidneys of the young may be wrong but the Kidneys of the old must be wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills make all wrong Kidneys right. That is why they are the old folks' greatest friend.

"I'd like to know——" began the little boy. "Well, what would you like to know?" asked his mother. "I'd like to know why sweetbreads haven't any bread in 'em, and sweetmeats haven't any meat in 'em."

NEARLY $8,000,000.00

The Accumulated Funds in the treasury of the Independent Order of Foresters on the 1st of August, 1904, stands at $7,815,556.02. On the 1st of September they stand at $7,909,086.49. Showing an increase for month of September of $93,530.47.

This is a most satisfactory result for the month.

At the end of October the Supreme Executive anticipates that the accumulated funds will be very nearly the round $8,000,000.00. Members of the I.O.F. may in confidence recommend the order to their friends since it is gathering a financial strength such as no other Society has.

Miss Passay—"Yes, and when he proposed. I tried hard not to let him read any encouragement in my face, but he did." Miss Peppery—"Ah! I suppose he could read between the lines."

Faulty Kidneys. — Have you backache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you frequent headaches? Have you failing vision? Have you dizzy feeling? Are you depressed? Is your skin dry? Have you a tired feeling? Any of these sings prove kidney disease. Experience has proved that South American Kidney Cure never fails.—6

The Solicitor—"Don't you think $25,000 cash would be punishment enough for his breach of promise?" The Aggrived One—"No, indeed! I want him to marry me!"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Babies are often fed, or rather starved, said Miss May Yates to the British Women's Temperance Association, on cheese, fried fish, tinned salmon, pickles, gin and beer.

A modern weapon in the battle for health — If disease has taken your citadel of health, the stomach, and is torturing you with indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, South American Nervine is the weapon to drive the enemy from his stronghold "at the point of the bayonet," trench by trench, but swift and sure, it always wins.—4

"He's employed by the railway company now, I understand?" "Yes; he has charge of the puzzle department." "The what?" "He makes out the time-tables!"

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

"Miss Gracie, may I have this little hand——" "Oh, Mr. Spoonamore, this is so——" "This little handful of ferns, as a memento of our delightful walk?"

Thought it meant death sure.—Mrs. James McKim, of Dunnville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic."—3

There is no soda-water. Every pint of soda-water contains two and a half pints of carbon dioxide, a gas. Therefore, when you drink one pint of soda-water you really drink three and a half pints.

Few Flies last year
No Flies this year
if you use
Wilson's Fly Pads

Some people want a change, but once drink Blue Ribbon Tea and you will always have that lingering longing created by its delicious flavor.

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.

?? ??
Who knows anything about "BANNIGER"?
All Buyers, Sellers and Users of
EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING PAPER
Are interested in this question
? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Will every reader of this enquiry "Who Knows Anything About Banniger"
Please drop a line on the subject to
The E. B. EDDY COMPANY, HULL, CANADA
?? ??

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.

The "Hospital" stated that 2,289,578 patients are treated annually in London hospitals and dispensaries.

Gentlemen.—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN.
Sherbrooke.

He—"Do you really believe ignorance is bliss?" She—"I don't know. You seem to be happy."

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 wind colic, 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." 21-43

In a London hospital there is an inmate who is gradually turning black. In New York is a negro who is turning white.

Two Years Abed —"For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was."—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto.—2

Miss Sarcastic—"I fairly dote on our modern painters!" Mrs. Kitchener—"I can't see where they are a bit better than the paperhangers!"

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

BABIES IN BAGS.

Some quite new and simple garments for babies have just been invented. They are in the shape of bags, open down the shoulders and sleeves, and are fastened with small, unobtrusive buttons. To dress the baby, the garments are arranged in place, one over the other, the front portions turned down, and the baby laid in—or on—them. Then the front portions are turned to place, and his small kingship buttoned into full and complete garbing. The child is fresh, unwearied, unirritated by much handling and turning, the little limbs are free to stretch, kick, twist, turn and grow as they will.

He—"There is a limit to everything, you know." She (looking at the clock)—"Yes, even this night can't last for ever."

St. Margaret's College, Toronto.
Re-open Sept. 12th.
A high-class residential and day school for girls. Modern equipment. Specialists of European training and of the highest academic and professional standing in every department of work. For booklet apply to MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal; GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director (late Principal Upper Canada College).

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, 10 per cent. the best place is
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
MONTREAL.

"He's still employed by that big wholesale house, isn't he?" "No; I think he's in business for himself now. He used to take an hour for lunch, and now he only takes a bare five minutes!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Hicks—"Look at Sniggs, flirting with the girls over there. I thought you said he was a woman-hater." Wicks—"So he is, but the woman he hates is not here."

Catarrh for twenty years and cured in a few days —Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents.—1

All the Crimean veterans in receipt of small pensions, who are in necessitous circumstances, are now being granted special increases, provided that they were either wounded on discharged for disability, or are at present suffering from a disability clearly due to their military service.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

When the Kaiser promised to inscribe on the flags of the German troops, who are fighting the Heroes in South Africa, the names of the battles they won he probably did not know that they had just won a fight at Otjihinamaperero.

The harder you cough, the worse the cough gets.
Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic
is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't benefit you, the druggist will give you your money back.
Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & CO. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

ISSUE NO. 38-04.

A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXIX.

Ada watched the water flash down to the pool, and heard the story of the death-bed betrothal to the accompaniment of its manifold murmuring, without interruption or comment till the end, then she turned her face from the water to Philip with a little sigh.

"Yes, you ought to have told me," she said, in low and gentle tones unalloyed by reproach.

He could not speak or trust himself to look at her for a moment; yet; in spite of the keen unspoken reproach those gentle words contained, his heart throbbed with triumphant joy.

"If I had ever dreamed—" he began, "but I never ventured," he added after a long pause, "I thought you so far above my reach. We were on such friendly terms from the first. I knew that your people would never hear of anything of the sort. You seemed so safe. I did not think that I—a rough-hewn sort of fellow—could ever touch you like that—until —"

"Until yesterday?" she asked, in the same low, gentle voice.

"How could I help it?" he cried, "how could I? I heard that mare's hoofs strike the wall, I heard the crash—ah! And when I saw you lying there you were so white, so still! I shall never forget it. I was mad, dearest, I can only ask to be forgiven." He put his hand before his face as if to exclude something from his sight. Ada had turned again toward the rushing waters, her breast was shaken by a little sob and her eyes were full of tears. He brushed away the intruding vision and looked at her quivering face outlined against the rocky fall with mingled feelings.

"But you wished," she said, turning her face once more toward him so that he saw the tears shining in her eyes, "to tell me of your trouble. Never mind yesterday. May I see the letter?"

They read it together, he explaining here and there what seemed necessary. It was written immediately after Jessie's last visit to Marwell Rectory, when Miss Ingleby had received her with such marked coldness; it related the scandal as it was buzzed about the place, also Mr. Ingleby's view of the actual facts, his conviction of Jessie's perfect integrity and child-like ignorance of conventionalities. It spoke of Mrs. Plummer's practical neglect of Jessie in suffering her to go about unattended, and of the total impossibility of making either the Plummers or Cheeseman comprehend the kind of guardianship a girl like Jessie required, and of the impossibility of keeping a young woman of her breeding and tastes chained to the homely occupations and companionship of one so uncultivated as Mrs. Plummer. Jessie's previous foiled attempts at confidence to herself were recapitulated, her mental and moral loneliness, her great beauty and charm, her talents, her dangerous visit to Marwell Court and false position there; all were dwelt upon affectionately, even lovingly. His sister's line of conduct toward Jessie was regretted, and the conversation he had had with her on her way from the Rectory was related. But, bravely as Jessie had accepted the consequences of her error, Mr. Ingleby said, in conclusion, he did not think she could possibly remain in the neighborhood after such a scandal, and great as was his confidence in her integrity and high principle, one never knew what unadvised steps a girl might take in despair. There was no doubt, he added in a postscript, that this fascinating man of the world had to a certain extent attracted and influenced Jessie; he trusted it was no more than the influence of a strong nature over a weak one, and would pass away. But in the circumstances he thought it unwise to have her out to India just yet.

"There is but one course," Ada said, after carefully reading the letter, "and I know that you have already decided upon it."

"Yes," he replied, "yes, that seemed the only right course, but I wanted your opinion first."

"You know," she continued, as if pleading against some objection upon his part, "this is no ordinary engagement; it is not merely a question of keeping faith with a—fiancee—but keeping faith with the dead, and with all your past life. Perhaps this engagement with one so young was not well done—but, Philip—it is done."

"It would be a scoundrelly desertion, though she did offer to release me from it," he replied.

"Release you?"

"Yes, she offered that," he said, and told her as much as he could remember of the letter and his reply. She turned away and looked at the foaming water for some time, and then turned and looked straight in his face, with an earnest, candid gaze that went through him. "Philip," she said, "do you think that she loves you?"

"I never thought about it," he replied, with the utmost simplicity; "I took it for granted."

"How like a man!" she commented, with a strange little half-smile playing over her face, as she turned again to consider the rushing waters.

"If she does not, I cannot force her to marry me," he said, rather wistfully.

"But if she does not, she may be won," she urged, turning again with the same earnest gaze. "You may think it strange," she added, with a vivid flush, "but girls expect to be courted. It is a homage that ought not to be withheld."

"And yet—" he paused, remembering that he had said no word of love to Ada, though every time he looked at her his eyes told the tale.

"Do you remember Andromache's parting from Hector?" she continued. 'Father, thou art to me and mother dear, and brother too, kind husband of my heart.' That is the relationship between you and Jessie, my friend."

"She has no one else," he asserted awed by the pathetic tenderness which Ada's beautiful voice gave to these words.

"And is six thousand miles away, in grave peril, alone and unprotected," she continued, looking down upon him through eyes brilliant with tears. She had grown rather pale during the interview; she was now bending slightly toward him, her face partially shaded by one hand, her attitude, as she sat inclining toward the cascade with one knee on which her arm rested, higher than the other, singularly sweet and graceful, and expressive beyond all words.

"There is no one like you!" he cried. "No one. Who could help loving you?"

"There is no one," she continued, suffering two bright tears to fall unheeded, "like Philip Randal in honor and truth. Philip, which would you rather have, a disloyal lover or a staunch friend?"

"But I must leave you and never see you again," he murmured, huskily, "never see you, never!"

"You will get over this, you will conquer yourself," she replied, with the same sweet gentleness and the same earnest gaze. "Some day you will show me your Jessie, and all the trouble will be forgotten. Life has great things in it, and pleasing one's self, even in the way of marriage, where choice is usually duty, does not bring blessing. You have talent and energy, a great future is before you, though you must now miss one of the best opportunities possible to one so young, as my father says. It is hard, Philip, very hard, but after all, true prosperity and promotion only come through duty. I shall hear of you, Philip, and be glad and proud.

'Not once nor twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory,'"

she added.

He moved toward her, his eyes kindled with holy fire and a half articulate cry on his lips, but something in the very tenderness of her sorrowful gaze made him pause, overawed, and then draw back again.

"And you, Ada? What will you do?" he asked, in half smothered tones.

A sudden burst of tears was the unexpected and disquieting reply. He stood with his back to the rock, and his arms folded across his chest, and looked at her with a white face and gleaming eyes.

"Anything but this," he groaned. "I cannot bear this."

She checked herself, quietly dried her eyes, and summoned a sweet, tender smile to her face.

"I hope I shall do well," she replied, resuming her former attitude; "I have a thousand plans and projects, all for the good and welfare of mankind," she added, with a little dainty sarcasm.

"I could not help it, I did not mean it. I tried so hard," he said, heavily. "I tried after the ball to forget you, and then, that ruby! it seemed enchanted. Chance took me to Gossamjee's house, and I could not avoid you. But I ought not to have seen you again at Lucknow. And then, when your rose struck my face that day I lost my head, but I never dreamed of hurting you."

"Do not reproach yourself," she replied. "I would not be otherwise, and even if you had not told me, I am afraid—Oh! it began at the ball! I never thought of anyone else in that way. It was my own fault. There was never a word from you till yesterday."

"Ah, yesterday!"

"I did not know till yesterday," she said, bringing the shadow of her hand more completely over her face and speaking in those low golden, clear tones of deep feeling, "but it must have been in my heart always. We must go. See how the shadows slant. They will be looking for us."

"One minute more. I may never see you again," he cried, trying to prevent her from leaving her rocky seat, "and I must never even think of you again."

"Not yet," she replied, taking the hand extended to help her down from her niche by the water, "not till things are right at home. And then I think we shall always be glad to have known each other, Philip," she added, with an infinitely tender and sorrowful smile.

"If I might die for you!" he cried.

"Live instead; live well; live nobly," she rejoined. "Oh, Philip, dying is easy enough, living is the hard part."

He turned away.

"Philip!" she exclaimed, "Philip!"

He turned, extended his arms and would have embraced her, but that she drew back gently and repelled him.

"Never again," she said, and he fell back a pace, but pleading that it was their last moment together.

"We must go now," she added, hurriedly. "You know," she added, with the old tenderness, "most people would blame me——"

"Blame you!" he echoed, indignantly.

"Not such as you," she replied, with a smile of perfect trust, "you are too chivalrous. But the world, conventional people, if they knew what I have let you know. So, Philip, never let me blame myself, never let me regret, never let me be anything but proud of you."

She moved from the waterfall as she spoke, the hoarse murmur of the waters became fainter and fainter, the shadows of the trees deepened above their heads, the river faded once more into blue glimpses beneath leafy canopies. Philip made some fervid, half-articulate rejoinder as he walked by her side full of sudden perfect peace, and lifted up in heart as he had never been before.

They separated before appearing at the river side, where the yacht was about to set sail; the young people supposed Ada to have remained with her mother; who imagined her to have been with the party exploring the temple. The eligible civilian reproved her for her desertion, and she told how stiff and aching her yesterday's tumble had made her, and was more gracious to him than he remembered to have seen her. Philip devoted himself to Mrs. Maynard, whom he helped on board; then he had a brief chat with the colonel, telling him that family affairs called him suddenly home, and that he was obliged to give up his staff appointment and ask for leave, at which Colonel Maynard was greatly concerned. He plainly told Philip that such an opportunity as he had now fell to the lot of few, and might never occur again, and implored him to consider before he threw it away. Afterward, he told his wife that he verily believed "that little flirt Ada" had refused him, and that, on the whole, perhaps it was as well that she should not have taken a nameless adventurer like Randal, even though old maidhood must now be her doom.

Philip had sent his horse back and made one of the party on board the yacht. The wind was not fair for them, they had to tack and delay their course, while the sun burned away in the west and went down in great pomp of crimson and gold, its glory reflected and redoubled in the river.

Though Ada and Philip did not speak during the voyage, it was a secret and sweet memory for their future lives. Each could see, the other, each was blessedly conscious of the other's presence, each would have liked to sail on forever over the broad river, which was steeped in the splendid ardors of that glowing sunset. On and on forever over those richly hued waters, in the peace of the cooling evening, in the exquisite hush which follows the dying sun, they would have liked to glide, enjoying the picturesque features of that foreign shore, its waving palms and mango groves, its dark groves of unfamiliar trees, its oriental houses, the domes and minarets of the little towns, the dusky, brightly clad people passing in native boats and moving by the river side—on and on, their keel cleaving now a wave of molten gold, now a sea of liquid rose, now of amethyst, violet, amber, primrose, now floods of dissolved rubies.

But the glowing radiance burned too swiftly away, the last stain left the waters, the sudden night fell long before they reached their landing place. They saw great stars orb themselves in the dark sky and tremble upon the river's breast, and when they landed, a broad moon was just peeping above the horizon, its mellow light was gliding the dark and glossy leaves of the orange-trees, and lending a new witchery to the slender palms and delicate acacias in the garden.

Philip and Ada lingered behind, unnoticed in the darkness, and walked together in the shadow of those beautiful trees, touched now and again by the mystical glory of the rising moon. Here they clasped hands for the last time, and bid each other farewell with over-full hearts. Then Ada mingled with the others on the verandah; people wished each other good-night there, she shivering in the chill air, though Philip had wrapped her in a warm shawl.

She heard his quick firm steps as he passed beneath the orange-trees and out of the compound into the road, on which he had been walking when her rose struck his face. Then they died away, and she owned, on being questioned, that she was very tired.

A week or two later Philip stood on the deck of a steamer and watched the Indian shore, with the gilded domes and light minarets of its brooding city lessen and fade in the distance. Not quite two years before he had landed in the unknown, marvel-teeming Asian country, a stranger and an exile, with a deep yearning for pale English skies and pale misty English shores; he had clouded with terror; out of the dark heart of the horror and strife of those days he had plucked the beautiful flower he might never wear, he had fought and suffered, and won himself a name that he must now bury in obscurity; he was bidding good-bye to everything he cared for. Farewell now to the blazing suns, the broad rich plains, the mighty mountains ranges, the beautiful cities rich with unfamiliar architecture and dense dark groves, the palm-circled temples, the dark picturesque people of many creeds, races, and tongues, the castle-crested hills, the thick forests haunted by fierce beautiful beasts and fierce beautiful reptiles, the brief but glowing dawns and sunsets, and the sudden star-lit nights. Farewell to the dignified politeness of the grave, brightly clad, jewelled nobles, the sound of the rich southern languages, the mystery surrounding beings so alien to European habits and thoughts. All was fascination to him in that land of marvel. Even the stately tramp of elephants, those huge sagacious creatures with more than human intelligence, even the jolting swaying pace of a camel, had a sort of charm when one was not riding it. But how much greater was the charm of rose gardens, orange and lime groves, and above all of that rocky waterfall, shadowed by its slender bamboos and drooping palms! The sound of those falling waters would always haunt him, blended with the sweeter sound of Ada's voice. Farewell now to those memories; he must never dwell upon them again. Yet that hour by the waterfall nerved him to his duty, and his love, then entered upon a higher phase. It had till then been so hard to give up, now it seemed simply right and inevitable; loyalty was no more divided; in being loyal to earlier claims he would best keep faith with Ada.

The shores faded into the general blueness, and he turned away from the charmed scenes of romance, love, and glory, forgetful of the horror and suffering through which these had been won, and set his face toward chill gray England and the hill prose of duty.

Deeply as he pitied Jessie, and strongly as he felt his responsibility toward her, he was extremely angry with her, angry with the cold disapproving anger that only a man can feel, and only toward a woman who belongs to him, and who has, however slightly, compromised herself. He did not think Jessie capable of a wrong thought, but he did think that through folly or ignorance, or both, she had got into a very serious scrape; and such folly, or such ignorance, in women is unpardonable in male eyes. Their womenkind, however foolish and ignorant in other respects, are expected not only to be faultless in deed and thought, but also in circumspection, tact and knowledge. Every man is Caesar to his wife and sister. Caesar's wife must be not only above suspicion, but beyond misconception.

Such is the arrogance of this frail and erring atom, man, to the woman he deigns to love and respect. A more thoroughly and unconsciously foolish biped does not exist upon earth, doomed as it is to bear the tread of so many foolish things. My womenkind, says this little autocrat, though silly, ignorant, and weak, dwell upon heights of unapproachable purity, cased in armor of invulnerable virtue; women in general, on the contrary, are—well, we all know what women are! He has no mercy on the errors of his own sister, however tempted, but is ever tender to the failings of other men.

Philip was not particularly angry with Claude Medway. How could he blame him for amusing himself after the manner of his kind? He would of course think that girls must take care of themselves, and that if girls are ignorant of what is due to themselves, so much the worse for them. Woe to the weak! Are gilded youth responsible for the misery of those who fall in their way? Is not the world the world? Yes, my good Philip, and the devil is the devil, and a strong one to boot; but that is no reason why we should knock under to him.

Once or twice it crossed Philip's mind that irretrievable disaster might have befallen Jessie, but he dismissed it as insulting to her. But Ada had fully faced this ghastly possibility. She could also conceive redemption and healing for a woman, as for a man; if, as she heard, a good woman could lead a husband from a dark past to a holy future, surely a good man might lead a wife. But Ada was only a woman, she had not had the advantage of hearing men of the world instruct each other upon the different code of ethics proper to each sex, as Philip had; and having early discovered that conventional morality is for the most part a hybrid, between real morality and the expediency invented by ages of male selfishness, resolved to accept none not based upon justice and truth. Therefore she expected Philip to save to the uttermost the one human being dependent upon him.

Philip's heart beat strongly when, after having taken the quick overland route, he saw the gray Dover cliffs rising from the pale sea. In less than twenty-four hours he would look again upon Jessie's sweet, pathetic child face. He would be very gentle with her, would appear to know nothing of those ill-judged rambles; would place her under some suitable lady guardian, far from the scenes of those idle tales, and gently and gradually win her heart. Never till then had he felt how closely Jessie's life was entwined with his, or how strong and ineradicable are the affections that begin with life itself. He little suspected the calamity that had long since fallen upon him.

(To be Continued.)

Couldn't Rise From a Chair

On Account of Dreadful Pains in the Kidneys and Back—A Complete Cure by

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

In its course through the body the blood not only supplies nourishment to the various organs, but also gathers up the poisonous waste matter.

When the liver and kidneys fail to filter these poisons from the blood there are pains and aches and diseases of the most painful and fatal kind.

Because they restore the strength and activity to the kidneys and liver Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills overcome such troubles and purify the blood in a wonderfully short time.

Mr. L. W. Dennis, Welland, Ont., writes:—"It gives me pleasure to testify in behalf of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For many years I was seriously afflicted with kidney and liver troubles. At times my back would ache so bad I could not rise from a chair, and then again I would be confined to my bed. I was treated by the medical profession, but they all failed to understand my case.

"About the time I was most discouraged I heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they were so strongly recommended that I decided to try them. Before I had used all of five boxes my old trouble had entirely left me, and I was again as healthy as in boyhood. I freely give this testimony for the benefit of those who suffer as I have."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 35 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

SELECTING DAIRY COWS.

It is an old and tried saying that "No two peas are exactly alike." This applies with equal force in reference to dairy cows. While there are marked resemblances as to conformity and to well established lines of milk production, still individual differences exist among dairy cows as to the quantity of food digested and the economical production of milk. To select a dairy cow that has the qualities that produce milk and butter most economically is no easy task, and one in which experts in the dairy business often fall wide of the mark. It is not difficult to select a young steer that will fatten quickly on the amount of food consumed per pound of gain. The blocky finish, short thick neck, broad head, broad shoulders, well spring ribs, good depth and width of body, straight back, loins strong, thick, a deep chest, legs moderately short and well set apart is found in the combination of that specimen of cattle that converts feed into economical beef production. The feed given to such stock goes to meat, that is placed on that part of the carcass where it brings the most money when it reaches the block, but with the dairy cow indications are not so sure or as apparent as in the selection of a steer for the feed lot. Function governs largely the dairy cow and requires much experience and careful judgment to determine the choice of a good dairy animal for the profit of the dairy depends upon the quality of the dairy herd.

A good cow differs from a poor one in at least two respects; first, her ability to eat and digest a large amount of food; second, the converting of this food into a large amount of milk and butter fat. To perform these two functions a good dairy cow should have a good capacity for disposing of a large amount of food. This capacity is indicated by a large abdomen, which gives abundance of room for the working of the digestive organs. We should not forget that the cow is a machine and her ability to manufacture crude material into milk requires plenty of room in her abdomen. The milk is elaborated from the food materials dissolved in the blood of the udder.

IN THE IDEAL DAIRY COWS,

the udder should be well developed, extending well forward, broad behind, teats well spread apart and of convenient size for grasping easily with the hands. They should be soft and skimmy, rather than fleshy, when empty.

In general conformation, a good milker is quite the reverse of the beef steer. She is wedge-shaped when viewed from the front, that is, she has a slim, flat neck and is rather slim throughout the shoulders. A dairy cow has no use for a broad back on which to store fat, neither has she use for thick and beefy thighs. The forelegs should be large above the knees and smaller towards the ankles; thighs thick and well spread apart, giving room for the udder. The dairy cow may be said to be "loose jointed" when compared with the beef animal. The value of the dairy cow is found in her ability to digest food and to elaborate it into milk; she should have a fine, soft, comparatively flexible skin. A good dairy cow has a personality, which is determined by her disposition. In the expression of her face much may be learned. No matter how good a capacity or how well balanced may be the general conformation of the cow, a good disposition is necessary in order that she may utilize all of her qualities to the best advantage.

Handle the cow before purchasing her. See that she milks easy. If she be a kicker, she will be likely to let you know it at once. It is well also to learn something of her former history. Pedigrees count for much in selecting a dairy cow. If the dairy animal comes from a line of breeding stock that has a reputation for dairy excellence, the chances are that she has acquired some, if not all, of the good qualities of her parents. In a general way, we have called the attention of our readers to some points of excellence in selecting dairy cows from a herd. To determine merit in reference to richness of milk, the Babcock test should be frequently employed in order to keep the cows in the herd up to a high standard.

EFFECTS OF FOOD ON MILK.

After having looked carefully into the effects which food has on milk, the British Dairy Farmers' Association has come to the following conclusions:

That when a cow is in full milk and full flesh she will give her normal quality of milk for at least a limited time, even though the quality and quantity of food be very deficient.

That when in good condition a cow will take off her body whatever is deficient in food in order to give her normal quality of milk.

That an extra supply of nutritious food at all times increases the quality of milk; but the percentage of fat is not in any way improved by it; if anything, the tendency being rather the other way.

That an extra supply of nutritious food almost invariably very slightly increases the solids, not fat, of the milk.

That a ration poor in food ingredients has a very slight tendency to reduce the solids, not fat, in the milk, but has little appreciable effect on the fat.

That with a poor ration a cow in full weight will lose carcass weight while on a rich diet she will gain weight.

That although the percentage of fat in a cow's milk may vary daily, we at present seem unable to control these variations or to account for them.

That for limited periods up to one month or thereabout all ordinary quantities and qualities of foods seem to have no material effect on the quality of the milk.

That the only food which seems to have had any material effect on the percentage of butter in the milk is an excess of brewers' grains.

That very succulent grass has had only a very trifling effect in altering the percentage of fat.

That most foods convey some flavor to the butter, but scarcely any of them will alter its percentage in the milk.

That some foods exercise a material effect in raising the melting point of butter.

That the aim of all producers of milk, butter or cheese should be to feed what will give quantity in moderate amount and of a mixed nature, and the produce will be the best that the cow can give.

That the variations in the percentage of fat in a cow's milk are caused by something, but what that something is we at present do not know, though if we did we might be able to influence the quality.

ADVICE ON MILKING.

Milking is a job that is disliked by the majority of farm hands, and a correspondent offers the following suggestions which, if adopted, may help to make the task more agreeable. First, have the cows in a comfortable, well ventilated stable. Keep the cows and stables clean. In winter cows are kept in the stable nearly all the time, but with a little trouble they can be reasonably clean, by moving the manure back from the cows, or covering with straw, before she lies down, which she will usually do after eating.

Use plenty of absorbents—horse manure is good—which will prevent cows from getting their tails dirty. Wipe each cow's udder with a cloth wrung out of warm water, before milking. Try using vaseline, or some other lubricant—lard is good—on the cow's teats and udder. It will prevent particles of dust from falling into the milk, besides making milking much easier. Have a damp cloth hanging handy by to wipe the hands when they get dirty. Have a clean suit that can be washed, to slip on for milking. Weigh each cow's milk. This will tend to keep the milkers more interested in their work, besides showing the effects of irregular milking and varying conditions under different care and attention.

Milk at the same time each day, and have each milker milk the same cows as far as possible. Teach each cow to go in the same place in the stable. Put a little feed in the mangers, and they will come in more readily. Have the cows gentle, and they will come in by calling, which is better than driving. Have the mangers separate, so they will not be reaching after each other's feed, also have the mangers slant toward the cow at the bottom. In fly time, throw a light blanket over the cow while milking her, and she will stand quite still. If you try these suggestions, I think you can get the milk without grabbing the cow and taking it from her.

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

She cycled up to the butcher's shop, and came in with a smiling face.

"I want you to cut me off twenty-five pounds of beef, please," she said.

The butcher was incredulous.

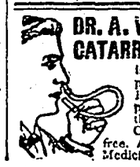
"Twenty-five pounds?"

"Yes, please."

When he had finished, he asked her whether she would take it or have it sent home."

"Oh, I don't want to buy it," she explained. "You see, my doctor tells me I have lost twenty-five pounds of flesh through cycling, and I wanted to see what it looked like in a lump. Thank you so much."

"I see that somebody says there is no such thing as luck in business." "He must be one of the lucky ones."



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.

THE FREAKS OF BULLETS

ARMY SURGEON'S INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Wonderful X-rays Have Saved Hundred of Lives Already.

It is perfectly true, I believe, that the Japanese soldier is using a bullet of smaller calibre than has ever been used before in war, said an Army surgeon to the writer; and it is no doubt equally true, as reported, that Russian soldiers shot clean through the body with one of these tiny bullets might go on fighting for hours and scarcely even know that they have been hit; but when they tell us that these bullets often leave no marks of entry or exit—well, I draw the line there.

The modern bullet is a very remarkable thing, and some of its funny ways, which I witnessed in the late Americo-Spanish War, I should set down as freaks of the imagination if I had not seen them with my own eyes. Take this case for example. One man was shot completely through the body from side to side by a Mauser bullet; both lungs were traversed, but he had no symptom, not even bleeding, and all that was visible was a tiny red spot where the bullet had entered the body and a similar tiny spot where it had come out. This man actually did not know that he had been hit at all; and if his leg had not been broken by a second bullet he would never have been in hospital at all.

No, I scarcely think a man could survive if he were shot through the heart; though it is conceivable that he might if the bullet struck the heart just as it was drawn hard together in its closest contraction; if the heart were on the other beat, and therefore distended and softer, it would probably be so lacerated that

DEATH MUST ENSUE.

I recall one case where a man was shot through the breast on the left side, the bullet entering about a quarter of an inch below the nipple and passing out at the back, shattering the shoulder-blade. In this case the surgeons all agreed that the bullet had passed through the pericardium or covering of the heart, and more than one declared that the heart itself had been penetrated. Oh yes, the man lived right enough—indeed, his life was never in any danger.

Talking about freaks of bullets, in one case I remember the bullet entered the left chest, passed through the body and out of the abdomen, then went through the air for a foot or so and landed in the right thigh, about half-way to the knee. In another case a man was wounded in the shoulder by a Mauser bullet, which ploughed its way around the chest under the deep muscles and lodged in the left arm, shattering the humerus. This was a puzzler—a wound in the right shoulder, but no bullet; the bone of the left arm broken, but no wound to be seen. However, thanks to the X-rays, the bullet was located in sixty seconds.

What hundreds of lives these wonderful rays must have saved already, by the way, and what agonies of pain! Instead of spending hours, it may be, in probing for a bullet, and perhaps never finding it, the X-rays will discover it for us with unfailing accuracy in a few seconds or minutes—the time ranging from five seconds for a wound in the hand to perhaps a quarter of an hour for a bullet deeply embedded in the body.

THE MODERN BULLET

is, as I have said, a most remarkable and, indeed, an unaccountable thing. If you fire a Mauser bullet into a bag of sand, a can of water, or a dead body, the shattering effect is terrible; but fire at a living body and a similar bullet will pass through as cleanly as a stiletto, leaving two tiny marks of entry and exit and boring a hole as neatly through a bone as if it had been drilled.

Mauser bullets fired experimentally into the skulls of dead men splintered them into fragments; and yet they pass through the skull of a living man making just two tiny holes. A remarkable thing, too, is that a man may be shot through the brain and yet live to tell the tale, though naturally the majority of men thus shot die, chiefly through the poisoning of foreign matter brought into the brain with the bullets.

It is a curious fact that a man has a better chance of living when a bullet has passed clean through his chest than when the chest is opened and the bullet remains. In many of the former cases, barring severe hemorrhage, the symptoms are often mild, some of the patients being confined to bed for a few days only.—London Tit-Bits.

"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family. "No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother. "He doesn't need to." "Doesn't need to talk?" "No. All he has to do is to yell, and he gets anything there is in the house that's worth having!"

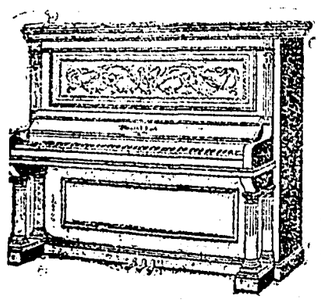
"Mr. Bass," said the hostess, "won't you oblige me with one more song?" "Oh, really," replied the eminent basso, "the hour is so late I'm afraid my singing will disturb the neighbors." "Never mind that. They've got a dog whose howling disturbs us at night."

Claude—"Miss Ederleigh looks like a woman who has suffered." Maude—"Yes, poor girl! She has suffered a great deal because of her mistaken belief." Claude—"Indeed! And what is her belief?" Maude—"That she could wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 6 foot!"

De Auber—"I am thinking seriously of donating one of my paintings to some public institution. Which one would you suggest?" Criticus—"Well, it strikes me that the Home for the Blind would be the most suitable."

Few men would care to be done by as they try to do others.

MASON & RISCH PIANOS



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SALE OF MINERAL AND PLACER CLAIMS FOR UNPAID TAXES.

I hereby give notice that on Monday, the Seventh day of November, A.D., 1904, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Revelstoke, I shall offer for sale by public auction, if the total amount due is not sooner paid, the mineral or placer claims in the list hereinafter set out, of the persons in said list hereinafter set out, of which Crown Grants have been issued, for all unpaid taxes accrued due and payable on the 30th day of June, 1903, or accrued due and payable at any 30th day of June subsequent to the date of the issue of the Crown Grants, and remaining unpaid at the 31st day of December, 1903, and for the expenses of advertising this notice.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

NAME OF PERSON	DESCRIPTION OF CLAIM.	UNPAID TAXES	EXPENSES OF ADVERTISING	TOTAL
R. B. Angus and Sir T. G. Shaugnessy	Hope ..... Lot No. 1706, Group 1	$26 00	$2 00	$28 00
Fish River Copper & Silver Min. Co. Ltd	Copper Hill ..... " 2780 " 1	78 00	2 00	80 00
"	Copper Fraction .. " 2781 " 1	51 00	2 00	53 00
"	Silver Bow ..... " 2782 " 1	10 50	2 00	12 50
"	Copper Crown .... " 2783 " 1	78 00	2 00	80 00
"	Scotia..... " 2784 " 1	10 50	2 00	12 50
"	Elizabeth ..... " 2785 " 1	10 50	2 00	12 50
"	Edinburgh..... " 2876 " 1	10 50	2 00	12 50
The Carnes Creek Consolidated Gold Mining Co. Ltd. Liability.....	Rosebery ..... " 3354 " 1	49 00	2 00	51 00
"	Coronation..... " 3361 " 1	70 50	2 00	72 50
"	Empire Fraction.. " 3355 " 1	58 75	2 00	60 75
"	Kingdom ..... " 3356 " 1	52 50	2 00	54 50
"	Salisbury ..... " 3357 " 1	78 00	2 00	80 00
"	Arsenic ..... " 3358 " 1	60 00	2 00	62 00
"	Jubilee Fraction... " 3359 " 1	73 50	2 00	75 50
"	Imperial ..... " 3360 " 1	78 00	2 00	80 00
A. Sinclair, et al.....	Brunswick ..... " 4354 " 1	48 75	2 00	50 75
David H. Wilson	Gloucester ..... " 2758 " 1	26 00	2 00	28 00
"	Crown Point..... " 2759 " 1	26 00		28 00
Frank Young.....	Bonanza King .... " 2058 " 1	26 00	2 00	28 00
J. H. Hoare	Last Chance ..... " 2066 " 1	26 00		28 00
David H. Wilson	Alice ..... " 2057 " 1	26 00	2 00	28 00
"	Alice Fraction .... " 2061 " 1	6 00	2 00	8 00
J. M. Robinson, Alberta M. Moore....	Alberta ..... " 4285 " 1	48 00	2 00	50 00
" E. G. Moyer.....	Josie ..... " 4284 " 1	48 00	2 00	50 00
" R. A. F. Moore.....	Vera ..... " 4283 " 1	52 00	2 00	54 00
" Ole Aroog, Enos Moyer and R. A. F. Moore.....	Ogontz..... " 4282 " 1	52 00	2 00	54 00
J. M. Robinson, E. F. Moyer, and R. A. F. Moore	Glenside ..... " 4281 " 1	52 00	2 00	54 00
The B. C. Southern Railway Co	Lake View..... " 1705 " 1	13 00	2 00	15 00
Craig, Northey and McCarty	Canadian Girl..... " 4705 " 1	26 00	2 00	28 00
Silver Queen Mining Co. Ltd. Ly	Grey Wolf ..... " 2204 " 1	72 00	2 00	74 00
"	Grey Wolf Fraction " 2209 " 1	4 50	2 00	6 50
"	Red Fox ..... " 2205 " 1	51 00	2 00	53 00
"	Red Fox ..... " 2413 " 1	7 50	2 00	9 50
"	Red Fox Fraction. " 2414 " 1	2 50	2 00	4 50
"	Black Bear..... " 2208 " 1	72 00	2 00	74 00
"	Black Bear Fract.. " 2582 " 1	2 50	2 00	4 50
"	Black Fox ..... " 2206 " 1	66 00	2 00	68 00
"	Black Fox Fraction " 2207 " 1	2 50	2 00	4 50
Michael D. Shea ....?.....	Golden Hope..... " 1707 " 1	39 00	2 00	41 00
"	Golden Age ..... " 4665 " 1	39 00	2 00	41 00
"	Anglo American fct " 4666 " 1	6 00	2 00	8 00
"	I. X. L. ..... " 1782 " 1	34 50	2 00	36 50
"	Producer..... " 1795 " 1	30 00	2 00	32 00
"	Snow Bird ..... " 1796 " 1	30 00	2 00	32 00
"	Trio.. ..... " 4677 " 1	38 25	2 00	40 25
Jas. M. Aikins, et al.....	Yankee ..... " 4582 " 1	19 00	2 00	21 00
"	Don Fraction ..... " 4583 " 1	5 00	2 00	7 00
"	St. Elmo..... " 4581 " 1	25 00	2 00	27 00
C. Menhenick, J. J. Foley, et al.....	Imperial ..... " 4778 " 1	7 00	2 00	9 00
"	Balfour ..... " 4777 " 1	13 00	2 00	15 00
C. Menhenick and J. J. Foley.....	Rossland ..... " 4775 " 1	11 00	2 00	13 00
J. Abrahamson	Morning Star ..... " 4574 " 1	26 00	2 00	28 00
A. Abrahamson and F. H. Bourne....	White Quail ..... " 4577 " 1	26 00	2 00	28 00
A. Abrahamson, F. H. Bourne, et al..	President ..... " 4578 " 1	19 00	2 00	21 00
W. B. Clark	Iola ..... " 3084 " 1	10 75	2 00	12 75
"	Banner..... " 3085 " 1	9 50	2 00	11 50
Minnesota Mining & Dev. Co. Ltd....	Nellie ..... " 5670 " 1	26 00	2 00	28 00
"	Empress ..... " 5671 " 1	24 50	2 00	26 50
"	Kitty ..... " 5672 " 1	26 00	2 00	28 00
"	Oom Paul ..... " 5673 " 1	7 50	2 00	9 50
"	Nellie Fraction.... " 5674 " 1	2 50	2 00	4 50
Northwestern Dev. Syndicate. Ltd ...	Gold Finch..... " 5654 " 1	20 50	2 00	22 50
Brown, Clark, Burns and McKenzie ..	Dundas ..... " 5843 " 1	17 50	2 00	19 50

FRED FRASER, ASSESSOR,
Revelstoke Assessment District, Revelstoke, B. C.

ITS A REST FOR YOUR EYES

To wear good glasses. To those who have to work and feel that their eyes are continually aching from that cause should wear a pair. The trouble is that the majority of people do not know that the right glasses will give that needed rest.
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Changes of advertisements must be in before noon on Wednesday to insure insertion.

Job Printing in all its branches promptly and neatly executed.

THURSDAY, OCT. 27, 1904.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

The greatest question in the next general election will be that of ownership by the people of the new Transcontinental Railway. It is the greatest question because the Conservative leader has given notice in parliament that if the electors return the Conservatives to power the people shall own the railway that is to be paid for by the country.

It is not a question whether the government shall spend millions in constructing or acquiring railways.

It is the question whether the government, being already committed to the expenditure of about a hundred and seventy millions of dollars of public money, in building a railway shall own the line or give it away.

If the people of Canada pay for the Transcontinental Railway they should own it. The people through their representatives will then

Control the routing of traffic;
Control the passenger rates;
Control the freight rates.

No government would dare to route the traffic to American ports; but the Liberal government gives the Grand Trunk Pacific the right to route as they please.

The Grand Trunk people will route the traffic to suit their own interests. It is to their own interest to route the traffic to Portland.

Shall we have a government-owned railway or a railway-owned government.

MANY GRITS LEAVE FOLD

Defections from Party the Rule Not the Exception — They Believe in Mr. Borden and His Railway Policy.

One of the most remarkable features of the present campaign is the large number of defections from the Liberal party that are reported from all over Canada. In nearly every instance it is the life-long Liberal, the Liberal of the old school, who has never known what it was to cast a Conservative vote, that repudiates his party and announces that he will unequivocally support the businesslike policy advocated by Mr. Borden. To stem this unexpected tide of public opinion that has set in against them, is a problem that the followers of the Government have obviously been unable to solve. Every day brings word from one place or another of desertions from the Liberal ranks on the part of men who are not only held in high repute in their neighborhood, but are, or rather were, among the most active supporters Premier Laurier's Administration had.

Mr. J. F. Robertson, head of the large firm of Manchester, Robertson, and Allison, of New Brunswick, who has always been one of the strongest supporters the Liberal Government has had in the Maritime Provinces, is unalterably opposed to Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"Much as I regret having to separate from the party with which I have been associated so long," he says, "I feel that there is no other course open to me. There is one great question before the people. That is the Grand Trunk Pacific project. The Government's policy is directly opposed to what I regard as sound policy. On the other hand, the Liberal-Conservatives in the House and the leader of the party have adopted the policy which I have advocated. Therefore they are entitled to my support."

Another "Bluenose," and hitherto an ardent Liberal, who will support Mr. Borden is Lieut.-Col. Bethune, ex-M.P. At a Conservative convention in New Brunswick he spoke strongly in the interests of the candidate, Mr. McCormack, and his presence at the convention has lent a decided impetus to the cause of Conservatism.

From Manitoba comes word also of defections from the Liberal ranks. Here is an instance. At a meeting held recently in the interests of W. Coleman, the Conservative candidate for Selkirk, Edward Anderson, ex-reeve of Springfield, appeared on the platform in his interests. For 27 years he has lived in Springfield, and has been during the whole of that time a consistent supporter of the Liberal party.

Mr. Anderson states that he cannot support the G. T. P. project, which is opposed to every Liberal principle he ever learned, and is not in the interests of the country. He therefore prefers to come out boldly and help the Conservatives.

In Winnipeg the papers are full of letters from old-time Liberals, who resent the mismanagement of the country's affairs by the Laurier Government, and announce their intention of supporting the policy of Mr. Borden. The following is in part a typical protest against the G. T. P. deal by Thos. D. Robinson, a prominent citizen of Winnipeg, who has always been a prominent Liberal: "Think of it, by our votes we can inaugurate a system that will do away with all crawling to railway companies or begging for cars, or hunting for them at terminals, and we will have no more fighting against unfair charges or mean pickings, but will have to deal with a great transcontinental railway owned and operated by the people."

Alexander Macdonald, of Winnipeg, is another prominent Liberal who has been converted to Conservatism, and he gives his reasons plainly:—"I regret to say, as a Liberal, that one party has broken every pledge and every promise it made before it accepted office." Mr. Macdonald declares "Politics in Canada have degenerated lower than in the United States, for the country, and I consider it is the chief issue of the present election.

"The G.T.P. contract is merely a proposal to hand over to a bunch of American grafters millions of dollars from the pockets of the people."

John W. Smith, of Winona, a life-long Liberal, is supporting E. D. Smith, the Conservative candidate in Wentworth. He spoke at a joint meeting held by the candidates at Bartonville on Saturday night. He considered that party interests should be laid aside in this election. To his mind the real issues were the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway scheme and the tariffs.

Mr. Smith said he was going to vote for the Conservative candidate. "I have," he concluded, "been a voter for forty years, all the time a Reformer and now I intend, in my own interests to vote for E. D. Smith, the Conservative candidate."

In Halifax Dr. James Gordon Bennett announced that he had decided to vote for Mr. Borden and Mr. O'Mullin, the Conservative candidate, because of a visit he had recently made to Portland, and because of a study of the Government's transcontinental railway scheme. He was convinced from what he had seen in Portland that Canada could expect nothing from the Grand Trunk, seeing that that company had made investments of $26,000,000 for terminals there. He added that he felt that if Canada is to spend a great many millions of dollars in building the transcontinental railway, the only way to secure its benefits for Canadian ports and the Canadian people is for the country to own the road, as Mr. Borden advocated. Dr. Bennett has written, he said, to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, setting forth these reasons for leaving the Liberal party.

Mr. Wm. Stoddart, one of the most influential citizens of Deseronto, and an ex-president of the East Hastings Reform Association has announced his determination to support Mr. Borden's platform in the coming election. He stated that he was a firm supporter of Government-owned railways and other franchises, and thought it time that the people, not grafters, should rule the country.

Mr. E. Morden, of Stamford township, for several years county councillor for Division No. 1 Welland county, and fifteen years sec.-treasurer of Welland County Farmer's Institute, and a life-long Liberal, says he will vote for Mr. R. L. Borden. He thinks that public ownership of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is a positive necessity for the public welfare. Mr. Norman B. Kalor, of Stamford, secretary of the Farmers' Association, and a well known Liberal, will also, Mr. Morden says, vote Conservative.

The election campaign in the north riding of Cape Breton, where John McCormack is the Conservative candidate, took on a new phase last week, when Dr. Bethune, ex-M.P. for Baddock, who was the Liberal member of Parliament for Victoria from 1896 to 1900, came out strongly for Mr. McCormack.

A sensation was caused by the announcement that two well known Liberals, Mayor Guay, of St. Henri, and Ald. Cardinal, M. D., of Ste. Cunegonde, both in the constituency of Hochelaga, Que., had espoused the cause of Dr. Bernard, the Conservative candidate, and would support him on account of his sound protectionist principles.

At a Conservative meeting in North Sydney recently, among the speakers was Mr. R. H. Butts, one of the leading barristers of the Cape Breton bar and a life long Liberal, who for the first time took his stand upon a Conservative platform and formally renounced his allegiance to the Liberal party. Mr. Butts said that he had not left the Liberal party, but the Liberal party had left him.

Brown's in Town

Is the attraction at the Opera House on Saturday evening next when Walker's Comedians play a return engagement in this city. "Brown's in Town" is the cleverest of modern comedies and has been fittingly described as "one great, long continuous roar from start to finish." From what we have already seen of Walker's Comedians it is evident that we are due for another mirthful evening and an entertainment of unusual artistic merit.

DR. MORRISON
Dentist
SUCCESSOR TO DR. CURRY
GOLD CROWN & BRIDGE WORK
A SPECIALTY.
DENTAL PARLORS
Over Bews' Drug Store.
MACKENZIE AVENUE.

FIDELITY SOE

SOCIETIES.

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

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.

Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellow's Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited
W. B. FLEMING, W. M
J. ACHESON, Rec.-Sec.

KOOTENAY STAR, R. B. P.
Meets on First Tuesday of every month, in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. ACHESON, W. P.
J. H. ARMSTRONG, REC.

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

Camp Mountain View, C. W. O. W.
Meets in Selkirk Hall every Second and Fourth Friday of each month at 8 p. m. Visiting Choppers cordially invited to attend.
F. H. BOURNE, Con. Com.
H. W. EDWARDS, Clerk.

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

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

New Goods

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

Substantial and 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 (2¼ 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 28th of April, 1902, (page 397, 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 $162 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 12th 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.

NEW FALL SUITINGS

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

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

M. A. WILSON,

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

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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.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Massage Treatment

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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
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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 King Streets. REVELSTOKE, B.C

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W. J. LICHTBURNE, Manager.

NEWLY BUILT AND FURNISHED
STRICLY FIRST-CLASS

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

ARROWHEAD, - B. C.

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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HORACE MANNING

LICENSED AUCTIONEER

Is prepared to handle Auction Sales of every description.

For terms apply to
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Cleveland Bicycles
FROM $45.00

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.

ON SALE.

Embroidered Centrepiece, red roses and leaves, new designs, $10.

Embroidered Centrepiece, sweet peas.

Collars in Point and Battenburg Lace.

Handkerchiefs in Point Lace.

Turnovers in Embroidery, Point Lace and Cross Stitch.

Orders taken for Shirt Waists in Embroidery, Cross Stitch and Battenburg Lace.

Patterns and materials on hand for Point and Battenburg Lace.

Lessons in Lace Work at reasonable rates.

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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,
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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.

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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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FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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CONTAINING 160 VIEWS, Illustrating the Boundless Resources of the RICHEST PROVINCE IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE; its coal, oil, and timber; its fisheries on sea, lake and river; its mineral and agricultural resources; its cities and towns; its river, lake and mountain scenery, especially illustrating its great mining development, with views of all the principal mines, mills, smelters, etc. **Sent Post Free on Receipt of Price $1 00 and $1.50.**

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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 within a year.

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

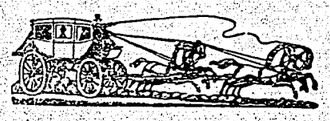
REFERENCES—The Hon. Mayor, Gold Commissioner, Postmaster or any bank or business man in the city.

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.



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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.

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Orders left here for Firewood promptly filled.

Dry Fir, Hemlock and Cedar.

Get Your Winter's Wood Now.

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

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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS.

Manufacturers of Aerated Waters
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

JUST OPENED UP
2 CARS OF FURNITURE

Crockeryware, Carpets, Linoleums, Oilcloth, &c.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD.

John E. Wood, THE BIG FURNITURE STORE
Cabinet Making Upholstering Picture Framing.

Call and See Our Scotch Tweeds

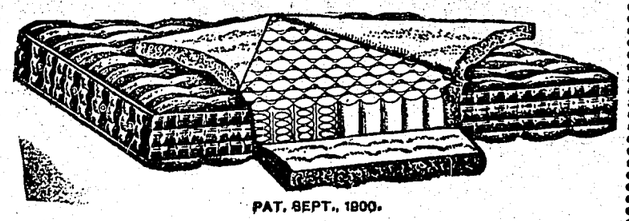
Before you place your Order for a Fall Suit.

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

Latest Styles and Fit Guaranteed.
WE USE THE UNION LABEL.

G. A. SCOTT, - Mackenzie Avenue

THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS.



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

Pipes. Valves and Fittings.

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

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H. W. Edwards, Taxidermist.

DEER HEADS, BIRDS, ANIMALS MOUNTED.

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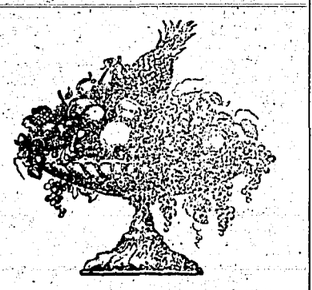

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FANCY CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY

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TRY OUR WHOLESOME
White and Brown Bread
Scones and Buns

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

A. E. BENNISON,
Mackenzie Avenue.

It Pays to Advertise in The Herald

A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXX.

Philip lost no time after landing in setting his face homeward, as he called it. He stepped out upon the platform at Cleeve railway station in the afternoon of a cold, clear January day, and was surprised not to see a face he recognized in the familiar place. The flyman, on being told to drive to Redwoods, asked where it was.

"Sir Arthdr Medway's place, Marwell Court? Yes, knows that. 'Tis a good nine mile ride and the roads heavy," he said.

"Marwell village, farm on the right. Drive as fast as you can."

The streets were silent with the dull and ghostly silence of snow, silent but not white, snowy but not picturesque; town snow is a sorry spectacle, chill, depressing, suggestive of all the soils and stains incident to poor humanity. Yet there was no sludge, no muddy deliquescence penetrating to the very marrow with its chill; the sun was shining, the white topped roofs were outlined upon a clear pale sky, the icicled eaves sparkled as the long spikes melted and froze and melted and froze again; the snow was trampled into yellow-brown powder in the roads, on which the horse's feet struck now and then with a muffled thud.

The grammar school alone looked more venerable and picturesque than usual, its gray walls tufted with feathery drifts of unstained snow, its gabled roof, mullions, and drip stones traced in white snow-lines, its leafless lime-trees showing a tracery of mingled pink and white branches against the freezing sky. Philip thought of his early battles in the play-ground, and of that "big brute Brown," now a peaceful and substantial young tradesman, a good deal hen-pecked by a fierce little scrap of a wife. Matthew Meade had pinched to send him there at first.

It was scarcely two years since the death of Matthew and Martha; he almost expected to see the former leaning over the half-door of the mill when he passed. The wheel was still, adorned with jewelry, and lace-work of icicles sparkling against its black steps; ice sheets spread from the banks half over the water, swans floated in the centre, pigeons wheeled in the sunshine, but a strange face looked from the open half-door, leaning there as Matthew had leant. There was no gold-haired child clinging to his hand. The great willow, under whose leafy boughs he had lain and longed to be a man, dropped its yellow branches over the snow-covered grass.

The town passed, the country spread pure and stainless beneath the pale blue sky, into which the rose of sunset was softly stealing. This white, soft, soundless robe is a bridal vesture or a shroud, according to the gazer's mood; to Philip driving too slowly over the noiseless road, it was a wedding garment. With every hushed fall of the horse's feet he drew nearer to Jessie, to the one being who shared the memories of youth and the affections of home with him. How glad she would be! Perhaps, after all, he ought to have written to announce his arrival, but there is something so attractive in the thought of coming unespectedly upon long absent friends, and surprising the warmth of their hearts. A dream of Jessie's joyous surprise and warm welcome had floated before him for weeks—another and brighter dream, belonging to the warm country of mystery and marvel he had left behind, was resolutely banished to a deep recess of memory. Some day Jessie must hear of it, but not yet. Perhaps they would each have something to forgive, but Jessie's shrift would be short—and easy, he was sure.

They drove but slowly, for the snow was deep and drifted in places; the horses feet balled from time to time; after he might almost as well have walked and so warmed his blood in the pure keen air. What a charm the dazzling white country with its blue shadows, its peeping roofs and trees, had for one fresh from India! how truly English it was! He had almost forgotten the deep ineradicable dearness of England to a true Englishman in the fascination of India, and almost forgotten in another more powerful fascination the strength of family ties. But now he remembered that Jessie was all he had in the world—father and mother, home and country, duty and domestic affection, all met and were symbolized in Jessie. Hitherto he had thought of her as depending on and needing him, but now in the strong and sudden inrush of long dormant feelings, caused by the sight of home and country, he realized his own dependence on and need of Jessie. She was to know nothing of his reasons for throwing up his appointment and coming home so suddenly, she would doubtless be pleased that he should come for her rather than have her sent out to him; it would appear in the light of a chivalrous deference that could not fail to charm a girl.

The snowy fields were stained in pure hues of rose and crimson, orange and amber, as the sun sropped down in the west; then they paled to violet and dead white; a ghostly gleam was reflected upward on the cold dusk air. There is nothing so desolate as the white gleam of snow after sunset, before the stars sparkle out and the darkness broods over the corpse-like pallor. Body and mind alike yield to the gray and lonely chill of the moment. Philip's heart sank with an indescribable foreboding, and he was glad to see the red gleam of cottage windows as they reached the village and saw the boys sliding and snow-balling on the green He jumped down and walked swiftly on, telling the flyman to follow to the farm, the chimneys of which were now visible in the distance. The woman of the village shop and post-office looked after the tall-grown, foreign-looking man and wondered who he was.

"Somebody for the Court, I reckon," she said, turning away to sell bullseyes to a ruddy lad, as she had often served them to Philip, who had passed many a holiday week at Redwoods.

Here was the great elm to the top of which he had once dared Roger to climb, and from a limb af which Roger had fallen with an appalling thud, but quite unharmed, to the ground. He hastened on, thinking that this rough, bluff Roger was after all a strange housemate for so dainty a creature as Jessie. His pace quickened to a run, hurrah! There was the red light of the sitting-room fire, suddenly leaping up and streaming over the shining snow-laden evergreens without, like a beacon light to guide him home; Jessie's hand perhaps had stirred the fire to that leaping blaze.

His hand was on the wicket and he was about to open it, when the red glow vanished, strangely daunting him, a hand closed the shutters, he felt himself shut out in the chill gray snow-light, and instead of entering by the front door went round through the farm-yard, where the cows were pulling hay from racks, and so in by the kitchen.

"Hullo!" sang out Abraham, who was stumping heavily in with a pitchfork in his hand, on feeling Philip's strong grasp on his shoulder, "who be you? What be ye up to?"

They were just in the red glow of the outer kitchen doorway. Sarah was busy at the hearth, breaking and piling up faggots of furze to boil a swinging kettle, the dark smoke-browned walls were lit up by the dancing blaze. "Lord a mercy!" Abraham cried, recognizing Philip on turning, "here's Master Philip Whatever be us to do, Sarrow?"

"Master Philip!" cried Sarah, dropping the billhook with which she was chopping her faggots and coming forward. "Why ever couldn't you bide out in India? Whatever be ye come here for?"

"For Jessie, to be sure," he replied giving her a hearty kiss. "How are they all? You look as sound as a bell, Sarah."

"There, sit down by the fire, do," she replied, hysterically, at the same time pushing him into a wooden chair. "I 'lows you be pretty nigh shrammed with the coold. Shet the door, ye girt zote, do," she added, falling foul of the unlucky Abraham, who had remained in the doorway as if transfixed, with the fork held trident-wise in one hand and his mouth and eyes wide open. "And Missus 'll be that mad," she added.

Just then Roger came in by another door, and Philip rose to shake hands with him, scarcely noticing that Roger's once ruddy face was pale, and that he walked with a stick.

"Glad to see you," Roger said, from habit and courtesy, "but whatever's the good of shutting the door when the steed's stolen!" he added.

Philip scarcely heeded this enigmatical speech, but followed Roger to the sitting-room, where Cousin Jane was seated by the fire opposite her husband.

They looked tranquil enough; all surely was well, and yet an uneasy foreboding checked the words upon his lips when, his eyes having swiftly and vainly sought the gleam of Jessie's golden hair in the ruddy light, he would fain have asked for her.

"Merciful Powers!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer, lifting her hands in dismay, "if it isn't Philip!"

"Philip!" echoed Mr. Plummer, rising, "Lord help the boy, whatever brought you here?"

Philip stopped, looking at them silently, with a nightmare dryness in his throat. Mrs. Plummer's round face had a pinched look, the corners of her mouth had a more settled downward tendency than formerly, her gown was black. Nat Plummer had a bewildered air, the set of Roger's once jovial face was tragic, he pushed his tangled curls off his strong white forehead, and his blue eyes gazed at Philip's boding face with a wistful pity. Old Sebastopol the maimed cat, rose and limped up to the new-comer on her three legs, purring and rubbing affectionately against him, the only creature who had a welcome for him. Philip stood very squarely in the midst of them, his bronzed face growing bloodless, his heart beating with low hurried throbs.

"Where," he said, at last, in a strained, unnatural voice, "where is Jessie?"

"Jessie!" the three echoed in differing tones of dismay. "Why, you don't seem quite right, somehow, Philip," cried Mr. Plummer.

"Trouble hev turned his brain," added Mrs. Plummer, dismally.

"Can this be a bad dream?" asked Philip, his eyes dilating. "Where is my sister?" he repeated.

"Haven't you heard?" asked Roger. "Why, mother," he added, "Philip don't know. There wasn't time for him to get the letter, come to think of it."

"Sure enough, more there was," echoed Mrs. Plummer. "You don't mean to say, Philip, you've a come all the way home not knowing? Dear heart, what trouble, what trouble!"

The walls seemed to be rushing round him, his lips were so dry and stiff; he caught at a chair to steady himself, and stammered: "Is she—is she—dead?" the last word in a raised voice.

"Hullo!" cried Roger, stepping forward and catching him while he pushed a chair under him. "Drink, mother, give him drink."

Mrs. Plummer bustled quickly to the cupboard by the fireplace, whence she brought a spirit decanter and a tumbler, and pouring out a draught of raw brandy, gave it to Philip.

Then the dark-red mist cleared from his eyes, he looked at Mrs. Plummer's black dress, thence to her tearful face, and thence to the troubled faces of Nat and Roger.

"She was so young," he said, "they were so devoted to her."

"She had grown up fine and slim, poor maid," added Nat Plummer; "you'd scarcely have known her again, Philip."

"How was it?" he asked, choking something down and speaking steadily; "how did it happen? She was always so healthy, never ailed that I heard of. Tell me all."

He looked straight before him; they looked at each other mutely.

"All's a good deal when all's said," Mrs. Plummer replied at last, oracularly; "you've come off a journey and had a shock, hadn't you better wait till you've taken something?"

"No, no," he replied, quickly, "nothing can matter if she is dead."

"There's worse than death, Philip ——".

"Mother!" cried Roger, starting up.

"If you must have the worst, Philip," said Mrs. Plummer, "the best we can hope is she's dead."

"She is dead," muttered Roger through his clenched teeth.

"There is a doubt? There was an accident?" asked Philip, trembling with he knew not what sickening horror and remembering his vision of Jessie months back.

"She's gone, poor child, and we hope she may be dead," continued Mrs. Plummer, "for there's disgrace behind.

"No, no," cried Roger, "it is talk, Philip, vile talk, and it drove her beside herself. If any man uses that word of her," he added, excitedly, "I knock him down. As sure as fate I knock him down."

"So do I," echoed Philip.

"Lord save us!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer. "For pity's sake take Roger away, Plummer."

"Go on out, Roger, and leave it to mother and me," said his father, laying his hand on the young giant's shoulder and pushing him to the door, which he closed and locked upon him.

"Tell me all," Philip said when he was gone.

"To be sure 'tis a hard hearing for ye, Philip, and a hard telling for me," Mrs. Plummer replied, "and sorry I am for her, heaven knows. I acted for the best, I'm sure, and I never had any fault to find with her and never knew but all was right the very day she went off——"

"Went off—" echoed Philip, staring blindly before him.

"We thought she was gone to Miss Blushford's," added Nat. "We heard nothing of him."

"And all the country talking," continued Mrs. Plummer, "and even Abram and Sarah knew it; there wasn't a creature in the place that didn't know. I wouldn't speak against her, and she, poor child, gone, but I must say there was deception in her, such as never was."

"Yes, she kept it close, poor lass, poor lass!" added Mr. Plummer, with agitation; "'tis always like that with girls when led away."

Philip's head sank into his hands; he thought of Matthew's and Martha's pride in the child, and the care he had taken to fence her from the very knowledge of evil, the thought of his own reverence for her. Jessie had been the very symbol of purity to him, and he had to sit still and listen while she was pitied and partially excused, to see her honor trailed in the dust in the sight of all the world, to hear her name in the mouth of drunkards and at the mercy of all evil thoughts and venomous imaginations. Little Jessie, his own sister! Matthew's innocent child!

"Go on, tell me all," he said, heavily.

And so gradually the whole pitiful story came out, the stolen meetings in the wood, the talk, the secret distress that was wearing the unhappy girl's life out, the supposed visit to the old school mistress and the disappearance discovered so late. Then all the fruitless efforts to discover Jessie, the interview with Sir Arthur, the written disclaimer of Claude Medway, which was shown him, as well as Jessie's own farewell to her cousin, lastly the discovery of the handkerchief by the riverside and Roger's surmises based upon it.

He did not interrupt the narrative, discursive and often irrelevant as it was; he sat still in a kind of stony patience, while the story poured upon his tingling ears like molten metal. And when the tale was done he sat on silent in the same posture.

"I am afraid," he said, "I am afraid she is still alive. And yet—if she had died—in her despair——"

"Well, there, we can't alter it, whatever 'tis," said Mr. Plummer. "We did all we could to find her. But that box staggers me. Whatever went with that box?"

"And her paints and things she was so set on," added his wife. "Roger he will have it the box was stolen."

"But why should she pack it?" asked Philip.

"Roger thinks 'twas for a blind. Roger would have found her dead or alive, if anybody could a done it; he'd a pulled the moon out of the sky before he'd give in. But there he fell off a wagon loaded with straw and broke his thigh soon after, and I often think it was a mercy in disguise, heavy as it come upon me, and my daughter Eliza confined and her husband with no more sense than a addled egg. There we had him on his back for a couple of months as helpless as a babe, else he'd a been all over the country looking for her and stirring up talk upon talk."

Philip listened as one who hears nothing, mechanically stroking his old Crimean comrade, who sat purring on his knee the while, until he touched a tender place in her scarred body and made her swear.

"Poor Sebastopol," he said, stroking her with more circumspection, "poor old puss!" Then he burst into tears.

(To be Continued.)

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

When the new little Spanish prince (who is a son of the Princess of the Asturias and nephew of the young King) was born, he was placed on a huge silver salver and taken in to be introduced for the first time to his father, the Prime Minister of Spain, and other high dignitaries, who had all dressed in full uniform for the ceremony. A similar performance took place after the birth of the young King.

The Marquis Ito, the Japanese statesman, is described as an indefatigable reader of European and American literature. He reads not only the standard works, but the new publications and the current periodicals of both hemispheres are devoured. He reads German, French, English, and Chinese as easily as he does his own language. He has been accustomed to give five or six hours a day to reading.

Jan Kubelik, the famous violinist, was only five years old when he was presented with his first violin. His father gave him lessons, and at eight he played in a concert at Prague, and attracted a good deal of notice. At fourteen he played so wonderfully at his final examination that professors and musical critics were unanimous in their praise, and European fame followed in a very short time.

Sir Edward B. Malet, British ex-Ambassador to Berlin, is an operatic librettist and dramatic author of no mean merit. When acting as British Minister-Resident at Cairo in the days before Arabi's rebellion he wrote several plays, which were privately acted both there and afterwards at Berlin on the dainty bijou stage which forms one of the attractions of the Embassy. He also wrote the "book" for Dr. Cowen's opera, "Harold," which was produced at Covent Garden in 1895.

The Right Rev. Charles John Ellicott, D. D., Bishop of Gloucester, is an active tricyclist, notwithstanding the fact that his lordship has reached his eighty-fifth year. He has only taken to the three-wheeler within the last decade, having always been passionately fond of walking. Skating and mountaineering, too until quite recent years, have been amongst the Bishop's recreations. At one time, indeed, he was the finest figure-skater anywhere around the City of Gloucester.

Sir Henry Irving was once chatting with some brother actors about stage animals, and a certain pony was referred to as having proved an excellent actor when engaged in a well-known play. "Why," said a famous player, as if to prove the fact, "he used to go on the stage and yawn all the time I was busy at the footlights." "H'm," said Sir Henry, slyly; "I don't know about his being a good actor, but I should say he was a good critic."

Lord Kitchener went to a small school, named "Grand-Clos," about four miles from Montreux. It was kept by a Rev. Mr. Bennett, and Kitchener and his twelve schoolfellows had a very jolly time there. At fifteen, according to an old master of his, Kitchener was "of medium height, broad-chested, a very model of strength, but not passionately addicted to sports. Solitary in his habits, not chumming especially with any of his schoolfellows, he worked quietly and steadily, and proved always amenable to discipline." Just the type of boy, in fact, to make an ideal soldier.

Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val, Pontificial Secretary of State, is a Londoner by birth, although there is nothing suggestive of the Cockney in his name. It was on October 10th, 1865, at 33, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, that he first saw the light, his father at the time being Secretary to the Spanish Embassy. He went to school at Slough, and completed his education at Ushaw College, Durham. As a young man he was fond of cycling, shooting riding, and dancing. Cardinal Merry del Val speaks five languages fluently—English, Spanish, French, German and Italian.

From the position of newsboy to the chaplaincy of a workhouse is a rather big stride, but it has been taken by the Rev. Thomas Mason, M.A. (Durham), of Thornbury Rectory, Bromyard, Worcester, England, who has just been selected from eight candidates for the office of chaplain of the Paddington Workhouse. After Mr. Mason had served his apprenticeship to newsvending he worked in a confectioner's shop, then became a market-gardener, and finally entered the Church. He was ordained deacon in 1894 and priest in 1895. He took the degree during his curate's days, and was appointed to his incumbency at Worcester in 1892.

President Roosevelt is a mighty hunter, but on one occasion at least, when a little boy, he is said to have been frightened of "big game." One day a sexton caught him peering curiously and timidly through the open door of an empty New York church. "Come in, my boy, if you like," said the sexton. "No, thank you; I know what you've got in there," said Roosevelt; but every now and then the sexton caught him leaving off his play to look timidly into the church. When he went home he told his mother that he had been asked to go in, but was afraid to, as he thought the "zeal" might jump out from under a pew or somewhere and eat him up. On further questioning his mother found he had heard the clergyman read the text, "For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," on a previous Sunday, and imagined that a zeal must be a dragon or alligator which was kept somewhere in the church!

About the ....House

VALUABLE HINTS.

Before turning out a pudding always let it stand for three or four minutes to allow the steam to escape.

To test an oven for baking sponge and pound cakes, put into the oven a piece of white paper; look at it after five minutes, when it should be yellow if the heat is right.

Small cakes and castel puddings require a hot oven with the shelf put near the top, but large, rich cakes require slow baking after the first twenty minutes.

To prevent a beetroot that is broken from losing its color in cooking, burn it with a red-hot poker. This will form a new skin and prevent it bleeding.

Try glycerine for removing stains of tea and coffee from table linen. Procure it if good quality, and with it rub the affected parts, afterwards wash the linen in the ordinary way.

Wash lisle thread stockings in tepid water with a little blue; use only boiled soap, and that for the feet only. Rinse thoroughly in water containing a few drops of ammonia, and hang to dry, but not in the sun.

An excellent furniture polish. Dip a chamois leather in tepid water, take it out and wring it dry. Rub the furniture with this and it will remove all finger marks, stains, etc., more effectually than any prepared polish, and will make the wood appear as good as new.

Hot water cans and jugs will last much longer if, instead of being hung in the usual way, they are turned upside down directly they are emptied. Always keep a zinc tray in the pantry for this purpose. It is the few drops of water in the bottom which cause them to rust into holes.

Baked milk tastes very like cream and is most nourishing. Put new rich milk into a stone jar, with a cover, and bake for several hours in a steady, moderate oven. If you have not a cover for the jar, cover with greased paper, and tie down carefully. Served cold with stewed fruit this is excellent.

Ink can be removed from paper, if the stain is not too old, as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chloriated lime and add just enough water to cover it. Take a soft cloth, moisten it in the mixture, and pat (do not rub) the stain gently, and it will slowly disappear. If one application is not enough, try a second.

To clean brown boots. First put the boots on the "trees." Then put a little soda in some tepid water. Wash the boots with saddle soap, using it as dry as possible, on a soft bit of flannel. Wipe off the soap, but do not make the leather very wet. Leave in the air to dry. Then polish with any good brown boot polish.

In making cheese sandwiches put the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs into a basin with a tablespoonful of butter; beat them up together until quite smooth, add a quarter of a pound of grated cheese with a seasoning of salt, pepper and mustard. Mix all together, and spread between slices of bread and butter.

For boiled beetroot wash the beet thoroughly but carefully so as not to let it bleed. Put in a pan with plenty of salted boiling water, and boil for one hour. Take out and skim at once. Slice into a vegetable dish. Have ready in a saucepan a little melted butter and vinegar. Boil up, pour over the beet, and serve.

Medicine will never remedy bad habits. Indulgence of the appetite, indiscriminate dosing and drugging have ruined the health and destroyed the lives of more persons than famine or pestilence. If you will take advice you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink only wholesome things, retire and rise very regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin.

Baked fish has far more flavor than boiled, though it does not look so nice. The fish should be placed on a greased tin, covered with buttered paper, and cooked in a moderate oven. The cook should be very careful in baking fish not to dry it up. Serve with a good white sauce poured over, and garnished with chopped parsley, capers, lemon, or hard-boiled egg. Filets of plaice tied in knots and cooked like this are excellent.

The fruit used for preserving should always be gathered in dry weather, and when choosing it, one need not insist on the large size of berries, for often the smallest strawberries possess the best flavor. In particular, there is a small scarlet strawberry which makes excellent jam. Pick the fruit, and discard any unsound berties; weigh them, and to every pound of fruit allow threequarters of a pound of preserving sugar. Put a layer of fruit in the preserving pan, then a layer of sugar, and repeat this until the vessel is about three parts full. Stand the pan at the side of the stove, and keep stirring; remove the scum carefully as it rises; and let the fruit boil gently for three-quarters of an hour or more. Then take out a little in a saucer, and if it sets, it is done enough; pour it into jars; tie down with parchment covers when cold, and store in a dry cupboard.

FOR THE COOK.

Simple Ginger Beer for the Children—Turn a gallon of boiling water on four large spoonfuls of ginger, then set where it will cool. When just lukewarm add a half pint of molasses and a cup of "lively" yeast. It will be fit to drink as soon as fermented.

Mexican Sauce.—Thinly slice one large white onion and fry it brown in one tablespoonful of butter. Add two large tomatoes peeled and cut fine, one medium-sized sweet red pepper and one green pepper freed from vains and seeds and chopped fine, and simmer for twenty minutes. Now add one clove of garlic well bruised, one-half of a teaspoonful of celery salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of black pepper, the same of salt, and one teaspoonful of Worcestershire, simmer for five minutes longer and rub through a sieve.

Elizabethan Cheese Cakes.—Boil a pint of new milk in a double boiler, beat three eggs and stir into the milk while still at the boiling point. As soon as it bubbles up remove from the fire and put in half a glass of wine to separate the curds from the whey. Cream together three eggs and six ounces of powdered sugar and add to the curd, together with a teaspoonful of rose water, half a pound of sweet almonds blanched and pounded fine and a quarter pound of melted butter. Mix thoroughly, then pour into patty tins lined with a good rich paste, allowing a teaspoonful of the mixture to each patty. Ornament the top with Zante currants and almonds cut in thin strips and bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a slow oven. Leave in the tins until cold. This recipe, which is said to have been given by one of Queen Elizabeth's maids, may be simplified by using Neufchatel cheese in place of the curds and whey and buying the patty shells at the baker's.

Banana Cream.—Remove the skins from five large ripe bananas and pound the fruit to a pulp with five ounces of sugar. Beat one cupful of good sweet cream to a froth and add the juice of a lemon and the banana pulp. Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water, and strain. Let this cool, then whisk it gently into the cream, add the pulp, and mold into shape.

Chocolate sponge.—Into a basin put one ounce of cornflour, and three ounces of grated chocolate; mix this smoothly with cold milk to a thin paste. Put the remainder of a pint of milk on to boil, pour it on to the mixture, stirring thoroughly; dissolve rather less than half an ounce of gelatine in some milk, and then add it to the other ingredients. Stir while all cooks for seven minutes. Add the beaten yolk of an egg, sugar to taste, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Pour into a large basin, and when the mixture commences to set whisk it till a sponge. Pour into a wet mould and turn out when set.

Hot Chocolate Sauce.—A hot chocolate sauce, to be eaten with ice cream, is made by placing in a granite saucepan a pound of light-brown sugar, two ounces of bitter chocolate (grated), a fourth of a pint of fresh sweet milk, and an ounce of best butter. Boil together until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water then take from the stove and flavor with vanilla. Pour into the sauceboat and serve hot with each portion of cream. The cold cream immediately hardens the hot sauce, which forms a smooth chocolate coating over it. The two do not unite, and the taste of the two separate flavors is delightful. In preparing this sauce care must be taken that it is not boiled too long, else the coating will harden too much, making it difficult to manage with the spoon or fork, while if it is not boiled long enough the two separate flavors are apt to blend. Experience alone can teach the exact stage when done, but once attained this dish cannot be surpassed. It may be made early and reheated before it is served.

TEN HOME COMMANDMENTS.

Have many interests and no studies.

Have time for everything and be never in a harry.

Make your household one harmonious whole, no matter how small the scale.

Know how to talk and how to listen, how to entertain and how to amuse.

Do not forget that "society" is the death of home life—hospitality its flower.

Use only what you can comfortably afford in good quality and ample quantity.

Let your home appear bright and sunny. It is not easy to be unpleasant in a cheerful room.

A certain formality is necessary to save everyday life from triviality, and freedom from looseness.

Treat your servants wisely and kindly, and it will be impossible for them to either impose or oppose.

Do not forget—your home should not only be a well-conducted dormitory and boarding-house, but truly a home, the center and focus of all interest, pleasure, and happiness for everybody connected with it.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Words are not wings.

The passive life knows no peace.

There is no virtue without victory.

It us always safe to suspect the suspicious.

There is no possession without appreciation.

No man was ever yet scared into being a saint.

A grain of appetite will outweigh a ton of reason.

There are few vices worse than vinegary virtues.

A smile will kill more microbes than any medicine.

The world needs a friend more than a figure in history.

Courage is simply knowing when it is wise to be afraid.

The force of love is more effective than the fence of a law.

The best exposition of the bible it its expressions in life.

The greedy eye always misses more than the generous one.

The sermon that earns most flattery may win fewest souls.

Satan is always in sympathy with the self-satisfied man.

The higher you climb on the wrong ladder the greater your fall.

Cultivating sympathy with ourselves never makes us tender to others.

The snake with gold rattles has something beside honey in the other end.

People who take their business to church seldom take their religion to the store.

RELATIONS OF ROYALTY

A PROSPEROUS BUTCHER OF LONDON IS ONE OF THEM.

Descendants of Royalty Who Have Come Down in the World.

According to a recently published work on genealogy there are 11,723 persons of British royal blood now living in Britain and on the Continent. Most of these persons are members of royal or princely houses, and are to be found in the Almanach de Gotha, Debrett, or Burke's County Families.

But there is no Sovereign in Europe who cannot boast of a number of poor relations.

There is a chemist in Liverpool who is descended from the Plantagenet kings, and who is cousin, seventeen times removed, of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. This gentleman is well aware of his descent.

A greater fall from grandeur, still, is that of a carpenter, named Emsley, who died not long ago, near Portsmouth, England, without being aware of his kinship with King Victor Emanuel III.

There is a whole family of prosperous farmers in Cumberland who can claim descent from Mary Tudor, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Henry VII., and in a suburb of Hull lives the ex-master of a small coast-steamer, who is descended from James III. of Scotland.

London boasts quite a number of humble inhabitants, who, if about ten thousand other claimants were suddenly wiped out, might put in claims to sit on

THE BRITISH THRONE.

One of these, nicknamed "Forty-Pockets," was some years ago the butt of the Clerkenwell street-boys owing to his unkingly appearance. He kept a small general shop, and was often to be seen running after his tormentors, armed with a cudgel, which, had Fate been kinder, might have been a sceptre.

The West Central district of London claims a prosperous butcher of royal blood, and in one of the slums of Lisson Grove lives a gentleman of German name and "no settled occupation," who is descended from James I. of England, through his daughter Elizabeth, and her husband Frederick V., Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia. This gentleman is also a distant cousin of the present Kaiser.

Descendants of Irish kings are numberless in the Emerald Isle, but Ireland also possesses at least two lowly scions of British royalty. One, a woman named Hammond, was lately living near Waterford, where she was cook to a well-known resident-magistrate. Her name before marriage was the curiously Irish one of Cullen, and she was descended in the female line from Edward IV. The pedigree of the other, a farmer in Kilkenny, is not so well substantiated, but he claimed as ancestor

"BLUFF KING HAL,"

whose lawful issue, better authorities assert, was extinct in 1558.

Descendants of Mary Queen of Scots can be counted by hundreds, but most are settled on the Continent. Her son by Lord Darnley was James I. of England, whose humblest descendant is a tailor at Bonn, in Germany. There is, however, a Pole from the Duchy Psen, now living in the East End of London, who shares the blood of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen, through her great-granddaughter Sophia.

Mary's eldest grandson was ancestor of the French Dukes of Orleans, and a genuine poor relation of the present Duke of Orleans now lives in Montmartre, where he is employed as a model by art students.

All these "poor relations of Royalty" share the blood of the Plagagenets, through their common ancestor Edward IV., but most of that King's known British descendants are members of the Peerage, or of county families allied to the Peerage. About thirty, however, are scattered over England and Scotland.

One, a London tailor, makes his living out of robes and Court costumes for peers and peeresses. He is aware of his relationship to King Edward, and is said to be one of the best amateor genealogists in England.

Every Summer at Scarborough a cheap photographer makes his appearance with his studio and room on wheels. This man is a lineal descendant of Edward IV. Another of that Sovereign's posterity is to be found working as under-gardener at a ducal mansion in the Midlands.

One of the biggest jobbing printers in Manchester is of the same lineage. He began life as

A PRINTER'S DEVIL,

and probably regards his success in life as proof that "blood will tell." There is no other case on record of a man of low estate, but royal blood succeeding exceptionally well in life.

On the borders of Exmoor lives a decrepit man who claims that he is descended from Peter the Great. As he is half-witted and bears the English name of Smith his neighbors had always laughed at him. They were, however, much surprised when a tourist, who claimed to be expert in genealogy, upheld his claim. The man's grandfather, it appears, married a Russian woman named Lensky, in the port of Revel; and this woman's family is admitted to be of the blood of the great Tsar. Probably he is the only Smith of Russian Royal blood; but the Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Italy have several "poor relations" in the United Kingdom.—Pearson's Weekly.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"But, mamma, he called me a pie-face."

"That didn't hurt you, did it?"

"It didn't, mamma, until he began to mash the crust with his knuckles."

A bad epigram, like a woman's pencil, is pointless.

About the ....House

SOME TIMELY RECIPES.

Tomato Soy.—Take a peck of green tomatoes, cut out stem end and any imperfect place, but do not skin. Slice and sprinkle a teacup of salt through the layers. Also slice a dozen large (common) onions with them. Let stand over night, and then drain through a colander. Put in a kettle and barely cover with good cider vinegar. Add a cup of sugar, two to four small red peppers cut fine, a tablespoonful each of ground mustard, cinnamon and allspice and a teaspoonful of cloves. Boil till quite tender, and can in glass jars. In using cloves either for pickle or spiced fruits it is best to tie the cloves in a piece of cheesecloth or thin mustard to prevent discoloring the fruit.

Mustard Pickles.—Mix together one quart each of chopped cauliflower, sliced cucumbers, tiny whole cucumbers, very small onions and one small red pepper. Cover with vinegar in which a tablespoon of salt has been dissolved and let stand over night. In the morning cook in same vinegar for fifteen minutes, then drain well. Mix fourteen tablespoons ground mustard with 5 cents' worth of tumeric, one tablespoon black pepper, three tablespoons sugar and one-half teacup flour with enough cold vinegar to make a smooth paste. Pour this mixture into three pints boiling vinegar, boil a few minutes, then pour over the pickles. Mix well and bottle. Unless you have plenty of wide mouthed bottles it is better to use one-quart cans. This recipe makes six quarts.

Ripe Cucumber Pickle.—Take twenty-four large ripe cucumbers, six white onions and four large red peppers. Pare and remove the seeds from the cucumbers and chop well, but not too fine. Chop onions and peppers, mix thoroughly with the three one cup salt and one ounce white mustard seed. Place in a muslin bag and let them drain over night. Remove to glass jars, cover with cold vinegar and seal. These are good.

Vegetarian Stew.—One cup of dried lima beans, one cup of dried red kidney beans, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt. Soak the beans all night. In the morning pour off the water, add more, also the salt. Parboil; now add butter and bake several hours. Let the water dry off twice while in the oven, to make them nice and brown, but have enough on them at last for gravy. Thicken the gravy with a teaspoonful of brown flour.

Buttercup Cake.—Cream three-quarters of a cup of butter with a cup of sugar until very light. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs and whip to a smooth batter. Stir in a cup of luke-warm milk (or water). To this add two cups of flour sifted three times with two teaspoons of baking powder. Beat into this the egg and milk mixture; finally, fold in the whites whipped to a standing froth. Stir in very lightly and with a few strokes. Bake in layer tins.

Kalops.—For this any small scraps of beef can be utilized, even from the toughest parts. Put some fat into the pot; salt and pepper each piece of meat and arrange in a layer in the pot. Over this sift flour and scatter finely cut onions and a few bay leaves. Repeat until all the meat is in. If there are some bones these may also be put in to give strength to the gravy. Pour water—not too much—down by the side so as not to wash off the herbs. Cook slowly and covered, stirring frequently, adding water as it boils away. The toughest meat will be tender and juicy if prepared in this way.

Lemon Ice Cream.—One quart cream, two lemons—the juice of one and the grated peel of one and a half—two cups of sugar. Sweeten the cream, beat the lemon gradually into it and put at once into the freezer. Freeze rapidly in a patent freezer or the acid is apt to turn the milk. Or—if you wish a custard ice—make it as follows: Make a custard of a quart of milk, seven eggs and four cups of granulated sugar. Remove from the fire and flavor with the grated peel of a lemon soaked for an hour in lemon juice, then squeezed hard. When cold beat into the custard a quart of rich cream and freeze.

Feather Cake.—Half cup of butter, three of flour, two of sugar, one of milk, three eggs, a little grated lemon, two teaspoons of baking powder. Cream butter and sugar, beat yolks light and stir in the lemon, then the milk, next the flour sifted three times with the baking powder; lastly, fold in the whipped whites. Bake in a mold with a funnel in the middle.

A CHAPTER OF CATSUPS.

Cucumber Catsup.—Take three dozen cucumbers, pare and chop fine. Chop also four good-sized onions. Mix cucumbers and onions with three-fourths of a cup of salt. Put the mixture in a clean cloth spread over a large colander, and let drain all night. The next morning add a cup of white mustard seed and half a cup of black mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of celery seed and two tablespoonfuls of tiny peppers. Mix and pack in glass jars, filling half full. Boil enough vinegar to fill up the jars, stirring the cucumber with a fork to let the vinegar penetrate the mass. Screw on the tops and put the jars in a cold place. This relish is really a very good one.

Grape Catsup.—Cook five pounds of grapes till soft, then drain off the juice through a sieve. Add two and a half pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice, cloves and pepper, half a tablespoonful of salt and a pint of vinegar. Boil till it seems a little thick, then bottle and seal.

Tomato Catsup.—Take the equivalent of one can of tomatoes, or one can of juice left from canning tomatoes. Boil and strain, then add half a cup of sugar, one cup of vinegar, half a teaspoonful each of salt and cayenne pepper, and a tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.

Cold Catsup.—Half a peck of ripe tomatoes, chopped fine, one cup each of onions and nasturtium seeds cut fine, and a cup of grated horseradish; two large stalks of celery and two red peppers, both well chopped; a cup of whole mustard seed, half a cup of salt, a tablespoonful each of black pepper, cinnamon and cloves, and a quart of vinegar. This requires no cooking; mix well and bottle or can, measure ingredients in a teacup.

Creole Tomato Catsup.—Boil ripe tomatoes enough to yield two gallons of juice. Put into a kettle with one tablespoonful each of ground ginger, cinnamon, allspice and black pepper, two each of cloves, grated horseradish and salt, a teaspoonful of cayenne and a quart of vinegar. Boil till thick, then add four pounds of brown sugar. Bottle when cold and seal.

LAUNDERING LACE CURTAINS.

There are very few people, we are informed by an exchange, who know how to launder lace curtains properly. When they are first taken down, they should be shaken and brushed free of dust. A little washing soda is then dissolved in some warm water, and the curtains are cleansed by rinsing them about in it. Lace should never be rubbed on a board. Unless the curtains are cream colored, the rinsing water should be slightly blued, and they should be thoroughly stirred about in it. A thin starch, in which a tablespoonful of powdered borax has been dissolved, should be applied to the lace. Clean sheets are tacked to the floor in some unoccupied or seldom used room, and the curtains are pinned to them, the surface being drawn taut and smooth. Most people now-a-days have stretchers, and dry their curtains on them. An old quilting-frame may be made to serve instead. When a frame is used, the curtains may be dried in the sun, which helps to bleach them.

USES OF COAL OIL.

A few drops on your dusting cloth will brighten your furniture, as well as prevent dust from flying from the cloth.

One tablespoonful added to each boilerful of water will lessen labor, as well as whiten your clothes when washing.

A few drops added to your boiled starch will make ironing easier.

A few drops added to the water with which windows are to be washed will save time and labor.

Dip the fingers in the oil and rub the throat, to give relief from sore throat.

Saturate a cloth in the oil and rub the rollers, to clean a clothes wringer quickly.

Saturate a cloth with the oil to clean the sink, bathtub or basin which has become discolored from use.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Humility is never seen in the mirror.

The cruel are always cowardly.

Greed turns aspiration into ambition.

Where clothes reign character abdicates.

It's but a slippery step from smartness to sin.

Nurse a misery and you cultivate a monster.

Cheer instead of complaint is the mark of the saint.

A man gets fame in heaven by a good deed done in secret.

A man shows his dependence on God by his diligence for God.

God will not fill your heart because you empty your head.

Turn your back on the sun and you must live in the shadow.

Faith is the only eye with which it is safe to look at the future.

The man who lives by tricks finds them to be back handed traps.

God can make more out of a weak man than he can out of a wabbly one.

People who calculate on an eleventh hour repentance always die at 10.30.

The trees we raise and not the ones we drop from determine our worth.

It's no use praying for a three foot stream when you have only a one inch pipe.

Everybody says "Amen" to the man who prays to be taken out of this wicked world.

Some men are never happy except when they think how much worse the other fellow has it.

When a man puts out his shingle on the roof the Lord is likely to let him sit down in the basement awhile and think.

It's mighty foolish to get so anxious about saving the whole world that you haven't time to do a thing for your own ward.

People who never give more than chicken feed to the church are the first to complain if they don't get chicken pie in every sermon.

IN AFTER YEARS.

Mrs. Green—William, what objection have you to that young man who is calling on our daughter

Green—He is silly, Mary.

Mrs. Green—Oh, that's because he is in love. I remember the time when you were a very silly young man.

Green—Silly isn't the proper name for it, Mary. I was a measly idiot—that's what I was.

HIS GRACE

I.

I was walking up the Strand, on my way to Piccadilly, one Thursday afternoon a few months ago, when the incident I am about to relate occurred. To tell the truth, I was going to meet Miss Hollibone, the head of the haberdashery at Feltham and Smith's; and I was just in the middle of a calculation as to how long it would be before she and I could be married and settle in a shop of our own, when a white-haired gentleman with a pleasant face ran into my arms.

"I beg your pardon!" he said. And then he started back. "Why, bless my soul!" he cried. "What an extraordinary thing!"

He stood staring at me in such evident amazement that my curiosity was aroused.

"What is an extraordinary thing?" I asked.

"The likeness," he said. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Sampson Banks," I replied; "though——"

"At last!" he murmured. "And your father's name was——"

I assumed the freezing stare which I found answered very well when customers brought goods back.

"I am not in the habit of discussing my late father with strangers in the street," I said.

"Nevertheless," said he, "I think you will find it to your advantage this time. But you are right; the street is no place to discuss an affair like this. Come up to my chambers."

He walked on, and led the way to a big block of buildings in Chancery Lane, which seemed to consist mostly of dust and stone stairs; and though I kept my eyes open for possible tricks, the elderly gent's manner had so impressed me that I followed him into a little, nicely furnished room on the third floor.

"Now," he said, seating himself at a desk, "we can talk comfortably. What was it you said your father's name was?"

"George Banks," said I; "but——"

He held up a fat white hand.

"And your mother's name—before she was married, I mean?"

"Amelia Tomkins," I replied.

He drew out a little bundle of blue, legal-looking documents from the drawer of his desk.

"Both your—all—parents, I take it, are no longer living?" he said.

"That is so," I replied.

"And did they never tell you who you really were?"

"There wasn't any need," said I. "I knew."

"Worthy people," he said. "How well they carried out their trust! Now, look here, Mr. Banks, the story I am about to tell you is a very extraordinary one, but, at the same time, it is strictly true. Those good people were not your parents at all, and since they did not inform you as to your real identity, it becomes my pleasant duty to do so. As a matter of fact, you are—the Duke of Broadlands!"

I felt every vestige of breath ooze out of my body. Had anyone struck me in the face, I could not have been more astounded.

He saw I was speechless and went on:

"The story is a somewhat long one in detail, but put briefly it comes to this: The fifth Duke of Broadlands was supposed to have died a bachelor, and when he died the estate passed to his nephew, as a matter of course. But by a series of circumstances, which I will not go into, it came to my knowledge that the fifth duke had been secretly married, and that a son had been born to him. His wife—your mother—however, was in a humble walk of life, and when she died he took a dislike to you—his son—and had you placed with some excellent people by the name of Sampson. They never knew the real facts of the case, and they were well paid to keep silence as to what they did know; and the old duke died without ever even seeing his son, or in any way attempting to do him justice. You, my dear sir, were that son."

"But," I stammered, "how do you know all this?"

"I got my first suspicion from the likeness you bear to the old duke. It is simply remarkable. And, my dear sir—I mean, your Grace—I make bold to say that, with my help, within three months you will find yourself in enjoyment of your rightful position in life."

And then he went into the matter of heirs male of the body, heirs-at-law, and a whole lot of other legal rigmaroles, which I could scarcely follow, backing up every statement he made with blue documents and parchments as long as my arm, and covered with wheresoevers and whereases.

I did not attempt to follow much of this. The principal thing that concerned me was that he seemed convinced that what he called my claim was pretty well sure to be established before long. Of course, I left the matter entirely in his hands, and just as I was leaving he warned me solemnly to keep the whole matter to myself.

I passed my word, and after arranging a future appointment I left the office like a man dazed.

II.

To think that I, who had started life as a cash-boy, should be a real live duke—it seemed I must be dreaming! The highest title in the land, three castles, a great house in Piccadilly—all this was mine! Well, at any rate, I must try and keep my head, and bear in mind what Mr. Maxtead—for that was the elderly gentleman's name—had said about keeping the think dark. So ran my thoughts as I walked towards Charing Cross, and then—the first thing I did was to give the whole thing away. I had forgotten all about Miss Hollibone, and as I now came face to face with her I could see she was in a red-hot temper.

"A nice time you've kept me waiting!" she said.

That sort of greeting was certainly not so respectful as I now had a right to expect.

"I have been detained," I said loftily, "by some business of the highest importance."

"Fiddlesticks!" she said. "Highest importance, indeed! The only business that could detain you would be in the shop, and I saw you leave there two hours ago. Business of the highest importance! Who with, I should like to know?"

She needed crushing—I could see that.

"I have been engaged with my solicitor," I said coldly.

"Now, look here, Sampson Banks," she said softly, "you're not talking to a girl fresh from the Board-school. If you've met Sarah Maitland, or any of the other girls, say so; but don't try to make a fool of me with any of your high-faluting nonsense, because,—louder—"I won't stand it!"

She took a good deal of crushing, but I was determined to do it.

"Madam," I said, "perhaps when you learn I have just discovered myself to be a duke you will moderate your tone somewhat."

She took a step back, and looked at me as if she were suddenly frightened. The murder was out now. I had broken my word, and so I told her the whole story.

When I had finished, she burst out laughing. Then I let my temper get the better of me, and I said some bitter things.

"I should have thought," I finished up, "that a person of your class would have been proud to be the acquaintance of the rightful owner of one of England's proudest and most ancient titles."

"Person, indeed!" she snapped. "Acquaintance! I suppose, then, that since you've dreamed this absurd tale I'm not good enough for you—eh?"

"Circumstances have changed," said I. "You must remember that I owe something to my family."

She looked me straight in the eye for a moment, and than she swung round.

"Good-afternoon, your Grace!" she said over her shoulder, and disappeared into the traffic.

In order to keep my word to Mr. Maxtead, I stuck to Feltham and Smith's as long as I could; but Agatha Hollibone made herself as unpleasant as she could. She spread the tale all over the shop. Every time I turned round I caught someone laughing at me, and that made me bad-tempered.

A bad temper is the worst thing a shopwalker can have, and very soon that brought me into personal conflict with Mr. Feltham. Of course, I, a scion of one of Britain's proudest families, could not stand being bullied by a mere linendraper, and the long and short of it was that I found myself out in the street, with the last month's money I should ever get from Feltham and Smith's in my pocket.

To tell the truth I was rather glad. I could now give my undivided attention to prosecuting my claim personally. The three months mentioned by Mr. Maxtead were nearly up. I had received several very promising letters from him, and so, after all, I had only anticipated events a little.

The next morning I went up to Mr. Maxtead's Chancery Lane chambers to tell him what had happened. There was a clerk there, and he asked me to be good enough to step into a little waiting-room which gave on to the private office.

"Mr. Maxtead has not yet arrived, your Grace," he said; "but I know he will see you immediately he comes."

There were several other men in the waiting-room, and I must say I never saw such a dignified-looking lot of clients in my life. From time to time others were ushered in, and we stared at each other like bitter enemies, and coughed after the manner of Englishmen who have not been introduced to each other.

We waited for a very long hour, but still no Maxtead arrived; and at last one of the cads who were waiting lighted a Turkish cigarette.

Now, if there is anything I abhor with my whole heart, it is the unspeakable odor of a Turkish cigarette.

"Pah," I said, "put that beastly thing out!"

The man who had lit it looked me up and down.

"I presume," he said, "you are addressing me? May I ask who the dickens you are, that you adopt such a tone?"

"When you learn who I am," I said, with heat, "you will be sorry you did not treat me with more respect. I am the Duke of Broadlands!"

"Eh?"

It seemed that every man in that room had spoken at once.

The man with the Turkish cigarette laughed nervously.

"Don't talk such ridiculous nonsense!" he said. "I am the Duke of Broadlands!"

"Excuse me!" broke in another. "I am the Duke——"

"Not at all! It is I who am the——"

In thirty seconds it was well established that every man in the room imagined himself to be the Duke of Broadlands, and it became pretty plain that the whole thing was an elaborate swindle.

Maxtead had had the best part of £300 out of me for what he called law costs, and the thought that I had been done made me feel that faint I could have dropped where I stood. But I had not been victimized to nearly the same extent as most of the others, and there was some comfort in that.

Of course, we immediately broke into the private office, and equally, of course, we found it bare and empty. There was nothing to be done but to call in the police, tell our stories, and then go home and curse ourselves for a set of gullible idiots.

* * * * * *

I have obtained another situation, but as a mere assistant this time; Feltham and Smith's reference was too lukewarm to get me a place as shopwalker. But somehow the story has got round, and I am only waiting till I can get enough money together to pay my passage before I shall get away to one of the colonies where, perhaps, people will have more consideration for my feelings than to call me "Your Grace" fifty times a day.—London Answers.

ROUND ABOUT THE WAR

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A BRITISH OFFICER.

Efficiency of the Japanese a Lesson to the British Soldier.

A British officer sends home a number of highly interesting notes from the theatre of war in the Far East, which throw some very useful sidelights on the general situation.

I have covered most of the ground, he says, from Japan to Port Arthur, and have listened to the opinions and narratives of men of many nationalities and shades of sentiment. I might summarize a good many by quoting the dictum of a German acquaintance as he gazed on the British and Japanese flags flying in the harbor at Chemulpo. "Behold," he said, "the banners of the Rising and the Setting Sun. Soon we shall have cried 'Le Roi est Mort! Vive le Roi!'"

He did not intend to be unpleasant although it may have been inspired by a little of that apprehensive bitterness which seems to have seized all Germans out here in presence of the triumphs and irristible efficiency of Japan; but it undoubtedly marks the humble place in the general estimation to which Great Britain has been relegated by the nerveless policy of our foreign office in the Far East.

It would really seem as though every one were waiting for our shoes. When I was at Wei-Hai-Wei a short time ago there was a strong suspicion that the British government, desperately anxious to get rid of the place, over the acquisition of which there was such a fanfare a little while ago, were actually going to allow Germany to add it to her possesions in Shantung. At all events, when I was there

A GERMAN CRUISER

was in the place, and her officers, as usual, were entertained and shown over everything they cared to examine. When they were leaving after their few days' stay they were asked if they were going to repeat the visit. "No," replied the German commander; "we shall not pay a visit next time. When we come again it will be to take it over from you."

The British government have already put up "House to Let" at Wei-Hai-Wei, and it is one of the first holdings belonging to the poor old "Setting Sun" which the Germans will endeavor to acquire. It would immensely strengthen their position at Kaio-chau, and their hold over the province of Shantung. In German hands it would become the Gibraltar of the Gulf of Pechili. I got into Port Arthur and out again before the war commenced. I was able to examine the town, barracks and dock yard. There were some splendid palatial buildings in the former, including a magnificent cathedral, all of which I hear have been more or less destroyed by Togo. The barracks also were quite the best I had ever seen, possessing dining-rooms entirely separate from the sleeping quarters. The only dock for repairing purposes could not possibly have accommodated anything larger than a second-class cruiser. Thousands of men were at work everywhere, but I was warned that if I approached the fortifications I should at once be arrested as a spy. The Russian soldiers I saw were a fine looking lot of men, but intensely animal, and in appearance mentally deficient.

However that may be, they have learned to use their guns on the seaward batteries. The British naval attache at Tokio, who has now returned home, was with Togo on his flagship during all the first attacks on Port Arthur. He had a good deal to tell on the subject, and explained for the first time how it was that Togo took

SUCH CARE OF HIS SHIPS,

and did not, as some seemed to think he might have done, send them in and attack the Russians much closer on several occasions when their vessels came out.

The British naval witness, however, says the fire of the Russian sea batteries and from Golden Hill was so wonderfully accurate that even at six or seven miles distance the Russian shell was bursting all around about the Japanese ships when they approached to that range. None—excepting the mined vessels—was ever badly damaged or required to be sent to Sasebo; but that Admiral Togo exercised a wise discretion in the management of his offensive tactics off Port Arthur we can well understand after the British attacho's report.

A good deal of minor damages have been sustained, but with Togo's fleet are several dockyard ships, which have been doing splendid service, ranging alongside any damaged vessel and carrying out all repairs in a thoroughly effective style. And besides these the Japanese have arranged extra facilities on some of the islands since they obtained undisputed supremacy at sea.

The more one sees of the Japanese afloat and ashore, one cannot help longing that Great Britain were able to boast of similar all-round efficiency, not to say determination; for it is this pre-eminent quality in the nation, and the government standing behind the fighting men, which helps to render the latter so formidable. I learned from a Japanese friend the story of the first attack on Port Arthur, a story in very truth of a government which knew its own mind acted accordingly with circumspection and resolution.

As soon as over the die was cast the Japanese fleet left Sasebo, while the Japanese consul at Chefoo went into Port Arthur to bring off his countrymen, and, together with his servant, a naval officer in disguise, to have

A FINAL LOOK AROUND.

When they left, the Russian fleet had taken up its fatal position in the roadstead outside. They steamed in the direction of Chefoo, but instead of making that place stood eastward and met the Japanese fleet under Admiral Togo at sea, when they at once described the formation and position of the Russian squadron, and a few hours later it was caught and scattered by the Japanese destroyers.

As a soldier I have, naturally, been more struck by the Japanese military movements which I have been able to witness. I was in Chemulpo at the time of the destruction of the Variag and the Koretz, and witnessed the really wonderful disembarkation and departure of a Japanese division for the front. As soon as the Japanese transports arrived on that fateful evening the long sea front assumed a quiet, sustained activity which betokened the absence of any necessity for improvisation. Even landing-stages projecting into the shallow waters of the bay made their appearance as if by magic, to which the sampans brought their endless loads of men, horses and guns. These streamed away into the town to pre-ordained billets with an uncanny precision which suggested that somebody somewhere was turning a handle and working the whole business by machinery.

What one particularly noticed was that with it all there was no shouting of orders or galloping about of fussy staff officers, as there would have been in any other army. The Japanese officer seems to have learned a strange, silent method of leadership, whose marked feature is an absolute confidence in himself.

Nothing before or since has ever impressed me so much as that night in Chemulpo. The Japanese division was in tawn, there was no doubt of it; but not even a bugle broke the comparative quiet of the place. I explored the streets to see what had become of

THESE UNUSUAL SOLDIERS.

I found them in the shadows of verandahs, within the shelter of gardens and compounds, resting or cooking their food by little fires that were flickering in numberless different directions. They seemed to have no use for orderlies or staff officers, for everything seemed to be ready, prepared and complete. Of if any passed to and fro they seemed as noiseless as the very shadows in which they moved.

I watched the soldiers cook their suppers, eat them, and go to sleep all in the same stillness, and I did not quit this fascinating scene until an early hour of the morning, when a new wonder encountered me in the departure of this silent host. I passed where a whole battalion had bivouacked. It was quite dark. The wind of the morning was blowing cold, but not a streak of dawn had appeared. There was not a sign of any one awaking them, but suddenly there was a stirring among the dark masses of recumbent figures, and in a moment or two every section moved to its piled arms, unpiled them, formed fours, and, without a word, the whole battalion moved off in the same weired silence, like ghosts, into the darkness and the unknown; whither none could guess, and no one ventured into the black waste of snow-covered country beyond to discover. We learned since that most went north, some by the awful Korean country over hill, and bog, and drear interminable mud wastes to Ping-Yang, and some by transport again to Chinampo. But it was a lesson to a British soldier in a scale of efficiency which had never entered into his purview before. There was a sense of omnipotent and masterful simplicity about it all, and as these soldiers came and went with their strange precision and working with an unerring and remorseless certainty never previously attained in the history of war. One could not doubt that such men went forth conquering and to conquer.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

She was a fair passenger in search of information, and the captain was, naturally, only too willing to gratify her. He had explained that the action of the propeller forced the ship through the water, and added, as a further item of information:

"We made twenty knots an hour last night, miss."

"Did you really?" said the sweet girl. "And whatever did you do with them all?"

The captain went red, and his eyes dilated.

"Threw them overboard," he said shortly.

"Fancy!" she said. "Now, do you know, I always understood that you captains made the poor dear sailors untie all those knots the next day?"

Then the skipper hurried away with a groan, plunging his head in a pail of cool water, and kicked the cabin-boy mightily.

RUSSIA'S GREAT RAILWAY

KNAVERY AND JOBBERY IN ITS BUILDING.

Gave an Opportunity to Contractors to Plunder the Government.

When the Trans-Siberian Railway was laid down the Russian authorities had in view the possibilities of a war in the Far East on a big scale, writes A. G. Hales. But I do not think that, in those days, they thought of a war with Japan. They looked, and they look even now, upon China as the really dangerous Asiatic power. They know that the long-sleeping giant is stirring in his slumber, and that when he awakes the Western world will do well to be awake, too. But Russia's statesmen looked upon that danger as a thing afar off, and when they built this railway they did not pay that attention to detail that they should have done.

It is a notable piece of work, taking it altogether—a piece of work of which any country in the universe might well be proud. Two great steel arms, stretching all the way from St. Petersburg to the Yellow Sea; two steel arms that take in their embraces the far-reaching forests, the rushing rivers, the rugged mountains, and

THE FERTILE PLAINS.

But there are many spots along its mighty plain where the hand of the jobber and the knave can be plainly traced. I have read much concerning the tyranny of Czarism, and have heard much of it from heroic travellers, whose wealth of courage and enterprise has taken them all the way into the wilds of Clapham, or into the dangerous wildernesses of Peckham. But this I know; if such knavery as is in spots evidenced on the Siberian Railway had been perpetrated in other lands, something of a serious nature would have happened to the contractors. I am not defending Czarism, being born a democrat, and hoping to die one. I have therefore no leanings that way. The Czar may be a despot, and his alleged Government may be the worst in the world; but, in many things, life goes on much the same under his rule as in allegedly free countries. Why, some of that railway, from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur, might easily have been built by Australian contractors, the method is so similar at spots.

CHANCE FOR CONTRACTORS.

Contractors who wanted to make up mileage have brought curves and deviations into existence in many places where the country is as open and as flat as a man's hand. They have not only wasted tens of thousands of pounds, but have made the journey a great deal longer than it need have been; and for a military railway, a quarter of a mile wasted is as good as a mile lost.

Now, I do not think I am a despot by inclination, but if I were Czar of Russia to-day, and the men who did that work were still in my dominion, I would strip them of every rouble they possessed, because they have done a great injury to their country. In scores of places I saw the engineer and their gangs of workmen busy straightening out those curves; and if those folk who think Russia is nearly beaten in the present war had seen the Russians calmly reconstructing their great railway I think they would be less sure of Russia's ultimate defeat. They are reconstructing their railway, and running their troops over it at the same time.

WHY SHE RECOVERED.

She was in love with a young doctor.

"He's quite impossible!" cried her mother, when informed of it.

"Out of the question," asserted her father.

"He has fine prospects," insisted the girl.

"You can't live on prospects," said the father.

The next day she was ill.

"I can see nothing wrong," said the physician who was called to attend her.

Nevertheless, he left a prescription, but it seemed to do no good. The symproms she described were conflicting and confusing.

"It's very strange," said the physician.

"If you do not understand the case we must get someone who does," said the mother.

So, after a week or more of experimenting, another physician was called in.

"A trifling indisposition," said the second physician. "I'll have her all right in a day or so."

But in a day or so she had him puzzled. Her lover had told her how to do it.

"Every time I see her," said the second physician, "there seems to be some new complication. I can't find anything redically wrong, but her statements certainly show that she is not all right."

By this time the father and mother were worried, and they sent for a specialist. The latter looked wise, but he met with no greater success than the two who had preceded him, although his bill was considerably larger.

The father had just seen the bill when the girl called to him.

"I fear," she said, wearily, "that this trouble is going to continue indefinitely. Don't you think it would be wise to have a physician in the family?"

The father looked at her suspiciously.

"Perhaps it would," he admitted.

"And it's so easy to have one," she persisted.

"Arrange it to suit yourself," he said, resignedly, for he was a man who knew when he was beaten.

The next day she was able to sit up, and the day after she had entirely recovered. But the father continued to look at her reproachfully, even up to the day of the wedding.

REID & YOUNG

Our Special Price Sale is Still On

REID & YOUNG

DRESS GOODS

Our Stock of Costume Cloths is very complete. Prices Lower than ever. Just received another new shipment to-day. As the season is later than usual we will make special prices for the next ten days.

FALL COATS

In Ladies' and Children's—Our mantles are all imported direct from the manufacturer and priced below any of former years.

Ladies' Jackets to clear. Reg. price $10 and $12, now marked down to $5 to clear them out

RAIN COATS

Ladies' Rain Coats in three-quarter and full lengths. This Season's Goods.

LADIES' SKIRTS

In this line we are offering splendid values that are well worth taking advantage of.

COSTUMES

In Tweeds, and Ladies Cloth, etc. Good, heavy winter goods. Reg. Price $18, $15 and $12. Our price to clear $8.00.

FURS !! FURS !!

All kinds—in Ruffs, Mink, Marten, Sable, White Fox, White Thibet, etc., of the newest designs, also Children's Muffs and Rufts.

MILLINERY !!

New Goods coming to hand every day to make our stock fresh and up-to-date.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT

This Department was never in better shape than at the present time for filling your wants: Men's Suits, Overcoats, Rain Coats, etc. Boys' Suits, Reefers and Overcoats.

Odd Pants

Try a pair of Our Men's Untearable Pants. Every pair guaranteed.

Boots and Shoes

In Men's, Ladies' and Children's, from all the best makers.

DRESS MAKING

We have all the latest dress materials and coupled with this our Dresses are all made to fit, stylish and Fashionable. Prices Right.

Sole Agents for Butterick Patterns in this City

Reid & Young

MACKENZIE AVENUE

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

Revelstoke Opera House

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.

Oct. 28—Quadrille Club.
Oct. 29—Walker's Comedians.
Oct. 31—St. Peter's Church Ladies' Guild Supper and Entertainment.
Nov. 3, 4, 5—Beggar Prince Opera Co.
Nov. 9—"The Ticket of Leave Man," Amateur Dramatic Club.
Nov. 17—Philharmonic Soc. Concert.

LOCALISMS

—Pipes repaired at BROWN'S.

PETERSON'S PIPES at Brown's.

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

Miss Jones has been appointed nurse in charge of the Arrowhead hospital.

—A suite of rooms to let. Apply to R. Tapping.

Conservative meeting to-night at 8 o'clock, in Selkirk Hall.

Smoke Brown's "Marca Vuelta" Cigar.

F. McCarty left Tuesday night on a business trip to the Okanagan.

—Car load of furniture expected at Howson's this week.

—Bad headache? Good headache wafers—Mack's, at Bews' Drug Store.

Dr. Morrison: dentist, will be absent at Arrowhead, Saturday, on a business visit.

—Headquarters for Iron Beds, all kinds. John E. Wood, the Big Furniture Store.

—WHO PUT THAT SIGN ON BROWN'S windows? ECCLES!! and he will do it for you.

All Conservatives are requested to remember the meeting in Selkirk Hall at 8 o'clock to-night.

—Souvenir China—vases, cups and saucers, trays, etc., at Bews' Drug Store.

A. Johnson, of the HERALD, returned last week from a trip through the Edmonton district.

—Carnefrac Stock Food will keep your horse in excellent spirits, sold at Bews drug store.

A. A. Clark, the well known merchant of Camborne, came up from the south Tuesday evening.

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

—A new shipment of Music Racks, Folding Book Shelves, Whatnot, Paper Racks, Brackets, Screens and Blinds. Just in at John E. Wood's Big Furniture Store.

Smoke Brown's "Special" Cigar.

—BE SURE and read BROWN'S advertisement.

—12-foot Linoleum at Howson's Furniture store.

W. J. George, the McKenzie avenue merchant, left on Tuesday evening on a business visit to the coast.

—WRINKLES REMOVED from lean purses at BROWN'S CIGAR STORE.

The Quadrille Club meets tomorrow night, the band orchestra in attendance. Admission $1, ladies free. Season tickets $5.

Get your "Ticket of Leave" for the grand amateur dramatic performance on Nov. 9th. Plan of reserved seats at Canada Drug and Book Store.

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

R. Venables, a well known C. P. R. engineer has arrived in the city and will be employed on this division in the future.

Miss Allan, superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses, of Ottawa, is on a tour of inspection of the Order's hospitals in the west and visited the hospital in this city on Monday and Tuesday.

There will be a special service next Sunday morning in the Methodist Church for the Sunday School scholars, when the Pastor will give an address upon "A Little Foreign Missionary."

The meeting of the Epworth League next Monday evening will be under the charge of the missionary department. Two papers will be read by Mr. Goble and Miss Gough upon "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," and an address will be given by Principal Sissons of the High School upon "The Young People's Forward Movement."

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 CENTS A BOTTLE.

W. Bews Phm. B.

Druggist and Stationer
Next Hume Block.

Smoke Brown's "Union" Cigar.

—SEE BROWN'S window for PIPES. TAKE YOUR PICK.

—FALL FASHIONS in pipes at BROWN'S CIGAR STORE.

—We have an array of upholstered good parlor suites, Morris chairs, couches, divans, etc. A large quantity of diningroom set of chairs, the very best that is produced in Canada. Let us supply you. John E. Wood, the Big Furniture Store.

The Trout Lake Topic is out with a severe arraignment of the county court judge in postponing, without a moment's notice, the regular sitting of the court at Trout Lake for three weeks, and at which 70 different cases are to be tried.

J. A. Darragh came in on Sunday night and returned to Camborne on Tuesday morning. The Silver Dollar, on which Mr. Darragh has men working is looking good and the prospects of the property as a producer shortly are most encouraging.

Secure your seats early for "The Ticket of Leave Man," to be produced at the Opera House on the King's Birthday, Nov. 9th, by the Revelstoke Amateur Dramatic Club. Splendid scenery, orchestra in attendance. A dance will follow the performance. Admission 50c. and 75c., tickets may be procured at the Canada Drug Store.

Arrangements for the supper and entertainment in the Opera House on Monday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies Guild of St. Peter's Church, are about completed. Supper will be served from 6 to 7:30 o'clock. The affair promises to be a grand success. Admission, ladies 50c., gentlemen $1.

The Harvest Thanksgiving services in the Methodist Church last Sunday were largely attended. The church was very suitably decorated and the music, especially at the evening service, was excellent. The offerings for the day totalled some $230. The programme on Monday evening under the auspices of the Epworth League was of a high order, refreshments were served by members of the Ladies Aid and a very enjoyable evening was spent by the many present.

Hector Prorier, who it will be remembered suffered a severe accident over a year ago by falling to the ground from the roof of the Goldfinch stamp mill, was brought to the city on Tuesday evening suffering from paralysis to his left side which effects his speech. There is no doubt but the condition of the patient now is from the effects of his fall over a year ago. The HERALD hopes, however, that Mr. Prorier may fully recover from this affliction.

Jas. Douglas Walker, K. C., of London, England, and A. J. G. Swinney, of Ferguson, president and manager respectively of the Silver Cup mines, were in town on Monday last consulting with their solicitor, Geo. S. McCarter, on matters affecting the transfer of the new company, The Ferguson Mines, Limited, of the Silver Cup and Nettie L mines. The big concentration plant, near Ferguson, is pounding out the bullion by the ton and the companies are now reaping the reward of their labors and large expenditure of capital in equipping and developing these rich properties. The success of the plant reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Geo. Attwood, M. E., the consulting engineer, of the company, who designed and constructed the huge plant. Messrs. Walker and Swinney left for Ferguson on Tuesday to look over matters at the Triune and works.

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

Romantic Comic Opera.

The lovers of comic opera will find a charm in "Fra Diavolo" that is seldom found in the popular operatic productions of the day. For over 40 years this masterpiece of Auber's has stood the test. The plot is intense, the music standard, the comedy good, and in addition to the tuneful melodies there are dainty scenes of an alluring character.

When "Fra Diavolo" is presented here Thursday, Nov. 3d, by the Beggar Prince Company it will be seen in the hands of capable people. It is well staged, the costumes are accurate and beautiful, and the whole effect

carry the illusion well. The story is of a Spanish bandit and the lady loves with whom he meets on his looting expeditions. There is a dash of the old outlaw about the character of fiction and G. Bryon Bronti the baritone, in the chief role, is an excellent Diavolo. Miss Irene Palmer, Gertrude Hutchenson, Addie Mumford, F. A. Wade, F. W. Walters, Taylor, Berges, Leiberg, and a host of other talented people contribute to the success of this entertaining story in song.

Andy Ferguson Wins.

The Supreme Court of Canada has given judgment in favor of Andrew Ferguson in the big mining case which has been before the Courts for two years past. The dispute was over the title and location of one of the claims comprised in the now famous Triune group, near Ferguson. In 1900 Andrew Ferguson and his brother, Peter, located the Revenge mineral claim, a northern extension of the Morning Star claim owned by Abrahamson Bros. Three days later Fred. C. Elliott, solicitor, of Trout Lake, located over the same ground the Glacier fractional mineral claim for Chas. Abrahamson—who gave a bill of sale to Ole Sandberg and then action was commenced against Andrew Ferguson to have his prior location declared bad because his No. 2 post was planted in a glacier, there being no other place to put it. It was admitted by Elliott at the trial that he saw Ferguson's No. 1 post when he staked over the ground, and that he, Elliott, put Abrahamson's No. 2 stake not in the glacier, but on the Morning Star ground beyond. The fine legal point on which the plaintiff tried to get the ground was that Ferguson's No. 2 post should have been planted "in the ground," but neither the trial judge, the Full Court of British Columbia nor the Supreme Court of Canada could see it that way, but all the courts held that Ferguson was the prior locator, and that he had done all that a prospector could be expected to do, and that his staking was good and that Mr. Elliott's staking was bad.

Ferguson won the case in every court with costs which will amount to between $3,000 and $4,000 by the time both parties, lawyers and witnesses are settled with.

S. S. Taylor, K. C., of Nelson, acted for the plaintiff, while Ferguson's interests were looked after by Harvey, McCarter & Pinkham, who retained W. A. Macdonald, K.C., of Nelson at the trial, and E. P. Davis, K.C., before the Supreme Court of Canada.

"My Friend from India"

Drew a large crowd to the Opera House on Monday night. It was one continuous roar of laughter from the rising of the curtain until the end of the last act, and the large audience went home well satisfied with the evening's performance.

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.

Beggar Prince Opera Company

When the British Columbia and Alberta theatre managers organized themselves into a circuit combination it was mainly with the intention of protecting their patrons against impositions, and enlisting a confidence that will insure patronage to the deserving companion. Mr. W. Cranston, the manager of the opera house at Nelson, was appointed secretary and manager of the new combination because of his long experience in the theatrical business. That this arrangement is a happy one is already perceptibly, for there has been an absence of "fake" shows, and a healthy increase in the better class productions so far this season.

Mr. Cranston is now announcing an opera company, which is undoubtedly the most pretentious theatrical venture ever offered in this part of Canada. The organization is F. A. Wade's famous Beggar Prince Opera Company, and in addition to the personal guarantee of our local manager, it has the endorsement of twelve years successful standing in the United States. There is no more capable opera company playing the one night stand houses in America, so that those who patronize this attraction when it appears in Revelstoke on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, Nov. 3, 4, and 5, are thoroughly assured three evenings enjoyment that will always be remembered with pleasure.

The operas Mr. Wade's company is singing on this tour are "Fra Diavolo," "Girofle-Girofla," and "La Mascotte" or "The Beggar Prince."

If you enjoy high class music, catchy airs, pretty women and talented men trimmed in gorgeous costumes, and elegant scenery, don't fail to see the Beggar Prince Company.

Comic Opera in Revelstoke

When Mr. W. Cranston, the popular manager of the Nelson Opera House, organized the British Columbia and Alberta theatrical circuit, he promised the people a better class of attractions than they had heretofore been getting—and he has kept his word. There has been a conspicuous absence of the "fake" shows and a healthy increase in the number of good ones.

Mr. Cranston's latest announcement is a comic opera company—the first to appear in this town—and it is unnecessary to say that such an announcement will be received with pleasure and undoubtedly the company will receive the large patronage such a venture deserves.

The Beggar Prince Company is the organization and Revelstoke is to have three nights "Fra Diavolo" "Girofle Girofla" and "La Mascotte" are the operas they will sing here.

This company comes well recommended and it is one of the best standard comic opera organizations playing the one night stand houses on this continent. The personnel of the company includes some well known singers, such as Irene Palmer, Gertrude Hutchenson, Addie Mumford, Lilia Thorn, F. W. Walters, F. A. Wade, G. Bryon Bronti, Jay C. Taylor, Carl Leiberg, and many others.

The operas that will be given here are well tried successes. This engagement is worth your attention if you enjoy an artistic production in song and story.

The dates are Nov. 3rd, 4th and 5th. Special arrangements for party rates have been made with the C. P. R. for those coming from neighboring towns.

Fall Trade.

If you want anything in the Furniture line come and see us, we will give you a discount on anything we have in the store. We carry a large stock, we want to do business with you. If you desire credit we will gladly give it you, come and get what you want, and pay us a few dollars now and again. All we want to know is if you are honest; Smart Alecs we try to keep clear of. Come and let us see you—JOHN E. WOOD, The People's Furniture House.

OPERA HOUSE Oct. 29

RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF

Walker's Comedians

FIRST TIME HERE OF THE CLEVEREST OF MODERN FARCES

BROWN'S IN TOWN

Prices $1.00 and 75c

Reserved Seats at Canada Drug and Book Company, Mackenzie Avenue.

Wood FOR SALE!!

CALL AT THE

Empire Lumber Co.'s Office

For Sale by Tender.

The City Council is prepared to receive Tenders for the purchase of the old school building standing in the south west corner of the grounds.

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

Each tender must be accompanied by a marked cheque (payable to the City Treasurer) for the amount offered.

Tenders to reach the undersigned on or before Nov. 4, 1904.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. FLOYD,
City Clerk.

Dated Oct. 26th, 1904.