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THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XV: NO. 24 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1904 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

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

Christmas Presents

You will soon be looking for something to buy for Xmas Presents. We are making larger preparations than usual and will have something for every one of you. Come in and look around.

Men's Clothing

Having made a success many of our other Departments we havecome to the concluston that we can sell you your Clothing. We have looked into the matter thoroughly and picked cut the best wholesale tailors in Canada to manufacture Clothing for you. We can show you all the New Cloths and Tweeds in the new styles. Buying your Clothing from us you have the same selection as you would in a City Store, with prices from 30 to 40 per cent. lower than you usually pay in interior towns. Remember you have our guarantee behind every garment. This is worth investigating. Come in and talk to us. It will be worth your while.

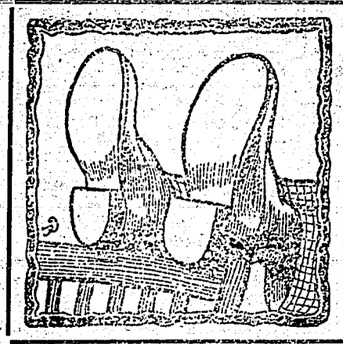
FRIDAY SNAPS

A basket of Children's Underwear. Regular Price 35c. and 40c. All at one price —FRIDAY 25c

Flannelette, 32 inches wide. Regular 12½c. FRIDAY you can buy 10 yards for $1.00

Chenille and Tapestry Curtains. Reoular $5.00 and $7.00. You can buy a pair FRIDAY for $3.50

Black Satin. Regular Price One Dollar FRIDAY—A Bargain—55 cents



A New Line of Ladies Shoes

A shipment of Ladies' Fine Shoes has just arrived that will interest you. New Styles in evening and street wear. Come and see them.

MEN'S SOLED SHOES

This is just the Shoe you want for this time of year. Thick solid, well lined, and water proof. Wear this shoe and keep your feet dry.

Easy, Comfortable

C. B. HUME & CO, Limited

RICH STRIKE ON BEATRICE

Made Last Week in Eighty-Foot Level—One Thousand Tons of High Grade Ore will be Shipped This Winter.

The Beatrice Mines near Camborne, in the Fish River district, is proving the faith that the mining men—as well as its owners—have had in the property since it was first located, some six or seven years ago. Last week in the tunnel the miners broke into the ore body at the 80-foot level and made the discovery of the richest body of high grade galena ever discovered in the camp. The ore gives returns of 500 to 600 ounces of silver to the ton, besides gold and lead values. The pay streak is 14 inches wide with four inches of almost solid gray copper. The tunnel was run 168 feet when the ledge was tapped. 180 sacks have already been made up of the rich ore, and this winter it is expected that between 500 and 1000 tons will be shipped to the smelter for treatment.

Mr. F. F. Fulmer, one of the owners of the Beatrice mines was in the city yesterday and to a HERALD reporter corroborated the news in regard to the strike and was well pleased with the prospects of this splendid property.

On the Beatrice at present eleven miners and two ore sorters are engaged, and the staff will be increased as the work progresses. Rawhide stables have been erected half-way up the trail, which is now being put in condition for handling of this winter's output.

The Beatrice Mines have been under active development more or less for some six years and an immense amount of work has been accomplished and some very rich ore has been shipped out. The Beatrice has always been considered the banner property of North Kootenay, and the HERALD believes no richer mine of such high grade ore and with such evidences of large ore deposits exists in this part of the country.

Below the Beatrice and only 1500 feet distant lies the famous Silver Dollar property that has made a record for the camp this year in development and ore showings. The HERALD congratulates the owners of the Beatrice Mines on their success, which has only been won in the face of difficulties, at times apparently insurmountable. The success of the owners of the Beatrice is not only local but will be felt to a large degree by all who are interested in the development of the famous Fish River Camp.

Curling.

The annual general meeting of the Revelstoke Curling Club was held on Thursday evening last in No. 2 Fire Hall. There was a good attendance and the reports for the past year showed the club to be in a healthy condition, both financially and otherwise. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Hon. Pres.—T. Kilpatrick.
President—W. M. Lawrence.
Vice-Pres.—A. M. Pinkham.
Secretary—F. B. Lewis.
Treasurer—T. B. Baker,
Umpire—A. M. Pinkham.
Executive Committee—W.A. Foote, J. A. Dallas, J. H. Jackson, C. R. McDonald and Dr, Sutherland.
Ice Committee—A. M. Pinkham.

A. E. Kincaid and A. M. Pinkham were appointed to represent the club at the annual meeting of the Kootenay Curling Association which takes place in Revelstoke on Dec. 12th.

The prospects of the club for the coming season are brighter than ever and a large number of new members have already been enrolled. A meeting of the club will be held at No. 2 Fire Hall to-night at 8 o'clock, when arrangements for the season will be completed, skips elected, and other important business transacted. A full attendance of members and intending members is particularly requested.

House For Sale.

A First-class Private Dwelling, on Mackenzie Avenue, for sale.

Apply for particulars at the HERALD Office.

Holiday Goods

Messrs. Bourne Bros. have the first shipment of Japanese oranges to hand for the holiday trade and will be receiving shipments daily. Look out for their announcement in next issue in regard to their holiday groceries, etc.

POLITICAL DISHONESTY

Worst Case in Liberal Camp in Many Years—Grit Candidate Takes to Flight—Great Excitement in Ontario.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 29.—Revelations in the bogus ballot scandal continue to excite eastern Canada.

The flight of Byron O. Lott, late Liberal parliamentary candidate for West Hastings, to the United States and the location of a large number of the creaked ballot boxes, are the latest sensational incidents growing out of the case.

Lott was released from jail, after much difficulty in finding bondsmen, on $2,000 bail furnished by his relations. He immediately disappeared and was later discovered in New York.

The offence is not covered by extradition treaty between England and the States, but the government propose to urge the fugitive's return on the ground of public policy.

Lott wired to-day from Syracuse, N. Y.:—"I will come back and suffer sooner than see three honest persons who signed my bond lose their money."

The telegram provoked much excitement, but it is not thought the accused will come back.

KINGSTON, Ont., Nov. 29.—Nine of the trick ballot boxes secured by the Liberals to carry close districts were to-day fished out of the lake, where they had been concealed when exposure was threatened, by the conspirators. Who supplied the authorities with the information by which they were located is a mystery, but the ballot box suspects are much alarmed through fear that they are being betrayed by one of their number.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Near at Hand.—The Revelstoke Merchants Have Imported Handsome Holiday Goods—Purchase Your Presents.

In less than one month's time the annual feast of Christmas will be celebrated throughout the Christian world. In the City of Revelstoke and the surrounding district it will not be neglected in the least and every house will have its celebration.

The stores of the city have made elaborate preparations to meet the requirements of the Christmas buyers and our citizens will not need to make purchases from the eastern departmental stores for their presents, which has to some extent been the case in the past. It only requires a round of the business houses of Revelstoke by mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters and sweethearts to fully realize the extent to which our merchants have prepared for the Christmas trade. There have been delays made by buyers in the past and which has necessitated a good deal of worry not only to the purchasers themselves but to the merchants in not making the rounds earliers and leaving all the Christmas purchases until the last moment. From now on is the time to arrange for your Christmas presents and the earlier the buyer makes them the better the results to all concerned. Make your Xmas purchases early.

Japs Capture a Fort

TOKIO, Nov. 20—It is reported that an attack against the 203 metre hill by the Japanese light artillery succeeded. It is estimated that 90 per cent. of the work of the complete occupation of Port Arthur will be finished with this height in the possession of the Japanese. No part of the harbor at Port Arthur can now be concealed from the Japanese.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—According to a Tokio despatch to the Chronicle, there is an official rumor that the Japanese hauled large carriage guns to the top of 203-Meter Hill, from whence their fire had a sweep of the whole harbor. This report doubtless goes beyond the facts, but various despatches indicate the progress of the Japanese in the direction of Port Arthur.

—Don't forget that with every dollar cash purchase, made at the Red Cross Drug Store, you get a chance for one of those beautiful presents shown in the window,

THE PROVINCE DECEIVED

Construction of Grand Trunk Pacific in British Columbia will not be Undertaken for Some Years.

The Vancouver Province, (Liberal) gives the following statement in reference to the Grand Trunk construction in British Columbia. It should make interesting reading for the followers of the "sordid seven."

"Since a time shortly prior to the federal elections the people of British Columbia have been indulging themselves in the pleasing belief that work on the Pacific section of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was to be begun without delay. Assurances of this were conveyed to them from several authoritative sources and unceasingly delivered through the medium of candidates for Parliament and their platform lieutenants. Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, when in the province over two months ago, stated in the most unmistakable terms that construction in British Columbia would begin simultaneously, or practically so, with construction in the East; and Hon. Senator Templeman at a Victoria meeting produced and read a letter from President Charles M. Hays which clinched all these confident statements and left no further room for doubt.

"It was largely on the strength of these assurances that British Columbia gave such a decided, such a unanimous support to the Liberal Government. The opponents of the administration had attempted to make political capital out of the fact that a clause had not been inserted in the contract with the company making simultaneous construction in this province one of the binding terms, and they were undoubtedly by this means influencing the electorate who were disposed to imagine that the Government had neglected our interests. The assurances given by Mr. Prefontaine personally and those delivered by President Hays through Senator Templeman demolished the arguments of the Opposition candidates and speakers, and entirely satisfied the people. The statements made by these gentlemen, one speaking with authority for the Government and the other for the Company, were unequivocal. They promised that work would begin in British Columbia at the same time and with equal vigor that it was begun east of the mountains. The people accepted the assurances thus imparted without hesitation or further questions, and sent a 'solid' Liberal representation to the House of Commons.

"It is only three weeks since the elections, and we are given to understand that in harboring the belief we have referred to we were cherishing a delusion. Mr. David H. Hays, the brother of President Charles M. Hays of the Grand Trunk Pacific, whose letter written to Senator Templeman had such a forceful influence with the electors of this province, is authority for the statement that nothing will be done in British Columbia for two or three years.

"Mr. David H. Hays has just returned from Montreal, where he met his brother, in whose confidence he undoubtedly is. When he speaks as he does, frankly and deliberately, we can regard his statements as coming directly from the President of the company and as representing the actual state of affairs. Mr. Hays does not hesitate to assume all responsibility for what he says, and his words will unquestionably be taken by the public as conclusive on this matter.

"Now, what construction are we to place on this announcement, which comes practically direct from the president of the Grand Trunk Pacific? Are we to understand that all the assurances which we received, prior to the election, regarding a matter of such importance to us and to our business interests were intended only as an election dodge, as a trap to catch votes? If Mr. Hays' statement is true, if there is no intention of beginning work here for two or three years, we have been grossly deceived, and we can only presume that we have been made the victims of a miserable political conspiracy.

"Surely, however, a breach of faith such of this, is not a good beginning for a great national enterprise."

—Christmas Cards and handsome calendars, the largest stock ever shown in Revelstoke at Bews' Drug Store.

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

Our Stock is the
Largest, Cheapest, and the Best Selected
For Fall Purchasers

DRESS GOODS

Here we have taken particular pains to be next to the London and Paris fashions and can show you Goods which Dame Fashion says are right.

LADY'S CLOTH

In the Leading Colors—Green, Brown, Blue, Red and Black, with Lighter and Darker Shades for Strapping, will be found among the most Fashionable Dresses this fall.

TWEED SUITINGS

We have some Trade Winners in all Dark and Lighter Shades of Imported Scotch Tweeds at very low Prices. Drop us a note and we will be pleased to send samples.

FOR EVENING WEAR

Among the Leading Shades shown this Season in Voiles, Silk Wraps, Eolienne and Crepe de Chene of which we have a nice range to choose from.

DRESS TRIMMINGS

In this Line we have everything to be found in the Very Latest Fashions.

MEN'S WEAR DEPARTMENT

We have just taken into Stock a New Supply of Clothing, Hats and Caps, Sweaters, Shirts, Ties, Underwear and Boots and Shoes. An Inspection of these Lines will convince you of ther Unequalled Values.

PAY THE STORE A VISIT

Whether you buy or not we will be pleased to give you any Information you desire about our New Stock.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT NOW IN FULL SWING FOR FALL ORDERS

W. J. GEORGE, Mackenzie Avenue.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Novelties for
Xmas Trade

SHIRTS

New lines in Soft and Starched Fronts, just the identical shapes dressy men are after—any size and any price. Come in and look them over.

NECKWEAR

Individuality in Patterns, New and Exclusive Designs for Christmas Trade.

Your Entire Purchases in
Men's Furnishings
Can be made from us to advantage. The Range we show is adapted to every class of trade.

Hosiery and Underwear
Our Range is unusually large and embraces many New Lines of Special Value which are sure to interest you at this season of the year.

J. G. Macdonald

SUCCESSOR TO MACDONALD & MONTEITH

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS

FIT-REFORM CLOTHING WARDROBE, FIRST STREET

Love's Umbrella

I.

In fifty-eight years the establishment of J. Hicks' licensed pawnbroker, had suffered many changes—generally for the worse. One thing alone had changed for the better. Hicks himself had been modulated by the great composer Time from a particularly vulger, self-assertive young man of twenty into a veteran of a singular gentleness and benignity of aspect.

And it had gradually come about through some resultant twist in the old man's mind, that, in a general way, he preferred his pledges to his money, and that certain items upon his shelves, representing money hopelessly lost to him, had become, nevertheless, the source of profound satisfaction.

Such was No. 831, as it stood entered upon his books.

Commercially regarded, No. 831 was a green silk umbrella, with a heavy metal handle of considerable intrinsic value; sentimentally, it stood for Hick's oldest and dearest friend.

It had been pawned one morning in the early years of his business life by a respectable elderly gentleman, who, after some haggling, accepted for it the sum of one pound.

Nearly a year from the date of this transaction, and just before the expiration of the term of the loan, a young man had turned up and had inquired with evident anxiety regarding the pledged umbrella.

"It is most important," said the young man, "for—for family reasons, that this article be redeemed. There is no objecting, I presume, to my paying the loan and interest on behalf of my—my relative, and taking the property out of your hands?"

"None whatever," said Hicks, "provided you have the ticket."

"But I haven't," said the young man earnestly. "It is at the bottom of the sea, with the man to whom you gave it."

"How can you prove that to me?" said Hicks. "No, no, my friend; I must have my ticket."

"But the thing is worthless! I will pay you ten times the loan to safeguard you against any claim—twenty times! "Great heavens!" he cried, excitedly, "I must have it, man! More depends upon it than you know!"

But Hicks was obdurate, and the stranger, after having exhausted his stock of argument, entreaty, and pecuniary temptation, finally went away.

When he had gone, the broker took down the umbrella from its shelf and examined it with a new interest. There was some mystery about it. Well, in thirty days it might be solved, for if, as the young man had said, its owner and the ticket were both at the bottom of the sea, the umbrella would become his when the loan matured.

But the matter turned out by no means so simply. Two days before the loan matured the young man returned, clearly fortified with a better knowledge of the business, and of his powers and privileges, paid the interest on the loan for another year, and thus renewed the matter for that period. Hicks accepted the money with an odd sense of deafeat and discomfiture.

In twelve months more, just as Hicks's imagination was beginning to hover in close circles about his mysterious pledge, the young man again returned, and renewed the loan as before, after again trying vainly to negotiate its surrender. In another twelvemonth the same performance took place, and again at the fourth and fifth anniversaries of the transaction.

Between whiles the pawnbroker never saw him or heard from him; but there was scarcely a day that he did not think of him and of his pursuit, and scarcely a week that, in an ecstasy of baffled curiosity and greed—for to his inflamed imagination the simple gamp had become the key to treasures untold—he did not take down the article and re-examine it, rap it, sound it, rattle it, feel its fabric inch by inch, and, upon occasion, curse its silent secretiveness in good set terms.

Its metal head was large and heavy—solid, apparently, to all tests that he dared make, and cast or carved at the top into the semblance of a grotesque head, with staring, deep-set eyes. Cut or otherwise invade the substance of stick or handle he dared not, as a matter of professional scruple; and finally, noting that his frequent handling was causing signs of wear, he was forced, for the same reason, to deny himself altogether the futile pleasure of touching it, save upon rare and eagerly anticipated occasions. But he hung it on the wall above his desk, and there it stood before him day by day, a beacon and a gaol, a beckoning hand, a bow of promise.

Twice he was sick to death, but they brought the umbrella to his bedside, and he straightway got well. He came back forlornly from his wife's newly-made grave and sat down before his talisman, and was presently consoled. His son robbed and shamed him; but he knew a way to be heartened and uplifted. The infinite possibilities of the umbrella spread themselves above him, and shielded him from the storm of circumstances.

II.

Thus more than half a century went by and as the fifty-eight anniversary of what had now come to be the chief event of his life approached, Hicks felt a livelier hope than usual stir within him. His annual visitor had seemed unusually feeble at the time of his last visit, and the chance that he could have survived appeared comfortingly remote. A conviction that at length the mystery of so many years would be somehow revealed to him penetrated the old pawnbraker's mind, and as the critical date approached he felt an almost youthful eagerness of anticipation. As a rule, his visitor had turned up a day or two earlier than was necessary, but this year he had not appeared on the morning of the final day.

By the terms of the loan, the owner's rights expired at noon, and as that hour approached Hicks took down the umbrella with an unsteady hand and deliberated upon a plan of investigation. He had amply provided himself with tools, and only awaited liberty to use them.

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve!

Hicks had selected a cold chisel from his layout, and was poising a hammer to strike, when a shadow fell upon his desk, and a familiar voice said:

"Yes; you've beaten me. I haven't the money! I've tried hard, but when one hasn't money for food even, bigger things must go."

Hicks paused in his work and looked at his visitor. He was pale and emaciated, and could hardly stand from weakness. What little life was left him burned in his eyes, with which he eagerly devoured the article the two had so long contended for.

"Let me show you," he said. "There is an easier way."

He took the umbrella from Hicks, and, inserting an awl in one eye of the carved face on the umbrella-head, with this leverage easily unscrewed the top, to the pawnbroker's amazement and disgust. The cavity thus discovered contained only a piece of folded paper, yellow with age. Upon this Hicks pounced with a kind of whine of animal greed and satisfaction.

But the stranger's hand fell upon his with an energy of which his feeble body scarcely seemed capable.

"Don't touch it!" he cried. "For Heaven's sake don't! It is nothing—nothing to you; to me it is so much! No," he urged, as Hicks strove to withdraw his prize; "not yet, at any rate. Not until you have heard my story."

He sank into a chair, his hand still grasping Hick's wrist, and went on passionately:

"It belonged to her father—this umbrella. He was an employer, and a rich man; and I loved his daughter, and she loved me. But he found it out, and forbade me his house—forbade me to think of her. But I wouldn't give her up, and she wouldn't give me up, so we used to write one another every day, and send the letters back and forth in this umbrella-handle. The old man always carried it, wet or dry, and I used to watch my chance during the day, and unscrew the top while he was out of the office, and put in my letter, and she did the same at home. It seemed a great joke, then, to make him our postman. Great Heaven, what a joke it turned out!"

Hicks slowly withdrew his hand, leaving the yellow paper between them on the desk.

"Business went wrong," continued the stranger, after a pause. "The old man got involved worse and worse, tried the wrong way out of it, and had to skip. He realized on everything he had—even this, as it turned out—and left between two days, taking her with him. They sailed for South America on the 'Ginerva'; you remember, she was never heard from—never even spoken. And never a word from her. It was all so sudden, I knew that; but something might have been done. I couldn't understand.

"I guess I went pretty near out of my mind. My body just went round without me somehow for months, doing the old things without my knowing anything about it, when all at once I thought of the old 'umbrella route,' as we used to call it. It was a chance. Perhaps she didn't have any other. All their things had been scattered by sale; but I hunted and hunted. There were a hundred chances that he had taken it with him; but I took the one that he hadn't. By and by I thought of the pawnshops, and went the rounds. I think yours was about the last, and when I got my eyes on the old thing it was like coming home. But the ticket stuck me, and I couldn't tell my story to such a man as you were then. You've changed a good deal in fifty-eight years."

He paused and looked longingly at the letter.

"That's what I wanted. I knew it was there. Her last letter to me—the last one she ever wrote. It made me wild at first to think that if I could only get my hands on the thing for a minute I could have it out. But you never let me touch it. What did you think it was—money?"

Hicks nodded.

"Money!" cried the other. "I've wanted money pretty bad, but never the way I wanted that letter. But I couldn't seem to tell at first, and by and by, when I got to know it was there, waitin' for me, it didn't seem to matter much, so that I could keep it safe. And I have!" he cried. "And here it is!"

"Fifty-eight years!" exclaimed Hicks. "You old fool! Why didn't you tell me this fifty-eight years ago?"

With a weak moan of satisfaction the stranger seized the paper and carefully opened it.

It may have been five minutes before the old pawnbroker ventured to turn and look at him.

He sat just as he had left him, huddled together in his chair, the letter in his hand, his chin on his breast—dead!—*London Answers.*

"What is a coquette, papa?" she asked as she looked up from her book. "A coquette," replied the old gentleman, "is a girl who gets lots of admiration, but never a husband."

Fashion ...Talk

SKIRTS.

All sensible women will rejoice in the well-settled fact that short skirts are here to stay, even the Parisian, who has been anything but practical in respect to the length of her skirts having capitulated. The instep-length skirts are not only to be worn for walking, but for reception gowns, and those who look best in skirts of that length will wear them, and in many instances evening gowns of round length for dancing will be seen.

In the longer skirts, those that barely touch in the front and at the sides and lie on the floor in the back will be fashionable for dinner gowns and general evening wear.

The skirts that lie on the ground several inches all the way around and that were as ungraceful and slovenly are taking their germ-laden folds out of sight.

For women, especially those of middle age, or of too evident stoutness or thinness—either being fatal to grace—and also the short woman, look better in skirts that just clear the pavement than in the shorter or instep length, but such skirts are more or less a nuisance, for they are just long enough to dip into every puddle or other filth on the street and yet too short to hold up, a peculiarly ungraceful effect being given by the lifting of skirts that manifestly clear the ground. Perhaps the compromise between this and an instep length is best found in the skirt that clears the pavement an inch all the way around.

It is to be hoped that all women adopting round skirts will see to it that they are not only as long or a shade longer in the front than the back when first worn, but also after being worn awhile. If a skirt is not cut properly there is a tendency for it to ride up in the front, and this tendency should be discovered and remedied, for nothing is more fatal to one's appearance than to have a skirt tilting up at the front. Even a properly cut skirt, if it is tight, may have its hang ruined if its wearer is not careful how she sits and stands in it.

The new skirts that clear the pavement from present indications are to be fuller, and all sorts of plaits used, but it is hardly likely that in the heavy winter cloths this fullness will obtain in walking gowns, as it would make them too cumbersome to be otherwise than tiring, and American women, especially the younger ones, are, despite their following of fashions, not slaves to extreme modes, and they prefer comfort to discomfort in walking gowns.

Coats fitted at the back and over the hips but swinging a bit loose in front to show vests of contrasting colors, are a feature of the new walking costumes, but the devotee of the Eton coat need not be discouraged. The Eton is a case of the survival of the fittest, and while many attempts have been made to dethrone it, it is too comfortable and too well suited to the requirements of numberless women to be otherwise than fashionable so long as coats are worn.

THE COLORS OF THE SEASON.

Apparently yellow and gold and all those lovely autumnal tints are the colors of the season, in spite of their already long reign. White felt hats, or beaver, or even velvet, with orange ribbon, and feathers or flowers of all shades between brown and yellow—to say nothing of the half-shades—are particularly in vogue. Possibly it is the naturally more vivid coloring of beautiful continental women that makes them appreciate so fully the glory of bright colors, for scarlet and gold are important in every wardrobe. In England we have given pastel shades a long vogue; it will be delightful to light up the murk and gloom of dull wintry days with something cheerful and exhilarating in our color schemes once more.

COSTUMES.

The very best tailors are using plain broadcloths and unobtrusive mixtures for costumes, and plaid silk shirt waists will lend a smart touch of color to the gown. The quieter of the Scotch tartans are preferable, the background in dack green, navy blue, or brown crossed with narrow stripes and small blocks in complementary tones. And in many of these new silks the background is darned or seeded with little stitches in white, making a pleasing relief in the mixed colorings. And the woman who views the field of fashion has already noted the fact that the extremely long shoulder line, which made its appearance with the other 1830 fashions is now a thing of the past, at least where the shirt-waist is concerned. It is the woman with broad shoulders and high, full chest who rules the mode just now; although the shoulder seam is still long, it is no longer fashioned with a downward droop. This is in accordance with the new figure which fashion has declared for, which is that the waist line must be distinctly defined, the blouse must set closely, and while a little sagging is permitted in front, it is not anything at all like the pouch which prevailed for so long. Naturally these new requirements make the cut of the shirt waist totally different from what it used to be.

A WONDERFUL NEW COLOR.

In England they have a wonderful new color for this season's wear, called "Eminence," and is that curious shade of purple worn by cardinals. It is said to be the coming color for heavy gowns, and runs through the shades of mauve, purple and deep violet. It has probably crept into favor through the great preference Queen Alexandra has ever shown for these tints, and will, therefore, be extremely popular. It will be more than welcome if it serves to bring those lovely gems, amethysts, into favor once more, in obedience to the fashion that decrees that jewels must match the gowns.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

STRANGE FATE OF A BRIGANTINE IN MID-OCEAN.

A Theory That Many Ships Have Been Struck by Meteorites.

The Mexican Herald recently printed an interesting account given by Mr. L. H. Winthrop of the fall of a large meteor about 500 yards from a ship in the Indian Ocean. After describing vividly the strange scene, the narrator expressed his belief that of the ships that disappear mysteriously many may be hit by falling meteors and sent to the bottom.

It is certain that a ship struck by a meteoric mass as large as some which have fallen on land would be demolished suddenly. There is a meteoric stone in South America estimated to weigh 30,000 pounds, one in Mexico even larger, and Yale College has a mere fragment weighing 1,740 pounds. A meteor estimated by astronomers to be a mile in diameter passed over Europe on the night of Aug. 18, 1783, and in 1803 one of these celestial tramps burst over Normandy and scattered more than 2,000 fragments over three square leagues of ground.

Just fifty years ago this month a very large meteor was seen over the Eastern States. It burst into two pieces, one of which fell into the sea off Sandy Hook. In 1884 Captain Swart, of the Dutch barque "J. P. A.," reported the narrow escape of his vessel from destruction by a meteoric stone. His log showed that on March 19, in latitude 37.39 north and longitude 57 west, at about 5 p.m., a large meteor was seen to break into two parts, one of which, having appearance of a ball of fire, fell toward the sea. Judging that the ball would fall in the barque's course, Captain Swart hove to under storm sails. Scarcely had he done so when the meteor fell close alongside, causing great commotion of the water and cross seas, which

WASHED OFF THE DECK.

The heat from the fiery mass was intense for a moment, and blistered the paint on the ship's side. The barometer for a few moments oscillated so violently that no reading could be taken.

Some fifteen or more years ago, I spoke of Capt. Swart's report to an old Danish sailor in San Francisco, and was moved to tell me of an experience of his own, for which, of course, there is only his testimony. The old man had been mate of the barque "Antelope," which was burned at sea on a voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool in 1866, and he had no log to show in verification of his tale. I give it substantially in his own words, from notes made at the time:

"We were becalmed in the Pacific about nine or ten degrees north of the equator and somewhere near 123 west longitude. The 'Antelope' rolled like a log, the sails flapped against the masts, and made the only stir of air you could feel. It was the second night of the calm and the port watch was on deck. The moon was shining clear, and as there was nothing to keep a lookout for, except indications of a breeze, which didn't seem likely to come along, the men were drowsing under the bulwarks and the man at the wheel was snoring.

"I was leaning over the rail, at about six bells, looking at a brigantine that had drifted into the calm about three miles away on the starboard quarter. We had not spoken her and did not know who she was or where she hailed from. By her tapering topmasts, I judged her to be an American, but that was all. She was

A TRIM LITTLE CRAFT,

and it was enough to break a seaman's heart the way she was wiped off the face of the earth that night. To be sure, the "Antelope" wasn't treated much better a few weeks latter, but fire is one of the chances a sailor reckons on taking, and many a good ship is burned at sea. I don't know of any other craft meeting the fate of that brigantine. I don't say it never happened before or since, because strange things always are happening at sea, and some of the strangest never get told; men don't live to tell them.

"Well, I was leaning on the Antelope's rail with my cheek in my palm looking away where the brigantine lay in the moonlight. The roll of the bark was lazy and soothing, and I had fallen into a dreamy doze when I was startled broad awake by a bright light in the sky. Looking up, I saw a great ball of fire rushing through the air on a slant. By the time I had hauled in the slack of my wits enough to know that it was a shooting star, the glare was so bright that the light of the moon was of no more account than a slush lamp, and the stars were doused altogether.

"There was a rushing, hissing noise in the air as the thing came down. When it got pretty near, the light almost blinded me, and I could see nothing but the fiery gleam on the water. It wasn't as long from the time it hove in sight until it struck as I have been in telling how it looked. It must have been travelling like a canon ball, or maybe a good many more knots a minute. In the glare I lost sight of the brigantine, and then I heard

A CRASHING SOUND,

and the ball of fire disappeared, leaving everything black before my eyes for a moment.

"When I had blinked the sight back into my eyes and got used to the moonlight, I glanced over the starboard quarter to where the brigantine had been. Not a trace of her was to be made out. I could hardly believe my own eyes, although they were a good pair in those days, before the sea-dust had dulled them, and I thought I must have been a bit dazed by what had happened, and got confused in my bearings. But in no direction was so much as a spar in sight, and off there on the quarter there was a rising and falling of short waves, their tops catching the glint of the moonbeams that showed where the shooting star had gone down into the sea. That was where the brigantine had been.

"The light and noise had aroused the watch on deck, and the men were gathered in a group by the foremast, blinking their eyes and wondering what had happened. They hadn't seen all that I had, and didn't know just what had made the great glare of light. I told them to look for the brigantine, and sent a man aloft to see if he could make out anything where she had been. They were just about struck dumb when they saw the sea clear of all craft but our own, and asked me if the brigantine had blown up. The man aloft could not make out anything. They were all taken aback when I told what I had seen, and of course their superstitious fears were excited.

"Thinking some poor fellow might be floating where the brigantine went down. I called up the old man and all hands, and a boat was sent out to search. The second mate went in the boat, and all he brought back was a bit of scorched deck planking that he picked up adrift. That was the only trace of the brigantine left and we never learned her name or anything more about her."

TOGO A JUDGE OF MEN.

The Admiral Rarely Makes Mistakes in His Choice.

The world knows Admiral Togo as a man of the sword pure and simple. The world, as often, is mistaken. He is something greater than a fighter; as a judge of men he ranks much higher than as a soldier. His men never cease to marvel at the ease with which he accomplishes the most difficult tasks of a commander, and at the rarity of mistakes that he makes in the choice of his subordinates. There is a saying among the men of the Nippon navy that runs something like this:

"There is only one commander who uses his subordinates like his own fingers, and the name of that man is Admiral Togo."

The old time ideal of the Samurai was the welding of the soldier and the scholar in one; and Admiral Togo is not false to the ideal; he is a student as well as a fighter.

"I am no scholar," he is reported to have said. "From my early youth, however, my masters have compelled me to examine and follow carefully the teachings of the school of Yomei. It seems to me that a soldier can derive a great deal of benefit from the study of Yomei."

The Admiral is certainly not the first or the only soldier of Nippon who has acknowledged his debt to the teachings of the Chinese philosopher whom our people know under the name of Yomei. The school of Yomei emphasizes a perfect poise of the soul. The students of Yomei value more than anything else the quiet balance of nerve, the equilibrium which cannot be distributed by a little thing like a bursting shell within a few feet of a man or a sword gleam a few inches before the eyes. The first lesson that a master of sword or a master of jiu-jitsu tries to instil into the mind of a Samurai youth is the importance of attaining coolness of nerve and perfect poise of the soul. In the eyes of the Nippon fighting men these qualities are much more important than the clever handling of sword or gun.

PEER AND CLOCKMAKER.

Lord Grimthorpe Has Designed Another Timepiece.

Lord Grimthorpe, lawyer, church restorer and horologist, and very nearly a monogenarian has just designed a new clock for the tower of Worsthorne church, in Lancashire, England.

Lord Grimthorpe's greatest achievements, apart from his enormous practice at the parliamentary bar, have been the designing of the clock at the Houses of Parliament, and the restoration, at his own charges, of St. Alban's Abbey.

When the clock was projected Vulliamy, and other famous clockmakers, who were asked to tender, demurred to a stipulation that it should be guaranteed not to vary more than a minute a week. But Mr. Beckett-Denison, as Lord Grimthorpe then was, was adamant, and the contract was given to Mr. Dent, who worked from Lord Grimthorpe's designs after the Astronomer Royal had withdrawn from the whole affair.

A curious sequel was the action brought by the founders of Big Ben against Lord Grimthorpe, who had declared that the bell was a disgrace to the country.

It fell to the lot of the man who afterwards became Lord Russell of Killowen to cross-examine Lord Grimthorpe, and the excitement was intense over what was expected to be a battle of the giants.

But the men knew one another's powers, and the encounter was only distinguished by urbanity and a tender regard for each other's feelings. Lord Grimthorpe, however, had to pay $1,000 damages.

A GOOD IDEA.

There is in a suburb of Vienna a unique horticultural institution which might be advantageously copied in this country. The idea on which it is founded is to encourage children to take an interest in flowers and trees. About 750 children attend regularly, and this year they have planted 2,000 trees and plants. At the end of the year prizes are distributed to the children whose plants have been best cared for.

JOHN BURNS IN LONDON

HE TAKES A VERY OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

Improvement in the Poor Quarters—What Better Education Has Done.

John Burns, the British labor leader, has been visiting London highways and byways, and gives his opinion in an interview in the Daily News:

"I have been through London's markets and into its hospitals," he said. "I have watched at its fires, been a merry witness at its weddings a welcome partner at a christening, an observer of its funerals, a student in its slums—yes, and a wrathful onlooker of its betting, whose agents laugh at the police in their recruiting of the vassals of vice at every street corner."

"And you still find London lovely?"

"Lovelier every day. Oh, yes, I have read the morbid literature of the mean streets, and I am shocked at the sensational and corybantic vaporings of Transatlantic yellow journalists, who, after a drive in a cab, conceive dirt to be immortality, untidiness to mean crime, and poverty to mean bestiality."

"Lies, sir," cried Mr. Burns, "Mean lies from mean souls. Only a mean soul could talk about a spawn of children cluttered the slimy pavement like tadpoles on the bottom of a dry pond."

PHYSICAL DETERIORATION.

"But what about physical deterioration?"

"On that point I give the testimony of my own eyes. I find the people better clothed, cleaner, and certainly less drunken. The children are better booted, and wear cleaner pinafores, and I think they are better, because more cheaply fed. But the regiment that in last autumn manoeuvres had the most lads fall out through bad feet came from the worse districts I visited. I need hardly point out the moral.

"Here and there in large blocks of houses and people I was often surprised by the tidy homes and the clean children, representing patient love and care on the part of the mothers."

"The municipal bodies have not been ploughing the sand. Roads are better paved. The streets are broader and cleaner. Drainage is sweeter and there is a complete absence of offensive smells. The efforts of the London County Council loomed up wherever one went, and here and there the local authorities were keeping stride and pace with central authority."

"Have you any figures to illustrate all this?"

Mr Burns glanced meaningly at his bookshelves and memoranda.

"Figures? Well, here are a few—just a mere sprinkling. London has been brightened everywhere by 430 separate road and street widenings, which—I may mention incidentally—have swept away over 100 liquor saloons. The parks and open spaces under the L.C.C. have jumped in fifteen years from forty to 106. Apart from these the Borough Councils have another 120 under their charge—all better kept than

IN THE OLD DAYS.

Beyond these, again, I find that 100 churchyards have been thrown open and open spaces where Londoners, old and young, can gather for leisure and pleasure, see the play of water, the sight of flowers, and hear the gay solace to a tired industrial of gay music.

"Then," added Mr. Burns, still turning over his accumulation of carefully arranged jottings, "you must not forget the other agencies of sweetness and light in the 500 school play-grounds which have been opened during the last 30 years—the 60 libraries, 50 baths, 12 polytechnics, and an equal number of clean and handsome L.C.C. or Rowton lodging houses. In the small districts, especially, the great increase of public institutions has spread a new atmosphere."

TOWELS AS SUN-PROTECTORS.

The refusal of the British War Office to issue sun-hats has had a somewhat remarkable sequel. A battalion of the 2nd Grenadier Guards went out to exercise under General Paget on the Fox Hills, near Aldershot, and the sun being exceedingly hot the officers ordered the Guardsmen to take their towels with them and wrap them round their heads. So extraordinary a spectacle has never been seen in the streets or lanes of Aldershot as the long column of Guards swinging along with their heads wrapped in white towels, and their flat "Brodricks" perched on top.

THE CZAR'S BODYGUARD.

The Czar's body-guard consists of fifteen Circassians noted for their keenness and courage. They accompany the Emperor everywhere, sometimes in disguise, sometimes in uniform, and on occasions as private gentlemen of the Court. They keep a special watch on the kitchen, and examine everything that is cooked before it is placed on the Imperial table. The wine is tasted several times a day by three persons, for fear that it should be drugged.

LITTLE JAPAN NOT SO SMALL.

Most of our maps of Asia are drawn to a small scale, and on such maps the Japanese archipelago fills little space. But she is larger than England and more populous. She has 6,000,000 more people than France. She sent six armies over sea within six months, every one of which was as big as either army that met at Waterloo. She has sent to Manchuria twice as many soldiers in six months as England sent to South Africa in two years.

Lidium is the name of a new substance made of compressed cork. It is used for making furniture, vases, picture-frames, etc.

THE MYSTERIOUS DOOR

It certainly was puzzling. We had watched him go in any number of times. Together we had watched him from behind closely-curtained windows pull out a bunch of keys, and, after carefully selecting one, open the door.

But where was the keyhole? We could not discover any signs of one. It began to prey on our minds. I lost all interest in everything else.

It was in a very uneasy and nervous state of mind that I decided to call upon my old friend Michael O'Hara, chief of police. He laughed heartily at my story, but asked in what way he could serve me. I could think of no better plan than to have a man put on watch.

With the chief's promise of the detective that afternoon, I took leave, determined to have a closer look at the mysterious premises on my way home. As I approached the house, and obtained a near view of the doorknob, I started with terror, for now there was no knob at all, though I most distinctly saw a keyhole.

I stared like one bereft, and then ran across the street and into my own house.

"The keyhole is gone! No, the doorknob is gone! Oh, no; I don't know which is gone!"

"Oh, is it the door opposite that has caused you to lose control of yourself?" exclaimed my wife. "What is the matter now?"

"There is no doornob, but there is a keyhole," I answered.

"That is very strange," said my wife. "Are you sure?"

She walked to the window, and I followed, in a dazed condition. We looked out together, and there, where I could have sworn I had a few minutes before seen a keyhole, there was nothing but a knob!

That afternoon the detective called. He asked me a number of questions, to which I gave slight heed, for I was revolving a plan that would carry me into the enemy's country. I would call on him that very day, as soon as he returned. I felt that I could not get a night's sleep after what I had seen that day.

We sat smoking and talking for nearly two hours, when the watchful detective suddenly pressed my arm. Following his glance, I saw the occupant of the opposite house ascending the steps.

We started immediately, but our man had entered and closed his door when we reached the street. I mounted the steps and rapped sharply.

In response to a polite inquiry as to the nature of our call, I introduced myself as an opposite neighbor and said that I had a twofold reason for calling. The first was to make his acquaintance, and the second—but here I stammered and hesitated, for I found it extremely difficult to explain. But here the detective came to my rescue, seeing the embarrassment I was in.

"Mr. Merwin," he said, for as such our host had introduced himself, "I know you will pardon us, but it is your front door that has caused us to intrude upon you."

"My front door!" exclaimed Mr. Merwin.

"To be more explicit, the knob on your front door," answered the detective, "for it seems to have a knack of appearing and disappearing."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Merwin, and we really thought he would explode with laughter. "I had no idea I was being watched," he said, after this outburst; "but as it can make no difference now, as to-day I have secured the patent I have been working for, I will explain. Here is a working model," he said, going to a cabinet and bringing forth a minature door, "that will show what I mean. You see here a knob. Notice that I raise it so, and I disclose the keyhole. I insert the key thus, unlock the catch, remove the key, drop the knob so, and there you have the door with no ugly defacement of a keyhole. To-day I removed the one on my front door to make a slight alteration. That, gentlemen, is what I call rather a neat invention."

SUN'S CORONA WEIGHED.

Atmosphere, Temperature and Telescope Used as Scales.

The astronomers of the Lick Observatory have issued a report giving the results of investigations made by Professor Arrhenius, the great Swedish scientist, who has been spending two months in the observatory. He weighed the sun's corona, and says that it scales about twenty-five million tons. The scales used were the atmosphere, the temperature and the telescope.

Although occupying a space extending over several million miles its percentage of matter is very small, Professor Arrhenius estimating that there is only one minute dust particle for each fifteen cubic yards of space.

Besides weighing the corona, the professor believes that he has solved several other disputed points, including the source of the coronal light.

In another report the astronomers state that the distance of Alpha Centauri from the earth has been determined spectroscopically. It is approximately 24,929,208,000,000 miles away, and is the nearest known star to the earth. Its light requires four and a quarter years to reach our planet.

The spectrospic observations agree with those made by the telescope.

It is difficult for a man to climb to the top of the ladder, but it is dead easy for him to slide down again.

YOUNG FOLKS

HOME AGAIN.

Bet you don't know where I've been
I've been off down on a farm!
Look here, where I've burnt the skin
More'n half way up my arm!
I could had a teeny pig
To bring home, but ma said no,
It would get too awful big
When it onct begun to grow.

An' I saw 'em makin' hay
With a cutter ten feet wide—
When I wanted, all the day
I could sit on top an' ride
An' onct, sir, the cutter stick
Cut a rabbit right in two—
He went "squeak, squeak!" like that, quick—
An' you ought tq seen him—whew!

Farmers have no grou'ry store,
But they get their eggs in mows,
An' they don't need milkmen for
They squeeze milk straight out of cows!
An' my uncle—Uncle Jed—
Onct when I was standin' by
"Open up your mouth!" he said—
But he squirted in my eye!

I went round in overalls
An' had pie for breakfas'—gee!
An' I rang the bell that calls
In for dinner an' for tea,
An' the hired girl, she ate
At the table 'long with 'us'—
Country girls aren't s'posed to wait,
So ma didn't raise a fuss.

I washed near the back-stoop pump,
In a basin with the rest,
An' nobody tried to jump
On us when we splashed or messed.
Ma, she says that I'm a sight
'Cause I got so black—oh, dear,
I'm afraid I'll get all white
'Fore I go again next year.

FLOSSIE'S AIR-TRIPS.

There had been weeks and weeks of illness for Flossie; but one sunny day mama came in with hat and wraps on and looking very mysterious. She went to the closet where Flossie's things had hung limp and useless, and Flossie's eyes grew big with wonder when she brought them out—the soft, warm coat and blue hood and mittens that used to go to school every morning and go sliding down-hill afternoons and Saturdays. She came straight to the bed with them and said, "What do you say to an airing, little girl? Just hold out those arms, if you please."

Flossie was so surprised she could not lift them. They were very wabbly, anyway, so mamma lifted her up, and said, with a gay little smile that held the tears back, "Yes, dear, you are going to have on your wraps and take the air this morning," and she buttoned the coat over the little white gown, tied the hood under the chin and slipped the mittens on. Then Flossie and bed and all were done up in a great big blanket bundle, and the front windows thrown up full height. The frosty air came tingling in with the busy click of hurrying feet and all the city's din.

Then brother rushed in with cap, overcoat and mittens on, and his reins, with their jingling sleigh-bells, dangling from his waist.

"Hello!" he said. "Is this turnout ready to start?" and throwing the loose end of the reins over the foot of the little white bed, he pranced and capered after a most spirited fashion. And Flossie laughed till the curls began to nod once more, and mamma said that was enough for one time. So the windows were whisked down and the wraps put away till the next day, when Flossie's eyes began ta sparkle a bit as soon as they were brought out.

"Now," said mama, "this time we are going to have a little car ride. Here's the conductor," and brother marched solemnly in with a big conductor's cap on. "Whiz, whiz!" came an electric car round the corner, and mama slipped a nickel in Flossie's hand just as the conductor came along, taking up the fares and dinging mama's table-bell each time from the depths of his pocket.

It was a lovely ride, Flossie said, with shining eyes, and it was so nice to hear outside things again!

The next day, when ready to start, a little brown birdie flew from the cedar-tree right past the window. Brother said, "Oh, let's take a fly!" and flapped his "wings" enough for all three, Flossie, mamma and himself. So they flew right up into the birdie's winter home in the big, sheltering cedar, and mamma seemed to know all about her family, and could answer all their questions as well as Mrs. Birdie herself. Then they dropped down on the waving arms of the big oak and swung a while, till mama hustled them right in out of the cold.

After a week of these daily-air-trips Flossie had gathered so many winter roses in her little white cheeks and the blue eyes had caught so much of the sparkling sunlight from frosty roofs and snow-hung trees, that one morning she found herself standing at the big front door, and then a little later she and that warm wrap and blue hood and mittens were actually sliding down-hill again.

SMOKE HEALS WOUNDS.

We sometimes hear of lockjaw resulting from running a pin or a rusty nail into the foot or hand. If every person were aware of a perfect remedy for such wounds, and would apply it, then such reports would cease. The remedy is simple, always at hand, can be applied by anyone, and, what is better, is infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound, or any wound that is bruised or inflamed, with a woollen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from such a wound.

HIS PLUCK AND DEVOTION

STORY OF A WOUNDED JAPANESE SCOUT.

Visit to the Red Cross Hospital in the Kopmachi District.

The Red Cross Society of Japan is a national organization, hence all its hospitals are in use to-day for convalescent soldiers from Sasebo and Hiroshima, writes a Tokio correspondent.

Last week I visited the Red Cross Hospital in the Kopmachi district with a committee from Imon Fujin Kwai (Ladies' Aid Society) consisting of the Marchioness Oyama, Marchioness Nateshima, Baroness Matsudaira, Baroness Songe and Mme Chinda. It was one of the most interesting and instructive experiences of the summer.

First we were ushered into the individual rooms of the officers, with whom the Japanese ladies exchanged a few remarks. With but few exceptions these men were wounded at Nanshan. They said little of the bloody day, as if they would put it from them.

We paused at the door of each ward bowed to the inmates, and then listened, eagerly to all the Surgeon-General could tell. A row of low iron bedsteads, each with mattress, sheets and scarlet blankets extended along each side of the room, and on these patients sat in Japanese fashion, on their heels, and bowed low as the party approached. They wore unbleached muslin kimonos with a red cross on the left arm and sat with downcast eyes in a manner peculiar to the Japanese when in the presence of elders or superiors.

THE DESCRIPTIVE LIST

of each patient, with the outline of a man's figure, showing where he was wounded, the entrance and exit of bullet, etc., lay on the bunk, and when it was a case of special interest, from a professional standpoint, the Surgeon-General discussed it with the attending surgeon, and in several instances the patient was told to open his kimono and show the wound. It seemed impossible that

Pausing before one splendidly built, sturdy fellow the surgeon showed us four wounds through back, breast, arm and wrist. He had been a scout on the Yalu.

In the cold gray dawn of a March morning he was making his way back to Kuroki's headquarters from the enemy's lines, with two comrades who had shared the perilous mission. They had reached a narrow stream, when, suddenly, shots from behind showed they were seen by the enemy.

One of the brave fellows fell dead in the stream. It is not the business of scouts to fight, but to report observations, so the two others dashed across to the opposite bank, when a shot struck number two and he fell.

The injured scout flung him across his back and plunged into the bushes, hoping to escape, but was pursued and

SHOT FOUR TIMES.

With superhuman strength he staggered along, his bleeding companion all the while beseeching to be left behind.

But the brave fellow knew that the Japanese camp was very near, and pressed on. At last he was forced to drop his burden, remembering the vital news he had, to impart, and with one last effort reached Kuroki's lines.

More dead than alive he poured out his story and then lapsed into unconsciousness. For a time his life hung in the balance, but youth and strength prevailed, and there he sat before us, a sturdy young soldier, ready to return to his Emperor's service, despite four bullet wounds.

Another curious case was that of a young fellow, badly cut about the head and ears.

"See what those ungrateful Coreans did! They threw stones at this man and nearly killed him!" was the Marchioness Oyama's remark to me as the Surgeon-General told his story.

Thus for two hours we passed from one ward to the other, impressed more and more by the hearty condition of the wounded. Unlike the sick, they have no long period of convalscence. Once their wounds heal they are well men, and it has been demonstrated that no other soldiers recover so quickly from wounds as the Japanese, their physical condition being attributed to the nature of the Japanese ration.

Tips are no longer optional in Berlin; they have become obligatory. So that there shall be no misunderstanding on the subject, the proprietors of public baths have issued notices fixing the amount of "tip" to be given the attendants.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Baby's Own Tablets have a remarkable record. All over the land you will find mothers who will tell you this medicine has saved the lives of their little ones. When you give Baby's Own Tablets to your children you have a guarantee that you are not stupefying them with poisonous soothing stuffs. No other medicine for children gives this guarantee, and no other medicine safely cures all such ills as colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. The Tablets not only cure these troubles, but an occasional dose given to a well child prevents them. Mrs. G. A. Sawyer, Clarenceville, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl and find that they are the very best medicine I can give her." Try the Tablets for your children—they will not disappoint you. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WINTER OF POLAR MISERY

LIVED FOR SEVEN MONTHS ON PENGUINS.

When Daylight Came Their Best Friends Would Not Have Known Them.

All who would like to know how three men can exist when cast away on the shores of a polar land on the verge of winter, with food enough for a few weeks, with no shelter excepting a tent, no fuel and no other resources save two guns, some ammunition and a sail needle, may have their curiosity satisfied in the detailed narrative which Dr. J. Gunnar Andersson is writing. He will tell of the Antarctic winter of 1903 which he and two comrades spent in a misery of dirt and darkness on the bleak shore of northern Graham Land, to the south of South America.

Some details of the story have already been made public by Dr. Nordenskiold in his recent address before the Royal Geographical Society in London.

The three men kept life in their bodies through the winter, but lived in great wretchedness, and so changed were they in appearance when daylight came that their best friends would not have known them. They were members of Dr. Otto Nordenskiold's party on the steamer Antarctic, but he did not know that any men from that vessel were on land; and when he met them in the spring he did not recognize them as a part of his own expedition until they told their names.

No wonder, for they were as black as coal from head to foot, with long black hair hanging down over their shoulders and black, bushy beards. The skis on which they were travelling over the snow were the only thing about them that seemed to indicate some acquaintance with civilization. They seemed to belong to one of the lower types of men who live almost in a natural state.

LIKE THE BRUTE CREATION.

The dogs took fright at the forbidding black figures and bolted in every direction.

Late in 1902 the Antarctic was trying to force her way through the heavy ice to reach Dr. Nordenskiold's camp at Snow Hill, about 150 miles to the southwest. When it became evident that the vessel could not reach his camp, Dr. Andersson, the leader of the ship party, decided to try to reach the explorers by a sledge journey over the sea, ice and land.

He took with him Mr. Duse and a sailor named Grunden and a small stock of supplies and set out with high hopes of soon reaching his friends. Sledging, however, proved to be enormously difficult and by the time the little party reached land their strength and resources were nearly exhausted.

The twilight was lengthening, the darkness would soon fall and they knew very well that if they tried to make the march of 100 miles southward and met with any special difficulties in the untraversed land they were certain to perish. There was nothing to do except to go into camp and eke out the winter somehow or other.

They had about three weeks' supply of canned meats, bread and coffee, three sleeping bags, a piece of tarpaulin and a tent, but no implements excepting a few knives and cooking utensils and one needle, and nothing to wear but their summer clothing. The first thing to do was to provide shelter and then to secure all the game possible before darkness put an end to hunting.

They put up their tent and piled up stones so as completely to encircle the tent with a stone wall. Over the whole they spread the piece of tarpaulin.

Their abode was thus provided with double walls; and when the snow came they covered their hut deep under snow, excepting at the narrow entrance. They were thus able throughout the winter to keep an average temperature of only a little below the freezing point.

Within a few miles there were plenty of penguins waiting to be shot and by the time the winter night had fairly fallen they had killed and frozen about

400 OF THESE BIRDS.

Penguins are not good eating, and the art of cookery, as practised in the Antarctic regions, has never made their flesh very palatable.

But they were the staff of life of the three men that winter, eked out by a mouthful or two of bread each day, an occasional bite of preserved meat and the flesh of seals that were killed now and then and whose chief utility was to supply oil for fuel. Seal blubber was piled in a large meat tin and set to blazing and smoking, and it was thus that the skins, clothing and sealskins worn by the men were turned densely black.

Every one has heard of the revulsion of stomach and nerves from which men suffer when they try to eat a quail a-day for thirty days. When men falter at such a task, we can imagine that nothing but the fear of death would drive them to eat the coarse and greasy penguin every day for seven months. The feat was accomplished and it shows what men can do when necessity drives.

But the hardest part of their lot, after all, was the protracted confinement during the long stormy winter. Seal blubber was too scarce to be used excepting when the meals were cooked, and so for days at a time the three men curled up in their sleeping bags in the pitchy darkness, with nothing to read if they could have seen to read, and nothing to do but listen to the flowing of the polar storm. It was hard fate, but they came out of it in marvellous fashion, even though the winter left them as black as Africans.

Dr. Andersson believes that a full description of their experiences will be of service to future explorers in distress during the survey of the desolate and stormy southern lands.

TRIED ALL ELSE TO NO BENEFIT

THEN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS DIABETES.

Startling Case of Thos. Harrison, of St. Mary's Ferry—He Tells the Story Himself.

St. Mary's Ferry, York County, N. B., Oct. 17.—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes, one of the most deadly forms of Kidney Disease, has been satisfactorily proved by Mr. Thos. Harrison, of this place. Speaking of his cure Mr. Harrison says:

"I began to suffer with severe pains above the region of the Kidneys. When I lay down it was torture to get up again. My appetite failed and I lost flesh rapidly.

"I doctored with several physicians but it was all of no use. Shortly after this I began to urinate blood and then I knew I was in the grip of that dread monster, Diabetes.

"At this time a friend prevailed on me to try a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they did me so much good I continued the treatment till I had used three boxes. They cured me completely."

RUSSIAN COURT BALLS.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia usually give five Court balls during the season. The first embraces all who have any title to recognition and counts about 3,000 guests. The second includes something under 2,000, and the number is reduced with each successive ball, until the fifth is 400, or possibly 500.

Helpless as a Baby—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, 10 Daniel street, Brockville, Ont., for twelve years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work, and says: "I think pain has left me forever."—26

The English race is getting near-sighted owing to the city life and conditions of our civilisation, says a well-known oculist.

SAFEST FOOD.

In Any Time of Trouble is Grape-Nuts.

Food to rebuild the strength and that is pre digested must be selected when one is convalescent. At this time there is nothing so valuable as Grape-Nuts for the reason that this food is all nourishment and is also all digestible nourishment. A woman who used it says:

"Some time ago I was very ill with typhoid fever, so ill everyone thought I would die, even myself. It left me so weak I could not properly digest food of any kind and I also had much bowel trouble which left me a weak, helpless wreck.

"I needed nourishment as badly as anyone could, but none of the tonics helped me until I finally tried Grape-Nuts food morning and evening. This not only supplied food that I thought delicious as could be, but it also made me perfectly well and strong again so I can do all my housework, sleep well, can eat anything without any trace of bowel trouble and for that reason alone Grape-Nuts food is worth its weight in gold." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Typhoid fever like some other diseases attacks the bowels and frequently sets up bleeding and makes them for months incapable of digesting the starches and therefore pre digested Grape-Nuts is invaluable for the well-known reason that in Grape Nuts all the starches have been transformed into grape sugar. This means that the first stage of digestion has been mechanically accomplished in Grape-Nuts food at the factories and therefore anyone, no matter how weak the stomach, can handle it and grow strong, for all the nourishment is still there.

There's a sound reason and 10 days trial proves.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc

Slowpay—"Doctor, I suppose you can recommend your tailor to me?" Doctor—"Certainly, but you will have to get someone else to recommend you to my tailor."

Her Heart like a Polluted Spring—Mrs. James Srigley, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "I was for five years afflicted with dyspepsia, constipation, heart disease and nervous prostration. I cured the heart trouble with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and the other ailments vanished like mist. Had relief in half an hour after the first dose."—27

"Who was it," shouted the suffrage leader—"who was it that did the most to elevate woman?" Far down the aisle a little chap blinked his eyes, and drawled, "Why, the man that invented those high French heels." And then the meeting adjourned.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

SKULL DRUMS OF TIBET.

Some of the most curious drums in the world are those used by the Lamas of Tibet when they practise their religious ceremonies. They are manufactured from skulls, preferably the small ones of children, two of which are placed together and the dried skin of a snake stretched over the concave side of each. The vertices of the two skulls are next cemented to either side of a wooden disc covered with cloth, the sides with the skins, of course, being outermost, and to complete the ghastly appearance of these instruments, the heads of devils and horrible imaginary creatures are painted on them in gaudy colors.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 417

CHINESE CHILDREN'S AGES.

A Chinese child is considered a year old at its birth, and its age is reckoned, not from its birthdays, but from its New Year's Days. If it happens to be born on February 1st, the day before the Chinese New Year's Day, it is said to be two years old when it is two days old. It is one year old when born, and another year is added on its first New Year's Day.

MOOSE HUNTING.

The finest region in Canada for the hunter who wishes to secure Moose is the Temagami region in New Ontario, and now easy of access by the Grand Trunk Railway System and North Bay. All information regarding guides, routes, rates etc., can be had on application to agents or by addressing G. T. Beel, G. P. & T. A., Montreal.

Cholly—"I wonder how it is, Miss Dolly, that you're always out when I call?" Dolly—"Oh! it's just my luck, I suppose."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

Tram fare is not needed by school children in Victoria, Australia. They are carried in cars to and from school free of charge.

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." 23-40

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone Lighthouse stands. At low water it is 30ft. in diameter.

A Veteran's Story—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely." 50 cents.—25

Mother—"What's the matter?" Mrs Newlywed—"I—I always heard Charles was fond of the turf, but I simply can't get him to touch the lawn mower."

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 discovery has been made that good paper can be produced from the refuse hops that have hithesto been thrown away at breweries, or used as manure.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

To remove marking-ink stains from linen paint the mark with a solution of cyanide of potassium with a camel's hair brush. As soon as the ink disappears the linen should be well rinsed in cold water.

The Backache Stage may be just that incipient form of kidney disease which, if neglected, will develop into stubborn and distressing disorder that will take long tedious treatment to cure. Don't neglect the "backache stage" of the most insidious of diseases. South American Kidney Cure stops the ache in six hours and cures.—30

Clara—"Did you lose your presence of mind when he attempted to kiss you?" Maud—"Yes, for a moment. Why, I nearly told him to stop."

I was Cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
REV. WM. BROWN.

I was Cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. S. KAULBACK.

I was Cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. S. MASTERS.

"What a murderous-looking villain the prisoner is," whispered an old lady in the court-room to her husband. "I'd be afraid to get near him." "Hush!" said her husband. "That isn't the prisoner, that's the magistrate."

When the little folks take colds and coughs, don't neglect them and let them strain the tender membranes of their lungs, Give them

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It will cure them quickly and strengthen their lungs. It is pleasant to take.

Prices, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. 306

Quality should always be the first consideration, price the next, remember this if you are ever tempted to buy a Tea which does not bear the brand
Blue Ribbon

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.

POULTRY We can handle your poultry either alive or dressed to best advantage. Also your butter, eggs, honey and other produce.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

LOWER PRICES — USE — BETTER QUALITY

FIBRE EDDY WARE

CAN BE HAD IN

Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

Housekeeper—"You don't look as if you had washed yourself for a month." Tramp:—"Please, mum, th' doctors say th' proper time to bathe is two hours after a meal, and I haven't had anything you call a meal for six weeks."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

An analysis of the first Christian names of the members of the House of Commons shows that out of the total of 670 no less than 92 are called John.

Under the Nerve Lash—The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nervine worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it.—28

STUCK TO THINGS.

It happened in a large public park, and the angry man failed to receive a bit of sympathy from the throng of people who witnessed the scene. He was walking with a pretty woman, evidently his wife, and a small boy, and he had the air of a man who had brought his family out for a pleasure trip and left his temper at home.

Running along the path the boy tripped and fell, rending the air with shrieks entirely disproportionate to his size. The woman ran to pick him up and soothe him, while the man sank back upon an adjacent seat entirely oblivious of a small placard tacked upon it, and proceeded to deliver a lengthy lecture to the boy upon the evils of running away anywhere and in the park in particular.

The child's clothes were somewhat dusty from contact with the gravel pathway, and his mother vainly reached for her handkerchief to remove the traces of his mishap. Finally she asked, timidly:—

"James, will you lend me your handkerchief to dust Robbie's clothes? I am afraid I have lost mine."

"That's right," retorted the father, as he fished out the article and threw it at her; "throw them away; I can pay for more. Money's no object. Look at me; do I ever lose anything? Now, do I?"

"No, James," replied his wife, meekly, "but——"

"But—there's no but about it. I stick to things, and——"

"Yes, dear," said the wife, meekly, as she completed her task and rose to her feet; "I know you stick to things, and perhaps"—her voice grew still meeker—"perhaps that is why you sat down on that freshly-painted seat."

COST OF POOR RELIEF.

The cost of relieving the poor in England is going up by leaps and bounds. Since 1892 the cost of indoor maintenance of the poor has increased by 47 per cent. in London and 44 per cent. in the rest of the country. The cost of outdoor relief has in the same period increased 38 per cent. in London and 28 per cent. outside London. The total cost of relief per head of the population has increased during the last decade from 53 to 72 cents in London, and from 30 to 32 cents in the rest of England and Wales.

"Was your ship crippled by the storm?" asked the reporter. "She was not," replied the captain, "though she lost one of her hands."

Shaw—"He has the inventive faculty very highly developed." Martin—"What has he invented? Nothing, so far as I know. But when his wife goes out he can think of things to keep the baby amused by the hour!"

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 $31.50.
For all particulars apply to local agents, or
DOMINION LINE OFFICES,
41 King St. E., Toronto, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal

Dyeing! Cleaning!
For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."
Look for agent in your town, or send direct.
Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

"Pinto" Shell Cordovan

Used in H.B.K. Mitts, Gloves and Moccasins—tough as whalebone, flexible, soft, pliable, scorch-proof, wind-proof, boil-proof, crack-proof, tear-proof, rip-proof, cold-proof, almost wear-proof—certainly the greatest leather ever used in mitts and gloves.

Like buckskin it is tanned without oil, unlike buckskin it is not porous, it is wind-proof—will outwear three buckskins.

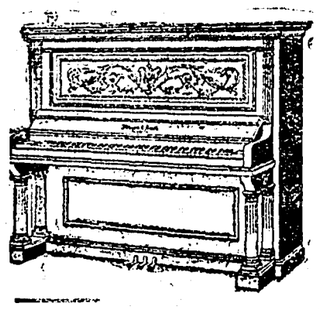
"Pinto" Mitts and Gloves never crack or harden, never get sodden, are always warm, pliable, soft and comfortable.

Sold at all dealers but never without this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.
Montreal Winnipeg Dawson 2

MASON & RISCH PIANOS



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Twelve Thousand in Actual Use.

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

MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., LTD.

32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, ON.

J. Macleod, Agent, Second Street.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

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

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

Job Printing in all its branches promptly and neatly executed.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1904.

THE G. T. P.

We are told at this early date that "officials of the Grand Trunk Pacific are expected in the Province next month, and it is generally admitted that they will approach the local Government asking for concessions with respect to their proposed lines in the Province."

This is somewhat surprising, coming from the source it does, so soon after the general elections. The Colonist predicted all along that that is precisely what would happen. It predicted that as an inducement to begin construction at the Pacific coast end, the Grand Trunk Pacific would demand a bonus from the Province. This was flouted and the announcement of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, and a letter over the signature of Mr. Hays, to the effect that it was the intention of the Grand Trunk Pacific to start at this end, were paraded in reply. With three-fourths of the cost of construction through British Columbia guaranteed by the Dominion Government, what other 'concessions' are hinted at is difficult to imagine Are we to understand that, notwithstanding the solemn assurances we have received to the contrary, the railway company still intends to hold the Government up for a land bonus as the price of beginning construction at this end simultaneously with construction at Winnipeg? We cannot believe it possible, but at the same time such an announcement in the local organ of the railway is disturbing. Are we, after all, to be placed on the tender hooks in regard to the construction of the line in British Columbia? Are we any more certain about the Grand Trunk Pacific than we would have been respecting a government-owned line, as proposed by Mr. Borden?—Victoria Colonist.

STEEL MANUFACTURING IN CANADA.

It is claimed that the imposition of a seven-dollar a ton duty on imports of steel rails into Canada means an advantage, including the other differentials of $16 a ton for the Canadian manufacturers over those of the United States. This is figured out as follows: Duty, $7 a ton; bounty in Ontario on pig iron from Canadian ore, $1 a ton; federal bounty, $2.25; federal bounty on steel ingots, $2.25; special duty under "dumping" clause, $3.50; total, $16. The advantage of these tariff changes and bounties together with great prospective demands for steel rails for the new transcontinental line, the building of which is assured by the recent election and the favorable outlook for the development of reasonable deposits of iron on the Canadian side, all unite to make the proposition of engaging in the iron and steel business on the Canadian side particularly attractive. It has been repeatedly rumored that the United States Steel corporation will engage in the manufacturing business in Canada, but this, like many other reports concerning this corporation, cannot be confirmed, nor denied either for that matter. However, there is a condition in Canada which seems to point to the immediate increase in the iron and steel business in that country and a consequent utilization of its as yet practically unexplored iron ore resources.—Mining World.

BOGUS BALLOT BOX SCRAPE

Factory Located in American City — Appalling Nature of Election Revelations in West Hastings.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.,—Nov. 24.—"Yes, the bogus ballot-boxes which are kicking up such a row over in Canada, were made right in the back of this shop," said E. R. Irwin, a tinsmith of Watertown, N. Y. Mr. Irwin has one of the largest tinsmith shops in the city, and in addition does a large retail business. His store is at 26 Court street, and, in connection, M. B. Scott runs a jewelry establishment. Mr. Irwin had at first denied all connection with the affair, but ultimately he stated the full particulars of his connection with the case.

"I was visited by a man giving the name of Reilly, on the first Sunday in October," he said. "He was a tall, thin fellow, with a small wrinkled face and bright eyes. He said he had been directed to my store by some friends of his. He wanted some work done. I asked him what he wanted. He at once produced plans and drawings of some tin boxes he wanted made. He had also a model. It was labelled Portsmouth, and Riley said it had been made in Watertown. There were several minor changes he wanted in it.

"I did not like the job. It looked crooked. I told Reilly so, and he did not like it at all. He asked me if I had any objection to his making arrangements with my men to make the boxes. I told him to go ahead. He went to the shop and interviewed them and finally came to an agreement with them, whereby they were to make twenty of them. They were to receive two hundred dollars for doing so. After dickering with the boys, Reilly turned to me and asked if I would mind forwarding them to him. I agreed. He then asked me to forward them by express to C. A. Kavanagh, Ogdensburg, where they would be called for. As Reilly was a fair-spoken young fellow, I agreed, and on Oct. 23rd the boxes went in one consignment to the above address. They were billed as tin pails and were boarded."

Mr. Irwin here showed the reporter his shipping register, which attested the above.

Mr. Irwin continued: "We saw Reilly three times in all. The second time was on Oct. 9 and 10. On this last occasion he was accompanied by a stout man of medium height, whose name I do not know. He was supposed to be from Napanee, Ont., and had been here before as an agent, I think, for some patent brick apparatus to go inside stoves. They seemed to be rather nervous this time. Reilly came to the store several times, and Mr. Scott came across to me after he went out the last time and said: 'Why does that fellow change his hat every time he comes in?' I jollied Reilly about it afterwards, and it seems he thought it disguised him."

Irwin had been surprised to receive a visit from Phil Lott on Monday last. Lott had given him an account of all that had happened in Belleville and had asked his assistance in clearing up the case. He, with Mr. Smith, had made their declarations, and had let Lott have the sample box, with the plans. He was positive that the box had "Portsmouth" written on the side. Lott had, moreover, prevailed on one of the tinsmiths to go to Belleville for the trial, and that he would identify Reilly. The evidence would be startling. Mr. Irwin refused to give the name of the employe who had left for Canada. But the latter could identify Reilly.

Men in his shop had been working with another manufacturer two years before. Similar boxes had been made.

It was common talk in the city that the "Ross Government will win their election in Watertown." M. O. Scott, jeweller, who occupied half of Mr. Irwin's store, confirmed his statement throughout. He was a Canadian by birth, and would like to see justice done. He had seen the boxes manufactured, and had been present when they were boxed and labelled. He could identify the man Reilly. On examination of the hotel register at the Herriman house, Court street, the name of F. J. Reilly was seen on the register for Oct. 10 and Oct. 20. The signature of the stranger who accompanied him on his last visit could not be identified.

Phillip Lott, on his visit here last Monday, arrived at 6 p. m. from Kingston and Cape Vincent. He had registered at the Herriman house and went out and visited Scott and Irwin's store, and later returned. He went to Ogdensburg later, taking with him a good sized parcel; which appeared to have contained the sample box obtained at Irwin's.

Banff as a Winter Resort.

Some way or other we Canadians have heretofore held the very foolish opinion that when we wanted a winter holiday, we must seek summer climes. To be sure, Victoria and other coast cities appear in verdure clad the whole year round, and thus at the door we have perpetual summer. But that wasn't what we wanted; we must go south, (fashion said so). We must visit Yankeeland (custom demanded it). We must pick roses in December, and turn our backs on the snowbanks, because—oh, well, because. Wasn't that sufficient reason?

But all that has been changed. We find outsiders, Englishmen, Scotchmen, beggarmen, chief and the world generally have decided that Canada is the proper place to spend a winter holiday, and this year of our Lord, Nineteen-hundred-and-four, will see the world flocking to Banff, the beautiful, says a writer in the Free Press.

Banff has long been the mecca of the nerve-worn, who would seek and find healing in its magic springs. Banff has long been theme for poet and painter, and wielder of the pen. Banff, an isle of beauty set in a sea of hills, a tiny patch of advanced civilization walled in by the untamed wilds which creep over and threaten its citadel. Banff, the Cresta of Canada, and where such winter sports as the world wot not of are be found. Where would you find such coasting hills to glide down? Where such leaping craggy heights for the ski-man? Where such silver sheen of water-bed for the steel-shod skater? And where, oh where, would you find such sight as is found from the mighty peaks of the far-famed Cascades?

I well remember breaking the first footfall of the New Year (1898) on a glorious Sabbath morning on the beautiful hillside haunts of Banff. Of leading the way up the shale-like steeps and sharing the early sunshine with the rabbits that scurried across my path in that upward run. Of watching the vaporous veils that rose from the mystic springs that made the hillside weep, and of dipping hands in the hot waters of the famous sulphur springs that gush out and run down the mountain side, foaming fairy fringes as they leap the sluices of the downward way. Half way up the whited wall there stood a little chalet known as "Wright's," and every step in the ascent had, as a sign of pain beguiled, crutches, iron-boot staff and stick, wordless tribute to the healing springs which had given life and strength and boldness of limb to those who had gone before.

So Banff the beautiful is to be a winter resort hereafter! Well, those who go there will find that winter sports in Canada are not the least delightful of our annual games. Let the ski-er bear with him his "flying soles;" let the coaster prepare for such wild rides down the mountain side as never before was dreamed of; let the skater carry to Banff lochs and the long sweep of the Bow river his steel runners; for nowhere in all the world, outside of Holland, is such a curvetting carry-you-with-it stream found, as lies there! What a place for camp fires during the December nights! And what place so fitted for carnival fun as amongst those winding hills, snow-capped and shielded from the outside winds of December! At "Devil's lakes," what a place for the Scottish curler! "Eh, mon, isn't it auld Banff o' the Scottish hills again?" And if you wish for a winter spin beneath the warm robes of fur, where would you find such a stretch behind pacing horses of mettle as in that winding way that lies between Anthracite and the hollow of the Banff hills? And for a winter's evening camp-fire dance, where would the seeker find sport anything to equal Sun Dance canyon? And returning to take in the spiral ascent that hugs the limbs of Tunnel mountain, looking down upon Bow valley and seeing the world asleep beneath its winter mantle of snow.

And when the day's sports are done and night falls swiftly down as it does, mysteriously and swiftly in that hillside haunt, what so splendid as the family gatherings about the open fireplaces of the old sanitarium itself? Where would you find a more genial smile to welcome you, Stranger within the Gates, than that of good-Dr. Brett himself, whose features glow with the warm welcome of the landed lord of a wide, wide domain? Where hospitality runs to bubbling over. Where at a minimum of cost a maximum of pleasure is to be found, and where for those who will it, the door is open all the twelve month year round.

Yes, Banff is to be a winter resort; the world demands it, and Banff, equal to the task, has opened its doors broadly, and the string is on the latch for you. Idler, tired and wearied one, —seeker after splendor—sportsman, all ye who would find health an d joy while summer sleeps, and when nature puts on her white robe of the year's repose.

Children Burned to Death.

A fatal fire that claimed two victims occurred on Saturday morning at Brandon, shortly after 10 o'clock, when the house of James Bowen, a painter, at 2010 Princess avenue, was completely destroyed by fire and his two little children, aged 4 and 2 years respectively, were burned to death. Bowen had left the children playing downstairs when he went to work that morning about 10. Mrs. Bowen went over to a neighbor's a short distance away, and during her absence the fire broke out. Before it was noticed the house was a mass of flames. The fire brigade was soon on the scene and an attempt made to rescue the children, but it was too late.

The bodies were found side by side wrapped in the bed clothes in a corner of a room on the ground floor, the bed in which they were apparently lying having dropped through the upstairs floor. The lifeless bodies were terribly charred. The parents are almost crazed with grief.

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, Reg.

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.,

MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.

GORDON BROOK, 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.

LEGAL

JOHN MANNING SCOTT,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

First Street - - Revelstoke, B. C.

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Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
FIRST STREET, Revelstoke B. C.

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MOSCROP BROS.

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

Pipes, Valves and Fittings.

Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C

H. W. Edwards, Taxidermist.

DEER HEADS, BIRDS, ANIMALS MOUNTED.

REVELSTOKE, - - B. C

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.

Revelstoke Assessment District

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

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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

Wood FOR SALE!!

CALL AT THE **Empire Lumber Co.'s Office**

ITS A REST FOR YOUR EYES

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

E. M. ALLUM, WATCHMAKER, AND OPTICIAN

DON'T SUFFER ANY LONGER

Save Your EYES

Free Examination

J. GUY BARBER, - Jeweller, Optician

REAL ESTATE AGENTS. CONVEYANCING NOTARIES PUBLIC

SIBBALD & FIELD

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AGENTS FOR—Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

COAL MERCHANT—Comox. C. P. R. Hard Coal

First Street, - Op. Macdonald & Monteith's

WM. FLEMING,

Wholesale & Retail Meat Merchant.

Fish and Game in Season.

First Street, - Revelstoke, B. C.

REOPENED REMODELED

Palace Restaurant

Two Doors South of the New Imperial Bank

Premises formerly occupied by Union Restaurant.

Mrs. McKitrick, Manageress.

Open at all hours. Short Orders tastefully served.

Meal Tickets Issued. Terms Moderate.

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

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

New Goods

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

Substantial and 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.

HE DIDN'T CARE.

He Lacked Ambition. Had No Ear for Music and Was Lazily Married.

With a big horn-handled knife he was curling long shavings off a piece of pine. He had the diligence of the artist; he worked with the careful enthusiasm of true genius. A woman with a sunbonnet came out to where he sat and remarked:

"Thort ye was feedin' the pigs."

"Pigs is done fed."

"I s'pose yo consider thet feedin' the pigs is work enough fur one day?"

"It's work enough of ye don't hafte do any more," he replied.

"Don't ye think it's time ye was beginnin' ter brace up an' try ter be somebody?" she asked. "Lor' sakes, when I married you I used ter look at ye an' think ye might be President o' the United States some day."

"Well, thet's whur ye got fooled."

"Indeed it is. But ye seemed none too good fur it, then. I useter set down an' picter yo in my mind's eye ridin' up the street in a wagon drawed by white horses, an' the band a-playin' 'Hail ter ther Chief.'"

"Well," he answered, "I'm glad it didn't happen."

"What fur?"

"'Cause 'twould er been wasted. I don't keer fur white hosses an' I ain't got no ear fur music. I couldn't tell of the band was playing 'Hail ter the Chief' er 'Comin' Through ther Rye.' So I'm jest ez well off ez I am."

And she went into the house and tried to remember where it was that she had read about contentment being one of the greatest blessings this life afforded.—Detroit Free Press.

An Unfortunate Orator.

Thomas Barlett, of Vermont, was renowned for his flights of elaborately rhetorical oratory, and a seat in Congress was the special goal of his ambition. When he was elected a story of how he had been silenced by an audience of college boys got around, and, on the occasion of the new member's first appearance, the House was prepared to receive him in anything but a serious spirit. Rising to indorse a proposition which had just been vigorously attacked, he began to declaim, impressively:

"Sir, were it not for the rules of the House, I would pour upon the opponents of this measure the vials of my wrath——"

He got no farther. Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, was upon his feet in a moment, moving, with every appearance of eager interest, "that the rules be suspended, and the gentleman allowed to pour!" Such a disconcerting burst of laughter followed that the unfortunate orator could only subside wrathfully into silence and his seat.

Two Highwaymen.

On one occasion when Webster was a Senator and on his way to Washington, he was compelled to take the night stage from Baltimore. It so fell out that he was the only passenger, and as he thought the driver had a sort of a highwayman look about him, the Senator felt ill at ease. However, like the little boy, he kept up his courage by whistling till they came to a dark woods near the duelling grounds at Bladensburg, when he was accosted by the driver with:

"Where are you going?"

"To Washington," replied Webster, as soon as he could recover his composure; "I am a Senator, and am going to my duties there."

Upon this the driver grasped him by the hand joyfully, and exclaimed:

"How glad I am! I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour; for, to tell the truth, I did not like your looks, and took you to be a highwayman."

Doubtful About That Text.

An eminent preacher gave as his text: "As a man thinketh, so is he." After the sermon a lay brother said to the pastor:

"Your sermon was a scholarly effort, but I cannot agree with you in your premises."

"I am very sorry," replied the preacher. "I gave a great deal of thought and study to that sermon. To what part of it do you take exception?"

"Well," said the lay brother, "you say that as a man thinketh so is he."

"Yes," replied the minister.

"Well, I have a nephew who thinks he knows it all, when the truth is he is a confounded idiot."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Prisoner's Surprise.

A queer old specimen was recently brought to the Erie County penitentiary, where he had been sentenced from a Western New York county, after being convicted of cruelty to animals, says the Buffalo Express. When he was brought up for the usual examination, the dialogue proceeded about like this:

"What is your name?"

"——"

"Your age?"

"Seventy-nine."

"What is your religion?"

"My religion! Great guns! Has a man got to get religion before you'll let him get into this place?"

Slept in the Hencoop.

"Papa, is Mrs. Bigelow very poor?"

"No, Cedric, Mrs. Bigelow is well off; don't you know what a nice house she has?"

"But she sleeps in the hen-coop, papa."

"Why, Cedric!"

"She said she did."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember when she was here to dinner night before last she excused herself, and said she must go home early because she went to bed with the chickens?"—Harper's Round Table.

Being Broken In.

Max—Della, I swear to heaven that you are the first woman I ever kissed.

Della (with a sigh)—That's the trouble with this miserable season of year. One has to break in so much new material, and for other summer girl's benefit, likely as not.

Froze With a Glance.

Jack Rashleigh—I've got a great chance to keep cool this summer.

Miss Hightone—How is it?

Jack Rashleigh—I'll say things to you that you won't like, and you can freeze me with a glance.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application 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 East Kootenay:

No. 1.

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek about five miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's north west corner post," thence 160 chains east, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated 17th Sept. 1904.

No. 2.

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek about five miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 17th, 1904.

No. 3.

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek about five miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south east corner," thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 17th Sept. 1904.

No. 4

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins' Creek, about six miles from the Columbia river, and marked "E. McBean's South West Corner Post," thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 17th, 1904.

No. 5

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins Creek, about seven miles from the Columbia river, and marked "E. McBean's North West Corner Post," thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 17th, 1904.

No. 6

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about seven miles from the Columbia river, and marked "E. McBean's South West Corner Post"; thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 17th, 1904.

No. 7

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about nine miles from the Columbia river, and marked "E. McBean's North West Corner Post," thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 19th, 1904

No. 8

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about nine miles from the Columbia river, and marked "E. McBean's South West Corner Post," thence 80 chains east thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 19th, 1904.

No. 9

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Cummins creek, about nine miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's North East Corner Post," thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains north to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 19th, 1904.

No 10

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about nine miles from the Columbia river, and marked "E. McBean's South East Corner Post," thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 19th, 1904.

No. 11

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about ten miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's North West Corner Post, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept 19th, 1904.

No. 12.

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek about ten miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated Sept. 19th, 1904.

No. 13.

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about eleven and a half miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 20th, 1904.

No. 14.

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about eleven and a half miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 20th, 1904.

No. 15.

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about eleven and a half miles from Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 20th, 1904.

No. 16

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Cummins creek, about twelve and a half miles from the Columbia river, and marked "E. McBean's South West Corner Post," thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 20th, 1904.

No. 17.

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Cummins creek, about twelve and a half miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 20th, 1904.

E. McBEAN.

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 license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Lillooet district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "J. P. McGoldrick's south west corner post," and planted on the west bank of Upper Adams river about two miles below S. Cave's timber claim, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "J. P. McGoldrick's south west corner post," and planted about four and a half miles below S. Cave's timber claim, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of October, 1904.

J. P. McGOLDRICK.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council a proposal under the provisions of the Rivers and Streams Act for the clearing and removing of obstructions from Half Way Creek, West Kootenay, from a point 15 miles from its mouth to the point where it empties into Upper Arrow Lake, and for making the same fit for rafting and driving thereon logs, timber, lumber, rafts and crafts and for erecting and maintaining booms for holding, sorting and delivering logs and timber brought down said river and for attaching booms to the shores of said river and said lake for said purposes.

The lands to be affected by said work are vacant Crown lands and Lot 1139, Group One, Kootenay District.

The rate of tolls proposed to be charged are such as may be fixed by the Judge of the County Court of Kootenay

ARROWHEAD LUMBER COMPANY, Limited.

Dated November 16th, 1904.

Lime For Sale.

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

E. C. FROMEY.

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 $192.50 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.

CENTURY 20TH SHORT — NORTON PRITZ PRINTING PUBLISHER

This Shorthand is totally different to all others It only takes weeks to learn instead of months or years. It can be read like print. At the fourth lesson you write 40 words, and at the 10th lesson 100 words a minute. The first three lessons enables you to make private notes, and the 6th lesson brings you to corresponding style, the 20th and final lesson to reporting. It takes but two hours to learn the first lesson and a specimen may be seen at the REVELSTOKE HERALD on application to the Manager, Mr. A. Johnson. Lessons by mail are quite easy. We guarantee success. Our youngest pupils are 13½ and the eldest 82. Typewriting taught by mail. We forward you lesson sheets to teach you the correct fingering—all the fingers. All are taught on the blind touch system. Write, saying the machine you have, or if we are to supply you with a New or Second Hand one. We do not hire out machines. Terms for Shorthand $40, to completion payable by instalments. Typewriting $25 to completion, but payment in advance.

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

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 22nd day of October, 1904.

D. DEWAR.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 22nd day of October, 1904.

J. H. ROBINSON.

NEW FALL SUITINGS

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

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

M. A. WILSON,

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

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A specialty made of checking Smelter Pulps.
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Patients Visited at Their Homes By Appointment

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MACHINIST & BLACKSMITH
All Kinds of Jobbing Work Done.
Lathe work a Specialty
Opposite Salvation Army
FIRST STREET.
Licensed Auctioneer for the City of Revelstoke.

Wood and Coal For Sale

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

Swan Carlson

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

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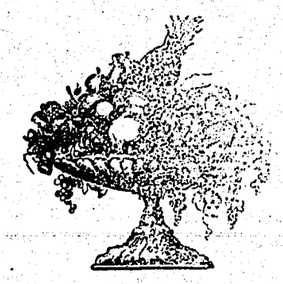

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White and Brown Bread
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W. J. LIGHTBURNE, Manager.
NEWLY BUILT AND FURNISHED
STRICLY FIRST-CLASS
THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH BEST BRANDS
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
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Oriental Hotel
Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.
BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
Large, Light bedrooms.
Rates $1 a day.
Monthly Rate.
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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
Is prepared to handle Auction Sales of every description.
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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
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New designs for Cushion Tops, Tinted Centrepieces, Large Collar designs.
Materials for Duchess, Arabi-Battenburg na and Point Lace.
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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,
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AT A BARGAIN PRICE
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Call for particulars at the HERALD Office.

FOR SALE
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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
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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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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.

Chas. Turnross, Prop
RAILWAY STREET.

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

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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS.
Manufacturers of Aerated Waters
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A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXXVII.

One the clear and sunny afternoon following the great thunderstorm, Jessie, palpitating with fear and shame, passion and despair, found herself flying past unfamiliar fields, strange towns and villages steeped in golden light, in the afternoon express to London—that city of marvel and splendor, whither gravitate the greatest thinkers and workers, whose streets are paved with gold and canopied with fame; Jessie, who had never travelled express before, or been twenty miles from the native steeple, and whose fresh heart had once thrilled at the very name of London.

But she cared little to-day whither she was flying, as long as it was away from the magnetism that must soon overpower both reason and principle, and from the disgrace that smirched her fair name. From both of these she fled, with unreflecting fear, seeking only to hide herself, and instinctively choosing the vast chaos of London as the most secure place of concealment. She thought it the best field for the exercise of the art by which in her simplicity she intended to live; but the main purpose in her choice of destination was concealment. Every pant of the engine tore some life out of her heart, every throb robbed her of hope and strength, since every turn of those rushing wheels bore her farther and farther from the one being to whom all her nature tended with irresistible force. But this flight was her only chance of salvation, as she knew by every pang tearing her weak heart. Had she remained, there was now nothing to save her but the strength of that weary, passion-strained young heart, to which she dared not trust.

For Jessie seriously believed herself to be ruined in the sight of the world; she supposed herself to have sinned conventionally, and thus to have incurred indelible disgrace. Had not Claude said so? Yet was her frail young spirit strong enough to resolve not to sin in reality, and thus incur disgrace in the sight of Heaven and of her own accusing soul, those severest, most awful of judges. Thus she rushed blindly into exile from all that could ever make life sweet.

But though she had now crossed her Rubicon and burned her boats, she was still perpetually urged by an inward prompter to return, to give up honor and duty, soul and body to him who was dearer than all besides, whose words were celestial symphonies, whose glance was heaven, to renounce all and cling only to that sheltering embrace; even now she had but to write one word and be happy, beloved, sheltered for life. And he was wanting her! Poor deserted Claude! How base to leave him! How could anything here or hereafter weigh against his happiness? What would she not do for him? Purity!—what was that but another name for selfishness? Hers, yes! but his? no selfishness there; that thought was ever victorious when her heart was most cruelly wrung. Disgraced in the eyes of men! How that pain ate into her heart as she sped through the golden afternoon, with every fibre still quivering freshly with the passion of yesterday's meeting; but the disgrace was hers alone, it could not touch him; she was glad—not blaming him—never considering that he was the author of it. Disgraced! yes, but innocent. Claude's voice, his beautiful, love-thrilled voice, still rang in her ears, still swayed the tumult within her, the magic of his presence still enfolded her, his spirit blended with hers as she was borne past the flying stubble-fields, the glowing woodlands, the sunny downs. She saw the rushing champain steeped in the tender lustre of the autumnal day, red-roofed villages, fading moorlands, soft green pastures, reddening fern and browning heather, distant hills, mist-softened, all tempered by amethystine shadows, with an unseeing eye; her mental vision was filled with Claude's face traced on the dark background of the storm, roaring through the drenched woods. Claude's face, always beautiful, and now eloquent with passion. His words kept echoing in her ears—the philosophic theories, the reproaches, the tenderness, the anger, the sorrow, the pleading! Yet above all, like the voice of God above the tumult of the storm, boomed in deep rolling thunders, "Thou shalt not," silencing all else.

How terrible was this new and untried ocean of feeling, this strong clinging of soul to soul, this invincible necessity of annihilating self and merging one's being in that of another. She had never thought that womanhood was to be entered through this fiery baptism, she would fain have remained a child. How strange to think of hard-faced, common-place matrons she knew having drunk of this intoxicating cup. Even Mrs. Plummer in this light acquired an aureole of far-off romance, strangely suited with her homely activities and russet preoccupations; had not she, too, once waited with a beating heart for the sound of a young footstep, in the twilight?

But Mrs. Plummer, on being gently sounded on this point, gave out no tender vibrations in response, and Jessie, seeking sympathy, turned to Sarah on that last night, when her faithful old friend sat by her bedside to bear her company after the storm.

"Yours was a long engagement, Sarah?" she said, with a tentative wistfulness.

"Matter o' vifteen year," she replied.

"All that time!" sighed Jessie's pure young voice; "but then you knew that he cared for you, Sarah?"

"Bless you! Wold chap dedn't care a straa," she returned, scornfully.

"Then why were you engaged?"

"Well! there. Hreckon a thought a med sowell hae me as ar a ooman. I was handy a Zundays."

"But didn't you care?"

"Nar a mossel," she replied, with cheerful indifference.

"Then why did you marry Abraham?" she asked, in tones not without rebuke.

"Wanted to bide long wi you. That why I hitched on to en, I reckon."

"Sarah, dear Sarah! How good you have always been to me!" Jessie cried, embracing her; "dear old Sarah, I would never leave you if I could possibly help it, indeed I would not."

To which Sarah replied, with a push and a pleased growl of "Goo on wi ye," but which she never forgot.

Travelling, like the celebrated bishop, third-class because there was no fourth, Jessie did not see two men travelling by first, the sight of either of whom might have altered her fate. So she sped on to her doom, sitting all alone in the bare, uncushioned compartment, boarded off like a cattle stall from the other divisions, by a partition too high for sight but not for sound. She could hear two men quarrelling in foul language, a child wailing, a woman hushing it, and quite near her seat, the clink of hand-cuffs on a prisoner travelling to the county jail in charge of two policemen. She seemed to have been flying on for ages deep, deep into the wide and pitiless world. Over dark stretches of fading heather they rushed in the sunset, the crimson lustre of which was mirrored in black tarns; then the day faded, and the country became tame and monotonous; here were market-gardens robbed of their summer spoil, here squalid streets—was this London? No. They thundered on with shrieking whistle and increasing speed, now a crash and darkness close to her face followed by continuous rattling and cracking as if all was over, till daylight reappeared and she saw the long serpent of a passing train winding away behind them in the dusk. Then a bewildering network of iron roads, across which many trains careered with mad speed toward each other. What subtle brain arranged their course through that intricate maze?

But what is this, looming dim, solemn, and majestic in the gray and misty sky, a sky so strage to Jessie, with its thick veil, through which golden lustre seems ever on the point to stream, a sky full of romance and poetic suggestion? Slender, unsubstantial, and mist-like as are those towers piercing the mist, she knows them well. This is London at last; there are the houses of Parliament; everywhere is the sparkle of innumerable lights in the faint twilight.

The magic city, the great heart of the nation's life, with its churches, palaces, and theatres, its storied buildings and holy places, its miles of stone-hearted streets, its millions of living, rejoicing, suffering human beings, lay before her at last; but she was too crushed and troubled to heed what would otherwise have filled her with vivid interest. The train thundered into the grim, great, dirty echoing station, and the stimulating sense of vastness which for a moment touched her at the first sight of the greatest city on earth, faded in that dreary place, the smoke and grime of which suggested the sunless prisons of hell, and which was large without grandeur, and gloomy without majesty. The noises were irritating, the strange cries confused her, the bustle and hurry bewildered.

Dizzy with the unaccustomed motion and smell of smoke and oil, tired and over-wrought, she stood on the pavement, jostled by hurrying passengers and their luggage, half-frightened by the hoarse shouts of "Now miss," and "By'r leave there" of porters clattering past her with laden trucks—not knowing what to do. Parents anxiously gathering their broods about them, grave but eager business men, fine ladies with their trains of maids and footmen, middle-class ladies with numerous parcels, well-to-do gentlemen followed by serviceable porters, all sorts of people, hurried by, claiming luggage, calling cabs, meeting and parting from friends. Jostled hither and thither by the crowd, she drew aside beneath the dull yellow gaslight, and waited, alone at nightfall, without one friend in all the millions of that great city. She watched the passing tide of passengers, timidly seeking some friendly and less self-centred face to ask advice. Presently she selected a prosperous, jovial-faced fellow carrying a bag, but on addressing him, was met by a look that made her shrink back trembling. She next tried a kind, comfortable-looking matron all bags and shawls, who measured her all over with a look of cold, hard disapproval, and passed on by the side of her husband, who regarded her for a moment with blank indifference. A sense of her own helpless isolation and of the wide world's stony cruelty, weighed upon her under those chilling looks and filled her with despair.

Yet some paces further off among the crowd were two men, each of whom was thinking of her, and each of whom would have given his life to save her from her impending fate.

"Keb, miss?" asked a porter, looking with wonder at her fair, troubled face, when at last she ventured to follow the crowd and claim her box.

"I—I don't know," she faltered, "I am a stranger. I don't know where to go. Would you be so kind as to tell me of a suitable place—quiet and respectable—to go to for the night?"

He looked at her with many shades of expression, all merging in amazement.

"What? Don't you know where yer friends live?" he asked, at last.

"I—I have no friends in London," she replied, guiltily.

"Something wrong here," he said; "you're from the country, never been in town before, I'll wager."

"No; I am quite alone in the world and I should be so much obliged if you would tell me where to ask for a respectable lodging for the night," she replied, earnestly and with pleading eyes; "I am come to town to find work. I have not much money."

He looked at her long in silence, then shouldering her light box and bidding her follow him, she went to a third-class waiting-room, where he stopped and told her to wait half an hour.

He returned punctually at the appointed time and led her up many stairs and across several platforms, a long way, till they reached a first-class waiting-room, where he stopped and told her that the woman who was in attendance was respectable and clean, and would be glad to let her have a room in her house for a moderate sum, providing she kept herself honest and respectable.

Then he took her to a dingy, thin-faced woman, who was making herself some tea with a furtive air and eating thick bread and butter stealthily.

"This is the young lady, Mrs. Barker," he said. "I must hook it now. The keb and box 'll be all right."

"It isn't much of a 'ouse for the likes of you, miss," said the woman, anxiously, "but it's clean and respectable. There's only me and my daughter, who does dressmakin' for a firm. Five shillings a week paid in advance is my terms, and a week's notice when leavin'. We takes in single men and does for them generally, but no objections to a respectable young woman as pays regular."

Jessie thought herself fortunate. Her whole capital consisted of thirteen pounds five shillings and sixpence; it had been acquired by selling two or three pictures at home, and would no doubt speedily be doubled and trebled by the same means in London; in the meantime it behoved her to be careful. She had to wait until Mrs. Barker left for the night, when the cab and box were brought by the friendly porter, whom she cordially thanked and bid good-night, offering her hand instead of money. The porter, though a family man and poor, preferred the hand and looked after the departing cab with interest. "A screw loose somewhere," he said to himself; "I'll keep a good look-out on the advertisements for a week or so."

So Jessie awoke next morning in a dingy, stuffy room in a back street of Westminster, to the beautiful music of the clock chimes, feeling as if all her previous life lay a century behind her and she had been transported to another age.

(To be Continued.)

New Vigor For the Nerves

New Power and Strength for Every Organ of the Body in the Use of

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Good digestion, ruddy complexion, splendid circulation, clear brain, steady nerves, sound, restful sleep, better health and greater strength of mind and body is what you may expect from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Not in any mysterious way, but from the hard fact that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the elements of nature which go to form new, red corpuscles in the blood, or, in other words, make the blood rich in the nutritive principle which creates nerve force—the power which runs the machinery of the body.

WITH THE VITALITY OF THE BODY THUS BROUGHT TO HIGH WATER MARK WEAKNESS AND DISEASE GIVE PLACE TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Impaired digestion, irregular action of the feminine organism, weakness of heart, lungs or other bodily organs, pains and aches and all the annoying consequences of weak nerves and blood disappear because the cause of their existence is removed.

By noting your increase in weight you can prove that new, firm flesh and tissue are being added by this great restorative.

MRS. H. A. LOYNES, Nurse, Philipsburg, Que., writes:—"I was all run down and could not do my own work. Everything I ate made me sick. In nursing others I had seen the good results of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and resolved to try it. As a result of this treatment I have gained ten pounds, do my own work alone and feel like an entirely different person. I have received so much benefit from this medicine that I am glad to recommend it to others. I have a copy of Dr. Chase's Receipt Book and would not part with it for $50 if I could not get another."

Test the extraordinary upbuilding power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

PLANTING AN ORCHARD.

The first thing is selecting a good location. I would recommend high grounds and well drained says Mr. A. J. Hess. I think old ground free from forest roots is preferable for planting apple trees. The decaying roots have a tendency to induce diseases of the roots of the trees and in a short time the tree dies. The land should be in a high state of cultivation capable of producing any good crop. The ground should be broken as deep as possible; subsoiling would be better, enabling the roots to penetrate deep in the ground, giving the tree a firmer hold and doubtless longer life.

The first thing is selecting the trees. Doubtless we have all at some time in life had the experience that inferior articles are dear at any price. I know of nothing to which that is more applicable than the apple tree.

I prefer yearling trees, both apple and peach. The apple is then a straight switch free from limbs and can be easily taken up without mutilating the roots. See that your trees are healthy, free from disease and straight bodied. A crooked tree is an eyesore to start with and oftentimes if planted the bark is liable to blister at the crook, should the crook be to the southwest from the summer's sun. The wound gradually spreads until the tree dies. As to the time of planting, circumstances should largely control us. We usually have more time in the fall for planting and the ground is in better condition.

SPRING AND FALL PLANTING.

Spring planting is all right under favorable circumstances, but we often have the extremes either too wet or dry. Should the season be wet, planting must be delayed until the trees have started foliage and fibrous roots, thus giving them a setback if not killing them. On the other hand, should the season be dry, the ground is porous, dries out rapidly and the tree dies from lack of moisture.

All things considered I would recommend fall planting. It is true they must be protected from the rabbits. The easiest and cheapest protection I know of is a thin, box lath coiled around the tree. Trees should be planted about 2 inches deeper than they grew in the nursery. All mutilated roots should be cut off smooth so as to heal as quickly as possible. The hole should be dug large enough in setting the tree so as to place the roots in their natural position, allowing them to extend in all directions so as to brace the tree.

As to the distance trees should be planted, that will depend upon the varieties of apples. Ben Davis, Winesap, Rome Beauty; late varieties of apples should not be planted less than 30 feet apart. Earlier varieties may be planted closer. Always set the tree leaning a little to the southwest as the prevailing winds come from that direction in the summer and will have a tendency to lean the tree if planted straight. When the orchard is planted with yearling apple trees, as I have previously mentioned, I would decide on the hieght of heading the trees.

Uniformity should be one of our aims when it can be easily done in shaping the tree. Take a measure and cut trees back to same hight, care being taken to cut near a bud so wound will heal readily. Should it be cut some distance from the bud, the part above the bud perishes and is liable to injure the tree. When the buds have started, go over your trees carefully and rub off surplus sprouts with the thumb. Care should be taken to so start limbs as to have the tree well balanced. I prefer a number of limbs coming out from trunk of tree to a fork; it makes a stronger tree

AND BETTER BALANCED.

It is necessary to cut limbs back for awhile so as to have short, stocky, stout limbs. Should the limbs have a tendency to run down, cut so as to have the bud above. That will elevate them, vice versa. I prefer low heading for many reasons. The limbs are a protection to the tree from the summer's sun and the winter's cold, rendering it less liable to be shaken by the winds and making the gathering of fruit much easier. The old proverb "a stitch in time saves nine" is applicable to pruning and caring for trees. Go over your orchard occasionally in the spring and summer and rub off all surplus sprouts. It will be an advantage to the tree, leaving no wounds to heal. One hour's work then will be equal to a day next spring.

I think it best not to trim fruit spurs too far up the limbs, as that brings the weight itoo much on the ends of the limbs, causing them to break. An orchard should be cultivated until it is five years old. I do not think it advisable to cultivate later than the middle of July. Too late cultivation stimulates growth and early cold weather is liable to damage the tree by the wood not being matured.

After five years of cultivation the trees should have the full benefit of the ground, sowing to clover and cowpeas to maintain the fertility of the soil. Quite a profit may be made by running hogs in an orchard, grazing the clover and peas, making the land more fertile and it is an advantage to have faulty fruit, eaten up, thus destroying many insects.

Manure or fertilizer if used should be well scattered around the tree. The fibrous roots will take up the strength. Should it be piled around the tree the fibrous roots will not leave the tree. I do not think it advisable to sow grass in an orchard. A tree sod-bound, seldom amounts to anything. The cultivation of an orchard, especially plowing it, is likely to hill up around the tree and it should be leveled down. In plowing an orchard care should be taken not to bark trees or plow too deep. I think one of the best tools with which to cultivate an orchard is a cutaway harrow.

WINTERING CALVES.

The best feed we have ever used for calves, considering the money value, is bright, sweet corn fodder, stored in the early fall, under shelter, writes Geo. A. Groom. We cut our corn just as soon as possible after the shock on the ear is dry, but while the blades are yet green. When it is cured sufficiently to keep in a crib it is husked and the fodder tied in large bundles with binder twine. This method of handling facilitates the hauling and feeding very materially.

Twenty calves have been wintered almost exclusively on such roughness, with only enough good mixed hay to keep up their appetites. They consumed about 150 shocks, worth 12½ cents each, and one ton of hay, estimated at $12, making a total of $30.75 worth of feed. This is equivalent to $1.50 per head for the entire winter, which I consider very cheap. The feeding is done in a long, inclosed shed during snow storms or rain, and the calves come through with nice, sleek coats of hair, ready to take on flesh rapidly, when turned on grass in April.

By keeping the calves inclosed we save about ten loads of manure, which pays well for the trouble of feeding. Many farmers winter their cattle in the fields. This is a mistake. Not only from a business standpoint, but also from a humane point of view. Farmers, be considerate and shelter your stock.

ALFALFA FOR SOILING.

When we consider the many good reasons why alfalfa should be grown on the farm, we wonder why it has not received more attention. To get the best results it should be cut just before or at the time that it begins to blossom, and then it will start to grow again very readily, and another crop is at hand in a short time. For soiling, the patch can be cut over four or five times during the summer. By beginning at one side and cutting what is needed each day, if it takes four or five weeks to cut over the patch, by the time the last of the first crop is cut, where the first is cut there will be another crop ready to cut again. To avoid having some get too ripe at first cutting, the first should be cut while very young and green. After the first time over it will be reaching the proper stage when the time that it is needed arrives. As it is relished and eaten so greedily by all kinds of stock, it can be cut and cured as hay, stored and fed when needed. We do not know of any crop that will furnish so much good feed in one season as alfalfa. It is rich in protein and fed alone is worth as much as other clover and a moderate amount of wheat bran.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

Since countless rootlars are lost in cutting off large roots in digging trees, it is a good practice to cut the larger roots with a spade the fall previous to taking up. This causes the tree to send out nearer the trunk a strong growth of fine roots which will be taken up with the tree when it is dug. All aried and dead roots should be cut back with a knife till living tissue is exposed. When the clean-cut, living ends are exposed to the moist soil they quickly callus over and give out new roots.

In like manner the rooting of layers can be hastened by cutting away the bark on one side and exposing the cambium to the soil so that a callus is formed. The tree pruned will, in a year or so, have a better root development than if planted unpruned. After the tree is set the top should be cut back proportionately with the root. The lack of cutting back the top of the tree in transplanting causes the drying out and death of many trees that might otherwise live.

About Colds

Don't think you are justified in being laid up with a cold half the winter merely because it's the season when everybody is supposed to have colds. At first a cold may not amount to much but it is likely to hang on long enough to give you trouble if it is not stopped with

Scott's Emulsion.

These colds that hang on weaken the throat and lungs and make the way easy for pneumonia and perhaps consumption. It is just as well to reduce the chance as much as possible. Scott's Emulsion soothes, heals and cures a cold and does it quickly—that's a good point to remember.

Will send you a little to try if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont.

Health and Luxury Combined.

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA is so pure it can be drunk with impunity by confirmed dyspeptics, and to their benefit. It will displace Japan tea just as "SALADA" Black is displacing all other black teas. Lead packets only. 25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

IN MODERN BABYLON.

Starvation in the Midst of London's Plenty.

The greatness and gaiety of London is sadly contrasted by the squalid misery and starvation of thousands of its inhabitants.

A Home Office return of the number of cases in the county of London last year in which a coroner's jury returned the verdict of "death from starvation" or "death accelerated by privation," gives particulars of thirty-nine such cases—a very small total compared with the thousands of struggling creatures who fight on silently from day to day against poverty and starvation. The following are a few of the cases published:

A homeless tramp was found ill on a seat opposite Temple Gardens, and taken by the police to Bearyard Infirmary. In spite of every care, and attention he died, five days later, from apilepsy accelerated by exposure. No application had been made by this man at any time for parochial relief or admittance to a workhouse.

A bank clerk, of Paddington, fifty-five years of age, was found ill in the street and taken to Paddington Infirmary, where he died thirty hours later. Early in the day application had been made on his behalf to the relieving officer, who issued an urgent order on the medical officer, to visit him. The man declined the officer's offer of medical aid, or admission to the infirmary, and the landlord subsequently turned him into the street. His death was due mainly to self-neglect and want of food.

James Ouston, a Marylebone laborer, was found lying in St. John's-wood-road on a cold and windy night, and was taken to the infirmary in a police ambulance. He had not tasted food for two days. He never rallied, and died the next day from syncope accelerated by exposure.

Isaac John Newton, a homeless laborer, sixty-two years old, was found dying in Squirries-street, Bethnal-green, and was taken to the infirmary, where he died from syncope and chronic alcoholism. A married daughter stated at the inquest that she had advised him to go into the workhouse, but he replied that he would rather die in the gutter.

Thomas Nelson, a homeless firewood seller, was found dying in Old-street, E.C., an utter wreck. He was taken to the infirmary, where he died of gangrene and destitution.

Jessie Newson, described as a widow, 38 years old, a homeless flower-seller, was found lying on the footway of Butler-street, Spitalfields, in a wretched condition. Doctors said that she had not come under treatment early enough to effect a cure. She was entirely friendless and alone; no one knew anything of her. She died in the infirmary two days after admission.

One of the most distressing cases recorded is the following: "Man unknown, found in a lumber warehouse at Spitalfields. Body much eaten by rats; about forty years of age. Died of pneumonia and heart-failure, due to exposure and starvation."

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

A local railway out West has an unenviable reputation for slowness, and many jokes are cracked at its expense. Not long ago a humorist was travelling on this line. When a ticket-collector came to examine the tickets, the humorist inquired:—"Does this railway company allow passengers to give advice if they give it in a respectful manner?"

The collector, suspecting fun at his own expense, replied in gruff tones, "I suppose it does."

"Well, then, collector," answered the humorist, and he winked at his fellow-passengers, "it occurred to me as we were coming along, that it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and fix it on to the rear of the train."

"Why that?" demanded the collector.

"Well, you see," explained the humorist, "we are not likely to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this compartment and biting a passenger?"

DOINGS OF SOME STARS

VAGARIES OF COMETS AND THE FIXED PLANETS.

Many Things About These Bodies Which Astronomers Do Not Understand.

All Europe was in pangs of terror when in 1832 it was announced that Biela's comet would cross the Earth's path. People died of terror, and so serious did the scare become that a Parisian professor begged the Academy of Science to publicly refute the assertion.

The comet came, blazed awhile in the sky and vanished. Its period of revolution round the sun being just under seven years, it came again in 1839 and was due once more early in 1846. But in that year, instead of one comet, two appeared! The original comet had divided into two parts, each of which had a separate existence, though their paths were the same.

In 1852, the two comets again came flying into sight. Their path in 1859 was too close to the sun for telescopic scrutiny, but in 1866 it was expected that they would be plainly visible. But the double comet never turned up. Nor has it ever been seen since.

Another comet, which has gone missing, is that known as Brorsen's, last seen in 1879. It was due in January, 1901, but failed to make its appearance.

Comets are naturally somewhat unreliable. They are of very flimsy texture. One great astronomer indeed has said that you could pack the tail of the average comet in a portmanteau. So if they pass too near to Jupiter of any of the big planets they are very apt to get caught and so to

DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY.

It is a different matter with the stars. The fixed stars are suns as big or bigger than ours. Yet even such vast bodies as these occasionally appear or disappear in a way which puzzles earthly star gazers.

One night in 1572 the celebrated astronomer, Tycho Brahe, was walking home from his laboratory when, happening to look up into the sky, he was amazed to see in the constellation of Cassiopeia a new star. Its brilliancy was amazing. It surpassed in brightness all the other stars, even Jupiter at its brightest. For three weeks it glowed with the same magnificent lustre and then suddenly began to decline. At the same time it changed colors. At first its light was a pure white. Then it turned yellow like a gas flame. Afterwards it took the ruddy tone of Mars and finally faded into a livid hue, and less than two years later it vanished.

Again, in 1866, a new star flashed out on the constellation of the Crown where no star had ever been seen before. It was of the second magnitude when first seen, but after shining brightly for a few days only it struck work and

FADED OUT OF SIGHT.

Before it went out it did the scientific world a good turn. By aid of the spectroscope astronomers found that this star was — partly at least — composed of the gas hydrogen in a state of the most tremendous incandescence.

This fact went far to prove what had long been suspected—that there occurs now and then a collission between a dark and probably dead star and some other celestial body. The result is a tremendous outburst of heat, especially at the surface, where lies the hydrogen atmosphere of the star. This supposition explains also the fading of the light of the new star. As the blaze died down it would of course lose its luminosity.

Sometimes a new star of this kind takes a long time to fade out. One which appeared in the Swan in November, 1876, has never disappeared though it was only visible to the naked eye for a very few days. It has now become a nebula, or star cloud, of dimensions so tiny that only the strongest lens can pick it out.

Algol, sometimes known as the Demon Star, works

IN REGULAR SHIFTS.

It varies from the second to the fourth magnitude in the space of a little less than three days.

Another extraordinary star, called Mira or the Wonderful, takes eleven months to fade from a star of nearly the first magnitude down to a point of light invisible to the naked eye. Then during a similar period it slowly regains its brilliancy.

The most recent of these meteoric stars is the famous Nova Persei discovered by Dr. Anderson on February 21st, 1901. The performances of this sudden visitant were most remarkable and mysterious. After blazing out with a steel blue light to the brightness of Aldebaran it faded rapidly until March 28th following. Then it suddenly shone out anew and rose in brightness for some days. After that, its decline was most rapid and it soon took a powerful telescope to see it at all. It also changed color all through its career. Beginning with blue white, it went to claret and then to dull orange red. Then again it returned to its original color and so remained.

Ethel (engaged a week)—"George and I have never had a quarrel!" Maud—"Oh, I think you ought to have one before you are married; otherwise you can't be quite sure whether you are going to have your own way or not!"

Teacher—"What is the meaning of 'parvenu'?" Johnny—"An upstart." Teacher—"Give me a sentence in which the word is used." Johnny—"When a man sits down on a bent pin he gives a violent parvenu."

"Here, take this rifle!" cried the excited showman. "The leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot." "Which s-spot, sir?" gasped the boy.

A Geisha's Love....

I.

"Why art thou sad, oh, lotus-blossom?" asked Mr. Samuel Harkness.

"Because of what thou hast told me," said O Hana San, the Geisha.

"That I must leave thee? Oh, tush little one! That was not spoken like one in whose heart burns the flame of the Yamato Damashi-i—the spirit of old Japan—of which thou hast so often boasted to me. I am but an I'gin San—a Mr. Foreigner, that is all."

"I know well that thou art a foreigner, and that I am a daughter of Old Japan; but I am sad. It should not be; but so it is, and I would almost that thou wert a believer in the custom of my country—the joshi."

"And what is that, oh, fairy-flower? The I-gin San are not altogether too well posted in the customs of your estimable country."

"It is the custom which decrees that those whase love is hopeless shall die in each other's arms."

"The deuce it is!" said Mr. Samuel Harkness. "But this is foolishness little one. We do not wish to die—you and I. We are young. Let us not be melancholy, pretty chrysanthemum; let us talk of other things. Whither goeth thou to-night?"

"I go to help to entertain the guests of the Marquis Kinoshita. They are met to-night to celebrate our glorious victories."

Harkness started. He had heard of the marquis—as, indeed, who has not heard of the man who is so deep in the confidence of the Mikado, and whose voice is so powerful in the councils of war? He was silent for some time; he gnawed his golden moustache. Then he raised his eyes to those of the pretty, pensive Geisha.

"Wouldst thou like to come with me to my country in the great West, O Hana San?"

When she looked at him her eyes were swimming with tears.

"Thou knowest," she said simply.

"If thou wilt help thy servant, I will take thee."

"How can I, poor singing-girl, help thee?"

"Thou hast the private ear of the great Marquis Kinoshita?"

She flushed.

"Thou knowest that I hate him as I love thee," she said simply. "But it is true that he allows me to pour wine for him."

"Then after to-night's banquet wilt thou slip a tablet which I shall give thee into his wine? It will but make him sleep. Then will I enter, and thy task shall be done. Come, Hana, I will give thee many thousands of yen if thou wilt do this for me!"

In stark justice to Mr. Samuel Harkness, it must be said that the course he was now proposing was distasteful to him in the extreme. But he was desperate. He had built such bright hopes on this war; it was to be the foundation of a career of journalistic glory which would number him among the elect, who could treat editors cavalierly, if he so chose, and he had had such a bitter awakening.

Shut up with his scribbling brethren like a tiger cub in a cage, there was absolutely no opportunity even of keeping his paper supplied with news, let alone of scoring over other correspondents; and, crowning misfortune of all, a cablegram of his had been kept back without his being notified, whereas others containing the same news had been despatched, with the consequence that the spoiler was spoiled, his rivals had got ahead of him, and a curt cable from his editor ordered him to return.

His career was ruined—unless he could return to his editor bearing the papers which could tell so thrilling a secret history of the war, and which he knew reposed in the safe of the Marquis Kinoshita.

II.

Long and earnestly did Mr. Samuel Harkness, the special war commissioner of the "New York Yeller," plead with O Hana San, the singing girl, and at last, when many thousands of yen had passed from him to her, he gained his way. And consequently it came about that late that night Mr. Samuel Harkness, disguised in Japanese dress, stood within the private rooms of the great Marquis Kinoshita, eye to eye with a trembling, fluttering Geisha, and listening to the stertorous snores of a drugged marquis.

He cast a quick eye round the apartment. A huge safe of European manufacture, and therefore the only ugly thing in the room, stood in the corner.

"Quick!" he said. "The keys!"

With her eyes fixed, she handed the bunch to him as one in a dream.

"Thank Heaven it isn't a combination lock!" murmured Harkness, as he turned the key and the great door swung open.

His limited knowledge of Japanese made the search among the papers which the safe contained a somewhat protracted proceeding; but at last he got the bundle he wanted.

"Stay!" said Hana, as he made to thrust them into the sleeves of his kimono. "I would see the papers."

She hastily ran through them, while he stood impatiently waiting.

Then there was a sudden footstep without, and before Harkness could turn off the lights, or make a dash for the window, the door opened.

"Ha!" said the new-comer, in Japanese. "It is the honorable guest who has not yet departed. I marvelled to see a light from without, for it is past the marquis's time for retirement."

The new-comer was a little brown man, who looked like a Japanese officer. But a change came over his countenance as he surveyed the room.

"What is this?" he said, viewing the open safe. "And this?"—pointing to the sleeping marquis.

For a moment Harkness had thought it would be possible to smooth the matter over; but now he saw that that would be impossible. Fool! Why had he not locked the safe? Anyhow, he must make a dash for it, for even a blighted career is better than an early and unpleasant death.

"A spy! A foreign scum of a spy!" shrieked the officer, suddenly realizing the meaning of the scene.

Then Harkness darted to the window, wondering as he flew why the Jap still stood by the door. A bright knife hurtled through the air, missing Harkness by a hair's-breadth. It was but a ten-feet drop to the ground beneath, and once Harkness gained it, they say in the war correspondents' quarters, he did not stop running until he reached Nagasaki.

"And now," said the Japanese officer, who remained in the room, and whose voice had suddenly grown to resemble Grosvenor's, of the "Courier," "here are thy ten thousand yen, Hana San; give me the papers."

With melting eyes, Hana San handed him the bundle of papers.

"I do this," she said softly, "because I love thee."

And as he thought of Harkness flying through the night, Grosvenor put a somewhat cynical valuation on the love of a Geisha.

Still, O Hana San did love one thing—her country. She was a business-like little Geisha, and with the thousands of yen paid her by Harkness and Grosvenor she started a tea-shop of her own.

But when Grosvenor went to the translator's to fetch the precious papers, he found that they merely told the story of Ko-hi, a wonderful Japanese giant, who died 2,000 years ago!

The poor little singing-girl had been much too clever for them both.

ENGLAND'S LATEST.

One Vicar Forbids the Hatless to Enter Church.

"Judge in yourselves; is it comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered?". (I. Cor. ii., 13).

The no-hat movement, which commenced somewhat unobtrusively in Newquay, Cornwall, England, last year, has so asserted itself this season as to threaten the extinction of the craft of hatters and milliners.

All ranks and ages, mainly among the visitors, have adopted it. Men with bald heads and men with luxuriant locks are among its devotees, and ladies, regardless of tangled tresses and disordered fringes, appear without head-gear.

Anticipating the appearance of hatless ladies in his church, and regarding such an act as irreverent, the Vicar of Crantock, whose church lies about a mile from Newquay across the Gannel, issued a printed circular which was posted in the porch and distributed. This bore a request that "Ladies who walk with uncovered heads will not forget the universal Christian custom which prohibits their so entering the house of God. They must please use some simple head covering or kerchief while within the church, or refrain from entering it."

The vicar further remarked that "this is no more than to ask men to uncover on entering God's house, which is happily unnecessary," and appealed to all reverently-minded visitors to see that the requests are not disregarded.

On Sunday evening last a lady was daring enough to enter the church during the service and make her way to a front seat, carrying a specimen of artistic millinery in her hand. She was courteously requested by the verger to place it on her head. This is the only instance in which the direction has been disregarded.

In all weathers and winds, the hatless brigade still increases and multiplies at Newquay. In other places, however, lady enthusiasts are attending divine service with uncovered heads without let or hindrance. At Cardiff, and even in the remote village of Woeberley, Herefordshire, the practice has become comparatively common.

NOT MUCH TO EXPECT.

"You said, asserted the irate customer, "that this tonic would make hair grow."

"I did," admitted the clerk.

The customer removed his hat and showed a head as smooth as a billiard ball.

"I've been using that tonic for three months," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the clerk promptly. "You have no hair to grow. If you had the tonic would work all right. What more can you expect?"

BLOODIER THAN LIAO-YANG.

It remains clear that Liao-Yang, instead of being the bloodiest battle of modern times, was nothing of the kind. The total losses, positively and relatively, were less than those in several other battles, including some in the American Civil War. The following figures will serve for illustration:

Battles.	Total number engaged.	Total loss.
Gravelotte	300,000	132,000
Gettysburg	156,000	49,000
Leipsic	472,000	113,000
Koeniggraetz ...	436,116	53,000
Liao-Yang	400,000	42,000

Counsel—"Did you observe anything particular about the prisoner?" Witness—"Yes; his whiskers." Counsel—"What did you observe with reference to his whiskers?" Witness—"That he had none."

About the ....House

A WORD OF CHEER.

There are weary feet
That we often meet,
In paths we frequent here,
Whose steps would lighten
Would we but brighten
Their way with a word of cheer.

There are loads of care
That full many bear
As they wend their toilsome way;
But forms would strengthen
And lives would lengthen
If a kindly word we'd say.

There are woes untold
Which the heart may hold,
And bear with a secret grief;
But, oh, how often
Might trials soften
By sympathy's sweet relief!

If a sunny smile
Would beam the while
That the frowns of life must chill,
How much of sadness
Might yield to gladness
As the soul of love would thrill!

Do not count it lost,
'Tis of little cost
When some heart may yearn to hear
That precious token
Of kindness spoken
That comes with the word of cheer.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Deviled Oysters.—Drain the oysters and lay them for a time in lemon juice and melted butter seasoned with red pepper. Then dip in bread crumbs, then in beaten egg, and again in crumbs, and fry in deep lard. A nice supper dainty for the "R" months.

Creamed Mushrooms on Toast.—Make rounds of soft bread, half an inch thick, and toast one side. Lay the untoasted sides uppermost on a flat tin or plate; spread with very thick cream, season with salt and paprika or a very little cayenne, lay a large mushroom, peeled on each round, fill with the cream, seasoned, and covering the dish set it in the oven for twenty minutes. Only country folk can get cream thick enough to make this dish as delicious as it may be.

To cook bacon or any kind of salt pork, cut into slices and put over the fire in a frying pan, with enough water to cover the meat. If the meat is old, add 2 or 3 spoonfuls of good vinegar to the water. Cover the pan and let parboil for five minutes or longer. Now pour off the water and set the pan (without cover) over a brisk fire or in a hot oven. Turn the meat often and cook until quite crisp.

Breslau Beef—One pint cold cooked meat chopped fine, yolks of 3 eggs, ½ cup bread crumbs, 1 cup milk, ½ cup stock or its equivalent, 2 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, put into small cups or molds, place in a pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven one-half-hour. Serve on platter with sauce poured over them, made as follows: One cup tomatoes strained, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour. Cook until well thickened, season with salt, pepper and a dash of allspice.

An English Squab Pie—In the west of old England runs an old saw as follows: "Apples, onions, flesh and dough make as good a pie as any I know." According to this these are the ingredients for a savory pie. Put a layer of fresh young pork in a deep baking dish, season with pepper, salt and a little powdered sage. Then add a layer of apples and onions chopped together, another layer of pork, and so on until the dish be full, finishing with the pork on top. Partly cook this in the oven, then take it out and cover with a light paste, replace it in the oven and bake a light brown.

Cake Shortcake.—One scant cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of cold water, one egg, two cups of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder. Rub the sugar and butter to a cream; sift the flour and baking powder together; beat the egg stiff without separating; add the egg to the sugar and butter, put in the water and flour a little at a time, stirring steadily. Bake in layer tins. Put crushed berries between the layers and whole berries on top as before.

Lemon Jelly.—One-half box of gelatine, one-half cup of cold water, two cups of boiling water, one cup of sugar, juice of three lemons, and three scrapings of the rind. Put the gelatine into cold water and soak one hour. Put the boiling water, the sugar, and the scrapings of the peel on the fire and stir till the sugar dissolves. Take it off and stir in the gelatine, and mix till this, too, dissolves. When it is partly cool turn in the lemon juice and strain through a flannel bag dipped in water and squeezed dry. Put in a pretty mold. By way of variety apple juice may be used instead of the two cups of water, and only one lemon. The juice from apples boiled and strained as for jelly. Apple parings are quite as good as the whole fruit.

Homemade Wedding Cake.—Dissolve a large teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of warm water and add it to half a pint of thick sour cream. Beat well, then turn into a bowl in which you have blended half a pint of brown sugar, half a cup of butter, a tablespoonful each of cinnamon and allspice, and a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, with a cup of New Orleans molasses. Add gradually three and a half cups of sifted pastry flour. The batter should be quite thick and stiff. Have ready a pound of raisins, stoned and halved quarter of a pound each of sliced citron and cleaned currants, an ounce of chopped lemon peel. Flour these ingredients well and stir lightly into the batter. Turn into a large round pan lined with greased paper and bake in a very moderate oven an hour an a half. When perfectly cold remove from the pan and ice with a plain boiled frosting flavored with orange. Let this become hard and firm before adding the decorations, which are of frosting applied through a paper funnel.

FEW SUGGESTIONS.

Every housekeeper knows how the sun rots the lace curtains that are exposed to its full strength in summer. In rooms exposed to full light and sunshine and in upstairs rooms, the daintly sprigged dimities, sold for summer gowns and often to be bought for from ten to fifteen cents a yard at the midsummer sales, are of much service when made up for curtains. They are fresh and dainty, launder well, and are perfectly suited to the season. For use in summer cottage, or the sittingroom and upstairs room of a farm home they are pretty and appropriate.

The dining-room of a farm house, through the windows of which the sun streamed brightly, were curtained in winter with draperies of unbleached muslin lined with oil-boiled Turkey red calico and bordered with an oriental striped cotton in which red predominated. The effect of the sunlight on this color was almost as cheerful as that of an open fire. The red was placed next the glass, and as the big bay window occupying almost the whole end of the room was on the side of the house, the color was unobjectionable. And anyway, we live on the inside of our houses don't we?

Sometimes where there is a cluster of three or more windows one is puzzled to know how to curtain them. A good way is to put a short valance over the middle window or windows and straight breadths hanging plain from the end ones.

All kinds of cheap materials are employed by the ingenious woman who has more taste and time than money. The possibilities of crash, the common kind used for dishtowels have been discovered by a woman who wanted to curtain the second-best spare bed-room cheaply. There were two long, rather narrow windows. For each she got twice the length she wanted in the cheapest and coarsest crash she could find, faggotted them together with coarse cotton, edged them with little balls made of the same cotton and sewed on two inches apart, then as they were for a blue room, dipped them in a very deep and dark indigo water which gave them a pale blue tone.

A friend who beheld the result achieved other results out of the same simple material. She put her breadths together with a cotton torchon insertion at five cents a yard, and edged them with lace to match at the same price. To make the lace the color of the crash she dipped it in strong coffee. The wetting not only colored the lace, but shrunk it, so that crash and lace ironed evenly after washing.

She made a spread for the little single iron bed in the same fashion, using five strips of the crash. As the lace was put in on the machine the work was done in an afternoon. For a spread it is wise to use a better quality of crash, and if the strips are put together with crocheted or knitted insertion one has something pretty durable and unusual.

REMOVING STAINS.

Oil-Colors, Varnish, and Resin.—Turpentine or benzine, then soap and water.

Vegetable-Colors, Wine, Fruits, and Red Ink.—Sulphur fumes, or a hot solution of chloride of lime.

Nutgalls Ink and Iron-Rust—Oxalic acid solution or bruised sorrel leaves, each over steam.

Other Inks.—New milk, ripe tomatoes, or turpentine.

Tannin and Green Nutshells.—Bleaching lye or hot chloride water.

Tar, Waggon-Grease, and Fats.—Lard or turpentine, followed by soap and water.

Acids (vinegar, sour wine, and fruit).—For cottons, boiling water poured through; for woollens, diluted ammonia.

Alkalis (Lime and Lye).—For cottons, simply washing; for woollens, greatly diluted citric acid.

Blood and Albuminous Spots.—Tepid solution of one tablespoonful of kerosene to one gallon of water. If old, use iodide of potassium diluted with four times its weight in water.

Machine Oil.—Tepid rain water with soap or baking soda.

Mildew, Peach and Plum Stains.—Chloride solution.

Stains on China, Graniteware, and Tinware—Baking soda.

The chloride of lime solution is made as follows:—Dissolve two tablespoons of chloride of lime in one pint of hot water; strain, then add one gallon of water. Soak the stains until they disappear, then boil the goods.

For the oxalic acid solution, use three ounces of oxalic acid crystals to one pint of water. Wet the stains with the solution over steam or in the sunshine, and wash immediately in weak ammonia solution (one table spoonful of ammonia to one quart of water) to counteract the acid, then rinse well.

Always experiment first on a scrap of goods on which you have made a similar stain.

HAD MADE A CHANGE.

"Isn't there something in my policy," asked a caller at an insurance office the other day, "about me having to report any change of residence?"

"Yes, sir," said the man at the nearest desk, picking up a pen. "Where have you moved to?"

"I haven't moved anywhere," rejoined the caller. "I have made a change in my residence by painting it a light straw color and putting a chimney-pot on the kitchen chimney. I think that's all. Good day!"

No wonder an actress is stuck up when her name appears on so many billboards.

RUINED PALACE OF JEHOL

FORMER RESIDENCE OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR.

Famous Bronze Temple Which was Built During Reign of Chien-Lung.

The palace grounds at Jehol are watched over by a special high official who is appointed by the imperial government at Pekin, and who reports directly to the Pekin imperial officials.

The Palace buildings proper, which are few in number and not of great size, are not open to any one, Chinese or foreign, with the exception of the official in charge, unless they have an Imperial permit, who at stated intervals during the year removes the imperial seal from the entrance and makes a lonely inspection. These buildings, which are near the main entrance to the grounds, are enclosed by a high wall.

It was to this Palace that the Emperor Hsien-Feng fled with his Court in 1860, when the allied forces, French and English, occupied Pekin, and it was here he died, by suicide or assassination, in 1861, from which time may be dated the commencement of the "reign" of the present Empress Dowager.

Since the death of Hsien-Feng the buildings have been sealed and no repairs made. None of the buildings or temples in the park had been repaired, with the exception of those occupied by the imperial servants, who number about one thousand. Decay is everywhere.

The grounds, however, are in perfect order; the walks are well kept and clean. I was accompanied by two of my servants and my Chinese secretary. At the main entrance we were met by several hundred servants in official dress—hats, dress, boots all new and clean. These were drawn up on each side of the walk. At the first inside gate we were met by the dignitary in charge with more servants, and conducted to a beautiful little tea house overlooking a minature lake, which had been prepared for my reception; tea, cakes, wine, etc. I then started on my rounds. Many minor officials, with servants carrying a chair, table, baskets of refreshments and a large umbrella, followed.

SOME CHINESE SCENERY.

What can I say of what I saw? Temples, tea houses, pagodas and marble bridges, with no repairs or paint for forty years, all falling into soft colored, picturesque ruin. Immense covered docks, which once contained Imperial house-boats; hundreds of acres of smooth, green turf; short, thick and smooth as velvet, such turf as can be seen in no other part of China; large oaks two to four feet in diameter, rising from this clean turf, and as far as the eye could reach under the trees thousands of deer browsing in perfect unconcern, the hills and mountains covered with forests, not a few trees planted for effect, but natural forests extending for miles.

It was only one little corner of the park I could see in the time I had allowed me, but one can never forget the picture after the treeless plains and mountains and the dry, sun baked soil of the outside world. I climbed only one hill, and that to see the famous bronze temple, a small temple, but built entirely of bronze—sides, doors, panels, posts, tiles, framing and windows, fretwork, all of bronze, built in the time of Chien-Lung, as were most of the temples and buildings here.

While resting on the terrace in front of this temple, and drinking in Chinese tea and the beauties of the scene, I asked the head official when the temple was built.

"During the reign of Chien-Lung."

"Did Chien-Lung build it?"

"Oh, no; it was a present to His Imperial Majesty Chien-Lung from the German Emperor."

"Which German Emperor, the present one or his father?"

"I don't know, but presume his father, as Chien-Lung reigned long ago—two hundred and fifty years."

The official could not vouch for the truth of the story, but it had been told him since the trouble in 1900. It was curious to trace the source of this story back to the fact that the Germans, having annexed half the bronze instruments of the old Pekin observatory, some of these instruments dating from the time of Kublai-Khan, 1250, they should be credited with having donated this beautiful bronze work to the Chinese Emperor.

It is difficult for a Western barbarian to understand the lines of Chinese reasoning.

CHINESE LIBRARY.

There is one notable exception to the general ruined condition of the buildings, and that is the library established here by His Imperial Majesty Chien-Lung. It is one large Chinese building with a small court surrounded by a high wall. In the building are many thousands of valuable Chinese books, with their covers of carved wood or jade; each set of books carefully folded in a yellow silk napkin embroidered in gold, with the name of His Imperial Majesty marked in the corner.

The small court in front of the building is one immense rockery, minature mountains, valleys, caves, springs and cascades. The mountains are covered with dwarfed trees forced into fantastic shapes. The open spaces are filled with gigantic pines. When the main gates of the compound are opened one is at the entrance of a large cave, from which comes the rhythmic sound of falling water. Passing into the cave, which is well lighted from above, one finds passages leading to the right and left and to the small open space in front of the library building. Standing on the veranda and looking back the whole outside world is lost to sight, and no sounds are heard but those of the birds, the water and the sough of the wind through the pines.

To the right and left of the veranda stand the two most lifelike bronzes I have seen in China, two figures of horses about one-half life size, the pose perfect and every muscle, cord and detail done to perfection.

The sun set much too early for me on that day, and I was obliged to pass once more into the street's dust filth and mud houses, having seen just enough of the beauties of the park to hope for the time when I could pass day after day there and do justice to it, at least with my camera.

There are none of General Ma's or any other foreign drilled troops in Jehol or in the vicinity. In the district there are some two thousand Banner troops, a sort of irregular militia formation, part of which goes through the farce of drilling once or twice a month. A few years ago they were armed with bows and arrows, and now only have the crudest of muskets with but little ammunition.

With the exception of the soldiers at Ku-Pei-Kou and Shi-Sha, the only regulars between Pekin and Ping-Chuan-Chou are General Ma's post riders and road guard, four every thirteen miles.

From Pekin to Jehol I travelled without an escort, but at Jehol I found that orders had been sent from the Wai-Wu-Pu that I should from there on be furnished with an armed escort, both civil and military; that I should be allowed to go where I chose within the limits of my passport, but that I must always have an escort which would be held responsible for my safety and for the accommodations I had on the road.

Two days after these instructions in regard to myself had been received there was sent a general order to the military lieutenant governor to the effect that all foreigners travelling in Mongolia must have their passports inspected by each magistrate, and in proper form must be provided with an escort. If anything was lacking in the passport the foreigner was to be stopped at once and turned back under guard.

SAFETY OF FOREIGNERS.

These instructions were wired to all the magistrates. This regulation is most excellent, as the Chinese can keep check on all foreigners and know the object of their travels. Also it makes the Chinese government responsible for the safety of the foreigners, and prevents the tramping through the country of the numerous undesirable adventurers who always hang on the outskirts of war.

From Jehol to Ping-Chuan-Chou the road in winter would be very good, but owing to the heavy rains it is now almost impassable in places.

The distance is sixty miles, and the road crosses eight small divides. None of the passes are of any great height, and moderately loaded carts need no extra mules to take them over. There has been too much rain this season and in many places the crops have been washed out. This condition grows worse as we go East. The condition of the towns and hamlets is pathetic.

Not a sign of traffic on the road and buildings and inns deserted ruins. The natives along the road from Jehol to Chao-Yang-Fu are by far the most miserable in appearance of any I have seen in China. The spirit has gone out of them—almost the desire to live. They look less like human beings than animals, and not intelligent animals at that. What I say here applies to the Chinese in the country and small hamlets. There are no Mongols, and the town and city Chinese look less miserable and a trifle more intelligent.

The country people have dull eyes, a dirty, unhealthy complexion, bent and twisted forms, with slow, shuffling gait. When struck by the soldiers they slink slowly out of the road, without even turning the head.

The continual striving for something wherewith to fill their bellies is their strongest instinct. There is no famine in the land, but between the robbers on the one side and the civil and military forces on the other, the people are always hungry.

FAVOR THE LANCE.

Now Finding Many Champions in the Army.

General French and many other well-known cavalry officers are said to be strongly in favor of its restoration, and the recent account of fighting in which Japanese cavalry were met by Cossacks armed with lances has given an impetus to the agitation. Lord Roberts is said to be against the lance, but, according to cavalry officers, that is because he is not a cavalry officer.

Colonel C. E. Swaine, who lately commanded the 11th Hussars, and previously spent some years in a lancer regiment, interviewed recently, strongly urged the claims of the lance.

"The account published in the Russian journal Viva," he said, "should be read by every officer. It states that the Japanese did not know how to deal with the lances, and they were routed, one squadron being annihilated.

"It is all very well to say that on some occasions the lance has been beaten by the sword in the sword vs. lance competition at the Military Tournaments. There is a great difference between two single men hand-to-hand at the Agricultural Hall and a charge of cavalry where real war is going on.

"The Zulus still remember the great charge of the 17th Lancers that did such execution among them. They speak with bated breath of the men with the 'big assegais.'

"The great advantage of the lance over the sword is that the lancer can reach his opponent first, but the moral effect of a row of lance points upon an enemy is so marked that the abolition of the lance would be a fatal mistake."

The more saintly a man tries to appear the less he seems to enjoy life.

EVERYONE HAS A DOUBLE

SOME STRANGE AND AMUSING DRAMAS.

Instances Where Doubling on the Part of Nature Might Have Been Serious.

"My dear doctor, you do so remind me of Lord Kitchener."

"But I am Lord Kitchener," sauvely replied the great soldier.

This amusing misunderstanding occurred at a fashionable garden-party. One of the lady guests was searching for a doctor friend of hers, who bore a striking resemblance to Lord Kitchener, and, being unaware that the eminent soldier was a guest, mistook him for her friend.

"Everyone has a double," is an axiom that is being substantiated every day, and no one knows when and where he or she will meet the counterpart of him or herself.

This curious duplication on the part of Nature has been the cause of innumerable experiences—exciting, amusing and occasionally disconcerting. That of Adolf Beck is a recent case in point. This man actually served five years' penal servitude, and was convicted for another offence, which had been committed by another man who was a complete stranger to him.

A few years ago an absconding clerk was "wanted" for forgery. A minute description of the man was circulated, and a vigorous hunt was made for him. Early one evening a telegram was received from Southampton.

"SMITHSON ARRESTED!"

The police chuckled, and were complimenting themselves upon their fortune when another telegrgm came to hand from Liverpool, also announcing the arrest of the forger. The police were in a quandary. There was no alternative but to see the two men together. This was done, but even then a difficulty was experienced in identifying the criminal, as the men were as alike as two peas.

A firm of solicitors were in quest of a young lady who was the heiress to a large fortune. As her whereabouts was unknown, advertisements, together with her portrait, were published. Two ladies who saw the portraits duly presented themselves to the solicitors. Here was a dilemna. The two claimants were identical in height, build, and other characteristics; and, to make the matter more complex, friends and relatives could not positively identify the rightful person. Elaborate research as to the past lives of the two women had to be carried out, and it was several months before the claim was settled.

There recently died in London a gentleman who was the exact counterpart of his Majesty the King. And this striking likeness proved his undoing and ultimate ruin. Wherever he went he was mistaken for his Majesty. This pleased his vanity to such an extent that he carefully followed the King's pastimes, and sedulously

COPIED HIS STYLES OF DRESS.

This procedure proved rather expensive, and the King's double finally retired into oblivion, and died a pauper.

This indiscriminate doubling on the part of Nature once led to a very dramatic episode. Among the unfortunate victims in a railway disaster was a man who was identified as the sole heir to considerable property. When his death had been legally and duly testified, the estate was divided among the deceased's relatives.

A few months later, the dead man suddenly reappeared among the many who were enjoying the handsome legacies of their thoughtful relative. Naturally, such a resurrection caused a flutter of excitement in the comfortable dovecots. Even those who knew the deceased man most intimately could hardly believe their eyes. The resemblance was most striking, even to the minutest detail. The mannerisms were similar—even to a slight lisp and impediment in the speech.

But the heirs were not disposed to surrender their newly acquired wealth without demur, although dozens of acquaintances of the deceased could not pledge their word that the claimant was not the dead man. When, however, the double was threatened with a lawsuit, realizing that he could never withstand the fire of cross-examination, he put an end to his pretensions—and his own life as well.

UNDER HER THUMB.

"No, I never have a bit of trouble with my husband," remarked the frail little woman with the intelligent face. "In fact, I have him right under my thumb."

"You don't look very strong," doubtfully commented the engaged girl.

"You mistake me, my dear. It's a mental, not physical, subjection."

"Would you mind telling me just how——"

"Not a bit! Always glad to help anyone steer clear of the rocks. First of all you must know that a man in love is the biggest sort of fool, and says things that make him almost wild when he hears them in after life. I realized it, and from the very beginning of our courtship I kept a phonograph in the room, and every speech he made was duly recorded. Now, whenever my husband gets a little bit obstreperous, I just turn out a record or so. Heavens! how he does rave; but he can't deny it. They always will, though, if you don't have proof positive."

"Thank you," gratefully murmured the engaged girl. "I'll get a phonograph this very day."

Doctor—"Mrs. Brown has sent for me to see her boy, and I must go at once." Wife—"What is the matter with the boy?" Doctor—"I don't know; but Mrs. Brown has a book on 'What to do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it or the boy will be dead."

WE ARE OFFERING AT

Quick Selling Prices

AT OUR HALF PRICE SALE

Ladies' Jackets
Children's Jackets

Never Before Have We Offered Such Values

Ladies' Costumes
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats

Ladies' Jackets

We have gone through Our Jacket Stock and will place on sale some Forty Jackets at just Half Price. Here are some values we want you to take note of—

$5 Jackets—Now Selling for $2.50.
$8 Jackets—Now Selling for $4.00.

Prices ranging from $5 to $20.00.

Children's Jackets

We have a nice assortment of Children's Jackets at a great reduction in price. Jackets which were selling for $3.50 and $6.50 each you can take your pick for the low price of $2.

Ladies' Costumes

Sizes ranging from 34 to 38 in. Tweed, Broadcloth and Navy Serges. Regular price $12 Now you are able to get the same for $6.

Fall Millinery

In Ready-to-Wear Hats we place on our table $3 and $4 Hats. You can buy them from us for the next 10 days at this Sale at 1.00 and 1.50. All this Seasons goods.

Dress Goods

At Sale Prices. We will make a special reduction on Dress Goods throughout the Store. We invite you to buy now while this Sale is on.

CLOTHING FOR

Men and Boys

Ready-to-Wear Suits, Overcoats, Reefers, 15.00 Men's Suits for 10.00; $3.50 Boys' Suits for $2.50. Come in and try one on. The opportunity is yours for the next 10 days.

Reefers for Boys

Boys' Frieze and Beaver Reefers in Navy and Black—lined and double-breasted—at $2.50

Comforters and Blankets

Make prepartions now for the old weather and buy your blankets and comforters at reasonable prices. We have a nice stock in this line—Come in and look them over—no trouble to show you our goods.

Orders by Mail

Parties in outside points in writing give full particulars of goods required. If not satisfactory when shipped to your destination, please return same at our expense.

Sole Agents for Butterick Patterns in this City

Reid & Young

MACKENZIE AVENUE

Sole Agents for Butterick Patterns in this City

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application 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 East Kootenay:

No. 1.

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia River about three miles above the mouth of Canoe river and marked "E. McBean's north west corner," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 13th, 1904.

No. 2.

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia River about three miles above the mouth of Canoe river and marked "E. McBean's north east corner," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 13th, 1904.

No. 3.

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia River about four miles above the mouth of Canoe river and marked "E. McBean's north west corner," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 13th, 1904.

E. McBEAN.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in East Kootenay:

A

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia river, about five miles above Canoe river, and marked "E. McBean's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 13th, 1904.

B

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia river, about half a mile above Yellow creek and marked "E. McBean's north west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 15th, 1904.

C

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia river, about a quarter of a mile below Yellow creek and marked "E McBean's north east corner post," thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 15th, 1904.

D

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia river, about a quarter of a mile below Yellow creek and marked "E McBean's north west corner post," thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 15th, 1904.

E

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river, about one and a quarter miles below Cummins creek and marked "E McBean's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Nov. 6th, 1904.

F

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about four miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 20th, 1904.

G

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek, about three miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 20th, 1904.

H

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Cummins creek about three miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 20th, 1904.

I

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river, about one and a quarter miles below the mouth of Cummins creek and marked "E. McBean's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Nov. 6th, 1904.

J

Commencing at a post planted on the north side of the Columbia river, about 40 chains north from the mouth of Cummins creek and marked "E. McBean's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 22nd, 1904.

K

Commencing at a post planted about 20 chains east of the east bank of Canoe river, and about four miles up from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south east corner post," thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 24th, 1904.

L

Commencing at a post planted about 20 chains east of the east bank of Canoe river and about four miles up from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 24th, 1904.

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 in West Kootenay:

M

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Camp creek (near Canoe river) about two miles up from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 25th, 1904.

N

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Camp creek (near Canoe river) about two miles up from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 25th, 1904.

O

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Camp creek (near Canoe river) about three miles up from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's south east corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 25th, 1904.

P

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Camp creek (near Canoe river) about three miles up from the Columbia river and marked "E. McBean's north east corner post," thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 25th, 1904.

Q

Commencing at a post planted at a point two miles up Camp creek (near Canoe river) and half a mile north of the north bank of Camp creek and marked "E. McBean's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Oct. 27th, 1904.

E. McBEAN.

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

LOCALISMS

—Butter Scotch at Brown's.

Quadrille Club to-morrow night.

—Buy your Xmas Gifts at Brown's.

—Barrels of Cranberries at C. B. Hume & Co.

—Books of all kinds at The Red Cross Drug Store.

W. A. Galliher, M.P., came up from the south last evening.

—The newest odors in Fine Perfumes at Bews' Drug Store.

—New figs, table raisins, dates, Valentia raisins at C. B. Hume & Co.'s.

—FOR SALE—A base burner stove, apply for particulars to R. Tapping.

Messrs. Ed. and C. Armstrong of the C. P. R. have gone east on a visit to their old home in Montreal.

—Iron beds with iron frame spring are the leaders. Howson's Furniture Store have a large stock.

Charles Harvey left on Monday morning for a visit to his old home in Hawkesbury, Ont.

—Material for Duchess, Arabian, Battenbury and Point Lace, at Mrs. Boaks, Cowan block.

A sitting of the County Court is being held at the Court House today. Judge Leamy is presiding.

—A handsome present—a burnt leather cover surrounding the latest work of Fiction, sold at Bews' Drug Store.

E. M. Allum, the jeweller, will move into his handsome new premises next the Imperial Bank block, tomorrow.

—Wait till you see our Toys, we have something new and good this year—Canada Drug & Book Co.

Mr. J. McGee, who has been laid up for a couple of months with rheumatism in the knee, is rapidly progressing towards complete recovery.

—The Canada Drug and Book Co. have already opened a magnificent array of Books of all kinds and in all styles of Bindings. Call and see them, Revelstoke, B. C.

The Epworth League in the Methodist church last Monday evening was well attended and proved exceedingly interesting. Questions upon slips of paper were handed around to each one present and the person receiving the slip was expected to speak upon the question. No speaker should exceed two minutes time in speaking. All the questions dealt with one subject: "Influences that make Character." The questions were practical and some of the speeches excellent.

Smoke Brown's "Marca Vuelta" Cigar.

—CADBURY'S CHOCOLATES at BROWN'S.

—Japanese Ware in great variety at The Red Cross Drug Store.

—Furnished Room to Rent, Apply at the HERALD office.

—Kodak supplies always fresh at the Canada Drug Store.

—A new line of Huntley & Palmer's fancy biscuits. C. B. Hume & Co.

Mrs. E. G. Woodward left last evening for New Westminster where she will in future reside.

—Cough Trooches at the Canada Drug Store. The best thing yet for a cold and sore throat.

A meeting of the Amateur Dramatic Club will be held this evening at the residence of Mrs. T. H. Dunne. A full attendance is requested.

—The Red Cross Drug Store is offering Christmas Novelties in great variety and at a very low price, call and see them.

Remember Dec. 26th is the date for the Methodist Sunday School entertainment in the opera house. One hundred children take part.

—A true souvenir of this part—Burnt red cedar surmounted by birch bark with a local view enframed with crushed ore, sold only at Bews' Drug Store.

Geo. Sumner, mining recorder of Camborne, F. C. Elliott, E. L. Kinmon and J. W. Henderson, were in the city yesterday attending a sitting of the County Court.

Three desperadoes held up a saloon in Minneapolis last week and shot a nine year old boy through the heart killing him instantly, and then shot the left side of the face off the proprietor of the saloon who is lying at the point of death in a hospital in that city. The murderers escaped.

BOOKS

It's always Books! Xmas wouldn't be Xmas without them—and they're always acceptable. Everybody wants a book anyway. Have you seen our big stock of Holiday Goods.

WE HAVE

A full line of Poets in four different bindings. A full list of Annuals, which includes

Boys' and Girls' Chatter Box, Etc.

Handsome Ooze Calf illustrated Elsie, Pansy, E. P. Roe, Henty and Worboise series, besides all the best publications from best known writers.

W. Bews, Phm.B.

Druggist and Stationer
Next Hume Block.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

Smoke Brown's "Special" Cigar.

—New line of XMAS PIPES and SUNDRIES at BROWN'S.

—Bring the children to see the toys at C. B. Hume & Co.'s.

—Just call and see the pretty parlor pieces at Howson's Furniture Store.

—Something new in Note Paper and Envelopes at Canada Drug & Book Store.

—New designs for Cushion Tops, Tinted Centrepieces, large Collar designs. Mrs. Boak, in the Cowan Block.

—Pure clover honey just from the province of Ontario, in 1 lb. jars, 2 lb. and 5 lb. tins at C. B. Hume & Co.'s.

Mr. W. Gooding, of the Revelstoke General Agency, leaves on Saturday morning for the Fish River camp, on an inspection of the Beatrice mines.

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

—Your credit is good at John D. Wood's Big Furniture Store for anything you want in the furniture line. If you pay cash you get ten per cent discount.

R. W. Northey, at one time editor of the Kootenay Mail, but now interested in mining in the Similkameen district, is in the city for a few days renewing old acquaintances.

The annual meeting of R. B. P., No. 616, will be held in the lodge room over the post office, next Tuesday evening. Dec. 6th, all members are requested to attend.

At a meeting of the Philharmonic society, held at the residence of Mrs. W. Bews, on Monday evening, Mr. H. Floyd was the recipient of a presentation as a token of appreciation for the good work he had done in the past for the Society.

Messrs. Knight and Devine have opened a tailor shop in the HERALD block next to J. M. Scott's office. The above named gentlemen are well known in the city and no doubt will receive a fair share of the patronage of the district in their line.

—Xmas will soon be here. Buy a good useful piece of furniture for yourself or friend; it will last for years. It will be money well spent. Come and select the piece you would like and we will reserve it for you. John E. Wood the People's Furniture House.

People in the know in Vancouver and Victoria are already betting money that the Grand Trunk Pacific will not touch B. C. in from three to five years and yet B. C. returned seven Liberal members to the House on the Grand Trunk hot air arguments.

—Already we have thousands of Christmas Cards and Calendars opened out for The Season. These are from the very best makers in England, Germany and the United States, and you can get a choice of one of the best stocks in British Columbia at the Canada Drug and Book Company's, Revelstoke, B. C.

Missionary Anniversary Services will be held in the Methodist church next Sunday. The preacher for the day will be Rev. S. S. Asterhout, Ph. D., of Kamloops. Dr. Asterhout has spent several years in missionary work among the Indians of B. C. The contributions at all the services will be in aid of the missionary fund. The Epworth League will hold a special service on Monday when Dr. Asterhout will give an address.

"IS'NT IT GOOD

TO HAVE A STORE where you can buy GOOD GOODS at prices that are not too good.

OUR XMAS STOCK OF CIGARS AND CONFECTIONERY IS AS GOOD AS WE COULD GET

COME IN AND SEE THEM

Tobacconists BROWN'S Confectioners

Good Goods

The business men of Revelstoke should rejoice in the advent of Mr. E. A. Orchard, a well known artist, who is going into the artistic advertising business. He proposes to take sole charge of the advertising, altering advertisments as often as need be and generally managing that branch of the business for the different local firms. His temporary office is with Mr. W. Gooding of the Revelstoke General Agency.

For Sale

After December 20th—Jersey Bull, three years old, very gentle; or will exchange for good fresh Milk Cow, apply to

W. SUTHERLAND, Nakusp, B. C.

Revelstoke General Agency

Accounts and Rents Collected
Fire and Life Agency.
Employment and General Agency Bureau.

W. Gooding,
Taylor Block, Mackenzie Ave.

P. O. Box 705

Hours—10 to 12 a. m.

A Big Invitation

Is extended to everyone to to call and see the display of

Xmas Goods

AT THE

Red Cross Drug Store

Toilet Articles, Toilet Sets, Shaving Sets, Manicure Sets, Travelling Cases, Perfumes, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Cadbury's, Webb's and Lowney's Confectionery.

Chas. J. Quinan, Mgr

RED CROSS DRUGLTORE.

The Kootenay Mail's Influence.

Our esteemed contemporary—The Kootenay Mail—had a spasm occassioned by the appearance of the Provincial Police Station in the city. The HERALD does not know whether the editor of the Mail got his information from within or without the massive walls of our skookum house. However, the Mail was very instrumental in electing the "solid seven Grits" for the province to the Dominion House, With his immense influence (?) as demonstrated by the elections, there is no reason why Hot Air Johnny should not get the Dominion Government to commence the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific right here at Revelstoke, and by the way use his good offices in "putting it up to" the Government to build us a post office, customs house, another old dredge or two, etc., etc. A police station is only a flea bite when it comes to the many things the "solid seven" could do for us if only backed up by the Mail's editor.

Scriously Injured Coasting.

PHOENIX, Nov. 26.—With the first considerable fall of snow here, a serious accident has occurred in Phoenix from coasting on the steep city streets that will probably be a warning for some time to come, two young men being laid up in the hospital with broken bones as a result,

A. E. H. Clark and Ed. Mosier, with seven others were coasting on the steep hill on First street, a 14 per cent grade, with two street crossings, when the heavy bob swerved and struck some heavy timbers on one side of the street throwing off all the riders, crushing Clark's left thigh almost to a jelly, and breaking Mosier's thigh also. The men were quickly taken to the hospital, where an operation was performed on Clark, and he may escape by being laid up for several months.

Mr. Clark, father of the young lad A. E. H. Clark, left the city on Saturday morning for Phoenix to attend at the bedside of his son.

Scottish Concert.

The Scottish Concert given under the auspices of the Willing Workers of St. Andrew's Church, was held in the Opera House last evening, and was a most successful entertainment. The programme was a splendid one and highly appreciated by the large audience. Every number was well rendered, there not being a weak item during the two hours of entertainment. Congratulations are due to all who took part during the evening and to the committee in charge of the arrangements. The HERALD has not space to mention all the items on the programme, but special notice is due Mr. Murray, of Field, for his artistic performing of the different Scottish dances. The sum of $115 was realized.

The Nordheimer "PIANO"

Is recognized to-day as a strictly first-class, artistic piano. The tone of the Nordheimer Piano has always been distinguished for its grand volume, delightful singing and sympathetic quality, great carrying power, brilliancy purity and wonderful durability.

By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a Nordheimer Piano. Old pianos taken in exchange.

THE REVELSTOKE INSURANCE AGENCY, LIMITED.

REAL ESTATE LOANS

HOMES FURNISHED ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS

FURNITURE

Another Carload of Furniture just arrived.

Carpets, Linoleums, Oilcloths, etc.

Sewing Machines.

Heintzman Pianos

R. HOWSON & CO., FURNITURE DEALERS, EMBALNERS

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