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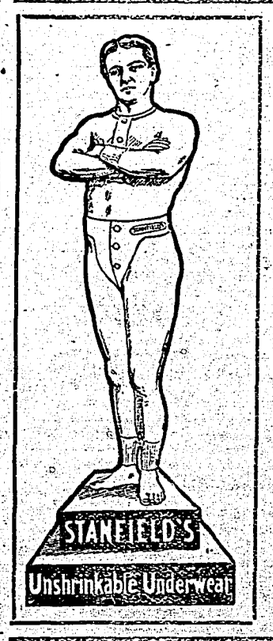
THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XVI: NO. 2 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1905 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

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

Here are a few lines we are clearing out at Reduced Prices. If you have any use for them they certainly are worth your while to investigate.



Underwear Bargains

Warm Underwear—a line of Boys' All-Wool Stanfield. Regular Price 90c. Selling at 60c.
Fleece Lined—Regular 50c. Selling at 25c.
Union Nice Soft Goods, all sizes, and will fit boys from 5 years old up to 16 years of age Selling at 25c to 40c.

for Men and Youths

Women's and Girls' Skirts

This is a Mixed Lot. They are well worth looking at. If you need one in the next six months we will give you one-third off the regular price.

One-Third Off for Cash

Children's Dresses

Here is a line of Children's Dresses made to fit girls from 6 to 10 years, lined all through and nicely trimmed. We sold them at $4.50 up till now. You can buy them at the low figure of $2.50

Ladies' Fashionable Winter Coats

We have a few Ladies' Coats in Black and Dark Grey, Sizes 36, 38 and 40. While they last we will sell

$15 Coats for $10.
$10 Coats for $7.50

In Our Grocery Department

Our collection of Staple and Fancy Groceries cannot be surpassed in the Province. The continuous selling we have here insures everything being fresh. If you are not one of our customers for Groceries send us word and we will call.

C. B. HUME & CO, Limited
Department Store

GEN. STOESSEL'S CANDID OPINION

Says Baltic Fleet Will be of no Use—Was Kept in Ignorance of General Kuropatkin's Retreat—Thought Relief Near.

Headquarters, Third Japanese Army at Port Arthur, Jan. 7, via Tientsin, Jan. 10.—Capt. Tsunoda, the Japanese staff officer who was sent to Port Arthur to inform Gen. Stoessel of the contents of the message of the Emperor of Japan, saying that the garrison should be treated with the greatest consideration, says:

"Gen. Stoessel's first inquiry was about the whereabouts of Gen. Kuropatkin. I did not know exactly, but understood he was somewhere about Mukden. Gen. Stoessel remarked that he had last heard from Gen. Kuropatkin on October 6, saying he would come to the relief of Port Arthur soon. Gen. Stoessel added that he had sent out spies who returned and reported that Gen. Kuropatkin with a relieving army was at Kinchau, twenty miles north of Port Arthur.

"Gen. Stoessel was plainly incredulous at my statement that Gen. Kuropatkin had been defeated and driven back towards Mukden. So I produced maps, showing the position of the two armies near the Shakhe river and gave Stoessel details of Kuropatkin's defeat with the loss of 50,000 to 60,000 men, at which the Russian general expressed amazement and quickly remarked that he had been misled.

"With a hopeless expression Gen. Stoessel said: 'Now that Port Arthur has fallen there is no use for the fleet coming any further.'

"I then asked Gen. Stoessel what had caused the most damage to the garrison during the siege, and he replied: 'Your eleven-inch howitzers. After they arrived our defensive works became useless.'

"The real cause of the war was in Gen. Stoessel's opinion the ignorance of the Russian people of the fighting qualities of the Japanese. The first attack on Port Arthur in February by the Japanese fleet was a tremendous surprise. The forts, he explained, were only partly garrisoned by two thousand troops."

Length in Days of Famous Sieges of History.

Port Arthur (1904-5) 241 days.
Sebastopol (1854-5) 349 days.
Gibraltar (1779-83) 874 days.
Paris (1871) 132 days.
Plevna (1877) 94 days.
Khartoum 341 days.
Ladysmith (1899-1900) 118 days.
Petersburg, Va., 317 days.

The Hospital Ball.

The ladies of the Hospital Guild, under whose auspices the annual hospital ball is given, are sparing no effort to make this year's ball the best ever attempted in the city, and the HERALD is confident they will succeed. The drill hall has been kindly loaned to the ladies for this year, and will be handsomely decorated for next Thursday evening, January 19th. The entrance to the hall will be through the rear doors, the front doors being closed to protect the floor for dancing. The end gallery in the hall will be reserved for spectators, who will be charged 50 cents admission, which will include supper during the evening.

Curling.

A meeting of the curling club was held last night at the rink when the following skips were elected for the season:—A. M. Pinkham, H. A. Brown, G. S. McCarter, A. E. Kincaid, J. H. Jackson, W. A. Foote, W. M. Lawrence, D. M. Rae, R. A. Upper.

Judge Forin, who was in the city yesterday, says the Nelson curlers are making great preparations for the annual Kootenay bonspiel which opens in that city on Tuesday, Jan. 24th, and they expect a good representation from Revelstoke.

An invitation has been received by the local club to send rinks to the annual bonspiel of the Golden curling club which takes place on the 1st and 2nd of February.

Handsome Door Plates

Frank H. Fretz is introducing a handsome gilded door plate for which he has been appointed the agent of the city. The plate is gold bronze with a covering of heavy glass which will give permanency to the plate.

Six New Locomotives Coming

Mr. A. Price, superintendent of transportation of western lines of the C.P.R., with headquarters at Winnipeg, formerly in charge of transportation matters in the division between Winnipeg and Fort William. Mr Price announced that Mr. R. Marpole, superintendent of the Pacific division, had been informed that six of the new high-power locomotives of the latest type put in use this season on the C.P.R. with such satisfactory results, were to be sent out at once for use on the Pacific division. These engines are what is known as 180 per cent. in power. The ordinary powerful freight locomotive of the mogul type is rated at 100 per cent.; so some idea of the increased power which these locomotives possess can be gained. They are about 35 per cent. more powerful than the heaviest freight engines in use on the road to-day.

Convention Postponed.

The convention of the Rathbone Sisters for the organization of a Grand Temple has been postponed from the 12th and 13th insts. to the 26th and and 27th insts. All delegates are requested to assemble at the K. of P. hall at 10 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 26th. On the evening of that day a reception and banquet in honor of Supreme Chief L. A. Monroe will be held to which all Knights and their ladies are cordially invited to attend.

MR. BORDEN STILL LEADER

Conservatives Decline to Accept Their Chieftain's Resignation —He is Urged to Attend An Early Caucus of Supporters.

OTTAWA, Jan. 10.—At a caucus of Liberal-Conservative senators and members, it was unanimously decided not to accept the resignation of R. L. Borden as leader of the Opposition and a telegram was sent to him in the name of the party urging him to come to Ottawa at once to arrange to resume his duties as leader.

The meeting was largely attended, over 50 out of 74 Conservative members of the Commons being present and 20 senators, including such as Bowell, Carling, Deboucherville, Perley and Josiah Wood. Senator Deboucherville occupied the chair.

George Taylor, chief whip, acted as secretary. He read a number of letters from absent members all urging that Mr. Borden should be asked to continue as leader. He then read the following letter from Mr. Borden.

"To the Conservative members of the Senate and the House of Commons assembled in caucus:—

"Four years ago you bestowed upon me the highest mark of your confidence when you required me to undertake the arduous duty and grave responsibility of leading the party in the House of Commons. To the best of my ability I have endeavored ever since to justify that confidence. I gratefully acknowledge how much you have done to strengthen my hands and I am deeply sensible that without your loyal and generous and freely accorded on all occasions my task would have been infinitely more momentous. We still firmly believe that the policy which we advocated and the principles which we upheld in the recent contest were truly in the best interests of Canada, and although we may regret temporary defeat, yet we do not for one moment regret the stand which we took upon the great questions of the day. Under the conditions which have ensued, it is necessary that you shall choose another leader. My resignation has already been given informally. I now place it unreservedly in your hands with every assurance of my hearty co-operation in the ranks of the party. Let me add that the happy remembrance of your loyal support and comradeship will always abide with me. Faithfully yours,

(Signed) "R. L. BORDEN.
"Halifax, N. S., Jan. 7, 1905."

Bean Social.

A social will be held in the parsonage by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church next Tuesday evening. For refreshments Boston baked beans and brown bread will be served from seven o'clock p. m. and onwards. Drop in and fortify yourselves for skating, curling or driving. Admission 25c.

Prof. Chase is giving private lessons in dancing.

RETURNED BY ACCLAMATION

Mayor and Aldermen Returned Unapposed—Improvements to Power House and Electric Light Plant This Year.

Monday was nomination day, and very few of the electors gave thought to that fact. The mayor and aldermen offered for re-election and were returned by acclamation, as follows: H. A. Brown, mayor; for aldermen—Ward 1, John McLeod, W. A. Foote; Ward 2, G. S. McCarter, F. B. Lewis; Ward 3, John Abrahamson, C. M. Field. Robert Tapping put in his nomination papers, but withdrew them when he discovered that the former aldermen had offered for re-election, not desiring to put the city to the expense of an election at the present time.

The most important work undertaken by the City Council last year was the extension of the waterworks system, which was put in and has proved most successful, for which Mayor Brown and the aldermen have received the thanks of the citizens, and which in itself had a good deal to do with their return on Monday by acclamation. This year the attention of the aldermen will be directed towards the electric lighting plant. Some important improvements are necessary and no doubt will be undertaken and finished during the year.

In the financial statement as published in last issue of the HERALD it will be noticed that the revenue derived from the electric light and waterworks departments reached the handsome total of $23,616.44, while the total expenditure in operating these departments was $8,715.68, leaving a profit to the city of $14,000.77. The cost of water and light paid by the city previously was $2,800.40 per annum.

The Dixie Jubilee Singers.

When a person has once heard the colored jubilee singers one always has an increasing desire to hear them again. The people of Revelstoke will be pleased to learn that the Epworth League has made an engagement with the above company to sing in the opera house on Tuesday, Jan. 24th. The company consists of seven cultured artists, being graduates of American colleges, and give a most delightful entertainment. They sing in Vancouver and New Westminster before coming here.

At the Fair.

There was a large attendance at the Epworth League meeting in the Methodist church Monday evening. A program of unusual excellence was rendered, after which Principal Miller gave an address upon "A visit to the St. Louis Exposition." Mr. Miller gave a splendid address. As he pictured the many wonderful sights one could almost believe one was actually visiting the grounds. The chairman, Mr. W. Lefeaux, and Rev. C. H. Sutherland expressed to the speaker their appreciation of his address, and on behalf of the League heartily thanked him for the valuable assistance he had given them. At the conclusion of the address the audience showed their appreciation by the vigorous applause they gave.

Death of Mrs. Kettleson.

Mrs. Kettleson, wife of E. A. Kettleson, the well known contractor, passed away suddenly and unexpectedly Sunday morning at her home in East Calgary. Her illness extended over only a little more than a week. Deceased was a lady of many sterling qualities and was held in the highest esteem by a wide circle of acquaintances. She was a native of Nottingham, England, and came to Canada ten years ago, settling in Calgary. She and her husband spent a year in Revelstoke about five years ago, and then returned to Calgary. Among her surviving friends are her mother, Mrs. Wright, of Angus avenue; an uncle, R. H. Finch; a brother and a sister. A little baby only ten days old is also left behind.—Calgary Herald. The late Mrs. Kettleson was well known in the city, where she resided for over a year, and her many friends will hear with keen regret of her sudden death.

FOR SALE—One Bone Cutting Machine and appliances. Glass windows and wire netting. Cheap for cash. Call for particulars at the HERALD office.

BOURNE BROS.

WE BEG TO THANK OUR MANY CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS FOR THEIR LIBERAL PATRONAGE DURING THE PAST YEAR AND EXTEND TO ONE AND ALL A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Mackenzie Ave.

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.

OUR GREAT

JANUARY SALE

Come and see what we are doing—it will surprise you. Our goods are going regardless of cost. We are making a decided change in our business, and in order to make room for OUR SPRING STOCK everything must go.

COME AND SEE OUR PRICES.

J. G. MACDONALD

GENT'S CLOTHIER.

YOUNG FOLKS

THE FOUR BAGS OF GOLD.

Once upon a time there was a good king who had no children of his own, but who had four nephews, named Geoffrey, Otto, Eustace, and Hubert. These nephews the king greatly loved and as each appeared to be equally worthy he was at a loss which to choose as his successor, so, leaving his palace, he went away to the heart of a vast wood, and, entering a small temple, he ascended seven marble steps, placed a magic ring upon the altar, then stood with bowed head and outstretched arms waiting the result.

Instantly there stood before him a majestic figure twelve feet high. "What would the great king with the Genii of Solitude?" asked the figure.

"Thy wise counsel," replied the king, and he told him of his difficulty.

Without hesitation the Genii told him what to do. Then the king went back to his palace, and gave orders for his nephews to be invited to the grandest state banquet ever seen; so that although the young princes had many times seen the magnificent palace built of marble, cedar, ebony, and silver, and knew its treasures of pictures, statuary and priceless works of art, yet when they beheld the tables laden with massive gold plate set with gems, and saw the great and heartfelt homage paid to the good king, they were amazed, and each secretly longed to be chosen successor.

At the close of the banquet the king bade his nephews an affectionate good-night, and commanded their attendance early in the morning on a matter of great importance. That night the princes slept but little, for they doubted not the time had come when the king's choice would be made known.

Consequently, they were a little disappointed when, on the morrow, their uncle, taking four bags of gold, with the same amount in each, gave one to each nephew, and bade them journey into the world for one month, and spend the money exactly how they pleased. At the end of the month they were to return and give faithful account of their adventures.

In some surprise the four princes departed, but they had not gone far before they began to differ as to the way in which they should spend the money.

At this point Geoffrey said, "Here are four cross roads; let us each take one, and spend the gold as we list."

So they parted company. Now Geoffrey had not gone far before he met Count Ulric, a former comrade, who now appeared in rich uniform and girt with a sword. When he heard the story of the bags of gold he said, "Depend upon it, the King made it a test of fitness. I will show you how to spend it so that his kingdom may be extended, and yourself covered with glory." He then told of his own warlike adventures, in which he had found a rich land over the seas inhabited by a gentle, peace-loving people, who knew nothing of the arts of war. He also told of strong, warlike men ready to fight for gold, who, under the command of Geoffrey, would march away and conquer this land. This so fired the imagination of Prince Geoffrey that he went with Count Ulric and spent his gold and time in training warlike bands.

In the meantime Prince Otto went on his way merrily; determined to go to a gay city where other young princes, former friends of his, now lived. When he had found them and told them of his bag of gold, they were delighted, for, with a laugh he said that nothing was easier than the spending of money, and he meant to have a good time in viewing all that was best in beauty, art, and song, for the king, his uncle, loved these things, and would like to hear of them.

So day and night for a whole week Prince Otto and his friends spent much gold on pleasures, which in themselves were not wrong. One day there came to the prince a beggar in rags, who in a whining voice told a tale of poverty. Remembering that his uncle was ever good to the poor, Prince Otto took a handful of gold from his bag and gave it to the beggar.

The next day came another beggar, who in a still more whining voice told a yet more piteous tale. To him Prince Otto gave two handfuls of gold. Now, what with costly pleasures, and reckless giving, Prince Otto found his bag quite empty at the end of two weeks.

When Prince Eustace left his brothers he journeyed quietly on for some distance until he met a grave and learned man, who when he had heard the story of his bag of gold, said, "Come with me, my son, and I will show you a colony of simple people; let your gold be spent in teaching them the wonders of science and the truths of philosophy, for Wisdom is before all things."

So Prince Eustace bought an old castle, and turned it into a college. Much more gold he spent in paying learned men to teach the simple peasants of that happy valley. At first these peasants refused to come into the college, because the time of their fruit harvest was at hand, but when they saw the fine college and all the beautiful grounds surrounding it, they went in and forgot their orchards laden with fruit.

Now when Prince Hubert left his brothers, he journeyed on in deep thought, turning not aside for any temptation. So anxious was he to do the right thing, that at the end of a week he had not spent a single gold piece. In sore perplexity he entered a little temple set in the heart of a silent wood, and which was no other than the Temple of Solitude. Standing before the altar, he cried, earnestly, "O, that one wiser than I would show me the right, for surely the right spending of gold requires the highest wisdom."

Instantly there stood before him Genii of Solitude.

"Oh, Prince," said the Genii, "because thou hast spoken the truth, and cried in earnestness of heart, I am your servant."

So the Genii helped Prince Hubert spend his gold, and the month came to an end, and the four brothers returned to court. With Geoffrey came a great band of trained warriors, clad in costly uniforms; but when the good king saw them he shook his head, saying, "Geoffrey may not be king; they would take all the wealth of the land in Raging wars on defenceless nations, and peace would never be in the land."

When Prince Otto, travel-stained and shabby, with nothing to show, stood before him, he said, "Not for you is the crown, oh, Otto, for the land would be for pleasure seekers and idle impostors only," for well the king knew that Prince Otto's money had gone to feed, not the really destitute, but those who would not work.

Then came Prince Eustace, bringing with him his crowd of peasants, each of whom had managed to pick up a little of the language of learning. Here again the king shook his head. "These peasants," said he, "but for you would have gathered and sold their fruit harvest, so that winter would have brought no want. As it was, the fruit rotted on the ground, sending out so foul an odor that one, inhaling it, took a plague back to a great city, which plague spread so that many died."

Lastly came Prince Hubert, and knelt before the king. Then the king said, "You shall be my successor, for gold is good in thine hands," and he told how the gold had been divided into four parts. To raise brave men to fight for the weak in defence of the kingdom. To buy seeds for those who would work on the land and were too poor to buy. In bringing aid to those who had fallen sick of the plague, and in teaching many people how to do the thing they were most clever at. Thus was Prince Hubert chosen king.

BRITISH PRISON REFORM.

New Scheme For the Treatment of English Criminals.

The annual report of the British Commissioners of Prisons bears witness to the fact that more and more attention is being given to reclaiming influences in the treatment of convicts.

It is proposed, in future, that there shall be three classes of prisoners, the "star," the "intermediate," and the "recidivist," the distinction being based on character and antecedents. The new system will, if adopted, provide classification for a large body of prisoners "on the borderland between those not previously convicted of crime and those who have made crime a profession."

Under the new scheme it will also be possible for a man sentenced to a long term—say 20 years—to earn, by good conduct, the privilege of passing, after seven years, into another division, where his treatment will be sensibly ameliorated.

It is recognized also, in the case of young offenders, that "it is the duty of the State at least to try to effect a cure, and not to class the offender, off-hand and without experiment, with the adult criminal. In future it is proposed that all cases, where the offender is between 16 and 21, and has been previously convicted of crime, and the sentence exceeds 12 months, shall be treated under the Borstal scheme. If existing accommodation does not suffice it is possible that the whole of Borstal Prison may be devoted to the treatment of these cases. Help will be given to the offenders on discharge by the newly-formed Borstal Association.

At Holloway Prison a new departure has been made this year in a scheme for the regular provision of lectures on secular subjects, such as health, nursing, sanitation, etc.

These lectures are given by different ladies, who most generously offer their services, and are greatly appreciated by the prisoners, who look upon them not only as a reward for good conduct, but as a source of useful instruction.

SOME WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Originated in Anglo-Saxon and Roman Times.

When the betrothal of children was the custom as it was among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, the bridegroom elect gave to his future bride a ring, or as it was called in those days, a "wed," as his pledge. It is from this term that our word wedding has been derived. The ring was placed on a finger of the right hand of the little maiden and was kept there until her marriage, when removed to her left hand. In days gone by the bridegroom did not, as now, at the time of marrying place the ring at once on the third finger of the bridge, but put it in turn on each finger of the left hand, saying as he placed it on the first finger: "In the name of the Father"; on the second, "In the name of the Son"; on the third, "In the name of the Holy Ghost," and on the fourth, "Amen."

The bride being attended by bridesmaids is a custom that has come down to us, like so many others, from the Romans. At their marriages it was the custom to have them celebrated in the presence of ten witnesses, and at the conclusion of the ceremony the contracting parties partook of a cake made of salt water and flour—a practice from which, no doubt, our "wedding cake" has come, while the wedding favors—which, bye the bye, seem to have gone quite out of fashion now—were supposed to represent the true-lovers' knot symbolical of union.

Small Harry—"Mamma, what is the meaning of hereditary?" Mamma—"It is something you get from your papa or me." Small Harry—"Oh, you mean a spankin'!"

Tiger and Bicycle.

Two years ago we were travelling in the Malaysian islands, Sumatra and Java, writes J. H. Rosny. When going down the river Banyoro-Assim, which flows among enormous forests, we landed one evening at the settlement of Nieuwenhuys. About a dozen Dutch colonists live there, with the entire population of Malays and Chinese in their service. We met with generous hospitality in the house of Mynheer Vander Ouvelandt.

The following morning, while our host was in the fields, I rose and, having taken a cup of tea, went strolling about the dwelling. My attention was attracted by a magnificent bicycle standing in a shed. At the sight of the machine I was seized with a wild desire to try it.

At first I resisted; than I took out the wheel and mounted, determined to confine myself to a short ride. A good road led from the dwelling house and into the fields; the bicycle was perfect, and the intoxication of the ride became irresistible. Sure of permission from our amiable host I was soon speeding across the rice and coffee fields at a rapid pace.

Before long I was at the outskirts of the forest. Bewitched by the marvellous beauty of the spot, I dismounted from the wheel in order to enjoy the imposing scenery to the full.

A little lake shadowed by overhanging branches seemed the image of peace, and, seating myself on a granite rock, I was soon lost in contemplation.

While I was sitting thus there was a crackling in the bushes. Something both heavy and lightfooted was making its way to the edge of the woods. My heart stood still when I turned to see what it was. About thirty feet from the rock a powerful tiger issued from the shadow. It was a giant among its kind.

Hidden by hanging palm branches, I dared not move. In order to reach the bicycle it was necessary to regain the road, and this was impossible without attracting the attention of the tiger, who would easily overtake me in two or three leaps.

Besides, even if I should succeed in mounting the wheel alive, I would not be safe if the animal should decide to pursue me. A bicycle may cover a mile more quickly than a tiger; but at the start can it elude the enormous first bounds of the tiger? I did not think so; and, after the paralysis of the first few seconds, I sat trembling, with my heart pounding like a hammer, and my mouth as dry as a stone.

My secret hope was that the beast, satisfied with his victims of the night before, had come to the lake simply to slake his thirst. But, though the tiger moistened his tongue in the water, he did not seem driven to the water by necessity; for he soon lifted his head, and looked around.

An intuition told me that he was seeking compensation for fruitless hunt the night before. A false movement, and I should be that compensation.

At the noise of a bird among the foliage he turned quickly, a phosphorescent gleam shone in his eyes, but he saw nothing. He seemed to hesitate between two directions; then he turned again toward the lake and took a step on the bank.

This step did not bring him nearer to me; but with a second and more rapid movement of the animal my terror decided me. In two leaps I had reached my bicycle.

When I jumped into the saddle, I saw in a flash the big body crouching and then the spring. At that instant I gave the first impulse to the pedal.

It seemed to me that I had become all instinct, and that every one of my fibres obeyed that unconscious will which is worth more in immediate danger than the clearest reasoning. With a great effort I attained my maximum speed; and, in the short interval between the first and second bounds of the tiger, I was ready for the struggle.

Everything depended on maintaining a start, however insignificant, for about a hundred yards, after which the speed of the beast would probably decrease somewhat, though still remaining fearful. I worked the pedals in a frenzy, but at the fourth leap the distance was reduced; at the fifth the beast had only to stretch out his paw to reach me, and at the seventh it touched the tire of the rear wheel.

I thought that I was lost, and that the effort I made was in vain. But the claw missed its aim, scarcely scratching the tire; and, as the machine kept up its speed, the tiger was less near at the eighth bound, because he had counted the race won.

In these awful moments I had the inspiration to deviate from my path toward a guava tree which grew at the side of the road; and again I escaped, because my pursuer was forced to make a detour. But, though my speed was at its highest point, I had no hope of a final escape. I knew only too well that one or two extra efforts on the part of the enemy might definitely close this struggle at any moment.

At the next bound the tiger again nearly caught me; but, while the claw grazed the wheel, I saw that I had to pass over a long and narrow foot bridge spanning a wide irrigation ditch. This gave me back my courage. I calculated that the animal would hesitate an instant at the bridge, and perhaps lose a few yards in crossing it.

This was exactly what happened. On the other side of the ditch, I saw that I had gained about a dozen paces over the formidable feline. It may be that in the intoxication of this advantage I increased my speed. I thought I was saved, when an unforseen circumstance completely changed the situation.

At the entrance to a grove of banana trees a leafy branch, probably thrown there by some laborer, barred the way. As there was no possibility of evading it, I ran over the obstacle but unfortunately it caused the wheel to swerve, and I was obliged to slow up for a few yards in order to regain my equilibrium.

The animal evidently saw his opportunity. He made a desperate effort, and I saw in imagination the moment that I should fall a victim to his formidable claws. A sort of trance passed over my spirit—a strange resignation to my fate; but only for a moment.

In another instant I had again taken up the race, and this was the last effort needed. The tiger, though still swift as a good hunting horse, was definitely beaten by the bicycle, and soon abandoned the chase, partly from discouragement, and partly, no doubt, on account of the nearness of the village which he had learned to fear.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Leading People.

So far as personal appearance goes the Chinese Empress is a picture of vigor, with piercing black eyes, hair dyed jet black, and pretty little hands, whose nails, several inches long, are protected by golden shields like elongated thimbles. Tsi An is very vain of these hands, which according to Chinese notions are extremely beautiful; and she is equally proud of her long hair, which she parts in front and brushes over her ears Manchu fashion. At the back it is held by a long jade pin, like a paper-cutter, tasselled in crimson, and decorated with artificial flowers, and golden butterflies. At dinner she eats with gold chopsticks, talks much, and smokes a little. For her age she is remarkably well preserved, with nothing coarse in her countenance, and nothing to indicate the low origin alleged by her enemies. She is fond of music, and will appreciate a musical-box when she cannot have a band.

From his writings one would not gather that Maxim Gorki, the author of "The Lower Depths," was a humorist. But a short time ago, asked by his publisher to write his own biography, Gorki sent in the following account of his career: "In 1878 I was apprenticed to a shoemaker; 1879, I was apprenticed to a designer; 1880, scullion on board a packet-boat; 1883, I worked for a baker; 1884, I became a porter; 1885 baker; 1886, chorister in a troupe of strolling opera players; 1887, I sold apples in the streets; 1888, I attempted to commit suicide; 1890, copyist in a lawyer's office; 1891, I crossed Russia on foot; 1892, I was a laborer in the workshops of a railway. In the same year I published my first story." A concise of a variegated career, at any rate!

It seems that the Grand Duke Cyril attributes his escape from the blowing up of the Petropavlovsk to the miraculous powers of a charm which was given to him shortly before the disaster. Five years ago a lieutenant of Marines, named Cube, visited the church in which are preserved the relics of St. Barbe, and was given by the Pope a silver ring which touched the relics. The Pope charged him never to part with the ring, as it would bring him good luck. When the war broke out the lieutenant was made aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Cyril, and on Easter Day, wishing to give his chief a present, he could think of nothing better than the ring. The Grand Duke objected that he ought not to part with his charm, but the lieutenant insisted, and so the Grand Duke accepted the gift. Soon afterwards, when they were both on board the Petropavlovsk, the ship blew up and the lieutenant was killed, but the Grand Duke escaped.

Many of the distinguished mourners at the funeral of the late Lady Esher looked then for the first time upon the richly-sculptured tomb in which they laid her. But the tomb, with its marble figures of the late Lord and Lady Esher, has been many years in position. It was erected by order of the former Lord Esher during his own lifetime. He and his wife sat to the sculptor for their effigies, which were intended to be reserved for use after the deaths of the originals. Then Lord Esher changed his mind. "Don't trouble to house them," he said; "put them on the tomb now." So for ten years during his own lifetime there he and Lady Esher lay in counterfeit presentment.

St. Columb Minor, the mother church of Newquay, Cornwall, England, possesses a parish clerk of record age and attainments. Mr. Carne has lately celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday, graced by congratulations from all parts of the Duchy. Clad in the full-fashioned surplice of former decades, absolved only from the more recently added cassock, he forms one of the regular choir, following every word with audible conscientiousness, while he still feels that he leads them as of yore. Now in his sixtieth year of parish work, he is still strong and sturdy, and proud to relate that his father and grandfather shared the preceding century in the same official capacity.

QUEER POLICE FORCE.

The policemen in Hayti are paid by results. They get capitation fees for all the arrests they make. As they come from the worst class of the population and are under no discipline, it follows that a man is very liable to be arrested in Hayti unless he is willing to pay the policeman more than the capitation fee. As this fee is only 55 cents, the price of freedom is not prohibitive.

Men who have no truth in them expect to find it in other people.

"Oh, well, everybody has his ups and downs." "That's right. Just at present I'm down pretty low because I'm hard up."

Fashion Hints.

TURBANS IN VOGUE.

After all that has been written and predicted about hats, large and small, narrow and wide, one must become reconciled to the fact that the turban is the chapeau par excellence; no shape is more effective; none lends itself more regally to the smart, decorative schemes and for general becomingness the turban is unexcelled. Then it has the extra great advantage of being suited to all occasions, a matter easily arranged with the present variety of fashionable treatment.

HAT TRIMMINGS.

Wings have lost none of their favor in the great demand for fruit, flower and soft ribbon effects as hat trimmings. In fact, they are shown on the smartest of hats, and will no doubt be a reigning favorite as long as the low coiffure continues fashionable, being especially adapted to this style of hairdressing. They are usually placed at the back of the hat, one or two on each side, bent downward to touch the hair. Where the wings tone into the shade of the hair or contrast well with it the effect is charming, and it also is a tribute to the artistic ability of the wearer.

There is a close relation between hats and sleeves this year, and one should be selected with a consideration for the other. Many an otherwise effective toilette is spoiled by a disregard of this fact. If the hat is what is popularly described as fussy, the sleeves should be plain at the shoulder, or at least close fitting, for with a voluminous hat and full shirred or puffed sleeves it is very easy to look bunchy from the waistline up. A tailor-made gown shirred about the sleeves or waist is always more effective with a turban or small hat simply decorated.

FASHIONS IN SLEEVES.

There are so many varieties of fashionable sleeves that there is no set rule for one to follow in making them this year. The shirred or ruffled effect is quite as smart as the plain bishop pattern, which, according to some chroniclers of the modes, has been disappearing for the last two years; and the mutton leg in modified forms bids fair to reign supreme before the passing of many more months. As a matter of fact, all the variations and heights of sartorial fancy are scaled from the foundation of the bishop or mutton leg models.

For shirt waists and bodices for general wear there is scarcely any perceptible change in the present sleeves and those which have been worn for the past two seasons. In fancy waists, and house dresses, reception gowns, etc., the widest latitude is allowed in the construction of one's sleeves.

Few effects are more popular than the elbow sleeve for all dress occasions. Their return to favor is marked by a furore, which shows none of the humility of uncertain fashions. They give a chance to show off one's pretty arms, which every woman ought to possess in these days of physical culture and daily instructions in massage papers.

THE OLD SHAWL.

Fortunate is the woman whose attic shelters a grandmother's chest, provided the chest harbors in turn a handsome old embroidered shawl such as grandmother used to wear. If one has the heart to cut it up, nothing makes a more charming waist. Not satisfied with the beautiful design of the embroidery, many modistes are combining the richest laces with these shawl-bodices, making a confection fit for a queen's adornment.

A NEW GOWN.

A strikingly handsome gown is made of chiffon velvet with a plaited skirt. The color of the design is a rich dark green. No other trimming except the box plaits is used on the skirt. The bodice is an Eton blouse gathered into a deep girdle of tucked black satin. It is cut low at the neck and trimmed with reversed revers of the same material. The satin in turn is outlined with bands of black silk braid twisted in spirals at frequent intervals and the loops made by twisting the braid are filled in with tiny bits of red satin, making a delightful color scheme. French knots in green and black silk are embroidered upon the braided outlines of the satin trimming.

The sleeves are large mutton leg affairs shirred through the centre from the elbow to the shoulder. From wrist to elbow they are trimmed with bands of the narrow black silk braid embroidered in French knots.

Very handsome gowns of both velvet and cloth come ready embroidered and cut, requiring only to be fitted. These are expensive, but their chic and perfection of cut insure thier immediate success. Even the tucks or plaits, as the case may be, are basted in the goods to accommodate the fitter who finds it an easy matter to make them deeper or let them out a little, according to the figure of the wearer.

CHIFFON FLOWERS.

Some of the Paris shops that make a specialty of dress trimmings are showing the most exquisite garlands of flowers in chiffon for trimming evening gowns. Half-blown roses, forget-me-nots, apple blossoms, and even the larger blooms, like poppies, are in great demand and are made so realistically that it is difficult to distinguish them from the natural flowers. Then they are scented with perfumes which makes, them even more life-like.

Coral is greatly used in trimming smart gowns and borides, as well as hats. Not only is the tint the rage in dress materials, but the stone itself is much observed, many corals being studded into the yokes of handsome black dresses. This is also true of olivines, turquoises, amethysts and opals. Fashion has defied superstition most bravely and adopted the opals wherever it would heighten the artistic effect of a gown or wrap.

Ornaments for the hair are as varied as they are beautiful. Nothing is more becoming, however, than the little hair chains which can be wound around the coiffure several times and caught with a jewelled or imitation jewelled buckle. Handsome combs of tortoise shell, also jewel studded, make rich hair decorations and are much worn. The prettiest beaded effects, which are as popular as tortoise novelties, come from Venice. Few trinkets are handsomer than the amber beads which are very much in vogue just now.

WHERE RUSSIANS FAIL

THE ARMY OFFICERS ARE UTTERLY USELESS.

But the Russian Soldier is One of the Best of Fighting Men.

If the truth must be told, the chief fault lies in the officers and in the whole training and discipline of the Russian army, writes H. J. Whigham, in London Morning Post.

No general could possibly ask for finer material than the Russian soldier. He is a splendid marcher, supports heat and cold and hunger and dirt with a patience that cannot be surpassed, and, above all, he is brave to a fault.

But the Russian officer, gallant, reckless, spendthrift, and altogether bon garcon, belongs to another age than the present. From general down to the youngest subaltern it would be difficult to find one in a thousand who knows or cares anything about the science of modern warfare. He is a good fighting man of the old school; a good deal of a swashbuckler, with his big boots and clanking spurs and trusty sword, but open-handed and full of good-fellowship. Above all, he is brave. The casualty lists alone prove this.

Up to the present time the generals have been largely to blame. The performances of Gen. Sassulitch on the Yalu and Baron Stackelberg at Wafango were

SIMPLY CHILDISH.

The newly joined subaltern in Russia has already learned all that he is ever likely to know about warfare as soon as he joins the army; he has to pass no examination for promotion, and he is quite content with the prestige which his epaulettes give him, without bothering his head about text-books and histories.

I have talked with a great many officers about the present war, and, with few exceptions, they never get beyond the idea that sooner or later they are going to drive all the Japanese into the sea. How they are going to accomplish this feat is a question which they never ask themselves.

They still have a childish faith in the efficacy of the sword, and you will constantly see Russian officers discussing the quality of their blades, just as in other armies officers discuss the latest type of pistol.

Their troops wear a khaki shirt, but they still have dark trousers and long black boots and present an excellent target from the waist downward.

The officers are lumbering their trains now with a number of six-inch guns of an obsolete type and garrison mountings. These ancient pieces cannot possibly be of any use in the field.

As for training their men to shoot, such an exercise of energy never seems to enter the Russians' minds. Education for the private soldier of any sort, beyond a certain proficiency in parade drill, is not considered necessary. Not one soldier in a hundred can

EITHER READ OR WRITE.

The worst of it is that the soldier who is not devoid of common sense, though he cannot write his own name, is beginning to find the officer out. He is discovering by painful experience that the man he has been taught to regard as belonging to a superior order of being is nothing but a very stupid fellow, worth not half or quarter as much as the little Japanese whom he professes to despise.

The Russian officer apart from his lack of military knowledge has two liabits which certainly do not make for improvement. The first is more than a habit, it is a national characteristic, which is embodied in the all-embracing detestable word "nitchevo." The word spells with him procrastination and inevitable disaster. But the Russian officer believes that in spite of it all the luck of the Emperor will be triumphant; if not to-day, then to-morrow; if not this year, then the next—the next century if need be. Why worry? "Nitchevo." The second is his inordinate love of drinking "vodka."

WORKHOUSE MUSEUMS.

Several of the great London workhouses have remarkable museums attached to them. In a South London union museum can be found a clergyman's letters of ordination (the owner died in the house), and a peculiar belt made of human teeth and brought from the West Coast of Africa. But perhaps the most significant of all the things shown is a small pocket dice-box. Upon the box is neatly cut: "This box and other wagering cost me £30,000, and brought me to the workhouse."

Ponsonby (somewhat boastfully)—"I may say, Miss Blitlerwick, that I am quite an adept at athletics. I can row, ride—either horse or bike—swim, spar, jump, and run." Miss Blitlerwick (sweetly)—"Here comes papa. Do let me see you jump and run."

BALTIC FLEET'S ADMIRAL

WAYS OF THE NOTORIOUS ROJESTVENSKY.

Said to be a Good Tactician, and Not the Man to Give Way to a Panic.

One who professes to know him, writes as follows in the London Daily News of the Admiral of the Russian Baltic Fleet:

Rojestvensky is fifty-six years old, but made his mark nearly thirty years ago, when, in the Russo-Turkish war, he was decorated with the St. George's Cross for exceptional acts of bravery. He is the protege of Makaroff and Skryloff; and it was the latter's commendations which led to his appointment as leader of Russia's naval forlorn hope. St. Petersburg social circles demanded that Tchuknin or Virenius should command the Baltic Fleet. Skryloff insisted on Rojestvensky, urging that, as he himself would command the fleet if it reached the Far East, he had a right to name the man fit to undertake the perilous responsibility of taking it there.

Rojestvensky is a sailor, pure and simple, and his only interests are on the sea. For a whole year he chafted in the position of Naval Chief of Staff, and only accepted that post because he had then no chance of gaining an admiral's command. Nevertheless, he worked hard, and introduced several reforms of importance, one of which, the curtailing of officers' leave, did not increase his popularity.

NOT POPULAR WITH HIM.

But the Russian admiral is not a popularity hunter. Feared by his officers, whom he punishes in the severest way by reprimanding them publicly, and not quite understood by his men, with whom he does not parade camaraderie, he is a centre of stormy dispute rather than of good-natured anecdote. He has nothing, for instance, in common with the late Admiral Makaroff, save an infinite capacity for taking pains.

As a naval tactician Rojestvensky has always been strongly on the side of active attack. In a lecture read during his term of office at St. Petersburg he declared that the navy with reserves should attack boldly, not fearing destruction, if a chance presented itself of badly damaging the enemy's ships.

For this reason he is a strong upholder of the big battleship. "The battleship may be destroyed," he said, "but never without inflicting damage that needs repair, and it is then that the opportunity for reserves comes in."

NOT GIVEN TO PANIC.

Rojestvensky' sailors are said to call him the "Silent Admiral," owing to his taciturnity. The Admiral is not a talker, but a worker; and part of his unpopularity is due to the self-reliance with which he carries out important changes without consulting subordinates.

Ever since his appointment last April to the command of the Baltic Squadron, he has been at war with the St. Petersburg naval authorities; and Russians declared that, he threatened to resign more than once if the fleet was not fitted out as he required.

In person, the Admiral is good-looking, and he has a prominent wart on his nose which attracts attention at once. The restrained expression, steely eyes, and tightly-closed mouth hidden under a grim, grizzled beard, give him an appearance of power and resolution. His only recreation is sailing boats, and reading and writing of the sea.

He is accused of undue fondness for fine uniforms and handsome surroundings. But no one has ever indicted him for luxury in his personal habits. And no Russian would believe that he would give way to panic and fire on innocent fishing boats, save through some tragic misunderstanding, or some real apprehension of a treacherous attack.

THE WASTAGE OF WAR.

Condemned Food Eaten by the Natives of South Africa.

Revelations as to the extraordinary way in which vast quantities of army rations were disposed of after the South African War have been made in Natal. The revelations have arisen through a native employed on the Reunion Estate, a sugar plantation a few miles from Durban, being convicted of stealing some tins of preserved beef from the estate. It was stated in evidence that after the war the Reunion Estate had obtained from the military no fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand cases of "condemned" tinned provisions, which they got merely for the carting away. The cases had been opened and the tins buried in the canefields, with the object of utilizing the contents as manure for the sugar-cane and it was some of these tins which had been exhumed by the natives and consumed.

From further inquiries it appears that enormous quantities of so-called "condemned" food supplies were disposed of by the military authorities. It is alleged that numbers of natives have been living on this stuff for months, and it is significant that so far, no ill effects have come to light. Indeed, they assert the contents of the tins are in perfectly sound condition.

As to the value, at a very moderate estimate the Reunion lot alone must have cost not less than half a million sterling, and when it is considered that vast quantities of similar foodstuffs, were burned or taken out to sea and cast away, while other sugar estates have followed the Reunion's example by utilizing them for manure, some idea may be gathered of the enormous wastage which occurred in this one department alone.

The Duke of Portland has devoted his winnings on the turf to putting up almshouses for old and infirm employes. The supervision of these almshouses the "good Duchess" makes her special care.

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

He wore his soft hat tilted off his forehead, and he hummed or whistled as he walked, as if he had not a care in a world which had been specially made for him.

He had been walking for five and a half hours, and almost every person whom he had passed had turned and looked after him, some of his own sex enviously, all of the other sex admiringly.

At the edge of the fair he pulled up and seemed to consider, looking in the direction of Monk Towers; then he took a coin from his pocket, spun it in the air, and said gravely: "Heads!"

It came down a head, and pocketing the coin he crossed the boundary line, so to speak, and joined the crowd, through which he shouldered his way with a good-humored smile, which now and again broke into a laugh, as if he were entering into the fun of the thing, and meant to enjoy himself; as indeed he did. He stopped at most of the stalls, bought some gingerbread, and ate it, and drank a glass of beer at a booth. He went into Richardson's Show, and laughed at the funny men and applauded the tragedian. He saw the Fat Lady, chaffed the Giant, and talked to the Dwarf and the Living Skeleton.

Presently he arrived in front of the platform, on which a wrestling bout was taking place, and he stopped short, shouldered himself into a clear space, and looked on with a smiling interest. And at this moment Madge Lee was drifted to his side, and the low, clear voice, with its mechanical, almost dreamy appeal, reached him. For a moment he did not notice it, for he was absorbed by the performance on the platform. Two men were hard at work trying to throw each other, and though it was evident the bigger of the two, a tremendous Cornishman, must throw his opponent, the young man, who understood the whole business, wanted to see how he would do it. But suddenly the crowd made one of the periodical rushes, and the girl was thrown against him.

He looked down carelessly, then seeing it was a woman he put out one hand, and, as if he were contending with a feather pillow, kept back the man who was crowding her and with the other drew her in front of him.

In doing so he held her a moment. She slipped from his grasp, her face suddenly dyed a rich crimson, and was passing on, when he said:

"Not hurt, I hope? You want to tell my fortune, do you? Well, I witnessed and experienced everything else in the fair but that, so here goes," and he held out his hand.

She stopped, reluctantly, as it seemed, and misunderstanding her hesitation he pulled out half a crown.

"Beg pardon! Got to cross your hand, of course. I forgot! Come on! Now, mind, I shall only believe in the good luck. No bad luck for me, thanks!"

After another momentary hesitation she took the fingers of his outstretched hand, lightly crossed his palm, and murmured something in so low a voice that he bent his head almost to hers.

"What?" he said. "There's such a row I can't hear," and with an action natural enough under the circumstances, and far from any intentional offence, he put his left hand on her shoulder and drew her away from the crowd.

Her face flamed, her eyes flashed, and she wrenched, slipped from his light grasp, and flinging the money at his feet, was moving away. The young man looked startled for a moment, then he stepped in front of her, as effectually barring her progress as if he were a stone wall.

"What's the matter?" he said, with a gentleness which was apology, conciliation, and a strong man's respect for a woman all in one. "Did I hurt you? I beg your pardon. I only meant to save you from being trodden on. Come, don't take offence, where none was meant, and tell me my fortune, there's a good girl—though, by George! I expect it will be a pretty black one, now," and he smiled.

She might have resisted his words and gone off, still resentful, but the smile was irresistible.

"Give me your hand, and—and don't touch me, please," she said in a breath.

Something, a sudden gentleness of appeal in her last words, attracted his attention, and he just raised his hat before he held out his hand with the gesture a gentleman would accord a lady.

The fire died out of the girl's eyes, and with drooping head she murmured her prophecy hurriedly.

He caught only a word here and there, and his attention strayed back in a moment or two to the suddenness of the exclamation.

"Fair play!" he said, as if he were speaking to himself, his eyes fixed on the wrestlers.

The big man had thrown his opponent once, and had seized him for another bout, getting "hold" of him, as it is called, foully. There was a great deal of excitement in the crowd around the platform and several of the spectators, hearing the young man's exhortation—he had one of those clear, bell-like voices which are warranted to penetrate the thickest din—joined in, and cries of "No, no! Fair play! Give him another hold!" rose from all sides.

The wrestlers stopped, the small man panting, the big one scowling down upon the upturned faces.

"What's the matter?" he demanded sullenly, lumbering up to the edge of the platform. "Who says I ain't playing fair? If any of you thinks you know more about wrestling than I do, he'd better step up here and teach me." He looked around the crowd fiercely, and his small eyes rested on the young man's upturned face.

"Perhaps this young gentleman 'ull step up and kindly give me a lesson. Long Bill is allus ready to learn."

The young man smiled, and Long Bill, like a bull enraged by a red cloth, scowled back at him.

"He don't seem to fancy it," he said, his huge mouth twisted into a sneer. "Likes shouting better, don't yer, sir? Well, just mind yer own business, will yer?"

The young man laughed.

"All right keep your temper, my man," he said good-humoredly. "All I want is fair play for the little one. Go at it again, but give him time to get hold.

"Keep your orders for them as wants them," was the retort. "I don't wrestle with him again—nor nobody, come to that," and he went for his coat, hanging on the ropes.

"Oh, go on, go on!" shouted the crowd, regretting their chivalry. "Go on!" m

But he shook his head, and was shuffling on his waistcoat when the young man called out as pleasantly as before:

"Wait a moment! I don't want to spoil the sport. I'll have a bout with you!" and he took off his coat in a leisurely way.

The girl had stood looking from one to the other, silently, and almost indifferently, observant of all that was going on, but at this point an instantaneous change came over her face, and almost unconsciously her hand clasped the young man's arm.

He looked down at the hand as it lay, brown as a Hindoo's, but small and shapely, on the white shirt-sleeve, and then at her face.

"Hallo!" he said banteringly and with some surprise, for the face was full of fear and anxiety. For the first time he noted its beauty. "Well?" he asked, "what's the matter?"

Her lips quivered, and all unconscious of the admiration in his smiling eyes, she said in a low voice:

"Don't go. He is strong and—and cruel when he's like this! Don't go!"

He laughed, and patted the small brown hand.

"It's all right," he replied. "Don't you be afraid: he won't hurt me."

She said no more, but took her hand away swiftly and drew back. But only a few yards.

Having finished his peeling leisurely, the crowd made a lane for him, and he sprang upon the platform. As the two men faced each other a murmur of admiration and satisfaction rose from the crowd.

They were two splendid specimens of humanity—one huge, muscular as a bull, the other slim, supple as a tiger, and yet with the firm, wiry muscles of the trained athlete. Beside the tremendous bulk of the professional the young man looked rather spare and slight, and Long Bill eyed him up and down with what was meant for a supercilious stare.

As they stood regarding each other, Uncle Jake limped up to the girl, whose large eyes, dilated, were fixed on the two.

"Who's that?" he asked sharply. "It's a gentleman, aint it? Who is he, eh?"

The girl without removing her gaze, shook her head, and drew away from him.

The eyes of the two men suddenly grew sharp and intent; they approached each other, shook hands, stood chest to chest, then got hold, and the struggle began. In less than a minute it was seen that the young man who had dared the champion of the district knew the rules of the game, and that Long Bill had not got a "soft thing." They gripped each other, swayed, pressed, and tugged, the muscles standing out on their arms like strained steel. One moment it seemed as if the younger man's back must yield or be broken; the next he had recovered himself and was bending his antagonist almost double. Then suddenly, while the victory hung in the balance, the young man was seen to raise his shoulder and move his leg, and the huge form of Long Bill went down upon the platform with a force that shook every plank.

A roar of astonishment and applause rose from the crowd. Long Bill got up and looked around with an air of surprise which provoked a loud burst of laughter from the spectators. It seemed to madden him and he made a kind of rush at his opponent; but the young man stepped aside and caught his arm.

"Hold on!" he said good-humoredly. "Get your breath, man. You've been at it before, and I'm fresh. Here—" he turned to the crowd, "give him a glass of beer." Two or three stone bottles were swiftly handed up; he took one and tossed it to the giant.

"Take a good drink," he said.

Long Bill seemed for a moment as if he were going to refuse, then he took a draught, flung the empty bottle on one side, and stepped into position.

"Ready?" said the young man cheerfully.

"It's my turn now."

"All right."

Long Bill went to work more carefully this time, and it looked as if he meant to crush the life out of his foe and throw him afterward. But the young man kept his ground though his face grew pale and he breathed hard. Once his foot slipped slightly, and a kind of gasp rose from the crowd, breathless with excitement, but he recovered himself instantly and stood as before, firm as a rock.

"Bill's got him now," said a voice; the young girl heard, and a shudder ran through her, and she looked aside, but, as if fascinated, her eyes returned to the combatants, and she watched with heaving bosom and tightly clinched hands.

It looked as if the day must be with the giant, as if it were impossible that the young man could hold out much longer; but presently the more knowing ones of the spectators saw that he was saving himself, and waiting for the critical moment in which to exert his reserve force.

It came, as all such moments come, and with a sudden gathering together of his muscles, a swift movement of his whole body as it seemed, he raised the giant—using his own knee as the lever—and literally flung him to the ground.

A yell of delight rewarded the exploit, and cries of "Bravo, sir!" "Hurrah, young 'un!" came from all sides.

Long Bill lay still. The young man waited for a second, then went and bent over the gigantic form stretched out as motionless as a stone figure cast from its pedestal.

"Hast killed um, lad?" croaked out an old man at the edge of the platform.

"No, no, he has only fainted. Give me some water."

He was all gentleness now, as he bathed the low forehead of his fallen foe and poured some brandy through the swollen lips.

"He's all right. Stand back and give him air!" he said, and he swept away the curious crowd with a wave of his hand.

Long Bill rose to his feet, dazed and staggering, then, when he could see distinctly enough to recognize his opponent, he lurched forward with a savage oath.

"No, no! Enough's as good as a feast. Don't be greedy! Some other day! Keep your temper, man. Here shake hands!" and he held out a strong but well-formed hand.

But Long Bill had lost his temper beyond retrieval, and would have struck the hand aside if it had not been quickly withdrawn.

"Shame, shame!" shouted the crowd.

"Oh, never mind," said the young man. "He isn't quite himself yet, and doesn't mean it," and with a laugh and a pleasant nod he leaped from the platform. He was surrounded instantly by an admiring throng, eager to speak with, and, if possible, touch the youngster who though a gentleman, had managed to "down" the champion.

(To be Continued.)

The Source of Health

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When the nervous energy is consumed by disease or by excessive mental or physical exertion the nerves and muscles which control digestion are unable to do their work and the food is allowed to ferment and become a burden instead of a benefit to the system.

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It would be impossible for any treatment to go more directly to the cause of trouble.

While revitalizing and re-energizing the principle organ of digestion—the stomach—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food also sharpens the appetite, enlivens the action of the liver and has a gentle laxative effect on the bowels.

MRS. E. J. FORSYTH, 62 Elm street, Toronto, says:— "My trouble has been acute indigestion and severe attacks of headache, as well as nervousness, and at times spells of dizziness. After having thoroughly tested Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I can say that it has cured my stomach troubles, and, as a result, the other symptoms have also disappeared. I consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the best treatment for indigestion, as well as being a splendid general tonic."

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.

A Dying Promise

CHAPTER XLVII.—(Continued).

"I am an outcast," he replied; gloomily, yet he remembered her words at the waterfall.

"Father thou art to me, and mother dear, and brother too,
Kind husband of my heart."

"Your people would never hear of it," he added.

"Do you know, Lord Blank is rather fond of me. He is a sweet old man, and my godpapa. And Philip, please don't be angry, he knows why you went home in such a hurry. You will hear of something soon." As she said this she looked down, a little tremor in her nervously clasped hands.

"Even at the very best it would have to be years, Ada!" he exclaimed, all his heart in his voice. "And to think of your wasting your youth and beauty——"

"Growing old and ugly, when of course, you wouldn't care for me any more."

"Ada!"

"I suppose you would die for me—they always say that," she added.

"Die? What would I not do?"

"Well, once you said you would even live for me——"

"And I did it, and I shall always, while I live at all."

"Yet you won't wait a little while?" she added, suddenly raising her eyes so that the light in them flowed into his face.

"I have done you wrong," he replied. "I did not think any woman's nature could be so constant, so strong. I felt that I ought to give you up."

"But I wouldn't be given up," she interrupted, her voice quivering. "You shall not be given up. Nothing shall come between us."

"Since you have chosen unworthy me," he added, his voice trembling into a key of infinite tenderness, "I will do my utmost to justify your choice. I am your knight, your vassal, what you will, only yours."

The sun had gone down by this time, its last rose-light dying away into the track of Ulysseus and his companions, following them in that mysterious voyage to the unknown Happy Islands of which Jessie loved to dream; some stars were already trembling in the clear sky, a faint glow still crowned the bare mountain summits, the brightly colored, smokeless city at their base, which was a jewel in the sunset, had faded to common stone, specked with innumerable sparks of light; the keen chill of the winter night was in the air, it was dangerous to linger beneath the olives. They rose and hurried away, parting at the gate of Ada's temporary home, not to meet again for years.

* * * * * * *

Stillbrooke Mill stands as of old beside its clear waters, on which silver swans glide among the green reflections of overarching trees. But the garden is built over, and the plane tree gone, so that the mill seems to be a continuation of the street. A railway bridge draws a black horizontal bar across the tree-tops and strides over the bridge with long, black iron compass legs, stepping unconcernedly on green turf or in mid-stream, a symbol of the money-getting spirit of the age, a spirit that everywhere defaces beauty, ruthlessly on-rushing, borne on by the fever of its own mad desire.

One summer evening some years ago, a train roared out of Cleeve station and over this bridge at low speed, bearing in one of its carriages a general officer in full dress returning from a review, a beautiful dark-eyed woman with rich, black hair highly silvered, a lad of fifteen, and a girl of eleven. The latter, having tossed off her own gala hat, was crowning her brown curls with the white-plumed cocked hat that lay on the seat beside her, her brother had taken the unbuckled swordbelt and was drawing the sword slowly from its sheath, and feeling its edge.

"There is the mill, Ada," the general was saying, "see the man leaning over the half-door. One might think it was Matthew himself."

He saw it all as in the days of his happy, wholesome boyhood. Matthew and Martha and sunny-haired Jessie were moving about as of old. They were never long out of his thoughts, and at times were very near to him, living on beyond the bounds of sense and time in that eternity which is all round and about us.

The train passed into the blue distance, ruthlessly straight rushing as the democracy it typifies, the mill-wheel hummed on as of old, dashing the water in diamonds from its turning stair. Strangers dwelt in the mill-house, other children watched and wondered at the rolling wheel, and the mystery of the inexhaustible water, which flows on forever and never lessens.

So all things change and renew themselves, there is no death, only eternity. The water flows to the great sea which covers the earth, it rises on the wings of the sunbeam, rides gloriously over the heavens in cloud masses colored by purple sunset, descends in rich rains and fragrant dews, and so on again, in endlessm etamorphosis. We, too, have our time to rejoice and sorrow, to love and fear, to doubt and struggle, to bloom and fade. But though generation succeeds generation and the same willows hear the whispering of lovers and see their children and children's children, and the race is perpetually renewed in its eternal round, there is a difference. Unlike the water, man has a choice between blessing and cursing, he does not pass and "leave not a wrack behind" but a mark and a memory. For each separate man, as well as the whole race, moves onward, though often with many a backfall, to one "far-off divine event" with a certain power for a certain season to retard or advance the grand final consummation.

The End.)

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CEYLON TEA BLACK OR UNCOLORED GREEN. They are sold only in sealed lead packets. Never in bulk. 25c and 40c per lb. By all Grocers.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

PLANTING AN ORCHARD.

Mr. L. A Goodman says there is no business that requires a greater amount of intelligence than orchard growing. Experience is a prime requisite to success; that is, knowing what certain treatment will produce.

The climate being suitable, profitable orcharding depends more on the subsoil than on any other one thing. You can make the soil richer if it is not rich enough, but you cannot change the subsoil without great expense. Congenial subsoil and success. Improper subsoil and failure. These two sentences should be burned upon the memory of every fruit grower. Dig down under your soil in a hundred different places on the land you intend to plant and see what is below. A few dollars spent in this way may save you thousands in your orchard. The best subsoil is the loess formation. It allows the rains to sink deep into its bosom and there holds it until called for by the drouths of summer and the cold of winter. A fertile, porous subsoil is important above all other considerations. A gravelly shale or clay loam is next in order as to value, and can be found in many of our apple districts. A red clay shale with limestone soil and subsoil is also valuable. After subsoil, a good fertile soil, porous, loamy, with plenty of humus, potash and lime, so as to give fairly good crops of grain or grass, should be chosen. One that dries out quickly so that it can be plowed soon after a rain, that works easily so as to get best results with least labor, that will give a good crop of corn while growing the trees, one that will not bake too easily, is always desirable. Next comes a rocky or gravelly soil, which is good, but takes more work to get results. These are found in abundance in all mountain districts.

LOCATION AND EXPOSURE.

are not so important as elevation, although they should not be underestimated. Elevation above surrounding lands so as to get good air drainage cannot be ignored. Elevation above the sea, as you go south of 40 degrees, is important, because you get into the cooler, drier, purer air. But this is not enough, if you have not also elevation above the surrounding lands, for you then have trouble with the cold air the same as on lower lands. The northern slopes and exposures are always considered best. I think this is true because the best soils and subsoils are on these northern slopes, and not because of the location itself.

Unless varieties are adapted to climate, soil, location, exposure and market, you plant in vain. This study of adaptability can reach conclusions only by actual experience. It is well to make the experience of others serve you. If variety is at its best in one locality, then you should abide by this decision. But the fact that one variety does best in one part of our orchard and another variety in another part demands closest study. Watch for these variations and note why they are so, seeing if valuable, accurate conclusions cannot be drawn.

PREPARATION OF THE LAND

and the distance of planting must be directed by climate, condition of soil and surrounding circumstances. I believe the virgin timber land best in every way. Cutting this timber in August and September, burning up all the brush in October and November, plowing the land in December and January, where conditions will permit, and cross-plowing again in March and April, are the best courses to pursue. It pays to prepare the land well where trees are to be planted, especially where they are to stand, for it will be many a year before that part is plowed again. All trees should be carefully selected. Three-year-old trees, 5 feet high, with an even spread of at least seven to nine branches at right angles from the body, and a centre stem as a leader, are in my opinion best. Whole or piece root, long or short root, has nothing to do with the vigor, life, health or productiveness of the tree. It all depends on the kind of stock and scion used. Double working is often a great advantage. Digging, handling and planting are matters not considered sufficiently. Most of our planters forget that trees begin to die as soon as they are out of the ground, and it is only a question of time before they wither or succumb. If they are taken up carefully, without bruising either roots or tops, and intelligently planted, not more than 1 per cent. should be lost.

Wooden tree wrappers are put on our trees just as soon as they are planted. These wrappers are made 18 inches long, 10 inches wide and 1½ inches thick. They are put on with two wires, No. 20 annealed, fastened through the wrapper so they will slip down. These wrappers are worth all they cost for the protection of the body of the tree during the first summer in the increase of growth secured. They pay for themselves in keeping out the flat and round headed borers. They protect the bodies of the trees from injury during cultivation and pay for themselves a fourth time in protecting the trees from rabbits. Their cost is about $4 per 1,000. They are left on the trees for three years without any injury resulting. Get out of your trees all you can as quickly as possible, and when they fail to pay, cut them down and have others coming into bearing to take their places. This is the quickest, easiest and most profitable plan to pursue.

Cowpeas or clover is used as summer fallow and often rye is sown as a cover crop in the fall, to be plowed up the next spring and the ground sowed to cowpeas. Further care of the orchard after bearing will be a repetition of last year's work before bearing. Rotation of crops is essential. Our succession is corn, cowpeas, summer fallow, and clover two years, repeating this every five years. Prune little or much each year, according to the place the orchard is located. In the south and west there is very little pruning. Better too little than too much. In the north and east cut and thin, always keeping the ideal tree in mind, with its centre stem and branches at right angles, and then no serious mistakes will occur. In the spraying of apple orchards experiments are still necessary, to know just when, how and with what, but spray you must, is the almost universal verdict of successful apple growers.

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The weight is the measure of the consumptive's condition. Every pound of weight gained is a matter for congratulation, and

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WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The brief operations of the wireless telegraph service undertaken for the London Times at the seat of the Russo-Japanese War, and ended by the interference of the Japanese government, throw much light on the detective powers of wireless telegraphy. In this case the De Forest system was employed. The land station was at Weihaiwei, with a mast 170 feet high. The mast on the telegraph-ship was 90 feet high. Both Russian and Japanese messages were received by the operator, who could easily recognize the difference in the systems employed. He could tell if a Russian ship was at sea by listening to the answering messages from shore. He could also tell whether the Japanese messages were transmitted from a relay base, or whether the fleet itself was at sea.

WHERE BACHELORS PAY.

While the Benedict sometimes has to pay dearly for a wife, in at least one country it scarcely pays to remain celibate. In Argentina the man who prefers single to duplicated bliss has to pay a substantion and progressive tax. If he has not taken a wife by the time he reaches his twenty-fifth birthday he must pay a fine of $6.25 a month to the Exchequer; if at thirty-five he has not seen the error of his ways the fine is increased to $12.50 a month, and at this figure it remains for fifteen years. If at fifty he still keeps from the altar he is looked on as hopeless, and the fine is diminished every year until, at eighty, he is exempt.

DANGERS OF A DOUBLE

STRANGE CASES OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Resemblance to Criminals Has Entailed Suffering on Innocent People.

The most historic example of mistaken identity was furnished by the famous Lyons (France) mail robbery case, in which a man called Lesurques was charged with robbing and murdering the courier of the mail. Lesurques was identified in the most positive manner by all who had witnessed the crime as the man who had done the deed, and was sentenced to death. He died solemnly protesting his innocence and making an appeal to the real criminal to clear his memory from so foul a stain. Four years later the wretch for whom he had died was caught, and was found to bear the most striking likeness to Lesurques. He was convicted and guillotined; but many a long year elapsed before full justice was done to his victim's innocence and the forfeited property was restored to his family.

In another case a man was charged at the Old Bailey, London, with being an escaped convict. The governor of the gaol and a number of warders swore that he was without doubt the criminal they had had under their charge, and his conviction seemed certain. Fortunately it was recalled that the convict had

A WEN ON HIS LEFT HAND,

of which no trace was visible on the hand of the prisoner; and a doctor who chanced to be in court went into the box and declared that it was impossible to have removed the wen without leaving some trace of it, thus making it absolutely certain that the prisoner could not be the man who was wanted.

A Scottish court some years ago witnessed a curious trial which had a romantic sequel. A farmer's son was charged with night-poaching, and, although he set up an alibi, was convicted on the evidence of a keeper and other witnesses who swore to his identity with the poacher. Not long after the real culprit was arrested and confessed his guilt too late, however, to save the innocent youth from punishment. The latter had already served his term of imprisonment and had emigrated to the Cape, where he amassed a large fortune. On his return to Scotland the owner of the estate on which he had been charged with poaching made what amends he could by begging him to shoot over it for the rest of his days.

A respectable Scottish merchant called Henderson owed his escape from death to a curious accident. He was charged with forging an acceptance signed by the Duchess of Gordon; witness after witness swore that they had seen him sign

A SIMILAR DOCUMENT,

and one man declared that the very signature in question had been written by Henderson before witnesses in his own house. In vain did the prisoner's counsel plead his irreproachable character and his straightforward demeanour during the trial. His guilt was considered by all in court to be established. The judges, however, delayed their decision until the ensuing session, and to this delay Henderson undoubtedly owed his life.

During the recess the Lord Advocate paid a visit to a Mr. Rose, of Kilravock, who took him to inspect a house which was being built for him. Mr. Rose noticed that one of the carpenters was missing, and was told by the foreman that the man had absconded on hearing that the Lord Advocate was coming, and, further, that he believed he had been mixed up in some forging case. This statement, repeated to the Lord advocate, roused his suspicions; the fugitive was followed and arrested, and ultimately admitted that it was he who had, with the assistance of a Mrs. Macleod, committed the forgery, and for the purpose had personated Henderson.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

A live saint needs to wear no symbol.

Love usually tries to hide its noblest deeds.

A white life preaches louder than a black tie.

Things that are almost right are altogether wrong.

No man finds himself until he is willing to be lost.

A little elbow grease is worth a lot of oily phrases.

Most moral infection comes from apparently small vices.

The peroration of a sermon often prevents its application.

The rightness of a thing does not depend on its wryness.

A man is not firm in faith because he is fossilized in mind.

Living in the past only puts the headlight on the rear platform.

A man is never happy until he has ceased to care whether he is or not.

One does not have to be crusty in nature to give a crust to the needy.

You cannot atone for stealing the bakery by giving away a few biscuits.

An honest laugh may have more religion in it than the most pious logic.

Making a time card for others is not the same thing as taking the train yourself.

The greatness of our gifts may often depend on the smallness of our resources.

Our thoughts about others are of less importance than our thoughtfulness for others.

When a man introduces himself with flattery you may count on him as a probable foe.

The man who is always talking about himself as a poor worm of the dust is not likely to have a great deal of power to lift the world.

Women are fond of gold, but not of golden silence.

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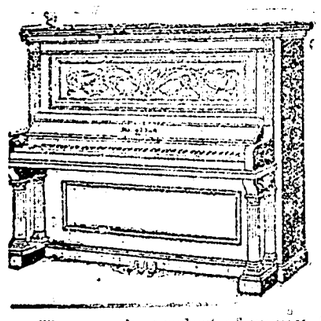

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THURSDAY, Jan. 12 1905.

A DEBASING POLICY.

To even harbour a suspicion that the Government at Victoria should put forth efforts assertive of Provincial rights is rank heresy in the estimation of so-called "Liberal" journals. The Rossland Miner holds Mr. McBride and his colleagues responsible for the depression in mining consequent upon the "2 per cent. tax"! That contention was sufficiently audacious. It has remained, however, for the Daily News of the city of Nelson to "out-Herod Herod." That delectable publication howls with enthusiasm over a declaration made by Senator Templeman, Minister without portfolio, to the effect that the beginning of "Better Terms" would be the defeat of the McBride administration. Anything to weaken the man who is struggling to bring British Columbia to the front! Anything to drive from power, by fair or foul methods, men who have devoted themselves to the work of advancing the interests of the Province! The News quotes in brief, what Senator Templeman said at a "banquet" given to Mr. Ralph Smith, M. P., at Cowichan a short time ago:

"The first instalment of 'better terms' he would like to see was the return of a Liberal government in this Province under the leadership of Mr. Macdonald, and he repeated that observation again. And the results of the polling at the late Dominion election indicated that in making that statement he was but reflecting the almost unanimous opinion of the electors of British Columbia. Out of forty-two local seats, thirty-three were carried by the Liberals, not taking into account Comox-Atlin, where the election was by acclamation."

We ask how the majorities were obtained? By appeals to the cupidity of electors: by sectional influences and wide spread corruption: by misrepresentation: by promises and pledges made out to be violated: by false statements with reference to the Grand Trunk Pacific contracts and highly colored declarations of results surely to follow the immediate prosecution of work on the western portion of the transcontinental railway. In Kootenay, Yale-Cariboo, Comox-Atlin, the elections were deferred, all know what followed, so soon as the Ottawa combination was sustained. It is unnecessary to particularise, some had axes to grind, promises of public buildings, dredges, a duty on lumber, the maintainance of a bonus on lead, these were the factors, the "burning political issues" which Liberal candidates relied upon for success. Senator Templeman knows this, if any man does, and if he is strutting around in borrowed plumage, under the impression that his influence was potent, he is very easily flattered, as well as egregiously mistaken. Senator Templeman forgets that in Kootenay and Yale-Cariboo, three candidates were in the field, the Social-Labor candidate in each, polling over 500 votes. Does he imagine those votes will go for a Provincial Liberal? If so he fails to "size-up" the situation! In October he urged the electors to support a government likely to remain in power, and subsequently earnestly implored voters, not to jeopardise their interests by voting against a government in power! Now he reverses the wheels and publicly declares that the salvation of the Province, depends upon defeating the Provincial government! Why? Because it is a Conservative administration. And what is his panacea for the ills existing? "He would like to see a Liberal Government in this Province, under the leadership of Mr. Macdonald." What has Mr. Macdonald done to prove that he is fit to accept the responsibilities of office? Only a few weeks ago, Senator Templeman and his mouthing patriots (heaven save the mark!) were impressing upon the electors, the fact that, while Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Conservatives in the Dominion was an able man, he required further experience! Now we are told, after one session of the Legislature, a comparatively untried member, is just the material for the production of a Premier. We do not believe the people of British Columbia are prepared to be humbugged by any such trashy argument. When they have the hall-marked article, it is not likely they will manifest preference for nickel-plated specimens. The News further adds:

"Senator Templeman very properly declares that the McBride Government acted unwisely in attempting to make a party issue of 'better terms.' They simply injured a cause that should appeal alike to Conservatives and Liberals. Their action in the late campaign proved conclusively their inability to properly handle an important question of this nature and there will be few who will not agree with Senator Templeman, etc."

Mr. McBride acted "unwisely." How so? Then, we are to assume that when Senator Templeman and all the Liberal heelers (including the imported Mr. Tweedie) solemnly announce during the general election, that they were officially authorised to say "better terms" would at once be considered (providing the government was sustained,) they uttered falsehoods, knowing them to be such. A "party issue," forsooth! And why not? When Mr. Fielding, Premier of Nova Scotia, Mr. Greenway, Premier of Manitoba, and other Liberal Premiers years ago (and subsequently Mr. Parent of Quebec and Mr. Ross of Ontario) set forth in official terms a demand for "Better Terms" were they denounced by Senator Templeman? By no means. Now, because a British Columbia Premier espouses the cause of the people of his Province he is denounced by the very man who, a few weeks ago, was assuring the electors that "Better Terms" would signalize the renewal of confidence in the Ottawa Government. The same with the "duty on lumber"; apparently now a closed book; to remain closed unless those who were deceived make strenuous and determined efforts to maintain their rights. More, unless those sincerely interested in its present and future assume the offensive and refuse to be cajoled and deceived by thimble-rigging on the part of rulers at Ottawa the latter will continue to play battledoor and shuttle-cock with the interests of this splendid Province.

The Appeal to the Dominion.

Ingenious perversion of facts, even though clever, is not argument; it is not justifiable on the basis of party interests; it is not good politics. When the Colonist, in discussing the financial situation, held that no government in power in this Province could make ends meet, or satisfy the people, without further allowance from the Dominion, it did not even by inference seek to lay the blame for such a condition of things upon the Laurier administration. Nor did the Colonist seek to attach any blame to that Government for the increase of the Chinese head tax from $100 to $500, and the consequent cutting off of revenue to the extent of about $300,000. Sir Wilfred Laurier, we are well aware, in dealing with Chinese immigration, acted upon the strongly and frequently expressed sentiment of the Province of British Columbia. The fact nevertheless remains that the revenue thus cut off has to be made up in some other way, and our readers will recognize the unfairness of endeavoring to shoulder the Provincial Government with the blame of any shortages due thereto. The instance of the Chinese revenue only strengthens the position we have taken on the question of Better Terms. Heretofore, the ordinary revenues of the Province with the revenues arising out of the operations of the Chinese Restriction Act added, have not been sufficient by far to meet the expenditure. Revenue is less able to that extent now to meet expenditure. As long as the conditions existed justifying the passing of the Act and keeping it in force so long was the Province entitled to receive certain monies therefrom—much more, indeed, than it got—but it was at best an adventitious and never a legitimate source of revenue.

The Colonist is not discussing the question of Better Terms as for or against the McBride administration, but on behalf of the Province; and not for or against the Laurier administration, but as against the Dominion of Canada in so far as it stands in the way of our rights. The responsibility attaching to an administration at Ottawa, which may happen to be in power for the time being, arises out of the attitude it may assume in respect to those rights. It is a question, however, of too great importance to the Province of British Columbia to be dragged at the heels of any party, and should be discussed on its merits.

In reply to the statement in regard to deficits, those in the past are blamed upon the extravagance of provincial governments, which, by the same token, are referred to as having all been "Tory." This contention cannot be maintained. There has only been one year in 33 in which there has been a surplus, and that only a small surplus at that. It cannot be maintained that all governments have been extravagant. Neither can it be maintained that they were all Conservative. They have all been composite in character, and more so in recent years, until the present government assumed the reins. The Legislatures which have supported these governments have also been of a composite character. The present is the first elected on party lines, and whatever else it has been it has not been extravagant. If we take the whole of the 33 years since Confederation debts accumulated to a little over $13,000,000, which includes several allowances made by the Dominion since 1872. That amount practically represents the difference between revenue and expenditure in the same time. If we knock off 20 per cent. for unnecessary expenditures, which, we think, will be admitted to be a very liberal allowance, we still have a shortage of about $10,000,000 in revenue to meet legitimate requirements of government. Neither can it be successfully contended that the Province could not have done with a great deal more revenue than it had in order to supply needed public works and improvements of various kinds. Therefore, by actual experience of thirty-three years under various governments it has been shown that the provision made in the Terms of Union for local services have been insufficient to at least the extent of ten million dollars. We have at the same time contributed fifteen or sixteen million dollars to the Dominion treasury in excess of all sums received in return in the way of appropriations. As compared with the rest of the Dominion, therefore, we are some $25,000,000 worse off than we ought to be. That condition of affairs is not to be charged to any particular administration at Ottawa. It is chargeable to the Terms of Union accepted without due consideration on either side as to how the financial relations would work out.

At the present time the responsibility of a deficit, if one is to occur, does not rest with the Provincial Government. In addition to being blamed for increasing the taxes, it has been severely criticized for being, if anything, niggardly in spending the money at its disposal. Since assuming the reins of power the one great effort has been to settle the financial difficulties of the Province, and to restore its credit, which were successfully done. In order to accomplish this task, it was necessary to provide for the interest on the $3,500,000 loan already spent raise an additional $1,000,000 to meet current liabilities, and to provide revenue to take the place of the Chinese capitation tax cut off, for none of which circumstances it was responsible. We have said that no government can succeed in British Columbia, with its present source of revenue and its many serious obligations imposed by the physical nature and extent of the country, in making revenue balance necessary expenditure; and the sooner all concerned recognize the fact and unite in an earnest appeal to the Dominion Government for increased allowances the sooner will deficits cease, and the burden of taxation be lightened.

If we take, for instance, the roads and trails of British Columbia, which have cost $13,000,000, it is admitted that they are still far inadequate to meet the ordinary requirements of communication. They will soon have to be greatly extended to meet the needs of new districts opening up, and others still to be developed. The same applies to all other services—schools, public buildings, government offices and so on. If we take the map of British Columbia we shall find that the settled portions as yet only form a fringe of the whole area. By far the greatest work has yet to be done. Where is the money to come from to pay for the extraordinary amount of development necessary if the Province is not substantially aided by the Dominion.—Victoria Colonist.

Indoor Tree Climbing.

The horizontal bar in an attic is an indoor limb of a tree. Expert boy tree climbers will be expert horizontal bar gymnasts; yet the clumsiest tree climber can learn to work on the bar. All he needs is courage—plenty of it. The bar should be of hickory or ash, two inches in diameter and five or six feet long. One end of the bar may be fastened in a wooden socket screwed to the wall, the other being laid in a hole cut in the top of a stout pole, which is strengthened by ropes or wires attached to rings in the floor.

Better to rig your bar too high than too low, for your tall friends cannot work on a low bar, while your little chums can manage fairly well on a high one. You should be able to touch with the finger tips of both hands the lower side of the ideal bar.

Your indoor tree is planted, and you have taken off most of your clothes, opened wide the windows, placed an old mattress beneath the bar, and are quite ready to "climb." Walking with the hands is a good movement for the beginner. Seize the bar, placed at the proper height, with both hands, fingers and thumbs, not the backs of your hands, being opposite your eyes. Walk sideways with your hands, keeping your feet together, and trying not to sway. A well set up man does not sway when he walks; nor should you, even though you are walking on your hands.

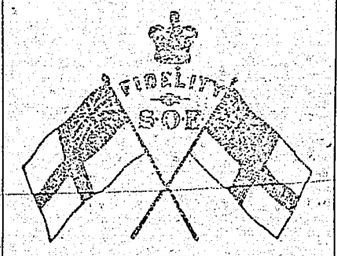
In breasting the bar, hang in the first position and slowly draw yourself up to your chest, pausing a moment before dropping gradually. Chinning is a simpler form of the same movement, the idea being to raise one's chin to the level of the bar. When you can chin yourself with one hand you have become a very strong boy or girl. Hanging by the knees most people do not find it difficult to perform. Dropping to the feet from that position is not so easy. Ask Fred to hold you. On making your first trial sway like a pendulum, and when you are at the top of the swing, drop—and you will be surprised, if you have been fearless in your attempts, to find yourself landed on your feet.

Fifteen minutes of these movements, with skinning the cat as the last movement, is plenty for your first few weeks' work. At the end of a fortnight of the horizontal bar your arms should be knotty and your chest broadened. Be sure to take five minute cold rubs on getting up each morning. When you have learned the simple movements very well, buy an elaborate book on gymnastics and learn the half-giant and the muscle-grind.

THE MOTHER.

Who Has Great Power for Good in Her Ever-Expanding Influence.

There is no class of women who know so well the delights of all the dear feminine prerogatives, the power of those exquisite qualities, grace, delicacy, and sweetness, and at the same time who feel more deeply the need of any and all means of enlightenment and advancement. There are no women better fitted to temper the present discussion; none who can better offer sympathy, yet counsel moderation, to those restless sisters whose demands so often grow out of bitter personal experience and too often rise to a discordant clamor. Of course, this view has been of mothers as a class. There are, alas! pitiful exceptions—women who do not admit the responsibilities of motherhood, and women who dare not demand the rights which motherhood gives them. Such women present problems which cannot be dealt with here. Certainly these remarks may apply to every mother who will exercise a certain just self-appreciation, who will devote a little time and attention to the consideration of this question, and her own duties and responsibilities in relation to it. Is it not possible for such women to show that womanliness does not mean weakness—that the very life of all lives the most womanly needs for its right living not goodness only, but wisdom, knowledge and freedom? On the other hand, ought they not to demonstrate that in this womanliness essentially, in the clinging to it and emphasizing it, they will gain a peculiar power which nothing else can give? It is surely a strength and freedom, not to be left behind in the march onward to new strength and new freedom. It is a quality which must be cultivated and emphasized in this "new era." It is an emotional superiority, a God-given essence, which he cannot afford to lose, in our new grasp upon the intellectual forces within us. If every intelligent mother in this land could bring herself to an accurate realization of the power for broad yet conservative advancement which lies merely in her position in the plan of society—what an immediate uplifting of womankind there would be! And beyond this, too, reaching away off into the future, is the influence she exerts upon her children, and through them upon an ever-widening circle. She has great power for good in this never-ending, ever-expanding influence, which must go out to the world from her, through her children, as well as in the strong and right expression of her individuality.—Popular Science Monthly.



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 BROCK, C. C.

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Meets in Selkirk Hall every Second and Fourth Friday of each month at 8 p. m. Visiting Choppers cordially invited to attend.

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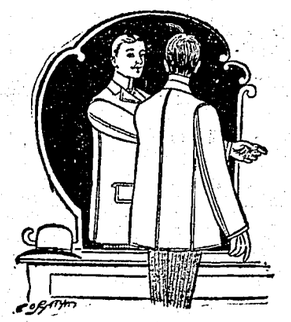

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REVELSTOKE, B. C.

HONEY IN PALESTINE

Jews Who Went All the Way From Switzerland to go into Bee Raising.

Biblical and other histories say that Palestine was famous for its honey in ancient times. The natives raise a great deal of honey, but their method have been crude, they have secured the honey only by destroying the bees and therefore their business has not been profitable. Of late years, however, their methods have been improving and the industry is now developing with the use of modern appliances. This great improvement is wholly due to a Jewish family named Baldensperger that went from Switzerland in 1810 and settled near the famous pools of Solomon, seven miles south of Jerusalem. It was not until 1880 that this family made their real start in the bee business and now, according to Consul Merrill at Jerusalem, they are famous in their line of industry.

In 1883 they carried out the novel idea of transporting their bees from one locality to another to give them fresh pasturage among the blossoms. Th first experiment was to transport the hives to Yafa, a distance of twelve miles, to give the bees the benefit of the orange blossoms there. Women carried the hives on their heads all the way, each woman carrying a hive. During April, the bees gathered for these thrifty Jews a rich harvest of orange blossom honey. Then the hives were removed to two other places, where crops of honey from Cactus and acacia blossoms were also obtained. The Baldensperger boys, pleased with their success started apiaries in other localities and began to gather a great deal of honey from other blossoms also, such as the lemon and wild thyme. Their bees were very industrious and fifty of their hives at Yafa have sometimes yielded 6,000 pounds of honey in less than a month.

Of course the Turkish officials soon heard of this prosperous industry and enormous taxes were imposed on the Baldenspergers. There have been other annoyances also which have interfered with their business, but they have persevered and now find a good market for all the honey produced.

Their product goes to Germany Switzerland, England and a little to France. The average yield per hive is about one hundred pounds of honey, and the product is taken from the hives only during the four working months beginning in April.

Awhile ago an American named Howard heard the story of these prosperous bee raisers of Palestine while he was in that country. He visited the family and purchased from them a number of queen bees, twelve of which were still alive when he reached home and he sold them here for $15 apiece. In this way, the bees of Palestine have been introduced into America.

The Baldenspergers extract the honey without killing the bees and have taught their methods to a good many of the natives and also to the Jewish colonists who have gone to Palestine. Through the efforts of this family it is likely that Palestine will again become famous for its honey.

A Remarkable Ring.

A most charming little ring and interesting little curio in the world is the property of Mr. Temple, of London. This gentleman is a nephew of the celebrated Sir Richard Temple, and the ring is a highly prized old family heirloom. Its history is pathetic and romantic in the extreme.

Inside of this tiny circle of gold are the works of a perfect little music box. You touch a spring and hold the ring quite close to your ear. Then you hear the sweetest, weirdest, tiniest little tune, which seems like a voice from spirit land.

This ring was once in the possession of one of Mr. Temple's ancestors, who lived in France. He was a stanch royalist, and in the days of the Revolution he valiantly espoused the cause of the unfortunate Louis and his lovely, doomed queen, Marie Antoinette. He was arrested, thrown into jail, where he lingered for days and weeks.

One of his few pleasures in the gloomy solitude of his dreary dungeon was to listen to the voice or tune of the little musical ring, which he always wore on the third finger of his left hand. He had inherited it from his grandfather, who had it manufactured in Genoa at great cost.

One day, sullen faced men, heavily armed, came to his dark dungeon and told him he must follow them. He knew that this meant the guillotine. He stepped bravely out to meet his fate determined to die like an English gentleman and a brave man. And he did.

A strange fancy took possession of him just before they led him to the block. He touched the spring of his little ring and lovingly held it to his ear. It sang its little tune merrily and briskly.

Then the signal came. He laid his head on the guillotine which a few hours before had known the life blood of a queen.

In the course of time the little ring found its way back into the Temple family, but it was silent. Its present owner took it to a London jeweller, who found in the musical mechanism a clot of blood that for years had lain there and impeded the working of the machinery.

This was removed and the little ring sings again the same little tune that beguiled the many sad hours of its former owner.

Not Dukes Enough for All.

The King of Saxony, lately, when the American Minister to Italy was presented to him, broke forth vhemently: "Ach, Himmel! Mein Herr! Haf American wifes no husbands at all? They come in dotzens to mein court. Efery one must be presented; efery one must be asked to a State dinner. Efery one must go in to dinner mit a duke! I haf not dukes enough to go around! What kind of wifes are they? I would like to know." So flagrant is the scandal of our swarming matelesn women in Europe that even Queen Margherita, most good-humored of soverigns, has been forced to draw in the lax lines of her court. ..No married American woman can be presented now at the Quirinal unless accompanied by her husband.

FATAL RAISE OF SALARY

Method a Merchant Took to Get Rid of a Contract With an Employee.

"I wouldn't give a cent for a contract with an employer," said an advertising man. "Contracts are useless. If a man hires you for a certain sum to do certain work he pays you that sum because you are worth it to him and he'll keep you without a contract just as long as he will keep you with one. If he agrees to pay you more than you are worth he'll find it out sooner or later and then your contract isn't worth a fig. I know it shouldn't be so, but it is so. I've got in mind now a case in which a New York merchant who boasts of forty years of business integrity figured. He employed a buyer in one of his departments at a yearly salary and contracted with him for five years. This buyer was one of the best in the business. He worked along for about a year and then something happened that made the merchant dissatisfied. Of course the buyer was under a contract and the merchant could not get rid of him without violating it. What did he do? Why he sent for this man and he said to him:

"'Mr. ——, you have done splendid work for us and we are more than satisfied. We feel that you deserve some reward and we have determined to increase your salary $1,000 a year.'

"Well the buyer said he was very grateful and all that and went out and put in some of his best licks. He got the increased salary for two weeks and signed a receipt for it. Then the merchant sent for him and said.

"'Mr. ——, we were mistaken in our estimate of you and we have determined to let you go. We don't need you any longer.'

"'Well I don't want to stay where I'm not wanted,' said the buyer, 'but I have a contract, you know.'

"'Contract?" said the merchant, 'What contract? Oh, no, you have no contract. You consented to the abrogation of the contract two weeks ago.'

"'Well I didn't think that'—the buyer began.

"'It don't make any difference what you think,' said the merchant with forty years of business integrity, 'you did abrogate it. We don't need you any longer. Good day, sir.'

"Well, now, probably if that buyer had taken the case to court he would have succeeded in enforcing the contract in spite of the fact that he had accepted an increase of salary over the contract price. But suppose he had tried to enforce it? Where would he have been? Employers don't like to hire men who might make trouble for them. If this man had sued he would practically have shut the doors of every other establishment that hired buyers against himself. Then again if he wanted another place, of course he had to depend on his former employer for a recommendation and where would he have been if he had made any trouble? He was just as badly off as if he had had no contract and I tell you that unless you are dealing with an absolute honest man a contract with an employer isn't worth the paper it is written on."

Automobiles for Cowboys.

The cowboy of olden times will soon become a thing of the past. The automobile boy will take his place on the plains instead.

Ranch owners of Texas and Indian Territory have adopted the scheme of John G. Bennedy to the La Parra ranch in Nueces county, Texas, who has placed automobiles on his 20,000-acre ranch to be used in chasing cattle, instead of ponies. There are more reasons than style for this change. Economy is the first.

Mr. Pennedy said: "The ranchmen will use automobiles instead of bronchos because they are cheaper and better. The plains are smooth and grassy and there are no ditches to speak of. A cow pony well trained is worth $75, while it only lasts a year. An automobile should last ten years or more and be useful winter and summer. I have secured my machines for $600 each.

"The ponies often fail to catch a wild steer when it breaks away from the herd, while an automobile would never fail. Every year I lose at least 100 cattle by them running away from the herd during a stampede.

"The cowboys do not take favorably to the scheme, because they will have to abandon their spurs and high-heel boots. But I think the bringing of autos onto cattle ranches will have a tendency to elevate the boys. It will do away with the old familiar custom of riding the ponies into barrooms for their drinks."

At the annual meeting of the Indian Territory cattle men at Claremore, I. T., a resolution favoring automobiles instead of ponies for use on ranches was adopted.

The Value of Lemon.

No family should be without lemons. Their uses are almost too many for enumeration. The juice of a lemon in hot water on awakening in the morning is an excellent liver corrective, and for stout women is better than any anti-fat medicine ever invented.

Glycerine and lemon juice, half and half, on a bit of absorbent cotton, is the best thing in the world wherewith to moisten the lips and tongue of a fever-parched patient.

A dash of lemon juice in plain water is an excellent tooth-wash. It not only removes tartar but sweetens the breath. A teaspoonful of the juice in a small cup of black coffee will almost certainly relieve a bilious headache.

The finest of manicure acids is made by putting a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm water. This removes most stains from the fingers and nails and loosens the cuticle more satisfactorily than can be done by the use of a sharp instrument. Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains from linen without injury to the fabric. Wet the stain with the mixture and put the article in the sun. Two or three applications may be necessary if the stain is of long standing, but the remedy never fails.

Lemon juice (outward application) will ally the irritation caused by the bites of gats or flies. Lemon peel (and also orange) should be all saved and dried. They are capital substitute for kindling wood. A handful will revive a dying fire.

Men With Real Green Hair.

According to Professor L. Lewin, Berlin, a distinguished German scientist, the hair of some copper workers is almost certain to turn green sooner or later. The Professor has been studying the subject for the last few years and he tells the result of his investigation in the current number of the Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift.

"For nearly two hundred and fifty years," he says, "scientists have known that the hair of persons employed in copper works is apt to become green—a curious fact and one which is especially interesting from a biological point of view. The general belief, however, that the hair becomes green after a few days' work in summer is erroneous. Workmen perspire freely during the summer and the dust from the copper naturally clings to their skin and tends to give their hair a greenish hue. This green however, can be easily washed off.

"The true green does not appear in the hair of workmen until they have been some years at the business, and neither by washing nor by the use of chemicals can they ever wholly rid themselves of it. I have examined over three hundred workmen and yet I found that only eight of them had any trace of green in their hair. I examined one man, a brass polisher, who had been twenty-seven years in the factory, and I found his hair of a natural color. On the other hand, I found another polisher, who had a green beard. Even animals' hair becomes green under such conditions. This was clearly proven to me by the discolored hair of a goat which used to frequent a certain copper factory and which used to drink daily without any evil results the water in which the copper was washed.

"In the case of workmen the hair of the head and beard changes color more often than that of the eyebrows, and, as a rule, the beard changes first. On men with white or fair hair the change can be noticed more readily than on those with dark hair. Another peculiar fact is that after some years the green may disappear from the hair, provided the workman is no longer employed at this trade. I knew one old man whose hair, which was very green while he was working at copper, became snow white soon after he ceased to work. On the other hand, a story is told of a workman whose hair, which was white while he was at work, became green within five months after he had stopped working.

"In the cases which I studied the green was spread evenly over the whole hair, which is curious in view of the fact that two other scientists who have been studying this subject discovered more green at the roots of the hair than anywhere else. The color itself, I found, varied from the lightest green to the very darkest.

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 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands in the District of West Kootenay.

Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of the North-East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake in Blind Bay and marked "G. S. McCarter's north-east corner post," thence south 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 20 chains more or less to the south shore of the North-East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake, thence east 40 chains to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

Dated this 30th December, 1904.

G. S. McCARTER.

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 1120, 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.

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 here of, 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

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Semi-Anthracite, Soft and Smithing Coals and Coke

SOFT COAL from these collieries according to the Government tests, is superior to the best Pennsylvania bituminous coal, having more thermal units and greater evaporating power. It is an excellent domestic fuel.

A SEMI-ANTHRACITE coal from one of the collieries is strongly recommended for furnaces and base burners.

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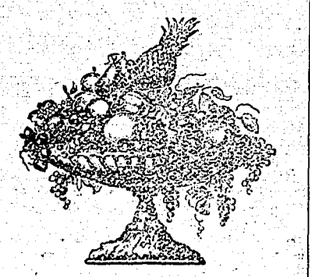

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FURNITURE

Another Carload of Furniture just arrived.
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R. HOWSON & CO., FURNITURE DEALERS, EMBALMERS

Grand Annual Ball

IN AID OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA HOSPITAL

Drill Hall, - Revelstoke

Thursday, January 19th, 1905

LADIES' TICKETS, $1.00 GENTLEMEN, $2.00

LEAVE YOUR JOB PRINTING AT THE HERALD OFFICE.

HEALTH

APPENDICITIS IN CHILDREN.

Most persons are pretty familiar by this time with appendicitis, which has come to be regarded as likely to afflict almost any one between twenty and fifty years of age, and to have escaped which is to be peculiarly fortunate. It is known that it begins with severe colic and tenderness in the right side of the abdomen, and a sensible person does not suffer long from an attack of that sort without calling in the doctor.

This is well, and no doubt the increased general knowledge regarding appendicitis and the wide-spread fear of the disease have saved many lives by leading those attacked to seek medical advice promptly while the inflammation is yet in its incipient stage. But this is true of adults only, and it seems to be believed by those who give a thought to the subject that children do not have appendicitis. This is an error, and one that may possibly have most serious consequences.

Children, even babies, may have inflammation of the vermiform appendix, and may die of it as promptly as older persons. Fortunately, however, the disease is often less severe in the very young than in adults, and a fatal case of the disease in a child is comparatively rare. But although the child may recover from his attack, the appendix is left more vulnerable, and many an apparently primary attack in adult life is really a recrudescence of a slumbering inflammation dating back to childhood.

Not every stomach-ache in a child is appendicitis, but any one may be, and parents should not be made indifferent to these attacks by their frequency. Neither should the attacks excite too great apprehension. If the danger-signals are known, and an eye kept open for them, parents can simulate all the indifference they please, especially as regards frequent attacks coming on about the school hour.

An ordinary stomach-ache lasts but a short time; the pain is general all over the abdomen, or perhaps most marked on the left side, and the attack often passes off with a slight diarrhoea, usually without fever. When the appendix is the seat of the trouble, the pain may subside for a time; but it recurs again and again as a sharp colic, usually most marked on the right side, and is not relieved by pressure, as the simplest stomachache often is. There is fever, the face is flushed or dusky, and the child shows that it is really ill; the tongue is coated, and there are black circles under the eyes. When a child has a stomach-ache that persists or that comes back again after having disappeared, especially if there is fever, it should be carefully studied.—Youth's Companion.

COLD FEET AND INDIGESTION.

Coldness of feet and limbs is almost invariable an evidence of indigestion. The coldness is due not to weakness of the heart or feebleness of circulation, as is generally supposed, but to the contraction of the small arteries, preventing blood from entering the parts. There is generally an irritation of the abdominal sympathetic nerve centers which control the circulation of the lower extremities. This difficulty is not to be removed by exercise or by any special application to the limbs, but by removal of the causes of irritation. This may be a prolapsed stomach or chronic indigestion. Hot and cold foot baths are valuable. These act, not simply on the feet and limbs, but by reflex on the feet and limbs, but by abdominal sympathetic centers, which are in a diseased condition.

Rubbing of the feet and legs is also an excellent method of overcoming spasm of the blood vessels, thus preserving the normal circulation. The rubbing should be from the feet towards the body. The surface should be well lubricated with vaseline. To avoid irritation of the skin care should also be taken to clothe the limbs very warmly. In many cases this is necessary, even in the summer season.

NERVOUS TENSION.

Many people wear themselves out needlessly; of this there is no possible doubt, and their conscience is a species of tyrant to them. An exaggerated sense of duty leads many a person to very anxious ceaseless activity, to be constantly doing something, never to be idle a second of time, to scorn to rest. Such people are in unconscious nerve tension. They say they have no time to rest, they have so much to do, not thinking that they are rapidly unfitting themselves for probably what would have been their best and greatest work in after years. As there are conscious and unconscious thoughts, so there are conscious and unconscious nerve tensions. Self-control of nerve force is the great lesson of health, and therefore of life itself. To understand how to relax is to understand how to strengthen nerves. Hearty laughter is a source of relaxation, and relaxation is also found in diversion and amusements. Change of air and scene is occasionally necessary. It is sufficient rest of body and mind which enables a man to accomplish his best work by relieving his nerve tension.

A lady who lived in Hawaii tells that servants there refuse to say "Mrs." or "Mr." A young bride—an Irish girl—was much shocked at hearing a married friend called "Mary" by a servant, and instructed her husband not to call her by her Christian name except when they were alone. One day she had visitors, and what was her horror when the cook put his head inside the drawing-room door and said to—"My love, what vegetable you want today?"

FOR NELSON'S CENTENARY

GREAT BRITISH EMPIRE CELEBRATION.

A Million Shillings to be Raised —Souvenirs for the Subscribers.

Of all the names on England's roll of fame none stands higher in the popular estimation than that of Nelson; and the centenary of his death which falls to be commemorated next year will undoubtedly evoke a strong outburst of admiration for the great naval hero, of whom Tennyson sang:

Thine Island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since the world began.

To mark the occasion the directors of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society have resolved to appeal to the English-speaking public throughout the world for assistance in raising not less than a one million shilling memorial fund, which Mr. John Cory, president of the society, will inaugurate with a gift of five thousand shillings. One notable feature of the scheme is the distribution of Victory souvenirs to subscribers.

ONE FLOATING MONUMENT.

Many of the old naval ships have necessarily been broken up, and many persons feared H.M.S. Victory, after her recent accident, would follow her unfortunate consorts; but the King is credited with having commanded that she should be preserved as the one floating monument of the heroic past. The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty gave to the above society the whole of the old material taken from H.M.S. Victory. The society has also secured the whole of the remaining copper, weighing several tons, left from Nelson's flagship, the Foudroyant, wrecked in 1837, and will therefore be in a position to present some million Nelson Victory souvenirs to the boys and girls of the Empire.

The Royal Albert Hall is secured, and other suitable centres will be taken both in India, the colonies, as well as in the British Isles, for a great Nelson celebration, at which the presentations will be made simultaneously on October 21, 1905. It is felt the souvenir, which can be worn if desired, will be the more appreciated if the recipient makes a little self-denial from the pocket exchequer or collects in the home circle of relations and friends not less than 5s. for the Nelson Centenary Fund.

Suitable mementoes of the centenary will also be awarded to all subscribers of smaller amounts above one shilling.

OBJECTS OF THE FUND.

Every town giving £50 and upwards through its mayor or provost will receive a piece of oak from the Victory, with a suitably inscribed brass plate, for town hall, museum, or reading room, and any public school giving the same amount will receive a like memento.

The following are some of the objects for which the fund is to be raised: —

Nelson free beds in connection with Jack's Palace.

Nelson free scholarships to assist naval reserve men to rise in the profession.

Nelson endowment and extension of Jack's Palace.

Nelson reading rooms in various parts.

Nelson sailors' rest in King's Lynn close to his birthplace.

Nelson memorial in Malta.

Nelson award for heroism.

The American people will be allowed to participate in the commemoration, to which President Roosevelt has sent his blessing. In thanking the society for the courtesy and kindness extended to American sailors, he says in a signed letter:

"Let me extend a cordial greeting to you on this occasion of the centenary of the heroic death which closed the wonderful career of your great admiral, Nelson. With renewed thanks and all good wishes."

BLOTCHY SKINS.

A Trouble Due to Impure Blood Easily Remedied.

Bad blood is the one great cause of bad complexion and blotchy skins. This is why you must attack the trouble through the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All blotches, boils, ulcers, pimples and paleness are the direct, unmistakable result of weak blood loaded with impurities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills conquer the poison; they drive out all the impurities; they actually make new, rich red blood; they strike right at the root of all complexion troubles; they are a positive and permanent cure for all virulent skin disease like eczema, scrofula, pimples and erysipelas. They give you a clear, clean skin, free from all blemish and full of rosy health. Mr. Matthew Cook, Lamerton, N.W.T., tells how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him of erysipelas after other medicines had failed. He says: "My skin was inflamed; my flesh tender and sore; my head ached; my tongue was coated; I had chills and thought I was taking fever. I tried several medicines, but nothing helped me until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and drove the trouble from my system, and I am now in the best of health. I think these pills the best medicine in the world for blood troubles."

It is an every day record of cures like this that has given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their world-wide prominence. They cure when other medicines fail, but you must get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. You can get these pills at all druggists, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHE WAS IN BED FOR THREE YEARS

PAIN-RACKED WOMAN CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Strong Statement by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of Morley, Ont.—She's Strong and Healthy Once More.

Morley, Ont., Nov. 28—(Special).—What Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for the suffering women of Canada will never be fully known. It is only when some courageous woman breaks the secrecy that covers woman and her troubles that a passing glimpse of their great work is given. For this reason a statement made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of this place, is of more than passing intetest.

"I was a great sufferer for four years," says Mrs. Hughes, "I was treated by five doctors and a specialist from the U. S. I tried nearly every kind of medicine I could hear of, but none seemed to do me any good.

"I was in bed for nearly three years. I had pains up my spinal column, in my head, over my eyes, across my back and through my left side. I took fourteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am strong and able to do a good day's work, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

FORECAST OF NEXT YEAR.

Almanac Seer Predicts Some Troublous Events.

We are all in for an exciting time Mars, Uranus, Mercury, and the rest are conspiring to make things hum in the coming year, and, what with wars, earthquakes, droughts, epidemics and assassinations, there will be no peace for any of us on this unhappy planet.

All this on the authority of the immortal Zadkiel, whose almanac is just issued in London.

The Czar, in particular, is to have a bad year of it. "There is no encouragement" to anticipate "a turn in the tide of war" in his favor. "In fact, the best course would be to evacuate Manchuria and make terms of peace with Japan."

Then, again, the position of Mars indicates great personal danger to this unfortunate ruler "if he should venture into a foreign country; also a family bereavement. From September to the end of 1905 the Czar will not be free from danger."

The Kaiser, too, may look out for squalls, for in March Saturn "plagues the ruler of Russia and Kaiser Wilhelm." Further, Zadkiel "regrets to forsee a trying time" for the Emperor of Austria.

In April "Mars becomes retrograde," and there is "some hope of peace" in the Far East. But Russian military and naval disasters go on just the same in the following months.

We in England will have nothing to congratulate ourselves upon. In September, for instance, there will be anxiety on account of India. Again, there will be "much sickness, many accidents, and an increased death rate during the winter quarter." Then read the following words and tremble:

"About the eighth day (of October) a sudden blow against the power and dignity of Great Britain may be struck, which will compel this country to mobilize the fleet. I trust that war will be avoided, but it is my duty to point out the danger which is imminent in Europe and in the Far East."

GEN. KELLER'S LETTERS.

He Had a Poor Opinion of Some Russian Officers.

One of the most interesting contributions to the history of the war will be the late General Count Keller's letters to his wife, writes a Moscow correspondent. They contain much important information concerning the organization of the army and the conduct of his troops. Whole regiments were without uniforms or proper clothes; others had no boots; the deficiency of the sanitary arrangements was appalling, and confussion was general. General Keller expressed himself very strongly concerning the capacity of many of his colleagues. His opinion of Kouropatkin was not high, and his views on several others would not form pleasant reading for the officers concerned. In Gen. Sassulitch, however, his confidence was greater, and he professed great admiration for the common soldier. Countess Keller has been persuaded by friends, and especially by some persons connected with the Government, to postpone her intention of publishing these memoirs abroad until after the war. Their publication at the present moment would produce a painful effect in Russia.

General Keller was well-known in Ekaterinoslav, of which town he was Governor. His widow still resides in the neighborhood. A soldier formerly attached to his person has returned from the Far East, and has told the story of the general's death. In a previous engagement a number of officers had not behaved with conspicuous gallantry, and after the fight General Keller called them together and rebuked them with great severity. At the next engagement he said he would show them how an officer should face the enemy. On the eve of the battle in which he fell he commanded an orderly to give him his white jacket, and thus conspicuously attired he led his men into battle and exposed himself till he fell.

The following incident is characteristic of official want of confidence in the immediate prospects of the war: A large supply of tin plates had been ordered from, and supplied by, an Ekaterinoslav firm for the roofing of hospitals and huts for the army at Harbin. They have long been ready and ought to have been sent off weeks ago, but, though paid for and labeled, their departure has been suspended indefinitely, as the authorities fear that even Harbin may have to be abandoned and its stores left in the hands of the enemy.

ROYALTY IN JAPAN.

There has existed in Japan for many centuries a curious law to the effect that whenever the Emperor or Empress appeared in public no other person should seem to occupy a higher place than this member of the Royal family; therefore on such occasions the shutters of all upper storeys were drawn, and the upper parts of the houses past which the Royal party moved were seemingly deserted. This law is still in effect.

LATEST DOG CENSUS.

According to the European dog census, France leads the way with 2,864,000 dogs, an average of 75 to every 1,000 human beings. Irish dogs, curiously, come next with a percentage of 73 per 1,000. England has 38 per 1,000, Germany 31, and Sweden but 11. In the United States the estimate is only from 1,000,000 to 1,508,000.

SUCH A NICE RIDDLE.

"Did you ever hear the alphabetical conundrum, Angelina?"

"No, Augustus, what is it?"

"It is: When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?"

"Oh, I never could guess that!"

"It's when U and I are made one, my darling."

"What a nice conundrum it is, Augustus!"

"WHACKS."

And What They Mean.

When Old Mother Nature gives you a "whack" remember "there's a reason" so try and say "thank you" then set about finding what you have done to demand the rebuke, and try and get back into line, for that's the happy place after all.

Curious how many highly organized people fail to appreciate and heed the first little, gentle "whacks" of the good old Dame, but go right along with the habit whatever it may be, that causes her disapproval. Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea or other unnatural treatment of the body, until serious illness sets in or some chronic disease.

Some people seem to get on very well with those things for awhile, and Mother Nature apparently cares but little what they do.

Perhaps she has no particular plans for them and thinks it little use to waste time in their training.

There are people, however, who seem to be selected by Nature to "do things." The old Mother expects them to carry out some department of her great work. A portion of these selected ones she and again seek to stimulate and then deaden the tool (the body) by some one or more of the drugs—Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea, Morphine, etc.

You know all of these throw down the same class of alkaloids in Chemical analysis. They stimulate and then depress. They take from man or woman the power to do his or her best work.

After these people have drugged for a time, they get a hint, or mild "whack" to remind them that they have work to do, a mission to perform, and should be about the business, but are loafing along the wayside and become unfitted for the fame and fortune that waits for them if they but stick to the course and keep the body clear of obstructions so it can carry out the behests of the mind.

Sickness is a call to "come up higher." These hints come in various forms. It may be stomach trouble or bowels, heart, eyes, kidneys or general nervous prostration. You may depend upon it when a "whack" comes it's a warning to quit some abuse and do the right and fair thing with the body.

Perhaps it is coffee drinking that offends. That is one of the greatest causes of human disorder among Americans.

Now then if Mother Nature is gentle with you and only gives light, little "whacks" at first to attract attention, don't abuse her consideration, or she will soon hit you harder, sure.

And you may also be sure she will hit you very, very hard if you insist on following the way you have been going.

It seems hard work to give up a habit, and we try all sorts of plans to charge our ill feelings to some other cause than the real one.

Coffee drinkers when ill will attribute the trouble to bad food, malaria, overwork and what not, but they keep on being sick and gradually getting worse until they are finally forced to quit entirely, even the "only one cup a day." Then they begin to get better, and unless they have gone long enough to set up some fixed organic disease, they generally get entirely well.

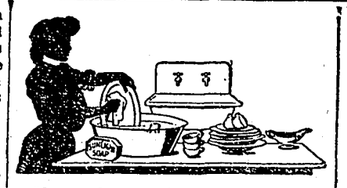
It is easy to quit coffee at once and for all, by having well made Postum, with its rich, deep, seal brown color which comes to the beautiful golden brown when good cream is added, and the crisp snap of good, mild Java is there if the Postum has been boiled long enough to bring it out.

It pays to be well and happy for good old Mother Nature then sends us her blessings of many and various kinds and helps us to gain fame and fortune.

Strip off the handicaps, leave out the deadening habits, heed Mother Nature's hints, quit being a loser and become a winner. She will help you sure if you cut out the things that keep you back.

"There's a reason" and a profound one.

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



More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap it's the best. 6B

RUSSIANS AS LINGUISTS.

Every educated Russian knows three languages beside his own, and many of them four. Knowledge of the English, French and German languages is considered necessary to culture. A family having small children employs two to four governesses, from whom the children learn foreign tongues before they are taught the more difficult Russian. This command of language makes possible the fact that Russians have a better knowledge of the world's affairs than any other people.

HEALTH FOR BABY.

Babies that are well, sleep well, eat well, and play well. A child that is not lively, rosy-cheeked and playful, needs immediate attention, or the results may be serious. Give an unwell child Baby's Own Tablets and you will be astonished how soon he will be bright and playful. For diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever, indigestion, colic, and teething irritation, these tablets have absolutely no equal. They do not stupefy the the child as poisonous "soothing" medicines do—they go to the seat of the trouble and cure him. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething and I think them the best medicine in the world." You can get these Tablets at any drug store, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Wise mothers always keep the Tablets in the house to guard against a sudden illness of little ones.

Dicky—"Pa, what's a 'convincing speaker'?" Pa—"A 'convincing speaker,' Dicky, is a man who knows enough to stop talking before his audience gets the backache."

A Casket of Pearls.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets would prove a great solace to the disheartened dyspeptic if he would but test their potency. They're veritable gems in preventing the seating of stomach disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—60 of these helath "pearls" in a box, and they sost 35 cents. Recommended by most eminent physicians.—64

Binks—"I don't see how you can remember the birthdays of all the children." Mrs. Binks—"It's very easy. The first was born on August 17th. I remember it because on that day you gave me a pearl necklace with my name on the clasp. The second was born July 20th. On that day you gave me a 50c book, with my name and the date on the flyleaf. The third was born May 6th. On that day you got cross about a millinery bill which had just been sent in, and it isn't paid yet."

I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.
I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.
Stanley, P. E. I.
I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
MATTHIAS FOLEY.
Oil City, Ont.

Algernon—"Have you any idea, darling, what your father would say if I asked him for your hand?" Arabella—"No, I haven't. He never uses that kind of language before his family."

Kidney Experiment—There's no time for experimenting when you've discovered that you are a victim of some one form or another of kidney disease. Lay hold of the treatment that thousands have pinned their faith to and has cured quickly and permanently. South American Kidney Cure stands pre-eminent in the world of medicine as the kidney sufferer's truest friend.—62

Rosie—"I wonder if it is true that one is likely to catch something from being kissed?" Maud—"Of course not. You've been kissed enough, but you haven't caught anything yet, have you?"

For Over Sixty Years
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures windcolic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

China holds the world's record in the way of executions. There are at least twelve thousand legal executions yearly.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cures Piles.—Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles. Comfort in one application. It cures in three to six nights. It cures all skin diseases in young and old. A remedy beyond compare, and it never fails. 35 cents.—63

"Papa, is it true that the pen is mightier than the sword?" "Some people say so, my son." "Then why don't the Russians fight with fountain-pens?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

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

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.

MORE DOCTORS WANTED.

Pitiful Scenes Witnessed at Russian Headquarters.

Mukden is a city of wounded. Telegrams received at St. Petersburg from the Manchurian headquarters describe in detail the pitiful scenes in the capital, where every house has become a hospital and the constant cry is: "More doctors!"

The wounded commenced to arrive at Mukden Oct. 11, and the heaviest day was Oct. 16, when the main road leading to the city was absolutely choked with ambulances, carts and litters.

So far as possible preparations had been made by the Red Cross Corps to cope with the inevitable heavy casualty list. When Gen. Kouropatkin began his unfortunate advance, every available ambulance accompanied him, as well as the doctors and nurses who served through the Liao-Yang engagement.

Still the facilities were miserably inadequate. A large portion of the much-needed hospital supplies is still at Harbin, despite the urgent appeals of the doctors, after the Liao-Yang engagement, for more help and supplies. Owing to an official blunder, the additional supplies were not forwarded to Mukden, the result being that the Red Cross was handicapped in every way.

Train-loads of wounded were sent direct to Tieling, and all who could bear the journey were shipped to Harbin, but there remained thousands of cases which required immediate attention, and these were ordered to Mukden.

The doctors have been practically without sleep for a week. Several nurses are reported to have actually died of exhaustion, one of them—a Sister of Charity—collapsing while assisting at an operation. The supply of medicines and surgical appliances has run short.

It is estimated that at least 28,000 wounded men have been treated in Mukden. Scores of them died before surgical assistance could reach them. Gen. Kouropatkin has personally complimented the Red Cross Corps for its exertions during the past week.

Many Chinamen have been pressed into service as hospital assistants.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfecant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

Of the many women who become public entertainers, very few succeed as ventriloquists.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Swedish restaurant keepers of the old-fashioned sort charge less for a woman's meal than a man's on the theory that she is physically unable to eat so much.

Like Tearing the Heart Strings—"It is not within the conception of man to measure my great sufferings from heart disease. For years I endured almost constant cutting and tearing pains about my heart, and many a time would have welcomed death. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has worked a veritable miracle."—Thos. Hicks, Perth, Ont.—59

"She said, if any man kissed her without warning, she'd scream for her father." "What did you do?" "I warned her."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Abe—Jo Jimpson, dat's leanin' erginst de post obah dere, ain't acted "right" sence he lost his wife. Mose—No; it's preyin' on his mind. But I'll tel yo', dat post ain't gwine ter suppo't him like she did.

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

AN EPICURE IN CONDIMENT.

It was in the dining-room of a country hotel, and the brisk waitress held a glass pitcher above some steaming buckwheat ieakes she had placed before the guest from town.

"Sir'p?" she asked.

"If you please."

"Will you have it raound and raound, or in a puddle?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Raound and raound, or in a puddle?"

"I—I—in a puddle, I think."

The golden stream began its sticky descent on the center of the cakes, and as she poured, the waitress included the guest and her work in one friendly contemplative glance.

"Some prefers it raound and raound, but I like it best in a puddle myself," she said, graciously, as she shut off the stream of sirup with a dexterous turn of her wrist.

"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

"I have been troubled with insomnia for nearly a week," said the weary-looking man. "Oh, well, it isn't dangerous," replied the absent-minded doctor. "There's no occasion for you to lose any sleep over a little thing like that."

Where Doctors do agree!—Physicians no longer consider it catering to "quackery" in recommending in practice so meritorious a remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness as South American Nervine. They realize that it is a step in advance in medical science and a sure and permanent cure for diseases of the stomach. It will cure you.—60

A Young Financier—Gerald: Mamma, can you change fifteen cents for me? Mother—How do you wish it changed, dear? Gerald—Into a quarter.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Mrs. Swellman—"Oh, I'm so glad you dropped in. I don't know what on earth ails the baby." Caller—"Shall I run for a doctor?" Mrs. Swellman:—"No—for an interpreter. His French nurse left suddenly today, and nobody can understand what he says."

Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

when the first sign of a cough or cold appears. It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.

Prices, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. 311

Who's Tom ?

"Any letters, Susan?" asked Mr. Podberry, as he took his seat at the breakfast table.

"Three, sir," replied his housekeeper, placing them before him. "One's from Miss Kitty."

"Kitty!" he snapped, regarding the woman with a frown. "Mrs. Susan Jenkins, when will you learn to call my niece by her baptismal name? Pet names are very well for children, but for a young woman of twenty-two, why——"

The woman, being used to her master's humors, made no reply, but having seen that all his requirements were within his reach quietly withdrew.

Filling his cup from the urn he took up one of the letters, saying, as he tore it open, "From Matilda. What has she to say?

"My Dear Brother,—Just a hurried note to tell you that I have at last found what you require. He has already filled a similar post, and comes to us with excellent references. Kitty has seen him and thinks him a perfect gem.' Umph! Ah! I dare say. 'I have advanced him the fare to Hurstleigh'—what a fool that woman is!—'and he will call on you shortly after you receive this letter.' Will he? Query." And the letter was cast aside.

"Now, then, Miss Kitty—umph! Kate," as she opened the second, "what have you to say?

"'My Dear, Darling Old Nunky'—Ah! she wants something—'I've got a surprise for you. I meant to have kept it until my arrival, but Tom'—Now, who the deuce is Tom?—'but Tom insists on seeing you and telling you all about it at once.' Umph! That's very thoughtful of Tom.

"'He intends running down to see you to-morrow, so look out for him, Nunky.' To-morrow,—why, that's to-day. Why, what the dickens—umph!

"'Be nice to him, for he's the dearest'—Oh! is he? That's it, is it?—'fellow in the world, and loves me.' Bosh! Some young jackanapes I'll be bound. Well, if he doesn't suit me he sha'n't have her—that's flat."

Touching the bell, he folded the letters and placed them carefully in his pocket, and awaited his housekeeper's arrival.

"Jenkins," he said, as she entered, "your young mistress has picked up a sweetheart in London. Some young fool, I suppose."

"I shouldn't wonder, sir."

"Eh?" he snapped. "What do you mean? You shouldn't wonder? I suppose, Mrs. Jenkins, you think that no one but a fool would fall in love with her, eh?"

"No, sir; I think he'd be a fool if he didn't."

"Yes, yes, I know," he said, in a mollified tone. "She's a wheedling little puss. But, Jenkins, he's coming here to-day. Let me see, what time did she say? Now, where on earth are those letters? Eh, what's this?" he exclaimed, picking up a letter that he had hitherto overlooked.

"I don't know this handwriting," he said, tearing it open. "'Dear Old Fred'—who the dickens is Old Fred? Who's Fred, Jenkins?"

"Lor', sir, I don't know."

"'Dear Old Fred,—Congratulate me. The pretty Kitty accepted me this afternoon, and by the time you read this I shall be on my way to Hurstleigh to beard the——' The what? What's that, Jenkins?" he asked, pointing to the line he had been reading.

Jenkins took the letter, and, glancing at it, read, ——to beard the old ogre of an uncle."

"What does he mean by 'the old ogre'?"

"He means you, sir."

"Jenkins, how dare you?"

"Well, sir——"

"'Ogre of an uncle. Wish me luck, old boy. Yours, Tom.'

"So, Miss Kate, this is the young gentleman, is it? Calls me an old ogre, the young villain! He's 'the dearest fellow in the world,' is he? Jenkins, if the scamp dares to show his face here I'll——"

"That letter, sir, wasn't meant for your eyes. It's got into the wrong envelop. Ah, young chaps in love do funny things. I know when Jenkins was first courting me he left off oiling his hair, and used to go out into the meadows and talk to the cows because, he said, they reminded him of me. Ah, love's a funny thing!" she added, sighing over the recollection of her own young days.

"Yes; makes fools of people," he said, as he rose to quit the room. "Oh, Jenkins," he added, as he reached the door, "I'm expecting a young fellow down this morning to fill Wilson's place; as soon as he arrives let him come to me in my study."

For close on two hours Mr. Podberry sat among his books, occasionally looking up from the page before him to glance at his watch.

"The fellow's late," he muttered at last, as, throwing the book impatiently aside, he strode towards the hall.

At that moment there came a sharp rat-tat at the door, followed by a man's voice inquiring for Mr. Podberry.

"Yes," he heard Jenkins say, "I'm glad you've come. The master has been expecting you."

Returning to his chair, he awaited the arrival of his visitor. 'Twas but a moment ere Jenkins ushered him in, having taken advantage of the interval to inform him that if he wished to please the master he must on no account contradict him.

"Humor him," she whispered at the door. "He's all right if you humor him."

"Oh! you have come, then?" said Mr. Podberry, eyeing him with satisfaction as he entered the room. "Turn round and let's look at you. Yes, you seem a likely-looking young fellow. What's your name?"

"My name is Leonard."

"Eh? What? Absurd! Leonard—tut, tut! Why not Alphonso, or Sylvanus, or Cecil?"

"For the simple reason that it is Leonard," replied the young man, smiling. "I am sorry if it does not please you."

"Please me—certainly not—the thing's absurd," with a depreciatory wave of the hand. "I shall call you Jones."

"But, my dear Mr. Pod——"

"Don't be familiar, sir. I am not your dear Mr. Podberry. I am Mr. Podberry only to my friends. To you, sir, I am 'sir.'"

"I really beg your pardon, sir, but——"

"Well, well," said the old man, more amiably, "there is no occasion for any further apology; but remember. And now, Jones——"

"Leonard, sir."

"Jones, I tell you. If you are not content to be Jones, I have nothing more to say to you."

The young fellow looked at Mr. Podberry as though somewhat in doubt as to his sanity, but, with a shrug of the shoulders, replied :—

"Very well, sir; Jones, if you wish it."

"Very well, Jones. Now, then, what are your capabilities?"

"Well, I don't know. I can row a bit, I'm not a bad shot, I play the banjo fairly well, and am reckoned good at a coon song."

"Coon song! Confound you sir, do you think I am starting a minstrel troupe? I'll have none of your burnt cork foolery here, sir. Can you do anything useful?"

"Well, I hope so."

"You hope so, sir?" cried Podberry with some asperity. "You hope so? The questions is can you? Can you clean boots—brush clothes——? Can you dig?"

"Dig?"

"Yes, dig. Do you know a spade from a rake?"

"Well, I think so. But——"

"Umph! What about bedding?"

"Bedding? Isn't it rather early, sir, to——"

"I should require you to bed out."

"Bed out—where?"

"In the garden, sir. Where else?"

"I don't understand you, sir; but——"

"I don't think you need say any more. Plainly, Jones, I can hold out no hope to you."

"But, my dear sir, you have nothing against me."

"Nothing against you? Why, to speak plainly, you seem to me the greatest idiot under the sun."

"Well, sir, I won't quarrel with your opinion; but——"

"Well, well, if you admit it, there may be some hope for you. And, after all, I shall not tax your abilities to any great extent; it is my niece that you will have to please."

"Exactly, sir. And I assure you Miss Graham is quite satisfied."

"Well, well, if Kate is pleased I have nothing more to say; but before I ratify the engagement I should like to have her opinion on the matter. She returns this evening. As you are here, suppose you remain until she arrives. I'll just mention the matter to Jenkins. Ah! that reminds me—about dinner. I am expecting a friend—can you wait?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, that's something in your favor. But," as he rose and inspected the young fellow closely, "I don't like these clothes."

"I'm sorry."

"I couldn't possibly allow my guest to see you in that garb. Why on earth didn't you bring a dress-suit?"

"If I had the faintest idea that——"

"That's the worst of you people; you never have an idea. Oh! Jenkins," as the housekeeper made her appearance; "the very thing—just give this young man one of my old dress-suits."

"Lor', sir, it won't fit him by miles."

"Tut, tut! Jenkins; don't put obstacles in the way. Make it fit. Take a tuck in at the back," and leaving Jenkins and the young man eying each other doubtfully he strode into the hall, and donning a broad-brimmed straw hat sauntered off upon his morning stroll.

On his homeward journey he was overtaken by a young cyclist, who, dismounting, inquired, "Am I going right for 'The Beeches'?"

"Yes," replied Podberry; "straight ahead. Whom might you wish to see at 'The Beeches'?"

"The guv'nor, Mr.—um—I've forgotten the old duffer's name. I've got it some where on a paper," he said fumbling in his pocket. "Mr.—Mr. Pottle——"

"Podberry, I suppose?"

"Ah! that's it. I knew it had something to do with berries. Do you know the old boy? They tell me he's a bit cranky to deal with."

"Upon my soul, I never found him so."

"Well, I must get on. I'm a bit late already. I should have come down by train, but having the bike I——"

"Well, there you are, young man, there is the house. You can see the chimneys among the trees yonder. You have some distance to go yet, for the road winds," said Mr. Podberry, as he struck across the fields in the direction of the house.

Some few minutes later he entered his study in a great state of good-humor.

"So this is Master Tom, is it?" he chuckled, rubbing his hands gleefully. "This is a great joke—a great joke! Won't he be surprised? Ah!"—as the bell sounded—"there he is! Now, then——"

"Gentleman says he has an appointment with you, sir," said the housekeeper, putting her head in at the door.

"Show him in, Jenkins."

The housekeeper retired, to return accompanied by the caller, who started as he recognized his companion of the road. Somewhat abashed he contrived to stammer out :—

"Good morning, sir. Mr.—er—Pod——"

"Berry! Yes, Master Tom, 'tis I. I told you I knew the old boy. You heard I was a bit cranky, did you? Who gave you that information? So you've come to beard the old ogre, have you?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I don't——"

"There, there, sir, don't deny it; and when next you write two letters at once be sure you place them in the right envelopes. I am not going to let your words prejudice me against you, but I do expect you to have the courage to ——"

"But, sir——"

"What, sir, do you intend to brazen the matter out? Will you deny that you used those words? Perhaps you'll tell me you are not Tom at all?"

"No, sir, I'm Tom all right, but I don't know how you knew, unless Miss——"

"Why, did you imagine that my little Kitty would keep a thing of that sort from her uncle? No, sir This is what she wrote to me this morning." And, producing the letter, he read : "'Be nice to him, for he's the dearest fellow in the world.' Now, sir, what do you say to that?"

"Why," said the young fellow, with a puzzled expression, "of course it's very kind of the young lady to write like that. She promised to put in a good word for me, but—"

"What, aren't you satisfied? Do you want me to betray her confidence and tell you all the other sweet things of you?"

"Blessed if I don't think he is cranky," muttered the young fellow, edging toward the door.

"Well, man, haven't you a word to say?"

"Why—I—er——"

"Tut! man, don't ask me to believe that you are bashful! Hang, it man, you've spoken to my niece, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hang me if I don't think the fellow wants to back out of it. Do you or do you not wish to be engaged?"

"Well," faltered Tom, "I did when I came, sir, but I—I've altered my mind."

"What, sir?" cried Podberry, angrily. "You've altered your mind? You dare to tell me——"

"Mr. Podberry! Oh, I beg pardon!" said an intruder, drawing back from the door.

"Come here, sir. What do you want?"

"Why, merely, sir, to point out that, while I appreciate your kindness I really cannot consent to wear a coat like this."

"What, sir?"

"In spite of your housekeeper's ingenuity it hangs about me like a sack. As for the other things——"

"Confound the fellow!" cried Podberry, flying into a rage. "If I were not the best-tempered man in the world I should kick you both out of the place. But look here, Jones. Unless you desire your engagement to terminate forthwith you will wear those thinhs. As for you, sir," addressing himself to the other, "I'm going to find a horsewhip, and if I don't write an abject apology to the lady or this insult I'll——" The threat was lost as he banged the door behind him.

"What an old fire-eater!" said Leonard.

"A reg'lar snap-dragon, ain't he?" said the other. You'll throw up the engagement, won't you?"

"I'll see the old rascal hanged first."

"Well, I shall break off mine. Miss Graham is very nice, but——"

"Miss Graham! What has she to do with you?"

"Why, 'twas by her advice I came. I spoke to her yesterday, and she referred me to the old boy."

"Do you mean to tell me Miss Graham ever gave you the slightest encouragement?"

"Rather. It was all settled as far as she was concerned."

"I'll not believe her guilty of such baseness. You, too, a coarse, vulgar——"

"Here, hold on. I suppose you're jealous at my steppin' into your shoes? P'raps you'll say as she sent you down, next?"

"Undoubtedly I came at her stigation."

"Well, that's funny, seein' that she was so took with me."

"'Took with you?' The illiterate brute," muttered Leonard, turning away. Then, after a pause :—

"Oh! you think she was 'took with' you, do you? Do you dare to say that Miss Graham ever addressed one word of love to you?"

"Well—not right out—you know what girls are—but you ought to ha' seen the letter she writ to old Fizgig. Says she, 'He's the dearest, sweetest boy in the world.'"

"'Tis strange," said Leonard, pacing the room, "very strange. I cannot believe that Kitty—and yet the fellow seems serious enough. Hark you, sir. You say that you offered yourself yesterday to Miss Graham, that she approved your offer, and desired you to visit her guardian?"

"That's the novel in one volume."

"Well, sir, as I came upon a like errand I shall remain until Miss Graham arrives, and if she verifies your words, well"—with a shrug—"I suppose I must accept the situation."

"More fool you! It wouldn't suit me at all. You can stay if you like," he said, approaching the door, "but I'm off."

But at this moment, Mr. Podberry burst into the room, followed by his neice and Jenkins.

"Now, sir! Now, sir!" he spluttered in his anger; "my niece has arrived in time to hear from your own lips——"

"Tom," cried the young lady, breaking in, "what is this uncle tells me?"

"Kate, is what this fellow——?"

"Jones," cried Podberry, "how dare you interfere? My niece spoke to this gentleman."

"I beg your pardon," said Leonard, "she said 'Tom.'"

"Well, he is Tom."

"Yes, I'm Tom."

"No, I am Tom."

"Yes," explained Kate, "he is Tom."

"Why, Kate," cried Podberry, "are you as mad as the rest? You say he is Tom, yet not an hour ago he told me his name was Leonard."

"Exactly, sir. Tom Lonard, of His Majesty's Guards."

"What? Son of Dick Leonard, my old chum? Why didn't you say so before?"

"You insisted on calling me Jones."

"Tut, tut! And you came here—?"

"As a suitor for the hand of your niece."

"Then why on earth didn't you say so?"

"I thought my letter had made that clear."

"Ah! I see. Well, sir, your letter has no doubt fallen into the hands of the gentleman who should have received this. But there," as he handed him the letter, "the ogre forgives you, but let me advise you to be more careful in future. There, give me your hand, boy. Kitty is yours."

"You forget, sir, this gentleman also holds some promise from your niece."

"From me?"

"Yes; he tells me you accepted him yesterday."

"Accepted him?" cried Kate, in amazement; then, bubbling over with laughter, she added, "So I did. As candidate for the post of gardener and groom."

"And you don't love him."

"Oh, Tom!"

"Well, dear, he assured me——"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I only told you what the old gentleman read—me——"

"Tut, tut!" said Podberry, crossing hastily to him; "you are laboring under a delusion, sir. But there"—as he slipped something into his hand—"you seem a likely young fellow; so, on the understanding that you make no more of these stupid blunders, you may consider yourself engaged."

"And, I sir?" asked Leonard, with a sly smile.

"Ah!" said the old man, drily; "I must leave you to Kate."—London Tit-Bits.

WIDE AWAKE TEN YEARS.

A Healthy Man in New Jersey Who Never Sleeps.

The most wide awake man is Albert Herpin of Trenton, New Jersey. He never sleeps.

Not for ten years has Herpin wooed tired nature's sweet restorer; not for a decade has he drifted off into dreamland and become oblivious to everything.

Yet Herpin is a healthy, happy man, who enjoys life, and far from being a sufferer from his protracted siege of insomnia, he says that he really feels that he needs no sleep.

Herpin's case has few parallels in medical annals. It has always been accepted that no human being can survive without occasional periods of sleep in which the nerves can be calmed and the tissues restored.

Yet Herpin goes right along, a living defiance of this basic principle of medical science. He is no museum freak nor charlatan. He has refused liberal offers to exhibit himself in public or to yield himself to physicians for scientific experiments.

Mr. Herpin's story of his long period of sleeplessness is more interesting than any account of it that could be unfolded by other observers.

"I think overwork first robbed me of the power to sleep," he says. "Twelve years ago I began a series of experiments to photograph on china and to stipple half tones on steel. In the course of this work my zeal and enthusiasm frequently kept me going night and day without a thought of rest.

"The first thing I knew I had reached the point when I could not sleep at all.

"I became worried and feared that some permanent ill must result. But doctors and medicines failed utterly to put me to sleep. I consulted specialists, still with the same result. Then I began to notice that the loss of sleep was not hurting me a bit. My appetite was good, nerves under control, I could work just as hard, and my weight gradually increased until I tipped the beam at 180 pounds.

"What's the use of sleeping at all?' I said to myself, and so gave up the attempt.

"From that day to this, ten years ago, I have never slept, and I never expect to again. I go to bed nightly at 10 o'clock and remain there until 5, fully conscious all the time, and yet never dropping off for so much as a wink. I enjoy the rest and hate to get up.

"I presume you would have to describe my condition as a disease. And yet it isn't one that makes any difference, so I have resigned myself to being the one man in the country who can get along without slumber."

HONORING A REGIMENT.

In the fighting about An-ping one of the Japanese regiments is reported to have lost every one of its officers. The same misfortune of war is symbolized in the uniform of a British regiment. This is the 2nd Somerset Battalion, whose sergeants alone amongst their fellows in the service wear their sashes across their left shoulders, as officers do, instead of over the right shoulders, as is the rule for other non-coms. At Jellalabad the Somersets lost every commissioned officer, and being brought through the day by their sergeants alone this honor was bestowed on them and their successors.

CURIOUS TEST.

Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives out while running. Every engine, whether stationary or locomotive, has a particular tone of its own; the engineer becomes accustomed to that, and any departure from it at once excites a suspicion that all is not right. The engineer may not know what is the matter, he may have no ear for music, but the change in the tone of his machine will be at once perceptible, and being instantly recognized will cause him to start on an immediate investigation.

About the ....House

SOME TESTED RECIPES.

Excellent Fruit Cake—One cup of sugar, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup sour milk, 3 cups flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, one very scant teaspoon of clove.

Sugar Gingerbread—Two-thirds cup sugar, ½ cup sour milk, 1 egg, ½ cup butter, rounding teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, flour enough to roll. Roll in two large squares, about 1-3 inch thick, that will fit into iron baking pans. This quantity when baked will cut into 16 thick squares of delicious gingerbread.

Thin Sugar Cookies—One cup milk, 2 cups sugar, scant ½ cup butter, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, and just flour enough to roll. Roll very thin and bake in a quick oven to insure crispness. Sift a little sugar over each panful before putting into the oven. These may be made with sour milk by omitting the cream tartar.

Carrots with Brown Sauce.—Scrub good-sized carrots and boil until tender, then drop into cold water, and slip off the skins. Cut into small dice. For each pint put into a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of flour, and cook together until browned. Stir in one-half of a pint of beef stock, brown gravy, or boiling water, and when thick and smooth, add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-half of a teaspoonful of onion juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Add the carrots and simmer together for ten minutes. For a variety, an ordinary cream sauce may be used in place of the brown sauce.

Carrot Fritters.—Scrub and boil a number of large carrots until tender; then slip off the skins. Mash thoroughly, season with salt and pepper. Add to them one-quarter of their bulk of hot mashed potatoes. Shape into small flat cakes and brown in a little fat in a hot pan.

Fried Carrots.—Boil and skin several large, well-shaped carrots. When cool, cut in long slices. Dip each in slightly beaten egg, roll in fine crumbs, and fry in deep smoking fat, or dip each in flour and saute in a pan.

Digestible Rice.—Wash the rice thoroughly in two or three waters to remove the starch. Cook it in double the quantity of water for twenty minutes on the front part of the stove. By this time the water will have boiled away. Then remove the cover and set the dish on the back of the stove for fifteen or twenty minutes. By that time the rice should have a "crawly" look; that is, each kernel should look separated from the other, and not a glutinous, salvy mess, which is more hurtful than nutritious. Southern people always cook rice in this way.

Beefsteak Chowder—Cut a generous pound of round steak into strips an inch and a half long and half an inch thick and wide. Cut a two-inch cube of fat salt pork into tiny bits, and cook in a hot frying pan with an onion sliced very thin. When the fat is tried out of the pork and the onion is browned add a quart of boiling water. Let simmer five minutes, then pour the whole over the pieces of steak. Bring the contents of the saucepan quickly to the boiling point; let boil five minutes, then simmer until the meat is tender. Have ready four or five potatoes, pared, cut in slices, scalded in boiling water, drained, and rinsed in cold water. Add the potatoes with a teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of white pepper to the meat. Add also, if needed, boiling water to cover the potatoes. Cook until the potatoes are tender, then add a cup and a half of rich milk. Split half a dozen crackers and dispose them in a soup tureen. Pour over them the chowder and serve at once.

Wild Duck.—To roast, put a dozen cranberries inside, and cook the duck in a hot oven eighteen or twenty minutes. While these are cooking set into the oven thin slices of choice mild-cured bacon, rolled and fastened with toothpicks; turn these as needed until they become crisp and browned throughout. Serve around the duck on rounds of cooked hominy, egged, crumbed and fried. The cranberries give it a delicious flavor. Some housewives chop a small piece of salt pork fine and put it in the duck. It is supposed to remove the strong taste from wild duck.

CARE OF THE FLOORS.

The care of the various floors of the house is not the least of a housewife's duties. On the contrary, special thought must be given to each floor covering, whether oiled, polished or carpeted. A variety of opinions exist regarding the best sort for the kitchen. Tiling is hard for the feet of the servants and the same complaint is made of hard woods. Many people prefer linoleum, because of its springy quality, and its durability. When linoleum is used, however, the best quality is sure to pay, even before the proverbial end, because the colors will retain their hues far longer than the cheaper varieties. A plain linoleum is not infrequently used, but in this case a coat of varnish is usually given. When anything is spilled upon a floor of hard wood it can be wiped or brushed up at once. Cover grease spots on wood or stone with flour, starch or powdered chalk, which will absorb the grease. Cold water poured upon grease as soon as it is spilled will harden it; the greater part may then be scraped off. Before beginning to sweep, see that no food is left uncovered in the room. Sweep from the edges of the room toward the centre. Sweep with short strokes, keeping the broom close to the floor. Never sweep dust from one room in to another. Soft wood floors must be scrubbed. Look for grease spots and take them out first. After the floor has become wet you cannot see where they are. On a hardwood floor use little water, or none at all. Wipe it with a cloth moistened with a little kerosene — a teaspoon or two to begin with, and as much more when that has evaporated. Rub hard with another cloth until the wood is perfectly dry. Window sills and all hardwood finish may be cleaned in the same way. Wash oilcloth with warm water and milk—one cup of skim milk to one gallon of water—and wipe dry with a clean cloth.

KEEP IN THE HOUSE.

Turpentine, either in resinous form or in spirits, has a household value. A child suffering with the croup, or any throat or lung difficulty, will be quickly relieved by inhaling the vapor, and having the chest rubbed till the skin is red and then being wrapped about with flannel moistened with fiery spirits. Afterward sweet oil will save the skin from irritation. In the case of burns and scalds turpentine has no equal.

It is the best dressing for patent leather; it will remove paint from artist's clothes and workmen's garments; it will drive away moths if a few drops are put into closets and chests; it will persuade mice to find other quarters if a little is poured into the mouseholes; one tablespoonful added to the water in which linens are boiled will make the goods wonderfully white; a few drops will prevent starch from sticking; mixed with beeswax it makes the best floor polish; and mixed with sweet oil it is unrivaled as a polish for fine furniture—the latter mixture should be two parts of sweet oil to one part of turpentine.

Some physicians recommend spirits of turpentine, applied externally, for lumbago and rheumatism. It is also prescribed for neuralgia of the face.

USEFUL HINTS.

New floor oilcloth that is losing its lustre may be made to look as good as new, and to last longer by treating it to a thin coat of glue. The oilcloth should be washed thoroughly with a weak pearline suds, then, at night, apply the glue water with a flannel cloth, and it will be dry and hard by morning.

A handful of dried orange or lemon peel kept in the cake box or cookie tin is said to improve the flavor of the cake.

"Ringlets" are nice, innocent bits of pastry to put in a child's luncheon basket. Make a pie crust with butter used in excess of lard or other shortening, and sweeten it well. Then roll out thin and cut into inch-wide strips. Take those up and twirl in opposite directions, then lay them one next to the other on a slightly greased tin, and bake golden brown. Their length is optional.

If a tin of water is placed at night in the room where gentlemen have been smoking all smell will be gone in the morning.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore color in carpets, and will also remove whitewash from carpets.

A HUNTER WITH A HEART.

Otto Sverdrup's Experience in the Arctic Regions.

Polar oxen are not very difficult to shoot, but they are highly valued game by the arctic explorer. In pursuing a small herd, Otto Sverdrup, author of "New Land. Four Years in the Arctic Regions," noticed the following evidence of maternal affection in a cow for its calf:

As the herd started I noticed that one of them had a newly-born calf. The herd went up a steep snow-drift, eight or ten feet in height, and the calf made a brave attempt to follow, but when it had almost reached the top, lost its footing and rolled down to the bottom again. It fell so badly and helplessly that I thought it was killed, but to my surprise it rose to its feet and began to scramble up once more. Its second attempt to scale the drift was no more successful than the first, and again it came rolling down. It cried piteously. I felt so sorry for it that I was just starting to help it up the drift when suddenly it occurred to me that the old cow might misinterpret my motives, and what then? I might risk a battle with her, and it would be a pity perhaps to have to shoot her in self-defence. I decided to remain where I was, and await the turn of events.

At last the mother heard the cries of distress, and came tearing down the hillside, the snow flying behind her. Heaven help the person who had meddled with her calf then! She would have made it hot for him. It was both amusing and touching to see the two together. The mother caressed the calf as if to comfort it, sniffed it all over to see if it was still whole, gave it a push now and again, and then started gently up the drift, but not the way the calf had gone in following the herd. She carefully chose an easier and less steep way.

When she had got it across the drift she ran a few steps forward, not very fast, but too quickly at any rate for the calf to follow her. Then she turned back, and pushed it from behind with her muzzle, so that it went a little faster. Again she ran a few yards forward, but still the poor little thing could not keep up with her, and she returned to her old pushing methods. So they went on all the way up until they reached the herd. Then she took her place in it, the calf crept under her, and was entirely hidden from sight by her long hair.

DR. ZADKIEL'S ASTROLOGY

CHAT WITH THE PROPHET OF THE ALMANAC.

How the Doctor Arrives at His Predictions for the Future.

From the depths of a big armchair the famous prophet gazed out upon the lowering sky, says a writer in the London Daily News. He was in a brown study.

"About the greater prophecies, doctor—the world-stirring events you have foretold?"

"Last year I predicted the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan. I say 'last year because I wrote the predictions last year, and they were in the hands of the public months before the event, but they are, of course, in this year's almanac. I gave as the probable date of the outbreak of the war Feb. 16. War actually started on Feb. 8. You will find that under the 'Voice of the Stars' for July this year and I warn the Russian police to vigilantly watch for plots against rulers. On July 28 M. de Plehve was assassinated. There were several smaller instances, including the trouble between England and Russia as to British shipping and its settlement."

"Luck, doctor?"

"Luck, sir! Science, sir; accurate science, sir! There," and sadness tinged his tone, "I know people think I sit here and write down just what I please, throwing in a few sensations here and there, and veiling them in vague language."

"But, then, how do you do it, really, Zadkiel?"

"See, sir; this year I have predicted, on pages 76, 77, of the almanac for 1905 that peace will be concluded between Russia and Japan in the last quarter of next year. I also add that Russia will be tired of an unsuccessful war."

"The prophet's way of saying that Japan will win?"

Such is the undoubted voice of the planets."

Something in my expression must have made Zadkiel fancy I was skeptical. With dignified indignation, he added, as he walked across to a deep drawer, and took out a large bundle of foolscap sheets closely covered with circles, signs, figures, and mathematical calculations, "I am going to show you that astrology is a serious science."

I took out my notebook.

"Four times a year, sir—at the winter solstice, vernal equinox, summer solstice and autumnal equinax, I draw the 'figures' for all the principal capitals of the world. Those 'figures' show the relative positions of the sun, moon, Saturn, Jupiter and Venus. Uranus and Neptune indicate rather more evil than good, but are undecided."

"But what makes you think these planets have any influence at all? They are mostly a long way off, aren't they?"

"Long recorded observations, sir, over 3,000 to 5,000 years prove the influences to be as I say."

"And how do they exert that influence, do you say?"

"We cannot tell the manner, but I believe it to be in some way electrical working on us by means of the atmosphere. The moon has sufficient influence on water to cause the tides; that is admitted. It is also known that Jupiter reflects fourteen times more of the chemical rays of the sun than the moon does. Why, then, should it be impossible that the planets can influence matters, much less dense than water, such as the atmosphere and the human mind?"

"But how do you draw your inferences from the 'figures?'"

"Having, by accurate calculations, placed the constellations in their proper places on the chart I see what 'Houses' the different influences are in."

"Take the case of Russia and Japan."

"It is most simple. Obvious, in fact, at a glance. At the autumnal equinox next year Jupiter you see here (showing me the chart) is rising at St. Petersburg. He is in the 'first ascension,' which concerns the people. Well, Jupiter is the planet of peace. It is certain, therefore, that the Russian people towards the end of next September will be inclined towards peaceful notions."

"And how about Japan?"

"Conclusive proof of the accuracy of astrology. For we find here in the figure for Tokio, constructed for the same date, that at Tokio Jupiter is in the 'Tenth House' approaching the upper meridian. That 'House' represents the monarch and government. Consequently the Japanese rulers will be inclined towards peace at that time. But here, you will notice, is Saturn, the evil influence, in the 'descendant' at Tokio. Now the 'descendant' represents the enemies of Japan. Consequently Saturn is at work among Japan's enemies, and, strange to say, the ruling sign of Russia, that is Aquarius, happens to fall in the 'Seventh' House' at the same time. Isn't it clear?"

"Perfectly clear," I murmured, "but where does the daily weather come in on these figures?"

"It doesn't; I have to make a separate calculation for each day to see what the weather will be."

"And what about fortune-tellers by astrology, 'Zadkiel?'"

"Humbug, sir; fraud. They cannot tell fortunes. They only bring a genuine science into disrepute; ought to be stopped. Astrology can tell influences, and from those influences we draw deductions. I was once consulted by a man who was going to Africa. I said, 'Don't go; if you go you will die.' He didn't go—saved his life. Wonderful science, beautiful. Glad to have told you all about it. Convert you some day, perhaps."

And as I shook hands Dr. Zadkiel's bright eyes flashed beneath his white-grey hair, while he said, "Awful pity people don't believe; but they won't will they?"

50 PER CENT. REDUCTION AT 50

OUR MIDWINTER SALE

This Year business has been most satisfactory, and with the closing of the old year we wish to close out several lines of Seasonable Goods commencing by making this Big Sacrifice in Prices. Bargains for everyone. Stock must be reduced to make room forSpring goods.

Dress Goods

	Reg. Price	Now
40 inch Tweed Dress Goods	85c	50c
40 inch Fancy Dress Goods	85c	50c
48 inch Black Lustre	75c	50c
42 inch Tartan	75c	55c
44 inch Heavy Plain Cloth	40c	25c
44 inch Tweed, good quality	1 50	1 00
48 inch Broad Cloths	1 25	75
40 inch Zebeline	1 00	75

Ladies' Jackets

Are you in need of a Jacket. This is an opportunity not to be overlooked.

	Reg. Price	Now
Black Cloth Jackets, this Season's Goods	$18	$ 12
Black Cloth Jackets (this season)	16	10
" " "	12	8
Grey Tweed Jackets "	12	6
" " "	9	5
Fawn Jackets	15	7 50
Fawn Jackets	10	5 00
Brown Jackets	12	6 00

Ladies' Costumes

	Reg. Price	Now
Ladies' Costumes, Sizes 34 & 36	$12 00	$ 6 00
Ladies' Costumes,	18 00	9 00
Ladies' Costumes,	27 00	13 00

Blouses and Shirtwaists

One line of Wrapperettes, Blouses, lined. Selling at our old figures for $1.25 and $1.50, can be had now for the remarkably low price—75c.

Other lines, namely, Lustres, French Flannels, Cashmeres, etc. Regular Prices $3.00 and $4.00. Your choice at Our Midwinter Sale for $2.00.

Furs at Half Price

The Price on all our Furs has been cut right in two. Now the opportunity is yours to buy Furs at half price at this Sale.

Blankets !! Blankets !! Blankets !!

	Reg. Price	Now
White Blankets, good quality	$4 00	$3 00
Heavy Grey Blankets	3 75	2 50

We have White, Light Grey, Navy Blue and Red Blankets, all of which we are offering at Sale Prices. Come in and secure one and take advantage of the reduction.

Comforters !! Comforters !!

	Reg. Price	Now
Comforters	$2 00	$1 25
Comforters	3 50	2 50

This offer gives Hotels and Rooming Houses a chance to lay in a supply at Mill Prices.

Men's Underwear

Men's Underwear, fleece lined at 50c per garment
Men's Underwear, All Wool, Fancy 75c per garment
Men's Underwear, heavy, double-breasted and double back 85c per garment
Men's Scotch, warranted unshrinkable (Woolseley Brand, Reg. 3 00 Now 2 00
Boys' Fleeced Lined at 25c. each.
Boys' Heavy Wool at 40c. each.

Men's Ready-to-Wear Suits

	Reg. Price	Now
Men's Ready-to-Wear Suits	$15 00	$10 00
Men's Ready to Wear Suits	$12 00	9 00
Men's Ready to Wear Suits	$11 50	8 00

Men's Odd Pants, all wool, fine finish, Tweed, good value at $3.00, Sale Price $1.50.

A Great Reduction in Boys' Suits

Boys' Suits at Sale Price.
One line of Three-Piece Suits, 38 Suits in all—Regular Price $4 50. Now $2 50.

Men's Winter Overcoats

	Reg. Price	Now
Men's Overcoats, this season's goods	$ 9 00	$ 5 00
Men's Overcoats. this season's goods	12 00	8 00
Men's Overcoats, this season's goods	16 00	10 00

	Reg. Price	Now
Boys' Reefers	$5 50	4 00
Boys' Reefers	3 00	2 00

THIS SALE means a great loss to us, but which is our loss is your gain. We have only mentioned in the above a few of our items, but we will put on our Bargain Table Lots of Remnants and Odd Lines at Prices that must move the goods.

MILLINERY
Trimmed, Untrimmed & Ready-to-Wear Hats
—AT HALF PRICE—

REID & YOUNG

MILLINERY
Trimmed, Untrimmed & Ready-to-Wear Hats
—AT HALF PRICE—

The Longest Span Bridge

There is now under construction across the St. Lawrence river at Quebec a cantilever bridge which when completed will contain the longest span of any bridge yet erected, not even excluding the great cantilevers of the Forth bridge in Scotland. The structure is of the cantilever type, and consists of two approach spans, of 510 feet each, two shore arms each 500 feet in length, and a great central span 1800 in length. The total length of bridge is 4,220 feet, and although in extreme dimensions it does not compare with the Firth of Forth bridge, which is about one mile in total length, it has the distinction of having the longest span in the world by 90 feet, the two cantilevers of the Forth bridge being each 1710 feet in length. The total width of the floor is 80 feet; and provision is made for a double-track railway, two roadways for vehicles, and two sidewalks. In a cantilever of this magnitude the individual members are necessarily of huge proportions, the main posts, for instance, being 325 feet in length, and each weighing 750 tons.—Scientific American.

Bell to be Hanged To-morrow

To-morrow (Friday) the 13th, doubly unlucky, will be indeed a fatal day for Joshua Bell, the colored man of Phoenix, who is to be hanged at Kamloops jail for the murder of a colored woman named Annie Allan. The crime occurred at the mining town on August 12th, and the trial was full of painful and sickening revelations. Annie Allan belonged to the unfortunate class and the story told at the trial related to the underworld and the worst of human passions.

Pentreath a Candidate

WINNIPEG, Jan. 10.—Archdeacon Pentreath, of Vancouver, is mentioned as the probable nominee of the diocesan synod for the bishopric of Rupert's Land.

The diocesan synod met in special session to select a bishop.

Bishop Mathering called the gathering to order, and Rev. L. M. Tucker, general secretary of the Church Missionary Society, delivered an address.

Archdeacon Pentreath said he had consented that his name should be used in this connection. There has been a previous nomination, that of Acting Bishop Matheson, who, as noted, presided over the convention. Two names, however, must be presented to the House of Bishops.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land, is an important official in the Anglican church, as the incumbent is archdeacon and metropolitan of all the dioceses of Manitoba. He usually resides in Winnipeg.

Archdeacon Pentreath came to Vancouver as Archdeacon in charge of the work in the Kootenays and the present diocese in New Westminster in December 1897. Last November his diocese was divided and now includes only the diocese of New Westminster.

Before coming to Vancouver he served the church in Brainard, Minnesota, and Winnipeg. Locally he has been very popular in all circles.

Church Union.

Large, influential and representative committees of the Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist churches recently met in Toronto to consider the best means of accomplishing the union of these bodies. On Sunday evening Rev. C. H. Sutherland will deal with this subject of church union in the Methodist church.

THANKS !

We beg to thank our old and new friends for their liberal patronage during last year. May our business associations be as pleasant during the coming year.

To start the new year in a proper manner, let us place an artistic piano in your home on easy payments. We are exclusive agents for the following pianos of world-wide reputation :—

Steinway & Sons *Nordheimer*
Williams *Newcombe*
Chase & Baker Piano Player

A card or call brings you handsome catalogues and particulars of our easy payment plan.

THE REVELSTOKE INSURANCE AGENCY, LIMITED.

REAL ESTATE LOANS INSURANCE.

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

BORN.

MORRIS—At Revelstoke, B. C., on Saturday, Jan. 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Morris, a son.

Married

WELLS-JOHNSON—At Revelstoke, on Jan. 7th, 1905, by Rev. C. A. Procunier, Mr. Francis B. Wells to Miss Emily Josephine Johnson, both of Revelstoke.

MONTEITH-WILSON—Jan. 9th, 1905, at the Pro-Cathedral, Calgary, by the Very Rev. Dean Paget, Northup Monteith, of Revelstoke, B. C., to Edith Wilson, Vancouver, B.C.

LOCALISMS

The Hospital Ball will be held in the Drill Hall on Thursday evening next the 19th inst.

Mr. E. M. Allum is at present visiting the wholesale jewelry houses of Eastern Canada.

St. Peter's church "At Home" at Mrs. P. Hooley's on Tuesday, January 24th at 8 p. m. Admission 25c.

The engagement of the Summers Stock Company for the Opera House next week has been cancelled.

The Clara Mathes Company will open a week's engagement at the Opera House early in February.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the B. of R. T. are giving an "At Home" on Monday evening next in their Lodge room.

Mr. J. A. Darragh is at present in Pittsburg, and advertising the Revelstoke mining district with all his energy.

Miss Rogers, of W. J. George's, left this morning for her home at Peterborough, Ont., where she will remain for the winter.

The Quadrille Club was well attended last evening in the Opera House, the Independent Band furnishing excellent music.

There will be a meeting of the Ladies' Guild of St. Peter's church on Wednesday, the 25th inst., at 3.30 p. m. A full attendance is requested.

Mr. Ed. Burridge, who for years was in the employ of Mr. W. M. Lawrence, has accepted a position in the plumbing shops of Messrs. Moscrop Bros.

W. Gooding was convicted in the police court on Friday last on the charge of obtaining money and goods under false pretences and sentenced to one year's imprisonment with hard labor. He was taken to Kamloops Tuesday.

The HERALD with the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wells, who were married on Saturday evening last, join in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Mrs. W. M. Lawrence entertained the members of the Amateur Dramatic Club at her home on Monday evening. The evening was devoted to music, cards and dancing and a most enjoyable time was spent.

Everything possible is being done for the comfort and convenience of those attending the Hospital Ball next Thursday evening. The ladies are determined to make the event a greater success than ever.

Mr. N. Monteith, of Bourne Bros., and Miss Wilson, formerly in charge of the dressmaking department of Mr. W. George's store, were married at Calgary on Monday evening. The HERALD extends congratulations.

The regular monthly dance of R. M. R. Co., No. 5, is announced to take place in the Drill Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 24th. Owing to the Hospital Ball taking place in the Drill Hall on the 19th inst., the military dance had to be postponed for a few days.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Guild last Friday afternoon arrangements were made for the holding of the Hospital Ball in the Drill Hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 19th. A special meeting of the Guild has been called for to-morrow (Friday) afternoon at 3 o'clock at which all members are expected to be present, as some necessary arrangements have to be made for the successful carrying out of this great annual social event.

County Court

A sitting of the County Court was held yesterday, Judge Forin presiding.

In the suit of Dr. Graham vs. J. D Sibbald, in which the Plaintiff sued the defendant for $360 for medical fees. The plaintiff got judgment for $200 and costs. G. S. McCarter for plaintiff. J. M. Scott for defendant.

Our New Year's Resolution

Whereas, the past year has been with us one of business success—a year of growing trade and constantly widening friendship, and

Whereas, we have received many testimonials that this drug store meets with the approval of its patrons, therefore we have

Resolved to continue our progressive, liberal, square-dealing policy throughout the year 1905, to make this drug store the place for the most satisfactory buying of all drug store goods—a place where quality is never sacrificed and where close margins of profit insure economy to every purchaser.

Walter Bews, Phm. B.
DRUGGIST & STATIONER,
Next to the Hume Block

Business Locals.

—New stock of wall paper just opened at Howson's furniture store.

Prof. Chase is giving dancing lessons Tuesdays and Fridays.

—Huntley & Palmer's Biscuits always in stock. C. B. Hume & Co.

—Don't forget Howson's new stock of wall papers, they are elegant in design.

Smoke Brown's "Special" Cigar.

The knife is also slicing 20 per cent. off Silverware, etc. Mrs. A. E. Boak.

—Iron beds and springs a specialty at Howson's furniture store.

Smoke Brown's "Marca Vuelta" Cigar.

—10 per cent off furniture, carpets, linoleums, floor oils, at John E. Woods' furniture store.

Materials for Battenburg and Duchess Lace at Mrs. A. E. Boak, Cowan block.

—We have it—Wethey's Mince Meat in 1 lb. packages, 7 lb. pails, 14 lb. pails at C. B. Hume & Co.

Why don't you learn to dance. Prof. Chase is giving dancing lessons in Selkirk hall.

—Ralston's Crisps for breakfast—on Friday and Saturday 3 packages for 25c. at C. B. Hume & Co.

Lessons in Lace and Drawn Thread work at reasonable rates. Mrs. Boak, Cowan block.

—Now is the time for Van Camp Soups, Crosse & Blackwell's soups, Bovril and Fluid Beef at C. B. Hume & Co.

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

Hockey

Arrangements have been made with the rink management for the holding of practices three nights each week, as follows:—Mondays and Wednesdays from 7 to 8 o'clock and on Fridays from 10 to 11 p.m. The first practice was held last night, there being a good turn out of players and the prospects are excellent for placing a pretty fast team on the ice this season.

A hockey team has been organized at Arrowhead and games with Revelstoke will likely be arranged shortly.

The Dawson City hockey team passed through Revelstoke on Sunday on their way east after the Stanley Cup.

Mr. Temple Goes East

Mr. C. H. Temple, master mechanic, has been promoted to the head office of the company at Winnipeg, and will leave the city in a few days for the east to take up his new duties. Mr. Temple is an old citizen of Revelstoke and with Mrs Temple and family have enjoyed the esteem of a very large circle of friends who will hear with regret of his removal from here, but who will extend to him hearty congratulations on his well deserved promotion.

Yesterday's Fire.

About one o'clock yesterday afternoon fire was discovered in the front room upstairs in the Palace restaurant. An alarm was promptly given and No. 2 fire brigade was soon on the scene, and in ten minutes had the fire under control. The water supply was in excellent condition and a high pressure maintained, which was entirely responsible for the quick work in subduing the flames, which, had they got a good start, would have been a most disastrous conflagration, for the Palace is surrounded by frame buildings which would fall an easy prey had the fire gained headway. The building was not greatly damaged, and the only damage to the restaurant was from the water. Mrs. McKitrick, the proprietress of the restaurant was the heaviest loser, she having had destroyed her entire personal belongings, which were in the room in which the fire originated. The restaurant was open again to the public this morning.

Revelstoke Skating Rink.

The Revelstoke skating rink was opened for the season Saturday evening and a happy crowd of skaters and curlers were present to enjoy the first skate and curl of the season. Every advantage is being taken by the management of the continued cold snap and the ice is in first class shape. The rink will be open for skating every afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock and every evening from 8 to 10 o'clock. Admission 25 cents or five tickets for $1.

Wood for Sale.

Having established a permanent wood yard, the citizens can depend on getting first class dry wood at all times.

ROBERT SAMSON.

A Big Invitation

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

NEW YEAR 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.

Liabilities None.

The Trail News in its last issue published the financial statement of the Corporation of the City of Trail. The assets are over $8,000, and liabilities none. There is no town or city in Canada can boast of as clean a slate as Trail, and Mayor Schofield and the aldermen have received the unbounded endorsation from the ratepayers of Trail to continue to manage their affairs.

The Bioscope Pictures

Owing to lack of space the HERALD was not able to publish particulars of the London Bioscope Company's entertainment here a week ago Friday and Saturday evenings at the opera house. The pictures shown by the company were the best ever thrown on canvass in the city and should have ensured much larger houses than greeted the performances. The production of the Great London Pantomine, "The Sleeping Beauty," was magnificent and alone was well worth the admission charge. "Man the Life Boat" was another creditable production, of the numerous pictures put on by that company. The HERALD believes that if the public fully understood the merits of the show, on their return visit here at the end of the month for a second engagement they will, as they deserve, receive bumper houses.

Has Remarkable Escape.

A man employed by the Big Bend Lumber Company had a very narrow brush with death Thursday morning. He was at work on the top of a 50 ft. pile of heavy timber, when without warning the whole mass began to slide down a 45 deg. slope. The young man managed to keep a footing on the tumbling logs while they travelled as far as 100 feet, but to the horror of the observers he disappeared from view. The logs continued to career along for another 50 feet, and it was thought the poor fellow had gone to certain death. Shortly after the logs had settled a cry for help was heard, and the man was found in a hole with comparatively slight injuries. The occurrence was witnessed by the occupants of the Beaton-Camborne stage.—Trout Lake Review.

Damages from Railway

MONTREAL, Jan. 11.—Today judgment was given against the Grand Trunk Railway Co., in the case tried by a special jury arising out of the train wreck at Richmond. The widow of Fred. Hachett, the express messenger who was killed, was awarded $10,000 and the two children $3000 each.

John's Fluid Beef, 2 oz. and 4 oz. tins, 16 oz. bottles. Bovril in 2 oz. and 4 oz. bottles.

10 per cent discount on all Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums, Floor Oils, &c. John E. Wood.

Grand Annual Ball

IN AID OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA HOSPITAL

Drill Hall, - Revelstoke

Thursday, January 19th, 1905

LADIES' TICKETS, $1.00 GENTLEMEN, $2.00

WE ARE LEADERS

IN UP-TO-DATE METHODS

IN THE CIGAR BUSINESS

and have built up our business by giving the test for the money.

The largest selection of Cigars and Smokers' Supplies in the City to chose from.

TOBACCONISTS **BROWN'S** CONFECTIONERS
GOOD GOODS.