THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XVI: NO. 15 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

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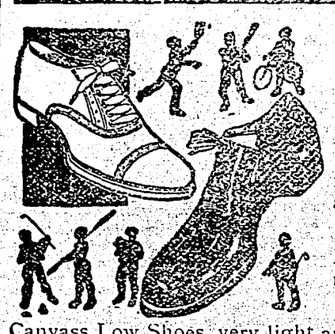

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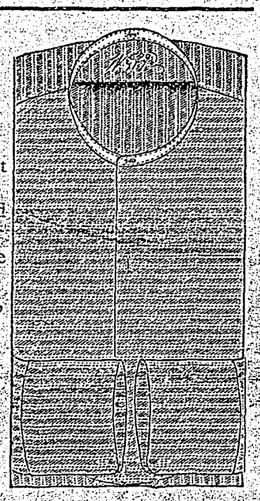

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New Tan Hose in all sizes, seven shades of Tan, to wear with the new shoes. **25c**

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27 inch Raw Silk, the real Spantung perfect washing goods in the natural color.

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A line of Separate Skirts, all kinds, Cottons, Wools, some nice Voiles, Etamine, etc. at half price.

A pair of those Wash Suits, the Best Bargains we ever sold. There is one here for you.

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SCHOLASTIC GATHERING

Brilliant Assemblage of Learned Men and Women—Able Addresses from Illustrious Visitors—New Officers Elected.

The eighth annual meeting of the Provincial Teachers' Institute opened at 10 a.m. on Tuesday morning under very auspicious circumstances. The weather, though cloudy, did not prevent those present from appearing in cheerful summer garb, consequently the assemblage at the Armoury, consisting of some 100 teachers, presented a bright and interesting spectacle.

Amongst the gathering were noticed the able president Mr. Wilson, Messrs. Burns, Dunnell, Blair, Fraser, Sullivan, Landells, Sissons, Miller and others—not to say a large number of the fair sex.

The hall was tastefully arranged with exhibitions of work from the various schools, and demonstrated a vast amount of time and pains on the part of those whose pleasant task it was to place before the public the handiwork of their pupils. The main hall showed work of all classes, in penmanship, composition, design, model, freehand and water color drawing; and supplementary to this was the inner room devoted chiefly to the Revelstoke divisions. Altogether the display is a fine one and too much stress cannot be placed on the untiring energy on the part of all the teachers concerned which shows such splendid results.

The meeting came to order at 10:30 a.m. when the worthy president, Mr. David Wilson, B. A., addressed his audience along the lines of moral and religious teaching, basing his speech upon a sermon delivered before a large body of clergy and laity at Revelstoke, June 8th, 1904, in which the preacher warned his hearers of the indifference of the laity to religious things—remarking that their universities had become secularized, their schools pagan and their sons and daughters were being taught all knowledge except the knowledge of God.

"If," then, remarked the speaker, "the church was losing its grip on the present generation, what about the future generation?"

"Since the famous School Act of 1872 B. C. is free to choose its own school system, for during that year a bill was passed to the effect that that system should be along non-sectarian lines, conformable to the people's wishes." This decision met with the public approval. "The need for intellectual, moral and physical training is recognized by the people of this Province, which gives rise to the opinion that morality depended on religious sanction and that right conduct cannot be taught—especially to children—except it be directly under the authority of some form of religious belief. Moral education is thus made to mean religious instruction;" This, the speaker deprecated emphasizing, the fact that the sort of moral teaching needed did not lie in the direction referred to, but in the general principles which all good men of every creed follow; by good example, clean moral surroundings, etc., concluding with the following apt illustration, taken from Ian McLaren's book wherein the Dominie is made to say: "Lord, deliver the laddies before thee from lying, cheating, cowardice and laziness, which are as the very devil. Be pleased to put common sense into their hearts and give them grace to be honest men all the days of their life." The speech met with a good reception and will no doubt find echo in the hearts of all who had the pleasure of hearing it.

It was decided by the meeting that next year's convention be held at Victoria. The following officers were then elected:—President, F. Eaton, Victoria; 1st Vice Pres., J. D. Gillis, Victoria; 2nd Vice Pres., Miss Laveon; 3rd Vice Pres., A. Gilchrist; Treasurer, E. H. Murphy; Secretary, Miss Cann. Executive committee:—Miss Burns, Nanaimo; R. R. Watson, Tolmie; B. S. McDonald, Ladysmith; Miss Marchant, Victoria; Miss E. Rogers, New Westminster. Decided that the teacher's subscription be raised to $1 and, after one or two other small matters of business were concluded, the president adjourned the meeting until 2 p.m.

On re-assembling at 2 p.m., the proceedings were opened by Mr. Wilson introducing Dr. G. U. Hay, editor of Educational Review, St. John, N. B. This gentleman gave a most interesting and instructive dissertation on Nature Study—defining its true meaning and objects and still further exemplifying his remarks by referring to Jorgensen's writings. He touched on the importance of depending less on books for our facts than on Nature itself; contrasting the old style of story which had, for children, no definite connection with their conception of Nature, to the present improved system and still further illustrating his meaning by citing the methods used by Christ in his teachings. He suggested that a bright and instructive form of new Primers on these lines would be a good thing. His remarks met with the approval of all present and on resuming his seat Dr. Hay was accorded hearty applause.

The following ladies and gentlemen discussed Dr. Hays address:—Mr. W. Burns, B. A., Mr. J. C. Robson, Mr. L. J. Bruce, Mrs. J. S. Brock, M.A., Miss H. Olding. Each of these speakers thoroughly endorsed Dr. Hay's opinions, and Mr. Burns's short, business-like and humorous address still further served "to interest, to elevate and to amuse." Mr. Robson's remarks were confined chiefly to showing how and what results could be achieved by observation of Nature "in Nature." Mrs. J. S. Brock, M.A., gave a very short and concise address bearing upon applying nature studies to our practical use through life. The other ladies and gentlemen spoke briefly, and all present were unanimous that Dr. Hay's paper was in all respects excellent.

Mr. Blair then gave a lecture covering books 1 and 2 of Drawing (as used in the schools). He intimated that in future he will make the work of a more artistic nature. He demonstrated the use of crude black lead as a ground for model work, using blotting paper for stumping, and with a few dexterous touches showed how simply the work under such conditions can be done.

At the conclusion of this paper several present commented on the important part played by the teachers when giving drawing lessons; some pointing out how hard it is for a teacher who has no artistic talent to teach such work. The matter, however, seemed to be one which lies mostly with the teacher himself, so the discussion ended with hearty thanks to Mr. Blair.

At 4 p.m. the convention adjourned, several of the members proceeding to the public school to witness Mr. Blair's methods, as he gave a class of pupils instruction in drawing.

RECEPTION TO THE VISITORS.

Tuesday evening the Armoury was crowded to its utmost to witness the reception tendered to the illustrious visitors and to enjoy the musical entertainment and the dance which was to succeed it. In the address of welcome Mayor Brown, on behalf of the citizens, said that, although this town was noted for the number of conventions held here, he considered that this present occasion was a distinct honor conferred on the citizens, and moreover, he hoped there would be many more such convenings since it was a grand thing not only for the teachers but also for the children and the parents who are thus able to see what splendid work is being done throughout the country. Regretting

(Continued on Page Eight.)

THE BIG BEND PLACER MINES

Four American Mining Companies are Operating in the North District — Nearly 50 Men are now Employed.

This season promises to be the most successful season in mining in the history of the Big Bend. The early Spring, good trails and the s. s. Revelstoke commencing her twice a week trips to the north country, will all tend to give the district such an advance as will surely bring to the notice of the world the enormous richness in precious metals of the famous Big Bend district. That Revelstoke will derive immense benefit is assured and, anything assisting to the advancement of the north country, should receive the best consideration from our citizens.

Mr. E. A. Bradley, manager for the Marshall Shelling Co., of Buffalo, and the American Mining Co., of Indiana, who are operating placer claims on French Creek, returned to the city on on Saturday from his companies' properties and reports the work well in hand. On the Marshall Shelling Co's. property, development up stream is progressing to ascertain values throughout, so as to get an idea of what machinery will be necessary to thoroughly work the property to the best advantage. A 300 foot incline tunnel from the surface to bed rock will be commenced at once. An air compressor and three drills will be installed, as well as a dynamo to light the mine and camps.

On the American Mining Co.'s property the repairs to the headgates and flumes will be completed by next week and the pipe line and sluices will then be put in shape. By the 1st. of June, water will be turned on and the Summer's work will be well under way by that date.

At the Revelstoke & McCullough hydraulic properties, on McCullough creek, water was turned on upon the 21st with sufficient supply to work one monitor. The creeks are rapidly rising and in a week or so the company will be able to work their property advantageously.

The Duquesne Mining Co., on Smith creek, have transferred their property to L. C. Beatty, of Pittsburg, Penn., and the HERALD is informed that arrangements are being made to open up this property as soon as possible.

£100,000 Tonight.

The comedy to be presented tonight at the Opera House by the Amateur Dramatic Club is of rare quality—abounding in sparkling wit and humorous situations to such a degree that it cannot fail to please the most critical. The caste is a strong one and includes not a few of the local favorites which, together with the knowledge that careful study has always characterized their work, assures a first class performance. The advance sale is a large one and the amateurs will be greeted as they deserve—with a bumper house. The evening's entertainment will conclude with a social dance, the whole forming one of the best attractions of the season. Prices 75c. and 50c.

For Sale or to Rent

After May 1st., the residence of Mrs. G. S. Flindt, on Mackenzie Ave. Apply to Mr. Flindt for particulars.

REVELSTOKE'S CRYSTAL CAVES

Discovered by C. H. Deutschman near Ross Peak will Attract Thousands of Tourists —An Ideal Spot.

Since the first announcement was made in the HERALD (December 22nd 1904) of the discovery by Mr. C H. Deutschman of an immense cave near this city and only two miles from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the story has been printed in almost every newspaper published in Canada and the United States. The Deutschman Cave has been the talk of a whole continent for the past three months, and the story is still going the tramp in many newspapers published in different languages in Europe. In addition to this the HERALD has received scores of letters from many points in Canada and the United States with requests for particulars, and from a thousand different newspapers asking for an illustrated article on the cave and surrounding country, full particulars of which will follow at a later date, for reasons explained hereafter. In order to satisfy ourselves and also to be in a position to answer the many queries which we are daily in receipt of, a representative of the HERALD visited the scene of the discovery in company with Mr. Deutschman last Monday week, when a day was spent in the caves, which was nothing more than preliminary, for it is our opinion that it will take a good many days to completely explore these mysteries.

Our investigation were made firstly amongst the vast entrances of the caverns, evidently formed by water and from which lead in different directions the caves that were located by Mr. Deutschman. But owing to difficulties encountered by ice forming in the line of progress these were abandoned for the time being and our efforts were confined to exploring an entrance further up the valley. Into this opening we proceeded for about a quarter of a mile, when we thought it was not prudent to investigate further without proper appliances in the form of scaling ropes, ladders, lights, etc. The trip, so far as we went, was not one of much difficulty. There was a decline almost the whole way of about 10 to 15 feet to the 100 feet. The ceiling was in places fully fifty feet high and as smooth as polished marble, while the walls took on all manner of fantastic and beautiful shapes.

From the entrance, which somewhat narrows at first, to the limit of our research we had picked our way carefully along the rugged limestone floor, avoiding contact with the immense buttresses which project almost at regular intervals. But now standing out in bold relief, like the Pylons of some ancient Egyptian temple, these projections formed with the walls a succession of smaller caves, the whole wonderful formation resembling nothing perhaps so much as a vast cathedral with its supporting clusters of pillars.

We were just about to retrace our steps but on second thoughts concluded to proceed into the next cavern, the entrance to which could be discerned by the light from our lamps. This cavern, the last one we visited, was fully 100 feet wide and about 200 feet long, connecting with at least two other caves. In the one entrance we advanced only a short distance and here we found the carbonates of lime hanging from the wall like a beautiful and delicate drapery, and smaller stalactites just forming on the roof. But our time was limited, so we were obliged to retire.

At different points within the basin there are entrances into caves, none of which have as yet been explored. Arrangements are now under way for a party to visit the basin about the middle of May accompanied by a well known writer from the coast and an expert photographer.

The basin with its caves is situated about two miles in a northwesterly direction from Ross Peak. An easy grade to the spot can be laid out so that visitors might reach it in about an hour's walk from the railway track. Here is one of the most beautiful camping grounds along the line of the C. P. R. From the basin to the surrounding peaks is an easy climb and in grandeur the scene has not an equal in any country in the world.

The bold, rugged mountains, the glaciers, the snow peaks, the lakes, the park-like plateaus and the many other natural forms of beauty here combine to form a perfect picture of bold yet beautiful design where neither form nor color is wanting.

Rich Strike at Standard Basin.

Word has just been received from the Prince Mining Company's property at Standard Basin of another large strike of ore, magnificent specimens of which are being sent to the city. The No. 5 tunnel has crossent the lead where it proves up very strong—the ore being over five feet in width—and the drift from this level shows that it is more than holding its own. This now practically proves the property and a large tonnage of ore is in sight.

Hon. Mr. Oliver Elected.

EDMONTON, Alta., April 25.—Hon. Frank Oliver was elected by acclamation to-day as Minister of the Interior, there being no Conservative candidate.

Grand Opening.

On Friday last, upon the occasion of her assuming the management of the Union hotel dining and upstair rooms, Mrs. McKitrick held a grand dinner, followed by an informal dance.

The menu, details of which appeared in our last issue, was very complete and in every respect a credit to the chef, whose ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to provide for the large number of guests who filed in from 5:30 to 7:30 p. m. Throughout the meal the orchestra furnished music, which added much to the enjoyment of the guests.

After the dinner, the large dining hall was cleared and dancing began in earnest, the many couples present footing it lightly until the early hours of the morning. Everyone was delighted and Mrs. McKitrick is to be congratulated not only upon her able catering, but also upon the auspicious commencement of her new enterprise, which is deserving of our patronage. By running these rooms conjointly with the Palace Restaurant, the boarders will be enabled to have their meals at any hour of the day or night, an advantage which will be apparent to all.

SEARCHLIGHTS ARE FLASHING

Torpedo Boats on the Alert for Vladivostok Squadron — A Reception is Prepared for Admiral Rojestvensky.

SAIGON, April 27.—9:30 a.m.—Advices just received from Kamranh Bay say that twenty Japanese warships passed the Bay between eight and nine o'clock on the evening of April 23.

NEW YORK, April 25.—A Shanghai despatch to the HERALD, dated Monday, says: The northern waters of the Sea of Japan, the Tsugara straits and Laperouse straits are illuminated every night by the searchlights of the Japanese torpedo boats, whose object is to prevent the passage of the ships of the Vladivostok squadron. The Japanese fleet is now probably in the sea of Formosa awaiting Admiral Rojestvensky. Thick weather prevails, and it is thought the Baltic fleet may slip northward far to the east of Formosa. Japanese ships are showing extraordinary vigilance along the entire Chinese coast.

Big Bend Navigation Opens.

The Revelstoke Navigation Co. Ltd. will place the steamer Revelstoke in commission again on Monday next and on Tuesday morning she will leave with a considerable cargo of freight for the Big Bend country. The steamer has been kept in excellent condition and is in all respects the best swift water boat in the west. Chief Engineer Colbeck of the s. s. Slocan will be in charge of the throttle again as usual and Captain Forslund of the s. s. Rossland will again be in command and Fred Swanson, also of the s. s. Rossland will be purser and mate. The steamer will make two round trips a week and the same excellent service as heretofore will be maintained.

Bourne Bros.
Revelstoke, B. C.

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries, Flour, Feed, Crockery Hardware and Stoves, Garden Seeds, Hoes, Rakes, Spades, Shovels, Forks, Watering Cans, Rubber Hose, Sprinklers, Etc., Etc.

AGENTS FOR McCLARY'S STOVES

BOURNE BROS. Mackenzie Avenue

THE LEADING STORE
The Economist for the People

SPRING SUITINGS

Should be secured early to obtain best choice. We are well to the front with a choice range of Suitings.

NEW DRESS FABRICS

In Brown, Green, Blue, Red, and Fawn Shades. They will make-up well, look well and wear well.

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods

Don't forget we carry a full stock of Fancy and Staple Drygoods and Men's Furnishings.

THE LION BRAND.

BOYS LION BRAND CLOTHING

This is entirely a New Line—something the boys can't wear out. Trousers—Double Seat and Double Knee.

NEW GOODS

Our Store has been re-arranged, and we now occupy double the space for our shipments of New Goods, which are arriving daily. We are thus enabled to display our merchandise to better advantage.

A copy of "THE NEW IDEA" magazine for women given away to each cash purchaser amounting to $1.00. New Idea Patterns always in stock. Any pattern for 10 cents.

Trusting to receive a fair share of your patronage.

DRYGOODS A. E. GEORGE DRYGOODS

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER XIX.

A faint cry of alarm rose from Madge's lips. Seymour sprang forward with something like an oath.

"Madam, mother! What! You accept this gypsy girl, this low woman as your daughter? You will take her to Monk Towers?" he exclaimed furiously.

"I invite my son and his wife. Yes!" she said with cold hauteur. "It is her place—it is my duty."

"Yes, yes!" murmured Irene, softly.

"Great heavens, you must be mad!" exclaimed Seymour. "Take her to live with you—to Monk Towers! This girl of whom you know nothing but what is bad! You can't be serious, mother? What will the world, your friends, neighbors say? For you can't hope to keep her past life a secret! You will be shunned as a leper, the Towers as a lazar-house! Keep away from me you—you ruffian, or I'll—I'll shoot you!" he snarled at Royce, who had moved toward him, an ominous light in his eyes. "Consider, mother! For heaven's sake consider!" he went on breathlessly. "You can't—you can't do this thing! Forgive him, if you like. It—it is our duty to forgive," a hypocritical expression struggled into his face, "but keep them, both of them, at arm's length! Make them an allowance, give them enough to start them somewhere in the colonies; do anything but acknowledge this girl—a gypsy!"

The countess listened with proudly averted eyes, as unmoved as a rock against which a fretful tide beats.

"If you have no regard for yourself and position, you might at least think of Irene. This girl, though she may be Royce's wife, is no fit companion for Irene."

As if in denial of the assertion, Irene glided forward and took Madge's hand.

Madge started and trembled, and her dark eyes rested on Irene's with a wondering, troubled gaze.

"I am resolved," said the countess, coldly. "Nothing you can say will move me, Seymour. I ask Royce to bring his wife home. It is for him to decide whether he will do so or not."

"No, mother, it is for her."

Madge looked from the countess to Irene, and then at Royce. She was trembling like a leaf under the conflict that was raging in her mind, her heart.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" broke from her white lips.

She saw what the offer meant, what the refusal would result in. If she refused, if she decided to remain with her people, a gypsy still, then she must drag Royce down to her level and keep him there. If she accepted—she could not realize the ordeal before her, she was too ignorant of the world to do that; but she could form a vague idea of the troubles that awaited her in the new sphere into which she would pass.

"What shall I do?" she cried mentally.

They all waited, every eye fixed upon her. Royce put his arm round her.

"Do as you wish, Madge," he said. "Do not consider anyone, anything, but yourself, dearest. I am happy, shall be happy as I am, in the camp here."

"Yes," said Seymour eagerly; "that's true, at any rate. Your husband will be far happier with his chosen companions; better let him remain, my good girl."

Madge looked at him for an instant, then her lips opened and she was about to speak the words:

"I will not go!"

But at that moment Irene's hand closed on hers with a gentle pressure, and Irene's eyes glanced toward Royce; the glance said as plainly as words could have said,

"You are his wife; think of him!"

Madge faltered, and a faint cry rose from her lips, then her head dropped, and she murmured: "I will go!" and she turned and hid her face on Royce's breast.

"Think Madge!" he murmured lovingly, anxiously. "To leave your own people, to go among strangers, who—who—God forgive them—look down upon you! It is a great, heavy trial! Can you do it? Not for my sake—you shall not think of me! I am happy, I have said so, and you know that it is true. Think, dearest."

"I will go!" she panted. "Not now," she gasped; "in a little time! I must have time to get used—to prepare! But I will go!"

Irene drew back. Seymour cursed and swore under his breath; and countess alone remained calm, and, if it may be said, almost neutral.

"You have decided," she said in a low voice. "You have decided rightly. If you had chosen to remain, to keep him here with you, I should have known that you did not love my son."

"Spare her, mother, spare her!" groaned Royce, with mingled grief and indignation. "You forget that she is a woman like yourself! Another such speech, such taunt, and she shall not go! Even now——"

"No, no," murmured Madge, "she's right. I—I understand. Ask her to give me time—a few days—a week——"

"In a week. I have only one more word to say. When you come to Monk Towers with—your husband, it will be as the wife of Royce Landon, the son of the Earl of Landon. You will leave your past behind you. No one will remind you of it, no one shall cast it in your teeth. As far as forgetfulness is possible it shall be forgotten. The future rests with you, not me. Do you understand?"

Madge raised her head from Royce's breast and looked at the proud face.

"Yes, I understand," she said with a long breath. "I will do my—my best not to disgrace him! Be—be kind and help me!"

"Oh, let us go now! Oh, poor girl, poor girl!"

"Yes, we will go," said the countess. She held out her hand to Madge, and Madge put hers into it shrinkingly; then the countess extended a hand to Royce. He took it and pressed it, too agitated to speak.

She looked into his eyes with a touch of a mother's yearning in hers.

"God forgive you, Royce!" she said in a low voice, and turned away.

Seymour stood glaring from one to the other in speechless fury for a moment or two; then his face changed slowly, as if the full aspect of the case were breaking in upon him, and things were no so bad, after all, as they might have been.

"At any rate the hound is married!" he muttered. "Married, and so out of my way!"

He stepped forward and drew the cloak round the countess, and would have done the same office for Irene, but she drew back. Then as he offered his arm to the countess he took off his hat to Madge with an exaggerated courtesy.

"Good-night—Mrs. Landon!" he said.

Irene glided up to where Royce and Madge stood and held out her hand.

"Good-by, Royce," she said, with downcast eyes; but she raised them as she took Madge's hand, and an infinite pity and sympathy stirred in them.

"Good-night, Madge!" she whispered, and bending forward she touched Madge's trembling lips with her own in a sisterly kiss.

She was gone the next instant Madge thrilling and quivering under the unexpected caress.

The three—the countess, Seymour and Irene—moved slowly into the wood, and toward the carriage. The countess leaned heavily on Seymour's arm, and presently stopped as if exhausted.

"A moment!" she panted. Irene put her arm round her, and the countess clung to her, breathing hard. The reaction had set in and the strain she had undergone was exacting its enevitable penalty.

"It is only a little way to the carriage, madam," murmured Irene. "Sit on this fallen tree and rest a minute."

The countess sank down. As she did so Irene started and looked round. The countess glanced at her.

"It is nothing, madam," said Irene. "I heard something move among the bracken, a rabbit——"

The countess sat perfectly still for a few minutes, then she rose and took Seymour's arm.

"I am stronger now," she said with a sigh.

As they moved away something that was much more like Uncle Jake than a rabbit raised its head from the thick brake, and crouching as low as possible followed them.

Cautiously as he moved it was evident that he was in a state of great excitement: his hands twiched as they clutched the fern stalks while he drew himself along like a snake, and his sinister eyes shone like a couple of beads. Every now and then he raised his head and peered at the three, but with an uncertain expression as of doubt and hesitation. Presently they emerged from the wood, and Uncle Jake, keeping abreast of them, saw, for the first time, their faces in the full light of the moon.

As he did so, notwithstanding all his caution and hitherto secrecy of movement, a cry nearly burst from him—a cry of amazement as his eyes rested upon the white, weary face of the countess, and of bewi,derment as they turned quickly to Seymour.

He lay among the undergrowth at the edge of the wood, watching them until they had crossed the strip of plain and entered the carriage. Then as it drove off, he rose, but, still keeping in the shadow of the trees, dashed his hand to his forehead, and swore excitedly.

"It isn't drink, and I'm not off my head!" he muttered almost fiercely, and yet with an undercurrent of exultation in his voice. "I'm half drunk, I know, but I'm not so bad as that! It's her face I'd swear! I'd know it among a thousand. A thousand. A million! Anywhere, any time! But he—who is he?

He dashed his hand across his forehead again with savage impatience.

"My memory's failing me! I'm getting stupid and thickheaded. Who is it? Now—let me—think." He sat down at the foot of a tree, and stared before him in the direction the carriage had taken, and evidently badgered and spurred his soaked brains in the effort to recall some face connected with his past—the face Seymour resembled.

"Lord, it's as if I'd known him all my life!" he muttered angrily, "and I can't think, I can't think! If I'd only a drop of brandy——" He looked round helplessly and drew his hand across his mouth. "It made me jump the moment I saw him. Made me jump! And his voice, too! Now—now—let me be careful—let me try hard."

He stared before him for a moment or two, then shook his head and sighed.

"It's here one minute and gone the next, curse it! But I'm sure of her!" he chuckled. "Proud as Satan; prouder! And to think that Madge—"

He rose and leaned against the tree, laughing silently, and in a peculiarly unpleasant way.

"Lord, it's as good as a play. A play! It's better!" he exclaimed suddenly. "For it means business! Yes, that's what it means, dear boy! Luck has been against you for a pretty tidy spell, but it's going to turn! Steady!" he had stumbled over a tree root. "Let me pull myself together a bit before I face them two young fools. I wish I hadn't taken quite so much—or I'd taken a drop more. I'll want all my brains for this job, I reckon. Steady! Now then! The heavy father is about the style that's required for this thing, I should say; the heavy father nicely done, with a sharp eye on the youngster, for he's smart and rather too ready with his fists. Now then!"

He stumbled along through the wood till he gained the edge near the spot where the group had stood, then pulling himself together he emerged into the moonlight.

Royce and Madge were still standing where they had been left: and she was leaning on his breast, her face upturned to his. There were tears in her eyes, but they were not falling; and though a faint look of trouble lingered on her face, that of love and trust almost concealed it.

"If you will only love me!" she murmured. "Nothing will seem hard or difficult then! Only love me!"

"My Madge, my dearest and noblest!" he said, pressing her face to his. "Love you! If you could only see into my heart and know how well I love you, and admire you! No woman in the world could have behaved more bravely, nobly, than you have done. Love you!" he laughed unsteadily. "Madge I thought I knew you, but I was mistaken; I did not know you fully till to-night! And don't fear, Madge! You shan't be unhappy! Let them by a word, a look, attempt to take advantage, and—— But they will not do that! You don't know my mother, Madge. She was at her worst to-night. She is proud—ah, well, you saw that! But she has a tender heart and—Madge, don't think worse of her than you can help. See here, dearest, only say the word and we'll draw back even now! If you think you would be unhappy, if you would rather stay with your—our—people——"

"No, no," she said, lifting her eyes to his, "I have made up my mind. We will go! They must bear with me at first. I—I will try—to—get them to love me——"

"My brave Madge! My beautiful darling! Try! You won't have to try very hard or very long! You wait—Ah!"

She started and looked over her shoulder, and would have torn herself away from him, for Uncle Jake was advancing in the moonlight, but Royce held her, and turned to meet him with a frown.

Uncle Jake came up and looked at them with a smile, shaking his head after the fashion of the heavy father on the stage when he comes upon the pair of young lovers in the conventional arbor.

"Well, well, well!" he said with a kind of chuckle. Here's a pretty kettle of fish!"

Royce opened his lips, but before he could speak Uncle Jake went on, as if he were repeating a hardly learned lesson:

"No use, my dear boy, no use! Uncle Jake is up to snuff. He's behind the scenes, and knows all!"

"What do you want? What is it you know?"

"Now, now!" remonstrated Uncle Jake, shaking his forefinger at him with shy playfulness, "don't get on your stilts my boy. It's no use, I tell you. I'm posted!"

He drew a little closer, but still kept out of the reach of Royce's long arm, and with an unctuous leer and wink whispered huskily:

"My dear children, I was in the little church at Crossby this morning—always fond of a church you know. I saw the door open and just stepped in. Nice place to have half an hour's snooze. But I didn't get a nap this morning, Mr. Jack. Something interesting going on. Pretty sight, a wedding—eh, Madge?"

Royce's face was growing dark. Madge, with a low cry, clung closer to him.

"There, there, you needn't scowl, Mr. Jack. Natural, only natural! Handsome young man and pretty girl; love first sight, and marriage on the sly, eh? But——" he assumed an injured expression, "but why play it low down on the girl's guardian? Why not trust old Uncle Jake? That's what I want to know!"

"Now, now, keep your temper, Mr. Jack. I don't complain, and I'm not going to make a fuss; I only ask why not trust the poor old boy?"

"If you are sober enough——"

"Sober!" ejaculated Uncle Jake indignatly.

"——To understand and answer a question," said Royce, "tell me in a word if you were alone, or if any of the others know our secret?"

"I'm as sober as a judge before dinner. No my dear boy, I was alone; and no one else, so far as I know, is in the swim. And don't you be afraid that I'm going to split on you. I'm mum. I'm going to return good for evil, that is what I am going to do."

"How long have you been here?"

Uncle Jake understood, and he hesitated for an instant, then he said coolly, and drooping the heavy father:

"Half an hour, more or less. Yes, I saw your swell people, and heard the confab, Mr. Landon.

"Don't be alarmed," said Uncle Jake. "I've no reason for wishing you otherwise than well, and I'm ready to stand your friend; that is, if a poor gypsy may venture to make such a remark," and he touched his cap as he shot a sinister glance at them.

His change of manner was so sudden that Royce stood dumbfounded; and Uncle Jake, with a nod as if to reassure them, drew nearer.

"You did the right thing, Madge," he said, "beg pardon—Mrs. Landon. A gypsy camp isn't the proper place for you any longer, nor for you either, sir, and the sooner you clear out the better."

"Speak out and say what you have to say, you know our secret, and will trade upon it, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it," said Uncle Jake coolly. "I'm not quite such a swell as you, Mr. Landon, but I'm a gentleman, or was one time anyway; and all I want you to do is to give you a bit of advice.

"Go straight away to-night. I'll make things square with our people. Go straight away and keep dark till the week's up—oh, yes, I heard every word, and I know the arrangement that's been come to. You take my advice. I'll explain things to the people and keep 'em quiet. Go up to London—there's a late train at Crossby you can catch—and cut the gypsies' camp at once and for all. As I said, it's no place for either of you now."

"He is right, drunk or sober, and we must trust him—seeing that we can't do otherwise. I should like to have said good-by to Mother Katie and some of the others. What course do you advise?"

"Let us go, Jack," she said.

(To be Continued.)

What Colds Lead To

Not the Lungs Only But Every Organ of the Body In Danger From Neglected Colds.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED and TURPENTINE

Most people know that such ailments as pneumonia and consumption have their beginning in a cold, but all do not realize that other vital organs of the body are almost equally liable.

Not infrequently colds settle on the liver or kidneys, causing serious disease of these organs.

In other cases colds hang on until the system is run down and exhausted, and so left in a fit state to fall prey to contagious diseases.

The only safe way is to speedily get rid of all colds before they become fastened on the system.

This can be accomplished by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

This medicine has come to be considered indispensable in the home as a cure for colds, bronchitis, croup, asthma and whooping cough.

Mrs. Wm. Hall, Bracebridge, Ont., writes:—"I can recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine most heartily for all forms of colds and I think that if every family would use it for their little ones it would save lots of worry and expense as I find it prompt and lasting in its effects.

"My three youngest boys had whooping cough this winter and we could get nothing to help them until I sent for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It arrested the coughs at once and they kept right on improving until they were cured at a cost of one dollar. That was not a large bill for so dangerous and distressing an ailment."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

A Stubborn Cold or Bronchitis

yields more readily to Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil than to anything you can take.

When you awake in the night choked up and coughing hard, take a dose of the Emulsion, and you will get immediate relief when no cough medicine will help you. It has a soothing and healing effect upon the throat and bronchial tubes. Most people know

Scott's Emulsion

as a great body builder, but it is equally good to allay inflammation and cure colds and violent coughing.

Send for Free Sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.

"THE SECRET" Of a Cup of Tea In Perfection is revealed in the use of delicious

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea—Black, Mixed or Green

Lead Packets only. Highest Award at St. Louis 1904.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

CARE OF COWS AND MILK.

A large portion of the impurities which find their way into milk are brought to it at milking time, writes Prof. E. H. Farrington. If the cows are not cleaned or brushed just before milking more or less loose hair and dirt falls into the milk pail. This can be entirely prevented by brushing and then washing and drying the cow's udder just before milking. In dairies where sanitary milk that does not sour for several days is produced, the cow's udder is always washed and dried immediately before she is milked; the milker then washes his hands, puts on a white suit and milks into a covered milk pail provided with only a small opening in the cover to milk into.

Careful work of this kind protects the milk from many impurities and it increases the consumer's desire for more milk when he knows that such precautions are taken against impurities getting into the milk. Many people undoubtedly would want milk to drink if they felt a greater confidence in the purity of the milk than they now have. Their knowledge in a general way of the barn conditions where many cows are milked is not apt to increase their desire for milk.

Some experiments made by Professor Beach in Connecticut showed that the amount of dirt found in milk when covered pails are used at milking time was about one-third as much as was found when milking was done in an open pail. The milk pail cover excluded sixty-three per cent. and the strainer used after milking less than forty-seven per cent. of the dirt found in the milk when covers and strainers were not used.

Bloody milk and that from unhealthy cows ought not to be used at any time. A case is on record where the diseased hoof of a cow caused a loss of about $18 per day at a cheese factory. The trouble was located by means of the Wisconsin curd test and when the milk of this sick cow was kept out the quality of the cheese made at the factory was as good as it had been and the loss of $18 per day was stopped.

Milk ought not to be used until about six days after calving and some authorities prefer not to use it for thirty days before calving.

Persons having any contagious disease ought not to milk or handle milk for others, and every milker ought to carefully wash and dry his hands before he begins to milk. Always milk with dry hands. This is so self-evident that further explanation ought not to be necessary.

CARE OF THE MILK.

Immediately after milking strain the milk through four thicknesses of cheese cloth or one of flannel. The straining ought to be done outside the stable and not behind the cows.

As soon as strained, cool the milk quickly to near 50 degrees F. Sudden cooling helps to preserve the milk and gives it a very acceptable flavor under normal conditions. Failure to cool at once after milking is the cause of a great deal of sour milk.

Never mix warm milk with cold milk, but cool both before mixing them. Warm milk will absorb odors more readily than cold and the growth and development of bacteria is checked by keeping the milk at a low temperature.

Some sort of aeration is very beneficial to either milk or cream. It helps the flavor of these products and if the aerator is thoroughly clean no harm can come from mixing milk with pure air. The aeration must be done in a clean place, free from bad odors and dust as the spreading of milk over so much surface as is necessary with many aerators subjects it to any contamination which the surrounding air may contain.

Aeration will aid in removing some feed odors from the milk and it is an easy means of chilling it immediately after milking.

There are three methods of aeration now in use to some extent. First, those which spread the milk out in thin sheets as it flows over the surface or divides the milk into many fine streams as it passes through them. Second, an excellent aeration is obtained by passing the milk through a separator. The cream and skim milk are mixed together as they come from the separator by turning the spouts of the separator so that the skim milk and cream will flow together into one can. By this process a certain amount of matter which is in suspension in the milk is also removed and this together with the dirt in the milk accumulates in the separator bowl. Third, a certain amount of aeration may be obtained by dipping the milk or stirring it with a long handled dipper. This is something every milk producer can afford to do. The large cans of milk are commonly set into a tank of cold water after milking and the milk is dipped and stirred occasionally until it is thoroughly cold.

A great many kinds of milk aerators are on the market and probably the use of any one of them is beneficial to the milk.

Aeration is the only preservation that is permitted by law to be used in Wisconsin milk; the chemicals advertised for this purpose are injurious to the consumers' health and the addition of any of them to milk, cream or butter in Wisconsin is forbidden.

If milk is well aerated and thoroughly cooled, it can be safely held in cans tightly covered, but when it is not aerated the covers ought not to be put on the cans tightly until it is thoroughly cooled. When warm milk is tightly covered it has a tendency to develop what is called

"SMOOTHERED" ODOR.

A great variety of odors are more or less common to milk. Among them may be mentioned feed odors, barn odors, cowey odors and kitchen odors. The feed odors come mostly from musty or decayed feed, pasture weeds, wild onions, turnips, rape, silage, etc.

The feeding of sound silage will not necessarily contaminate the flavor of milk. Sufficient proof of this is the fact that silage is being constantly fed to cows that are producing some of the highest priced milk in the country and that which is much sought for by hospitals because of its purity and its wholesome flavor.

The objection of silage feeding in the majority of cases comes from the poorly ventilated stables. Milk will absorb the silage odor if it is present in the barn, and for this reason it is necessary to have the silo closed except when silage is being taken from it at feeding time. All the waste silage that is not eaten by the cows should be removed and not left in the mangers or under the cows for bedding. When this is allowed the air will be so filled with silage odor that it will be absorbed by the milk at milking time. No trouble, however, will come from silage odor when the barn is clean and well ventilated and the silage is fed after milking.

Turnips and rape may also be fed without transmitting their characteristic odor to the milk if fed after milking and in not too large quantities at first.

The objectionable flavors in milk that come from the cows eating musty feed, pasture weeds, garlic and wild onions, are not so easily gotten rid of as the silage odor and such feeds should be avoided.

The cowey, barn and kitchen odors sometimes so prominent in milk may be removed to a certain extent by aeration, but prevention is preferable to a cure in such cases. Keep the milk out of these places and give it a chance to live by itself where it will not be contaminated by unprofitable neighbors.

When cans of milk are drawn any distance to a railroad station or to a factory they should be covered with a piece of canvas in order to protect them from dust and mud as well as from heat and cold.

If skim milk is returned in the cans to the farms such milk should be emptied out of the cans so soon as they reach the farm, because of the difficulty there is in washing the sour odor from cans if the skim milk is allowed to stand in them until it becomes sour. Washing the milk cans at the creamery and returning them empty to the farmers is an excellent practice. It will remove many causes of failures to make butter, cheese or cream of first-class quality.

THE KING'S MESSENGERS.

New Arrangements for Travelling to European Capitals.

The wearers of the Silver Greyhound—the King's messengers, the mysterious and important persons who flit from London to the capitals of the world with despatches—have had their journeys revised, says the London Daily Express.

To whatever capital of the continent they were sent their journey used to be by way of Paris.

Now Paris is abolished from their list. Despatches for the French metropolis will travel like ordinary parcels to Dover, where they will be met by an official from the British Embassy at Paris and taken on.

Instead of the Paris route, the Great Eastern Railway has been chosen by an official from the British Empire.

On the Tuesday of each week a messenger travels by Harwich and the Hook of Holland—one week to Constantinople, and the next week to St. Petersburg.

On the northern route only Berlin and St. Petersburg receive personal calls from the messenger; he is met at Brussels by Legation officials, who relieve him of his charge for that city.

On the alternative route the messenger visits Berlin, Viena, Belgrade, Sofia and Constantinople personally and drops his despatches on his way for The Hague, Darmstadt, Munion and Bucharest.

Some pain is the price of any power.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

FORMERLY PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE.

Lady Henry Somerset Writes Entertainingly About the Czarina.

Many happy girls in England and America silently envied the woman who was the centre of admiration and adulation in the sunny May of 1896, when Princess Alix of Hesse was crowned Empress of Russia. There has always been a deep interest in this country in the young Czarina, first, because her mother, Princess Alice, was, among all the Queen's daughters, held in the highest esteem, and because there was a romantic transtion from the frugal surroundings of her early life to the subsequent magrificent of the perilous throne which she ascended.

The Czarina has always been attached to England. She was brought up by an English governess and nurse, and she early imbibed English views and customs.

When her first child was born she insisted on fulfilling the duties of a nurse, and, although this was opposed to the Russian royal etiquette, she carried her point. Catherine the Great of Russia tells us in her memoirs, with no little bitterness, how her baby was taken away from her a few hours after its birth, and she was not allowed to see it again for months, but, while in her own case she censured the custom, she followed it by taking her son's wife's baby away, and at once gave it a separate establishment. Early in her married life the Czarina showed her determination to put a stop to smoking among her ladies. Russian women nearly all smoke, but the Czarina hinted at reform by requesting that no lady should approach her with the hair, breath or clothing tainted by smoke.

THE FIRST INFLUENCE

which dominated her was that of Father John, of Kronstadt, and with his help and guidance she placed herself at the head of many of the charitable bodies in the empire, and it was pathetic to know that she sent for all the best known works on the English poor laws, in order to study how some betterment among the people could be arrived at. But in considering her task we have to remember that the condition of Russia at this moment resembles that of England before the Magna Charta, and the best-intentioned and wisest woman in the world would probably fail to work any appreciable change.

On the one hand stands the official of the government, the army, the church, the law, and the propertied classes, all united to maintain the yoke upon the shoulders of the masses, a bureaucracy corrupt and oppressive; on the other hand, a people ignorant and downtrodden, with a history which must appal all who contemplate it, for we have not far to look back to find a hideous record of persecution, both of the Jews and of the Stundists—a million Protestant peasants, of a type resembling the Paritans of the seventh century—and all other religious denominations differing from the Orthodox Greek Church are oppressed, gagged and betrayed.

Added to the deep shadows thrown by oppression and famine over the vast empire there was the prolonged disappointment when the looked-for son was not vouchsafed. For ten years he had prayed unceasingly for an heir to the Russian throne. A crop of superstitions had grown round the fact that the prayer remained unanswered. The ominous circumstance of the disaster which happened at the Czar's coronation was looked upon as an evil prophecy as to the approaching end of the dynasty. The Czarina was unpopular, and was unable to take her right place at the head of Russian society. But in August last the child so eagerly awaited was born, and men paused in their daily toil to listen to the

ROAR OF THE CANNONS,

and counted the shots as they announced, from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, that Russia welcomed an heir.

Then the great bells from the dome of St. Isaac's rang a jubilant peal, and as by magic flags appeared in every street. Decorations, were hurriedly fixed to the public buildings, and the people poured out in hundreds to rejoice. The Czar received an ovation when he appeared in public, and flowers were strewn before him, and shouts of joy were raised. The churches were filled with thankful worshippers, and the pathetic devotion of the country to its ruler was never more manifest. But with a change in her destiny there came also a change in the Empress's outlook. I have been told on good authority that since the birth of the boy the Empress has become more Russian than the Russians. When her sister wished her good luck on the birth of the heir, she said, "He will be a Russian and a Romanoff," and it appeared as though the fact that she had become the mother of the heir to the Russian throne outweighed the liberal sentiments which had hitherto characterized her.

It has been truly said that there is one woman living who can perhaps sympathize with the Czarina at this moment more than any other in the world, the woman who stood at the windows of the Tuilleries, and watched the wild mob surging toward the palace on the last day of the empire. Napoleon had been ruined and defeated, the storm had burst, and the mob surged round the palace where Eugenie stood alone. And then, as the Communists poured into the great courtyard, she fled by a back door, never to return. Her heart must turn in sympathy to the woman who stands now on the perilous brink of this great ocean of revolution.

Wiggs—"Deacon Buncomb is fond of doing good deeds on the sly." Waggs—"Yes; but he's terribly cut up if other people don't find out about it."

HEALTH

SOME DON'TS FOR WOMEN.

There is no woman who does not, secretly or avowedly, desire to be beautiful, to preserve what good looks she may possess and, if possible, to enhance her charms by such adventitious aids as may conduce to the desired end. Yet, singularly enough, not one woman in ten goes to work the right way about it. Pretty new clothes, cosmetics and the like, are but too frequently relied upon to do the work.

A few simple rules are laid down, which every woman would do well to lay to heart. They are called beauty's seven nurses.

Don't forget that the nurses of a woman's beauty are seven—fresh air, sunshine, warmth, rest, sleep, food, and whatever stirs the blood, be it exercise or enthusiasm.

Don't neglect sleep. You can sleep yourself into good looks. A long nap and a hot bath will make any woman more attractive, and lift years from her shoulders.

Don't eat when tired, and don't work when tired. It is a mistake to work when not in fit condition—bad for the work and worse for you.

Don't miss your 'beauty sleep.' It is a mistake to go to bed late at night, rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Don't give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of housework, when it could be much more profitably spent in rest and recreation.

Don't sit down to table as soon as you come in from work, or a round of social duties. Lie down, or sit down, for ten minutes, waiting until you can partake of your dinner with the physical machinery rested and refreshed.

Don't bathe in hard water. Soften it with a little powdered borax, or a handful of oatmeal.

Don't bathe the face while it is very warm or very cold.

Don't wash the face while travelling, unless it is with a little alcohol and water, or a little cold cream.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water. Give the face a hot bath with soap and then rinse thoroughly with clear tepid or cold water.

Don't rub the face with too coarse a towel. Treat it as you would the finest porcelain, tenderly and delicately.

Don't be afraid of sunshine and fresh air. They offer you bloom and color.

Don't forget that hearty laughter is a source of relaxation. So are all high thoughts, as those of hope, beauty, trust and love.

Don't forget that beauty is a power. There is nothing more potent. It is to a woman what capital is to a merchant. Its absence is a misfortune: its culture wise and proper.

HEALTH HINTS.

Toothache is often relieved by rinsing the tooth and gums with warm strong salt and water.

Swollen face as the result of a cold or decayed tooth, should be fermented with hot water, or milk-and milk-and-water.

Pale People should not always resort to iron preparations as a remedy. The system needs to be prepared before that drug can be absorbed.

Colic is a painful spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the stomach. Hot fomentations, freely sprinkled with laudanum, give great relief.

This cures hysteria.—To remove the tendency of hysteria, plenty of active exercise should be taken. Rise early, take regular meals, have nourishing food, variety of scene, and cheerful company.

That sinking sensation is due to the effects of indigestion, grief, or nervous depression from some cause or other acting upon the large, sympathetic nerves. Stimulants should be avoided, and great care exercised as to diet.

When baby screams it is invariably an indication that the child is suffering from pain in some particular organ of the body. It is generally traceable to some digestive disturbance, and is the effect of dyspepsia.

Slight colds, common at this season of the year, should be promptly dealt with, in order to avoid more serious trouble. Put the feet in hot water, take ten grains of Dover's powder, a large cupful of hot gruel, and go straight to bed. If these measures are insufficient, remain in bed next day, and take fifteen to twenty drops of spirit of camphor on a lump of sugar every four hours.

Mothers should know that convulsions in children are usually the result of brain irritation, caused by teething, by indigestible food, or by fright, anger, and grief. The child should be immersed in a warm bath up to its neck, and kept there for a quarter of an hour, with cold cloths applied to its head, then wrapped in a warmed blanket and put to bed. A teaspoonful of castor-oil should be given as soon as the child can swallow.

LENGTH OF EUROPEAN LIVES.

Of European nations the Norwegians and Swedish are the longest lived, the Spaniards the shortest. According to a foreign statistical return recently issued, the average duration of life is as follows: Sweden and Norway, fifty years; England, forty-five years and three months; Belgium, forty-four years and eleven months; Switzerland, forty-four years and four months; France, forty-three years and six months; Austria, thirty-nine years and eight months; Prussia and Italy, thirty-nine years; Bavaria, thirty-six years; and Spain, thirty-two years and four months.

HEALTHY LUNGS.

Depend Upon Rich, Red Blood—Poor Blood Means Weak Lungs and Fatal Consumption.

Every drop of blood in the body must go through the lungs. That is why the lungs are helped, and healed and strengthened with the great blood-builder, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They fill the veins with pure, rich red blood that gives health and vigor to weak lungs. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brace the lungs to throw off bronchitis and heavy colds. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the lungs after an attack of la grippe or pneumonia. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved hundreds in Canada from consumptives' graves. No other medicine does this work so speedily and so well. Mrs. Jane A. Kennedy, Douglastown, Que., says:—"My sister, a young and delicate girl, took a severe cold when about seventeen years old. Nothing we did for her seemed to do any good, and we feared she was going into consumption. Often after a bad night I would get up early to see if she had spit blood during the night. A friend strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and within a month from the time she had begun their use, she had almost recovered her health. Under the continued use of the Pills she is now well and strong."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only make weak lungs strong, but they cure all troubles arising from a poor or deficient blood supply, such as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, general weakness, St. Vitus dance, headaches and backaches, kidney troubles, palpitation of the heart, and the special secret ailments of young girls and women. Insist upon the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Good-morning, Lucy dear!" said the gushing Miss Welworn. "How strange I should meet you—and on my birthday, too!" "Is it really your birthday, dear?" said her charming friend. "Why, how old are you now?" "Twenty-five, dear." Lucy drew on her stock of recollections for a moment. "Isn't it wonderful how slowly time passes?" she said.

MOTHER'S ADVICE.

"I would advise mothers to stop dosing their little ones with nauseous castor oil and soothing stuffs, and use only Baby's Own Tablets." This is the advice of Mrs. Joseph E. Harley, of Worthington, Ont., who has proved the Tablets the best medicine in the world for the troubles that afflict young children. Mrs. Harley adds:—"My little one had no other medicine but the Tablets since she was two months old, and they have kept her the picture of good health." These Tablets are good for children of every age, and speedily cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, prevent croup, expel worms and allay the irritation of teething. And you have a solemn guarantee that there is not a particle of opiate or harmful drug in this medicine. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE CZAR IN PROVERB.

His Luck, His Power and His Limitations.

In a recent number of The Paris Figaro were found collated some characteristic Russian proverbs that regard the Czar and his position, and find much current application:

"When the Czar spits into a dish, it breaks into pieces for very pride."

"The crown does not protect the Czar from headache."

"Even the lungs of the Czar cannot blow out the sun."

"The Czar's back, too, would bleed if it were gashed with the knout."

"The Czar even covered with boils is declared to be in good health."

"When the Czar rides behind a tired horse every step is charged as a league."

"The Czar may be a cousin of God, but His brother he is not."

"The Czar's arm is long, but it cannot reach to heaven."

"Neither can the Czar's vinegar make anything sweet."

"The hand of the Czar, too, has only five fingers."

"The voice of the Czar has an echo even when there are no mountains in the vicinity."

"The troika (team of three horses abreast) of the Czar leave a deep trace behind it."

"It is no more difficult for Death to carry a fat Czar than to carry a lean beggar."

"The tear in the eye of the Czar costs his country many, many a handkerchief."

"When the Czar writes verses—woe be to the poet!"

"When the Czar plays, his ministers have only one eye and the countrymen are blind."

"What the Czar cannot accomplish time can do."

"Even the Czar's cow cannot bring anything else into the world but a calf."

"When the Czar has the smallpox his country bears the scars."

"The edge on a razor," said the garrulous barber, "improves by laying it away for a time." "That being the case," rejoined the victim in the chair, "I'd advise you to lay the one you are using away for about two thousand years!"

"Are you fond of that moustache you are wearing?" "Well, I didn't like it very well at first; but it's the sort of thing that grows on one, you know!"

SENTENCE SERMONS.

A joy unshared is always short lived.

Making a life is greater than making a living.

Peace on earth waits for the peace from heaven.

There will be good will in all when God's will is over all.

You cannot touch men as long as you think of them as masses.

The man who suspects everybody is surely a suspicious character.

Running in old ruts may be more risky than blazing new trails.

The man who sows nothing always reaps something a good deal worse.

You can't expect a nickle's worth of religion to last you over Monday.

The flowers on the streets of heaven are the transplanted sorrows of earth.

It is easy to preach on the benefits of walking when you are in the band wagon.

They who really pray for the poor find themselves saying Amen at their door.

There's something wrong about a man's piety when it provokes others to profanity.

When a man thinks he has a cinch on sin he is apt to find that the halter is on him.

You never know how much religion you have until some one treads on your best corn.

Our biggest, blackest troubles are often only the locomotive drawing our richest treasure train.

It will take a lot of nerve for some Christians to stand up and look over their lives at last and hear the judge say: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT.

The advantages of the open-air treatment for consumptives may be thus briefly summarized: The patient exposed continuously to fresh air gains in appetite, assimilates his food better, sleeps more soundly and awakens more refreshed, writes Dr. H. W. G. Mackenzie. Free exposure to air is the best antipyretic. Sweating at night, formerly so common a symptom, usually ceases. Colds are practically unknown among patients leading an open-air life. Secondary infection, on account of the comparative freedom of the air from micro-organisms, is much less likely to occur. Tolerance of outside air is very quickly established, and no one who has tried the open-air life will willingly go back to the former conditions of stuffiness. I have never seen any one made worse by exposure to fresh air. Even during a thick London fog patients get on better lying in bed on a balcony or in rooms with windows wide open and a good fire burning than when attempts are made to shut out the fog by keeping the windows shut.

"BROWSING" ON BANK-NOTES.

Probably one of the oddest claims ever made on a bank is recorded as having been made against the National Bank of Belgium. An old peasant woman had laid on the grass a jacket containing bank-notes of small denomination for $240 in the pocket, and while she was at work her pet nanny-goat had got at the notes, which it had eaten. The animal was killed, and the chewed paper recovered from the stomach was submitted in support of a claim for compensation, which the bank paid after verifying the facts by chemical analysis and other inquiry.

THE TRICKS.

Coffee Plays on Some.

It hardly pays to laugh before you are certain of facts, for it is sometimes humiliating to think of afterwards.

"When I was a young girl I was a lover of coffee, but was sick so much the doctor told me to quit, and I did, but after my marriage my husband begged me to drink it again, as he did not think it was the coffee caused the troubles.

"So I commenced it again and continued about six months until my stomach commenced acting bad and choking as if I had swallowed something the size of an egg. One doctor said it was neuralgia and indigestion.

"One day I took a drive with my husband three miles in the country, and I drank a cup of coffee for dinner. I thought sure I would die before I got back to town to a doctor. I was drawn double in the buggy, and when my husband hitched the horse to get me out into the doctor's office, misery came up in my throat and seemed to shut my breath off entirely, then left all in a flash and went to my heart. The doctor pronounced it nervous heart trouble, and when I got home I was so weak I could not sit up.

"My husband brought my supper to my bedside with a nice cup of hot coffee, but I said: 'Take that back, dear, I will never drink another cup of coffee if you gave me everything you are worth, for it is just killing me.' He and the others laughed at me and said:

"'The idea of coffee killing anybody.'

"'Well,' I said, 'it is nothing else but coffee that is doing it.'

"In the grocery one day my husband was persuaded to buy a box of Postum, which he brought home, and I made it for dinner, and we both thought how good it was, but said nothing to the hired men and they thought they had drank coffee until we laughed and told them. Well we kept on with Postum and it was not long before the color came back to my cheeks, and I got stout and felt as good as I ever did in my life. I have no more stomach trouble, and I know I owe it all to Postum in place of coffee.

"My husband has gained good health on Postum, as well as baby and I, and we all think nothing is too good to say about it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE POSTMASTER TELLS HIS SECRET

HIS HEALTH MAINLY DUE TO THE USE OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Postmaster Lee Looks Ten Years Younger Than His Seventy-Six Years and He Gives the Credit to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tabucintac, Cumberland Co., N.B., March 13—(Special).—Horatio J. Lee, postmaster here, is now in his seventy-sixth year, but so bright and healthy does he look and so energetic is he in his movements that he would easily pass for ten years younger.

"How do I keep young looking," the postmaster says. "Well I attribute it largely to my good health and my health is mainly due to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I first learned the value of this Kidney Remedy some years ago. I was then suffering from Kidney Disease. My feet and legs swelled and I had to rise eight or ten times in the night because of urinary troubles. Six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills restored my health at that time and I have used them at intervals since.

"To anyone afflicted with Kidney Trouble I say 'Dodd's Kidney Pills are all right.' Try them and you will be sure to find a benefit."

BEAUTIFUL BELINDA'S BEAU.

Belinda Brook's bashful beau, Billy Bateman, brought Belinda bright blossoms, beautifully blended. Belinda blushed bewitchingly behind Billy's bouquet. Billy being beloved by Belinda, but being backward, Belinda's burly bachelor brother Bob bantered Billy.

Billy becoming bolder, Bob blissfully beheld Belinda's betrothal, bestowing benign brotherly blessings.

Blazing bonfires beautified Belinda's bridal. But betimes bitter blow befel Belinda. Believing burglars below, Belinda bade Billy beware; but Billy blundered. Burglars, brandishing bludgeons, brutally belabored Billy. Belinda beheld Billy's bruised, bleeding body. Belinda, bewidowed, bewailed beloved Billy's burial.

CAREFUL MOTHERS.

The little troubles that afflict children come without warning, and the careful mother should keep at hand a medicine to relieve and cure the ailments of childhood. There is no medicine does this so speedily and thoroughly as Baby's Own Tablets, and the mother knows this medicine is safe, because it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever, and teething troubles. They break up colds, prevent croup, and bring natural sleep. Mrs. Mary Fair, Escott, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets with the very best results, and would not be without them in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GIVING HIS NAME.

At an auction recently, when an article was knocked down to the highest bidder, the clerk called out, "What name, please?" And a small man with a small voice answered, "It's me."

"I know it's you, but will you oblige me with your name?" said the clerk.

The same answer came back in the same apologizing tones, "It's me."

Getting angry, the young man with the book shouted, "Supposing you are a foundling, surely in a Christian country they called you something—Street, Brown, Jones, Robinson—we can't wait—hurry up!"

Still the weak voice replied, "It's me."

At last the auctioneer remonstrated: "Are you deaf or mad, my good man? If you can't give us your name the article you bought must be put up again."

"Hard luck," was the meek reply, "just because my father wasn't called Jones I must lose a table. I'll spell my name; maybe it is a bit misleading and personal—Mee. Me."

And the laugh was turned against the smart auctioneer and his impatient clerk.

WISHED HE WAS THERE.

He had just eaten her home-made bread for the first time, and was pensive.

"Darling," asked the bride, with a joyous smile, "of what were you thinking?"

"I was thinking," he said slowly, "of Sammoa."

"It must be a beautiful place," she said, "but why Samoa?"

There was a far-away look in his eyes as he murmured:

"Bread grows on trees there."

INSTEAD OF SOAP.

Housewives in Florida scrub their floors with oranges. In almost any town in the orange-growing districts women may be seen using the fruit exactly as we use soap. They cut the oranges in halves, and rub the flat, exposed pulp on the floor. The acid in the oranges does the cleansing, and does it well, for the boards are as white as snow after the application.

Dolly—"When I refused Jack, he vowed that he would do something desperate." Molly—"Nonsense! He proposed to me last night!" Dolly—"Goodness! I had no idea he meant what he said!"

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

A PARIS 'PHONE WRINKLE.

The French telephone service has just accorded to the public one of those little amenities of civilization which might, with obvious advantage, be extended throughout the world. In every public office there will henceforth be hung a white linen handkerchief, treated with a chemical solution, with which every person can cleanse and disinfect the plate or tube before using it. These handkerchiefs are renewed daily.

SETTLERS LOW RATES WEST.

Via the Chicago and North Western Ry. every day from March 1st to May 15th, 1905, settlers one-way second-class tickets at very low rates from Chicago to points in Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California, also to Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Rossland and other points in the Kootenay District. Correspondingly low rates from all points in Canada. Write for full particulars and folders to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Pillsbury—"I don't like that cough of yours." Mr. Kidder—"I'm sorry, doctor; but it's the best one I've got!"

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

Happiness is the harvest of helpfulness.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Worry never made anything—but wrinkles.

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

Mrs. De Bride—"George, do you really think that distance lends enchantment?" Mr. De Bride—"Look here, Minnie, I thought we agreed not to speak of your mother again?"

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine, was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above facts can be verified by writing to him, to the Parish Priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE, Merchant.

St. Isadore, Que., 12th May, '98.

Higbee—"Do you consider it more blessed to give than to receive?" Wyld—"It depends on what you get!"

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS.

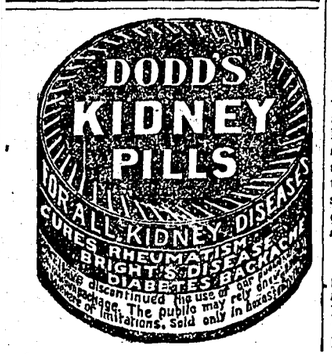
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures windcolic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." 22—04

Snacks—"Did your wife's mother treat you with silent scorn?" Jacks—"No such luck—she just treated me with scorn."

Kidney Duty. — It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder. It relieves in 6 hours.—14

TOBACCO BLINDNESS.

Dr. McNab, of the Manchester Royal Eye Hospital, has discovered hitherto undreamt-of perils in the humble pipe. Giving evidence in a compensation case at the local county court, he said he considered the defective vision of a plaintiff was caused, not by a blow from a brick, but by "tobacco blindness." He said that one and a half ounces of tobacco a week were quite sufficient to impair the eyesight, and he had known a case where a man of middle age was a sufferer from the effects of half an ounce a week.



The Refreshing Fragrance OF A HOT CUP OF STEAMING

Blue Ribbon

is the comfort of all women who have tried it.

TIRED NERVES are soothed, and tired muscles INVIGORATED

The Flavor is Most Delicious.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA—BLUE RIBBON'S IT

H.B.K. BRAND

BIG SHIRT

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

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

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

Sold at all dealers but only with this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.

Montreal Winnipeg Dawson

1

"Let me see, a cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young student of language asked. "No, no my child," replied the knowing tutor. "A cynic is a man of whom the world is tired!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

He who does not give does not live.

Those Worrying Piles! — One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents—15

Ireland's bogs contain the equivalent of 5,000,000,000 tons of coal, according to the estimate of Sir Richard Sanhel.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

No woman needs the ballot to enforce her rights; she can do it with tears and a handkerchief.

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

Dr. Chase's Ointment

GERMANY'S NEW EMPIRE.

It is twenty years since Germany began to build up a colonial empire, and the net result is that, after spending nearly $100,000,000, she has acquired more than a million square miles of territory, with a sparsely scattered German population of between five and six thousand souls—men, women, and children. Of the adult male population a third are officials or soldiers.

"I manage to keep my paying-guests longer than you do, at any rate!" said the first landlady. "Oh, I don't know," replied the other. "You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are!"

Dinner Sets Free FOR CASH TRADE. BENEFITS THE MERCHANTS BENEFITS THE CUSTOMER

A Merchant in your neighborhood is showing his appreciation of cash trade by giving absolutely free, these DINNER SETS.

If you do not know this Merchant, write us and we will not only tell you who he is, but forward you a handsome souvenir FREE

The British Canadian Crockery Co., Ltd. TORONTO, CANADA.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

ONE-WAY EXCURSIONS

—TO—

Billings, Mont., Colorado Springs, Denver, Helena, Butte, Mont., Ogden, Salt Lake City, Utah, Nelson, Rossland, B. C., Spokane, Wash., Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash., Vancouver, B. C., San Francisco, Cal.

Rates $34.25 to $44.00

Tickets on sale March 1st to May 15th.

ALL GRAND TRUNK TICKET AGENTS.

FOR LAMP OIL ECONOMY USE Sarnia Prime OIL White

No real need to buy the more expensive oils if GOOD BURNER is used and KEPT CLEAN.

If you want a BIG LIGHT—THREE OR FOUR GAS JETS IN ONE—

TRY A Queen City Oil Lamp BEAUTIFUL LIGHT

The Choicest Oil Made is PRATT'S ASTRAL

For Sale by Dealers.

THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO., LIMITED Toronto.

Dyeing! Cleaning!

For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."

Look for agent in your town, or send direct.

Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

Only a woman is capable of arriving at a conclusion without using either reason or judgment.

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

"Look at Mabel Casher's diamonds mother! I wonder however she manages to afford such jewellery!" "My dear, haven't you heard that glass has just gone down in price?"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Don't expect your friends to be stuck on your jokes if they are pointless.

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

"When Bragley starts talking to me it always makes me thirsty." "You mean because he's so dry?" "Well, no; I think it's because so many of the statements he makes have to be taken with a grain of salt."

The harder you cough, the worse the cough gets.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't benefit you, the druggist will give you your money back.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 803

Appreciation

Madame Griselda, the famous European Soprano, who so thoroughly delighted the musical public of the City at her concert in the Opera House, has given the following unsolicited testimonial of the "Nordheimer"

Revelstoke, B. C., April 10th, 1905.

MR. LEWIS:

Dear Sir,—I want to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the "Nordheimer" Piano, which I used for my Concert this evening and which in every way gave me entire satisfaction.

Yours very truly,

A. FREED-GRISELDA.

A beautiful selection of these high grade Pianos in stock at prices and terms that are easy for any honest person to avail themselves of.

Revelstoke Insurance Agency
LIMITED

LOANS REAL ESTATE INSURANCE

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

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

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

Job Printing in all its branches promptly and neatly executed.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905.

WHAT OF B. C.

So far no voice has been raised in the House of Commons in advocacy of British Columbia's rights. The "Better Terms" vouched for by Senator Templeman and Mr. Tweedie, envoy extraordinary representing Sir Wilfrid Laurier, have proved a mythical creation. The "duty on rough lumber" coming into this province from the United States and slaughtering the products of our own forests—has been forgotten—while Mr. Galliher devotes himself to putting a bill through parliament depriving the city of Ottawa of its rights of protecting the poorer classes from usurous charges for electric lighting. Meanwhile the energies of the Government majority are being concentrated upon a scheme to deprive two new Provinces of the rights vouchsafed them under the Eritish North America Act! Verily, those who believe in a "Liberal" Government are being rewarded for zealous advocacy of "Reform."

CONSISTENCY!

"As I would not be coerced by anybody, I would not attempt to coerce anybody." These were brave words, uttered in Toronto, by Premier Laurier in 1896, when he was endeavoring to cajole and deceive the electors. What a change! Having succeeded in inducing Messrs. Greenway and Sifton to compromise with reference to the separate school issue in Manitoba, Sir Wilfrid Laurier forthwith applied to the Holy See to have a representative of Rome appointed for permanent service at Ottawa. This was done, and strange to say, the Premier does not deny that he consulted Monsignor Sbarretti, on the policy of separate schools for the new North West Provinces, before consulting his own colleagues! And the ablegate forthwith told the envoys from Manitoba that unless they changed the education act, the boundaries of their Province would not be enlarged! And of such is Liberalism.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOREIGNER?

Not many months ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, denounced Lord Dundonald as a "Foreigner," because that distinguished military man publicly took exception to the carving and slashing of his reports, by the head or deputy head of the Militia department. This was a high crime and misdemeanor! How different when the Premier in his own interest and the interest of the hierarchy, deemed proper to consult a "foreigner"—Monsignor Sbarretti upon issues gravely affecting the Canadian people! Private documents, official papers, were submitted to the papal ablegate, before even the Prime Minister's colleagues had seen them! This was a clear violation of constitutional procedure—but, being in the interest of the Church, the "minority" as Sir Wilfrid terms them, we are asked to condone the offence. More than this, the Premier shed crocodile tears over the injustice of depriving a minority of the right to assert itself—yet he appointed Frank Oliver (no friend of British Columbia) Minister of the Interior, a man whose deadly hostility to the protection of our lumber industry has been recorded in the debates of the House of Commons or at all events in his public utterances. More than this—appoints a man who represents a constituency controlled by "foreigners"—Gallicians and others—and asks Canada to justify his actions. If the people are not slaves they will not be long before asserting themselves.

The Dominion Fair.

A large collection of ore from all over the Atlin district is to be added to the already large mineral exhibit which is on hand and promised for the forthcoming Dominion Fair. Premier McBride has informed Mayor Keary, of New Westminster, that the mining recorder at Atlin has been instructed to gather the exhibit and forward it to the Royal Agricultural and Industrial Association of New Westminster, under whose auspices the 1905 Dominion Fair is to be held.

The Yukon Territory has arranged for an elaborate exhibit of ore, gold dust and nuggets at the Portland Fair, where demonstrations of practical mining for the Klondike will be given, and this attraction is likely to be secured for the Dominion Fair also.

Does Advertising Pay?

A business man in the course of a conversation with a HERALD representative, when asked if he considered the large amount of advertising he does in this paper paid him, replied simply, "Well, I fancy so, my week's advertising has paid for itself today already." This was on the first afternoon. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Bicycle fittings, wheels repaired, full stock of saddles, tires, rims and bicycle lamps. Agent for the famous Cleveland wheel $65.00, Rambler 2nd grade $45.00.—W. Smythe.

WANTED—A situation by a D. E. Book Keeper, has had ten years experience in general store and six years in saw mill. Address, J. C. T. Box 91, Kamloops.

Bicycles repaired and cleaned at W. Smythe's, next Dr. McLean's house, full stock of tires, all kinds Dunlop and M. and W.

Piano Tuning

Leave Orders at Allum's Jewellery Store. Eight Years' Experience.

Madame Griselda (the celebrated soprano) says:—"The piano I used for my concert last night, and which was tuned by you, was done perfectly and I found it in excellent condition."

M. S. HASTINGS, TUNER.

CANADIAN ENGLISH.

Three Short Stories in the Funny Dialect of the Habitant.

Joe Place, who lives out on the Biddeford Pool road supplies a fair amount of innocent amusement to the people of that section.

The other day he drove into the city with a load of cordwood. On the top of the load he had some mysterious parcel in a short sack, and the contents of the parcel occasionally moved and writhed.

When some one came along and asked him about the bundle Joe lifted up the short sack and immediately there was a mighty squealing from within.

"Leetle pigs," quoth Joseph, smillingly.

"Now I tal yo' w'at I do," he said jocosely, "yo' tal me how many leetle peegs dere be in date bag, and ba gar, I geeve yo' de whole t'ree of heem."

"Well," said the other, "I guess there are three pigs there, Joseph."

Joseph was disgusted.

"Oh, ba gar," shouted he, "somebody gon' tol' yo' 'bout dat."

They undertook to run down the capacities of Joseph's horse the other day and Joseph was mad. Somebody told him that the critter couldn't trot in 4:30. Joseph shook hisetaoin4ficim roice trembled with suppersed feeling. He pulled out his wallet and wanted to bet. And as he talked he grew madder.

At last he said:

Now yo' look here, yo' don' know w'at yo' talk about. Dat hoss he all r-rat. He can jussas fas' as yo' want heem trot. I bat yo' I put heem on de barn and geeve heem handful of oats and quart of hay. I tak' heem off de barn. Den he go batter dan half pas' four or ba gar, I geeve yo' to heem."

A man with Canadian wool trousers and a peaked fur cap as the most prominent articles of his attire came into the Biddleford Post Office the other day and stepped up to the window. Said he with a bland smile:

"P'rap you don' have notin's here fort Joseph Mefrau, hey?"

"I donno," said the clerk. "What do you say your name is?"

"Joseph Mefrau."

"Me-frow, Mee-frow—how do you spell it?"

The Canadian at the window looked through the bars at the clerk, and then with a disgust that I cannot put in words, he cried:

"Ba darm, yo' donno how spell Joseph Mefrau, yo' bater sal out dis plac' and go fin' some nodder bus'ness."

Tragedies of Real Life.

"I want you to sue that intelligence office for me. Begin the suit to-day. Get damages if you have to fight the thing clear through the United States supreme court. I've been patient under circumstances that Job never encountered and now I'm out for revenge if we have to morgage the house."

"What in the world's the trouble, little one?" and the husband actually stammered at this unprecedented outbreak from the gentlest of wives.

"Trouble! I'm mad enough to shoot. I've stood it till I'm wild. Put brass knuckles on that girl to wash dishes in and she would do no more breaking than she's doing now. Four pieces a washing and three washing every 24 hours in a light day's work of destroying for her. Where's that dainty china tea set papa gave us? Where's the elegant cut glass from your mother? Where are nearly all our wedding presents in breakable tableware? Go and look in the alley. Oh, I could see that girl thrown to wild beasts. Yes, I could. I never felt so murderously wicked before. And she told me that she wasn't used to working for ladies that made so much fuss. I just had to turn my back on the carving knife."

"But what about the intelligence office?"

"Didn't I get her there? Didn't I pay for getting her? Didn't the big fat woman tell me that this girl was a regular thrashing machine to work?"

"Well, I guess she is."

"Oh, Jack. I depended on your sympathy."

Then there were tears, a smelling bottle manly caresses and a promise to "send" the girl.—Detroit Free Press.

His First Client Never Came Back.

The legal lights were discussing disappointments with which they had met, and this is the story that one of them told:

"The greatest disappointment that I ever met with happened at the beginning of my career. I was young at the time and inclined to hold my parents responsible for this handicap which was keeping me from the fame and glory that I thought was my due.

"My bright new shingle was somewhat weather-beaten and my office desk had two holes worn in it by my heels before my first client came.

"But come he did one day, charging into my office like a mad bull. Glaring at me and throwing down a roll of bills as large as my fist he shouted:

"'I want to see Mr. Blank!'

"'I am Mr. Blank,' I said, edging up to the roll.

"'Good Lord, sonny,' he roared. 'I want to see your father, the lawyer!'

"'I am Mr. Blank, the lawyer,' I answered, with all the dignity I could muster.

"'Oh, Christmas!' he yelled, as he seized his roll and put it in his pocket.

"'What have I been retained on?' I asked, making a bluff at the roll.

"He stared at me for a moment and then said:

"'See here, sonny, I've got an important engagement to meet. I'll be back in an hour. Here's your retainer,' he added, throwing down a quarter.

"But he never came back. I was looking at my picture the other day, taken about that time, and I cannot say that I blame him."

The Passing of the Major.

"Yes, the major went down at the first shot, but I don't doubt but that he was ready to go."

"Think so?"

"I'm sure of it, for he wore the covers of the family Bible for a breastplate."—Atlanta Constitution.

Happiness results from being content with what you haven't got.

The City Lumber Yards

The undersigned has opened a Lumber Yard in the City and will handle all kinds of

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATH, ETC., ETC.

A full stock of Kiln-Dried Edge Grain, Finishings always on hand, and Mouldings of every description will be kept in stock.

TO CONTRACTORS !!!

At Our Yards we will at all times be in a position to supply all your wants in First-Class Material.

E. E. ADAIR

Yards—Just South of Hotel Climax, on Smelter Track

SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The match on Good Friday attracted a large crowd, as was to be expected Kamloops turned out a strong team to do battle for the cup and Revelstoke trotted out an equally strong aggregation to hold it, with the result that the cup still rests in its secure position. The following was the line up:—

Kamloops — Goal, J. L. Jackson; backs, A. S. Ennis, J. Louteet; half backs, F. Stanhope, R. McLean, C. E. Kean; forwards, T. Marriott, A. Laughlin, S. D. McDonald, E. W. Morris, J. Murray.

Revelstoke—Goal, Kerfoot; backs, Sissons, Entwistle; half backs, Cummings, Lyons, Pheeny; forwards, Smythe, Hugh, Donaldson, Allen, Beavo.

A large crowd of both sexes attended the game and the "rooters" for the home team, prepared to shout themselves hoarse when Donaldson kicked off at 2:45 for Revelstoke, who played up first against the wind. Excitement now ran high, and as the ball flew, or was passed, forward and back and across the field, now at the feet of one side and the next moment appropriated, through some dexterous move, by the opposing men, the rooters, thrilled with the spirit of the game, promptly responded by cheering. Then something happened. Then Kamloops scored—and scored well. This somewhat blanketed the proceedings until it was found that the Revelstoke men were pressing their opponents. Just before half time, when things were looking very complicated near the Kamloops goal Donaldson amidst great cheers scored for Revelstoke. So far the game was even, and everybody felt pleased. Even the band which had turned out to do honor to the visitors and the occasion "blowed" themselves, "con spirito" as the music books put it. The home champions now changed ends—and incidentally the said rooters, who cheered first, last and all the time for their side. But here again came another shock. Kamloops scored goal number two—and this made things look somewhat hazy for the homers. The Rangers, however, had some more energy left up their sleeve and started to produce it in the form of good, solid, combined football, which told its tale. Things were fairly "humming" north, east, south and west of the field and the excitement of battle had a fair hold of all present, when with a magnificent kick from near the halfway line Cummings sent the sphere clean between the posts. This was the last straw needed and the crowd literally shouted itself into fragments, for, so far, the game was a tie. There remained some ten minutes yet, but in spite of herculean efforts neither side scored, and so a drawn game resulted from what may be termed one of the pleasantest, fastest and most interesting football games ever played in the Interior. Dr. Morrison acted as referee, and contrary to all traditions, so far pleased all parties that he has not yet been scalped.

Efforts are being made to form an "Interior League"—the winners to play the coast teams, and if the local team will not fall into the habit—so fatal to many—of leaving things to the last moment to prepare for a match, there should be no reason why our team should not win first place among those of the Interior.

The Kamloops men went away delighted at the reception they got on all sides, and with great opinions of our sportsmanlike community.

BASEBALL.

The following have been elected officers of the local ball club: J. E. Lehman, manager; J. Moir, secretary; W. Henry, captain; J. C. Reed, vice-captain. A match has been arranged to take place here on the 24th of May with Enderby. Arrangements are also being made for a game with Kamloops.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

The men turned out well last week with the following results:

	200	500	600	Total
Lieut. Brown	29	25	29	83
Lieut. Smith	26	30	26	82
Lieut. Morrison	—	21	12	33
Corpl. Shardlow	—	31	14	45
Corpl. Roland	21	22	19	62
Pte. Hanson	28	23	30	81
Pte. Leeming	—	20	12	32
Pte. Burpee	17	11	18	46
Pte. Paget	—	21	23	44
Pte. Croover	32	27	27	86
Pte. Nelson	25	18	18	61
Pte. Fisher	29	26	22	77
Pte. McMillan	—	6	16	22
Coombes	17	20	4	41
Lawson	—	22	23	45
Ross	15	0	13	28

The Rifles v. Civilian match was postponed as not sufficient Civilians turned up to make a match.

There will be no R. M. R. drill this week and the Inspection is indefinitely postponed.

There is talk of a football match between the Rifles and the local team.

The following R. M. R. promotions are gazetted:

To be Sergeant, Corp. Donald, vice Sergt. Cooke resigned.

To be Corporal, Pte. Shardlow, vice Corpl. Fleming transferred to Vancouver.

To be Corporal, Pte. Roland, vice Corpl. Hansen resigned.

To be Corporal, Pte. Berger, vice Corpl. Spurling resigned.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date we 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 situated on Upper Arrow Lake, West Kootenay district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "Bowman Lumber Co." planted on south side of northeast arm of Upper Arrow Lake, about one mile east of Blind Bay; thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated April 10th, 1905.

ap20 BOWMAN LUMBER CO., LTD.

TO LUMBER MERCHANTS

TENDERS are invited for from One-half (½) million to Three-quarter (¾) million feet of Sized lumber for sidewalks, viz:—

Spruce 2x4 up to 4x8 up to 16 ft. long.
Tamarac 2x4 up to 6x8 up to 16ft. long
B. C. Tamarac 2x4 up to 3x12 up to 18 ft. long.
B. C. Fir 2x6 up to 3x12 up to 18ft. long

Contractors may tender for quantities from 5,000 feet up to the full quantity which may be required.

Tenders stating quantity proposed to be supplied addressed J. H. Hargreaves, Public Works Commissioner, Edmonton, Alberta, to be sent to me not later than noon of Monday, 1st day of May, at which time the tenders will be opened.

G. J. KINNAIRD,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Edmonton, Alta.
April 12, 1905. 2in27

SPRING TAILORING

CRESSMAN'S imported Spring Goods are here, and most of them are marked off and have been passed into stock.

The store is full

of Rain Coatings, Suitings, Trouserings, comprising Serges, Cheviots, Llamas, Fancy Vestings. The wear and color is guaranteed by the manufacturers, and we back up the guarantee.

SEE US ABOUT YOUR EASTER SUIT

CRESSMAN, THE ART TAILOR

Always the Best Often the Cheapest

HOUSES FURNISHED ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS

FURNITURE

Another Carload of Furniture just arrived.

Carpets, Linoleums, Oilcloths, etc.

Sewing Machines.

Heintzman Pianos

R. HOWSON & CO., FURNITURE DEALERS, EMBALMERS

Cabinet Making Upholstering Picture Framing

Spring Furniture

EVERY VARIETY TO SELECT FROM.

John E. Wood, THE PEOPLE'S FURNITURE STORE
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

THE REVELSTOKE WINE & SPIRIT CO.
LIMITED.

IMPORTRES AND WHOLESALE DEALERS.

Manufacturers of Aerated Waters
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

DON'T SUFFER ANY LONGER
Save Your EYES

Free Examination

J. GUY BARBER, - Jeweller, Optician

WM. FLEMING,

Wholesale & Retail Meat Merchant.

Fish and Game in Season.

First Street, - Revelstoke, B. C.

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

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

REOPENED REMODELED

Palace Restaurant

Mrs. McKitrick, Manageress.

Open at all hours. Short Orders tastefully served.

Meal Tickets Issued. Rates Moderate.

BATCHELOR'S REFLECTIONS

Fat people never get any credit for being miserable.

The average man would never have a conscience if he didn't have a stomach.

A woman judges a man the same way as she does a book—by the dedication.

It is always a wonder to a man how an Easter bride can brazen it out the way she does.

A girl always likes to tell her engagement to one girl friend first, so that she can find out what all the other men say when they hear it.

No woman ever kept a diary for a whole month at a time.

Most women's faces remind you of a bill of fare at a table d'hote.

As soon as a woman begins to study anatomy she begins to think she has pains in queer places.

When a man is in love he thinks just the same about women, but he thinks the one girl is a big exception to the general rule.

Nothing makes a man so proud of civilization as when he sees a woman wearing a ring with one of her baby's milk teeth set in it.—New York Press.

A woman's weapon reminds you most of a railway map.

Half the men you meet can never tell a lie without swearing to it.

Woman is most perfect when most womanly, and least womanly when most perfect.

When a woman first marries she imagines sleeping always with her head on her husband's breast. Before she has been married six months he has her scratch his back.

To the victim belongs the spoiled.

Even if a woman hasn't any superstitions about ladders and cats she has about wedding days.

Every girl who smokes cigarettes on the sly has a picture of a Madonna hung up in her bedroom.

Most ministers seem to think heaven is a place to loaf in.

All women are naturally cruel; you can see that by the way they wash their babies.

As soon as a woman gets one baby she begins to act like she thought all the men on earth ought to stand around for her.

When a woman is after a man it always reminds you of a poker game When she looks most melancholy she is generally surest of her hand.

No man ever remembers what he said when he proposed. The reason is that most men don't propose, only the girl makes them believe they have.

CONUNDRUMS

Why are riddles which cannot be answered like a man disappointed by his visitors? Because there is a host put out and not one guest (guessed).

What is the difference between a person late for the train and a school mistress? One misses the train and the other trains the misses.

What is the difference between a bottle of medicine and a naughty boy? One is to be well shaken before taken and the other is to be taken and then shaken.

When is the moon like a load of hay? When it is on the wane (wain)

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Why are doctors always bad characters? Because the worse people are the more they are with them.

When is a chair treated spitefully? When you have it caned simply because it cannot bear you.

SOME AUTHORS

The most cheerful author—Samuel Smiles.

The noisest author.—Howells.

The tallest author—Longfellow.

The most flowery author—Hawthorne.

The holiest author—Pope.

The most amusing author—Thomas Pickell.

The happiest author—Gay.

The most talkative author—Chatterton.

The most distressing author—Alkenside.—Chicago Times-Herald.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON LIFE

The truest measure of a man's ability is the length of time it takes him to discover when he is in the wrong.

Fortune is ofttimes kindest to those on whom she frowns.

Some men never have any respect for gray hairs until after they have acquired a few of their own.

Corkscrews have sunk more people than corks jackets will ever save.

It is one of the privileges of man to live and learn—but some men seem to live a great deal more than they learn.

LIFE LINES

The man who knows life seldom complains of its unfairness; it is the cold justice of life that he learns to dread.

The things a woman forgets, said the conscious husband, are only less appalling than the things she remembers.

Always listen to life's failures. They have learned the secret of success, though they learned it backwards.

No true woman can tolerate argument. If she says "I hate you," you must either kiss her or go.

Really the main use of politics would seem to be its opportunities of abuse.

It's a peculiarity of most any woman that the loss you know her the better you seem to understand her.

Advertise in THE HERALD.

Do Not Neglect Your Home

We have a large assortment of Garden Tools, Spades, Hoes, Rakes, Etc., Ornamental Garden Fencing, Galvanized Wire Mesh Fencing.

Paints, Varnishes, Brushes

Whitewash Brushes and Brushes of all kinds. Call and inspect our new stock.

Lawrence Hardware Company

LOANS NOTARIES

SIBBALD & FIELD

HAVE

Houses and Lots FOR SALE

IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

INSURANCE COMOX COAL

LEGAL

JOHN MANNING SCOTT,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

First Street - - Revelstoke, B. C.

HARVEY, M'CARTER & PINKHAM

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

HUGH S. CAYLEY

Barrister and Solicitor.

OFFICE—Corner First Street and Boyle Avenue, Revelstoke, B. C.

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Office—Lawrence Hardware Co. Block—Upstairs

E. A. ORCHARD,

ARCHITECT

TAYLOR BLOCK.

Plans and Specifications. Sketches, Designs. Blue Prints, Etc., Etc.

SOCIETIES.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.

Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellows Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p. m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

J. A. ACHESON, W. M.
R. J. TAGGERT, Rec.-Sec.

KOOTENAY STAR, R. B. P.

Meets on First Tuesday of every month, in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. ACHESON, W. P.
R. J. TAGGERT, REC.

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

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

J. B. SCOTT, C. C.
STEWART McDONALD, K. of R. & S.
H. A. BROWN, M. of F.

Cancellation of Reserve

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the reservation established in pursuance of the provisions of the "Columbia and Western Railway Subsidy Act, 1890," notices of which were published in the British Columbia Gazette and dated 7th May, 1896, and 5th June, 1896, respectively, are hereby cancelled.

Crown lands situated within the area embraced by the said reservation will be open to sale, settlement, lease and other disposition, under the provisions of the "Land Act," three months after the date of the first publication of this notice in the British Columbia Gazette; provided, however, that in all cases where lands are sold, pre-empted, leased or otherwise alienated by the Government and are subsequently found upon the survey of the Columbia and Western Railway Company's blocks, to lie wholly or in part within such blocks, then the persons so acquiring such lands shall acquire their title thereto from the Railway Company, who have agreed to deal with such purchasers, pre-emptors, lessees, etc., on the same terms and conditions as the Government would under the provisions of the "Land Act," except in respect to timber lands on the Company's blocks, which shall be subject to the regulations issued by the Company relative to the cutting of timber on the Columbia and Western Railway Land Grant.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 23rd February, 1905. m2-3m

NOTICE,

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to 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 marked "Robert Armstrong's south west corner post," situated half a mile east of G. S. McCarter's south west post, situated on the east side of the Arrowhead Branch about 1½ miles west of the station of Arrowhead, thence 40 chains east thence 40 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains south to place of commencement.

Dated Feb. 23rd, 1905.

mch 2 60d

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 Mosquito Creek between Arrow Lake and Mosquito Lake, West Kootenay, 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 creek and said Arrow Lake for said purposes.

The lands to be affected by said work are Lots 373 and 810 in Group One on the official plan of Kootenay District and Crown lands.

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

Dated February 8th, 1905.

THE YALE COLUMBIA LUMBER COMPANY, LIMITED.

feb-16 60d

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 West Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "E. McBean's north east corner," and planted on the west bank of the Columbia river opposite the mouth of Holdich creek, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the place of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "E. McBean's south-west corner post," and planted at the side of the Big Bend trail about 5 miles north of Downie creek, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this 1st day of April, 1905.

ap13 E. McBEAN.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "M. J. Parson's south west corner post" and planted at about one and one-fourth miles from the mouth of Holdich creek and on the east bank of said creek, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "M. J. Parson's south east corner post" and planted at about one and one-fourth miles from the mouth of Holdich creek and on the east bank of said creek, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this 1st day of April, 1905.

ap13 M. J. PARSON.

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 West Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "O. D. Hoar's south west corner post" and planted on the south bank of Goldstream about 12 miles above the mouth of French creek; thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "O. D. Hoar's north west corner post" and planted on the south bank of Goldstream about 12 miles above the mouth of French creek; thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated 1st April, 1905.

ap13 O. D. HOAR.

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 West Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "E. Woolsey's south west corner post" and planted on the north side of Goldstream about ten miles above French creek, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "E. Woolsey's north west corner post" and planted on the north bank of Goldstream about ten miles above the mouth of French creek, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 1st day of April, 1905.

ap13 E. WOOLSEY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at the next session, for an Act incorporating a Company to build, equip, maintain and operate a line of lines of railway of standard or other gauge, with any kind of motive power from a point on Upper Arrow Lake, West Kootenay, near Arrowhead, thence following the Columbia River northerly on either side to a point at or near the confluence of Canoe River with the Columbia River and thence following along Canoe River on either side to a point at or near Tete Jaune Cache on Fraser River, with power to construct, operate and maintain branch lines to any point within twenty miles from the main line of railway and with power to construct, operate and maintain all necessary bridges, roads, ways, and ferries; and to construct, acquire, own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith; and to construct, own, acquire, equip and maintain steam and other vessels and boats and operate the same on any navigable waters, and to construct, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines along the routes of the said railway and its branches, or in connection therewith, and to transmit messages for commercial purposes; to generate electricity and supply light, heat and power, and erect, construct, build and maintain the necessary buildings and works, and to generate any kind of power for the purposes aforesaid, or in connection therewith, for reward; and to acquire and receive from any Government, Corporation or persons grants of land, money, bonuses, privileges or other assistance in aid of the construction of the Company's undertaking; and to connect with and enter into traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies, and to exercise such powers as are granted by parts 4 and 5 of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act;" and for all rights, powers and privileges necessary in or incidental to the premises, and for other purposes.

Dated at Revelstoke, B. C., this 19th day of April, 1905.

HARVEY McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Ap.20 Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date we 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, situated on Upper Arrow Lake, West Kootenay district, B. C.

Commencing at a post marked "Bowman Lumber Co." planted on north side of north-east arm of Upper Arrow Lake, about ½ mile east of Whiskey Point, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated April 10th, 1905.

BOWMAN LUMBER CO., LTD.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in West Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 2½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 3½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

3. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 4½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

4. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 5½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

5. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 6½ miles from the Columbia river, and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

6. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 7½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

7. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 3½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's south east corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

8. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 4½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's south east corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

9. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 6½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's south east corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

10 Commencing at a post planted on the north side of the north fork of Smith creek, about 6½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated March 4th, 1905.

m16 E. J. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty (30) days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to lease the lands hereinafter mentioned, viz.—Commencing at a post marked "Lloyd A. Manly's north east corner," planted on the west bank of a small stream flowing into the South Fork of the Fraser river from the north east at a point about twenty miles north westerly from Tete Jaune Cache, thence north westerly following the course of the valley to a point situate 9600 chains in a direct line from the starting point, thence in a south westerly direction 1440 chains, thence south easterly 240 chains, thence north easterly 1200 chains, thence south easterly following the general course of the valley 7200 chains more or less, thence north 240 chains more or less to the point of commencement, for the purpose of cutting spars, timber or lumber.

Victoria, B.C., 13th March, 1905.

m16 1m LLOYD A. MANLY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to 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 east side of the Arrowhead Branch, about two miles west of station at Arrowhead, and marked "W. F. Ogilvie's south west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated 23rd day of January, 1905.

W. F. OGILVIE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to 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 east side of the Arrowhead Branch, about 2½ miles west of Arrowhead station and marked "A. Johnson's south west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains to place of commencement.

Dated 3rd day of February, 1905.

ARTHUR JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I, as transferee from R. T. English, 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 Lillooet district, B. C.:

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Upper Adams River, about 30 miles from the head of Adams lake and marked "R. T. English's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th March, 1905.

mch 9 J. P. McGOLDRICK.

No. 246.

CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTRATION OF AN EXTRA-PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

"COMPANIES ACT, 1897."

I hereby certify that the "American Mining Company" has this day been registered as an Extra-Provincial Company under the "Companies Act, 1897," to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the company is situate in Union Block, Meridan Street in the City of Anderson, State of Indiana U. S. A.

The amount of the capital of the Company is Fifty Thousand Dollars, divided into Five Thousand Shares of Ten Dollars each.

The head office of the company in this province is situate in Imperial Bank Block, in the city of Revelstoke, and George Smith McCarter, barrister-at-law, whose address is the same, is the attorney for the company.

The time of the existence of the company is Fifty years, from the 30th day of January, 1905, and the company is limited.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this twenty-third day of March, one thousand nine hundred and five.

[L.S.] S. Y. WOOTTON.
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies

The object for which the company has been established and registered is Mining. m30d

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to 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 east side of the Arrowhead Branch about 1½ miles west of Arrowhead station, and marked "G. S. McCarter's south west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated 23rd day of January, 1905.

G. S. McCARTER.

For Sale

A HOUSE—Price $2,750. In heart of city. Can be bought on easy terms. Apply HERALD Office.

THE UNION HOTEL

W. J. LIGHTBURNE, Manager.

NEWLY BUILT AND FURNISHED
STRICLY FIRST-CLASS

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH BEST BRANDS

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

ARROWHEAD, - B. C.

Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

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

J. Albert Stone, - Prop.

UNION HOTEL

FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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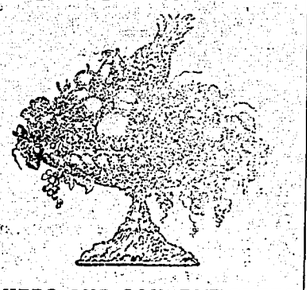

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between Henry J. Bourne and Frank H. Bourne, under the name of "Bourne Bros", as merchants, was dissolved on the 11th day of March, inst.

All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to the said Frank H. Bourne and all claims against the said partnership will be settled by the said Frank H. Bourne.

The business in future will be carried on under the name of "Bourne Bros" with Frank H. Bourne as sole member of the firm.

Dated at Revelstoke, B. C., this 23rd day of March, A. D., 1905.

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ROBERT SAM[illegible]N

One Blow For Russia.

I.

Two men sat at one of the little tables at Garriani's, in Soho, London.

Garriani's spells soiled tablecloths, vin ordinaire, and the smell of yesterday's cooking. If you ask at Garriani's for the daily paper, they will bring you "The Petit Parisien," and if you complain Antonio, the head waiter, suave and unshaven, will apologise, and bring in exchange "Et Imparcial."

But it was an English newspaper that was spread before the elder of the two men. It was the foreign page that lay under his impatiently drumming fingers, and heavy black headlines, that stood out from the sheet that overstood the matter that filled his mind.

Leonine of head, Paul Kressler had never been a handsome man. His was the face that men call "striking." He had the eyes of the dreamer, and the square jaw of the tyrant, as befits the Nihilist who seeks the idyllic through ways of violence. His companion, squat of figure, fat of face, puffy of eye, yet comfortable withal, was of the class that sees in Nihilism, Anarchism, Socialism, and any ism that is opposed to established law and constitutional practice a means to personal end. Such men have no cause—they have only a purpose.

"You are mad, my friend," he was saying; and his tone was almost jovial. "There is nothing to be gained, unless you see in this a means of regaining your position."

Paul Kressler gave a bitter laugh.

"Something for something, eh? That's your creed, Von Masleich. Have I not given sufficient proof of my disinterestedness?"

"Your pardon, baron. I did not mean——" muttered the other, averting his eyes.

"Five years ago, what was I?" continued Kressler. "Captain of the Petroski, with an admiral's flag for the reaching. To-day I am—what I am—exile, suspect, Anarchist, what you will!"

"You have made great sacrifices," cooed the German, flicking the grey ash from his cigar.

"And you think, having made the surrender, I want to go back on the principles that are so dear to me—"

"To us," corrected his companion comfortably.

"It is because I love Russia, as I hate its Government—because I love the land as I hate its lords!"

"But the Czar will never——"

Kressler waved an impatient hand.

"That remains to be seen; I can but try. Look at this—look at this!" He brought down his great fist with a crash on the table, and Antonio, dozing at the servery, woke with a jump. "Can I read day by day such things as these? Can I see the glory of Russia pass away before my eyes, and never lift my hand to strike a blow?"

The German rose, and the other followed suit.

"Then you persist?"

There was a sneer in the question.

"Yes"—quietly. Then, with an outburst of that fiery passion that had made him at once the joy and terror of the Brotherhood, he cried: "Not for the Czar, I tell you—not for the cursed bureaucracy—not for the cruel little devils that sit behind desks, and send innocents to damnation; but for Russia! You hear? For Russia, the land, and the people—for the Fatherland!"

The German bit the end from a fresh cigar, and balanced a silver matchbox on two fingers.

"Some will call you patriotic," he said slowly—"some may call you quixotic. As for me——"

"You think I am a fool," rejoined the other quickly.

"Ach, Gott!" said the little fat man admiringly. "You are the occult!"

They stepped out into the thin drizzle that fell on the London streets, and the German went to his club, and Paul to the dark little room on the third floor of a back street off the Tottenham Court Road.

* * * * * *

A week after this meeting, the Imperial Secretary at St. Petersburg sent a telephone message to the Grand Master of the Police, in response to which that high official came post haste to the palace.

"Who is Kressler?" asked the Secretary, without any preliminary.

"Paul Kressler—Naval officer; flag captain SS; author of 'Torpedo Boat Tactics,' and," added the chief of police, with a certain grim emphasis, "a most excellent brochure, 'God and the Czar'; a member of the society known as the Little Brethren of Russia; a revolutionary of the most dangerous type. Present address—"

"I know—I know!" said the great Secretary, impatiently tapping an open letter that lay before him. "But what plot, conspiracy, assassination, if you like, was he associated with?"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"None that I know about; but he is a dangerous man. He has even spoken against——"

And the head of the police lowered his voice to an awestruck whisper.

The Secretary bit the end of his pen thoughtfully.

"As a naval officer, what sort of a man was he?" he asked.

The police chief threw out protesting hands.

"I am no judge of a naval officer's abilities. If he was as thorough an officer as he is a revolutionist, he deserves to control the navy!"

The Secretary stretched back in his chair.

"If half he says is true," he muttered, partly to himself, "if he is sincere, such a man might work wonders. We want good men."

His brows knit in a perplexed frown, and he sat for a moment silent; then he started forward, as though on some sudden impulse, and, seizing a pen, wrote a few words on a printed slip.

He read it over carefully, and fixed a tiny red seal to the corner of the document.

"Take this," he said tersely.

The chief took the paper, and glanced at it. He expressed no surprise, nor anything more than a casual interest.

"You understand, monsieur?" said the Secretary, pointing his remarks with a white forefinger. "Paul Kressler is to be allowed to return to Russia. He is to go on his way unmolested. You will arrange that he is watched carefully?"

The policeman smiled, as at an unnecessary question.

"You intend that he shall receive his commission as a naval captain, and leave immediately for Vladivostock," was the quiet reply.

And even the policeman, hardened as he was to the eccentricities of his Government, raised his eyebrows as he left the room.

II.

So it came about that when Paul Kressler called at the little shop to which his letters were directed, a square official envelope was handed to him.

He clutched it eagerly, and walked rapidly back to his lodging. He reached home, and with trembling hands struck a match and lit the tiny lamp. Eagerly he ripped open the flap of the envelope, and extracted two documents. He read the first in silence, but there was eloquence in the glow of his cheek and the dancing light in his eyes.

It was a formal notification of his liberty to return to Russia. It bore the official stamp of the Chief of Police, and the counter-seal of the Imperial Secretary. The other document he unfolded with a puzzled face. His bewilderment was only momentary, however, for he started up from his seat with a great cry of joy, as he read the words that gave him back his old rank and his old profession. A slip of paper fell to the ground. He picked it up.

"You will proceed by the shortest route to Dalny, and take over command of the torpedo vessel Riga," it ran briefly, and was followed by the signature of the Secretary to the Admiralty.

That night Captain Paul Kressler left Charing Cross by the nine o'clock mail train, traveling third-class, and carrying, carefully folded in a bundle by his side, a uniform, which according to no less than three distinct Admiralty orders, was obsolete of pattern.

* * * * * *

It was a tired-looking man that stepped down on to the platform at Vladivostock a month later. The train had brought him from Dalny, in response to an urgent telegram from the commandant of the naval port. A dapper young officer met him, and saluted, eyeing him curiously.

"Captain Kressler?" asked the officer, with his hand to his cap.

Kressler nodded awkwardly. Before the stripling, resplendent in his well-fitting uniform, he felt shabby and mean.

Something of his thoughts was reflected in the face of his junior.

"If it would please you," said the young man urbanely, "you will come at once to the office of the commandant."

Paul bowed, and followed his conductor.

In a large, bare room near the docks sat the naval chief of the ill-fated port.

A grey-haired man, sallow of face and stout of build, he sat at the side of, rather than behind, the table.

He rose as Paul entered, and adjusted a pair of pince-nez.

Without unnecessary introduction, he plunged into the subject that filled Paul's mind.

"The enemy's fleet are ten miles out," he said, speaking rapidly; "the destroyer Riga is laying in the inner harbor. You wrote to the Czar, saying you wished to strike a blow for our Holy Master——"

"For Russia," corrected Kressler.

"It is the same," said the commandant haughtily. "For the Czar or for Russia, you are willing to take great risks—to make great sacrifices?"

"I have already made great sacrifices for Russia," said Kressler, speaking slowly.

"The enemy is brave, with a reckless courage that is past all understanding. Officers and men deem it a delight to die in the service of their barbarous country. The damage our fleet has sustained is mainly due to the extraordinary disregard they have for their personal safety.

"I have not noticed," he added, with some bitterness, "the same qualities displayed amongst my officers." He rose to his feet, and walked to where Kressler, who had also risen, was standing, and laid a big hand upon the other's shoulders. "When a Japanese officer takes his torpedo-boats out," he said, and he dropped his voice, "he does so with the full intention of never returning alive. You understand, my child?"

Paul nodded.

"He goes forth," the admiral went on, "with one desire, and that is to do as much damage as he can before he himself is killed. I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly, admiral," said Paul quietly.

The admiral tightened his grip on Paul's shoulder.

"At ten o'clock to-night you will take the Riga out of harbor, and set a course for the enemy's fleet."

And the elder man dropped his hand suddenly, and returned to his place by the table.

"You may go," he said shortly.

Paul saluted, and walked to the door.

As he opened the door, he turned to the man at the table.

"I shall not return," he said, with simple directness.

The admiral nodded.

"It will be better so," he said gravely.

When the stars were struggling through the mist that lay on the waters, the Riga slipped from her mooring, and, passing between two cruisers ablaze with the naked lights of working engineers, glided silently to sea. As he felt the throb of the engines beneath his feet, and swayed with the motion of the little vessel, a wild joy filled the heart of its captain.

The smell of the engine-room, the scent of the sea, the taste of the first errant drop of the flying spray, filled him with a mad delight. There were no other officers on board but himself. His second in command was a petty officer, who, by the masked light of a lantern, was picking a course clear of the mine-fields that guarded the harbor's entrance. Under quarter speed the destroyer zigzagged a path through the floating engines of death, until, with a sigh of relief, the petty officer looked up.

"We are clear now, Little Father," he said.

Paul's hand was on the telegraph. He threw over the lever, and a muffled tinkle resounded beneath his feet.

The thin steel hull of the destroyer trembled for a second; than came a sudden leap ahead as to well-nigh throw the captain off his feet. From her three funnels poured a rain of red-hot cinders, sizzling down to her soddened decks. High flung clouds of spray broke over her bows, and great waves smashed against her.

In the conning-tower Paul set his course. According to the instruction he had received, the enemy's fleet lay sixty miles off. In a little over two hours he could come up with his quarry at the speed he had set, but he knew that the last twenty miles must be run dead-slow, lest the flame from the funnels betray him.

Shuddering, trembling, leaping like a thing of life, the torpedo-boat threshed through the tumbled seas.

Paul looked at his watch.

"An hour and a half out," he muttered, and laid his hand on the telegraph.

The pace of the Riga slackened; the convulsive shudders that had shaken the little ship died away to a tremble.

The second officer clutched his arms.

"Look—look!" he whispered, as though fearful that he would be overheard.

They had run out of the mist, and the night was perfect. The sky was all a smother of winking stars, and on the horizon blazed one bright comet. A comet, with a straight white tail, stretched upward, that moved uneasily from left to right.

III.

Paul's hand sought the telegraph, and the boat stopped.

"They've got their searchlights working," he said.

And his subordinate's perplexed face reminded him that unconsciously he was speaking in English.

"Go ahead dead slow!" he ordered in Russian.

And the destroyer crawled ahead.

And now, at various points on the horizon, other comets came into life, and soon the ocean's rim bristled with swaying spokes of white light.

Paul frowned.

"We shall never get near them—never get near them!" he said bitterly.

An hour passed in helpless contemplation of the foe. At the speed she was moving, and with a strong current running against her, the destroyer had progressed less than five miles.

With rage in his heart, Paul watched the wheeling searchlights play on the sea, lacing the black waters with a fret of silver. He had no fear of discovery. He was too far away to be observed.

"I shall not come back," he repeated to himself. And the admiral's grave voice, "It will be better so," rang in his ears.

It wanted an hour to the dawn, when the searchlights of the fleet grew strangely blurred. Each ray shone in a strange nimbus, that softened and diffused the fierce white light.

The captain of the Riga took one long, eager observation through his glasses, and a smile broke the hard lines of his face.

"Half-speed ahead!" he signalled; and the sea hissed under the stripped hull of the destroyer.

The searchlights were now but a white, steamy glow on the horizon.

"Sea fog!" said Paul, in fierce exultation. "Every man to his post! Man the quick-firers; stand by to torpedo!"

The lights were now blotted out, and Paul threw over the indicator to "full speed." Again the Riga leapt forward, peering ahead through the spray-washed outlook of the conning-tower, saw the white banks of the sea-fog rolling towards him. In a moment the ship had plunged into the mist.

For twenty minutes the little craft raced onward; then, out of the thinning mist, ahead loomed the huge hull of a battleship.

In a minute they were abreast. Paul pressed a button, and something white and long and slender leapt into the water abeam. Then came a burst of white flame, and a deafening roar, and the fog lifted. There was the flash of a searchlight. By its rays Paul saw a great vessel sinking astern of his milky wake.

"Hit!" he cried, dropping on his knees. "Merciful Heaven, I thank thee!"

Then a dozen searchlights focussed fiercely on the destroyer. It seemed that a regular inferno had been let loose round the gallant ship. Torn and racked with shell, Paul Kresler felt his ship sinking rapidly beneath him.

* * * * * *

What Paul died without knowing was that the blow he had struck for Russia was at Russia herself. For the ships he had come upon in the mist belonged to the long-waited Auxiliary Russian Fleet.—London Answers.

Verse 1. And as he passed by—This clause would seem to join what follows immediately to what precedes in point of time. We are constantly to bear in mind that

YOUNG FOLKS

THE SNOW-MAN.

He was a beautiful snow-man! Will and Carl and Bob had worked on him all one forenoon. He stood close to the parlor window with his back to it, and he was so tall that his head reached up to the middle of the lower pane. He had no hands nor feet, for the boys were only very little boys, and hands and feet are hard to make; but he had ears and a very large nose and mouth, and two staring black eyes. These eyes were not the same size, because Bob went twice to the cellar for coal to make them with, and being the smallest of the boys, he forgot how large the first eye was when he went for the second.

However, they did very well, and the snow-man was very happy. As he felt himself growing, bit by bit, and the cold wind blew upon him, he longed for eyes to look round, and when his head was at last finished, and he could see, it seemed to him that there was never such a beautiful yard as his, nor three such fine boys anywhere as Will and Carl and Bob.

They put an old hat on his head and then tried to knock it off, which seemed strange to the snow-man; but he bore it very good-naturedly because he could not help himself, anyway, and one might as well be good-natured over what one cannot help. Besides, Will had made a very smiling mouth for him, and one cannot feel cross when one has to smile. "These are very good boys," he said to himself, "and if they like to throw snowballs at me it must be right." And when the boys went in to lunch he was very lonesome.

So he watched the sparrows hunt in the snow for crumbs; and he saw a little dog come running up the street, barking for very joy. "It must be a cheerful world," said he, "but I wish the boys would come back."

The afternoon slowly passed. He could hear Will and Carl and Bob at play in the parlor behind him, and he was very lonely. The sun shone full upon him, and a tear trickled down from his eye. "They have forgotten me," he said. But Bobbie came out in the yard just then to hunt for a lost mitten, and he saw the tear. Being a very little boy, he understood.

"Poor man!" he said, running up to pat him. "He can't see in the house, can he?"

Bobbie looked round. The sun was setting, the dog was gone, even the sparrows had flown away. It would soon be dark; the snow-man was all alone, and he was crying. The little boy ran and called Will and Carl. He told them all about it, and explained his plan. They climbed up round their playmate, carefully removed his eyes, and put them on the other side of his head, so that he could look into the parlor.

"We must make a new mouth and nose for this side," said Will.

"Yes," said Carl. "It would spoil his head to try to take these off."

And so it was arranged, and all that evening they kept the curtain raised so that the snow-man could watch them play. They did not forget him, but went often to the window to speak to him.

"What good boys!" he said.

"And to-morrow, when we go outdoors," said Will, "we must change his eyes back again, so he can see us then."

"Yes, we will," said Carl, and they all said good-night to him as they went off to bed.

For many days after they moved his eyes back and forth each day, so that he should never be lonely any more.

He was very happy, was the snow-man. He stood by the parlor window till the sun grew so warm that he began to melt. Then, one day, when the boys were in at lunch, his black eyes fell out for the last time. And before he sank down into a heap of snow, "They are good boys," said the snow-man, "very good boys, are Will and Carl and Bob."

DON'TS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

Don't talk too much, and try to always say something worth while when you do speak. No greater bore in society than he or she who talks incessantly. Others beside one's self have ideas to advance. Brilliant conversation depends upon intellectual listeners as well as talkers. Cultivate a low, well-modulated voice, and avoid excitability in speech and manner.

Don't be egotistical over any unusual talent you may possess, and never call the attention of others to your attainments. Genius is its own standard-bearer and self-praise dims its own lustre.

Don't be foolish enough to repeat compliments others have paid you. It is a sure sign of self-vanity and a frivolous mind.

Don't be sloven in your dress. To be well-groomed pronounces the lady and the gentleman, and is the greatest recommendation to a young person entering society or business.

DON'TS TO GIRLS.

Don't be rude toward your brothers. Boys' feelings are as sensitive as girls'.

Don't forget that you owe the same respect and obedience to your father that you do to your mother. Often the rightful head of the house is placed at the foot through sheer thoughtlessness on the part of his family.

Don't forget that it is in most cases the father who devotes his life in work and worry to provide for his family, and show him the gratitude he deserves.

Don't have secrets from your mother. Remember that she was a girl once like yourself, and that she will prove the most sympathetic confidant in the world for she holds your happiness and welfare at heart.

DRUDGERY AND LITERATURE.

Years Spent in Gathering Materials and Verifying Details.

Buckle devoted nearly twenty years to the collection of materials for his "History of Civilization." He wrote only a portion of the introduction, which remains a great monument to his literary and philosophical teachings. If the work had been finished on the same scale as begun a hundred volumes would not have sufficed.

Cruden labored nineteen years on his "Concordance to the Bible," and immediately after its publication was sent to a lunatic asylum. He never fully recovered from the mental disease brought on by this gigantic undertaking.

Bancroft devoted nearly thirty years to his "History of the United States," which is not a history of the country at all, since it ends where the history of the country properly begins. Had the work been continued he must have written seventy-five or eighty volumes.

Scott is said to have written "Waverly" in less than six weeks. He wrote very rapidly, seldom revised, and as a consequence his novels were full of blunders, errors and anachronisms.

Burns committed his poems to memory before he wrote them, and when he sat down to write he had before him no labor of composition, but only the task of writing down what he had already finished.

Gibbon devoted over twenty years of his life to the labor of reading for and writing the "Decline and Fall." It is one of the most stupendous feats accomplished by one man.

Thomas Moore often wrote a short poem almost impromptu. He consumed over two years in reading and preparing material for "Lalla Rookh" and two years more in writing that inimitable poem.

George Eliot is said to have written "Middlemarch" in four months. Some doubt is thrown upon this statement by the fact that she commonly worked slowly, writing with great care and deliberation, and making few erasures after the work was done.

Dickens says in the introduction to "David Copperfield" that he spent two years in the composition of that novel. He did not usually require so long a time, many of his novels being finished in a year and most of the shorter stories in a few days.

Though it is said that Congreve could prepare a darama for the stage in a few days, four or five times this period was given to the work of revision and reconstruction after the play had been given to the actors.

Froude passed seven years in collecting materials and writing his "History of England." He was very accurate and often spent days in an effort to verify a single date or fact.

WATER DIVINING.

An interesting case of "divining" for water is reported from Doncaster, England. The diviner was Mr. B. Tompkins, of Chippenham, Wilts. The party included several experts, engineers, sinkers, analysts, and others; and on their arriving at a large farm the party entered a field, where the diviner produced a twig in the shape of a fork and, followed by the party, made an excursion up and down the ground. After a while he was led to an adjoining field, where the twig appeared to pull him about, and the influence was so strong that he released it for a few moments, being himself powerfully affected. After a rest of diviner settled down to a particular spot, where he declared that water would be found at 50 feet, and a full supply at 90 ft. to 100 ft. Mr. Tompkins is a farmer and breeder of sheep on a large scale.

THE LANGUAGES OF INDIA.

Among the 145 distinct languages spoken in British India are some possessing only a few hundred words, others rivaling English, as Dr. Grierson says, or Russian, as I would say, in their copiousness; some in which every word is a monosyllable, others in which some are elongated by agglutination till they run to ten syllables, like "dapo-l-ocho-akan-tahen-tne-tin-a-e" —a Sontali word meaning: "He who belongs to him who belongs to me will continue letting himself be made to fight." Some of these divers tongues lack verb and noun, others are as complex and systematic as Greek and Latin.

CZAR'S MANY BEDROOMS.

The timid character of the Czar is well illustrated by a story told by a friend who had occasion to go to St. Petersburg several months ago, and through the influence of an Englishman occupying a trusted position in the Imperial household, was shown all over the Winter Palace. My friend inquired of his guide whether, among other things, he might be favored with a look at the Czar's bedroom, but was told that he had none in particular, as he slept in a different one every night! No wonder that his Majesty has now fled in terror from his capital.

THE BEST TONIC.

Ordinary sour buttermilk is a better tonic, and is a great deal better food than was ever bottled or boxed up by the chemist or doctor. Many a farmer drives miles away to see a doctor, to get a bottle of pepsin or cod-liver oil, or beef extract, when at the same time he is feeding to his calves good, rich, nutritious buttermilk, a thousand times better for him than the stuff the doctor will give him.

There are a dozen lieutenants of idleness for each captain of industry in this world.

IS A REAL YELLOW PERIL

JAPAN AND CHINA AS BUSINESS COMPETITORS.

Iron and Cotton Trades of Britain and America Will Be Affected.

"The iron and cotton industries of the world will meet ruinous competition from both Japan and China," says James T. Ford, of Birminham, England, who has been studying labor conditions in the Orient as a delegate of the International Mine Workers. In an interview at Seattle he said:

"The development of the cotton industry in Japan is almost as dangerous to Great Britain as is the prospective development of the steel and iron foundry business in China to the United States. It is an irrefutable fact that New Orleans cotton, the raw material that used to go to England, is, or was before the present war, largely going to Japan. The effects of this can be seen to-day in the closed mills of my own country.

COTTON MILLS IN JAPAN.

"Almost immediately after the war with China, Japan began purchasing cotton fabric machines, and hundreds of small mills were started. Immense amounts of cotton fabrics were made for Japanese consumption, and also for exportation to China. It will be remembered that there are something like 440,000,000 people in China, and 95 per cent. of these wear cotton clothing. The demand, therefore, can be imagined. Until the beginning of the Russian-Japanese war there were 272 cotton factories in Japan, all of which sprung up within the ten years after the Chinese war. The immense amount of cotton fabric purchased annually from England by Japan and China ceased to come from my country. It came instead from Japan. Our mills were idle, and the mills of the United States have been gradually closing down.

LOW WAGES.

"There are 2,000,000 available factory workers in Japan. Their wages will range from 10 to 40 cents a day. Already large shipments of cotton fabrics have been made to Chinese ports. Many of these, I have ascertained, bore English and American trade marks. The Japanese are noted imitators. It will be impossible for England or the United States to compete with the cheap Japanese labor.

"In the fish business also the Japanese will be soon the great competitors of the Americans. They are noted fishermen, and thousands secure a living by the occupation. In a few years, unless my reckoning is all off, the Japanese will be shipping fish into the United States, instead of the United States shipping fish into Japan. Fish secured from the Japanese fishermen will cost less than those secured from Americans.

TO BE FEARED IN IRON FIELD.

"In the matter of the prospective Chinese development, the iron industry is more greatly to be feared than any other. In France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Great Britain and the United States there are some 12,000,000 men engaged in the production and manufacture of iron. One-quarter of the available supply of workers in China could displace all of these.

"The average wage schedule in the countries above mentioned is $1 a day, not exclusive of the United States. The high wage scale of the United States raises the low wage scale of the rest of the world. Add 100 per cent. to the wage scale of China, and it will still be 75 per cent. below the wage scale of any other country. And it must be remembered in considering this fact that there is all the coal and iron in China necessary to carry on great enterprises for an unlimited period. The danger of Chinese competition is, therefore, obvious.

"Another danger in Japanese development along industrial lines is this: If Japan does not secure Manchuria, through which it would obtain its available wheat supply, it will, without a doubt, put on a line of steamships to ply between Japan and Bombay and Calcutta in an endeavor to obtain breadstuff supplies from India. With these steamships it could transact a 'double-headed' business. It could also secure cotton materials from India. More than this, it could sell back cotton fabric to India, where such fabric is in great demand."

PAUPER AND THE CORPSE.

Gruesome Joke Played by Inmate of a Workhouse.

Details have just leaked out of a gruesome incident in a Montgomeryshire workhouse, where the disobedience, and general misbehaviour of one of the inmates has caused considerable trouble, says the London Express.

The other day the reprobate overstepped the bounds, and the officials, thinking it the most severe punishment they could inflict, locked him in the mortuary, where the dead body of an inmate was lying in a coffin. The man, however, was not in the least degree disconcerted, and coolly proceeded to avenge his treatment by preparing a sight that would terrify his first visitor.

Lifting the body out of the coffin, he propped the white-robed corpse against the wall, facing towards the door, and lay in the coffin himself. A few hours later a woman appeared with the reprobate's meal. The gruesome sight overcame her, and though she gasped, not a word could she utter.

The wag at last peeped over the edge of the coffin, and, addressing the corpse, exclaimed, "If you are to have no grub I can eat it for you."

The woman fled, and no more inmates have been imprisoned in the mortuary.

"I spent last evening in the company of the one I love best in all the world." "Indeed! And weren't you tired of being all by yourself?"

QUEER MEATS FOR FOOD

NATIONS DIFFER AS TO WHAT IS EDIBLE.

The Edible Virtues of Many Animals Have Been Neglected.

The popular prejudice against snails is incomprehensible when the favor of oysters, periwinkles, mussels and cockles is considered says the London Globe. In many London restaurants, particularly in Soho, snails now figure on the daily menu. This is an imported taste from France, but in the West Country snails are highly esteemed by the lower classes. A year or two ago a clergyman cited as an illustration of poverty in Bristol that he had seen working girls pick snails off a wall and eat them.

As a matter of fact, the snail is extensively eaten in Somerset and Gloucestershire, both as a dainty and a medicine. There are men who make a living by collecting snails and selling them under the name of "wall fish." Boiled in their shells, they are picked out and eaten with bread and butter, being accounted a great luxury and very nourishing. In pulmonary diseases they probably rank as a specific.

Frogs are another dainty which prejudice denies to the Englishman, though in the United States and Canada they are esteemed as highly as in France. Spasmodically a sturgeon is offered for sale in London, and the accident of its capture affords a novel dish which should not be passed by, for it is generally sold at eightpence a pound. Cut and cooked as a cutlet, it tastes rather like veal without a suspicion of flesh about it.

IN GERMANY

bear's flesh is greatly favored, and smoked bear tongues, hams and sausages are both appetizing and expensive. Ever since Paris, in the siege of 1870-71, was driven to eating up the animals at the zoo, camel's flesh has been demanded by French gourmets. Remarkably like beef in appearance, it is as tender as veal, and there are Parisians who import it regularly from Algeria. On the same testimony, lion steaks are reported to be only moderate eating, while tiger is both tough and sinewy. Jaguar flesh, however, is delightfully white and toothsome, and alligators and crocodiles provide a meal of the most delicate flavor, midway between that of veal and pork.

Beef and mutton, with pork, so entirely make up the menu that we actually regard lamb and veal as distinct dishes. Why should not goat flesh be introduced into the bill of fare. It is good eating, as Robinson Crusoe and Don Juan testify. In France it is largely eaten, Paris alone requiring a hundred thousand goats annually for the table. Our neighbors also enjoy the donkey, whose flesh, when killed young, resembles that of the turkey, though of much finer flavor.

Though a hippophagic banquet arranged by the late Sir Henry Thompson was held in London some years ago, it is still almost dangerous to suggest horse flesh to an Englishman as food. In reality, it is

VERY EXCELLENT EATING,

and only prejudice can gainsay the fact. Old and wornout horses cannot afford either nourishing or palatable meat, but that of a horse reared like an ox, for the table, has a finer fibre and flavor than beef, though darker in color. It is served in the best French restaurants, as well as being largely eaten by the people.

"It was in Paris," wrote Mr. Vandam, the author of "An Englishman in Paris," "that I learned how the cat had been misjudged. Call the dog the friend of man if you like, but don't eat him. Fry him, stew him, boil or bake him, do what you will, his flesh is and remains oily and flabby, with a strong flavor of castor oil. But I declare that stewed puss is far finer than stewed rabbit."

This testimony the writer can personally corroborate, having recently been invited to a dinner given by a gourmet of eccentric tastes. The dish of the evening was "Chat aux Champignons." Soaked in white vinegar with aromatic herbs, and cooked in red wine, the cat made a most savory dish, and after the prejudice of the first mouthful, one was bound to admit its succulence and flavor. The same verdict must be given for pie by any who have eaten it. At thrashing time in the north country some farmers capture and convert the rats from the ricks into a stew or pie. Thus cooked, the grain fed this point both the naturalists, Frank Buckland and the Rev. J. G. Wood, agreed.

Another neglected article of food is

THE GUINEA PIG.

Were the edible virtues of the hedgehog known it would rival ortolans in epicurean favor. As cooked in rural England it is delicious. The correct way is to incase the hedgehog, bristles and all, with a thick coat of soft clay and place it in the glowing embers of a fire and bake. The bristles and skin come off with the hardened clay, leaving the tenderest and most delicate meat imaginable.

To make bunny squirrel into a stew may seem a refinement of selfish cruelty, but such ideas rarely trouble the rustic, and the dish is as memorable as appetizing. Snakes, being rare in England, are almost unknown as food, but in southern France there is a snake which is extensively sold, prepared for cooking under the name of hedge eel. Indeed, those who enjoy eels can scarcely shudder at stewed snake. Frank Buckland once dined off a boa constrictor and heartily enjoyed it, the flesh being exceedingly white and firm, not unlike veal in taste.

TIME FOR A CHANGE.

She—"May I suggest an occasional change in your style of dancing?"

He—"Certainly; what change do you desire?"

She—"You might step on my right foot now and then; my left has had about all it can stand."

THE MATCHMAKERS

I.

There was little of the diplomat in the composition of Captain Paul Osborne, retired master mariner. When any business came his way wherein the exercise of tact was desirable he was apt to blunder unwittingly; for he held stoutly to the belief that a man who could bully a mutinous crew into discipline and obedience had nothing to learn in such a trifling matter as the management of a son. And he had definitely resolved that Dick should marry Milly Marston, the pretty daughter of his next-door neighbors.

Milly's parents had met his overtures for the match enthusiastically, and when, over a glass of the captain's brewing in the Osborne parlor, the old sea-dog had promised to bring Dick's assent—and the happy youth himself—to the little party to be held on the morrow in honor of Milly's birthday, Mr. Marston delightedly vowed that his wife's and his own dearest hopes were on the eve of fulfilment.

Mrs. Osborne shook her head dubiously when the captain breezily unfolded his scheme. Dick was a fine, high-spirited young fellow, and she had grave doubts regarding the wisdom of an attempt at coercion. Her shrewd, motherly instinct told her that the young people were already, although perhaps unknowingly as yet, trending easily towards the matrimonial goal, and that sooner or later their parents' desires would be gratified. Besides, they were both ridiculously young, and she, for her part, couldn't bear the thought of parting with him just yet, even to Milly Marston.

The captain airily pooh-poohed her objections, and ultimately gained her halting concurrence, along with a warning to be cautious how he dealt with Dick. The captain good-humoredly protested that such an injunction was quite superfluous; he was always cunning, but on this occasion she might rely upon him being an ambassador and a snake rolled into one. So in the morning he brought his son to bay.

"This is the girl's birthday, Dicky, my lad," he began cheerfully, with a jerk of his head towards the wall, on the farther side of which the Marston gable abutted.

"What girl, dad?"

"Her next door—Milly Marston. And to kind of honor the event George and the mother want the three of us to trot sound and take tea with 'em to-night. You'll go, of course?"

"Delighted, dad," said Dick, heartily.

The captain nodded a sagacious "I told you so, didn't I?" to his wife. His round, red face became wreathed in smiles, and he rubbed his hands delightedly.

"That's it, Dicky, my lad. Ha, ha! I do like to hear you say it that way. She's a clean, clipper-built little hooker, is Milly—well ballasted, too," sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, and winking meaningly into his son's face; "don't forget that, Dick—mighty well ballasted. The sort of craft that'll stand up to a gale: eh, you rogue?"

Dick understood and laughed uneasily.

"Whenever I see her, be it week-day or Sunday," proceeded the captain, "I can't help feeling envious of old George. I won't deny that Providence has given mother and me the best boy in the world; but, Dicky, my lad, a son ain't everything—mother and I have always had a sort of hankering after a girl as well to make up our cargo of happiness. Ain't that true, Polly? Of course it is. And if we'd had the choosing of her she'd have been just such another as Milly." Here the captain gave an emotional sniff and mopped his face with his handkerchief. But he quickly recovered and said, abruptly, "What's your opinion of the lass, Dick?"

Dick hesitated, colored, then his glance steadied on his father's. "Why," he said, simply, "I like Milly."

The captain banged his fist on the table and gurgled and shook with laughter. "There," he cried, triumphantly, to his wife, "didn't I tell you 'twas all plain sailing? The job's done, Polly."

But the mother's face did not reflect her husband's triumph. Dick looked from one to the other of his parents, clearly puzzled.

"What job do you refer to, dad?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the captain, prodding his son's ribs, gleefully. "You sly dog, Dick! You thought we were blind, did you? But we ain't. You like the jade, as we knew all along, and she likes you; so, to clinch the matter, we're going to have the pair spliced right away."

"You're going to have us married?" cried Dick, amazed.

Mrs. Osborne coughed warningly, and made to speak, but the captain waved her down.

"Aye, married, my lad. You thought we didn't see the course you've been drifting. We did; but drifting is mighty slow work, and dangerous too; so among us we've planned to give Milly and you a tow into port, that's all. Ain't you glad?"

"But—but I don't want to be towed, dad. I'm not much inclined that way just yet; and, besides, you forget that Milly's views on the matter are most unlikely to agree with yours."

The captain chuckled. "Don't let that annoy you, Dick," he said, cheerfully. "Old George is seeing to that. While I'm talking to you I'll bet he's busy persuading the dear little thing——"

Dick sprang to his feet, electrified. "Do you mean, sir, that Mr. Marston is trying to force his daughter to marry me?" he said, sternly.

"Oh, no; no force about it, my boy. Just a mere——"

"Excuse me, sir; I call it compulsion." Dick's face was drawn and white, and he breathed quick. "Father—mother, I hope you can assure me that neither of you has a hand in this scandalous thing."

"Don't be angry with your father—with us, Dick," said Mrs. Osborne, imploringly. "I thought it was bad—I mean that anything we have done, or countenanced, has been solely in the interest of your future happiness."

"What's all the pother about, anyway?" growled the captain, chagrined at the evident failure of his scheme. "You love Milly; she, I reckon, loves you, so what more do you want?"

Dick was struggling to command himself, and at length partially succeeded. "I think, sir," he said, bitterly, addressing his father, "that it may save Miss Marston some pain if you will at once inform her father that I absolutely refuse to be a party to this shameful plot. I love her—I say it proudly—but now I shall never be able to hold up my head before her!" He turned and made for the door.

"Then you are an ass, sir," roared the irate captain. The door slammed behind Dick. "I say," thundered the captain, "there's a confounded blockhead of an ass in this room!"

"Then it must be either you or me," said Mrs. Osborne, acidly. "Dick has gone, and I'm not surprised."

II.

The suave, dignified Mr. Marston took a different line with his daughter; yet, notwithstanding the fact that his wife nobly seconded his every argument, it seemed as though his efforts were destined to be no more fruitful than his neighbor's. He stood on the hearthrug with his back to the fire, facing Milly, whose soft cheeks were like twin roses at the moment, and her wide-open eyes fixed on his in a gaze at once questioning and fearful.

"And, my dear child," Mr. Marston was saying, persuasively, "apart altogether from sentiment, I need hardly point out the very substantial advantages which will accrue to you through such a union. People believe me wealthy—I have a lingering suspicion that Captain Osborne is one of them—but between ourselves—strictly between ourselves, mind you—I am really nothing of the sort; and your mother and I are agreed that if you will accept Dick now our greatest anxiety will thereby be relieved in that you, at least, will be secured henceforth against all fear of ultimate want."

Mr. Marston paused impressively and his wife seized her opportunity. "You see, my dear Millicent, that although it is not yet a question of bread and butter—which Heaven forbid it should ever become!—still, the captain's money, which will eventually fall to Dick, is——"

"Oh, mother, how can you?" cried Milly, reproachfully, and Mrs. Marston's glance wavered and strayed suddenly from her daughter's face.

"Our—your mother's and mine—remaining years must necessarily be few," resumed Mr. Marston, pathetically, "and if we saw you wedded to such an exemplary young man as Richard Osborne, instead of looking to the future with distrust, not to say terror, for our beloved offspring's well-being, we should regard the approaching evening of our lives as—in fact, as a long dream of—er—bliss."

He pulled out his handkerchief with a flourish and blew his nose with vigor, doubtless to conceal some natural emotion.

"A long dream of bliss, Milly, as your father so feelingly puts it," said Mrs. Marston. "Surely on this your birthday you will not be so heartless——"

"Oh, mother, you know I'm not that," Milly burst forth, almost tearfully. "But, really, I don't wish to marry anyone."

"Humph!" exclaimed her father; "mere girlish shyness which an hour's calm reflection will cure."

"Not want to marry!" cried her mother, in amazement. "My dear child, how absurd you are! Marriage is the goal of every girl's ambition. It is her destiny, especially when she is so good-looking as you are."

Milly shrank and trembled under the weight of her mother's logic, her hands clasping and unclasping nervously, and her eyes flashing agitatedly from one to the other of her parents.

"But above all," continued Mrs. Marston, with decision, "you love Dick—I know you do!"

"Don't, mother; oh, don't!" cried Milly, covering her face with her hands.

"Tut, tut!" said her father, irritably. "There's nothing to cry about. Just make up your mind to take him, and all will be well."

The girl suddenly looked up with a gesture of defiance.

"Why do you torture me like this? He has never asked me," she said.

"As to that," said her father quickly, "I may tell you that he intends proposing to-night."

Milly started. "Who told you that?" she demanded. "Not he himself, surely?"

"Not at all; oh, no. I have it from—ha! I know, and that's sufficient, isn't it?"

"But I insist on knowing how you know," said Milly, suspiciously.

"Why, my darling," said Mr. Marston, with an uneasy laugh, "the captain told me that Dick's dying to marry you. As a matter of fact, we have decided between us that, as the pair of you are so shy of coming to the point, we can't do better than lend you a helping hand. So, while I'm pointing the path of duty and inclination to you, the captain is tackling his son."

With a cry of dismay Milly turned and fled. But in an instant she reappeared in the doorway, her eyes blazing with indignant scorn. "How could you—how could you?" she panted. "I hate myself—everybody—Dick Osborne most of all." She raised a clenched fist and shook it wildly at her astonished parents. "I shall never—never—never marry him nor anyone! I'd kill myself rather!"

"I'm afraid, Jane," said Mr. Marston, about five minutes later—"I'm afraid we have been hasty."

"Nonsense, George," said his wife, tartly. "You simply were not firm enough."

"But what's to be done? The captain will have had no difficulty with Dick; and it will be most humiliating to us and insulting to them to confess ourselves beaten."

"Give her an hour or two to think it over and then use your rightful authority. She'll gladly give way."

"I cannot help thinking," said Mr. Marston, with a slow shake of his head, "that the captain was wrong. I'm afraid we have only made matters worse by our interference. Cupid is a ticklish little customer to meddle with."

III.

The birthday party turned out a tragic failure. Milly had locked herself in her room on a plea of headache, and so her parents felt sore. Strangely enough, their feelings of irritation were aggravated rather than lessened when the Osbornes appeared without Dick. Instead, therefore, of a genial atmosphere of congratulation and goodwill, there was a general suspicion on both sides that they had each been trifled with.

"The precious fool wouldn't come," was the captain's crusty explanation. "Just about told us to mind our own business. But where's Milly?"

"Confined to her room, ill," said Mr. Marston, somewhat stiffly. "She simply wouldn't listen to our well-meant efforts for her happiness. But I am more than astonished that you should have failed with Richard."

"Oh, you are, are you?" snorted the captain. "Do you hear that, Polly? Well, he sort of surprised me too, but I reckon I could have brought the girl to reason in a brace of shakes—I could!"

"With all due deference to your opinion, Captain Osborne, I beg to assert that you could not," said Mr. Marston, politely, but firmly. "My daughter has got a fair share of her father's spirit."

The captain's face reddened, then he gave vent to an ill-natured snigger. "Paul!" said his wife, pressing his arm warningly. "It's all right, Polly," he sneered; "but I can't help laughing at the notion of friend Marston bragging of his spirit. The selling of puffs and pomades don't, I should fancy, tend to make a fire-eater of a man."

"Sir," said Mr. Marston, with a dignified tremor, "my business is an honorable one—quite as much so, permit me to say, as that of a glorified coal-carrier such as——"

"Go on," snarled the captain. "Say it out, man, and then we'll see what's what. Leave me alone, Polly, will you?"

"I sha'n't, Paul," said Mrs. Osborne, excitedly. "Come away home. It's a blessing we've discovered what they are in time. What a fate our Dick's might have been I can't think. Come away."

"I guess you're right, Polly," said the captain. "We'll go home and make it up with the lad, and if he ever looks at a Marston again I'll cut him off with a shilling!"

Mr. Marston bowed sarcastically. "Pray don't disturb yourselves about us or our dear daughter. Her estimate of your son quite coincides with our own newly-discovered estimate of you."

"We—we despise you," said Mr. Marston, hotly; "and we——"

"By no means, my dear," said Mrs. Marston, pompously. "We despise nobody, but when necessary we ignore—we simply ignore. We wish you both a very good-night!"

Mr. Marston's assumption of cold superiority made the captain almost speechless with rage. He stormed and fumed, but his wife kept her head, and finally managed to coax him away before anything more regrettable occurred.

So the course of true love took a queer twist for Dick and Milly.

At two neighboring hearths of nights for a whole week two pairs of parents volubly congratulated themselves on a truly marvellous escape from a dire calamity on the parts of themselves and their respective offspring. In their inmost hearts, however, regrets and yearnings were never absent. The captain's manner of stifling them was by drinking a double share of his excellent brew before turning in; Mr. Marston smoked more than was good for him and dreamt of the captain's whisky. Milly was humiliated and ashamed, while Dick was bitterly, but silently, angry. The change was telling visibly on the healths of all concerned when the outraged little god again took a hand in the game.

One evening Dick found himself sprinting up the platform at Waterloo as his train for home was pulling out. He managed to grip a handle and pull the door open, and the next moment, aided by a vigorous push from the hand of a friendly porter, he was sprawling across the lap of a girl, who, with admirable presence of mind, contrived to break his fall with her arms while her startled scream yet filled the compartment. Dick struggled to his feet in hot haste, with a flood of shamed apologies and thanks; then he glanced at his preserver. "My goodness! Milly!" he gasped.

The girl bowed, clearly confused, and turned her head away. Dick sat down, his heart thumping now in real earnest. For some moments he gazed entranced at the soft outline of her cheek; then he edged along towards her as if drawn by an invisible chain. No sign from the girl.

"Miss Marston—Milly!" he said.

She looked swiftly at him, then away again, and along her cheek went a rush of color.

"Milly, isn't it time something was done to bring our parents together again?" he said, gravely.

Milly's shoulders gave a little impatient shake. "I really don't know," she said, stiffly.

"Dad has done nothing but mope ever since. He has quite gone off his food, and I'm beginning to fear——" Dick paused significantly, and Milly flashed round a glance of eager concern. "Oh, so has father," she said.

"Then would it not be cruel to let them pine away and perhaps die—yes, die—when it lies in our power to save them? Of course," he went on, lugubriously, "hating me as you do——"

"I don't—don't hate you."

"Well, then, despise."

"Nor despise. It's you who do these things." Her eyes met his defiantly as she said it. His hands found hers somehow, and her glance wavered.

"Oh, Milly, Milly!" he said, reproachfully, "what I feel for you is the very essence of love——" But enough. Let it suffice that two fond hearts were soon beating as one, and Cupid danced a jig on the roof of the carriage the rest of the way home.

* * * * * *

Captain Osborne was watching for Dick through the parlor window. Suddenly he started, rubbed his eyes and peered intently. "Polly," he gasped, "come here and tell me who's that with Dick."

Mrs. Osborne looked. "It's—it's—bless me if it isn't Milly!" she cried, and her face began to twitch and glow. The captain clenched his fists and scowled ominously at the advancing pair. When he discerned their arms linked cosily together he began to fume; but he had a distinct shock when, instead of separating at Marston's door, they halted, hesitated a moment, then marched in together.

"Bust my toplights!" he snarled, and sank limply into a chair.

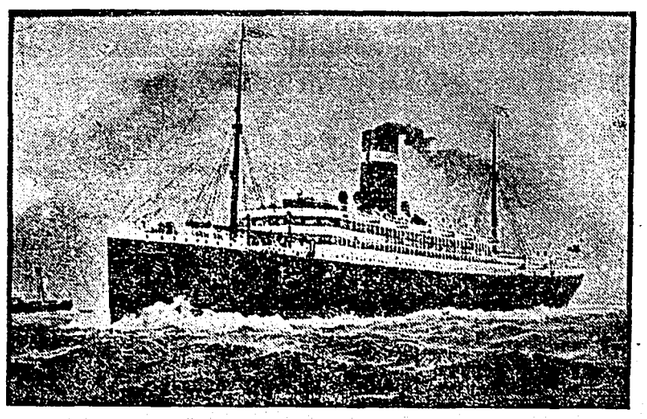
"Mother and dad," cried Dick, gleefully, "I'm the luckiest fellow alive and Milly's an angel! Your blessing is all we want now."

"You confounded young scoundrel, I'll see you——" Thus far had the captain gone when the explosion trailed off into a stutter. Mr. Marston had appeared on Dick's heels at the parlor door, and advanced towards the captain with outstretched hand.

"My dear sir," he said, contritely, "I was an awful fool——"

"You were indeed," growled the captain, with gusto. Then suddenly his eyes twinkled. "No, hang it, it was all my fault." He caught Mr. Marston's hand and wrung it heartily. "No, don't say it wasn't. I beg your pardon, your wife's, and dear little Milly's most of all. By Jupiter, what a time we've had! I wouldn't live through another week like it for a million. George my lad. Bring out the bottle, Polly!"
—London Tit-Bits.

Father—"Now listen to me, children; I want you from now to be as bad as you can be." Tommy—"Won't you whip us, pa?" Father—"Not if you are very bad, but I'll whip you if you behave yourself. Your grandmamma is coming to visit us, and I don't want her to stay long."



NEW ALLAN LINER VICTORIAN.

The Allan steamship officials in Montreal have received word intimating that the new turbine S.S. "Victorian," recently constructed for the Canadian Atlantic steamship service, will sail from Liverpool on her maiden trip for St. John and Halifax on March 23 next.

Mr. George Hannah, passenger manager of the Allan steamship line says that the company was especially interested in the sailing for Canada of the "Victorian."

"It means more to this country," said Mr. Hannah, "than most Canadians can imagine. In the first place the 'Victorian' will practically inaugurate what will be known as the fast Atlantic mail service between the British Isles and Canadian ports. The steamers 'Victorian' and 'Virginian,' I have no hesitation in saying, will give just as fast service as there is under the British flag, running to any country you may mention. These vessels will equal, if not surpass, the fastest runs made to New York by the big liners, and when I tell you that we expect to carry the mails from Moville to Halifax in five days, twelve hours, or from Moville to Rimouski in six days, you can form an idea how we will compare with the fast mail steamers to New York, which take from six days to seven days to make the passage from Queenstown. The Allans signed the fast mail contract to the St. Lawrence for 1905 with the government, believing that it was possible to beat the United States routes.

"And please remember this fact," said, Mr. Hannah, "this is not the ultimate time limit in which the Allan steamers will carry the mails to and from Canada to the British Isles, but it is considered that the steamers 'Victorian' and 'Virginian' are up to the present requirements of the Canadian trade, and when it is necessary to develop, both as to vessels and speed, the company will be prepared to meet any obligations in this respect. This is the first time, at least to my mind, in the history of transatlantic navigation, that two steamers of the size and power of the 'Victorian' and 'Virginian' have been placed in commission simultaneously, and it opens a new page in St. Lawrence navigation."

The SS. "Victorian," under command of Captain McNicol made her trial trip on March 4.

The new SS. "Virginian" in charge of Captain Vipond, will sail for the St. Lawrence, if local navigation conditions are favorable, on or about April 8 next.

SIZE OF THE CUBIT.

New Discoveries Will Reduce the Biblical Measurements.

The measurements of Biblical buildings and persons have ever been a source of awesome wonderment to the youthful, and a matter of considerable trouble to those students of history and archaeology who have found much in the books of the Old Testament that is confusing and seemingly contradictory.

All measurements mentioned are so many "cubits," and what that cubit represents in metrical or English measurements has so far been more or less conjectural.

A cubit of one foot six inches has so far been accepted, and upon this many measurements that in the present age are regarded as inexplicable have been built up.

It has been left for the Rev. W. Shaw Caldecott, a well-known lecturer upon the subject, to discover from the evidence of the Bible itself and from scholarly deductions from the famous Senkereh tablet the existence of three cubits.

A thousand years before the birth of Abraham, these three "ells" or cubits were in use, says Mr. Caldecott. They represented respectively nine-tenths, one and a fifth and one and a half of English foot. The first was used exclusively for the measurement of gold and gold tapestry work, the second for building work, and the measurement of objects and persons, the third for measuring areas only.

Mr. Caldecott's calculations enable us to obtain a more accurate idea of the dimensions of some Biblical figures.

Goliath was by no means the mighty giant he was believed to be. By the side of Chawng, the Chinese giant, he cuts an ordinary figure. The great bed of Og dwindles to something just more than ordinary size, and the tower of Solomon's magnificent temple scarcely overreaches the clock of St. Paul's.

Whether mathematicians and Assyrian scholars accept the interpretations of Mr. Caldecott remains to be seen.

You have no right to complain that the sermon is thin if you are keeping the preacher on a water-gruel salary.

THE GREATEST TUNNEL

OBSTACLES IN PIERCING OF SIMPLON MOUNTAIN.

Great Rush of Water When Galleries Met—Treacherous Rock.

The world never witnessed a greater triumph of mind over matter than was signalized by the successful meeting of the galleries which now pierce the Simplon Mountain for a distance of 12.26 miles and shorten the journey from Calais to Milan to 585 miles, compared with the 680 miles by the Mont Cenis Tunnel and 665 miles by the St. Gothard. Extraordinary talent, unquenchable persevereance, and superb courage have contributed to overcome obstacles which it is admitted were unprecedented in any previous engineering work. It was not the extreme length of the tunnel which constituted the difficulty of the enterprise, but the soft, treacherous rock, combined with hot and cold springs of great volume.

The inception of the scheme and the initiation of the work are matters of history, as also are the repeated subsequent predictions that the end could not be achieved. The tunnel, which is really two parallel tunnels, each with a single track, was begun in the autumn of 1898 at Brigue, Switzerland, and a month or two later at Iselle, Italy. All the machinery installations had to be specially prepared, hence the progress at the outset was slow, but from January, 1899, until December, 1903, it progressed at an average of 3,497 metres a year. Some of the greatest troubles were met in 1904, when only 1,663 metres were pierced, but for months together the splendid drills regularly turned out 18 feet of gallery every 24 hours, which far exceeded the rate ever before attained in the world on any work of this kind.

DELAYED BY WATER.

The gradient ascends at each entrance toward the middle for the purpose of drainage, and this alone made possible the completion of the work. At a distance of 4,400 metres from Iselle a spring, or rather, a river, of cold water was struck which gushed 12,500 gallons a minute and delayed operations on the Italian side for months. Moreover, the ground was treacherous, and this necessitated elaborate propping. The largest timbers were crushed and steel girders were twisted. The latter were eventually made serviceable with the aid of concrete cement.

Meanwhile from Brigue the workers reached the summit of the gradient in the middle of the tunnel, although the temperature had risen to 132 degrees Fahrenheit, which was 25 degrees higher than expected. The Swiss workers then began to drive down to meet the Italians, and the hot springs troubles, which had been fully foreseen, began again. Water of a temperature of 117 degrees Fahrenheit was soon tapped, but this was overcome for a while by sending jets of cold water into the fissures.

TRAIN BY MAY.

When, however, the Swiss had gone 809 metres from the summit, the works became filled with scalding water, and finally stopped the working from the Brigue end. This was in May, 1904. It was the last named accumulation which gushed through the final breach. From the Swiss side the works into Italy now remain complete. Arching of masonry covers in the water channel beneath the floor of the tunnel. It is expected that a train will go through the tunnel not later than May of this year.

Throughout the operation no dust was produced, it being immediately turned into mud by the exhaust water from the drills. The remarkable standard of health of the 3,000 men employed is partly attributable to this and to the admirable arrangements which had been made for protecting them. They were protected against sudden changes of temperature and arrangements were made for changing and drying their clothes constantly and providing douche baths and substantial food. Great attention was paid to ventilation, and such a thing as foul air was actually unknown.

Three shifts of eight hours each constituted a day's work. No man left his work or dropped his tools until his successor had actually stepped into his place.

NEEDED A QUACK.

"Mary, I wish you'd send for that quack doctor as quick as you can."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I ate too much duck for dinner."

A well-known lecturer, who had been invited to serve as a substitute felt some nervousness, knowing he was to fill the place of a more famous man. This feeling was not diminished when he heard himself thus announced by a long-limbed, keen-eyed farmer: "This 'ere is our substitute. I don't know what he can do. Time was short, an' we had to take what we could git!"

"What I like," she said, "is a person who is frank—one who says just what he means, without beating about the bush." "Well," he returned, "I'll be straightforward. There is something I want to tell you for an hour or more, but——" "Yes," she urged, with suppressed excitement, seeing that he hesitated; "what is it?" "There is a big black streak down one side of your nose. I think's it's soot."

Judge—"The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be confined in prison the remainder of his natural life." Prisoner—"But, my lord——" Judge—"Not another word, sir, or I'll give you four years more."

Mabel—"Mamma says our consciences should tell us when we are naughty." Kitty—"Yeth, but I don't lithen to gossip."

The Dominion Permanent Loan Company

Fourteenth Annual Report.

The Fourteenth Regular Annual Meeting of the Dominion Permanent Loan Company was held at the Offices of the Company on Wednesday, March 1st, 1905. A large number of Shareholders were present.

The President, the Hon. J. R. Stratton, occupied the chair. Mr. T. P. Coffee, Vice-President, was requested to act as Secretary.

The President presented the following report of the Directors for the year ending December 31st, 1904:

Your Directors are pleased to be able to state that active and profitable employment has been found for the funds of the Company during the past year, the demand for satisfactory loans being sufficient to call into requisition the available funds of the Company.

The earnings for the past year have enabled the Company to declare and pay dividends amounting to $69,134.14, and to permit of the transfer of $45,000 to the Reserve Fund of the Company. After payment of such dividends and the addition to the Reserve Fund of $45,000 and the writing off of $1,444.54 off office furniture and premises, there remains to be placed to the credit of Profit and Loss the sum of $20,684.68.

Your Directors are pleased to be in a position to congratulate the Shareholders upon the gratifying results of the operations of the Company during the past year, and have also pleasure in testifying to the general efficiency character of the services rendered by the officials, agents and staff of the Company.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. R. STRATTON,
President.

The Dominion Permanent Loan Co., Toronto.

Statement of Account for Year Ending Dec. 31st, 1904.

ASSETS.

Mortgages and other Investments		$3,158,933 72
Real Estate		24,528 82
Office Premises and Furniture		12,293 00
Sundry Accounts		2,250 66
Imperial Bank and Cash on hand		59,508 63
		$3,257,513 83

LIABILITIES.

To the Public:		
Deposits and Accrued Interest		$ 212,816 70
Debentures and Accrued Interest		1,603,020 83
		$1,815,837 53
Surplus—Assets over Liabilities		1,441,676 30
To Shareholders:		
On Capital Stock	$1,223,241 71	
Contingent Fund	5,964 68	
Reserve Fund	160,000 00	
Unclaimed Dividends	50 07	
Dividends payable Jan. 3, 1905	31,735 16	
Balance of Profit and Loss	20,684 68	
	$1,441,676 30	
		$3,257,513 83

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dr.	
Interest on Debentures and Deposits	$ 87,177 51
Written off Office Furniture and Premises	1,444 54
Dividends	69,134 14
Transferred to Reserve Fund	45,000 00
Balance Profit and Loss	20,684 68
	$223,440 87
Cr.	
Balance December 31, 1903	$ 9,089 91
Interest, Rent, etc., after payment of expenses, including salaries, Directors' fees, government taxes and fees	214,350 96
	$223,440 87

AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE.

We have examined the Cash Transactions, Receipts and Payments, affecting the accounts of the assets and investments for the year ended December 31st, 1904, and we find the same in good order and properly vouched. We have also examined the Mortgages and Securities, representing the assets and investments set out in the above account, and we certify that they were in possession and safe custody as on December 31st, 1904.

(Signed) HARRY VIGEON,
(Signed) O. M. HUDSON, } Chartered Accountants.

Toronto, February 11, 1905.

On motion of Mr. Stratton, seconded by Mr. Karn, the above report was unanimously adopted.

The following Directors were then re-elected: Hon. J. R. Stratton, President Trusts and Guarantee Company; D. W. Karn, President of the D. W. Karn Company, Woodstock; C. Kloepfer, Manufacturer and Director Traders Bank, Toronto; T. P. Coffee, and F. M. Holland, Toronto.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Hon. J. R. Stratton was re-elected President and Mr. T. P. Coffee Vice-President.

THIS STORE IS HEADQUARTERS FOR GOOD MERCHANDISE

Dress Goods

We can supply your wants in this Line with the Newest Fabrics for the Dressy Spring Season.

New Cotton Fabrics

Just opened a new shipment of White and Colored Fabrics. This Department is at its best now. Everything New, bought for Spring trade.

All-Over Laces

New Novelties in All-Over Laces and Appliques, pretty patterns, durable, and good washing and wearing qualities.

New Hosiery and Underwear

Dainty, New Spring Easter Hosiery—Silk Plaited—Lace and Crochet Patterns. Lisle Thread, open effects—in Tans, Black and open effects. Women's White Lisle Under Vests with long and short sleeves, at all prices. Women's Balbriggan Vests with Drawers to Match.

Ready-to-Wear Department

Ladies' Skirts and Blouses, Cotton Costumes, Under Skirts, Silk Under skirts, Night Gowns, Corset Covers, Cotton Drawers, and everything for ladies in the ready-to-wear line kept in stock.

Kid Gloves

A new importation of Kid Gloves. Fancy Collars and Belts for the Easter trade.

Children's Department

Girls' Short Dresses, Baby's Long Robes, Cloaks for the youngsters, Children's Rompers.

Millinery

More New Millinery---We keep in touch with the fashion centres of the East and have a new consignment coming by express for Easter. We have the latest shapes in straws, and exquisite trimmings.

Dress Making

You are cordially invited to look over the New Styles and Materials. Fit and finish style we guarantee. Place your orders with us at once.

Men's New Ties for Easter

Throw your old Ties away and get the latest style. They are here for you at reasonable price.

Boots and Shoes

Stylish and Up-to-Date Footwear, including the American Harlow Shoes and the Twentieth Century, Canadian makes for men.

Men's Furnishings

We are making this department specially attractive with a display of New and Nobby goods for Easter buyers. Exceptional values. Come and get the best goods in the market. They are here for your inspection.

The Latest Styles in Hats

Our stock contains a full range of Soft and Stiff Hats, New Browns, American makes,—also "The New Hat."

Men's Shirts

The Newest and Neatest Patterns ever shown in this city are ready for you in the shirt line.

DRYGOODS MERCHANTS **REID & YOUNG,** DRYGOODS MERCHANTS

spoke in much the same spirit.

The question drawer was significantly empty, no doubt owing to the able discussion of the papers, but Mr. Burns was ready with a carefully prepared list of knotty points, which was, without delay disposed of piecemeal.

At 8:30 p.m. the hall was crowded to hear addresses by Hon. F. J. Fulton and Dr. G. U. Hay. The programme was brightened with songs and instrumental music. With the singing of the National Anthem, the meeting was then adjourned until 10 a.m. to-day, (Thursday.)

A fuller account of addresses and further proceedings of the Institute will appear in our next issue.

THE BEATRICE MINES LIMITED

Now Absolute Owners of the Famous Property of that name —Reduction Works to be Installed—Prospects Bright.

The banner silver-lead property of Fish River camp—the Beatrice Mine—yesterday became the absolute property of the Beatrice Mines, Limited, which company has its head office at Revelstoke. For some time past negotiations have been on foot for the purchase from Boucher Bros. of Nelson, of their interest in the claims, and, as above stated the company have paid them off and now own the property clear of incumbrances.

The claims are three in number and are crown granted, and lie at the head of a fork of Mohawk creek about five miles from Camborne. During the past winter 100 tons of high grade silver-lead and zinc ore was mined and will be shipped to the smelter as soon as the roads admit of hauling it to high water landing at Beaton. The mine is reported as in excellent condition and further mining and shipments of ore will be continued steadily. In addition to the high grade silver-lead ore found on the property there is an enormous ledge of quartz, carrying as high an average of gold values as are found in Fish River camp, and the installation of a reduction plant similar to that erected for the Silver Cup and Nettie L mines near Ferguson, will be the next step undertaken by the company, which now numbers among its members several local and American investors of high financial standing, thus ensuring ample capital to carry out the complete development and equipment of the mine. While other properties in the country are reported as being the scenes of big strikes and all the rest of it, the Beatrice is an actual shipper, thus demonstrating the fact that the company have the goods to deliver, and placing it in the front rank of legitimate mining enterprises.

The management of the property is in the hands of Frank F. Fulmer who, with his partner Mrs. Anderson, has rustled early and late to make the mine a success and to find the money to keep things moving. They are receiving well earned congratulations upon the success they have attained. G. S. McCarter is president of the company and Harry Anderson is secretary. We bespeak for the Beatrice Mines a successful career and dividends for their shareholders at no distant date.

Corporation of the City of Revelstoke.

DOG TAX NOTICE

Owners of dogs within the City are requested to pay the tax by May 31, 1905, after which date the Poundkeeper will have instructions to deal with dogs on which the tax has not been paid in accordance with the City by-law.

Tags may be obtained from the Poundkeeper or at the City Clerk's Office.

H. FLOYD,
City Clerk.

The Burning Question

Whether you order your wood now and have it dried for you when you need it, or order it when you need it and have it green, now is the time to place your orders.

HOW TO REACH US—By mail, by Telephone, by calling at the office.

PRICES—1 load $2, 5 loads $8.50, 10 loads, $15.—Delivered.

Bowman Lumber Co.

LIMITED.

20 PER CENT. PER CENT. Discount

ON ALL CASH PURCHASES

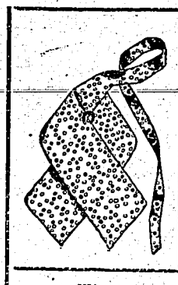
Of Hats and Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Shirts, Blankets, Underwear, Mackinaws, Clothing, and all Furnishings, Men's, Women's and Children's Rubbers and Boots.

Have removed from my old quarters, near Depot, to Fretz' building First Street, West.

E. J. Bourne, First Street

J. G. Macdonald

THE UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIER.



Spring Ties

All the glories of Spring are wrapped up in our Handsome New Neckwear.

There's nothing that adds more tone to a man's apparel than a Beautiful Tie.

New Shapes, New Silks, Ascots, Four-in-Hands, Puff Bows, etc., can be found at our place of business.

SPRING UNDERWEAR

There is great comfort in right fitting Underwear. Everlasting discomfort if it does not fit.

No trouble in getting correctly fitted here.

Balbriggan— —$1 to $1.50 Per Suit
Lisle Thread —$3 to $4.00 Per Suit
Linen Mesh— —$7 to $4.00 Per Suit

Stanfield's Underwear—a fine range.

THE UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIER.

J. G. Macdonald

Spots AND Stains

Are made by so many different agents.

WE HAVE A CLEANER

which is excellent for taking out any of these spots. It is put up in 25c. Bottles and easy to use.

CANADA DRUG & BOOK CO., Ltd

Births

McRAE—At Revelstoke, on April 15th to Mr. and Mrs. H. S. McRae, of Field, B. C., a daughter.

NEWITT—At Revelstoke, on April 16th to Mr. and Mrs. Fred C Newitt, of Field, B. C., a son.

LAUGHTON—At Revelstoke, B. C., on April 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Laughton, a son.

LOCALISMS

Come and enjoy yourself at the Opera House to-night—admission 50c., reserved seats 75c.

A meeting of the Intermediate Lacrosse Club will be held in the City Hall at 8 o'clock to-night.

Thos. Taylor, M.P.P., Mrs. Taylor and family, left this morning on a week's visit to the Haleyon Hot Springs.

Mr. Curveon, Mrs. Curveon and family returned on Saturday from a three months visit to friends in Michigan.

Don't forget the dramatic performance to be followed by a dance at the Opera House to-night 75c. and 50c.

Mr. and Mrs. Colbeck came in from Nelson on Tuesday evening. Mr. Colbeck will take his old run as chief engineer on the s.s. Revelstoke.

E. L. Kinman has leased Mrs. Bourne's residence on McKenzie ave. and with Mrs. Kinman and family will take up their residence this week.

Mr. W. B. Robertson, formerly of the Columbia River Lumber Co., of Golden, has been in town for a few days and will likely make this city his future home.

C. H. Deutchman left on Monday morning for Haleyon, where he will remain for about 10 days. When he returns he will endeavor to organize a party for cave exploration.

The s. s. Revelstoke will leave her dock for the first run to Laporte, about Monday next. A big cargo of supplies for the mining camps will be taken on this week for shipment north.

The Rathbone Sisters' ball, was held on Monday evening in Selkirk Hall, where a large gathering assembled to "chase the glowing hours with flying feet." The orchestra, Mrs. Lumb, (piano) and R. N. Doyle (violin) played the opening bars at 9:30 p. m., and from that time until two a.m., with the exception of a short interval for luncheon at midnight, the dancers whirled away what seemed an all too short time of innocent merriment. The upstair rooms were utilised for games by those who were not dancing.

£100,000 will be given at the Opera House tonight—come early and secure a good seat.

Hon. F. Fulton, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education, came in yesterday morning from Victoria to attend the Teachers' Convention. Mr. Fulton goes west on No. 1 tonight.

The bachelors ball will be held at the Opera House on May 5th. The following gentlemen constitute the committee of management: Messrs. H. J. Watts, A. E. Hagger, G. W. Edwards, K. E. Carnaghan and Dr. W. H. Sutherland. Great preparations are being made to ensure the event being a success.

W. F. McCullough, whose name will be readily recalled by pioneers and after whom McCullough Creek in the Big Bend country is named, he being the discoverer of gold in that locality, came to Ashcroft a day or two ago. He has lately been mining in Alaska and is now bent on examining a promising prospect he saw some years ago. —Ashcroft Journal.

P. F. Godenrath, travelling correspondent for The Week, after spending several days in the city gathering material and photographs for an illustrated article on Revelstoke and the district, left this morning for Arrowhead en route to Nelson. Victoria's latest journalistic claimant for public recognition, as a provincial illustrated paper, has much to commend it in its clean up-to-date business methods, free from the usual paid write-up graft, so often inflicted on the business interests and the articles contributed by its hustling correspondent reflect a tone of honesty which is refreshing.

In our sporting column last week the HERALD made reference to the action of the Athletic Association in not allowing the recent football match to take place on their grounds, as being unsportsmanlike. The fact of the matter is that the Association has already gone to considerable expense this spring in having the grounds levelled and in sowing grass. In order to make their work of some benefit the Association decided not to open their grounds until the 1st of May, notice of which decision was given to the public through the columns of the HERALD over a month ago.

Any Prescription

If a prescription is correctly written we can fill it, no matter if the name of some other druggist is on blank.

Bring all of your prescriptions here and they will be correctly filled. The prices we charge will suit you.

Walter Bews, Phm. B.

DRUGGIST AND STATIONER.

Next to the Hume Block.

Prompt Attention To Mail Orders

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Smoke Brown's Union Cigar.

Seed Potatoes for Sale apply to R. Tapping.

Beattie has an elegant stock of new Combs and Pins.

New styles of Ladies' Combs and Pins just in at Bews' Drug Store.

Smoke Brown's "Special" Cigar.

Private Funds to loan on Real Estate Securities. Apply to J. M. Scott.

Those Rubber Hair-curlers are the best—go to Beattie.

ROOMS TO RENT in the Tapping Block, apply to R. Tapping.

Calico Ball, May 1st, under auspices of Ladies' Auxiliary to B. of R. T.

Go to the Red Cross for the newest in Toilet Sundries.

Smoke Brown's "Marca Vuelta" Cigar.

A large stock of Waterman Fountain Pens just received at Bews' Drug Store.

Now that the hot weather is coming on, you need awings for your south windows, better order them at once from L. A. Fretz. Also screens etc.

NO TRACE YET OF ASSASSIN

The Murderer of the Japanese Woman Still a Free Man—The Police Active, But as Yet Unsuccessful.

The assassin of Jennie Kiohara, the Japanese woman, is still at large.

The police have been working night and day on the case and not without some measure of success; and the indications are that before many days are over the murderer will be run down.

Chief of the Provincial Police, Bullock-Webster, of Nelson, has been in the city since Friday last assisting the local police in their efforts, while a Japanese interpreter from Vancouver is also here on the same errand.

The sheath knife that was used by the murderer was found by the police in the ashpan of the kitchen stove in the murdered woman's home a few days ago, and a bunch of keys was picked up by Mr. Rebulchese, whilst working in his garden a few days after the murder. These were turned over to the police and afterwards identified as belonging to the murdered woman. Evidently they had been throwe into the garden by the murderer as he was leaving the scene of his crime. The police are just now working on a clue that may lead to the elucidation of the mystery. The HERALD trusts that in the interests of the good name of this city and of British law and order, their efforts may soon be rewarded by the capture of the desperate criminal.

Lack of space obliges us this week to reluctantly omit letters from correspondents.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND
£ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £
TO-NIGHT AT OPERA HOUSE.

The local lodges of the I. O. O. F. will celebrate the 86th anniversary of their Order by attending divine service at the Methodist church on Sunday evening next.

SCHOLASTIC GATHERING.

(Continued from Page One.)

that the occasion did not occur during the summer vacation, when a trip to the surrounding country might be thus made possible, His Worship concluded by wishing them all a very pleasant stay.

Mr. Albert Sullivan, of Nelson, replied to the Mayor in his characteristic manner, touching humorously upon his one time appointment to Revelstoke school and keeping up a runing fire of witticisms mixed with sound common sense. The heartiness of his greeting showed that the speaker's remarks were greatly appreciated.

The preleminaries thus over, a very nice musical programme was rendered, the different numbers being well received, the quartette by Mesdames Bews and Dent and Messrs. Barber and Allum, and the male quartette by Messrs. Barber, Allum, Reid and Le Feaux, the piano solo (The Storm) by Miss Shook, elicited hearty encores. Mr. Humphrey's fine voice was heard to advantage in his song (Big Ben) and Mr. Hastings Cello solo was a musical treat. Thus the evening hours went by pleasantly. The hall then being cleared, dancing was indulged in. At 12 p.m. a splendid supper, at which near 150 persons sat down, was served in the basement hall by Mrs. McKitrick and her staff, and shortly after the crowd dispersed for their homes, thoroughly pleased with the first day's sojurn in this city.

WEDNESDAY

Opening the proceedings at 10:15, Pres. Wilson introduced Mr. Burns, who gave one of the most interesting lectures yet delivered, viz: that on Literature. Prefacing his remarks with the announcement that, in place of "Evangeline," Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" would be introduced in the High School entrance, Mr. Burns classified his lecture under six heads, viz: (1) The writer as a man (2) The times in which he wrote and to which his works refer. (3) The style of the book. (4) Its origin. (5) Plan. (6) Beauties, etc. Under these several headings the learned gentleman pointed out the intense chivalry displayed by the writer, who, the cruel feudal times, being now long since past, portrayed the aftermath in scenes of glory and romance. Dwelling upon the respective beauty of the various episodes around which the stories centre; and, still further, emphasizing the point with illustrated views of historic places, Mr. Burns compelled the keenest interest of his hearers. Attention too, was called to the beautiful and apt use of expressive adjectives, also to the life and personality which the author threw into his works throughout. Finally Mr. Burns pointed out the strong patriotic sentiment underlying the whole composition and advised his hearers to rather restrict their efforts at first to the general subject matter of the book, than to the meanings of Scotch words and phrases, and amid hearty applause he then resumed his seat. The following gentlemen then discussed the lecture.

The Hon. F. J. Fulton, Minister of Education was introduced by the president and heartily received. In a few appropriate words expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred on him by electing him an honorary member of the Institute, adding that although he did not arrive until late he nevertheless enjoyed the address of the former speaker and thoroughly endorsed his method of instruction, and hoped the present gathering would be productive of much benefit to all attending.

Mr. Clarence Fulton, B. A., also agreed with the method of teaching literature as suggested by Mr. Burns.

Inspector Stewart said he thought that it would be a good plan for teachers to at first take the pupils through the books in question in about 10 lessons leaving the more intricate work of analysis to a subsequent and careful study of it.

Mr. Blair then proceeded to lecture on Books 3 and 4 of Drawing, using materials for illustrating his modus operandi. This subject proved very interesting and brought forth a number of questions from Mr. Sullivan and others, all of them being satisfactorily answered. Mr. Miller remarked that he feared Mr. Blair perhaps marked some of the drawing papers a little hardly, a remark which elicited a distinct negative from the Chair, also from Inspector Stewart and others.

The afternoon session opened with an able discourse by Mr. J. D. Buchanan on McClellan and Ames' primary arithmetic, which was afterwards discussed by several gentlemen present. The handling of the matter of units was made the subject of much pleasant although useful, controversy between the speaker and Inspector Gordon, but Mr. Buchanan in a few words of elucidation explained his meaning.

Dr. Hay's lecture on history was an eminently helpful one to all who have the task of teaching it. He compared the Eastern form of teaching history in schools with our Western method, and advised, outlining the main points of each lesson, so that the pupils may more readily grasp the different situations. Further, he urged the usefulness of introducing to the scholars, good books of biography and similar works wherein events of great men's lives are depicted in a bright and readable form; since such books never fail to appeal to the youthful mind, and consequently to impress the facts on the memory. Dr. Hay next showed how the Aryan race, its origin, its division into the different nations of today, with their adventuresome wanderings, may be used to great advantage as a medium for creating a love of history. Furthermore, that any modern history book must of necessity be made interesting to be of any lasting use. In the discussion which now followed, Mr. Conroy thoroughly endorsed Dr. Hay's opinion. Mr. Pollock, whilst agreeing with this gentleman's views, suggested that there are hard facts also to be learnt, which the scholars cannot afford to lose sight of, when examinations are staring them in the face. Mr. Buchanan and others also

COMBS

We have just received a most complete stock of up-to-date combs.

SIDE COMBS
BACK COMBS
DRESSING COMBS
POMPADOUR COMBS

The latest in hair curlers. Come and see them.

Always pleased to show our goods.

Red Cross Drugstore

GEO. D. BEATTIE, PROP.

Bring Us Your Prescriptions