THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XVI: NO. 22 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1905 $2 00 a Year in Advance

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

COOL Clothing

Let us show you one line of our fine warm weather clothing.

Dressy flannel suits, pants and coats in new colorings—just what you need for this hot weather.

Special---Suit $6

White Separate Wash Vests—$1.50.

A Nice Fancy Tweed Suit, three-piece, or made-to-wear pants and coat. Separate skeleton suit.—$11.

White Duck Suits
White Duck Pants, etc.

Shoes

For Shoe Comfort, shoe economy and satisfaction wear the Slater shoe—for men and boys.

Sporting and cool, Summer shoes—we have a great variety. Let us have the pleasure of showing you our stock.

GROCERIES

New Fruits always in Season, New Green Vegetables in season. When looking for something tasty for breakfast, luncheon or dinner, lunches for picnics or camping parties. Come in and we will fill your want.

SUMMER SKIRTS

Black Alpaca Skirts, neatly made, pretty design. A splendid skirt for hot weather..... At $2.60

A nice weight Black Sicilian skirt. A nice design at.....$3.75

A mixed lot of Tweed Skirts, no two alike, nice light weights and a good variety of patterns. At One-Third Off Regular Prices.

Children's White Dresses

A bargain in White Muslin Dresses tucked yoke, lace trim. Will fit little ones from one to three years. Regular Price $1.25. Now 50c.

Only 50c

NEW GOODS JUST ARRIVED

Linen Suitings in new patterns, white dotted Swiss Muslins Persian Lawns, White Vesting, colored Zephyrs for Shirt Waist suits new Mohairs, Sicillian and Lustres in all colors.

C. B. HUME & CO.

Proposed Y. M. C. A.

A meeting of those interested in the establishment of a Y. M. C. A. was held on Thursday evening last when a committee consisting of Messrs. Howson, McCarter, Lindmark, Kilpatrick and Elson was appointed to interview Mr. Whyte, second vice-president of the C. P. R., regarding what assistance the C. P. R. would give towards such a scheme. The committee interviewed Mr. Whyte during his short stay here on Tuesday when that gentleman stated that while the matter of assisting such institutions had been discussed no appropriations had yet been made. Personally he was in favor of something being done and General Supt. Marpole had recommended Revelstoke as being a good point at which to make an experiment. He said, however, that nothing should be done unless it was done thoroughly and believed that it would be a good investment for the Company both from a financial and business stand point.

A meeting was held last night at which the committee reported the result of their interview with Mr. Whyte. After considerable discussion as to what steps should next be taken, in the course of which the urgent need and desirability of establishing a branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Revelstoke was dwelt upon by the various speakers, it was decided to appoint two committees as follows: Committee composed of Messrs. B. R. Atkins; H. Morrison, and J. Lyons, to gather information regarding the institution and workings of a Y. M. C. A. particularly in a railroad town; (2) a committee composed of Messrs. A. E. Kincaid, G. S. McCarter, and C. B. Hume, to acquire information as to what support would be given such an association and also what could be done in the way of procuring a suitable building. When the committees are in a position to report a meeting will be called by the chairman, Mr. R. Howson, when the matter will be further discussed and, if sufficient support is guaranteed, some scheme formulated for the carrying out of the project.

THE CHURCHES.

METHODIST.—Next Sunday evening the choir will sing the famous "Glory Song" which has been so popular in the great revival meetings in London led by Torrey and Alexander. At the close of the service there will be a short song service when the congregation will have an opportunity to learn the "Glory Song."

Subjects—11 a. m., "God's Dwelling Place on Earth"; 7:30 p. m., "The Glory Song," pastor, Rev. C. H. M. Sutherland.

KNOX.—Rev. C. McDiarmid will conduct the services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Strawberry—Ice Cream Festival

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church will give a strawberry and ice cream social next Tuesday, 13th inst., on the parsonage lawn. Ice cream, strawberries and cream and other refreshments will be served in the afternoon beginning at 3 o'clock, and also in the evening. A large number of useful and fancy articles left over from the Nations' Fair will be sold at greatly reduced prices. The band will be in attendance during the evening. Admission 10 cents.

Is War Justifiable?

There was a large attendance at the Epworth League consecration service on Monday evening. Deaconess Marion Adair gave a very interesting address upon Deaconess work which not only interested those present, but inspired the hearers to long for more of the Christ spirit. Miss Dent gave an instrumental selection, Mr. Hastings a 'cello solo, and Mrs. Bews a vocal solo, which added to the interest of the meeting.

It being literary evening next Monday there will be a debate on the subject: "Is War Justifiable?" The debate will be opened by Mr. Liddle for the affirmative, Mr. Le Feaux maintaining the negative, after which there will be open discussion.

Social Evening.

The Knights of Pythias and Rathbone Sisters held a very successful social last evening in their lodge room over the post office. The programme consisted of music and songs, a word contest and 30 minutes of progressive whist, after which ice cream and cake were served. "God Save the King" was then sung and the party adjourned feeling very much benefitted by the evening's entertainment.

FOR IMPROVED WATER & LIGHT

Proposal to Borrow Twenty Thousand Dollars—Itemized Estimated Cost of Improvements Recommended.

A special meeting of the city council was held on Friday night to consider the Fire, Water & Light Committee's report on the necessary improvements to the water and light service. Mayor Brown was in the chair, and Ald. Abrahamson, McCarter, Lewis, Field and Foote present. The following was the report submitted:

Revelstoke, B. C., June 2, '05.

TO THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL, CITY OF REVELSTOKE.

Your Worship and Gentlemen,

The Fire, Water and Light Commitee beg to report as follows on the additions and improvements required to the light and water plants of the city:

The present dynamo is loaded to its full capacity, and is incapable of supplying such an amount of current as will be required next winter and thereafter. Your committee recommend the purchase of an additional dynamo and the necessary electrical apparatus for the same.

To provide the power required to run the extra dynamo, the Wm. Hamilton Manufacturing Co. have been consulted and their recommendations are embodied herewith.

The flume and dam require considerable strengthening and repairing, and estimates for that purpose are included, as well as for sundry repairs and tools for the power house.

An estimate is also submitted for providing sufficient electric light meters to place each consumer on a meter rate, and do away entirely with the flat rate, your Committee being of the opinion that a meter system is the only business-like way of supplying light to consumers.

Your Committee have also considered the distribution of water throughout the city, and in view of the increasing population east of Mackenzie avenue, and the further prospective increase in that locality, recommend that a 6-inch water main be laid on Mackenzie avenue from the existing 12-inch main to Eighth street, and that 4-inch mains be laid from there along 3rd, 5th and 7th streets. This will take about two carloads of wooden pipe, an estimate for which, and the laying, is herein submitted.

The following is an estimated cost of the foregoing recommendations:

Dynamo, Exciter, Switch-Board & Synchronising attachment	$ 4,050
Spare Armature for emerg'cies	1,000
Electric Light Meters	2,500
Messrs. Hamilton's specificat'ns as per attached letter for improvements to water mach'ry	1,958
New Gate gear	200
Freight and installing of above	2,100
Cement Piers for Wheel Case	1,000
Five Cars Timber for repairing and raising flume and labor for same	2,030
Repairing and strengthening dam and attached structures	2,422
Repairs to Power-house, incld. weatherboarding and papering outside and painting	400
Blacksmith Outfit & new Stove	90
For Waterworks—Two Cars 6-inch and 4-inch Wood Pipe and laying of same	2,250
Total	$20,000

Respectfully submitted,
F. B. LEWIS,
Chairman.

During the discussion it was stated if the ratepayers wished a public meeting would be held to consider the report and give further information desired. The report was adopted on motion of Ald. McCarter and Foote, and that a petition be circulated requesting the Council to obtain the necessary money by the issue of debentures.

A Lucky Youngster.

Harold Hurst, an eight-year old boy, fell off the Pacific express on Saturday near Twin Butte. He was not missed for some time and a thorough search of the train revealed nothing more than the lad's cap. On the train arriving at Revelstoke the yard engine was sent back to search for the missing boy, who, when found, was counting ties in a westerly direction none the worse of his mishap, his escape being nothing short of miraculous. His description of how it happened was rather amusing, he said, "I went to sleep on the car steps and woke up in the bushes." Mrs. Hurst and the little fellow resumed their journey to Vancouver on Sunday.

SPORT.

LACROSSE.

On Thursday evening last the Eastenders defeated the Westenders in a rather one-sided game by 7 goals to 3. W. Barber captained the East end team and C. Latham the West end. A return match will be played shortly when the boys from the "far west" are determined to turn the tables on the "wise men from the east."

Negotiations are being carried on at present with Kelowna and in all likelihood the boys will make a trip there some time this month.

Nelson and Rossland fare crossing sticks today at Nelson for the first time this season.

THE RIFLE.

The steady downpour of rain on Saturday last was against good scoring in the League Match. Following are the 10 best scores:

	200	500	600	Total
Lieut. Brown	24	31	31	86
Pte. Nelson	26	27	30	83
Pte. Fisher	28	24	23	75
Pte. Hall	15	26	27	68
Pte. Leeming	19	24	19	62
Lieut. Smith	22	21	16	59
Corpl. Rowland	26	29	4	59
Pte. Paget	20	21	18	59
Sergt. Hart	15	23	15	53
Pte. Burpee	16	21	15	52

Drills will be discontinued until further orders. All waist belts must be returned to stores on Saturday night at eight o'clock.

BASEBALL.

The local ball team is showing marked improvement of late consequent upon continued practice. The secretary has been in correspondence this week with the Kamloops and Golden clubs with a view to arranging a game for next Saturday. Kamloops has replied that Saturday is an impossible day for them as most of their players are employed in stores and could not get away.

Arrangements have just been completed with Golden for a game to take place here on Dominion Day.

Nelson defeated Trail on Sunday by 4 to 0. The game lasted one hour and three minutes and was witnessed by 200 people.

TENNIS.

—Rossland and Trail clubs met in a tournament at Rossland on Saturday resulting in an overwhelming victory for the Trail players.

What's the matter with Revelstoke? With one of the finest courts in the province it is surprising that more interest is not taken in the game. The managing committee would like to arrange a tournament but nothing can be done in this line till it is known what material they have to work on.

TRAP SHOOTING.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather on Saturday the weekly shoot was held on Monday with the following result, 20 birds, unknown angles:

W. A. Sturdy	15
Dr. Morrison	15
J. G. Barber	14
A. J. McDonell	13
F. B. Lewis	11
R. P. Lewis	5

A five-bird sweepstake also took place with the following result:

Sturdy	5	Morrison	3
McDonell	4	Barber	2
F. Lewis	1	P. Lewis	2

A tournament will be held at Vernon on July 1st at which the local club will be strongly represented. Tournaments will also be held during the season at Kamloops and Golden at both of which the local cracks will compete. Revelstoke annual tournament will take place on Labor Day.

The biggest trap shooting tournament of the year will take place in Portland on June 20th, for which Vancouver has entered a team.

FOOTBALL.

The football tournament which was to have taken place last Saturday had to be postponed on account of rain.

Band Concert.

The following programme will be rendered by the Independent Band from the stand on Mackenzie Ave., tomorrow evening.

March.....College Girls.....Beyer
Waltz.....Medley.....Tolzer
Overture....Light Cavalry.....Suppe
Characteristic.. Polly Prim...Henry
Schottische. Dear One Far Away. Casey
Waltz.....El Capitan.....Sousa
Serenade.....Beyer
March.....Charlatan.....Sousa
God Save the King.

Card of Thanks.

The members of the Revelstoke Independent Band desire to thank the city council and citizens who so generously contributed towards the purchase of their new uniforms.

WAS DASHED TO PIECES

Young Man Loses Life while Trying to Float down Kicking Horse River on a Raft, near Field.

FIELD, B.C., June 5.—A sad fatality occurred here on Saturday when a young man, named Peter Ireland, lost his life in the rapids of the Kicking Horse River. Along with other waiters from the C. P. R. Hotel, Ireland went to construct a raft to float down the river. The party constructed two rafts, and all went well for a considerable time, when the majority left for home, leaving Ireland and another named Collier with a raft each.

The two got out into the current and were rapidly carried down stream. Collier was about twenty yards in the rear when his raft struck the right bank. Clambering ashore he was horrified to see neither his companion nor the raft he had been on. Rushing down along the water's edge for a considerable distance the only object he could see was the upturned raft of his late companion. Returning to Field the alarm was given, and a search party left, returning later only the more convinced that Ireland had been dashed to pieces in the mountain torrent. He had only been in Field seven weeks, coming here from St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. Ireland was about thirty-six years of age, and for twenty years had been sailing on the Western Atlantic, being the only support of an aged mother residing in Liverpool, England.

A Thriving Business.

One of the most thriving and progressive businesses of the city is that conducted by S. McMahon, general blacksmith and carriage builder, on First street. All kinds of general blacksmithing is done here promptly and in first class style, a specialty being made of horse shoeing. The appliances are up-to-date and include two of the latest improved forge blowers, a crock or sling for use in shoeing kicking horses, an emory wheel, drill, band saw, etc. In order to turn out the work as expeditiously and cheaply as possible, a Pelton water wheel has just been installed to supply the motive power for the machinery. In addition to an extensive general blacksmithing business, Mr. McMahon has recently been devoting considerable attention to the building of delivery rigs, drays, etc., and has completed this week a substantial light dray for the Lawrence Hardware Company, one of the special features of which is that all the metal used in its construction is forged, with the exception of the springs and wheels, making it more durable than the factory-made article. Those requiring rigs of any kind will do well to consult Mr. McMahon before sending their orders out of town. Mr. McMahon is also agent for the John Dere ploughs, harrows and other farm implements, buggies, delivery rigs and the Moline wagons. With an ever-increasing demand on their skill Mr. McMahon and Mr. T. Corley are kept busily engaged, and orders intrusted to them are executed promptly, all work being guaranteed.

For Sale

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

A First Class Entertainment.

One of the most delightful entertainments ever given in the city was that by Dale's English Opera Singers at the Opera House on Friday evening last. The audience was fairly large and that it was appreciative was amply evidenced by the repeated encores. The company consists of Miss Edith Serpell, soprano; Miss Gwendoline Phillips, contralto; Mr. Claude Anderson, tenor; Mr. Frederic Dale, bass; and Mr. H. Collman, pianist. Their programme consists of gems from light operas, and included solos, duetts, trios and quartets, humorous musical sketches and piano numbers. Miss Serpell is a winsome little lady with a beautiful voice, clear and true as a bell and at once became a favorite with the audience as did also Miss Phillips, who possesses a rich, mellow contralto voice, and her selections were given with excellent taste. Mr. Anderson's tenor is powerful and resonant, and he knows how to use his splendid voice to the best advantage. Mr. Dale in his humorous selections was particularly good, "When I was a Boy at School" eliciting continued applause. In the quartets the voices blended harmoniously, "The Little Pat," and "A Regular Royal Queen" being, probably, the best. Mr. Collman in his piano selections proved himself an accomplished pianist and was applauded to the echo. Mr. Dale, on behalf of the company, made the pleasing announcement that on their return from the coast they would give another performance with an entire change of programme—about the 20th inst. The HERALD can assure them a hearty reception and a bumper house as they give an entertainment of rare excellence and the best of the kind ever seen here.

Lewis and Clark Exposition.

Portland, Or., April 17th, 1905

Sir H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere,
Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, Victoria, B. C.

Dear Sir.—On behalf of the Lewis and Clark Centennial Expositions, I take pleasure in stating that with a view of doing honor to the great Province of British Columbia and organizing a systematic movement by which the people of the various communities in the Province can, in substantial numbers, arrange to visit and enjoy the manifold educational advantages and other attractions at the exposition, the exposition management has decided to set apart the period commencing Monday, July 3, and ending Saturday, July 8, as "British Columbia Week." Separate days in the week can be designated by municipalities of the Province for their respective special celebrations at the exposition. A "Dominion of Canada Day" has already been arranged for Saturday, July 1st.

If this plan meets with your approval, we would request the issuance of a proclamation a month in advance of the suggested period, calling attention of the people of British Columbia to these auspicious events, and urging every patriotic son and daughter of your great Province to assemble at the exposition during this time for the purpose of honoring the occasion and by their presence insure the success its importance deserves.

In this connection, permit me to add that the Mayor of each city will be invited direct by the exposition management to make appropriate arrangements for the visit of his city's delegation to the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition and all are assured of a hearty welcome.

Awaiting your reply, I am respectfully yours.

H. W. GOODE,
President.

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 Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).

He looked at her and understood that her object was to accustom Madge to the place, and to keep her out of the way of the countess and Seymour for at least one morning.

"Oh, he may come as far as the stables, may he not?" said Irene. "And he need no throw his cigar away need he, Madge?"

He walked beside them, his hands thrust into the pockets of his shooting jacket, his handsome face full of happiness, and that happy-go-lucky cheeriness which went so far to win hearts for him; and the sight of and two ladies and "Master" Royce created a sensation in the stable yary. It seemed as if "every man, from the coachman to the smallest help," wanted to do something for them, and was eager to attract their notice.

The coachman came forward and touched his cap, his ruddy face beaming with a smile of gratitude for Royce's hearty "Morning, John, horses all right?"

"Yes, Master Royce. Beg pardon, sir, beg pardon—'Mr.' Royce now."

"Got promoted since my marriage, you see," said Royce laughingly to the two girls. Madge blushed.

"This is my wife, you know, John," he said.

The coachman touched his hat with deep respect and admiration.

"I wish you every happiness, ma'am; we all do."

"Yes, yes," the other men murmured eagerly.

Madge's color grew still deeper, and they knew she murmured "thank you," though they could not hear her; and they would have raised a cheer, but that they remarked her timidity and were afraid of frightening her.

The coachman led the way into the stables, and Madge's first sensation was one of amazement and delight—her next of sadness; for as she looked at the splendid animals in their polished oak stalls, saw the costly apparatus for ventilation, the tiled floor, every bit of iron and steel bright and glittering, noticed the scrupulous cleanliners of the whole, she thought of the poor people she had seen in some of the towns, crowded together in small hovels, stifling for want of air, living in an atmosphere of disease and dirt, and the contrast smote her painfully.

Royce went up to the beautiful creature the coachman had so considerately offered Seymour, and the animal whinied a loving welcome as his master put his arm over the arched neck and patted it.

"You haven't forgotten me, old fellow," he said in a low voice.

"Not he, sir!" said the man. "Not if you were to be away five years! I've kept him as fit as I could, Master Royce."

"He is in splendid condition," said Royce, and he laid his hand gratefully upon the coachman's shoulder. "I've seen a good many nags since—while I've been away, but none to beat him! I must have a turn on him some time to-day."

"Yes, sir!" said the man proudly. "He's as glad as the rest of us to see you back, Master Royce! You'll be wanting one for Mrs. Landon, sir. I thought of that directly I heard of your marriage, Master Royce, and I think I've got one that will suit. Giles, fetch out that new mare."

Giles, the man who had seen Royce at Markham Fair and brought the news to Seymour, came forward and tauched his hat, but by neither look or sign indicated any previous knowledge of Madge, and, going into a stall, brought out the horse.

"She'll do. I'll try her with a rug round her—not that it's necessary if you pass her, John."

The gratified man looked round at his mates as much as to say, "Ain't he a proper kind of gentleman, eh?"

"And where's Miss Irene's? Ah, she remembers me too!" and he went up to the mare and fondled her. Irene stood looking on, her face still pale, and the dark, shadowy rings under her sweet eyes showing very plainly, but she said not a word. They went the round of the stalls.

"I've got a likely young thing in the paddock, sir," said John.

"We'll see that another day," said Royce. "Miss Irene wants the ponies now."

"Yes, sir. They're all right. She shall have 'em at once."

Irene and Madge departed to put their jackets on, but Royce, with marvelous self-denial, refrained from following them.

They passed from the stables into a little paved court beyond which was the paddock.

"That was a beautiful horse of yours, Irene," said Madge.

"Yes," said Irene absently, "I am very fond of it. Royce broke it for me——" she pulled up short, then went on hurriedly, "and that will be a very nice one of yours. Royce will soon teach you to ride her, dear; there is no one so patient as he is——" She stopped again and bit her lip. It was hard, all in one short week, to teach herself not to speak of Royce as if he belonged to her. "That is the young horse they spoke of," she went on quickly.

Madge stopped and looked over the railing, and a girlish desire to show Irene that she, Madge, could do at least one thing well took possession of her.

"It is very pretty," she said with a mischievous affectation of timidity. "Do you think it would let us come near it?"

"Oh, yes, I should think so," said Irene. "John would not buy it unless it were quiet."

"Let us see," said Madge, and she opened the gate and went into the paddock.

"Take care, dear!" said Irene as Madge slowly approached the horse.

"I will be careful," said Madge, smiling to herself.

The colt held its head up and looked at her with its "fiercely-gentle" eyes, as the Arab poet has it, and its ears pointed toward her curiously, and moved a little uneasily; but Madge got up to it, and speaking to it in a low soft voice, managed to get hold of its forelock.

"Take care, oh, take care, Madge!" called out Irene, and she entered the paddock.

"Don't come any nearer," said Madge. "See there, dear—on that rail, there's a bridle and a cloth. Will you give me the bridle?"

"Madge!" exclaimed Irene.

Madge looked at her with a mischievous gleam in her dark eyes.

"There is no danger," she said. "I—I want to see if you think Royce really could manage to teach me."

Irene brought the bridle, and with a gypsy's patience and tact Madge got it on the colt.

The next instant she was on its back.

"The cloth, the cloth! Quick!" she cried, but softly.

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Irene ran and brought the light blue overwrap, which one of the men had left beside the bridle. Madge took it from her, whipped it—yet gently—round her waist, and in this impromptu habit looked down upon the startled Irene like the statue of a young Amazon.

Then with a nod and a "Good-by, dear!" let the colt go.

She trotted him, cantered him, walked him, all perfectly, and at last galloped him at almost racing pace round the paddock, bringing him to a standstill in an instant within a yard of the still amazed Irene.

"Oh, Madge, what a trick to play me!" she said, her lovely face turned up to her with smiling reproach "Why, you ride—anything!" she concluded, woman-like missing her simile.

"You forget that I am a gypsy, and that all gypsies are used to horses. I think I must have learned to ride bareback before I could even walk. Ever since I can remember I have played among the horses, like a young colt myself. One thing a gypsy can do, if it is the only thing—he can ride."

"Are you sure you are quite safe?" asked Irene.

"As safe as if I were on the ground!"

"Then—then gallop round once more, dear, for it is delicious! I thought I could ride—a little; Royce always said——"

Madge let the colt go, and tore round the paddock. The exercise brought the color into her cheeks, her eyes were sparkling as she pulled the colt up; then suddenly the color died away, and her eyes became fixed, with dismay and distress, on something behind Irene.

Madge paled, and still keeping the cloth round her waist slipped to the ground.

"Do not mind, dear! It was my fault! It was all my fault! Besides, after all, why should you be ashamed? Why, Madge!" for Madge heaved a deep sigh.

"I ought not to have done it," she said in a low voice. It was a mad trick. It was like—a common gypsy. And that was what she was saying to herself. I could see it in her face—her eyes."

"I saw nothing wrong in it, dear Madge. And I am sure Royce would have not; and it is he you have to think of."

"Ah, yes! It is he!" said Madge. "Irene, you would not have done it?"

"Because I couldn't!" she said with simple candor. "If I could I would! I will now! Catch the colt for me, Madge, and I will show you!" and she stooped resolutely.

Madge shook her head.

"No use, dear," she said meekly. "It is just the difference between us. You would do it to screen me, and: I did it because—I liked it! And I meant to try so hard to be like you!

A groom came up.

"The carriage is ready, Miss," he said.

"Let us make haste," said Irene. "We will both go in together and share the scolding!" Then she flushed. "Oh, I forgot! I was thinking that you were a girl like myself, and not Mrs. Landon! Madge, do you know what I should do if I had been caught as you were—though mind, I say, there was nothing in it?"

"What?"

"Brazen it out! Like this—see!"

She drew herself up until her slender form was upright as an arrow, and with a defiant look on her lovely face walked forward haughtily.

"Ah, yes! I could have done it—a week ago; before—before I came to Monk Towers!"

Madge found an exquisite equipage awaiting them; a pair of perfectly-matched white ponies, and a tiny phaeton with the smallest groom in the stable. Irene dismissed him, however.

"If we can't manage these two white mice it is a pity," she said. "Now, where shall we go? Let me see!! We will go into Landon and home across the common. We shall be home in time for lunch."

Madge was quiet for a mile or two, thinking of the late contretemps; but presently the pace the two white mice bowled along, the fresh air, and Irene's efforts dispelled her sadness, and by the time they had reached the town her face had cleared.

She noticed that wherever they went they were received with a respect so profound as to almost amount to awe.

They made several purchases in the town shops, and various points of interest, as they passed, were pointed out to Madge by Irene. Then the ponies drew them at a brisk pace to Gorse Common.

"Here we are," said Irene. "I love this place. One can breathe here even on the hottest days; not that it is hot now. Are you well wrapped up, Madge? What would Royce say if I let you catch cold?"

"I should have to try very hard to catch cold. I never had a cold in my life," she said simply.

"I know you must be strong, dear, by the way you sprang on that colt and held it."

"Yes," said Madge smiling ruefully, "I am as strong as one of those savages Lord Seymour was telling us about last night; and as ignorant."

"Seymour; you mustn't call him 'Lord,'" said Irene. "If you don't like Seymour, you might say 'Landon,' or the earl; he is your brother, dear."

"Yes," said Madge. "But it is hard to realize it—yet. I will try."

"There is madam's pensioner, would you like to see her? She is a very nice woman, but very nervous and timid. She has had a very unhappy life, I think, though I do not know anything about it. She is always pleased to see us; shall we go?"

Madge assented, and Irene drove to the cottage gate.

Martha Hooper came out, dressed with her usual neat and humble style. She flushed and grew pale by turns when she saw that Irene was not alone; and her thin, worn face grew troubled and anxious when Irene said:

"How do you do, Mrs. Hooper? I have brought Mrs. Landon, Mr. Royce's wife, to see you."

Mrs. Hooper made a curtesy, and opened the gate with a trembling hand.

"Thank you, Miss. Will you come in, ladies? I—I have a cup of tea—"

Irene always found it best to be quick and almost abrupt with her; it is the best way with most nervous people, whose nervousness is increased by any sign of it in others.

"Thanks, Mrs. Hooper. Yes, we should like a cup of tea, although it is in the morning. It is the very thing."

Mrs. Hooper called a boy, who stood staring at them, to mind the ponies, and preceeding the two girls, opened the door of the usual cottage parlor.

"If you will go in and sit down ladies," she said, "I—I will come in one moment; the—the tea is made."

The parlor had the ordinary unused look and smell of such apartments, and Irene said with a smile:

"How much more comfortable we should have been beside the fire in the kitchen! But poor Mrs. Hooper would have had a fit if I had proposed such a thing; and—Why!" She stooped and picked up something from the ground.

"Why! Yes, it is madam's pearl bracelet!"

"Madam's—the countess'?" said Madge.

"Yes. How strange!"

Mrs. Hooper entered at the moment with the tea-tray; and as she caught sight of the bracelet in Irene's hand the tea-tray banged down on the table with a thud, and her face turned wax-like in its pallor.

"It is madam's bracelet, isn't it, Mrs. Hooper?" said Irene.

The woman hesitated for an instant, then she said in a low voice, which she was evidently trying to make careless:

"Yes, Miss; her ladyship must have dropped it when she was here the other day. Perhaps you would kindly take it to her ladyship?"

Now, Madge would have thought as little of the incident as Irene evidently did, but for those words, "the other day." For in a flash she remembered seeing the bracelet on the countess' arm that night! Could it have been to this cottage that the countess was stealing in the darkness of the night; and, if so, why should the woman try to conceal the visit?

(To be Continued.)

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Love leaps over the grave.

The faithful are never fussy.

You can only sell honor once.

Piety does not turn a man into putty.

No man climbs to heaven by tall talk.

The worst sins are the ones we don't do.

A dreamy religion never disturbs the devil.

The world will not be saved by stained glass saints.

The heart does not have to be palsied to be at peace.

The virtue of a religion does not depend on its vagaries.

He seldom thinks of the future who walks with the Father.

One man's hypocrisy does not excuse another's indolence.

It is easy to preach contentment when you have all the cake.

A little friendliness is worth a whole lot of financial assistance.

The best way to bury your sorrow is to dig up another's happiness.

Your heart cannot be warm to heaven when it is icy to your neighbor.

Every real scepter of power comes from some suffering in the past.

A man has no business with religion who has no religion in his business.

Some people weep vinegar and then complain about their bread being sour.

Much of life's sorrow is but grieving over the chips when God is carving character.

There is one thing which will warm up the man who preaches in an ice box and that is to see people looking for a more genial climate.

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

MAKING A CEMENT FLOOR.

Excavate to a depth of six or eight inches and make bottom level where cement floor is laid. Fill in with gravel or broken stone, or both, thoroughly wet and tamp down solid. For stables, give the surface a slant from manger to gutter of one and one-half inches. The tamping of foundation is very important to prevent splitting and cracking the cement.

Mark place for gutter at from six feet three inches to six feet eight inches, according to size of cow. Gutter should be dug three inches wider and deeper than wanted when finished. It should be nearly level from end to end and when finished eight inches deep. Make a box four feet long and 8x18 in outside measure, to use in laying the gutter.

If foundation posts are used, measure back from manger the proper distance and drive pieces of one-inch pipe eighteen inches long into the ground, leaving six inches above surface to set foundation posts on by boring hole in the lower end to receive the pipe. Posts set in the cement will decay. Take a 2½x6-inch piece, long enough to reach across the floor the short way and a ½x2-inch strip of same length.

Mix thoroughly one part cement to nine parts gravel, then sprinkle until damper than freshly dug earth. Lay the 2½x6-inch strip two feet from starting point and fill with concrete and tamp well even with top edge. Lay two and one-half inches of concrete in bottom of trench and set box in gutter. Fill around it with concrete to within one-half inch of top. When last strip of concrete is laid across cow stalls it is ready for the finishing coat.

Place ½x2-inch strip on top of 2½x6-inch and apply on top of the concrete a layer of cement and sifted sand free from dirt, in proportion to one part cement to three parts sand. Use board for a straight edge and strike off the top. Leave surface slightly rough, as cows will slip when floor is troweled off perfectly smooth.

The instructions are plain and by them any farmer can lay such a floor himself. There is one thing to be kept in mind: The gravel used in mixing the concrete must be absolutely clean and free from sand, clay or loam. If stones are to be had they may be crushed or broken and used for the first or foundation layer, but sharp gravel is necessary for the finishing coat. Only the best coments should be used.

VALUE OF FANNING MILLS.

Improvement in live stock and grain farming is the order of the day. Antiquated ideas have no room in the brain of the progressive farmer of the twentieth century. When land is worth $100 per acre we must get more out of it than when it is worth only a tenth of that amount. To do this we must adopt modern methods and must work within the laws of nature. Like produces like. This is a principle well established. If we sow poor seed we need not expect to raise a good crop any more than we would expect to raise a good calf from a poor cow bred to a poor bull.

We have to-day a large number of excellent fanning mills on the market capable of so grinding our grain as to make it possible to separate the poor kernels from the good ones and thus materially aid in keeping up the yielding power of our grains. The old theory that a variety necessarily "runs out" after a number of years has been exploded. The reason varieties deteriorate is simply because enough care is not exercised in grading the seed from year to year; the fanning mill is not used as much as it should be. This is a great mistake. Even if a fanning mill could be put to no other use than to thoroughly grade the seed each year it would be a great money-saving piece of machinery for the farmer.

Suppose a man raises 80 acres of small grain per year, and that he has gone to some expense in procuring good varieties. If he neglects to save the best seed each year his grains at once begin to deteriorate. In the course of five or six years their yielding power will have decreased fully five per cent.

Suppose we consider that this deterioration amounts on an average to 2.5 per cent. per year for the first six years. For 20 acres of wheat, 30 each of barley and oats, this would amount to an annual loss of 30 bushels of wheat, 45 bushels of oats and 30 of barley. At 75 cents per bushel for wheat, 25 cents for oats and 35 cents for barley this would amount to a yearly loss of $40.50. These figures are conservative, and the value of a fanning mill to the farmer is really more than this indicates. The improvement in varieties obtained from the use of a good fanning mill is clear gain, as the cost of seeding and harvesting will not be any greater.

FEEDING SKIM MILK.

Skim milk is the most valuable adjunct of the dairy, but many feeders do not seem to know just how to feed it for best results. Not infrequently it is poured into the pig trough clear. That will do for very young pigs, provided it is sweet, but for growing shoats much better results will be obtained if the milk is mixed with some kind of grain feed. Cornmeal and skim milk, at the rate of three or four pounds of milk to one pound of meal, makes one of the best balanced and most complete combinations for shoats than can be formulated. The meal is quite heavy and inclined to settle. It should be ground rather fine.

WHICH WILL YOU TAKE

Artificially colored and adulterated teas of China and Japan or

"SALADA"

TEA? Sold in native purity and deliciousness Black, Mixed or Green. By all Grocers.

Sold only in sealed lead packets HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

We have fed tons of skim milk to hogs with most excellent results, and have used several combinations. One that gave excellent results in making pork fast was wheat shorts and sweet skim milk mixed just so it would run. In connection with this protein slop we fed all the soaked corn the pigs would eat. We have been able on this kind of feeding, with pure-bred hogs, to make about fifteen pounds of gain from a bushel of corn, or, rather, from the price of a bushel of corn invested in milk, shorts and corn. The shoats had in addition to the above the run of clover pasture. Such results are rarely accomplished by swine feeders, but they show the possibility and value of combining feed coupled with good blood and careful feeding.

Unless plenty of corn is allowed the mixture of shorts and milk would not be as good as the cornmeal and milk mixture, because both the milk and shorts are highly protein in character. There would not be suficient carbohydrates and fat in the ration to properly balance it. But with plenty of corn in such condition that shoats can use it without getting sore teeth it makes a great combination.

With the advent of the farm separator farmers are enabled to get fine results from the best by-product of the dairy. They may feed the milk warm and sweet, almost fresh from the cow, and if mixed as indicated above, will make money for the feeder, provided he has well-bred hogs, feeds skilfully and keeps everything clean and wholesome.

CONCERNING THE HORSE.

Don't you know that sheaf oats makes a fine winter feed for horses?

The test hay produced on the farm is none too good for your faithful horse.

A horse-dictionary should be issued so that we could all get more horse-sense. We need more.

Horses should have exercise daily. Standing tied up with the halter day after day often causes trouble.

The horse needs water every day in the year, and more than once each day, and in winter as well as summer.

Horses need proper food in order to keep in good condition, and the ideal grain for horses is good oats.

See that the cracks in the barn are closed, and don't let the horse shake to get warm. Be more humane.

Don't put a frosty bit in the horse's mouth on a zero morning. The skin on the tongue is there for a purpose.

Watch the little things in horse-raising or the horse will be lacking in a greater thing. Keep your eyes open.

Use the currycomb and brush to remove the impurities which the system throws out, and also use them for looks.

Don't put the cart before the horse, and don't try to make the horse fit the harness. Adjust the harness to the horse.

Put some of that straw under your horses, and see if they do not enjoy it. Keeping the horse comfortable pays every time.

Has your horse a comfortable bed these nights? If not, see to it at once. Act just as quick as if your own bed was not comfortable.

Are you the owner of that horse? Are you ashamed of his keeping? Can you not improve in your method? These are only questions.

CONSUMPTION

Right food—right medicine—right time—these three things are of the utmost importance to the consumptive. Right food and right medicine—these are contained in

Scott's Emulsion

of pure cod-liver oil. Right time is at first sign of disease. Right time is now.

Scott's Emulsion always helps, often cures. Ordinary food helps feed. Fresh air helps cure. Scott's Emulsion does both. Begin early.

We'll send you a little to try if you like. Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAPAN.

An Early Russian Estimate of That Country.

In 1819 Captain Golovnin, of the Russian navy, wrote and published his "Recollections of Japan." In the light of present events some of the things he said are of peculiar interest. A few extracts follow:

"What must we expect of this numerous, ingenious and industrious people, who are capable of everything and much inclined to imitate all that is foreign, should they ever have a sovereign like our Peter the Great? With the resources and treasures which Japan possesses, he would enable it to become in a few years, the sovereign of the Eastern Ocean."

Captain Golovnin further said:

"However deeply a horror of everything foreign may be impressed on the Japanese and Chinese governments, yet a change in their system is not inconceivable; necessity may compel them to do that to which their own free will does not impel them."

That is just what has happened in Japan, and what is beginning to happen in China. And further:

"This might lead them to build ships of war on the model of those of Europe: these ships might increase to fleets."

How strikingly this prediction has been fulfilled by Japan, Russia and the world know, while China is now planning to build a navy.

"All the inventions of Europe might gradually take root in Japan, even without the creative spirit of a Peter, merely by the power and concurrence of circumstances. The Japanese certainly would not be in want of teachers if they would only invite them."

Japan did adopt the inventions, not only of Europe, but of America also, and she is using them every day. Her power of absorption of things foreign is almost beyond calculation. Japan did send for foreign teachers in all departments, paid them well and made good use of their knowledge. The splendid educational system of Japan will stand for all time as a monument to the work of the foreign school organizer and teacher. In closing, this early writer said:

"I therefore believe that this just and upright people must not be provoked."

Here this writer of nearly a century ago was startlingly prophetic, as China found out in 1895 and as Russia is now learning, to her cost and humiliation.

LIVE LIKE A HORSE.

A Doctor's Advice to the Owner of a Stock Farm.

That sounds rather strange advice. The moral comes out in the following story:

A physician once visited a model stock farm. He found the stables models of cleanliness and sanitation; every device which could make for these two ends was in practice, and the result was perfection. The air was sweet and fresh; not a particle of dust was to be seen.

The head-groom then let him into some of the secrets of management. The horses were (he said) fed regularly, exercised regularly, groomed regularly, given the most wholesome food in strictly necessary proportions. They were consequently fit to run for their lives.

The doctor inquired after the head of this establishment, the man through whose care these admirable results were achieved. He was ill in bed.

Going to see him, the doctor found that this man, so wise in the care of his animals, never dreamed of applying the same principles to his own body. His room was badly ventilated—he would never have allowed one of his horses to dwell in such an atmosphere—he confessed that he took his meals irregularly and hastily, sometimes eating too much, sometimes too little, and took no regular exercise.

The doctor advised him to treat his own body just as he treated his horses. And the advice is eminently sound.

A man should look upon his body not as himself, but as something belonging to him. A possession to be taken care of just as he takes care of his dog, his hat, or his coat. Draw up regular, scientific rules, and keep to them. Good health will follow.

THE CZAR'S DISCOURAGEMENT.

"It's no use," said the Czar, dejectedly.

"What's the matter now?" asked his chief adviser.

"Providence is helping the Japanese. Didn't you see the story of an earthquake having thrown up another island for the Japs right in the middle of their archipelago?"

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

SOME FORGOTTEN REAL LOVE STORIES.

How Famous Fighters of Long Ago Wooed and mon Their Wives.

Caesar, Louis XIV., Frederick the Great, Marlborough, Hannibal, Nelson, Napoleon, Moltke, Skobeloeff—the love interest in each case different. This man lawless in his loves, like some old Frank conqueror descending upon the peace of Italian cities; that man correct and proper, turning from the carnage of the battlefield to the quiet domesticity of the home with the calmness and propriety of a commercial traveller.

From an English standpoint, the love-story of John Churchill, the first and great Duke of Marlborough, is the prettiest. His first chance in life, it is true, was owing to the levity of his sister Arabella; but without this backstair influence the greatest English general of modern times must have won for himself a niche in history.

THE "TERMAGANT DUCHESS."

He was a curious mixture of the infinitely great and the infinitely little. Macaulay declares of him that he was capable of any treachery. He was the meanest of men, yet upon the battlefields of Ramillies and Malplaquet he sat on his horse the serene conqueror; and in his own love-story his conduct was altogether beautiful.

His wife was that famous Sarah Jennings, the favoirite of Queen Anne, the "termagant duchess:: whose scourging tongue and paroxysms of rage will go down to all time. But Marlborough bore with her furies and her sarcasms with a sublime love that outstripped the devotion of Nelson to his Emma (Lady Hamilton), or Napoleon to Josephine Beauharnais. On the morning of Blenheim he received a letter reviling him about some trivial unpleasantness which had overtaken the duchess. A member of his staff who watched him reading it saw this "marble" duke drop a tear upon the crossly scrawled lines of an angry woman, and then fold the letter reverently and place it in his breast. His clear brain reasserted its sway. He won his battle, and when it was over he sat down and wrote—not to his sovereign, but to his "termagant" wife—the most beautiful letter that any husband has ever penned to any wife. Behind the tumult of the battle, he declared, he saw her face. All he asked was to be back with her in his own home, to live with her in peace for the rest of his days.

NAPOLEON'S LOVE STORY.

What a different love-tale is that of his great adversary, Louis XIV.! The "grand monarch" was not, of course a famous fighter in the sense that Frederick the Great and Napoleon were, but at least he inspired his generals, and was the titular commander at more than one great battle which turned out badly for his arms. To his wife he was always faithless. His mistresses were numerous, and naturally disputable. Where they did not rule him through love, they ruled him through his bigotry. It is an ugly picture, and not one to linger over.

Cold-blooded as was Napoleon in his dealings with the likes of men, he had the Italian's susceptible heart where women were concerned. His real love-story was his first marriage with Josephine Beauharnais. He was a young general of artillery at the time of his marriage, and though her influence as the quondam widow of a good Republican served him in good stead while he was winning victories in Italy, he spent many jealous days and nights away from her during this period of early conquest. She joined him in Italy, and once more this uxorious young Caesar of modern times was transported to his seventh heaven of delight. All their married life Josephine had immense influence over him. She was the woman he loved best even after the divorce.

That divorce was rendered necessary in his eyes because there was no other hope for him to found a dynasty. Yet it was carried through to the accompaniment of his tears rather than hers. The evening on which he made up his mind to this fatal step—fatal so far as his domestic happiness was concerned—he retired from an Imperial ball almost before it had begun, and spent hours weeping in his chamber. Nor could he be comforted until Josephine—the wife whom he had now made up his mind to divorce—had put aside all her ballroom finery, and come to him. And for the remainder of that night, while their guests were dancing, this unhappy emperor and empress mingled their tears.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

His heart was a large one—he had many mistresses. The one he loved best was indubitably the Polish Walensky, who remained faithful to him until the very end. Their relationship began at Warsaw when Napoleon entered that city as a conqueror. Brutal as Napoleon always was upon these occasions, the woman had a soul that could recognise greatness. In his darkest hour, when his wife Louise had deserted him, this woman, whom, according to all our notions of right and wrong, he had wronged, came back to comfort him. With Josephine she shared his loving remembrance till death closed his eyes.—London Answers.

NATURE'S MINIATURES.

On the shores of British Columbia, says Conway MacMillan, grow some remarkable examples of dwarf trees. They are found among the rocks close to the seashore, but beyond the reach of the surf. Among those examined was one about a foot tall, which had a trunk one inch in diameter. The rings of growth showed it to be 98 years old. Another, less than a foot tall, was 86 years old, and the age of a third, which had attained a height of less than 24 inches, was 68 years.

HEALTH

WORK MORE—REST MORE.

A well known nerve specialist has given it as his opinion that more women go into nervous prostration as a result of idleness than of overwork. "It is a rest from petty worries," he said, "that women most need, and this they can give themselves. The woman that does the least usually has more worries than the woman who works."

The physician further says: "A woman has wonderful powers of endurance when it comes to great things. She can work and support her family, if need be; she can bear grief with heroism; she can come out of hardest work and heaviest sorrow with health unimpaired, but she cannot stand the little things, the mole hills that grow to mountains when she has nothing to do but to think of them, without suffering a nervous collapse."

"When she has no trouble, no real responsibility, no work to do, she builds up bug-bears and then turns them loose to return and frighten her.

"For the woman who is on the verge of nervous exhaustion I can advise nothing more helpful than work. Not a mere dipping into something that may or may not be done but the taking up of some real and congenial occupation, the neglecting of which will mean loss and failure. Take up something that means duties which will not only fill up the time, but absorb the interests. Women who have nothing to do have too much time to indulge their imaginations. They make up some horrible thing that has never happened to them and probably never will, and really worry about it more than they would if it had already come to them.

"To be sure, business women break down, wear out, and often have to give up their work. It is not work itself that wears them out. It is rivalry or competition, which means strain. If the woman who works would forget that there is such a thing in the world as 'getting ahead' of somebody, she would be more successful and far more healthy. Where there is strain and the spirit of rivalry, there is neither good work nor rest. At the time of rest the woman worries. All the time she is working she is dividing her time and strength, giving part to her work and part to her worries. The result is, that she neither works nor rests.

"More work and more rest is what woman needs. Idleness will never solve the problems of the nervous woman. When woman works well and rests well she will be a well woman."

HYGIENE OF THE EARS.

The essential organs of hearing are placed at a depth of an inch or more beneath the external opening of the ear, in a crevice within the hardest, strongest bone of the skull. In this fact we find a suggestion of their delicacy and need of protection. But notwithstanding this protected position, disease rarely begins within the inner ear independently of exterior influences.

In addition to the external opening, there is another passage to the ear, known as the Eustachian tube. It pases from the pharynx, the upper part of the throat, directly into the middle cavity of the ear, just inside the ear-drum. Air is forced through it by the act of swallowing, and thus the drum is inflated. Disease of the middle ear, the common cause of deafness, generally arises from obstruction of this tube by adenoids or the extension through it of catarrhal inflammation, fluids or bacteria. The use of the nasal douche is always attended with risk on this account, and the practice of diving, into either fresh or salt water, often proves injurious by permitting the passage of water directly through the nostrils and Eustachian tube. When suppurtion has been established in the middle ear, it is particularly dangerous on account of its liability to involve the so-called mastoid cells, small cavities in the bone, and to extend from them to the brain, with the production of meningitis.

Disease of the middle ear is indicated by deafness, abnormal sounds, and especially by pain. Earache should never be disregarded. Pouring warm oil or glycerine and laudanum into the ear and the application of heat afford temporary relief, but permanent damage may be permitted to occur through the neglect of other treatment. When pus begins to flow from the ear the pain ceases, but the discharge signifies that the drum membrane has been perforated. Young infants often suffer needlessly from unrecognized earache, although they distinctly manifest the pain by persistent crying and tossing the head, and by stuffiing the hand into the mouth or holding it to the region of the affected ear.

The forcible entrance of cold water during sea-bathing often causes inflammation; hence a wad of non-absorbent cotton or wool should always be inserted before entering the water. Injury is often inflicted also by attempting to remove accumulated ear-wax with such instruments as hair-pins. It should be remembered, however, that a trivial injury, as by pulling or boxing the ears, sometimes reveals, when it does not cause deafness, and may throw unjust censure on the one who inflicted the punishment.—Youth's Companion.

Snow, even in the tropics, never melts, but remains continuously all the year round above a height of 16,000 feet; in colder climes the "snow line" is much lower than this.

HEALTH IN SPRING.

Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid; you may have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia occasional headaches, a variable appetite, pimples or eruptions of the skin, or a pale, pasty complexion. These are certain signs that the blood is out of order. The only sure way to get new blood and fresh energy is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, rich blood—they are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills clear the skin, drive out disease and make tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Mr. Neil H. McDonald, Estmere, N. B., says: "It gives me great satisfaction to state that I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all that is claimed for them. I was completely run down, my appetite was poor and I suffered much from severe headaches. Doctors' medicine did not give me the needed relief, so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used only a few boxes when my former health returned, and now I feel like a new man."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not only the best spring tonic, but are a cure for all troubles due to poor blood or shattered nerves. That is why they cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism, anaemia, kidney and liver troubles, and the special secret ailments of women and growing girls. But you must get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BEINGS HIGHER THAN MAN

Sir Oliver Lodge Speaks to London Workingmen.

Sir Oliver Lodge recently went into the East-end of London and lectured to an audience of workingmen at the Toinbee Hall Settlement on "The Reality of the Unseen." By the unseen, said the lecturer, he meant those things which did not directly appeal to the limited senses. The ant's view of life in its particular way probably was quite as wide as ours. The ant knew nothing of man and the higher animals, and in the same way the lecturer felt that we were not the highest things in the universe.

"If you once grant that there is a race anywhere else higher in intelligence than we are," he said, "you have granted everything. The worm in his world is as oblivious of man as man is of superior intelligences. If the dome of St. Paul's were the sun, the earth relatively would be a football in a position represented by this platform. The planet Jupiter would be at Brighton and the nearest fixed star would be twice as far away as the moon. The light of one of those fixed stars, that at the tail of the great bear, was equal to 2,000 of our suns. That star is one out of 500,000,000, and we are the people that inhabit one of the little dark lumps that circulate around one of those stars; and we creep upon the surface of this little dark lump, called the earth, and deny that there is anything in the universe higher than man. We should realize the universe is not an end but a beginning; that the present is only a transition between what is past and what is to come."

A GUARANTEE TO MOTHERS.

There is only one medicine intended for use among infants and young children that gives mothers a guarantee that it is free from opiates and poisonous soothing stuffs. That medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. Milton L. Hersey, M. Sc., public analyst for the Province of Quebec, and demonstrator in chemistry for McGill University says:—"I hereby certify that I have made a careful analysis of Baby's Own Tablets which I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreal, and said analysis has failed to detect the presence of any opiate or narcotic in them." These tablets cure all minor ailments of little ones, such as teething troubles, simple fevers, colds, constipation, diarrhoea, colic and worms. They make little ones sleep naturally because they remove the cause of sleeplessness. They are a boon to all mothers and no home where there are young children should be without a box of Baby's Own Tablets. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LOOK AT THE MOON.

A clear moon indicates frost.

A dull-looking moon means rain.

A single halo around the moon indicates a storm.

If the moon looks high, cold weather may be expected.

If the moon looks low down, warm weather is promised.

The new moon on her back always indicates wet weather.

If the moon changes with the wind in the east, then shall we have bad weather.

If the moon be bright and clear when three days old, fine weather is promised.

When the moon is visible in the day-time, we may look forward to cold days.

When the points of the crescent of the new moon are very clearly visible, frost may be looked for.

If the new moon appears with its points upward, then the month will be dry; but should the points be downward, a good deal of rain must be expected during the three weeks.

Fashion ...Talk

The corselet skirt continues to be a noticeable feature of present-day fashions, and so also does the princess robe.

Patent leather, calfskin, brown leather and gun metal kid—a leather with dull, black finish—are the materials for the walking shoes, but calfskin has a less loyal following than in other seasons, even in the sphere of the outing and heavy walking tie or boot.

Very dashing are the black and colored tulle hats on braid foundation. The shapes approximate to the small, short-back sailor, and the tulle is put on in huge ruches and rosettes.

A chic bit of new-fashioned neckwear is a soft handkerchief linen stock laid in three folds and overworked with a very fine white braid in a conventional design.

A tailored coat and skirt of linen is a practical thing if thoroughly shrunk before making and well tailored, though the cheap coat and skirt of linen are likely to be distressing objects after their first tubbing.

The short skirt is not only "the" thing, but the very short skirt is worn by slender young matrons of the smart set. These skirts clear the ground by five inches, and sometimes more, but it must be confessed that instead of the sensible and trim military-heeled, heavy-soled walking shoe, they often wear the French heeled, thin-soled creations that at first glance make the largest feet appear small and the small feet positively too tiny to walk on.

None of the new spring dress fabrics have made more of an impression than the checked and figured voiles. These beautiful fabrics are being made up into street and house gowns in all kinds of simple and elaborate models. They are not made into shirt-waist suits to any great extent, but show quite a degree of elegance in their style.

For the black hat, which is an indispensable part of the wardrobe to many women, nothing is more satisfactory than fine tulle and quite as becoming. Transparent black is better suited to most faces than solid black.

Of shirt waist frocks in linen there is no end, and many of the prettiest are fashioned from robe patterns, embroidered in open work or English embroidery. In very fine material and design these, of course, come high, but surprisingly good patterns may be found at moderate prices.

LIKE OLD CRINOLINE.

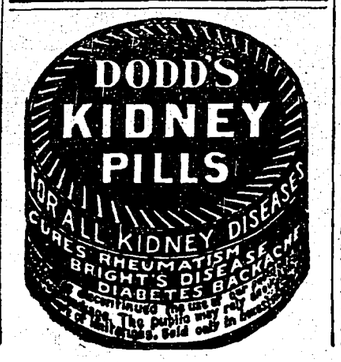
Fashionable women in London will wear during the summer of 1905 something very closely akin to that monstrosity of bygone days—the crinoline. So large, indeed, are the quantities of wire and steel used by fashionable dressmakers in the manufacture of the new spring skirts that there is some justification for the reported return of the dread crinoline.

Under the skirt is an elaborate frame-work of wire and whalebone, very suggestive of the crinoline. This produces the full and outstanding effect now aimed at by the leading French dressmakers.

"In Paris quantities of wire and steel are absorbed in the making of all skirts of thin material," said a well-known court dressmaker. "For a full ten inches below the waist the skirt must fit like a glove, and this effect can only be obtained by the use of a whalebone encasement. Nine steels—about 7½ feet—in the upper part of a skirt is an ordinary allowance, but in the case of plaited skirts, every plait may require to be held in place by five whalebones, and in order to accelerate the straight line from the bust to the waist, which is a great feature of the new styles, a broad band of steel is inserted in the bodice. A single row of whalebone at the hem, about eighteen feet, insures the skirt standing out, and above this are inserted several rows of wire, the quantity varying according to the texture of the material. In the case of a thin voile or crepe de chine dress from 108 to 150 feet would be necessary."

SUNDAY LETTERS.

The Belgian Post Office authorities have hit upon rather a good idea. Every postage-stamp has a slip attached to it which may or may not be used at the option of the person who posts the letter. This slip is worded to the effect that the communication to which it is attached is not to be delivered on the Sunday. On all stamps of every denomination this notification is to be found, and the consequence is that there is growing up in Belgium a tendency in the direction of having no letters or newspapers—for newspapers are mostly delivered by post—on the Sunday.



DID THEIR DUTY IN EVERY CASE

HOW DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS BANISH PAIN IN THE BACK.

Cured Mrs. Jas. Murphy and Everyone Else She Recommended Them To.

River Gagnon, Que., April 24—(Special).—No complaint is so common among women as Pain-in-the-Back. It is a safe estimate that fully half the women in Canada are afflicted with it. For that reason every evidence that there is a sure and complete cure in existence is thankfully received. And there is abundant evidence that Dodd's Kidney Pills is just such a cure. This district could furnish a dozen cures, but one is enough for an example. The one is that of Mrs. Jas. Murphy. She says:

"I suffered for thirty-eight months with a pain in my back. I took just one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I have never been troubled with the pain since. I also recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to other people, who complained as I did and in every case the Pills did their duty and brought relief."

"BRUISERS" BY THE DAY.

Protectors For Hire at a London Boxing School.

There now exists in Bethnal Green an establishment where professional fighting men may be hired by timorous souls who desire "protection," says the London Express.

Naturally, this emporium for the supply of "bruisers" is not openly advertised, and those who wish to secure the services of a pugilist have to proceed by devious paths.

Armed, however, with satisfactory credentials, a representative of the Express called on the proprietor of the business—a gentleman of extremely pugilistic appearance. At first the purveyor of "bruisers" was inclined to be reticient, but presently he took the representative of the Express into his confidence.

"You would be surprised," he said impressively, "to know how many members of Parliament come to me for 'protection' during election time. They simply inform me, through their agents, how many men they need to secure their safety at meetings, and so forth, and I send down suitable men by train. When the general election comes we shall have our hands full, and not a man to spare.

"Again, young gentlemen of the nobility, who have got into awkward positions and are likely to be blackmailed, seek my aid. If the man to be feared is a big man, I send a big man; if he is a little man, I send a little man; so that when it comes to the fighting there is no question of bullying.

"All that my man requires is to be shown the man he has to deal with. He brushes against him in a bar or in the street; there is trouble—and there you are.

"For this sort of job our prices are very low, ranging from 5s. to £1, but, of course, there are some branches of the business which come more expensive.

"For instance, many bookmakers have two or three of my men always attached to them. Often, too, my lads are employed in law cases when witnesses have been intimidated. I have supplied them both to plaintiff and defendant.

Something More Than a Purgative.—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

DIDN'T KNOW THE ROPES.

Ezra Fox Thought He'd Try One of the Big City Hotels.

"I went up to the city Saturday," sez Ezra Fox, a'borrowin' a crackin' match from a friend. "I thought that jes fer fun I'd try a big hotel, you see, an' so I walked on into one—no more uf 'em fer me. The first blamed thing, a soldier boy run up an' grabbed my grip, an' would a' stole it, but, you bet, I landed him a clip. He fell a'sprawlin' on the floor a'shakin' like a leaf. I hung onto that grip an' sez, 'Git out, you little thief.' Well, then I ast 'em fer a room. A feller sez, 'Well, we ud like to have yer name in ink.' I sez, 'Not much—not me. I've dealt with sharks an' sech before. Oh, I'm a wise old goat—I know yer game—you want my name to put onto a note.' The clerk he smiled an' I got sore. I turned around right quick an' got me straight on out uf there. The thievin' gang looked sick. I hiked down to the depot, friends, where things, I knowed, wus right, an' took a seat right by the door an' slept there through the night. I tell you what, they ain't no doubt," sez Ez, "that them hotels is full uf sharks an' thieves that's dressed like soldier boys an' swells. I'm goin' to keep away from 'em. They're crooked ez can be. I'll always take the depot, friends. It's good enough fer me."

REMARKABLE MEMORY.

A wealthy South London omnibus proprietor who takes a great interest in his horses is in the habit of personally christening each by name, and, although it sometimes occurs that he does not see an animal for over a year, he never fails at once to remember its name. As he is the owner of 500 horses this may be acknowledged as a remarkable feat of memory.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

Japan is fifty times smaller than Russia in superficial area, and her total population is about one-third that of the Russian Empire.

Some persons are more susceptible to colds than others, contracting derangements of the pulmonary organs from the slightest causes. These should always have at hand a bottle of Bickles Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the present day sovereign remedy for coughs, catarrh and inflammation of the lungs. It will effect a cure no matter how severe the cold may be. You cannot afford to be without a remedy like Bickle's, for it is the best.

"I don't care how severe a cold is" said the man who was not suffering from one, "I can get rid of it in one day." "So can I," replied the man who was carrying three pocket-handkerchiefs; "but suicide is repugnant to me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

William—"There's one thing about Miss Charming's house I don't like." Arthur—"What's that?" William—"Her father."

Stop the Pain but Destroy the Stomach—This is sadly too often the case. So many nauseous nostrums purporting to cure, in the end do the patient immensely more harm than good. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are a purely vegetable pepsin preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs, 60 in a box, 35 cents!—40

The population of Russia in Europe is a little more than twice that of the United Kingdom, despite its enormous superiority in size.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c

DISARMING THE GODS.

How the Far Eastern Boys Prepare for School.

Among the eastern nations the beginning of school life is a critical time for the child. The priest or astrologer must be consulted to choose a lucky day. Every precaution must be taken to avert the jealousy of the gods, whose malice is especially directed against a fine boy.

The Chinese father who adores his son will take the utmost pains to convince the powers of the air that the boy is of no account. The child may be given a despicable name, like flea, or Chu-tze, a pig, or, more insulting still, he may be given a girl's name. The boy may be started off to school wearing a girl's dress and one earring, and if the deception is complete this will be the most effectual of all, for even the gods do not care for girls in China.

The Japanese schoolboy wears hanging from his belt a little red bag, containing a brass tag, with his name and his parents' name and address upon it. He must have his paper umbrella and his fan, and, in a gay bag upon his arm, is a jar of rice for his luncheon. This quaint little fellow has probably made his offering at his own private shrine to Tenjinsen, the god of penmanship.

When the Hindoo boy has found an auspicious day to begin school, he is taken to the god of learning, Sarasvati. Here the little supplicant presents his offerings of rice and betelnuts, and repeats the letters of the alphabet after the priest. Thus is he entered into the ways of knowledge in the very presence of the god.

"I heard you make use of the word 'jackass,' sir. Did you apply it to me?" "No, sir, I didn't. You don't think you're the only jackass in the world, do you?"

HONEST CONFESSION.

A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no fairer set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly confession of the fact.

A case in point is that of an eminent practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up:

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all muchly advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads.' of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food till last winter.

"While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the ruddiest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons. I became exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eructations (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits as lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does. I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts that I have been for 10 years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

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

A CLEVER ADVERTISEMENT

May induce you to buy and try a packet of

Blue Ribbon

TEA. But after that it's **UNVARYING GOOD QUALITY** will succeed in holding your trade.

TRY THE RED LABEL.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA—BLUE RIBBON'S IT

Patience—"He really must have a soft spot in his heart for me." May—"How do you know that?" Patience—"He says he is always thinking of me." May—"But you know a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head."

Halloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Head of Foreign Trade Office—"Where would you prefer to go as our agent?" Young Traveller—"Well, if possible, where the natives are vegetarians."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stiffes, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Butterflies are so numerous in Uganda that they may be seen covering the ground in dense white or yellow clumps.

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

The Norwegian lakes sometimes freeze with such rapidity that it is possible to cross them on ice formed in a single night.

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Hojack—"Why are you consulting the dictionary? I thought you knew how to spell." Tomdik—"I do. I am not looking for information, but for corroboration."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

"What? Fell downstairs! How did it happen?" "Why, you see, I started to go down, and my wife said, 'Be careful, John!' And I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman so down I went."

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. 50 cents.—41

Wife (reading)—"This magazine says that handsome men are proverbially disagreeable." Husband—"But, my dear, I'm sure I try my best to be pleasant at all times." England

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

"I see that you have shut off all the gas in your house and are using nothing but candles. What is that for?" "Merely out of curiosity. I want to see if it will make any difference in my gas bills."

BEST EXCURSION TO NEW YORK

Goes via Lackawanna, April 29th. $9.00, Round Trip from Buffalo. $9.00. Full particulars, A. Leadlay, Toronto, or Fred P. Fox, Buffalo, N. Y.

The area of the groups of islands of which Japan is composed is about two-thirds greater than that of Great Britain.

HORSEMEN, READ THIS.

I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year, and consider it the VERY BEST for horse flesh I can get, and would strongly recommend it to all horsemen.

GEO. HOUGH,
Livery Stables, Quebec,
95 to 103 Ann St.

MALAYAN TREE DWELLERS.

The sakais, or tree dwellers, of the Malay Peninsula build their houses in forked trees a dozen feet above ground, and reach them by means of bamboo ladders, which they draw up when safely housed out of harm's way. The house itself is a rude kind of shack, made of bamboo, and the flooring is lashed together piece by piece and bound securely to the tree limbs by rattan. These curious people are rather small and lighter in complexion than the Malays, though much uglier. They have no form of religion at all—not even idols—no written language and speak a corrupt form of Malay.

Stump and Tree Pullers

Self-anchoring and Stump-anchored. Something new. Pull an ordinary stump in 1½ minutes. 1 to 5 acres at a setting. Different sizes to suit all kinds of clearings. For illustrated catalog address

Powerful, Handy, Low Priced.

Milne Mfg. Co. 975 Ninth St., Monmouth, Ill.

CARPET DYEING and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 158, Montreal.

TWO SELECT HALF SECTIONS IN Saskatchewan, near new railway, for sale, cheap; easy terms; might exchange for city or farm property in Ontario. H. Graham & Son, 43 Victoria street, Toronto.

A ROYAL BOOKLET.

The Grand Trunk Railway System are distributing a very handsome booklet descriptive of the Royal Muskoka Hotel, that is situated in Lake Rosseau, in the Muskoka Lakes, "Highlands of Ontario." The publication is one giving a full description of the attractions that may be found at this popular resort, handsomely illustrated with colored prints of lake and island scenery, the hotel itself, and many of the special features that may be found there. It is printed on fine enameled paper, bound in a cover giving the appearance of Morocco leather, with a picture of the hotel and surroundings on the same, and the crest of the hotel embossed in high relief. A glance through this booklet makes one long for the pleasure of Summer and outdoor life, and copies may be secured gratuitously by applying to any Grand Trunk ticket office.

Mount Everest in the Himalayas—29,002 feet—is the highest mountain in the world; Ben Nevis is 4,406 feet.

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

"Money talks." "Does it? The only thing I ever heard it say was 'Good-bye!'"

The Governor's Wife a Prisoner.—Mrs. Z. A. Van Luven is the wife of the governor of the county jail, Napanee, Ont., and was a great sufferer from rheumatism. When the best doctors in the community and "specialists" failed to help her, she buried her sceptism of proprietary remedies and purchased South American Rheumatic Cure. 4 bottles cured her.—42

Miss Plane—"Now, get as pretty a picture of me as you possibly can." Photographer—"Never fear, ma'am; when this is touched up you won't know yourself."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

Abstracted Schoolmaster—"I have been seriously thinking of punishing you, Timson, as you have invariably been behind before, but you have arrived earlier of late, and this morning, for a wonder, at last you are first."

Pains Disappear Before It.—No one need suffer pain when they have available Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. If not in the house when required it can be procured at the nearest store, as all merchants keep it for sale. Rheumatism and all bodily pains disappear when it is applied, and should they at any time return, experience teaches the user of the Oil how to deal with

Mrs. Stubb—"It is remarkable how many things that patent medicine pedlar claimed his remedy would cure." Mr. Stubb—"Yes; he was about to tell me it would cure a ham, and I set Towser on him."

Speechless and Paralyzed.—"I had valvular disease of the heart," writes Mrs. J. S. Goode, of Truro, N. S. "I suffered terribly and was often speechless and partially paralyzed. One dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave me relief, and before I finished one bottle I was able to go about. To-day I am a well woman."—43

Complaint is made of the men because they do not take their wives flowers as they did in their courting days. But every woman knows that if her husband brought home a costly bouquet she would tell him it would have been more sensible to have brought home a new teapot or a ham.

Coughing is an outward sign of inward disease.
Cure the disease with

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

and the cough will stop.
Try it to-night. If it doesn't benefit you, we'll give your money back.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can. 307

ISSUE NO. 16—05.

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, JUNE 8, 1905.

ROUGH LUMBER VS. ROUGH TREATMENT

The HERALD has throughout endeavored to be consistent when discussing the duty on lumber, or in other words the protection of Canadian capitalists and workingmen generally against the encroachments of producers in the United States, who do not hesitate to slaughter the Provincial market, whensoever there is an over-production south of the boundary. Over and over again we have quoted from the promises made, or representation that promises had been made during the general election, that should Liberal candidates be returned, a conference would take place at Ottawa and western grievances in this particular be redressed. He who runs can read and has read what followed: a shameless and shameful violation of pledges. Not a member from British Columbia has so far raised his voice upon behalf of interests all professed to hold dear when seeking the votes of the people. Scores of missionaries travelled through Kootenay and Yale-Cariboo urging the electors to vote for Messrs. Galliher and Duncan Ross. Scores of Conservative lumbermen misled by specious misrepresentations went over to the Government side, and certainly the few Conservative lumbermen who remained steadfast, find vindication in the position of affairs to-day. Not only has nothing been done, not only has the Government violated every inferred pledge, but then supporters openly taunt the lumbermen and ride rough shod over every argument put forth to sustain the contentions of those who were cajoled into surrendering their opinions, interests and confidence to the keeping of the tricksters at Ottawa. Now the Winnipeg Free Press comes to the rescue, a mere grovelling, pliant apologist for its masters at the Capital. That newspaper—and it is an influential publication — denounces "Industrial Canada," a Toronto journal for pleadwith the Manitoba farmer "to look at matters from its point of view and to extend reciprocal sympathy to an industry as vital to British Columbia as wheat is to Manitoba, and the two provinces now on the threshold of entering Confederation, the Free Press says:—

"We take it that there is no likelihood of any tariff tinkering being done at this session of parliament and if parliament runs along until August or September, as it now gives signs of doing, THERE MAY NOT BE SUFFICIENT TIME in the parliamentary recess to enable the Tariff Commission to make that searching enquiry into trade conditions, which should precede any readjustment of the tariff."

We ask, could hypocrisy and double dealing go further than this? Tariff Commission, forsooth! Has not the Government long ago received petition after petition, details after details, representation after representation, from all the leading lumbermen of this Province, setting forth their grievances and praying that a duty of $2.00 per thousand upon rough lumber and 30 cents per thousand upon shingles, imported into Canada from the United States, be imposed? Have not mills closed down; are not loggers and others interested in getting out timber being thrown out of employment—and would not the position have been more than serious had the demand for lumber across the border not improved? "No time for a Commission!" Why so? Does the Government contemplate deception again? Is the jury to be a picked one selected to do the dirty work of partisanship, and to report that the lumber business in British Columbia is improving and was only depressed because of depression in Washington state—fully recovering when normal conditions prevailed? It certainly bears that coloring. Apart from this, why should a commission not sit during a session of Parliament? If the Government were sincere, mere political hacks or prejudiced ministers would be the last selected to render a fair and unbiased verdict. The very fact that the session is a lengthy one, should have prompted Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues to expedite the investigation and deal with during this parliament. But no the lumbermen can sit and draw cheques and bite their finger nails now. They succumbed to a tempting bait in November last, only to find it turn to ashes in their mouths. And of such is the kingdom of Laurierism!

THE "SOLID SEVEN" AND RAILWAY INTERESTS

The loud-mouthed advocacy of Mr. James Hill's interests, by Mr. Duncan Ross, M.P., has naturally enough not only awakened suspicion in the minds of those who desire the progress of the whole of British Columbia, but has created a storm of denunciation so far as he is concerned. The Nelson Tribune, in a lengthy article, furnishes indubitable proof that Mr. Duncan Ross deceived the House of Commons; that he spoke from a text furnished by the Great Northern Railway authorities and that he has become the bond slave and "touter" for a foreign railway as opposed to the Canadian Pacific. The Tribune tears the argument, or rather bold assertions of Mr. Duncan Ross, into shreds, and leaves him in a position so far from enviable, that even his most ardent supporter would be inclined to pity him. The Vancouver Province, a Liberal newspaper, does not scruple to reproduce the condemnatory arraignment of Ross, under the caption "Canadian Towns are Depopulated." It also prints a map in support of the contention—while the "solid seven" from British Columbia pander to a rival enterprise. Why do all except Ross remain dumb—dumb as oysters, and just as much out of season? Are they to betray British Columbia in railway matters as in lumber?

THEY WILL FAIL.

Ontario Presbyterianism proved that it could not be used by the dignitaries who sought to utilize the denominational enthusiasm of Presbyterianism for the benefit of Hon. G. W. Ross.

Ontario Presbyterianism will form its own opinions upon the school question without the help of Rev. Dr. Bryce, Rev. C. W. Gordon and other trimmers who are attempting to school their "fathers and brethren" in the beauties of coercion.

Sir Charles Tupper attempted to coerce Manitoba in 1896 amid a chorus of approbation of such religious and scholastic dignitaries as the late Sir William Dawson, who spoke in the name of Presbyterianism, and of Rev. Dr. John Potts, who spoke in the name of Methodism.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is attempting to coerce the West in 1905 amid a chorus of approbation from such dignitaries as Rev. Prof. Bryce and Rev. C. W. Gordon, who say peace, peace, in the name of Presbyterianism.

Abler men than either Prof. Bryce or Rev. C. W. Gordon tried to hold Ontario Presbyterians in line for the iniquities represented in the life of the G. W. Ross Government.

They failed, and is it probable that the lightweights of the church will be able to do for the iniquities of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy that which the heavyweights of the church could not do for Hon. G. W. Ross?—Toronto Telegram.

The Steel Car

An instructive experiment was made a few days ago to demonstrate the relative indestructibility of the steel railroad car. A collision was arranged, and the cars survived an impact delivered at a speed of forty miles an hour. Of course an actual collision under ordinary conditions might have produced different results, but the experiment proved two things at least: First, that a steel car will bear a tremendous shock without breaking up, and second, that it presents far less inflammable surface to feed the fire that so often follows in the wake of a wreck. Some of the American roads have built steel cars for the accommodation of mail clerks, whose usual position in the first section of an express train is little less perilous than that of the fireman and engineer in the cab. Other railroad companies are likely to follow this example at once, and it seems inevitable that in course of time the steel car will be employed universally on trunk lines. This change will greatly reduce the loss of life annually credited to collisions, and while the initial expense to the transportation companies will be heavier, they will be counterbalanced by the longer life and the greater structural stability of the steel car, and also from the reduction on the number of damage suits due to accidents. The steel car cannot be made strong enough to resist perfectly the shock of all collisions, that it will not telescope as readily as the wooden car, and while it may crumple somewhat under terrific pressure, it cannot splinter. These two advantages make its ultimate adoption everywhere a certainty.—Free Press.

Will do it Well.

NEW WESTMINSTER, June 3.—In reply to a request from the management of the Dominion fair to have the superintendent of education take charge of a school exhibit which it is proposed to have at the great National Exposition, which opens here on Sept 27, Mr. Alexander Robinson, superintendent of education, announces the appointment of Supt. Eaton of Victoria, to be assisted by a committee of all the school superintendents in the province.

Mr. Robinson writes:—"The department is anxious to make the education exhibit one of the most attractive features of the fair, and in order to do this a space at least 50x100 feet should be available. If the management can see its way clear to this the department will guarantee to make the educational exhibit one of the very best at the Dominion fair."

Manager Keary says the required space will be alloted and that the prizes will be made satisfactory to the department of education.

An Age of Inventions.

The greatest discovery of the age, just made after ten years of hard and contiuous study, with an outlay of over a quarter of a million dollars, is "Artificial Daylight," invented by D. McFarlane Moore, of Newark, New York. Further information concerning this marvelous discovery can be gathered from the "Marconigram," a 20th century scientific magazine, printed by Munroe's Publishing Co., of New York, which affords valuable data on this subject to its readers.

THE HONORED DEAD.

Accompanied by six delegates to the seventh biennial convention of Railway Trainmen just held at Buffalo, the mortal remains of one of Kamloops' most esteemed citizens, conductor D. W. Stevens, whose death was announced last week, arrived here yesterday morning. A few weeks ago he left to attend the convention when that body was called to order. The day preceding his death he was at his post as usual, but that night he did not sleep and the next day, Friday, felt too nervous and unstrung to be able to attend. At 12 noon he was seen by delegate T. Mitchell, of Vancouver, and went to lie down in his room at Castle Inn. An hour later Mr. Mitchell went to ascertain how he was then feeling, but as there was no response to a knock at the door, concluded he was sleeping. A few minutes later Fourth Vice-Grand Master W. T. Newman went to Mr. Stevens' room and found him in a dying condition, the end coming a few moments afterwards.

Word was conveyed to the convention of the sad news and an adjournment was taken for the afternoon, a committee consisting of E. H. Cooke, Moose Jaw, chairman; R. Walmsley, Nelson, J. C. Ward, Winnipeg, B. Van Horne, Revelstoke, E. P. Wrye, Brandon, and T. Mitchell, Vancouver, to make necessary arrangements and to escort the remains to Kamloops. On Saturday afternoon, the day after his death, the remains laid in state in convention until its close, when Grand Master Morrisey delivered an oration over the deceased delegate, an oration which moved to tears every man present. The grand master, who is a speaker of great power, paid tribute in the warmest terms to the worth of the deceased and stated that not only had the brotherhood lost a valued brother, but he himself had lost a close personal friend.

At the close of the oration the brotherhood funeral service was read by D. L. Cease, editor of the Trainmen's Journal, and the remains were escorted to the station by 600 delegates, the cortege being over half a mile in length.

The death of D. W. Stevens was the second to occur during the convention, the first being that of G. W. Gudmanson, delegate from Aurora, Ill., this being the first occasion in the history of the organization that a death took place at any of their conventions.

The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon from the family residence at half past one, the service being held in the Presbyterian church. The escort already named will act as honorary pall bearers and members of A. E. Elliott Lodge, No. 519, will be pall bearers. Every railroad organization will be represented. It is expected that there will be representatives from outside lodges also present. The remains are enclosed in a beautiful casket, solid oak, hand carved, the brotherhood doing everything in their power to show the high esteem in which the deceased was held by them, a sentiment shared by the railway men and residents generally of this city. The merchants have arranged to close their stores during the funeral service hour tomorrow.—From the Kamloops Sentinel of June 2nd.

The Price of Salmon

The Fraser River salmon-canners will at an early date confer with the representatives of the British Columbia Fishermen's Union relative to the prices to prevail on the river this coming season. As announced on Monday, the fishermen at a meeting held last Saturday at New Westminster decided to ask for 12½ cents from July 10 to August 25—the whole season.

What the canners will offer will be either twelve cents for July and ten cents for August, or else a straight 11 cents for the whole season. The matter of limit to be placed on the fishermen during the heavy runs of this, the big year, is one which is likely to cause a certain amount of discussion between fishermen and canners before an agreement is reached.

This season there will be several independent canners operating on the Fraser River, but their prices will likely be governed and be the same as those set by the Fraser River Canners' Association.

For Sale or to Rent

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

DANGER OF KISSING.

Although Delightful Some Think It a Sure Path to Disease.

Kissing! Its dangers! Its delights! Ever since the daughter of a queen of tenderness kissed her child and, contracting diphtheria, left motherless her family of babies, girls have been warned against kissing.

But it is a natural instinct. Breathing only is equally necessary with this, the soft expression, the wordless song of love.

To prohibit it would deprive this existence of one of its few delights. It would disinherit the unfortunate proletarians, who, possessing little else, have yet this capital, this power, this poy, which in a moment's contact makes them the envied of the cold, unloved, the unloving Midas.

Lord of Millions! Yet without love he is without that which, though the ecstasy be but for an instant, lifts mortality to paradise and makes man believe in immortal bliss.

Therefore, as one who at least remembers her joys, I pray that no voice be so potent as to annihilate kissing. It is the mother's last tender prayer, left as a seal upon the lips, the cheek, the brow of her child.

It is the prayer of forgiveness of innocent sinners, the unspoken sympathy with a broken heart, the pleading with the straying, the encouragement to the disheartened.

So distinctive is it in character that its tender breathing on a stranger's brow will, like a magician's wand bring back "how dear to his heart are the scenes of his childhood," and many an eye hard with the bitterness of frozen tears has brimmed over with the dew of penitence at the touch of holy, piteous lips.

But as the greatest good in misure becomes the weapon of foul evil, rather than prohibit kissing let a means be suggested whereby the hungry for this, the magic touch of youth, may in a measure be fitted for its enjoyment, and not in ignorance do ill to any, even the least of the little ones.

First the kisser. Let the kisser read and learn from the wisdom, the facts that the microscope has given to students.

The teeth, at whose roots is found a deposit called tartar, if scraped off this deposit will sometimes be found in a state of decay. And the substance if placed under a powerful microscope will be found to be, at least in part, a mass of moving life.

It is not necessary for any disease to be in the mouth, throat or any part of the body for the breath to be foul, and odors are as sure an indication of danger as plain is the physician's guide to the location of disease.

The simplest remedy for this dangerous condition of the teeth and this unpleasant malodorous breath is the application of precipitated chalk.

Used several times per day for diseased teeth and gums, washed off with water and applied before sleep, the unconscious swallowing of the salivia carrying some of the chalk will not only ameliorate the unhealthy condition of the gums but arrest decay of the teeth. It will also improve the condition of the stomach, and thus, if there be no cancerous root or inflammation of the throat and intestines, relieve the dangerous effect of a kiss.

Mothers should learn that the cleanliness of a child's mouth is more necessary to health than a clean face. Even cleanliness of the body is less powerful in effect than cleanliness of the gums. The free use of a toothbrush, not too hard, with equally free use of precipitated chalk, will so accustom a child to the freshness of a pure mouth, allied to the moral thought of pure words coming therefrom, that the result will not only be more healthy kissing but more healthy living.—Mrs. George Spencer, in N. Y. Eve. World.

Making Artificial Precious Stones

To meet the growing demand for artificial jewelry the process of making "precious stones" has become greatly improved within the last few years, and its further development has enlisted the service of some of the most skillful chemists.

The material chiefly used is glass, but it is not the ordinary glass of commerce. It is prepared with the greatest care by highly skilled artisans, for upon its clearness and perfect homogeneity depend the quality of the imitation gems, which are far superior to the cheap grade of counterfeits that rely on silver backings for their lustre.

This glass can only be made from absolutely pure quartz, or, better still from rock crystal, as quartz frequently contain minute veins of iron, which would impair the clearness and color of the glass. The bicarbonte of potash and the oxide of lead which are mixed with it must also be chemically pure. Other ingredients of less important are borax, which promotes the flux, and small quantity of arsenic.

The best glass for imitation gems consists of rock crystal, 32 per cent; bicarbonate of potash, 17 per cent; and a trace of arsenic. Carefully prepared by competent hands, oxide of lead, 50 per cent; borax, 1 this mixture produces a grade of glass which in brilliancy and iridescence yields little to the genuine diamond itself, and these qualities may be further enhanced by the substitution of potassium for the bicarbonate of potash and an increase of the quantity of oxide of lead used.

Stones carefully made by this process can only be distinguished from the genuine by experts. This is true, however, only so long as they are new, for imitation gems wear off, become blind and lose their fire with age, and it is to remedy these defects that the efforts of chemists are now directed.

Opaque gems, like the turquoise and the opal, are made from glass whose transparency is destroyed by the addition of oxide of zinc after pulverization. The color of the turquoise is produced by means of oxide of copper and cobalt.

Advertise in THE HERALD.

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

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD

Carpets Linoleums Oilcloths

FURNITURE

Sewing Machines Heintzman Pianos

R. HOWSON & CO., FUNERAL DIRECTORS, 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.

IMPORTERED AND WHOLESALE DEALER.

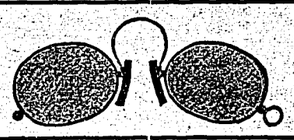
Manufacturers of Aerated Waters

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

GET YOUR EYES EXAMINED FREE

A large variety of Glasses always kept in stock here

Try a pair on —we guarantee a perfect fit.



If you require anything in Jewelry it is here for you.

A complete stock of the right class of goods.

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.**

TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY.

The Forging of the Daisy Chain.

Mr. Travers, pretending to rinse plates in the river Thames, looked perpetually toward Miss Daisy Middleton, industriously engaged in packing dishes.

"Don't you think I might take you out in that canoe?"

"But canoes are so unsafe. Perhaps if Miss Maltby would come with us it would be steadier."

Mr. Travers saw light in the unkindness and willingly sacrificed a victim.

"Without in any way wishing to deny the merits of Miss Maltby," he said, "she would add more than a featherweight. Besides, in adopting an invention like canoes from the Choctaws, one must conform to their custom."

"Which is?" asked Miss Middleton.

"Based on the tribal motto, 'Two's company.' The canoes were constructed accordingly and only hold two."

"Then there would not be room for Mr. Congreve?" she asked.

"I fancied he was making daisy chains," said Mr. Travers.

Now, if Miss Middleton had been averse to the voyage this foolish remark would have left Mr. Travers solitary. But she was not. She suffered herself to be constrained—not too readily.

"A girl I knew," said Mr. Travers, thoughtfully, "used to tell me that she was quite nervous until she had tried a canoe, but in the end she thought them otherwise. She even wanted to get engaged in a canoe."

"Did you gratify her wish?" asked Miss Middleton with a rush of dignity.

"I should like to know your opinion of a boat as a popping place," he persisted.

"Suppose," she said, "the man wanted to go down on his knees—just to emphasize his wishes—that would set it rolling, to begin with.

Mr. Travers was willing to entertain that supposition.

"Then suppose the girl said 'No?'"

Mr. Travers preferred not to suppose anything unpleasant.

"Still, if she did," said Miss Middleton, "the man would start up in a very bad temper and begin stamping about."

Mr. Travers was positive that no man would be guilty of such conduct.

"Then, again, if the girl didn't say 'No,' she would probably expect"——

"What?" asked Mr. Travers.

Miss Middleton had unfortunately forgotten the sequence of her sentence.

"But I must know, Daisy," he said earnestly. He ceased to paddle and the canoe began to roll. "Would she expect"——

Continuous was the rolling of the canoe.

"We shall be over, I'm sure," said Miss Middleton—"please—yes—yes—yes"——

"At any rate the man expects——" said Mr. Travers, and the rolling continued.

When some time later the canoe returned to the meadow from which it started the voyagers were grieved to perceive the tea was already almost finished.

"You shouldn't have been making daisy chains, Congreve," said Mr. Travers irrelevantly.

"What does he mean?" Mr. Congreve appealed to Miss Middleton for a solution.

Mr. Travers has also been making daisy chains," she said.—The King.

Worshipped as a God in China.

To worship a dead American as a god, to make a pilgrimage to his shrine, to hear tales of the miracles enacted there—all this is possible in China, where a joss-house stands over the grave of Frederick T. Ward, who created the Ever Victorious Army to which Gordon afterward owed his fame.

Ward, the Yankee soldier of fortune, was the only foreigner ever deified in China. He won this sacred regard by his military genius, for to him more than to any other individual was due the crushing of the Taeping rebellion—that bloody convulsion which for years devasted the richest provinces of China and cost millions of lives.

He was born in Salem, Mass., in 1823, and from boyhood sought desperate adventures. Balked of a West Point education, he went to sea. At the outbreak of the Crimean war he joined the French army, but after his arrival at the front he had a quarrel with his superior officer and was allowed to resign.

After taking part in Walker's filibustering expedition again Nicaragua, he shipped as a sailor on a vessel bound for China.

He reached Shanghai in 1859. The city was in a panic. Chung Wang, the greatest of the Taeping Generals, had reached Sung Kaing, eighteen miles away. The foreign powers were doing nothing. In despair the merchants of Shanghai proclaimed a reward of $200,000 to any body of foreigners who would drive the Taepings from Sung Kiang.

Ward presented himself to the chief merchant and entered into a contract by which he was to receive the entire reward if he should raise a force and capture Sung Kaing.

He gathered under his standard 100 European and American sailors, and in the face of great difficulties marched on the enemy. In a pitched battle before the walls of Sung-Kiang he drove back 6,000 Taepings, but retreated when another force attacked his flank.

On his next expedition from Shanghai he was reinforced by a body of imperial Chinese troops, whom he designed to use for holding the places won by himself and his soldiers of fortune. This time he captured the city, although outnumbered a hundred to one.

The only reverses he encountered were in two successive attempts to capture Sing Po while the defenders were commanded by an Englishman named Savage. In the first assault Ward was injured in the jaw.

Brought to trial by the foreign Consuls of Shanghai for violating the neutrality laws of his country, he escaped by swearing that he was no longer an American citizen, but a Chinese subject.

He met a heroic death in a pitched battle near Ning Po. Shot in the stomach while leading a charge, he refused to leave the field, but remained, like Wolfe, to urge his men on to victory.

The Chinese buried him in the Confucian Temple, which was a unique honor for a foreigner. A shrine was reared over his grave and declared miraculous. Some years later the Peking government proclaimed him a god.

Subscribe for 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

J. B. Cressman

THE ART TAILOR

Watch This Space

Next Issue

J. B. Cressman

THE ART TAILOR

The Gardener Told Them.

A party of young men and women were bicycling along a country road. It was a sketching class, and every ye was wide open for an artistic subject. Suddenly the whole party dismounted with various exclamations of delight and surprise.

Just within the fence on the left grew innumerable graceful stalks, each bearing aloft globes of pale green that shaded into gray and purple.

"How enchanting!" said a young woman.

"How decorative!" said a young man.

"Just what we are looking for," said the teacher, a full-fledged artist.

A gardener was standing near at hand.

"Do tell us," cried a girl, "what those beau-oo-tiful things are."

"Which?" replied the gardener.

"Why, those," said the girl.

"Them," said the gardener, with a chuckle. "Them's onions gone to seed."

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for School-house," will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Monday the 12th June, 1905, for the erection and completion of a two-room frame school-house at Arrowhead, B. C.

Plans, specifications, contract and forms of tender, may be seen on and after the 2nd June, 1905, at the offices of the Government Agent, Revelstoke, and of W. R. Reid, Esquire, Secretary of the School Board, Arrowhead.

Each proposal must be accompanied by cash or an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the undersigned in the sum of $250, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so. The cash, cheques or certificate of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract. The successful tenderer will be required to furnish a bond, himself and two sureties in the sum of $1,000 each, for the due fulfillment of the work contracted for to the satisfaction of the Honourable the Chief Commissioner. Upon the execution of the bond the cash, cheque or certificate of deposit above mentioned will be returned to the contractor.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, and signed with the actual signature of the tenderer.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands & Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 31st May 1905.

NOTICE.

South African War Land Grant Act

GRANTS of land made to Volunteers, their heirs or assigns, under authority of this Act, are subject to the condition that such lands shall have been selected by the grantees on or before the first day of July, 1905. Notice is, therefore, hereby given that applications for such lands must be filed at a Government Office by that date.

R. F. GREEN,
Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 26th May, 1905. 1m

LEGAL

SCOTT & BRIGGS,
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Solicitors for Molsons Bank.
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.

DR. MORRISON
DENTIST
Office—Lawrence Hardware Co. Block—Upstairs

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.

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

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

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

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date we intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 160 acres of land situate on Upper Arrow Lake, West Kootenay District, described as follows:

Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Upper Arrow Lake at the corner of Lot 1139, Group 1, and marked "Arrowhead Lumber Company's south-west corner post," thence east along the north boundary of Lot 1139 80 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 50 chains more or less to the shore of Upper Arrow Lake, thence southerly and following the shore line of Upper Arrow Lake to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th May, 1905.

ARROWHEAD LUMBER COMPANY, LTD.

J 1

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 3rd day of July, 1905, at 2.30 p.m. at the office of the Revelstoke and McCullough Creek Hydraulic Mining Company, Limited, Imperial Bank Block, Revelstoke, B. C., I will offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder for cash 500 shares numbered 72641 to 73140 both inclusive, now standing in the name of Hansen E. Smith on the books of the Revelstoke and McCullough Creek Hydraulic Mining Company, Limited, being the shares comprised in certificate No. 61 issued by said Company and that such sale is advertised by order of the Board of Directors by reason of said shares being in default on account of non-payment of calls or assessments thereon amounting to the sum of $150.00 duly made and demanded, and now unpaid.

GEO. S. McCARTER,
Secretary to said Company.

Dated May 30th, 1905.

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 situate in West Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post planted at A. McLeod's south east corner, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted at J. T. Fanner's south west corner, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

F. H. YOUNG.

Commencing at a post planted at A. McLeod's south west corner, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

D. CAMERON.

Commencing at a post planted at D. Cameron's south west corner, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

W. R. REID.

Commencing at a post planted at W. R. Reid's south west corner, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated April 22nd, 1905.

my4 J. T. FANNER.

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 East Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "T. Kilpatrick's south east corner post" and planted on the side of the old Wood river trail about five miles east of the Columbia river, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the place of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "T. Kilpatrick's north east corner post" and planted on the side of the old Wood river trail about five miles east of the Columbia river, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the place of commencement.

3. Commencing at a post marked "T. Kilpatrick's north west corner post" and planted on the side of the old Wood river trail about five miles east of the Columbia river, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the place of commencement.

4. Commencing at a post marked "T. Kilpatrick's south west corner post" and planted on the side of the old Wood river trail about five miles from the Columbia river, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this twenty-ninth day of April, 1905.

my11 T. KILPATRICK.

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 or 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

Tenders for Timber Limits

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Wednesday, 14th June, 1905, from any person who may desire to obtain a lease, under the provisions of Section 42 of the "Land Act," for the purpose of cutting timber therefrom, of a timber limit situated on Barriere Creek, North Thompson River, known as Lots 1,357, 1,358, 1,359 and 1,360, Kamloops Division of Yale District, and also Lots 244, 245 and 246, Cariboo District, situated on Blue River and Mud Lake, tributaries of the North Thompson River, containing in the aggregate 1,028 acres.

The competitor offering the highest cash bonus will be entitled to a lease of the limits for a term of 21 years.

Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque, made payable to the undersigned, to cover the amount of the first year's rental ($262.00), and the amount of bonus tendered, and also a certified cheque for $1,500.00, being the cost of cruising and surveying the limits. The cheques will be at once returned to unsuccessful competitors.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands & Works
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 18th May, 1905.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following retail liquor licence applications have been received for the Revelstoke Licencing District:

C. P. R. Co., retail, 6 months, Glacier House, Glacier.
W. H. Morris, retail, 6 months, Windsor Hotel, Illecillewaet.
John Caley, retail, 6 months, City Hotel, Arrowhead.
W. J. Lightburne, retail, 6 months, Union Hotel, Arrowhead.
J. Cameron, retail, 6 months, Lake View Hotel, Arrowhead.
J. H. Young, retail, 6 months, Queen's Hotel, Comaplix.
Wm. Hamilton, retail, 6 months, Lardeau Hotel, Comaplix.
Wm. Boyd, retail, 6 months, Beaton Hotel, Beaton.
J. H. Currie, retail, 6 months, Reception Hotel, Camborne.
John Thew, retail, 6 months, Eva Hotel, Camborne.
M. J. O'Brien, retail, 6 months, Coronation Hotel, Camborne.
John Ennest, retail, 6 months, Criterion Hotel, Camborne.
Dave Orr, retail, 6 months, Cemborne Hotel, Camborne.
Thos McNaught, retail, 6 months, Halcyon Hotel, Halcyon.
Mike Grady, retail, 6 months, St. Leon Hotel, St. Leon.
John Hector, retail, 6 months, Grand Hotel, Nakusp.
Wm. Lovatt, retail, 6 months, Kootenay Hotel, Burton.
R. F. Perry, retail, 6 months, Goldfields Hotel, Goldfields.

And further take notice, that the regular meeting of the Board of Licence Commissioners for the Revelstoke Licencing District, will be held at the Windsor Hotel, Illecillewaet, on Thursday, the 15th day of June, 1905, at the hour of 1:30 in the afternoon, to consider said applications.

By Order.

R. A. UPPER,
Chief Inspector.

Dated at Revelstoke this 1st day of June, 1905.

Advertise in The Herald.

Subscribe for The Herald.

THE UNION HOTEL

W. J. LIGHTBURNE, Manager.

NEWLY BUILT AND FURNISHED
STRICLY FIRST-CLASS

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED ITH 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.

FOR SALE

—At a Bargain if Sold This Month—

ONE RESIDENCE

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

A GOOD RANCHE

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

WHEN YOU WANT

A HACK

NIGHT OR DAY
RING UP

Telephone No. 27

STAND AT UNION HOTEL

Jno. M. McCallum

HOBSON & BELL

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS

Fresh and Complete Line of Groceries.

FANCY CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY

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

TRY OUR WHOLESOME

White and Brown Bread Scones and Buns

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

A. E. BENNISON,
Mackenzie Avenue.

The British Columbia Employment Agency

In connection with Agencies at

VANCOUVER, SEATTLE
CALGARY, WINNIPEG
AND EASTERN CITIES

All kinds of help supplied on shortest notice.

LUMBERMEN'S HELP A SPECIALTY

Applications promptly attended to. Office Queen's Hotel Block. P. O. Box 248.

R. H. ROGERS, - MANAGER
Revelstoke, B. C.

THE CALGARY MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

Dealers in and Manufacturers of Marble and Granite Monuments, Cemetery Fencings, Mantlepieces, Tablets, Butchers' Slabs, Candy Slabs, Imposing Stones, etc.

Prices the lowest, for best material and workmanship.

The largest Monumental Works in the Northwest Territories.

The Somerville Co., Props.,
CALGARY, ALTA.

R. Howson & Co., Agents,
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

CITY LIVERY STABLES

First-class Livery and Feed Stables, Saddle Horses. Single and Double Rigs for Hire on Reasonable Terms. Turned out lean and Neat.

DRY WOOD FOR SALE

Orders left here for Firewood promptly filled. Dry Fir, Hemlock and Cedar.

Chas. Turnross, Prop

HOTEL VICTORIA

One of the best and commodious hotels in the City. . . . . .

Free Bus meets all trains

Hourly Street Car.

Fare 10 Cents

W. M. Brown, Prop. Front Street

Queen's Hotel

COMAPLIX

Best brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Travellers to Fish Creek will find excellent accommodation at this Hotel.

CHIEF YOUNG, - - Proprietor

Call and See Our Scotch Tweeds

Before you place your Order for a Fall Suit.

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

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

G. A. SCOTT, - Mackenzie Avenue

HARK! I HEAR THE HERALD

Yes, that reminds me that I did not send that order of Printing I was intending to. Now here I am out of Bill Heads, Letter Heads and in fact everything. It would not look business-like for me to write my letters on Wrapping Paper.

MOTTO: Never let your Stationery run out."

DOES UP-TO-DATE PRINTING!!

At Moderate Prices.

Jas. I. Woodrow BUTCHER

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

All orders promptly filled.

Corner Douglas King Streets. REVELSTOKE, B.C

PELLEW-HARVEY, BYANT & GILMAN
Mining Engineers and Assayers,
VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1890

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

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

VANCOUVER, B. C.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

20th Century Business College

VICTORIA, B. C.

SHORTHAND
TYPE WRITING
TELEGRAPHING
BOOKKEEPING
PENMANSHIP

A thorough business training. Arrangements for Boarding Canadian Pupils.

NORTON PRINTZ, Principal

Revelstoke Corresponding Secretary
C. S. DENT

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.

Wood for Sale.

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

ROBERT SAMSON.

A Comedy In Mourning

I.

A stout, red-faced man was seated at the table next to ours; a corpulent, vulgar-looking individual, with bleared, watery eyes, and a large, shiny bald head. The man disgusted me. He carried with him an air of such complete satisfaction and smug pomposity that I inwardly marked him down as a hypocrite and a humbug. He was "Bumble" incarnate, only he had exchanged his parochial uniform for badly-fitting evening-dress.

"Awful-looking creature sitting next to us!" I whispered to my friend.

Sir Charles Sauve turned round, glanced at the man idly, raised his eyebrows, and the two nodded to one another.

"I apologize for what I said," I whispered again; "I had no idea that he was a friend of yours."

"Only an acquaintance. Not exactly beautiful, is he?" answered Sir Charles.

Sir Charles relapsed into silence, and the subject dropped.

Presently we heard the hoarse voice of a newsboy screaming through the streets, "Assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius in Moscow; latest details; official."

The fat, red-faced man immediately ordered the waiter to bring him a paper, and, looking over his shoulder, I noticed that he paid no attention to the account of the Grand Duke's murder, but was engrossed in the sporting columns.

"Your friend doesn't seem much interested in politics," I said to Sir Charles.

"Doesn't he? Then he's a wise man."

"But this assassination is a terrible thing. It seems that more will follow."

"Probably. I have lost all interest in such matters."

"Since when?" I asked, with a laugh, knowing that my friend had been for years embroiled in the secret matters of State.

"Since the murder of Prince Nicholas—some ten years ago."

"Yes, I remember—terrible, wasn't it?"

"Very amusing, I thought it," answered Sir Charles, with a slight twinkle in his grey eyes.

"Amusing! Why?"

"Because I was in Warsaw at the time."

Sir Charles knocked the ash off his cigar and called for some more coffee, and told me the story:

Some ten years ago (he said, in his quiet monotone), I was engaged on certain matters in Warsaw. Officially I was an English tourist, busy collecting materials for a book on the Polish people, but I may tell you in confidence that I had to perform some other duties of—of a—well, a private character. One of my duties was to know everything that took place in and about Warsaw. I knew a great many things that were not generally known at the time, and never will be known to the public. I know that Prince Nicholas, who was loathed and hated throughout the length and breadth of Poland, owned a private house in one of the suburbs of Warsaw. I knew that he used this house as a retreat when there seemed more likelihood than usual of the people putting their openly-expressed threats of murder into execution.

I discovered, one evening in October, 1894, that his hiding-place had become known to his enemies. I called on him at once, and he received me very civilly for a Russian prince—that is to say, he treated me as something between a dog and a harmless lunatic. He raged and stamped about the room, kicked some of the furniture to pieces, and swore that I was mistaken.

"I must tell your Imperial Highness again that this house has been discovered by the Revolutionaries, and that you are henceforth a marked man in Warsaw," I said obstinately.

He consigned me to the nether regions, and told me in plain English that I was a liar.

I left him and his house in rather a bad temper, but before leaving the street I noticed that the house immediately fronting the one occupied by Prince Nicholas was empty. This looked rather serious, and before the next morning I had a key to the empty house in my possession.

As soon as night fell I left my hotel and slipped into the empty dwelling-place. I examined the rooms and offices with scrupulous care, and found nothing to excite my suspicion. At the same time I was determined to keep a close eye on the old mansion, as it afforded an ideal place of concealment for a would-be murderer of Prince Nicholas. When I closed the front door I silently inserted a tiny whalebone pin in the crevice between the door and its frame. If the door was opened the pin would be disloged, and I should know that somebody in my absence had entered the house. I managed affairs so well that the house was taken out of the hands of agents, and was no longer advertised for sale. Thus anyone entering it did so with an ulterior motive.

All went well for three days. Every night I made it my business to walk through the street and examine the door, and the head of my whalebone pin was fast becoming discolored with dust. I began to think that things were not so serious as I had imagined them.

Meanwhile, the conduct of Prince Nicholas can only be described as insane. He caused it to be officially announced that he was living with only two servants in the retreat opposite to the empty house, and the announcement naturally caused a flutter of excitement throughout Warsaw. Also, he developed a habit of reading and going through his papers every evening in a front room looking out into the street. On these occasions the room would be ablaze with electric light, and the head and shoulders of the prince were perfectly silhouetted on the window-blind. Such conduct as this you may well say was suicidal.

Still, everything remained quiet, and the prince wrote me a joking letter, in which he laughed at my fears and expressed the conviction that he was the best-loved man in Poland and Russia. I put the letter into a curio box, and replied with five words—a lull before a storm.

II.

Then came the night of the catastrophe.

I left my hotel as usual, and I walked briskly in the direction of the prince's residence.

There he was, as usual, seated by the window, and apparently engrossed in his books and papers. The room was brilliantly lighted, and his large head was perfectly silhouetted against the window-blind. I looked at him, cursed his imprudence, and crossed the road to the empty house. I felt along the crevice of the door for my pin. It had gone.

I recognized the significance of this in an instant. Someone had opened the door and had entered the house during my absence, and my pin had been dislodged from its position and was now probably buried deep in the snow.

I glanced up hastily at the prince's residence opposite. There he sat, nodding over his papers, and evidently completely unconscious of his danger. I stepped back into the roadway and looked up at the windows of the empty house. What I saw sent the blood running chilly through my veins.

The bottom of the second-floor window had been opened about two inches, and through this tiny aperture, pointing straight at the prince opposite, was thrust the nozzle of a gun. In an instant I had bounded up the steps of the old house, thrust my key into the lock, and flung open the door. I stumbled blindly forward in the darkness, and the door slammed behind me.

As I reached the first landing I lurched forward with a cry of horror on my lips. The deafening report of a rifle-shot rang out through the silence of the night, and I heard the sound of splintering glass.

I had come too late. The unknown murderer had accomplished his task. I felt that Prince Nicholas was a dead man. I was too excited to think of personal danger, and with a wild heart sprang madly up the stairs.

In the darkness I stumbled again. The door of the second-floor front room was flung open upon me, and the concussion nearly knocked me off my feet. The next moment the revolver was wrenched from my hand. A huge form flung itself upon me and dragged me, panting, to the landing floor.

The murderer had closed with me. I was fighting in the dark with an unknown miscreant, who I felt would think more of a pinch of snuff than taking my life. One of his great hands was on my mouth, but I gripped him firmly round the body and we rolled over and over together in the darkness.

Even at that moment, when my life hung upon a thread, I heard the hoarse shouts of a crowd rising to us from the street, and I knew for a certainty that Prince Nicholas had been murdered.

I remember wondering why the assassin did not make use of the revolver which he wrenched from my grasp. My brain seemed to be on fire, my heart thumped desperately against my breast, and my eyes strained in their sockets.

Then I lost consciousness. Darkness crowded into my brain, and I felt that I was dying. The giant hands round my throat never relaxed their awful grip for an instant, and I felt the life being squeezed out of my body.

My senses were cleared by the splutter of a match. Hardly realizing whether I was alive or dead, I dragged myself up to a sitting posture. A face peered at me through the darkness, and I sank back into unknown arms, transfixed with terror and amazement.

I was in the arms of Prince Nicholas himself.

Outside in the street I could dimly hear the people shouting that Prince Nicholas was murdered, but the man himself was before me in flesh and blood.

"Not a word," said the prince, with a grin.

"But what does it mean? What has happened?" I gasped in wonderment.

"It means that I am dead; that I have shot myself. I will explain everything, only you must keep quiet. You nearly spoilt everything with that shooter of yours. If it had gone off we should have been discovered. Now, I believe you know that I am—or, rather, was—the best hated man in Russian Poland. My life was not worth a minute's purchase. I knew this and determined to end it—to end the horror of an existence blighted by the prospect of imminent death. I knew sooner or later I should be assassinated, so I determined to do the business myself. I took the mansion opposite the empty house for that purpose. Every night I placed a wax dummy of myself by the window of my second-floor room for the same purpose. But nobody shot my dummy, although I waited for over a week, and at last I was obliged to do the thing myself. My two servants are in the secret; my head is supposed to have been smashed by a rifle-bullet; and in a few days the body of a Russian peasant, who died this morning, will be interred with Royal honors. That will be the funeral of Prince Nicholas—and I shall attend the ceremony in a private capacity."

"But—but what do you propose to do now?"

"To live at my ease as a private gentleman in that sleepy-headed country called England."

The crowds were still shouting out in the streets when the "dead prince" let me out of the old house through a back entrance. Next day Russia was in an uproar; Europe also. I attended the funeral with the prince's two faithful servants. As we looked at one another we almost winked, and it was rather difficult to keep a straight face when we saw the prince himself, standing with bowed head, amongst the crowd of onlookers. That is my little story.

* * * * * *

Sir Charles Sauve drank up his coffee and relit his cigar.

"Shall we go to a theatre for an hour?" he said, with a yawn.

"Yes, I don't mind."

As we rose to leave the restaurant the hideous red-faced man, who was seated next to us, nodded to my friend again.

"What a dreadful-looking creature!" I whispered, as we walked out.

"As I said, he is not beautiful," answered Sir Charles; "but the newspapers used to call him very handsome when he was Prince Nicholas—of Holy Russia."—London Answers.

DOGS AND DEER.

Travellers' Adventure in the Wilds of Siberia.

The strength of heredity, both in wild and in domesticated animals, is brought into clear light by an incident related in a recent book, "In Search of a Siberian Klondike." The authors of the book were travelling by dog-team through the wilds of Siberia.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the dogs suddenly broke into a swift run, and we knew they had scented something that interested them. We soon perceived that we had struck a deer train, and that we were nearing an encampment. We turned a bend in the road, and there, a hundred yards ahead of us, we saw the cause of the dogs' excitement.

A team of reindeer were running for their lives. Their Tungus driver was lashing them with the whip, and was urging them with all his might, for he knew as well as we that if our dogs overtook them before the camp was reached, we seven men would be utterly powerless to prevent the dogs from tearing the deer to pieces. Our driver put on the brake with all his might, but it had not the least effect. The fourteen dogs had become wolves in the turn of a hand, and no brake could stop them. There were many stumps and other obstructions along our way, and my driver had great difficulty in prevently a smash-up.

For a short time the deer held their own, and in fact gained on us; but before the yurta (village) came in sight we were gaining rapidly. While we were still at some distance the people of the village, warned by the cries of the dogs, comprehended what was the matter, and arming themselves with sticks and spears, came running toward us. As they came on they spread out in a fan-like formation across the trail. When the terrified deer reached the line, the men spread out and and let the team through, and instantly closed again to dispute the passage of our dogs.

Our driver was nowise minded to let the natives club his dogs, and perhaps injure the valuable animals, so he resorted to the last expedient. Giving a shout of warning to me, he suddenly, by a deft motion, turned our sledge completely over, landing me in a snow-drift on my head. In this position the sledge was all brake, and the dogs were forced to stop. They were leaping in their harness and yelling like fiends incarnate.

I sat up in the snow-bank and laughed. The other drivers had followed our example, and the struggling tangle of sledges, harness, dogs and men formed a scene that to the novice at least was highly ludicrous The drivers and the village people were belaboring the dogs, and the entire herd of reindeer belonging to the village was escaping in all directions up the hills.

The reader may well ask how the natives can use both dogs and reindeer, if the sight of a deer has such a maddening effect on the dogs. The explanation is simple. The two never go together. There is the dog country and the deer country, but they do not overlap. Confusion is often unavoidably caused by travelling with dogs through a deer country, but the natives do not take it in ill part, knowing that if they themselves have to travel with deer through a dog country they will cause quite as much inconvenience.

THIS MAY ASTOUND YOU!

If you want to appreciate simple arithmetic at its proper value, look at the following table:

1 time 9 plus 2 equals 11.
12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111.
123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111.
1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.
12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.
123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111.
1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111.
12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111.
1 time 8 plus 1 equals 9.
12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98.
123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987.
1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876.
12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765.
123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654.
1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876543.
12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98765432.
123456789 times 8 plus 9 equals 987654321.

About the ....House

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Roman Sauce.—Put one teacup of water and one of milk on the fire to scald, stir in a tablespoonful of flour and three well-beaten eggs. Season with pepper and salt, two ounces of butter, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil four eggs, slice and lay over the dish. Serve with boiled tongue, beef, venison, or fish.

Chicken Curry.—Singe and cut the chicken at the joints and remove the breast bones. Wipe, season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and brown each side lightly in hot fat. Put it into a stew pan. Fry one large onion, cut in thin slices, in the hot fat left in the frying-pan, till yellow, being very careful not to burn it. Mix one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of curry powder, and brown them in the hot fat, adding a little more if there is less than a tablespoonful. When well browned, add slowly one cup of water or stock, and one cup of strained tomatoes, or one sour apple, chopped fine. Add more salt and pepper, fine. Add more salt and pepper if needed. Pour this sauce over the chicken and simmer one hour, or until tender. Add one cup of milk or cream. Arrange the meat nicely on the middle of a large platter, with hot boiled rice for a border. Pour the sauce over the meat, and serve at once.

Potato Pastry.—Boil some nice, dry potatoes, and pass them when cold through a sieve or masher. Take three ounces of mashed potato, three ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Mix all well together, and then rub into it with the finger-tips three ounces of lard or good beef dripping. Add sufficient cold water to make it into a stiff dough, roll out, and use for pies, fruit tarts, puffs, etc.

Ham and Eggs with Rice.—First boil a teacupful of rice till tender, and dry before the fire till each grain is separated. Put a tablespoonful of bacon fat into a saucepan, add the rice, season with pepper and salt, and make hot. Put the rice, etc., on a hot dish, and arrange on it slices of fried ham. Place a lightly poached egg on each, and serve. Scatter finely-chopped parsley over all, and you will have a very dainty-looking dish.

To Make Preserved Ginger.—Place the quantity of root ginger you require into boiling water every night and morning for fifteen days; then remove the outside skin with a sharp knife. Boil the ginger slowly in water till quite tender, and cut in lengths. Prepare a syrup of one pound of sugar to every half-pint of water, clarify it, and put the ginger in it: Boil till clear. Allow the preserve to get quite cold before placing in jars.

Lemon Curd—Take two lemons and six ounces of loaf sugar, rub the sugar on the outside of the lemons till the zest is all removed and only the white pulp remains. Put the sugar into a basin and add the strained lemon-juice. Take four ounces of butter and make it hot in a basin on the stove, then pour it on the sugar and work with a spoon till thoroughly dissolved. Gradually add four eggs to this mixture. Lastly, add as much cold boiled potato as will make the "curd" of a nice consistency.

Potted Rabbit may be made a very savory course as follows: Take a nice fresh rabbit, remove the liver, kidneys, etc., and stew in a little stock with one onion stuck with cloves, a carrot, some celery, and a few allspice. When the meat is quite tender, cut it small, and pound in a mortar with sufficient cooking butter to moisten it. Season highly with salt, cayenne pepper, a little mace, and, if necessary, a little powdered allspice. A few drops of anchovy sauce will help this relish, and should be thoroughly mixed. When all is pounded smoothly place in jars, press down, and cover with run butter. The bones and vegetables can have a little more water added to them, and will make excellent soup.

Brown Bread.—Weigh seven pounds of wholemeal flour, put it into a pan, and make a hole in the centre. Mix two ounces and a half of yeast with one quart of warm water, pour this into the pan, and with a spoon work enough flour into it to form a light batter; dust some flour over it, and set to rise for one hour near the fire. After this time the dough will have risen and the meal will be cracked. Then work in more water and a dessertspoonful of salt until you have kneaded all into a light dough and all the paste has worked off your hands. Set this to rise for an hour, covering with a cloth. Make into loaves and bake one hour. If this bread is browner than you like, put one pound of white flour to six pounds of wholemeal.

WAYS OF COOKING HADDOCK.

Did you ever have the bone removed from a small haddock and broil it over a hot fire, remove it from the broiler to a platter and cover it with a generous quantity of butter, salt and pepper? Just try it. It is an old-fashioned way of serving and was called broiled scrod, in the good old days. This way of cooking haddock was practiced more generally when the old-fashioned grid-iron was in vogue. If you are not fortunate enough to possess one of these handy articles, and do not wish to use a broiler, which is more difficult to manipulate, take a large iron frying-pan and heat it very hot, put a very little butter in it, just enough to keep the fish from sticking, but do not add any more during the cooking process. Your fish, if properly prepared at the market, will have been split lengthwise, all of the head part cut off and the bone removed. Dredge the fish with a little flour on both sides to prevent sticking, and cook it meat side down. If your fire is sufficiently hot it will brown very quickly; then turn it very carefully to prevent breaking, and finish cooking on the other side. Remove the two pieces of fish very carefully to a platter. Butter generously. Salt while cooking.

Baked haddock is very nice. The fish may be put in the oven in an open or a covered pan, with salt rubbed over it, and generous pieces of butter upon it, for those who from principle do not use pork. It may be stuffed, or not, as desired. About 40 minutes will usually bake a moderate sized fish. The water in the pan which has come from the fish will have absorbed some of the butter; if not enough, add more, with a little flour, and you have your gravy.

Haddock may be cut in a thick piece and boiled, like halibut, and it is very nice served with a sauce made by rubbing butter and flour smoothly together and adding hot water to it while stirring rapidly.

Haddock cut in small pieces, dipped in Indian meal and fried, is also very nice. But we wonder how many have ever tried beef fat instead of pork or lard to fry it in. It is sweeter and more wholesome than either, and if the flavor of the pork is desired, a slice or two may be used for that purpose.

ARRANGING FURNITURE.

To most housewives one of the delights of spring-cleaning is the opportunity it affords for giving the rooms a different appearance by the re-arrangement of the furniture. When every article, even the heaviest, has been moved out of its accustomed place, the inclination is strong to try their effect in different positions. The natural love of change is gratified, as if we had got a new suite of rooms. There are possibly several different arrangements which would be equally satisfying to the eye and to comfort. But in rooms of moderate size, having found the most suitable position for large objects such as beds, sideboards, bookcases, it is better not to make any change in these. One is sometimes surprised at the unnecessary, projecting awkwardness of, say, a wardrobe, and when the person responsible is asked why she put it there, she will probably reply, "Oh, I thought I'd like a change!" In carrying out our plans of alteration, do not let us overlook the comfort of the master, or, indeed, of any man of the household. The average man does not like to meet with change in the familiar objects of the rooms he lives in. The chair he likes best ought always to be in the same place. Do not from mere love of change, remove his book case, or shelf of books, or his pipe-rack, or the small table which holds his newspaper—not even to what one might consider a more appropriate place. The comfort of all the members of the household is the first consideration. Do not suggest removing a writing desk without the user's unqualified approval and consent. Having made concession to the material comfort and confirmed habits of the other members of the family, we may indulge our fickle fancy in the direction of picture-hanging. There are many of our own pictures with which we are little familiar, because they hang in rooms or in situations where we seldom give them more than a passing glance. A yearly interchange of some of these is a source of great interest. A change of bedroom pictures would be agreeable to the most conservative men. Of course, anything which is specially a personal possession, or which is peculiarly dear to one individual, ought not to be moved. There is, however, a great charm of its kind in the house which never varies the details of its furniture.

BRIGHT PARAGRAPHS.

What Clever Men and Women Are Saying.

The three qualities I admire in a woman are: Beauty, unselfishness, gentleness.—T. P. O'Connor.

I suspect that two or three centuries hence, posterity will think of us as savages.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

Why do so many women spoil men even as they spoil horses by too lavish use of spur and whip, and bearing rein?—"Rita."

Our minds find in books what our bodies find in our surroundings—health or disease, according to our constitution.—Sarah Grand.

No one is too old, too young, or too feeble, to take some form of exercise; no one is too strong or too healthy to do without it.—Dr. F. Sawyer.

No sensible people could wish to expect to see a war between Germany and Great Britain. The German fleet is intended only for defence.—Count von Bulow.

No business firm ought to give credit to a woman and assume the husband is liable without finding out whether he is going to pay or not.—Sir W. L. Selfe.

At present those who do the hard work are the poorest paid, those whose work is easy are better remunerated, whilst those who do nothing receive most.—G. B. Shaw.

In these grey, grinding times, relaxations, bodily and mental, are supreme necessities, and nowhere can mental relaxation be found more readily, cheaply, and clearly than in fiction.—John Oxenham.

The child and the man are alike the product of heredity and environment. No one deserves praise or blame, reward or punishment, for conduct due solely to his heredity and environment.—Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace.

SMALL OXEN.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologist as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding 30 in. in height.

ARE STRANGERS TO THEM

COUNTRIES FAMED FOR CERTAIN PRODUCTS.

Egypt Produces Poor Tobacco, and Turkey's Coffee Is Very Bad.

What traveler has not dreamed of drinking genuine curacao in the little island where grow the orange groves of Curacao? Of sipping the real Turkish coffee in Turkey? Of smoking the authentic Egyptian cigarettes in Egypt? Of eating rich, melting, luscious Smyrna figs in Smyrna? Of washing one's hands with the only original castile soap in fair Castile?

How do these travelers' dreams materialize? Alas and alack! They are but clouds and shadows. They don't come true, says a writer in the Argonant.

For in the beautiful islet in the Leeward Island group where grew the groves of Curacao orange trees in the aforetime, there are now none. But the world, being used to the flavor of the Curacao oranges in its curacao, will tolerate no other. So the world has its way. The liqueur curacao is still made in large quantities, but it is not a Curacao liqueur. It is made out of everything—as it is an orange liqueur, even of oranges sometimes; but the Amsterdam house that handles it largely is said to make it mostly out of potato alcohol and prune juice.

EGYPTIAN TOBACCO BAD.

How about the delicious Egyptian cigarettes? The delicate Egyptian tobacco? Alas again! The native Egyptian tobacco is so bad that nobody smokes it but the natives, and not even they when they can get anything else. In Egypt, as in so many places, the tobacco comes from Somewhere Else. The highest grade tobacco there apparently is imported from Europe—from Roumelia. The next best comes from northern Syria—the best-known grade of this tobacco being known to Europeans as "Lasakhia," although not so called in Egypt. Persian tobacco is also imported. In short, Egypt imports the tobacco, the wrappers, the boxes and the smokers, and then you have the Egyptian cigarette.

"But still," contends the enthusiast, "there can be no coffee like the genuine Turkish coffee. Ah, think of the Arabian nights! And Scheherezade! And Lady What's-Her-Name, the English peeress who wore Turkish trousers, lived in Turkey for years, and sipped Turkish coffee with Turkish pashas. And of the bearded sheiks in the desert—with bubble-bubble pipes—and harems of beautiful black-eyed houris—all sitting on divans—and all sipping coffee—with all the comforts of a home—out in the desert! Come, now! You must give in on the Turkish coffee."

POOR COFFEE IN TURKEY.

To this I can only reply that they may have had good coffee in Turkey in the time when Sultan Haroun-al-Raschild walked his city's streets incognito, but they have not now. You can get better Turkish coffee (so called) in this country than in Turkey; you can get much better Turkish coffee in our first-class hotels than you can in Stamboul, Pera, Scutari, Smyrna, Beirut, Jerusalem, or Cairo.

How about the luscious figs of Smyrna? Well, my experience was that the nearer we got to Smyrna the poorer grew the figs. When we reached Beirut they were pretty bad; when we were off Smyrna, the peddlers brought some aboard that were very bad; when we got ashore at Smyrna we were offered some on the quay that were worse; in the hotel they were wormy, and when we got into the heart of Smyrna the figs were able to walk around the dealer's counter.

I used to be very fond of Smyrna figs before I went to Smyrna.

I have not eaten any since.

I shall never eat any again.

Never mind why.

In Castile I found no castile soap. They did not know what I meant; they had never heard of Castile soap. This irritated me, so I began investigating the castile soap problem.

I learned—or was told—that castile soap is not made in Castile; is not sold in Castile; is not used in Castile; that it is made in Marseilles out of olive oil imported from Palestine. Thus we note this strange anomaly—the name given to a soap comes from a country which knows naught of this particular soap, it is manufactured in a city using little or no soap, out of materials coming from a country which uses no soap at all.

WHY WE MUST HAVE SLEEP.

Some curious and remarkable reasons are assigned for the desire everybody has for sleeping. It is attributed by some people to an accumulation in the system of the poisonous products of the wear and tear of the body during the day. There seems to be some measure of truth in this, for in many diseases the patients are often sleepless. Another hypothesis is that the nerve-cells of the brain dwell apart from each other, as it were, during sleep. The brain is composed of millions of tiny bodies called cells, each having several delicate prolongations, or branches, for the purpose of communicating with other cells. When the brain is fully active all these cells are in contact, or ready to be in contact, with one another; but the time occasionally comes, it is thought, when the branches of all the cells curl up, and their isolation means that complete communication between the cells cease. The state of body and mind that follows is what we call sleep. The most probable explanation of sleep, however, is that in some way or other the internal condition of the cells is changed, partly from exhaustion, and partly because of diminished stimulation from other parts of the body.

FIGHT FOR THE PURSE

SHOULD THE HUSBAND OR WIFE HOLD IT?

Majority of Men Would Be Better Off Were Their Wives the Bankers.

Here is a question of great importance that usually never comes up for decision until the husband has made a thorough failure of his administration of affairs, and the wife, in order to save what she may from the wreck of the family fortunes, takes the reins of management into her own hands and pulls matters together.

And how firmly and capable she readjusts the flanances of the establishment! As to the manner born, she sifts matters through and through, adds up the liabilities, calculates the assets, settles debts, and then, with whatsoever exchequer she has at her command, orders her household on the lines it can support. With mathematical precision she apportions to their various uses the sums her husband gives over to her charge, nursing each with nicest care, so that she receives value for it to the uttermost farthing.

EVERY WIFE A BANKER.

It is not exactly the woman's province to be a financier; that is why few women, when they marry, suggest that they should hold the purse. The life they prefer is the sheltered one, that does not come into immediate contact with such matter-of-fact affairs as pounds, shillings, and pence.

But that the majority of men do well to invite their wives to become their bankers is an absolute fact, and one to which many a husband who has tried and failed at the task himself could bear emphatic witness. For, directly a woman is placed in a position of responsibility such as this, she becomes keenly alive to the opportunities it affords her of making a dollar go much further than dollars handed over to be spent at random usually do, and also of putting something by for a rainy day, or for some treasured scheme that, under ordinary circumstances, would only prove a dream of midsummer madness.

A wife adores being made her husband's partner in the material affairs of existence as well as the sharer of his hours of relaxation and happiness. It fills her with pride to feel that into her hands he entrusts his earnings in order that she may make the most of the money, and save what she can out of it, for their mutual benefit and that of their children.

PROWESS OF WOMEN.

She takes a rare delight in studying ways and means then; she indulges in ambitious hopes and schemes for her husband's future and her children's education. Little by little she sets by a store of cash that no temptation, even though it take the guise of the most beautiful hat ever constructed, will induce her to break into. And how triumphant she feels when she discloses her horde, and gives her husband an account of her successful stewardship!

This system of making the wife the family financier is the secret of the many well-to-do middle-class families in France, where madame holds the purse, and even in many instances directs the business, and monsieur is very well content to be just her faithful aide-de-camp. Few Englishmen would care to load their wives with so great a weight of responsibility as the one the French wife cheerfully accepts. But they would do wisely to give them just a little more opportunity then they do to prove themselves the able administrators of an income that they are.

There are good reasons for the natural prowess of women as chancellors of the exchequer, and amongst the most potent is this: Supposed though they are not to know the value of money, they most certainly do know what the lack of it means. Even the wives of millionaires think in cents where their husbands think in dollars, because their financial horizons differ so absolutely. The wife's is bounded by an allowance; the husband's is limitless. Hence it is that a sense of detail becomes highly developed in the wife, and it is just this sense of detail that is an ingredient of such vital importance in the making of

A SUCCESSFUL BANKER.

A banker turns his money over again and again. If the day were eight-and-forty hours long instead of four-and-twenty, he would be found thinking out and developing schemes whereby to make interest with safety on the capital at his command. That is what the banker of the household does.

The money she has to deal with is the pivot upon which her plans turn. She is the specialist in spending and saving, and in these days it is the specialist in any subject who scores most.

So, supposing there are reasons for thinking that the family exchequer needs overhauling, why not appoint a new chancellor forthwith, and let that chancellor be the capable little woman whose whole soul seems to be in her baby's cradle, but who will, if you ask her nicely, turn her attention also to your money affairs, and bring them to a remarkably wise and satisfactory issue?—London Answers.

THE RETORT SCARIFYING.

He—Have you lost your good opinion of me?

She—No; you have merely found out what my opinion has been all along.

"Have you congratulated our hostess on her birthday?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne; "I have condoled with her!"

'Mr. Renshaw's Typist'

Miss Ethel Barrington toiled fitfully as a shorthand writer and typist in the grimy offices of Messrs. Wayhart and Browne in Muirgate Street. Unlike the average typist of fiction and the exceptional typist of reality, she was plain, dowdy, and unamiable. Her views of life were bounded on the north, south, east, and west by what is popularly known as the "main chance," and she was mercenary to an inordinate degree.

One evening, whilst waiting for the train to convey her to Notting Hill, where she lived with her sister, the young lady chanced to espy a copy of that well-known periodical The Ladies' Pantechnicon, a journal which gives hints on well-nigh every subject dear to women—from the rearing of babies to the destruction of moths, and from the securing of a husband to the dismissal of a cook.

The train rushed and roared into the station. Miss Barrington entered a second-class carriage (though she possessed a third-class ticket) and opened the paper. Her eyes glanced fitfully from page to page, until at length they became riveted on a short story called "Mr. Renshaw's Typist."

Being herself a member of the tapping profession, she naturally was interested in fiction that dealt with the same, and she perused the story with keen attention.

The tale was not altogether striking. It dealt with the fortunes of a young and pretty typist, whose employer, a philanthropic old gentleman, whom one rarely meets outside the realms of fiction, had conceived for his employe a deep and abiding worship. On the very eve of proposing marriage he discovered in the firm's letter-book a love-letter from the girl to her sweetheart, which somehow had become involved with the official correspondence. In that artless note she conveyed to her despondent lover that she could never hope to become his wife until £500 was secured, wherewith he might purchase a much-coveted partnership in a City firm. Naturally, the old gentleman, like most of his fictional predecessors, sent for the girl, read her a short lecture on her carelessness, and concluded by handing her a cheque for £500 to buy the young man the partnership. The story ended with a touch of pathos, and Miss Barrington was highly impressed.

"I wish to goodness old Wayhart would treat me in a similar manner," she pondered. "I could do with a hundred pounds or so, and he could well afford it."

A sudden thought illumined her brain. Suppose she were to imitate the example of the heroine of the magazine story and indite a letter to an imaginary sweetheart on the same lines as that which she had just read in print. Suppose she were to copy the communication in the firm's letter-book, where Mr. Wayhart would be certain to espy it, and then await the development of events.

"It is just possible he might be inclined to come down handsomely," she told herself, "for upon my word, there are times when I half fancy that he is in love with me. People say that he is wildly unselfish, and probably he is just the man to act as the old fool in the story acted. Anyhow, I will try the experiment and see what comes of it. It cannot do any harm, and there is every chance of it doing good."

Miss Barrington sought her couch that evening in a condition of keen excitement, and sleep refused to visit her brain for many hours. When at length it came, her slumber was filled with dreams of cheques for all sorts and conditions of extraordinary amounts.

Next morning she went to the office, and as soon as a lull in the work occurred the girl set herself to the composition of the letter. When finished, it ran thus:—

27, Quexfield Road, Notting Hill, W.

My Own Darling Harry—I am writing this letter in the intervals of office work. How much I enjoyed our walk last Sunday, dear, and how brave it is of you to speak as you spoke then. Yes, if you are willing to wait for me, dear Harry, then I also am more than content to wait for you; but, oh! it seems very, very hard that our youth should pass away leaving us still apart. Ah, if only that £500 of which you spoke were in your possession, how different everything would be! For then, dear, you could buy that partnership of which you told me, and all would be well for both of us. But, of course, it is foolish to even think of such happiness, for £500 is a sum as far away from both of us as the sun or moon. Still, my darling, we must be patient and wait, and perhaps one day the good fortune of which we both dream may come to us when we least expect it. For it is always, dear, the unexpected that happens. Au revoir. I must wind up now as I have to go on with my work, and so, with heaps of love, and apologizing, dear, for typing this letter, I am, with a thousand kisses,

Ever your loving Ethel.

"There," murmured the ingenious young lady, as she read the words of the letter with very keen satisfaction. "There! I am sure that sounds natural enough, and not a soul would believe that Harry is a fabulous personage and that the partnership is a myth."

At one o'clock the majority of the staff went to lunch. Miss Barrington seized the letter, together with half-a-dozen official communications, and walked to the little room where the copying press stood. She frequently copied letters when the office-boy was out, and she therefore knew that nobody would consider her present action at all unusual. Two minutes later the batch of missives, including the love-letter, had been duly copied in the firm's letter-book, and Miss Barrington went off to consume her own lunch with a sensation of hearty approval.

"And now," she told herself, "now I must wait until to-morrow morning and see what happens!"

She actually spent twopence more than usual on her lunch that day in view of the probability of the cheque.

* * * * * *

At four o'clock that afternoon Higgins, the office-boy, opened his mouth to an alarming extent and grinned violently. "'Ere's a rummy go," he muttered. "This is a bit of orlright. Not 'arf."

He had been scanning the letter-book and had espied the love-letter—hence the youth's mirth.

Without an instant's hesitation he seized the book in his grimy paws and conveyed it to Miss Barrington's table.

"'Arf a minit, miss, if you please."

Miss Barrington flushed. She took in the situation on the instant, though, strangely enough, she had not anticipated this very probable contingency.

"Well, Higgins, what is it?"

"I think this 'ere letter 'as bin copied by you in herror, miss, if I ain't mistook."

Assuming an expression of chagrin and amazement the girl replied, quickly:—

"Good heavens, how silly of me."

"Shall I tear it hout, miss, and stick in another sheet?"

"No. Leave the book here, and I will do it myself."

"Very good, miss."

The boy retired, grinning from ear to ear, and for one moment Miss Barrington was nonplussed, but it was only for a moment. Summoning Higgins to her side, she dispatched him on an errand, and then without furth ado knocked at Mr. Wayhart's door.

"Come in," said a kindly voice and a moment later the girl had entered the room.

Mr. Wayhart might have sat for a model to the artist who had illustrated the short story in The Ladies' Pantechnicon. He was stout, rubicund, and genial, though occasionally a flash of sternness grew into his eyes.

"Well, Miss Barrington," he said, heartily. "What is it?"

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, sir," she said, softly. "But I am not quite sure whether I showed you that letter to Wilson and Timmins which you asked me to have copied this morning."

He looked up quickly. "Oh, ah, thanks, thanks," he replied. "Now I come to think of it, I went out just as you were about to bring me the letter-book. Send it in at once, if you please."

"Certainly, sir."

Higgins had returned by this time, but, fearing lest he should open the book en route to the private office, she dispatched the volume by a junior clerk. Then she resumed her work, but found herself unable to concentrate her attention on the machine, for the mercenary young woman's heart was beating like a piston-rod.

Would her ruse bring about the desired end, or would the partner simply dismiss the incident with a word of caution, or disregard it altogether?

The minutes wore into hours, but nothing happened. At six o'clock the clerks shut up their ledgers and fled from the office, and at a quarter past Mr. Wayhart did likewise.

As he quitted the room he bade her good-night with a somewhat acute glance, and Miss Barrington told herself that the old man had read the letter and was already beginning to take a deeper interest in her than he had evinced before.

She dived into her drawer and procured the magazine. Opening the periodical at the page headed "Mr. Renshaw's Typist," the young lady rapidly scanned the tale until she encountered the following words: "It seemed to Maude that her employer regarded her with a very keen glance as he went out of the office—a glance which she was utterly at a loss to explain."

"Upon my word," pondered Miss Barrington, "that is just what old Wayhart has done. This looks promising, and perhaps my scheme may prove a brilliant success."

Once again that night her sleep was erratic, and her dreams were tinged with cheques. The morning arrived in due course, and she journeyed to Muirgate Street in a fever of excitement, wondering with keen wonder what the day held in store for her.

At eleven o'clock the electric bell connected with Mr. Wayhart's private room rang violently. Higgins answered the summons, and returned an instant later. "Miss Barrington, you're wanted in the governor's room please."

It was coming now, she told herself, and in another five minutes her fate would be decided. Perhaps when she went to her chair a massive cheque would accompany her return. With trembling steps the mercenary typist took her way through the narrow passage and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a grave voice.

The graveness of the tone was quite in accordance with the graveness of Mr. Renshaw's voice in the story, for she distinctly recollected that when the "Maude" of the tale was summoned to her employer's room the latter had said, "Come in" in a tone which was "despairingly stern."

The £500 seemed very near now.

Mr. Wayhart was seated at his table when the young lady made her appearance. He glanced upwards quickly, and uttered a brief "Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," replied the typist, and then waited for what was to follow.

Mr. Wayhart continued the writing on which he was engaged, and then, having finished the work, turned towards his employe. "Er, do you see this letter-book, Miss Barrington?" he observed in a voice which, like the tone of the ghost in "Hamlet," was more "in sorrow than in anger."

The girl nodded, artlessly.

"On looking through this book," went on the old gentleman, more gravely than before, "I encountered a certain letter which I cannot believe forms any part of this firm's correspondence."

Miss Barrington uttered a cry of well-assumed amazement. "Indeed, sir," she quivered. "What sort of letter?"

"It would appear remarkably like a love-letter," replied the senior partner, sternly. "And, obviously, it was written by you."

Then opening the book, he pushed it towards her, and said abruptly, "There it is."

The typist uttered another cry of assumed amazement. "Oh, how stupid—how terribly stupid of me," she exclaimed, in a high-pitched tone. "Really, sir, I am very, very sorry."

Mr. Wayhart smiled pitifully. "young people will be young people, I know," he returned, in a more kindly tone; "but in business one should always exercise special care."

"It shall never occur again, sir," she said.

"I am quite confident of that," replied the partner, firmly, and then a short pause ensued.

All was going admirably, the girl told herself. Mr. Wayhart had behaved almost exactly as the "Mr. Renshaw" of the story had behaved, for had not the latter personage also opened the ball by a species of mild reproof that he might pave the way for what was to come? Yes, all was progressing splendidly, and she be- the £500.

"You will not be surprised to learn," said the old gentleman, after the pause had worn to its end—"you will not be surprised to learn that I have taken the liberty of reading that letter."

Miss Barrington nodded. "I—I hope you don't think the worse of me for writing to—to my fiance, sir?" she faltered.

"Not at all; but I wish you would confine your correspondence to after-business hours, and not allow your epistles to find their way into the firm's official letter-books."

Then, of a sudden, a mighty wave of joy swept the girl's frame, for she saw the old gentleman's hand stretch towards a certain drawer in which she was well conscious of the fact that he kept his cheque-book. It was coming now, she told herself, and the ruse had succeeded.

Mr. Wayhart opened the drawer and extracted from it the long, yellow-backed cheque-book. Then he opened it and took up his pen. He inserted the date and then paused, whilst a gleam of sorrow shot into his eyes.

The words of the story in The Ladies' Pantechnicon appeared to float to Miss Barrington's ears. "As Mr. Renshaw took up his pen it seemed to Maude that there was a look in his grey eyes which told of ineffable sorrow—of illimitable regret." The typist's heart was now beating to a triumphant tune, and her eyes peered over the partner's shoulder.

Good heavens! He was actually writing the word "five" in the body of the cheque, and so he really meant to make her a present of £500, the sum named in her letter.

But, even as this belief warmed the young woman's blood, a sudden frost seemed to counteract the glow, for the pen did not go on to trace the word "hundred," but wrote instead the word "pounds"! What—what did this mean?

Alas! only too soon was she to find out—only too soon was she doomed to realize that in Muirgate Street, as in more romantic places, it is frequently the unexpected that happens. For Mr. Wayhart, having filled in and signed the draft, tore it from the book with a semi-vicious gesture, and extended the pink paper to his employe.

"You will kindly accept this cheque for £5 in lieu of a month's salary, Miss Barrington," he said, sharply. "And leave my employment as soon as you make it convenient to do so. In the first place, I cannot have a lady in my office who writes love-letters in business hours, and in the second place, I cannot rely upon a clerk who is careless enough to allow her private notes to be copied in my letter-books. Er—good morning."

Miss Barrington seemed turned to marble. She stood rigid, holding the cheque, as though she was unable to realize the situation.

Mr. Wayhart raised his voice to a higher note. "Good morning," he repeated.

The typist went very slowly from the room.

* * * * * *

Since that unhappy morning Miss Barrington has secured another situation, where, we believe, she gives satisfaction. She has, however, abandoned the idea that the world of business is run on the lines laid down in some works of fiction.—London Tit-Bits.

TWO WAYS DIVERSE.

My neighbor's daughter weds to-day;
Lo, radiant guests in fair array
Group 'round the bloom-decked altar, where
In reverence kneel the bridal pair.

(My daughter lies beneath the sod;
The flowers she loved—the goldenrod
And lily—twine about the spot;
She heeds them not, she heeds them not.)

My neighbor's son stands at her side,
In youthful manhood's strength and pride.
Glad with the might of sturdy arm
To comfort and to shield from harm.

(My son is in his quiet grave;
There pansies nod and rosebuds wave—
His favorites in the long ago;
He does nat know, he does not know.)

My neighbor sheltered rests at home,
Her sure retreat though wide she roam;
(I sit beside a stranger's board,
In what chance cheer such may afford.)

Two ways diverse; yet over each
The same blue heavens shining reach;
Though hers the joy, mine grief instead,
God is not dead; God is not dead.

—Marion Flower Harmon.

MANY CAUSES FOR WAR

SOME SMALL REASONS FOR BIG UPRISINGS.

Child Slinging Stones Provoked Insurrection—Cause of Indian Mutiny.

In the second decade of the century before last six Deys of Algiers were successively elected and assassinated in the same afternoon by an ultra-sensitive populace, the insurrections which ended so tragically being due in each instance to the Algerians' dissatisfaction with the bearing and attire of their new rulers. This is a record, even among Orientals; but almost equally small causes have many times brought about similar great events, although on a less wholesale scale.

In Paris, for instance, during Cardinal Mazarin's sway, it was a child slinging stones in front of the haughty ecclesiastic's palace that provoked the terrible insurrection of the Frondeurs (slingers)—an insurrection which deluged the capital in blood, and changed for the time being the current of French history.

The United States, again, might be British territory at this present moment had not Theophilus Lillie, a Boston shopkeeper in a little back street, persisted in selling British goods after they were tabooed. His obstinacy excited and angered the people, who attacked his shop. One of his assistants, John Richardson, thereupon fired on the mob, killing a lad named Christopher Snider.

The latter was at once christened the "First Martyr of Liberty," and his body was followed to its last resting-place by no fewer than one hundred thousand persons. Inflammatory speeches were delivered at the graveside, and these quickly found an echo all over the country, and in a little while thereafter the embers of revolt

BURST INTO OPEN FLAME.

That flame, thus lightly kindled, was not finally extinguished until October, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis and his entire army of seven thousand men surrendered to General Washington at Yorktown.

A multiplicity of toll-gates was the cause of the extraordinary "Rebecca" insurrection, which broke out in North Wales in 1843. Parties of five and six hundred men, armed and mounted, used nightly to traverse the counties of Carmarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, and Brecon. They were always led by a tall man, dressed in female attire, and it was at his command always that the toll-gates were thrown down and the toll-houses burnt.

Large bodies of military were sent into the disturbed districts, but so well did the "Rebeccaites" keep their councils, and so secretly did they manage their forays, that no effectual check could be put upon their proceedings; and in the end they succeeded in demolishing practically all the obnoxious barriers in the districts where they operated.

Much discussion has arisen regarding the curious title adopted by these insurrections, but the most generally received opinion is that it was derived originally from the Biblical story of Rebecca and Isaac: "Let thy seed," said the bride's relatives and friends, "possess the gates of those which hate thee."

THE WHISKY INSURRECTION.

is the name given by American historians to a very serious outbreak which occurred in Pennsylvania and Virginia, owing to an attempt to levy a special duty on spirits. Officers sent to enforce the new statute were violently resisted, and Federal troops were thereupon marched into the district. This enraged the people still more, the rising became general, and many shocking outrages were perpetrated.

At one time the insurgents numbered between six and seven thousand, all determined men and well armed, and things looked very serious. But while General Lee, with three battalions of infantry, a troop of cavalry and a battery of artillery, was preparing to take the field against them, the obnoxious law was hurriedly repealed, and the insurrection thereupon came to an end.

The Maroon Insurrection was to Jamaica, on a small scale, what the mutiny of the Sepoys was to India. The Maroons were runaway slaves, who congregated in the impenetrable forests on the north side of the island. One day two of them were caught stealing pigs and flogged, and this trifling incident set all their comrades burning, massacring and pillaging. The war that followed was exceedingly sanguinary, no quarter being given on either side, and at first the advantage was almost wholly on the side of the blacks.

At length, however, the expedient was hit upon of sending to Cuba for one hundred bloodhounds. The Maroons then craved mercy, which was accorded them; but all who would not promise to abandon their predatory life were banished, first to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and afterwards to Sierra Leone. The descendants of the remainder are still in peaceful possession of a few towns built by themselves

IN THE FORESTS.

Insurrections are to a great extent a matter of race and temperament. When in London the "Mohawks," the "Scourers," and other similar gangs of well-bred ruffains made the streets unsafe by night, no one thought of throwing up barricades in the Strand, or storming Buckingham Palace. Yet when, under like circumstances, the "armagnacs" and the "Burgundians" interfered with the comfort of the Parisians, the latter fell upon the rival factions and extirpated them root and branch.

Fourteen thousand of them, we are assured on credible authority, were slaughtered in three days—a lesson to well-bred "Hooligans," if ever there were one. And, in addition, there fell in the resultant fighting the Constable of France, the Chancellor, six bishops, and 3,500 nobles, besides an unnumbered multitude of the "common people."

The Thomite Insurrection, which broke out in 1838, had its origin in the insane ravings of a Cornish escaped lunatic named John Nicholls Thom. He appeared suddenly in Kent, assumed the name of Sir Richard Courtenay, and gave out that he was a being of supernatural origin who had lately dropped from the clouds. He promised his deluded followers that they should be wholly invulnerable to fire or steel, and that the streets of that "great Gomorrah, London, which have hitherto been wetted with water only, shall flow with blood for the rights of the poor."

During his march upon the capital some private in his ragged battalions set fire to a beanstack. A policeman attempted to arrest the incendiary, whereupon Thom

SHOT THE OFFICER DEAD.

The military were then called out, and the Thomites took refuge in a wood. The soldiers surrounded them and the officer in command called on them to surrender. Thom's answer was a bullet, which killed the speaker, himself killed, together with a number; but in the end the madman was her of his followers. The rest of them dispersed to their homes.

Perhaps, however, the Indian Mutiny affords the most striking instance on record of how easily, under certain conditions, the smouldering embers of discontent may be fanned all at once into the all-devouring flame of armed rebellion.

In January, 1857, a man employed near Delhi in making cartridges for the new Enfield rifles, asked a Sepoy of the 2nd Native Infantry for a draught of water from his drinking-pot. The answer was an indignant refusal, for if the pot had but touched the lips of the low-caste artisan it would have been polluted for ever.

Thereupon the workman replied with a sneer that the Sepoy need not be so particular, as the new cartridges were greased with bullock fat and every Sepoy in India would lose caste in biting off the end.

The horrible tale spread like wildfire, variations of it being utilized according to the religious prejudices of the listeners. Thus the Hindus were told that the grease was that of the sacred cow, while the Moslem soldiers were assured that it came from the unclean swine. Others, again, asserted that it was a mixture of cow and pig fat.

The ultimate result was, of course, the sudden uprising of practically our entire native Indian army, and the slaughter in cold blood of many thousands of unhappy white non-combatants—men, women, and children.—Pearson's Weekly.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Dr. G. F. Butler, in an address to his brother physicians of the Chicago Medical Society, told them the secret of "how to live long." Here are his suggestions:

"It has been said that it is better to be born lucky than rich, but it is, in fact, better to be born tough than either lucky or rich.

"When you have passed fifty, don't retire from business or professional work, but be willing to put on the brakes and be satisfied to do a little less of everything, and do it better.

"Water is the greatest and best eliminator we have. Drink pure water.

"By the strict law of nature a man should die as unconscious of his death as of his birth.

"Eat less. Play more. Indulge in less fret and fume and more fruit and fun. Get out into God's great sanitarium, out of doors.

"Many broken down men and women would draw health and earthly virtues from the brown fields if they would take their shoes off and run barefoot in the furrows.

"Those of you who feel that the E string of your system is weak and is screwed up too tight must bring the rest of the instrument down to a lower key or get out of the orchestra for a while.

"There is nothing so insane and detrimental to mind and health as the conversation of people on their aches and pains and troubles.

"Three great causes of ill health are: Introspection, pessimism and worry, the latter especially."

"SUCCESSFUL" PEOPLE.

Professor Dexter, of the University of Illinois, has compiled a curious volume of statistics relating to "successful" people, and containing 8,602 names. It is shown that musicians gain success at the earliest age; the scientists at an early age; the actor and the author next; the inventors gain their place slowly, no one below the age of forty being included in the book. Women reach success in all callings, except in music and on the stage, later than their male competitors. It has before been noted that musical gifts tend to develop more quickly than almost any other. As for the business men, it is interesting to learn that 84 per cent. of the successful men of business did not enter college, while 12 per cent. completed it. Of the financiers 18 per cent. are college graduates.

Mrs. Nagger—"Perhaps you recall it was on a railway train that we first met, and——" Mr. Nagger—"Yes; but it's too late now for me to sue the company for damages."

He had taken punishment like a man, and for some time afterwards had been buried in thought. "Mamma!" he said, finally. "Well, Willie?" "Do you really spank me because you love me so much?" "That is the reason I punish you, Willie." "And don't you love papa at all?"

RED LION HAD ESCAPED

AN ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE IN TERROR.

Ravages of a Mythical Beast That Devoured Sheep and Children.

A case of supposed mysterious disappearance, which has resulted in the inhabitants of scores of villages and hamlets in Hampshire and Sussex being badly frightened, was cleared up recently, says the London Daily Mail.

At the end of last week the rumor spread that a fierce lion had escaped from a travelling menagerie, and that he was roaming over the country seeking whom he might devour. A dozen different towns were mentioned as the place whence the escape took place, and no one was sure as to the proprietorship of the menagerie. These were mere details.

That a lion had escaped, and was at large, was implicitly believed in the country districts from Winchester to Petersfield. It was just the sort of country that a pure forest-bred lion would choose when once he had made up his mind to leave the hated caravan. Close at hand were the forest of Bere, Marden Downs, miles of fir trees, and the glorious South Downs for a morning scamper.

FED ON CHILDREN.

The terrified villagers were afraid to venture far from home in the day, and at night-time only the attractions of the village bar parlor could draw them out of doors, and then men travelled in company. For the past few days no lad in this part of the world has played truant.

All doubt as to the existence of the lion was set at rest when it was widely reported that a rural postman in the neighborhood of Petersfield had not only seen the brute, but actually saw him chase and devour three sheep.

At Petersfield it was reported that the lion had eaten three school children at Harting. The good people of Harting had not heard of the circumstances, but they had heard on good authority that the lion had been shot at Didling. The inhabitants of Didling believed that the animal had in truth been shot, but the shooting had taken place in some other village.

TAVERN TALE.

After searching in vain for the lion, a representative of the Daily Mail discovered the origin of the rumor.

In a small Hampshire village there is a public-house known as the Red Lion. The sign of the house, which swung from a post, disappeared.

"The lion has escaped" became the stock village joke. The tale, minus the explanation, spread abroad. And it is this painted lion which has devoured sheep, eaten children, and scared the wits out of thousands of people.

ABOUT WOMEN.

The Terse Sayings of Some Great Men.

The ever womanly draws us above.—Goethe.

A woman laughs when she can, and weeps when she will.

Women live only in the emotion that love gives—Houssaye.

There are no pleasures where women are not.—Marie De Romieu.

Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in.—Addison.

Friendship between two women is always a plot against each other.—Karr.

Coquettes are like hunters, who are fond of hunting, but do not eat the game.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.—Macaulay.

Women's sympathies give a tone, like the harp of Aeolus, to the slightest breath.—Mitchell.

God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty.—Berryer.

Neither education nor reason gives women much security against the influence of example.—Johnson.

One woman reads another woman's character without the tedious trouble of deciphering.—Ben Jonson.

Woman's love, like lichens on a rock, will still grow where even charity can find no soil to nurture itself.—Boree.

There are only two good women in the world; one of them is dead, and the other is not to be found.—German Proverb.

If a woman is young and pretty, I think you can see her good looks all the better for her being plainly dressed.—George Eliot.

On all great occasions it is almost always women who have given the strongest proofs of virtue and devotion.—Monthlon.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.—Hughes.

Discretion is more necessary to women than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little.—Du Bosc.

Those who always speak well of women do not know them enough; those who always speak ill of them do not know them at all.—Pigault-Lebrun.

The woman who loves us is only a woman, but the woman we love is a celestial being, whose defects disappear under the prism through which we see her.—Girardin.

CURIOUS LAKE.

In the centre of Kildine, an island in the North Sea, is perhaps the most curious lake in the world. The surface of its waters is quite fresh and supports fresh-water creatures; but deep down it is as salt as the greatest depths of the sea, and salt-water fish live in it.

VERY VALUABLE TONGUES

POOR MEN WHO COULD GIVE AWAY GREAT SECRETS.

Five Working Men Guard the City of London—Printers Keep Secrets.

One day an obscure chemist, named Gustave Francks, stepped in to the American Postmaster-General and announced that he had discovered a method of removing ink stains from used postage stamps. The Minister offered him fifty thousand dollars to keep it a secret, but the man, being conscientious, refused the sum, and retained his liberty of action.

The fate of London, in the event of war, rests in the hands of five working men. A cottage situated on the Thames Marshes is the key to the situation of the submarine mines which would protect the Metropolis in the event of a Naval reverse. By means of an electric switchboard, the working of which is only known to these men, a powerful fleet could be sunk in ten minutes, says Pearson's Weekly.

The Russian Government tried to bribe one of the men with $500,000 some years back to give them the secret, but without effect.

A similar secret is held by a detachment of the sappers in charge of the mines and general defences at Portsmouth and other maritime ports and were any of these men other than loyal, our position might be gravely imperilled.

A shop worth thousands a year to a European Power is possessed by an East Coast grocer. The passages communicating with the mines defending the harbor

ADJOIN HIS CELLARS.

He himself has not been able to ascertain the secret of their working owing to several sets of doors with secret locks; but should he one day be tempted to sell his premises to the agent of a foreign Power, no doubt it might be ascertained with ordinary skill in espionage.

Has it ever occurred to you that when you have been sitting in a railway carriage, discoursing on some subject of foreign politics, say a rumored Anglo-German alliance, or some home topic like a projected Bill in Parliament, that some quiet, unassuming-looking workman might be able to upset in a few words all your arguments by one ounce of fact, gathered by him in the course of his daily duties? He might be able to tell you the exact terms of the rumored alliance, about which the whole world is wondering, for how do you know he is not a Government printer, part of whose duties that day may have been the printing of the treaty itself?

For a few sentences from that man many a newspaper editor would give many thousand dollars; yet, to the credit of such men, it is very seldom that these State secrets are allowed to leak out.

Then supposing you to be a tradesman, the quiet man smoking a pipe next to you might that very day have performed duties likely to affect the whole trade of yourself and others in the same business. He might be a shorthand clerk to a financier, and his duties might have included that day work connected with a great coup, such as

THE MORGAN COMBINES.

Look also at the secrets which lie in the keeping of workers at Naval dockyards. Any one of these men, and there is an army of them, is in a position to realize fabulous sums were he disposed to reveal what he knew to a foreign agent.

Considering a first-class battleship contains sometimes over five hundred secrets in its construction, it will be seen what an enormous strain there is on the reserve of these workmen. Any one of those secrets would be worth enormous sums to a foreign Government. However, in spite of temptations often offered them, cases in which these secrets are betrayed are very rare indeed.

Monks are avowedly the poorest men. Yet until quite recently three of them held in close keeping one of the greatest secrets of commerce, the manufacture of the liqueur Chartreuse.

The exact constituents of lyddite and cordite are secrets of incalculable value to Foreign Powers, yet these could be revealed by any one of the thousands of men employed by the Government at Waltham and elsewhere, and by the great private contractors in various parts of the country.

If France had as many traitors in her army as her gutter Press would make us believe, they would be good prey for the British spy. What would not our own Government, for instance, give to learn the secret of that

NEW QUICK-FIRING GUN

introduced a year or so back into the French artillery?

A word or two from a hard-up gunner would probably provide him with opulence for the rest of his life—if he liked to take the risk of betrayal.

Domestic servants, of course, hold secrets innumerable as to the private lives of their employers. A valet could, no doubt, tell us more of the inner thoughts of Mr. Gladstone than his biographer, Mr. Morley; and if we wished to know the causes of this or that political surprise, the household butler could let us into the secret more effectually than a thousand reporters.

One of the biggest secrets held by a butler—that is to say, one which is worth most to outsiders—is the recipe for the famous loving cup at the Mansion House. The concoction of the hock cup, too, used on State occasions at Buckingham Palace, is known only to the King's butler.

Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

HOT WEATHER GOODS

Items that interest you at this time of the year. We aim to have the best values. Goods that please at Lowest Prices.
We stand behind everything we sell. If not as recommended, your money back. Come in and look our Goods over.

Summer Costumes and Skirts

Ladies' Blouses
White Silk Washing Blouse. $1.75.

Ladies' Whitewear
Marked at Clearing Prices.

Ladies' Under Vests
Three for 25c. Other Prices 25c., 50c., $1.00 and $2.50 each.

Ladies' Hosiery
A Nice Line of Summer Hosiery.

Children's Dresses
Misses' and Children's Dresses, Baby Robes and Long Dresses.

Millinery ! Millinery !!
Trimmed Millinery and Ready-to - ear Hats at Special Prices.

REID & YOUNG

MEN'S WEAR DEPARTMENT

Summer Suits
$12.00 Suits—selling now at $8.00.

Flannel Pants
Regular Price $3.50—Now $2.50.

Men's Shirts
Colored, Soft Fronts, at 75c. each.
Men's Stiff Front Shirts, a large variety.
Men's Negligee Shirts selling now at 60c.

Men's Underwear
Men's Balbriggan Underwear selling now at 45c. per Suit. Boys' Balbriggan Underwear.

Boys' Suits
Boys' Summer Suits in Linen, Duck and Stripe Cotton—beautifully cool.

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES

Our Stock in this Department was never so well assorted as at the present. Ladies' Oxfords at $1.50. Ladies' Street Slipper $1.25—Ladies' House Buskin Slipper at $1.00. Children's and Baby Footwear—We make a specialty of this Department.

A. E. GEORGE

Dressmaking Department

MISS AGNES HELENE, late of Drysdale, Stevenson, Ltd., is taking charge of this Department. She is a lady of large experience in the East and also on the Pacific Coast. Any orders trusted in her hands will be executed in the latest and most approved fashion.

Satisfaction Guaranteed before the work leaves our premises.

Give Us a Trial Order

A. E. GEORGE

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

Born

FOSTER—At Vancouver, Sunday, June 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Foster, a daughter.

LOCALISMS

W. M. Lawrence left last night on a trip to Calgary.

Arthur Evans, of Beaton, is in the city on business.

Albert Ross, a leading merchant of Sandon, is in town the guest of J. G. Macdonald.

Lou Thompson, the well known Lardeau mining man, arrived in the city last night.

Dainty refreshments, sweet music and a pleasant time next Tuesday evening on the parsonage lawn.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trade will be held in the City Hall tonight at 8 o'clock.

The C. P. R. Company are building a new section house on the north side of the track, just east of R. Tapping's garden.

E. A. Bradley returned on Tuesday evening from a tour of inspection of the French creek placer mines of which he is manager.

The s. s. Revelstoke will make her usual semi-weekly trip tomorrow with a big cargo for the mines and lumber camps of the Big Bend.

Mrs. J. Edwards and family, who have been spending a few weeks in the city with Mrs. C. H. Holten, returned last night to Vancouver.

The Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's church will hold their apron sale on Monday the 19th inst on the manse grounds, and concert in the evening.

The ladies of Revelstoke will find bargains at the sale of work next Tuesday afternoon and evening at the ice cream and strawberry festival on the Methodist parsonage grounds.

Jesse Bradley, who for the past 7 months has been in charge of operations at the French Creek placer mines, arrived from the Big Bend last week on a well-earned holiday trip.

Rev. T. Menzies, formerly of St. Andrew's church, Revelstoke, accompanied by his wife and family, passed through the city on Saturday en route to attend the General Assembly at Kingston, Ont.

On Monday, June 5th, 1905, in St. Peter's Church, Revelstoke, B. C., the Rev. E. A. St. George Smyth, of Windermere, B. C., was ordained to the Priesthood. The Rev. C. F. Yates, of Golden and Rev. C. A. Procunier joined with the Lord Bishop of Kootenay in the imposition of bonds.

C. R. Macdonald, of the Canada Drug and Book Co., left last night for the coast to attend the annual convention of the B. C. Pharmaceutical Society which meets today in New Westminster.

The regular weekly open air band concert was well patronised last Friday evening, the boys appearing for the first time in their new uniforms, which gave them a very metropolitan and business-like appearance, and were very favorably commented upon.

Mr. F. Cook, of San Francisco, is in the city and will leave for French creek by the s.s. Revelstoke tomorrow morning. Mr. Cook is an hydraulic mining engineer of forty years experience in California, and will superintend operations on the American Mining Co.'s hydraulic mines on French creek.

R. Tapping has commenced the erection of an addition on the east side of the Opera House, 16x30 feet, to be used as dressing rooms. When completed the old dressing rooms, underneath the stage, will be done away with, and the stairways boarded over giving much needed increased accommodation in the wings.

Mrs. J. M. Scott and Mrs. G. M. Clark, secretary and treasurer respectively of the Ladies' Hospital Guild, were each the recipient on Friday last of a handsome cut glass water bottle, presented to them by their co-workers in the Guild as a slight token of appreciation of their faithful and energetic work in the interests of the Guild.

Rev. S. J. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson and family, arrived in the city from the south last night and are spending a day or two with friends here. Rev. Mr. Thompson has been assigned to the Centennial church at Victoria, B. C., and with his family will make their home there for the next three years.

Thomas Taylor, M.P.P., for Revelstoke, was in Nelson this week and called upon many of his old friends. He reports business conditions in Revelstoke as being the most prosperous experienced there in many years. In his trip through the interior he is especially pleased to learn of the increased popularity of the McBride Government. All the Conservatives proclaim this fact, and even the Liberals are inclined to admit it.—Nelson Economist.

The shirt waist dance in the Opera House last night was largely attended and the Ladies' Guild will doubtless realize a handsome sum towards the erection of the proposed verandah at the hospital as the result of their efforts. The band supplied the music for the first part of the programme, and Mrs. Hall, Mrs. McCarter, Miss Shook and Mr. Watt, on the piano, contributed the second half. Refreshments were provided by the ladies and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent.

From reports from the Slocan it is learned that the C. P. R. is at present engaged in overhauling and greatly improving their track from Slocan Junction to Slocan City and from Rosebery to Nakusp. The people of Slocan hope that this work means that the company intends to greatly shorten the time of running between Nelson and Revelstoke, leaving the former place in the morning and reaching the main line at the time when passengers arrive under the arrangement which has been usually in force in the past. This would prove to be of great conveniences to passengers if put in force.

A wild runaway occurred on Tuesday afternoon when J. B. Smith's team bolted from the City hotel. Several pedestrians endeavored to stay their frantic rush but only succeeded in turning them off the centre of the road, and the team headed right into one of the windows of Roy Smythe's store. R. Howson's horse and buggy, which was tied in front of the store, also got tangled in the mix-up resulting in considerable damage to the buggy. Fortunately no one was run over, but some children on the sidewalk had a narrow escape. The horses came out of the scramble without a scratch.

A COOL DRUG STORE

The HOTTEST DAY finds our store cool and pleasant to come to.

OUR SODA and ICE CREAM PARLOR is a delightful place, always neat, clean and attractive.

OUR ICE CREAM needs no further recommend as to its PURITY and QUALITY than the first dish, TRY IT.

Walter Bews, Phm. B.
DRUGGIST AND STATIONER.
Next to the Hume Block.
Prompt Attention To Mail Orders

School Attendance for May.

	No. on roll	Per Cent	Present every Session
High School	21	90.36	8
Division I.	34	93.14	20
Division II.	31	93.99	12
Division III.	42	89.17	14
Division IV.	38	84.03	12
Division V.	39	85.61	17
Division VI.	53	83.52	12
Division VII.	48	85.60	14
Division VIII.	53	79.24	11
Total	359	86.32	120

CORRESPONDENCE

Want a Public Meeting.

To Editor Revelstoke Herald:

DEAR SIR,—As the City Council propose to borrow $20,000, there are a large number of the ratepayers strongly in favor of a public meeting being called, as suggested at the last Council meeting. This is a matter of vital importance to the taxpayers and should interest us all.

Yours, etc.,
RATEPAYER.

ICE! ICE! delivered to all parts of the city any time of the day in any quantity apply to J. C. Hutchison. Orders left at the Lawrence Hardware Store promptly filled.

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.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

See J. C. Hutchison for ICE.

Smoke Brown's Union Cigar.

Seed Potatoes for Sale apply to R. Tapping.

Go-carts at reduced prices at Howson's furniture store.

Strawberries in large quantities daily at C. B. Hume and Co.

WANTED—A dining room girl, apply at HERALD office.

ROOMS TO RENT in the Tapping Block, apply to R. Tapping.

Smoke Brown's "Special" Cigar.

Private Funds to loan on Real Estate Securities, Apply to J. M. Scott.

Another large lot of Linoleums just opened up at Howson's.

Just arrived, Rowat's fruit syrup in all flavors at C. B. Hume and Co's.

Smoke Brown's "Marca Vuelta" Cigar.

Whole Pineapples in 2½lb. tins, selling at 30c. per tin at C. B. Hume and Co's.

Just call and see the large selection of Go-carts at Howson's furniture store.

TO RENT—A Store on Mackenzie Ave., centrally located. Apply to Mrs. W. J. Lee.

Bargains in Veal, Chicken and Beef loaf for Friday and Saturday only at C. B. Hume and Co's.

Call and inspect our carpets and linoleums, a choice selection always in stock at C. B. Hume and Co's.

FOR SALE—A House and Lot, situated alongside railway, opposite Long's Brewery. Apply to August Grannat.

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

Now that the hot weather is coming on, you need awnings for your south windows, better order them at once from L. A. Fretz. Also screens etc.

Carmen in Convention.

An important meeting of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America (Canadian branch), was opened in Winnipeg on Monday. This is the first time that the B. R. C. of A. have held a convention so far west. The delegates at the convention will represent the various lodges from St. Johns to Vancouver.

The carmen include in their ranks several very important branches of trades in connection with railway work, amongst them being carpenters, pattern makers, painters, steamfitters, plumbers, coppersmiths, train inspectors, air brake inspectors, tinsmiths, coach and car builders, and numerous others in connection with these trades.

Progress at Beatrice

Harry Anderson, secretary of the Beatrice Mines, Ltd., was in town on Tuesday on business. We learn that mining operations in the future will be conducted on a much larger scale than hitherto. The company, we are pleased to learn, is in an excellent financial position. We also learn that an offer has been made the company by a syndicate of mining men. As yet nothing definite has been done in the matter.—Trout Lake Review.

Notice to Creditors

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM RABB BEATTY, LATE OF ARROWHEAD, BRITISH COLUMBIA DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act," to all creditors of the estate of the said William Rabb Beatty to send or deliver to the undersigned, on or before the 1st day of August, 1905, their Christian names and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, duly verified, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them.

And further take notice that after such date the executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and will not be liable for such assets to any person or persons of whose claims they shall not have received notice, at the time of such distribution.

Dated the 8th day of June, A.D., 1905.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for the Executors.

TO-DAY!!

ICE CREAM SODAS

Manning's

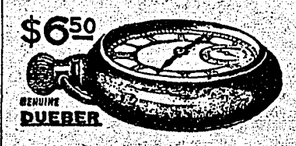
JUST RECEIVED
Nice Pictures of the whole —"DAMM FAMILY,"— CALL AND SEE THEM.

NEW BOOKS
"The Monk's Treasure."
"The Marathon Mystery."
"The Silent Places."

NEW MUSIC
Niccolini.
Wild Roses.
Good Night, but Not Good Bye.
Life's Golden Rule.
There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Red Cross Drugstore
GEO. D. BEATTIE, PROP.
Bring Us Your Prescriptions
MONEY ORDERS ISSUED

$6.50



ELGIN OR WALTHAM $6.50
4-OZ. SOLID SILVERINE CASE
Dust and damp-proof, fitted with the very best seven jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement, stem-wind and set, and absolutely guaranteed for 5 years. Also a beautiful chain with each watch for the next 30 days. All complete, $6.50. Seeing is believing. Cut this out and send it to us, with your Name, Post Office and Express Office Address, and we will send the Watch and Chain to you for examination. If you find it as represented, pay agent the amount and express charges, and Watch and Chain are yours. If you wish to save paying the express charges send in the full amount, and we will forward to you Watch and Chain by mail, all charges prepaid. If you order C.O.D. a deposit of 50 cents is required as a matter of good faith, which amount will be deducted from your bill. Order at once, as this offer may not appear again. When writing mention this paper.

E. WAGNER & CO., 163 Cordova St., Vancouver, B. C.

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON ALL 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.

Have You a Boy Who Wants a Summer Suit

If so, we're right after him. We want to put him inside of one of Our Spring Suits just for a trial.

Boys Here You Are

Come and See Them

Our Boys' Suits are nothing short of the Perfect Mark. Mothers send your boys to the Store and let them try them on. We have a well assorted stock in mostly all sizes. When you see them, we know that you will like them.

WE SELL NO TRASH—Good Cloth, Good Make, and Up-to-Date Styles. They may come a little dearer, but they wear twice as long, therefore being cheaper to buy in the end.

THE UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIER.

J. G. Macdonald