THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL

Vol XVI: NO. 24 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1905 $2 00 a Year in Advance

Library, Legislative Assembly
JUN 26 1905
VICTORIA, B. C.

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

It Takes a Boy

TO TEST THE THE WEARING QUALITIES OF A STOCKING

BLACK CAT STOCKINGS WILL STAND THE TEST

If it's possible to kick a hole in them, he'll do it.

"BLACK CAT" HOSE

Will give him a struggle to wear them out he never experienced before.

Every stitch defies rough wear. They're double at the knees, the heel and the toes—giving long life and perfect satisfaction.

Prices—25c 35c and 50c.

See window display. See prizes in the window.

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.

Bargains in Ladies' Whitewear

White Under Muslins. A line of Ladies' White Drawers, fine quality of muslin, wide row of white tucking, embroidery trimmed. Reg. Price $1.25, selling now per pair for 50c.

Ladies' White Night Dresses, full length yoke of fine white tucking embroidery trimmed. A regular $2 gown, selling for $1.25.

NEW GOODS JUST ARRIVED

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

C. B. HUME & CO.

APPROVED BY RATEPAYERS

Property Owners Prove Their Faith in Council by Passing Water and Light Improvement Bylaw

The bylaw providing for the borrowing of $20,000 for the improvement of the water and light systems met with the approval of the ratepayers yesterday and was sustained by a majority of nine over the necessary three-fifths of the total vote. It is a matter of regret that more interest is not manifested by the ratepayers in important matters of this kind. The total vote polled only numbered 131, less than one-third of the names on the list. The HERALD is of the opinion that the verdict given by the vote yesterday is the right one and in the best interests of the city, and the ratepayers will not regret the stand they took on the question. The vote polled was as follows:

For the bylaw	87
Against the bylaw	43
Spoiled ballots	1
Total vote polled	131

Votes necessary to carry the bylaw 78.

Oddfellows' Grand Lodge.

At the annual session of the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F., at Ladysmith last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

Dr. D. E. McKenzie, of New Westminster, grand master.

F. E. Simpson, of Cranbrook, deputy grand master.

Thomas Embleton, of Rossland, grand warden.

Frederick Davey, of Victoria, grand secretary.

H. T. Fulton, of Ladysmith, grand treasurer.

Fred Davey, of Victoria, grand representative.

The next meeting of the Grand Lodge will be held at Victoria.

Shooting Scrape

A warrant was issued for the arrest of Gabriel Serianni, charged with shooting one Hutton, a C. P. R. machinist, on Saturday night last. The shooting appears to have been the outcome of a big beer social at the residence of an Englishman named Shardlow, and after the party broke up somebody hit Serianni on the head with a club and then somebody shot Hutton. Accused appeared before Messrs. Lindmark and McLaughlin, J Ps., and was remanded till Saturday night, being allowed out on his own bonds to appear. Serianni is in a badly-damaged condition and had to call in the services of a doctor. The victim, Hutton, is doing well under the doctor's care at the hospital and will be out in a few days.

Settlement Effected

E. L. Kinman and the Canadian Timber and Sawmills, Ltd., of Trout Lake, have come to terms whereby Kinman has been paid the full amount of his claim and costs. The company and Mr. Hill brought actions against the sheriff and his deputy at Trout Lake for damage, etc., but these have been dropped and the company pays all costs, including the costs of two appeals which were pending when the settlement was reached. Kinman's several actions against the company to set aside debenture mortgages and for damages are settled and this result puts an end to about a dozen suits which were proceeding. Harvey, McCarter and Pinkham looked after Mr. Kinman's interests throughout, and Wheeler and Wragge of Nelson acted for the company. There is a rumor that the company contemplate starting operations at an early date, which will be good news for Trout Lake people.

Will Distribute $70,000 Profits

The announcement is made by the management of the St. Eugene mine that a dividend of $70,000 will be distributed among the shareholders in July. A year ago St. Eugene stock was selling at 30 cents a share in Toronto, but recently, since the property has jumped into the first rank among silver-lead mines of the world, the stock has practically disappeared from the exchanges. The present dividend, which well-informed mining men regard as only the first of a long series of monthly, or at least quarterly, payments, is at the rate of two cents a share on a capitalization of $3,500,000.

Deutschman Caves.

Chas. Deutschman came in Tuesday from the caves at Ross Peak, where he has been for the past two weeks making further investigations. He reports the snow in the vicinity to be nearly all gone and the lakes opened, also the discovery of three new entrances. Mr. Deutschman completed the construction of a raft on which he crossed the lake in the interior of the caves, thereby gaining an entrance to what is called the "auditorium." He was also busily engaged in preparing timbers for the construction of a bridge in the caves. He brought down with him a sample of stalagmite, which forms the floor of the cave, and a sample of stalactite taken from the roof over the natural bridge. These samples are on exhibition in the window of E. M. Allum's jewellery store on Mackenzie avenue and are attracting a great deal of attention. Next week the HERALD will issue an illustrated supplement containing a history of the discovery and a complete description of the caves.

Dramatic Entertainment.

Arrangements are about completed for the dramatic entertainment under the auspices of the Independent Band on the evening of Monday, July 3rd. The play is an original Irish drama entitled "More Sinned Against Than Sinning." There are two plots running through the play. In the first, old Squire Hilton, a landholder prompted by his land agent Belhaven (a designing and unscrupulous villain) is led to misconstrue the actions of his only son and heir, Duke, whom he denounces and disowns. Duke is supposed to go to America, accompanied by Teddy O'Neil, (a rale sprig of the ould sod) and both find their way to California where they remain for a time and amass some money. About the time of their return home plot two begins. In this, Belhaven, having induced the old Squire to make him sole heir of his estate and disinherit his son, becomes alarmed at some indications of distrust on the part of the Squire, and fearing that he may alter his will, determined to get rid of the old man and lays a plot for abducting him and shipping him to Normandy. This plan is, by the aid of a gang of smugglers, partly carried out, and the Squire is drugged and carried by the villians to a cave on the seashore, to await the coming of a smugglers' vessel. On the eve of the abduction Belhaven hears of "Duke's return, and having become possessed of the will in his own favor, lays a plan to entrap Duke by getting a police to conceal the will in Duke's luggage and then intimates that he has murdered his father on account of his disinheritance. He, Belhaven, then notifies the authorities of the Squire's disappearance, and in company with Major Lookout, pretends to make a search for him. Duke here appears on the scene, and coming by night to his old home, unwittingly falls into the trap prepared for him, and is arrested and imprisoned.

Duke is visited in the prison by Teddy, who forms a plan for his escape. Belhaven is charged by the Duke with the murder of the Squire, upon which Belhaven makes two attempts upon his life, and each is in turn frustrated. Aided by Teddy, the Duke escapes and search by the Squire is renewed. The trail of the smugglers is discovered. Belhaven again makes another attempt on the life of Duke and is shot by the Major, Teddy discovers and releases the old Squire and explanations and reconciliation follows.

Considerable time is being given to careful rehearsing and the entertainment should prove one of the best ever given in the city.

Dale's English Opera Singers.

The above company gave another of their delightful entertainments to a bumper house on Tuesday evening, and the large audience went away delighted with the entertainment provided. Almost every number was encored. It would be hard to tell which was the most popular selection in the programme for everything was up to the high-water mark. The whole programme was a musical treat of rare excellence.

City Council.

A special meeting of the city council was held last night, all the members being present, at which it was decided to accept the Canadian Pipe Co's offer to replace the broken part of the present flume with a stave flume 8 feet in diameter at a cost of $8.50 per foot f. o. b. Revelstoke, and that they be requested to send their engineer (Mr. Stocks late C. P. R. bridgemaster at Cranbrook) to look over this work and superintend the building of foundations for same.

Mr. Stocks is expected to arrive tomorrow.

In view of the fact that the bylaw had passed it was resolved to wire Messrs. Hamilton Co to rush the materials and complete the work in the wheel case as soon as possible, also that proposed new gate gear be obtained.

Nagle vs Harbor Lumber Co.

Before the full court at Vancouver last week argument was heard in the appeal of G. B. Nagle against the judgment of Judge Morrison in his suit against the Harbor Lumber Co., Ltd. Judgment was reserved. E. P. Davis, K. C., appeared for Nagle and F. C. Wade, K.C., and G. S. McCarter appeared for the company.

IT STRONGLY AFFECTS B. C.

Justice Anglin's Decision is That Dominion Has no Power to Deport Aliens — Judgment Far-Reaching.

Ottawa, June 19.—The decision of Mr. Justice Anglin in regard to the deportation of aliens is that the Canadian parliament has no power to deport them to foreign territory.

It is understood that the department of justice does not feel bound to accept the decision. If there is no appeal, as the judge says, then the Dominion government will find a way of getting a final judgment in the case.

It is a question whether Mr. Justice Anglin's decision does not declare the whole act ultra vires, or merely the deportation clause. If it merely refers to the deportation clause, then the adoption of a fine could be used instead of deportation.

The decision also raises the question as to the deportation of immigrants, which is going on all the time. Then there is the deportation of Chinese and Japanese and extradition proceedings, all of which may be affected by Mr. Anglin's judgment.

It is so far-reaching in its consequences that it cannot be allowed to rest where it is.

In accordance with his judgment, Judge Anglin has ordered the release of the officials of the Pere Marquette railway, who were arrested for deportation because they were Americans brought to this country under contract.

The judge decided that the alien labor law is ultra vires because it is without the explicit bestowal of extra-territorial powers by the sovereign parliament, and no colonial legislature in the opinion of the judge, may enact legislation to be enforced beyond the boundary of any colony. In his decision the judge says: "If the constraining force under the attorney-general's warrant cease before a subject is within the territorial limits of a foreign country, I cannot understand how he can be said to be returned to that country by virtue of warrant. If such force continues until the subject is upon foreign territory, its extra-territorial exercise cannot be denied.

SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Capt. Sir Ernest Cochrane, Bart., has offered a cup of the value of $500 for a competition between picked football teams representing Great Britain, Ireland, Canada and the United States.

A hotly contested match was played on the athletic grounds last Saturday afternoon, "City vs. Shops." It was a fair combination game, viz., football and haying, the nice long grass easing up to a large extent the numerous falls resulting from tangled feet in the sweet scented clover tops. The shops won by a score of four goals to one. An inquiry has been sent to Nelson relative to arranging a match in that city on Dominion Day, July 1st. A good sum is being offered for a game. The Revelstoke team is a winner, though at times they do take to the long grass.

The Corinthian Association football team will sail on August 3 on a short tour of the United States and Canada.

TENNIS.

Some inspiring games are being played in the evenings on the courts the club members turning out enthusiastically to wipe each other off the shrinking universe. J. Guy is training down to a feather weight and has a lean and hungry look in his eye whenever he sees a player coming up the street.

A match took place Saturday afternoon between representatives of the Banks and Tennis Club. The club winning the singles and the banks the doubles.

Saturday afternoon next will be Ladies' Day. All lady members of the club are privileged to invite their friends who play whether members of the club or not. A large turn out is expected and the courts will be in first-class shape for playing. Play will commence at 2 o'clock sharp.

THE TURF

A meeting of the Turf Club was held yesterday afternoon at which it was decided to hold a race meeting here in connection with the annual Labor Day celebration. Tenders are being called for putting the race track in first-class condition.

TRAP SHOOTING.

The scores on Saturday for 20 birds at unknown angles were:

J. Guy Barber	18
W. A. Sturdy	14
A. McDonell	13
A. McRae	12
B. A. Lawson	11
F. B. Lewis	10

LACROSSE.

Kelowna went down to defeat before the Revelstoke stick handlers yesterday at Kelowna by a score of 7 to 0. The boys are playing at Vernon to-day.

New Westminster defeated Vancouver on Saturday, in the latter city, by four goals to one.

Kelowna defeated Vernon last week by six goals to nil.

The following team represented Revelstoke in the game at Kelowna yesterday: Goal, Geo. Trimble; point, J. McCorvie; cover point, P. Dunne; 1st defence, W. Buck; 2nd defence, A. Hillier; 3rd defence, W. Barber; centre, A. Woodland; 3rd home, W. Turnbull; 2nd home, Geo. Knight; 1st home, C. Latham; outside home C. Kerfoot; inside home, J. Mills; field captain, Neil Lee.

Bills are out announcing a return match between Kamloops and Revelstoke intermediates at Kamloops on Dominion Day.

THE RIFLE.

Saturday's scores at the range were:

	200	500	600	Total
Pte. Fisher	28	34	29	91
Lieut. Brown	30	30	29	89
Lieut. Smith	29	29	26	82
Pte. Hall	29	24	15	68
Pte. Nelson	26	27	30	83
Pte. Paget	17	21	20	58
Pte. Coombes	23	19	10	52
Pte. Leeming	18	23	10	51
Pte. Burpee	16	13	18	47
Corpl. Rowland	15	18	14	47
Lieut. Morrison	24	18	4	46
Corpl. Shardlow	21	18	—	39
Pte. McMillan	—	22	16	38
Pte. Hardcastle	18	4	15	37
Pte. Farquhar	21	—	—	21
Sgt. Donald	—	15	—	15

Sergt. J. Donald was in from Golden on a short visit.

The first ten scores will be returned to the Secretary Canadian Military Rifle League, as the team shoot in the second match.

The average (65.9) should be raised at least ten points by more careful shooting and better attendance at the matches. Pte. Croover and other good shots were much needed to help the score.

A Warm Reception.

VICTORIA, B. C., June 19.—C. H. Gibbons, news editor of the Victoria Colonist, last night shot J. K. Macready, of Vancouver, who had brought his wife home in a hack from a private dinner party.

They were standing at the gate of the Gibbons' home when Gibbons wheeled up, and, shaking hands with Macready, asked him into the house.

Leaving the room, he returned with a double-barrelled shotgun and discharged one barrell, the contents whizzing past Macready's ear. He then fired the other just as Macready closed on him, the latter receiving it in the arm. Macready was taken to the King Edward hotel, where a doctor dressed his wounds and abstracted the shot. The wounds were not serious.

Gibbons was jealous of his wife on Macready's account.

VICTORIA, June 20.—Gibbons was arrested last night charged with shooting Macready with intent to murder. The case came before the Provincial Police court this morning when Gibbons was remanded till Macready is able to appear in court. The latter is not dangerously wounded. Gibbons claims Macready showed unnecessary attention to his wife.

MURDER OF TWO CHILDREN

Six Year Old Girl and Baby Found Bound and Smothered Near Their Home — Motive For Crime Unknown.

Halifax, N.S., June 20—Fred O'Neill seventeen years old, found Elma Young in the scrub woods one mile back from the settlement of Plympton, Digby county, and an hour later his brother Clifford came upon the remains of six-year-old May Ward a quarter of a mile further back.

The lads were two of a party of twenty-five who had been looking for the children.

When found, the baby, a year and a half old, was lying on its face, trussed hand and foot. Its mouth had been stopped with its own cotton hood which had been rolled up and bound tightly across its face. In its struggles to free its hands the wad of cotton had dropped from its mouth, which prevented suffocation.

The other child, May, was dead. Across her mouth and nose was a large burdock leaf, over which the child's hood was tightly drawn and around and around was bound a quantity of yarn.

Suffocation must have quickly followed the application of this horrible contrivance, and the fact that the body rested as though it had not been moved indicates that life was extinct before the little form had been deposited on the ground.

The motives for the crime are unknown.

ILLECILLEWAET NOTES.

The C. P. R. are making extensive alterations and improvements to the main line and yards at this point. About fifty men are employed on the work with foreman M. L. Holland in charge. The siding is being extended about 500 feet.

On Thursday last the license commissioners for Revelstoke riding, viz., R. A. Upper, chief license inspector, and Messrs. Reid, Kincaid, and Johnson, held a meeting at the Windsor Hotel and completed their work for the next half year. During the commissioners visit to Illecillewaet they were the guests of Mr. Chas. Vinet, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, who entertained them right royally and made their visit one of extreme pleasure and long to be remembered by them. The Windsor Hotel is one of the finest country houses in the west, and Mr. Vinet sets a table there which would compare favorably with any of the hotels in the cities of the province, was amply evidenced by the number of guests present on the occasion of the commissioners' visit. Mr. P. W. Mooney, C. P. R. agent and justice of the peace for Illecillewaet district was present and with Messrs. J. P. Kennedy and M. L. Holland extended a warm welcome, on behalf of the residents of the mountain burg, to the visitors.

Fishing and shooting are the favorite pastimes at Illecillewaet, and here in the early fall the sportsman may find a splendid opportunity of exercising his skill along these lines, with the additional attraction of comfortable quarters in the Windsor Hotel at the end of a long day's tramp over the hills.

For Friday and Saturday Crosse & Blackwell potted meats at 15c. Just the thing for picnics at C. B. Hume & Co.

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 End of The Story

"Joan Carmarthen." A new name, surely! Hartley Craven put down the manuscript he had been reading, glad that it marked the end of his task, and stared thoughtfully into the fire. The hour was late, and he had still other work to do; yet he showed no disposition to proceed. Truth to tell, it had struck him curiously. Obviously the work of a beginner, novice written on every page, still it gripped. It had about it that unmistakable, undefinable something that was the real thing.

Here was fact sufficiently remarkable; but it was the other that appealed to him most—the queer personal application. He laughed awkwardly as the full force of it came home to him. Coincidence, of course; still, it was strange—uncanny.

Muttering an admonition to himself to "drop this nonsense," he swung back to his desk and took up his pen.

"Madam," he wrote in his characteristic scrawl, "I have read the enclosed MS., and am sorry to have to return it. It is good work—by far the best that has reached me for many a day—but I dare not print it. Frankly, I do not like the end of your story; it is too harsh, too bitter, too uncompromising. The great reading public likes a happy ending; and, after all, the demand is not unreasonable. In real life your heroine would undoubtedly marry the next man who asked her, and settle down quite naturally into a contented wife and mother. The hero does not matter; you can make him learn golf if you like—this is a sure panacea for his complaint. Forgive these frank comments, and believe me faithfully yours, J. Hartley Craven (Editor)."

He read it through, put it ready for the office-boy to post in the morning, and laughed again, loud and long this time, though, as a matter of fact, laughter was farthest from his real thoughts. Then, with a final shrug, he squared himself for more work.

But he had reckoned without his host. His thoughts refused to be chained to everyday affairs; and after a brief attempt he finally gave it up, lighted his pipe, and sat staring into vacancy. Each filmy ring of smoke that rose framed for him a girl's face—a delicate, oval face, with finely-chiselled nose and a mouth that drooped just faintly at the corners.

He had seen it so many times—all the last three years it had haunted him—and now this other girl with her fledging tale had brought back old memories with a vividness that startled him—made him afraid.

"The end of the story!" He grimaced, and stirred uneasily. Would it—would it ever have an end, that other story? Or would they just drift on and on for ever, growing farther apart with every day and every year? He went over it all again for the thousandth time. Why did he do it? Why hadn't he trusted her? Surely he might have known that the rumors which reached him were lies—base lies, that out of their own mouth were condemned? But, no! "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." He did not stay to think. He sent his letter full of bitter, biting words, hurrying over the 7,000 miles of sea that divided them; and a weak afterwards would have given his right hand to be able to call it back. Worse still, when he got back to the old country again, penitent and ashamed, Mollie had vanished; and all they could tell him was that her father had died and that she had gone to London.

The thought made him furious. London! Since then he had tramped miles upon miles of streets, watched all the theatres and railway-stations in turn, in the hope of seeing her; but what chance was there? It was hopeless—impossible. As well search for a needle in a haystack as for one person in this hive of millions!

No. He had lost her. For all he knew she might be dead. And he—. He took a small phial and a hypodermic syringe out of his pocket and placed them on the table. Those were his gods now. He was a drug-slave—as low as that. Heaven knew he had tried to break himself of it; in his better moments had vowed often never to touch the beastly stuff again; but what was the use? Just as surely as night followed day the insidious craving returned; the faint sweet odor had become the very breath of life to him, the brief nirvana that it brought the pinnacle of earthly bliss.

Where would it end? Only the other day he had been told by a specialist with grave face that another year would bring about a crisis. He advised a change, a long holiday, with plenty of healthy excitement. "Go big-game shooting in Africa!" he had said. "Fill your lungs with plenty of fresh air, get plenty of hard exercise. You'll be another man in six months!" And here he was still. Why had he not gone? Why did he linger when every day's delay was dangerous? Suddenly his hand shot out; he gripped bottle and syringe, flung them on the floor, and ground them to powder under his heel. His mind was made up; he would go to-morrow. Another second and he had dived into hat and overcoat, and, fearing to look behind, plunged into the night.

Theatre-land was thronged; the houses were just emptying. Crowds of people blocked the pavements; shrill whistles were blown every instant; all was bustle and hurry. All at once there was a shout. A horse, frightened by the glare or the noise, began to rear and kick, and a moment later started off at a mad gallop. A young girl and a man, crossing from side to side, were in imminent peril. The man, hearing the shout, drew back; the girl had no time. She glanced at the oncoming terror, wavered an instant, and was on the point of falling when a tall figure dashed forward, a strong arm shot out, and she was dragged as by a miracle into safety. The crowd forgot to cheer; it was all so sudden.

"My card!" fluttered the old man to the rescuer. He was blanched with terror. "Yours, if you please. I can't thank you now, but to-morrow——"

The rest was lost. The two were bustled into a hansom, and Hartley Craven, crushing the piece of pasteboard into his pocket without so much as looking at it, passed on.

* * * * * *

Twelve months later he was back in London, cured as the specialist had said, and Lady Silverston, hearing of the fact, sent him a card for her next reception. She was one of those persons who pride themselves on knowing everybody; and her receptions were always crowded.

He went, and was speedily overwhelmed with questions. Where had he been? What had he been doing? Was he better? He replied to one and all with the utmost good humor, and after a while, drawing aside a man whom he knew, put a query on his own account. It had been on his lips for some minutes.

"Who's this Miss Carmarthen everyone's talking about?" he asked.

"Oh, don't you know?" was the reply. "She's Lady Silverton's new lion-girl, who wrote 'The Warblers,' you know. Remarkably clever for a first book. You must read it. Quite an unknown quantity she was till Lady S. unearthed her—governess, or something of that sort. Positive talent that woman has for discovering budding geniuses."

"Yes; I believe you."

"Extraordinary! She seems to take 'em all under her wing in turn. Get her to introduce you. The girl's here somewhere."

"Yes; I must. Good-bye!"

They separated, and Craven's thoughts flew back with a rush. So his swan had not, like so many others, turned out to be only a duckling! Success had come to her early. Well, she had the right stuff in her; he felt sure of it when he read that—that other thing. He must get a copy of "The Warblers" to-morrow.

The crowded rooms and the hurly-burly of voices became wearisome; the conservatory offered a welcome contrast. He slipped through the open door, and walked slowly, gratefully for the cool atmosphere and the sense of calm. Was it fate? Suddenly—could it be—no—yes—impossible! For an instant his heart seemed to stop beating. Then it went on again furiously, riotously, with big, quick jumps that sent the blood rushing to his face, and left him for a moment standing there helpless and inert.

All the world only held one object for him at that instant—a girl in a soft white gown who came towards him down the row of palms. In two strides he was at her side.

"Mollie!"

"Mr. Craven!"

Quickly his eye searched out a quiet corner, and without a word he drew her arm in his and led her to it. When they were seated he looked at her rapturously.

"Have I found you at last, little girl?" he whispered, "or am I dreaming? Shall I wake up to find that I have been cheated?" He laughed softly. "Dreaming! Ah, how good it is, with the knowledge that reality is behind! Where have you been hiding all these years, little truant?"

"Truant? Ah, surely not!" Her breath came in little jerks; she drew herself away slightly. "You have no right to call me that; you who—"

"Forgive me!" The whisper came in an instant. "No! It is I who have played truant—worse! Can you ever forgive me, Mollie? Can it—can it ever be the same again?"

"The same!" Her voice thrilled him—had a note that was like the rushing wind before a storm. "Dare you ask? Listen! I will tell you a story. Once upon a time there was a girl who had a lover, who was everything that was good in her eyes, a hero among men. They were to have been married, but as the time drew near duty called him to a distant country. He went, telling her to be brave and to dry up her tears; and week by week afterwards he wrote long letters to her, full of glowing words and phrases, that were like oases in the desert; she used to wait hungrily for their coming and croon herself to sleep with them under her pillow. But one day—crash—her idol fell. The postman brought words that made her go hot with indignation, made her wonder if love and honor and justice were only empty names."

The man at her side winced.

"Spare me, Mollie!" he breathed. "I was mad—senseless! A week afterwards I would have given anything to have recalled that letter."

Her breast heaved; she pressed her hands together till the tiny wrists quivered.

"She gave her lover his freedom," she went on. "It was all a hideous mistake, but what could she do? Soon afterwards her father died, and she was obliged to go out into the world to earn her own living. She came to London, and after many trials, many rebuffs, secured a post as governess. So her new life began. She had one motherless girl to look after; and in the new interests and the new duties some of the old sorrows began to slip away insensibly.

"But soon a worse difficulty presented itself. Dimly, only half understanding at first, she became aware that the relation between her employer and herself was narrowing, that very little on her part would narrow it still further; and she was afraid. How should she escape the net that was closing round her?

"Then, one day, she learned that her lover was back in England. He was in London, quite near to her—editor of a magazine that sold its thousands of copies each month. Her heart leaped at the news; it seemed like the direct interposition of Providence. To go to him, to write, was impossible; but she quickly planned a scheme that should attain her heart's desire and still preserve her dignity. She would write a story and send it to him under the name she had assumed—a story cunningly disguised and yet so plain that he could not fail to understand. And—and if he still cared, she reasoned, he would know that the way to reconciliation was open.

"So, with infinite pains, she wrote her story and sent it to be typed; and as she read it through finally before posting it, looking neat and nice and altogether different in its new guise, she smiled faintly at her audacity. It was so absurdly reminiscent.

"After that she waited two, three, four weary weeks, and at the end of them her answer came—a careless, cynical note that stung her to the quick. She had bared her soul for nothing. Yes, he had seen it—read it; there could be no mistake, for his signature was there—'J. Hartley Craven.' It mocked her misery!"

"Mollie, you are Joan Carmarthen! You!" Ten seconds ticked off an eternity in his brain; he read the riddle of years in a flash.

"Yes, I am Joan Carmarthen," she said, slowly. "Do you doubt it?"

"Doubt it! Oh, that I could!" He wrung his hands in silent despair. "I see it all now—all! At the time I put it down to coincidence, the irony of circumstances; I never dreamed of—of this! Mollie, I am a simpleton. That night I simply writhed in bitterness of spirit. Position, money, friends—what were these? It was you I wanted—and I never guessed! The next day I threw up my post and went abroad; it was that or go mad!" For a full minute they sat silent. When he spoke again his voice was a thing unrecognizable. "Is it—is it too late now for us——" But she cut him short with a cry, half pain, half fear.

"No, you must not say it. Anything but that! Oh, why did I let it come to this? Can you not guess?"

"Guess!" A moment's blind groping, a brief obsession, and then he reeled; the world seemed to be slipping away from him. "Ah, not that!" he faltered. "It would be too cruel!"

"Cruel!" She turned on him almost fiercely. "Whose is the fault, then? Do you blame me? Do you wonder that, sick at heart and weary of it all, I did what every woman would have done—said 'yes' when he asked me?"

"But you cannot marry him! You dare not!" A sudden insolence possessed him—urged him on. "You do not love him! You are mine still—mine to the very tips of your fingers; the last drop of blood that is in you! Do you think I do not know?" He rose; made a superb gesture. "Why, one look at you! Pshaw, it is impossible."

There was a pause. Her fingers toyed nervously with the folds of her dress and her lips quivered.

"Oh, as to that," she said, slowly, "I have no doubt that I shall settle down quite naturally into a contented wife and mother." That was the phrase, I think?" Another pause. Suddenly her eyes, that for a moment had glittered like steel, became moist again. "Besides, why worry? You and I are not children; we are used to wearing a mask. Fate has played us a scurvy trick, but it will not be for long, and then——"

"Mollie, no more!" All his courage had gone. "You are not serious—you cannot be. Tell me that you are only keeping up this pretence to try me!" She clasped her hands in an agony of regret.

"Oh, that it were so!" she whispered. "Jack"—it was the first time she had used his Christian name—"do you not see that it is too late for—for—that? I cannot draw back now. I have promised; and to break my promise might—might ruin a third life. We have no right, you and I—you understand, dear?"

The pleading voice ceased. He knew that she was looking at him, but he dared not look back.

"You are determined?" he breathed.

"Heaven helping, yes."

The whisper floated to him across a mist of tears, and two strained faces peered out of the silence. He swallowed the lump in his throat and gripped hard at his self-control.

"Then—this—is the end of the story?"

"Yes; the end of the story and—good-bye."

Bravely she met his eyes. Both had risen and stood with hands joined. Neither spoke, the moment was too exquisite; but that silent hand-clasp, the faint pressure that went straight from heart to heart and brain to brain, said all that they could have told in words, and more.

And then a strange thing happened. Thrusting aside the chairs on which they had been sitting, a man stepped forward and stood beside them. The girl started. A wild, mad fancy danced through her.

"I must apologize," he said, "for having listened to your conversation. As a matter of fact, I could not help doing so, for you blocked the only exit there was to my position; and although I tried once or twice to attract your attention I failed to do so."

Craven, recovering from his surprise, noted a man of middle age, erect and soldierly, with hair beginning to go grey about the temples.

"I am glad that it was so, however," he continued, "for I have learned things of which otherwise I should have been ignorant. You, Miss Carmarthen"—he turned to her with a courtly bow—"I have to thank, in words which can only feebly express my real feelings, for the sacrifice that you were prepared to make on my behalf. More I dare not trust myself to say; but I, too, have a duty to perform, and it is to release you at once, freely and unconditionally, from your engagement to me. I am glad that I surrender you to a man who is worthy of you. You, sir"—he turned to Craven—"once did me a service which I can never forget; you saved my child's life." He held out a card. "That is yours, I think?"

Craven looked at it. Even now he had not grasped the full significance of what was happening.

"Yes!" he blurted out.

"Fate seems to have drawn our three lives together in some inexplicable manner," said the other. "You may remember—you must remember the circumstances under which you gave it to me. Two days later I called at your office to thank you in more appropriate terms than were possible at the moment, and I was told that you had gone away." He paused—put out his hand. "I thank you now—from my heart!"

Another second and he turned and walked away. And Hartley Craven, turning also and realizing at last what had befallen, saw that his companion's eyes, behind a veil of misty dampness, shone with a light that was new and wonderful. And his heart gave a great bound of joy, for he knew that love had entered into his kingdom and that "the end of the story" was not yet.—London Tit-Bits.

About the ....House

WAYS OF USING APPLES.

The necessity of fruit, all the year round, as part of the daily diet, is generally acknowledged. Among fruits the apple is given the first place. Eaten raw, there is no better stimulant for a sluggish liver, and the liver is as important in the scheme of living as the ten commandments. Be bilious and be a villain—one is the natural sequence of the other. Eat apples, and you will be both happy and good—you can't possibly help it. Think of Eve as the exception that proved the rule. A lover of the delicious spheres, biting into the spicy heart of a fine one, sees a very brilliant silver lining to the cloud his Snakeship cast over Paradise, at all events.

Without apples—one shudders to think of the howling waste! With apples—one can answer satisfactorily at any season, the vexing old conundrum—"what shall we have to eat?"

Apples fried in butter or pork fat are nice for breakfast, or with a roast of pork for dinner.

Red ones of a size, scooped out neatly, make pretty cups for a salad. These applecups may be filled with a mixture of cold, chopped meat and bread crumbs, seasoned to taste, soften with melted butter, and baked.

Tart apples, combined with celery and walnuts make a salad fit for the gods, and beside which their ambrosia would be insipid.

The very nicest way to bake them is to select the sweet ones, core them and fill with a mixture of sugar, butter and chopped nuts, flavored with cinnamon. Pour a little water around and bake carefully. To make 'porcupino apples' just stick them full of shredded and blanced almonds.

The "apfel juchen" of our German sisters—well, you never tasted anything better. Try this recipe.

Mix a good tablespoonful of butter into two cups of flour, in which you have sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat well one egg, and fill up the cup with milk. Grease a large, shallow pan, and spread the dough about half an inch thick have pared, cored and quartered apples ready, and press them into the dough in close, even rows. Sprinkle well with sugar and cinnamon, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. This is excellent for the little folks, and good hot or cold.

If you are looking for an Indian apple pudding, let your quest end right here. Take one half of a cup of molasses, one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, three scant cups of pared and sliced apples, to which you will add a quarter of a teaspoonful of ginger and cinnamon.

When the milk boils in the double boiler, pour it slowly on the meal. Cook half an hour in the boiler, stirring often. Now add the other ingredients; pour into a deep, well greased pudding dish and bake slowly. Eat with cream or apple syrup.

Apples are delicious stewed in a rich syrup and when cold covered with a meringue, sprinkled with nutmeats and slightly browned. Gelatine previously dissolved, may be added to the syrup while still warm. Turn into a ring mould. At serving time fill the centre with sweetened whipped cream, with or without nuts. These jellied apples should be served ice cold. Evaporated apples stewed are improved by adding raisins in the proportion of half a cup of raisins to a half pound of apples. Flavor with lemon.

A pie not like that his mother used to make, and perhaps not even to his way of thinking, an improvement, is built as follows:

Line the pie-plate with the best crust you can make and fill with pared apples, cut in eights. Sweeten well and dredge with cinnamon and flour. Pour over all one-half cup of rich cream, or the same amount of made custard. Top off Hubby's dinner with a quarter section of this pie, and see how quickly the wherewithall for your new hat will be forthcoming. Bake with a top crust or heat with meringue or whipped cream, as you prefer.

HINTS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

Mothers should remember that it is of great importance to look well to a child's first teeth, as well as to his second set. The second are likely to be infected by decay of the first set, and dentists fully recognise the necessity of looking well to the early teeth. A tooth grows from a little sac or pocket in the gum, and, the second teeth being developed close to the first ones, it is only natural to believe that the milk teeth will have a good chance of affecting their successors.

During warm weather milk for children should always be boiled before using. To do this, heat to about 170 deg. Fahrenheit, and keep at this temperature for about thirty minutes. This precaution is especially necessary when an epidemic of any kind is prevalent, as infection is carried more quickly by milk than in almost any other way.

Babies are generally very thirsty when teething, but do not constantly give them milk to drink. Cold boiled water is much better for quenching the thirst, and, as a rule, babies are not given nearly enough. Milk is a food, not by any means a thirst quencher.

A doctor, writing to the 'Lancet,' advocates the use of sleeping sacks for children, with arms and a button at the neck, instead of a nightdress. The child could not walk about in a sack, and, therefore, could not get to a fire and ignite its clothes, for it would be naked. One defect of ordinary nightdresses is that a restless child kicks off the bedclothes and rolls up the nightdress under its arms, leaving its legs and half its body exposed.

The nursery should be the sunniest room in the house, but do not choose a top room unless it is absolutely unavoidable, as the ceilings are generally lower than in other rooms, and being close to the tiles are terribly hot in summer. Children are like flowers: unless they get plenty of air and sunlight they cannot be really healthy, and, as microbes flourish in dark rooms, this is an additional reason that the children's domain should be flooded with light.

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

BATTLE BETWEEN BIG RED ANT AND SPIDER.

The Ant Overcomes Great Difficulties and Earns His Dinner.

I was confined to my bed in Manila Phillipine Islands, with dengue fever, writes a traveller. Through my mosquito bar I watched the red ants explore the crazy old Spanish floor with its gaping seams which the heat of the dry season in the Philippines had opened up.

Every morning an army of the little scavengers came briskly out from their nest of clay built up somewhere behind the partition and deployed over the floor in search of anything dead or alive that might serve them as food.

At first as I watched them they seemed to work at random.

Then one afternoan when the sunlight was exceptionally bright I noticed an ant considerably larger and longer limbed than his fellows moving leisurely across the floor and pausing frequently to look about him. During one of these pauses two ants hurried up to him from opposite directions.

The three seemed to hold a consultation, and presently the two retired as if to carry out the orders of their commander.

For fully a half hour the big ant continued to move leisurely about, inspecting here a body of ants as they toiled at a bit of chicken that had fallen from my plate, there a couple that were devising some scheme to get a kernel of rice across a crack that stretched like a great canon between them and their fortress behind the partition, and in still another quarter a trio tugging at a green bug that was not yet dead and that clung tenaciously to

A BAMBOO SPLINTER.

In every instance the little fellows redoubled their efforts at the approach of their commander, but in the case of the green bug with no satisfactory results.

For fully a minute the big ant watched the efforts of his fellows, and then, as if in disgust at their puniness dashed upon the prey, scattering the three toilers in as many directions, and seizing the bug by a wing quickly jerked it from its position and started off across the floor at a great rate of speed.

Presently the big ant, with his now feebly struggling captive, reached the widest crack in the floor; to the other ants a yawning gulf, to cross which they were obliged to make a detour of half the length of the room. But the captain had no idea of squandering his time in this way.

Approaching the brink, he suddenly swung himself round with a whirling motion that threw his hind legs high in air, and as they descended they just touched the further side and his feet took a firm hold. As the bug dropped out of sight it looked for a moment as if the ant would be drawn after it, but the hind feet held fast, and presently the captain emerged triumphant with his booty, starting off in a bee line for the clay house behind the partition.

All went well till he came to within two feet of a pool of water that the servant had spilled upon the floor when filling the empty tomato cans under the legs of the dresser—a necessary precaution to keep the ants from climbing up and taking possession. The captain scented the water from afar, rose up and inspected it till he was satisfied that it was impassable, and then began a

WIDE DETOUR TO THE RIGHT.

This movement took him beyond the range of my vision, and a moment later I was surprised to see him beating a hasty retreat, tugging frantically at the bug, much as defeated soldiers tug at a field piece to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Suddenly the ant stopped and sprang round defiantly in front of the bug, and the next moment I saw a gray spider (the variety which usually travels with huge bounds like a flea) approaching warily. It shot forward a few inches, paused, shot forward again, and then seemed to debate the advisability of attempting to capture the bug from his fellow marauder.

The debate lasted only a moment. The ant's courage evidently failed him at the near approach of his big antagonist, and in a sudden panic of fear he retreated behind the bug.

Like a flash the spider leaped upon the choice morsel, and hurrying away with it to one of the tomato cans under a leg of the dresser mounted to the edge and began leisurely to devour his prize.

For a time the ant seemed frantic with grief and rage. He dashed aimlessly about looking for the bug, as if he could not believe that he had really been robbed.

As the fruitless search continued he seemed to become more and more excited, chasing about in big, zigzag loops as if demented. Then of a sudden he paused on the very spot where he had been robbed, and after what seemed to be a moment's reflection started off on the

TRAIL OF THE ROBBER.

The spider recognized its enemy from afar, and dropping the partly devoured bug into the water, ran around to the farther edge of the tin.

The ant seemed quite to have regained his self-possession now, and reaching the can climbed deliberately up, and raising his head cautiously over the edge located the object of his visit. Quick as thought the spider was upon him, and for a moment there was a confused blur of shifting gray and red, as the two fought desperately on the jagged edge of the can.

Suddenly there was a tiny splash, and a moment later I saw the two struggling in the water. The spider made spasmodic efforts to climb up the smooth side of the can, but the ant, far more active in the water, always dragged it back. In a few moments the spider doubled up convulsively and lay, a still gray ball, upon the surface of the water.

The ant, with the dogged persistency of his race, fished out of the water what remained of the green bug, dropped it over the side of the can, and descending leisurely, carried it away to his clay house behind the partition.

HOUSEHOLD WRINKLES.

To Make Brooms Last—Never stand them downwards on the floor when not in use. Put a piece of string throught a hole in the handle, and hang them up.

Wash hair-brushes in hot soda-water, then rinse in cold water, and they will be clean and sweet.

Fishy Dishes and Plates—The unpleasant odor that arises when washing plates that have been used for fish entirely disappears if a little vinegar is added to the washing-up water.

After baking a cake stand the tin, immediately on taking it from the oven, on a cloth which has been wrung out of hot water. Leave a few minutes, and then turn out. The cake will then come out without any trouble.

Place an apple in a tin with a cake that you want to keep; the cake will remain beautifully moist.

Wine stains will come out of linen if the stained part is held in boiling milk for a minute or two.

Cheese should never be kept near butter, milk, or cream. All these things absorb the flavor of the cheese, and thus spoil their own.

Clean windows in damp weather with a little methylated spirit, and you will have no difficulty in polishing them.

To clean an enamelled bath, take one heaped tablespoonful of kitchen salt, moisten it with turpentine, and with it scour the bath. Then rub with a clean cloth. Before beginning operations take care that the bath is perfectly dry.

To test the purity of coffee, pour cold water on it. If the water assumes a brownish hue, it may be concluded that there is chicory with it.

A bit of camphor put in the reservoir of a paraffin lamp will make it give a better light.

An ordinary egg weighs from one and a quarter to two ounces. A duck's egg weighs from two to three ounces. Two ounces of unmelted butter equal in size an ordinary egg. Two tablespoonfuls of liquid weigh one ounce. Two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar weigh one ounce. One heaping tablespoonful of granulated sugar weighs one ounce. Two rounded tablespoonfuls of flour weigh one ounce.

THE RAINY DAY HAD COME.

Mark Twain tells a story of a fellow-worker who was recently in receipt of a letter from a man who has regularly made it a practice to borrow money from him.

In this letter the writer surprised his correspondent by saying: "This time I have decided to reverse the usual order of things, and, instead of borrowing from you, I enclose herewith £5, which I am going to ask that you will lay aside for me for a rainy day."

But the recipient of the letter couldn't find any remittance. He searched for it on the floor, under the table—in fact, everywhere he thought he might have dropped it. Then quite accidentally he turned over the sheet on which the letter was written and discovered this postscript: "I've just looked out of the window, and find it's raining like the very dickens!"

A man is so unreasonable he would rather pay doctors' bills than milliners' bills.

PEWS SOLD BY AUCTION

SOME FETCH AS MUCH AS A GOOD HOUSE.

Sittings in Some Fashionable New York Churches Are Very Valuable.

Many readers have probably heard of New York's famous Grace Church at Broadway and Tenth Street, where there is a choir of "babies" ranging in ages from four years up, which church is said to be erected on land more valuable even than that whereon our own St. Paul's stands says London Tit-Bits. Here it is the custom to offer by auction all pews which the present owners desire to relinquish, and which possibly may have been in their family ever since the church was built.

A few months ago Pew No. 40 in the south transept of Grace Church was put up for auction in the New York Real Estate Sales Rooms for the trustees of the estate of the late Henry Ray. The bidding was started at $500 and rose rapidly to $1,000, when there was a pause. Then someone offered another hundred and the bidding advanced to $1,500, and was just about to be knocked down for this sum when a Mr. Hamilton G. King sprang another fifty and secured the pew for something like $1,550.

On being asked if he was spending all this money for his own religious comforts, Mr. King stated that he had purchased the pew for another person, but whom.

HE REFUSED TO STATE.

The pew is a "family" one and holds six, is upholstered in dark red, and according to the auctioneer, comfortable enough to foster the highest forms of religious charity. The pews in Grace Church are also subject to a ground-rent which the owners must pay, and which, according to the size of the pew, often amounts to a considerable sum. All the pews in Grace Church with few exceptions are owned by those who occupy them, and when one does find its way into the market it is eagerly purchased by rich parishioners who are only too anxious to buy their own sittings.

One of the most fashionable churches in New York is St. Bartholomew's on Madison Avenue. This is known as "The Vanderbilts' Church," for here the millionaires of that name worship. Sittings in St. Bartholomew's can often be rented but now seldom purchased, most of the pews being owned by the residents of "Millionaire Row," or Fifth Avenue. Occasionally, however, a pew in this church has come under the hammer, when it has brought a considerable sum of money, as much as $5,000 having been paid for six sittings near the pulpit.

In the Roman Catholic Cathedral, close by, pews are also sold by auction at times, and, owing to the magnificent choir which this church supports,

BRING SMALL FORTUNES.

On days such as Easter or Christmas you are only allowed in this cathedral by ticket, and even then if you do not own a pew you must purchase a seat for 50c. or $1 as the case may be.

For this purpose there are men seated at little tables on each side of the middle aisle, where you can pay your money, after which you will be shown to a seat. If you do not want to pay, then you are turned away. Even in the small Catholic churches you are expected to pay at least 25c for your seat, and in addition place a contribution in the bag when the offertory comes round.

The cheapest price for which a church pew has ever been sold by public auction is said to have occurred in Brooklyn, when six sittings in a Protestant place of worship were knocked down for $125. In this case there was no ground-rent to pay, so that the pew may be considered something of a bargain. It was stated at the time of the sale that the last occasion on which a pew in the same church had been put up for auction it had brought no less a sum than $1,750. The purchaser of the $125 pew bought it as a speculation, and afterwards sold it privately at a handsome profit.

GENIUS IS LOVELORN.

Great Natures Seldom Win Happiness In Marriage.

The part that love has played in the lives of men and women of genius never fails to interest the rest of the world, but it is no matter of surprise to students of human nature to discover how few of these love stories have represented anything like the happiness which falls to the lot of well behaved nobodies with only every day capacities, and hopes and aspirations.

Occasionally two great natures may reach the heights of those magnificent solitudes of genius together, and enjoy their splendid isolation in an atmosphere in which the more commonplace would be exceedingly bored and uncomfortable. It has probably been the dream of every great mind to enjoy this intellectual companionship, and, in the first stages of youthful hope and ardor, perhaps, to expect it.

In comprehending in how few cases the anticipation has been realized we strike the tragic note of so many illustrious lives, already sufficiently handicapped by sordid poverty, sickness, early death, and by the never ceasing struggle for fame and recognition.

A man could save a lot of money by stopping smoking if he did not have to spend much more to keep from getting mad with himself for doing it.

He—"Miss Gracie, may I have your little hand——". She—"Oh, Mr. Spoonamore, this is so sudden!" He—"Permit me to continue. This little handful of ferns, as a memento of this delightful picnic——"

A Debt Repaid

I.

Far into the still hours of the night a man sat writing. His desk was a small deal table and he wrote by the light of a candle. All was quiet save for the scratch of his pen.

"I must finish it to-night," he muttered. "Heaven give me strength—it must be finished to-night."

He glanced round the room and a shiver seemed to pass through his frame. Such a poor, bare room it was! So small, so empty; for besides the chair and table which he occupied it contained only a bed, which stood in the corner.

Ever and anon the man's eyes would rest on the bed and the pale, fair face lying so soft and sweet on the pillow, and again he would mutter, "Heaven help me to finish it to-night for her sweet sake—for the sake of my darling wife." On, on he wrote, with feverish haste. Sheet after sheet was covered and laid aside.

Slowly the faint shadow of dawn crept into the room, but the hand that held the pen moved unceasingly across the paper. Then slower and slower still, till with a sigh as of pain, yet of gladness, he wrote the words:—

"The End.
"PAUL RAYNOR."

The woman moved uneasily in her sleep. Her lips parted and she murmured softly. She was dreaming. Paul rose and bent over the bed. Softly, without disturbing her, he kissed her cheek—such a pale, wan cheek! "My poor darling," he murmured. "My brave girl. At last I have finished the story. To-morrow (he had forgotten he had been up all night)—to-morrow I will send it in—to-morrow." His voice grew husky and tears rose to his eyes.

"Paul, dear!" He started.

"Did you call, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been sitting up again. Oh, you will ruin your health. See how pale and haggard you look."

He laughed. "It is finished, darling, finished," he cried. "I am going to send it off at once. The editor will receive it to-morrow. He will read it. Yes, my darling, he will read it, and then we will get a letter from him that will drive that pale look from your face. Oh, it will be a wonderful letter, sweetheart. It will bring back all the roses that were stolen from those cheeks. It will buy expensive nourishment, and—yes, it will take a certain little girl to the seaside. Oh, what a wonderful letter it will be!"

He laughed, but he turned and was busy with the papers on the table for he did not wish his wife to see the hot tears that were surging to his eyes.

The sun had now made its appearance, and Paul went out to post the big packet addressed to the editor of the "Matchless Magazine."

When he returned he found his wife had put a cloth on the table and had laid breakfast. Alas! it did not take long to lay breakfast now. No cruets to trouble about, no toast racks to polish.

She met him with a smile.

"So it is finished at last, dear?"

"Yes; this is the 22nd. Just in time. The competition closes to-morrow."

How well he knew the date! How the announcement had burned into his brain! "£1,000 prize story. The editor of the "Matchless Magazine" invites serial stories—about 75,000 words. One thousand pounds will be paid for the one adjudicated to be the best sent in. Closing date, October 23rd."

II.

A young woman, dressed in deepest mourning, paced up and down the drawing-room of a small house at Surbiton. She had but four days before lost her father—the only relative she knew.

Her face bore traces of deep mental agony. Great dark rings under her eyes showed how little she had slept for nights past.

Oh, how her mind had been tortured these last four days!

"Why did he tell me?" she murmured: "why did he tell me?"

With a shudder she went over the whole scene again. Her father lay on his death-bed, and as he felt the breath of life slowly leaving him he called for his daughter. She came to the bedside, her face calm and firm, showing no signs of grief, for she and her father had never been bound by ties of love. Since his wife had died Geoffrey Hammond had become silent and morose, not seeming to care for the companionship of his only child. His time had mostly been spent at his office in the City, and but for an hour at night—and that not every night—father and daughter rarely met.

She waited at the bedside while her father spoke.

"Ella, my child," he softly said, "I am dying. Yes, I feel my time has come. We have not been to each other all that we might have been, and I am sorry—now."

"Do not distress yourself, father," answered the girl; "you have always been kind to me."

"I have always been kind to you," he repeated; "perhaps I might have been kinder. Well, it is no use regretting it now. Come closer, my child—" His breath was coming more quickly, and the girl bent low to catch the words he spoke.

"Listen," he said, "listen, for I am going to tell you what none other in the world suspects. Yet I must tell it to you. I cannot go with this untold. Two years ago I committed a sin—two long, weary years—and I have known no peace." He paused. He was breathing with difficulty.

"When your mother died three years ago," he continued, "things began to look black, and I—I appropriated my client's money. Little by little I took, until I found I had stolen——"

A low moan escaped the girl and a shudder passed through her. The dying man raised his eyes and saw the look of horror on her face.

"Yes, my child—stolen—why should I not call it by its name?"

Beads of perspiration stood on her brow, but she kept silent.

"A bill for three thousand pounds was due. I had to meet it. To dishonor it meant to court inquiry and I dared not do it. Heaven help me, I dared not do it."

The man's words were coming out in gasps.

"One of my client's called that day and left a sum of money in my hands. 'Four thousand pounds to buy Reef Mining Shares,' he said. In two days the company went smash, but I had not yet paid in. I told him—his money—was lost—with the rest. I had kept it—kept it," he repeated. "Oh, my sin!—Ella—I am going——"

"The man's name?" asked Ella. "Quick! his name!"

The sinking man tried to raise himself. "Paul—Paul Raynor," he gasped. His head fell back. His spirit had fled.

* * * * * *

All day and night this scene had haunted her.

"Paul Raynor," she repeated — a thousand times. "He must be repaid." Yet how could she ever hope to repay him—for she had set herself the task.

Her father's sin was hers—"Unto the third and fourth generation"—and the wronged man must be righted. Four thousand pounds! and she hardly knew which way to turn to earn her bread. Her father had left nothing—barely enough to pay the funeral expenses. "Yet," she muttered, and her hands clenched and her eyes grew brave and strong, "he must be paid—and I must pay him."

Suddenly she stopped in her walk. "The prize," she murmured. "Oh, if I could only gain the prize! But how—how? My poor little story. How can I hope to win? All the best authors will compete. Prizes of one thousand pounds are rare events, and yet—yet—oh, if I win!" and she clasped her hands, and her soul cried out in prayer.

III.

The editor of the "Matchless Magazine" was in an irritable mood. "That's the third time this pipe's gone out. Once more—only once, and I'll—I'll——" But he had forgotten all about it again in a moment, and was deeply buried in some MS. that lay before him.

"Ah, very good," he said from time to time—"very good." He continued to read, commenting favorably as he proceeded, and as he came to the end he murmured, "Capital, capital! I really don't know how I am going to decide. Upon my soul, they're both very good—very good. Er—let me see—who's the writer?" He fumbled among the papers on his desk for a moment and finally picked up a card. "Ella Hammond," he read. "Humph!" he muttered. "A woman." The editor was not a particular admirer of women-writers.

"It's rather a toughish job," he continued, "to say which really is the best. Still, there's only one prize, so I'm bound to decide."

He paused. Suddenly he smiled and said to himself. "Good idea. I'll ask them both to give me a call to-morrow. In the meantime I'll decide to whom the prize shall be given, and then I can see about arranging to buy the other."

That night two letters were dispatched from the offices of the "Matchless Magazine." The first: "The editor will be pleased to see you at these offices to-morrow, Thursday, at 12 o'clock." The second: "The editor will be pleased to see you at these offices to-morrow, Thursday, at 12.30 o'clock." The first was addressed "Paul Raynor, Esq."; the second "Miss Ella Hammond."

IV.

It was the editor who was speaking. "So, Mr. Raynor, though I cannot award you the prize, I am willing to purchase your story. Leave it with me, and as soon as I can find time I will let you know what I can offer you for it."

Paul heard with sinking heart. "As soon as I can find time"—but editors take so long to find time, and every day was precious.

Still ringing in his ears were the doctor's words he had heard that morning. "She must go away—right away from here. Sea air is necessary, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

How could he go back and tell his poor little wife that still they must pinch and struggle?

He had opened the editor's letter with a cry of joy, for he saw in it a golden hope—and they had mingled their laughter and tears.

And now——

His heart sank within him. With his face drawn—a visible sign of the abject despair he suffered—he passed out of the editor's office.

A girl thickly veiled and dressed in deepest mourning sat waiting, but his thoughts were far away and he hardly noticed her.

"How sad he looked!" the girl murmured. "Alas! how many troubled children in this great, sad world!"

A clerk entered. "The editor can see you now, madam."

She rose and followed him into the inner office.

"Ah! good morning," smiled the editor; "pray take a seat, Miss—er—Miss Hammond.

"You is rather a pleasant duty this morning," he continued, "and I must offer my congratulations, as I am about to inform you that yours has been adjudicated the best story in our competition. You are accordingly awarded the prize of one thousand pounds."

She had won, then! But how sudden it all was! She could hardly believe her ears.

She rose in her excitement, and her eyes were directed towards the table.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the editor. "What is the matter? You are looking like a ghost."

"It is nothing," she hurriedly answered; "a passing faintness. I shall feel all right in a moment," and, with a quick, nervous laugh, she pulled herself together.

The editor followed the glance of her eyes, for they seemed glued to the table, and saw her looking like one fascinated at a small card.

"Pray excuse me," she said. "The gentleman I just saw leaving—he—he was Mr. Paul Raynor, was he not?"

"That was his name," replied the editor; "a friend of yours?"

"Er—no—not exactly a friend."

Not exactly a friend; she was only the daughter of the man who had blighted his life!

"Ah!" continued the editor, "he ran you a very close race for the prize—very close. Your nearest rival, in fact."

She listened as one in a dream. Her soul cried within her. She could sit no longer. She felt as though she must scream. Ah! the irony of it all! This, then, was the meaning of the pale and haggard face. This, then, had been the cause of that look as of a soul weighed down with sorrow and despair. She had taken the prize from him. Of all others—she! With an effort she calmed the heaving of her breast, the inward tumult of her soul. But she dared stay no longer. "The fresh air," she felt herself crying. "I must have air and space, and time to think, or I shall go mad!" She turned to the editor, and with a hurried apology begged him to excuse her. She did not feel so well after all.

"Certainly, Miss Hammond. I shall be pleased to see you to-morrow, when we can enter into fuller details. I sincerely trust it is but a passing headache."

With a feeling of relief she passed into the street. She steadied herself for a moment, and then hurriedly proceeded to write down the address she had noticed on the card.

"11, Connaught Place, Hoxton," she wrote. Hoxton! and he had entrusted her father with four thousand pounds.

Her brain was on fire. She knew not which way her steps took her. She felt as though she was trying to get away from all—aye, but mostly from herself. And still she muttered "Paul Raynor" and "Hoxton." She could see him returning to his poor, miserable home; she could see him giving way to his utter despair and crying aloud at his share of Fate; she could—— Suddenly a woman's shrill scream rang through the air. A black figure swayed and fell. With a smothered cry a cabman reined in his horse, but he knew, he had seen, and he feared greatly. With blanched face he rushed from his box but a hundred eager, helping hands had anticipated him. With gentleness and care they raised the white, still form.

A commotion in the quickly-gathered crowd heralded the approach of a passing doctor. Quickly he knelt to examine her, and in a moment had sprung to his feet.

"Quick," he shouted to the cabman; "to the nearest hospital. For your life, man," he strenuously urged. "Quick! There may be hope—she is still breathing!"

In but a few minutes the still prostrate form was being borne by the sweet, gentle hands of two nurses. Tenderly—aye, as a mother—they carried her to a small private room and hastened to administer restoratives. Slowly she awoke into consciousness.

"Where am I?" she murmured. She tried to raise herself, but fell back exhausted. "What place is this! Oh, where am I?"

"'Sh: do not disturb yourself," soothingly replied the nurse. "You must rest quiet; you need have no fear, you are with friends; but you must not become excited."

Then they gently broke it to her that she had had an accident.

"I am tired," she whispered; "oh, so tired!"

Suddenly she opened her eyes and called to the doctor. He crossed to the bed.

"I am very ill, am I not, doctor?" she softly asked.

"No, no. The idea! Why, we'll have you better in no time."

"Ah!" she murmured, "I am afraid not. No, doctor, I feel I shall not recover." She spoke with calmness and her face grew peaceful.

Then, speaking quickly, she said, "Doctor, you will do me a favor?"

"Willingly, my dear child, willingly."

"I want you to write two letters for me. Two letters," she repeated.

The doctor sent for pens and paper and sat down to write at her dictation. He waited, but her thoughts seemed to have wandered.

"I am ready——" he began.

"Yes, yes, two letters for me—oh, thank you," she murmured in reply. Then she continued, "The first is to the editor of the 'Matcheless Magazine'—it is quite short. 'Please return my story; must cancel; explanations will follow.' ".

Again the doctor waited. "The second——?"

"The other," she replied, "I want written to Paul Raynor. 'Please call and see me at once.—E. Hammond.' You will send this one at once by hand, doctor?" she hurriedly asked.

"It shall be dispatched without delay," he answered, and left the room, taking the note with him.

But he wondered what so gentle a creature could have to do with a man living in Hoxton.

Slowly the minutes passed. The ticking of a small clock on the mantelpiece was the only sound in the sick-chamber, and again and again the girl looked with anxious eyes as the minutes sped.

"It may be too late," she murmured; "it may be too late."

Suddenly she became excited and tried to sit up. She heard a soft step echoing down the corridor and then a quiet knock at the door. The nurse rose to see who wished to enter. A young man, shabbily dressed, yet unquestionably a gentleman, stood waiting.

"They sent for me——" he began.

"Yes, yes," cried the girl, "it is right—I sent for you."

She turned to the nurse: "You will leave us for a few moments, nurse?"

With a gasp of surprise Paul Raynor recognized in the white, stricken figure the girl he had seen but a few hours before in the offices of the "Matchless Magazine."

She turned to him and the blood rushed to her face.

"You—you are Paul Raynor?" she asked.

"That is my name."

"You called on the editor of the 'Matchless Magazine' this morning," she went on; "your story—he would have accepted it, only——"

"Only," bitterly replied the man—"only there was one better."

"Yes, one better, I know; that one was mine!"

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine. But stay; I have something to say to you. I must speak quickly, for my time is short—aye, it will soon be over," she continued. Then, looking him in the face and gathering up what little strength she had, she asked, "What do you know of Geoffrey Hammond?"

A deep flush mounted to the cheeks of the young man, and in a low voice he answered:—

"What do I know of Geoffrey Hammond? Only that he has changed the sunlight of my life to one long storm. Only that he is a scoun——"

"Hush!" she cried. "Hush! he is dead—and—and he was my father!"

The man started back.

"Your father?" he cried.

"Yes, my father. He wronged you—grievously, but before he died he prayed for forgiveness."

A pallor spread itself over her features, and she felt she was fast sinking.

"My father wronged you," she hurriedly continued, "but I his daughter, will ask the pardon and try to pay the debt. Listen! I have written to the editor; my story will be returned, yours will get the prize. No, no; do not say a word. You will get the prize—thank Heaven you will get it. Remember," and her voice had sunk low and a light shone on her face, "remember, it is part of the debt that I, his daughter, paid—part—of—the—debt——"

She was dead.—London Tit-Bits.

BY MAGIC LANTERN.

War Office Will Use Army Pictures to Catch Men.

The British War Office has found that the magic lantern plays so large a part in procurring recruits that a circular memorandum has been issued to officers commanding at home and abroad inviting units to send any photographs or films on Army subjects which would illustrate the life of a soldier in the army.

These are intended to replace the lantern slides that are now used for recruiting lectures, and which are now regarded as obsolete. The slides thus replaced are those which are familiar to the civilian. They represent army types, pictures of soldiers of various corps in their distinctive uniforms.

Pictures of soldiers on the line of march, on guard, and at drill have ceased to have any attraction for the would-be recruit, and it is now intended to present to the possible soldier that side of army life more likely to excite his interest and ambition.

Pictures will be preferred that give the civilian an idea of the life the soldier leads, when not actually on duty or when serving abroad. Views of famous military stations in India and the colonies will be given with types of the strange races he is brought into contact with while on foreign service.

There is little doubt that this move, trivial as it may seem, on the part of the recruiting staff is a step in the right direction.

The least attractive side of the soldier life is too often presented, not only by recruiting lectures, but by the posters and leaflets employed by recruiters. Those responsible for the preparation of recruiting literature have made no allowance for the existence of any system of popular education, with the result that the "big-drum-scarlet-and-gold" method used to lure the unlettered yokel of 1855 is still utilised to bring in men who are no longer to be attracted by brass bands and route marches.

WEALTHY POLICEMAN.

There is a policeman in Brooklyn with a head for business. Eight years ago he borrowed $5 from his landlady. Erastus G. Wolcott laid the foundation of a fortune with those $5. He was speculating in real estate, and they came in handy for a necessary payment. Erastus is now worth over $150,000, and has an income of $6,000 a year. But there is nothing of the plutocrat about him. He goes on quietly discharging the duties of a policeman.

FOOD FOR THR MILLION.

A record consignment of cheese was recently dispatched from Liverpool to London. It consisted of 5,000 cheeses, weighing 200 tons, and was consigned to one person, a London merchant. The whole of the cheese was Canadian. Its value was about $45,000. Some thirty-two railway trucks were required for the carriage of the cheese.

HEALTH

A SPLENDID SPRING TONIC.

On the approach of spring, warm days, sunshine and balmy air, most people think they must take a tonic or a blood purifier of some sort.

They feel so languid, so tired, so good-for-nothing, that they are sure they need some sort of medicine to tone up their system and give them new zest in life.

One of the best tonics we know of, one that goes far ahead of any bottled-up tonic or blood medicine to be found in the drug store, is simply to get outdoors and go to work.

You have possibly been staying in the house all winter, in an overheated house, badly ventilated, eating concentrated, heat-producing foods. You have had very little exercise and your system has become clogged, and the organs of the body are torpid and unable to do their work properly.

Open up your windows and doors and let the sun and air get in and purify and renovate your house, and while it is doing that you just go outdoors and go to work at something.

Clean out your backyard. Dig out the old tin cans and stones and sticks; rake up all the litter and make a bonfire of it Then sweep the yard nice and clean. Select a part of it for a flower garden or a vegetable patch. Get a spade and spade up the earth. Pulverize it and get it in good condition.

Now plant some flower seeds. Larkspurs, marigolds, sweet williams, pinks, verbenas, poppies, primroses, four o'clocks, ragged robins, petunias, hollyhocks—good old-fashioned flowers that will give you bloom and beauty all summer long. The dismal narrow backyard of the city can be turned into a restful, refreshing spot.

Of course, if you live in the country, where there is plenty of space, you could go a little farther, and, in addition to the flower garden, have a vegetable garden also. One little work morning and evening and you can have fresh lettuce, young onions, peas, tomatoes and many other vegetables all summer long.

And all this time you are getting your spring tonic. Outdoor work. After a few hours work digging in the fresh earth and breathing the outdoor air the languid, tired feeling will disappear and you will begin to feel the exhilaration of your exercise. At noontime, instead of saying you have no appetite, can't eat anything, you will be so hungry that you will be ready to eat anything set before you, and relish it, too.

But in the springtime leave off the heavy, heating food of winter and eat plentifully of vegetables and fruits. Lettuce, celery, spinach, greens—these are splendid tonics as well as healthful foods.

Just simply go outdoors and go to work at something, eat plenty of fruit and vegetable, drink freely of water between meals, and you will forget that you ever thought you needed a tonic. You will be getting your tonic right along with your work, and at the same time will be beautifying your surroundings and making your home a more sanitary place to live.

Yes, just go out and clean up things, whitewash the back fence or that old shed, rake out the dirt and burn up the trash, and you will find this a better spring tanic than any that was ever put up in bottles to ornament the druggist's shelf.

DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

Acute inflammation of the kidneys, called also acute nephritis or acute Bright's disease, is excited by certain poisons during the process of their elimination from the body, or follows congestion, which results usually from exposure to cold and wet, or the sudden checking of perspiration, whereby the surface of the body is chilled and the blood is driven to the internal organs.

The poisons causing acute inflammation may be taken into the body from outside, as is often the case with turpentine, chlorate of potassium, and certain other drugs, or they may be formed in the body as a result of faulty action of the digestive organs (intestinal indigestion), or by the bacteria of certain acute diseases, such as scarlatina, measles or diphtheria. The beginning of the disease may be marked by a chill, with headache, nausea, coated tongue and pain in the loins. These symptoms are followed by puffiness and pallor of the face and swelling of the ankles, or there may be general dropsy, with an effusion of fluid in the chest and abdomen. The kidney secretion is greatly reduced in amount, and may contain blood; on application of the usual tests, it is found to contain much albumin, sometimes so much that boiling will make it solid, like the white of an egg.

When acute Bright's disease is excited by a chilling of the body, it usually subsides in a week or two under proper treatment, but that occurring with scarlet fever often lasts many weeks, and either form may become chronic. The treatment, like that of inflammation of any other part, consists primarily in securing rest for the organ, and in protecting it, so far as possible, from further injury. The patient should be kept in bed in a well-ventilated room with a warm and equable temperature, the bowels should be kept open, and the action of the skin increased by warm packs or a hot-air bath.

Since the most difficult work of the kidneys is the elimination of salts and other waste matters, the diet must aim to reduce the amount of this waste material. The ideal food is milk. It should be diluted with Vichy or distilled water to which a pinch of bicarbonate of sodium has been added. The patient should be encouraged to drink in addition plenty of pure water. Three quarts or more of fluid should be taken in the twenty-four hours. This is the main treatment, but of course in an affection so serious the physician should be in constant attendance to interpose when threatening symptoms show themselves.—Youth's Companion.

LAUGH CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia is now systematically cured by laughter. It is stated that a doctor, in return for a large fee, admits patients into his private institution, where the mirth treatment is administered. The method sounds simple enough. A few dyspeptics sit around a room and begin to smile at each other. The smile must never be allowed to fade away. On the contrary, it must be developed by will power into a grin and the grin must become a guffaw. Then you have to go on laughing until your sides ache, by which time you will feel much better. A course of a week or two of the treatment at the rate of a couple of hours giggling a day cures the worst cases of dyspepsia.

APPLES ARE HEALTHFUL.

A good ripe raw apple is one of the easiest substances for the stomach to manage, and while the apple is worth more as a health giver in its natural state, it is also exceedingly wholesome cooked. Apple sauce eaten with pork assists in the digestion of the meat, and many persons who cannot eat pork without discomfort can do so if accompanied with plenty of well cooked apple sauce not too sweet.

CAN SLEEP AWAY ILLNESS.

Remedy for Jaded Brain Workers Used in Sweden.

Some twenty years ago, when an annual breakdown became as fashionable as an annual holiday, the medical world agreed that if the tired body were kept in bed, hypernourished and massaged, a cure was pretty certain, says the London Mail.

In many cases where there had been no mental overstrain this was so. In other cases, however, the worried head did not benefit from the enforced quiet and passivity. The whole man was unutterably bored

Dr. Otto Wetterstrand, of Stockholm, Sweden, is trying to meet this difficulty by treating such patients by a sleep prolonged even to three or four weeks, and the Psycho-Therapeutical Society of London hope to follow his methods when they can afford larger premises to accommodate their patients under this "suggestivo" cure.

Dr. Wetterstrand has treated over 3,800 cases. The jaded, worried man reclines in an easy chair; he sees others doing the same; he listens, as they do, to a quiet, forcible exposition of the cure from the doctor, who afterwards speaks to him individually in a subdued undertone, "suggesting" the benefit his particular malady will receive. After a few days of preliminary treatment the patient goes willingly to bed and to sleep, roused occasionally to a half conscious state to eat and be tended. No unauthorized person is allowed to enter the room; the sleeper is put en rapport with a sympathetic nurse, and receives the necessary "suggestions" as to eating, etc., from the doctor himself. "The remarkable results," says a great French physician, "which Wetterstrand has had will considerably extend the limits of suggestive therapy."

The deeper the sleep the quicker the cure, and unlike that produced by hypnotic drugs, it is as invigorating as natural sleep, and allows nature an equal chance of repairing organic and functional disorders.

BRITAIN SCORES.

An Agreement to Be Made With Afghanistan.

Four months have elapsed since the mission left India for the Afghan capital. Though no official statement has, for obvious reasons, been made as to the objects of the mission, it is understood that the proposals made to the Ameer include the extension of the railways and telegraphs across the frontier into Afghanistan and the purchase of arms from England alone.

There is also an understanding that Great Britain will assist the Ameer to repel foreign aggression so long as he follows British advice in external affairs. This has probably been reduced to a formal arrangement.

The proposals made by the Ameer are said to be the appointment of an Afghan representative in London and the grant of a strip of Baluchistan territory, terminating on the Arabian Sea, for the construction of an Afghan railway, and the creation of an Afghan seaport.

Russia has made repeated overtures to establish direct relations with the Ameer, but has on each occasion been given to understand that Afghanistan was outside the sphere of her influence.

The conclusion of an agreement with Great Britain is a severe blow to Russian diplomacy.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

A Persian pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of Happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no end."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends; a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"

"The necessary Being, the Son of eternity, the Merchant of nature, the Eve of justice, the Watch-maker of the universe, the Soul of the world."

MOUNTAINS THAT MOVE

LANDSLIDES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Bogslides in Ireland Have Been the Cause of Great Calamities.

Bog slides have been a terror in Ireland from time immemorial. Farms have been engulfed, and poor peasants have fled for their lives. So long ago as 1708 a square mile of peat bog "slipped" at Castlegarde and buried three houses, containing twenty-one persons. Fresh, too, in the public memory is the fearful event of some eight years ago at Knocknageeha, near Killarney. Between two or three o'clock on that bleak December morning, when all the countryside was abed, the edge of the bog gave way, and liberated a vast flood of peat and water. At express speed the flood tore along, and Lord Kenmare's steward, poor Cornelius Donnelly, had his stone-built house swept away with himself in it, his wife and six children perishing along with him.

Terra firma likewise belies its name along the Pacific coast; for Santa Catalina, an island off the mainland of Southern California, would not appear to be doomed to the end of the fabled continent of Atlantis, in that it is gradually disappearing from the ken of man. Gradually, says the local scientist, because the amusing part of it is that the island keeps rising out of the surrounding ocean, only to disappear

LOWER THAN EVER.

On the mainland, twenty miles to the east, is the great hill of San Pedro, and when Santa Catalina is "elated," San Pedro is correspondingly depressed. Nature is playing a game of see-saw. As Santa Catalina tops up, San Pedro dodges down.

In Hunterdon County, New Jersey, are also various small mountains which are busily engaged sliding down the sides of a larger one. These hills on travel bent are locally known as "knobs," or "mounds," and it is considered great fun to climb to the top of one and ride a little way on it. Picnic parties are held on them, and the other day District Supervisor Taggart rode down the mountain side on one to a temporary office he had established at the bottom.

Bits of America are also to be found floating about in the Atlantic. The Orinoco river and the mighty Amazon often send forth portions of their shores. Some of the portions are of large size, carrying animals, and insects, and vegetation. The roots of the trees serve to hold the land intact, while their branches and leaves serve as sails to waft the novel raft along.

One of these islands seen off the coast of Florida had apparently an area of some twenty acres. It bore

A SMALL TROPICAL FOREST.

in the centre of which was found a cluster of Indian huts—empty, however, when they were entered by the crew of the Italian steamer Napoli. It subsequently transpired that the inhabitants had been taken off their novel ship by a Brazilian gunboat while the travelling island was still in the estuary of the Amazon.

Such islands, of course, like the icebergs from the frozen North, with Polar bears on them, soon break up in the surges of the middle Atlantic.

But the celebrated salt mountain at Cardona, in Spain, from chunks of which are fashioned crosses, vases and other art objects, is now actually on the move. The worst enemies of this mountain are its underground watercourses, which dissolve great caves in its base. The mountain has thus become loose and wobbly, and is now travelling several inches a day.

The recent great landship near Darjeeling, in India, formed a gigantic dam across a valley through which a river flowed. A lake formed behind the dam. Then it collapsed, and a flood swept the country for hundreds of miles, carrying villages and towns along with it. The danger however, had been closely watched by the Government engineers, and a special telegraph wire had been laid, so that the inhabitants of the valley were promptly warned. Consequently, there was no loss of life as in the lamentable flood in the upper valley of the Indus in 1841, when

A SIKH ARMY CORPS,

which happened to be encamped in its track, was practically wiped out.

Russia has so many troubles on hand just now that little has been heard concerning the recent awful catastrophe at the favorite watering-place of Tmenkan, in the Caucasus. Without warning, a terrific gale sprang up, and, with a noise as of loudest thunder, the hill underneath which came the hot springs began to move at a tremendous pace. Men and animals were raised by the hurricane to considerable heights and dashed against the rocks. Lady bathers were carried up into air, where they disappeared like a flash of lightning, their bodies being afterwards found at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Seven hundred corpses were found in the valley.

A CAREER FOR ELEPHANTS.

Elephants that pile teak logs as evenly as coolies do, and take care of children more tenderly than some human beings, and do other clever and remarkable things, have been made known to us by travellers in India. Now an English-woman tells of one, who is what may be called a general drudge in a hospital in Ceylon. One day a patient dropped a pill, which rolled beyond his reach. The elephant picked it up, and placing it in the man's open mouth, blew it down his throat. This story will go with that about the man who was ordered by his veterinary to blow a certain powder through a tube down his horse's throat. The horse blew first.

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" Piano, which I used for my Concert this evening and which in every way gave me entire satisfaction.

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 22, 1905.

DIG.

Dig!

Success-nuggets do not lie scattered about the surface-soil of the business goldmine. Work—hard, relentless pick and shovel work—alone unearths life's greatest prizes.

Just as the diamond lies hidden in the mountain cave—just as the pearl rests concealed in the ocean's bottom, so success lies dormant and beyond reach of him who does not strive to secure it.

Opportunities, like precious jewels, are all about us. But only effort—steady, ceaseless, whole-souled effort—can dig them out and secure their value.

Quit scraping over the surface of your business chances; quit remaining content with the pay-dirt on the outer edges of your commercial prospects. There is a nugget in every opportunity—if you only delve deep enough to get it.

And don't merely dig without aim or method. Just as the miner assays his claim before he sinks his shaft, so should you probe each business possibility before you begin to work it.

First locate your claim—your main chance. Then prove it. Then plan your system to work it. Then take off your coat, and—DIG!—Commercial.

The Public Meeting.

A public meeting was held on Friday evening last to discuss the bylaw providing for the borrowing of $20,000 to improve the water and light systems. The attendance was not as large as the importance of the matter demanded. The mayor explained the present lighting plant was inadequate to the requirements of the city, and a risk was run every day of burning out the armature, which would cost $1000 to replace. The matter had been discussed by the council and estimates had been prepared for what they considered necessary improvements; a bylaw was therefore being submitted to the ratepayers asking for power to carry out these improvements. In reply to a query the mayor stated it was proposed to put meters in everywhere so that each person would pay just for what they used, and he was satisfied the result would be a reduction of one-third in meter rates. Regarding the flume it had been allowed to run into very bad shape. Considerable repairing had been made to it last year, but it was leaking so badly the Council wanted to make a permanent job of it. They proposed to replace the piece of flume washed out by a barrel flume, and every precaution was being taken in the city's interest. Replying to Mr. O'Brien the mayor said the council proposed to repair the damage to the flume by replacing the rotten timbers and strengthening the foundation. The timbers in the collapsed piece of flume were perfectly sound, but the foundations were washed out by leakage.

Quite a discussion took place in regard to obtaining power from Eight-Mile Creek, the objection to the present source of supply being a turbulent river, trouble with ice and difficulty of maintaining flume and dam. It was also stated that any further expenditure on it would be nothing but patchwork. The opinion was also firmly expressed that the Council should obtain expert opinion on a permanent scheme before proceeding with the proposed improvements to the present system.

The meeting broke up without any definite conclusion being arrived at.

Indians from All Over

Through various Indian agents and missionaries representative of nearly all the British Columbia tribes, the fact that the Dominion fair is to be held in New Westminster this year has become widely advertised among the Indians of the province and the presence of thousands of them on the banks of the Fraser during the great national exhibition is already assured.

The fair management has set aside $2,500 for prizes for Indian exhibits and sports and there promises to be something doing in lively fashion among the redskins every day of the big fair. The sports will include all sorts of canoe races on the river, foot and horse races and tug-of-war on land in which the females as well as the males will participate.

Ten Indian bands have already entered the musical competition.

The braves and their wives and families from the most remote parts of the province will also come to New Westminster by their own primitive modes of conveyance and to some of them this means perilous trips by water that cannot be made in less than about two months.

While here the Indians will be guests of the government and the management of the fair.

Australians Interested.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., June 19.—According to information received by Manager Keary preparations are now going on in various parts of Australia for a big exhibit of that country's resources to be made at the Dominion fair which opens here on September 27. D. H. Ross, who is Canadian commercial agent for Victoria, Tasmania and south and western Australia, took the matter up some time ago with the various chambers of commerce and has worked the proposition into an undertaking which has been entered into with general enthusiasm. The people of Australia realize, Mr. Ross says, that the holding of the Dominion fair in New Westminster opens to them a great opportunity to develop trade with British Columbia and they will improve it by making an elaborate display of such of their products as are marketable in this part of the empire.

Advertise in THE HERALD.

18 KILLED IN TRAIN WRECK

Passenger Train Crashes Into Freight at Full Speed Killing Many — Bodies are Badly Mangled.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 18.—At least eighteen people are believed to have been killed, and a score or more injured, in a wreck on the Western Maryland railroad last night near Patapsco a small station between Westminster and Finksburg.

Passenger train No. 5, westbound, was running at a very high rate of speed when it crashed into a double-headed freight running east. All three of the engines were reduced to scrap iron, the express and baggage cars of the passengers train were smashed and a number of freight cars splintered. The passenger coaches sustained little injury and almost without exception their occupants escaped with nothing worse than a bad shaking up. The fatalities and injuries were to the crews of the engines and to workmen employed by the railroad. It is a remarkable coincidence that these latter should have been at work repairing the damages caused by a recent small freight wreck that occurred at Mount Hope station, near this city. They were on their way to their homes in small towns along the Western Maryland to spend Sunday. Not being regular passengers, they had boarded the baggage car and engine. When the crash came the more fortunate who were on the engine jumped or were thrown from the train and were only slightly injured. Those in the baggage car were mangled.

Just before the first relief train bringing the injured to the hospitals left, the wreckage about these began to burn.

The first relief train to reach here brought eleven badly injured and one who died on the trip. Those taken from the wreck dead were taken to Westminster.

The point at which the accident occurred is so situated that news of the wreck was slow in reaching Baltimore. As soon as the news arrived the railroad company sent relief trains and as many physicians as could be gathered together. An express following the freight acted as a relief from the other side and the passengers on both trains gave every possible aid to the victims. Fortunately among the passengers of the wrecked train were a few physicians, whose immediate services were invaluable.

Set Fire to Can of Gunpowder.

HALIFAX, N. S., June 19—Playing with gunpowder this evening, Andrew Gordon Mitchell, the twelve year old son of Wm. S. Mitchell of the Royal Bank of Canada, was killed by the explosion. Ernest Twining, fourteen years old, a son of Col. J. Tremaine Twining, was terribly lacerated, and Eric and Gerald, sixteen and fourteen years old, sons of M. C. Grant, were painfully but not seriously injured.

All are members of prominent families of Halifax They had secured a can of powder and placing it in a cavity in a bank on the shore of the northwest arm, near their parent's summer houses, applied a match. The terrific explosion hurled them all some distance. Young Mitchell received the full force of the explosion and was struck unconscious. His face and body were terribly lacerated and burned. He died three hours later, having inhaled the flames which enveloped the boys when the explosion occurred. Young Twining was also terribly burned and a portion of his chin was blown off. He was removed to the hospital and his life is in danger. The other two are painfully injured.

The explosion was so terrific that the rock and earth were hurled all around the boys. The agonizing cries brought aid quickly and a corps of doctors were soon on the scene.

English Girl in a Harem.

TANGIER, June 19.—An extraordinary matrimonial dispute affecting an Englishwoman has arisen here.

A Moorish acrobat from the Sus district some time ago married a Manchester girl aged 17 and brought her here to his harem. The bride's friends on learning that he was already the husband of several women, requested the British consular authorities here to send her back to England.

The acting consul, Mr. Mitchell, called the Moor to his office and told him that he must send the girl home and pay the necessary expenses. On the man refusing to do so, Mr. Mitchell threatened to hand him over to the Moorish authorities.

Thereupon the Moor suddenly drew a revolver on the acting consul, but was prevented from firing by Mr. Morillo, the consular clerk who pluckily seized him. A fierce struggle ensued in the consul's office, and Mr Morillo was assaulted with the butt of the revolver. The Moor finally escaped and took refuge in Sanctuary.

Subsequently the Moor was arrested and taken to the castle. The girl's parents claim her custody, asserting that the marriage was a runaway one.

It has been ascertained that the ceremony took place in the Liverpool mosque, the certificate being signed "Quilliam."

The marriage was performed according to the Mohammedan ceremony, and the register was signed by a sheik. The girl, who was only 17 years of age, is alleged to have been terrorized by the Moor.

The Status of Women.

NEW YORK, June 19.—Cardinal Gibbons delivered an address to the graduates of Mount St. Agnes at the commencement exercises today, says a Baltimore special to the Sun. In his address he said:

"Woman today is the peer of her husband, not the slave of his caprice and passion. But because you are equal in quality it does not mean you should have the same functions to perform some women are not satisfied with their own power. They want to invade the man's privileges and they want to vote. I trust they will never get the authority to do that, for when woman mingles in political life she loses her freshness.

"You cannot vote, but you can make your men vote to please you, and you cannot preach. Some of these new women get angry with St. Paul and call him an old fogy and an old bachelor but he was r[illegible]. You can preach in your home—for the best teacher is the good, pious, Christian mother."

FORTY-FIVE SKULLS FOUND

A Crystal City Farmer Makes a Horrifying Discovery—All Were White Men's Bones—Historic Significance.

When John Fallis, a farmer living 10 miles south of Crystal city, Manitoba, was digging a cellar last Friday, he happened upon a most gruesome find. The spade of one of his workmen suddenly unearthed, what appeared to be a round piece of limestone but which, upon examination, proved to be a human skull. At first it was thought to be from the lonely grave of an Indian, but, upon recommencing the excavation, other skulls were met with. By evening 45 had been taken from the ground, and two complete skeletons also discovered.

Considerably excited by his mysterious discovery, Mr. Fallis loaded the relics into a wagon, and took them to Crystal city, where they elicited a great deal of curiosity. Doctors, upon examination, pronounced the bones to be those of white men. The good state of preservation of the skulls showed them to have been in the ground a comparatively short time.

Much speculation has been indulged in by the inhabitants of the southern Manitoban town regarding the possible reason for the location of these remains. The fact that they were found so close together, seems to indicate that they were not buried there, under ordinary circumstances. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that the spot has been the scene of some battle with the Indians, and that the victims of the conflict were thrown into a common pit in the haste of flight.

The Telegraphers Win.

MONTREAL, June 20—The agreement between the Grand Trunk and the telegraphers on the long-drawn-out wages dispute was decided to-day. The Company has raised the maximum rate on all divisions.

Big Timber Revenue

The revenue of British Columbia from its timber lands for the year ending June 30, 1905, will slightly exceed $103,000. The amount is $150,000 in excess of the estimated revenue from timber sales at the beginning of the year, and is far the greatest in the history of the province.

He'd Been There.

A.—You're very kind, old man, but why in the world are you wishing me good luck for the fifth time since I told you of my engagement?

B.—Because you'll need it.

CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

The Sioux Version of the Battle on the Little Big Horn.

If a story that comes out of the west is true, it is likely that there will be given to the world some interesting picture stories of Custer's last fight, drawn by some of the Sioux who, in June of the centennial year, killed Chief Yellow Hair and every man in his five pet troops, on the Little Big Horn, in Montana. Though Indians lie like sin, theirs is the only account of the extinction of Custer's personal command on that hot Sunday which ever can be given. The more eager the white men have seemed to get the truth of the fight from the Sioux, the more given to romancing the Indians have become. Perhaps it's only human nature for the sole witnesses to make the most of their chance.

Frank Girard was one of Reno's scouts on that day. He, another scout and two soldiers escaped in the stampede and retreat of Reno and hid in a hollow, emerging on the following night and joining Reno. Girard recently has been up at the Pine Tree Agency trying to get the Sioux to tell him the story of the fight in detail. Incidentally he saw some pictures of the battle which had been drawn by a young buck with the aid of the suggestions furnished by his elders who actually were there. It is said that these pictures number sixty, and are drawn in water color on the leaves of an old agency book, and illustrate the conflict from start to finish. Girard is the first man, not an Indian, it is said, that ever saw these pictures, and no white man ever could have bought them. But Girard speaks their tongue fluently, as for nearly a score of years he was a scout in their country, and now that peace reigns they regard him as a great and good friend. So they gave him the book, and according to the story he is going to have it published some day, with an account of the battle, in which the Sioux version will be told. It certainly will be an interesting publication.

The Royal City Fish Company

Wholesale and Retail

Fish Merchants

FRONT STREET

New Westminster

All kinds of Fish, Salmon, Halibut, Cod, Smoked Salmon, Kippers, Bloaters, shipped to all points.

Write for Prices

Local Agent Wanted

At once for "CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES" for the town of Revelstoke and surrounding country, which will be reserved for the right man. START NOW at the best selling season, and handle our NEW SPECIALTIES on Liberal Terms. Write for particulars, and send 25c. for our Handsome Aluminum Pocket Microscope—A Little Gem—useful to Farmers in examining seeds and grain; Orchardists in examining trees for insects; Gardiners in examining plants for insects; Teachers & Scholars in studying Botany and Everybody in a hundred different ways.

Stone & Wellington,
FONTHILL NURSERIES,
(Over 800 Acres)
TORONTO, - ONTARIO

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.

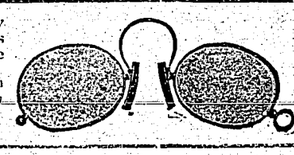
IMPORTERED AND WHOLESALE DEALER.

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.

WOMEN THE CAUSE

BIG BATTLE LOST THROUGH THE FAIR SEX.

The Failure of the Jameson Raid and the Battle of Flodden Field are Said to Have Been Lost Through the Agency of the Female.

Many as the cases are of battles won through the agency of women of the type of Boadicea and Joan of Arc, there can be no denying the fact that equally numerous, if not more so, are those of victories spoiled by the fair sex and of battles lost owing to feminine machinations.

There are many, says Tit-Bits, who assert that the failure of the Jameson raid at the outset was brought about by women. President Kruger is in the habit of employing countless detectives, both male and female, in the Transvaal as well as abroad. The barmaids of Johannesburg, for example, were said to be in the pay of Oom Paul. These ladies, by means of their propensities for extracting confidences, are alleged to have wrung from some of the *raiders long before* the raid itself was entered upon the fact that it was forthcoming. The consequence was that when it came about Cronje was fully prepared.

France can point to a number of cases in which victories connected with the Republic have been spoiled by women, and the whole course of events changed in consequence. For example, the fall of General Boulanger was brought about by a member of the fair sex. But for the Vicomtesse de Bonnemain there is the chance that he might have become the ruler of France. The lady induced him to pay her a visit on the night of his election as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, when, had he refrained from so doing, and instead marched upon the elsyee, as his partisans begged him to do, the history of the Republic might have been entirely altered.

Somewhat similar is the old world case of Hannibal, whose wife was the unintentional cause of his fall and the failure of his once successful armies. The great General was so foolish as to marry when he should have been devoting all his time to the conduct of military affairs. His troops became utterly demoralized during the period of his honeymoon, with the result that they were rendered quite unfit for arduous service, and never regained their former standard of discipline.

Again, in this connection, there is the case of James IV. of Scotland, who is said to have lost the battle of Flodden Field through a woman. It is argued that if the King had seized the opportunity given to him to occupy a favorable position wherein to meet the English forces, the battle that ensued might have had a very different ending. But James lingered at the castle of a titled lady whose charms had captivated him, and so it was that the southern troops were allowed an opportunity of choosing a suitable position, which could never have been secured had the monarch not he itated. The lady was a certain nobleman's wife named Heron, and was very beautiful.

edJ sa-goTaB Jasivenimgr(no etaol a

The noted Russian General, Paranoff was found guilty of treason and sentenced to death a year or two ago, thanks to a woman, one his own family, in fact. She gave evidence against him and other officers in the Czar's service, and through her the Empire w s deprived of some of her best soldiers.

During the American war against Spain many Cuban women are said to have rendered valuable service to the American troops by acting as scouts. Thus did they frequently earn defeat for the Spaniards, who often admitted the natives into their camps imagining them to be hostle to the invaders.

A woman, too, is reported to have lost Alsace and Lorraine to the French and helped to bring about the Franco-Prussian war by regularly learning the results of the French Cabinet meetings while she was entertaining one of the republican Ministers, the report of these results being despatched to Germany without delay.

How One Fox Helped Another.

Joseph Maybaugh, a farmer who lives near Dunde, trapped a large red fox, and, carrying it home, placed it in his corncrib until he could notify his neighbors and have a chase. The next morning the fox was gone. Investigation proved that its mate h d assisted the prisoner in making its escape. The fox had worked away on the inside until it had bitten a board loose from its fastenings. This, however, was not sufficient to permit it to get out unless the board was lifted up. The board was held up from the outside, as the teeth marks on it show until the prisoner crawled to liberty. Tracks of another fox were seen, and there is no doubt that the mate came after the fox inside the crib, had loosened the board and held it up. This is one of the brightest fox tricks that old hunters in the neighborhood have yet encountered.

No Pipe Tobacco in Cuba.

"Strange as it may appear, smoking tobacco is practically unknown in Cuba or Porto Rico observed an officer of the Ordnance Corps who has recently returned from those islands, "though, as is well known, tobacco is the principal crop, and every one uses it. They regard it as so much time lost to use tobacco in a pipe. Even if they wanted to use pipes they cannot get them, for the simple reason that there are no pipes for sale. The natives content themselves with cigars, cheroots and cigarettes, and many of them did not know until a couple of years ago that there were some benighted people who supposed that smoking tobacco in a pipe was enjoyable and indulged in to any great extent. The Cuban and Porto Rican tobaccos are, of course, not suited to pipe smoking, for it is grown with the idea of getting as much leaf as possible and as thin as they can get, not considering that the stems have any value. Their ignorance in regard to smoking tobacco is remarkable. Indeed, there is no word in the Spanish language for smoking tobacco.

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

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. 1638.

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, Reg.

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

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

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 1160, Group 1, and marked "Arrowhead Lumber Company's south-west corner post," thence east along the north boundary of Lot 1139 30 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 80 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 7261 to 7310 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 the sum 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 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 10th day of April, 1905

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

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

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.

The HERALD

COVERS A LARGE FIELD AND IS READ BY Subscribers IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

The Best Advertising Medium in Kootenay

NEAT AND CLEAN WORK IS THE KIND WE TURN OUT IN OUR JOB PRINTING ROOMS

The HERALD

THE UNION HOTEL

W. J. LICHTSURNE, 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. SENNISON,
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 tationery 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.

HORTON 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

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER XXVI.

Jake seated himself on the table and swung his leg, eyeing her with malicious triumph.

"It's—it's a lie!" came from her white lips.

He laughed and pointed his pipe at her.

"No, it's the truth, the solemn, beau-ti-ful truth," he retorted. "Why, I can see it in your face! It struck on me like a flash of lightning just about two minutes ago! What! you'll turn me out of doors, will you!" he made a movement as if he were going to approach her. "She'll stop the allowance, will she!" and he laughed with savage derision and exultation.

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the short, angry puffing of his pipe, and the hard painful breathing of the woman. Then with a oath, and a vicious kick at the chair he exclaimed:

"And to think that I should have been roughing it all this time, living like a dog—yes, like a dog!—when I might have been rolling in money! It's—it's enough to make a man knock his head off! But I never guessed it. I'm clever, I know, but I never even guessed it! I was a fool! But —" with fierce contempt—"not half such a fool as you, for you knew the game, and yet you went on living in this pokey hole on ten or twelve shillings a week, I dare say! While she—— Yah, a miserable bit of a cottage, a mere hovel on a confounded moor, a pigstye of a place! Living on cold chops, while she is rolling in luxury up at that big place on the hill! Martha, you are a bigger fool even than I took you for!"

He got up and strode to and fro in a state of suppressed excitement, then stopped in front of her.

"But I'll change all that, my dear. It's my turn now, and I mean to have a good innings. No pokey cottage for me, my dear; and something more than ten or twelve shillings a week! Lord! when I think of it"—he burst out laughing—"it makes me dry!" and he wiped his hand across his mouth.

"Here! Get me some money! Sharp d'ye hear? As much as you've got; the more the better. Come, gather those scattered brains of yours, my dear. I'm going to manage this business from this time forward. A pokey, miserable hovel! D'ye hear? Some coin, quick! Don't shake your head. I know you of old! You've got a stocking somewhere, I'll be bound. You always had, Careful, Martha, eh?" and he grinned at her savagely.

She put her hand to her head as if half stunned—as indeed she was—then left the room.

Jake walked up and down impatiently, kicking the furniture about, and in a few minutes she came in again with a small box in her hand.

He snatched it from her, knocked off the lid against the table, and poured out the contents.

"Is that all?" he growled. "Never mind! There's more, plenty more, heaps more, where it came from, isn't there, my dear?" he added, as he flung the empty box in the fire. "Now then, I'm going into the town. You needn't sit up unless you like, me dear; but make up the fire, for I shall take a snooze in the chair. Bring the lamp here and lock the door, and if anyone calls say 'I'm at the club.' By George! and it won't be long, too, before I belong to some of the swellest clubs in London—eh, Martha? Cheer up, old pale face! Lord! you look as if you'd lost a fortune, instead of coming into one!"

With a chuckle, he went out, slamming the door behind him, defiantly, triumphantly.

Martha Hooper sank into a chair, and almost fell across the table, her head upon her arms, a low moan of fear and despair breaking from her at intervals.

Suddenly, as if moved by the greatness of her despair, she rose, took down her bonnet and shawl from a hook on the wall, and, treading on tiptoe cautiously opened the front door and stepped out.

She had not reached the gate when a hand gripped her arm, and Jake's said:

"What! You would, would you?"

"Let me go!"

"Let you go?" he snarled. "Where to?"

"I—I want air," she panted.

"Go on with you!" he retorted, with fierce derision. "Do you think I don't know where you were off to? You were sneaking off to the Towers—to her, to give her warning! Look here, my dear," his grip tightened, and he forced her backward to the house; "you go in and stop in! And if I catch you trying that game on again, I'll—" he hissed into her ear—"I'll kill you! I'll wring your neck as I would a Jackdaw's! What! you'll spoil my game, will you? Try it! Only try it. In with you!"

He forced her into the passage, where she stumbled and fell, and locking the door after him, left her.

A couple of hours later, as she sat crouching beside the fire, she heard him come in, and turning her head stared at him in a dazed fashion. She scarcely knew him.

He had exchanged the suit for a second-hand one consisting of a black velvet coat and waistcoat, and a pair of fashionable trousers. In place of the rough gypsy cap he wore a curly-brimmed felt hat. His heavy boots had been discarded for a pair of Oxford shoes, and he carried a Malacca cane, and wore a crimson scarf.

But the most marked alteration was in his face. A clean shave and a crop will do wonders at all times, and they had worked a striking transformation in Uncle Jake.

It was not so difficult now to imagine him to have been in his youth a good-looking man of the florid theatrical kind; indeed, as he stood in the middle of the room, holding himself as upright as he could—for he had paid a visit to the public-house as well as the barber's and ready-made clothier's—there was a distinct flavor of the strolling player about him

"How's that for high?" he demanded, and in a tone that was somehow different to that of a couple of hours previous. "Have a look at me all round, old woman! It's the Gentleman Stroller come to life again, eh? Ah, it will only show what tip-top clothes will do for a man. And I mean to wear tip-top uns for the rest of my days, my dear! And so shall you! I'd have bought you a silk dress if the money had held out; but it didn't, worse luck!"

He drew a bottle of gin from his pocket, and with elegant dexterity drew the cork with his teeth.

"Have a drop, Martha? It will do you good. No? All the more for me then! And now for business."

He sat himself on the table in front of the fire with the bottle in one hand and the glass in the other.

"Fust—I mean first," he corrected himself with a hic-cough; "I must look after my grammar now, in these togs—eh, Martha? Nothing shows the gentleman more plainly than—hic—his speech. Sure you won't have some gin? Better! It isn't bad for a country pub. Well, just as you like; there's none too much of it! First of all, who's living at the Towers? You see I know the name of the place. Mr. Jackson Hooper keeps his eyes and ears open, I can tell you. There's the countess, I suppose?"

She made a sign of assent.

"The countess! Lord! and it only seems the other day when—but never mind that! Life's a game of see-saw for the most of us. And she's as proud and highty-tighty as ever, I suppose?"

"Ah! I'll fetch her pride down a peg or two, you'll see. Not that I mean to be anything but gentlemanly. No, once a gentleman, always a gentleman; that's my motto! If she acts fair by me I'll act fair by her. Don't you be afraid, my dear! You'll see how I'll work it, and—hic—you'll be proud of me. And who else is there? Who's that fair-skinned, delicate-looking girl I've seen?"

He kicked the chair with ferocious playfulness.

"Miss Tresylain—Lady Irene," she murmured. "Her—her ladyship's ward."

"O-h! One of your out-and-out nobs she is," he commented. "I could tell that at a glance. Got the rhino—the money, I suppose?"

"She is rich," she answered in the same reluctant, weary way.

"In-deed! And what's her ladyship's game with her now? He thought a moment. "Going to marry her to one of her sons, eh? Let's see, the young un's married already. Pretty girl, that, old woman!" and he looked at her keenly. "But not a nob like the other, eh. Never mind. So there's only the other, the earl—the Earl of Landon!

"Oh, Lord! it's like a play, ain't it? And to think I've got her under my thumb! That I can bring her down on her marrow-bones with a word—with half a word!"

"And the young lady with the golden hair is to marry the young earl, eh? Well, they'll make a handsome couple; don't you think so, my dear?" and he bent forward and laughed in her face.

"Well," he said with tipsy gravity, "that's no business of mine. I ain't going to be spoil-sport if—hic—if I am treated fairly. But I must be so treated, my dear; none of her highty-tighty larks with me! Treat me fair, and I'm a gentleman to the core; but try and play it low down on me, and it's war to the knife. Now look here—are you asleep?"

"I mean to play this game all of my own—hic—hand. All you've got to do is to keep your mouth shut—hold your tongue. See? You can do that easy enough. If anyone wants to know who I am, say—hic—that I'm a long-lost brother come back from sea. You might say son, for I'm—hic—hanged if you don't look old enough to be my mother. I'm going to keep you company, my dear. You find it—hic—lonely in this out-of-the-way spot, don't you? Very well, then, I'm your dear brother as you'd thought lost forever. You play that part, and that's all you've got to do; the rest is for me! And now you'd best go to bed, my dear, or you'll lose those roses in your cheeks." He laughed a cruel, heartless laugh, and nearly fell off the table.

She got up and went slowly, wearily, from the room, and Jake tumbled to her chair.

Half an hour afterward she stole into the room, and fearfully and on tiptoe went to the door.

It was locked. She went up to him where he lay back in the chair in a drunken stupor; but light as her footstep was, he heard it, and sprang to his feet.

"What!" he said. "You're trying it on again, eh?"

He caught up the poker and lurched toward her, and she fled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As Madge and Irene drove up to the Towers the luncheon bell rang.

"How quickly the morning has gone!" said Irene. "You won't be long, Madge dear, and, oh!" she added "how would it be for you to give madam her bracelet? That is rather a happy idea, for she can scarcely scold you about the colt at the moment you are restoring her valuable property!" and she laughed.

Madge would have liked to have declined, but she said nothing, and took the bracelet.

As she prepared herself for lunch she thought of Royce, and the troubled look an his face, and her heart beat fast as she heard him enter the next room. She opened the door. He had thrown himself into a chair and was looking down at his boots in a thoughtful, preoccupied fashion, but at the sight of her his face cleared, and he nodded and smiled lovingly.

"Hallo, Madge," he said, "nearly ready? I'm rather late, but the tailor kept me; would talk about the first pair of riding breeches he made me, poor old chap!"

She went up to him and put her arms around his neck with a sweet *timidity* which would have melted an anchorite.

"You are not angry with me, Royce?" she whispered.

"Angry with you, my darling!" he echoed, drawing her down to him and kissing her. "Why should I be angry?"

"Because of my riding the colt," she said in a low voice. "I saw that you knew; that the countess had told you."

"Yes, my mother told me," he said reluctantly. "It was rather unfortunate that she should see you; but it doesn't matter—I mean, there was nothing to be ashamed of, to make a fuss about. Only——" he hesitated, then laughed, but shortly, as if the subject were unpleasant, "only, you see, madam hasn't met with a woman who can ride as well and as easily as you, Madge, and—— But there, don't let the matter trouble you for a moment. And the whole thing wouldn't have been noticed but that Seymour"—his face darkened "happened to see you and he indulged in some of his pleasant sarcasms, and, so to speak, worked my mother into one of her fits of passion."

Madge sighed.

"And you had to bear it all Royce!" she murmured; "and you will have to bear all the blame for my misdeeds and mistakes, all through! Ah!" and she turned away from him; but he still held her.

"Don't talk like that, Madge!" he said, flushing. "You are not going to make any mistakes or commit any misdeeds. Even this—this little business of the colt—wouldn't count but for madam's pride and Seymour's spitefulness. Thank Heaven, he will soon be off! There, run and make yourself tidy, or sit down there and keep me company. By George!" he ran on, as she sank into a chair and watched him with loving eyes. "You wait until your habit comes home, and you are mounted on that little mare John picked out for you! We'll show the country how a lady can ride. You shall go to the next meet with me, Madge, and we'll astonish them!"

"Yes," she said softly. "I shall not make any mistakes there, Royce. I shall only have to keep quite silent and ride straight."

"I don't know why you should keep silent, my darling," he said gravely. "Don't be so nervous about—about yourself, and you will be all right. Why, you are all right!"

"That is what Irene says," said Madge, almost to herself. "She says that if I forget what I was, no one else will remember, and all will be well. Royce, how good, how sweet she is! I love her."

The suppressed warmth, almost passion, with which the last words were uttered startled him.

"Oh, Renie's all right," he said in a man's cool way. "Everybody likes her; and—oh, yes, she's a dear, good girl."

"Do you think she is very strong Royce?" said Madge, after a pause.

"Strong? Yes—why?" he said, resting the hair brush and looking at her, not directly but in the glass, so that she did not see the sudden gravity and something deeper which clouded his face.

"I don't know," she replied, "she is so fair and delicate-looking; and there are shadows under her eyes. And when she smiles there comes a sad little look into her eyes and around her lips."

"I haven't noticed it. She was always quiet. If she's ill she ought to see a doctor. I'll speak to madam——"

"No, no," said Madge, quickly. "That would not do. Do not speak yet, at any rate. I will watch her, Royce. I shall see; we are quick to notice those we love."

"Yes," he said gently. "I should see in a moment if you were not happy, my darling."

She glanced up at him curiously—a woman's look, but made no response; and presently flinging on his coat he said:

"Come on. We are awfully late; but it was my fault."

They went downstairs into a room smaller than the one they had dined in on the previous night. The countess and Seymour were already seated, but he rose as Madge entered, and made her a half-formal bow.

"Good-morning—er—Madge," he said with his mixture of smile and sneer. "You have been driving this morning, I hear—and riding," he added. "I hope you have enjoyed yourself."

Madge flushed, and she glanced at the countess, who sat like a statue after the inclination of the head she had bestowed on Madge, and looked straight before her as if she had not heard the remark.

Royce flushed too, and a retort was on his lips, when Irene, who had entered at the moment, made haste to say before he could speak:

"Are you complimenting Madge upon her 'witching horsemanship? Wasn't it wonderful! I would have given the world to have done it, and I wanted to try, but she would not let me."

Madge looked at her gratefully.

"She is my guardian angel," she said to Royce in a low voice.

The meal, a far less stately one than dinner, proceeded, the countess scarcely opening her lips, and Madge being almost as silent. Presently Seymour said:

"I have been telling madam that we ought to give a dance in honor of the bride," and he smiled at Madge.

Royce looked up quickly. He understood at once that Seymour was planning some fresh mortification for Madge.

"There is no need for anything of the kind," he said.

"I don't agree with you, my dear Royce," said Seymour. "It will be an excellent way of introducing Madge to our friends and neighbors; and madam agrees with me, do you not?"

"Royce can do as he pleases."

Royce bit his lip, but was too proud to offer any further opposition.

"Very well," he said; "would you like it, Madge?"

"I?"

"Certainly," put in Seymour. "We must all study your wishes, my dear Madge."

(To be Continued).

OIL MAKES ONE FAIR.

Beautiful Complexions Made by Crude Petroleum.

"If you want to see complexions, come to the oil wells," remarked an experienced operator in crude petroleum, smiling.

"Not women's complexions—no; they are not enough in touch with the real atmosphere that creates the peaches and cream cheeks and brow and chin and neck and ear. These complexions belong to the hairy, bristled men who work day after day under the spouting oil of the active well or around the pumps that draw the black or green or amber fluid, as the case may be, from the depths.

"I don't know whether the skin specialist has any explanation of the phenomenon, but it is true, nevertheless, that a man who works under the grimy conditions that are inevitable around the petroleum wells takes on a skin that the society women might envy. Where the work is the grimiest and greasiest, the complexions of the men are the fairest. I have seen men, smooth shaven, who at evening receptions could make a fortune posing as living proofs of Soandso's complexion ointments, if the 'fake' could be maintained and the opportunity made possible.

"To some extent it is the grease itself that does the smoothing for the skin; where the color comes from is a guess with me—I could hardly lay it to the dyes that are in the basic material in some of these oils. But I know this much about crude petroleum—a steady application of it to the skin will make a complexion for any one who will take the course in earnest. If I were a woman, seeking a complexion, as many women are, I would invest in a barrel of crude petroleum and bathe in it regularly.

"Years ago, when petroleum was something new in Pennsylvania, it cropped out in the bed of a dry creek, and the first use for it, somehow, was that of an emollient. It was heralded as 'Seneca oil,' good for rheumatism, and a dozen ailments of the throat and chest. This might have been the pioneer exploiting of petroleum for its medicinal value. This value has been attested in later years in some of the byproducts of the oil. But I am satisfied that the best value in petroleum comes from its use in its entirety.

"Take a petroleum bath if you don't believe it."

BY-PRODUCTS OF CAMPHOR.

How They are Obtained From Every Part of the Tree.

Every part of a camphor tree, even to the leaves, contains camphor. The forests are not confined to Formosa alone, but are also found in Japan proper. With the extension of the industry the large areas of this tree have been greatly reduced, though replanting and cultivation are practised to a considerable extent, a tree requiring fifty years to attain a diameter of one foot.

In Formosa, however, there is still an extensive supply of native forest growth, says the Scientific American, and many huge trees are to be found in regions still unexplored. The supply, therefore, is assured for years to come.

Camphor is found in the form of crystals in the wood tissues and is separated from the crude oil by double distillation. From the first distillation is secured an oxidized product, camphogenotol, the principle of the camphor oils of commerce. The crude camphor is a dark colored substance, fusing at 170 degrees C.

Among the by-products may be mentioned crude camphor oil, which comes out simultaneously with the camphor; white oil, obtained by sublimating the crude oil, and used in the manufacture of soap. Red oil also is obtained from the crude camphor oil, as well as black oil, which is extensively used in the preparation of varnishes. A turpentine is secured from the white oil that is in great demand for medical and industrial purposes. From red oil is obtained the product known as saffrol, employed to a considerable extent in the manufacture of perfumery, and also soap; and a disinfectant is also distilled from red oil, after the addition of other substances, claimed to kill the cholera bacillus. Another product is an insecticide, which when mingled with 100 parts of water destroys insects injurious to farm crops.

The annual export of camphor from Japan is about 6,000,000 pounds, three-fourths of which is produced in Formosa, the other fourth coming from Japan proper, chiefly from Kyushu and Shikoku. By a provision of the law of 1903 the sale of camphor produced in Japan is monopolized by the Government through a restriction of the sale of crude camphor and camphor oil.

Purity is Goodness, Goodness is Strength.

"SALADA" Tea Combines them All.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all Grocers. Black, mixed or green. Highest Award St. Louis 1904

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

FEEDING COWS WHEN DRY.

Each dairyman must arrange his methods of dairying to suit his own particular circumstances, but in one respect all well cared for cows are alike, that is they love their home. They will do better when kept in the same barn and under the same circumstances than they will if changed about and isolated, says a writer in Hoard's Dairyman.

We have here a herd of 175 cows and the following method of handling them when fresh or dry has proven to be a satisfactory one.

First, all the cows are dehorned; then in a short time they are as peaceable as so many sheep.

If the weather is not stormy they are allowed to go out a part of each day during the winter, and all of the time during the warm weather, except for feeding and milking.

They are numbered and, no matter how many there are in the barn, each cow soon learns her own stall and goes directly to it when allowed to come in.

We practice the soiling system and each cow gets her feed in her own stall the year around, with the exception of ten days or two weeks while she is calving. During this time she does not miss being away from the herd, as her attention is taken up with her calf; neither does she forget which is her stall when she goes back on her line.

Each cow's milk is weighed once per month and the weight of the milk with the cow's record kept on a board in front of her stall.

All feeding is done according to the amount of milk the cow gives, and when one goes dry she is put on a very small grain ration, and is usually fed a cheaper grade of roughage, or if roughage is very good she gets no grain at all.

My aim is to have them contented and comfortable whether fresh or dry, and keep them in the same condition the year round. The cow probably loves regularity more than any other animal living. Give her a stall and let it be her home, and all the vacation she wants from home is a few days before and after calving. Let her go out when the weather is good, but always let her know that once or twice a day at a regular hour, she will find something good to eat at home.

Others may have a better system, but with a large herd and under our circumstances, my method keeps the cows always contented. There is never any confusion in the barn. Loud language and clubs unnecessary and never used, because the cows know their stalls, and go to them directly. Each cow gets the proper feed, because her ration is kept on the board opposite her number. It requires less work and gives better results than any system I know of.

COOKING CATTLE FOOD.

A number of farmers and dairymen labor under the misplaced idea that it pays to cook cattle foods, and they put themselves to much work and trouble in cooking or steaming ensilage. We have watched practical trials and experiments in this matter, and have concluded that it does not pay. We know a farmer who opened his silo early in February and who had previously cooked the food before giving it to his stock. But this year he concluded he would make a practical experiment. So he took two healthy calves, both in equal condition. He fed one on cooked, and the other on uncooked ensilage from the silo. At the beginning of the experiment or test, the calf fed on the uncooked food weighed 208 pounds. The experiment covered a period of fifteen days, and at its conclusion the animal weighed 216 pounds and a few ounces. The calf fed the cooked weighed 209 pounds in the beginning and at the end of the feeding tipped the scales only at 210. The feeding was very carefully done and an analysis made while in progress. The conclusion reached was that cooked ensilage as a food for stock will not pay, for the reason that by the cooking it looses much of its digestibility. The analysis made in the experiment here described showed that the percentage of digestibility in the uncooked ensilage was 71.6 per cent., and in the cooked 39.45 per cent, or but little over half. Cooking releases the sugar products contained in the foods, and this fact being generally known, has led many to believe that this would hasten the fattening process, but the great decrease in the digestibility prevents this result.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

Scott's Emulsion

should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

IMPROVING THE DAIRY HERD.

The constant aim of the dairyman should be to grade up his herd to a high standard of productiveness. Nothing but a pure bred sire should be used, and when commencing the farmer should choose one particular breed, and then stick to it. Changing from one breed to another was the cause of many a failure. Calves intended for the dairy herd should be selected from dams with a good record as milk producers. The dam should be of good dairy formation, of strong institution, and have a good udder, and large, well-formed teats. Having selected the calf, the next point was the rearing. If a calf was not properly attended to during the early period of its existence, it was frequently stunted in its growth, and the chances of it becoming a profitable dairy cow materially lessened. The following is a good food for calves during the first year: A porridge made from meal mixed in the following proportions: 100 lbs. ground oil cake, 25 lbs. ground flaxseed and 50 lb. low-grade flour. Make the porridge by mixing the ingredients together with warm water to about the consistency of cream. Owing to the strength of the food, the calves should not be fed much of it at first, but as they become accustomed to it, feed a larger quantity if necessary.

PLANT POTATOES EARLY.

It is a pretty good plan to plant potatoes as early as the weather and condition of soil will admit. The soil should be thoroughly fitted. A good clover sod will be well suited to this crop.

Not very much stable manure should be used, as it is more likely to harbor disease and rot. There are special fertilizers now prepared that produce good results with this crop. On farms where the same crop is not grown on the land two years in succession, with good management, there should be the best success. When grown for home use principally, choose the varieties that are the best liked. If for the market, then of course those kinds should be selected that promise the best in yield and prices. There should be at least two of the early varieties, a first and second for succession, and then something good for the general crop and late keeping.

SOME FACTS ABOUT ROPES.

How They are Measured and How Much They Weigh.

"Pipes," said a dealer in ship supplies, "are measured by their diameter. Thus when we speak of a six-inch pipe we mean a pipe six inches in diameter.

"But hawsers are measured by their circumference; and so when we speak of a six-inch hawser we do not mean a hawser six inches in diameter, but one six inches around, or two inches in diameter. All nautical men so understand hawser measurements, and never think of them in any other way.

"An eight-inch hawser is, nevertheless, a big and powerful hawser. A Manila hawser of this size will stand a strain of 50,000 pounds, and a coil of 200 fathoms of eight-inch Manila rope will weigh 2,300 pounds or considerably more than a ton.

"Rope used to be made in coils of a thousand feet in length, but now a standard coil is of 200 fathoms, or 1,200 feet. Lengths of 100 fathoms or less are, however, commonly used in towing.

"By cordage men and nautical men all ropes down to and including ropes measuring an inch and a quarter round are measured in the same manner. Ropes of less than an inch and a quarter in circumference are described and ordered by threads.

"A rope is made up of a number of strands, each strand comprising a number of threads, which are composed of the fibre material. The number of threads in a rope varies according to its size.

"The rope next smaller than that known as inch and a quarter is a rope of 15 threads, and having a circumference of a shade more than an inch and an eighth and a diameter of three-eighths of an inch full. A coil of 200 fathoms of 15-thread Manila rope weighs 50 pounds, and such rope when new will bear a strain of 1,600 pounds.

"Six-thread rope has a diameter of one quarter of an inch; 200 fathoms of Manila six-thread weighs 22 pounds, and new six-thread Manila will stand a strain of 620 pounds."

"Humble as I am," said a loud-voiced spouter at a meeting, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent Empire." "You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

LAST OF 'WOODEN WALLS'

SHIPS IN THE HANDS OF THE BREAKERS.

Gallant Old Vessels Sold By Auction to Be Used as Firewood.

There is something quite pathetic in the thought that in the centenary year of Nelson's glorious victory at Trafalgar some of the last survivors of the "wooden walls," which for so many centuries were the bulwarks of England, should be in the hands of the ship-breakers.

It is not many months since several of these gallant old vessels were sold by auction at Chatham as so much firewood—ships that were once the pride and boast of our Navy. There was the Forte, which sailed the seas long before our oldest admiral of to-day was cradled; also the Belle Isle, which, after being a target for shells innumerable in mimic warfare, was sent to the bottom of Portsmouth Harbor by a torpedo, and was floated again, only to end her days under the auctioneer's hammer. But the queerliest of all these veterans was the Duke of Wellington, which with the Hannibal is now being broken up into firewood on the Thames, near Charlton.

Half a century ago there was no fairer ship on all the seas than this Duke of Wellington, the timbers of which are destined to supply logs for our next winter's fires. She was built at Pembroke and launched fifty-two years ago on the very day that Wellington died. She was a ship to marvel at in her youth, with her 6,071 tons and

HER GRIM TIERS OF GUNS,

131 in all. It was told at the time of her launching that her mainmast had cost no less than $2,500, her foremast $1,875, and her mizzen mast $500; and that to build her seventy-six acres of forest had been stripped of 3,000 oaks, each tree a good two centuries old.

So stately and impressive was this fine ship, that she was placed in the procession that sailed so proudly past Queen Victoria in the Spithead Review of 1853; and in the days of the Crimea she was chosen to carry Admiral Napier's flag.

And this is the end of her proud career. Well might Ruskin exclaim as he looked at Turner's picture of another equally gallant vessel, the "Fighting Temeraire," being towed to the ship-breaker's yard at Rotherhithe, "Of all pictures not involving human pain, this is the most pathetic that was ever painted." The grand old Temeraire had been sold for $27,650—less, it is said, than the copper in her had cost, and barely a twentieth of what had been spent on her

BUILDING AND EQUIPMENT.

One can scarcely realize in these days of iron-clads and steam with what pride these stately wooden ships of several generations ago were regarded. It is true that a line-of-battle ship in Nelson's days, magnificent vessel though she was, with more than a hundred guns aboard, cost barely a tenth of the price of a fully-equipped, first-class battleship of our day; but she carried in her timbers the growth of a hundred years or more of good British oak.

Nothing less than fifty acres of forest would supply the necessary timber to build her, and a couple of hundred shipwrights were kept hard at work for twelve months before she was ready for launching. Then, too, with her towering bulk, her five decks, her iron teeth showing at a hundred portholes, her lofty masts and enormous spread of sails, she was a picture of combined power and grace such as no man-of-war of to-day conveys.

It is curious to note how, as long as a century ago, when there was no ship of 3,000 tons afloat, it was thought that the limit of size had certainly been reached. "Timber, the growth of Nature," wrote one expert in 1800, "as much as man, cannot be made to grow larger, and the very element (in harbors at least) in which they are to navigate have only certain depths that

CANNOT BE INCREASED.

The cordage, too, when made larger, will be rendered difficult to pass through the pulleys, and so large at last as not to pass at all." And yet, half a century later, the Duke of Wellington boasted over 6,000 tons, and to-day even this record has been increased fivefold.

Apart from sentimental reasons it was, perhaps, just as well that iron came to supersede oak, for the time was rapidly approaching when the supply of timber would fail. The British forests were almost stripped early in last century. In Surrey in a single year 15,000 trees were cut down, the price of oak doubled in fifteen years, and it began to seem as if shipbuilding must come to an end.

And now that there are few left of these grand old wooden ships, and these few are rapidly being broken up, one cannot resist a feeling of regret at the closing of a glorious chapter in our national history.—London Tit-Bits.

STRONG IN DEATH.

In the line of absolute and abstract politeness nothing can quite reach the heights attained by a certain English baronet who became the High Sheriff of London. It was his invariable custom when hurrying along the street to salute any of his numerous acquaintances with a bow, a touch of the hat and the words "Sir, I wish you a very good morning!"

As High Sheriff of a county it once became his painful duty to attend the execution of a criminal, when, having seen that all the preliminary arrangements were complete, he bowed, touched his hat to the culprit, whose black cap was already over his face, and took his leave with his customary:—

"Sir, I wish you a very good morning!"

Fashion ...Talk

SUMMER FASHIONS.

White linen and muslin gowns are being shown in all the shops and are being made in quantities for the early summer. Many of those offered in the shops are robe gowns, and, as has been pointed out before, the robe is really an economical purchase.

The latest opera bag is of English morocco in the shape of the popular vanity bag, and includes a pair of folding opera glasses, mirror, a powder-book, salts bottle, purse and card receptacle.

Shaded wings are used on stiff hats, and are not only placed inside the brim, but are used on the top of the hat. One favorite shape, the flat, round hat, has the wings put directly in the front, standing straight across, while the brim is bent in and out in supposedly graceful curves.

Many of the new shirt-waist suits are made of voile and light wool fabrics. Very good, indeed, are the green and blue plaids in these materials. They are ideal for travelling, as they do not accumulate dust, and are readily cleaned.

What answers for a shirt-waist suit this season is usually a rather ornate costume, almost invariably made with a square-cut bodice, accompanied by a transparent guimpe. The sleeves frequently call for thin undersleeves, and the costume for street wear needs a coat.

There are many variations of the white linen stocks which have an overlap tied at the front through a big buttonhole at each end. The latest has a butterfly bow made of colored taffeta, lined and stitched with white silk, which buttons by means of an undertape through the buttonholes of the lap at the sides.

The street gown which seems to be taking better than any other model is the princess skirt and short bolero jacket. The princess skirt is the antithesis of the fashionable plaited skirt. It is tight-fitting, and reveals the lines of the figure over the hips. The boleros are the slightest little affairs, many of them hardly more than capes, and the effects are all loose and informal.

Embroidered designs are found sprinkling all sorts of materials. Even in the inexpensive collars many very choice effects in color combinations are found. Scotch ginghams, with pin lines of white spotted with embroidered spots in the colors of the various ground tones, are twenty cents a yard.

There are many separate coats, boleros, box coats, and redingotes. They have taken the place, to a large extent, of the useful and simple covert coat, which is entirely too plain a garment to suit the elaborate styles of the moment. These coats and boleros are made of almost any material, silk, cloth, heavy lace and light woolen materials. Some kind of a separate coat is a necessity since the advent of the shirt waist suit.

PETTICOAT MUST FIT.

As the skirts increase in width and flare it becomes doubly necessary that the under petticoat be decidedly full. With a cloth or velvet skirt particularly is it important to have a very wide good silk petticoat, for nothing is uglier than to see a cloth skirt sinking in about the feet. All skirts are, of course, made up with underskirt attached, so that the majority of women are apt to give little thought to the petticoat.

The silk petticoats now made up for evening wear are fascinating to a degree. The daintiest of flowered silks are employed, which are trimmed with numberless yards of lace ruchings and ruffles, with rosettes and ribbon streamers, with chiffon, and again with silk.

The detachable flounces are still popular for dress petticoats and it is upon these flounces that the chief labor and adornment of the petticoat are expended. There is always a wide silk flounce beneath the lace ruffles which would not of themselves be stiff enough to really affect the hang of the skirt. Loops, rosettes and long ribbon streamers are run through the lace and chiffon in charming confusion, both narrow and wide ribbon being frequently employed at once, while flounces are used on the colored silk petticoats as well as upon the all white and the flowered.

For a walking costume the silk petticoat—provided the skirt is lined—should be some inches shorter than the outside skirt, but for the evening gown a petticoat should be no more than two or three inches at most from the floor.

REWARDS FOR NON-SMOKERS.

A remarkable effort was made some time ago by a woollen manufacturer in a Lancashire town to discourage smoking among his employes, and as an inducement to abstinence a reward of a sovereign was promised to each person in his service who eschewed tobacco for a year. At the end of that period no less than 660 was claimed and paid, fifty of the prize recipients agreeing to abandon smoking altogether.

CHEESE FROM CHINESE BEANS.

The municipal laboratory of Paris has been examining the experiments made by Dr. Vogel, who has manufactured a very succulent cheese from the small Chinese beans known as "soy beans." The doctor finds that the pulp of these beans contains many of the caseine qualities, and that the resulting composition is both nourishing and pleasant to the taste.

A SPRING TONIC.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Makes Strength for Summer.

Every man and woman in Canada needs a tonic medicine at this season of the year. They must have new, rich blood to build them up to bear the trying heat of summer. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest spring tonic in the whole world. Every dose makes new, rich blood—new vigorous life. They transform weak, weary, anaemic girls into healthy, graceful, well-developed women. They make debilitated men strong, lusty and energetic. They give worn, despondent women new health and comfort. They do this every time—they cannot fail. After a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, every man and woman can withstand the summer's heat free from backache and headaches, weakness and despondency. Mrs. M. A. White, Seal Cove, Que., says: "I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly. They have not only made a new person of myself, but have been of inestimable value in my family. I always keep the pills in my home and the result is I have no doctor's bills; nor have I any delicate boys or girls, as the pills keep them strong and healthy. I constantly recommend the pills to my friends, and I always hear good words from those who use them."

Dr Williams' Pink Pills do not act upon the bowels; they do not bother with the mere symptoms of disease; they simply make new rich, red blood, and thus cure all the common ailments of life. But you must get the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all dealers everywhere or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Love makes loyal.
Less work, more weeds.
Work gives zest to rest.
It is hard to be happy in a hurry.
Love is always looking for a load.
It takes a fool to appreciate a fad.
Reverence is the foundation of lasting love.
The sense of duty is a sign of the divine in man.
Righteousness is a lot more than respectability.
Killing time is a sure way of spoiling character.
He can never teach a man who cannot learn of a child.
No words of faith have force until they become flesh.
It is hard for the leek to see why people prefer the lily.
Hatred often comes from only knowing half a man.
The only sure thing about a lie is that it will never die.
The defense of the devil usually hides some share in his dividends.
Many mistake their dreams about heaven for deeds to lots up there.
It takes the touch of love to pick even the mote out of another's eye.
There is nothing prouder than ignorance or more ignorant than pride.
When his goods are his chief good a man is likely to find little lasting good.
The saddest people are the only ones who are always fleeing from sorrow.
The happiness that comes from ignorance of the sorrows of this world may be sin.
Some people never know that the devil has been feeding them stones until all their teeth are broken.

HOW TO ROLL AN UMBRELLA.

How many men know how to roll an umbrella so that it will look as neat and compact as when it leaves the store? Not many of those you meet have the secret. Nearly every one who rolls an umbrella takes hold of it by the handle and keeps twisting the stick with one hand and folds and rolls with the other hand. The proper way is to take hold of the umbrella just above the points of the cover ribs; these points naturally are even around the stick. Keep hold of these, pressing them closely against the stick, and then roll up the cover. Holding the ribs prevents them from getting either twisted out of place or bent out of shape. Then the silk will fold evenly and roll smooth and as close as the first time unfolded.

TRAVELS OF WHALES.

Prof. Goldlob has been telling the Christiania Academy of Science the results of his investigations into the migrations of whales. These creatures hang about the cost of Norway and Finland until the spring is well advanced, and then go away on their travels. Some go to the Azores, others to Bermuda and the Antilles, and they cover these enormous distances in an incredibly short time. Some of them bring back harpoons which bear the names of ships and other evidences of where these migrants have been for their summer holidays.

A MODERN MOTHER.

Children shudder at castor oil, and with good reason. Castor oil is a relic of old-time barbarism. Not only is it repulsive to the taste, but it gripes and tortures delicate children. Modern mothers use Baby's Own Tablets, a gentle laxative which does not gripe; a comforting medicine which may be given to a newborn babe without fear of harm. These Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones, and promote natural sleep and repose. Mrs. R. H. James, Fenaghvale, Ont., says:—"I find great satisfaction in the use of Baby's Own Tablets, and do not know how I could get along without them. They make children well and keep them well." And you have a guarantee that there is not one particle of opiate or harmful drug in this medicine. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TRICKS OF SMUGGLERS

HAVE MANY CLEVER DEVICES FOR HIDING GOODS.

Pasteboard Cannon Balls Filled With Brandy—Dogs Carriers of Laces.

Smuggling effectively is one of those fine arts that have decayed, at least in England, where, as we have duties on little else than tobacco, tea and spirits, and where we have a seaboard closely watched, it cannot be carried out to any extent successfully.

Now and then the revenue men are outwitted, but rarely on a large scale, and never can a contraband trade be carried on for long undetected. It is not at the present day worth men's while to apply their minds to the overreaching of the coast guard, says Chamber's Journal, and consequently the art is in its dotage and decline.

Attempts are made occasionally to outwit the preventive officers, as when a vessel came into the Colne some years ago with its cordage of twisted tobacco, but it was found out. Oil cans are made, or were made, with an interior consisting of an inverted funnel of tin. Then the officers put a stick through the neck and turn it about they draw it out and find that the rod has been in oil. But the upper bul ing sides of the can contain smuggled spirits.

An old woman died lately at Causand who for long hoodwinked the coast guard by carrying about a baby. This was actually a bottle or jar of brandy, which she drew off from a hidden receptacle of the smugglers. "You've a very quiet child there; I never hear it cry," said one of the guards to her. "That may be," replied Nanny, "but I warrant you he's got a deal o' spirit in him."

AND HE LET HER PASS.

In Gower, at Llangenneth, the runners of smuggled goods had contrived a most ingenious cache. A little stream falls in cascades from the mountain above. They diverted the stream, formed a cellar under the spot where the water splashed down, well covered with broad slates above, on which they cast torrent rubble and in this hid their kegs. But a storm brought the stream down with such violence that one night it tore away the roof and revealed the concealed run goods.

When Joseph Bonaparte was King of Spain a good many individuals, even those highly placed, enriched themselves at the expense of the revenue.

One day a contrabandista met a Brigadier at Segovia, about to return with empty cassons to Madrid. "Look here, my friend," said he, "I want you to convey for me a quantity of cannon balls and shells to the capital—as many as your horses can draw." Then he showed him piles of these munitions of war. The Brigadier demurred—the weight would be urodigious. "Bah!" replied the smuggler. "They are all of blackened pasteboard and are full of velvets, tobacco, brandy and liqueurs. Get them safe into the Prado and you shall be paid for your pains 75 louis d'or. They will let cannon balls pass the barriers without taxing them."

The Brigadier agreed, and managed to get them into the Prado at Madrid in the night; but as those in the plot were unloading the goods up rode an officer.

"Hello!" said he. "The very thing we want. I have orders to send a convoy of shot to Seville against those dogs of English." And he confiscated the lot; but, finding them remarkably light, broke one, and forth gushed

THE FINEST COGNAC.

In Paris for some time by an ingenious contrivance a good deal of wine and spirits was passed beyond the barriers without paying duty. A subterranean passage had been made from the village of Les Vertus, near St. Denis, in the house of a citizen, and it led into the cellar of a blacksmith near the Foire St. Laurent. The passage was lined with planks well greased, and kegs were sent rolling along it filled with every kind of merchandise that ought to pay toll at the octroi. At the blacksmith's there were extensive cellars in which these goods were stored. But one who was in the secret betrayed it, and the officers of the law came down suddenly on the blacksmith, penetrated to the cellars, and with the contents loaded seventeen wagons.

At the present day a great source of annoyance to the Spanish frontier guards is the extensive smuggling that goes on from Gibraltar, and dogs are trained as the mediums. They have laces and all kinds of English produce sewn around their bodies and are let loose. They know perfectly whither they are to go, and the guards fire on all such dogs that they see coursing over the country. In the same way in Perigord dogs are educated to poach truffles, which they dig up and hide in well known caches, where their masters can recover them.

On the Swiss and French frontier an Italian plied his trade. He had a bear and a monkey that sat on the back of bruin. Sometimes he was in France, sometimes in Switzerland. But actually the beast he travelled with was an ass. Tin receptacles had been formed, adapted to his sides and back, and these were filled with brandy, and the whole was covered over with

THE SKIN OF A HUGE BEAR.

As the showman with his beasts passed the frontier one day, as ill luck would have it, his bear gave voice.

"Hello!" said the Custom House officer, "what a very remarkable bruin, that brays like a donkey!" and so the trick was discovered.

There lived near the French frontier a learned ornithologist, who not only himself had a collection of rare stuffed birds, but he also was consulted by amateurs and by learned societies throughout Europe when collections were sought to be made up; and he undertook to procure the specimens that were desired in France or Germany or England. Consequently there was constantly going on a trade in ornithological specimens over the frontiers, and usually our savant accompanied these, as they were rare and valuable and liable to injury if roughly handled. Now, it so chanced that he bought a live parrot, with which it entertained him to converse. After a meal he would stand by the perch and say: "Poll, pretty poll When you are dead I will stuff you with laces," or else, "Poll, I will stuff you with eau de cologne." Now it fell out that once our naturalist was conveying a collection of specimens across the frontier, and unluckily he had his parrot with him. At the custom house, all at once it screamed out: "Pretty Poll! When you are dead I will stuff you with lace! Poll! Poll! When you are dead I will stuff you with eau de cologne!"

"I will trouble you," said the custom house officer, "to let me investigate your collection of stuffed birds."

"Aye!" said the ornithologist bitterly. "Pretty Poll! I shall wring your neck for telling secrets."

THEY MADE THIS COUPLE HAPPY

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DOING GOOD WORK AROUND PORT ARTHUR.

Mr. Dick Souvey and Wife Both Had Kidney Troubles, and the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Them.

Port Arthur, Ont., May 8.—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidney ills of men and women alike has been proved time and again in this neighborhood, but it is only occasionally they get a chance to do double work in the same house. This has happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Souvey a farmer and his wife, living about seven miles from here. In an interview Mr. Souvey said:

"My wife and myself have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and have found them a big benefit to our health. We had La Grippe two winters and were exposed to much frost and cold. Our sleep was broken on account of urinary troubles and pain in the Kidneys. We each took six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and now enjoy good health."

CHILDREN OF THE CZAR.

English Nurse Tells of Their Life in the Palace.

The children of the Czar and the domestic side of the Russian Court are minutely described in a recent number of "Leisure Hour" by Miss Eager, a lady who, in 1898, was chosen by the Czarina to take charge of the little Grand Duchesses.

The nurse spent six weeks in all at the Russian Court, during which time she had unequalled opportunities for observing the inner side of life in the Winter Palace.

Some idea of the size and splendor of this wonderful building may be gathered from the fact that in one of the rooms a "mountain," down which the children tobaggan has been erected. The great white ball-room holds 5,000 guests as well as leaving space for musicians and dancers.

Another room has eight pairs of doors of tortoiseshell which are embellished with gold. At the end of the state rooms there is the theatre, where the royal children sit for hours watching the attendants manipulate the drop scenes and turn on the various colored lights for their entertainment.

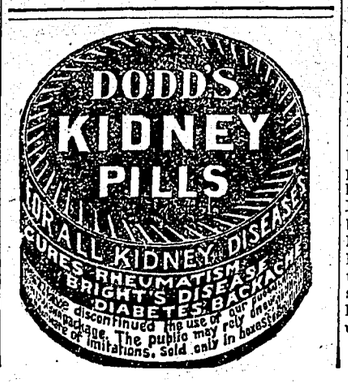
The Grand Duchess Marie was born some time after the arrival of the nurse, who believes the little Princess came into the world "with the very smallest trace of original sin."

"From her earliest age Marie's love for her father has been most marked. When she was barely able to toddle she would always escape from the nurseries to go to him, and whenever she saw him in the garden or park she would call after him. If he heard or saw her he always waited for her and would carry her a little.

"When he was ill in his room she sat on the nursery floor listening. If she heard his voice she would stretch out her little arms and call: 'Papa, papa!' and her rapture when she was allowed to see him was great.

"What is your idea of an optimist?" "Well, an optimist is a man who is too kind-hearted to discourage other people."

Manufacturing sorrow is one of the worst of sins.



What shrunk your woolens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used *common soap.*

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCE EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

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.

"'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,'" quoted the young lady with a simper as she seated herself at the piano. "That may be," muttered a savage bachelor; "but there are some of us in this crowd who are civilised, and deserve a little consideration."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

Burt—"I have no doubt you are sorry about your uncle's death, notwithstanding it brought you into a lot of money." West—"Yes; he was doing a good business, you know, and if he had lived a year or two longer he might have left me a good deal more."

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

Distressed Young Mother (travelling with weeping infant)—"Dear, dear! I don't know what to do with this baby." Kind and Thoughtful Bachelor (in next seat)—"Madam, shall I open the window for you?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

The devil's job is so easy he would rather work overtime than get a day off.

The Stomach's "Weal or Woe!"—The stomach is the centre from which, from the standpoint of health, flows "weal or woe." A healthy stomach means perfect digestion—perfect digestion means strong and steady centres—strong nerve centres mean good circulation, rich blood and good health. South American Nervine makes and keeps the stomach right.—52

Teacher—"Who was that who laughed aloud?" Pupil—"I did, sir; but I didn't mean to do it." Teacher—"You didn't mean to do it?" Pupil—"No, sir; I laughed in my sleeve and I didn't know there was a hole in my elbow."

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

The good woman was visiting the convict prison. "And what are you in for, my unfortunate friend?" she asked of No. 1313. "'Cause I can't get out," sullenly answered the prisoner. And the good woman passed on.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

"Contratulate me, Jimmy; I'm engaged to Sally Jenks." "I'm awfully sorry, Harry, but I can't conscientiously do it; I've been engaged to Sally myself."

"My Heart was Thumping my Life out," is the way Mrs. R. H. Wright, of Brockville, Ont., describes her sufferings from smothering, fluttering and palpitation. After trying many remedies without benefit six bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart restored her to perfect health. The first dose gave almost instant relief, and in a day suffering ceased altogether.—51

O'Grady—"Ye can't tell me the toime whin the O'Gradys was not gintlemen." O'Flynn—"Sure, me bhoy, Oi kin do thot; some o' thim was ladies."

Stratford, 4th Aug., 1893.
MESSRS C. C. RICHARDS & CO.
Gentlemen.—My neighbor's boy 4 years old, fell into a tub of boiling water and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several other cases around here almost as remarkable, cured by the same Liniment and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or given such universal satisfaction.
M. HIBERT,
General Merchant.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE LIKE

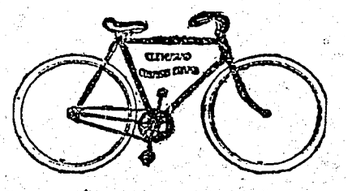
Blue Ribbon

TEA because it is **Tightly Sealed in Lead Packets** not lying about loose in all kinds of places like ordinary bulk teas. BLUE RIBBON is carefully watched FROM PLANTATION TO HOME and pleases all.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA—BLUE RIBBON TEA

Back to Bicycles

The bicycle is king. Every person realizes now that there is no other vehicle so convenient in the country, town or city as the wheel. The wheels we sell are the best in the world.



Cleveland
Massey-Harris
Brantford
Welland-Vale

THE CUSHION FRAME

is the new feature. It has brought bicycling again into popular favor—**Makes Rough Roads Smooth.**

The Sills' Hygienic Handle Bar

a companion invention to the Cushion Frame. Write for our new catalogues, and new picture cards. Mention this paper.

Canada Cycle and Motor Co'y LIMITED

"Makers of the World's Best Bicycles,"

Canadian Headquarters for Automobiles.

TORONTO

"Do you think that beautiful women are apt to be spoiled?" she murmured, with upturned eyes. "Your beauty will never spoil you, darling," he answered, softly.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

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

"In England," said the traveller, "it is considered wrong to have more than one wife." "It is not merely wrong," answered the Sultan as he glanced apprehensively at the harem; "it's foolish."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

Towne—"How surprised we should be if we could see ourselves as others see us!" Towne—"Yes; but think how surprised the others would be if they could see us as we see ourselves!"

Biliousness Burdens Life.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable, yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

Charitable Lady—"But a man last week told me exactly the same story!" Tramp—"Yes, lady. Yer see, I made a fatal mistake in not havin' the history of me life copyrighted."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c

"Papa, what is a horse show?" "A horse show, my son, is where people with more money than brains go to make donkeys of themselves."

Useful at all Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

"He talks a great deal about his family tree." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "A family tree is much like other trees. The smallest twigs do most of the rustling."

The President a Slave to Catarrh—D. T. Sample, president of Sample's Instalment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief. 50 cents.—19

There is a well-known custom prevailing in our criminal courts of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion the court, finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to a lawyer who was present: "Mr. ——, please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest." The lawyer and his client then withdrew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into court. "Where is the prisoner?" asked the Court. "He has gone, your honor," said the hopeful legal "limb." "Your honor told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest, and, as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to 'cut and run,' which he took at once."

Stump and Tree Pullers

Self-anchoring and Stump-anchored. Something new. Pull an ordinary stump in 15 minutes. 1 to 5 acres at a setting. Different sizes to suit all kinds of clearing. For illustrated catalog address

Powerful, Handy, Low Priced.

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

Dyeing! Cleaning!

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

Look for agent in your town, or send direct.

Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

"Your husband seems to be getting bald very rapidly," said the family friend. "Yes," answered Mrs. Nagsby, "there is scarcely a good handful le—Hem! Er—yes, he certainly is."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

"I pity the man who can't learn anything from his own mistakes. Now, that's one thing I can do," said Bragg. "Ah! You're always learning something then, aren't you?" replied Knox.

"Regular Practitioner—No Result."—Mrs. Annie C. Chestnut, of Whitby, was for months a rheumatic victim, but South American Rheumatic Cure changed the song from "despair" to "joy." She says: "I suffered untold misery from rheumatism—doctors' medicine did me no good—two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure cured me—relief two hours after the first dose."—50

He—"Clarice, you know I have always thought a great deal of you, and I have flattered myself you think not unfavorably of me. May I—will you—be my wife?" She—"What a start you gave me, Harry! Do you know, I thought you were going to ask me to lend you some money."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Thomson—"Did you ever run away when you were a boy?" Mobbs—"Once." Thomson—"And I suppose the tears flowed freely when you returned." Mobbs—"Yes. I made the mistake of returning when father was at home."

Where Weakness is, Disease Will Settle.—If one suffers from any organic weakness, inherited or contracted, there disease will settle when it attacks the body. Therefore drive out the pains that beset you, do not let a cold or a cough harass you, and keep the respiratory organs in a good healthy condition. This you can do by using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Prevention is the wisest course.

Her Mother—"You will assume a grave responsibility when you marry my daughter. Remember, she was brought up in the lap of luxury." Her Adorer—"Oh, she's pretty well used to my lap now."

La grippe, pneumonia, and influenza often leave a nasty cough when they're gone.
It is a dangerous thing to neglect.
Cure it with

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

The cure that is guaranteed by your druggist.

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

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

Pay Day Bargains at the Busy Store

20c. and 25c. Colored Ginghams, Percales, Sateens, etc., suitable for stylish dresses.

25c. and 30c. Organdies, Sateens and Zephyrs, etc., for dresses, to clear at 12½c.

Cramm's Imported English Prints at 15c.

35c. Colored Japanese Wool Silks at 25c.

Ladies' Fancy Stock Collars in great variety. One-Third off regular selling Price.

New Shepherd's check Silks for Waists and Blouse Suits—all suitable colors—75c. and $1.00.

The celebrated "Empress Shoe" for Women from $2.50 per pair to $6.00 per pair.

Ladies' Silk Waists, Black, White and Colored, at nearly half regular price.

If you want anything made up, call and see our Dressmaker. Everything Guaranteed.

Everything for Men and Boys

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

Married

PETTIPIECE-HOMEWOOD—At Vancouver, on Tuesday, June 20th, by Rev. C. Ladner, John H. Pettipiece, of Revelstoke, to Beryl Homewood, of Vancouver.

ANDERSON—WARD—At Calgary, on Monday, June 19th, Mr. O. Anderson to Miss Minnie Ward, both of Revelstoke.

Born

MCINTOSH—At Revelstoke, on Saturday, June 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. N. McIntosh, twin daughters.

NICHOLL—At Revelstoke, on Thursday, June 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. David Nicholl, twin sons.

CASHATO—At Develstoke, on Tuesday, June 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cashato, a daughter.

LOCALISMS

J. A. Darragh came in last evening from Camborne.

J. D. Sibbald left yesterday morning on a trip to Calgary.

Prov. Government Agent Fraser left on Sunday for Victoria.

A movement is on foot for the holding of a union Sunday school picnic.

Miss Bessie Sawyer has returned from a lengthy visit to relatives in Vancouver.

Dr. Morrison leaves tomorrow morning to spend a couple of days at Arrowhead.

Miss Mackenzie of Calgary is spending a few days in the city on a visit to Miss Foote.

County Court will be held at Revelstoke tomorrow and at Golden on Wednesday next.

Judge Sproat, of the Farwell Townsite Company, is spending a few days in the city on business.

Miss Pearl Ward returned last evening from Calgary, where she has been attending the wedding of her sister.

Mrs. T. J. Lawrence and family left on Monday morning for Summerville, P. E. I., on a three months' visit to relatives.

Zac Choate of Nelson, bridge inspector for C. P. R., was in Revelstoke yesterday and left this morning for Nelson.

Thomas Taylor, M.P.P., returned on Tuesday evening from a trip through the Boundary and South East Kootenay.

George B. Batho, a prominent merchant and postmaster of Ferguson, died suddenly at his residence last Friday morning.

Mrs. M. Pettipiece and W. Pettipiece left on Friday last for Vancouver to attend the wedding of Mr. Jack Pettipiece, which took place on Tuesday.

The Masonic Grand Lodge convenes to-day at New Westminster. Rev. C. A. Procunier and F. Fraser are in attendance representing the local lodge.

The new officers for this Corps of the Salvation Army arrived in the city yesterday and will take up their duties here in the S. A. Barracks on First Street.

Mrs. W.I. Briggs and family arrived this week from New Westminster to join Mr. Briggs, who recently entered into partnership here with J. M. Scott, solicitor.

The Peerless Entertainment Company will give their entertainment this evening in St. Andrew's church under the auspices of the Willing Workers. Price of admission 25c.

At a meeting of the Amateur Dramatic Club on Monday it was decided to present A. W. Pinero's popular three-act comedy "Dandy Dick" on the evening of Labor Day.

Mrs. D. M. Rae and family and Miss Lottie Woodley returned on Monday from an extended visit to Golden. They were accompanied by Miss Mabel Archer, who will spend a few weeks here.

The High School entrance examinations are taking place this week under the supervision of Principal Sissons. Twenty-three pupils in all are writing, twenty Revelstoke pupils and three from Arrowhead.

Mr. and Miss Carroll, of Winnipeg, are visiting Mr. W. Armstrong, Second street. Mr. Carroll will represent the Knights of Pythias of Winnipeg, at the Grand Lodge convention in Calgary on July 5th.

The delivery rig turned out by S. McMahon, carriage builder and blacksmith, for the Lawrence Hardware Company, has been put into use this week and is creating a great deal of favorable comment.

EAT

What you please without any distress or fear of indigestion if you use our Digestive Tablets. Take

THEM

according to directions and you need not fear Dyspepsia. They will make you feel good and

ALIVE

and glad you are living. These tablets are wonderful as an aid to digestion and for curing heartburn, nausea, sick and sour stomach. You should get a box to-day—50c.

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

British Columbia has been divided into two new inspectorate districts for weights and measures. One new office with an inspector will be in Vancouver and the other in Nelson. The Nelson district will comprise the Kootenays, Yale and Cariboo. The Vancouver office will take in the balance of British Columbia.

A freight train pulled into Golden at noon last Friday with a car of shingles on fire, the result of a spark from the locomotive. Roadmaster V. Anderson, who happened to be in the yard at the time, had the car rushed to the water tank, and cutting a hole in the roof, quickly stopped the spread of the flames.—Star.

The public schools will close for the midsummer vacation tomorrow. Owing to the entrance examination having been held this week and to the fact that two of the rooms are in charge of substitutes the teachers have found it impossible to arrange the usual closing exercises so that the work will be carried on in the usual way.

Contractor McCarthy has commenced the addition of another storey to H. J. Hanbury's restaurant on First street. When the addition is completed the restaurant will be converted into an hotel, to be known as the Windsor hotel, a license for which was granted at a meeting of the city license commissioners last Thursday.

J. H. Pettipiece was united in marriage at Vancouver on Tuesday to Miss Beryl Homewood of that city. The young couple are spending their honeymoon at Victoria and will shortly take up their residence in Revelstoke. The HERALD joins with the many friends of the happy couple in wishing them much joy and happiness.

O. Anderson, accountant for the Bowman Lumber Company, and Miss M. Ward, two of Revelstoke's most popular young people, were married at Calgary on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are spending their honeymoon at Banff and will make their home in Revelstoke shortly. The HERALD extends hearty congratulations to the happy couple.

The apron sale and lawn social on the manse grounds on Monday last was an unqualified success in every way. The ladies cleared $90. The ladies of St. Andrew's Aid desire to express their appreciation of the assistance of the Independent band, Mrs. Lumb, and Messrs. Doyle and Hooley, who contributed so well to the pleasure of the lawn social.

P. F. Vennables, of New Westminster, representing the Royal City Fish Company, brother of engineer Vennables, of the C.P.R., was in the city yesterday arranging for the handling of their product in the interior. The Royal City Fish Co. are independent of the Fish Trust Co. of the Pacific Coast. The HERALD begs to draw the attention of hotels and others to their advertisement in this issue.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

See J. C. Hutchison for ICE.

Smoke Brown's Union Cigar.

Seed Potatoes for Sale apply to R. Tapping.

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

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

Heintzman's Pianos at John E. Wood's.

See the Black Cats in C. B. Hume & Co's window.

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

Smoke Brown's "Special" Cigar.

Jardiniere Stands—every variety—at John E. Wood's.

Boys and girls get the prizes in C. B. Hume & Co's window.

Strawberries and apricots are on now for preserving. C. B. Hume & Co.

Smoke Brown's "Marca Vuelta" Cigar.

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

FOR SALE—A House and Lot, situated alongside railway, opposite Long's Brewery. Apply to August Grannat.

Don't forget our bargains in jardinieres. C.B. Hume & Co.

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.

Be sure and read C. B. Hume & Co's advt. on front page.

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.

A good time is promised by the Ladies' Guild of St. Peter's Church to those who attend their social on the lawn at the Rectory, Tuesday 27th. The Band will be in attendance, and an admittance fee of 10c will be taken.

Blue Ribbon jelly powders, all flavors, two packages for 25c., and a coupon in each package, at C. B. Hume & Co.

NEW GOODS

If there is anything new in our line on the market you can depend upon finding it at the Red Cross. Call often,—we have always something new to show you.

Pictures, Books, Music, Perfumes, Soaps, etc.

HANDBAGS— Just received direct from New York a few days ago a lovely line of Chatelaines
Prices—From $1.00 to $12

PERFUMES—
"FLEUR DE AMOUR"
the Real Thing.

Red Cross Drug Co.

Bring Us Your Prescriptions
MONEY ORDERS ISSUED
Mail Orders Promptly Shipped.

TO-DAY ! !

ICE CREAM SODAS

Manning's

TENDERS WANTED

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to July 3rd for the painting of workmen's cottages and other buildings being erected for Canadian Pacific Railway Co. For full particulars apply to

J. KERNAGHAN.

TENDERS WANTED

Tenders are asked for the grading of the Race Track and for the grubbing and clearing of centre. Specifications may be seen at the office of the Association, Cowan block, from Saturday, 24th inst., until Friday, 30th.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. COOK, SECRETARY,
Revelstoke Turf Association.

For Sale

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

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Hospital Guild will be held on Tuesday afternoon in the City Hall at 3:30 o'clock.

L. O. L.

There will be a special meeting of L. O. L. No. 1658, on Tuesday, July 4th, 1905. All members are requested to be present as business of importance will be discussed. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

The Churches

KNOX—At a meeting of the congregation on Thursday evening last it was decided to proceed at once with the erection of a church building on the lots recently purchased at the corner of Second street and Boyle avenue. A considerable sum has already been subscribed and the plans submitted to the meeting show a substantial and handsome edifice, the main building will be about 50 feet square. There will also be a hall for Sunday school and other purposes.

Rev. W. Simons will conduct the services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

METHODIST—On Sunday evening the "Woodmen of the World" will march in a body to the church where an appropriate service will be held, the sermon being preached by the Rev. C. H. M. Sutherland.

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.

TRUNKS AND BAGS !!

For the comfort and convenience of your journey, whether by land or water, we have a variety of such requisites as Trunks, Bags, Hat Boxes, Suit Cases, Telescopes, Etc.

Less to Pay for Them Here Than At Most of the Stores

And they will give you good service because they are the best quality of goods that can be made. Stock complete in every detail from Little Hand-Grips to Extra Large Suit Cases and Trunks.

Look At Our Price List

Trunks - - -	$ 5 00 to $ 8 00
Steamer Trunks - -	8 00 to 12 00
Leather Suit Cases - -	5 00 to 14 00
Travelling Bags - -	4 00 to 8 00

Telescopes, 75c. to $2 00.

THE UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIER.

J. G. Macdonald