THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XVI: NO. 23 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1905 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

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MINING NEWS FROM LARDEAU

The Famous Beatrice and Silver Dollar in Operation—Other Mining Notes of Interest from Lardeau Camps.

The famous Fish River camp is again attracting a good deal of attention. The mines are all in active operation, and a great deal of development work will be accomplished this year on properties owned by individuals. The following from the Camborne Miner in regard to mining will be of interest to many readers:

"Timber is being hauled to the Beatrice mine, and as soon as some of the timbers in the mine have been replaced and new work timbered, active mining operations will be resumed. About the 20th of the month a party of shareholders of the Beatrice Mines, Ltd., will arrive at Camborne to make an inspection of the mine, and it has been intimated that it is possible that this time next year will see a modern and complete concentrating plant in operation at the Beatrice.

"The compressor plant for the Silver Dollar is now at Beaton and transportation of same to the property is being arranged. The force of men preparing the foundation for the machinery was increased this week and several men have commenced cutting logs for the sawmill. The men at the mine are now in about 230 feet with the crosscut tunnel that is being driven to tap the lead at a depth of 200 feet from surface, and it is expected that the lead will be encountered in a few days.

On Tuesday the 13th inst. work will be commenced on Goat mountain by the Fernie Syndicate on their properties. As the name implies, the syndicate is composed largely of Fernie, B. C. investors, and is capitalized at $10,000.

"Edward Baillie, manager of the Edward Baillie Syndicate operating the Mammoth group on Goat mountain, was up to the property this week on his monthly visit. Mr. Baillie is greatly pleased with the manner in which the property is proving up. The drift has now been connected with the crosscut tunnel, and will be continued farther into the hill; the face of the drift is in a good grade of galena which is sacked as it is taken out.

"The usual monthly clean-up at the Eva stampmill took place on the first of the month and the results obtained are very satisfactory.

"The Oyster-Criterion mine is again in operation under the management of Mr. A. H. Gracey.

Halcyon Hot Springs.

Harry McIntosh, the genial proprietor of the Hoffman House, Rossland, has taken a four years' lease of Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium, the most beautifully situated health resort in British Columbia. It goes without saying that under the management of Mr. McIntosh Halcyon will soon become known far and wide as the most popular place of its kind in the west.

Situated on the east side of Arrow lakes, the Halcyon Hot Springs are owned by a company organized several years ago by ex-Governor C. H. Mackintosh. The healing properties of these waters are nothing short of marvellous. For rheumatism and numerous other physical ailments they are probably unexcelled on the North American continent, and they bear favorable comparison with the best medicinal waters of Germany and Austria. Analysis of the flow of the springs has revealed the interesting fact that it contains a higher percentage of lithia than any other natural waters the world over. This is considered sufficiently important by the medical fraternity to recommend them most highly for the cure of afflictions arising from the existence of a superabundance of uric acid in the system.

At an expense of considerably over $100,000 the company has improved the springs and provided excellent accommodation. The waters are piped from the point where they rise on the mountain side to the hotel and sanitarium, which is about a quarter of a mile distant. The hotel has excellent accommodation for a large number of guests, and the baths, plunge, cooling and other rooms are fitted up in the most approved fashion and with every necessary convenience. The natural surroundings of the place possess a distinct and truly wonderful charm. The Arrow lakes are a really magnificent body of water, stretching north and south for nearly a hundred miles, and from one to four miles wide. The winding course of this great expanse of water affords the tourist a scenic panorama difficult to equal anywhere. The view of towering mountains, many of them capped with eternal snows, the forest clad side hills, with an occasional cascade formed by mountain streams present a prospect of surprising grandeur.

Halcyon is also the centre of numerous other attractions. The fishing is of the best, while boating, tennis and other pleasureable pastimes afford ample opportunity for killing time. The springs are admirably provided with transportation facilities, having a double first class boat service daily the year round.

It is stated authoritatively that Mr. McIntosh intends to make many important improvements to the already efficient service at Halcyon, and when they materialize, coupled with the efficient management that is certain to come from Mr. McIntosh's supervision, Halcyon will be a most desirable place to spend a day or a life time.—Rossland Miner.

Ontario By-Elections.

The by-elections in London and North Oxford constituencies, on Tuesday, resulted in the return of both Liberal candidates. The poll was as follows:

London.—Hyman, Liberal, 4583; Grey, Conservative, 4253.

North Oxford—Sinith, Liberal, 2855; Wallace, Conservative, 2506.

In commenting on the result the Toronto Telegram says:

"That Hon G. W. Ross plus the Gamey issue was able to carry North Oxford by nearly 1000 at a by-election. Sir Wilfrid Laurier plus coercion is able to carry North Oxford by 349 at the by-election.

"If Sir Wilfrid Laurier can only carry North Oxford by 349 at a by-election, what sort of a majority will Ontario roll up against coercion at a general election?"

Eagles Grand Lodge.

At the annual convention of the Grand Lodge of the Fraternal Order of Eagles held last week at Grand Forks the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Grand President, A. W. VonRhein, of Esquimalt.

Grand Vice-President, H. Schofield, New Westminster.

Grand Secretary, Frank LeRoy, of Victoria.

Grand Treasurer, H. F. W. Behnsen, Victoria.

Grand Conductor, A. W. Goodenough, Kaslo.

Grand Chaplain, J. R. Cameron, Sandon.

Grand Inside Guard, John Temple, Grand Forks.

Grand Outside Guard, J. Marshall, Phoenix.

Grand Trustees, J. Marshall, H. F. W. Behnsen, J. Temple.

T. Taylor, M. P. P., represented Revelstoke Aerie at the convention.

Dramatic Entertainment.

The Independent Band are arranging to give a production of Carleton's famous Irish comedy drama "More Sinned Against Than Sinning," in a prologue and three acts. A strong caste has been secured for the production and rehearsals are being held frequently so that the entertainment promises to be first class. The date has been fixed for Monday evening, July 3rd, and the performance will conclude with a social dance. Further particulars will be given next week.

Protest Before Assembly.

KINGSTON, June 14.—At the Presbyterian General Assembly on Monday night the Rev. R. G. MacBeth, of Paris, gave notice of a motion protesting against the establishment of separate schools in any part of the Dominion unless imperatively demanded by the Confederation compact, by the terms of the constitution or by the legislative action of the people most directly concerned.

Dominion Day at Arrowhead

Arrowhead will hold its annual celebration on Dominion Day and the committee in charge have prepared an excellent programme consisting of a tilting tournament, jumping, tossing the caber, birling match, boat and canoe races, climbing the greasy pole, swimming races, putting the shot, tug of war, log rolling contest, tub race, etc.

A social dance will be held in the evening and visitors are promised a good time. Excursions have been arranged to run from Revelstoke, Camborne, Beaton and Comaplix. Revelstoke Independent Band have been engaged for the occasion.

PREMIER OF GREECE KILLED

Populace Attempts to Seize the Murderer With the Intention of Lynching Him—Motive of the Assassin.

ATHENS, June 14.—Theodore P. Delyannis, the popular premier of Greece, was stabbed and mortally wounded by a professional gambler named Gherakaris, at the main entrance to the Chamber of Deputies at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The Premier died within three hours.

The assassin, who was immediately arrested, said that he committed the deed in revenge for the stringent measures taken by Premier Delyannis against the gambling-houses, all of which were recently closed.

The Premier arrived at the entrance to the Chamber in a carriage. Gherakaris approached, saluted the Premier and opened the carriage door. The Premier was in the act of thanking Gherakaris for his courtesy, when the gambler plunged a long dagger into M. Delyannis' abdomen, inflicting a frightful wound.

The murderer was immediately overpowered by the attendants.

Medical assistance was quickly secured and the wounded statesman was taken to a Red Cross station, where an operation was performed in an effort to stop the internal hemorrhage. This was unsuccessful, and Premier Delyannis died at 7:30 o'clock.

Investigation by the police shows that Gherakaris was recently liberated from prison, having been sentenced to eighteen years for the murder of his wife.

SPORT.

TRAP SHOOTING.

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

A. J. McDonell	16
W. A. Sturdy	15
A. McRae	12
Capt. Forslund	12
B. A. Lawson	11

THE RIFLE.

Saturday's scores at the range were:

	200	500	600	Total
Pte. Venables	30	26	24	80
Corpl. Shardlow	22	23	24	69
Pte. Burpee	22	25	17	64
Pte. Fisher	28	28	—	56
Pte. Hall	25	27	4	56
Lieut. Morrison	19	23	13	55
Corpl. Rowland	24	23	4	51
Pte. Clark	23	14	11	48
Pte. Bourne	13	14	13	40
Pte. Nicholson	11	9	—	20
Pte. Hardcastle	10	9	4	21

Col. Holmes, D. O. C., will inspect arms and accoutrements on Saturday next in the drill hall. Members of the R. M. R. are required to hand in their rifles at once, the armory will be open tonight to receive them.

LACROSSE.

Arrangements have been completed for the local team to play at Kelowna on Wednesday next. The boys are practising faithfully every night and should be in good condition for the match. The team will be chosen from the following players: Edwards, Latham, Barber, Knight, Kerfoot, Woodland, Pettipiece, Hillier, Mills, McCorvie, Clark, Dunn, Buck, Lee and Trimble.

Vancouver and Westminster come together in a league fixture at Vancouver on Saturday. Considerable money is up on the game, which is likely to be a fast one as both teams have been training hard of late.

The lacrosse match between Nelson and Rossland last Thursday was not a good exhibition of the game. Nelson won by 4 goals to 2.—Nelson Economist.

FOOTBALL.

Golden has been invited to send a team here on Dominion Day for a match with the local kickers.

Next Saturday afternoon will see a hotly contested game on the Mackenzie avenue grounds between the C. P. R. shops and City teams. There is considerable rivalry between these teams and as the City has secured some new talent they are satisfied that they are able to give the shop boys a severe drubbing, on the other hand the C. P. R. team has been putting in lots of practice and if beaten are willing to give the city boys the credit for doing so. The game will start at four o'clock sharp, admission 25 cents. Shop colors—Black: City—White.

TENNIS.

The courts have been fairly well patronised during the past week and a number of new members have been added to the club. Some of the players are becoming so enthused with the sport that they turn out for a game in the morning before breakfast. Arrangements will be made for a tournament shortly.

WRESTLING

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 14.—Clarence Bouldin, "The Cuban," won the world's light heavyweight wrestling championship here to-night, defeating James Parr, the English champion, in two well contested falls at Cleveland Gray's Armory, before an audience of 3,000. Both men were in fine condition, weighing less than the agreed 160 lbs.

THE LOFT

Several interesting races have been held by the Vancouver Homing Club during the last few weeks. The winners of the Nanaimo and Ashcroft races are undecided yet. The race from Kamloops, flown on June 3, was won by Mr. R. Casselman's birds, those of Mr. A. J. Banham, coming in second, a few minutes late, while Mr. Stewart's bird was third. Revelstoke was the next point, and this should have been held on Saturday, but the birds were held until Sunday, and were released at 7 o'clock in the morning. The first bird to reach home was owned by R. Casselman. It is calculated the bird had flown nearly 400 miles and had to make the distance the same day, had made close on 1200 yards a minute, which is considered a very good average in such a mountainous country as British Columbia.—Province.

Pennsylvania's Flyer.

CHICAGO, June 14.—On its initial r[illegible] work the Pennsylvania e[illegible] ar "flyer," the fastest long d[illegible] in the world, arrived in t[illegible] 8:52 o'clock this morning, th[illegible] s ahead of the schedule time.

"In [illegible] er to accomplish this feat, extraordinary achievements in the way of fast running were necessary. After leaving Pittsburg the tender of the big Atlantic type engine which had been attached at that city for the run to Crestline, O., developed a hot box about twenty miles east of Mansfield, O.

The engineer stopped his train and fifteen minutes were lost in futile efforts to cool the troublesome axle. Finally a freight engine was attached and the train limped into Crestline. Here the regular engine was in waiting, and when the "flyer" left the latter place it was 26 minutes late. The run to Fort Wayne, 131 miles away, was made in 114½ minutes, at an average of 68.6 miles an hour. When the train pulled out of Fort Wayne for the last lap of the journey it was only nine and a half minutes late, 16½ minutes of the lost time having been made up. Miles were frequently reeled off at a rate of fifty seconds, and an average speed of a mile a minute was easily maintained over long stretches of track.

Wedding Bells.

On Wednesday afternoon Duncan Cameron, the genial proprietor of the Lakeview Hotel, Arrowhead, was united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Sully to Miss Helen Amelia, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Watson, of this city. Miss Florence Watson, sister of the bride performed the duties of the bridesmaid, and Mr. Percy Boyd officiated in a similar capacity for the groom. The HERALD joins the many friends of the young couple in wishing them a long, prosperous and happy married life.

IMPRISONED FOR LIFE

Such is the Fate of John Coleman who Slew Edna Hoffman—Both Parties were Well-known in Ferguson.

Because Edna Hoffman had taken John Coleman's money for years and then thrown him over, his plea of guilty of murder in the second degree for cutting Miss Hoffman's throat after a quarrel at Portland, Ore., April 2nd, was accepted at that town on Monday and, under Oregan law, Coleman will be sentenced to the penitentiary for life today.

The murderer and his victim came from Ferguson, B. C., where Coleman has property.

"If I were where my reputation was known I would be acquitted in five minutes, but this is a strange country and I am satisfied," was all Coleman would say. He has recovered from his attempt to kill himself at Chehalis, Wash., April 4th, immediately after his capture.

The parties lived together in Ferguson, B. C., where they both figured in the police court. The Hoffman woman left Coleman and he followed her to Spokane, thence to the coast, and murdered her at Portland, Ore.

May be Prohibition Town.

GREENWOOD, June 14.—The Greenwood board of license commissioners met today. None of the hotelkeepers had complied with the act respecting the giving of notice, and it rather looks as if the mining centre would perforce go prohibition for a time.

Loyal Orange Lodge.

At a recent meeting of L. O. L. 1658, Rev. W. G. Calder and Edwin Adair were appointed to draw up a letter to Grand Master Sproule expressing the feeling of the lodge towards him in his stand in opposition to the Autonomy Bill at Ottawa. The following is a copy of the letter forwarded to Dr Sproule:

Revelstoke, B. C.,
June 8th, 1905.

Dr. T. S. Sproule, M.P., Sovereign Grand Master, Loyal Orange Association of British America.

Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned, on behalf of L. O. L. 1658, desire to express the feeling of our Lodge towards you in your noble stand and trying conflict at Ottawa in defence of Provincial rights and National schools. We wish you to feel that you have the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the brethren not only in this vicinity but throughout the Province. We have witnessed your battle with gratification and are satisfied that you have honoured the principles of our illustrious Order in the manner in which you have withstood the shameful effort to do the work of Rome in Canada. While yours is at present a seemingly losing fight we feel assured that this thought will be your confidence and fortitude. Our hope is that there will be a coalition of parties which stand for right and the best interests of our country. We trust that strength will be vouchsafed you to enable a continuance of the conflict and that you may have a large share in helping on what must ultimately triumph and that you may be spared to see this triumph realised.

W. C. CALDER, Chaplain.
EDWIN ADAIR, P. M.,
Committee.

Bourne Bros.
Revelstoke, B. C.

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AGENTS FOR MCCLARY'S STOVES

BOURNE BROS. Mackenzie Avenue

Mr. Growler's Awakening

One evening, just prior to tea, Joseph Growler, Esquire, sat poring over the financial columns of his evening paper. There was a smile of grim satisfaction on his thin, hard face, for only that morning he had dealt the death-blow to an industrial firm that had long been a source of annoyance to the great syndicate of which he was virtual head. Besides, the doing of it had brought a comfortable feeling of gratified personal revenge—or rather the squaring of a long-standing account. These two things, and another, made Mr. Growler feel almost gay.

Suddenly he cast the sheet from him with a contemptuous gesture. "Pshaw! let 'em talk!" he sneered. "They're all dying to call me 'scoundrel,' I know they are: and all the while they're pawning their very coats to buy Growler stock. I am on the boom, sirs; but what of that? I snap my fingers at 'em all. I've lived to bring Leesome and Co. to the wall, and I feel that the years so spent have not been wasted—by no means; quite the reverse, indeed. I've had enough of finance now, though; and I shall henceforth devote myself to the tenderer things of life. Aha! People wonder why I, who am richer than even they dream of, am content to inhabit this couple of poor apartments. But then they don't know my dear little Miss Dale—my darling Agatha!"

A softer light came into his keen eyes. His hand strayed to his vest pocket, from which he produced a small morocco-bound case. This he surveyed with a pleased chuckle, then he pressed a spring, and the flashing of many tinted fires made him wink. "Fifty pounds' worth. Well, it certainly is showy; but I wonder now whether I ought to have made it a hundred? But it's too late now." He closed the case with a snap, replaced it in his pocket, and gave a drag at the bell-pull. Then he resumed his musing.

"They don't know—how can they?—that I'm going to marry her; and neither does she, the innocent little darling. I shall tell her so after tea, and"—he chuckled audibly—"how she will stare, to be sure. He, he! But the deuce! What's become of that girl? This delay is monstrous!"

He gave another and fiercer pull at the cord. The jingle of the bell came to his ears from the kitchen; then, after an aggravating pause, he heard the maid humming her cheerful way along the passage.

"Did you ring, sir?" she inquired, innocently, as she opened the door.

"Tea!" said Mr. Growler, coldly; "and when that's set I'll have something to say to you."

"Indeed," said Mary Ann. "Now that's real interesting. I've been setting your meals for more'n a year and it's the first time——"

"Tea!" thundered Mr. Growler, with a menacing flash.

The girl blanched, and fled headlong. But when she reappeared with the tea-things there was a flush on her face and a combative look in her eyes, which told that her courage had returned.

With much deliberation she proceeded to arrange the table, and when everything had been accomplished to her satisfaction she looked at Mr. Growler with a saucy upturning of her nose. "Now," she said, acidly, "I'm ready to listen, and for heaven's sake try to be perlite to a lady."

Mr. Growler's glance became a glare, and his face slowly crimsoned. Such audacity was unheard of. "Girl, you're mad! stark, staring mad!" he gasped.

Mary Ann dropped a mocking curtsy. "It's very kind of you to mention it, I'm sure; but that's neither here nor there. Anyhow," meaningly, "I ain't a cold-'earted wretch as goes about the world a-robbin' the widow and horphan like some folks I know as ought to be ashamed of emselves."

Mr. Growler's glare became absolutely tigerish, and he raised his teacup as if about to launch it at the head of the daring maid. But Mary Ann was not to be daunted.

"Do it; oh, yes, do it," she cried, recklessly. "I know you're a brute, and worse than that if all were known, I do believe. Do it! I'd go cheerfully to hospital with a broken 'ead if I knew you'd be cooling your heels in prison over it."

Mr. Growler replaced the cup on the table. "Woman," he said, harshly, "you are a disgrace to your sex. I shall insist that Miss Dale dismiss you from her service at once. Meanwhile, I demand to know the meaning of this extraordinary outburst."

"Hextraordinary, you call it?" panted the maid, hotly. "I say it's a wonder I don't take my ten fingers to you. You've as good as turned me out of a situation; and more'n that, you've gone like a decouring crocodile and stung the 'and of an angel in disguise, if ever there was one—I mean my poor missis, and no other. I——"

"Hold," interrupted Mr. Growler, sternly. "If you will talk, do try to make yourself intelligible, and be as brief as possible."

"As I was about to remark when you interrupted me so rudely—but it's just what I expected—I'm going away to-morrow, and I'll speak my mind, which I've wanted to do this many a long day, if you kill me for it. Five 'undred pounds, every penny gone, and you've the downright impearance to sit there a-toasting your toes at the fire you grudge to pay for, and her you've robbed—yes, cruelly robbed!—crying her dear eyes out this whole blessed day."

"Look here, my girl," said Mr. Growler, coldly, when the irate maid paused for breath, "I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about, and as my tea is growing cold you might have the goodness to retire."

"It'll have to freeze solid before it's as cold as your 'eart, anyhow," snorted Mary Ann. "Bringing the dear thing to the workus door, or at least making her a penniless hexile across the stormy ocean to her brother in Australy. It's my humble opinion the poor soul's so frightened of you that she dussn't open her mouth about it. If the house were mine I'd show you. Out you'd go this blessed minit! There; I said I'd do it, and I have." And with a whisk of her skirts and defiant scorn in her eyes Mary Ann sailed from the room.

The outbreak had a disturbing effect on Mr. Growler's usually healthy appetite. As he toyed with his tea he felt himself becoming a prey to vague alarms. An awful something had happened to somebody, but who? His brain refused to steady itself. For the moment the angry maid's torrent of eloquence had quite squamped his reasoning powers. It was clear, though, that she had lost her place, and that she put the blame of it on him. How absurd! He never interfered in the management of the household. But why had the girl lost her place? Ah! she mentioned five hundred pounds. Was it possible she meant that Miss Dale had lost that sum? And someone was going to Australia. Could she have been referring to Miss Dale again? Ruined! Going abroad! Mr. Growler sprang impetuously to his feet. "I don't believe it; and, what's more, I sha'n't have it," he cried. "I shall tell her so at once."

But the next instant he dropped back limply into his chair. It had occurred to him that he was powerless, as yet, to prevent Miss Dale going anywhere she chose. She was her own mistress, while he was only there on sufferance, as it were. He had trampled rough-shod over hundreds of hapless mortals in his gold-coining career, thinking naught of the ruin and misery that strewed his track. He had been remorseless as a sledge-hammer in all his dealings with his fellows, taking his due to the uttermost farthing, accepted adverse blows with stoical fortitude. Now he knew that love, not gold, was life, and he shook as with ague at the bare possibility of losing Miss Dale. But he would—he must—see her at once. Again he gave an insistent jerk to the bell-cord.

It seemed an age ere Mary Ann appeared, and when she beheld the condition of the tea-table she favored Mr. Growler with a pleased nod. "Well, sir," she said, brightly.

Mr. Growler repressed his agitation by a powerful effort.

"Will you please give my compliments to your mistress, and ask her to grant me an interview, now?" he said.

"Missis is out and won't be home for an hour," replied the girl, "but to be sure I'll tell her. I [illegible] as how you'd come to see wh[illegible]nster you've been. But I w[illegible]at your cheek. If I'd done [illegible]ou have I'd go straight d[illegible]e river and walk in. It [illegible]ou good, and the world wouldn[illegible]a penny the worse!"

* * * * * *

Mr. Growler stood with the handle of Miss Dale's sitting-room door in his hand, his hard face screwed into an apologetic smile. Now that he was face to face with his heart's desire his courage was quickly oozing away under the scrutiny of a pair of blue eyes—beautiful, timid eyes usually, now glowing with a light he had never seen there before. His own glance wavered and strayed, and he strove to get rid of a lump that would rise in his throat. And yet Miss Dale did not look formidable. A slight, pale-faced, small and plain lady of no particular style of beauty, whose dark hair was plentifully streaked with grey.

"You wish to speak with me, Mr. Growler. Pray sit down."

"Er—not at all—I mean yes, certainly. By the way, the weather is rather warm for the season. Don't you think so?" he said.

A slight smile flitted across the lady's face. "I don't find it particularly so," she said.

A pause. Mr. Growler cleared his throat.

"As I think I said, Miss Dale, a few words in private——"

"I am at your service, sir; no one can hear us here," said Miss Dale, in a tone that bespoke mingled impatience and curiosity.

Mr. Growler gulped. "Your maid—a clever girl that, Miss Dale, but just a little—er—impetuous—mentioned to-night that you are parting with her. Is it true? It isn't mere idle curiosity that prompts the question."

A shadow of pain appeared in Miss Dale's face. "It is," she said.

"Humph! She also mentioned another thing that filled me with amazement and incredulity, namely, that you are seriously contemplating going abroad. I told her—did I, though? I'm not quite sure—that she was talking a lot of confounded nonsense; no doubt about it—confounded humbug! The idea is too ri iculous."

"On the contrary, Mr. Growler, she spoke only the truth." Mr. Growler grasped the arms of his chair for support.

"And—and may I ask why?" he said, faintly.

Miss Dale was beginning to labor under an agitation that was painfully apparent in the nervous clasping and unclasping of her hands and the quick flushing and paling of her cheeks. "Oh, why do you ask? You know only too well," she burst forth, tremulously.

"Upon my word, I don't," said Mr. Growler. "But," eagerly, "surely you are open to reconsider your resolve. My dear Miss Dale, I am about to ask a very great favor of you; the greatest, indeed, that is in your power to confer. I'm not good at talking sentimental rubbish," he proceeded, "but—I say, Miss Dale, will you marry me?"

The lady gasped, covered her face with her hands, and shrank back trembling. Mr. Growler felt his lips go suddenly dry. "Perhaps I've been hasty, Miss Dale," he said; "but I assure you I didn't mean to hurt you I—I love you so, my dear, that I can't find words to express the feeling; and——"

"Please stop. I can't bear it!" interrupted Miss Dale, in deep distress. Then she burst forth passionately: "Why do you insult me like that? Until to-day I thought you an honorable man, but what am I to think now?"

"What, indeed?" echoed the bewildered suitor, feebly.

"My own poor savings I care nothing for, although they were a ward between me and poverty. But to have you so far forget yourself as to ask me to wed you—you! who have this day brought poor Arthur Leesome, his wife, and children to beggary—oh, it is too much! Please go away."

But Mr. Growler sat as if suddenly petrified, his face blanched and drawn. The grim irony of the business had blighted his faculties for the moment as effectually as if lightning had struck him. Slowly the naked horror of it stirred him into action, and he rose unsteadily to his feet. He took one step towards the door, paused, and turned. "As Heaven is my judge I didn't know you were interested in Leesome," he said, hoarsely.

"And knowing, would you have cared? It is doubtful," said Miss Dale, bitterly.

"You wrong me; indeed you do," cried Growler. "If I'd known I'd have cut my right hand off rather than have done what I have. But every penny of it will be returned at once. See, I shall give you my cheque for it now." He drew out his cheque-book as he spoke, but she stopped him imperiously.

"I sha'n't take it, sir," she said. "My little fortune is gone, and there's an end to it. I suppose I shall manage to live without it. But my heart is sore for my friends, the Leesomes, fallen from comfort to penury at one dire stroke! Go!"

Mr. Growler staggered rather than walked from the room, looking ten years older in one short minute; then Miss Dale collapsed into a chair and wept. If she was sorry for the Leesomes, she was, strangely enough, almost more sorry for Growler. No sooner had he gone than her gentle heart began upbraiding her for her harshness. Perhaps he had never thought of the harm he was doing. Besides, he loved her, and no woman is insensible to a compliment of that sort.

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Mr. Growler's love for his gentle landlady, if deep, had hitherto been a sort of easy-going feeling that she was there for the taking the moment it occurred to him to claim her. Now that she was irrevocably lost to him through what a grotesquely terrible cause—she appeared infinitely more desirable than ever. He was shaken, humbled to the dust, and after half an hour's torturing thought he realized how impossible it was that he could live longer under that roof.

He sat down and wrote a short letter to Arthur Leesome, in which he expressed his regret that their respective firms had ever become embroiled through him, how he had discovered he was in the wrong, and would Mr. Leesome make an estimate of his losses, jotting the amount on the enclosed blank cheque? Would he care to undertake the management of Growler's on his own terms, as he (Growler) had finally resolved to have done with it, and knew no one more capable, etc.?

Then he wrote to Miss Dale, and after that letter was finished he laid it prominently on the table, took the other in his pocket, and slipped out noiselessly. He had a vague idea of going to some hotel for the night, leaving his goods behind until the morrow, but, indeed, these details were of little account in his then frame of mind. He made for the pillar-box at the crossing, and with a great sigh of relief he dropped his message of contrition in, and stepped back directly into the path of an approaching hansom. There was a shout, a crash; and Mr. Growler fell right in front of the plunging horse.

* * * * * *

In the morning Miss Dale sat weeping softly, with Mr. Growler's farewell note on her lap. "He never knew the harm he was doing," she murmured. "Oh, I think—I'm sure he is truly repentant, and—and he loves me. I ought not to have sent him away."

Just then the door opened and Mary Ann ushered in a fine, alert-looking man. He was Arthur Leesome. Miss Dale forgot her grief in a rush of amazement. Last night she had seen him crushed to the earth; now he was buoyant with cheerful expectancy.

"Where is Mr. Growler?" he asked, excitedly. "Where is he, Agatha? I am like to go mad with joy. By Heaven! he has done me a noble turn."

Miss Dale hurriedly mopped her eyes. "He has gone, Arthur," she said, faintly. "But what——"

"Gone? How—why—where?"

Miss Dale explained in a few halting sentences, and Leesome's eyes grew wide as he listened; but ere she finished the maid burst impetuously in upon them.

"Oh, miss, a telegram for you! I'm sure it's from him."

Miss Dale's fingers trembled as she opened the envelope and spread out the enclosure; then she screamed loudly and fell back in a dead faint.

* * * * * *

A ghastly object looked Mr. Growler as he reclined on a bed in the ward of the hospital to which he had been conveyed after his accident. His head was bandaged, one arm was in splints, his face pinched with pain. Miss Dale knelt beside the bed holding his hand; and Arthur Leesome stood by looking on the pair of them with a curious lump in his throat. Hate of the man had gone; sorrow and compassion were in his heart now.

"The doctors say I won't live, and I think it's as well," said the injured man, slowly.

"No, no," sobbed Miss Dale.

"Yes, it's better so. My life has been utterly selfish and despicable, as I know now; but I'm not without hope that you will say that you forgive me for what I've——"

"Oh, Mr. Growler, indeed, indeed I do!"

"Thank you, Agatha—you will allow me to call you that this once—and now I'm content. I've seen my lawyer, and you will find when I'm—gone that I've done all I could to make reparation. But, oh, Heaven! if only I had lived, and you had loved me!"

"Oh, Mr. Growler, I do—love you," she whispered, burying her face in the coverlet.

It was the merest whisper, but he heard, and a wonderful light came into his face. "You do—you do! Say it again, my dear."

She looked up and tried to speak, but he read her answer in her eyes. Then he gave a pitiful, forced laugh.

"Then I shall make a fight of it," he said, grimly, "and by Heaven's help will live."

A stubborn fight it proved, but he won in the end.—London Tit-Bits.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Leading People.

Victorien Sardou, the great French dramatist, was for eighteen months a medical student. He threw up the profession for journalism. To earn money for bare necessities he did a little of everything for very small pay. He wrote his first play in a tiny back attic, illuminated by candle-light.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is not only a first-rate sculptor, but is extremely accomplished with the brush. She is probably the only Royal personage who has ever painted a sign for an inn. The sign in question is to be seen hanging from a hostelry on the Duke's estate in Scotland.

The popular Queen of the Hellenes dispenses more of what may be described as 'official kisses' than anyone on earth. Every lady presented to her with whom she is on intimate terms she kisses on the cheek; others who have not the honor of knowing her well she kisses on the forehead.

Miss Lale Fuller, the famous American dancer, has a fund of stories of the late Mr. P. T. Barnum. One of the best is that relating to the elephant which the great showman advertised all over the world as the sacred white elephant from Siam. Everybody flocked to see such a wonder, and Barnum netted $2,000,000. Then the elephant died. It could stand the daily whitewashing no longer!

To-day M. Rodin, the famous French sculptor, enjoys world-wide fame, but the struggle was hard before recognition came to him. As his struggles did not sour him so success has not spoilt him, and among his friends the man is not less beloved than the artist is admired by the world. Rodin has a magnificent studio in Paris, and here he welcomes all and sundry who choose to call on him, after a manner recalling the similar practice of the late Mr. G. F. Watts. Young and struggling students in particular are always sure of a cordial welcome.

Like other members of the Royal Family the Duke and Duchess of Fife are now motorists, but in the early days of bicycles they were also devoted to that form of sport. When first they bought their machines a man was brought down from a London riding-school to give the Duchess lessons, and, not being accustomed to the honor, held her rather gingerly. The Duke, who was watching, called out to him after a while: "Hold her tighter, man; never mind her Royalty; keep good hold of her. Even Royalty gets hurt if it falls." The man obeyed, with the result that within three days it was the Duchess who was holding the Duke up along the country lanes around East Sheen.

To join the Army as a band boy and to leave it as a lieutenant-colonel is a record of promotion which falls to the lot of but few men. Colonel John Brown, whose death is announced at the age of seventy-one, was a trumpeter in the 17th Lancers when he rode in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. He was brought to the ground near the Russian battery, his horse having been killed by a cannon shot, and he himself being wounded by a rifle bullet. He was, however, able again to take part in the fighting before the fall of Sebastopol. In the Indian Mutiny he dropped the trumpet for the lance, and rose rapidly until he received his commission. After leaving the 17th Lancers he served as an officer of the Army Pay Department with the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and retired from the Army ten years later with the honorary rank of lieutenant-colonel.

SOME FACE FACTS.

The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In fifty-four cases out of a hundred the left leg is shorter than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh 20 lbs.; those of a woman are 6 lbs. lighter.

IN A QUANDARY.

First Girl—"What are you waiting for? Why don't you finish your letter to Ella?"

Second Girl—"I don't know whether to say, 'Ever yours, with truest love,' or simply, 'Yours affectionately.' You see, I can't endure Ella—I think she's detestable!"

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village chemist's shop. "Have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked. "No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler. "Give me your hand!" exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

About the ....House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Strawberry Tarts.—Butter and line a ten-inch wide pastry pan with tart paste; line the paste with a buttered strip of paper, fill with plum or cherry pits or dry corn, and bake as you would a pie. Remove the pits and paper, baste the paste all over with thick syrup and dry in the oven; let cool and fill with strawberries. Steep more strawberries in a very thick syrup for two hours, strain, mask the tart over this syrup, and serve.

Sand Tarts.—Cream together one pound of brown sugar and half a pound of butter. Beat the yolks of three eggs very light and add butter and sugar; sift one pound of flour in dry state with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mix with the eggs and butter and sugar until a paste firm enough to roll has been formed.

Lemon Pie—Two tablespoonfuls of flour, two-thirds of a teacup of water, teacup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, and one grated lemon. Bake in a hot oven; while in the oven beat the whites of three eggs to a froth, and mix in three teaspoonfuls, then turn it over the pie and return to the oven until nicely browned.

Roley-Poley.—Make a good biscuit dough, and roll about three-quarters of an inch thick, spread with preserves or sliced apples; roll up and tie in a cloth, boil or steam an hour and a half.

Crimped Fish—Soak slices of any firm white fish in very strongly salted water. Put them into boiling salted water enough to cover, with two tablespoons of vinegar, and boil about ten minutes. Drain, arrange on a dish, remove the skin and bones. Serve hot with lobster sauce poured into the cavity left by the bone. Garnish with watercress.

Cream Puffs—One cup butter, one cup flour, one cup water. Boil the butter and water, stir in flour and beat smooth; add three eggs, one at a time; bake on patty pans; fill with boiled custard or whipped cream.

Lady Fingers—This recipe is given by 'The Chef.' Cream together one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of butter, add one well-beaten egg, one-quarter of a cupful of sweet milk, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of baking soda and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cut in finger strips, roll in sugar and bake in quick oven.

Rebecca Cake—This is nice served as a dessert with canned or stewed fruit. Cream 1 teacup sugar with ½ teacup soft butter and add a well beaten egg. Add to 2 teacups flour two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon allspice and sift three times. Add one teacup milk to the mixture and stir thoroughly. Now beat in the flour gradually, and stir in one teacup seedless or stoned raisins. Beat five minutes and bake at once 40 or 45 minutes in an oven of moderate heat until well risen, when the oven may be made a little hotter. This can be used with a tea cake icing.

Ribbon Cake—To 2 eggs add 1 cup sugar, half cup sweet milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 2-3 cups sifted flour. Flavor to taste. After beating well, divide the batter in three parts. Color one red with fruit color, a second color brown with chocolate, and leave one white. Bake in flat tins and put together with icing between. Frost the top with an icing colored yellow.

Little Japs—Four large spoons yellow boiled cornmeal, 4 spoons soft boiled rice (soak rice before boiling) a little salt, 1 small teaspoon soda. Scald all together with boiling water, add warm water until it becomes a half-thin batter and fry on a well-greased griddle like pancakes. These are good breakfast cakes.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Bread requires great heat when first put in the oven, but later it should be reduced.

Liquid Glue—White glue, two ounces; good vinegar, 4 ounces. Put into a wide mouthed bottle, and set bottle in cold water, letting it come to a boil gradually and boiling until glue is dissolved, then add alcohol one ounce. Keep corked for use.

Rice water should never be thrown away. Save it after drawing off the rice and use it for stock instead of water.

To Remove Panes of Glass—Lay soft soap over the putty and after a few hours they may be easily removed.

When there are no weights in the kitchen bear in mind that two tablespoonfuls of caster sugar or flour average one ounce, and the weight of an egg is nearly two ounces.

To keep bread and butter fresh when cut, keep it in a cool place between two deep plates, and all wrapped up in a thick damp cloth.

To stone raisins easily pour some boiling water over and stand for two minutes. Then cut them open and press out the seeds between the finger and thumb.

A Laundress' Hint—Use a tablespoonful of paraffin to every four gallons of water in the boiler. The clothes must be rinsed thoroughly and there will be no smell of the oil.

Remove Enamel from a bicycle by scraping with an old knife. When it is all removed scour the whole surface with fine emery paper.

An excellent penwiper is a raw potato. When the ink corrodes on the pen and it is unpleasant to use, stick it two or three times into a peeled potato, and the nib will be as good as new.

A Cheap Disinfectant.—When scrubbing or washing utensils in a sick room, add a teaspoonful of turpentine to every bucket of hot water. Turpentine is a powerful disinfectant and will dispel all bad odours.

Keep all sewer-pipes connected with stationary stands clean and wholesome by scalding once a week with boiling water in which washing soda has been dissolved. Remember that many cases of diphtheria have been attributed to foul sewer-pipes.

Towels with fringes should always be oversewn before being sent to the wash. Unless this is done the towel becomes more and more frayed and is shabby directly. If the fringe is carefully oversewn the fresh appearance will be preserved a long time.

To boil a tongue successfully, it should be first soaked in cold water overnight, then drained and wiped dry. Place the tongue in a large pan, cover it with cold water, and when once it boils up simmer gently from two and a half to three hours.

Give eggs to very small children, for they are very easily digested and the youthful body obtains from them everything that is necessary for its growth. For a delicate child of from two to six or seven years old, a well beaten egg and a little milk is an excellent early morning beverage.

Paper Hanger's Paste—Mix a quarter of a pound of alum with a quarter of flour. Stir into this a little cold water until all becomes a thick paste, then add boiling water, stirring all the time until the paste is of the right consistency. By putting the alum to the flour before the water is added, the paste works very smoothly.

SEWING HINTS.

Always use double thread for gathering. Always use as fine a thread and needle as the garment will allow.

When threading your needle make the knot on the end broken from the reel. The rule for frilling is one and a quarter the length of the edge to be trimmed. In facing a sleeve, turn it, and place the facing inside the sleeve before sewing it on. Gathers should always be set on the right side, but never with a needle; use a large pin. When sewing on a button, place the knot on the right side of the cloth directly under the button. In sewing a seam, put the stitches closely together, but lightly, into the cloth, being careful not to pull the thread tight, as this causes the seam to draw.

A LONELY EMPRESS.

Eugenie Passes Her Life Uneventually in England.

Of all living women surely ex-Empress Eugenie has had the most remarkable part to play in the history of nations, and she still carries vivid recollections of the days of the Franco-Prussian War, grim and ghastly 1870-1, when the bells of Paris ceased ringing, and defeat faced a nation.

She was sojourning at St. Cloud at the time, and, hurrying back to Paris, she found the population in a mood bordering on frenzy. Their faith in the Government was shaken, their pride in the army was gone, and everywhere could be heard bitter curses against the folly of the absent Emperor and his generals.

At once she addressed herself to the task of arousing a spirit of loyalty to the Government. She put forth a proclamation over her signature, calling upon Frenchmen not to be downcast over their reverses. "Let there now be but one party among us," she declared, "that of France. Let us have but one standard, that of your honor."

Night and day she feverishly exhorted the courage of the statesmen around her.

At length it became possible for her to sleep only when she resorted to drugs. Her distracted brain was filled with martial thoughts; she wanted to mount horse, take command in person of the troops at Paris, and appeal to the people to rally around her. But all in vain; even she realised that the end was near at last. Accordingly, she gathered together her private papers, her art treasures, and some of her jewels, and sent them out of the country, and found an exile's home at Chislehurst, near London, where she was afterwards joined by Louis Napoleon.

In the quarter of a century since the death of the Prince Imperial the life of ex-Empress Eugenie has been for the most part strictly secluded. She long ago ceased to be regarded by even the most rigid Republicans of the French Government as a possible cause for suspicion. All thought of political or social ambition of any kind was buried in the coffin of her son.

To brood, to weep, to pray, became almost a daily duty to her sore and stricken mind. When enough of her strength came back to enable her to journey, she insisted that she should be taken to Zululand. There, seeking the place in the wilderness where the Prince had fallen, she passionately consecrated herself to the perpetuation of his memory, and was borne away so helpless that it seemed as if death had claimed her, too.

In England her life passes uneventfully amidst the loneliness of her well-appointed home at Farnborough. "There is very little," said one of the members of her household, "to distinguish her life here from that of any infirm and aged gentlewoman, save its extreme seclusion. For many years one day has been almost like another in her English home. Religion and charity occupy her mind most of the time, and since the death of Queen Victoria, who treated her as if she were a kinswoman, she has been more than ever inclined to brood over her own fate."

It is said that she has at times a foreboding that her life is to be prolonged to a hundred years: that it is to drag along until all who knew her have passed away. At other times she is anxious that her life may be truly known after death shall claim her, and that the world will bear testimony to at least her personal rectitude.

Friend—"And do you think you can always please young girls with your predictions?" Fortune Teller—"Yes; all I have to do is to tell them they are going to be married."

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going on in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

Durable brick, formed of chipped granite and clay, is a recent Scottish invention.

Lord Overtoun has presented Rutherglen with twelve acres of ground for an extension of the public park

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter, lately at the head of the Scottish command, will shortly obtain promotion to the rank of general in the British army.

At a sale of antique furniture at Leslie House, Fife, a four-poster bed with frieze top, in which Charles II. slept, and in which the late Countess of Rothes was born and died, brought 14 guineas.

Negotiations have been concluded at Gosport for the erection of motor car works in Alexandria, Dumbartonshire, to cover an area of 20 acres. Another 30 acres will be devoted to the erection of workmen's dwellings. The works will give employment to over 1,000 persons.

The proposal to institute an electric car service between Edinburgh and Dalkeith is taking quite a formal character. Notice is given of the intention of applying for the parliamentary powers necessary for the carrying out of the scheme.

At a meeting of the Scottish Association for the Medical Education of Women, held in Edinburgh, it was stated that fifteen years ago they had only nine students. The number last year was 136.

A striking portrait in oils of the late Major-General Sir Hector Macdonald has found a place in Dundee Victoria Art Galleries. The portrait is a three-quarter length. Dressed in the Highland uniform of a captain, the hero is shown bareheaded, with his sword hilt under his left arm, his hands clasped easily over the scabbard.

The district of Galloway, in the south of Scotland, comprising the counties of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright, where the records of stature give an average height of five feet ten and a half inches, without shoes, has the tallest people in Great Britain, which the northernmost or Border counties of England have a decided superiority over the rest of England and Wales. With respect to the British Isles, the order of superiority in stature is: Scotland, 68.71 inches; Ireland, 67.90 inches; England 67.35 inches, and Wales, 66.66 inches. The shortest stature is found in Wales, the Welsh Border counties, and the south-west of England. The midland and eastern counties, occupied by people of more purely Saxon descent, are of medium size.

The late Marquis of Bute obtained four beavers from Canada in 1874, and placed them in a large enclosure "well watered and wooded" near to the town of Rothesay. These not succeeding, he secured seven others in 1875. These succeeded so well that by the year 1878 the number had increased to sixteen. The habits of these wonderful creatures were carefully observed and noted. Although captives in the Isle of Bute, they proved themselves to be both skillful engineers and masons. But they were very destructive. In ten years the colony had felled no less than 187 large forest trees, and destroyed a great quantity of small bushes. Doubtless some of the colony still remain, but the experiment was an expensive one to His Lordship.

The hitherto unpublished Carlyle manuscripts have turned up at Hawick. One of them, dated Aug. 18, 1843, is from Thomas Carlyle's mother to her brother, and was written by the Chelsea sage, who happened to be on a visit to his mother at Scotsbrig. It is specially interesting to the people of Hawick from the fact that reference is made to "union dress, a woven spencer, and drawers all in one, which women wear in winter time." This is believed the first mention of what is now popularly known as "combinations," a marked feature of the Hawick hosiery trade. The other letter is from Dr. J. A. Carlyle, translator of "Dante" a brother of Thomas Carlyle, acknowledging a parcel and "dresses" received by his mother, presumably the "union dresses" referred to in the first letter.

NOT BRAVE AFTER ALL.

The fame of the Hawaiian chiefs as captors of man-eating sharks diminishes when one learns their methods of procedure. Certain small fish are cooked with ki-leaves, and with this bait and a large quantity of pounded roots of awa, boats put to sea on a "shark-hunt." Arriving at a shallow place, the canoe, containing the head fisherman, the priest, and the sorcerer, who is supposed to be indispensable, the bait is thrown overboard to attract sharks. The grease and scent spread through the water many miles, and when the sharks put in an appearance bait is freely thrown. In time the awa stupefies the huge fish, nooses are slipped over their heads and the willing prisoner is towed to the shore. It is then stranded and killed. Every part of the bones and skin was supposed to confer unflinching bravery upon the possessor, and the actual captor—that is, the one who slipped the noose over the shark's head—would also, ever after, be always victorious.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

Think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.—Charles Kingsley.

Ordeal by Fire

"Half a minute—just turn round! I thought so; cup o' cocoa and a candle, goin' up free and gratis to the man who hasn't paid his bare rent. That's done it!" Steve Parkins, laboriously casting up his weekly accounts with a stump of pencil, rose as impressively as chronic gout would permit. "Of course, you've found out whether 'Geoffrey Arnold' is the name he's known by outside, or whether he's got some secret sharin' my top-back room at three bob a week? Tut, you needn't rack about for some excuse to shield him. Don't I know you're in love with the feller's white face and wild eyes? You wouldn't be a woman if you weren't!" He smacked the table. "You'd do any mortal thing to help him so long as he didn't find it out. Nice thing for me, I must say; my only girl puttin' herself between the man and some crash that's on the road here! Ain't all the neighbors askin' who washes and patches his linen as careful as if it was old china? Ain't the other lodgers feelin' a draught? Ain't my own eyes seen you listenin' on them stairs and smugglin' up bits o' your own meals to him on the quiet? I'll watch it, from now! In love!—with a feller that p'r'aps has got the shadder o' the rope round his neck!"

"A lie!" Mattie's own face had been white enough as she stood at bay at the foot of that eternal treadmill, the staircase. It flamed suddenly red. For once she seemed to forget that she faced her own father. "How dare they hint, or you repeat, such a thing!" she said, shakily. "It's untrue—wicked.—No; I refuse to play spy on a gentleman! Yes; I call him that; it's written on his face, if you care to look. Because he stays in his room so much, writing hard, and happens to be behindhand with his rent——"

"Hold hard! Writin' what?" he interrupted, keenly. "Dummy fivers that'll come home here to roost, eh? What about that?"

White scorn almost beautified Mattie's worn face for the moment.

"You know better. It's some great book—or will be. He's sensitive; do you expect him to come on the stairs and talk about a book? One thing I know; he'll be famous some day or other, and he's paying the price of it now in that room—perhaps with his health and happiness. You won't—you won't go and do something that might haunt us for over afterwards!" she burst out, almost wildly. "I say he'll pay us, whatever it costs him. I'll answer that far!"

"You will? H'm! Gets more interestin' every minnit. Not a bad idea if I see into this at once." Steve was not counted a hard man, but the gout kept him peevish and perverse. He was apt to need reminding that his frail, dark-eyed slip of a motherless girl did every day the work of two robust women. "Here's my tea stone-cold along of him! You're goin' up ain't you? Very well; you jest inform Mr. Geoffrey Arnold that I particularly want that room empty next week. You won't?"—as her lips quivered and set. "Then that proves all the talk. Out he goes. I'll beg his pardon when he's famous and comes back to pay what he owes. Go on; I've got nothin' more to say to you. You're a woman—in love!"

Love! The word rang in her ears as she went mechanically up the long stair. How dared they say it? When had there been anything in her face to set them hinting it? Love him!—a born gentleman!

She had been going to tap and wait, knowing by now that the lonely, striving man behind that door listened for her smiling word as the one gleam of light and stimulus in his tense life from day to day. Very faintly she understood what it meant to fight for a place at the foot of the literary ladder; but there was something in Arnold's white, determined face and deadly patience which had caused her many a vague pang and longing. But—to call that love! No, she would not face him to-night; he was so quick to read a face and to understand what was going on below stairs; and the painful uncertainty of his position was acutely realized. Softly down she placed the tray, gave a confused tap, and was scuttling off on tiptoe.

"Miss Parkins—Mattie!" he had stumbled across from his table, almost as if he had heard the little choke out there. Before she knew it the door was flung open. "Miss Parkins!" So strange it had sounded on his lips at first; no one else ever dreamed of calling her that. He looked at her closely. "I told you not to trouble. You are worn out. I could have waited till morning. What is it?" The voice went down to an apprehensive whisper. He had reached out his hand and drawn it back quickly. "Tell me if—if he has said anything. But I know it, and you are worried on my account! Oh, Heaven, if I had one friend to turn to to-night! If I knew what to do! Tell him—tell him I'm writing night and day; it must soon be finished, and then I can pay you for all—for all, except the wonderful kindness you have shown me. Look—see for yourself; all that pile is written and ready. Tell him I had the publisher's commission to write it, if I could; only it took me months to 'get up' my subject. The best work of my life is there; I don't fear a bit; I shall get my cheque before long. You trust me, I know. If only he——"

"No; he can't believe it," Mattie said, steadying her voice. "He doesn't understand anything but wages paid on Saturday for work done; and never would. He thinks there must be something amiss because you are not like other men we've had, and never want your room cleaned, and lock the door, and never seem to want fresh air, and—"

Perhaps it was because she was over-tired, as he suggested. There could be no other reason why she suddenly closed her lips tight against a rush of sobs.

"Don't, Mattie!" It was the first time he had put that note into his voice, and surely the last time that he would allow such an impulse to overpower him. He had drawn her close, he had put his arms convulsively around her. "Don't—don't cry for me. But I know. I can go; I'd sooner do that than make words between you down there. Ah, I'm not blind, Mattie; I know far more than you meant me to, and I thank you for it!" He put his lips quite close to her hot cheek to whisper: "Why, if it had not been for this—my poverty, and what he would think—long ago I would have dared to tell you something—what I think of you, how I listen for your step, how my heart jumps, how you have made me love you!"

Then he was standing alone in the dark bit of a passage. She had given a little cry, struggled away, and slipped back down the stairs.

Her head was whirling, her heart beating as it had never beaten yet the street outside, and it sounded A piano-organ had begun playing in to her like a melody from another world. Her father's words conveyed no real meaning, doggedly deliberate as they were.

"Understand? Here's Thursday; I give him till Saturday to pay up everythin'. Then out he goes in a heap on that pavement, and all his book trash along of him—if I have to pay a man to do it, and chance a summons. I'll back my story against his in any police-court. Saturday, mind!"

In love!—with that lath-and-plaster fellow up there! All that intervening day Steve Parkins brooded upon the mystery and watched his chance to discover something that warranted decisive action. It did not come till late in the evening, when Mattie made her hasty toilet and scurried out to do the "shopping." Steve had a vaguely brilliant plan of his own. With many a queer grimace of pain he hobbled out into the "garden" at the rear and whistled cautiously to attract the man next door a house decorator by trade. There was some muffled talk, varied by sundry stares up at that bright top-back window. Then stealthily a long ladder was lifted over the wall and swung into position. It proved too short by a yard; twenty precious minutes were spent in making the three feet good. Then, doggedly oblivious of his gout, Steve made a laborious way up the rungs till he got level with that window. It was a giddy height, and the man at the foot looked unpleasantly small and indistinct; but Steve was muttering: "Now or never! Now or never—to save that gel!"

Setting his teeth he tore away some sooty creeper-stems that overhung the coping, held his breath, and was peering in.

There was a blind, but it had never been encouraged to act as one. Steve could see all he desired; at least, he could see the door, and the unconscious figure bent over that lamp-lit table in the corner. Doing what? Writing some book—here? Bosh and twaddle! Men who wrote books lived in swell houses and kept servants in flash liveries, and had a cheque-book in every drawer of the escritoire—at least, according to the few high-like stories in paper covers that Steve Parkins had analyzed.

Not only that; every now and again the stooping man had a stare round the walls, or strained a hand to his forehead and seemed to be listening in dread of the step of some Nemesis; and his face by this light was grey-white as with months of concentrated suspense.

"You schemin' vagabond, I'll put you away!" Steve said to himself. "Honest men don't walk about their room all day and do their work in the nights; that jabber about wanting silence and writing better at night was so much pepper being thrown in people's eyes. Look at him—jest look!—Forgin'-bank-notes by the hundred, and daren't go out to pass 'em off!" He stared on, half in fascination and awe. "I can see myself run in for harborin' and abettin'—and a stretcher brought round 'cause I can't walk to the station. Will I? Out you go, my lord; a bit o' daylight'll do you a world o' good!"

And here, with dramatic suddenness, the queerest thing happened. Steve had heard the muffled bang of the postman's knock far below. It recalled him to a sense of the situation. He shot a husky whisper of warning down the ladder, took a last vindictive glance, and drew in his breath. That figure in there had swayed up and reached the door in one leap, it seemed. Now it was open, and there stood Mattie, holding out a letter. She looked quite calm; there was even a faint smile, as of secret sympathy, on her face. He saw her lips move in a word, and then the door closed upon her.

"Shameless young hussy," he gasped. "Don't believe you've been out o' the house at all. Washed her face for somethin'! Eh, what?"

Geoffrey Arnold stood there like a man thrilled by a miracle, staring at something he had torn from the envelope. Quite easily the watcher could see it was a postal order. Over and over the shaking fingers turned it; the staring eyes looked all round the room and back at the slip of notepaper that had accompanied it. He took two strides toward the window. If he lived a hundred years longer, Steve Parkins would not forget that strangely-suspicious cry—almost a broken shout, indeed.

"Ten shillings—'from a friend'! More than the three weeks' rent I owe for the room. Who knows? Who has done this for me—where do you find such a 'friend'?"

In the ensuing silence Steve Parkins had a sudden misgiving as to his close proximity to that top-back room and its occupant. He clutched the ladder sides and groped unsteadily down. There was sweat on his forehead as he touched firm ground.

"Thought you was goin' to make a night of it," the next-door man grumbled. "Caught him at it, have you?"

"I—I dunno," Steve gasped. "Tell you when—when I've figured it out for myself. Leave it to me."

It was about dusk, Saturday evening, when that hesitating tap came at the kitchen door and a voice asked for Mr. Parkins. Mattie gave a little start, glanced at her father's face, and saw that his finger was pointing meaningly. Her lips blanching, she obeyed — moved through into the dark, damp little scullery beyond. Steve Parkins cleared his throat for action.

"Yes, you can come in, if you're not too proud, and don't mind facin' me!"

"It's only that I'm really sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Parkins," Arnold said. His pale face flushed a little as he placed a small stack of shillings on the table. "Nine! I—I've had an unexpected morsel of luck, and now I only trust I shall soon be able to make you some little recompense for your forbearance. This clears me for the present, and—and I hope we're good friends again."

"Oh, you do!" came Steve's reply, after the strained pause. "You do, do you? Well, I'm goin' to try and live from now without your friendship, Mr. Arnold. I'll trouble you to give up that room o' mine to-day week—Saturday, at two o'clock. Oh, never mind why or wherefore. It'll be a big load off my mind when you've got a room somewhere a good way off—that's all. I don't like yer, and don't want yer. Good-night!"

As if stunned, he stood a minute; then the door had opened and he was groping up the long stair. And then the inner door swung back, and Mattie stood there, the dry sob struggling in her throat, the strange light in her dark eyes. No time to speak if she wished. Steve Parkins had pointed to the table, and whispered hoarsely:—

"There it is! When you dreamed of a romance affair here, you made yer life's mistake. They never come off in real life, and it's generally the woman has to pay the price of the man's caper. See? Drop that look and take up your money—one shillin' short o' the ten you sent him by post. And if you have given him your heart unawares, like a fool, make up your mind you've lost that too!"

"Fire!"

One awful word rang out in the stillness of the night—that next Friday night. Geoffrey Arnold sprang up from his bed in the lonely top-back room, and heard it again. "Fire!" What was all that dull noise? Was that smoke curling into his own room? "Fire!" It seemed to be shouted now by a hundred hoarse throats, and a growing buzz and patter of feet came up from the street in the front.

Dazed, like a man still dreaming, he slipped on part of his clothes and stepped out on to the landing. Heavens, yes! A whirl of dense smoke and acrid fume took his breath; there was a crackle and a faint, sinister glow from the black pit of distance below stairs. He groped for the three stairs down to the next landing, instinct taking him straight along to the window overlooking the street. And there——! He stood, spell-bound with horror such as he had never been able to convey in his writing, gazing down at a heaving, fire-lit crowd of white faces. And then of a sudden the shouts rolled up in waves of sound. He had been seen. He was the last alive in a doomed house!

"Look! Up there—a man! Jump—jump for your life!" And then the deep-throated roar of some men who were struggling to rear a ladder brought from next door.

It swayed towards him. A moan from below told why he hesitated—it was short by inches. A little higher it was reared in their grasp, and then, far from realizing the danger, he leaped out, clutched at the rungs, clung on blindly, and knew nothing more until, scorched by flames flickering from lower windows, he found himself standing in the street, the crowd pressing about him. He must be in that bed asleep still! It had all a ghastly unreality—even that moan of returning consciousness from the lips of a girl who had lain back white and still in someone's arms. He caught the cold hands.

"Mattie—Mattie! Thank Heaven—that's all I ask!" And it had hardly left his lips when that nameless surge of recollection swept him. He stumbled back, deadly white. Those nearest would never forget the sunken whisper. "My book! My book—my one hope in life!"

He stood for just an instant of wild, whirling hesitation; and in that instant a woman's fingers had felt convulsively for his, and the weak cry thrilled through him.

"Geoffrey! He's there—father! Shut in that room—he was ill—couldn't move. Save him!"

"Save—my book!" he breathed unconsciously again, in an agony that had no name.

He put back the clinging hands; he was fighting forward, oblivious to all but the rescue of his precious manuscript—deaf to the faint, imploring moan that came again.

"Oh, save him! You loved me—you'll save him first!"

Only afterwards he realized that arms were flung out to hold him back, that he struggled through like a madman to reach the house door, and gained it just as that distant roar told that the engines were thundering up. Three minutes might bring the help; but in those same three minutes his book—no, her father's life!—might be lost. The passage was wrapped in a sheet of flame. He snatched up a coat; he threw it over his head and rushed toward the stair—the stair that led up to his precious book. His hands were burned, but he reached it, and was staggering up through the thick smoke. It could be done! The fire had roared up from those rooms on the left, and the staircase was as yet passable for a man who had all at stake. Now he had gained the first landing, gasping, almost sightless. He could do it!—even if he had to leap from that high window a second time. And then . . . . . through the rolling haze and curling crimson tongues there seemed to come to his ears that whisper from the white-faced girl who had done so much—perhaps more than he would ever know—to make his strenuous life bearable here, to make the path to success less rugged.

"Save him! You loved me — save him!"

One delirious sob rose in his throat. He swerved round and groped back down the stair, her name on his lips—"Mattie! Love for love!" Now he was facing the bar of flame again. He climbed the balustrade, hung for an instant, and then dropped.

The rest, it seemed to him, occupied just one flash of time. He knew the room—opposite the kitchen. In there, unable to move, lay the man who had become his enemy, who had sought to poison Mattie's mind against him, who was turning him from the house to-morrow like a criminal. But the door was burst open now. Parched, cracking lips uttered the hoarse cry: "Mr. Parkins! Where—where?" Just in time, just as those flames burst through the dry partition, he caught up an unconscious figure huddled on the floor there—a figure nearly twice his own weight. Now he had dragged a coverlet over both their heads, and now, stumbling and staggering, all but blind, breathing to himself in that incredulous agony—"My book! My life's work—gone!"—he turned to breast the crimson bar of death that lay between him and the street.

There was the dull roaring from the crowd, the singing noises in his head, the snap of some mental wire, and then—oblivion. Oblivion that seemed to be death itself—till, one day, he struggled back to sense and found those two warm arms clinging about his neck, and a woman upon her knees, praying for his life.

* * * * * *

But it is a happy man whom to-day the world knows as Geoffrey Arnold, and who can look back without regret to the night when he gave his precious book for a life that had small claim to the sacrifice. That book might have brought him the success at a bound he is still struggling to build up—yet success is not the greatest thing in life. It can buy everything, perhaps, save the perfect happiness which one man, at least, has found in the love and gratitude of a dear, dark-eyed wife.—London Tit-Bits.

ENGLAND'S WEALTH.

Bank of England Stockholder Fears It Is In Danger.

The Bank of England is the latest victim of the "tube" railway excavators. The walls have had to be underpinned.

A picture of the bank collapsing in a heap on the footpath, or being blown up by thieves secreted in one of the "tubes," was drawn by a stockholder at the half-yearly meeting of directors and stockholders the other day.

This stockholder, Mr. W. Newby, rising after the Governor had made a satisfactory statement about dividends, begged leave to draw attention to a matter which he said he regarded as alarming. In consequence of the continuous railway tunneling going on in the region of the bank, it had been stated that the bank was in an unsafe condition, and he wanted to know if any steps were being taken to remedy it. The directors, he added impressively, were the holders of the nation's bullion, and it was only right that they should take every means in protecting the building and the public. Were the bank's walls proof against explosives?

The reply of the Governor, Mr. S. Hope Morley, to Mr. Newby's inquiry was reassuring, although he recognized the risk to which the bank is subjected. The directors had protested, he said, against all underground railways near the bank, and they had to underpin the walls of the bank in consequence of the extensive tunneling. The walls were now, he thought, in as good a condition as they were before the tunneling began.

So far as explosives were concerned, he did not think, he added, they ran any greater risk from the underground railways than they did before the railways were made. The wall might certainly be blown down by explosives if evilly-disposed persons desired to endanger the bank. They had considered the matter, but, being bound by the Acts of Parliament, they had to submit to the railways running near them.

TURNED ROUND BY THE SUN.

A large granite ball, weighing two tons, in a cemetery in Ohio is slowly turning on its axis. During the last five years the ball has turned 13¾ inches. When the ball was placed in position an unpolished spot 6 inches in diameter was left in the socket of the pedestal on which it rested. A year ago it was noticed that the unpolished spot was turning upward on the south side of the monument. The revolution of the huge polished ball, which it would require a derrick to lift, is supposed to be due to the sun's heating one side of it, the south, and causing it to expand, while the north side, which rests most in the shade, does not expand to the same extent, and thus the ball gradually shifts its position by turning.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

In one respect at least Prince Edward does not take after his father. He is fond of making little speeches when opportunities present themselves. The Prince of Wales, on the other hand, dislikes nothing more than having to deliver a speech.

Queen Wilhelmina's crown, which is very gorgeous, is made of dull gold, with only the edges polished. A circle of sapphires and emeralds encloses a crimson cap, and the sixteen points of the imperial arches are mounted with large single pearls.

The Crown of Roumania has a unique place in the history of monarchies as the only crown which has been refused successively by father and son. When, within the memory of the present generation, Roumania became a kingdom, Prince Leopold, the elder brother of King Charles, was declared official heir, but the Prince surrendered his rights to his son, Prince William. For eight years the son was heir to the throne, and then, in 1888, the Prince, treading in his father's steps, gave up his rights in favor of his brother, and the brother, Prince Ferdinand, is heir to King Charles.

The Duke of Norfolk, who is fifty-seven, has held that distinguished title since he was thirteen. Much of his income is derived from groundrents in Sheffield. This property was worth little enough when Judith, niece of William the Conqueror, brought it as part of her dowry to a Saxon earl, from whom the Howards had it. At the end of the seventeenth century it yielded $10,000 a year. The population of Sheffield was then only 4,000, and the income has risen like the number of inhabitants. To-day the Duke's Sheffield rentals realize more than $500,000 a year.

When General Baden-Powell, in his younger days, was Military Secretary at Malta, his love of fun must have been trying to his serious chief. On one occasion, at a Government House function, he was sent to ask a young lady to repeat a skirt dance which had met with much appreciation. The fair dancer, who was somewhat affected, protested that she positively couldn't, and that if she did she would be completely "blown." B.-P. returned to the Governor looking rather sheepish, and hesitated as if there was something he did not like to say. "Well?" asked the great man. "She won't," replied the other. "Won't! Why?" "Don't know," replied B.-P.; "but she said she'd be blowed if she did!"

Sousa, the famous band conductor, dislikes being snared by society lion-hunters. On one occasion he was invited by a certain lady to supper, and he afterwards learned that she had issued invitations to her friends "to meet Mr. John Philip Sousa." As he then remembered that he had an engagement for the same evening which he had overlooked, he wrote to the lady declining, with apologies. She wrote back, explaining what she had done, counting on his presence, and ending her note, "But I still hope for the pleasure of your company." To this she received the following unexpected reply: "I have given your kind message to my company, but I regret that only fifty of them will be able to accept your invitation, the rest having appointments elsewhere."

Sir Redvers Buller is evidently blessed with a strong spirit of contradiction, over and above his well-known courage and tenacity. It was during the last Nile campaign, and while on board a river steamer descending some dangerous water in one of the higher cataracts, that he entered into a discussion with Lord Charles Beresford respecting the proper channel that ought to be navigated. Each most obstinately defended his own course, but eventually that which Sir Redvers so strenuously recommended was used, with the result that the steamer got through without accident. "You see I was right," exclaimed Sir Redvers, triumphantly; "mine was the proper channel." "That was mine too," coolly replied Lord Charles. "I only recommended the other because I knew you would go against whatever I said."

Lord Wolseley is one of the few great commanders who do not admit the value of chess as an aid to the military tactician and strategist. The only two points that the skilful chess-player and the general have in common, he says, are that they both have to think a long way ahead, "trying to divine what is on the other side of the hill." He was devoted to the game at one time, but had to give it up as being too absorbing.

In the family of the late Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Professor at Oxford, there was so much talk of natural science, particularly at table, that even the servants theorized about it. In one instance the butler gave notice that either he or the page-boy must leave. "What is the trouble?" asked the master. "Aren't you well treated?" "Yes, sir; I've nothing to complain of in that way," replied the butler, "but no one can tell, sir, how trying it is to work all day in the pantry with a boy who believes the world was created in periods, when I know it was created in days."

ONE-LEGGED DINNER PARTY.

A certain gentleman, the possessor of a cork leg, living in one of the London suburbs, annually gives a dinner to a dozen owners of a like substitute. In the centre of the table are grouped four crutches, around which twine festoons of flowers; miniature legs in ivory compose the handles of the knives and forks; while the piece de resistance is invariably a magnificent turkey that has been deprived of a leg before being brought to table.

If you have no opportunity make one.

PAY DAYS FOR ROYALTY

MANNER IN WHICH MONARCHS ARE PAID.

How the Sovereigns of European Nations Receive Their Allowances.

The Emperor of Russia, for instance, says Pearson's Weekly, is the only European sovereign who is entitled to draw on the revenues of the country over which he rules whenever he pleases and to almost an unlimited extent.

All the vast sums accruing from various forms of taxation in Russia are banked to the credit of two officials named the Imperial Treasurers, who discharge all the liabilities of the Russian Government.

this extent, the Emperor of Russia is yet by far the best paid and wealthiest of European monarchs.

The Czar, however, has the first call upon the money paid into the imperial treasury and draws upon it whenever he wishes by simply directing the treasury officials to lodge so much money to his private account, giving them a voucher for the amount.

Under the Russian constitution the Czar is entitled to receive a seventh share of the revenue of the country, and though he, as a matter of fact, never draws upon the treasury to

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY

is in receipt of a salary of $500,000 per annum from the State, but His Imperial Majesty has, of course, many other ways of supplementing this pay, which would be a very poor one for the sovereign of a great Power.

The salary is paid into the Emperor's private banking account twice a year, the check for it being signed by no fewer than seven officials, and is finally indorsed by the Kaiser himself.

The Emperor also receives a "military and naval" allowance, which amounts to a big sum, and the expenses in connection with the maintenance of the royal household at Potsdam are paid quarterly by the State treasury.

King Edward receives a quarterly check from the Paymaster-General for his salary as monarch; the check is what is known as a negotiable receipt, and is sent to the keeper of the privy purse, by whom it is signed on behalf of the King, and then lodged to the credit of his Majesty's private banking account.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

is put to some personal inconvenience before he can obtain his salary to the love of maintaining ancient customs and ceremonies that prevail in the Austrian court.

On the 1st of June and 1st of December the Austrian monarch pays a visit to the office of the State treasury, where he is received by three officials. One of these officials then reads out a document to the monarch, reminding him of the many duties he owes to the State, and exhorting to the faithful performance of the same. The document concludes with a mention of the amount of money that the Emperor is entitled to receive from the State to maintain him in a position of such great dignity becomingly.

The Emperor is then asked if the amount is sufficient, and on his replying to the question in the affirmative, is given a receipt to sign for the money, which is, in due course, lodged to the credit of the imperial account.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S

salary is never paid to him direct, but is vested in the care of three officials, upon whom the King can draw whenever he requires money.

This is an arrangement to which the King of Portugal has a distinct objection, but as it is a very old established custom his Majesty would probably have some difficulty in having it altered.

Each of the three purse keepers, as these officials are called, receives £500 per annum, which the King of Portugal has to pay out of his own pocket, so that the arrangement costs the King £1,500 a year, which could be very easily saved by the dismissal of such entirely needless officials as the purse keepers.

The Sultan of Turkey has no allowance or salary; he simply informs the Grand Vizier when he wants money, and that official has to see that the amount required is forthcoming promptly, otherwise it is more than likely he might lose his head.

THAT BOY OF OURS.

A Little Advice About His Home and His Companions.

We chaperon our girls and carefully guard them against unworthy boys, but we leave the boy to choose for himself his associates and his achievements.

Girls are naturally winsome, gentle, companionable. They win their way in homes and hearts. But the boy, noisy, awkward, mischevious, is invited into few homes and feels none too much at home in his own.

About the only door that swings with sure welcome to the boy, about the only chair that is shoved near the fire especially for the boy, about the only place where he is sure of cordial greeting, is where he ought not to go.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure grip on him.

He is hungry for companionship, and he will have it. You can't chain him away from it. He wants the companionship of boys, and nothing will take its place.

If the crime of selfishness has so incased your heart that the joys and hopes of your boy cannot enter into it the boy is to be pitied, but so are you.

It is a pity that when people reach the age of discretion they do not stay there.

Queensland possesses the most interesting flora, and the most numerous and valuable wild fruits in the world.

HEALTH

HYGIENE OF THE THROAT.

The throat is subjected to so many forms of irritation that the proper care of it is essential to comfort, and, fortunately, the means employed for comfort help to avert the catarrhal disorders and many general diseases, the germs of which enter the body through the tonsils or adjacent mucous membrane. There is always danger that even a trivial catarrh may extend to the larynx or ear and impair the voice or hearing.

Children become afflicted with catarrh chiefly as a result of adenoids or enlargement of the tonsils; or they may fail to recover fully from an attack of measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough or diphtheria. Adults often bring it upon themselves through improper food and drink or bad habits. The influence of excessive tobacco-smoking in the production of cancer is fully recognized but not sufficiently heeded. All forms of irritation may be aggravated by conditions incident to certain occupations, as well as by unfavorable climatic influences.

In the absence of abnormal conditions a great deal can be done for their prevention by daily cold bathing of the neck, gargling with cold water, proper care of the teeth, exercise, deep breathing with the mouth closed, and the avoidance of unnecessary muffling in winter. Voice-culture is also beneficial to the throat through the stimulating influence of the movements and vibrations. Singing, reading aloud and oratorical practice should be encouraged on this account.

During protracted illness, especially when there is fever, antiseptic solutions should be used for gargling, or with an atomizer when gargling cannot be practised. They are serviceable also for the prevention of infection in those who attend persons suffering from contagious diseases, or who accidentally come into contact with them.

The common symptoms by which throat troubles become recognizable are discomfort, obstruction of respiration, nasal voice and coughing or hawking. A child thus affected sleeps with its head thrown back, its mouth open, and it often snores. It soon acquires the habit of mouth-breathing, and if neglected, becomes dull and expressionless; the jaws remain undeveloped and the teeth do not close correctly.

The removal of enlarged tonsils and adenoid growths should not be deferred. A surgical operation on a child is a trying ordeal to the parents, but in this instance the operation is trivial in comparison to the benefit derived from it, and it is rarely followed by any evil result. Very often, indeed, a formidable operation can be avoided if the child is taken early to a specialist.—Youth's Companion.

THE DOCTOR AT HOME.

To Restore a Lost Voice.—When the voice goes, from the effects of a bad cold or much speaking, a pleasant and simple remedy is made by beating up the white of an egg and adding to it the juice of a lemon and enough sugar to make it palatable. Take a spoonful from time to time. It will effect a speedy cure.

Cure for Sick Headache.—The juice of half a lemon in a teacupful of strong black coffee, without sugar, is an excellent cure for this distressing ailment.

Sick Room Don'ts.—Don't go into a sick room when very hot, and don't sit between the patient and the fire, if there be one in the room, as the heat attracts any infectious vapor.

For Sore Throats.—A sore throat should never be neglected, especially in the time of epidemics. A cleansing gargle is made by dissolving a heaped saltspoonful of salt and carbonate of soda, mixed in equal quantities, in half a tumblerful of water.

Please Your Patient.—When a patient is on light diet it is well to remember that variety is pleasing. Even if the food must be the same, try to vary the cooking and arrangement of it. Let all food be well cooked and daintily served, and your patient will be more easily tempted to eat.

Home-made Bronchitis Kettle.—A bronchitis kettle is often needed in a hurry. An impromptu one is easily made with a piece of plumber's piping about 12 inches or 14 inches long. Flatten one end so that the steam is distributed, and place the other end on spout of kettle. It answers splendidly.

MAN AND HIS STOMACH.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear a man or woman say—"There is something the matter with my stomach." They never stop to think whether they themselves are not at fault, instead of the stomach. It is so easy to blame the stomach. It can't say anything back.

But the truth of the matter is the stomach is all right. Nothing the matter with it at all. It is what is put into the stomach that is causing the trouble. The stomach knows when it receives something that will be injurious to the body, or when it has been overloaded, and it protests against the indigestible article or the surplus amount of food.

It is acting as a friend and sending out a warning against this abuse. But instead of being grateful to the stomach and leaving off the indigestible food and the big dinners, the man or the woman continues to load it with pie and cake, pickles and sauces, pork and pancakes, and all sorts of horrid things, and then they complain that there is something the matter with their stomachs.

Appreciation

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

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

MR. LEWIS:

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

Yours very truly,

A. FREED-GRISELDA.

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

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THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1905.

SIR WILFRID IS SCORED

By Father Crowley — Chicago Priest Speaks Very Strongly Against Canadian Premier—Influenced by Vatican.

The Rev. Father Crowley, of Chicago, the Catholic priest whose name is familiar to Canadians as being the author of a work entitled "The Parochial School," which deals exhaustively with the attempt of the Roman hierarchy of the United States to foist upon the American people a system of religious schools, has just issued a second edition of his work, which has been enlarged by an appendix numbering 60 pages and dealing with the school system of Canada.

His work is the severest criticism published yet on the religious school; and coming as it does from a Catholic priest it bears with it a weight that is irresistible.

UNCOMPROMISING ANTAGONISM

As will be understood, Father Crowley takes up a position of uncompromising antagonism to the Separate School. The efforts of the Canadian hierarchy to promote the educational clauses in the Northwest autonomy measure come in for the strongest condemnation. He does not spare Sir Wilfrid Laurier for the attitude he has adopted. His words are well worth reading. He says:

MACHINATIONS SECRET

"The probability is that the inwardness of the Northwest autonomy measure will never be made public. The hierarchy glory in working in the dark; they are in their element where intrigues are concerned; they delight in secret interviews, in half-concealed threats, in dazzling promises which are never carried out.

"How Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been wrought upon will likely remain for ever among the hidden things of the world; but as regards his having fallen completely under the influence of the hierarchy there can be no shadow of doubt. Remembering the stand he took in 1893, when the Manitoba school question was before the people of Canada; remembering his fearless denunciation then of the aims of the hierarchy; remembering, also, his proved devotion to the public weal in spite of all their threats. I cannot but conclude that pressure of an extraordinary kind has been brought to bear on him, to induce him to wheel right about and take a position the opposite to that which he formerly occupied.

UNUSUAL PRESSURE.

"There must have been secret interviews innumerable, threats and promises of the strongest character. Indeed, it is not too much to believe that the authority of the vatican itself has been called in to compel Sir Wilfrid's submission. For without pressure of a most unusual character no man would ever dream of making the volte face that Sir Wilfrid has made.

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier had not even taken Mr. Haultain into his confidence although the legislation he intended proposing was for the region over which Mr. Haultain's authority extended. Surely a most curious state of matters. More, it has been definitely established that Sir Wilfrid did not so much as take into confidence, in respect to this measure, all the members of his own Cabinet—a most unusual proceeding for a Premier, under the British system, to adopt.

AN APT SCHOLAR.

"Opposition was shown on every side. Was it not rather because he knew the opposition would be intense, and on the part of the people who were most interested? That is the more likely explanation, and one that has been confirmed by the later developments of the case.

"When the aims of the hierarchy are concerned, provincial rights and all other things must go. Sir Wilfrid learned his lesson well. He proved himself an apt scholar. To satisfy the hierarchy he outraged the constitution of the country, went back upon his own record and played the autocrat, when he should have been the defender of the people's liberties.

"Had his life closed in 1896, he would have been lauded in history as the first of patriots and among the most lofty minded of public men; but through his attitude in 1905 in connection with the coercion of the Canadian west, and his subserviency to the interests of the hierarchy, his name will stand in the annals of the country as that of a man who betrayed his trust."

LESSONS ON EMPIRE DAY

What the Day Means to Greater Britain — Concentration Wanted and Less Provincialism.

"The why and the wherefore of Empire Day," is the subject of the fourteenth of the series of "Empire Lessons" now appearing in the London Daily Mail. It reads as follows:

For more than threescore years May 24th was observed as a day of general rejoicing and thanksgiving throughout the sea-sundered states of the British Empire as the birthday of a great and beloved sovereign, the prestige of whose name has no parallel in the world's history. Year by year upon that day three hundred millions of the human race returned thanks for the rule of a queen and an empress who was also in the truest sense a woman; for the native races over whom she ruled, although they regarded her as a spirit, immortal, supernatural, had learned by their experience that the flag of her empire was the symbol of truth, honor and justice.

Now that the Great White Queen is dead the anniversary of her birth has been invested with an observance worthy at once of her saintly character, and of the halcyon days that waited on her dominions while she sat upon the British throne. There have been periods less in years when British arms have won more victories against our foes, and when vaster additions have been made to the extent of our dominions; but there is none that can compare in steady progress, constitutional, intellectual and tending towards the development of the empire, than the reign of Queen Victoria.

So it comes about that May 24th from being the birthday of the best-loved woman who has ever graced a throne, has become a day that should, and we trust will, become a symbol to the British people at home and across the seas of the greatness of their inheritance and their destiny. It is our pride to be able to point to a record of achievment in world-wide and beneficent dominion that Rome could never show, and that no other nation since has ever approached, and today every Briton may reflect with pride that he is a citizen of no mean empire, but an integral part of a polity upon whose shoulders, for better or for worse, has fallen the mantle of the leadership of the nations of the world. He may look back upon a history in which his flag has ever stood as the immutable barrier between freedom and oppression, and in which the conflicts that the tenancy of such a position has brought upon his country have almost without exception been carried to a successful conclusion.

Yet glorious as is the history of our race and fascinating though it be to recount the stages by which we have marched on from one success in arts or arms to others still greater and more glorious, is not for that that Empire Day is celebrated. When we become so satiated with our own magnificence and so thankful that we are not as other men that we can close our eyes in complacent contemplation of ourselves, it will be a very bad day for us and a good one for those upon whose inferiority we are so intent. It is the duty of every Briton to realize that the empire to-day is merely in a stage of its development, and that upon him falls a share of the responsibility of leaving it a step further advanced than when he found it. There are other empires, and would-be empires, growing up around us, and to stand still in the face of their progress would be quite as disastrous as actual retrogression.

Empire Day, in short, should be a day devoted in part to thanksgiving for the past, but in a far greater degree to a contemplation of the future. How can we, the individual atoms of which the empire is built, best help towards its conservation and the maintenance of our heritage in the position compared to alien powers in which we found it? It is not given to every man to crush his country's enemies in a Trafalgar, nor to serve his fellowmen with such distinction as did Drake, or Clive, or Chatham; but it is possible for every one of us, by the careful cherishing of those qualities of justice, truthfulness and honor that have done more than anything else to give us our place in the world, to render ourselves worthy of the responsibility, above all, for the protection and good government of one quarter of the inhabitants of the globe.

The greatest danger that besets us, and one from which nearly all others take root, is that of provincialism, of individualism, of a tendency to become so wrapt up in our own personal and local affairs as to lose sight of the empire that lies beyond our thresholds and shores, and for this reason the importance of the general observance of Empire Day can scarcely be overrated. The tendency of life everywhere is all toward concentration, specialism and introspection. We who hold our place among the nations of the earth solely by virtue of those grean and scattered lands that form our empire, are but too apt to forget the sister states that make us great, and to cherish a deplorable ignorance of the lives of our fellow-subjects in the lands beyond our own, Not to England or to Great Britain alone does this apply; it is a canker that cries aloud for eradication from every state of our great commonwealth. Taken in conjunction with the absence of a really imperial parliament, this forms the most serious of all dangers besetting the future of the British people, and the Over-Seas Daily Mail is, we hope, but the pioneer of other schemes no less ambitious or successful whose aim will be to combat it. And it is because we also believe that the setting apart of one day in the year to be devoted to a festival of imperial thanksgiving and meditation is eminently calculated to go a long way towards removing that danger that we give to the celebration of Empire Day our whole-hearted support.

To Lord Meath is primarily due the credit for having conceived the celebration. For years he has advocated the establishment throughout the British empire of a holiday when thought could be given to imperial topics, especially by young people. When, on the occasion of the assembly in London of the prime ministers and governors of our over-sea states, they were approached and their aid in furtherance of the scheme was invoked, it was readily given, and observance of Empire Day was at once promised. Slower to move in a new direction than some of her offspring the mother country last year made celebration for the first time, and then only partially so, as far as the self-governing nations and crown colonies and Great Britain are concerned. India, unfortunately, has not yet joined the movement, but even in this great dependency individual festivities were organized, and the time will assuredly not be long arriving when the observation will be universal.

Since our cares must be for the future more than the past of the present, it is but right that special endeavors should be made on this day to impress upon our children the nature and extent of the responsibilities that will be theirs when they reach man's estate, and for this reason we are especially glad to note the enthusiasm with which this year the day was celebrated in the schools of Great and Greater Britain. Education in the duties of Imperial citizenship should be part of the code of every school under the flag.

To those who already share the burden of empire, Empire day should be the occasion of a solemn resolve to foster and safeguard the bond which, far from being a mere matter of sentiment, is the bed-rock foundation upon which the whole vast fabric of British empire rests; and that bond is a glorious common privilege in which the members of this great family, divided by oceans and by continents, are united—citizenship of the British empire.

Between the Chores.

Enlivened by many quaint turns of humor, evidences of fine scholarship, and a keen observation of life in the Canadian West, a series of articles—the jottings of a rancher—under the title of "Between the Chores," each month prove a most attractive feature of The Western Home Monthly, published at Winnipeg.

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TALKED ABOUT THE JUDGE

Who's the Ould Woman With the Red Bed Curtains Round Her.

There was a very good story being retold, but which is actually a true story of those days. A Judge was trying a case where the accused could understand only the Celtic language, and so an interpreter had to be employed. The official interpreter was a good fellow, whose wish was to do justice, but he certainly had leanings toward the defendant.

The accused man was holding a long conversation with the interpreter, and that worthy did not translate the speech to the court. At last the Judge demanded to know what had been said.

"Nothing, my lord," was the interpreter's unblushing reply.

"How dare you say that when we all heard you talking to him. Come, sir, what was it?"

"My lord, it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you do not tell me what he said I'll commit you for contempt. Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, "Who's that ould woman with the red bed curtains round her sitting up there?"

Every one in court laughed, and the tip-staff did not, for a moment, try to stop the unseemly conduct. The Judge, in his red robes and white wig, colored until his face was brighter than his red robes and asked:

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'Whist, ye spalpeen! That's the ould boy that's goin' to hang yez.'"

Troubles of Fenian Days.

I was making a pedestrian tour of Ireland in the latter days of the Fenian movement, and many curious incidents came under my observation, showing how zealous the royal Irish constabulary was in arresting strangers and charging them secretly with Fenianism. At that time the habeas corpus act was repealed and any one arrested could be kept in prison, without a trial, for a period of two years. When a man was tried he felt that he was to face a partisan judge and a packed jury. I am not going to make the charge that juries were always willfully packed, but I know that many a jury was afraid to give an accused the benefit of any doubt, because the liberty of each member of that jury was imperiled.

I remember of reading of one instance where the accused was so well pleased with the personnel of the jury that he did not challenge any one, but when his counsel whispered that it was strange he replied: "The jury's all right, but I'd loike to challenge the Judge."

The witnesses were also afraid to testify too strongly in favor of the defendant, for if they did they might be treated as I heard a witness treated in Cork. Judge Keogh, who had been a Nationalist at one time, but was accused of betraying his fellow Nationalists, listened to a witness who told a very straightforward story, and then advised the chief of police to look into the character of the witness, as it was likely he was a Fenian. Of course, the witness was arrested.

Why the Yeomen Were Let Go.

Talking of the yeomen brings back a good yarn that is going round the camps at their expense. They are notorious for two things—their pluck and their awful bad bushcraft. They would ride up to the mouth of a foeman's guns coolly and gamely enough, but they can't find their way home on the veldt after dark to save their souls and so fall into Boer traps with a regularity that is becoming monotonous. Recently a British officer who had business in a Boer laager, asked a commander why they set the yeomen free when they made them prisoners. "Oh!" quoth the Boer, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "those poor yeomen of yours, we can always capture them when we want them." This is not a good story to tell if you want an encore, if you happen to be sitting round a yeoman table or camp fire.—London Daily News.

Explains His Own Killing.

In Ireland the peasantry still use the word "killed" in its original sense, conveying the idea of serious injury, rather than death. Thus the frequenters of Irish courts will often hear a witness swear in assault cases that he was "kilt entoirely." An amusing instance in which the word was used in that sense appears in a report of a case recently tried in Sligo. An old man, who had been assaulted, was being examined by a young and inexperienced barrister, who was conducting the prosecution. "And were you stunned when you were knocked down?" he asked. "Was I what, yere honor?" asked the witness. "Stunned," repeated the barrister. "Shure, I don't know what yez mane, sor." "Were you rendered insensible?" "Shure, what's insensible, at all, at all?" the witness asked, his face showing clearly that he was perplexed. "I'm afraid I cannot get any good of this stupid witness, my lord," said the counsel. "Let me try him," said the Judge. "Come, my good man, did they kill you now?" The face of the witness brightened up and he exclaimed: "Faix, that they did entoirely, me lord."

Taking No Chances.

"So your son is to marry? Why doesn't he wait till he is older and wiser?"

"Ah! but in that case he would never marry at all!"

Lord Russell's Quick Wit.

One day (a legal correspondent writes) before the late Lord Chief Justice took sick, he was sitting in court when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered: "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," instantly replied Russell.

On one occasion Lord Russell went to hel pthe Liberals in a certain campaign. He began (his speech of set purpose with some very badly pronounced Scotch. After the confusion caused by his apparent blunder had subsided Sir Charles Russell (as he then was) said; "Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch, but I vote Scotch." Tremendous applause followed, whereupon Sir Charles proceeded, "and I sometimes drink Scotch." With this his hold on the audience was secured.—London Daily News.

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GEN. WASHINGTON

Was the Subject on Which the Citizen of of Piety Hill Let His Patriotism Loose.

After he had helped the plates and vetoed the baby's proposition to sit with both feet on the table after kicking over the coffee pot, this patriotic citizen of Piety Hill thought it the proper time to discuss Washington for the children's benefit. He first told the hatchet fable to the smaller ones and came out strong on the moral.

"But that is denied," interrupted the elder daughter, who is wearing her first long dresses this winter. He flashed an awful frown upon her and meant to hurry along that the sublime faith of the "kids" might not be impaired by this heresy, but the daughter had no idea of being suppressed.

"And I just read the other day," she went on, "that he had a horribly violent temper. It was something frightful when he got to going."

Baby's attempt to swallow a dessert spoon made a welcome interruption, and the father branched off to the fare well address. It was one of the most beautiful, soul stirring and impressive things in the English language. It was superb——

"But I just read in a January magazine Washington did not write it at all. The author"—

"Go to your room, young lady. You sceptics would have interrupted the Sermon on the Mount. Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Half the authors have been plagiarists. The Bible is not authentic. Nothing is real, not even the toothache. The world's going crazy. I say that Washington never told a lie. He wrote his own speeches. He was first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Catch that baby!"

But it was too late. The patriotic little chap, in his excitement had kicked himself over backward, a shower of dishes submerged him, and the subject of Washington was, by tacit consent, put over for a year.—Detroit Free Press.

Housewifely.

He—I say, I've got a bit of coal or something in my eye.

She—Dearest! If it is coal do be careful. Remember coal is $5.25 a ton!

Willing Testimony.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent.

"It's grand," was the immediate reply. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?" he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:

"After Using the amtomating Backaction a type writ, er for three emonths and Over. I unhesstattingly pronounce it pronoce it to be al even more than the Manufacturs Cliaim? for it During the time been in possession e i. th ree month zi id has more than paid for itself in the saving of an dlabor.—John $ Gibbs."

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent, and most quickly went away.

He Got All His Change.

"I never felt so cheap in all my life," said Short, "as I did one day in a department store. I bought a book for 99 cents and while I was waiting for it a young woman, whose good opinion I valued, came up and we began to talk. The book was wrapped up and handed to me by the girl at the counter, and after a short while the young woman asked?

"'Are you waiting for your change?"

"I replied that I was, but in fact I hadn't been thinking of it. I wanted to talk to her and made that an excuse for staying. After the usual long delay, when it had passed entirely out of my mind the girl at the book counter stepped up and said:

"Here's your change, sir."

"And she held a bright new cent in her open hand so that the other girl saw it. I felt a chill at once and just because it appeared to the young woman that I had been waiting all that time for a cent. I got a reputation for close-fistedness that is still sticking to me."

As Fate Would Have It.

Many years ago an Arkansas youth, on leaving the home of his sweetheart late at night, received a severe kick as he stepped out of the door. His beloved had not responded definitely to his proposal of marriage, but had assured him that she would soon let him know what she could do for him. He, unfortunately for two tender hearts, took the kick for an answer departed for a far and wild country. Here he brooded over his wound and his broken heart until his beard grew down to his knees and his nose became Roman.

As fate would have it, as fate always has it, he turned up late one sad, sad evening when the straw-neck hens were quarreling on the roost and the brindle cow was lowing mournfully for her hungry offspring. A young man some six feet tall met the lonely visitor. It was one of seven sons, born, from time to time, unto his old love. Explanations followed. It was not the girl who kicked him thirty years before. Oh, no! It was her angry father. She loved him. It was all clear now. He went out to the horse lot cut off his beard with the sheepshears and kicked himself down the hill.

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

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NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Upper Arrow Lake at the corner of Lot 1139, Group 1, and marked "Arrowhead Lumber Company's south-west corner post," thence east along the north boundary of Lot 1139 30 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 50 chains more or less to the shore of Upper Arrow Lake, thence southerly and following the shore line of Upper Arrow Lake to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th May, 1905.

ARROWHEAD LUMBER COMPANY, LTD.

J 1

NOTICE.

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

GEO. S. McCARTER,
Secretary to said Company.

Dated May 30th, 1905.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

NOTICE.

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.

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Solicitors for the Executors.

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ROBERT SAMSON

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR

A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER XXV.

Irene put the bracelet in her pocket and Mrs. Hooper stood by, her hands folded while they took their tea.

Every now and then she raised her eyes and looked at them, and Madge once or twice caught the glance directed to herself.

She felt the gaze of the sad, frightened eyes and as she walked to the door. Mrs. Hooper looked after her.

"Mrs. Landon is a very beautiful young lady, Miss," she said timidly.

"Yes, indeed!" assented Irene, warmly. "She is lovely. Did you ever see such hair and eyes?"

"No, Miss; they're wonderful. I suppose Mr. Royce Landon is very fond of her?"

"Of course he is!" Irene said with surprise at the question.

"I—I beg your pardon, my lady," faltered Mrs. Hooper confusedly. "I was not thinking of what I was saying. As you say, he must be very fond of her, being so beautiful and proud."

Irene was silent for a moment, for there seemed a note of interrogation in Mrs. Hooper's voice.

"By the way, Mrs. Hooper, you haven't seen Mr. Royce?" she remarked presently.

"N—o. Not for some years, Miss. No, not at all, I think."

Irene looked at her. The most ordinary question seemed to upset the weak-nerved woman.

"Perhaps you are thinking of his brother, Seymour?" she said.

"Miss. I—I've seen Lord Landon."

"Of course," said Irene; "he was here the other day with me, you remember."

"Yes, I remember," assented Mrs. Hooper in a low voice, and as Irene rose she got the tea-things together. Then she stopped and glanced towards the door where Madge stood, her supple figure standing out against the sunlight.

"About that bracelet, Miss. Perhaps you'd be so kind as to give it to her ladyship quietly."

"Quietly!" echoed Irene, raising her brows.

"I—I mean to give it to her when she's alone. She might feel annoyed at leaving so valuable a piece of jewelry behind her."

"You need not be uneasy on that score, Mrs. Hooper. Her ladyship will not be annoyed in the least. She has so many bracelets that I doubt whether she would have missed this—at any rate for some time. I think we must be going now. Thank you for the cup of tea. Is there anything I can do for you? Anything I can send you from the Towers? Are you fond of reading—would you like to have some books? You must find it dull here, all alone.

"No, thank you, Miss. No, I don't feel it dull. I like the quiet of it."

The two girls got into the pony carriage, and as Irene drove off she said:

"What do you think of Mrs. Hooper, Madge? Poor woman she is dreadfully nervous and timid, isn't she?"

Madge was silent for a moment, then she said:

"Yes. Why does she look so frightened? And if she is so timid, why does she live in such a lonely spot?"

"I don't know," said Irene. "She is an old servant of her ladyship, as I told you, and she always declares that she likes to live as she does, but I think I must persuade madam to send one of the younger girls to live with her—that is," she added quickly, "you must persuade her."

"I!" said Madge, opening her eyes.

"Yes, dear. It is you who must do that kind of thing now; you are her daughter-in-law, you know."

Madge smiled sadly.

"I am afraid the countess would not be persuaded to do anything by me; and I should be more nervous than Mrs. Hooper if I were to attempt to persuade her ladyship; especially after—after this morning."

Irene changed the subject quickly, and gradually wooed a smile to Madge's face; and the two girls were driving along happily enough, when suddenly Royce came riding down upon them from a lane.

"Have you enjoyed your drive, young ladies?" he inquired.

"Oh, very much," said Madge. "Where are you going, Royce?"

"Into the town," he said. Then, after a moment's pause, he added, with forced lightness. "By the way, Irene, can Johnson, the tailor, be trusted to make a habit for Madge, do you think?"

Madge's face turned crimson and then pale, and Irene blushed in sympathy.

"Oh, yes, I should think so," she replied.

"Well, we'll give him a trial, anyhow," he said with an unnatural carelessness. "The fact is, I forgot to have one made for her when we were in London. I'll hurry him up with it, for I've looked at that horse for you, Madge, this morning. You might drive in to-morrow and try it on—the habit I mean and not the horse. Good-bye! I shall overtake you if you don't take care." And he galloped off.

Madge looked straight before her as they drove on in a painful silence; then Irene stole her hand into Madge's and whispered her name consolingly.

Madge turned her eyes toward her; they were full of tears.

"She told him that she had seen me on the colt," she said.

"And if she did!" retorted Irene. "Who cares?"

"Royce cares," said Madge, in a low voice. "I—I saw by his face! Ah, it is of no use, no use!"

Irene tried to encourage her, and made light of the incident, but she could not succeed; and as they drove up to the Towers Madge looked up with a faint shiver as if its shadows had fallen across her heart.

After the two ladies had left the cottage Mrs. Hooper stood at the door looking after them for some time; then she went in, locking the door after her, and resumed her small household duties. The morning passed into afternoon, and the afternoon into evening, and the waning light still left her sitting there brooding.

She got up at last with a heavy sigh, and lit the paraffin lamp, and had just got the globe on when there came a knock at the door.

"It's she," she murmured. "I'm stupid and foolish to-night, but it's the thinking, thinking!"

With the lamp in her hand she went to the door, unlocked it, and opened it a few inches. Then she uttered a frightened little cry, and tried to close it again, for a man stood on the step.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," was the reply, in a whining voice, "it's only a gentleman as wants a drink of water."

She pushed the door hard, but the man had slipped his foot between it and the frame, and forcing it open, stood face to face with her.

Martha Hooper held the lamp as high as her trembling hand permitted, and as the light fell upon the man's face she screamed and shrank back against the wall.

"How d'ye do, Martha?" he said; "kind of a surprise; ain't it? You're cocked all of a heap with joy, ain't you? Come, pull yourself together, and don't stare as if I was a ghost."

"It—it is you, Jake!" she gasped at last.

"Of course it's me!" he retorted, with a mocking laugh. "Did you take me for my brother, who died before I was born?"

"I—I thought you were dead!" she panted, eyeing him with hopeless and fearful horror.

"I dare say," he sneered, "the wish was father of the thought, eh? Well, I ain't dead; though, for the matter of that, I am nearly, for the want of something to eat and drink. Come unglue yourself from that wall and do the hospitable. Where's the fatted calf, and the red, red wine?"

She went along the wide passage, with her hand against the wall, as if she had scarcely strength to walk unaided, and led the way into the room in which the two girls had sat.

"Humph, pretty well, but it isn't my idea of comfort. Take me where there's a fire."

He limped before her into the kitchen, and stirred the fire with his foot.

"That's better," he said; "and now what have you got to eat and drink—specially drink? Don't stand there gazing as if I were a stuffed pig. Pull yourself together, Martha! Lord, you're just the same frightened, scared, rabbit-headed individual you used to be. But you've altered in appearance, my dear. You've got old, my dear. You've got old, Martha—very old!"

She drew a long breath and went tremblingly to a cupboard, and brought out the dinner she had left and placed it on the table.

"Cold chops—leastways, there's only one. Cold chop! That's a cheerful kind of food for a hungry man; and—and you don't mean to say you ain't got anything better than that?" he continued with dismay, as she placed a jug of water on the table. "Not a drop of gin, or rum! Well, I'm dashed!"

He flung a chair to the table, dropped into it, and drawing the despised chop toward him, proceeded to dispose of it as a dog does.

Having caused the chop to vanish, he wiped his mouth on the tablecloth, took a glass of water with a wry face, and lit an evil looking pipe.

"And so you thought I was dead?" he said, tilting his chair back and staring at her with a sinister smile.

"Yes," she faltered, "I thought so; I heard so."

"Ha!" he retorted, drawing at his pipe, and puffing out a thick volume of smoke. "That's what most wives say when they give their husbands the slip and want to get married again. By the way are you married again?"

She shook her head, still staring at him.

"That's just as well, though I shouldn't have minded much. You see, you've gone off so, my dear Martha! Lord! to think that you are the girl as used to come tripping down the lane to meet me at the stile—tck, tck!" and he clicked his teeth.

The woman's eyes filled with tears, and she put her hand to her throat.

"Don't Jake!" she said.

"Don't what? Don't go back to the old times, eh? You want to forget 'em, I suppose; as you've forgot me!"

"I have never forgotten you!" she said truthfully, and with a shudder.

"You looked as if you had when I came in," he said. "But I suppose I've altered a bit, too." He pulled up his ragged and dirty collar, with a touch of vanity which would have been comic if it had not been grotesquely hideous. "Yes, when a man's been knocking about the world, getting all the rough and none of the smooth for—how many years is it?—he gets the paint knocked off. Looking at me, now, who'd recognize the Gentleman Stroller, eh? Heigh-ho! What times they were! Ah! I never had any luck—never! I ought to have appeared at Drury Lane, but I never got a chance—never! Men who couldn't hold a candle to me; men who used to play Laertes to my Hamlet, and Mercutio to my Romeo, got on the London boards and made their fortunes. But luck was dead against me—dead! And yet they called me the Gentleman stroller. He looked down at his fustian, mud-stained clothes, and sighed pensively for a moment, then he looked up with angry impatience. "But what do you care? You that went and deserted me, when my luck was at its worst, and because I hadn't any money!"

"No," she murmured, "I would have starved with you, and you know it. It was not till you drove me away, till I was afraid——" her hand unconsciously went up to a scar hidden by her smooth, thin gray hair.

"Well, that's enough of old times. What have you been doing with yourself? What are you doing for a living now? You seem pretty comfortable." He glanced round the plain but neatly furnished kitchen. "Yes, you're comfortable enough!"

"And you ain't married again, and live all alone here? Why——" he laughed an unpleasant laugh, "blest if I wasn't forgetting! Where's the boy?"

Martha Hooper's face became whiter, if that was possible, and her lips trembled, and at last came out the words:

"Dead!"

"Dead, eh!" he said. "Well, whom the gods love die young. That's Latin. So the kid's dead, is he? Well, he was off your hands, anyhow; you hadn't got to keep him as well as yourself. And how are you living, eh? What made you choose this dead-and-alive-spot?" He looked round. "It's a wonder you haven't been murdered in your bed, old woman."

Martha Hooper shuddered.

"Perhaps it would have been better," she murmured almost to herself.

"Eh?" he said. "What are you muttering at? Why don't you answer my question?"

"I—I've saved a little money, and—and I do a little needle-work," she said faintly.

He looked at her for a moment through his half-closed eyes—a look of savage amusement.

"My dear," he said, "you were always a poor hand at lying; and, if anything, you're worse now. There, I know all about it. You've got a friend among the nobs, Martha; a friend who's put you in this snug little cottage, and made you comfortable for the rest of your life."

She opened her lips as if to contradict him, but no word came; and, watching her with the same sinister smile, he went on

"And very nice it is to have such a friend—very nice. I wish I'd one like it, and such a nob, too. A real countess!"

Martha Hooper sank into the chair, her pale eyes fixed on his, as if waiting for some blow.

"You see, I know a little about it. But don't it strike you as curious, considering all things—I say, considering all things—that her ladyship should take you, Martha Hooper, in hand?"

"I—I was an old servant," she faltered.

He laughed and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the clean floor.

"Stuff and humbug! The Countess of Landon doesn't pension off all her old servants. Why should she you?"

Martha Hooper started as he pronounced the title, and he nodded and leered at her.

"Surprised that I know who it is, eh?" he said. "What do you take me for? I've been here two days, my dear, and I've learned a great deal in that time. For instance, I've learned that the countess not only finds you in home-rent and grub and beef, my dear, but that she sneaks out at night to pay you visits."

Martha Hooper half rose, and then sank down again.

"Don't deny it, because it isn't any use," he said knowingly. "I followed her here last night."

"Last night!" she echoed faintly.

"Give me a light."

She got up with some difficulty, and lit a screw of paper at the fire.

"Hold it," he said, and thrust his head forward with the pipe in his lips. She tried to obey, but the flame dabbed against his nose, and he snatched the paper from her trembling hand.

"Pah!" he growled. "You haven't got the pluck of a mouse; you never had, Martha. There you sit, shivering and shaking like an underdone jelly, and that's how you shiver and shake when she comes to see you, I suppose. You haven't an ounce of pluck, or you'd get up and order me out. It's your cottage, you know; why don't you do it?"

The wretched woman looked at him fearfully, and he laughed with keen enjoyment of her helplessness.

"I'll tell you why you don't, my dear," he said, puffing out the smoke defiantly, insolently. "Because you're afraid. You've got a bad conscience, Martha! That's what it is! 'Conscience makes cowards of us all'—Hamlet. Shakespeare, you know. You've been up to some tricks Martha! Come, give an account of yourself to your faithful husband! What have you been doing since you bolted with the kid—deserted the best husband that ever a woman had?"

"When—when you struck me——"

"Which you deserved, my dear," he put in blandly.

"And—and I left you, I went to Australia. Then—then the child died—— Then I—I came back to England, and madam took pity on me and kept me out of charity."

"Out of charity!" he said with a sneer. "I never heard of such charity. Why, she ought to have hated you more than any other woman on earth And you know why!"

"She—she did not hate me," she said almost inaudibly. "She pitied me."

"Pitied you, eh? Why, my dear!"

"Because I was your wife!" she said in a low voice of rought up indignation and loathing. "Because she knew that you were—a ruffian and a bully, a scoundrel and a coward! Know—as I came to know—that under your fine clothes and play-acting airs you were the vilest wretch that ever deceived and ill treated a woman——" She stopped for lack of breath.

Jake did not move, but sat puffing at his pipe and leering up at her keenly.

"Bravo, old woman!" he said. "You've plucked up a bit of spirit at last."

"Yes," she breathed. "At last! You—you asked me why I do not turn you out of the house. I do! Go! You can get nothing by staying here. I am poor. The pittance she allows me out of the goodness of her heart she would not let me share with you, even if I would—and I won't!"

"She wouldn't, eh?" he said, as if considering deeply. "She'd stop your allowance, eh Martha? Turn you out of the cottage?"

"Yes!" she panted, "and I should deserve it if I harbored you, Jake Hooper."

He sprang to his feet and strode toward her.

"I don't think she would!" he said with his head on one side, an evil smile on his lips. "No, I don't think so. Shall I tell you why, dear?"

She looked at him fearfully and shrank back.

"Shall I tell you?" he repeated. He caught her by the arm and dragged her to him, and whispered huskily in her ear.

She uttered a cry, a terrible cry, and dragging herself away from him, shrank back against the wall, her hands pressed over her heart, her eyes dilating and fixed upon him.

(To be Continued.)

THE WONDERFUL TIBETANS.

They Are Said to Be a Delightful People.

If another nationality were needed to round out and complete the British "family,"—something resembling the English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, but a compromise between their various qualities,—it is suggested that such a nation has been brought to light in the Tibetans, who seem to combine all the traits that have made the British nation what it is.

They are, first, exceedingly devout in religion; they appear to be remarkable business men, hard-headed as any Scotsman, having a keen eye for openings, and drive hard bargains; and they are said to be as full of humorous sentiment as the wildest of Irishmen.

They celebrated Christmas last year, and took to the festival as to the manner born. A company of them, attired in the most grotesque costumes, paraded under the leadership of a white-bearded old man, representing Father Christmas, and danced to weird, inharmonious music in the happiest fashion. They made fun of great dignitaries, and even of one who was dressed up as the Emperor of China.

A delightful people they appear to be, and Lassa, too, seems to be full of reminders of the right little, tight little island. Mr. Millington, the author of "To Lassa at Last," says he saw in the shops looking-glasses made in Austria, penknives made in Germany, and a certain popular type of English bicycle.

FRENCH WOODEN SHOES.

Wooden shoes in France are produced to the extent of about 4,000,000 pairs yearly. They are made in Alsace and Farriers by machinery and in Lozere by hand. In the last named province 1,700 persons are engaged in this manufacture, and the yearly product is more than half a million pairs. The best are made of maple. In the provinces, nearly every lady possesses a pair of the finer sabots, for wearing out in damp weather. These have monograms and other designs carved on the vamps, and they are kept on the foot by ornamented leather pieces over the instep. The manufacture of these pieces of leather is a regular business in France.

It is very bad luck to dream that you are not married when you are.

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Press your hand hard enough over your mouth and you can smother a cough, but you can't cure it that way. The outside is the wrong end to work on.

Scott's Emulsion

thoroughly cures coughs because it strikes at the root of the trouble. The throat and lungs need a regular system of education to cure an old cough.

The point of value about Scott's Emulsion and coughs is that while Scott's Emulsion does soothe the raw throat and lungs, it also nourishes and heals the inflamed parts.

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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS 1904.

FARM·FIELD GARDEN

THE DAIRY COW.

Anything that Professor Haecker has to say on the subject of the dairy cow will command attention as it will be based on a long experience and is sure to be conservative and consequently accurate.

At a recent dairy meeting Prof. Haecker had this to say:

"A cow should always be brought to her freshening period in prime physical condition. It is not meant that she should be fat, but that she should be in good physical tone. This can generally be brought about by giving her two or three pounds of bran, or bran and shorts equal parts, or oats during the time when she is dry. This will cause her to start in her lactation period with a maximum flow of milk. She will, during the time, that she is dry, store up 100 to 150 pounds of surplus weight of body, which will milk down during the first few weeks of her lactation.

By the time she has returned to her normal weight she should be on full f , which, with us, during the past few years, has been six to twelve pounds of grain, according to the dairy work that she is doing and as much rougage as she will eat up clean. If the farm grains are cheaper, pound for pound, than commercial feed stuffs, such as oil, gluten feeds, cottonseed meal or bran and shorts, then the ration should be chiefly composed of grains, always using

TWO OR THREE KINDS.

"The nearer we can keep the feed within the farm crop, the more money we will make. The basal ration should be farm grains of which oats is the best milkfeed. Gluten feed and meal and linseed and cottonseed meals should be fed very sparingly on account of price. Protein, however, is generally the cheapest in the feeds containing a high per cent. of this important nutrient.

"But all does not depend upon the particular combination of feed stuffs. You should have good cows and be good dairymen. If either of these factors are wanting the desired results will not be attained.

"In the first place, cows should come fresh in the fall. If the calf is dropped in the spring, great shrinkage in the flow of milk will follow during the summer, when unfavorable conditions prevail, over which we have little control. Flies, short pasture and press of farm work invariably raise havoc with the flow of milk, and by fall you will have a lot of unprofitable strippers to board.

"If good winter quarters are provided, and a liberal supply of roughage and some farm grains are grown with cows fresh in the fall, a better and more profitable yield can be secured. With cows in full flow during stall feeding here is profit during the winter, even if feed is expensive. Then we get better prices, and this is an additional reason that the largest yield should be at this season.

"Much attention should be given to each cow, especially as she approaches the time of calving. At this particular time grooming and caressing has a wonderful effect. Have the cows fond of you and be with them much at this time. See that they are provided with a comfortable box stall. See that the calf is removed the first day and don't let her see you take it away. Go into the stall soon after the calf is removed, groom and caress her, and if she gets the idea that you are the calf, so much the better. Her affections are aroused and if they are bestowed upon you so much the better; she will have the desire to

GIVE YOU MUCH MILK.

"Do not hurry her back in her stall, but leave her in a comfortable box stall a few days. She is in a feverish condition, her udder is inflamed and the extra comfort she gets in the box stall will be a great relief to her. See that she has a branmash or oats on which some hot water has been poured and allowed to stand for a time.

"Give such feed as bran or oats until she returns to normal condition, which generally requires but a week. Observe the strictest regularity in all things, and see that nothing occurs which will check the daily increase in the flow of milk. At first she needs little feed but much attention. As she decreases in weight of body, increase the feed gradually, but be careful not to increase it so rapidly that it has to be reduced; better that she should be short a pound than half a pound too much.

"See that the cows are comfortable and contented, and never give them an outing at the expense of comfort. Feed mornings and evenings They should all be in their stalls by 11 o'clock and from that time until 3 they should not be disturbed They are in better condition for digesting food and secreting milk when quietly at rest in stall and chewing the cud, than when wandering about the yard waiting to be let into the stable. Too much stress has been placed upon feeding a so-called balanced ration, the kinds and combination of feeds, and too little upon the comfort of the cow, gentle treatment and strict regularity."

SHEEP NOTES.

Sheep should not be compelled to eat at the same rack with cattle.

Cut straw as a bedding for sheep keeps the dirt out of the wool.

In mixed farming, there is nothing that will pay better than a small flock of sheep.

Sheep should never be kept beyond the age of thrift and vigor.

If you keep sheep, put enough good blood into them to get the best returns from their products.

The greatest profit in feeding sheep for mutton is gained while the animals are young.

Sheep, kept clean, are not affected by scab, except it be communicated to them by scabby sheep.

In selecting a ram, it is important to see that the wool is as nearly as possible of one grade throughout the entire fleece.

As a rule, sheep are dainty, and will neither eat dirty food nor drink foul water unless compelled by extreme hunger or thirst.

A lamb that persistently eats snow will rarely do well, hence the habit should be broken up as soon as possible.

Nothing is more certain than that a sheep living on the dry feed of winter cannot prosper without drinking.

The manner of feeding has considerable to do with the amount of cold sheep can stand.

A lamb's cotted fleece is much more worthless than the fleece of an old sheep.

The more sheep a man can keep on a given area the smaller will be the cost of production.

While a wet fleece is to be avoided it is not really as bad as wet feet.

It is certainly much better to cull at an early age and not wait until a sheep has lost you money before it is sold.

It is not only important that the flock, as a whole, should gain in value, but each sheep of the flock should be gaining.

It is not altogether the number of pounds you put on that makes the profit. It is the flesh that they are in that makes them sell well in market.

In feeding hay to sheep, as with grain, no more should be given them than is really eaten up clean; more than this is wasteful.

Sheep should be so gentle that the owner can go among them without causing a scare and rush.

Jumping over rails and bars is exercise, but not just the kind that breeding ewes need.

Whenever the weather will permit it, sheep should be allowed to run out a few hours each day.

JAPANESE SPIES.

Mikado's Soldiers Say They Are Brave Men.

Japan has endeavored to raise the business of espionage to the standing of an honorable profession. It regards its own spies with the same pride that it feels for its soldiers. Every one remembers the incident of the Japanese officers who, disguised as Chinese, were arrested in the early days of the war, when they were about to make an attempt to blow up the bridge over the Sungari River. The rank of the senior officer says Mr. Douglas Story, in "The Campaign With Kuropatkin," was a colonel.

Before they went out to stand against the Russian platoon of infantry, they specially bequeathed the money in their pockets to the uses of the Russian Red Cross.

To mark their appreciation of espionage as a distinct branch of honorable warfare, the Japanese did a curious thing after the Battle of Liau-yang. They captured a Russian spy, dressed as a Chinaman, and after shooting him, passed into the Russian lines a communication in which they hailed him as a brave man, and expressed the hope that the Russian troops held many others such as he.

When one remembers the execration with which spies have been hailed by other nationalities, this Eastern exaltation of the calling is, to say the least of it, curious.

ARTESIAN WELLS IN PERU.

The success of artesian wells for irrigating purposes in this country has encouraged the Peruvian government to undertake the boring of such wells, under the direction of an American expert, in the Chiclayo district, which is at present irrigated by canals and drains connected with the rivers. Besides its extensive sugar-cane industry, there is a growing interest in cotton-planting in that country, and the planters await with much eagerness the result of the government's experiments.

MARCONI, THE MAGICIAN

ROMANTIC LIFE STORY OF THE GREAT INVENTOR.

Not Yet Thirty Years Old and Famous the World Over.

To become famous in five continents at twenty-four, and to crown this rare feat by winning for his wife the charming daughter of a peer, is such good fortune as falls to the lot of few men in a generation. And yet this is but part of the wonderful achievement of Guglielmo Marconi, who recently led one of Lord Inchiquin's fair sisters to the altar, says London Tit-Bits.

If ever a man was justified in counting himself the favored child of fortune, surely it is this young Italian, who leaped in four short years from obscurity to a fame wider than even Pitt enjoyed, and who, while still in the twenties, has made his name a "household word" all the world over. And, perhaps an equally remarkable thing, he remains as unspoilt as when he was an obscure student at Bologna and spent his spare hours

DABBLING IN CHEMISTRY

in the laboratory in his father's house at Griffore. In those days—and they are only ten years removed from now—he was deeply interested in electricity, but only as a hobby.

"I had fitted up a rude laboratory, or workshop," he says, "in my father's house near Bologna, where I had begun to work with primary batteries and thermopiles, grappling with the problem of transforming heat directly into electricity. I had also experimented with the utilization of steam in engines, and had likewise been deeply interested in chemistry." But he had then no more idea of fame or of the direction in which it would come to him than the man in the moon.

It was the reading, in 1894, in an Italian journal of the work of Professor Hertz that first suggested the idea of sending messages through space by means of etheric waves; but, as he says, "the idea seemed so simple and evident to me that at first I had no thought of attempting practical experiments to demonstrate its possibility, because I knew there were many clever men in the world experimenting with etheric waves, and I thought some one would quickly work out the problem."

It is characteristic of the unselfishness and modesty of the man that he actually waited nearly a year

TO GIVE OTHERS A CHANCE

of taking the palm which he knew he had but to stretch out his hand to make his own; and it was only when there was no sign of its being appropriated that he began to make his experiments, and quickly succeeded in sending aerial messages a couple of miles across his father's estate. What has happened since those 'prentice days—how he has since sent winged messages across the wide Atlantic, has made it possible for ships to hold converse a thousand miles apart, and how, in fact, he has, with almost a wizard's magic, annihilated space—the world knows.

And what kind of a man is this magician who has still to see his thirtieth birthday? This is how he is described by one who knows him well: "A slight young man of medium height, but who scarcely looks it, with brown hair, cut short and parted at the side, a light brown moustache, deep-set blue eyes, and a look of boyishness which he never seems to outgrow. Just the kind of neat, well-groomed young men you see by the thousands in the streets of London."

In fact, few men of fame ever "looked the part" less than this wonderful young Italian. His modesty, too, amounts almost to diffidence; he will talk charmingly on any subject but himself, and is ready to take to his heels at the mere mention of

THE WORD "INTERVIEWER."

And yet he is sufficiently human to confess that "It is nice to be famous," and to enjoy the fruits of his genius and industry. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is his voice, which is soft and low and musical—the voice, in fact, of his native Italy; and the contrast between his slow, deliberate method of talking and his restless, tireless energy when at work is as marked as that between his modesty and his achievement.

He has none of the eccentricities which seem to be the usual accompaniment of genius. When he was once asked whether, like Edison, he was ever so absorbed in his work that he forgot to eat, he answered, "I think never. You see, my stomach always cries out at the proper moment, and I always hasten to obey its call"; and to the question, "You wouldn't have starved for wireless telegraphy?" he replied, with a smile, "No, indeed; I have too good a digestion."

STRANGE FISH-TRAP.

At Dover, England, there is under construction a series of immense breakwaters which will greatly increase the size of the harbor. In the work, says the London Express, a big diving-bell is employed. When this machine was descending recently the men seated round its sides saw in the glare of the electric light a strange sight. The water beneath them suddenly became alive with thousands of tiny silvery fish which darthed hither and thither in their efforts to escape the unexpected captivity. Some succeeded in diving under the edges of the bell, but as it descended nearer and nearer the bottom, the few inches of water remaining became thick with the fish. When the bell rested on the bed of the sea the men captured nearly a thousand of the sprats. The fish were probably attracted by the electric light which is used in the bell.

Horses will do more for a whistle than a whip, when the whip is handy.

YOUNG FOLKS

COUNTED IN.

The three new acquaintances, each engulfed in a huge rocker, sat side by side on the veranda of the little hotel. Before them lay the lake, gray under the shadow of a passing cloud and the heavy fringe of pines along the shore.

Lawrence and Teddy had known each other for two days, but Annabel was an arrival of the morning.

"She's only a girl," Lawrence had said, "and her name's silly, but we'll try her, and if she can do things and knows lots, like boys, we'll count her in, and ask her to catch turtles with us, shall we, Teddy?"

There were no other children at the hotel, and the two boys were eager to find a worthy playmate.

Lawrence, by virtue of being the oldest, conducted the examination. "Can you row?" he asked.

"M-hm," answered Annabel, indifferently.

"Can you swim?"

"Yes." Annabel swayed her head gently to rock the chair.

"I've swam in Lake Superior," said Lawrence, proudly.

"I've swum in Miller's Lake and in this lake," chimed in Teddy, eagerly.

"Swam," corrected Lawrence.

"Yes, swam," assented Teddy. "Where have you swum, Annabel?"

"Lots of places," returned the little girl. "I used to in the Atlantic Ocean when I was littler, and once, a year ago, in Great Salt Lake."

"Oo-oo!" said Lawrence. "Is that lake salty, the way they say?"

Annabel nodded. Evidently Lawrence must make the advances.

"Couldn't you tell about it?" he suggested.

"Why, certainly," said Annabel, politely. "Mama and papa and Frankie and I were at Salt Lake City for a day, and we took the cars and went to the lake. You have to ride over white ground, where the lake was once. It is all salty. The lake has—receded, mama says."

"Why did it?" asked Teddy, bluntly.

"It evaporated."

Lawrence and Teddy exchanged puzzled glances.

"That means the sun dried it up," explained Annabel.

"This one doesn't dry up," said Teddy, skeptically. "I've been here lots of summers."

"Well, this has an outlet. The steamer passes it. You remember. I saw it when I came.'

"Oh, yes."

"Well, Great Salt Lake hasn't any outlet, and the sun dries the water up and leaves the salt, lots of it."

"Didn't it smart your eyes?"

"I didn't put my eyes in," said Annabel. "You see it isn't deep at all. We waded out a long way, several blocks, I guess, and it didn't come up to our necks, and only just came above papa's knees. It was very warm, the water was, almost hot, and felt so good. You can float on it. It has so much salt in it you can't go down, and we sort of paddled along on our stomachs, with our heads sticking up. It's real sticky, and we had caps on our heads to keep our hair from getting sticky. Mama had a big bath-towel wound round her head.

"We spattered each other and shut our eyes, and when the water dried off our faces there were white patches of salt. The sand under the water is gray, such a nice, clean gray. I brought some home in a bottle. There's a long bath-house with lots of dressing-rooms in it, hundreds, I guess, and there's a fresh-water spray in each one, so you can take a nice shower-bath when you come out, and get the sticky off."

Each boy hung over the arm of his chair nearest the middle chair, and listened in wonderment. Annabel leaned back idly and told her story like the finished little traveller that she was. "Have you studied percentage?" she asked.

Even Lawrence shook his head without a word.

"It's sixteen per cent. salt," she said, "and that's a great deal. Papa told me. They think that once it was lots bigger'n it is now, twenty times. They think, you know, that in time there won't be any lake left."

"Oo-oo!" said Lawrence.

And "O my!" said Teddy.

Annabel leaned forward, somewhat excited by the appreciation of her auditors. "It'll be all evaporated, you know, and if you boys want to go swimming in it you'd better go quick!"

Lawrence looked at Teddy, and when he caught his eye gave a significant nod. Then he turned to Annabel, politely. "Will you go and catch turtles with us?" he said.

PERIODS OF HUMAN GROWTH.

Children born between September and February are, some authorities state, not so tall as those born in the summer and spring months, and the growth of children is much more rapid from March till August. The extremeties grow rapidly up to the sixteenth year, then there is slow growth until the thirtieth year. The legs chiefly grow between the tenth and seventeenth year. Comparing the general result, it appears that there are six periods of growth. The first extends up to the sixth or eighth year, and is one of very rapid growth; the second period, from eleven to fourteen years, growth is slow; the third period, from sixteen to seventeen; the fourth period shows a slow growth up to the age of thirty for height, up to fifty for chest girth; the fifth growth is one of rest, from thirty to fifty years; the sixth period is characterized by a decrease in all dimensions of the body.

"What is Johnson's business?" "I think he is a book-keeper; at least, he never brought back the one he borrowed from me last summer."

WEAK, TIRED PEOPLE.

Need New Blood in Spring to Bring Health and Strength.

Spring blood is bad blood. It is clogged with impurities that make themselves felt in many ways, such as pimples and eruptions, poor digestion, occasional headaches, twinges of rheumatism, a lazy feeling in the morning, and a strong desire to avoid exertion. Sometimes the nerves are unstrung, you feel dull and depressed, and your strength is slipping away. You can only be put right by enriching the blood and driving out the impurities. Purgatives won't do this—they only make you weaker. What you need is a tonic, and the best tonic that medical science has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood, brace the nerves and bring health and energy to weak, despondent and easily tired men and women. Mrs. Chas. Blackburn, Aylesford Station, N.S., says: "For the past ten years Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine I have taken when I found I needed medicine. Last spring I was feeling poorly, was weak, easily tired and depressed. I got three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they made me feel like a new person. They are the best medicine I know of when the blood is out of condition."

If you need a medicine this spring—and there are few people who do not—take a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you will find an improved appetite and new health and strength such as no other medicine can give you. There is no disease of the blood these pills will not cure, simply because they make the new, rich blood that drives disease from the system. The genuine Pink Pills have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GARDEN CITY NEAR LONDON.

Philanthropic Englishmen Plan a Model Town.

To build a city with industries as varied as to support a population of thirty thousand, and to house the people on model lines in a community where everything is done to retain the advantages of the country, is the ambition of a company of philanthropic Englishmen. They have bought thirty-eight hundred acres of land in Hertfordshire, some thirty-five miles from London, and there they are laying out and building "the first garden city in England."

The situation is high and healthy. The land is fertile, and should provide much of the vegetables the new community will require. From most parts of the town there will be uninterrupted views of the country, and in the town itself natural features are to be preserved as far as possible. For example in the main square, round which will be erected the public buildings, stand three old oaks. These are to be left and guarded.

From the railway-station to the square runs the main avenue, never less than one hundred feet wide, and in all directions from the square will radiate roads from forty to sixty feet wide—that is to say, as broad as the Strand and Cheapside, the busiest streets in London. Wide margins of grass will border them, and to carry out the park-like appearance the builders purpose that the house-lots shall be arranged on what they call "the New England plan," of open lawns and no front fences.

On the eastern side of the town, beside the railway line, has been set apart a site of about one hundred acres for the factories on which the town will depend for its existence. Engineers, cabinet-makers, motor-car builders and printers are already established. The factories are to be hidden from the residences by a belt of trees, and as the prevailing winds are from the west, the smoke and smell will be carried away from the houses.

Every dwelling will have a garden. The houses will be so built as to secure light and air on all sides, and the factories will be constructed with the same object. Everywhere there will be public gardens and parks and recreation-grounds, and nothing ugly or unsanitary will be allowed. The company will be able to enforce such restrictions because it will sell no land. Yet the rents from which it is to draw its revenue have been fixed at less than half the average rates prevailing in English cities.

The town itself will cover thirteen hundred acres, and if the surrounding villages are included in the "proposed total population," there will be thirty-five thousand people in the whole community. That will give some twenty-three to the acre for the town, and, taking the whole area of the estate, nine persons to the acre.

There are streets in London—some that one would hardly like to call slums—where there are nearly four hundred persons to the acre. To toilers so crowded in the dreary metropolis the garden city should seem like a glimpse of heaven.

WHEN BABY SMILES,

When baby smiles mother knows he is well and happy. When he is cross, ailing and fretful, she gives him Baby's Own Tablets, and finds that there's a smile in every dose. These Tablets cure all little ailments of childhood, such as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and simple fevers. They make teething easy, and promote natural sleep and repose, and are guaranteed not to contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. Robt. Dean, Tisdale, N.W.T., says:—"I find Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for little ones, and always keep them in the house." You can get the Tablets from your medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHIPS COLLECT RENTS

SOME SEARCH FOR SUNKEN ROCKS AND SHOALS.

British Ironclads That Are Not Used for Fighting Purposes.

Ironclads are of two kinds—some are combatants and others non-combatants—that is to say, they never do any fighting at all. Besides the Channel Fleet and our cruising squadrons which act as police to our possessions in all parts of the world, we have nearly a dozen warships that spend their time in collecting rent, battling with sea-elephants, searching for shoals, and the like, says Pearson's Weekly.

The shoal-finders carry drag-nets instead of cannon, and sounding-lines and thermometers instead of torpedoes. A few years ago we had no vessels of this kind, and we might not have had them now were it not for the fact that in February, 1890, the magnificent Australian liner Quetta went to pieces on a hitherto unknown death-trap in Torres Straits, and drowned 133 of her passengers and crew.

When the disaster was reported to the Admiralty they bestirred themselves, and sent out an ironclad to investigate the Golgotha of the deep. The vessel discovered an extraordinary isolated rock, situated in the centre of the Torres Straits, which separates Australia from New Guinea.

FINDING THE TORRES NEEDLE.

It was a species of submerged natural monolith, similar in shape to Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment, with its apex rising to within a few feet of the surface of the ocean.

The warship, herself, was nearly impaled on the hideous spike, for the "Torres Needle," as it is now called on the chart, scraped some feet of paint off her hull.

The exact position of the "Torres Needle," thanks to the Admiralty, is perfectly well-known to-day to all mariners who sail those seas, and since the wrecking of the ill-fated Quetta, no vessel has been impaled upon it.

To our discredit a similar sea-needle remained uncharted when it was known that it was responsible for many terrible disasters. It exists at Cape Agulhas, and after a dozen or more stout ships had gone to pieces upon it, our Admiralty thought it would be wise to discover its position, and have it accurately marked on the chart.

AN OCEAN DEATH-TRAP.

To this end an ironclad was ordered off to Cape Agulhas, and while dredging, some remains of a sunken hulk were pulled up, which proved to be those of the mail screw steamer Teuton, which was impaled on the needle in the early morning of August 30th, 1881, and foundered within an hour, carrying with her to the bottom of the sea over 200 of her passengers and crew.

When the Lords of the Admiralty were told that there was a sunken rock in mid-Atlantic, whose top was only a little distance below the surface of the ocean, they laughed. When, later, a couple of ships went down in the Atlantic for no apparent reason, they became more credulous, and sent a vessel out to look into the matter. The captain of the ironclad found the rock situated only a few miles to the northward of the route taken by the big Transatlantic liners.

Its whereabouts were indicated to him by a small expanse of greenish sea amid the surrounding blue, with a dark spot in the centre, where the "cap" of the rock projected to within a yard or so of the surface of the Atlantic.

The position of the rock, called "The Virgin," is now well-known to mariners, and for years past this ocean death-trap has failed to claim a victim.

EXPERIMENTS ON A WARSHIP.

Whenever a new rock or shoal is reported to the Admiralty by ocean-going vessels, H.M.S. Research, Britain's best sea-searcher, proceeds to the spot indicated, and sails around, towing her "submarine sentry," which gives instant warning to those in charge of the machine the moment it touches a hard substance.

The "sentry" has discovered hundreds of rocks and shoals during the last few years, and the Admiralty have warned mariners of their whereabouts.

Some time ago the Research went out to Ushant, carrying on board Dr. Fowler, of the Royal Society, for the purpose of making experiments on the depth at which certain forms of sea life were believed to exist.

Dr. Fowler came home loaded with specimens, and although the trip had cost the Admiralty and the Royal Society large sums of money, they were both amply satisfied with the result.

H. M. S. Research and Gulnare have wasted both time and money in searching for non-existing rocks and shoals in different oceans. The former vessel sailed for two or three days round the mouth of the Channel in a vain search for a shoal reported as existing by half a dozen merchant vessels of various nationalities.

Not so very long ago the Irish coastguards and ship-owners declared that the Maiden Rocks, near Lorne Harbor, on the West Coast of Ireland, were so magnetic that the compasses of vessels passing them were affected, and in consequence could not be relied on. Our Admiralty sent one of her sea-searchers to Ireland, and she proved that the report was false. That little trip cost Britain something over $500.

John Bull also has a couple of disarmed ironclads which search the ocean for derelicts.

THEY DON'T FIND MANY, but those they do come across are blown up with dynamite on the spot.

France has a special vessel for visiting her island possessions and collecting rents, rates and taxes from them. This vessel when off duty, and she nearly always is, spends her time in delivering Government messages to coast stations.

We have no particular vessel for rent-collecting, but now and again we are forced to send an ironclad or a gunboat to Tory Island, on the north-west coast of Ireland, to try to make the people pay their rent, rates and taxes. We have not succeeded yet, however, notwithstanding that we have been "dunning" them for the past twenty years.

In 1884 we sent the gunboat Wasp to the island, and while returning as poor as she went, she was wrecked off the coast, and many of her crew were drowned. A few years ago a bigger fighting vessel sailed to Tory and even she failed to collect a penny from the inhabitants.

The Grenade, a French gunboat, has so little work to do that she goes off now and again to catch porpoises in the Mediterranean.

The French fishermen are glad when the Grenade comes on the warpath, for the porpoises have increased to such an extent that their sea-nets are continually being torn to threads by the creatures.

H. M. S. Flora, while anchored at Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, was attacked by a huge, black monster that arose with piercing cries from the foam. The captain armed his crew with harpoons and rifles to destroy the dangerous beast, and after two or three hours' hard fighting it was killed, and dragged on deck. The monster proved to be a sea elephant, and measured quite forty feet from nose to tail.

HE FEELS AS YOUNG AS EVER

MR. CHESTER LOOMIS TOOK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

And From a Used Up Man He Became As Smart as a Boy.

Orland, Ont., May 1—(Special).—Mr. Chester Loomis, an old and respected farmer living in this section, is spreading broadcast the good news that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for the Lame Back and Kidney Disease so common among old people. Mr. Loomis says:

"I am 76 years of age and smart and active as a boy, and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for it.

"Before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so used up I could hardly ride in a buggy, and I could not do any work of any kind. Everybody thought I would not live long. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy."

The Kidneys of the young may be wrong, but the Kidneys of the old must be wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills make all wrong Kidneys right. That is why they are the old folks' greatest friend.

DEATH STRUGGLE WITH LION.

Wrestling Match Nearly Cost the Trainer His Life.

While a Franco-American athlete named Rey was practising in Paris with a lion named Brutus for the wrestling championship of Europe, which was to open at the Hippodrome, he had a narrow escape of losing his life.

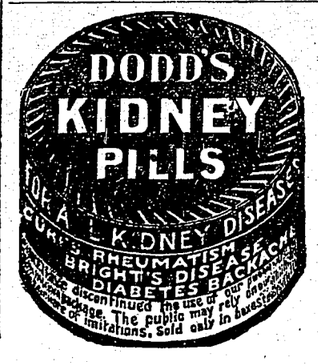
The lion, while its fore paws were on the trainer's neck and its head over his shoulder, unexpectedly fastened its teeth in his jacket. The trainer stopped wrestling, and tried to disengage himself by withdrawing from the jacket and leaving it in the lion's possession.

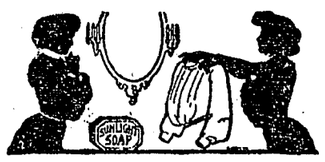
But he was unable to do this, and Brutus, without becoming actually savage, warmed to the encounter, and began to tear the trainer about the shoulders and sides. Although bleeding freely from fifty wounds, Rey, who is a powerful, athletic young fellow, kept his head, and realizing that he was at the mercy of the brute if he fell, kept him off as best he could.

By this time Mr. Bostock and his assistants had gathered round the cage trying to rescue the trainer, and watched with apprehension the realistic combat between the man and the lion. The wrestling bout, which had commenced in the usual playful manner, had now developed into a grim contest, in which one of the combatants was fighting for his life, and for fully two minutes his fate seemed sealed.

Rey kept up the unequal contest, but a further difficulty in the way of his rescue was the fact that in a cage communicating with Brutus a companion lion was making desperate efforts to force an entry through a half-open door.

At last Brutus was lassoed by Mr. Bostock and dragged into the adjoining cage. After Rey had been bandaged in the Hippodrome infirmary he was taken to the Rothschild Hospital, where the doctors said that, thanks to his athletic constitution, if blood poisoning did not set in they hoped to save him.





Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 5B

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

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.

In an old Virginia cemetery there is a weather-beaten tombstone bearing these inscriptions:—

I await my husband. May 26th, 1840.
Here I am. December 14th, 1861.

Some joker has added:—
Late, as usual.

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woolens and flannels,—you'll like it.

We can help to make people bright by our keenness, but we can never accomplish anything towards making people good except by our tenderness.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c

A fool is generally a person who detects your faults while you are in the act of calling attention to his own.

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—64

Robinson—"What spoilt Archie's chance with Miss Million?" Jenkins—"She told him she disliked compliments." "And he persisted in paying them?" "No; he was stupid enough to believe her and stop!"

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured for Thirty-five Cents.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35c.—47

"I married for money," said the gloomy man. "Wasn't there a woman attached to it?" asked the cynic. "Of course there was," with increased gloom; "so much attached to it that she never parted with a cent."

To prevent it Better Than to Repent. A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

Mabel—"So you have broken off the engagement? Have you returned his ring?" Amy—"Why, no! that wouldn't be reasonable. Of course I have changed my opinion of George, but I admire the ring as much as ever."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

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

Jackson—"How's your family?" Johnson—"Pretty well, thank you!" "Any of your daughters married yet?" "No; and I can't understand why they don't go off. They use powder enough, goodness knows!"

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body as a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE!

fortea drinkers is to give them a hot, steaming cup of FRAGRANT

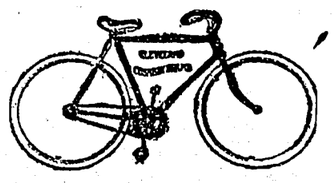
Blue Ribbon

instead of some ordinary kind. They'll notice the difference quick enough, then nothing will do them but BLUE RIBBON TEA.

Try the Red Label

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.



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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

Moscow is situated almost in the geometrical centre of European Russia.

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Mistress—"I understand you stood for a whole hour in the doorway last night talking to the policeman, Biddy?" Biddy—"Shure, you wouldn't have me shtand there for an hour and say nothin', ma'am?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

"What did papa say?" "He showed me the door." "And what did you say?" "I said it was certainly a very handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine."

A General Favorite.—In every place where introduced Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has not failed to establish a reputation, showing that the sterling qualities which it possesses are valued everywhere when they become known. It is in general use in Canada and other countries as a household medicine and the demand for it each year shows that it is a favorite wherever used.

Mrs. Bender—"Yes, I couldn't abide the neighborhood; it was unfashionable, you know." Mrs. Hatper—"And you could think of no other way to improve it than by moving?"

Better Without a Stomach than with one that's got a constant "hurt" to it. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets stimulate the digestive organs. Let one enjoy the good things of life and leave no bad effects—carry them with you in your vest pocket—60 in box, 35 cents. —48

Where there's a will there's delay. Words on the weather flock together.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Lady of Uncertain Age—"She behaved abominably. She told me I was a hopeless old maid. Wasn't that unladylike?" Kind Friend—"It certainly was, but it's better to be rude than untruthful."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup needs no recommendation. To all who are familiar with it, it speaks for itself. Years of use in the treatment of colds and coughs and all affections of the throat has unquestionably established its place among the very best medicines for such diseases. If you give it a trial you will not regret it. You will find it 25 cents well invested.

Employer (to new office boy)—"Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon?" Office Boy—"Yes, sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming."

Manly Strength and Womanly Beauty depend on purity of the blood, and much of that purity depends on perfect kidney filtering. If these organs are diseased and will not perform their functions, man will seek in vain for strength and woman for beauty. South American Kidney Cure drives out all impurities through the body's "filterers" —repairs weak spots.—46

EARTHQUAKES IN BRITAIN.

Earthquakes are not so uncommon in the British Isles as might be supposed. Of the 6,831 earthquakes which have been reported in the world from the earliest times up to 1850, the British Isles were responsible for no fewer than 255. The district of comrie, in Perthshire, is the favorite resort of the earthquake, and in the winter of 1839, 140 earthquakes were experienced in this locality. Both in England and Scotland the autumn is the commonest time for earthquakes, there have been seventy-nine in autumn, seventy-four in winter, forty-four in spring, and fifty-eight in summer.

Concerts are a nice thing to keep a man from having a good time.

FOR SALE—FASHIONABLE BLOOD stallions of Arab, Clay, Morgan, Hambletonian and thoroughbred blood for sale, on time, or may be syndicated. For pedigrees and particulars address John B. Hall, M.D., 326 Jarvis St., Toronto.

225 ACRE FARM IN THE GARDEN spot of the world, rural delivery at the door, and church on the farm, on the main county road 2½ miles of town, large dwelling with 7 rooms, 2 porches, 2 halls, cellar, plenty barn and stable room, carriage house, lovely large shade trees, weeping willow and maple. You can raise about anything you plant on this farm; half of it is clay, balance is dark loam, choice apple and peach orchard, best of grass land, healthy climate, 50 acres in wood and timber, can mail you 32 page book describing Maryland all free by asking. Price of farm now $2,000. Price will soon double, we farm and plow 9 months in the year on this farm. Address Dr. J. Lee Woodcock, 406 Camden Ave., Salisbury, Md.

Stump and Tree Pullers

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

Customer (severely)—"Do you sell deceased meat here?" Butcher (blandly)—"Worse than that." Customer (excitedly)—"Mercy on us! How can that be possible?" Butcher (confidentially)—"The meat I sell is dead—absolutely dead, sir."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

He who expresses his willingness to die for a woman always reserves the right to fix the date of his demise.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Rita—"Did you say, 'This is so sudden!' when Jack proposed?" "No. I intended to, you know; but I was so flustered that I forgot, and cried, 'At last!' instead."

Twitchy Muscles and Sicoplosenses—The hopeless heart sickness that settles on a man or woman whose nerves are shattered by disease can best be pictured in contrast with a patient who has been in the "depths" and has been dragged from them by South American Nervine. George Webster, of Forest, Ont., says: "I owe my life to it. Everything else failed to cure."—44

Hewitt—"That fellow saved me from bankruptcy." Jewitt—"How was that?" Hewitt—"He married the extravagant girl I was engaged to."

Those whom neglected coughs have killed were once as healthy and robust as you. Don't follow in their paths of neglect. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

right now. It is guaranteed to cure. It has cured many thousands.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 E. C. WELLS & CO. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 308

ISSUE NO. 17—05.

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.

Crumm'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

Born

WILKS—At Revelstoke, June 10th, 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilks, a son.

AMAN—At Revelstoke, B. C., June 12, 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Aman, a daughter.

Married

CAMERON—WATSON—At Arrowhead, B. C., on Wednesday, June 14th, by Rev. Mr. Sully, Duncan Cameron, of Arrowhead, B. C., to Helen Amelia, eldest daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Watson, of Revelstoke.

LOCALISMS

The High School entrance examinations take place on Monday.

Don't forget the Apron sale on Monday afternoon on the Manse grounds.

Mrs. D. McPhadden returned on Saturday from Salmon Arm.

Don't forget the social on the Rectory lawn. Tuesday 27th inst.

W. M. Lawrence returned yesterday morning from a trip to Calgary.

Open air concert Monday night on Manse grounds, band in attendance.

Mrs. (Dr.) Graham returned Tuesday night from a visit to Kamloops.

Rev. W. D. Misener preached in the Methodist church last Sunday evening.

Mrs. E. Edwards returned yesterday morning from a three months' visit to friends at the coast.

C. R. Macdonald, manager of the Canada Drug & Book Co., returned on Saturday from a business trip to the coast.

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.

A party is being organised in the city to visit the Portland Fair about the middle of July. A private car will be furnished for the use of the party.

Arrangements have been completed for the lawn social under the auspices of St. Peter's Church Ladies' Guild, on the Rectory grounds, Tuesday June 27th.

R. Tapping visited Golden last week as agent for the Oregon Nursery Co. During his visit he arranged that the good people of Golden should have the privilege of hearing those delightful entertainers — Dale's English Opera Singers, by booking them for that town for June 21st.

PIPES REPAIRED AT BROWN'S.

A. Lucas, mining recorder, stationed at Kaslo, is in the city.

The s.s. Revelstoke will leave for Downie Creek tomorrow morning.

Geo. Sumner, mining recorder of Camborne, was in the city on Tuesday on a business visit.

A meeting of the License Commissioners for this district is being held at Illecillewaet today.

Walter Scott, mining recorder, of Nakusp, and Mrs. Scott were in the city for a few days last week.

Work is progressing rapidly on the residences of C. B. Hume and R. Howson, on Mackenzie avenue.

The Silver Cup and Nettie L. plants at Five Mile near Ferguson have been temporarily closed down for repairs.

The attraction of the coming week will be Dale's English Opera Singers at the Opera House on Tuesday night.

Mr. Briggs, of Messrs. Scott & Briggs returned on Monday from a business visit to the Fish River camp.

Miss Ruth Valentine, of the Canada Drug & Book Co., left on Saturday night on a month's visit to friends in Portland.

Ice cream and strawberries at the Apron sale on Monday afternoon and evening. Admission in the evening, 10 cents.

Don't forget that Dale's English Opera Singers will appear at the Opera House on Tuesday evening next—20th inst.

A mining exchange is being inaugurated at Trout Lake City by the mining and business men of that enterprising camp.

McGill matriculation examinations, final division, are being held this week, the local candidates are Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Vans, Rev. C. A. Procunier is presiding examiner.

The first lawn social of the season took place at the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday evening. There was a good attendance and the different booths were well patronised. The Independent band rendered a number of pleasing selections during the evening.

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

Mr. and Mrs. W. Tomlinson and family left on Saturday evening on a couple of weeks' visit to the coast and Portland Fair.

G. S. McCarter returned yesterday morning from Vancouver where he had been attending a sitting of the Supreme Court of the province.

F. W. McGregor came in on Monday from Salmon Arm and is employed by J. Kernaghan on the construction of C.P.R. section houses.

A meeting of the Amateur Dramatic Club will be held in the club rooms on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock, a full attendance of members is urged.

Contractor John Kernaghan has a large staff of men at work on the construction of section houses along the line of the C. P. R. east and west of this city.

The Twelfth of July will be celebrated by the Orangemen of the Interior at Armstrong this year. A special rate of $2.35 from Revelstoke has been granted by the C.P.R. for the occasion.

Messrs. J. Palmer and E. E. Adair left on Saturday evening as representative of Selkirk Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., to attend the Grand Lodge which is in annual session at Ladysmith this week.

The C. P. R. Telegraphs advise that on and after July 1st the rate to Japan will be one dollar and twenty cents per word from all points in B. C., a reduction of twenty cents per word.

A meeting of ratepayers will be held in the Opera House tomorrow night to discuss the by-law now before them for consideration, and which will be voted on by the ratepayers on Wednesday next.

The Peerless Entertaiment Co., of New York, will give an entertainment in St. Andrew's church on the 22nd inst. under the auspices of the Willing Workers. A feature of the entertainment will be panoramic views (life size) of the Passion Play as exhibited at Ober Ammergau.

Comaplix is one of the busiest towns of its size in the province. The Bowman Lumber Co., is enlarging the capacity of its sawmill, building a machine shop and erecting cottages for officers and employees. Over 200 names are on the payroll, and the businessmen are enjoying prosperity of the fullest measure.—Camborne Miner.

W. E. Townsend returned on the Imperial Limited this morning from Revelstoke, B. C. Mr. Townsend has been employed for several weeks installing the boilers for the new saw mill erected by the Mundy Lumber Co., near Revelstoke. He says the mill whistle was blown for the first time on Saturday last, and the whole plant will be in operation in a few days. —New Westminster Columbian.

Dale's English Opera Singers visited Victoria last week for a three nights' engagement but the Victorians were so taken with them that they were prevailed on to stay the remainder of the week, playing each night to bumper houses. Those who were not fortunate enough to hear this talented company on their visit to Revelstoke two weeks ago should not fail to attend the Opera House on Tuesday evening next when they will give another of their delightful entertainments.

Lights Out for Two Weeks

The city will be in darknesss for the next two weeks. Tuesday morning 150 feet of the flume was washed out by the flood waters.

EVERYTHING A SMOKER WANTS AT BROWN'S.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

See J. C. Hutchison for ICE.

Cut prices in Go-Carts at Howson's.

Smoke Brown's Union Cigar.

DROP IN AT BROWN'S.

Seed Potatoes for Sale apply to R. Tapping.

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

A new line of Fancy Tea Pots, 75c. and $1.25 each, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

WE ARE LEADERS IN THE CIGAR BUSINESS, BROWN'S.

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

Call and inspect Howson's large stock of Carpets and Furniture.

Smoke Brown's "Special" Cigar.

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

Globe Wernicke Sectional Book Cases at Howson's Furniture Store.

Latest addition to the table, Cerebos Salt 25c. tins, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

$ $ $ $ $ $ $ SAVED BY DEALING AT BROWN'S.

Smoke Brown's "Marca Vuelta "Cigar.

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

Look in our corner window for bargains in Jardiniers, all sizes and shades. C. B. Hume & Co.

Leave your orders early for Perserving Strawberries, expected next week at C. B. Hume & Co's.

We have just received a new lot of Inlaid Linoleumn, call and inspect them, C. B. Hume & Co.

If you want a snap in Go-Carts, call at John E. Wood's, clearing out at cost to prevent carrying over till next season.

Our line of Lace Curtains and house furnishings are now complete, call and see them before buying, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

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

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

Now that the hot weather is coming on, you need awnings for your south windows, better order them at once from L. A. Fretz. Also screens etc.

ICE! ICE! delivered to all parts of the city ahy 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.

Another shipment of the celebrated Globe Wernicke Sectional Book Cases in, you can only get these goods from us, beware of other dealers telling you they handle this brand, we have exclusive control of these here, all goods in quarter cut oak. John E. Wood's Big Furniture Store.

CIGARS TO BURN AT BROWN'S,

K. of P.

Gold Range Lodge, Knights of Pythias, held their regular meeting on Wednesday evening, with a goodly number present. Bro. L. C. Evans, Chancellor Commander of Vancouver lodge, being the guest of honor. T. W. Bain, Revelstoke's genial chief of police, arrived on the scene and was duly initiated in the mysteries of 1st rank, after which a very enjoyable hour was spent in amusements. Bros. Bennett, Mathia and Henry being chief contributors.

BROWN'S MEANS GOOD GOODS.

PUBLIC MEETING!

A public meeting of the citizens of Revelstoke will be held at the Opera House on FRIDAY, JUNE 16th at 8 p.m., to discuss the Water and Light Improvement By-Law.

J. McLEOD,
Acting Mayor.

TO-DAY!!

ICE CREAM SODAS

Manning's

JUST RECEIVED

Nice Pictures of the whole —"DAMM FAMILY,"— CALL AND SEE THEM.

NEW BOOKS

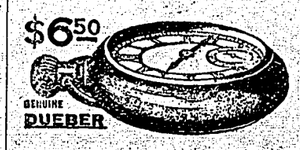
"The Monk's Treasure."
"The Marathon Mystery."
"The Silent Places."

NEW MUSIC

Niccolini.
Wild Roses.
Good Night, but Not Good Bye.
Life's Golden Rule.
There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Red Cross Drugstore
GEO. D. BEATTIE, PROP.
Bring Us Your Prescriptions
MONEY ORDERS ISSUED

$6.50



ELGIN OR WALTHAM $6.50
4-OZ. SOLID SILVERINE CASE

Dust and damp-proof, fitted with the very best seven jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement, stem-wind and set, and absolutely guaranteed for 5 years. Also a beautiful chain with each watch for the next 30 days. All complete, $6.50. Seeing is believing. Cut this out and send it to us, with your Name, Post Office and Express Office Address, and we will send the Watch and Chain to you for examination. If you find it as represented, pay agent the amount and express charges, and Watch and Chain are yours. If you wish to save paying the express charges send in the full amount, and we will forward to you Watch and Chain by mail, all charges prepaid. If you order C.O.D. a deposit of 50 cents is required as a matter of good faith, which amount will be deducted from your bill. Order at once, as this offer may not appear again. When writing mention this paper.

E. WAGNER & CO., 163 Cordova St., Vancouver, B. C.

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON ALL PURCHASES

Of Hats and Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Shirts, Blankets, Underwear, Mackinaws, Clothing, and all Furnishings, Men's, Women's and Children's Rubbers and Boots.

Have removed from my old quarters, near Depot, to Fretz' building First Street, West

E. J. BOURNE, - - First Street

J. G. Macdonald

THE UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIER.

Have You a Boy Who Wants a Summer Suit

If so, we're right after him. We want to put him inside of one of Our Spring Suits just for a trial.

Boys Here You Are

Come and See Them

Our Boys' Suits are nothing short of the Perfect Mark. Mothers send your boys to the Store and let them try them on. We have a well assorted stock in mostly all sizes. When you see them, we know that you will like them.

WE SELL NO TRASH—Good Cloth, Good Make, and Up-to-Date Styles. They may come a little dearer, but they wear twice as long, therefore being cheaper to buy in the end.

THE UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIER.

J. G. Macdonald