THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XVII: NO. 20 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1905 $2 00 a Year in Advance

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Department Store

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97-Piece Limoges Dinner Sett—Beautifully decorated, and you must have no doubt of the genuineness of the quality, as we import them direct from the French Factories. This magnificent Sett

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RICH, NEW CUT GLASS in all the New Designs. Cut Glass makes a much appreciated Christmas present. Come and pick out what you want while the assortment is complete.

A tremendous assortment of Japanese China Pieces in an endless list of prices. There is sure to be something among this lot that would make an acceptable Xmas remembrance for your lady friends.

'Xmas 'Glad Rags'

The "Bowery" term for Fine Clothes, is expressive. You will need some "Glad Rags" for Xmas, the Glad Season. We want to get you a Suit or an Overcoat made to your measure. We have these made in the Eastern Cities in the Greatest Wholesale Tailoring House in Canada. A guaranteed fit and finish.

We are now clothing most of the good dressers in town, why not you. All tailors are bound to be rushed with Holiday orders, so you had better see our eqpert at once.

C. B. HUME & CO., Limited.
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TRAINMEN'S BANQUET

In Honor of Fourth Vice Grand Master Murdoch — Guest of the Evening Presented with Handsome Gold Locket.

The trainmen of Glacier Lodge gathered at the Union restaurant on Saturday evening last to do honor to their fourth vice grand master, Mr. Murdoch. The banquet was a most sumptuous affair, far surpassing anything of the kind heretofore given in the city. The tables were tastefully arranged and handsomely decorated for the occasion, presenting a most pleasing and inviting appearance. Mrs. McKitrick is deserving of great credit for the excellence of the repast and for the perfect manner in which all arrangements were carried out.

Mr. Lee Anderson occupied the chair, and amongst the invited guests were A. Stephens, acting superintendent; R. Anthony, general foreman; W. Elson, trainmaster; Mayor Brown, Ald. McLeod, H. Stingley, J. H. Lyons, W. McCulloch, H. Trueman, W. W. Foster, Drs. Cross and Sutherland. About fifty sat down to do justice to the good things provided, and after several toasts and speeches Mr. Murdoch was presented with a handsome gold locket as a memento of his first visit to Revelstoke. On rising to thank the trainmen for their unexpected presentation, Mr. Murdoch gave a very impressive address. He spoke of his experience with railroad men in the west, dwelling especially on the good fellowship and harmony that prevailed amongst all classes from the officials down. He had been told in the east of the harmonious relations that existed between the different organizations, but now he had seen for himself and sincerely hoped that this friendly feeling would always exist. In conclusion he thanked them one and all for their kindness to him during his visit to their city, and he would look forward with pleasure to the time when he could once more be with them.

After singing the National Anthem the assembly dispersed to their homes all agreeing that this had been one of the most enjoyable banquets held in the city.

Mr. Murdoch is a Canadian who by his sterling qualities has won for himself a place on the Grand Board of officers of the International Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, having seen seventeen years of active railroad service as trainman and conductor on the eastern end of the C. P. R. He has a pleasing manner of speech and in a very short time should make a name for himself in the railroad world. With officials like him the B. R. T. should thrive and prosper even more than they have done during the past few years, marvellous as their growth has been.

Hospital Ball To-Night.

The great social event of the season, namely, the annual hospital ball, takes place this evening in the Opera House. The Ladies Hospital Guild, under whose auspices the ball is held, have been working energetically for the past two weeks making the necessary preparations for the successful carrying out of the undertaking. Special arrangements have been made whereby the ball will be effectively lit up. The Independent Band will furnish the music for the regular program and an orchestra consisting of Messrs. Walt. Barber, Harris, McKee and C. R. Macdonald will play the extras. Everything points to to-night's ball being one of the most successful in the history of the Guild.

A Challenge.

The City Basket Ball Club hereby challenge the R. M. R. (Militia) Basket Ball Club to a match game to be played either in the Drill Hall or Selkirk Hall on any night to be arranged mutually.

JAS. TELFER,
Sec. Revelstoke Basket Ball Club.

Event of the Season.

The Polmatier Sisters Orchestra Company will appear in the Opera House here on December 14th next, under the auspices of Fire Brigade No. 2. The Fire Brigade are receiving the congratulations of the citizens generally for their enterprise in securing for the city this high grade attractions. Particulars will be announced later.

BROKERS in good smoke, BROWN'S CIGAR STORE.

Lead 35 Feet Wide

The five storeys of the Silver Dollar mill are now erected and will be roofed in by the end of next week. The prevailing fine weather has been of incalculable assistance in the work, and from present indications it is assured that the exterior of the mill will be completed without hindrance from that quarter.

A force of miners is now at work at the mine, and, since starting a day or so ago, have driven five feet further into the lead in the new crosscut tunnel, making a distance of 35 feet that the lead has been driven into. The lead is an immense one and there are no indications yet of the foot wall. The galena formerly found in the quartz has nearly disappeared, giving place to iron pyrites which is usually a sign of gold values. When the foot wall is reached the lead will be drifted on so that ore may be blocked out in readiness for treatment when the reduction mill is ready to operate.—Camborne Miner.

MacLaren's Cheese in 15c, 35c, 55c, and $1 jars at C. B. Hume & Co.

LAST PAYMENT ON THE TRIUNE

This Famous Producer Now the Property of the Metropolitan Gold and Silver Co.—$125,000 Purchase Price.

After a hard struggle the shareholders of the Metropolitan Gold and Silver Mining Co. have paid out on the property and are now sole owners of the Triune and Metropolitan groups. The price paid for the Metropolitan group was $25,000, and for the Triune $100,000. In addition to the purchase price of the last named property, the vendors, Ferguson Bros., also got $250,000 shares of the Company's stock. This was afterwards purchased for $25,000 by the company.

Extensive development work is planned out for next spring and we predict a great future for the company.—Lardeau Mining Review.

JOHN McKANE MAKES MILLIONS IN AMERICA

The Biggest Individual Operator in the Whole State of Nevada —Mr. McKane Will be Remembered by a Host of Friends Throughout Kootenay Who Will be Pleased to Hear of His Success.

The biggest individual operator in the Tonopah Mining company's ground, Tonopah, and in fact, in the whole Proceeding to Pittsburg, he induced state of Nevada, is John McKane, who Charles M. Schwab and some of his came to Tonopah from Rossland B.C., associates to join him in the venture nearly three years ago, says the New and the Tonopah Extension Mining York World. Mr. McKane had not company was formed. In June, 1902, been very long in the camp when he the shaft of the Tonopah Extension decided that through that barren struck the ore body, and McKane's waste of sage-brush-covered ground judgment was vindicated. It is today now known as the Tonopah Extension without doubt, the greatest and richmine, the continuation of the greatest mine in the Tonopah district, and Mizpah vein would be found. He lost although on the market price of the no time in purchasing three claims stock only estimated by the public to located in an east and west direction, be worth $5,500,000, it could not be the most easterly of which adjoined purchased for $15,000,000.

(JOHN McKANE).

Mention has only been made of Mr. McKane's properties in Tonopah, the market value of which is about $11,000,000. Apart from these, he is the principal stockholder and president of the Midway Extension company, owns the control and is president of the Ophir King Mining company and is also president of the Belmont Extension Mining company, while he is also a large stockholder in the North Star, Montana-Tonopah and West End mines. These are his principal interests in Tonopah.

In sending out prospectors to find new mines, no man in Nevada has spent more money than Mr. McKane. No single operator has been quicker than he to become interested in new camps.

Cushing May be Counted Out.

Calgary, Nov. 21.—In the scrutiny today of six polling places and the counting of ballots heretofore in dispute Cushing's majority was reduced from 31 to 10.

Both parties express disappointment at the result. The liberals who have been counting on increasing their majority to sixty, had expected to lose about five instead of fifteen in the six divisions. The conservatives had counted on these six wards to wipe out Cushing's majority.

Liberals are still confident but somewhat nervous.

Surveyor Killed.

CALGARY, Nov. 21.—John P. Mitchell, aged twenty-one years, who was working with A. McCulloch's survey party at Hector on the Kicking Horse River, was walking along a narrow ledge in the mountains when he fell about twelve feet. He caught a boulder, which was not solidly embedded, however, and he went over another ledge falling forty feet, being killed instantly. Though the accident occurred at the end of last week, the body just reached Calgary this morning.

Smoke Brown's Union Cigar.

Catholic Church Entertainment

The oyster supper in the Opera House on Monday evening last, under the auspices of the Altar Society of the Catholic Church was a splendid success. There was a large attendance and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent by all. The following ladies were in charge of the tables:

1st table—Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Hart.

2nd—Mrs. Hutchison, Mrs. Fraser.

3rd—Mrs. Brock, Miss McCarthy.

4th—Mrs. Caley, Miss McConnell.

Children's Table—Mrs. Smythe and Miss Coleman.

Supply Table—Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Bell.

The chief feature was the watch contest between Miss McKinnon and Miss Knox, and the excitement was intense until the votes were counted, when Miss McKinnon was declared the winner. Father Pecoul made the presentation of a handsome lady's gold watch to the fortunate young lady amid tremendous cheering. Miss Knox was also the recipient of a handsome presentation, in the shape of a gold bracelet, for her splendid work in the contest. The ladies of the Altar Society are to be congratulated on the magnificent success of their efforts which will realize them something over $805 towards the funds of the church.

High Price of Silver.

Considerable interest is being aroused in business circles over the continued advance in silver, despite the growing gold production and the prominent position of the latter metal in the world's currency, says the Montreal Star:

Bar silver is now selling at 29 1-4d. in London, and at 64 3-8 cents per ounce in New York. This is the highest price silver has touched since January 1901, when it reached the same level of prices in both markets. On November 8, last, 63 1-8 cents was touched in New York for a short time.

According to London advices the prevailing price of bar silver, which, at 29 1-4d. is higher than it has been in nearly five years, is due largely to the small supplies on hand there and the existence of a large short interest. Two months' futures were selling at 28 11-16. With a bear market and the operators to considerable extent short of November delivery, silver had to be found for the French tender of 10,000 kilos.

Terrible Fire Visits Glasgow.

GLASGOW, Nov. 20.—The most terrible fire that has occurred in Great Britain for many years broke out here yesterday morning in a cheap lodging house, resulting in the loss of 39 lives and the severe injury of many others. The dead were mostly workmen in the prime of life. They presented a horrible spectacle, their blackened faces bearing evidence of the terrible struggle to escape.

$6,000 Clean-Up.

On the first of the month the clean-up of October operations of the Eva mine and ten-stamp mill took place at the mill and resulted in a goldbrick valued at $5,000 and concentrates to the value of $1,000, making the total returns from the month's work $6,000.

This is two months in succession that this amount has been yielded by operations at the above property, and considering that it was produced by a ten-stamp mill—not from picked ore but from quartz sent to the mill as it was shot from the lead, in which there is always more or less waste matter—reveals the fact that the Eva mine is above the general run of free gold properties in British Columbia, and is pretty good evidence that it justifies operating on a much larger basis than at present obtains.—Camborne Miner.

SCOTT OR HAULTAIN

Electors of Saskatchewan to Make Their Choice Dec. 2nd —Both Parties will have Full Tickets in Field.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 20.—The writs for the Saskatchewan elections were issued to-day. Polling is to take place on December 2nd.

Following is the list of constituencies for the coming provincial election and the candidates of two parties who have been formally nominated.

The liberals have no candidates as yet in Yorkton, but a nomination convention will be met in the immediate future:

Battleford—A. Champagne, liberal; S. F. Chisholm, conservative.

Batoche, Wm. Grant, liberal; E. P. Benoit, conservative.

Cannington—J. D. Stewart, liberal; E. C. McDiarmid, conservative.

Grenfell—C. J. Rossborough, liberal; Dr. Argue, conservative.

Humboldt—Dr. Leely, liberal; W. G. Smith, conservative.

Kinistino—Thos. Sanderson, liberal; Dr. Shadd, conservative.

Lumsden—Hon. Walter Scott, liberal; F. C. Tate, Conservative.

Maple Creek—John Dixon, libera D. J. Wylie, conservative.

Moose Jaw—O. B. Fysh, liberal; J. H. Wellington, conservative.

Moose Jaw District—John Sheppard, liberal; S. K. Rathwell, conservative.

Moosomin—A. S. Smith, liberal; Dr. Ellis, conservative.

Prince Albert City—Hon. J. H. Lamont, liberal; Wm. Cowan, conservative.

Prince Albert District—R. O. Tyreman, liberal; S. J. Donaldson, conservative.

Qu'Apelle, North—Hon. W. R. Motherwell, liberal; Dr. Rutledge, conservative.

Qu'Appelle, South—Frank Moffett, liberal; Hon. F. W. G. Haultain, conservative.

Redberry—Geo. Langley, liberal; S. A. Hamilton, conservative.

Regina City—J. F. Bole, liberal; H. W. Laird, conservative.

Regina South—Hon. F. A. Calder, liberal; J. B. Hakes, conservative.

Rosthern—G. Ens, liberals; A. D. McIntyre, conservative.

Saltcoats—Thos. MacNutt, liberal; A. C. Thompson, conservative.

Saskatoon—W. C. Sutherland, liberal; Dr. E. Munroe, conservative.

Souris—Dr. Lockhart, liberal; J. T. Brown, conservative.

Whitewood—A. Cowan, liberal; A. B. Gillis, conservative.

Wolseley—Levi Thomson, liberal; Dr. Elliott, conservative.

Yorkton, W. D. Dunlop, conservative.

In South Qu'Appelle the liberals are handicapped by the illness from typhoid fever of their candidate, Frank Moffett. The conservative candidate in this riding is Mr. Haultain, the leader of the opposition and the strongest man in the whole fight. Mr. Moffet's friends are putting up as good a fight as they can in his unavoidable absence, but it is generally recognized that South Qu'Appelle is a tory riding.

Hospital Ball

The Fifth Annual Hospital Ball, under the auspices of the Ladies' Hospital Guild, will be held in the Opera House on Thursday evening, Nov. 23rd. Gentlemen $2; Ladies $1.

STOVES! STOVES!!

We have Heating Stoves for either coal or wood or to burn both at from **$3 to $50.**

For Cook Stoves, "McClary's Kootenay Range for Coal or Wood is the favorite in the West both for economy in fuel, moderate cost and general construction. We keep these in three sizes, also a variety of other Stoves, Ranges and Heaters which may be seen in our Hardware Store.

In cooking utensils we handle the best lines made in Canada.

Try a Package of **IMP SOOT DESTROYER** to clean your chimneys.

BOURNE BROS. Mackenzie Avenue

Headquarters for Stoves, Groceries, Etc.

THE.... HUNTED MAN

I.

"And you think that everything promises well, Mr. Maurice?"

"My dear Miss Linton, I think that, so far as our efforts are concerned, Sir Ernest Parvyn will be free of Dartmoor by ten o'clock to-night. Thanks to your bribes and the promise of more, the warder will not fail us. He will be securely hidden after his escape until the motor-car can carry him to comparative safety. The chauffeur I have engaged can be entirely trusted, the yacht is ready, and you can be well away soon after midnight."

"Ah! how can I thank you for all you have done?"

"I have had a difficult task, I admit, and by way of reward I want you to make me a promise."

"A promise? And what is that?"

"It is simply this. My cousin, Sir Ernest Parvyn, was convicted of forging and negotiating certain bonds. You say he is innocent — well, perhaps; but I know nothing about that. I only know that you desired his escape, and, although you are aware how deeply I love you, I have sunk my own happiness to aid him. So far as I can be certain our plans for to-night will succeed, but should they fail by any chance you will lay yourself open to the charge of attempting the liberation of a convict."

"How will they connect me with the matter?"

"My negotiations with the warder have been conducted in your name. To save himself he will implicate you. If, therefore, we fail to-night, there is only one way to escape punishment."

"And that is?"

"You must come away with me. The yacht is waiting, and we can quietly escape. We must stay aboard until the affair has blown over, and then you can come back as——"

"Yes?"

"Mrs. George Maurice."

"Your wife? Oh, no, no; I could not do that. I promised Ernest I would wait—I promised."

"You cannot waste the next ten years of your life waiting for a convict. Parvyn may be innocent or guilty, but I do not intend to allow you to run any more risk. If we fail to-night I insist upon you coming away with me and hiding your identity under my name."

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall warn the authorities that Convict Parvyn, aided from outside and within, is about to break prison."

"You would never do it?"

"Do you think that I am made of stone, that I can be kicked along without feeling it? I have sacrificed all hope of happiness in aiding Parvyn's escape, and our plans are so well laid that there is but a bare possibility of failure. I reserve that possibility as a reward for myself. If we succeed you and Parvyn sail in the yacht; if we fail——"

"I must go with you?"

"Precisely. I see nothing else for it. You accept?"

"Since you insist upon making terms, I must."

"Then be ready at ten o'clock, but do not be alarmed if there is any delay in our arrival."

When George Maurice left Mamie Linton he walked home in a very contented frame of mind.

"Things are coming my way at last," he reflected. "Old Sir Rupert Parvyn dead of a broken heart, his saintly successor Sir Ernest in jail, and the scapegrace Jack Parvyn shot in a drunken brawl in San Francisco. Nothing now bars my succession to the Parvyn estates but the jail-bird, and if my friendly warder earns his money and shoots straight my last obstacle will receive decent interment at the expense of the Government. Then to settle down to a jolly life with Mamie. Yes, I'm in luck at last!" With this comfortable reflection he entered his sitting-room with the idea of celebrating the occasion with a brandy and soda. As he did so a man rose from the depths of an easy-chair and confronted him mutely. Maurice started back with a gasp of astonishment.

"Jack Parvyn!"

"Yes; Jack Parvyn."

"But—your reported death?"

"Sorry I couldn't oblige you. I'm not dead just yet, notwithstanding the two narrow escapes I had at the hands of your friends. I found San Francisco wasn't healthy and cleared out, leaving your hired assistants to earn your money by killing an unknown man and identifying the body as yours truly."

"It—it is not true."

"I am not here to listen to lies. After leaving 'Frisco I travelled down to Mexico, and there, in an old English newspaper, I saw the announcement of my father's death. What killed him?"

"Heart disease, I believe."

"Rubbish! He was killed by the disgrace of his eldest son and heir being convicted of forging bonds; and you—great Heaven! how can I keep my hands off you? You stood by and saw this injustice committed without raising a finger to save him. You forged the bonds and made me your innocent tool in negotiating them, after which you frightened me out of the country. I have yet to learn how you managed to implicate Ernest."

"Ernest is such a self-sacrificing fool that perhaps he did not require implicating."

"You mean——"

"I mean that you could not expect me to bang my head against a mil door by incriminating myself, and when your brother discovered your connection with the frauds he was quixotic enough to shield his father's favorite son by taking his guilt upon himself."

"You scoundrel! I see your game. You knew that two years in jail would kill Ernest, and with my death in 'Frisco you are next in succession; but you have played your last card, and I take the trick."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to right this matter at once by giving myself up and laying information against you. Ernest must be released immediately."

"Do not do anything foolish, but listen to me. You do not think I intend you brother, and my cousin, to remain in jail. I have been working tooth and nail for him, and to-night he will be free."

"Released?"

"No; escaped. He is, through the connivance of a friendly warder, to lie securely hidden on the moor. At a safe time a motor-car will pick him up. I am to meet him at Holgate Quarry. A yacht is waiting at the sea coast, and they will sail together to find their happiness."

"They?"

"Your brother and Mamie Linton."

"Mamie? Thank Heaven she is true to him! But I cannot believe you. Knowing as I do of your love for Miss Linton, you are too big a scoundrel to assist another man to carry off the prize. And what if this plan succeeds? My brother cannot claim his estates, but must live his days a hunted man."

"I assure you——"

"Assure me nothing, for I will not believe you. It is my opinion that you have persuaded my brother to escape, well knowing that he will be shot if his attempt is discovered. There is no time to be lost."

"What are you going to do?"

"Wire to the governor of the prison of this projected escape, and ask him to safeguard my brother until I arrive."

"You dare not."

"And why?"

"Because, in all probability, Ernest by this time is safe in hiding, and in any case he would not thank you to get Miss Linton into trouble."

"Mamie! What has she got to do with it?"

"Simply that bribing the warders and all other arrangements have been carried out in her name, and assisting a felon to escape carries with it a heavy penalty."

"You consummate blackguard, I might have known that you would not risk your skin in any way."

"Your hands are tied, Jack, and hard words are of no use. The only thing you can do is to join us and come with me to meet Ernest at the Holgate Quarry to-night."

"You have got the whip-hand for the moment, and I accept your proposal, but once Ernest is well away I warn you that I intend to set to work to see him righted, and if one hair of his head is injured in this foolhardy attempt to escape, look to yourself, George Maurice, for you will have Jack Parvyn to reckon with."

II.

A short distance from the Holgate Quarry two prison warders crouched in the shadow of a wall.

"It is long past ten. Are you certain this is the place?" asked one.

"I am sure of it. The fellow that's financing this game is too keen upon getting Sir Ernest out of the way to take any risks, especially as there is a lady in the case."

"Well, he ought to be here by now. Listen!"

As the men listened intently the faint rumble of a motor-car was distinctly heard. Gradually the sound became louder, and then, about a mile up the long lane, the side-lights shone out distinctly. It was the vehicle for which they had been anxiously waiting during the last hour, and both the warders aroused themselves for action.

Nearer and nearer came the lights—half a mile, a quarter; then a hoarse cry was borne upon the still air, followed by a crash. The car had overturned.

Leaving their hiding-place the warders rushed up the lane. Reaching the scene of the accident they found the car in a ditch, and stretched in the road was the senseless form of the chauffeur. Sir Ernest Parvyn, the escaped convict, was nowhere to be seen.

"Our bird has taken wing, unless he is under the car."

"Then if he is we've earned our money, for he'll be as flat as a pancake, and there's no need for shooting."

At that moment the moon shone out, and a few hundred yards away the warders saw a figure speeding along the road.

"That's our man; after him."

They both set off at top speed, and the hunted man, perceiving the situation, redoubled his efforts.

On they went, faster and faster, until nearing the Holgate Quarry, and then Parvyn, worn out by anxiety and long fasting, suddenly showed signs of exhaustion. On the warders came relentlessly, gaining yard by yard, and then arose the cry:—

"Halt, or I fire!"

The hunted man looked to the right and left. On one hand was the open country with small chance of hiding; on the other, the Holgate Quarry with its tremendous depth of excavations. Without a moment's hesitation Parvyn made a leap for the wall and pulled himself up. There was a ledge of some width running along the other side, where possibly he might hide for a few minutes. As he balanced himself on the top for an instant a shot rang out. With a wild cry he threw up his arms and then crashed backwards into the depths of the quarry. Down, down, clutching wildly at ferns and bushes; pieces of rock dislodged by his passage joined in his flight. Torn, bleeding, despairing, and then, at last—oblivion.

Was it minutes or hours when he recovered consciousness? He knew not. He was only aware that in some miraculous way he had escaped death.

Then a confused murmur of voices reached his ears from far above him, and by the occasional rattle of small stones down the quarry side he knew that he must have been insensible but a very few minutes.

As he gathered his senses together a smarting pain in his shoulder told where the bullet had struck. He stretched out his arms to ascertain what other injuries had been caused by his fall, and suddenly he sat up with a cry of horror.

His hand had rested upon the face of a dead man.

It was pitch-dark in that dismal depth. Parvyn was still in his convict garb, and was without matches. Alone with this unknown horror, he at last summoned up sufficient courage to search the dead man's pockets, and was rewarded by finding a match-box.

With trembling hands he struck a light and held it to the dead face.

"Great heavens! Jack! My brother!"

Yes; it was Jack Parvyn, sure enough, and the tears coursed down Sir Ernest's cheeks as he gazed at the well-loved face of his brother.

"How did he come by his death?"

And then the convict noticed the ends of at least a dozen matches lying by his brother's side, together with a pencil, and clutched tightly in the dead hand was a small note-book. Gently untwining the cold fingers he took possession of the book and read what the dead man had written:—

"My brother Ernest is innocent. The bonds were forged by George Maurice, and I was made an unsuspecting tool in negotiating them. I came home as soon as I learned the truth in order to clear Ernest. When George Maurice knew that I meant to expose him he lured me to the Holgate Quarry and threw me over. I am dying.—John Parvyn."

The match flickered out, and the man sat silent for a few minutes trying to piece the puzzle together. The chain of circumstantial evidence against him had been so complete that he had often wondered whether it had not been pre-arranged. With this message from the dead in his hands, he now understood many things that had hitherto seemed inexplicable.

One thing was certain. He had miraculously escaped death by falling across the body of his brother, and for a time at least he must keep his liberty. The warders would immediately search the quarry. The entrance was a quarter of a mile away, and they could not possibly reach him for at least twenty minutes.

After a little hesitation he stripped off his convict clothes, and in a few minutes had exchanged garments with his dead brother. There was a chance that when the warders came they would not recognize the difference, and, at any rate, it would give him a little time.

With a mute farewell he turned to grope his way through the darkness. He had gone but a few yards when a huge piece of stone, loosened by his fall, crashed down the quarry to the spot where he had been lately standing.

With an exclamation of horror he struck a light and looked back. The boulder had fallen across the upper part of his brother's body, and poor Jack Parvyn was beyond recognition. Weary and sick at heart he turned away and stumbled up the waggon path that led to the entrance. His one desire now was rest and sleep; every bone in his body was aching.

Then, half-way up the winding track, a number of lanterns flashed, and he saw the forms of half-a-dozen men. Sinking down in a friendly clump of bracken he watched them slowly file past him, and in the foremost man he recognized his cousin, George Maurice.

In a short time he was free of the quarry and speeding along the road he knew so well. Oh, to be able to rest for a few hours!

There was only one haven near if he could reach it. Mamie! Mamie would take him in. The blood was flowing freely from his shoulder; he was growing weaker with every step. At last, at last, the house was in sight, the well-remembered garden with its sweet-smelling flowers, the French windows so invitingly open, and a stream of light sheeding a welcome to the hunted man.

He stood in the shadow for a moment. The room was empty. He stumbled blindly forward and swayed on the threshold, then faintness seized him and he fell senseless behind the heavy folds of the velvet curtains.

As he lay there he had a dream. It seemed as if Mamie Linton was walking restlessly to and fro before the open window. He could see her beautiful face and hear the caressing sweetness of her tender voice.

"Oh, will they never come? Surely all our plans have not miscarried? Oh, Ernest, Ernest, why are you not here? Ah! if you only knew how I long to see you once again. What is that? Ah! the motor-car at last!—at last!"

As a man came dashing up the garden Parvyn completely recovered his senses, and George Maurice rushed into the room.

"Ernest! Ernest! Tell me, where is he?"

"Our plans have gone wrong. There is not a moment to lose. You must come with me without delay."

"But Ernest?"

"The motor-car was overturned close to Holgate Quarry. Sir Ernest made a dash for liberty, but was met by a search-party. He climbed the wall of the quarry and then fired. They brought his body up a few moments ago."

"Dead! Not dead?"

"Yes, my cousin is dead and you are in danger. The warder has confessed, and they will be here any minute. Come!"

"Nay, I will not go. What is the use?"

"I have kept my part of the bargain, and I insist upon you keeping yours. Come, I say—come at once."

He seized her by the arm and forced her towards the window.

"Stop!"

A blood-smeared figure emerged from behind the curtains and confronted them.

"Ernest! Ernest!"

With a glad cry Mamie threw herself into his arms, and George Maurice started back at the apparition.

"Sir Ernest—and alive?"

"Yes, George Maurice, I am still alive."

"But I saw your body carried out of the quarry within the last half-hour."

"No; you saw the body of my brother Jack, whom you sent to his death but a few short hours ago."

"It—it is not true."

"Liar! It is true, and your cowardly face shows it. When I exchanged clothes with my dead brother in the quarry I found this note-book, wherein he managed to write before he died. Here is the proof of my innocence and your guilt. You committed the crime of which I was convicted, and you are the murderer of my brother."

With a cry of rage and terror Maurice sprang forward with a revolver in his hand.

"Let me pass quietly, or by Heaven I will shoot."

Parvyn sprang forward and seized him by the throat, and in a few minutes they were engaged in a deadly struggle. Then there was a sharp report and the two men fell. George Maurice had a bullet through his brain, and Sir Ernest Parvyn had fainted from sheer exhaustion and loss of blood.

For many days Parvyn lay delirious, hovering between life and death, and when at last, through the tender nursing of Mamie Linton, he became his natural self, it was to find that he was no longer a hunted man. A considerate Government had extended to him a gracious pardon for a crime of which he was innocent, and the future, with Mamie by his side, seemed to open out into a glorious vista of love and happiness.—London Tit-Bits.

LETTER CARRIER'S PALACE.

Home a Frenchman Built With His Own Hands.

There has recently been discovered in the Department of Drome, in France, the extraordinary "palace" of a rural letter carrier, built in fantastic style by himself. The letter carrier erected his fairy mansion stone by stone with his own hands.

On his way across country one day he picked up a strangely formed stone, which flashed with brilliant colors. This excited his interest, and he began looking out for such things.

When he had collected quite a number of remarkable specimens he resolved to build a dwelling for himself with them. He is now 69, and he has consecrated every moment's leisure in the last twenty-six years to the work. Every stone in it he collected himself; he has used 3,500 bags of lime and cement, and has expended about 5,000 francs.

The "palace" now includes 1,000 cubic meters of solid masonry. It has four faces, ranging from eighty to thirty-five feet in length, and it varies from twenty to twenty-five feet in height.

One front displays an Arabic mosque placed on top of a Buddhist Temple; another resembles a Swiss chalet, but is decorated with colored pebbles; a third is in the style of a Roman temple, and the fourth of a castle of the Middle Ages.

The palace exhibits still other grotesque features which are partly fashioned after nature and partly spring from the letter carrier's own invention. There are figures of Egyptian gods and Druid priests and priestesses, sarcophagi, statues of the Virgin and the Evangelists, of Death, of the Goddess of Fruitfulness and of angels. All these are constructed with groups of colored stones arranged by the builder to suit his own sweet will.

Below the building he has dug a deep basement in which, like the Pharaohs, he has constructed a grave in which he will be buried when he dies. All around it are labyrinths and catacombs with stone figures representing elephants, bears, ostriches, serpents, flamingoes, geese and various gods.

The man has concentrated the whole interest of his life upon the edifice; he now lives in it; he is extremely proud of it and of the celebrity that it has gained him through the country, and is seemingly quite unconscious of the fact that he is generally regarded as a little bit crazy. He has no greater pleasure than in showing his great work to visitors.

HER OBJECT.

Bobby's mother was showing him a story book that contained many bright lithographs.

"And now, Bobby," she said, "can you tell me why the old witch was riding on a broomstick?"

"Why," replied Bobby, "I guess she was looking for her husband."

THE CHUGS

Mrs. Chugwater—This paper says the passengers escaped on a raft. How could they make a raft at sea?

Mr. Chugwater—They could use the ship's log, couldn't they? Why don't you use your reasoning faculties once in a while?

The last sovereign to abdicate was King Milan of Servia. He relinquished the crown in 1889.

About the House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Ginger Pears—To 8 lbs. pears after pared and cut in small pieces add 6 lbs. sugar, 8 lemons cut fine, a piece of ginger root an inch long tied in a cloth, 1 pt. water and 1 pint vinegar. Cook until thick.

Bottled Pickles—These neither turn soft nor shrivel up. Pour boiling water over them and let stand four hours. To every gallon of vinegar take 1 small cup sugar, 1 of salt, 1 teaspoon pulverized alum, 1 oz. stick cinnamon, ½ oz. cloves. Boil and pour hot over pickles.

Pumpkin Marmalade.—Cut a ripe yellow pumpkin into large pieces, pare, scrape out the seeds, and then weigh. To every pound allow a lb. of sugar and an orange or lemon. Grate the pumpkin on a coarse grater, and put it into a preserving kettle with the sugar, the grated rind of the orange or lemon, and the strained juice. Let it boil slowly, stirring frequently and skimming well until you have a smooth, thick marmalade. While still hot pour it into glass or china jars or tumblers, filling not quite full. When cold, pour over the top a covering of melted paraffin, cover with the lid or brown paper and keep in a cool, dark place.

Potato Pie—One-fourth pound of suet, onions, one-half pound oatmeal, four pounds of potatoes, one pound of flour, one-fourth pound of lard, baking powder. Chop the suet very fine, cut the onions small, pare the potatoes very thin, and cut in slices. Take a large agate pie dish, scatter some suet in first, then some onions, then some meal, and a layer of potatoes, pepper, and salt, till all is in, put potatoes on the top, then cover with a crust made of the flour, lard, and one teaspoonful of baking powder; bake for two hours in a moderate oven.

Hot Pot—One pound flank of mutton, carrot, turnip, onion, four pounds of potatoes. Wash and pare potatoes, cut into four or six; pare turnip, cut in slices; scrape carrot and cut in slices; cut onion fine; cut mutton into small pieces; put a little of it into the bottom of the agate stewpan, then potatoes, onion, carrot, turnip, mixed with pepper and salt, then some more mutton, till all is in; add one pint of water, and steam for two hours. Serve hot.

Celery Salad in Apple Cups—Cut a good-sized head of celery into half-inch pieces, slice two cucumbers thin, cut a dozen stuffed olives in rings. Add half as many English walnut meats as you have pieces of celery. Chop part of them, using some whole to scatter on top of the salad. Mix with a good mayonnaise and fill apples which have been previously scooped out. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Celery with Grated Cheese.—Serve crisp celery upon a low dish. The cheese should be finely grated, heaped upon a dish, and served with a spoon to each guest who desires it. The celery is dipped into the cheese and bitten off.

Grecian Rice Pudding.—Cook three tablespoonfuls of rice in three cupfuls of milk. Sweeten with a small cupful of powdered sugar and season with half a teaspoonful of salt and the grated rind of an orange. Add two ounces of cleaned and dried currants, four ounces of macaroni crumbs, an ounce of finely shredded candied orange peel, four egg yolks, and the white of one, and a gill of brandy. Cook in a double boiler until thick, turn into a pretty serving dish and serve with English orange sauce made as follows: Put into a saucepan four egg yolks and four tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat until the mixture becomes thick and whitish in color. Add one cupful of sweet cream, the grated rind and juice of a sweet orange, and cook over hot water until creamy. Remove the pudding from the fire, let cool, and beat until well frothed.

CEREALS COOKED WITH FRUIT.

Though most housekeepers realize the value of fresh fruit served with cereals, few know how much more satisfactory the breakfast can be made by cooking dried fruit with the cereal used. Any cereal can be used in combination with figs, dates or raisins, and besides being more healthful than when served plain, it is more pleasing to everyone.

Place the required amount of cereal and water in the double boiler and add ½ to 2-3 of a cup of figs or dates for each three cups water used. Cut the fruit in small pieces and stir it in so it will be well distributed, and cook a little longer than when no fruit is used. If any is left after the meal is over it may be put in cups and served cold, being much better than without the fruit.

Graham flour can also be used in this way, using two cups boiling water and ½ lb. finely cut figs with enough graham flour to make a stiff mush. Cook in the double boiler like the cereals. By adding half a cup sugar it makes a nice pudding which is best when eaten cold, the addition of the sugar making it unsuitable to serve hot.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

If you wish to keep your hair in curl, beat the white of an egg in a cup to a froth, then fill the cup up with rainwater. Wet the hair in this and roll up on kid curlers.

To soften the hands take 30 grains of gum tragacanth, seven ounces of rose water, and when dissolved add one-half ounce each of glycerine and alcohol. Perfume as you desire.

If you wish to clean and restore a dull mirror, soak a cloth in alcohol and rub thoroughly every portion of it. Follow this with a dry cloth, and you will be surprised at the brilliancy of the glass.

A mustard bath is much superior to the ordinary warm bath for bringing out the rash in eruptive fevers. It is prepared by adding from one to two tablespoonfuls of mustard to one gallon of water.

Creosote should never be put into a hollow tooth for toothache. It relieves pain, but inevitably destroys the substance of the tooth itself, which breaks away soon after leaving only the stump.

Mustard relish is made by mixing smoothly half a teaspoonful of made mustard with a dessertspoonful of sugar and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Stir till all is smooth, and serve with steak, bloater, etc.

The white holland window curtains that are discarded, if sent to a laundry to wash and be bleached, make very good shirt waists and white tailored dresses. They are all linen, and work up beautifully in this way.

For a dainty dish of peas, stew the green peas with a little butter and no water in a covered pit till tender, the time varying according to the age of the peas. If the peas are at all old add a little sugar in the cooking.

Ink spilled on a carpet may be taken up without leaving any stain if dried salt be applied immediately. As the salt becomes discolored brush it off and apply more. Wet slightly, continue till the ink has disappeared.

A simple expedient for riding the house of mice is to place a little oil of peppermint or sprays of the fresh herb round their haunts, as they have a great antipathy to the odor. For cockroaches, potato ash formed by burning the parings to a cinder on the back of the stove, will effectually banish them if scattered about the places where they congregate. Water bugs, that pest of the city apartment, will vanish if all cracks and crevices where they run are sprayed three or four times a day with water in which carbolic acid has been dissolved in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of acid to one pint of water. Care must be taken in handling the acid.

PULLING ONIONS.

To peel onions without bringing tears to the eyes, put them in a deep pan and pour boiling water over them, as for skinning tomatoes. By the time you can bear your hands in the water the onion skins are loosened enough to be easily slipped off, often without any aid from a knife. Should there be any not so readily loosened, hold them well under the warm water while peeling. Your eyes will be spared and your hands will absorb less of the odor than in the common way of paring.

GEESE FOR GERMANY.

Great Flocks to be Seen Crossing the Russian Frontier.

Travellers who cross the Russian frontier in the fall months on the railroad between Warsaw and Berlin are likely to see an unusual sight. They will observe flocks of geese numbering 1,000 or more being driven toward the frontier.

Each flock is in charge of four or five men, some with red flags and others with hooked sticks. If a refractory bird straggles out of line it is deftly caught by the neck with a hooked stick, and returned to its place.

Germany buys more than 2,000,000 of these Russian geese every year between August and November. The Germans are very fond of goose and especially of smoked goose breast, which sells for about 25 cents in that country and for two or three times as much in New York. Roast goose is also the principal dish on St. Martin's day, both in Germany and in Russia, having the same honored place that the turkey occupies with us on Thanksgiving Day.

Far back in Russia one may see at the geese collecting stations the loading of hundreds of cars with these birds. The cars have four platforms, one above another, and a little gangway is stretched from the ground to the highest shelf.

It requires some coaxing to get the birds up the gangway, but when one starts others crowd along and the platform is soon filled. Then the bridge is connected with the next lower platform, and so on till the car is locked up with several hundred geese on board.

Geese do not stand long transportation very well. Several years ago the Russian exporters made the experiment of sending them through Germany without any rest. Many of the birds were sick when they reached the frontier, and the Germans refused to buy them.

So the exporters went back to the old plan. When the journey is long, and it often takes several days, the geese are unloaded at two or three intervals and driven through the fresh air and across the commons, where they may eat some grass, to the next station, when they are loaded on the cars again.

As the trains approach the frontier they are stopped at a little village, the geese are taken off and start on their last walk. They are hospitably welcomed by the employees of the goose fattening plants across the border. Ponds to swim in and the most nutritious food are provided, and in a few weeks they are ready for market.

A BASE-BOARD.

Mrs. Dobbs waited until dinner was over before she handed Mr. Dobbs the note Willie had brought from his teacher.

"My boy," said Dobbs, when he had read it, "I understand from this that you are excused from school until the board of education has an opportunity to consider your case?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willie, who had begun to whimper.

"Do you know what the board of education is, my son?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Dobbs went into the shed and selected a thin, flexible strip of board. Then he summoned his son, and for several minutes he was busy with Willie.

"That, my son," he said, as he finished, "is the board of education that was of use to me when I was a boy."

TEMPERANCE REFORMER

HOW TO MAKE A WHOLE NATION SOBER.

Alcohol Weeds Out the People Who Have the Greatest Craving For It.

One of the most curious theories advanced by medical men is that our attempts to prevent disease and drunkenness will be the very means of making them worse at some future time.

They say that every nation which is sober now was drunken in the past. Its drunkenness was what made it sober. The nations which are most drunken now are those which were the latest to commence the use of alcohol.

Facts certainly bear out this curious theory. The most temperate peoples are the Greeks, Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, Southern French, the Jews, and the Chinese. At one time all these were great drunkards. Probably the most sober people on earth at present are the Chinese. Three thousand years ago they were the most drunken.

Is it because these people are morally better than ourselves, or because of temperance legislation, that they do not yield to the passion of drink? Not at all. In other respects Englishmen are much better than any of them. Curiously, too, Englishmen have much more self-control. Yet in the words of a great and patriotic man, "the English are a very drunken nation."

The real reason is that alcohol is a poison, and it weeds out those members of a community who have the greatest craving for it. The process is very slow.

BUT IT IS SURE.

Whenever there is a family that consumes much alcohol it will disappear off the face of the earth in a few generations. At least, unless it be turned aside from the craving by fresh and sober blood.

To make a whole nation sober takes thousands of years. But sobriety certainly comes, and one day we will be as temperate as the people of Spain or Italy are now.

Look at the other side. Who are the most drunken people? Those who have most recently become acquainted with alcohol. The American Red Indians and the savages of Africa abandon themselves completely to the drink habit, and would drink themselves to death if they had the opportunity. So much so, that in American States and in South Africa no one is permitted to sell drink to the Indians or African natives.

Between the most sober and the most drunken come in the Northern natives of Europe, the American whites, and the Australians. Now, while the Chinese, Greeks, Italians, and others have had a plentiful supply of alcohol from the earliest ages, the Red Indians and Africans have only lately obtained it, while in Northern Europe the supply has never been very cheap and plentiful. The natives of Britain had no intoxicants when the Greeks and Romans were abundantly supplied with wine.

Thus those races which have suffered most and longest from alcohol are the soberest now, because all their drunkards

HAVE BEEN KILLED OFF.

It is precisely the same with disease.

We have had measles and whooping-cough in these islands as long as history goes back. No doubt a good many children die of measles. But both these diseases are usually very mild, and there is little alarm when anyone is attacked by them. But the reason they are mild is that during past centuries all those specially susceptible have been eliminated. When they were introduced for the first time to the Pacific Islands, they almost killed off the whole youthful population.

Nature knows its business best, and by interfering with it we only do harm—that is, harm to the race. It is a fact, for instance, that a weak antelope will be quickly destroyed by some beast of prey. All weak antelopes will be so destroyed, and only the strong and quick will be left. This process improves the race of antelopes. But if, by certain artificial measures, you were to preserve the weak antelopes from destruction, then you would weaken the race.

In the same way, when we prevent men who have a craving from drinking, we save them and their offspring from extinction and increase the number of people with a craving for drink.—London Answers.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Giving is the guage of living.

Every curriculum must be tested in conduct.

It's no trouble finding short cuts to no end of trouble.

Some people are never grateful until they get hungry.

Any religion is easier to describe than to demonstrate.

The prayerful heart will be proven by the practical life.

The cash register church makes but a poor record above.

The worst infidelity is to live as though God had forgotten.

The noble life asks for more service instead of more servants.

No man can build his own reputation out of the ruins of another's.

You cannot get into green pastures while you herd with the goats.

Straight dealings are the best evidences of being in the narrow way.

It will take more than chicken piety to save this world from sin.

The man who is always in the way always thinks he is in the only way.

Riches are roots of evil only to the man who has failed to raise any.

True spirituality is the ability to see the altar in the washtub and the cookstove.

Small souls always think they have the whole of religion when they get one thread from its many colored garment.

A sparrow impaled itself on the hat-pin of a lady who was cycling recently near London.

MURDER NO CRIME.

Thrilling Story of a Great Sea Tragedy.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn once declared that nothing he had heard or read of the slave trade filled him with such horror of it as did the faces of a group of prisoners—men who had been engaged in the slave trade—whom he saw in the dock, charged before Baron Platt with a series of murders of British sailors on the high seas.

There were ten of them. They were the men who had become known from one end of Britain to the other during the last weeks preceding their trial, ever since the awful story of their deeds had found its way into the newspapers, as "the Spanish pirates."

Situated on a river and a lagoon on the slave coast, in the Bight of Benin, Lagos, was one of the most evil reputed slave-trade stations in West Africa. It was excellently situated for the purpose of the horrible traffic. The vessels engaged in the evil business were immensely favored from pursuit by the irregular nature of the shore and by the dangers that attached to going too close to it. The crews of these ships were mostly Spanish, natives of Brazil. Beneath, in the hold of the vessels, lay the cargo—human beings packed like herrings in a barrel, slaves!

TWO PRIZES OR ONE?

To assist in putting down this traffic, the British Government had despatched several cruisers to the neighborhood of the Bight of Benin. One of these—the Wasp, commanded by Captain Usherwood—espying a suspicious-looking sail, went in pursuit of it, and, after a lengthy chase, ran it down at eight in the evening. The ship was a Brazilian schooner called the Felicidade. The captain, a man named Cerquiera, finding that escape was impossible, allowed a body of sailors to board her, and made the best of matters. The lieutenant in command of the unwelcome visitors had little difficulty in arriving at the Felicidade's business. There were no slaves on board, but she was fitted with everything ready to receive them. Lieut. Stupart took command of her in the name of the British Government, and the crew were sent off in boats to remain under guard as prisoners on the Wasp.

The next day, with sixteen seamen from the Wasp and a midshipman named Palmer, Lieutenant Stupart set off to convey the captured vessel to port. The man Cerquiera and one other of the Felicidade's crew were also on board.

Lieutenant Stupart was an active officer, who could not reconcile himself to being satisfied with one capture when a second was possible. While the Felicidade was on its way to Sierra Leone the look-out sighted a strange and suspicious-looking vessel to windward. Clapping on every stitch of canvas, Stupart rushed down on her in the Felicidade. The schooner was light and a good sailer, and the stranger seemed heavily burdened. Bearing down on her Stupart called on the ship to stand by and allow a search-party to board her.

FOUR HUNDRED SLAVES.

Tall, lithe, brown-faced, Lieutenant Stupart in the witness-box looked an excellent specimen of the British officer—alert, ready, ignorant of the sensation of fear—as he told his adventures.

"The vessel we had chased down," he said, "was a Brazilian schooner named the Echo, and I found it had a cargo of four hundred and thirty slaves on board."

The Echo had given the commander of the Wasp trouble before, and Stupart had boarded her on other occasions. He was known to her captain—Serva—and to the crew of twenty-eight men, and the capture of her gave the lieutenant considerable satisfaction as that of a troublesome customer. But he had now, in the homely phrase, "got his hands full." How was he to get the two vessels to port with only his little force of sixteen sailors from the Wasp? Placing nine men under the command of Mr. Palmer, Stupart, with the others, took the Echo in charge. With his cargo of four hundred human beings to look after, Lieutenant Stupart found himself fully occupied. The slaves were most of them hovering between life and death from want of air and water.

Unconscious of the awful danger that threatened him, the midshipman Palmer was busied in ordering things on the Felicidade. He appeared to have dismissed from his mind any idea that Serva and the scoundrels composing his crew might make a struggle for freedom.

WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

Joachim Antonio Cerquiera, the captain of the Felicidade, as he lounged about the deck and watched matters, and smoked his cigars, could have spoken words that would have placed the doomed midshipman and his men upon their guard. That morning, while he and Serva, the commander of the Echo, had been sipping their coffee together and smoking their cigars, Serva had broached a terrible scheme to him.

"I have among my crew men on whom I can rely," he had whispered to him, with a glance round to see that there was no danger of their being overheard. "We will kill the Englishmen and take possession of the ship. After that we will bear down on the Echo and regain her."

Cerquiera shook his head. He knew British methods better than Serva did.

"If you recaptured your ship you would not escape," he objected. "There are other British cruisers cruisers close to the Bight, and one of them would fall in with you."

"You are a coward!" cried Serva, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders.

"If you speak like that and think of such things, I shall tell the Englishman," retorted Cerquiera.

"I give the plan up," said Serva and then the matter dropped.

II.

Cerquiera was a witness at the trial, and narrated this conversation from the witness-box.

According to him, those last words of Serva led him to believe that there was really no danger. He was quickly to be undeceived. The English sailors were scattered on different parts of the deck, and the midshipman Palmer, who had been enjoying a swim in the sea, was abaft, drying himself with a towel, when Serva strode to the hatchway and addressed some words to the members of his crew below. Cerquiera rushed to him and caught his hand.

"Don't be foolish!" he said. "Don't be foolish!"

"I had heard him call upon his men to come up and murder the Englishmen!" declared Cerquiera to the Court. "He threw me aside, his men rushed on deck, and the fight began."

The pirates had knives concealed in their clothes, and the attack was so unlooked for that the British sailors were taken completely unprepared. Majaval, the cook of the Echo, running at Palmer, the midshipman, thrust the knife he carried into his heart, and as Palmer fell, caught him by the foot and threw him overboard. Another of the Englishmen, who had been sleeping on deck, was despatched while he was yet asleep with a dexterous blow with one of the Spaniards' knives. The quartermaster made a desperate resistance. Snatching up a handspike, he stood at bay, and for nearl half an hour defied the murderous crew that surrounded him, waiting for an opening to spring on him and despatch him. In another part of the vessel the boatswain was also fighting for dear life. But there could be no doubt as to the end of it. The odds were too great. Cerquiera, looking on, saw it all, and saw the brave men fall at last beneath a dozen murderous knives. They were at once thrown overboard. Serva and his men had won the Felicidade!

THE PIRATE IN FLIGHT.

Afar off on the sea could be yet distinguished the sails of the Echo. During the whole of the terrible work on board the Felicidade not a gun had been discharged. No sound to give the alarm to the Englishmen on board the Echo could have reached them, and, elated with his work, Serva resolved to try and carry out the whole of the plan he had broached to Cerquiera. There were guns on board the Felicidade.

Serva ordered the British flag to be hauled down, and the Brazilian flag to be once more hoisted at the masthead, and, bearing down upon the Echo, called on her to surrender. The astonished Lieutenant Stupart paid no heed, and Serva discharged the Felicidade's guns at her. Then his heart seemed to fail him, and he ordered all sail to be set, and fled. The Echo, with her living freight, was too heavily burdened to pursue her, and Lieutenant Stupart saw the Felicidade disappear in the distance with rage and despair in his heart. Serva, when he hailed him, had caused one of the men on board who could speak English to shout to him that all the British sailors had been killed!

But Serva's triumph was short-lived. The next day the Felicidade sighted a suspicious vessel. The Felicidade's course was at once altered by Serva's orders, but it was too late to escape.

PURSUED BY FATE.

The British cruiser Star bore down on her. Resistance was hopeless. Serva resolved to try what lies would do, and concocted a story which he hoped might satisfy the Star's officer that the ship was the Virginia, engaged in innocent coasting trade. The story was ingenious, but Serva was a villainous-looking fellow, and in the cabin the officer, while conversing with him, chanced to espy a book in which was written the name of its captor, "R. D. Stupart." The discovery made him curious, and he searched the cabin. There were some naval clothes, and on the deck were red marks as of blood. The lieutenant was suspicious demanded explanations, and proceeded to question the crew. When he came to Cerquiera, he told him all. Serva and his crew, together with Cerquiera, were taken prisoners, placed on board the Star, and brought to England.

The ill-fate that pursued the Felicidade was not yet exhausted. A lieutenant and nine men from the Star were placed upon the accursed vessel to take her to Sierra Leone, and the Felicidade sank in a terrible squall she encountered, her crew escaping upon a raft, on which they floated two hundred miles away from land, without rudder, car, compass, provisions, or water. Five survivors were picked up twenty-one days later.

CONDEMNED—YET FREE!

Chiefly upon evidence of Cerquiera, the Spanish slave traders were found guilty, and were duly sentenced to death. But the scoundrels were, after all, to cheat the gallows they so well deserved to adorn. Their counsel raised questions of international law, which were submitted to a Court composed of no fewer than thirteen judges. In the end the judges decided that the conviction of the prisoners was illegal; they were released, and sent back to Brazil at the expense of the British Government! It was held that, there being actually no slaves on board the Felicidade, the Wasp had no right to take possession of it, and that the slavers had a right to try and regain possession of their vessel as they might. A barrister who was present told me that never had he seen thirteen judges decide a case so unwillingly as they did that in favor of Serva and his associates.—London Answers.

LONDON'S ANNUAL STORY,

Life in the Great Metropolis Told in Figures.

London uses 211,323,602 gallons of water a day.

Street accidents were responsible for 306 deaths.

There are 965,863 books in the public libraries.

The gross amount insured against fire is £1,010,351,455.

Boating in the parks brought in a net profit of £1,623.

There are twenty-eight cemeteries in the County of London.

Indoor pauper children numbered 19,087 on January 1, 1904.

Nearly a thousand habitual criminals are known to the police.

Greater London contained 924,143 inhabited houses in 1901.

Thirty-nine deaths from starvation were recorded in the courts in 1903.

A permanent outdoor staff of 899 men is employed in parks and open spaces.

Elementary schools number 973, and the average attendance of scholars is 648,578.

Wash-houses were used by 876,606 persons, and the time occupied was 2,642,746 hours.

The marriage rate for London is higher than that for England and Wales as a whole.

Bathers at borough private baths numbered 3,104,383; at the swimming baths, 2,568,502.

The net increase of accommodation for the laboring class provided during the year was 59,009 rooms.

The Council is engaged upon sixteen improvement schemes, involving the displacement of 12,404 persons.

The Metropolitan police exercise authority over an area of 692 square miles. The force is over 16,500 strong.

The annual cost of the administration of police and criminal justice in London amounts to about £1,600,000.

A census of homeless poor taken on the night of Friday, January 29, 1904, showed the number to be 1,797, or about one in every 2,000 people.

A scheme is being considered for constructing new sewers and pumping stations, at a cost of £795,000, for the relief of low-lying districts in time of storm.

DOG IN HOSPITAL.

May be Seen Strolling About With Bandages On.

"Dolly," the Coliseum monkey, who was recently an out-patient at the Charing Cross Hospital, has now a rival at the London Hospital in "Spot," a small black and white fox terrier.

With his many bandages "Spot" is a most pathetic little figure.

A few days ago the hall porter of the hospital noticed a dirty and very dismal little cur slowly and painfully limping up the drive, cruelly pursued by a little boy.

The porter took pity on the animal, and finding a bad cut on the foot of one of his hind legs received "Spot" as a "casual."

"Spot" was taken to the receiving-room, and the clerk having entered him on the books, passed him on to the receiving doctor, who bathed and bandaged him. Next morning at the same hour the dog re-appeared, and again was treated. On the next two days "Spot" arrived punctually at 11.15 for the same treatment.

Now he has found a good friend in the assistant engineer, who has given him a comfortable home.

Every morning after an early breakfast, "Spot" takes a slow and halting stroll in the hospital gardens. At 11.15 sharp, without any telling, he limps off to the receiving-room to have his leg bandaged.

He displays great fortitude under this ordeal, and gratefully licks the hand of the nurse who attends him.

"Spot" has become a favorite among the other patients, among whom he has made many friends.

PHOTOGRAPH THE SCORCHER.

A photographic police trap for scorching motorists is likely to be heard of in the near future, for a Wolverhampton (England) firm has invented an instrument, which, when placed in position, requires only a button to be pressed, and at once a photographic reproduction is made of any passing motor-car, with the time and the date. By the use of an instrument of this kind at the beginning and end of a police trap the results should prove absolutely accurate, so long as the watches used in the apparatus are synchronized and the distance is properly measured.

FISH THAT CHANGE COLOR.

Among the curious observations made by students at the Bermuda Biological Station is that some of the inhabitants of the water there are able to imitate the color of the rocks and reefs among which they swim. The common fish called the grouper possesses this power. Its chromatic variability runs through a considerable range of colors. A specimen of the Octopus vulgaris, after jerking an oar from the hand of an inquisitive naturalist, escaped pursuit by its ability to imitate the exact shade of any brown or grey rock on which it rested.

DESERT AIR.

A German physician has discovered that the air of the Egyptian desert is about as free from bacterial life as the Polar regions or the high seas. Tubercle bacilli are killed when exposed six hours in the sunlight. He considers the desert especially suitable for rheumatics and patients suffering from kidney diseases and tuberculosis.

YOUNG FOLKS

IN APPLE-GATHERIN' TIME.

In apple-pickin', years ago,
My father's say to me:
"There's jest a few big fellows, Jim,
Away up in the tree.
You shinny up 'n git 'em;
Don't let any of 'em fall,
Fur fallin' fruit is skersely
Wuth the gatherin' at all."
Then I'd climb up to the very top,
O' that old apple-tree,
'N' find them apples waitin'—
My—what bouncin' ones they'd be!
'N' with the biggest in my mouth,
I'd clamber down again,
'N' if I tore my pantaloons,
It didn't matter—then!

Sence then, in all my ups 'n' downs,
'N' travellin' around,
I never saw good apples, boys,
A'lyin' on the ground.
Sometimes, of course, they look all right,
The outside may be fair;
But when you come to sample 'em,
You'll find a worm-hole there.
Then leave behind the windfall,
'N' fruit on branches low,
The crowd gits smaller all the time,
The higher up you go.
The top has many prizes,
That are temptin' you 'n' me,
But, if we want to taste 'em,
We've got to climb the tree.

THE GROCER'S TEST.

"What I want," said Mr. Philpotts, leaning over the counter of his own grocery in a confidential sort of way, "is a good, thoroughly dependable sort of a boy. He must be careful and obliging, accurate and quick at figures. Got any boys like that?"

It was the village schoolmaster to whom the grocer was talking.

"Two of them," came the reply. "There they go now;" and he looked across to the other side of the street, where Jack Willis and Charlie Crawford were sauntering along together.

"I don't need two," said Mr. Philpotts. "D'ye reckon I could get one of these fellows without the other?"

"They aren't quite so inseparable as that," the schoolmaster said, laughing. "Either of them will suit you. Jack is the quickest at figures, but— You'll be safe in choosing either," he added, turning to go.

Mr. Philpotts scratched his head. "Now, how am I to know which one I want?" he said in perplexity. "If he'd just recommended one of them there wouldn't have been any trouble. So Jack's the quickest at figures? That's one thing in favor of Jack, but let me see."

Mr. Philpotts must have been in a brown study for as much as a minute. Then he went and weighed out fifty pounds of granulated sugar and twenty pounds of bacon for an out-of-town customer. He chuckled while he was doing it, and it was evident that he had hit upon a plan.

"And as sure as you live, sir," he said to himself, rubbing his hands together, "if I find they both do, I'll hire 'em, sir; I'll hire 'em both."

Mr. Philpotts did not trouble himself about the possibility of not being able to get either boy. The privilege of clerking for Mr. Philpotts during the vacation was too eagerly coveted by the school boys to render it likely that he would fail to secure the lad he chose.

As it happened, both Jack Willis and Charlie Crawford had been longing for the place. It was well known, however, that Mr. Philpotts usually made his own choice, and that there was little advantage in making application for the place.

But it was with a little thrill of excitement that Charlie replied to Mr. Philpott's query that evening as he went into the store on an errand for his mother.

"Are you in a hurry, Charlie," the grocer had asked.

How Charlie wished that he were not.

"Mother needs these things for supper," he replied, "and I promised to hurry back. Was there something you wanted of me, Mr. Philpotts?"

He could not keep the eagerness out of his voice, and Mr. Philpotts understood.

"Only to ask you about something," he answered, indifferently. "Drop in some time when you are passing, if it isn't too much trouble, Charlie."

"I'll come this evening," Charlie promised, and he was off like a flash.

"He wanted to stay," Mr. Philpotts mused. "But he was faithful to his mother's errand. That's one for Charlie. But Jack's quicker at figures, and that's one for Jack. Well, we'll see." And Mr. Philpotts rubbed his hands and waited for Jack.

As luck would have it, it was not many minutes before Jack entered, also on an errand for his mother.

"Are you in a hurry, Jack?" asked the grocer, weighing out the pound of tea which Jack had asked for.

"Not particularly," Jack answered.

"Doesn't your mother want this tea right away?" queried Mr. Philpotts, sharply.

"Oh, I guess not, not for a little while, anyway. Did you want something, Mr. Philpotts?"

"I wanted a little talk with you," the grocer began. Jack's eyes sparkled. "To tell you the truth," Mr. Philpotts went on, "I wanted to ask you about Charlie Crawford."

"I notice you and he are pretty thick," the grocer continued, "and I have a notion that nobody knows so much about a boy as his friends. Now, I've been thinking about having him in the store with me this summer, and I thought I'd ask you if you could recommend him. I know I'm a queer old duffer, but I'd rather have your opinion than the schoolmaster's. You know Charlie better. Now, what can you say for your friend?"

It looked very much as if Jack could not say anything. How was he to know that Mr. Philpotts was saying over to himself: "Faithful to his promise, and that's one for Charlie. But Jack's quick at figures and that's one for Jack. Maybe Jack's mother didn't tell him to hurry, so I won't call this delay one against Jack."

Jack was silent so long that the grocer resumed his questioning.

"Is Charlie neat and careful, and courteous and trustworthy?" asked he.

"Oh, yes," Jack at last found his voice. "He's all that."

Someway his words didn't sound one bit enthusiastic. He wanted that place so much for himself.

"And quick at figures?" the grocer pursued. "I'm very particular about that."

"He's fair," admitted Jack. "He isn't the best in the class."

"Never knew him to cheat at games or do any mean little thing like that, did you?"

"No," Jack replied. You would have thought he spoke reluctantly.

"Anything else you think I ought to know?" queried the grocer.

"N-no," stammered Jack. "Charlie's a good fellow, but—"

"But I see you don't want to tell me," Mr. Philpotts said suddenly. "You are too loyal to your friend to finish that "but." I am obliged to you, Jack. I'll make further inquiries."

Now Mr. Philpotts had not put the faintest trace of sarcasm into his sentence regarding Jack's loyalty, but somehow Jack did not feel very happy, although he hoped that the "further inquiries" would turn Mr. Philpotts' attention to himself. He would have felt less happy had he known that the further inquiries were to be made of Charlie himself.

That evening Charlie called on the grocer. Perhaps he was disappointed when that individual began to inquire about Jack Willis, but if so, he had conquered his chagrin before it came his turn to speak.

"I'm sure Jack would suit you, Mr. Philpotts," he said, and although his voice was quiet it was enthusiastic still. "Everybody likes Jack, and he is so bright and quick. And he's a splendid scholar—the best in the class."

Mr. Philpotts went on with his searching question, but Charlie became only still more spirited in his admiration of his friend. There was no faint praise in his voice or words. At last the grocer asked him suddenly: "Wouldn't you like the place yourself, Charlie?"

Charlie hesitated. Then he spoke the truth.

"Yes, Mr. Philpotts, but I wouldn't stand in Jack's way a minute. I'll be glad to see him get it."

It has always been an unexplained mystery to Charlie why Mr. Philpotts answered as he did.

"The place is yours, Charlie. I was only testing you. I didn't have the faintest notion of hiring Jack."

Charlie demurred a little.

"It will be you, or some other boy, not Jack," Mr. Philpotts said, firmly. "I have my reasons."

Charlie never knew, nor did Jack, but Mr. Philpotts summed up his reasons this way:

"Quick at figures, that's one for Jack. Not true to his friend, that's one against him. One from one leaves nothing. Faithful to his promise and faithful to his friend, that's two for Charlie. Two against none is a pretty fair score. I guess I can wait a little longer for him to do his figuring, if he's as loyal to my interests as he's shown himself to be to others to-night."

BURMAN SNAKE FEATS

HOW THEY HANDLE VENOMOUS COBRAS.

How the Snake Strikes—Removing the Fangs—About Its Care and Feeding.

Having always had a liking for snakes, I went in search of a Burman snake charmer, by name Moung Lo, in the hope that he would be able to get me some specimens, writes G. Stigand in the London Field. Almost the only Burmese word I then knew was myway, that is, a snake, but, with the aid of my interpreter, after a short time the Burmese charmer was prevailed upon to produce a round basket, having opened which a head with hood expanded and about one and a half feet of body sprang up like a jack in the box and remained motionless.

The charmer was standing near the basket. Suddenly the snake struck at him by letting its body and head fall forcibly forward; in this strike the body was kept perfectly rigid, bending only where it touched the rim of the basket. The charmer did not move, knowing that he was at least eighteen inches away from the edge of the basket, and there was, as I have said, only eighteen inches of snake above the rim. His assistant now engaged the snake's attention in front, while the charmer deftly seized the reptile by the neck and hauled out and deposited on the ground about nine feet of hamadryad, or giant cobra (Ophiophagus elaps), the most formidable and deadly snake in Burma.

Then the two Burmans went through what the uninitiated would consider the most daring performance ever witnessed. The hamadryad lay with its head raised about two feet, the rest of its body at length on the ground, hood expanded and

FANGS READY TO STRIKE.

One of the Burmans squatted down a few feet off. The snake, with a fierce hiss, glided rapidly toward him, head still erect. When it got within range, it again struck at him. The Burman swiftly parried the blow with his bare arm, letting the snake's body below the hood only touch the limb. The hood and body slid off his arm and fell flat on the ground. Before the snake had time to raise its head for another strike the Burman had moved off a few feet, and from there went through the same performance.

Having intimated that I wished to see its fangs, the charmer again seized the snake by the neck and opened its mouth with a bit of wood. I could only see the fang on one side, the other appeared to be broken. When not ready to strike a loose bit of skin envelopes these teeth. If the snake has its fangs pulled out it does not follow that it will be rendered innocuous, as there are auxiliary fangs behind the real one, and if the big ones are destroyed these often come forward and take their place. However, when I proved dissatisfied with this particular hamadryad's dental arrangement the assistant was despatched, and presently returned with a similar basket, out of which another rather bigger serpent was produced. They went through a similar performance with this snake, and on inspection I found that both fangs were present.

The Burmese know much more about snakes than the natives of India, and seldom, if ever, extract the fangs of a cobra or hamadryad, which Indian charmers almost always do to their cobras, with the snakes they exhibit. After a little bargaining, during the course of which I rode away and the Burman ran after me to accept my offer, the giant cobra became my property, and I set off for my bungalow, followed by the Burman and the basket. Having arrived there, I had yet to learn the art of

FEEDING THE SNAKE,

and this my Burman friend taught me before leaving.

A hamadryad, or cobra, when first caught would sooner starve to death than eat anything. When used to captivity, however, it will feed well enough. Till then it must be fed by hand, and this is how it is done. The Burman opened the basket and seized the snake by the back of the neck with his left hand, the thumb and forefinger on each side of the head, the other fingers loosely round the throat. As he looked around for a bit of stick, I handed him a penholder, which he inserted between the hamadryad's teeth.

Then I got him some raw beef, and he selected a piece looking just twice too big to go down. This he placed between the snake's teeth and slipped the penholder out. Then with the end of that instrument he gently pushed the beef till the snake gave a convulsive swallow, when he rammed the meat down as far as the penholder would allow him. It then appeared as a lump in the throat a few inches below the fingers of his hand. This he worked a foot or two down the body with the thumb of the other hand. He told me that ten mouthfuls of this size were enough for one meal, and would last for a week. Small fish were also good for a change, and the snake wanted water every day.

I next had a large airy box made for my pet, with perforated zinc and a sheet of glass. Then came the rehousing of the reptile. Without having had any experience I was not going to seize him in the same nonchalant way as my Burman friend. On the contrary, I took good care to have his head under a stick before catching hold of him. At first I began by gripping him very tightly, but I soon found it was not at all necessary unless he was wriggling. I have referred to the performance of the Burmese snake charmers as marvelous to the uninitiated.

By that I mean that when one has had a little experience of the ways of this snake the feat does not appear so wonderful. The first thing required in any dealing with venomous snakes is a certain amount of self-confidence. If you want to seize a snake at a given moment, seize him; do not go as if to catch hold of him and then

DRAW YOUR HAND AWAY.

When you have got him, hold him firmly, as close to the head as possible. Do not get alarmed and try to get rid of him quickly, but make sure that all his body is clear of you first.

The secret of the charmer's success is this—the hamadryad and cobra have only one method of attack, and that is as I have described it. This they never vary. Whether lying coiled up or otherwise, they have to erect a certain length of body before they are able to strike, then you know that the strike is coming and ought to be able to avoid it. If you look at one of these serpents in its box it will rear up its head, expend its hood and remain motionless in this position for hours. This snake cannot make a snap at one like a viper.

The hamadryad has the reputation of being the only snake that will attack mankind of its own initiative without being molested. There certainly have been many authentic instances of such attacks, but I am inclined to think it is in only a few cases that the snake will do this. Probably the serpent has very good reason for its fierceness, viz., that some one has been close to where the female has just deposited her eggs, and it is for this reason that she attacks him. The constricting power of this snake has been greatly overrated, and in point of fact is practically non-existent. With a little practise I found I could feed my captive with ease.

SLOW PROMOTION.

Promotion in the Russian army is exceedingly slow. It takes sixteen to seventeen years for a captain to become a lieutenant-colonel and fourteen years for a lieutenant-colonel to become a colonel.

Fashion Hints.

FILET WORK FOR BLOUSES.

Since last spring, when the first couple of blouses of the season came over the seas, showing for their trimming a unique treatment of squares of handwork filet lace, all sorts of clever ideas have been expressed in just such work.

Then the idea was only attempted by a few, because of the immense amount of work involved in the making of the medallions, which were darned, in the finest of linen threads, backward and forward until the design was filled in.

On those first blouses the designs were difficult to execute, most of them being some curious heraldic emblem—a lion rampant, or something equally impossible to nature, but wonderfully decorative.

Like everything else, easier methods have been applied to filet work, which bring it more into popularity and detract comparatively little from its beauty. The main change is the introducing of heavier thread in the working—as often mercerized cotton as the duller linen—which fills up the design so much more quickly that a whole set of medallions can be made in the same time it would take to make one in the old, finer way. The effect, while not so delicate, is very good.

Collar and cuff sets are the last expression in darned work. Simple patterns are used, those of conventional flowers running along in a sort of continued pattern—a lot easier to work than the isolated figures, which require constant and ending of threads.

That ending off of threads is the hardest part of the work, for it must be too deftly done to show, yet the heavy thread used is difficult not to finish awkwardly with.

Materials are inexpensive, the work is easy to do, and pleasant in consequence, and results in effective, beautiful trimming for blouse or gown.

DRESS INFORMATION.

High and broad rolling collars will be adapted to coats and capes of fur, and may be removed for the cloth coat. Nothing could be more comfortable than these collars for protecting the neck.

Cashmere has risen out of a long oblivion, and is often used by the best dressmakers; it has the softness which is absent in cloth and the possibility of creating models with more fulness and folds. It is successfully used for wide, draped cloaks.

Cotton velvets and velveteens are enjoying a continuation of the success they have attained since their manufacture was so remarkably improved.

It seems a little early to speak of furs, but the tendencies are already shown. Sable and mink are foremost, with chinchilla, which has been neglected for some time, and is now held at formidable prices; it has the advantage of admitting combinations with heavy laces, which create a very rich effect. Muffs will be larger than ever. Fancy furs—as mole—are entirely ignored, and it is hinted that ermine will not maintain its prestige of last year. That may be true for the leaders of fashion, but with the excessive prices of chinchilla it looks as if it would have some vogue.

Capes will not be among the leading models, except in sable and chinchilla, and fur trimmings will be used.

Passementerie will not be combined with furs; embroidered applications and artistic buttons being the chief trimmings.

A style of skirt much in vogue in Paris is made of silk of plain cloth with ten or more graduated rows of velvet ribbon.

Eolienne is still much used, and drapes beautifully, but it does not yield an effect which justifies the price.

CHILDREN'S COATS.

A serviceable design for a long coat for either boy or girl is the Russian style, closing down one side, with wide sailor collar of velvet of a darker shade than the material, and either coat or leg-o'mutton sleeves, with or without cuffs. The under arm seam gives shaping and also additional fulness by an inverted plait. With this a belt is worn, but it is not indispensable.

A three-quarter length coat for an older child is double-breasted, and is finished with a shawl collar, which gives breadth to the shoulders, extending over the sleeves slightly. A removable shield with standing collar is provided for the colder weather. This is a simple style, well adapted for a school coat. It may be made of any kind of cloth, rough or smooth, or of cravenette. For a dressy coat, lace may be used for the shawl collar.

A military cape, either double or single-breasted, has a jaunty air, for the young girl. It should have a velvet turn-down collar, and looks best with a hood lined with some pretty contrasting silk.

PRINCESS CHEMISE.

Princesse styles have found their way to chemises, with the prettiest possible effect.

Chemises have been growing more and more shapely in cut for years, but this latest trick has robbed them of the last bit of unnecessary fulness and made them what they never professed to be, and that is—graceful.

The application of Princesse styles is simple enough; just the running of fine tucks down front and back in a sort of band of the tucks, probably six inches wide and about twelve inches long. These bands draw the chemise in a little about the waist, and yet there is no actual waist line defined, only a shaping into the long, graceful lines that characterize Princesse models.

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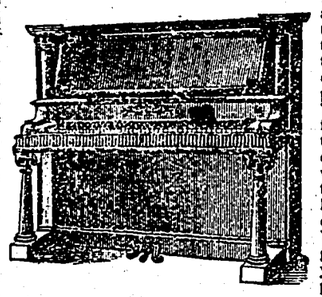

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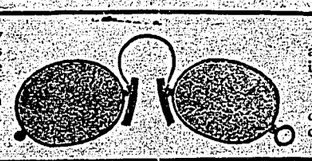

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HOSPITAL BALL

The annual hospital ball, under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild, will take place in the Opera House on Thursday Nov. 23rd. Tickets, Gentlemen $2.00; Ladies, $1.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

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

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

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THURSDAY, NOV. 23, 1905.

Stable Government at Last.

There can be no manner of doubt that the present government of British Columbia is the most satisfactory and stable enjoyed here for many years. When Premier McBride formed his government two or three years ago, and finally was endorsed by a slim margin, dire disaster was predicted for him, especially by his friends the enemy. And those so-called friends lost no opportunity to make it as hard for the premier as possible, to carry on the business of the province. From alpha to omega they went the entire category of obstacles, but were unsuccessful in their desires.

The business of the province was placed on a stable basis as fast as it could be done, and there was retrenchment wherever it could be made without impairing the usefulness of the service. The old order of things was done away with, where all kinds of reckless expenditures were made without giving thought of the morrow. Mr. McBride might well have been in Missouri at some time, for he had to be "shown." And this lack of ability to show him the benefit to be obtained from certain grants desired by some parties, has saved the province many thousands, not to say millions of dollars. The government is conducted on strictly business lines, for the first time, and the expenditures are kept within the income, also for the first time in its history.

Today Mr. McBride has the confidence of the majority of the people, and many Liberals are fair enough to admit this, much as they would like to prove the contrary. The premier and his colleagues are to be congratulated by all, and the better condition of the province generally is one of the first results of the policy inaugurated.—Phoenix Pioneer.

Mr. Aylesworth's Position.

An interesting communication from Mr. Joseph Martin appears in the Vancouver World, dealing with the position taken by Mr. A. B. Aylesworth who is standing for election in North York as Postmaster-General in the Ottawa cabinet. Finding the pension and salary measure of last session unpopular in Ontario Mr. Aylesworth has declared to the electors that he is opposed to the act and will endeavor to have it modified as to amount to practical repeal. Mr. Martin very rightly points out that Mr. Aylesworth, in his anxiety to secure election, has taken an absurd and impossible position. He writes in part: "Mr. Aylesworth has made a great reputation for himself as a lawyer, and I have no doubt his reputation is well deserved. If these despatches are correct, however, it would appear that in his practice of the law he has paid no attention to constitutional law so far as it bears upon our cabinet system of government and ministerial responsibilities. It is, I think, absolutely clear that when a gentleman enters the ministry he not only undertakes to become responsible for everything the government may do while he is a member, but also adopts the policy of the government which he enters with regard to past matters, and stands in exactly the same position with regard to matters already determined upon as the old members of the government. It is also quite clear that no member of a government is entitled to promulgate any individual opinions of his own with regard to any question of policy on the part of the government of which he is a member. When a person becomes a member of a ministry when there is any matter upon which the government have taken a stand although he may be opposed to the position taken by the government, he must not say so, in fact, it is his bounden duty to be prepared to defend the announced policy with regard to all matters of the government of which he becomes a member. No government could, of course, be carried on unless the individual members were prepared to give way to the majority, and if at any time a policy is adopted by a government with which any member thereof finds it impossible to agree, then there is only one course for that member to take, and that is to resign his position. So also when a person is requested by the prime minister to become one of his colleagues, if there is any public question upon which the government has taken a stand and which is pursuing a defined policy with which such a person is not in accord, it is his duty to refuse the position unless the government agree to modify its stand in accordance with his views. On constitutional grounds and in accordance with well defined practice in the British constitution it was therefore clearly Mr. Aylesworth's duty to inform Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he could not become a member of his ministry unless the government would agree to modify the obnoxious pension system in accordance with his idea. To my mind Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his distinguished colleagues, who have at present the Liberal party in their hands, have repudiated and attempted to destroy all the vital principles of the Liberal party of which true Liberals have always been so proud. Apparently the new member intends to take a further step and repudiate and destroy the well known principles upon which responsible government rests in Canada, being founded upon British precedents."

The Use of Lemons.

A correspondent some time ago furnished the following recipe as a new cure for consumption:—"Put a dozen whole lemons in cold water and boil until soft (not too soft), roll and squeeze until all the juice is extracted, sweeten the juice enough to be palatable, and drink. Use as many as a dozen a day. Should they cause pain or looseness of the bowels, lessen the quantity, and use five or six a day until better, then begin and use a dozen again. By the time you have used five or six dozen you will begin to gain strength and have an appetite. Of course, as you get better you need not use so many. Follow these directions, and we know you will never regret it if there is any help for you. Only keep it up faithfully. We know of two cases where both the patients were given up by the physicians, and were in the last stages of consumption, yet both were cured by using lemons according to direction we have stated. One lady in particular was bed-ridden, and very low, had tried everything that money could procure, but all in vain, when, to please a friend, she was persuaded to use them in February, and in April she weighed 140 pounds. She is a strong woman today, and likely to live as long as any of us. When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone, and use lemons or sour apples, they would feel just as well satisfied, and receive no injury." And a suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap. A person should in those times purchase several dozen at once, and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of spring and summer, when the acids of lemon and other ripe fruits are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peel and boil in water—a pint for a dozen pulps—to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of juice, boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Another way to prepare lemonade is the annexed:—Take the rind off four lemons, pared very thin, three-quarters of a pound of leaf sugar, pour on them one quart of boiling water. Take the juice of the lemons in another vessel, and pour on it one pint of boiling milk; let both remain till the next day. Then mix the whole together, adding half a pint of raisin wine; strain all through a jelly-bag until clear. The milk should be removed from the fire and used before the froth rises.—Health.

Don't Take Your Troubles to Bed.

You may labor your fill, friend of mine, if you will;
You may worry a bit, if you must;
You may treat your affairs as a series of cares,
You may live on a scrap and a crust;
But when the day's done, put it out of your head;
Don't take your troubles to bed.

You may batter your way through the thick of the fray,
You may sweat, you may swear, you may grunt;
You may be a pack-fool if you must, but this rule
Should ever be kept at the front;
Don't fight with your pillow, but lay down your head
And kick every worriment out of the bed.

That friend or that foe (which he is, I don't know),
Whose name we have spoken as Death,
Hovers close to your side, while you run or you ride,
And he envies the warmth of your breath;
But he turns him away with a shake of his head,
When he finds that you don't take your troubles to bed.

—The Hub.

KILLING OFF THE BIG GAME

Rocky Mountain Guide Claims that the Stoney Indians are Slaughtering About 5,000 Sheep Yearly.

Jas. Brewster, of the well known Banff firm of Rocky Mountain guides and business men of that town was in the city yesterday on his return from a trip antelope hunting in the vicinity of Brooks. He had very good success and secured a few good heads.

Brewster brothers will be represented at the sportsmans' shows in the principal American cities this season as usual and work will be started at once preparing their exhibit. In previous years their display of Rocky Mountain game heads and furs as well as the information furnished sportsmen and tourists has had the result of bringing a large number of visitors to Canada's National Park. P. Brewster is already in New York and "Jimmie" will go east as soon as their exhibit is ready for shipment. He is also contemplating a trip to the old country.

Speaking of mountain game Mr. Brewster complained bitterly of the havoc wrought by the Stoney Indians. During a year he states the aborigines slaughter probably 5,000 sheep. There is no discrimination in their shooting, rams, ewes and lambs all look alike to the Indian and if a whole herd is cornered up they are all exterminated. When an Indian gets a good head he gets about $25 for it, but he kills everything. When they start out hunting all they take is a little flour and depend on what they shoot for their supply of meat.

Few guides are better qualified than he to state the cost to each visiting sportsman for securing a good specimen. He sets the average at from $1,000 to $1,500. This sum seems extraordinarily large, but he affirms it is not less than a thousand dollars on the average.

Many of the visiting hunters stay out for a long time and do not come across a head worth mounting and they will not shoot anything else. If a man goes out for six weeks and gets a good specimen he is quite satisfied. When the expense necessary to make one of these trips is considered it makes the guide's estimate of the cost look more reasonable.

As a solution of the problem he advocates moving the Indians further down onto the prairie. At present the Morley reservation is so close to the mountains the Indians have no difficulty in breaking reservation and going off for a few days without the knowledge of the authorities. If they were moved away from the mountains and put on good farming land they would settle down to work, for they are known to be the most tractable of the nations' wards and are good workers.

From the mountaineer's point of view it would be much better for the government removed to some other portion of the Territories than to shut out the visiting sportsmen.

The latter class and all the tourists who visit the park are enthusiastic over the scenery, climate and sport, but it will be a matter of a very short time till the game is exterminated and a class of visitors who have the money to spend, which not only benefits Banff but Calgary and the whole province, will not come to Alberta for their shooting. Already the Brewsters find it necessary to take some of their parties into British Columbia to get sheep. The western province is not so suitable to sheep as Alberta which has the best country for these animals in the world.—Calgary Herald.

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There is no more acceptable 'Xmas remembrance for your distant friends than

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DR. MORRISON

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SOCIETIES.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.

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

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

KOOTENAY STAR, R. B. P.

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

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

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

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

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

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF KOOTENAY HOLDEN AT REVELSTOKE.

To A. H. KENDALL,

Take notice that a plaint has been entered and a summons issued against you in the above County Court by the Corporation of the City of Revelstoke for the sum of $14.00 for water and light furnished by them to you at your request; and an order has been made that the publication of a notice of the entry of such plaint in the Revelstoke Herald shall be deemed to be good and sufficient service of the summons upon you. You are required to enter a Dispute Note within three weeks from the 27th October, 1905, at the Registrar's office at Revelstoke; and if you do not enter such Dispute Note, judgment may be signed against you and the plaintiff may proceed to execution.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1905.

W. E. McLAUCHLIN,
Deputy Registrar.

3w

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF KOOTENAY HOLDEN AT REVELSTOKE.

To N. BELANGER,

Take notice that a plaint has been entered and a summons issued against you in the above County Court by W. J. George, of Revelstoke, merchant, for the sum of $17.00, being the balance due him by you for the price of goods sold and delivered by him to you at your request between the 21st day of January and the 4th day of October, 1904; and an order has been made that the publication of a notice of the entry of such plaint in the Revelstoke Herald shall be deemed to be good and sufficient service of the summons upon you. You are required to enter a Dispute Note within three weeks from the 27th October, 1905, at the Registrar's office at Revelstoke; and if you do not so enter such Dispute Note, judgment may be signed against you and the plaintiff may proceed to execution.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1905.

W. E. McLAUCHLIN,
Deputy Registrar.

3w

NOTICE.

In the matter of John Sjoberg, deceased, and in the matter of the Official Administrators Act.

Notice is hereby given that by order of His Honor J. A. Forin, local judge, dated the 18th day of October, 1905, George Smith McCarter, Official Administrator for that part of Kootenay County comprised within the Revelstoke Electoral District, has been granted letters of administration to administer all and singular the estate of John Sjoberg, deceased, intestate.

And further take notice that all claims upon the said estate must be sent in to the said Administrator at his office, Imperial Bank Block, Revelstoke, B. C., within 30 days from the date hereof, after which all proceeds will be distributed among the parties lawfully thereunto entitled.

GEORGE SMITH McCARTER,
Official Administrator.

Dated the 14th day of November, 1905. 2

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Merchant Tailors,

Mackenzie Avenue - Revelstoke, B. C.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

F. H. YOUNG.

Revelstoke, B. C., October 24th, 1905.

NOTICE.

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

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

D. CAMERON.

Revelstoke, B. C., October 24th, 1905.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in West Kootenay District:

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

W. R. REID.

Revelstoke, B. C., October 24th, 1905.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry timber from the following described lands, situated in West Kootenay district:

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

J. T. FARMER.

Revelstoke, B. C., October 24th, 1905.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on the west side of Arrow Lakes on a creek emptying into Shelter Bay, in West Kootenay district:

Commencing at the second south west angle of Lot 811 of the K. and E. limits, then west 80 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence south 80 chains, east 120 chains, thence 40 chains north to point of commencement.

Dated October 17th, 1905.

GEO. B. CAMPBELL.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on Upper Arrow Lake:

Commencing at a post planted at the south west corner of Lot 6,145, running north 160 chains; west 40 chains; south 160 chains; east 40 chains to point of commencement.

Arrowhead, October 27th, 1905.

GEO. BOYD.

REVELSTOKE ASSESSMENT DISTRICT

TAKE NOTICE that I shall hold a Court of Revision and Appeal, under the "Assessment Act, 1903," for the Revelstoke Assessment District on Monday, the 27th day of November, 1905, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Revelstoke,

Dated at Revelstoke, this 23rd day of October, 1905.

C. M. FIELD,
Judge of the Court of Revision and Appeal, Revelstoke Assessment District of West Kootenay.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 2¼ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 3¼ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

3. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 4¼ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

4. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 5¼ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

5. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 6¼ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

6. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 7¼ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

7. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Smith creek about 2½ miles from the Columbia river and marked "E. J. Johnson's south east corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

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

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

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

Dated September 4th, 1905.

E. J. JOHNSON.

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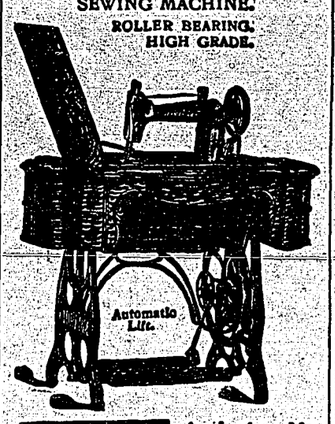

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STRONGEST GUARANTEE.

National Sewing Machine Co.,
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FACTORY AT BELVIDERE, ILL.

Cancellation of Reserve.

COAST DISTRICT.

Notice is hereby given that the reservation notice of which was published in the B. C. Gazette, and dated 9th August, 1901, covering a belt of land extending back a distance of ten miles on each side of the Skeena River, between Kilsilas Canyon and Hazelton, is cancelled.

Notice is also given that that portion of the reservation, notice of which was published in the B. C. Gazette and dated 27th December, 1899, covering a belt of land extending between the mouth of Kitimat River and Kilsilas Canyon, is rescinded in so far as it covers land lying between the Kilsilas Canyon and a point in the Kitimat Valley, distant ten miles in a northerly direction from the mouth of Kitimat River, and that Crown lands thereon will be open to sale, pre-emption and other disposition under the provisions of the Land Act, on and after the eighth (8th) day of December next: Provided that the right of way of any railroad shall not be included in any lands so acquired.

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

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 31st August, 1905. sep7-3m

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Will Make a Beautiful Country Residence for City People during the Summer Months.

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

MOTTO: Never let your Stationery run out."

DOES UP-TO-DATE PRINTING !!

At Moderate Prices.

Marian Mayfield

Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER VII.

It was a jocund morning in early summer—some five years after the events related in the chapter.

Old Field Cottage was a perfect gem of rural beauty. The Old Fields themselves no longer deserved the name—the repose of years had restored them to fertility, and now they were blooming in pristine youth—far as the eye could reach between the cottage and the forest, and the cottage and the sea-beach, the fields were covered with a fine growth of sweet clover, whose verdure was most refreshing to the sight. The young trees planted by Marian, had grown up, forming a pleasant grove around the house. The sweet honeysuckle and fragrant white jasmine, and the rich, aromatic, climbing rose had run all over the walls and windows of the house, embowering it in verdure, bloom and perfume.

While Marian stood enjoying for a few moments the morning hour, she was startled by the sound of rapid footsteps, and then by the sight of a young woman in wild attire, issuing from the grove at the right of the cottage, and flying like a hunted hare toward the house.

Marian impulsively opened the gate, and the creature fled in, frantically clapped to the gate, and stood leaning with her back against it, and panting with haste and terror.

She was a young and pretty woman—pretty, notwithstanding the wildness of her staring black eyes and the disorder of her long black hair that hung in tangled tresses to her waist. Her head and feet were bare, and her white gown was spotted with green stains of the grass, and torn by briars, as were also her bleeding feet and arms. Marian felt for her the deepest compassion; a mere glance had assured her that the poor, panting, pretty creature was insane. Marian took her hand and gently pressing it, said:

"You look very tired and faint—come in and rest yourself and take breakfast with us."

The stranger drew away her hand and looked at Marian from head to foot. But in the midst of her scrutiny, she suddenly sprang, glanced around, and trembling violently, grasped the gate for support. It was but the tramping of a colt through the clover that had startled her.

"Do not be frightened; there is nothing that can hurt you; you are safe here."

"And won't he come?"

"Who, poor girl?"

"The Destroyer!"

"No, poor one, no destroyer comes near us here; see how quiet and peaceable everything is here!"

The wanderer slowly shook her head with a cunning, bitter smile, that looked stranger on her fair face than the madness itself had looked, and:

"So it was there," she said, "but the Destroyer was at hand, and the thunder of terror and destruction burst upon our quiet—but I forgot—the fair spirit said I was not to think of that—such thoughts would invoke the fiend again," added the poor creature, smoothing her forehead with both hands, and then flinging them wide, as if to dispel and cast away some painful concentration there.

"But now come in and lie down on the sofa, and rest, while I make you a cup of coffee," said Marian.

But the same expression of cunning came again into the poor creature's face, as she said:

"In the house? No, no—no, no! Fanny has learned something. Fanny knows better than to go under roofs—they are traps to catch rabbits! 'Twas in the house the Destroyer found us, and we couldn't get out! No, no! a fair field and no favor and Fanny will outfly the fleetest of them! But not in a house, not in a house!"

"Well, then I will bring an easy chair out here for you to rest in—you can sit under the shade, and have a little stand by your side, to eat your breakfast. Come; come nearer to the house," said Marian, taking poor Fanny's hand, and leading her up the walk.

They were at the threshold.

"Are you Marian?" poor Fanny asked, abruptly.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Oh, I oughtn't to have come here! I oughtn't to have come here!"

"Why? What is the matter? Come, be calm! Nothing can hurt you or us here!"

"Don't love! Marian, don't love! Be a nun, or drown yourself, but never love!" said the woman, seizing the young girl's hands, gazing on her beautiful face, and speaking with intense and painful earnestness.

"Why? Love is life. You had as well tell me not to live as not to love. Poor sister! I have not known you an hour, yet your sorrows so touch me, that my heart goes out toward you, and I wanted to bring you in to our home, and take care of you," said Marian, gently.

"You do?" asked the wanderer, incredulously.

"Heaven knows I do! I wish to nurse you back to health and calmness."

"Then I would not for the world bring so much evil to you! Yet it is a lovelier place to die in, with loving faces around."

"But it is a better place to live in! I do not let people die where I am, unless the Lord has especially called them. I wish to make you well! Come, drive away all these evil fancies and let me take you into the cottage," said Marian, taking her hand.

Yielding to the influence of the young girl, poor Fanny suffered herself to be led a few steps toward the cottage; then, with a piercing shriek, she suddenly snatched her hand away, crying:

"I should draw the lightning down upon your head! I am doomed! I must not enter!" And she turned and fled out of the gate.

Marian gazed after her in the deepest compassion, the tears filling her kind blue eyes.

"Weep not for me, beautiful and loving Marian, but for yourself—yourself!"

Marian hesitated. It were vain to follow and try to draw the wanderer into the house; yet she could not bear the thought of leaving her. In the meantime the sound of the shriek had brought Edith out. She came, leading her little daughter Miriam, now five years old, by the hand.

Edith was scarcely changed in these five years—a life without excitement or privation or toil—a life of moderation and regularity—of easy household duties, and quiet family affections, had restored and preserved her maiden beauty. And now her pretty hair had its own will, and fell in slight, flossy black ringlets down each side the pearly brow and cheeks; and nothing could have been more in keeping with the style of her beauty than the simple, close-fitting black gown, her habitual dress.

But lovely as the young mother was, you would scarcely have looked at her a second time while she held that child by her hand—so marvelous was the fascination of that little creature's countenance. It was a face to attract, to charm, to delight, to draw you in, and rivet your whole attention, until you became absorbed and lost in the study of its mysterious spell—a witching face, whose nameless charm it were impossible to tell. I might describe the fine dark Jewish features, the glorious eyes, the brilliant complexion, the fall of long, glossy, black ringlets that veiled the proud little head; but the spell lay not in them, any more than in the perfect symmetry of her form, or the harmonious grace of her motion, or the melodious intonations of her voice.

Edith, still leading the little girl, advanced to Marian's side, where the latter stood at the yard gate.

"I heard a scream, Marian, dear—what was it?"

Marian pointed to the old elm tree outside the cottage fence, under the shade of which stood the poor stroller, pressing her side, and panting for breath.

"Edith, do you see that young woman? She it was."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Edith turning a shade paler, and beginning with trembling fingers, to unfasten the gate.

"Why, do you know her, Edith?".

"Yes! yes! My soul, it is Fanny Laurie! I thought she was in some asylum at the North!" said Edith passing the gate, and going up to the wanderer. "Fanny! Fanny! Dearest Fanny!" she said, taking her thin hand, and looking in her crazed eyes and lastly, putting both arms around her neck and kissing her.

"Do you kiss me?" asked the poor creature, in amazement.

"Yes, dear Fanny! Don't you know me?"

"Yes, yes, you are—I know you—you are—let's see, now——"

"Edith Lance, you know—your old playmate!"

"Ah! yes, I know—you had another name."

"Edith Shields, since I was married, but I am widowed now, Fanny."

"Yes, I know—Fanny has heard them talk!"

She swept her hands across her brow several times, as if to clear her mental vision, and gazing upon Edith, said:

"Ah! old playmate! Did the palms lie? The ravaged home, the blood-stained hearth, and the burning wood for me—the fated nuptials, the murdered bridegroom, and the fatherless child for you. Did the palms lie, Edith? You were ever incredulous! Answer, did the palms lie?"

"The prediction was partly fulfilled, as it was very likely to be at the time our neighborhood was overrun by a ruthless foe. It happened so, poor Fanny! You did not know the mysteries of the future, 'not the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but the Father only.'"

This seemed to annoy the poor creature—soothsaying, by palmistry, had been her weakness in her brighter days, and now the strange propensity clung to her through the dark night of her sorrows, and received strength from her insanity.

"Come in, dear Fanny," said Edith, "come in and stay with us."

"No, no!" she almost shrieked again. "I should bring a curse upon your house! Oh! I could tell you if you would hear! I could warn you, if you would be warned! But you will not! you will not!" she continued, wringing her hands in great trouble.

"You shall predict my fate and Miriam's," said Marian, smiling, as she opened the gate, and came out leading the child. "And I know," she continued, holding out her palm, "that it will be such a fair fate, as to brighten up your spirits for sympathy with it."

"No! I will not look at your hand!" cried Fanny, turning away. Then, suddenly changing her mood, she snatched Marian's palm, and gazed upon it long and intently, gradually her features became disturbed—dark shadows seemed to sweep, as a funeral train, across her face—her bosom heaved—she dropped the maiden's hand.

"Why, Fanny, you have told me nothing! What do you see in my future?" asked Marian.

The maniac looked up, and breaking, as she sometimes did, into improvisation, chanted, in the most mournful of tones, these words:

"Darkly, deadly, lowers the shadow,
Quickly, thickly, comes the crowd—
From death's bosom creeps the adder
Trailing slime upon the shroud!"

Marian grew pale, so much, at the moment, was she infected with the words and manner of this sybil; but then, "Nonsense!" she thought, and, with a smile, roused herself to shake off the chill that was creeping upon her.

"Feel! the air! the air!" said Fanny, lifting her hand.

"Yes, it is going to rain," said Edith. "Come in, dear Fanny."

But Fanny did not hear—the fitful, uncertain creature had seized the hand of the child Miriam, and was gazing alternately upon the lines in the palm and upon her fervid, eloquent face.

"What is this? Oh! what is this?" she said, sweeping the black tresses back from her bending brow, and fastening her eyes upon Miriam's palm. "What can it mean? A deep cross from the Mount of Venus crosses the line of life, and forks into the line of death! a great sun in the plain of Mars—a cloud in the vale of Mercury! and where the lines of life and death meet, a sanguine spot and a great star! I cannot read it! In a boy's hand, that would betoken a hero's career, and a glorious death in a victorious field; but in a girl's! What can it mean when found in a girl's? Stop!" And she peered into the hand for a few moments in deep silence, and then her face lighted up, her eyes burned intensely, and once more she broke forth in improvisation:

"Thou shalt be bless'd as maiden fair was never bless'd before,
And the heart of thy belov'd shall be most gentle, kind and pure;
But thy red hand shall be lifted at duty's stern behest,
And give to fell destruction the head thou lov'st the best.

Feel! the air! the air!" she exclaimed, suddenly dropping the child's hand, and lifting her own toward the sky.

"Yes, I told you it was going to rain, but there will not be much, only a light shower from the cloud just over our heads."

"It is going to weep! Nature mourns for her darling child! Hark! I hear the step of him that cometh! Fly, fair one! fly! Stay not here to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely!" cried the wild creature, as she dashed off toward the forest.

Marian and Edith looked after her, in the utmost compassion.

"Who is the poor, dear creature, Edith, and what has reduced her to this state?"

"She was an old playmate of my own, Marian. I never mentioned her to you—I never could bear to do so. She was one of the victims of the war. She was the child of Colonel Fairlie and the bride of Henry Laurie, one of the most accomplished and promising young men in the State. In one night their house was attacked, and Fanny saw her father and her husband massacred, and her home burned before her face! She went mad from that night!"

"Most horrible!" ejaculated Marian.

"She was sent to one of the best Northern asylums, and the property she inherited was placed in the hands of a trustee—old Mr. Hughes, who died last week, you know; and now that he is dead and she is out, I don't know what will be done, I don't understand it at all."

"Has she no friends, no relatives? She must not be allowed to wander in this way," said the kind girl, with the tears swimming in her eyes

"I shall always be her friend Marian. She has no others that I know of now; and no relative, except her young cousin, Thurston Willcoxen, who has been abroad at a German University these five years past, and who, in event of Fanny's death, would inherit her property. We must get her here, if possible. I will go in and send Jenny after her. She will probably overtake her in the forest, and may be able to persuade her to come back. At least, I shall tell Jenny to keep her in sight, until she is in some place of safety."

"Do, dear Edith!"

"Are you not coming?" said Edith, as she led her little girl toward the house.

"In one moment, dear; I wish only to bind up this morning-glory, that poor Fanny chanced to pull down as she ran through."

Edith disappeared in the cottage.

Marian stood with both her rose-arms raised, in the act of binding up the vine, that with its wealth of splendid azure-hued, vase-shaped flowers, over-canopied her beautiful head like a triumphal arch.

The light tramp of horse's feet fell upon her ear. She looked up, and with surprise lighting her dark-blue eyes, beheld a gentleman mounted on a fine black Arabian courser, that curvated gracefully and capriciously before the cottage gate.

Smilingly the gentleman soothed and subdued the coquettish mood of his willful steed, and then dismounted and bowing with matchless grace and much deference, addressed Marian

The maiden was thinking that she had never seen a gentleman with a presence and a manner so graceful, courteous and princely in her life. He was a tall, finely proportioned, handsome man, with a superb head, an aquiline profile, and fair hair and fair complexion. The great charm, however, was in the broad, sunny forehead, in the smile of ineffable sweetness, in the low and singularly mellifluous voice, and the manner, gentle and graceful as any woman's

"Pardon me, my name is Willcoxen, young lady, and I have the honor of addressing——"

"Miss Mayfield," said Marian.

"Thank you," said the gentleman, then governing himself, he bent his eyes to the ground, and said, with great deference: "You will pardon the liberty I have taken in calling here, Miss Mayfield, when I tell you that I am in search of an unhappy young relative, who, I am informed, passed here not long since."

"She left us not ten minutes ago, sir, much against our wishes. My sister has just sent a servant to the forest in search of her, to bring her back, if possible. Will you enter, and wait till she returns?"

With a beaming smile and graceful bend, and in the same sweet tones he thanked her, and declined the invitation. Then he remounted his horse, and bowing deeply, rode off in the direction Fanny had taken.

This was certainly a day of arrivals at Old Fields. Usually weeks would pass without any one passing to or from the cottage, except Marian, whose cheerful, kindly, social disposition, was the sole connecting link between the cottage and the neighborhood around it. But this day seemed to be an exception.

While yet the little party lingered at the breakfast table, Edith looked up, and saw the tall, thin figure of a woman in a nankeen riding-shirt, and a nankeen corded sun-bonnet, in the act of dismounting from her great, rawboned white horse.

"If there isn't Miss Nancy Skamp!" exclaimed Edith, in no very hospitable tone—"and I wonder how she can leave the postoffice."

"Oh! this is not mail day!" replied Marian, laughing, "notwithstanding which we shall have news enough." And Marian who, for her part, was really glad to see the old lady, arose to meet and welcome her.

Miss Nancy was little changed; the small, tall, thin, narrow-chested, stooping figure—the same long, fair, freckled, sharp set face—the same prim cap, and clean, scant, faded gown, or one of the same sort—made up her personal individuality. Miss Nancy now had charge of the village postoffice; and her early and accurate information respecting all neighborhood affairs, was obtained, it was whispered, by an official breach of trust; if so, however, no creature except Miss Nancy, her black boy, and her white cat, knew it. She was a great news carrier, it is true, yet she was not especially addicted to scandal. To her, news was news, whether good or bad, and so she took almost as much pleasure in exciting the wonder of her listeners by recounting the good action or good fortune of her neighbors or the reverse.

And so, after having dropped her riding-skirt, and given that and her bonnet to Marian to carry up-stairs, and seated herself in the chair that Edith offered her at the table, she said, sipping her coffee, and glancing between the white curtains and the green vines of the open window out upon the bay:

"You have the sweetest place and the finest sea view here, my dear Mrs. Shields; but that is not what I was a-going to say. I was going to tell you that I hadn't learn from you so long, that I thought I must take an early ride this morning, and spend the day with you. And I thought you'd like to hear about your old partner at the dancing-school, young Mr. Thurston Willcoxen, a-coming back—la, yes! to be sure! we had almost all of us forgotten him, leastwise I had. And then, Miss Marian," she said, as our blooming girl returned to her place at the table, "I just thought I would bring over that muslin for the collars and caps you were so good as to say you'd make for me."

"Yes, I am glad you brought them, Miss Nancy," said Marian, in her cheerful tone, as she helped herself to another roll.

"I hope you are not busy now, my dear."

"Oh, I'm always busy, thank Heaven! but that makes no difference, Miss Nancy; I shall find time to do your work this week and next."

"I am sure it is very good of you, Miss Marian, to sew for me for nothing; when——"

"Oh, pray, don't speak of it, Miss Nancy."

"But indeed, my dear, I must say I never saw anybody like you! If anybody's too old to sew, and too poor to put it out, it is 'Miss Marian' who will do it for kindness, and if anybody is sick, it is 'Miss Marian' who is sent for to nurse them; and if any poor negro, or ignorant white person, has friends off at a distance they want to hear from, it is 'Miss Marian' who writes all their letters!"

When they arose from breakfast, and the room was tidied up, and Edith, and Marian, and their guest, were seated at their work, with all the cottage windows open to admit the fresh and fragrant air, and the rural landscape on one side, and the sea view on the other, and while little Miriam sat at their feet dressing a nun doll, and old Jenny betook herself to the garden to gather vegetables for the day, Miss Nancy opened her budget, and gave them all the news of the month. But in that which concerned Thurston Willcoxen alone was Edith interested, and of him she learned the following facts: Of the five years which Mr. Willcoxen had been absent in the eastern hemisphere, three had been spent at the German University, where he graduated with the highest honors; eighteen months had been passed in travel through Europe, Asia, and Africa; and the last year had been spent in the best circles in the city of Paris. He had been back to his native place about three weeks. Since the death of Fanny Laurie's old guardian, the judge of the Orphans' Court had appointed him sole trustee of her property, and guardian of her person. As soon as he had received this power, he had gone to the asylum, where the poor creature was confined, and hearing her pronounced incurable, though harmless, he had set her at liberty, brought her home to his own house, and had hired a skillful, attentive nurse to wait upon her.

"And you never saw such kindness and compassion, Miss Marian, except in yourself. I do declare to you, that his manner to that poor unfortunate is a delicate and reverential and devoted as if she were the most accomplished and enviable lady in the land, and more so, Miss Marian, more so!"

"I can well believe it! He looks like that!" said the beautiful girl, her face flushing and her eyes filling with generous sympathy. But Marian was rather averse to sentimentality, so dashing the sparkling drops from her blushing cheeks, she looked up and said: "Miss Nancy, we are going to have chickens for dinner. How do you like them cooked? It don't matter a bit to Edith and me."

"Stewed, then, if you please, Miss Marian! or stop—no—I think baked in a pie!"

(To be Continued.)

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FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

HANDLING SILAGE.

On the supposition that the silo is to be filled with corn chiefly or wholly, it is important that everything shall be ready when the crop has reached the proper stage for being siloed, writes Prof. Thos. Shaw. While it is true, of course, that the stage of maturity during which corn may be successfully cured in the silo varies from the first formation of grain on the cob until the crop is virtually or almost ripe, it is also true that there is a period of maturity at which it may be made into silage with less of hazard than at any other period. That period is usually spoken of as the glazed or roasting stage of the ears.

The aim should be, therefore, to have all things ready when the corn is ready. It is better to begin while the corn is a little short of readiness where much filling is to be done, as it will be more than ready before the last of the crop is stored. The all things include a corn harvester for putting the crop into sheaves, low wagon or trucks with platform for drawing the corn, a powerful cutting box to cut and shred the corn at the same time, a blower attachment to convey it to the silo, a gasoline or other engine of sufficient power, and enough help to keep moving on steadily in each department. This means that good planning is necessary, and it also probably means that under ordinary farm conditions more or less of co-operation will be necessary between farmers who are neighbors. In this way the labor question can be better solved probably than in any other. If two or three neighbors co-operate thus, additional hiring may be dispensed with entirely. Such co-operation would not be completely satisfactory if each man's crop should be ready for the silo at the same time, but this seldom happens.

CUT AND SHREDDED SILAGE.

The superiority of cut and shredded silage over that which is simply cut, consists in the more complete consumption of the silage by the stock. When corn is simply cut, though the lengths be very short, cattle will reject more or less of the hard portions of the stalk toward the butts. The rejected silage runs all the way from 5 to 10 p.c. and in some instances it is more. When the silage is both cut and shredded, waste is practically eliminated, as the cut portions of the stalk are also torn into shreds. Additional power is wanted to make such silage, but the addition is not so much as would be supposed at first thought, for the reason that when the cuts are shredded they may be left considerably longer than would otherwise be admissible. The relative waste in feeding corn in all the past has been one of the most regrettable things about its use, hence the possibility and easy practicability of thus using the entire crop should be hailed with peculiar satisfaction.

The way in which the silage is stored is a matter of much importance. Unless the silage is kept well spread the distribution of the light and heavy parts of the corn will be uneven. This will interfere with even settling of the silage and will furnish food not equal in its constituents. Not only should the spreading be even, but the tramping should be careful, and particularly toward the outer edges where the silage naturally sinks more slowly and packs less firmly at the first than it does in the center of the silo. The most valuable quality in the man in the silo is conscience, especially should the weather be hot. It is much hotter in the silo than outside. The person thus engaged is out of sight, and is so far master of the situation. Because of these things, a conscientious man in a silo who weighs only 140 pounds is worth many times more than a man with a sleeping conscience who weighs 200 pounds.

Many plans have been adopted of covering the silage. None probably has proved better than that which scatters a thick seeding of oats over the silage, adds a few buckets of water, and then allows the mass of green food produced to decay. No silo can be filled so as to remain quite full, hence when the silo is full it is usually necessary to allow it to settle a few days and fill again.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Earth floors that have become saturated with the droppings of the fowls should be removed to a depth of five or six inches and replaced with fine, dry, clean, soil, and see that the floor is some six inches higher than the outside ground.

Continued experiments made abroad with feeding dried potatoes to stock, especially with pigs and steers, show that the potatoes were not found to be as satisfactory for pigs as ground barley and corn, from the viewpoint of economy. With steers fed dried potatoes fairly good results were obtained. This feeding stuff was better digested by the steers than by pigs, while the finely ground product is regarded as preferable.

English experts are advocates of the theory that undulating lands are decidedly best as grazing grounds for young horses. Apart from the question of the soil, which is in itself, of course, an important matter in the production of nutritious grasses, it is argued that undulating fields are necessary for full and proper muscle development. The perfect horse, or one pleasing in form needs symmetrical development of all muscles, and the English experts are advocates of the theory that this development is not attained on level pastures; hence their favor for undulating pastures for the best development of all classes of horses.

"A judge has just decided that umbrellas are private property." "Good! And, by the way, where is the one that you took from my hat rack just two years ago?"

He—"At what age do you think a girl ought to marry?" She—"Well, I couldn't think of setting the day before next October, George, when I shall be just 29."

The Japs—"Well, it doesn't take much to make him feel good."

BUSY ITALIAN JUDGES

ITALY SHOULD BE A GOOD COUNTRY FOR LAWYERS.

Judges Always on the Bench — Some of the Remarkable Cases.

Italy may be called the land of trials, says a letter from Rome. They are always plentiful and often highly interesting. The Italian judges appear to be the only busy people in the hot weather; they do not really work very hard or exert themselves more than is good for their health, but they sit a great deal, and some long trial or other is always dragging on.

The Ercolessi trial—an army captain and his wife accused of selling important military documents and secrets to France, a sort of Dreyfus affair reversed—is just over. The Bon-martini trial—quite an aristocratic case, in which an unfaithful wife, Countess Bonmartini, instigated her brother to kill her husband, after some experiments with a poison furnished by her doctor lover had failed—has been going on since 1903 at Turin. The Moduano trial—the story of an engineer officer who returned heavily laden with loot from China and shot his wife after making her sign a letter saying she had committed suicide—is on at Perugia. The latest trial, known as the "Benedetti case," is about to begin at Milan, and it deserves a brief description.

INVENTOR OF BREASTPLATE.

Ernesto Benedetti, a young man, ran a small restaurant and wine shop in Rome, and in the intervals between cooking and serving his customers he found relaxation in making several inventions, none of which brought him fame. But the young man was not impatient; he bided his time. Just before hostilities broke out between Russia and Japan, he announced a startling discovery—nothing less than a bullet-proof breastplate, very light and portable, which rendered soldiers absolutely invulnerable!

The Italian Government, to which the invention was first offered by the patriotic Benedetti, refused to have anything to do with it, so the inventor advertised extensively his discovery, and as a consequence the military attaches of all the foreign powers accredited to Rome were for once very busy. They tested the wonderful breastplate, shooting at Benedetti, who wore it and came out unscathed from their volleys, thanks to a chain-mail shirt, his enemies said—and then they reported to their respective War Offices.

RUSSIA PLACES BIG ORDER.

The Russian attache wrote as follows: "Since the discovery of gunpowder this invention is by far the greatest and most important in the science of war, and it alters the principles which have since then governed modern warfare. The Benedetti breastplate has solved one of the greatest problems. Soldiers can now expose themselves with impunity to the enemy's fire, reach the firing line without any losses, and deliver irresistible assaults." Such an enthusiastic description could not be resisted at headquarters. The Russian Government ordered Benedetti to furnish 100,000 breastplates at once for use in Manchuria.

The young inventor closed his shop, drank his stock of wine, we may presume, to celebrate his good luck, hurried to Milan and floated a company called the "Benedetti monopoly." A few days later he signed a contract with a Russian staff officer, Col. Muller, hot from St. Petersburg, and got $14,000 in advance for the order given him.

TROUBLE COMES QUICKLY.

But the Japanese legation at Rome somehow got wind of this affair, and as a result a polite reminder was sent to the Italian Government recalling the duties of neutrals. Benedetti, therefore, was notified that his breastplates could not get out of Italy. Without losing any time he returned to Rome and offered the breastplates to Japan. He even went so far as to say that he was quite willing to furnish breastplates both to Russia and Japan. But probably neither country wished the war to drag on for an indefinite time, as it would have done had the soldiers of both armies been invulnerable, so Benedetti's offer was refused and Russia asked to have its $14,000 back.

Benedetti not only refused to hand the money, but in turn asked Russia for damages. Things came to such a pitch that the police first and the tribunals afterward had to take the matter in hand. A commission of military experts was appointed to examine the celebrated breastplate, and it took them a very short time to conclude that it was a regular fraud and that Benedetti had taken everybody in and swindled Russia out of $14,000 into the bargain.

The trial is coming on in a few days. It would be difficult to foresee what will be the upshot of it, but very likely Benedetti will be set free, he will reopen his shop, and devote his spare time to some other equally startling discovery.

INCONVENIENT.

Physician—You will be glad to know, madam, that your husband will almost certainly recover.

Wife—Oh, dear me, doctor, what shall I do?

Physician—Why, madam, what do you mean? Aren't you anxious that your husband should get well?

Wife (sobbing)—Yes—only, when you said last week you didn't think he would live a fortnight, I went and sold all his clothes.

A HINT.

Throw away the old straw hat,
'Tis good for nothing now;
Go chop it up and mix with bran
And feed it to the cow.

RETORTS OF SOVEREIGNS

THEY CAN TAKE AS WELL AS MAKE JOKES.

Many Columns Might Be Filled With Samples of Royal Wit.

The Kaiser's latest joke, which is going the round of the European papers, is by no means a bad specimen of Royal humor. When the German Emperor was visiting the ancient Castle of Saalburg a few weeks ago with Dr. Lucanus, chief of His Majesty's Civil Cabinet, as companion, he was shown some pottery, recently dug up, which dated from Roman times. By an odd coincidence the name of the maker of one of the old vases was deciphered as "Lucanus." "Halloa! Lucanus," exclaimed the Kaiser, as the name caught his eye, "how is this? You are always boasting about your ancestors, and here I find they were only potters after all."

This story reminds one curiously of James I.'s joke at the expense of one of his courtiers. When he overheard this gentleman, a member of the ancient family of Lumley, boast of his long and distinguished descent, James broke in with, "Stop, man! You need not say a word more. Now I know that Adam's name was Lumley."

Much more rare, and perhaps more interesting are the stories of jokes made

AT THE EXPENSE OF KINGS.

An excellent example of a clever retort was that of the Attache of the British Embassy in St. Petersburg, who, when dining at the Imperial Palace quite recently, had the misfortune to upset his glass of claret. The Czar, seemingly annoyed by the incident, asked from the other end of the table, "Do they do that kind of thing in England?" "Oh, yes," came the prompt and daring retort; "but no notice is ever taken of it."

Equally swift and even more daring still was the rebuke once administered to the Prince Regent. When George was walking in Portsmouth one day he shouted out to one of his boon companions whom he saw across the road, "Halloa, Towers! I hear you are the greatest blackguard in Portsmouth." "I hope," shouted back Towers, with a profound obeisance, "your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my character." This answer is oddly reminiscent of another of which the Merry Monarch was the victim. Meeting Lord Shaftesbury, whose character as a libertine was notorious Charles greeted him. "I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." "For a subject, sir," placidly answered Shaftesbury.

"I REALLY BELIEVE I AM."

When Frederick the Great, after appointing a man of European illfame as his Ambassador to the British Court, asked Hugh Elliott what his fellow-countrymen thought of him, Elliott answered with a bow, "As worthy representative of your Majesty." But sure" so King was ever so cleverly and crushingly answered as George III., when he asked Horne Tooke if he ever played cards. "Your Majesty," said Tooke, "I cannot tell a king from a knave."

When William IV. was heir-presumptive to the throne of England, he said one day to the Secretary to the Admiralty, who was his neighbor at the dinner-table, "C——, when I am King you shall not be Admiralty Secretary, I promise you. Eh? What do you say to that?" "All that I can say in such a case," said C——, "is, God save the King."

Charles II., who could take a joke as well as make one, once asked his chaplain, Dr. Stillingfleet, "How is it that you always read your sermons before me, when I understand you can preach eloquently enough without a book elsewhere?" The doctor answered that he was so overwhelmed by His Majesty's presence that he could not "trust himself otherwise"; "and," continued he, "in return will your Majesty give me leave to ask why you read your speeches when you can have no such excuse?"

That high-placed dignitaries have no monopoly of these crushing retorts to Royalty is proved by

THE FOLLOWING STORIES.

When Frederick the Great's coachman once had the misfortune to upset the Royal carriage with his master in it, and Frederick began to swear like a trooper at the clumsiness of his servant, the latter turned his abuse to laughter by turning round on the Emperor and coolly asking, "And you, did you never lose a battle?"

One day Louis XI. wandered into the kitchen of an inn at which he had stopped for a meal, and seeing a lad there turning a spit asked him his name and employment. "My name is Berringer," answered the turnspit, "and though I am not a great man I get as much as the King of France." "And what," inquired Louis, "does the King of France get?" "His wages," was the answer "which he holds from God, and I hold mine from the King."

And to give one more story—at the expense of Charles II. One day he accosted one of his servants, called Killigrew, and asked whither he was hastening so fast. "I am going to the lower regions," came the answer, "to ask them to send back Oliver Cromwell to take charge of the affairs of England; for, as to his successor, he is always employed on other business."

MUNICIPAL NEWSPAPER.

Dresden, Germany, is one of the few cities possessing a municipal newspaper, and this was bequeathed to the city by the late Dr. Gunt. The bequest is a very valuable property, and consists of a daily newspaper, which, in consequence of its extensive circulation, is the principal advertising medium in the neighborhood. The profits are applied to the beautifying and improvement of the city and to charity.

STANDS SEARCH-LIGHT

Michigan's Insurance Commissioner Can Find Only Good to Say of Canada Life.

Lansing, Mich., September 27.—The Michigan Insurance Department has completed an investigation of the Canada Life Assurance Co., and reports its affairs as being in a most satisfactory condition. The examiners' official statement says that "the company is most conservative and careful in regard to its investments," and that there has been "no attempt in any way to inflate the assets." The Canada Life's business is further referred to as being on a stronger reserve basis than that of any other company in America known to the examiners.

The Department is able to report "with no hesitation that the Canada Life Assurance Company has no improper or unprofitable financial relations or alliances with any other institution, and all its affairs seem to be conducted on a purely business basis. Its officers, in our opinion, make the best terms possible for, and in the interests of, the Company. The banking business of the Company is transacted with several of the leading Banks of Canada, preference being given to those banks giving the Company the best terms."

Special mention is made of the policyholders' defined rights in the Company's profits, as follows: "By the Company's Charter it is provided that 90 per cent. of the profits of the Company shall go to the Policyholders, and no more than 10 per cent. of the profits to the Stockholders. Until $90 is earned for the Policyholders the Stockholders could not receive $10 Dividend. The Company has thus established a community of interest between the Policyholder and the Stockholder, and has combined the advantages of security and continuity of management inherent in a Stock Company with the most desirable privileges of a Mutual Company."

Reference is made also to the Company's voluntary action in 1899 when it requested the Government so to amend its Charter that Policyholders should be allowed to elect six of their number to sit on the Board of Directors. The Examiners state: "So far as we know, the Canada Life was the first purely Stock Company to give Policyholders a voice in the management, and it has in this manner succeeded in securing a harmonious blending of the rights of Policyholders and Stockholders. In our opinion this arrangement is a most equitable one."

The report is likely to be regarded as especially reassuring because it comes from Insurance Commissioner, Hon. J. V. Barry, who has a continental reputation as an impartial official. A year ago he was given the distinction of being Chairman of the Convention of State Insurance Commissioners. Of late the press of other states, where the insurance departments are less efficient than Michigan's, has been advocating Mr. Barry's appointment as National Supervisor of Insurance, should the United States Congress establish a Federal Insurance Department.

JAPAN'S GREAT FISHERIES.

Japan leads the world in the economical and scientific development of its fisheries. It has more persons engaged in this industry, says Dr. H. M. Smith, than any other nation. Sharks are among the commonest food fishes of Japan. They are sent to the markets to be "butchered" like beeves in other countries. The extent of the Japanese fisheries may be judged from the size of the nets employed by the fishermen. Doctor Smith tells, in the National Geographic Magazine, of a net employed for catching yellowtails which was more than a mile long. It had a bag 900 feet long, 250 feet wide at its mouth, and 125 feet deep. On one occasion 10,000 fish, averaging 20 pounds in weight, were taken at a single haul.

DEADLY ANAEMIA.

Leads to Consumption Unless Promptly Cured.

Many a young life might be saved from consumption if simple anaemia were promptly treated. Anaemia is the doctors' name for weak, watery blood. When the blood is in this condition the lungs have no strength. The whole system begins to break down. Then the growing girl slips slowly into decline, until at last the cough starts and her doom is sealed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure all weak, anaemic people without doubt or difficulty. They actually make new, rich, health-giving blood—they cure anaemia and prevent consumption. This has been proved in thousands of cases. Mrs. Edward Coshran, Merriton, Ont., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter Matilda, when I felt that her case was almost hopeless. For more than a year she was a sufferer from anaemia. She gradually grew weak, was subject to violent headache, and dark circles appeared under her eyes. She was melancholy, had no appetite and complained of being constantly tired. At different times she was treated by two doctors, but with no improvement. As her case progressed, she was attacked by violent palpitation of the heart, and a suffocating shortness of breath. She had a deathly pallor, took cold easily, and continued to decline in weight, until I felt that she was in a hopeless decline. At this time my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began giving them to her. She had not been taking the pills many weeks when her appetite was greatly improved, and this was the first sign that they were helping her. She continued the pills until she had taken eight or nine boxes, when she was again the picture of healthy girlhood. Every symptom of her trouble had disappeared, she has increased in weight, and is strong and robust. Her recovery is looked upon as marvellous, for the doctors thought her case hopeless."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured this case. The pale, anaemic need only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing—they make new, rich, life-giving blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, neuralgia, nervous troubles, and those special ailments that make the lives of so many growing girls and women miserable. Be careful to get the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

In 1793 the steamboat was first conceived by Robert Fulton, an American.

HEALTH

THE GREATEST HEALTH FACTOR—WORK.

Congenial work with mind and hands should be encouraged in all persons, for its prophylactic as well as its curative influences. Rest will prove serviceable doubtless in numbers of cases, but its application should be restricted and carefully studied. There are many conditions where absolute rest will not only prove useless, but really harmful. To send a man from an active business life to one of complete inactivity will often prove disastrous, as much so as to proscribe all food for the obese.

The nervous will complain that they do not feel like work. If left to themselves and told to do absolutely nothing, not even to read, they are sure to dwell upon their infirmities, and grow thereby morose and hypochondriacal, thus increasing their invalidism. The desire for work should be encouraged in all conditions, and in all classes. If one's interest is aroused, even to a slight degree, a continuance in the work will develop a desire for occupation. One will never feel like work if one has nothing to do. Work will often accomplish what medicine, however properly applied, will not, for it is not alone that we must earn our bread by the sweat of the brow, but every man and woman should work for the pleasure of it, as well as for the health-giving, brain-expanding results, and the benefit of example.

EAT TO SAVE DOCTOR'S BILLS.

If people would study the various vegetables, fruits, etc., as to their medicinal qualities in adjusting ailments, there would be less demand for the doctor's services. It should not be difficult to remember that:

Fruits and acid vegetables (tomatoes are good for the liver.

Lettuce and celery are good nerve tonics.

Beans, peas, lentils, etc., produce strength and heat, and are a good substitute for meats in winter.

Onions and radishes are proventives of colds.

Eggs are easier to digest when slightly boiled than when eaten raw.

Macaroni and vermicelli, on account of their closeness of grain, are not as easily digested as light bread.

Potatoes, when mealy, are easily digested. When close and watery they are hard to digest.

Bananas, on account of the amount of nitrogen they contain, are easily digested.

The sufferer from dyspepsia should take turnips, spinach, cresses, salads, celery, lettuce, and dandelions.

A person suffering from chronic rheumatism should avoid dried fish.

SHUN THE "BLUES."

"Blues" are unnecessary. They mean one of two things—an unhealthy body or a diseased mind. In either case distraction is the best remedy. One must strive to forget self in work, in reading, or in pleasure. A busy life, judiciously arranged, will crowd vapours to the wall. There are women who never seem to have any resources. Let them cultivate a good-sized feminine acquaintance, with varied types to suit one's moods, to sew with this one, shop with that one, entertain and be entertained. There is always charity work to fill up one's time, even when the social amenities are not pleasing. The best cure for loneliness is a brisk walk through the clear sunshine and pure air. It generally puts a person into a reasonable frame of mind, but is often avoided by sick-minded people.

CARE OF THE EYES.

There are certain rules with regard to the care of the eyesight which should be religiously followed. They might be formulated in the following way: First, do not use the eyes in a poor or flickering light. Second, do not have the light directly in front or behind; the light should fall, without interruption, from one side. Third, do not use the eyes much when you are tired or when recovering from an illness. Fourth, do not use the eyes when they become watery or show signs of indistinctness of vision. Fifth, do not work with the head bent over. This tends to gorge the vessels of the eyes with blood and to produce congestion. Sixth, do not read lying flat on the back or reclining, unless the book is supported in the same relative angle and position as when erect. Seventh do not remain a single day without glasses after you should put them on.

CURE OF CROUP.

When a child has an acute attack of croup, make a poultice of linseed meal and mustard, rub a little oil or lard on top, then put it right round the child's neck. Give the child a good dose of castor oil, enough to make it sick. Many a child's life is saved through this when there is no doctor at hand. If mothers would make a small chest-preserver of red flannel the shape of a heart back and front, and twice a week put a few drops of turpentine on it, it would prevent many a sore throat and chest complaint.

TO CURE A STY.

The best thing is to bathe the eyes frequently with warm water, boracic lotion (5grs. to 1oz. of water), and apply at night a piece of boracic lint wrung out of boiling water; cover with a piece of jaconet and a pad of cotton-wool on top; fix with a bandage.

HEAT FOR EARACHE.

Earache is one of the most distressing ailments of childhood. Heat, perhaps, gives as much as any application. The ear may be gently filled with water as hot as can be borne, poured in with a teaspoon. The child should lie with the affected ear uppermost, and after a short time turn on that side and let the water run out. Sometimes a small mustard plaster behind the ear stops the pain. It should be left on only a few minutes.

HOME COUGH REMEDY.

Cover 2 ozs. flaxseed with 1 qt. boiling water, add ½ sugar, 1 pint strained honey and juice of 3 lemons. Let it heat on back of range until sugar and honey are well dissolved; then put in a fruit can. This may be taken freely in case of cold or grip until the cough is relieved.

TRIED ALL ELSE TO NO BENEFIT

THEN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS DIABETES.

Startling Case of Thos. Harrison, of St. Mary's Ferry—He Tells the Story Himself.

St. Mary's Ferry, York County, N. B., Sept. 25—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes, one of the most deadly forms of Kidney Disease, has been satisfactorily proved by Mr. Thos. Harrison, of this place. Speaking of his cure Mr. Harrison says:

"I began to suffer with severe pains above the region of the Kidneys. When I lay down it was torture to get up again. My appetite failed and I lost flesh rapidly.

"I doctored with several physicians, but it was all no use. Shortly after this I began to urinate blood and then I knew I was in the grip of that dread monster, Diabetes.

"At this time a friend prevailed on me to try a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they did me so much good I continued the treatment till I had used three boxes. They cured me completely."

FUEL IN YUKON.

Coal Being Mined—Some Steamers Are Using Oil.

Fifteen men are employed this summer in the Tantalus coal mine, on the Upper Yukon River, says the Dawson News. Several of the White Pass steamers are using the coal, and are doing well with it. Miller, the owner of the Tantalus coal property, promises to realize a good thing out of it.

The White Pass, notwithstanding it is burning coal to some extent, has 32 wood camps along the river between Dawson and White Horse. An average of two men are engaged at each camp. This means the distribution of considerable money for fuel.

The lower river boats are buying considerable wood also this year, and wood camps are scattered along the entire 1,700 miles from Dawson to St. Michael, but are not patronized so extensively as in some of the years past.

The Northern Commercial Company now burns oil on most of its steamers. The oil is brought from California.

Coal for the river steamers also is being produced on the lower river. At the Coal Creek mines, below Forty-mile, and near Nulato, coal is being produced. Another mine is being opened on Roy Creek, below Eagle. A large traction engine, to be used in drawing coal to the river bank, was sent down the river a few days ago by steamer.

Finishing up the windows of a new house is a pane-full proceeding.

"Do you think my little boy looks like me?" "Yes, but he's liable to outgrow it."

A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes. 4B

ARCTIC MAIL DELVIERY

FIVE THOUSAND MILES FROM OTTAWA.

The Settler Now Has His Letters Regularly Carried to Him by Dog Teams.

"Fort McPherson Postoffice, Arctic Circle." The idea of addressing a letter in such a way and having it delivered by agents of the Postoffice Department would have been deemed absurd and impracticable at one time. To-day it has become an established fact. A few years ago Edmonton was the remotest point in the Northwest Territories reached by the Canadian postoffice. Beyond, no attempt had been made to extend postal facilities. Nevertheless there was a scattered population throughout the vast area between Edmonton and the Arctic regions wholly unserved by the postoffice. Quietly but steadily, however, the postoffice is embracing this great expanse of territory in the postal area and has now in sucessful operation a postoffice at Fort McPherson, a point on the Mackenzie River not far from Beaufort Sea, situate in latitude 148 north, distant over 2,000 miles northerly from Edmonton and nearly

5,000 MILES FROM OTTAWA.

Between Fort McPherson and Edmonton the department has been gradually establishing other postoffices, but owing to their great distance from each other has supplemented their work by arranging with the couriers to deliver mail matter to settlers on the way between the various offices.

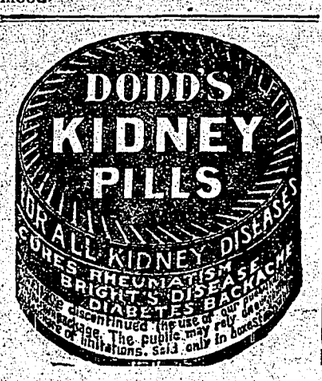
Fancy rural delivery in the Arctic regions! Yet that is practically what is happening. It is less than four years since the department inaugurated its policy of mail services and postoffices north of Edmonton. It began by establishing a mail service between Elmonton and Athabasca Landing, a point on the Athabasca River about one hundred miles from the former place. This service having been successfully carried out, the department in the following year established a mail service between Athabasca Landing and Peace River Crossing, a distance of some 300 miles; also a service between Peace River Crossing and Spirit River, a distance of 75 miles; also a service from Peace River Crossing to Fort Vermillion, a distance of about 260 miles. In 1903 successful efforts adopted to reach Fort Chipewyan, a point on Lake Athabasca, distant 400 miles farther north. Apart from the very great expense involved in these services, the question was whether they could be successfully performed throughout the winter. The country being without roads of any kind, and covered with ice and snow, the only practicable means of transportation are dog teams. But

THREE YEARS' EXPERIENCE

in the shorter distance between Edmonton and Fort Chipewyan having shown the practicability of this system, last fall it was determined to make the bold attempt to send his Majesty's mails throughout the winter practically as far north as the Arctic Sea. The experiment carried out throughout last winter has proved successful, and now a permanent postoffice is in operation at Fort McPherson, served during the winter by dog teams.

It is impossible for persons enjoying the conveniences supplied in the old settled parts of Canada to realize the loneliness and solitude of those citizens in the remote semi-arctic regions. To them the arrival of a mail is the most exciting event of the year, bringing to them news from the outer world from relatives and friends, keeping them in touch to some extent with their country and mitigating in a degree the hardships of their lives. Great as is the expense involved to the country, it will doubtless be cheerfully acquiesced in because of the pleasure and satisfaction that it will bring to those hardy northern settlers who are thus reminded that their country is deeply interested in their welfare. That two cents will defray the cost of their sending a letter by this route for thousands of miles is not one of the least triumphs of the day.

A celebrated oculist offered to operate on a blind beggar's eyes, and said, "I'll guarantee to restore your sight." "What," exclaimed the beggar, "restore my sight, and so ruin my business! A pretty notion! Do you want to leprive me of my livelihood?"



DO YOU WANT PURE TEA?

not mixed with sweepings, dust or refuse, but the

CHOICE YOUNG LEAVES,

carefully selected, manufactured and packed in lead to

PRESERVE THEIR FRESHNESS.

That's why you want

Blue Ribbon TEA

STOPS WHISPERING.

The hats worn by Korean state functionaries have brims of enormous dimensions, three feet across sometimes, and are required to be made of clay. The reason for this is that some years ago the then ruler of Korea was annoyed at the habit of whispering that prevailed at court, and so decided upon compelling his courtiers to wear hats that would make it somewhat more difficult to put their heads close together to exchange confidences.

Mamma (at breakfast table)—You should always use your napkin, Georgie. Georgie—I am using it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.

A Requisite for the Rancher.—On the cattle ranges of the West, where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready made medicine, not only for many human ills, but as a horse and cattle medicine of surpassing merit. A horse and cattle rancher will find matters greatly simplified by using this Oil.

"I shook hands with Bilkins this morning. He doesn't seem well. What's the matter with him?" "I think it's ennui." "Heavens! my wife would worry if she knew. She's always afraid I'll carry some of these contagious diseases home to the children."

Faulty Kidneys.—Have you backache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you frequent headaches? Have you failing vision? Have you dizzy feeling? Are you depressed? Is your skin dry? Have you a tired feeling? Any of these signs prove kidney disease. Experience has proved that South American Kidney Cure never fails.—6

He—"Did I ask you to marry me last night at the dance?" She—"Good gracious, no! Why?" He—"Well—er—you know, I got excited, and I often do silly things when I'm like that."

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cookery, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

"FERROVIM" IS A GENTLE STIMULANT to the stomach, thereby aiding digestion. As a tonic for patients recovering from fevers and all diseases lowering the vitality, it is without a rival. At all drug and general stores.

Mr. Headstall—"That horse you brought yesterday is a vicious-looking animal. Is he kind?" Mr. Cropper—"Kind? I should think so. Why, when he came out of the stable he stood upon his hind legs and tried to embrace me."

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

She—Before we were married you told me that you never stayed out late. He—Did I, dear? She—Yes, you did. He—Do you recollect what the time was that night when I told you that? She—No. He—Nearly twelve o'clock.

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded from roots, herbs and solid extracts of known virtue in the treatment of liver and kidney complaints and in giving tone to the system whether enfeebled by overwork or deranged through excesses in living. They require no testimonial. Their excellent qualities are well known to all those who have used them and they commend themselves to dyspeptics and those subject to biliousness who are in quest of a beneficial medicine.

DEVOURED BY BEAR.

Terrible Experiences of Two Brothers in the Tyrol.

A terrible adventure with a bear has befallen two Hungarian goatherds, the brothers Paul and Martin Dosek, one of whom was killed and partly devoured by the animal.

The brothers were making their way in the direction of the Belebit mountains, one of the most romantically beautiful spots in the Tyrol, when they came upon a huge she-bear in the act of devouring a goat.

The bear, disturbed in her meal, sprang at the men, who ran for their lives, with the bear in pursuit. They finally succeeded in climbing a large tree, finding an uncertain refuge in a thick overhanging branch. The bear then sat down on her haunches at the foot of the tree.

Shortly after daybreak, Paul, the elder of the two brothers, probably overcome with fatigue and terror, suddenly lost his hold, fell, and was instantly torn to pieces.

Finally, towards noon, the animal fell asleep. Martin then silently slid down from his perch and made for Divoselo, where he was given refreshment. He began to foam at the mouth, and made a savage attack with his teeth on a peasant who was sitting at a table. Four policemen were required to master him, and he was taken to the asylum, a raving maniac.

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If no agent of ours in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 158

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

30 Practical Every day Lessons on FARM ACCOUNTS For 75c. post paid. FARM PUB. HOUSE, Box 425, Chatham, Ont.

"But," protested the bridegroom, during their little quarrel, "you promised to love, honor and obey me." "Maybe I did," replied the bride, "but I had my fingers crossed."

PLEASE BEAR IN MIND that what is called a skin disease may be but a symptom of bad blood. In that case, Weaver's Cerate, externally applied, should be supplemented with Weaver's Syrup, taken daily.

"Well," said his wife, "I'll bet you a box of cigars." "Not" replied the brute; "I won't bet!" "You're afraid you'll lose." "No; I'm afraid I'd win!"

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.

Mrs. Littlewit (proudly)—"Only just think! Charles has gone to address a public gathering." Friend—"I didn't know he was a speech-maker." Mrs. Littlewit—"Nor I; but he's been called upon to make a statement before a meeting of his creditors."

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.

Three gas companies in London consume between them 4,000,000 tons of coal per annum.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

Doctor—"You seem to have had a relapse. Looks like a severe case of nervous prostration, too." Patient (weakly)—"Nothing—nothing at all except looking over your bill."

WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR with the deep, hoarse bark, grimly called "a grave-yard cough." Take Allen's Lung Balsam, a remedy for pulmonary trouble, highly recommended even in the earlier stages of Consumption.

He—"I think every woman is entitled to be considered man's equal." She—"Well, if she is willing to bring herself down to his level, I don't see why she shouldn't be allowed to pose as his equal."

Eat what you like.—Give the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable—60 in a box, 35 cents.—3

A very loquacious lady asked a friend what position he would give her were she a man. "I'd make you superintendent of a deaf and dumb asylum," was the reply. "Why?" "Because either the inmates would learn to talk or you to keep silent."

They Never Knew Failure.—Careful observation of the effects of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

A prison visitor recently asked one of the prisoners how he came to be there. "Want," was the answer. "How was that, pray?" "Well, I wanted another man's watch. He wasn't willing I should have it, and the judge wants me to stay here five years."

A Pleasant Duty.—"When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Hamburg, Pa. "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. 50 cts."—9

Polite Tramp—"Will you oblige me with a little vinegar and a bit of rag, madam? I've bruised my heel." Lady of the House—"I'm very sorry, but our vinegar is all out; wouldn't a little rum do as well?" Tramp—"I don't know, madam, but I'll try it; and—er—never mind the rag."

Cash or Cure

If Shiloh's Consumption Cure fails to cure your Cold or Cough, you get back all you paid for it. You are sure of a Cure or the Cash.

If it wasn't a sure cure, this offer would not be made.

Can anything be fairer?

If you have a Cold, Cough, or any disease of the Throat, Lungs or Air Passages, try

SHILOH

25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

ISSUE NO. 39—05.

JACKET AND MANTLE SALE

Our Sale of Ladies Jackets and Mantles Starts Here To-Day at Remarkably Low Prices.

Ladies' Jackets. Regular Selling Prices $8, $10, and $15.

Your Choice for $5.00

Children's Jackets Selling Here Now at Half Price.

Ladies' and Misses' Skirts

In Plain Cloths and Mixed Tweeds Selling at Half Reg. Price.

Xmas Goods

Secure your goods early. You know the advantage of buying now.

Umbrellas

Both in Ladies' and Men's. High Grade goods for Christmas Trade.

Hand Bags

Nothing more acceptable than a Nice Hand Bag for a Xmas Present. Take a look at Ours before purchasing elsewhere.

Furs! Furs!

Our stock in the Fur line is complete and fresh. All this season's goods.
Come early and get your choice.

Made-Up Goods
For Ladies of Taste

Tea Gowns, Dressing Jackets, Japanese Embroidered Gowns and Kimonas. Warm and comfortable for the Cold Weather.

Novelties

Our stock of Novelties never as well assorted as at present.

SOLE AGENT FOR **Walkover Shoe** Best American make.

REID & YOUNG

SOLE AGENT FOR **Walkover Shoe** Best American make

The A. E. George Company

THE BIG SALE GOES ON

HERE ARE SOME OF OUR EXTRA SPECIALS

200 Pairs Women's Corsets in white, drab and black. Reg $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00. Sale Price
$1.00 Per Pair

400 yards of Fancy Flannelette and Wrapperette. Regular Price 15c. and 20c. per yd.
10c. Per Yard

Now Is the Time for Bargain Seekers to Get Good Goods Cheap

The A. E. George Company

TO GET YOUR

Prescriptions

Filled accurately with the Purest of

DRUGS

Take them to the

CANADA DRUG & BOO CO., Ltd

Born

HUME—At Revelstoke, B. C., on Tuesday, Nov. 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hume, a son.

Married

MCCLENNAN—URQUHART—At Courtney, B. C., Nov. 23rd, Mr. John D. McLellan to Miss Georgia Urquhart.

LOCALISMS

Bargains for Friday and Saturday in John Taylor & Co's Toilet Soaps, several different varieties at 25c. per box, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

In the Dominion bye elections held yesterday Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, the new postmaster general, was elected by a majority of 501.

A small dynamo has been put in McMahon's blacksmith shop to furnish electric light at the Opera House tonight for the hospital ball.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Ladies Auxiliary to the B. of R. T. will hold a social dance on Dec. 12th at the Opera House.

Thos. Taylor, M.P.P., returned on Monday from Enderby where he had been to attend the citizens banquet to Premier McBride given in Enderby on Saturday evening.

Rev. J. R. Robertson returned last evening from attending a meeting of Kamloops Presbytery at Field, at which the induction of the Rev. J. H. Miller took place.

W. Peckham, C. P. R. brakeman, returned on Monday from a week's deer hunting in the Okanagan. He had splendid success, shooting two fine animals near Lumby.

Salvation Army.— Prayer meeting at 7 a. m., Holiness meeting 11 a. m., Free and Easy at 3 p.m., Salvation meeting at 8 o'clock. Major Rawlings will be in charge of the services.

The Revelstoke Sawmill Company, Ltd., is being organized in the city. The Company have immense tracts of good timber on Gold Stream, Canoe and Wood River, and also on the Columbia. The site for the mill is on Arrow Lake.

The programme for the Scottish concert on Nov. 30th, St. Andrews' Day, will be all that is calculated to give pleasure and satisfaction. The best talent of the city and adjoining country is being enlisted and the sons of Scotland and all lovers of Scottish song and dance can look forward to a "Braw Nicht." The Ladies' Aid will hold a sale of fancy work and refreshments served during the afternoon and evening.

YOU'RE THE MAN we want to try our "UNION" Cigar, Brown's Cigar Store.

E. A. Bradley returned on Tuesday from a visit to the coast cities.

T. H. Dunne returned on Saturday from a week's holiday at Notch Hill.

Services in St. Andrew's church Sunday, Nov. 26 th, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p. m.

Thos. Downing one of the best known miners of the Lardeau is in the city today.

The electric light plant is expected to be in shape for lighting purposes by the first of next week.

Contractor John Kernaghan will have the roof on the new Y. M. C. A. building by the end of the week.

Mr. J. D. McClennan is being married today at Courtney, B. C., to Miss Georgia Urquhart. "Rory" as he is familarly known here, will receive the hearty congratulations of his many friends, who will join with the HERALD in wishing himself and bride a happy married life.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather on Sunday, there were large congregations in the Methodist church The decorations were appropriate and the singing of a high order. The choir has so increased in numbers that an enlargement of the platform is necessitated.

Major Rawlings, of Vancouver, will conduct special revival meetings in the S. A. Hall from Saturday Nov. 25th to Tuesday Nov 28th inclusive. Major Rawlings has the oversight of the S. A. work in B. C. and the Yukon district. He has spent nearly a quarter of a century in the S. A., as an officer. Everybody welcome.

Next Sunday morning the Rev. Tong Chue Thom, a native of China, and at present stationed as a missionary among his fellow countrymen in the city of New Westminster, will give an address in the Methodist church on "The Yellow Peril." In the evening the pastor will preach on the subject "Is it right for a Christian to dance?"

CHOCOLATES

MARACAIBO in Bulk.

Having dropped this line for the past few years and handled other lines of Chocolates, we the conclusion that

MARACAIBO CHOCOLATES

Are Hard to Beat.

A large and choice selection just put in stock at

WALTER BEWS
Phm. B.
DRUGGIST AND STATIONER
Next to Hume Block.

Harry Sibble, representing the Western Clarion, is in the city in the interest of his paper. Mr. Sibble reports good business.

The Boston Baked Bean supper under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of the Methodist church was held in the church on Tuesday evening and was an unqualified success in every particular. There was a large attendance of the members of the church and friends. A short programme given during the evening was highly appreciated by the large audience.

The first dance of the season under the auspices of R. M. R. Co. 5, took place in the drill hall on Friday evening last and was largely attended. Music was furnished by the Independent band and a most enjoyable time was spent by all. It is intended to hold these dances regularly every fortnight throughout the winter months and no doubt they will be well patronized.

The R. M. Rangers met last night and formed a Basket Ball team, whose motto is to be "Hyu Skookum,"—mighty strong. The officers are Capt. Brown; vice-president, Lieut. Smith; Captain, Pte. Mason; manager and secretary, Lieut. Morrison. The uniform colors are to be white sweaters with R.M.R. Co. 5 across the front, rifle green pants and stockings. Capt. Mason would like to have every member of the Company turn out on Friday night at drill hall, not later than 8 o'clock for selection of teams and practice. The President has offered to present a cup for competition between the City and R. M. R. teams, so that should give a zip and go to the new sport in the city. Rooters and players all turn out.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

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

FOR SALE—A 100 lb. Dayton Computing Scale, apply at Bourne Bros,

Smoke Brown's "Marca Vuelta" Cigar.

A fresh stock of Christie Brown's fancy biscuits at C. B. Hume & Co's.

FURNISHED ROOM TO RENT, with or without board, apply at C. J Wilkes' house, First street.

FOR SALE—Immediately. Heater for Sitting Room, nearly new, a bargain, Mullens, new depot.

Smoke Brown's "Special" Cigar.

If you want to see cut glass of the first water call and see our stock—C. B. Hume & Co.

That shirt sale is still on, your choice of colored stiff fronts, 75c, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

U R A CUS tomer we would like to have try our SPECIAL cigar, BROWN'S CIGAR STORE.

Dress shirts, white gloves, white ties etc., in fact everything in men's full dress accessories at C. B. Hume & Co's

OPEN CONFESSION is made that Brown sells the BEST IN THE WEST.

Even the worst fabricators would be afraid of dropping dead if they told you Cressman & Morrison, the tailors, aren't the best in their line. Ask "Frank" and a few others and you "will hear tell of no sudden deaths."

If you have any piece of Furniture that you want to get rid of, and exchange for new, we will take it over, and allow you for it on the new piece. John E. Wood, the Big Furniture Store.

..THERE'S A REASON..

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

Loewe & Co.'s Pipes (Best make in the world.	$2.00 to $20
G. B. D. 1, 11 and Special	75c. to 18
Peterson's Patent Pipes	$1.25 to 15
B. B. B. Pipes	75c. to 10

We have the swellest line of **Gold Mounted** Pipes in the Interior. Our Stock of **Meerschaums** was never so complete.

Brown's Cigar Store and Pool Room
REVELSTOKE'S FASTEST GROWING STORE.

It is reported that a company is being promoted with a view to erecting in the vicinity of Mackenzie ave. a large hall for concert rooms, public meetings and dances, with all modern equipment. The great need of such a building in that part of the city is frequently commented upon and the enterprise would doubtless prove a successful venture.

Arrowhead Hospital Ball.

The first annual ball in connection with the Arrowhead hospital (a branch of the Revelstoke Hospital Society) was held on Friday evening, Nov. 10, and from every point of view was an unqualified success. The newly completed school building, not as yet put to the purpose for which erected, was used for the occasion, the large and well ventilated rooms seeming to be especially adapted for affairs of the kind. Early in the day the willing workers were on hand decorating and "making ready" and the unstinted praise of their efforts heard on all sides must have been extremely gratifying. The music, furnished by Mrs. Campbell, Messrs. Boyd, Matson and Beckie (violin) assisted on the piano (Mrs. E. J. Bang's Steinway very generously loaned for the occasion) by Mrs. Ludgate, Miss Leseuer, Miss Tingley, and Mr. Taylor. The supper, a dainty and satisfying one, contributed by the ladies, and running continuously throughout the evening. The entire absence of formality and the large and happy crowd left nothing to be desired, and from the start of the Grand March promptly at 8:45, ably led by Dr. Harry Hamilton and Nurse Evans, until the last waltz it was one continual round of pleasure. No "wall-flowers" seemed to be the order of the day (or night) the members of the reception committee being especially attentive to strangers and visitors. Of course there was the practical side, a contribution box looked knowingly at one on entering and in it were put voluntary contributions, the rather neat sum of $77 being realized. This, together with $100 on hand the result of concert given on Oct. 10th, and any other funds or donations received will be used in furnishing and equipping the hospital. Comaplix, Nakusp, and Halcyon Hot Springs were well represented, those from the two latter points coming by regular steamer, while those from the first mentioned place had the steamer "Piper" placed at their disposal by the generous management of the Bowman Lumber Co. Every credit is due to those who are responsible for the inspection and successful carrying out of the idea and they certainly have the gratitude of each one present for one of the most delightful evenings ever spent in Arrowhead, which is saying considerable.

CIGARS!!

We have a complete line of the Best Imported and Domestic Cigars.

BEST VALUES IN TOWN

When you want good Cigars Give us a Call.

Red Cross Drug Co.
LIMITED.

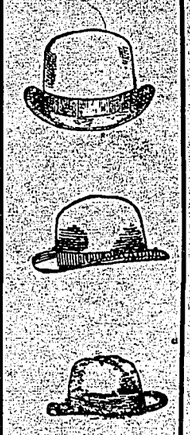
Bring Us Your Prescriptions

Terrible Disaster

LONDON, Nov. 21.—The South Western Railway company's steamer Hilda foundered off the French coast on Sunday morning with a loss of more than one hundred passengers. Five passengers and one member of the crew were saved. The steamer ran on Lesportes reef, near Gardin lightship, three miles from St. Malo, in a snowstorm. The majority of the passengers and crew were asleep at the time.

THAT MAN NEXT TO YOU smokes our cigars, ask him how he likes them, Brown's Cigar Store.

FALL HATS NOW READY



All the representative Styles of Hats for Fall and Winter wear await you here.

All the Stars are here. Soft or Stiff Hats.

You'll be surprised at the excellent values we give you for moderate prices.

We've every good kind, color and shape of Hat that's worthy of consideration.

We've a large assortment of Hats and Caps for Boys and Children.

All the Nawest Styles and Fancies in Hatdom.

All the Late Shapes and Styles.

J. G. Macdonald
FIT REFORM WARDROBE

Cut His Throat.

On Sunday afternoon, about 4 o'clock the body of Stephen Loftus, sen., aged 73, an inmate of the Provincial Home for nearly two years, was found in a gulch on the hills behind the Home, near the Gun Club's traps; an ugly gash in his throat, a pool of blood where he lay and an open, blood-stained pocket knife in his hand, showed the method of his death.

There is no doubt about its being a case of suicide, but it is one of the most painful cases that has ever come under our notice.

Up to two years ago the deceased, a farmer, lived at Craigellachie with his wife and family. His son, Thos. Loftus, had taken up a homestead there, but several years ago was killed by a snowslide at Clanwilliam and his rights fell to his parents, who, however, executed a deed in 1901 assigning their rights in the homestead to another son, Stephen Loftus, jun., to whom, in 1902, a crown grant was issued by the Dominion government.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Auction Sale

D. McPhadden, Auctioneer, is advertising in this issue of the HERALD a sale of a quantity of Brick, Sandstone and Building material. The Sale will be held at the New C.P.R. Depot at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

The annual hospital ball, under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild, will take place in the Opera House on Thursday Nov. 23rd. Tickets, Gentlemen $2.00; Ladies, $1.

AUCTION SALE

Saturday, Nov. 25th

at 2 o'clock at the New C. P. R. Depot

Messrs. Smith & Sherbourne, contractors for the C. P. R. Station, have instructed me to sell by Public Auction at the New C. P. R. Station at 2 p. m. Saturday next, the following:

About 7,000 brick, and a quantity of Sandstone, also Glass, Brackets, Mouldings, and a quantity of other building material.

SALE STARTS SHARP AT 2 O'Clock.

D. MCPHADDEN, AUCTIONEER

MINERAL ACT.
(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Standard, Monitor, Yellow Jacket, Heather Bell, Denver Fraction, Contractor, Winnebago, I.X.L. Fraction, H.X.L. Fraction, Iron Hill Fraction, Iron Hill, Criterion, Black Bear, U.X.L. Fraction, Iron Chest, Butte Fraction, Downie Fraction Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Revelstoke Mining Division of Kootenay District.

Where located:—At Standard Basin, Big Bend.

Take notice that I, R. Smith, Free Miner's Certificate No. B85523, acting as agent for The Prince Mining and Development Company, Limited Liability, Free Miner's Certificate No. B88485, intend, sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 87, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 24th day of November, A.D., 1905.

R. SMITH.