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THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 145 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1902 $2 00 a Year in Advance.

Fresh Groceries.

OUR SPECIALTY

We are the largest buyers of GROCERIES in the North Kootenay, and are therefore able to offer the very best goods produced in the world at the very lowest prices. Although times have been hard during the past year, our business has been the largest we ever had in Revelstoke, which is very encouraging to us.

This year we have made arrangements which will enable us to give our customers better prices than ever before.

W. G. & R. Shirts

These Shirts are recognized to be superior to any made in Canada for Style and Durability. We have them in all the Latest Patterns.

Neck Ties

The celebrated Currie Tie—The Spring Patterns in these Goods have just been received, and for Beauty and Taste, excel anything yet produced by this Renowned Firm of Tie Makers.

Hats! Caps!

The world-renowned Christie and Fedora Hats A consignment in the Latest Styles has just been opened up.

Underwear

For Spring and Summer. A well selected consignment of Imported Scotch and English fine, woolen Balbriggan and Fleece-Lined Underwear just to hand.

Hosiery

Ladies' and Gent's Hosiery in Silk, Cashmere, and Wool. A complete stock of the Latest Patterns and Best Quality.

Hardware

A carload of Assorted Hardware just opening up.

C. B. Hume & Co.

THE ORANGE CELEBRATION

The Programme of the Days Proceedings Which Include.—Speaking, Lacrosse, Football and Athelic Sports.

The programme and all arrangements for the Orange celebration here on Saturday are about perfected and the following will be an outline of the day's proceedings:

10 a.m. Grand Orange Parade.

11 to 12 a.m. Addresses by leading members of the order in Tapping's opera house, to which the public are invited.

Dinner from 12 noon to 1.30 p.m.

1.45. Parade to reform and march to the gun club grounds.

2 to 3 p.m. Lacrosse match. Vernon vs. Revelstoke.

3 p.m. Obstacle race, 1st prize by J. W. Bennett, value $6, 2nd prize by H. A. Brown, value $3.50.

100 yard dash, open, 1st prize by J. W. Bennett, value $5. 2nd prize by Reid & Young, value $2.50.

Mens egg and spoon race, 1st prize by Guy Barber, value $5, 2nd prize by Reid & Young, value $2.50

Girls race (under 16) 1st prize by Misses Shepard & Bell, value $3, 2nd prize, cash $1.

3.30 to 4 30 p.m. Football match Vernon vs. Revelstoke.

4 30 p.m. Men's sack race, 1st prize by R. E. Smythe, value $5, 2nd prize by Kootenay Mail, 1 years subscription.

Wheel barrow race, 1st prize by W. Bews, value $3, 2nd prize W. Bews, value $2.

Greasy Pig (Kruger), prize value $10 the pig.

The following events will be run on Second street from the opera house from 7 to 8 p.m.

440 yard race (open) 1st prize by Bourne Bros., value $10, 2nd prize by E. M. Allum, value $5.

1 mile bicycle race, 1st prize by G. B. Hume & Co., value $10, 2nd prize by Canada Drug & Book Co., value $5.

440 yards race for Orangemen, 1st prize by G. F. Curtis, value $5, 2nd prize by H. A. Brown, value $3 50.

Slow bicycle race, 1st prize $3, 2nd prize $2.

Childrens races and other sports will be arranged for on the grounds during the afternoon.

8 o'clock grand concert in the opera house. Independent Band in attendance Admission 50c., children 25c. Proceeds to go to the Orange hall building fund and True Blue Orphanage.

The City Council.

The regular meeting of the council was held Friday evening last. His Worship Mayor O'Brien in the chair and Ald. Manning, Taylor, Law, McLeod and Hume, present.

A communication was read from T. W. Bain, Chief of Police, drawing attention of council to thistles and obnoxious weeds growing on streets. The Public Works Committee were authorized to have streets cleared of same and that property owners be notified to clear up thistles and obnoxious weeds on their property.

A communication from H. B. Smith, C.E., Rossland enclosing reports on Power and Light System of Revelstoke Water Light and Power Co. On waterworks system of same Co., on proposed pumping system of water supply from Illecillewaet river, and on water supply from Eight Mile Creek, together with account for preparation of same amounting to $600 for personal services and $175 for expenses incurred in obtaining same.

From the proprietors of Chinese laundries in the city protesting against the removal of same outside city limits.

After a lengthy discussion the following boundaries were struck inside of which no Chinese laundries would be allowed: On the east the Arrowhead branch line, on the north and west the C.P.R. main line, and on the south Eighth St. to Connaught Ave. thence north to Fifth St. thence west on Fifth St. to city boundary. The city solicitor was instructed to prepare a by-law defining these limits.

Moved by Ald. Manning, seconded by Ald. McLeod that bylaw be interduced fixing limits for Chinese laundries as per instructions to city solicitor. Carried.

Ald. Hume, chairman of finance committee, reported that committee had looked at safe with a view to purchasing same for city. The price for same was $125 but could not recommend purchase as committee were not acquainted with make of safe. Considered it a bargain if safe were known to be fire proof. The committee were instructed to purchase a safe for the city at a cost not to exceed $200.

The report of H. B. Smith on the Revelstoke Water, Light and Power Co's electric lighting and water works systems which was very voluminous and complete in every detail, was then taken up. The Fire, Water, and Light Committee had gone carefully over the report in detail and were much pleased with same.

Ald. Hume thought the report an exceptionally good one. He had always been in favor of buying the plant at what it is worth to city and was of the opinion that city should make a proposition right away to the company.

The Mayor pointed out that according to the engineers report there was no evidence of dam's stability, its permanency was open to doubt and in purchasing it they were purchasing a risk.

Ald. Hume was of opinion that $55,000 was a fair figure at which to purchase and that an offer should be made at once to the company.

Other aldermen present being of the same opinion it was moved by Ald. Manning, seconded by Ald. McLeod that the city clerk be instructed to write the Revelstoke Water, Light and Power Co. offering to purchase their water works and electric light works (with exception of office furniture) for the sum of $55,000. Carried.

H Floyd, secretary of school board, pointed out to the council that owing to the large amount of sickness prevalent amongst children during the past six months ending June 30th, the average attendance at the public schools had dropped from 226 to 160, which would mean a reduction in the government grant of $600 in six months or $1320 for the year, which deficit the city would have to meet.

In view of this it was moved by Ald. Taylor, seconded by Ald. Manning, that the various municipalities in B.C. be requested to take joint action with this city looking to a readjustment by the government of the grant to municipalities for school purposes, the present grant being in the opinion of the council ultimately inadequate and very unjuitable. Carried.

A number of accounts were then passed and council adjourned.

A Grand Stand.

A grand stand is being erected on the gun club grounds for the Orange celebration on Saturday. This stand will be a great convenience for the visitors to the grounds on that day, and will no doubt be fully appreciated

SILVER CUP PROPERTIES

Excellent Progress Made Under the new Management—Big Ore Bodies Discovered on The Sunshine.

In a little over two months the new management of the Silver Cup mine at Ferguson has taken out 400 tons of first class ore and 600 tons of second class, amounting to a valuation of over $60,000 even at the present low prices of silver and lead.

This is certainly a remarkable record, but still more remarkable is the statement, made on excellent authority, that the quantity of unstoped ore in sight is larger at the present time than at any time in the history of the mine.

The change of management seems to be a good thing for the mine, the new owners and the country too.

Work has been commenced on the continuation of the long tunnel on the Sunshine, which is a full claim lying immediately below the Cup. This tunnel will tap the big ore shutes of the Cup at a depth of about eight hundred feet, besides passing through the ore shutes on the Sunshine, one of which is the richest yet discovered on the whole property. The Horne Payne company shipped a hundred tons of ore from this shute in 1898 which went $140 to the ton net, and as this was merely taken out of the development work in running the long tunnel through the top of the shute it is reasonably figured that a good many thousand tons will be mined out from this point on the Sunshine. The new company will tap the same shute at a lower depth.

As the long tunnel will follow the big ledge which traverses both the Cup and Sunshine and as there is known to be other good showings along the lead. We may look for some interesting developments on this great property in the near future.

Card of Thanks.

The Ladies Executive of the Hospital Society beg to tender their sincere thanks to all the ladies who so kindly assisted them in the work of making up the linen necessary for use in the hospital.

INA B. CARRUTHERS, President. M. K. LAWSON, Secretary.

SEVERE FLOODS IN CALGARY

The District Inundated and Life and Property in Jeopardy—All Through Traffic Suspended Since Thursday Last.

WINNIPEG, July 7.—The Calgary floods are reported very serious but no details have reached here since Saturday, when the flats of the town adjoining the Elbow river were under water, and the people compelled to make for higher ground.

Thomas Davis and William Kemp were drowned in the Bow near Cardston while attempting to cross the flooded stream. A telephone message from Cardston states that six frame houses, mostly new, have been carried away by the flood.

One large sized house was passed in midstream, but it is not known from what locality it came.

The C. P. R. bridge over the St. Mary's has sagged fully six feet and crossing it is now dangerous for foot passengers.

Five hundred Indians are camped on the prairie in the vicinity of Kipps Coulee, fearing an inundation of the reservation.

They predicted some weeks ago that the country would experience a second flood this year which would be greater than the disaster which occurred last May. The melting snow in the Rocky Mountains is helping to fill the already raging rivers there and altogether the outlook is far from favorable.

Since Thursday last Revelstoke has had no mail communications with Eastern Canada. The Canadian Pacific has had enormous difficulties to contend with beyond the Rockies on account of the washing out of the track caused by the excessive rainfall in the vicinity of Calgary. People who have been in Calgary recently say that the rain has seemed sometimes to descend in sheets and that it has practically been pouring for three months. The railway track is built upon a sandy foundation and the downpours have washed the soil from the sleepers.

The Bow river will, ere it has returned to its normal height, have cost the Canadian Pacific Railway Company many thousands of dollars in damage to property and great inconvenience to the travelling public.

It was thought Saturday that the river would go down Sunday, but instead of this, it has become worse. The flood is the worst that the railway company has been called upon to fight for years, and this morning reports from Calgary stated that the water had not diminished more than a few inches. The track is covered to a depth of four feet at different sections between Calgary and Banff, and the Indians and others are traveling about in canoes and dug outs. The water is highest about five miles this side of Calgary and for a mile and a half the track is completely hidden from view.

The company is running a local service on the Pacific division.

Not only is the main line blocked but there have also been a series of land slides and washouts on the Crow's Nest branch between Lethbridge and McLeod, and traffic is practically at a standstill there also. A large party of American tourists who passed through the other day en route East, stopped off a day at Banff but returned to Vancouver.

AROUND THE RAILWAY YARD

Personal Paragraphs Pertaining to Railway Men Picked up By the Herald Man on His Daily Rounds.

The Lulu Island Railway the latest branch of the C.P.R. has just been completed and the first passenger train was run over the line on Monday. The new line is 15 miles long.

J. D. Fraser and family leave on Saturday for Vancouver. Mr. Fraser takes a similar position in the C. P. R. despatchers office at the coast to that held by him here.

The construction department has prepared a set of three standard plans for the C.P.R. stations, the second and third of which have dwellings attached, while No. 1 is for larger localities. The designs are very artistic and the idea in time is to have uniform design of stations all over the system.

The C.P.R. Machinists, at a recent meeting held in Winnipeg, voted a day's pay each month from every man on the Western and Pacific divisions of the big road, to assist the striking machinists on the Canadian Northern Railway. For the month of June each machinist in the local shops sent $3 to headquarters, and a rough estimate of the full amount from both the Western and Pacific divisions is between $1,500 and $1,800. It is understood that the machinists of the Eastern divisions are also assisting the strikers.

The engineering department of the Canadian Pacific railway is at present undergoing a process of re-organization. Hitherto there have been two departments, one of maintenance and another of construction. The former was originally under the supervision of P. A. Peterson, H. Inst., C. E., but upon his recent indisposition was taken over by H. E. Vautelet, who was given the title of acting chief engineer, and Mr. Peterson that of consulting engineer. The department of construction was under the charge of Mr. Tye, who had a large staff and drawing office. Now it appears the two departments are to be merged into one, all under the immediate supervision of E. H. McHenry, the new engineer-in-chief, and there will be but one drawing office. The most urgent work the department will be engaged in for some time is the improvement in the alignment and gradient of the main line, the relaying with heavy rails and the substitution of steel for wood in bridges and trestles. When this work is completed by the end of next year, it is anticipated the run to the Pacific will be cut down nearly a day.

Mr. George McL. Brown, for several years executive agent of the C.P.R. at Vancouver, and one of the best known and most popular of the chief officials of the Canadian Pacific in the west, has been promoted to an important position in Montreal, that of general superintendent of the sleeping and dining car service and hotel department for the entire system.

Mr. Brown will take the position just made vacant in Montreal by the resignation of Mr. J. A. Sheffield, who has been in ill health for some time. Mr. Brown is taking the position with much wider powers than those previously held by the occupant of the office, and the scope of work of the department will be much extended. The entire hotel system of the company will also come under the purview of the office.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

The News of the World in Brief As Received Over the Wires From Every Corner of the Globe.

A new Engineer Corps of 100 non-Commissioned officers and men is to be established in Montreal.

Tracy, the fugitive, convict and outlaw, is still at large in the vicinity of Seattle. He was last seen at eight o'clock this morning. Several hundred armed men are trying to capture him.

Later—No one appears to know for the time being the exact whereabouts of Tracey, the Oregon convict. Three men have been arrested as accomplices It is now reported for certain that Merrill has joined Tracy.

King Edwards progress is uninterrupted. He sleeps well and is gaining strength. The wound is slowly healing.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain left the hospital today for his home. Physicians order he must have perfect quietness

Six deaths from prostration were reported at Pittsburg since yesterday.

Toronto was the hottest city in Csnada yesterday and the fourth hottest in North America. Thermometer registered 91 degrees in the shade.

A cloudburst did great damage in Northampton County, Pa.

The freight handlers strike at Chicago is not yet settled, but it is hoped that arbitration will prevail before night.

Later—The strike of freight handlers at Chicago is virtually settled.

A terrible electric storm passed over the Indian reserve at Onendaga, Ont., yesterday. Chief Levi Jonathan was killed.

The Montreal Street Railway Co. has voluntarily raised the pay of its conductors and motormen ten per cent. 1800 men are affected.

The Canadian arch in London is being divested of grain to make way for flag designs for reception of Lord Kitchener.

The grand jury returned indictments against the Mayor and Superintendent of Police of Minneapolis for accepting bribes.

A head on collision on the Hudson Valley Railway, at Colwell, N. Y., resulted in the death of one person and injury of 25 others.

Catholic Church Bazaar.

The ladies of the Catholic church have arrangements well in hand for the holding of their bazaar next week. The date has been definitely fixed for Thursday 17th inst., and the event will take place in the Opera House. In the afternoon a sale of work, including useful and fancy articles will be held, and afternoon tea will be served. In the evening an entertainment will be given at which Miss Loretta Garvin, the accomplished young musician and other well known local talent will assist. The Independent Band will also be in attendance. Admission in the evening 25 cents, no charge will be made in the afternoon.

Big Strike on the Triune.

Word was brought down last night by one of the men from the Trinne that an immense strike of ore had been made on the property in the crosscut now being driven. A couple of days ago they broke into the lead and up till yesterday they had penetrated into the lead 10 feet and were still in ore. Of course all of this is not solid ore but over half of it is and the grade of this ore is higher than anything yet shipped from the mine,—Trout Lake Topic.

Big Bend Transportation.

The s. s. Revelstoke had a big cargo of freight for the Big Bend camps on Tuesday's trip, besides twenty passengers. The inauguration of the steamship service to the Bend is having a good effect already and in the course of a very short time when the fact of easy mode of transportation to points in the Bend becomes better known there will be a big rush of prospectors and others bent on inspection of the different camps. In Seattle a HERALD reporter meb with a few parties there who were interested in the Big Bend district and who having heard of the boat service intimated their intention of visiting the camp the coming fall. The wealth of the Big Bend in gold, silver and copper is possibly as well known to mining men of Seattle and possibly better known to them than to the majority of the citizens of Revelstoke.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES IN SUMMER CLOTHING AND SUMMER UNDERWEAS. SUMMER VESTS AND CORSETS.

The Satisfactory Store.

The article you want, the quality that will please and surprise you; the prices that insure your pocketbook against a vaccum—all are here. Wide-a-wake buyers should all be here, too, to claim their share of what is waiting for them.
If you want to see a parade of reasons for purchasing now, just call and examine the fine lines we quote:—

WONDERFUL SAVINGS IN FOOTWEAR

This is how this Shoe Chief wins fresh laurels in. On Saturday we offer choice new lines of Summer Footwear at prices that would average about one-half the regular values. We keep so closely in touch with the Shoe Trade that we invariably get first chance to buy the best Shoe Snaps that come to the surface. The prices are convincing proofs that we know when and where to buy so as to save big money for those who are looking for Bargains in the Shoe Line.

Clothing Hints for Saturday

There should be big doings in our Clothing Section on Saturday. We have several gilt-edged values to place before visitors.

Charming New Summer Hats

Next to the price, the most noticeable feature for Saturday is the wide variety of styles. We don't know when we had a collection of Summer Hats showing so few duplicates.

Dry Goods Merchants **Reid & Young** Mackenzie Avenue.

The Friend of M'dame.

HERE is a little story which was told me in the twilight, when we had finished our tea and still sat, cups in hand, loth to say good-bye. We were talking of a town far down east, near which there is a queer old gray stone house which has not been inhabited in twenty years.

Once, said the visitor, it was one of the prettiest places in Canada. A handsome young mistress ruled over it and over two of those old-fashioned loyal family servants who are now out of vogue. The master was a traveler, often away for a month at a stretch, but Jean and Jacqueline and "M'dame" were as happy and contented as three people could be. "M'dame" had her dogs, her horses, her pigeons, her books, her piano and her needlework. She was convent-bred, and had married from school—an orphan, who had never been to a dance or a play or a race meet, nor even a big dinner. The Cure dined sometimes at the Stone House, the doctor came to smoke a pipe with the master and play cards; the master invited no one else, and the mistress withdrew herself from the few gentlefolks who would have entertained her in the neighborhood. She was gently born and convent-bred—you know how that type can be happy in a seclusion that would madden you and me.

One day Jean and Jacqueline were made anxious by the delay in the return of m'dame from her drive. Long after the simple little dinner of fish and fruit was spoiled by waiting m'dame came home—was brought home, rather—by a strange gentleman who had startled her ponies in an unfrequented road, and after a time stopped their runaway career and taken them in hand. The gentleman came up to the verandah with m'dame, and because it was so warm, and he a bit tousled and dusty, Jean took him into the dressing-room of monsieur and brushed him, and Jacqueline made him a famous drink of fruit-syrup and ice, with a dash of something French and liqueurish.

"I shall look in to-morrow, if I may, to see that you are none the worse," they heard him say, as he lifted his hat in farewell to m'dame, and Jean said to Jacqueline: "He is not Canadian, nor of the Republic, but English," and Jacqueline nodded, "So it appears to me, my friend."

To-morrow and on many other morrows the stranger sat on the rose-wreathed verandah, Jean and Jacqueline always watchfully chaperoning their mistress. M'dame read and played and sang to the stranger, who was courtesy and compliment personified, and Jean and Jacqueline agreed that never had they served a finer fellow than this one whom they always mentioned as "the friend of m'dame."

Monsieur was away on a long trip, somewhere in that region vaguely known as the North-West, but just before he might be expected home the servants heard the Englishman regretting that home news had arrived calling him back to England.

So he went away, and monsieur duly returned. M'dame drove to meet him, and on the verandah, in the hearing of Jean and Jacqueline, detailed the story of the runaway, mentioned that the stranger had called, and had gone to England. It was strange how her story gave the impression that he had only called once! Jean and Jacqueline thought it strange, though neither one made any remark, each being secretly a bit ashamed of having noticed it at all.

It was about this time that Jacqueline began to be anxious about the health of m'dame, and ventured to give monsieur a few timid words in that connection.

"M'dame not strong?" cried monsieur heartily. "Nonsense!" Monsieur was a very big, very robust and very slow-witted person, it seems. Jean was also moved to remark that m'dame needed change of air, did not sleep well, ate less than formerly, and rarely sang those brilliant and somewhat "risque" French songs which monsieur preferred. Monsieur protested. "You and Jacqueline have absurd fancies," he said, testily.

And then he told m'dame, and she, wonderful to relate, grew suddenly furious at her two servitors, and rated them for officious meddlers. You could not picture the horror and chagrin of those two! M'dame, their cherished, petted, adored one, abusing them in wrathful tones! "Certainly she is ill," said Jean, with sorrowful pigheadedness. "We must be very, very good to her, until she is quite recovered."

When monsieur went away again, this time on a shorter trip, he asked m'dame to come with him. She promptly refused. "In this heat I should die of the railway train, smother in the country inns and fall ill of the viands," she said with a wave of her pretty hands, consigning the whole scheme to limbo.

"On the way to the train, monsieur met the physician. "I wish you'd take a look in occasionally at my wife," he said; "she's not ill, but silly old Jean and Jacqueline panic at she is, and I think she is suffering from the heat."

"She has been driving about so much and walking too far. The English are such walkers, and that young man has made her walk too far every day in the sun," said the doctor testily, for he had not once been asked to smoke a pipe while monsieur was this time at home.

Monsieur was boarding his train at the instant and scarcely comprehended the remark. It went in at his ears and did not at once reach his brain. But when he had seated himself, some moments later, suddenly it arrived. He started. "Young Englishman—walking in the sun every day!" the physician's words jostled each other to the tack-a-tack of the train over the rails.

Monsieur turned a very deep red. "Good thing he's left the country!" he said in a very ugly tone, and then got redder yet, for his next neighbor "pardoned" and asked what monsieur had remarked.

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" he shortly replied, nervously unable to think of a tactful improvisation.

Meanwhile m'dame and Jean and Jacqueline were living in the old gray stone house, the same equable lives as before, only always m'dame growing more and more difficile, passing Jacqueline's tastiest soups and entrees and sitting much in her hammock under the arbor from which one could see a long way down the dusty country road.

The old French people grew very sober and silent. Even when Jacqueline went down the orchard to milk her Jersey cow, she quite forgot to sing and call Bijou, the poodle, to trot at her side. She prayed often to her good Saint Anne, and opened her fat little savings bank and took out her coin and bought four big candles, which burned gaily the next Sunday before the altar of Bonne Ste. Anne in the church of the village.

One day m'dame came in from her drive a bit late, and as she pulled up her ponies at the gate she cried: "Jacqueline, ma bonne, hast thou a good dinner? I am hungry again!" And Jacqueline, hastily crossing herself and sending a sort of telegraphic "thank you" to Bonne Ste. Anne, told of the little chicken roasting and the late salad and the early Crawford peaches on the ice, with Devonshire cream, and then, in gratified tones, mentioned that m'dame's favorite potage was just ready to serve.

It was the old merry dinner-hour, when Jean and Jacqueline almost quarrelled about who should serve m'dame, though it was well known that it was to Jean to serve, to pour the wine, to enquire if the dinner was as m'dame liked, while Jacqueline stood humbly by the door until it was time to remove the different services.

Jacqueline was a bit bumptious when she remembered her four candles and the evident complaisance of Bonne Ste. Anne, and so far forgot herself as to march in with the roast chicken and actually place it herself before m'dame. Only the exceeding content of Jean with m'dame's appetite and spirits made him overlook this breach of privilege!

After dinner m'dame and Bijou strolled down the orchard as usual, and Jean gently reprimanded Jacqueline, who immediately demolished him with the revelation of the four candles and the complaisance of Bonne Ste. Anne.

Then Jacqueline trotted busily down the orchard with a little shawl, for m'dame had gone out with her beautiful shoulders bare. She, good Jacqueline, paused at the prettiest of pictures, m'dame reading a letter, Bijou sitting up before her, begging; then m'dame kissing the senseless sheets of paper and crushing them to her bosom and crying: "He comes, Bijou, my little one! Only you must know it! He comes! He cannot leave us, Bijou!"

Jacqueline came forward all smiles. "A little shawl, m'dame," she said, archly. "Monsieur will not be pleased to find m'dame with a cold," then shrank back from her flushed and frowning mistress. In one instant the letter was in m'dame's pocket and she had recovered herself.

"Some day, Jacqueline, you will frighten me to death. Don't follow me about, my good soul!" she said quickly. "I am going in. I shall not need the little shawl, and you know I never take cold," and, like a flash, m'dame swept by, calling to Bijou to come in for his forgotten lump of sugar at once.

There was an envelope on the grass, which Jacqueline picked up. It was not addressed, and it was crushed and a little rubbed and dirty. The old woman dropped it as if it were hot.

"I have wasted my four candles," she sighed, as she went hurriedly back to her kitchen.

That night m'dame slept like an infant, as the anxious old woman assured herself by many visits to her bedside, but Jacqueline slept not at all. Instead she prayed, but not once to Bonne Ste. Anne.

For several days m'dame came home from drives or walks in famous appetite and spirits. Jean chortled, and teased his glum companion, enquiring if she begrudged the four candles now, and being overcome by her fierce rejoinder that she did.

At last one evening Jacqueline's forebodings were realized; the rustic gate swung on its hinges with a bang, and the tall form of the friend of m'dame came to the verandah. Jacqueline stood behind the shutters and remarked the meeting. M'dame was neither flurried nor surprised. Indeed, she barely held out her hand, but Jacqueline could see how her whole frame trembled.

The old woman hurried out to the kitchen garden, where Jean was picking some herbs for drying.

"See here!" said she, explosively. "This will not do. Here is that cursed Englishman back again!"

Jean dropped his tray of herbs. "Where?" he gasped.

"But there on the verandah. What must be done?"

"Calm thyself, good Jacqueline. I have not been kind with thee lately. Is it no new thing, this idea of thine?" Jean's voice was trembling with confusion and distress.

"New! New! And I vowing candles to Ste. Anne and spending one whole night on my knees, while thou in bed snored and snored! It is this cursed Englishman, only him! She was so content and happy here. He has ruined us all!"

Jean put his hand over her mouth. "Shut up! you are dreaming!" he said, fiercely.

"Oh, am I, indeed? Well, one awakes! Let me tell you—" and in a torrent of whispers she told of the letter, the changed spirits and the words to Bijou. "Now, isn't this too much for us?" she cried between sobs.

"If only monsieur were here!" said Jean distractedly. A heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"Well, my good Jean, he is here," and so was he, in traveling dust-coat and valise, having come up between the ranks of vegetables and herbs from the back gate. "Don't be frightened, you two. You, at least, need not fear," said monsieur, kindly. "I gather from you, good woman, that the serpent has entered my Eden. Well, I shall put the serpent out. It will not be a mighty task, never fear. Jacqueline, will you very quietly give me a biscuit and a glass of wine, out here?—as quickly and as quietly as you can—not to disturb m'dame. Jean, take my valise into your own room and return here to me directly."

Monsieur sat down on a rustic bench amid the vegetables and herbs, while Jean and Jacqueline stole into the house.

"I shall tell m'dame," said Jean, "if monsieur shoots me for it."

"You will do as you like," said Jacqueline, rooting in her biscuit-box. "I know enough to obey." Jean hung his head and softly mounted to his own chamber with the valise and coat.

Monsieur drank two glasses of wine and ate a biscuit.

"I am going out as I came, and shall meet the serpent outside paradise," said monsieur. "Unless m'dame rings for you, you will remain here, you two." Then he went back down the narrow path between the vegetables.

"Hold my hand, Jean!" said Jacqueline in a shrill child's voice.

"I am sore afraid, too!" sighed Jean.

Outside on the dusty road monsieur paced to and fro. Presently, an hour or so later, the rustic gate swung back and two figures came out.

"You will come with me to-morrow!" said the strong English voice. "Promise me!" Then monsieur listened as one listens to the nails driven in his scaffold.

"Not to-morrow," said m'dame, pleadingly. "It is not possible!"

"But the ship sails next day, beloved, and if he returns." M'dame slipped inside the gate, trembling, warned by some psychic current, who knows? and faltered:

"I cannot go to-morrow! I must think. I will tell you in the morning, at the old place, when I can go," and then her white dress and pale face flitted under the trees, up the verandah steps and into the shadows.

In a moment her bell tinkled and Jacqueline's voice was heard crying, "A l'instant, m'dame!"

The Englishman laughed.

"Cursed French tricks," he said, loudly. "I've a good mind to sail without her."

Monsieur strolled down the road; the Englishman stared at him curiously.

"Bonsoir, monsieur! Could you oblige me with a light?" said monsieur. The Englishman handed him a matchcase.

"Monsieur resides here?" politely enquired he, striking a match and lighting a cigar.

"No," said the Englishman, shortly. "Just making a call."

"Ah, you know the afflicted one?" (politely to a degree).

"Afflicted one? What do you mean?" stammered the stranger.

"I mean," explained monsieur, "but I detain you. Let us go together, if agreeable; I am walking to the village."

"But, you mean?" insisted the Englishman, anxiously.

"Only this, that the beautiful lady is mad. Surely you know her sad history?" queried monsieur in surprised tones.

"Good God!" cried the Englishman. "Mad! Why, she goes about everywhere!"

"But always watched, my dear sir. You would not remark it, but it is true. When she receives friends there is always a keeper concealed close at hand, within earshot. When she drives she is perhaps in peril, but she has never come to much harm. Once she was rescued in a runaway by some tourist, whom she has since spoken of in her times of delirium. Her physician sent for me to-day to decide whether she should be put under restraint. I am, monsieur, the superintendent of the insane asylum. We await the return of that much-to-be-pitied man, her husband. Monsieur will pardon me, but, seeing you emerge from the gate, I fancied you might be he. However, no such tragedy darkens your life, for which you may be thankful."

The Englishman walked mechanically along beside monsieur. He stepped high as if his feet were numbed. Presently he shook himself together.

"Good God!" he said again. "What an escape!" Monsieur "pardoned."

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" said the Englishman hastily. "If you don't mind, I'll just hurry along. I believe my train leaves at midnight, and I have some things to pack."

Monsieur stood watching him as he strode through the dust. "A fine, handsome fool!" said he, bitterly. "I am glad she took time to think it over!" Then a sudden fury shook him. "How I'd like to feel his neck between my hands! How I'd enjoy running him through. What pleasure to pitch him over the cliff!" he gasped, and laughed as devils might.

Presently monsieur re-entered the vegetable garden, where old Jean stood waiting.

"Well, my good Jean," said monsieur cheerfully. "The serpent has left Paradise. But, to be quite sure that he has—to satisfy yourself, good Jean—would you very much mind walking to the station about the time the midnight train passes here? It is late, I know, but, to satisfy yourself—" and monsieur paused. Jean looked curiously at him. "And monsieur?"

"Oh, I shall smoke here until you return," said monsieur, sitting tranquilly down. "I always enjoy this kitchen garden, and I want to enjoy it greatly this autumn because, good Jean, I think of moving into town a little later.

When Jean got home at one of the morning, monsieur still sat smoking in the moonlight. He nodded when Jean said "I am satisfied, monsieur," and remarked: "You might ask Jacqueline to tell m'dame when she takes her the morning coffee that I arrived home by the midnight train, Jean, and am sleeping in the guest-chamber rather than disturb her."

M'dame slipped from her lace-draped bed and ran across the hall to the guest-chamber when Jacqueline had duly delivered herself of this message. There she found monsieur soundly sleeping. He was awakened by the clasp of her arms about his neck and her glad cry: "I have wanted you so badly! I am glad you are here!"

Jacqueline, shamelessly eavesdropping, said under her breath: "Forgive me, m'dame! Forgive me, Bonne Ste. Anne! And thou shalt have four more candles for Christmas!"

Warning Off the English.

An ingenious method of obtaining a reputation for patriotism cheaply has been invented by certain Berlin publicans. On their shop fronts they hang legends to this effect: "So long as the war in South Africa lasts I forbid any Englishman to enter my premises." The use of this placard is, it is said, entirely confined to houses of a class that never entertained an Englishman in the course of their existence.

Intellect vs. Morals.

It is the tendency of a sophisticated age like the present to overestimate intellectual as compared with moral and emotional gifts. The material civilization upon which we pride ourselves is almost entirely the achievement of the intellect. Fame and wealth, luxury, cultivation and leisure—all the big prizes of the world, in fact—are obtained by the successful exercise of the intellect. The moral qualities, of themselves, can procure a man nothing but a clear conscience, and the approval, perhaps mixed with contempt, of his neighbors. And yet, when the intellectual qualities are brought to the test of reality; when one's view of them is not clouded by pride, avarice, or passion, how amazingly does their value shrink and shrivel!—Henry Childs Merwin in "Atlantic Monthly."

Revolutionary Proposals.

IT must have struck many of the admirers of the melodramatic stage that the various outrages to which the hero is subjected during the course of the four acts, when he is "up against it" good and hard, are as like each other as a row of Japanese dolls. The locomotive, the fire-reel, the buzz-saw, the mine explosion, and the shipwreck, have been worked over and over again. What we need is novelty. And if I might make a suggestion, some new and startling climaxes could be worked up from the modest incidents of our daily life. For there are climaxes in the domestic circle just as distressing as any depicted on the stage. Even when the canvas buzz-saw is advancing on him with all the energy a perspiring stage carpenter can impart to it, the hero does not suffer the agony of apprehension that convulses the soul of the average man when he arrives home at three o'clock in the morning and hears the contemptuous sniff which apprises him that the wife of his bosom is awaiting him at the top of the stairs. Nor does the heroine, when starving to death in the latest black cashmere "Daily Hint from Paris," evince more trepidation than does the average matron, when the leader in her particular brand of "sassiety" drops in and finds her in a cotton wrapper with her store teeth in a tumbler of water and her magnificent chevelure lying on top of the bureau. There are calamities just as soul-harrowing in the domestic circle as in the drama. The trouble is that the playwrights have never taken hold of them in the true spirit of discovery.

We will take as an example one heroic incident that lately happened in this city when a prominent citizen induced a small girl to save her life by jumping from the windowsill of a burning house on to the tails of his ulster, which she accomplished without even breaking his flask. We can easily picture to ourselves how this could be worked up for the stage. The Angel cheeild is backed up on the windowsill will a pound of red fire burning on a tin shovel behind her. The hero comes tearing on from the side scenes. He sees her, and clasps his hand to his forehead. (Heroes always do that. It is a kind of a send-off.) He seizes a handful of clustering locks from his wig and tosses it into the air. It comes down "Tails!" The cheeild must be saved. With a wild wrench he whips off his liver-pad and holds it outstretched in his strong arms. The cheeild jumps and rebounds from it like a half a brick from a book-agent's cheek. Once more she springs; and again he is foiled. With a cry of anguish he hurls the liver-pad at the sneering villain and catches her on his breath. And as she is lowered in safety to the ground we see the quivering body of the villain nailed fast to the blazing ruins by the faithful liver-pad.

There is another point to which I would like to draw attention. And that is the way in which inanimate objects are neglected. We have dogs, geese, chickens and poultry in melodrama. But that is all. I was once acquainted with a gentleman who played a cake of ice in the river scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And the barrel in "Panjandrum" was a most lovable personage off the stage. Many friends of mine have also formed part of the "hoarse gathering murmur" which always arises in the wings when the hero is getting into a remarkably tight place. But these were not strictly inanimate objects. They drew salaries, and wore red neckties on Sundays. What we need is a further extension of the drama from the farmyard to the grocery counter, and the hardware store. And we shall get it. We shall yet see a drama in which the leading comedy part is played by a tin of canned salmon and the heroine is saved from the villain's clutches by a barrel of patent glue. And why should we not? There are many comedians now on the stage who would compare unfavorably from an intellectual standpoint with a tin of canned salmon. And there are heroes beside whose personal charms a barrel of glue would shine as a paragon of pulchritude. A tin of canned salmon would prove far more useful to the heroine when she is lost on the sandy desert, or afloat on the lonely raft in mid-ocean, than a comic Irishman with a Coney Island brogue. If she did not care to tackle it herself she could feed it to the villain and tie him up in so many knots that it would take a traction engine to straighten him out. And the dramatic possibilities of a barrel of glue are simply illimitable. She could use it for sticking to everything from the angel cheeild to the papers proving her to be rightful heiress to the old baronial home. When the villain sprang upon her, hissing out "At last I have you in my power-r-r-r!" she could paste him to the kitchen stove and go out for a walk. How would the band of Moorish brigands look if she stuck them all to the adjacent rocks by the slack of their loose trousers, while the manly hero went through their pockets? A dab of glue on her windowsill when the murderer was creeping, knife in hand, into her lonely bed-chamber, would compel him to stay there all night or complete his crime in a costume which the management would not stand for even for a moment. And then how useful it would be to help her to adhere to her salary. It is true that they might have to soak the hero in hot water to get him away from her. But then he often richly deserves to be soaked. In every other instance the faithful glue pot could give cards and spades and little casino to the most useful comedian who ever trailed the villain to his lair.

These are only two of the instances in which the use of inanimate objects in the cast would increase the novelty of the drama. But their number could be indefinitely increased. We have long had the wooden actor. Why should we stick at the inanimate tragedian? Herein we have a bright idea for the budding playwrights who have dramatized every book that has a circulation of over ten copies, until the principal value we place on the dictionary is the fact that even the most ambitious of them have never used it as the basis of a romantic play. And we charge nothing for this hint to dramatists. It is an absolutely free graft.—Montreal "Sunday Sun."

So many persons are operated upon every day that it is becoming quite a distinction to go to the grave all in one piece.—Atchison "Globe."

"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyefly is putting into her house next door?" "Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy."—Chicago "Tribune."

Anecdotal.

After one of his trips to the Emerald Isle Foote was praising the hospitality of the Irish, when a gentleman asked him whether he had been at Cork. "No, sir," answered Foote, "but I have seen many drawings of it."

Disraeli once said of Sir William Harcourt in his affectedly cynical way: "He has the three essential qualifications of success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice, and no principles." To this, when it was repeated to him, Harcourt rejoined: "Leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."

Tradition ascribes to the second Pitt the dying words: "O, my country—my country! How I leave my country!" What, in fact, Pitt said was: "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork-pies." Which he did—and straightway expired, to the intense grief of the nation. This version is attested by the headwaiter of "Bellamy's" (likewise deceased), who told it to Mr. Disraeli.

Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best-bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put him to the test," said the king; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and get in. The other bowed and obeyed. The king said: "The world is in the right in the character it gives—another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

When, a few years ago, the King of Portugal was a guest at Lord Salisbury's country seat, the Prince of Wales—now King Edward—asked King Carlos what had impressed him most during his stay in England. "English roast beef is very delightful," was the reply. "Oh," said the Prince, "surely something else has impressed you as well." "Ah, yes," returned Carlos; "of course, there is English boiled beef, which is also delightful."

A commercial traveler well known in the cycle trade adds this to the collection of jokes on newly made happy fathers: The hero is the manufacturer of the wheel which the narrator sells. Being compelled to go away on a business trip about the time an interesting domestic event was expected, he left orders for the nurse to wire him results according to the following formula: If a boy, "Gentleman's safety arrived." If a girl, "Lady's safety arrived." The father's state of mind may be imagined when, a few days later, he received a telegram containing the one word: "Tandem."

A certain Scotch caddie named Mathie Gorum was noted for his invariable remark after a poor shot by the person he was serving: "It micht hae been waur," which was meant to be consolatory and encouraging. His master, a clergyman, was wearied with this well-meaning flattery. Accordingly, to make sure that he would squash the remark for once, he told the caddie he had a terrible dream the night before. "Mathie, my man, I dreamt that I was in the place where the wicked are punished. I saw the wretched ones tortured; they were swimming in a lake of boiling pitch, and could not get landed for red-hot pitchforks thrust in their faces by demons." He halted a minute, with his tongue in his cheek, when, with perfect coolness, the caddie answered: "Aye, sir, that was a bad dream, jist awful; but it micht hae been waur." "Waur, you fool? How could that be?" "It micht hae been true."

It is a current story in Teviotdale that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put in the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On some occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy baronet, and abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extensive hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But, after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know when we meet together as brethren the youngest man reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest; only one Bible, therefore, is necessary. Take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."

"Now, James, please remember: Left hand—Eggs, poultry, three yards of silk to match my skirt, lining for Mamie's dress, and a new reefer for George. Right hand—Nellie's ribbons, Harry's algebra, telephone message to Henry, a box of starch, and my new bonnet." "Say them over as you go to town."—"Harper's Weekly."

Sue Brette—How do you know the gallery gods threw eggs at you? Ham Lette—How do I know? Ye gods, didn't I catch them in the act?—Chicago "News."

A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands, and said to the farmer: "That fellow ought to be chuck-full of work." "He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to get none out of him."—From "Success."

"I see that Mrs. Uptardeight is addressing the Mothers' Scientific Club this afternoon on The Care of Children." "Speaking of children, who was that youngster that broke into Snoop's candy store last night and robbed the till?" "That—why, that was Mrs. Uptardeight's youngest." — Baltimore "News."

Huxley and the Reporters.

ON his arrival in Baltimore, Professor Huxley was driven to the country seat of Mr. Garrett, who had offered him hospitality and had invited a large company to meet him in an afternoon party. There was but one intervening day between his arrival, tired out by a long journey in the interior, and his delivery of the address. He had hardly reached the residence of his host before the reporters discovered him and asked for the manuscript of his speech. "Manuscript?" he said. "I have none. I shall speak freely on a theme with which I am quite familiar." "Well, professor," said the interlocutor, "that is all right, but our instructions are to send the speech to the papers in New York, and if you cannot give us the copy we must take it down as well as we can and telegraph it, for the Associated Press is bound to print it the morning after it is spoken." This was appalling, for in view of the possible inaccuracy of the shorthand, and the possible condensation of the wirehand, the lecturer was afraid that technical and scientific terms might not be rightly reproduced. "You can have your choice, professor," said the urbane reporter, "to give us the copy or to let us do the best we can, for report the speech we shall." The professor yielded, and the next day he walked up and down his room at Mr. Garrett's dictating to a stenographer, in cold and irresponsive seclusion, the speech which he expected to make before a receptive and hospitable assembly.

I sat very near the orator as he delivered the address in the Academy of Music, and noticed that, although he kept looking at the pile of manuscript on the desk before him, he did not turn the pages over. The speech was appropriate and well received, but it had no glow, and the orator did not equal his reputation for charm and persuasiveness. When the applause was over I said to Mr. Huxley: "I noticed that you did not read your address; I am afraid the light was insufficient." "Oh," said he, "that was not the matter. I have been in distress. The reporters brought me, according to their promise, the copy of their notes. It was on thin translucent paper, and to make it legible they put clean white sheets between the leaves. That made such bulk that I removed the intermediate leaves, and when I stood up at the desk I found I could not read a sentence. So I have been in a dilemma—not daring to speak freely, and trying to recall what I dictated yesterday and allowed the reporters to send to New York." If he used an epithet before the word "reporters" I am sure he was justified, but I forget what it was.—Dr. D. C. Gilman in "Scribner's Magazine."

A Feat of Memory.

DURING a debate in the House, between Gladstone and Disraeli, when the latter in the course of his remarks had occasion to quote from a recent speech made by his rival upon some platform in the country, a dramatic scene was enacted, and is described by Harry Furniss in his recent book, "Confessions of a Caricaturist."

Suddenly Mr. Gladstone started up and exclaimed: "I never said that in my life!"

Disraeli was silent, and putting his hands behind his back, gazed apparently in blank astonishment at the box in front of him. Several seconds went by, but he never moved. The members in the crowded House looked from one to the other, and many imagined that Disraeli was merely waiting for his opponent to apologize. But Mr. Gladstone, who had a habit, which he developed in later years, of chatting volubly to his neighbor during any interruption of this kind in which he was concerned, made no sign. A minute passed, but the sphinx did not move.

A minute and a quarter, but he was still motionless.

A minute and a half of this silence seemed as if it was an hour.

When the second minute was completed the excitement in the House began to grow intense. Disraeli seemed to be transfixed. Was he ill? Was the great man sulking? What could this strange silence portend?

Two minutes and a half!

Some members rose and approached him, but Disraeli raised his hands as if to deprecate their interference, and they stole back to their places, conscious that they were forbidden to interrupt. Then at last, when the minute-hand of the clock had passed three times round its course, the most remarkable silence which the House had ever experienced within living memory was broken as the Tory leader slowly began once more to speak.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "and gentlemen," and then word for word he repeated the whole speech of Mr. Gladstone from which he had made his quotation, duly introducing the particular passage which the Liberal leader had denied. Then he paused and looked across at his rival. The challenge was not to be avoided, and Mr. Gladstone bowed—he would have raised his hat did he wear one in the House, which, in the phraseology of the ring, was equivalent to throwing up the sponge. Mr. Disraeli afterward informed a friend that, working backward, he had recalled the whole of Mr. Gladstone's speech to his mind. Beginning at the disputed quotation, he recovered the context which led up to it, and so, step by step, the entire oration. Then he was enabled to repeat it from the outset exactly as he had read it.

Conservation of Energy.

"You say you never gossip?" "Never," answered Miss Cayenne; "when I feel disposed to hear my neighbors discussed, I merely mention a name and proceed to listen."—Washington "Star."

An Expensive Luxury.

Mr. O'Toole (entering doctor's office)—Shure, doctor, Oi think Oi have appindicitis. Dr. Smith—Nonsense, man! You haven't money enough for that.—"Judge."

The Veal Age.

This is assuredly the Veal Age in literature. People no longer ask about an author, How old is he? but How young is he—or she, as is usually the case. Of the writers on the staff of Josh, Gosh & Co. 85 per cent. are under the age of twenty-one, and 25 per cent. are under sixteen years. Sixty-eight per cent. of these write historical romances and 25 per cent. write in the colonial style.—"Book Booster."

Must be Deadly.

Attention has been called, says a recent issue of The Speaker, to the mysterious plan of warfare invented by Admiral Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald (grandfather of the present Lord Dundonald, our new G.O.C.), early in the last century, which, it was claimed, would result in the absolute annihilation of an enemy. Dundonald himself believed that if his plan was once put into effect it would make war impossible for the future, and there seem to have been some grounds for this belief, although the secret has never yet been divulged. George IV., when Regent, appointed a secret committee to consider it. The committee reported that the method would be irresistible and infallible, but shrank from recommending its adoption. Forty years later a commission was again appointed to consider it. They reported against it on the grounds that if any experiments were made the secret would be at the command of every nation, and also that it would not accord with the feelings and principles of civilized warfare. Twice during the Crimean war Dundonald urged his plan upon the Government. The second time he offered to reduce Sebastopol by his invention, but the War Office laid down stipulations which he would not accept, and the secret remains a secret still. The present Earl of Dundonald, besides being a successful cavalry leader and the possessor of one of the reputations made in the present war, is also an inventor. It would be interesting to know whether he is in possession of his grandfather's secret or whether that secret died with its discoverer.

Humor of the Hour.

"Why," asked the racehouse, sneeringly, "do you have that great bunch of useless hair on your fetlocks?"

"One reason," said the imported Clydesdale, "is that I want to look as much unlike a useless sporting animal as I possibly can."—Chicago Tribune.

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Mrs. Growells—"The idea of you calling me a goose! When you were courting me you said I was an angel."

Growells — Well, suppose I did? What's the use of twitting a man about the lies he told three years ago?—Chicago News.

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"'Tain't de fellow wid de longes' line dat catch de mos' fish," said Charcoal Eph, in another of his ruminating moods; "hit's de man wid de longes' 'magination. Ain' dat so, Mistah Jackson?"—Atlanta Constitution.

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Dr. P. M. Rixey recalls that when President McKinley's mother sat down for the first time to a White House dinner, what seemed to impress her most was the prodigal supply of cream, and she commented on its abundance, and then added:—

"Well, William, at last I know what they mean when they speak of the cream of society."

The President laughed. "I admit," said he, "that there seems to be an extravagant array of cream on the table, but you know, mother, we can afford to keep a cow now."—New York Tribune.

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A good story is told in a musical paper of the Principal of a well-known colonial academy of music. He was much pestered with letters from young composers, asking his advice. On one occasion he received a letter from a country organist asking in which of two ways he should write a certain musical passage. The professor, being a blunt man, wrote back on a postcard, "It doesn't matter a ——." His offended correspondent sent the postcard to the Academy Board, who sat in solemn conclave on it, and wrote to the Principal for an explanation. He answered thus: "Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. I have considered the matter in all its bearings, and it really doesn't matter a ——. Yours, etc."—London Globe.

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Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?

Pa—An optimist, my son, is a man who is happy when he is miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he is happy.—Chicago News.

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"I never went back on a friend," said one politician.

"I never found it necessary to do so," said the other. "As soon as I was not in a position to favor him, my friend always went back on me."—Washington Star.

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As cause for the habit 'tis surely enough—
King Edward himself has taken to snough.
If applied to your nose
'Twill be felt in your tose;
Provided you snough up enough of the stough.

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"Yes," said the head of the firm, "Miss Addie is a good bookkeeper, but she makes some queer mistakes."

"What, for instance?" asked the silent partner.

"Well, she enters our messenger boy's wages under the head of 'running expenses.'"—Philadelphia Press.

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Greene—I suppose a man who had no knowledge of French would have a good deal of trouble to make himself understood in Paris?

Gray—On the contrary, most people in Paris understand English much better than they do their own language. I tried them in both; so I ought to know.—Boston Transcript.

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"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the chruch supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam; I have just prescribed for three of the participants."—Richmond Dispatch.

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We long for rest—for rest and play.
Our heart gives forth but weary throbs
We long to rest, but never may,
Lest others come and get our jobs.

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London Fun—Mistress (arranging for the dinner)—Didn't the grocer send the macaroni?

Cook—Yes, mum, but I sent it back. Every one of them stems was empty.—Yonkers Statesman.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

SERMON BY

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—1 Corinthians, xvi., 13.

I have a neighbor in the country who has a garden which he treats in a very peculiar way. His theory is that all forces of nature are good-natured, and that all products of nature should be encouraged. Whatever is natural, he tells me, is admirable. A weed is just as natural as a rose and has just as clear a right to flourish. It is, therefore, unfair to discriminate against the weed by pulling it up and destroying its life.

Wishing to see how his theory worked in practice, I wandered about his enclosure and found a curious state of affairs. The weeds were in a more flourishing condition than the roses; in fact, they had taken possession of the ground and dominated it to such an extent that the flowers had well-nigh given up the struggle for existence, and were on the verge of despair. I vainly tried to convince my neighbor that if he wanted flowers he must pull up the weeds, for the two do not get on well together. They can't be made to harmonize, because weeds are greedy and refuse to give flowers a chance.

My neighbor has another peculiarity. He carries his theory into the education of his boy. All natural impulses are good impulses, he tells me, and it is not right to give a child a bias toward this or that standard. Let him show himself just as he is, giving perfectly free vent to his good and bad qualities of character, and by and bye he will achieve a well-rounded and well-balanced soul. It is the weed theory transferred to human nature, and so far as my observation of the boy goes it works very badly. I rather fear that later on that father's heart will be filled with regrets.

You cannot build a house without a plan. If you attempt to do so you will have a curious combination, whose inconvenience is only equalled by its ugliness. A house without a plan is not worth having. It is not true that all natural impulses are good, for some impulses, when gratified, produce unmixed evil. Not everything that is is right, for some things are wholly wrong and must be held in check at any cost. If you give the weeds as fair a chance as the flowers the time will come when the flowers will die and nothing but the weeds will be left. It is just as necessary to pull up certain natural qualities as to pull up weeds, and unless you do so you will find yourself without any character at all.

There is a stern and awful truth in the injunction to pluck your eye out if it offends you. It is a bold figure, and startling, but it has a profound meaning. If, for instance, you give free rein to your selfishness it will grow apace to rule and ruin. It will creep over your soul like a smouldering fire on the prairie, and burn the life out of everything as it goes. You must treat it as you would a weed, and without any compunction tear it up and hurl it as far from you as possible. And if you have a quick or an ill temper, it is necessary to subdue it if you would have peace or happiness. Your very nature must be conquered, no matter how hard the fight may be. It must be caught, harnessed, bitted, tamed and taught that you are its master and will be obeyed.

You are simply a bundle of possibilities in the beginning, and if you allow them full swing you will become a mass of contradictions. Your business as an immortal soul is to look at all your tendencies, good and bad, squarely in the face, and then set to work to annihilate some of them, to encourage others, and, with a definite purpose in view, to give yourself the shape of honest and virile manhood. This is not an easy, but it is a glorious, task, and it ends in the victory over self, the sublime mastery which brings self-respect and that dignity which comes with poise and conscience.

The object of religion is to teach you that this is the best and noblest thing to do, and that it is the only thing which it will pay you to do. That struggle is worth your while, for when you find yourself well in hand you will possess that quiet kind of power which blesses you and the whole world alike. This life gives you that sort of discipline, and when the lesson is learned you will be ready for any other life that may come to you. Earth will become a stepping-stone to heaven, for a whole man is fitted for any world in God's universe. Plant your garden with flowers and then see that weeds do not interfere with their growth.

The following appears on a sign over a little country store in Georgia :—

JONATHAN WILKINS,
Ice Cream in Season
and Embalming on Reasonable
Cash Terms.
Also Millinery and Tooth Pulling.
Boots, Shoes, Books and Bacon.
Coffins on the Instalment Plan.

AS WE GO ALONG

What shall we do when the autumn weather
And the autumn duties come together;
When the golden days are fair and sweet,
When the bright leaves rustle under our feet,
And the air is a sparkling wine;
Yet cares pile thick and the hours crowd fast,
And things to be done go hurrying past,
In an urgent, beckoning line?

We must keep our hearts and our souls awake
To beautiful things for duty's sake;
With vision keen and with courage strong,
Take beauty in as we go along.

What if in the hours of earnest doing
Our tired spirits need renewing;
Sigh oft for the streams and the pastures green,
Which lie in the realm of things unseen,
The beautiful Promised Land;
Yet ever before us stretches still
The rugged path of our Father's will,
With its common rocks and sand?

We need not wait for the longed for peace
Till our journey is done and our labors cease;
We shall rest in the midst of the busiest day
If the Master meets us on the way.
—Mary E. Allbright, in The Christian Endeavor World.

AT THE CHARITY BALL.

"Why, Mr. Browning, you at anything so gay as a charity ball?"

"And you, my dear Miss Erickson, at anything so dismal?"

The girl laughed and shook out the folds of her misty pink dancing skirt, with its ruffles and lace.

"I have just one dance left, a schottische. Shall it be for you?" she said.

"If you will so honor me. But as I can't dance anything but the waltz, I am going to that little alcove retreat over there, where we can talk and watch the figures."

For answer Mildred Erickson laid her gloved fingers on his arm and raised her brown eyes to his face, as they walked away from the group of dancers now forming for the schottische.

The "little alcove retreat" was at one end of the long ball room, and was massed with cut flowers and ferns. Mildred threw her huge bouquet of bridesmaid roses, her fan, and lace handkerchief down beside her and took up two-thirds of the divan with her full skirts. Browning sank back luxuriously in the silken cushion at her side.

"Everyone seems to be here to-night," she said.

"Yes. Even I."

"There is Maude Jones, now, in that pale blue chiffon. Did you know, she is to be married next week to Jack Marshall?"

"She? This is only her second season, isn't it?"

"Second! No, only her first." Mildred said with a laugh and shrug of her plump white shoulders.

"Her first? You are more sensible, Miss Erickson. Why, this is your tenth season. Don't you remember, I was at your coming-out tea?"

"Yes, and you were old then—28; just my age now." She picked up her bouquet and buried her face in the fresh, pink blossoms.

"And you were in white, and carried pink roses, just like those, Mildred."

"But not so large a bunch," and she began pulling the flowers out and tearing off the petals, while Browning watched her color come and go.

"And I sent them."

"And you sent them."

Browning shifted his position slightly.

"I wonder what Marshall wants to marry that little Miss Jones for?" he said.

"As she is not an heiress, he probably thinks he loves her. I hope it does not worry you, Mr. Browning."

"Me? Not at all. I suppose you have often wondered why I've never married."

Mildred's cheeks assumed the hue of her roses.

"I? Not at all. Rather, I should wonder if you did get married. I am so used to you single, you know."

"And I should wonder at it, too. I like women. They are beautiful creatures, to be admired, adored and idealized, but kept a distance if a man wants to retain his peace of mind. Don't you think so, Miss Erickson?"

"Can Mr. Browning be wrong?"

"Thank you. Now, suppose I had married when I was, say 28. Ten years ago, I'd have a wife who never thought of me or my home, but always of her own personality and her social engagements. My home would be no home at all, because I should expect things of her which she would never do."

Miss Erickson was unconsciously pulling the flowers to pieces and watching Mr. Browning with studied courtesy.

Browning continued: "As it is, I have my bachelor flat, in which I am king. My servants, whom no one ever interferes with. I go and come when I please, to the club, to the opera, to dinners, or to Europe. My horses and carriages are mine, and no one ever complains of them. My house is solitude itself unless I wish to make it noisy. Don't you think I am a sensible man?"

"It really had never occurred to me, Mr. Browning," Mildred said, laughing slightly.

"Of course you do, for you have followed my example and remained single."

"But not alone. There is mamma and papa and Joe and the girls, Mr. Browning. Oh, I should not care for solitude nor enjoyment alone."

"You are not so selfish."

"No."

"What?"

selfish. And you would be happier if you were not.

Browning looked at her in silent amazement. Then he said:

"I suppose I have given up a lot for my selfishness. It might be nice to have a wife always waiting for me and planning little surprises for my comfort and enjoyment, if she were sweet and nice and charming, like she would be before I married her. And to always have someone to take out with me whenever I—or rather she—cared to go. And to entertain my friends as some women can do. And to see great tall boys and gentle girls—my children—growing up about me. But a man must have a lot of nerve to ask a woman to give herself to him alone."

"Not necessarily." Mildred's lips were parted in a smile.

"Her freedom, her childhood home, her name, all girlish pastimes, every bit of——" Browning went on, answering his own question.

"She regards it all as a pleasant sacrifice, if she loves the man, Mr. Browning."

"And if she loves the man will she want to do all this if he asks her to?"

"Men are positive and women negative."

"So you advise me to marry?"

"I advise all men to marry."

"Then why are you single, Mildred?"

"I? Oh, I am a woman." And she laughed softly.

Browning watched the gay scene of the ballroom in silence a moment. Then he said:

"Mildred, shall I tell you why I never married?"

The girl buried her face again in the roses.

"Yes," she said.

"Because I never thought you would have me. You were so bright and gay, and ten years younger than I."

Mildred leaned toward him until he felt her breath on his cheek. She spoke rapidly, for she saw Mr. Bixby coming to claim a waltz.

"Shall I tell you why I never married, Paul?"

"Yes."

"Because you never asked me."

"Mildred."

Browning sprang forward from the silken cushions and caught her hand. But she withdrew it hurriedly, and with her face all wreathed in smiles caught up her flowers and fan and lace handkerchief, and said, as she walked away:

"Come to me to-morrow afternoon at three, Mr. Browning."

And a moment later Browning saw her floating through the steps of the waltz on the arm of George Bixby.—Chicago Tribune.

Sam Houston's Secret.

"A mystery in which the American people were once deeply concerned was that which shadowed the life of one of the most remarkable characters of the country," writes William Perrine, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In 1829 Samuel Houston, or, as he called and signed himself, 'Sam' Houston, was Governor of Tennessee. It was in the midst of a campaign for re-election to the Gubernatorial chair that Tennessee was startled by a report that he had resigned his office. He had been married to the daughter of an influential family; three months afterward she returned to her father's house, and her husband resolved to pass the rest of his life in the wilderness.

"Houston betook himself to the tribe of Cherokees in the Indian Territory; he adopted their costume, appearing in all the trappings of an Indian brave letting his hair grow down his back, and visiting Washington with a buckskin hunting-shirt, yellow leggins, a huge blanket, and turkey feathers around his head. No one could induce him to reveal the secret of his metamorphosis and his abandonment of the ways and habits of civilization. He married again after he emerged from his Indian life, and he lived to be an old man, dying in the midst of the Civil War, but no one was ever able to persuade him to unlock the mystery of his life. Nor would his first wife, who also married again, throw any light on the mystery."

Solomon Sloan's Advice as to Education.

Mr. Editor:—

If I were boss

We would have less clay modelling and more arithmetic in the public school.

Grammar and typewriting would take the places of music and color study.

If a boy or a girl is well up in arithmetic and grammar he stands less show of starving to death than if his specialty is color schemes or clay figures.

That's what the most of us here on this earth are trying to do—keep from starving.

Multiplication tables and good English can be taught successfully to every pupil, if time and pains are taken. Color study and clay modelling can't.

In the first place, the teachers are ordinarily just about as unfit to teach art as the pupils are to learn it.

In the second place, the vast majority of pupils in the public schools will soon have to earn their own living, and even if they do become expert clay modellers and colorists, they never can make any use of their knowledge.

Give the children bread and butter, and those who have a taste for cake that's worth cultivating will get it.

And that's the way it would be if I were boss.—Solomon Sloan.

England Boy Choirs.

Julian Ralph, writing of "The Choir Boys of England," in the Ladies' Home Journal, says "Small boys are much preferred for the reason that they develop into manhood later than big, stalwart children, for it is at the coming of manhood that their voices break and they are obliged to stop singing until their adult tones are reached—a matter of years. A boyish treble is as delicate as the bloom on a peach, and its possessor must lead an orderly and innocent life, which is why so many choirs are made up of boys taken from their homes and boarded and taught in church institutions. These, sometimes, are able to sing until they are seventeen or eighteen years of age, though between fourteen and fifteen is the usual period when their voices

Rhodes as a Phrase-Maker.

Rhodes rather fancied himself as a phrase-maker, says a correspondent of The New York Sun. A writer who saw a good deal of him, describes him as repeating over and over again some saying of his own with which he seemed to have been pleased as soon as he had uttered it.

Perhaps one of the best-known phrases is the "unctuous rectitude" with which he reproved a certain class of his opponents in this country. No one in future who wishes to discuss the traits of the British character will be able to do without those two words. Some other sayings of Rhodes which have been left on record are as follows:—

My life is a temporary one, but the country will remain after me.

If I forfeit my flag, what have I left? If you take away my flag you take away everything.

Remember that sentiment rules half the world.

"It is no use for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry them out," Rhodes once remarked to Gen. Gordon.

It took me fifteen years to get a mine, but I got it. Though my boat may be slow in the race, I know exactly what I am starting for.

I have found out one thing, and that is, if you have an idea, and it is a good idea, if you will only stick to it you will come out all right.

The only awkward thing is the progress of Time. We do get older, and become a little hurried in our ideas because of that terrible Time.

After the raid: "Kruger and I have met twice. The first trick I won (referring to Bechuanaland), he won the second. There is no doubt who will win the odd!"

When timorous friends were begging him to be discreet, and foes were saying he dare not "face the music," he answered both, once and for all: "I am not going to lie about it!"

When Dr. Jameson was convicted and sentenced for the part he took in the raid, Mr. Rhodes exclaimed: "What a tribute to the moral worth of the nation that has jumped the world!"

I will challenge any man or woman, however broad their ideas may be, who objects to go to church or chapel to say they would not sometimes be better for an hour or an hour and a half in a church.

In the Oriel Hall, Oxford, in 1899, he said: "I have been interested in Aristotle's definition of virtue in the 'Ethics' as the 'highest activity of the soul living for the highest object in a perfect life.' That h. always seemed to me the noblest rule for a man to follow, and I have made it my rule from the first."

"Life is too short, after all," he used to say, "to worry about previous lives. From the cradle to the grave—what is it? Three days at the seaside. Just that and nothing more. But although it is only three days, we must be doing something. I cannot spend my time throwing stones into the water. But what is worth while doing?"

A Waggon Journey.

After so much about Rhodes one may have a bit of South African life. It is a description of a waggon journey a score of years ago, and occurs in a new novel, entitled "Reversed on Appeal," by John Ross :—

"Pale pink over the trees, and bar gold glittering through the branches saw the large waggon equipped and drawn with open front, facing the kraal gate, towards which extended a double line of shining brown oxen, each with a white streak down its back like fourteen brethren bearing up the flashing chain, crossed at each pair by a heavy pole with wooden yokes for two. At the head of the uneven line of glancing horns and switching tails stood the powerful bronze figure, thong in hand, of a Zulu in a sleeveless blouse and short blue pants, the leader of the horned cavalcade. A Kaffir boy held a grey horse ready saddled, tossing his head and rattling his bit with impatience, a contrast to the drowsy cattle. . . . There was a din of shrill Kaffir shouts, weeping women, yelping dogs, stamping feet and rattling chains as Mouji flourished his long whip, and the Zulu dragged at the leading strap like a son of Anak, as he guided the string of cattle out of the kraal into the open field.

"Her uncle rode his grey horse within speaking distance behind the waggon, and when they passed the large green orchard, with its brown pears, purple plums, and yellow oranges, ripening in the branches, he rode in among the trees and returned with a small basket of peaches, which he handed to Belle at the end of the waggon, as they moved slowly on thro. prickly cactus hedges, and bushes of red and yellow mimosa blossom. . . .

"She had travelled in the waggon before, with the mid-curtain that was lowered at night, to shut her off into a little nunnery of her own. She knew the bed, so innocently tied on one side, in which she was advised to slumber, and supposed to sleep, during the ceaseless jolts of a moonlight journey. And she remembered how she pitied all men, and women, too, who went down to the sea in ships, if their berths were like her berth, and their tossings like her tossings. She knew the boxes tied with thongs that served for seats and lockers, and that she must fasten up everything, if she did not wish a bruised foot or a wounded head, when the quick mounts and sudden dips came under the irresistible strain of fourteen oxen."

It is estimated that the Kaffirs in the diamond mines at Ki...berley, South Africa, steal £250,000 worth of diamonds in a year.

The Lion Bridge, near Sangang, in China, is the longest in the world, being 5¼ miles from end to end. The roadway is 70 feet above water.

A large house in a Berlin suburb has been rented by several acquaintances, married and single, who are going to try to run the place on the principles of communal life.

"Take the men of prominence in the United States to-day, and pick out the true gentlemen. I'll wager that nine out of ten of them never had a high school education, let alone a college one." So says Mark Twain.

Gold has been mined in Georgia for nearly three-quarters of a century. Previous to the discovery of gold in California the mines of Georgia furnished the greater part of the gold produced in the United States.

Cecil Rhodes.

Great a figure as Cecil Rhodes was in the public eye, it may be doubted whether many people have a clear idea as to the steps by which his career was built up. That he went to South Africa for his health and returned to England to take his Oxford degree; that he made a great fortune—though smaller than that of some American multi-millionaires—out of diamonds, in part by means of an amalgamation of interests; that he "acquired" Rhodesia, became Premier of Cape Colony, came to his political downfall through the Jameson Raid, and was shut up in Kimberley; these are the main facts of his career which are well known. But main facts do not invariably supply the key to the motives and purposes of a man's life, and the ideas which filled Cecil Rhodes' mind and governed his actions have had a profound influence upon the development of a country in which we in Canada have within the past three years been forced to take a deep interest.

The question of motive may be glanced at first. The extended biography which The Times published notes the remarkably successful start which Mr. Rhodes made in South Africa, when, strat'ing as a lad of eighteen he in a year or two became a rich man. The Times says :—

"His interest in the country in which he had enjoyed two years of such strangely fortunate experience was by this time keenly stirred, and before returning to Oxford he made a journey into the north, which is of interest, as having first suggested to him the great capabilities for British development of the country lying to the north of the Orange and Vaal Rivers. His trip took him as far north as Mafeking; thence to Pretoria, Murchison, Middleburg and back through the Transvaal to Kimberley. It was made in an ox waggon, at a time when the country was little known, and there were no means of communication. It occupied eight months. The rate of progression of an ox waggon is not more than from fifteen to twenty miles a day. The trip represented a walking tour of eight months through the wide-spreading solitudes of rolling veldt which filled those regions of central Africa.

"In 1872 the Boers had only been established some twenty years in the Transvaal. They were a purely pastoral, hunting, and fighting people, with a strong religious strain, deserving of respect for the sturdy independence and devotion to their own ideals which characterized them, but rude in their customs and primitive almost to the point of barbarism in their habits of life and thought. They were very frugal, very poor, without the conception of a possible development for their country than that represented by the increase of flocks and herds upon the land. Living generally in isolation upon the vast extents of grazing ground best suited to the multiplication of this form of wealth, they were wholly lacking in the intellectual stimulus which results from the interchange of opinion in the urban centres of population. Their political organization was of the simplest, amounting to little more than a patriarchal form of despotism, tempered by the individual liberty almost necessarily enjoyed during the greater part of his existence by the hunter and the herdsman on the plains. Each father of a family made for himself the laws of daily life. The rifle and the stock-whip hung side by side above every hearth. The one serious danger by which the State was threatened came from unnumbered hordes of hostile natives, who hung upon the uncertain limits of white occupation, with perpetual menace of massacre and desolation. The only bonds which drew the scattered homesteads into community were bonds of common faith and self-defence. Political unity could hardly be said to exist among a people who were unwilling to submit to taxation for common purposes. There is no reason for surprise if to a young Englishman already conversant with the methods of a developed civilization the Transvaal of that day presented the aspect rather of a rough new settlement in flux than of any fixed political organization having claim to the dignity of a nation.

"... Rhodes' acquaintance with the agricultural possibilities of the South African soil in Natal, and the practical demonstration that he had received of its mineral wealth at Kimberley, combined with his personal experience of the hygienic properties of the climate to render him more appreciative than the ordinary lad of nineteen of the value of the apparently limitless area suitable to white settlement, of which his solitary trip took him over a small portion. Two years spent far from home produced on him an effect not unknown to travellers of a riper age. The latent patriotism which we all believe ourselves to share with our fellow-taxpayers had grown into a conscious sentiment. England had become a thing to love. During that eight months' silent tramp across the veldt the foundation appears to have been laid of the policy to which Mr. Rhodes' career was afterwards devoted. He has described in intimate conversation the persistence with which the thought accompanied him day by day, that the fine country through which he moved should in the future be thronged with a British population, and that no power but Great Britain should be allowed to dominate in South Africa. He saw enough to convince him of the great value of the unclaimed northern territory, and made up his mind that it must be British. Asked once in later life whether he had at that time conceived any definite scheme for bringing the country under British influence, he answered honestly in the negative. 'No,' he said, 'I only just felt each day as I looked down at the earth and up at the sky that it ought to belong to England.' "

Once upon a time Mayor Low was travelling through Germany with a party of friends. Being an excellent German linguist, he was the spokesman for the company. Upon one occasion he and his friends visited a beer garden, and after seating themselves, preparatory to having some refreshments, the pleasant duty of ordering the same fell upon Mr. Low, as usual. For once, however, he hesitated, his memory seeming to desert him. Finally after vain attempts to recall the missing word, he turned to his waiting friends, appealingly, saying:

"You will have to help me out, for I cannot for the life of me remember the German word for beer."—New York Times.

The Poultry Yard.

An English poultry expert says:—Both in the States and in France the system of feeding poultry generally followed is the exact opposite to our own, the fowls getting soft food at night and corn in the morning. The poultry-keeper may well ask which is right, and the answer apparently is that there is very little difference in the result. An experiment recently tried in America, two lots of fowls getting just the same treatment, but one having soft food in the morning and corn at night, and the other the opposite, resulted in the fowls getting soft food in the morning laying slightly better than the others in winter. This is what one might expect. To set against this, however, was the fact that the fowls getting soft food at night voided double the amount of manure. The reason of this, of course, is that soft food is more quickly digested, but in those poultry houses where the droppings from the fowl-houses are systematically collected and utilized, there is a distinct value in feeding soft food at night, in preference to the morning. There is far less trouble to the feeder when corn is given in the morning, and it really seems as though the value of soft food for breakfast has been over-estimated.

Sulphur for Fowls and Swine.

When fowls are attacked with cholera I find that a little sulphur given in the food will check it. One tablespoonful mixed with the morning's food for thirty fowls and given once a month is sufficient when they are in health. When much sulphur is fed, with exposure to a cold and damp atmosphere, it will cause stiffness in the joints. Sulphur put in the dust bath with ashes is a preventive against lice. A little sprinkled in the nests and under setting hens routs these pests.

It is also good to give swine in case of cholera or sickness followed with vomiting caused from overfeeding. It regulates the stomach and liver without further trouble. I have given two teaspoonfuls twice a day in severe cases in sweet milk or sprinkled on some sliced vegetables.—Emma L. Hill, Damascus, N.Y.

To Make Hens Lay.

Many people complain that they cannot get their hens to lay in winter. One very strong complaint comes to us from one of our subscribers. To aid such we give the experience of one who resides in the cold climate of South Dakota.

Many farmers fail to get any eggs during the winter months, and, from the experience of others more successful, it must be concluded that they either do not care about winter eggs, or that they neglect to so manage and feeds the fowls as to induce them to lay. An interesting experiment was made with two lots of pullets, showing influence of feed and care on the production of eggs in winter, by Rose Seelye-Miller, in the cold climate of South Dakota. The trial was reported in a western journal as follows:—

Two pens of pullets were placed in conditions as nearly equal as possible. One pen was designed for breeding, and it was desired that they should not lay until toward spring. The other pen, containing 18 hens, was designed to produce eggs during the winter, and the eggs were not intended at all for hatching.

The experiment began in December. Let it be remembered that the care, temperature and all other things were equal, save the food, and that the pen designed for late laying contained two less fowls.

During December the early layers produced five and a quarter dozen eggs, and the other pen not an egg. In January, the early layers produced ten dozen and three eggs; the late layers seven eggs. In February the early layers produced nine dozen eggs, and the other pen one dozen. In March the early layers produced fifteen dozen eggs, and the late layers three and a half dozen. In April came the change; the early layers laid ten dozen and nine eggs, and the late layers fifteen dozen and four eggs. From this time the breeders were kept laying, and produced in May 28 eggs, the early layers 142 eggs. This shows conclusively that egg-producing may be governed in a great measure. The feeding was very simple, and the early-laying fowls were fed as follows:—In the morning, boiled lean meat, chopped, with scraps from the table, and during the day all the wheat screenings they would eat, with corn twice a week. They were, of course, watered twice daily, and had some milk to drink.

The pen not intended for laying were fed on poor wheat screenings, with corn. These fowls grew and waxed fat, until they seemed too fat, and no doubt were, for laying. As spring came on the food was changed, and as it was the natural time for laying, too, they produced eggs in abundance.

The ordinary poultry raiser feeds too much corn and wheat. Hens are fed liberally twice a day and are fed on a steady diet of one or two things, either corn or wheat, and both fattening. Hence our hens do not pay, and poultry raising is a snare and a delusion to the one who is not wideawake and up to date in caring for the fowls.

Meat is known to be a great egg-producer, and there is now upon the market a feed prepared from refuse which makes an ideal food for fowls. Bones ground and plenty of milk are also very good in egg production.

Cleanliness and warmth are absolutely essential. A hen with a frozen comb might about as well be killed, unless she is a valuable one, whose eggs will make good hatching in the spring.

We feed our cattle for beef, and our hogs for lean or fat; we feed cows for milk or butter. Then why not discriminate in feeding our poultry too?

If thought were used more we should find our purses growing fat. Lean hens and hogs may be desirable, but a fat pocketbook never fails of appreciation, and the need of strenuous labor is decreasing.—The Country Gentleman.

Farm Notes.

Care should be exercised in the use of poisoned solutions for spraying, as many insects that are friends of the farmer may be destroyed. Bees have been exterminated in some sections by spraying, though something depends upon the kinds of plants sprayed.

We clip from an exchange the following directions for killing lice on cattle—Dust the animals thoroughly with fresh insect powder; rub in well, or else part the hair so the powder will reach the pests. In about a week, dust again to kill any mites that might have hatched. The other is: Make a strong tea of cedar twigs; wash the lousy animal with this tea; this last is effectual in cleansing buildings, coops, roosts, poles, etc., of lice.

No greater mistake is ever made than to suppose that by selecting the largest eggs from the basket for hatching improvement of the poultry is sure to follow. There is no makeshift in this industry. Careful selection of the breeding stock, males and females, alone will insure that grading up so desired by every breeder. There is no room today for slipshod methods in poultry culture, and the breeder who does not select a breeding pen from his best birds and keep them by themselves does not deserve and cannot hope to maintain the quality of his stock.

More pigs are lost in the summer season from improper feeding than from any other cause. They are compelled to consume foods that are not conducive to thrift, and which lead to disease in the herds. Some feeders keep slop in barrels, which ferments until sour, having a very disagreeable odor, the pigs being fed largely upon the slop. This kind of food is more injurious in summer than in winter, as it induces bowel disease. The best slop is milk and bran, freshly made, with grass, vegetables and plenty of pure water, which will induce growth and keep the pigs in good condition.

Use a Good Sire.

If there is one thing more than another which pedigree breeding has taught it is the value of using a good sire. It takes a long time before this lesson can be universally appreciated. There are some breeders whom nothing but adversity will teach; others are willing to profit by the experience of the many, and are ready to adopt the lessons which can be obviously deduced. It is a pity that in these times of enlightenment and advanced ideas the simplest lessons cannot be absorbed by small breeders. It is with the small breeder that the future lies, and the sooner he adapts himself to a more successful policy the better will it be for himself and for the breed which he favors. It is not enough to have a well-bred sire. That certainly is a primary consideration, for, as every breeder knows, there is nothing more perplexing in breeding than the frequency with which atavism occurs. It is satisfactory to note, however, that when characteristics have become more fixed by years of registered breeding, breeders are more and more coming to regard it as essential that the trumpeted merits of good back breeding should be displayed in the animal itself. The old principle that like produces like is truer now than it was fifty years ago, because of the increased prepotency of line bred stock. Nothing condemns the policy of a breeder more effectively than the use of an indifferent horse on good mares, or, for that matter, moderate bull on better cows. As a rule, the farmer is not deficient in useful breeding mares or roomy cows, but it would form painful reading to learn how often he had misused his trust by the use of an indifferent sire. It is a very safe rule to patronize a sire better than the females. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose. The initial cost is a mere bagatelle, compared with the difference in price of the progeny. It is a misfortune that many farmers expect too much of their mares or their cows. This, at all events, seems a reasonable deduction from their policy when they use very indifferent sires. The point we wish to accentuate is that it pays to use a good sire. It is short-sighted policy to expect too much of the dams.—Farmer and Stockbreeder.

Sore Mouths in Horses.

A sore mouth in a horse is frequently the cause of his not feeding properly. In cases where a horse has lost his appetite or does not redily eat his food it is well to examine his mouth, if the fact of his being off his feed cannot be traced to any apparent cause. A sore mouth may be due to several causes. In young horses it is generally due to teething troubles, which make the mouth more or less tender and interfere with the feeding. In such cases the only thing to be done is to provide the food in a state which will permit of its being easily chewed and masticated. The oats should be crushed, bran mashes and roots should be given, and the hay should not be hard, and free from woody stems.

In older horses the permanent molars are sometimes the cause of a horse not being able to chew his food, and of his having a sore mouth. The molars sometimes have sharp edges and points which hurt the inside of the cheeks, and cause considerable pain when the horse is eating. In this case they require filing with a rasp, but this operation can only be performed by a skilful hand. At other times a horse may be prevented from masticating his food properly by one of the molar teeth being longer than the rest, which prevents the molars in the upper jaw from coming into contact with those in the lower jaw. In this case again professional advice is required.

Lampas not infrequently is the cause of a horse having a sore mouth. Lampas consists of an inflamed condition of the roof of the mouth or of the palate, and is caused by various means. In young horses it is due often to the growth of the teeth, while in older ones it is caused through indigestion or by irregularities of the molar teeth. The treatment accordingly varies and depends on the cause of lampas. Ignorant grooms and stablemen sometimes suggest burning as a remedy. This is of course a cruel and perfectly inadmissible remedy, and one which should not be adopted on any account.

Another form of inflammation of the mouth is known under the name of "stomatitis."—Farmer and Stockbreeder.

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Is one of the best equipped printing offices in the West and prepared to execute all kinds of printing in first-class style at honest prices. One price to all. No job too large—none too small—for us. Mail orders promptly attended to. Give us a trial on your next order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We invite correspondence on any subject of interest to the general public. In all cases the bona fide name of the writer must accompany manuscript, but not necessarily for publication.

Address all communications to the Manager

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1.—All correspondence must be legibly written on one side of the paper only.

2.—Correspondence containing personal matter must be signed with the proper name of the writer.

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1902.

OUR MINING COUNTRY.

There seems every probability that the adaptation of the oil process to the British Columbia ores will prove entirely successful, and if this be so, the outlook for the Kootenay district as a great mining country will be almost indefinitely enlarged. The more far seeing of investors are already preparing to secure the advantage which will be offered by being the first in the field, and once it has been placed beyond all doubt that the Kootenay ores can be treated for from $3 to $4.50, there will undoubtedly be a big rush of capital into that country. Even now, according to the interior papers, money is coming in in anticipation of the success of the process.

It will not only mean immense activity in mining circles, but it will mean a revival in all the interior cities and towns. As an example of what may be looked for in this direction, Rossland, where business depression has existed for the past year and a half and where the commercial interests have suffered so severely at the hands of stock manipulators, should double its population in the course of two or three years. The tremendous bodies of low grade ore in the hills surrounding that town assure its permanence and prosperity once ores containing values of $8 can be treated with a margin of profit. If such a result were obtained Rossland would very quickly rival, if it did not surpass, Butte City in size and prosperity. There is every reason to imagine, too, that the values contained by these ores will increase as depth in the mines is obtained. In most instances in Rossland, as in the other camps of the Kootenays, the ore becomes higher grade the farther down development is pursued.

At the worst, the outlook for British Columbia's mineral country is not dark; it is rather bright and cheerful, and every year is giving more absolute certainty to the claim which has been made by mining men of large experience and knowledge, that a decade will find this province the largest producer of any country in the world. —Province.

C. P. R. Spohs Busy On Orders

The Montreal shops of the Canadian Pacific have already turned out a considerable portion of the large order placed six months ago for new equipment. The shops at Perth continue to turn out ten cars a day and have to manufacture 860 of the total number of 2,300 box cars. When this order is completed the C. P. R. will have over 25,000 freight cars in commission. At the Farnham shops, thirty of the fifty vans have been completed and work has been commenced on the seventeen express cars ordered.

Of the 46 first-class coaches ordered sixteen have been nearly completed. They are the standard Canadian Pacific coaches finished in mahogany. The only new feature in them is that in twenty of these cars the smoking room is about double the size of those ordinarily in use. The two diners, the Westminster and Warwick, will be added to the Imperial Limited this week. They are seventy five feet long. Of the twelve sleeping cars ordered, the Radnor and Satsuma have left the shops. Of the 68 additional locomotives ordered 53 are freight and 15 passenger.

DID NOT KILL A PASSENGER

Fewer Accidents are Reported On British Railroads—Blue Book Shows that Death Rate is Decreasing.

A very satisfactory feature of the board of trade blue book just issued in London, England, is that during 1901 train accidents did not cause the death of a single passenger, this being the first time that such a gratifying record has been shown by the annual returns. Accidents to trains, rolling stock, permanent way, etc., caused the death of 11 persons and injury to 637, including 476 passengers injured, 8 servants of companies killed, and 156 injured, and of other persons 3 killed and 5 injured. During 1900 as many as 42 persons were killed and 1049 injured, including passengers, 16 killed and 863 injured, and other persons 2 killed and 6 injured. Of the 8 deaths which occurred among railway servants 3 were due to collisions between trains, 3 resulted from buffer stop collisions caused by trains running into stations at too high a speed, while 2 occurred through the bursting of boilers or tubes of engines. There were altogether 156 cases of collision during the year between trains or parts of trains or light engines, 7 collisions between trains and vehicles standing foul of the line (which caused altogether injuries to 4 passengers), 2 cases of trains coming in contact with projections from other trains running on parallel lines, 82 derailments and 211 cases of trains running through gates at level crossings or into other obstructions.

Accidents to persons from causes other than accidents to trains, rolling stock and permanent way, including accidents from their own want of caution, accidents to persons passing over level crossings, tresspassers and others, resulted in the death of 657 persons and injury to 2016. Of the killed 135 and of the injured 1669 were passengers. Of these 35 were killed and 155 injured by falling between carriages and platforms, viz., 22 killed and 79 injured when getting into, and 13 killed and 76 injured when alighting from trains; 14 killed and 837 injured by falling onto platforms, ballast, etc., viz., 102 injured when getting into, and 14 killed and 735 injured when alighting from trains; 18 were killed and 9 injured by falling off platforms and being struck or run over by trains; 21 were killed and 11 injured whilst passing over the line at stations, viz., 9 killed and 7 injured at stations where there is a subway or footbridge and 12 killed and 4 injured at stations where there is neither a subway nor foot bridge; 365 were injured by the closing of carriage doors; 23 were killed and 237 injured from other causes connected with the movement of trains or railway vehicles.

The total number of persons killed was 1171, as compared with 1250 in the previous year, or a decrease of 79. The total number injured was 6740, as against 7353, or a decrease of 613. In addition to the above, accidents which occurred on railway premises, but in which the movement of trains was not concerned, was responsible for 106 deaths and injury to 11,635 persons. Of these 54 of the killed and 10,497 of the injured were either servants of the companies or of contractors engaged in executing work for the companies, while 23 of the killed and 458 of the injured were passengers. There were 29 other persons killed and 458 injured. Thus the total number of personal accidents reported during the 12 months amounted to 1277 persons killed and 18,375 injured. The dangerous practice of throwing bottles, etc., out of carriage windows evidently prevails still among the travelling public, for 12 railway servants were injured in 1901 from being struck by articles thrown from passing trains as compared with 9 months during 1900.

Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
Large, Light bedrooms.
Rates $1 a day.
Monthly Rate.

J. Albert Stone · Prop.

BELGIAN HARES

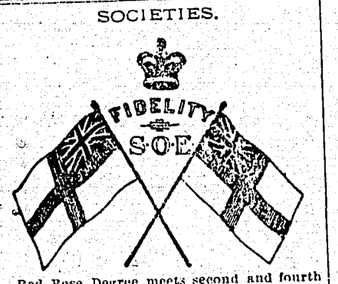
The quickest breeders and greatest money makers in the small stock line of the present day. Full bred stock of FASHODAS.
Price—$6 and $10 per pair, according to age.
THOS. SKINNER,—Revelstoke, B. C.

LEGAL

LE MASTRE & SCOTT.
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Revelstoke, B. C.
J. M. Scott, B.A., LL.B. W. de V. le Maistre, M.A

HARVEY, M'CARTER & PINKHAM
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
FIRST STREET, Revelstoke B. C.

SOCIETIES.



Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree meets third Tuesday of each quarter, in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren welcome
G. E. GROGAN, President. HY. EDWARDS, Fin. Secretary.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.
Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellow's Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited
A. J. HNSON, W. M
W. G. BIRNEY, Rec.-Sec.

CHURCHES

METHODIST CHURCH, REVELSTOKE.
Preaching services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m Class meeting at the close of the morning service. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 3:30 Weekly Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. The public are cordially invited. Seats free.
Rev. C. LADNER, Pastor.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ANGLICAN.
Eight a.m., Holy Eucharist; 11 a.m., mattins, Litany and sermon (Holy Eucharist first Sunday in the month); 2:30 Sunday school, or children's service; 7:30 Evensong (choral) and sermon. Holy Days—The Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 7 a.m. or 8 a.m., as announced. Holy Baptism after Sunday School at 3:15.
C. A. PROCUNIER, Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Service every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. to which all are welcome. Prayer meeting at 8 p. m. every Wednesday.
REV. W. C. CALDER, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Mass at 10:30 a. m., on first, second and fourth Sundays in the month.
REV. FATHER THAYER.

SALVATION ARMY.
Meeting every night in their Hall on Front Street.

H EDWARD
TAXIDERMIST
DEER HEADS, BIRDS, Etc. MOUNTED,
Furs Cleaned and Repaired.
JUST EAST OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Third Street.

A. H. HOLDICH
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST AND ASSAYER.
Royal School of Mines, London. Seven years at Morfa Works, Swansea. 17 years Chief Chemist to Wigan Coal and Iron Co., Eng. Late Chemist and Assayer, Hall Mines, Ltd.
Claims examined and reported upon.
Ferguson, B.C.

J. A. KIRK,
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

E. MOSCROP . . .
Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water And Steam Heating. Gas Fittin
Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

WING CHUNG

A Fine Stock of Chinese and Japanese Goods Just Arrived
BAMBOO CHAIRS,
FANCY TABLES,
TEA TRAYS,
CHINAWARE,
FANCY GOODS,
NAPKINS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
FANS,
IN GREAT VARIETY
IN THE NEW STORE OPPOSITE THE JOSS HOUSE.

GRAND
Orange Celebration

REVELSTOKE, JULY 12, 1902,
in which Golden, Salmon Arm, Kamloops and Revelstoke, and the Loyal True Blues will take part.

EXCURSION RATES

In connection with the celebration by the Orangemen in this city on the 12th July next, the C. P. R. have granted cheap excursion rates from the following points to Revelstoke and return;

Ashcroft	$4 95
Kamloops	3 75
Salmon Arm	1 95
Vernon	3 65
Golden	2 85
Arrowhead	1 05

For Further Particulars Write
W. G. BIRNEY,
Recording Sec., L. O. L., 1658,
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

GET IN EARLY
FOR FIRST CHOICE

LOTS NOW FOR SALE IN THE BANNER CAMP OF FISH RIVER

"GOLDFIELDS"

The Centre for all the Big Free Milling Gold Groups of Fish River, Pool Creek, Etc.

Business Lots, $100. Corner Lots, $150
EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.

A Ten Stamp Mill and Diamond Drills, Etc., are now on the way to Goldfields for the Northwestern Development Syndicate. This means that **Goldfields** will be the **Big Town** in that District.

LEWIS BROS.,
Agents, Revelstoke.

R. F. PERRY,
Resident Manager.

A. N. Smith
Baker and Confectioner
A full and complete line of
GROCERIES
A. N. Smith
Cor. Mackenzie Ave. and Railway Street.

Jas. I. Woodrow
BUTCHER
Retail Dealer in—
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Etc.
Fish and Game in Season....
All orders promptly filled.
Corner Douglas King Streets. REVELSTOKE, B.C

THE CITY EXPRESS
E. W. B. Paget, Prop.
Prompt delivery of parcels, baggage, etc. to any part of the city
Any Kind of Transferring Undertaken
All orders left at R. M. Smythe's Tobacco store, or by Telephone No. 7 will receive prompt attention.

LIVE, AND LET LIVE!!
Please don't try and run us out of town by sending your orders east. We must have your work in order to live. We depend on you for our work! Eastern houses do not! Do not allow yourself to be roped in by their peddlers We also guarantee to give you better satisfaction for your money.
R. S. WILSON,
Next the McCarty Block.

Canadian Pacific Railway

TRAINS LEAVE REVELSTOKE DAILY.
EASTBOUND..... 8:10
WESTBOUND..... 17:15
SOUTHBOUND..... 8:40

IMPERIAL LIMITED
EASTBOUND.
Sundays—Wednesdays—Fridays—4:20 o'clock.
WESTBOUND.
Mondays—Wednesdays—Saturd'ys 21 o'clock.
Fastest time & Superior Equipment
82-HOURS TO MONTREAL-82

STEAMSHIPS,
FROM VANCOUVER
TO——CHINA, JAPAN,
TO——AUSTRALIA ALASKA

Lowest Rates and Best Service to and from all points.
For full information, printed matter, etc., call on or address,
T. W. Bradshaw, Agent Revelstoke.
E. J. Coyle, Assist. Gen. Passenger Agent Vancouver.

WOOD
For Sale.
The undersigned having contracted for the whole of McMahon Bros. wood is prepared to supply Mill wood at
$2 Per Load
Cedar Cordwood—$3.00 delivered.
Hardwood at equally low rates.
..Thos. Lewis..
Orders left at C. R. Hume, & Co., Morris & Steed's, or at mill will have prompt attention.

LACES and BRAIDS
A large range of Point Lace, Duchess and Battenburg Braids, Stamped Designs, Stamped Linens, Embroidery Needles, Hooks, &c.
Berlin and Zephyr Wools, all shades, Slipper Soles, Valenciences Lace, Insertion.
Call at the
MADISON PARLORS.
Misses Sheppard & Bell
McKenzie Avenue oc23

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS. FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION.
HEATED BY HOT AIR. REASONABLE RATES.
Hotel Victoria
Brown & Guerin, Props.
ELECTRIC BELLS AND LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM.
HOURLY STREET CAR MEETS ALL TRAINS.
BAR WELL SUPPLIED BY THE CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

P. BURNS & CO'Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
PRIME BEEF. PORK. MUTTON. SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

W. Mollison, General Blacksmith, Wagon Maker, Etc.
DEALER IN
Chatham Wagons, Wm. Gray & Sons Plows,
Popp Bros.' Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Seeders, &c.
DOUGLAS STREET. Revelstoke, B. C.

H. G. PARSON, President. M. J. O'BRIEN, Managing Director
The Revelstoke Wine and Spirit Co.
Limited Liability.
Carry a full and complete line of
Scotch and Rye Whiskies, Boandies, Rums,
Holland, Old Tom, London Dry and Plymouth Gins,
Ports, Sheries, Clarets, Champagne, Liquers
Imported and Domestic Cigars.

THE SUPPLY HOUSE FOR NORTH KOOTENAY.
FURNITURE
Just unloading Two Large Cars of Furniture.
We now carry a larger and better stock than any between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Come and look round w you want to buy or not. We are stacked full from Floor to
REVELSTOKE FURNITURE CO'Y.

FIGHT WITH DESPERADO

Tracy the Oregon Convict Adds to His Series of Murders.—Kills Two Men and Wounds Two More.

SEATTLE, Wash. July 3.—Tracy, the escaped Oregon convict and desperado, has added another murder to his already long list, and has again escaped.

As a result of this afternoon's battle, two miles south of Bothell, Deputy Sheriff Raymond, of Snohomish County lies dead at an undertaker's room in this city; Deputy Sheriff Williams, King County, lies seriously, if not fatally wounded at the hotel in Bothell and Carl Anderson, a newspaper reporter from Seattle, has a scar caused by a bullet grazing his arm.

A party of deputies and newspaper men from this city, upon hearing that Tracy was seen going North over the Seattle and International tracks, near the State University this morning, proceeded to Madison park, embarked thence to Kirkland, and from there went to Bothell. They left Bothell about 1 o'clock, proceeding down the railroad track in the direction of Seattle watching in every direction for signs of the desperado.

About two miles from Bothell they came upon a small cabin, which they proceeded to search. While the members of the posse were trying the doors and climbing on the roof of the cabin to see what it contained, Tracy opened fire from within. One shot ripped a hole in Aderson's coat. Another one pierced Raymond's body on the left side, killing him instantly. Another shot from Tracy's fatal rifle took effect on Deputy Williams, making only a wound on his right hand. A second shot took effect in the left side, under the heart, making an ugly, possibly a fatal wound.

The men of the party who were not wounded returned the fire of the convict, and succeede din silencing that coming from under his cover.

As soon as the fire ceased Anderson secured a buggy, in which the posse had come to the scene and loading Williams in it, drove rapidly to Bothell. Immediately upon the receipt of the news at the sheriff's office, arrangements were undertaken to send a second posse of officers to the scene of the man hunt.

At 11 p. m. Tracy appeared at Fremont, a suburb of Seattle, where he killed a policeman and wounded another man.

When Tracy appeared at Fremont, he was recognized by Neil Rouley, a member of the posse of Fremonters, preparing to take up a watch for the night.

Without giving Neil a chance to draw a gun on him, Tracy instantly fired on him, sending a bullet into his abdomen and killing him.

The fight occurred on Fremont Ave., just southwest of Woodland Park. Rouley, who was taken to the Fremont drug store in a buggy, expired shortly after reaching there.

It is reported another man, who has not yet been identified, was shot.

Here is Tracy's record steeped in blood:

In 1897 murdered Valentine Hoge, a Colorado cattleman.

In 1897 murdered William Strong, a boy in the same state.

June 9, 1902, at Salem, with David Merrill, his partner in crime, he murdered four men (three guards and a convict). They were: Frank W. Ferrell, G. R. T. Jones, B. F. Tiffany, guards, and Frank Ingraham, convict.

July 3, near Scattle murdered Deputy Sheriff Charles Raymond, Policeman E. E. Breese, mortally wounded Neil Rawley and dangerously wounded Deputy Sheriff Jack Williams.

Think it is the Ark.

W. A. Reid, secretary of the Skagway Y. M. C. A., intends to return to the interior of Alaska, where he talked with the Indians, whose earnest statements, he believes, fully confirm the previous reports that the Indians of the Lower Yukon have discovered an immense petrified ship on Porcupine river, near the Arctic circle and north of Rampart, Alaska.

When asked regarding its size the Indians traced its dimensions on the ground, indicating a length of 1,200 ft. Such Indians as are familiar with the Bible are convinced that the ship is none other than Noah's Ark. Mr. Reid intends to return to the interior of Alaska this summer when he will take some Indians and request the War Office to detail soldiers to accompany him. The ship lies on a hill thousands of feet above sea level.

A Lost Lead.

This is the true story of a lost lead. Rice and McKenzie, two prospectors, struck a rich vein of quartz in the Whitewater district, a mile and a half from the Whitewater mine, in the early nineties. Rice assayed the quartz with his rough appliances and got results from $500 up to $1,200 a ton. He sent McKenzie back to find the lead that had been carefully concealed, but McKenzie found the whole topography of the country changed by a landslide and a fall of snow. The lead was lost and for ten years constant but fruitless search was made for it. Rice got into trouble at Rossland over the violent death of a woman and disappeared. McKenzie died last year. In the meantime the land, including the lost lead known as the Honeycomb mine, owing to the float quartz leading to its discovery being honeycombed, fell into the hands of J. T. Wilkinson. Owing to the story of the lost lead Mr. Wilkinson valued his property at $10,000, but as years rolled on and the lost lead could not be found, he sold the five claims to J. Macquillan, consul general for Ecuador, for $1,000 cash. A short time ago Macquillan's prospectors were working in the vicinity of the lost lead, they discovered that a recent snowslide had taken place and carried with it hundreds of tons of loose rock, and that a dirty white vein of quartz, hardly distinguishable from the surrounding soil was laid bare. The vein was five feet wide, and on consulting the plan of the Macquillan mine they were overjoyed to find that nature had done what man failed to do—disclosed the rich lost lead of the Honeycomb mine. The prospectors had just made a very valuable discovery near the lost lead of precious metal and the excitement was somewhat divided between the two finds. Moreover a big chunk exposed by the slide was struck off with a pickaxe. It showed free gold. It was a ragged projection from the bluff. This has been assayed by J. O'Sullivan, a Vancouver assayer, who reports that the ore is 85 per cent free milling, and the piece submitted, showing no free gold, assays $12.00 to the ton. The name of the mine is now changed to the Humming Bird. Mr. Macquillan, needless to say, is to thoroughly explore the lost lead, and it thought continuous, will establish a mill on the property.

Winter Uplands.

The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,
The loneliness of this forsaken ground,
The long white drift upon whose powdered peak
I sit in the great silence as one bound;
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew
Across the open fields for miles ahead;
The far-off city towered and roofed in blue,
A tender line upon the western red;
The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,
Like jets of silver from a violet dome,
So wonderful, so many, and so near,
And then the golden moon to light me home;
The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,
And silence, frost, and beauty everywhere.

—Lampman.

Epitaph.

Here lies Luke Longpenne, the distinguished historical novelist, who died at the age of eleven years in the full height of his fame, three weeks after the publication of his first book.—"Life."

TIME TABLE

S. S. Revelstoke

During High Water.

Leave Eight-Mile Landing—
Every Tuesday and Friday at 6 a. m

Leave La Porte—
Every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.

Special Trips between regular sailings, will be made if any case where business offered warrants same.

The Company reserve the right to change time of sailings without notice.

A. FORSLUND, Master. R. W. TROUP, Mate and Purser.

TIME TABLE

S. S. ARCHER OR S. S. LARDEAU

Running between Arrowhead, Thomson's Landing and Comaplix, commencing October 14th, 1901, will sail as follows, weather permitting:

Leaving Arrowhead for Thomson's Landing and Comaplix .....twice daily—10k. and 15k.

Leaving Comaplix and homson's Landing for Arrowhead....twice daily—7:15k and 12:45k

Making close connections with all C. P. R. Steamers and Trains.

The owners reserve the right to change times of sailings without notice.

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co., Limited

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE

Shamrock, Mammoth, Fairview, Maple Leaf, Arabian, Belcher, and Victoria IV mineral claims, situate in the Revelstoke Mining Division of West Kootenay.

Where located:—The Shamrock and Mammoth mineral claims, at the head of Camp Creek, in round Hog Basin, Big Bend. The Fairview and Maple Leaf mineral claims, at head of the West Fork of McCullough Creek, known as Barrett Creek; the Arabian, Belcher and Victoria IV mineral claims on Graham Creek, at the head waters of the West Fork of French Creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Florence McCarty, Free Miners' Certificate No. B. 67,211, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificates of improvements for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated th s first day of July, A. D., 1902.

FLORENCE McCARTY.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty 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:

Commencing at a post planted on the south side of the Columbia River, about one mile below the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Maude Skene's North-East Corner Post;" thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east to the point of commencement.

MAUDE SKENE.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands;

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Columbia River about two miles above the mouth of Wood River, and marked "Olivia Robinson's North-West Corner Post;" thence south 40 chains; thence east 160 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains to the point of commencement.

OLIVIA ROBINSON,

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, intend 30 days after date to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia River one mile below Boyd's Ranch, and marked A. Edgar's south east corner post, thence running in a westerly direction 40 chains thence north 160 chains thence east 40 chains to Columbia River thence along Columbia River 160 chains to place of commencement.

Dated this 14th day of May, 1902.

A. Edgar.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Canoe River, about four miles up from its mouth, and marked "Olivia Robinson's North-East Corner Post"; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

OLIVIA ROBINSON.

Dated this 1st day of May, 1902.

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 in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "E. L. McMahon's North-West Corner" planted on the east bank of the Columbia River at the south-west corner of the timber limit held by Henrietta McMahon under special license; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains, to the east bank of the Columbia River; thence north along the east bank of the said river 160 chains to the point of commencement.

E. L. McMAHON.

Dated May 5th, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post, planted on the east bank of the Canoe River, about four miles up from its mouth and marked "O. R. Skene's North West Corner Post;" thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

C. R. SKENE,

Dated this 1st day of May, 1902.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Edwin Horne, late of the City of Revelstoke, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Thomas Edwin Horne, who died on or about the 21st May, 1902, are required, on or before the 15th day of August, 1902, to send by post prepaid, or deliver to Messrs. Harvey, McCarter & Pinkham, of the City of Revelstoke, solicitors for the administrators of the estate of the said deceased, their addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities if any held by them.

And further take notice that after such last mentioned date the said administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and that the said administrators will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated the 20th day of June, A.D., 1902.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,

Solicitors for the Administrators of the Estate of Thomas Edwin Horne, deceased. td

NOTICE

The Grest Western Mines, Limited. Liability.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders in this Company will be held at their office in Ferguson, B. C., on Wednesday, July 9th, 1902 at 2 p. m., for the transaction of all business connected with the Company, and the transfer books of the Company will be closed from June 25th, 1902.

A. H. HOLDICH, Secretary.

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 tract of land in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "John A. McMahon's South-West Corner," planted at a point 160 chains southerly from the south limit of the lands of the Pittsburg Syndicate situated north of Death Rapids; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains, to the south limit of the lands of the Pittsburg Syndicate; thence west 40 chains, to the east bank of the Columbia River; thence south along the east bank of said river 160 chains to the point of commencement.

JOHN A. McMAHON.

Dated May 5th, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty 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:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia River, about one mile below the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's North-West Corner Post;" thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

HENRY LOVEWELL.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post marked "G. B Nagle's South-East Corner Post, planted on the north bank of the Columbia River, one mile west of the mouth of Canoe River; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

G. B. NAGLE.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia River just above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Fred Robinson's South-East Corner Post;" thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

FRED ROBINSON.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the Columbia River, about two miles above the mouth of Wood River, and marked "Fred. Robinson's South-West Corner Post"; thence east 160 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence south 40 chains to the point of commencement.

FRED ROBINSON.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the Canoe River and alongside of the Canoe River trail, about one mile above the mouth of Harvey Creek, and marked "C. R. Skene's South-West Corner Post;" thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

C. R. SKENE.

Dated this 1st day of May, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia River, just below the mouth of a large creek about one half mile above Petersoy's Ranche, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains, more or less, to the bank of the Columbia River; thence following the bank of the Columbia River to the point of commencement.

HENRY LOVEWELL.

Dated this 5th day of May, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands;

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia River, about one quarter of a mile below the mouth of Seven Mile Creek, about six miles above Death Rapids and marked "Maude Skene's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains, more or less to the west bank of the Columbia River; thence following the bank of the Columbia River to the point of commencement.

MAUDE SKENE.

Dated this 5th day of May, 1902.

THE TOWNSITE OF

..CIRCLE CITY..

IS NOW ON THE MARKET.

200 --Lots on Sale-- 200

BUY BEFORE YOU SLEEP.

CIRCLE CITY is the Terminus of the proposed Railway already surveyed via the Lardeau Creek with fork to that point.

CIRCLE CITY is beautifully situated at the base of the Lardeau Pass, Galena and Surprise Creeks.

CIRCLE CITY is absolutely surrounded by Mining Properties now under Development. . . . . .

Splendid Water Power

Which will be utilized next Season by Concentrating Plants.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS AT ONCE TO THE GENERAL AGENT,

G. B. BATHO, - - Ferguson, B. C.

ASHNOLA!!

The Smelting Centre of the Similkameen Valley. Backed by the payrolls of two gigantic coal companies and the Copper and Kennedy Mountain Mines.

Surrounded by the following resources: Coal, gold, copper, silver and a fine agricultural country. Large herds of cattle, fruit in abundance, with a climate almost southern and all that could be asked.

ASHNOLA is owned and backed by the payroll of the Similkameen Valley Coal Company, Ltd., which is a guarantee in itself of its success. The equipment and development of their coal mines, installing of water, electric light and power plants are already arranged for. The development of the Ashnola Coal Company's mine by the Eastern Capitalists who have established their payroll at ASHNOLA, makes it the coming city of the interior of British Columbia.

City of Wonder, Progress and Great Prosperity

Lots in Ashnola are safe investments. In Blocks 1 to 4 and 13 to 20 the price will be advanced 25c. per month until May 1st, 1902, and to ten per cent. in the remaining blocks. The present price is from $50 to $225 Twenty-five per cent. cash, three, six and nine months without interest.

Arrangements are already completed for Eight buildings, including cottages for the Employees of the company at Ashnola. This work will be under full headway by May 1st.

Four years ago the Crow's Nest Shares could be bought and were sold at 11 cents. Today they are quoted at $80.00. With the advent of transportation, Similkameen Valley Coal can be delivered at any point in West Kootenay or Yale as cheaply as by any other Company in Canada.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO

SIMILKAMEEN VALLEY COAL CO., LIMITED.

NELSON, B. C.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Golden Hill Mineral Claim. Situate in the Revelstoke Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located:—In Ground Hog Basin, on McCullough Creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, C. B. Hume, Free Miner's Certificate No. B67188, 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 claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 16th day of June, A.D., 1902.

C. B. HUME.

Corporation of the City of Revelstoke.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby give that the first sitting of the annual Court of Revision of the Municipality of the Gity of Revelstoke will be held in the City Clerk's Office, Revelstoke, on Friday, the First day of August, 1902, at 10 a.m., for the purpose of hearing complaints against the Assessment as made by the Assessor, and for revising and correcting the Assessment Roll for the year 1902.

CHARLES ERSKINE SHAW,
Clerk Municipal Council.

Revelstoke, B. C.,
June 21st, 1902.

NOTICE.

The Double Eagle Mining and Development Co., Limited Liability.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company will be held at their office, in Ferguson, B.C., on Thursday, July 10th, 1902, at 2 p. m., for the transaction of all business connected with the Company, and the transfer books of the company will be closed from June 25th, 1902.

A. H. HOLDICH, Secretary.

Notice to Delinquent Co-Owner.

To John T. Moore or to anyone to whom he may have transferred his interests in the Gilman Fractional mineral claim, situate in the Lardeau Mining Division.

You are hereby notified that I expended the sum of one hundred and seven dollars and fifty cents ($107.50) in labor and money on the beforementioned mineral claim, in order to hold said mineral claim under Section 24 of the Mineral Act; and if within ninety days (90) from the date of this notice, you fail to contribute your proportion of such expenditure, together with all costs of advertising, your interest in said mineral claim will become the property of the undersigned, under Section 4 of an Act entitled "An Act to amend the Mineral Act, 1900."

Dated at comaplix, B.C., this 15th day of April, A. D., 1902.

JOSEPH BEST, Co-Owner.

UNION Cigar Factory

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

H. A. BROWN, PROP.

Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN

Mining Engineers and Assayers,

VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1890

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

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

VANCOUVER, B. C.

PATENTS

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Write for our interesting books "Inventor's Help" and "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention or improvement and we will tell you free our opinion as to whether it is probably patentable. Rejected applications have often been successfully prosecuted by us. We conduct fully equipped offices in Montreal and Washington; this qualifies us to promptly dispatch work and quickly secure Patents as broad as the invention. Highest references furnished.

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J. McLeod's Residence

SECOND STREET, EAST.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

The Friend of M'dame.

HERE is a little story which was told me in the twilight, when we had finished our tea and still sat, cups in hand, loth to say good-bye. We were talking of a town far down east, near which there is a queer old gray stone house which has not been inhabited in twenty years.

Once, said the visitor, it was one of the prettiest places in Canada. A handsome young mistress ruled over it and over two at those old-fashioned loyal family servants who are now out of vogue. The master was a traveler, often away for a month at a stretch, but Jean and Jacqueline and "M'dame" were as happy and contented as three people could be. "M'dame" had her dogs, her horses, her pigeons, her books, her piano and her needlework. She was convent-bred, and had married from school—an orphan, who had never been to a dance or a play or a race meet, nor even a big dinner. The Cure dined sometimes at the Stone House, the doctor came to smoke a pipe with the master and play cards; the master invited no one else, and the mistress withdrew herself from the few gentlefolks who would have entertained her in the neighborhood. She was gently born and convent-bred—you know how that type can be happy in a seclusion that would madden you and me.

One day Jean and Jacqueline were made anxious by the delay in the return of m'dame from her drive. Long after the simple little dinner of fish and fruit was spoiled by waiting m'dame came home—was brought home, rather—by a strange gentleman who had startled her ponies in an unfrequented road, and after a time stopped their runaway career and taken them in hand. The gentleman came up to the verandah with m'dame, and because it was so warm, and he a bit tousled and dusty, Jean took him into the dressing-room of monsieur and brushed him, and Jacqueline made him a famous drink of fruit-syrup and ice, with a dash of something French and liquerish.

"I shall look in to-morrow, if I may, to see that you are none the worse," they heard him say, as he lifted his hat in farewell to m'dame, and Jean said to Jacqueline: "He is not Canadian, nor of the Republic, but English," and Jacqueline nodded, "So it appears to me, my friend."

To-morrow and on many other morrows the stranger sat on the rose-wreathed verandah, Jean and Jacqueline always watchfully chaperoning their mistress. M'dame read and played and sang to the stranger, who was courtesy and compliment personified, and Jean and Jacqueline agreed that never had they served a finer fellow than this one whom they always mentioned as "the friend of m'dame."

Monsieur was away on a long trip, somewhere in that region vaguely known as the North-West, but just before he might be expected home the servants heard the Englishman regretting that home news had arrived calling him back to England.

So he went away, and monsieur duly returned. M'dame drove to meet him, and on the verandah, in the hearing of Jean and Jacqueline, detailed the story of the runaway, mentioned that the stranger had called, and had gone to England. It was strange how her story gave the impression that he had only called once! Jean and Jacqueline thought it strange, though neither one made any remark, each being secretly a bit ashamed of having noticed it at all.

It was about this time that Jacqueline began to be anxious about the health of m'dame, and ventured to give monsieur a few timid words in that connection.

"M'dame not strong?" cried monsieur heartily. "Nonsense!" Monsieur was a very big, very robust and very slow-witted person, it seems. Jean was also moved to remark that m'dame needed change of air, did not sleep well, ate less than formerly, and rarely sang those brilliant and somewhat "risque" French songs which monsieur preferred. Monsieur protested. "You and Jacqueline have absurd fancies," he said, testily.

And then he told m'dame, and she, wonderful to relate, grew suddenly furious at her two servitors, and rated them for officious meddlers. You could not picture the horror and chagrin of those two! M'dame, their cherished, petted, adored one, abusing them in wrathful tones! "Certainly she is ill," said Jean, with sorrowful pigheadedness. "We must be very, very good to her, until she is quite recovered."

When monsieur went away again, this time on a shorter trip, he asked m'dame to come with him. She promptly refused. "In this heat I should die of the railway train, smother in the country inns and fall ill of the viands," she said with a wave of her pretty hands, consigning the whole scheme to limbo.

"On the way to the train, monsieur met the physician. "I wish you'd take a look in occasionally at my wife," he said; "she's not ill, but silly old Jean and Jacqueline persist she is, and I think she is suffering from the heat."

"She has been driving about so much and walking too far. The English are such walkers, and that young man has made her walk too far every day in the sun," said the doctor testily, for he had not once been asked to smoke a pipe while monsieur was this time at home.

Monsieur was boarding his train at the instant and scarcely comprehended the remark. It went in at his ears and did not at once reach his brain. But when he had seated himself, some moments later, suddenly it arrived. He started. "Young Englishman—walking in the sun every day!" the physician's words jostled each other to the tack-a-tack of the train over the rails.

Monsieur turned a very deep red. "Good thing he's left the country!" he said in a very ugly tone, and then got redder yet, for his next neighbor "pardoned" and asked what monsieur had remarked.

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" he shortly replied, nervously unable to think of a tactful improvisation.

Meanwhile m'dame and Jean and Jacqueline were living in the old gray stone house, the same equable lives as before, only always m'dame growing more and more difficile, passing Jacqueline's tastiest soups and entrees and sitting much in her hammock under the arbor from which one could see a long way down the dusty country road.

The old French people grew very sober and silent. Even when Jacqueline went down the orchard to milk her Jersey cow, she quite forgot to sing and call Bijou, the poodle, to trot at her side. She prayed often to her good Saint Anne, and opened her fat little savings bank and took out her coin and bought four big candles, which burned gaily the next Sunday before the altar of Bonne Ste. Anne in the church of the village.

One day m'dame came in from her drive a bit late, and as she pulled up her ponies at the gate she cried: "Jacqueline, ma bonne, hast thou a good dinner? I am hungry again!" And Jacqueline, hastily crossing herself and sending a sort of telegraphic "thank you" to Bonne Ste. Anne, told of the little chicken roasting and the late salad and the early Crawford peaches on the ice, with Devonshire cream, and then, in gratified tones, mentioned that m'dame's favorite potage was just ready to serve.

It was the old merry dinner-hour, when Jean and Jacqueline almost quarrelled about who should serve m'dame, though it was well known that it was to Jean to serve, to pour the wine, to enquire if the dinner was as m'dame liked, while Jacqueline stood humbly by the door until it was time to remove the different services.

Jacqueline was a bit bumptious when she remembered her four candles and the evident complaisance of Bonne Ste. Anne, and so far forgot herself as to march in with the roast chicken and actually place it herself before m'dame. Only the exceeding content of Jean with m'dame's appetite and spirits made him overlook this breach of privilege!

After dinner m'dame and Bijou strolled down the orchard as usual, and Jean gently reprimanded Jacqueline, who immediately demolished him with the revelation of the four candles and the complaisance of Bonne Ste. Anne.

Then Jacqueline trotted busily down the orchard with a little shawl, for m'dame had gone out with her beautiful shoulders bare. She, good Jacqueline, paused at the prettiest of pictures, m'dame reading a letter, Bijou sitting up before her, begging; then m'dame kissing the senseless sheets of paper and crushing them to her bosom and crying: "He comes, Bijou, my little one! Only you must know it! He comes! He cannot leave us, Bijou!"

Jacqueline came forward all smiles. "A little shawl, m'dame," she said, archly. "Monsieur will not be pleased to find m'dame with a cold," then shrank back from her flushed and frowning mistress. In one instant the letter was in m'dame's pocket and she had recovered herself.

"Some day, Jacqueline, you will frighten me to death. Don't follow me about, my good soul!" she said quickly. "I am going in. I shall not need the little shawl, and you know I never take cold," and, like a flash, m'dame swept by, calling to Bijou to come in for his forgotten lump of sugar at once.

There was an envelope on the grass, which Jacqueline picked up. It was not addressed, and it was crushed and a little rubbed and dirty. The old woman dropped it as if it were hot.

"I have wasted my four candles," she sighed, as she went hurriedly back to her kitchen.

That night m'dame slept like an infant, as the anxious old woman assured herself by many visits to her bedside, but Jacqueline slept not at all. Instead she prayed, but not once to Bonne Ste. Anne.

For several days m'dame came home from drives or walks in famous appetite and spirits. Jean chortled, and teased his glum companion, enquiring if she begrudged the four candles now, and being overcome by her fierce rejoinder that she did.

At last one evening Jacqueline's forebodings were realized; the rustic gate swung on its hinges with a bang, and the tall form of the friend of m'dame came to the verandah. Jacqueline stood behind the shutters and remarked the meeting. M'dame was neither flurried nor surprised. Indeed, she barely held out her hand, but Jacqueline could see how her whole frame trembled.

The old woman hurried out to the kitchen garden, where Jean was picking some herbs for drying.

"See here!" said she, explosively. "This will not do. Here is that cursed Englishman back again!"

Jean dropped his tray of herbs. "Where?" he gasped.

"But there on the verandah. What must be done?"

"Calm thyself, good Jacqueline. I have not been kind with thee lately. Is it no new thing, this idea of thine?" Jean's voice was trembling with confusion and distress.

"New! New! And I vowing candles to Ste. Anne and spending one whole night on my knees, while thou in bed snored and snored! It is this cursed Englishman, only him! She was so content and happy here. He has ruined us all!"

Jean put his hand over her mouth. "Shut up! you are dreaming!" he said, fiercely.

"Oh, am I, indeed? Well, one awakes! Let me tell you—" and in a torrent of whispers she told of the letter, the changed spirits and the words to Bijou. "Now, isn't this too much for us?" she cried between sobs.

"If only monsieur were here!" said Jean distractedly. A heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"Well, my good Jean, he is here," and so was he, in traveling dust-coat and valise, having come up between the ranks of vegetables and herbs from the back gate. "Don't be frightened, you two. You, at least, need not fear," said monsieur, kindly. "I gather from you, good woman, that the serpent has entered my Eden. Well, I shall put the serpent out. It will not be a mighty task, never fear. Jacqueline, will you very quietly give me a biscuit and a glass of wine, out here?—as quickly and as quietly as you can—not to disturb m'dame. Jean, take my valise into your own room and return here to me directly."

Monsieur sat down on a rustic bench amid the vegetables and herbs, while Jean and Jacqueline stole into the house.

"I shall tell m'dame," said Jean, "if monsieur shoots me for it."

"You will do as you like," said Jacqueline, rooting in her biscuit-box. "I know enough to obey." Jean hung his head and softly mounted to his own chamber with the valise and coat.

Monsieur drank two glasses of wine and ate a biscuit.

"I am going out as I came, and shall meet the serpent outside paradise," said monsieur. "Unless m'dame rings for you, you will remain here, you two." Then he went back down the narrow path between the vegetables.

"Hold my hand, Jean!" said Jacqueline in a shrill child's voice.

"I am sore afraid, too!" sighed Jean.

Outside on the dusty road monsieur paced to and fro. Presently, an hour or so later, the rustic gate swung back and two figures came out.

"You will come with me to-morrow!" said the strong English voice. "Promise me!" Then monsieur listened as one listens to the nails driven in his scaffold.

"Not to-morrow," said m'dame, pleadingly. "It is not possible!"

"But the ship sails next day, beloved, and if he returns." M'dame slipped inside the gate, trembling, warned by some psychic current, who knows? and faltered:

"I cannot go to-morrow! I must think. I will tell you in the morning, at the old place, when I can go," and then her white dress and pale face flitted under the trees, up the verandah steps and into the shadows.

In a moment her bell tinkled and Jacqueline's voice was heard crying, "A l'instant, m'dame!"

The Englishman laughed.

"Cursed French tricks," he said, loudly. "I've a good mind to sail without her."

Monsieur strolled down the road; the Englishman stared at him curiously.

"Bonsoir, monsieur! Could you oblige me with a light?" said monsieur. The Englishman handed him a match-case.

"Monsieur resides here?" politely enquired he, striking a match and lighting a cigar.

"No," said the Englishman, shortly. "Just making a call."

"Ah, you know the afflicted one?" (politely to a degree).

"Afflicted one? What do you mean?" stammered the stranger.

"I mean," explained monsieur, "but I detain you. Let us go together, if agreeable; I am walking to the village."

"But, you mean?" insisted the Englishman, anxiously.

"Only this, that the beautiful lady is mad. Surely you know her sad history?" queried monsieur in surprised tones.

"Good God!" cried the Englishman. "Mad! Why, she goes about everywhere!"

"But always watched, my dear sir. You would not remark it, but it is true. When she receives friends there is always a keeper concealed close at hand, within earshot. When she drives she is perhaps in peril, but she has never come to much harm. Once she was rescued in a runaway by some tourist, whom she has since spoken of in her times of delirium. Her physician sent for me to-day to decide whether she should be put under restraint. I am, monsieur, the superintendent of the insane asylum. We await the return of that much-to-be-pitied man, her husband. Monsieur will pardon me, but, seeing you emerge from the gate, I fancied you might be he. However, no such tragedy darkens your life, for which you may be thankful."

The Englishman walked mechanically along beside monsieur. He stepped high as if his feet were numbed. Presently he shook himself together.

"Good God!" he said again. "What an escape!" Monsieur "pardoned."

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" said the Englishman hastily. "If you don't mind, I'll just hurry along. I believe my train leaves at midnight, and I have some things to pack."

Monsieur stood watching him as he strode through the dust. "A fine, handsome fool!" said he, bitterly. "I am glad she took time to think it over!" Then a sudden fury shook him. "How I'd like to feel his neck between my hands! How I'd enjoy running him through. What pleasure to pitch him over the cliff!" he gasped, and laughed as devils might.

Presently monsieur re-entered the vegetable garden, where old Jean stood waiting.

"Well, my good Jean," said monsieur cheerfully. "The serpent has left Paradise. But, to be quite sure that he has—to satisfy yourself, good Jean—would you very much mind walking to the station about the time the midnight train passes here? It is late, I know, but, to satisfy yourself—" and monsieur paused. Jean looked curiously at him. "And monsieur?"

"Oh, I shall smoke here until you return," said monsieur, sitting tranquilly down. "I always enjoy this kitchen garden, and I want to enjoy it greatly this autumn because, good Jean, I think of moving into town a little later.

When Jean got home at one of the morning, monsieur still sat smoking in the moonlight. He nodded when Jean said "I am satisfied, monsieur," and remarked: "You might ask Jacqueline to tell m'dame when she takes her the morning coffee that I arrived home by the midnight train, Jean, and am sleeping in the guest-chamber rather than disturb her."

M'dame slipped from her lace-draped bed and ran across the hall to the guest-chamber when Jacqueline had duly delivered herself of this message. There she found monsieur soundly sleeping. He was awakened by the clasp of her arms about his neck and her glad cry: "I have wanted you so badly! I am glad you are here!"

Jacqueline, shamelessly eavesdropping, said under her breath: "Forgive me, m'dame! Forgive me, Bonne Ste. Anne! And thou shalt have four more candles for Christmas!"

Warning Off the English.

An ingenious method of obtaining a reputation for patriotism cheaply has been invented by certain Berlin publicans. On their shop fronts they hang legends to this effect: "So long as the war in South Africa lasts I forbid any Englishman to enter my premises." The use of this placard is, it is said, entirely confined to houses of a class that never entertained an Englishman in the course of their existence.

Intellect vs. Morals.

It is the tendency of a sophisticated age like the present to overestimate intellectual as compared with moral and emotional gifts. The material civilization upon which we pride ourselves is almost entirely the achievement of the intellect. Fame and wealth, luxury, cultivation and leisure—all the big prizes of the world, in fact—are obtained by the successful exercise of the intellect. The moral qualities, of themselves, can procure a man nothing but a clear conscience, and the approval, perhaps mixed with contempt, of his neighbors. And yet, when the intellectual qualities are brought to the test of reality; when one's view of them is not clouded by pride, avarice, or passion, how amazingly does their value shrink and shrivel!—Henry Childs Merwin in *"Atlantic Monthly."*

Revolutionary Proposals.

It must have struck many of the admirers of the melodramatic stage that the various outrages to which the hero is subjected during the course of the four acts, when he is "up against it" good and hard, are as like each other as a row of Japanese dolls. The locomotive, the fire-reel, the buzz-saw, the mine explosion, and the shipwreck, have been worked over and over again. What we need is novelty. And if I might make a suggestion, some new and startling climaxes could be worked up from the modest incidents of our daily life. For there are climaxes in the domestic circle just as distressing as any depicted on the stage. Even when the canvas buzz-saw is advancing on him with all the energy a perspiring stage carpenter can impart to it, the hero does not suffer the agony of apprehension that convulses the soul of the average man when he arrives home at three o'clock in the morning and hears the contemptuous sniff which apprises him that the wife of his bosom is awaiting him at the top of the stairs. Nor does the heroine, when starving to death in the latest black cashmere "Daily Hint from Paris," evince more trepidation than does the average matron, when the leader in her particular brand of "sassiety" drops in and finds her in a cotton wrapper with her store teeth in a tumbler of water and her magnificent chevelure lying on top of the bureau. There are calamities just as soul-harrowing in the domestic circle as in the drama. The trouble is that the playwrights have never taken hold of them in the true spirit of discovery.

We will take as an example one heroic incident that lately happened in this city when a prominent citizen induced a small girl to save her life by jumping from the windowsill of a burning house on to the tails of his ulster, which she accomplished without even breaking his flask. We can easily picture to ourselves how this could be worked up for the stage. The Angel cheeild is backed up on the windowsill will a pound of red fire burning on a tin shovel behind her. The hero comes tearing on from the side scenes. He sees her, and clasps his hand to his forehead. (Heroes always do that. It is a kind of a send-off.) He seizes a handful of clustering locks from his wig and tosses it into the air. It comes down "Tails!" The cheeild must be saved. With a wild wrench he whips off his liver-pad and holds it outstretched in his strong arms. The cheeild jumps and rebounds from it like a half a brick from a book-agent's cheek. Once more she springs; and again he is foiled. With a cry of anguish he hurls the liver-pad at the sneering villain and catches her on his breath. And as she is lowered in safety to the ground we see the quivering body of the villain nailed fast to the blazing ruins by the faithful liver-pad.

There is another point to which I would like to draw attention. And that is the way in which inanimate objects are neglected. We have dogs, geese, chickens and poultry in melodrama. But that is all. I was once acquainted with a gentleman who played a cake of ice in the river scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And the barrel in "Panjandrum" was a most lovable personage off the stage. Many friends of mine have also formed part of the "hoarse gathering murmur" which always arises in the wings when the hero is getting into a remarkably tight place. But these were not strictly inanimate objects. They drew salaries, and wore red neckties on Sundays. What we need is a further extension of the drama from the farmyard to the grocery counter, and the hardware store. And we shall get it. We shall yet see a drama in which the leading comedy part is played by a tin of canned salmon and the heroine is saved from the villain's clutches by a barrel of patent glue. And why should we not? There are many comedians now on the stage who would compare unfavorably from an intellectual standpoint with a tin of canned salmon. And there are heroes beside whose personal charms a barrel of glue would shine as a paragon of pulchritude. A tin of canned salmon would prove far more useful to the heroine when she is lost on the sandy desert, or afloat on the lonely raft in mid-ocean, than a comic Irishman with a Coney Island brogue. If she did not care to tackle it herself she could feed it to the villain and tie him up in so many knots that it would take a traction engine to straighten him out. And the dramatic possibilities of a barrel of glue are simply illimitable. She could use it for sticking to everything from the angel cheeild to the papers proving her to be rightful heiress to the old baronial home. When the villain sprang upon her, hissing out "At last I have you in my power-r-r!" she could paste him to the kitchen stove and go out for a walk. How would the band of Moorish brigands look if she stuck them all to the adjacent rocks by the slack of their loose trousers, while the manly hero went through their pockets? A dab of glue on her windowsill when the murderer was creeping, knife in hand, into her lonely bed-chamber, would compel him to stay there all night or complete his crime in a costume which the management would not stand for even for a moment. And then how useful it would be to help her to adhere to her salary. It is true that they might have to soak the hero in hot water to get him away from her. But then he often richly deserves to be soaked. In every other instance the faithful glue pot could give cards and spades and little casino to the most useful comedian who ever trailed the villain to his lair.

These are only two of the instances in which the use of inanimate objects in the cast would increase the novelty of the drama. But their number could be indefinitely increased. We have long had the wooden actor. Why should we stick at the inanimate tragedian? Herein we have a bright idea for the budding playwrights who have dramatized every book that has a circulation of over ten copies, until the principal value we place on the dictionary is the fact that even the most ambitious of them have never used it as the basis of a romantic play. And we charge nothing for this hint to dramatists. It is an absolutely free graft.—Montreal "Sunday Sun."

So many persons are operated upon every day that it is becoming quite a distinction to go to the grave all in one piece.—Atchison "Globe."

"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyefly is putting into her house next door?" "Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy."—Chicago "Tribune."

Anecdotal.

After one of his trips to the Emerald Isle Foote was praising the hospitality of the Irish, when a gentleman asked him whether he had been at Cork. "No, sir," answered Foote, "but I have seen many drawings of it."

Disraeli once said of Sir William Harcourt in his affectedly cynical way: "He has the three essential qualifications of success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice, and no principles." To this, when it was repeated to him, Harcourt rejoined: "Leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."

Tradition ascribes to the second Pitt the dying words: "O, my country—my country! How I leave my country!" What, in fact, Pitt said was: "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork-pies." Which he did—and straightway expired, to the intense grief of the nation. This version is attested by the head-waiter of "Bellamy's" (likewise deceased), who told it to Mr. Disraeli.

Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best-bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put him to the test," said the king; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and get in. The other bowed and obeyed. The king said: "The world is in the right in the character it gives—another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

When, a few years ago, the King of Portugal was a guest at Lord Salisbury's country seat, the Prince of Wales—now King Edward—asked King Carlos what had impressed him most during his stay in England. "English roast beef is very delightful," was the reply. "Oh," said the Prince, "surely something else has impressed you as well." "Ah, yes," returned Carlos; "of course, there is English boiled beef, which is also delightful."

A commercial traveler well known in the cycle trade adds this to the collection of jokes on newly made happy fathers: The hero is the manufacturer of the wheel which the narrator sells. Being compelled to go away on a business trip about the time an interesting domestic event was expected, he left orders for the nurse to wire him results according to the following formula: If a boy, "Gentleman's safety arrived." If a girl, "Lady's safety arrived." The father's state of mind may be imagined when, a few days later, he received a telegram containing the one word: "Tandem."

A certain Scotch caddie named Mathie Gorum was noted for his invariable remark after a poor shot by the person he was serving: "It micht hae been waur," which was meant to be consolatory and encouraging. His master, a clergyman, was wearied with this well-meaning flattery. Accordingly, to make sure that he would squash the remark for once, he told the caddie he had a terrible dream the night before. "Mathie, my man, I dreamt that I was in the place where the wicked are punished. I saw the wretched ones tortured; they were swimming in a lake of boiling pitch, and could not get landed for red-hot pitchforks thrust in their faces by demons." He halted a minute, with his tongue in his cheek, when, with perfect coolness, the caddie answered: "Aye, sir, that was a bad dream, jist awfu'; but it micht hae been waur." "Waur, you fool? How could that be?" "It micht hae been true."

It is a current story in Teviotdale that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put in the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On some occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy baronet, and abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extensive hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But, after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know when we meet together as brethren the youngest man reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest; only one Bible, therefore, is necessary. Take away the other six, and, in their place, bring six more bottles of ale."

"Now, James, please remember: Left hand—Eggs, poultry, three yards of silk to match my skirt, lining for Mamie's dress, and a new reefer for George. Right hand—Nellie's ribbons, Harry's algebra, telephone message to Henry, a box of starch, and my new bonnet. Say them over as you go to town." — "Harper's Weekly."

Sue Brette—How do you know the gallery gods threw eggs at you? Ham Lette—How do I know? Ye gods, didn't I catch them in the act?—Chicago "News."

A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands, and said to the farmer: "That fellow ought to be chuck-full of work." "He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to get none out of him."—From "Success."

"I see that Mrs. Uptardeight is addressing the Mothers' Scientific Club this afternoon on The Care of Children." "Speaking of children, who was that youngster that broke into Snoop's candy store last night and robbed the till?" "That—why, that was Mrs. Uptardeight's youngest." — Baltimore "News."

Huxley and the Reporters.

ON his arrival in Baltimore, Professor Huxley was driven to the country seat of Mr. Garrett, who had offered him hospitality and had invited a large company to meet him in an afternoon party. There was but one intervening day between his arrival, tired out by a long journey in the interior, and his delivery of the address. He had hardly reached the residence of his host before the reporters discovered him and asked for the manuscript of his speech. "Manuscript?" he said. "I have none. I shall speak freely on a theme with which I am quite familiar." "Well, professor," said the interlocutor, "that is all right, but our instructions are to send the speech to the papers in New York, and if you cannot give us the copy we must take it down as well as we can and telegraph it, for the Associated Press is bound to print it the morning after it is spoken." This was appalling, for in view of the possible inaccuracy of the shorthand, and the possible condensation of the wirehand, the lecturer was afraid that technical and scientific terms might not be rightly reproduced. "You can have your choice, professor," said the urbane reporter, "to give us the copy or to let us do the best we can, for report the speech we shall." The professor yielded, and the next day he walked up and down his room at Mr. Garrett's dictating to a stenographer, in cold and irresponsive seclusion, the speech which he expected to make before a receptive and hospitable assembly.

I sat very near the orator as he delivered the address in the Academy of Music, and noticed that, although he kept looking at the pile of manuscript on the desk before him, he did not turn the pages over. The speech was appropriate and well received, but it had no glow, and the orator did not equal his reputation for charm and persuasiveness. When the applause was over I said to Mr. Huxley: "I noticed that you did not read your address; I am afraid the light was insufficient." "Oh," said he, "that was not the matter. I have been in distress. The reporters brought me, according to their promise, the copy of their notes. It was on thin translucent paper, and to make it legible they put clean white sheets between the leaves. That made such bulk that I removed the intermediate leaves, and when I stood up at the desk I found I could not read a sentence. So I have been in a dilemma—not daring to speak freely, and trying to recall what I dictated yesterday and allowed the reporters to send to New York." If he used an epithet before the word "reporters" I am sure he was justified, but I forget what it was.—Dr. D. C. Gilman in "Scribner's Magazine."

A Feat of Memory.

DURING a debate in the House, between Gladstone and Disraeli, when the latter in the course of his remarks had occasion to quote from a recent speech made by his rival upon some platform in the country, a dramatic scene was enacted, and is described by Harry Furniss in his recent book, "Confessions of a Caricaturist."

Suddenly Mr. Gladstone started up and exclaimed: "I never said that in my life!"

Disraeli was silent, and putting his hands behind his back, gazed apparently in blank astonishment at the box in front of him. Several seconds went by, but he never moved. The members in the crowded House looked from one to the other, and many imagined that Disraeli was merely waiting for his opponent to apologize. But Mr. Gladstone, who had a habit, which he developed in later years, of chatting volubly to his neighbor during any interruption of this kind in which he was concerned, made no sign. A minute passed, but the sphinx did not move.

A minute and a quarter, but he was still motionless.

A minute and a half of this silence seemed as if it was an hour.

When the second minute was completed the excitement in the House began to grow intense. Disraeli seemed to be transfixed. Was he ill? Was the great man sulking? What could this strange silence portend?

Two minutes and a half!

Some members rose and approached him, but Disraeli raised his hands as if to deprecate their interference, and they stole back to their places, conscious that they were forbidden to interrupt. Then at last, when the minute-hand of the clock had passed three times round its course, the most remarkable silence which the House had ever experienced within living memory was broken as the Tory leader slowly began once more to speak.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "and gentlemen," and then word for word he repeated the whole speech of Mr. Gladstone from which he had made his quotation, duly introducing the particular passage which the Liberal leader had denied. Then he paused and looked across at his rival. The challenge was not to be avoided, and Mr. Gladstone bowed—he would have raised his hat did he wear one in the House, which, in the phraseology of the ring, was equivalent to throwing up the sponge. Mr. Disraeli afterward informed a friend that, working backward, he had recalled the whole of Mr. Gladstone's speech to his mind. Beginning at the disputed quotation, he recovered the context which led up to it, and so, step by step, the entire oration. Then he was enabled to repeat it from the outset exactly as he had read it.

Conservation of Energy.

"You say you never gossip?" "Never," answered Miss Cayenne; "when I feel disposed to hear my neighbors discussed, I merely mention a name and proceed to listen."—Washington "Star."

An Expensive Luxury.

Mr. O'Toole (entering doctor's office)—Shure, doctor, Oi think Oi have appindicitis? Dr. Smith—Nonsense, man! You haven't money enough for that.—"Judge."

The Veal Age.

This is assuredly the Veal Age in literature. People no longer ask about an author, How old is he? but How young is he—or she, as is usually the case. Of the writers on the staff of Josh, Gosh & Co. 85 per cent. are under the age of twenty-one, and 25 per cent. are under sixteen years. Sixty-eight per cent. of these write historical romances and 25 per cent. write in the colonial style.—"Book Booster."

Must be Deadly.

Attention has been called, says a recent issue of The Speaker, to the mysterious plan of warfare invented by Admiral Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald (grandfather of the present Lord Dundonald, our new G.O.C.), early in the last century, which, it was claimed, would result in the absolute annihilation of an enemy. Dundonald himself believed that if his plan was once put into effect it would make war impossible for the future, and there seem to have been some grounds for this belief, although the secret has never yet been divulged. George IV., when Regent, appointed a secret committee to consider it. The committee reported that the method would be irresistible and infallible, but shrank from recommending its adoption. Forty years later a commission was again appointed to consider it. They reported against it on the grounds that if any experiments were made the secret would be at the command of every nation, and also that it would not accord with the feelings and principles of civilized warfare. Twice during the Crimean war Dundonald urged his plan upon the Government. The second time he offered to reduce Sebastopol by his invention, but the War Office laid down stipulations which he would not accept, and the secret remains a secret still. The present Earl of Dundonald, besides being a successful cavalry leader and the possessor of one of the reputations made in the present war, is also an inventor. It would be interesting to know whether he is in possession of his grandfather's secret or whether that secret died with its discoverer.

Humor of the Hour.

"Why," asked the racehouse, sneeringly, "do you have that great bunch of useless hair on your fetlocks?"

"One reason," said the imported Clydesdale, "is that I want to look as much unlike a useless sporting animal as I possibly can."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Growells—"The idea of you calling me a goose! When you were courting me you said I was an angel."

Growells — Well, suppose I did? What's the use of twitting a man about the lies he told three years ago?—Chicago News.

"'Tain't de fellow wid de longes' line dat catch de mos' fish," said Charcoal Eph, in another of his ruminating moods; "hit's de man wid de longes' 'magination. Ain' dat so, Mistah Jackson?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. P. M. Rixey recalls that when President McKinley's mother sat down for the first time to a White House dinner, what seemed to impress her most was the prodigal supply of cream, and she commented on its abundance, and then added:—

"Well, William, at last I know what they mean when they speak of the cream of society."

The President laughed. "I admit," said he, "that there seems to be an extravagant array of cream on the table, but you know, mother, we can afford to keep a cow now."—New York Tribune.

A good story is told in a musical paper of the Principal of a well-known colonial academy of music. He was much pestered with letters from young composers, asking his advice. On one occasion he received a letter from a country organist asking in which of two ways he should write a certain musical passage. The professor, being a blunt man, wrote back on a postcard, "It doesn't matter a ——." His offended correspondent sent the postcard to the Academy Board, who sat in solemn conclave on it, and wrote to the Principal for an explanation. He answered thus: "Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. I have considered the matter in all its bearings, and it really doesn't matter a ——. Yours, etc."—London Globe.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?

Pa—An optimist, my son, is a man who is happy when he is miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he is happy.—Chicago News.

"I never went back on a friend," said one politician.

"I never found it necessary to do so," said the other. "As soon as I was not in a position to favor him, my friend always went back on me."—Washington Star.

As cause for the habit 'tis surely enough—
King Edward himself has taken to snough.
If applied to your nose
'Twill be felt in your tose;
Provided you snough up enough of the stough.

"Yes," said the head of the firm, "Miss Addie is a good bookkeeper, but she makes some queer mistakes."

"What, for instance?" asked the silent partner.

"Well, she enters our messenger boy's wages under the head of 'running expenses.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Greene—I suppose a man who had no knowledge of French would have a good deal of trouble to make himself understood in Paris?

Gray—On the contrary, most people in Paris understand English much better than they do their own language. I tried them in both; so I ought to know.—Boston Transcript.

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the church supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam; I have just prescribed for three of the participants."—Richmond Dispatch.

We long for rest—for rest and play.
Our heart gives forth but weary throbs
We long to rest, but never may,
Lest others come and get our jobs.

London Fun—Mistress (arranging for the dinner)—Didn't the grocer send the macaroni?

Cook—Yes, mum, but I sent it back. Every one of them stems was empty.—Yonkers Statesman.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

SERMON BY

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—1 Corinthians, xvi., 13.

I have a neighbor in the country who has a garden which he treats in a very peculiar way. His theory is that all forces of nature are good-natured, and that all products of nature should be encouraged. Whatever is natural, he tells me, is admirable. A weed is just as natural as a rose and has just as clear a right to flourish. It is, therefore, unfair to discriminate against the weed by pulling it up and destroying its life.

Wishing to see how his theory worked in practice, I wandered about his enclosure and found a curious state of affairs. The weeds were in a more flourishing condition than the roses; in fact, they had taken possession of the ground and dominated it to such an extent that the flowers had well-nigh given up the struggle for existence, and were on the verge of despair. I vainly tried to convince my neighbor that if he wanted flowers he must pull up the weeds, for the two do not get on well together. They can't be made to harmonize, because weeds are greedy and refuse to give flowers a chance.

My neighbor has another peculiarity. He carries his theory into the education of his boy. All natural impulses are good impulses, he tells me, and it is not right to give a child a bias toward this or that standard. Let him show himself just as he is, giving perfectly free vent to his good and bad qualities of character, and by and bye he will achieve a well-rounded and well-balanced soul. It is the weed theory transferred to human nature, and so far as my observation of the boy goes it works very badly. I rather fear that later on that father's heart will be filled with regrets.

You cannot build a house without a plan. If you attempt to do so you will have a curious combination, whose inconvenience is only equalled by its ugliness. A house without a plan is not worth having. It is not true that all natural impulses are good, for some impulses, when gratified, produce unmixed evil. Not everything that is is right, for some things are wholly wrong and must be held in check at any cost. If you give the weeds as fair a chance as the flowers the time will come when the flowers will die and nothing but the weeds will be left. It is just as necessary to pull up certain natural qualities as to pull up weeds, and unless you do so you will find yourself without any character at all.

There is a stern and awful truth in the injunction to pluck your eye out if it offends you. It is a bold figure, and startling, but it has a profound meaning. If, for instance, you give free rein to your selfishness it will grow apace to rule and ruin. It will creep over your soul like a smouldering fire on the prairie, and burn the life out of everything as it goes. You must treat it as you would a weed, and without any compunction tear it up and hurl it as far from you as possible. And if you have a quick or an ill temper, it is necessary to subdue it if you would have peace or happiness. Your very nature must be conquered, no matter how hard the fight may be. It must be caught, harnessed, bitted, tamed and taught that you are its master and will be obeyed.

You are simply a bundle of possibilities in the beginning, and if you allow them full swing you will become a mass of contradictions. Your business as an immortal soul is to look at all your tendencies, good and bad, squarely in the face, and then set to work to annihilate some of them, to encourage others, and, with a definite purpose in view, to give yourself the shape of honest and virile manhood. This is not an easy, but it is a glorious, task, and it ends in the victory over self, the sublime mastery which brings self-respect and that dignity which comes with poise and conscience.

The object of religion is to teach you that this is the best and noblest thing to do, and that it is the only thing which it will pay you to do. That struggle is worth your while, for when you find yourself well in hand you will possess that quiet kind of power which blesses you and the whole world alike. This life gives you that sort of discipline, and when the lesson is learned you will be ready for any other life that may come to you. Earth will become a stepping-stone to heaven, for a whole man is fitted for any world in God's universe. Plant your garden with flowers and then see that weeds do not interfere with their growth.

The following appears on a sign over a little country store in Georgia:—

JONATHAN WILKINS,
Ice Cream in Season
and Embalming on Reasonable
Cash Terms.
Also Millinery and Tooth Pulling.
Boots, Shoes, Books and Bacon.
Coffins on the Instalment Plan.

AS WE GO ALONG

What shall we do when the autumn weather
And the autumn duties come together;
When the golden days are fair and sweet,
When the bright leaves rustle under our feet,
And the air is a sparkling wine;
Yet cares pile thick and the hours crowd fast,
And things to be done go hurrying past,
In an urgent, beckoning line?

We must keep our hearts and our souls awake
To beautiful things for duty's sake;
With vision keen and with courage strong,
Take beauty in as we go along.

What if in the hours of earnest doing
Our tired spirits need renewing;
Sigh oft for the streams and the pastures green,
Which lie in the realm of things unseen,
The beautiful Promised Land;
Yet ever before us stretches still
The rugged path of our Father's will,
With its common rocks and sand?

We need not wait for the longed for peace
Till our journey is done and our labors cease;
We shall rest in the midst of the busiest day
If the Master meets us on the way.
—Mary E. Allbright, in The Christian Endeavor World.

AT THE CHARITY BALL.

"Why, Mr. Browning, you at anything so gay as a charity ball?"

"And you, my dear Miss Erickson, at anything so dismal?"

The girl laughed and shook out the folds of her misty pink dancing skirt, with its ruffles and lace.

"I have just one dance left, a schottische. Shall it be for you?" she said.

"If you will so honor me. But as I can't dance anything but the waltz, I am going to that little alcove retreat over there, where we can talk and watch the figures."

For answer Mildred Erickson laid her gloved fingers on his arm and raised her brown eyes to his face, as they walked away from the group of dancers now forming for the schottische.

The "little alcove retreat" was at one end of the long ball room, and was massed with cut flowers and ferns. Mildred threw her huge bouquet of bridesmaid roses, her fan, and lace handkerchief down beside her and took up two-thirds of the divan with her full skirts. Browning sank back luxuriously in the silken cushion at her side.

"Everyone seems to be here to-night," she said.

"Yes. Even I."

"There is Maude Jones, now, in that pale blue chiffon. Did you know, she is to be married next week to Jack Marshall?"

"She? This is only her second season, isn't it?"

"Second! No, only her first." Mildred said with a laugh and shrug of her plump white shoulders.

"Her first? You are more sensible, Miss Erickson. Why, this is your tenth season. Don't you remember, I was at your coming-out tea?"

"Yes, and you were old then—28; just my age now." She picked up her bouquet and buried her face in the fresh, pink blossoms.

"And you were in white, and carried pink roses, just like those, Mildred."

"But not so large a bunch," and she began pulling the flowers out and tearing off the petals, while Browning watched her color come and go.

"And I sent them."

"And you sent them."

Browning shifted his position slightly.

"I wonder what Marshall wants to marry that little Miss Jones for?" he said.

"As she is not an heiress, he probably thinks he loves her. I hope it does not worry you, Mr. Browning."

"Me? Not at all. I suppose you have often wondered why I've never married."

Mildred's cheeks assumed the hue of her roses.

"I? Not at all. Rather, I should wonder if you did get married. I am so used to you single, you know."

"And I should wonder at it, too. I like women. They are beautiful creatures, to be admired, adored and idealized, but kept a distance if a man wants to retain his peace of mind. Don't you think so, Miss Erickson?"

"Can Mr. Browning be wrong?"

"Thank you. Now, suppose I had married when I was, say 28. Ten years ago, I'd have a wife who never thought of me or my home, but always of her own personality and her social engagements. My home would be no home at all, because I should expect things of her which she would never do."

Miss Erickson was unconsciously pulling the flowers to pieces and watching Mr. Browning with studied courtesy.

Browning continued: "As it is, I have my bachelor flat, in which I am king. My servants, whom no one ever interferes with. I go and come when I please, to the club, to the opera, to dinners, or to Europe. My horses and carriages are mine, and no one ever complains of them. My house is solitude itself unless I wish to make it noisy. Don't you think I am a sensible man?"

"It really had never occurred to me, Mr. Browning," Mildred said, laughing slightly.

"Of course you do, for you have followed my example and remained single."

"But not alone. There is mamma and papa and Joe and the girls, Mr. Browning. Oh, I should not care for solitude nor enjoyment alone.

"You are not so selfish."

"No."

"What?"

selfish. And you would be happier if you were not.

Browning looked at her in silent amazement. Then he said:

"I suppose I have given up a lot for my selfishness. It might be nice to have a wife always waiting for me and planning little surprises for my comfort and enjoyment, if she were sweet and nice and charming, like she would be before I married her. And to always have someone to take out with me whenever I—or rather she—cared to go. And to entertain my friends as some women can do. And to see great tall boys and gentle girls—my children—growing up about me. But a man must have a lot of nerve to ask a woman to give herself to him alone."

"Not necessarily." Mildred's lips were parted in a smile.

"Her freedom, her childhood home, her name, all girlish pastimes, every bit of——" Browning went on, answering his own question.

"She regards it all as a pleasant sacrifice, if she loves the man, Mr. Browning."

"And if she loves the man will she want to do all this if he asks her to?"

"Men are positive and women negative."

"So you advise me to marry?"

"I advise all men to marry."

"Then why are you single, Mildred?"

"I? Oh, I am a woman." And she laughed softly.

Browning watched the gay scene of the ballroom in silence a moment. Then he said:

"Mildred, shall I tell you why I never married?"

The girl buried her face again in the roses.

"Yes," she said.

"Because I never thought you would have me. You were so bright and gay, and ten years younger than I."

Mildred leaned toward him until he felt her breath on his cheek. She spoke rapidly, for she saw Mr. Bixby coming to claim a waltz.

"Shall I tell you why I never married, Paul?"

"Yes."

"Because you never asked me."

"Mildred."

Browning sprang forward from the silken cushions and caught her hand. But she withdrew it hurriedly, and with her face all wreathed in smiles caught up her flowers and fan and lace handkerchief, and said, as she walked away:

"Come to me to-morrow afternoon at three, Mr. Browning."

And a moment later Browning saw her floating through the steps of the waltz on the arm of George Bixby.—Chicago Tribune.

Sam Houston's Secret.

"A mystery in which the American people were once deeply concerned was that which shadowed the life of one of the most remarkable characters of the country," writes William Perrine, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In 1829 Samuel Houston, or, as he called and signed himself, 'Sam' Houston, was Governor of Tennessee. It was in the midst of a campaign for re-election to the Gubernatorial chair that Tennessee was startled by a report that he had resigned his office. He had been married to the daughter of an influential family; three months afterward she returned to her father's house, and her husband resolved to pass the rest of his life in the wilderness.

"Houston betook himself to the tribe of Cherokees in the Indian Territory; he adopted their costume, appearing in all the trappings of an Indian brave letting his hair grow down his back, and visiting Washington with a buckskin hunting-shirt, yellow leggins, a huge blanket, and turkey feathers around his head. No one could induce him to reveal the secret of his metamorphosis and his abandonment of the ways and habits of civilization. He married again, after he emerged from his Indian life, and he lived to be an old man, dying in the midst of the Civil War, but no one was ever able to persuade him to unlock the mystery of his life. Nor would his first wife, who also married again, throw any light on the mystery."

Solomon Sloan's Advice as to Education.

Mr. Editor:—

If I were boss

We would have less clay modelling and more arithmetic in the public school.

Grammar and typewriting would take the places of music and color study.

If a boy or a girl is well up in arithmetic and grammar he stands less show of starving to death than if his specialty is color schemes or clay figures.

That's what the most of us here on this earth are trying to do—keep from starving.

Multiplication tables and good English can be taught successfully to every pupil, if time and pains are taken. Color study and clay modelling can't.

In the first place, the teachers are ordinarily just about as unfit to teach art as the pupils are to learn it.

In the second place, the vast majority of pupils in the public schools will soon have to earn their own living, and even if they do become expert clay modellers and colorists, they never can make any use of their knowledge.

Give the children bread and butter, and those who have a taste for cake that's worth cultivating will get it.

And that's the way it would be if I were boss.—Solomon Sloan.

England Boy Choirs.

Julian Ralph, writing of "The Choir Boys of England," in the Ladies' Home Journal, says "Small boys are much preferred for the reason that they develop into manhood later than big, stalwart children, for it is at the coming of manhood that their voices break and they are obliged to stop singing until their adult tones are reached—a matter of years. A boyish treble is as delicate as the bloom on a peach, and its possessor must lead an orderly and innocent life, which is why so many choirs are made up of boys taken from their homes and boarded and taught in church institutions. These, sometimes, are able to sing until they are seventeen or eighteen years of age, though between fourteen and fifteen is the usual period when their voices

Rhodes as a Phrase-Maker.

Rhodes rather fancied himself as a phrase-maker, says a correspondent of The New York Sun. A writer who saw a good deal of him, describes him as repeating over and over again some saying of his own with which he seemed to have been pleased as soon as he had uttered it.

Perhaps one of the best-known phrases is the "unctuous rectitude" with which he reproved a certain class of his opponents in this country. No one in future who wishes to discuss the traits of the British character will be able to do without those two words. Some other sayings of Rhodes which have been left on record are as follows:—

My life is a temporary one, but the country will remain after me.

If I forfeit my flag, what have I left? If you take away my flag you take away everything.

Remember that sentiment rules half the world.

"It is no use for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry *them out," Rhodes once remarked to* Gen. Gordon.

It took me fifteen years to get a mine, but I got it. Though my boat may be slow in the race, I know exactly what I am starting for.

I have found out one thing, and that is, if you have an idea, and it is a good idea, if you will only stick to it you will come out all right.

The only awkward thing is the progress of Time. We do get older, and become a little hurried in our ideas because of that terrible Time.

After the raid: "Kruger and I have met twice. The first trick I won (referring to Bechuanaland), he won the second. There is no doubt who will win the odd!"

When timorous friends were begging him to be discreet, and foes were saying he dare not "face the music," he answered both, once and for all: "I am not going to lie about it!"

When Dr. Jameson was convicted and sentenced for the part he took in the raid, Mr. Rhodes exclaimed: "What a tribute to the moral worth of the nation that has jumped the world!"

I will challenge any man or woman, however broad their ideas may be, who objects to go to church or chapel to say they would not sometimes be better for an hour or an hour and a half in a church.

In the Oriel Hall, Oxford, in 1899, he said: "I have been interested in Aristotle's definition of virtue in the 'Ethics' as the 'highest activity of the soul living for the highest object in a perfect life.' That h always seemed to me the noblest rule for a man to follow, and I have made it my rule from the first."

"Life is too short, after all," he used to say, "to worry about previous lives. From the cradle to the grave—what is it? Three days at the seaside. Just that and nothing more. But although it is only three days, we must be doing something. I cannot spend my time throwing stones into the water. But what is worth while doing?"

A Waggon Journey.

After so much about Rhodes one may have a bit of South African life. It is a description of a waggon journey a score of years ago, and occurs in a new novel, entitled "Reversed on Appeal," by John Ross:—

"Pale pink over the trees, and bar gold glittering through the branches saw the large waggon equipped and drawn with open front, facing the kraal gate, towards which extended a double line of shining brown oxen, each with a white streak down its back like fourteen brethren bearing up the flashing chain, crossed at each pair by a heavy pole with wooden yokes for two. At the head of the uneven line of glancing horns and switching tails stood the powerful bronze figure, thong in hand, of a Zulu in a sleeveless blouse and short blue pants, the leader of the horned cavalcade. A Kaffir boy held a grey horse ready saddled, tossing his head and rattling his bit with impatience, a contrast to the drowsy cattle. . . . There was a din of shrill Kaffir shouts, weeping women, yelping dogs, stamping feet and rattling chains as Mouji flourished his long whip, and the Zulu dragged at the leading strap like a son of Anak, as he guided the string of cattle out of the kraal into the open field.

"Her uncle rode his grey horse within speaking distance behind the waggon, and when they passed the large green orchard, with its brown pears, purple plums, and yellow oranges ripening in the branches, he rode in among the trees and returned with a small basket of peaches, which he handed to Belle at the end of the waggon, as they moved slowly on thro. prickly cactus hedges, and bushes of red and yellow mimosa blossom. . . .

"She had travelled in the waggon before, with the mid-curtain that was lowered at night, to shut her off into a little nunnery of her own. She knew the bed, so innocently tied on one side, in which she was advised to slumber, and supposed to sleep, during the ceaseless jolts of a moonlight journey. And she remembered how she pitied all men, and women, too, who went down to the sea in ships if their berths were like her berth, and their tossings like her tossings. She knew the boxes tied with thongs that served for seats and lockers, and that she must fasten up everything, if she did not wish a bruised foot or a wounded head, when the quick mounts and sudden dips came under the irresistible strain of fourteen oxen."

It is estimated that the Kaffirs in the diamond mines at Kimberley, South Africa, steal £250,000 worth of diamonds in a year.

The Lion Bridge, near Sangang, in China, is the longest in the world, being 5¼ miles from end to end. The roadway is 70 feet above water.

A large house in a Berlin suburb has been rented by several acquaintances, married and single, who are going to try to run the place on the principles of communal life.

"Take the men of prominence in the United States to-day, and pick out the true gentlemen. I'll wager that nine out of ten of them never had a high school education, let alone a college one." So says Mark Twain.

Gold has been mined in Georgia for nearly three-quarters of a century. Previous to the discovery of gold in California the mines of Georgia furnished the greater part of the gold produced in the United States.

Cecil Rhodes.

Great a figure as Cecil Rhodes was in the public eye, it may be doubted whether many people have a clear idea as to the steps by which his career was built up. That he went to South Africa for his health and returned to England to take his Oxford degree; that he made a great fortune—though smaller than that of some American multi-millionaires—out of diamonds, in part by means of an amalgamation of interests; that he "acquired" Rhodesia, became Premier of Cape Colony, came to his political downfall through the Jameson Raid, and was shut up in Kimberley; these are the main facts of his career which are well known. But main facts do not invariably supply the key to the motives and purposes of a man's life, and the ideas which filled Cecil Rhodes' mind and governed his actions have had a profound influence upon the development of a country in which we in Canada have within the past three years been forced to take a deep interest.

The question of motive may be glanced at first. The extended biography which The Times published notes the remarkably successful start which Mr. Rhodes made in South Africa, when, strat'ing as a lad of eighteen he in a year or two became a rich man. The Times says:—

"His interest in the country in which he had enjoyed two years of such strangely fortunate experience was by this time keenly stirred, and before returning to Oxford he made a journey into the north, which is of interest, as having first suggested to him the great capabilities for British development of the country lying to the north of the Orange and Vaal Rivers. His trip took him as far north as Mafeking; thence to Pretoria, Murchison, Middleburg and back through the Transvaal to Kimberley. It was made in an ox waggon, at a time when the country was little known, and there were no means of communication. It occupied eight months. The rate of progression of an ox waggon is not more than from fifteen to twenty miles a day. The trip represented a walking tour of eight months through the wide-spreading solitudes of rolling veldt which filled those regions of central Africa.

"In 1872 the Boers had only been established some twenty years in the Transvaal. They were a purely pastoral, hunting, and fighting people, with a strong religious strain, deserving of respect for the sturdy independence and devotion to their own ideals which characterized them, but rude in their customs and primitive almost to the point of barbarism in their habits of life and thought. They were very frugal, very poor, without the conception of a possible development for their country than that represented by the increase of flocks and herds upon the land. Living generally in isolation upon the vast extents of grazing ground best suited to the multiplication of this form of wealth, they were wholly lacking in the intellectual stimulus which results from the interchange of opinion in the urban centres of population. Their political organization was of the simplest, amounting to little more than a patriarchal form of despotism, tempered by the individual liberty almost necessarily enjoyed during the greater part of his existence by the hunter and the herdsman on the plains. Each father of a family made for himself the laws of daily life. The rifle and the stock-whip hung side by side above every hearth. The one serious danger by which the State was threatened came from unnumbered hordes of hostile natives, who hung upon the uncertain limits of white occupation, with perpetual menace of massacre and desolation. The only bonds which drew the scattered homesteads into community were bonds of common faith and self-defence. Political unity could hardly be said to exist among a people who were unwilling to submit to taxation for common purposes. There is no reason for surprise if to a young Englishman already conversant with the methods of a developed civilization the Transvaal of that day presented the aspect rather of a rough new settlement in flux than of any fixed political organization having claim to the dignity of a nation.

"Mr. Rhodes' acquaintance with the agricultural possibilities of the South African soil in Natal, and the practical demonstration that he had received of its mineral wealth at Kimberley, combined with his personal experience of the hygienic properties of the climate to render him more appreciative than the ordinary lad of nineteen of the value of the apparently limitless area suitable to white settlement, of which his solitary trip took him over a small portion. Two years spent far from home produced on him an effect not unknown to travellers of a riper age. The latent patriotism which we all believe ourselves to share with our fellow-taxpayers had grown into a conscious sentiment. England had become a thing to love. During that eight months' silent tramp across the veldt the foundation appears to have been laid of the policy to which Mr. Rhodes' career was afterwards devoted. He has described in intimate conversation the persistence with which the thought accompanied him day by day, that the fine country through which he moved should in the future be thronged with a British population, and that no power but Great Britain should be allowed to dominate in South Africa. He saw enough to convince him of the great value of the unclaimed northern territory, and made up his mind that it must be British. Asked once in later life whether he had at that time conceived any definite scheme for bringing the country under British influence, he answered honestly in the negative. 'No,' he said, 'I only just felt each day as I looked down at the earth and up at the sky that it ought to belong to England.'"

Once upon a time Mayor Low was travelling through Germany with a party of friends. Being an excellent German linguist, he was the spokesman for the company. Upon one occasion he and his friends visited a beer garden, and after seating themselves, preparatory to having some refreshments, the pleasant duty of ordering the same fell upon Mr. Low, as usual. For once, however, he hesitated, his memory seeming to desert him. Finally after vain attempts to recall the missing word, he turned to his waiting friends, appealingly, saying:

"You will have to help me out, for I cannot for the life of me remember the German word for beer."—New York Times.

The Poultry Yard.

An English poultry expert says:—Both in the States and in France the system of feeding poultry generally followed is the exact opposite to our own, the fowls getting soft food at night and corn in the morning. The poultry-keeper may well ask which is right, and the answer apparently is that there is very little difference in the result. An experiment recently tried in America, two lots of fowls getting just the same treatment, but one having soft food in the morning and corn at night, and the other the opposite, resulted in the fowls getting soft food in the morning laying slightly better than the others in winter. This is what one might expect. To set against this, however, was the fact that the fowls getting soft food at night voided double the amount of manure. The reason of this, of course, is that soft food is more quickly digested, but in those poultry houses where the droppings from the fowl-houses are systematically collected and utilized, there is a distinct value in feeding soft food at night, in preference to the morning. There is far less trouble to the feeder when corn is given in the morning, and it really seems as though the value of soft food for breakfast has been over-estimated.

Sulphur for Fowls and Swine.

When fowls are attacked with cholera I find that a little sulphur given in the food will check it. One tablespoonful mixed with the morning's food for thirty fowls and given once a month is sufficient when they are in health. When much sulphur is fed, with exposure to a cold and damp atmosphere, it will cause stiffness in the joints. Sulphur put in the dust bath with ashes is a preventive against lice. A little sprinkled in the nests and under setting hens routs these pests.

It is also good to give swine in case of cholera or sickness followed with vomiting caused from overfeeding. It regulates the stomach and liver without further trouble. I have given two teaspoonfuls twice a day in severe cases in sweet milk or sprinkled on some sliced vegetables.—Emma L. Hill, Damascus, N.Y.

To Make Hens Lay.

Many people complain that they cannot get their hens to lay in winter. One very strong complaint comes to us from one of our subscribers. To aid such we give the experience of one who resides in the cold climate of South Dakota.

Many farmers fail to get any eggs during the winter months, and, from the experience of others more successful, it must be concluded that they either do not care about winter eggs, or that they neglect to so manage and feeds the fowls as to induce them to lay. An interesting experiment was made with two lots of pullets, showing influence of feed and care on the production of eggs in winter, by Rose Seelye-Miller, in the cold climate of South Dakota. The trial was reported in a western journal as follows:—

Two pens of pullets were placed in conditions as nearly equal as possible. One pen was designed for breeding, and it was desired that they should not lay until toward spring. The other pen, containing 18 hens, was designed to produce eggs during the winter, and the eggs were not intended at all for hatching.

The experiment began in December. Let it be remembered that the care, temperature and all other things were equal, save the food, and that the pen designed for late laying contained two less fowls.

During December the early layers produced five and a quarter dozen eggs, and the other pen not an egg. In January, the early layers produced ten dozen and three eggs; the late layers seven eggs. In February the early layers produced nine dozen eggs, and the other pen one dozen. In March the early layers produced fifteen dozen eggs, and the late layers three and a half dozen. In April came the change; the early layers laid ten dozen and nine eggs, and the late layers fifteen dozen and four eggs. From this time the breeders were kept laying, and produced in May 28 eggs, the early layers 142 eggs. This shows conclusively that egg-producing may be governed in a great measure. The feeding was very simple, and the early-laying fowls were fed as follows:—In the morning, boiled lean meat, chopped, with scraps from the table, and during the day all the wheat screenings they would eat. With corn twice a week. They were, of course, watered twice daily, and had some milk to drink.

The pen not intended for laying were fed on poor wheat screenings, with corn. These fowls grew and waxed fat, until they seemed too fat, and no doubt were, for laying. As spring came on the food was changed, and as it was the natural time for laying, too, they produced eggs in abundance.

The ordinary poultry raiser feeds too much corn and wheat. Hens are fed liberally twice a day and are fed on a steady diet of one or two things, either corn or wheat, and both fattening. Hence our hens do not pay, and poultry raising is a snare and a delusion to the one who is not wideawake and up to date in caring for the fowls.

Meat is known to be a great egg-producer, and there is now upon the market a feed prepared from refuse which makes an ideal food for fowls. Bones ground and plenty of milk are also very good in egg production.

Cleanliness and warmth are absolutely essential. A hen with a frozen comb might about as well be killed, unless she is a valuable one, whose eggs will make good hatching in the spring.

We feed our cattle for beef, and our hogs for lean or fat; we feed cows for milk or butter. Then why not discriminate in feeding our poultry too?

If thought were used more we should find our purses growing fat. Lean hens and hogs may be desirable, but a fat pocketbook never fails of appreciation, and the need of strenuous labor is decreasing.—The Country Gentleman.

Farm Notes.

Care should be exercised in the use of poisoned solutions for spraying, as many insects that are friends of the farmer may be destroyed. Bees have been exterminated in some sections by spraying, though something depends upon the kinds of plants sprayed.

We clip from an exchange the following directions for killing lice on cattle—Dust the animals thoroughly with fresh insect powder; rub in well, or else part the hair so the powder will reach the pests. In about a week, dust again to kill any mites that might have hatched. The other is: Make a strong tea of cedar twigs; wash the lousy animal with this tea; this last is effectual in cleansing buildings, coops, roosts, poles, etc., of lice.

No greater mistake is ever made than to suppose that by selecting the largest eggs from the basket for hatching improvement of the poultry is sure to follow. There is no makeshift in this industry. Careful selection of the breeding stock, males and females, alone will insure that grading up so desired by every breeder. There is no room today for slipshod methods in poultry culture, and the breeder who does not select a breeding pen from his best birds and keep them by themselves does not deserve and cannot hope to maintain the quality of his stock.

More pigs are lost in the summer season from improper feeding than from any other cause. They are compelled to consume foods that are not conducive to thrift, and which lead to disease in the herds. Some feeders keep slop in barrels, which ferments until sour, having a very disagreeable odor, the pigs being fed largely upon the slop. This kind of food is more injurious in summer than in winter, as it induces bowel disease. The best slop is milk and bran, freshly made, with grass, vegetables and plenty of pure water, which will induce growth and keep the pigs in good condition.

Use a Good Sire.

If there is one thing more than another which pedigree breeding has taught it is the value of using a good sire. It takes a long time before this lesson can be universally appreciated. There are some breeders whom nothing but adversity will teach; others are willing to profit by the experience of the many, and are ready to adopt the lessons which can be obviously deduced. It is a pity that in these times of enlightenment and advanced ideas the simplest lessons cannot be absorbed by small breeders. It is with the small breeder that the future lies, and the sooner he adapts himself to a more successful policy the better will it be for himself and for the breed which he favors. It is not enough to have a well-bred sire. That certainly is a primary consideration, for, as every breeder knows, there is nothing more perplexing in breeding than the frequency with which atavism occurs. It is satisfactory to note, however, that when characteristics have become more fixed by years of registered breeding, breeders are more and more coming to regard it as essential that the trumpeted merits of good back breeding should be displayed in the animal itself. The old principle that like produces like is truer now than it was fifty years ago, because of the increased prepotency of line bred stock. Nothing condemns the policy of a breeder more effectively than the use of an indifferent horse on good mares, or, for that matter, moderate bull on better cows. As a rule, the farmer is not deficient in useful breeding mares or roomy cows, but it would form painful reading to learn how often he had misused his trust by the use of an indifferent sire. It is a very safe rule to patronize a sire better than the females. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose. The initial cost is a mere bagatelle, compared with the difference in price of the progeny. It is a misfortune that many farmers expect too much of their mares or their cows. This, at all events, seems a reasonable deduction from their policy when they use very indifferent sires. The point we wish to accentuate is that it pays to use a good sire. It is short-sighted policy to expect too much of the dams.—Farmer and Stockbreeder.

Sore Mouths in Horses.

A sore mouth in a horse is frequently the cause of his not feeding properly. In cases where a horse has lost his appetite or does not redily eat his food it is well to examine his mouth, if the fact of his being off his feed cannot be traced to any apparent cause. A sore mouth may be due to several causes. In young horses it is generally due to teething troubles, which make the mouth more or less tender and interfere with the feeding. In such cases the only thing to be done is to provide the food in a state which will permit of its being easily chewed and masticated. The oats should be crushed, bran mashes and roots should be given, and the hay should not be hard, and free from woody stems.

In older horses the permanent molars are sometimes the cause of a horse not being able to chew his food, and of his having a sore mouth. The molars sometimes have sharp edges and points which hurt the inside of the cheeks, and cause considerable pain when the horse is eating. In this case they require filing with a rasp, but this operation can only be performed by a skilful hand. At other times a horse may be prevented from masticating his food properly by one of the molar teeth being longer than the rest, which prevents the molars in the upper jaw from coming into contact with those in the lower jaw. In this case again professional advice is required.

Lampas not infrequently is the cause of a horse having a sore mouth. Lampas consists of an inflamed condition of the roof of the mouth or of the palate, and is caused by various means. In young horses it is due often to the growth of the teeth, while in older ones it is caused through indigestion or by irregularities of the molar teeth. The treatment accordingly varies and depends on the cause of lampas. Ignorant grooms and stablemen sometimes suggest burning as a remedy. This is of course a cruel and perfectly inadmissible remedy, and one which should not be adopted on any account.

Another form of inflammation of the mouth is known under the name of "stomatitis."—Farmer and Stockbreeder.

WALL PAPERS

We have them in all the new designs for the year. See our samples if you are going to paper.

Canada Drug & Book Co

BORN.

AMAN—At Revelstoke, B. C., on Monday, July 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Aman a son.

NOTES OF NEWS

No. 2 fire brigade had a practice run Monday night.

—Fruit jars, fruit jars. 250 crates just received. C. B. Hume & Co.

R. R. McLean left Saturday morning on a visit to Spokane.

—Selling out bargains at Madison Parlors.

Tom Downing, of Fish Creek, was a visitor in the city this week.

—Clearing out sale. All goods at cost. Madison Parlors.

Miss J. Sawyer returned on Tuesday from a two weeks visit to Vancouver.

—Umbrellas, ladies and gents. C. B. Hume & Co.

Mr. Joseph Martin, M. P. P., passed through the city on his way south Saturday.

—A large assortment of men's rain coats at C. B. Hume & Co.

M. Grady of St. Leon Springs, was in the city Monday returning south Tuesday.

—Childrens' weather serge and velvet tam o' shanters. C. B. Hume & Co.

Usual services will be held in St. Peter's church on Sunday next at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p.m.

—Childrens' red cashmere hose. C. B. Hume & Co.

Wesley McKerman, of Strathcona, is in town on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. M. Pettipiece.

—Another direct importation of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits at C. B. Hume & Co's.

J. Ennest, of the Oyster Group went west to Vancouver today to join his family.

J. H. Young, M. E. of Comaplix, spent a couple of days in the city this week.

THE HERALD regrets to announce that H. J. Bourne is still laid up through illness.

The annual general meeting of the Revelstoke Hospital Society will be held on Monday August 4th.

W. R. Reid, of Messrs Reid & Young returned Monday from a business trip to the Lardeau.

Mrs. A. Johnson and family are visiting at Ballard, Wash., at the home of Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cleary.

M. A. Wilson, merchant tailor of Ferguson, who has been spending a few days in the city with his family returned south Monday.

The executive of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has decided to send a representative to the Yukon to look after Canadian trade interests.

There has been no train through from the east since last Thursday. Today there will be three trains from the east with mail and passengers transferred over the washouts.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. George, returned from their honeymoon trip to the coast Tuesday morning and have taken up their residence on MacKenzie avenue.

W. Morris, Mrs. Morris and son and Miss McLean, left on the Imperial Limited on Saturday evening on a visit to the Coast cities for a couple of months.

Mrs. Guerin and Master Ted. Guerin returned yesterday morning from Portland and southern Oregon, where Mrs. Guerin was visiting her parents and friends for the past two months

All members of L. O. L. 1658 and L. T. B. Lodges No. 174, are hereby notified to attend divine service at the Presbyterian church at the morning service July 13th. Visiting members are fraternally invited.

Mrs. Crawford, of Wiarton, Ont., went south to Ferguson on Saturday accompanied by her brother Mr. D. Ferguson. Mrs. Crawford will return to her home in Ontario about the 20th inst.

The ladies executive of the Hospital Society have all the linen made up and laundried and in the hospital ready for use. The term of the present executive has just about expired and their work is practically finished. They have done a great deal for the success of the hospital, and through their untiring efforts during the first year the foundation is well laid for the continuance in the future of the good work of the ladies executive.

W. J. McIntyre, a Northern Pacific brakeman of Seattle, came in on No. 2 yesterday morning to take in the Orange celebration here on Saturday. Mr. McIntyre is a brother of Mrs. Davis.

Thos. Taylor, M. P. P., and family arrived from the coast Monday morning en route for Trout Lake City. The reports as to Mr. Taylor's illness were entirely without foundation, that gentleman stating he never felt better in his life.

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co's. steamer Archer will bring excursionists for the 12th of July celebration at Revelstoke from Comaplix and Thomson's Landing to Arrowhead for $1.00 for the round trip good from the 11th to the 14th July.

Constable Upper went down to Nelson on Friday last to take Fred Hancock, to the penitentiary at New Westminster. Hancock was sentenced by Judge Forin to two years imprisonment for slashing an unarmed man in the face with a knife.

Tomorrow evening a promenade concert and dance will take place in the rink. Music will be furnished by the Independent Band and the arrangement promises a good time to those who attend. The concert will commence at 8:30 o'clock sharp and the admission price is only 25 cents.

The Canadian Socialist, formerly Citizen and Country, of Toronto, was received here for the first time from its new home in Vancouver. The publishers are R. P. Pettipiece and G. W. Wrigley, both practical printers. THE HERALD wishes "Parm" and his partner every success in their new venture.

On July 12th next a grand Orange celebration is to take place at Revelstoke, and arrangements have been made to carry adult passengers on the regular Friday night's train for the sum of $3.75 and return; children $1.90 Tickets are good for two days. A large number of Kamloopians intend visiting Revelstoke on that day.—Kamloops Sentinel.

W. W. Foster, secretary of the Revelstoke Rifle Association, informs the HERALD that the rifles and amunition have arrived for the use of the association. The District Officer Commanding, Lt. Col. Holmes, proposes to stay over a day in Revelstoke shortly to inspect a site for a new range but in the meantime the old one will be utilized for practice by the association.

The Canadian government agent at Glasgow, Scotland, says: The importation of pig iron from the Dominion to the Clyde has created quite a sensation. Fifty three thousand tons were discharged during the year, and three or four cargoes are now on the way. The iron serves the same purpose as Scotch or English foundry iron, and is principally used by foundries. Some of it, however, it used by pipe and malleable iron manufacturers.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist church held a most successful lawn social at the parsonage grounds Tuesday afternoon and evening. In the evening the grounds were prettily illuminated and the Independent Band furnished music which was much appreciated by the large crowd present. The ladies are to be congratulated on the unbounded success which attended their efforts, the proceeds of the social amounting to the handsome sum of $64. The committee wish to thank all those who in any way contributed to the success of the affair.

Annual General Meeting.

The annual general meeting of the Revelstoke Hospital Society will be held at Fire Hall No. 2 on Monday, August 4th, 1902, at 8 p. m., for the purpose of electing trustees for the ensuing and general business.

All persons who have subscribed $5 or upwards towards the funds of the Society are entitled to be present and vote on all matters brought before the meeting, and all such are invited to be present.

B. R. ATKINS,
Hon. Sec.-Treas.

THE

ICE CREAM

Days are Here.

Why not call at

Bew's Drug Store

And Go Away Back
And partake of the Refreshing Drinks which come from our Soda Fountain in almost continuous streams.

We Use True Fruit Syrups
Of delicious flavors, also Crushed Fruits and high class Ice Cream.

☞ In the rear of the Store is ample accommodation for those who wish to set awhile at their drinks.

Only Ten Cents for High Class Material

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"NAME ON EVERY PIECE."

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES

We have lately imported the choicest varieties of the above in bulk, and are selling at

75c. per lb.

Highest Award at the World's Fair.

Red Cross Drugstore

THE KING ENTERTAINS

Dinner to London's Submerged Tenth—His Majesty's Charitable Entertainment was Eminently Successful.

LONDON, July 5.—The King's dinner to London's submerged tenth took place today. It was the only feature of the original coronation programme not changed or abandoned by reason of the King's illness. Ever mindful of the welfare and happiness of his subjects, even in the face of death, His Majesty made a special request that the dinner to the poor be given as planned.

It is doubtful if history records anything like a parallel to today's feast. No single structure in all London could be found large enough to accommodate the army of London's poor.

Half a million of London's poor were King Edward's guests this afternoon. They were scattered in about 400 halls, schools and parks in varying numbers, the greatest of the royal beneficiaries being at Stepney, where no less than 45,000 were entertained.

The dinners comprised roast beef, potatoes boiled in their jackets, coffee and several varieties of vegetables, the whole being topped off with heaping dishes of plum pudding. Each male diner received an ounce of smoking tobacco and free pipes were also presented. As a memento of the occasion there was presented to each of the King's loyal but hungry guests a handleless souvenir cup bearing under its glaze photographs of the King and Queen, and a memorial design selected by the King himself.

In addition to the half-million men, women and children who were fed at the tables, it is probable that as many more, including the aged, sick and infirm, made a merry feast over the edibles which the diners were permitted to carry home after their own appetites had been satisfied. In the task of feeding the great hungry horde more than 7000 stewards and an army of waiters were employed.

The King, much to his regret, was unable to attend any of the dinners.

The principal dinner was at Fulham, where Sir Thos. Lipton, who organized the whole feast, did the honors of the day to 14,000 of the poor, aided by a host of titled and untitled volunteers, who handed around plates of beef and pudding, or filled beer mugs with an enthusiasm emblematic of the whole spirit of the occasion.

The Prince and Princess of Wales paid their first visit to Fulham. They entered the park of the Bishop's Palace through a triumphant arch and were received by the Mayor of Fulham, Sir Thomas Lipton, and others. Their Royal Highnesses were enthusiastically greeted by an immense band of scholars who sang God Save the King. The Prince and Princess alighted and walked among them, as guests were assembled around two and a half miles of tables and evidencing the utmost interest in everything. At the head of the table in the central marquee the royal party stopped and the Prince of Wales read this morning's bulletins regarding the King's health. This was the signal for a tremendous outburst of cheering. Before leaving, the Prince of Wales expressed to the Bishop of London, the Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Ingram, and Sir Thomas Lipton, his great satisfaction at the completeness of the arrangements, and emphasized his regret at the fact that the King was unable to be present.

This was a sample of the other dinners, which were followed in every case by variety shows, opwards of 1500 operatic theatrical people, music hall artists, and 418 pianists giving their services for the occasion.

SUMMER BEAUTY AND COMFORT

Requires the right kind of Clothing and Footwear.
We have them at the right prices.
Call at Our Store and prove it.

Hot Weather Hats.
We can fit you with a Hat that looks well and feels comfortable.

Boots and Shoes
King's Union-Made Boots for Men and Women.
The Empress Shoe for Women.

Dress Goods
A full line of Dress Goods, consisting of the latest patterns and fashions.

Carpets and Linoleums
Sold at fair prices and cut and laid free of charge.

TAYLOR & GEORGE
Mackenzie Avenue.
Mail Orders Solicited and Promptly Attended To

Edward J. Bourne

Dealer In
Groceries, Gent's. Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing.

Men's Union-made Boots—New Stock Just In.

Revelstoke Station. Bourne Bros.' Old Stand.

SIBBALD & FIELD,

AGENTS FOR

Real Estate — C. P. R. TOWNSITE, MARA TOWNSITE, GERRARD TOWNSITE, CAMBORNE TOWNSITE,

FINANCIAL— Canada Permanent & Western Canada Mortgage Corporation. Equitable Savings Loan and Building Association.

Insurance — Imperial Fire. Caledonian Fire. Atlas Fire. Canadian Fire. Mercantile Fire. Northern Fire. Guardian Fire. Manchester Fire. Great West Life. Ocean, Accident and Guarantee. Confederation Life. Canadian Accident Assurance Co. Connecticut Fire

COAL FOR SALE. HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT. CONVEYANCING.

J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public. CHAS. M. FIELD.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Turner vs. Cowan et al.

This was an action brought by James Turner and company of Hamilton, against William Cowan, Thomas Downs and Charles Holten as individual shareholders of the Cowan Holten Downs Co. Limited under section 51 of the Companies Act, seeking to hold the defendants personally liable on the ground that the shares held by them in the company were not paid for in cash as provided by section 51.

The case was tried at the Revelstoke spring assizes last May before the Chief justice who reserved his judgment but has since delivered judgment holding that although no cash actually passed yet within the meaning of the law as interpreted by cases that the shares were paid for in cash and therefore dismissing the action with costs.

E. P. Davis K. C. and J. M. Scott appeared for the defendants.

S. S. Taylor K.C. and G. S. McCarter appeared for the Plaintiffs.

The plaintiffs through their solicitors have entered an appeal against the decision of Chief Justice Hunter.

Mr. Bernier, minister of inland revenue, can give his colleague, Sir William Mulock, pointer in the production of stamps. The Department of Inland Revenue has just received two new series of stamps which as works of art have not been equalled in Canada for many years. They are designed especially for use in the Yukon. All the stamps are of uniform size, 1½ inches by 1 inch, and are of six denominations, 10c., 25c., 50c., $1, $2, and $3. The red color is inscribed Dawson Mining stamp, and is to be used in payment of all mining fees. The stamp is the representation of a prospector in the act of picking up a nugget. The law stamp for the Yukon territorial court is blue, with a figure Justice holding scales in her hand. The artist has made the departure from the traditional engraving in that he has removed the hoodwink from the lady's eye, implying probably that she intends to exercise a little more vigilance in future in the administration of Yukon affairs.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Edna, Alice and Norland Mineral claims, situate in the Revelstoke Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located:—Laforme Creek, Big Bend.

TAKE NOTICE that I, W. E. McLauchlin, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 67279, 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 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 10th day of July, A.D., 1902.

W. E. McLAUCHLIN.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that sixty days from date hereof I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works at Victoria, B. C., to purchase 320 acres of land on Downie Creek in the Big Bend, commencing at a post planted about nine miles from the Columbia river on the north east side of Boulder Creek and marked A. W. McIntosh's initial post, No 1, and running north forty chains to north-west corner post, No. 2, thence eighty chains east to post No 3, thence forty chains south to post No. 4, thence eighty chains west to point of commencement.

Dated the 30th day of June, 1902.

A. W. McINTOSH.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that sixty days from date hereof I intend applying to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works at Victoria, B. C., to purchase three hundred and twenty acres of land on Downie Creek in the Big Bend, commencing at a post planted about eight miles from the Columbia River and near the north east side of Boulder Creek and marked J. E. Montgomery's initial post, No. 1, thence forty chains north to north-west corner post No. 2, thence eighty chains east to north east corner post No. 3, thence forty chains south to south east corner post No. 4, thence eighty chains south to point of commencement.

Dated at Revelstoke the 30th day of June 1902.

J. C. MONTGOMERY.

For Sale

TWO Residences on McKenzie Avenue, with modern improvements, $2500 each on easy terms.

TWO Residences on Third Street, east, very convenient for railway men, $1800 each, easy terms.

ONE Residence on First Street, east, cash required $500, subject to mortgage.

Apply to,
HARVEY, McCATREE & PINFHAM.

THE NEW STORE

WE HAVE JUST REMOVED INTO OUR NEW QUARTERS ON MACKENZIE AVENUE

BOURNE BROS.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

I HAVE IT!

The largest stock of the latest WATCHES, CLOCKS, RINGS, SILVER WARE, CUT GLASS, FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, Etc. My many years' experience enables me to buy goods at the right prices, enabling me to sell to the public at reasonable prices.

J. GUY BARBER.
WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

THE CAREFUL WORKER

with the best of appliances and materials at his disposal must of necessity produce more perfect garments than do the human machines who work at low wages in crowded sweat shops.

Our Garments

Our Garments show the impress of the careful painstaking work of well paid and skilful tailors.

J. B. CRESSMAN, Mackenzie Avenue.

Real Estate Bargains

$1450 Good Residence & Store Building. Terms—$200 cash; Balance on Easy Terms.

$1200 Plastered House with stone foundation. Good garden 50x100 feet—well located. This is a special bargain.

$1250 8-Roomed Residence, with all modern improvements. A very desirable property. Terms can be arranged with suitable party.

$1050 A fine Residence—7 large rooms and Bath Room, Electric Lighting, garden 50x100 feet. A comfortable home, selling at a great sacrifice.

$900 6 Roomed House, with bathroom, etc., good cellar. Well situated for a C. P. R. man. Easy Terms.

$600 80 acre Farm, about 5 miles from Salmon Arm Station. Best of soil, good timber for domestic uses and good roads. Terms to the right party.

A Number of Other Real Estate Bargains. Call and Inspect Our List.

Revelstoke Smelter Townsite

Fine Residential and Business Lots in all parts of the City on easy terms of payment. A limited number of Five-Acre Garden Plots within five minutes' walk from the centre of City, are now ready for sale. Easy terms of payment.

LEWIS, BROS. Real Estate Brokers. Financial and Insurance Agents.