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THE REVELSTOKE HERALD

AND

RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 146 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, JULY 17, 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 TWELFTH CELEBRATED

A Royal Time in Revelstoke—Large Turnout of Orangemen and Their Visiting Brethren.—Admirable Weather.

The Glorious Twelfth in Revelstoke was all that could be desired—a lovely day, a grand procession, good speeches, successful sports, large gatherings of the general public, with excellent conduct and a most successful concert in the evening. Of the visiting lodges the first to arrive was that of Golden, which came in at 2 a.m. attached to a freight train. At 5 a.m. the Vernon lodge arrived likewise attached to a freight. The lodges from Salmon Arm and Kamloops did not arrive until 11:30 owing to the delay of No. 2. At 10:30 the Revelstoke lodge, the True Blues, with the Golden and Vernon lodges lined up at the Oddfellows hall and headed by the Independent Band to the stirring strains of "Protestant Boys" marched to the C. P. R. station to meet the incoming train from the west. As the train rolled into the station a lively scene was presented. The waiting brethren, with the varied colors, the True Blues in their simple but chaste uniforms, the moving crowd and music of the band presented an inspiring picture. The different lodges then lined up and marched to the Opera House where the brethren dispersed for dinner. The order of the procession was as follows:

The Marshall—Rec.-Secy. W. Birney, on white horse.
Independent Band
True Blues
Vernon Lodge
Golden Lodge with Flag
Revelstoke Lodge with Banner
Salmon Arm Lodge with Flag
Kamloops Lodge with Banner

Some 200 men were in the line of march and the lodges with their flags and banners presented a fine appearance. Among the things worthy of mention in the procession was the Revelstoke lodge of True Blues. The ladies in their white dresses and blue sashes with their excellent marching added a novelty and charm to the demonstration. The flags of the Golden and Salmon Arm Lodges gave brightness as they gaily floated to the breeze, while the new and handsome banner of the Kamloops Lodge attracted considerable notice along the route of march. Another noticeable feature was the number of young men who compose all the lodges. It tells of the health and vigor of the Orange institution. The number of men in line was a slight indication of how thoroughly the Orange tree has taken root in the soil of British Columbia. It is a force to be reckoned with. When it is remembered that 2500 men were in line at Nanaimo, with the successful demonstrations at Mission Junction and Nelson, the strength of the Orange order and its growing influence in this province can be realized. When it is also remembered that Orangeism means good citizenship, order and equal rights to all, its value to the country can be estimated.

At 1:30 p. m. the members of the different lodges with visiting friends and citizens assembled in the Opera House to listen to

THE SPEECHES.

On the platform were Masters of the different lodges, the Junior Provincial D. G. M. Bro. Adair, Deputy Provincial Grand Chaplain Rev. W. C. Calder and Rev. C. Ladner. The chair was occupied by Deputy Grand Master Adair. Addresses were delivered by Bro. Bell, of Kamloops, Provincial Deputy Grand Master, Rev. W. C. Calder, Rev. Bro. Ladner and Bro. Adair. Bro. Bell expressed his pleasure at being present and his enjoyment of the day. He felt as there were two clergymen to follow, and as they generally spoke long, he would say very little. He made reference to the celebrations at Nanaimo, Mission Junction and Nelson stating that he had forwarded a telegram of greeting to the brethren at Nanaimo and closed by calling for three hearty cheers for the brethren celebrating at the above named places. The brethren in answer rose to their feet and gave three rousing cheers and a tiger.

The Deputy Grand Chaplain was then called upon to address the gathering. Mr. Calder told of the remark made to him a few days before of a man (probably one of the order) who had made the statement that there were 365 days in the year, then he hesitated a moment as if in thought and added—No, there is but one day in the year and that day is the 12th of July. (Laughter.) It was a day in which we should be glad, for it meant to us our civil and religious liberty which we all hold so dear. If we will consider the year 1688 and three years preceeding we will realize what reason our forefathers had to feel glad over the day. In 1685 James II. came to the throne of England and that of Scotland. In three brief years he had violated every pledge to his people and had done all he could to turn the nation back to Rome. The times were full of doubt and darkness. Louis XIV.—the Grand Monarch—overshadowed Europe with his mighty ambition. William Prince of Orange was waging a successful yet doubtful conflict for freedom. On the continent the edict of Nantes had been revoked with the driving out of 500,000 of France's best citizens to enrich England, Germany and the Low Countries. It is surely a commentary on such, and the irony of fate, or Nemisis, call it what you will, as the republican government of Roman Catholic France today makes war upon the associations and causes a new exodus to the lands where Protestant ism reigns and where civil and religious liberty are to be found. The government of France says the priest shall not interefere in politics. The Protestant people of England had behind them the long struggle of 50 years beginning with the struggle of Charles I. and his parliament. Scotland had its long period of suffering and death. Ireland its sad tale of horror. Close to these wars was the long 37 years of struggle on the part of the Dutch against Spanish tyranny, the story of the Spanish Armada and the St. Bartholomew's Massacre. They had every reason to rejoice and we can truly say, all hail to the day when King William came over. Today we celebrate the Battle of the Boyne which was fought on July 12th, 1690. We do not celebrate this day because it marks a victory of Protestants over Roman Catholics, every intelligent Orangemen rises superior to such. We celebrate it because it marks an epoch in British history, the ending of a long period of suffering and darkness and doubt, the bringing in of a new era of peace, of civil and religious liberty. We do not stand opposed to Roman Catholic belief. While we call as Protestants refuse to accept the doctrine of the mass, the worship of the virgin, and salvation alone being in Rome. We utterly repudiate and resist the dominancy of Rome in the political life of our Empire. By God's grace we will render it impossible for the past to recur. We wish to see Roman Catholics enjoy the same privileges as all other religious bodies and were their rights infringed none would stand quicker for justice than we. Rome today is deftly using the two great forces of our free institutions, education and the franchise to accomplish her ends. It is well for us to remember these things. After all the great danger lies within ourselves. The growth of sacerdotalism as we witness it in the Church of England. The denial of the name of Protestant, the indifferences and apathy concerning vital principles. We have an open Bible but it is largely unread and not pondered. Children are not being trained in its teachings as they ought and the history of the past is neglected and forgotten. Brethren, much depends upon ourselves in exhibiting in our lives the principles of our order and the handing down to our children the precious heritage which is ours. As the outcome of this day's celebration we should go back to our lodges and work with renewed zeal. (applause)

Rev. C. Ladner then gave an earnest and thoughtful address. The speaker dwelt upon the principles of the Order and expressed the hope that he would have a future opportunity to explain more at length the true and beneficial principles of Orangeism. He spoke in glowing terms of his love for his King and loyalty and closed with a tribute to the greatness of the British Empire.

Deputy Grand Master Adair closed the speaking with a ringing address. He referred to the Orange Order in its growth in British Columbia, it having increased 25 per cent during the past year. Also of its expansion throughout the Dominion. He paid eloquent tribute to the late Sovereign Grand Master, Clarke Wallace, as a man and as a citizen and made reference to the late meeting of the Grand Lodge at Niagara where the Grand Master of the Orange Association in the United States (Rev. T. Lemon) spoke of the entwined flags, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, and hoped that they might ever remain entwined and that no hand might ever be raised to seperate them or cause strife. He then closed by pointing to the motto as the first aim of the Order—Equal Rights to all.

The following resolution was then read by Deputy Grand Chaplain Calder: "Resolved that this meeting express its sympathy with the King in his illness and learns with gratification of his recovery and prays that he may be long spared to reign over this great and contented Empire." Further resolved that Bros. Bell of Kamloops, Adair, Johnson and Calder be a committee to draft this resolution and forward to His Majesty the King. This being seconded by Rev. C. Ladner was

(Continued on Page 8).

DROWNED AT NEW DENVER

Howard West, Formerly of Revelstoke, Drowned While Bathing in Slocan Lake.—No Trace of Body.

Howard West, the well known assayer, was drowned in Slocan Lake Sunday night. West frequently took a plunge in the lake before retiring and on this occasion he took a boat out about half past ten at night and that was the last seen of him. Monday morning the boat was picked up by the sawmill tug about 200 yards from the opposite shore. In the boat were West's clothes and his watch and ring which he had carefully laid on the edge of the seat. It is supposed that while in the water a gust of wind took the boat beyond his reach and that he took cramps and drowned. The lake has been systematically dragged, but so far without success, and it is doubtful if the body will ever be recovered.

West was a successful assayer and had offices in Sandon and New Denver. He resided in Revelstoke a few years ago and is well known to many of our citizens.

Revelstoke Athletic Association.

At a well attended meeting in No. 2 fire hall, Tuesday evening, the Revelstoke Athletic Association was organized with the following officers:

Patrons—Gen. Supt. Marpole, Thos. Taylor, M.P.P. and P. Burns.
Hon. Pres.—T. Kilpatrick.
Hon. Vice. Pres.—G. S. McCarter.
President—M. J. O'Brien.
1st. Vice. Pres.—Grant Hall.
2nd. " " —A. J. McDonell.
3rd. " " —A. McRae.
Secy. Treas.—B. A. Lawson.
Trustees—T. E. L. Taylor, C. B. Hume and C. H. Temple.

In answer to a request for a tract of land for recreation grounds east of C.P.R. shops, Supt. Marpole wired that the grant had been made and an engineer will be appointed at an early date to define the limits of the ground.

A meeting of the officers of the association will be held next Monday evening.

Hot Time in Old Town.

[CONTRIBUTED].

SIR: May I encroach upon what ever reserve space you have for publication in your valuable paper re the various decorations, etc., that were prepared as a reception for visitors of the Orange celebration on July 12th, from the surrounding districts.

In the first place special praise is due to the committee who worked so arduously in decorating the lower end of town. One of the features that drew great attraction was the display of bunting, lanterns and arc lights, which were hung in front of the Victoria, Oriental, and Central hotels—the same lights would do credit to many larger cities on the coast.

Thanks are due Mr. W. Cowan and his assistants for their excellent services in having special connection made to supply power for the above. Another feature that was very noticeable was a display of bunting referring to the mining district surrounding Revelstoke stood out in great prominence in front of the Columbia Hotel, and underneath a diagram showing the positions of the various camps. From a panoramic point of view the illuminations were grand. The different colours that could be seen from the head of Front street, owing to the numerous electric lights being covered by a great assortment of Japanese lanterns, was certainly a good representation of the Orient. So perfect was the arrangement of the lights that one could almost imagine at first sight that he was either in Hong Kong or Yokohama.

Special praise is due Mr. Brown of the Victoria Hotel, for the way in which he distributed invitations to one and all to a free open air smoking concert, at the rear of his premises. An extension which had been used as a summer harbor was decorated with bunting, Japanese lanterns, etc., was filled to its utmost capacity. Among those present were Messrs. W. Cowan, W. M. Brown, A. P. Cummins, Andy Cummings, J. A. Smith, J. V. Parks, F. Fraser, J. K. Tobin, F. B. Wells, G. B. Nagle, H. N. Coursier, C. R. MacDonald, J. V. Armstrong, C. Holten, E. Burridge, and many other prominent business men of the city, also the Vernon lacrosse team. The programme was both lengthy and enjoyable. Mr. R. S. Atkins presided at the piano. The gathering broke up at midnight after passing a vote of thanks to Mr. Brown and the singing of God Save the King.

SPECTATOR.

High School Examinations.

The following have passed the high school entrance with marks as follows

Rupert Haggen	833
Maud Hyatt	779
Flora Palmer	773
Grace Somes	659
Lulu Patrick	602

There were no failures in the following subjects: Reading, writing, dictation and spelling, English literature, Canadian history, British history, geography and drawing.

Interesting Railway News.

Hugh Bruce, the "Falstaffian" brakeman, has gone to do assessment work on his claim on Isaac Creek.

Willis Armstrong, the well known C. P. R, engineer, has purchased the residence of Geo. Bell, near the skating rink.

D. Inches, senior, D. Inches, junior and J. Inches, purpose making an extensive tour through the Old Country in the near future.

The HERALD regrets to state that Jas. Netherton, C.P.R. brakeman, has been compelled to remove his family to Kamloops owing to his wife's ill health. It is hoped the change will prove beneficial to Mrs. Netherton.

The C.P.R. have just received from England a gasoline motor observation car, built according to designs prepared in Montreal. The car has a capacity of sixteen persons, and is designed for use in the Rocky mountains in connection with the Banff hotel, and will take the place of an ordinary observation car drawn by a locomotive. It has a speed of 30 miles an hour. Several others will be built in the near future.

A Rich Strike on Isaac Creek.

Reports have reached the city as to big strikes of gold being found in the upper Fish creek and Isaac creek districts and a large number of men have shouldered their packs and gone up Isaac creek to find a fortune. Good mineral indications are abundant at the head of Isaac creek and it is more than probable that the reports of big finds are true.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

Cholera cases are on the increase in the provinces of Manila.

Earl Dundonald sailed from Liverpool for Montreal yesterday.

Lord Kitchener will visit the Bisley rifle camp and inspect the Canadian team.

Three trainloads of home seekers left Montreal yesterday for the Northwest.

During a baseball game at Carleton, Ind., the umpire shot and killed the pitcher of one of the teams.

Manitoba farmers are now enjoying beautiful weather and are enthusiastic over the outlook for a large crop.

Sir Arthur Lawlay, governor of Western Australia, is to be appointed lieutenant governor of the Transvaal colony.

Several deaths from cholera have occurred in the forbidden city of Pekin. The epidemic is spreading steadily inland from the coast.

$400,000 damage has been done to crops near Sauk Centre, Minn., by rain, hail and wind storms. Hail, nine inches in circumference, fell.

Elder Dempster and Allan line steamers have united forces to secure a subsidy from Canada and Great Britain for a fast Atlantic service.

The Ridgeland power house of the Chicago Consolidated Traction Co., has been destroyed by fire. Forty cars and their summer's supply of coal were destroyed. Loss $100,000.

The strike of freight handlers at Chicago terminated today, the men voting to go back to work which they did as individuals. The railways made no concessions. The loss to merchants from this strike is estimated at $10,000,000.

A powder magazine built on a 1,200 foot level, the property of the Daly-West silver mine at Park City, Utah, exploded this morning. Thirty-three bodies have so far been taken from the mine. It is thought that there are still more inside the mine. Most of the miners were killed by suffocating gases.

Messrs. Kirby and Walker, the representatives of the London syndicate controlling the Nettie L., Silver Cup, Ophir Lade and Double Eagle properties, arrived from London last night and leave for Ferguson in a day or so to attend the annual meetings of the several companies and look into their mining investments in this part of the country.

The promenade concert and dance in the rink Friday evening last was largely attended and the management are so much encouraged with the success of the affair that arrangements have been made to hold a social hop every fortnight, the next one taking place on Friday, July 25th. Arrangements are also being made for a lawn tennis tournament to be held during the latter part of August.

Messrs. Sibbald and Wells returned last week from a trip to the Big Bend placer fields. They visited the Ophir property, Raymond Allen's property on Camp Creek, and Downie creek. They were highly pleased with what they saw and claim the prospects of the Big Bend as a rich placer mining camp are exceedingly bright. They were particularly pleased with the accommodation provided on the s.s. Revelstoke and the quick and easy mode of travel which now exists between Revelstoke and the Big Bend.

William MacAdams, editor of the Paystreak, Sandon, passed through the city Tuesday, accompanied by Sheriff Tuck, of Kaslo, on his way to Victoria. MacAdams was summoned to appear before the Full Court of the Supreme Court on July 2, on a charge of contempt of court, arising out of a statement made in the Paystreak that J. K. Clark, of New Denver, was unable to get his case for a commission against J. F. Collom, for the sale of the Arlington mines, before the courts owing to Collom's pull. MacAdams failed to appear and a warrant was issued for his arrest. The case will probably be heard tomorrow.

GREAT MIDSUMMER REDUCTION SALE

High Class Dry Goods.

WE START OUR MIDSUMMER SALE ON SATURDAY MORNING and continue it for the balance of this month. A sale of great interest—one that should jam this Store all day long with eagerly buying shoppers. We have gone through our extensive stocks and selected many of our leading and best selling lines, a few of which we quote below:—

Dress Goods

Five Pairs All-Wool colored Cashmere, in navy blue, brown and drabs. Regular selling price 40c. Sale Price.....30c

Three pairs all-wool Serges in cardinals, dark greens. Selling price 50c. Sale price.....35c

A few ends of Plaids and Fancy Work. Regular 30c. and 35c. Sale price.....20c

Wash Goods

Fancy Dress Muslins in all colorings. Regular lines at 15c. Sale price.....10c

Scotch Zephyrs in stripes and fancy, nice patterns. Selling price 15c. and 18c. Sale price.....12½c

Fancy White Muslins, in stripes and checks. Regular price 15c. and 18c. Sale price.....12½c

Ladies' Sailor Hats

All this Season's Goods and new shapes. Regular price $1 and $1.25. Sale price.....75c

Ladies' Sailors, New Shape. Fine Braid. Regular $1.50. Sale price.....$1

Ladies' Black Sailor Hats. Regular 75c. Sale price.....50c

Ladies' Blouses

In colored Scotch Zephyrs, sizes somewhat broken—Regular $1 and $1.25. Sale price.....75c

Ladies' Cotton Vests

A large assortment in these goods. Regular price 15c., Sale price.....10c

Hats and Bonnets

Children's Muslin Hats. Regular 50c. and 60c. Sale price to clear at.....35c

Children's Muslin Bonnets. Regular price 25c. Sale price.....10c

Big Reductions in Men's and Boys' Summer Hats. It will pay you to look over them. Prices on these goods cut right in two.

Bargains in Everything

IN THIS STORE. Come expecting to get the biggest bargains you ever got and we can assure you that you will not be disappointed.

REID & YOUNG, DRY GOODS MERCHANTS, MACKENZIE AVENUE.

Finding the Right Doctor.

"THERE was a poor woman, whose son was dreadfully ill, and she wanted to get him a doctor; but somehow, instead of going for the doctor, she fell asleep, and dreamt that her son was ill, and that she was going for the doctor. She went first (in her dream) to the house of the first physician in the town, but, when she arrived, the door was crowded with a number of pale beings, who were congregating around it and calling out to those within. So the woman asked them what they were, and they said, 'We are the spirits of those who have been killed by the treatment of this doctor, and we are come to make him our reproaches.' So the woman was horrified, and hurried away to the house of another doctor, but there she found even more souls than *before;* and at each house she went to there were more and more souls who complained of the doctors who had killed them. At last she came to the house of a very poor little doctor, who lived in a cottage in a very narrow, dirty street, and there were only two souls lamenting. 'Ah!' she said, 'this is the doctor for me; for, while the others have killed so many, this good man in all the course of his experience has only sent two souls out of the world.' So she went in and said, 'Sir, I have come to you because of your experience, because of your great and just reputation, to ask you to heal my son.' As she talked of his great reputation the doctor looked rather surprised, and at last he said, 'Well, madam, it is very flattering, but it is odd that you should have heard so much of me, for I have only been a doctor a week.' Ah! then you may imagine what the horror of the woman was—he had only been a doctor a week, and yet he had killed two persons! . . . . So she awoke, and she did not go for a doctor at all, and her son got perfectly well."—*From* "The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare.

Building for The Ages.

TO illustrate the slow and painful evolution of social progress, Olive Schreiner, in a recent article, uses the figure of cathedral-building. She says:

"He who to-day looks at some great Gothic cathedral in its final form seems to be looking at that which might have been the dream of some single soul of genius, who, waking in the morning, found the dream a reality. But in truth its origin was far otherwise. Ages elapsed from the time the first rough stone was laid as a foundation till the last spire and pinnacle were shaped, and the hand which laid the foundation-stone was never the same as that which set the last stone upon the coping. Generations succeeded one another, laboring at gargoyle, rose-window and shaft, and died, leaving the work to others; the first master-builder who drew up the first rough outline passed away and was succeeded by others, and the details of the work as completed bore but faint resemblance to the work as he devised it; no man fully understood all that others had done or were doing, but each labored in his place, and the work as completed had unity; it expressed not the desire and necessity of one mind, but of the unknown human spirit. And not less essential to the existence of the building was the labor of the humble workman who passed his life in carving gargoyles and shaping a few rose-windows, than that of the loftiest master-builder who drew the general outlines. And it was heroic; for the master-builder who, though it were but vaguely, had some image of what the whole work would be when the last stone was laid upon the coping and the last spire raised, it was easy to labor with devotion and zeal—though well he might know that the placing of that last stone and the raising of that last spire would not be his, and that the building in its full beauty and strength he should never see. But for the journeyman laborer who carried on his stones, and month by month toiled, carving at his own little gargoyle or shaping the traceries in his little oriel window, without any vision of what the whole would be when completed, it was not so easy; nevertheless, it was through the conscientious labors of such alone, through their heaps of chipped and spoiled stones, their half failures and almost blind successes, that at the last the pile could be reared in its strength and beauty."

Vaccination de Rigueur.

THE epidemic of smallpox in London, England, has, it seems, given rise to a curious innovation. Invitations are sent out for tea, on which it is stated there will be—not dancing, but vaccination. The sterner sex is represented by a doctor; tea is served at four o'clock, and at five vaccination begins. Whether this be true or not, they went one better in France a few years ago. There was an outbreak of smallpox in Paris, and a leader of fashion was struck with the idea of getting all her friends vaccinated. She issued invitations to a ball, which ended in a superb cotillion. She informed her guests that the latter would contain an entirely new figure. It did. The men had to submit to vaccination on the arm; the women on the calf of the leg. This is how it was carried out: After a "tour-de-valse," each man brought his partner to the doctor. She gracefully raised her skirt; there was a little cry on the part of the patient, another "tour-de-valse," and she was re-conducted to her place. The men had to take off their coats and display a corner of their biceps. From this it will be seen that England has not the monopoly of eccentric ideas.

An Embarrassing Honor.

The obsequiousness of those who hope to advance themselves by being exceedingly polite to their superiors in office sometimes assumes an amusing aspect.

A certain head of a government department was invited, says a daily paper, to dine with others at a table with a cabinet minister. During the dinner the former, who happened to be placed between a door and a window, and had said nothing at all, began to sneeze.

"Are you taking cold, Mr. Brown?" asked the cabinet minister.

"I believe I have that honor and pleasure," answered Mr. Brown, bowing very respectfully.

"The Book Booster."

A VACANT niche in contemporary periodical literature, says the "Literary Digest," is filled by the "Book Booster," which is edited by "Mr. Criticus Flub-Dubbe," and published by "Josh, Gosh & Co.," in Evanston, Ill. Its purpose, as it is careful to inform the reader on its first page, is to "boost books—our own and others," with the distinction that "the books published by Josh, Gosh & Co. will be boosted without reference to the number of pounds sold, while the publications of other houses will be boosted only when they have passed the dead line, which is fifty thousand pounds."

The book boosted in this particular issue is "Faggots of Empire," by Miss Bertha Bosh. "Miss Bosh," we are told from the "Editor's Rocking Chair," "is only fifteen years old, but is extremely bright for her age. She is a Chicago girl, and has never traveled farther than Oconomowoc, which makes her literary feat all the more remarkable. For 'Faggots of Empire' is a story of the reign of Charlemagne, and the author betrays a singular acquaintance with the local color of those times." Indeed, her narrative "contains more facts than the histories." Moreover:

"The cloth used in binding the first edition would, if stretched end to end, reach from Chicago to Evanston. Placed side by side the pages would reach from Chicago to Minneapolis. Smeared thinly, the ink used would cover four townships. Ten million cockroaches could subsist for six months on the binder's paste employed. Set up side by side, the individual letters in the text would reach from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands. And the hot air employed in boosting the book would float ten thousand balloons."

Another interesting literary announcement is made to the effect that "Josh, Gosh & Co. have been appointed Western selling agents for the forthcoming book of Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton (formerly Seton-Thompson), which is to be titled 'Cheap Thompsons I Have Known.'" The "Book Booster" is replete with touching poems and thrilling serials, and "The Stovepipe of Navarre," a blood-curdling "Romance of Sword and Cloak," by Miss Poeta Pants, quite puts in the shade all current literary efforts along the same line.

What Did the Fakir Do?

WONDERFUL stories are told of the powers of the Hindu *fakirs.* Careful attention to their tricks has not discovered their secret with any certainty, but Captain James Parker, the English traveler, who has just returned from a tour of India, gives it as his belief that hypnotism is the means by which they accomplish their most startling illusions. One incident which he describes seems to bear out his view.

The trick which is acknowledged to be the greatest of these Hindu mystic performances, says Captain Parker, and the one that has been described by trustworthy persons too often to be doubted, is the one in which the fakir throws a ball of twine into the air above him, until it disappears from sight. The loose end of the string he holds in his hand, and after the boy assistant has climbed up the string until he, too, is out of sight, the fakir himself follows, with a knife between his teeth.

The spectators, surprised when both boy and man climb out of sight, are horrified when the boy's severed head, arms and legs, followed by the trunk, fall to the ground, and the man slides down close behind. Their astonishment is increased when the fakir gathers the severed members and restores the boy to life.

Well, I saw this performance once, and once I didn't see it; and the latter experience was more wonderful than the other. I had some London friends visiting me, and after having left them for a few minutes on the veranda of my bungalow, I saw, as I was returning, the same fakir and his assistant, whom I had seen perform the trick, standing about forty feet in front of my friends, apparently preparing to begin a performance. As I was about as far behind the natives as my friends were in front of them, and had not been observed, I stood quietly where I was.

The man placed a drawn knife between his teeth, took the usual ball of twine in his right hand, made a motion as if throwing it into the air, and then stood perfectly quiet. My friends on the veranda were looking into the upper air with astonishment on their faces, which in a minute turned to a look of horror as their eyes came back to the ground. In another minute their countenances lighted up with pleasure, and they applauded roundly.

They could not say enough about the wonderful performance they had seen, and they were astonished beyond measure when I told them I had been as near the fakir as they, and had seen nothing of what had so wonderfully impressed them.

If that was not hypnotism, what was it?

The Irreverent Phonograph.

THE Prince of Wales tells a good story of how a morning service was spoiled on the second Sunday's voyage of the "Ophir." There being every prospect of a dull afternoon, the Duchess of York suggested something appropriate from the phonograph, and the instrument was put through a rehearsal on the Sunday morning during the time of service. The cabin in which the preparations were made was two decks below the upper deck, but there was an uptake which carried sound as well as vitiated air, and so the following dialogue occurred:

Chaplain (giving out his text)—The way of transgressors is hard.

Phonograph (musically)—And you've got a long way to go.

It took twenty minutes to find the phonograph, which persisted, in its unconscious brawling, and by that time the congregation was neither large nor spiritually minded.

Ordinary Tears.

Old Gentleman—Why do you shed such bitter tears, my boy? Boston Child (pausing in his grief)—Really, I cannot conceive that my tears differ as to their brackish quality from other lachrymose emissions. I have never heard of saccharine tears.—Philadelphia "Press."

Talking Dogs.

GOOD evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends is given in the following very human story told by a writer in the Boston "Herald:"

"The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about four years ago. It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals. One of these bitter nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and a little terrier, asking admission. In the face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were made welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure; but how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening, this time accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters of which he seemed to have knowledge. If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, the doubts were removed on the third night, when my three tramps returned, their number still further increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were at once amusing and pathetic. With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate; but their irreproachable behavior and their many ingratiating ways had insured for them a welcome at our house as long as the cold wave lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more."

Are You an Appendicitter?

THE question that men in Kalamazoo ask each other is not, "Are you a Buffalo?" but, "Are you an Appendicitter?" The interrogatory is intended to elicit information as to whether the person addressed is a member in good standing of the Kalamazoo "Appendicitis Club." A person who has had his vermiform appendix removed, of course, is not presumed to be eligible to membership in this club. As medical and surgical science has never been able to discover any use for the vermiform appendix in man's anatomy, it is popularly understood that it was placed there principally for the benefit of the doctors. Many a poor but deserving young physician gets his start in practice by removing a man's vermiform appendix, and then removing a good portion of the man's estate afterward. The appendicitters in Kalamazoo, however, have played a sharp turn on the mercenary doctors. Too many of them wanted to get rich out of this "fifth wheel of man's anatomy." They have worked a corner in the appendicitis crop. Seven hundred persons have formed an organization to protect their collective vermiform appendices from the knives of mercenary surgeons, who desire to carve their way to fame and fortune in one short hour. The doctor who breaks into this vermiform combine—this community of intestinal interests—will have to accept the tariff of the association. There will be no more fancy fees for cutting out the vermiform appendix in Kalamazoo. The poor as well as the rich can have appendicitis in the famous celery town. Doctors and nurses will be paid reasonable fees from the funds of the club. The Kalamazoo idea is a good one, and likely to spread.

Why the Czar Wears a Beard.

COMMENTING on the statement by a foreign correspondent that the Czar of Russia wears a full beard because he is afraid to have himself shaved, the Chicago "Record-Herald" says: "He fears that he might get into a Nihilist barber's chair some morning, and—swick! The rest may be imagined. Therefore, to avoid the danger of having his throat cut by one of his loving subjects, his Imperial Majesty is compelled to go through life with a beard, which he has trimmed as seldom as possible, because he is inclined to shy away from shears as well as from razors. It is said that the royal whiskers never are trimmed, save in the presence of four tried and true grand masters of the court, who stand ready to pounce upon the barber and eat him up if he dares to make a suspicious move. Moreover, in order to further increase the safety of his most exalted Majesty, the office of royal barber has been made hereditary in the family of Guelabovski—a name which in itself might be regarded by some people with misgivings. But the Guelabovskis are said to be very loyal, and, of course, being ennobled for their services as trimmers of the imperial whiskers, it isn't likely that they will deliberately cause trouble by using dull shears or nipping the skin appertaining to the royal Adam's apple. Yet the Czar mourns because all his children are girls. Foolish, short-sighted Czar! He should consider the advantage they have in being members of the gentler sex. They will never have faces to shave or whiskers to trim. Being a man is no snap—if one belongs to the Russian royal family."

Fewer Candidates for the Ministry.

THAT there is foundation for the alarm recently sounded in the religious press over a dearth of candidates for the ministry is evidenced by the annual catalogue of Princeton Theological Seminary, just out, which shows that that institution has twenty-three students less than it had last year. It is stated in this connection by "Leslie's Weekly" that in 1896 there were 1,500 students in the Presbyterian seminaries of the United States, whereas there are now about 900, *a falling off of more than one-third.* Other denominations are complaining of a similar lack of recruits for the ministry. It is said that the seminary authorities at Princeton ascribe the falling off in candidates largely to the opening of the new possessions of the United States, which seem to appeal to the business instincts of the American youth. This may have something to do with the case, but we fear, says the "Weekly," there are other reasons larger and of more serious significance in their bearing on the future of the Church.

Anecdotal.

In an after-dinner speech at the London Savage Club recently on the purity of the English tongue, Winston Churchill remarked: "I have written five books, the same number as Moses—but I will not press the comparison."

Charles II. once granted an audience to the courtly Quaker, William Penn, who, as was his custom, entered the royal presence with his hat on. The humorous sovereign quietly laid aside his own, which occasioned Penn's enquiry: "Friend Charles, why dost thou remove thy hat?" "It is the custom," he replied, "in this place for one person only to remain covered."

Eben Jones, the crabbed millionaire lumberman of Minnesota, hired all his mill-hands himself. One day a Swede applied to the irritable old man, and secured a place on the saws. As he was leaving he said: "Mester Yones, in dees yob you geef me doaller and hallef a day. Besides dat, do you eat me or do I eat myselef?" "Oh, eat yourself!" replied the old man. "I have dyspepsia."

Phil May, the noted English cartoonist, went into an oyster saloon in the East End of London one day and ordered a dozen natives, when another man entered and gave a similar order, enquiring anxiously of the proprietor if the oysters were fresh. "Fresh!" echoed the bivalve merchant. "Fresh! Why"—indicating Mr. May with a wave of his hand—"the first oyster that gentleman took up bit his lip!"

An Irishman who was charged with stealing a watch from a fellow-citizen, stoutly denied the impeachment in court, and brought a counter accusation against his accuser for assault and battery committed with a frying-pan. "Why did you allow the prosecutor, who is a smaller man than yourself, to assault you without resistance?" asked the judge; "had you nothing in your hand to defend you self with?". "Bedad, your honor," said Pat, "I had his watch, but what was that against a frying-pan?"

The "Scotsman" tells of a Dublin man who insisted that a Scotch friend should stay at his house instead of a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to all places of amusement, paying all the cab fares and the rest. When the visitor was returning to Dunedin, the Irishman saw him down to the steamer, and they went together to have a last cigar. "Now, look here," said the man from Dunedin, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at your hoose for a month, an' payin' for a' the amusements and cabs and so on—I tell you I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"

One of the eccentricities of that most penurious of pedagogues, Dr. Barrett, was that he hardly ever appeared outside the walls of Trinity College, conducting his modest menage there with the help of a decrepit old housekeeper, who attended to all his wants, even to daily fetching from a nearby dairy the half-pennyworth of milk needed in the establishment. When one frosty morning, Mary, going on this errand, slipped and broke her leg, the worthy doctor for the first time in years left the college to pay her a visit in the hospital. On reaching her cot, it is related that his sympathetic greeting was: "Hello, Mary; so you broke your leg; I suppose you broke the jug, too, but where is the half-penny?"

Mr. Justice Mathew of England is a man of such mild and kindly exterior, with such gentle voice and manner, that almost invariably he gives the impression of being a simple country gentleman rather than a profound lawyer. This was evidently the idea of a professional seller of painted birds, who some years ago met him in the neighborhood of the law courts, and, exhibiting one of his birds, asked him if he could tell to what species it belonged. The judge stopped, examined the bird with great care, pretended to admire the gaudy plumage, examined it again, and then remarked: "I do not think I have ever seen a bird exactly like this, but, judging from the old proverb that 'Birds of a feather flock together,' I should say it was a jailbird."

Far Reaching Influence.

"OLD-FASHIONED Indian stories, the dime novels of years back which were within the reach of all the boys, were an important factor in building up the great West," said a typical Westerner. "These novels used to circulate in a neighborhood till they had been read by every boy and had fallen to pieces through handling. They fired the ambition of the youngsters, set them to practising shooting and riding, and sent many of them to the West in search of adventures. Some soon returned to their homes, others became bad men and were killed in time, but the great mass of them, too proud to return home, created the vigorous, wideawake population of our Western States. I have talked to hundreds of our Western pioneers about the causes which brought them west, and a majority of them admit that dime novels had more to do with it than anything else."

A Heretic.

"The man is a driveling idiot," said the trust magnate.

"A plumb fool," agreed the coal baron.

"An unmitigated lunatic," assented the steel king.

"Crazy as a March hare," asseverated the great financier.

"A hopeless imbecile," asserted the power in Wall street.

"Absolutely and utterly devoid of sense," chimed in the senator.

"As brainless as a barrel," added the corporation lawyer.

"But what has he done?" asked the ordinary citizen.

The crowd was convulsed with laughter.

"Why, he says," they replied, choking and gurgling, "he actually says that money isn't everything!"—"Smart Set."

Might be Worse.

One day, Mackintosh, having vexed him by calling O'Coigly "a rascal," Parr immediately rejoined, "Yes, Jamie, he was a bad man, but he might have been worse; he was an Irishman, but he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, but he might have been a lawyer; he was a republican, but he might have been an apostate."

The Shortcomings of Girls.

WHEN I was a schoolgirl, with many definite opinions, I remember having a talk with a man of thirty, who happened to advance a theory—I forget about what—which aroused in me ardent dissent. I eagerly presented my view, which was the exact reverse of his, and paused for him to defend himself. He gave me a friendly look; then leaned back and gazed out of the window, with the remark, "Well, there's something in that, too."

I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of the room. For, I thought, if one really hold an opinion, how can he say there is "something in" the contrary view? But since then I have not only had many such experiences; I have myself become an offender. And I wonder if it is altogether a gain. It may be sheer contrariness, but I do get a little tired, sometimes, of broad-mindedness and tolerance, and long for good, bigoted narrowness that can be counted on. I should really like to be told: "No, you're totally wrong; what you have just said is false absolutely. The facts of the case are these, and if you don't believe it, so much the worse for you." How I should enjoy that! But I have not had the experience since my brothers grew up. Occasionally, in desperation, I have assumed the part myself, and taken my stand on positive assertion of a single half truth; but it does no good. I simply live over that early experience; again I am told, "There's something in that, too," and it gives me the feeling, to quote a figure used by a friend in another connection, of having come up against a soft curtain where I expected a wall.

"A plain categorical proposition," says Mr. Morley, "is becoming less and less credible to average minds. Or at least the slovenly willingness to hold two directly contradictory propositions at one and the same time is becoming more and more common." I do not think it is quite this. Men surely used to hold two directly contradictory propositions at one and the same time with the utmost ease. The point is that they did not know they were contradictory, whereas we do; and still we hold them—or rather, entertain them, as one would interesting guests. Our attitude toward every opinion we meet might be expressed thus: "Well, there's something in that, too. Come right in!" And the new opinion comes in, and draws a chair up to the hospitable fire, and finds a friendly circle of other opinions there; they shake hands all round, and each tells the others what good fellows they are.

This is amiable, but, in honesty, I don't like it. It is like the congress of religions, which I have never been able to understand, save on the assumption that each secretly hopes to convert the others by taking them off their guard, or that no one is in earnest about his religion except as regards its common moral basis. The old attitude used to be, "You think differently from me: therefore you're wrong, therefore you're bad, therefore I'll kill you." One by one these clauses have been dropped, beginning with the last one; thus reversing the system of "the House that Jack Built." First we stopped killing the other man, then we stopped thinking he was bad, and now we have nearly stopped thinking he is wrong. May this not be carried too far?—From the "Contributors' Club."

Defeated the Bicyclist.

"GO and hitch up the ostrich," is not at all an absurd command on an ostrich farm. There these great birds are often harnessed to a carriage, and make fairly good substitutes for horses. Although they cannot draw a heavy load, their speed is a recommendation.

At Jacksonville, Florida, there is a bird named Oliver W. that can run a mile in two minutes and twenty-two seconds. His owners claim that he is more satisfactory than a horse because he eats less, never shies at anything, never runs away, and goes steadily at a good pace without laziness or fatigue.

This particular ostrich appears to like his work. When the little carriage is brought out he comes running toward it at full speed, with both wings spread out, ready to have the harness put on.

On one occasion a cyclist tried to pass Oliver W. on a long, smooth stretch of road. He came up behind the carriage, thinking to get ahead and escape the dust. Oliver W. thought differently. He threw his head high in the air, gave a flap with his wings, and went forward with a speed that astonished the cyclist. Putting forth more effort, the latter made another attempt to pass the ostrich, but the faster the pedals of the bicycle moved the faster sped the long legs of the bird.

It so happened that the cyclist had a record as a fast rider, and to be distanced by an ostrich was not to his liking. For two miles he tried to pass his feathered rival, but was then obliged to give up the race, defeated.

Some fast horses have tried conclusions with Oliver W., who seems to like nothing better than testing their speed, starting slowly to make them think it easy to distance him, and then gradually increasing his pace.

Modest Fees.

LAWYERS do not usually get the small end of a bargain with their clients, but the "Green Bag" recalls two incidents where the clients had rather the best of it.

Sir Walter Scott's first client was a burglar. He got the fellow off, but the man declared that he hadn't a penny to give him for his services. Two bits of useful information he offered, however, and with these the young lawyer had to be content. The first was that a yelping terrier inside the house was a better protection against thieves than a big dog outside; and the second, that no sort of lock bothered his craft so much as an old rusty one.

Small compensation as this was, the first brief of the noted French lawyer, Monsieur Rouher, yielded still less. The peasant for whom Monsieur Rouher won the case asked how much he owed him.

"Oh, say two francs," said the modest young advocate.

"Two francs!" exclaimed the peasant. "That is very high. Won't you let me off with a franc and a half?"

"No," said the counsel; "two francs or nothing."

"Well, then," said his client, "I'd rather pay nothing."

And with a bow he left.

Alligator Stories.

The game books kept by all the principal hostelries at Tampa Bay make exciting reading for the gentle stranger, in whom the various entries conjure up vivid reminiscences of Indian jungle or African river, where one goes

A-swimming in the muddy Nile,
And swims into a crocodile.

And while there is great excitement in playing a 150-pound tarpon, in netting a big catch of mullet, or in bringing down an Imperial eagle, the sportsman who goes after alligators feels he is really emulating the hunter who returns from the jungle laden with tiger skins and elephant tusks, and this thrill can be experienced by anyone who finds his way to Tampa Bay, where alligators of seven, nine and eleven feet are continually bagged.

The belief was long current that the only vulnerable spot in an alligator was the eye, and that a rifle ball would glance from the skin of this tropical armed cruiser, but a modern rifle ball will penetrate his hide anywhere, though it is not always immediately fatal. Apropos of Florida alligators, here is an amusing record from one of the game books at Tampa Bay. Someone wrote: "Killed the largest alligator seen this year. Found in his stomach a book, a piece of pinewood, a fisherman's float, and some small fish!"

Right under this another sportsman wrote: "Killed a much bigger alligator. The stomach contained a gold watch, ten thousand dollars in Government bonds, and a cord of wood." Not to be outdone, a third hunter wrote: "Shot the biggest alligator ever killed in Florida. In the stomach were found the remains of a steam launch, a lot of old railroad iron, a motor car, and a quantity of melted ice, proving that it existed during the glacial period!"

Safe to Say.

For the benefit of those who are at a loss to know just what to say on seeing a new baby for the first time, and who naturally feel that they must say something, we give the following list of expressions, any and all of which are commonly used, there being no patent or copyright on them. Whether you shall offer to kiss the infant depends somewhat on its age and appearance, and the extent to which you are willing to sacrifice yourself in order to please the baby's mamma. The baby itself doesn't care a button for your feelings or your kisses, but you are expected to say: "What a pretty little thing!" "Bright-eyed little fellow, isn't he?" "Why, how large he is!" "I don't think I ever saw so young a child take so much notice of his surroundings." "He's the image of his father." "How much does he weigh?" "What lovely, silky hair!" "Looks very like you." "What a little rosebuddy of a mouth!" "Do let me see his little toes!" "How very wise he seems." "I really believe the little thing understands every word we say." "Oh, what a splendid big boy he is!"

Lee Low's Misapprehension.

Lee Low Wung, secretary of the Chinese consulate in New York, in the course of a conversation recently, spoke of some of the ideas prevalent in his country, as follows:

"In China it is generally supposed that a man's brains are located in his stomach, and the fatter he is the more his wisdom is deemed assured. Of course, there are many people in China who know that a man's brains are in his head, but they cheerfully assist in maintaining the jolly fiction of corpulent greatness.

"I began to learn English in China when I was 15 years old, under the instruction of Dr. Malcolm of Shanghai. I had begun to study it in secret by myself a year before, but it was too much for my unaided efforts.

"The word wind, being used in two senses, gave me as much trouble as anything else. For a long time I was under the impression that in England and America clocks and watches were filled with air to keep them going. I was curious to see this operation of winding the clock, and my disappointment when Dr. Malcolm explained the mystery was very acute."

The Switzerland of America.

The above caption is particularly appropriate to the region in the "Highlands of Ontario" known as "The Lake of Bays" district. It is replete with natural beauty and loveliness, and comprises some of the most beautiful water stretches and picturesque landscapes for which the locality is becoming so famous with the ever increasing army of tourists. The scenic grandeur of hill and mountain, the placid beauty of the lakes, the lovely rivers, are not surpassed in any country. One thousand feet above sea level. No Hay Fever, absence of flies, splendid speckled trout fishing, and good bathing and boating assured. Handsome illustrated descriptive matter giving full particulars can be had for the asking by applying to M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

His Advice.

The story is told of the present Archbishop of Canterbury that, upon a candidate for ordination essaying to read a chapter of the Bible before him to test his elocutionary powers, he was stopped with the abrupt comment, "Ye're inaudible!" "But, my lord," said the discomfited youth, "I've read the lesson in a big church, and been told that every word could be heard." "Who told ye—a lady? Are ye engaged to her?" The candidate owned the soft impeachment. "Then, don't believe a word she says—until ye're married to her," was the ungallant reply.

The Artist's Little Joke.

"This," said the Eminent Artist, "is my famous study of the Cows in the Clover." "But where is the clover?" we asked, not seeing any of it in the picture. "Oh, the cows have eaten it, you know."

Mrs. Jenkyns—I see Mrs. Hoetong is going to have "King Lear" at her next private theatricals. Mrs. Newrich (furious with envy)—*Is she?* The affected thing. Do you know, I don't believe he's a real king at all.—"Tit-Bits."

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Big Buildings.

St. Peter's is the biggest building in the world. St. Paul's could be placed inside the great cathedral at Rome without blocking up the way through. St. Peter's stands on an area of two hundred and forty thousand square feet, with a front four hundred feet broad and a length inside of six hundred feet. The cost of building the cathedral was three and a half millions sterling—exactly the same sum as was spent on the British Houses of Parliament, and five times as much as the cost of St. Paul's. The Vatican, which can hardly be called a single building, has eleven thousand apartments, approached by two hundred staircases; and there is a mystery in Madrid which has twelve thousand windows and doors. But they can hardly be called single buildings, and, bearing this distinction in mind, the biggest building in the world is the Church of the Pope at Rome.

The builders of the Old World were more ambitious than our own. No such theater has ever been built in the modern world as the Coliseum, with its diameter of six hundred and fifteen feet, its height of one hundred and sixty-four feet, and its seats for a hundred thousand people. No wall has ever been built to equal the great wall of China, which runs thirty feet high and twenty-four feet thick for twelve hundred miles; and the Pyramids remain the wonder of the world in the twentieth century as in the first. Ancient Egypt had twelve palaces each with three thousand rooms; and the walls of Nineveh ran for a hundred miles a hundred feet high and wide enough for three chariots to drive abreast along the top.

He Knew His Own.

Carlyle, speaking of America, once said that the North cursed the negro and bade him be free, and the South blessed him and bade him be a slave. His theory gives point to a story told in the Arkansas "Thomas Cat."

One of the old-time Southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down, he found himself penniless and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house.

"Ef yo' please, sah," he began, when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't you gib a p'or called man wuk ter do, or sompin ter eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No, mister; very sorry, but have nothing for you."

All who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him. Finally he rang the bell at a brown-stone front. A gentleman appeared, and the old man began, "Boss, I is starvin'. Can't yo' gimme some victuals?"

"You black, kinky-headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman. "How dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go round the back-yard way to the kitchen and the cook'll give you something, you black —"

But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Thank de Lawd, I foun' mah own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em—I foun' 'em!"

Didn't Like Officers' Fare.

Anybody with any knowledge of nautical matters at all knows what an habitual growler "Jack" is. Never was he known to be satisfied with any possible condition of affairs, no matter what efforts might have been spent in pleasing him.

A good example of this is shown in a story told by the skipper of a large American sailing vessel now in port. On his last trip from San Francisco to this port he had with him some passengers; so, to prevent friction, he humored the seamen more than he otherwise would have done. On the second day out the crew all came aft and demanded to see the skipper.

Breaking the Ice.

Some society people, remarks Hal Berte in "Pick-Me-Up," are greatly perturbed over a problem that presents itself when two persons, of opposite sexes, who are strangers to each other, are introduced for the purpose of going in to dinner together. The vital question is which, under the circumstances, should speak first? Without posing as an authority on etiquette, I venture to suggest that the onus of speaking first naturally devolves upon the gentleman, because the lady is bound to ultimately get even by having the last word. Of course, if the gentleman really wants the lady to lead off, the best thing he can do is to accidentally tread on her dress. In which case she will probably say something commencing with the fourth letter of the alphabet. With this cue, profuse apologies can be tendered; and the rest is easy.

A Girl of the People

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Author of "The Barn Stormers," "Fortune's Sport," "Miss Nobody," "Her Royal Highness," "Lady Mary of the Dark House," etc.

went down on one knee, not in a theatrical, lover-like way, but as a big brother might do with a little sister. And very gently he laid his hand over my two, that were clasped tightly together in my lap. Altogether his manner was considerate and reassuring. But, then, Roger's manner invariably was perfect in every emergency.

"You are so young, such a child still," he went on, before I could speak, and resisting my efforts to draw my hands from under his, "that you need someone to take care of you. I want to be that one, dear. And she who is gone desired it, as you know. If it were not for that I would not have spoken yet. But she would not have wished me to delay. Little girl, what have you to say to me? You have lost the one you loved best on earth; but here is one who loves you even more than she did. Will you take me for a lover instead of a cousin?"

"O Roger, I can't—I can't!" I exclaimed. "How I wish you hadn't said it! You are very kind, but we must go on being cousins, and—nothing more."

His handsome face hardened a little. "Why?" he persisted. "You don't dislike me?"

"No-o," I responded, dubiously. "But I don't love you."

"I don't expect love at first—not the sort of love I feel for you," he said. "Why, you are almost too young to know what love means. Trust yourself to me, dear, and trust me to teach you its meaning."

I shook my head, and I was beginning to grow impatient. "You couldn't," I said. "I know enough about love, by instinct, to be sure that you could never teach it to me. You might try for a hundred years, and it would be just the same at the end as it is now."

"That's a hard answer," he ejaculated, flushing. "It's your youth that speaks. Perhaps, after all, I ought to have waited. But dear Aunt Ermyntrude——"

"It's no use waiting," I interrupted him, with almost fierce decision. "Since you began this, Roger, we must finish it now, and not speak of it again ever—never, if we are to remain friends. You've always been very good and very nice to me, and I've tried to be fond of you—not in the way you mean, but just as a cousin, because I knew that it was mother's wish. Yet I couldn't make myself do it. I've never been comfortable with you, Roger, or happy in your society. It's better to tell you all the truth now, so that you will quite understand that it couldn't be different."

He was still on one knee by my side, though he had released my hands now, and he was looking straight into my eyes with a very strange look.

"I'm thirty-six, Sheila, and you're eighteen," he said, slowly. "I've seen girls change who thought they never could."

"You will not see this one change!" I cried, almost crossly, for I thought that he ought in manliness to take me at my word without attempting further argument. "O Roger, I do think it cruel of you to have brought up this to-day! You said there was business which could not wait, and yet this is all——"

"This is not all," Roger repeated, taking the words out of my mouth. "It is only the beginning. You don't understand yet, but you will by and by, and you will think very differently of me then. Instead of anger there will be, I am sure, a more kindly emotion in your heart. You will see that I pleaded with you, as for the greatest boon that a woman can grant a man, while I might have begun in another way more gratifying perhaps to my own pride, and more likely to prove successful. But I preferred to sue as a subject to his queen, rather than play King Cophetua."

"King Cophetua?" I opened my eyes and gazed at him haughtily. "I do not see the appropriateness of the simile."

"I told you that you did not understand now. But I won't keep you in suspense."

To my relief he rose from his humble posture and stood before me, looking down, veiled excitement in his face.

"Speaking of King Cophetua," he went on, "reminds me of a story—the story of a beggar maid. Once upon a time there was a man who had been poor all his life. And there was a girl who had been rich. Suddenly they changed places, though she was left in ignorance. The man loved the girl, who was very beautiful and so indifferent in her manner to him that he, who was not used to indifference from other women, was piqued into desiring to win her even more ardently than he would otherwise. He had wanted her when he believed himself poor and the girl rich. But when the change came, he loved her just as much. And to show his love, instead of saying: 'You have lost everything. Come to me, who can give it all back,' he would have concealed the truth, if she would have let him, for a time at least, until she had grown accustomed to the idea that the best happiness of her life must come from him. Do you think that he was a man of honor or a quixotic fool?"

"He might have been—neither one nor the other," I answered, firmly, though my heart had begun to beat very fast. "Perhaps he was only—posing."

"You are a cynic, my child," Roger said, calmly. But his beautifully arched brows drew together in a frown.

"What has your story to do with me?" I asked.

"Everything, with both you and me."

I looked up quickly; our eyes met and dwelt. A slight shiver ran through my body. What was coming now? I felt as if I was standing on the edge of a precipice, knowing that Roger would push me over and I should not be able to resist.

"You are serious?"

"Most serious. This is what was in my mind when I asked if Aunt Ermyntrude had spoken at the last of the circumstances of your birth. This was in her mind, perhaps, when she told you it would make her happy if you could learn to care for me."

"Please don't try to break it gently, Roger," I said, my lips very dry. "Tell me everything you know—straight out."

"I will, if you can bear it. You have been brought up to believe that you were born abroad. That is not the case."

"Oh, well, it is not important."

"My cousin, Sir Vincent Cope, was not your father."

"What, was my mother twice married, then?"

"My Aunt Ermyntrude was not your mother."

I sprang up with a faint, choking cry. "It is not true!" I panted.

"It is true, and it can easily be proved. I am not the only one who knows it. There are other witnesses in whose mouths the truth shall be established. There is not a drop of Cope blood in your veins, poor little desolate Sheila."

"Desolate, indeed!" I bitterly echoed. "If it be true—oh, I will grant it true, if you choose!—why was I never told before? Why was I left to hear it from you?"

"Why should I not be the one to tell you, as tenderly as such a hard thing can be told? Had Aunt Ermyntrude lived you would have been kept in ignorance at least until your marriage. Then it would have been as your husband thought best. Ah, Sheila, how I would have protected and shielded you if you would have let me! Even yet it's not too late. Look at me; I'm holding out my arms to you. Don't go away into the world homeless, penniless. Stay in this shelter and you will not miss anything that was ever yours."

"Homeless — penniless!" I echoed, dazedly. "I don't understand."

"If Aunt Ermyntrude had left a will, she would, doubtless, have provided for you as a daughter," Roger went on, slowly. "Had she done so I must have known it, for I was her lawyer, and managed all business matters for her, as you are probably aware. Once or twice, thinking of some such difficulty as this, I ventured to advise her to make a will. But she always evaded me and put it off. This place was her property. She was a rich woman, with an income of ten or twelve thousand pounds a year; and had you been her daughter by ties of blood as well as affection, everything must have gone to you in the absence of a will, as you would have been the natural heir. No one else could have claimed an acre or a penny. But as it is you are not a relation at all, and you will get nothing. Everything goes by law to the next-of-kin, Aunt Ermyntrude's one living relative."

"Yourself!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly. Don't blame me, Sheila. I did not make the law."

"No, but——"

"But what?"

"Nothing," I said, dully.

I had been on the point of crying out: "You might refuse to accept what the law gives." But I stopped just in time. I would have died sooner than ask or receive favors from Roger Cope. I never trusted or liked him. Now, almost numbed as I was by the blow with which he had struck me, I saw him as he was—a hypocrite, a poseur; vain, utterly selfish, utterly unscrupulous in gaining his own ends. I had lost everything; mother, home, and means of support, but I would have nothing from him. I could not yet fully realize what the revelation of this morning must mean for me. So far I only felt the pain of knowing that the beautiful woman I had worshipped and feared had never belonged to me at all. And in my misery, like some wretched little animal caught in a trap, my impulse was to bite the hand nearest. I turned on Roger.

CHAPTER VII.

I Arrive at a Momentous Decision.

"I can understand well enough," I exclaimed, bitterly, "why you should have wished to marry me if I had been the heiress that people have thought me. But why do you want me now?"

Roger waved his hand towards a great mirror that went from floor to ceiling, on the wall of the "Indian boudoir."

"Look at yourself," he said.

Mechanically, hardly knowing what I did, I looked. Never before had I been critical of myself. But now I gazed searchingly at my own face—the one fortune that was left me.

I was beautiful. Even I could see that. As I grew older, my hair might change its young gold for autumn brown; but it was yellow as ripe wheat now, brown only in the shadows, where the waves curved inward. And my eyes were big, and dark, and soft. Suddenly, I felt very sorry for myself, because I was so pretty, and only eighteen; because I seemed to have left youth and happiness forever behind me, and there was no one whom I loved or had a claim upon to put kind arms round me, and let me cry my heart out on a sympathetic breast.

Tears sprang to my eyes, but I crushed them back. Roger Cope should not see me cry.

"I want you because you are the prettiest girl, and some day will be the most beautiful woman on earth," cried Roger, speaking more warmly and impulsively than I had ever heard him speak. "I want you, too, because you are hard to win; and I have always liked overcoming difficulties. Sooner or later, I warn you, Sheila, I will overcome this one, and you with it. I will! You might as well yield to the inevitable now."

"It isn't inevitable. And I won't yield," I stoutly maintained. "You haven't proved any of your statements yet."

"I will, soon enough; or, rather, I can. But if you will promise to marry me, sweet, no one need ever know. You will marry as Miss Sheila Cope of Arrish Mell Court; and I will come here to live, as your husband—"

"You will come here to live, it may be, but not as my husband," I cut him short. "I shall have gone away before that."

"Where would you go?" Roger asked curiously, almost incredulously.

"The world's a big place," I retorted my voice quivering with the sobs that would not quite be kept back. One tore its way up from my heart; and with two great tears running down my cheeks, I exclaimed: "Oh, if there were only somebody whom I belonged to!"

Roger took a step forward, and put out his hand, but I pushed it from me; and his blue eyes flashed their resentment. "I believe," he said, quietly, in the drawl which had so often stung me to impatience, "that there are several persons with whom you are entitled to claim kinship, if you choose."

I dashed my tears away, and gazed at him eagerly. "Tell me—tell me!" I cried. "How was it that my mother—that Lady Cope took me as her own child?"

"She was very unhappy at the time. Five years before she had lost her little son, whom she and her husband both adored. He died in most tragic circumstances, which changed his mother's whole nature. Sir Vincent and Aunt Ermyntrude went abroad. There Sir Vincent died also, and poor Aunt Ermyntrude came back—not to her old home, but to London. She undertook various charitable works, and it was while she was giving up her life to the interests of others that she met your mother."

"My mother!" I echoed, in a whisper. For a moment I was powerless to ask more; but Roger went on, without waiting for my questions.

"Your mother was also a widow, and very poor. You were her only child, but she had been ill, among other misfortunes, and was hardly able to provide for you. Aunt Ermyntrude saw you—a pretty little thing a few months of age; and, taking a great fancy to you, in her loneliness, offered to adopt you as her own. Your mother finally consented, and as Aunt Ermyntrude had been living abroad for several years with her husband, and her presence in London had been known to none, nobody was particularly surprised when she came home at last with a baby not quite a year old.

"I knew the truth from the first, because I had visited Cousin Vincent and Aunt Ermyntrude abroad, and knew that they had no child, so I had to be told. And the vicar, old Mr. Westerley, was told also, but we were both asked to keep the secret, and we always have."

"You said that some of my people were still alive," I said, in a strained voice.

"Your mother is living," Roger quietly answered. "I have been at some pains to keep track of her—for Aunt Ermyntrude's sake, of course."

Somehow I did not believe that it had been for anyone's sake but his own, and for some purpose which I seemed to be on the point of discovering.

"I have your mother's present address, if you wish to write her, Sheila," Roger said. "Shall I give it to you?"

"Yes," I said, "I want the address. But before writing, I should like to see Mr. Westerley. You told me that—he knew the secret also."

"He does," Roger answered, gravely. "And you shall see him. I understand what is in your mind. You believe that I am deceiving you. Well, it is natural, perhaps—though it's hard to be misjudged by the woman one loves. In the mouths of two witnesses, it is said, a truth shall be established; and the sooner you hear what Mr. Westerley can add to my statement, the better I shall be pleased. Not—I wouldn't have you think that for a moment!—not that I'm not only too glad to have you stay here as long as you will, even if we are to be nothing to each other."

"I will send a carriage down to Lull, and ask Mr. Westerley to come out at once," I cried; then bit my lip. The carriages were Roger's. But I let it pass. Until I was sure I would grant myself some privileges, with the benefit of the doubt.

Roger rang the bell, and then came back to me. From his pocket he took a sealed envelope. "The address you wanted," he explained. "I will go and leave you alone now. I can see that you would prefer that. After Mr. Westerley has been with you, and gone away again, you shall have a little time to think. Then I will come back, and you shall tell me what decision you have reached. It may be that you will look upon matters with a different eye. At all events, remember that while you have me you are not friendless."

He held out his hand, and though I felt the impulse to refuse it, I would not, lest he should think it was because I grudged him the things that had seemed mine.

When the bell was answered a servant was [illegible] carriage I ordered might take Sir Roger Cope back to the inn before calling for Mr. Westerley.

The vicar was a kind old man with a nervous manner, and the air of being slightly startled when anyone addressed him. His greatest pleasure was collecting butterflies, a pastime which he infinitely preferred to the companionship of human beings. But, because he was good, I knew that he would come to me without delay, and I was not disappointed.

I could hardly wait to answer his questions as to my health and spirits when he arrived, but burst at once into the subject weighing on my heart. "Mr. Westerley," I asked, abruptly, "is it true that—that Lady Cope adopted me when I was a baby—that I was not her own child?"

The wrinkled old face, with its long, narrow oval, and its high forehead thatched with white hair, flushed deeply, and looked more startled than ever.

"Who—who told you this?" the vicar questioned, with an exaggeration of his usual slight stammer.

"Sir Roger Cope," I answered. "He said that you, too, knew the story—only you and he in the world now since my—since Lady Cope is dead. I wouldn't believe it until I had seen you. But now I know—just from your face, even before you speak—that it's true."

"My poor child! It is indeed true. But I had hoped—I knew that Lady Cope had not wished you ever to be told that you were not her daughter by birth, as you were in heart."

We had both been standing up. In my impatience I had not given him the chance of sitting down; but now I sank upon a sofa and covered my face with my hands. The vicar sat beside me, and laid his hand on my head.

"Don't take it so hardly, my dear," he said. "She loved you and you loved her. That is the principal thing. I don't know why it was necessary for you to be told, though Sir Roger, no doubt, did what he thought was his duty. But at all events, no one else need know. Nothing need be changed."

"Everything is changed!" I exclaimed. "Because everything that I thought was mine is Roger Cope's."

Mr. Westerley sprang to his feet with an ejaculation of amazement or incredulity. "No!" he said. "No; that cannot be. Lady Cope was too just, too loving a woman, strange as were some of her ideas. She brought you up to consider yourself an heiress——"

"I'm a beggar," I broke in. "She left no will, so Roger says. He was her solicitor, and knew all her business. He told me that he had often advised her to make one, but she put it off. Yet it isn't that I care for. I—I've had eighteen happy years. I oughtn't to ask for more. If she had lived and loved me I wouldn't have minded being poor and leaving dear old Arrish Mell——"

"Surely you—won't be called upon to leave?" stammered the vicar.

For an instant I was tempted to tell him the story of Roger's offer and my refusal of it. But it seemed a dishonorable thing for a girl to do; and instead, I merely explained that, as everything now apparently belonged to Roger, who was, as far as known, Lady Cope's only surviving relative, I preferred not to be indebted to him.

"There are things I can do to earn my own living," I went on. "I speak French very well; I sing and play; I can paint a little; and, thanks to poor Miss Fitch, my governess, who was with me for so many years, I have a good all-round education. I ought to find something to do."

"If only I were not a miserable bachelor, my child, you'd not be at a loss for a home," said the kind old man. "Even as it is, I wonder if something couldn't be arranged. It's—it's unbearable to think of you alone in the world. But, thank goodness, it hasn't come to that yet. Sir Roger Cope is human. I have always, until now, supposed him a singularly high-minded young man. He will tell you to look upon this house as yours since he can't possibly want it——"

"I think he does want it," I cut him short. "And anyway, it would never be home to me again—not for a day. It seems, too, that I'm not alone in the world. Roger says my mother is alive and he knows where I can find her. I shall go to her, Mr. Westerley."

The vicar's face changed. "I—er—really, my child," he faltered, "I should—should do nothing rash if I were you. Better think it over; talk with Sir Roger. Or let me talk with him if you prefer. Yes, that is better. I'll see him, and——"

"Thank you, dear Mr. Westerley. He's at the inn, at Lull," I said.

A sudden resolution had come to me. There was no use in arguing with this dear old man, who would never either see things as I did, nor make me see them with his eyes. I would let him go now that he had confirmed Roger's statement. And—when I was alone I would make up my mind.

"Shall I go and find Sir Roger now?" he suggested, with subdued eagerness.

I saw, or thought I saw, that he knew something concerning which he feared questions—something which he did not wish to tell.

"Yes. It is kind of you," I replied. "You have told me that the thing is true, and now—it will be better for me to be alone and think it all over. But is there another mystery, another secret about my real mother? Why would it be 'rash' to go to her?"

"Oh!" and Mr. Westerley evaded my searching eyes. "You can't tell how she may be situated now, that's all—of course, that's all. There's no mystery. No secret except that which unfortunately Sir Roger has told you. I'll go to him, my dear, I'll go to him. And later I'll come back to tell you the result of our conversation."

In spite of his sympathy and kindness he was glad to get away, glad to escape from me. I saw that, and it made me think. But I troubled him with no more questions. If there were a secret I should soon, perhaps, find it out, for I had made up my mind to a very bold step.

Mr. Westerley patted my hand, reassuring me fussily, as best he could; and I bade him good-bye. Yet he suspected nothing.

When he had gone I repeated the word with a sob. "Good-bye, dear, sweet old home that I have loved," I said with wet, wide eyes that took in every familiar detail of the room. "Good-bye, everything that has been dear. You aren't for me any more." Then the tears which had been held back for so long splashed down. I broke open the envelope which Roger had given me and could scarcely see what he had written. There was more than an address; there was a letter offering me a regular allowance, which I at once resolved to reject. My mother's name I found was Mrs. Newlyn, and she lived at 35 Easel street, Commercial road, Peckham.

Having read the letter I wrote a short note to Mr. Westerley, another to Roger Cope. In both of these I said much the same thing, though I said it in very different ways.

I told the two men—the old friend of my childhood, and the cousin who was a cousin no more—that I had decided to leave Arrish Mell at once. Delay would only be painful. I was going to my mother, and would stay with her if she would keep me, though I intended to find work and not be a burden upon her. In any case a letter would reach me if sent to her address. I ended my note to the vicar with grateful, affectionate words; Roger's closed stiffly and abruptly, for I could not make it otherwise.

When I had finished, the hardest part of what I had to do was still to come. I had to tell the news to the servants, who had been at Arrish Mell Court for so many years that they had become old friends.

It was hard for the loving, simple hearts to understand that I was actually saying good-bye. But they realized it at last; and Evans sorrowfully promised that when Mr. Westerley and Sir Roger Cope should call after I had gone, he would hand them the notes I had written.

There was no time to be lost if I would be away before either the vicar or Sir Roger Cope arrived. In the confusion of my mind at first I had not remembered the present need of money. But suddenly I flushed and quivered, with a humiliating thought.

"Oh, Swift," I cried, "bring me the green purse that you put away when—we came back from town."

(To be continued.)

Interesting Items.

The Gloucester, Mass., fishermen regard Kipling as a hoodoo, as every one of the twenty fishing-boats belonging to their fleet named by him in "Captains Courageous" has gone down at sea, the last two of the ill-fated boats foundering in the recent big storm off the Massachusetts coast.

Only a little while ago a woman was arrested and taken to the police station for smoking on Broadway, New York. In the dining-room of a New York first-class hotel an engraved card is now placed on each of the tables each evening bearing this inscription: "Gentlemen and ladies wishing to smoke may do so in the gilt room." So the world moves.

For the first time in the history of Paris art exhibitions, photographs have been received as exhibits at the annual Salon. The photographs were submitted by Edward Steichen, a young New Yorker, and are regarded as a great triumph. It is said that the decision to admit photographs almost caused a split in the jury. The pictures were, therefore, entered under the title of engravings.

The experiment is being tried by the New Zealand Telegraph Department of issuing telegrams in typewritten form. The operators have, of course, not only to acquire speed at typewriting, but also to accustom themselves to the clicking of the keys of the typewriter as well as of the telegraph instrument. So far the experiment has worked well—to the receiver of the message it is certainly a great improvement upon manuscript telegrams.

According to the "Pall Mall Gazette," Gandersheim, a German village, has recently been en fete. The occasion was the honoring of a hen which had laid its thousandth egg. Many of the houses were decorated with flags, while in the evening the proprietor of the hen entertained his friends at a supper at which the principal dish was a gigantic omelet. The function was a splendid success, and the health of the hen was drunk with great enthusiasm.

There seems no limit to the variety of uses to which a man-of-war can be put when past her work. Here is the latest. A syndicate of sporting men is said to be considering a scheme for purchasing the old American ship "Vermont," should the bill for her preservation fail to pass. The idea is to fit her up as a floating boxing-ring, which can be moved out to sea, so that the merry mills of the fancy may be brought off without police interference.—"United Service Gazette."

The "search-light telephone" is announced from Washington. The beam from a powerful light has been employed in lieu of a wire, and talking done to the distance of half a mile. The telegraphic account adds that the inventor has not yet taken out his patents. There are several reasons for this. It was in the same city of Washington, twenty years ago, that the excellent Dr. Graham Bell made his famous experiments with what he first called his photophone. It is curious that this amazing work is so little known. Dr. Bell talked over a ray of sunlight to a distance of near two miles. A pair of parabolic reflectors served for sender and receiver, and a pair of selenium cells answered to the magnets of an ordinary telephone.

The Kansas City "Journal" alleges Biblical authority for the declaration that the good die young. "Seth," it says, "lived 912 years. Enos lived 905 years, Cainan lived 910 years, Mahalaleel lived 895 years, Jared lived 962 years, Methusaleh lived 969 years, and Lemach lived 777 years. Of Enoch, the only good one in the lot, the chapter says: 'And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him, and all the days of Enoch were 365 years.' Being good, Enoch lived a measly little period of only 365 years, while the others, being given to sin, lived to grow up to manhood. It always seemed strange to us that preachers pay so little attention to the facts of the Bible."

A contract was let last week for carrying Uncle Sam's mail in Alaska by dog-sleds. The successful bidder was Oscar Fish, and his route lies between Eagle and Valdez, a distance of 414 miles. He makes two trips a month, and receives nearly $1,500 a trip, or $35,000 a year. Only 300 pounds are carried per trip, and this is usually made up of letters, few newspapers.—Post-Office Department officials say that the sum paid to Fish is very reasonable when it is considered that he makes the trip by dog-sledge, and that he has the most dangerous route of any mail-carrier in the world. He has several times been given up for dead by residents of Valdez and Eagle, but so far he has always managed to reach the end of his journey, although sometimes overdue, and occasionally very much battered up. He has fallen down precipices, got mixed up in avalanches, and has been starved and frost-bitten.

"Ping-Pong."

Spring.

Dame Nature, too, is cleaning house,
For in each cool retreat
She puts her verdant carpet down—
The one that can't be beat.—"Judge."

"You," sighed the rejected lover, "would find your name written in imperishable characters in my heart could you but look." "So?" murmured the fair young thing, who was aware of the fact that the swain had been playing Romeo at the seaside for something like twenty years. "So? Then you must have a heart like a hotel directory by this time."—Baltimore "American."

Lord Dufferin's Personality.

Some very interesting notes upon the personality of Lord Dufferin have appeared in the British press. A correspondent of The Spectator, for instance, wrote as follows:—

"Few people in England are, I think, aware of the intense pride and almost personal affection for the late Lord Dufferin which existed all through Ireland, but, more especially in the north, 'amongst his own people,' as he called them. I was struck especially by this when I happened to be living in Belfast. The incident amused and impressed me. One of the men at one of the great shipyards was describing to my son a delightful afternoon he and his comrades had spent. They had gone to Helen's Bay, had enjoyed an excellent tea, but then came the climax. 'We saw Lord Dufferin, and walked behind his Lordship for a matter of twenty minutes.' 'Did he see you?' 'Oh, no, we would not intrude that way, but we liked to be looking at him.' So it was all through the north; everyone had some pleasant story to tell of his kindness, his courtesy. He missed the train to go to some meeting at Belfast, but, said my informant, 'do you think he would disappoint us? Not he; he got a special and turned up all right.' Abroad, also, the same chorus of praise. An Italian lady who had asked me to get some information for her, which, when writing, I had apologized for delaying, began her note to me:—'Oh, no, dear woman of Lord Dufferin's could be rude.'"

Writing to the same journal, another correspondent said:—

"Rarely has death carried away so polished and eloquent an orator. Undoubtedly the great speech of his life was that made by him when moving the address in the House of Lords on the assembling of Parliament after the death of Prince Albert. It is interesting to know the great pains Lord Dufferin took to give adequate expression to his own feelings and to the feelings of his fellow-Peers, of whose grief Lord Palmerston had appointed him to be the interpreter. Lord Dufferin relates in his rectorial address, delivered in 1891 to the students of St. Andrew's University, that he sat down and wrote out every word of his speech, and learnt it so carefully by heart that he knew that no untoward accident or interruption could interfere with its delivery. The speech lasted an hour and a half, and Lord Dufferin was able to go through it without once looking at a note. Lord Dufferin had a curious practice in Canada, where apparently in those days shorthand writers in many places were not plentiful. He frequently, at the request of the reporters, rehearsed his speech previous to a meeting, and he was surprised to find how this enabled him to clarify and condense what he intended to say an hour later when he addressed his audience. That Lord Dufferin most carefully studied the art of oratory is very manifest, and he was evidently grateful to Wigan, the actor, for giving him a friendly hint on the subject of his gesture at a dinner they were both attending in the city. Lord Dufferin in speaking kept turning his palms to the audience, a practice which Wigan told him they were specially warned against on the stage, as it conveyed the notion of weakness, whereas if the back of the hand were displayed, the very opposite effect would be produced."

The Coronation Dinner.

One of the most picturesque features of the coronation will be the great dinner, where half a million of poor people are to be given a feast. Concerning the arrangements for this great undertaking a London newspaper says:—

We understand that Sir Thomas Lipton is to be consulted upon his return from his trip abroad, and that his firm will probably be one of those selected to carry out the arrangements at cost price.

It practicable, the 500,000 diners will sit at the festive board simultaneously, in hundreds of halls and public buildings all over the metropolis; and borough committees will make the arrangements, with sub-committee in charge of each sub-section.

In conversation with one of Messrs. Lipton's managers yesterday, an Express representative gained some idea of what sort of a hot dinner could be provided for half a million souls for £30,000.

The manager gives the subjoined menu as a sample of what can be done, the estimate being given quite apart from the question of any particular firm or firms being given the management:—

Soup.
Thick or clear (half pint),
Fish.
Cod (2ozs.); with Potatoes (4ozs.)
Joint.
Roast Beef or Roast Mutton (4ozs.)
Vegetables.
Potatoes (4ozs.) and Cabbage (2ozs.)
Pudding.
Rice, Tapioca, or Plum (4ozs.)
Fruit,
Various.
Bread.
One Roll.

Thirty thousand pounds represents 600,000 shillings, and if 100,000 be taken off for working expenses a shilling a head remains for half a million dinners. The cost of the above menu works out as follows:—Soup, ½d; fish, 2d; joint, 2½d; potatoes, 2d; cabbage, 1d; pudding, ½d; bread, ½d; fruit, 1d; total, 10d.

Twopence is left over, and this could be utilized for tobacco or some article to carry away as a souvenir.

A Collection of Names.

An old soldier was quoted by a London paper recently as follows:—"When I belonged to the 52nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry—Colonel Denny commanding, with Lieut. Prendergast adjutant—there were in the band and bugles of the regiment Hale, Gale, Frost, Snow, Summer and Winter. In Captain Pearson's company, F, Color-Sergeant McGinnis ('Gentleman Dick'), there were Rook, Crow, Pidgeon, Parrot, and Peacock. There were also England and Ireland, both tall men, who, when on parade, took the flanks of their company, and I have often heard the command given, 'Dress up there from England to Ireland.'"

Anticipated the Permission.

MINISTERS have many interesting and amusing experiences.

A clergyman of Duluth, Minn., was engaged in conversation with a number of friends the other day, when each started telling stories of wedding he had performed. One of the party had this to offer:

Some time ago a great big fellow, roughly dressed, and a wee mite of a young woman came to him. They had no witnesses, and, in fact, did not care to have any. Nevertheless, a bridesmaid and groomsman were selected from the household and the ceremony began. They had promised to love and obey and all the rest of the service, when the preacher announced: "Kiss the bride."

The bridegroom, on bended knee, hesitated a little, tried to say something and couldn't.

"Kiss the bride," said the pastor.

"Why, parson, I did, afore I come here at all," replied the bridegroom, whose face had taken the color of a June rose.

The witnesses burst forth in laughter, while the minister had all he could do to retain the serious expression which he always wore when wedding people.

Old Age.

PROFESSOR JOWETT, the great master of Balliol College, had wise words to speak on the crucial topic of growing old. He wrote to a friend:

"The later years of life appear to me, from a certain point of view, to be the best. They are less disturbed by care and the world; we begin to understand that things really never did matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in their true proportion, instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor overanxious to stay. We cannot see into another life, but we believe, with an inextinguishable hope, that there is something still reserved for us."

It is worth while to remember his hints for old age, full, as they are, of a practical wisdom:

Beware of the coming on of age, for it will not be defied.

A man cannot become young by overexerting himself.

A man of sixty should lead a quiet, open-air life.

He should collect the young about him.

He should set other men to work.

He ought, at sixty, to have acquired authority, reticence and freedom from personality.

He may truly think of the last years of life as being the best, and every year as better than the last, if he knows how to use it.

"I noticed you hoeing your garden yesterday. What are you raising?"

"Blisters, mostly."—Philadelphia Press.

Laborer (waving flag)—Yez'll hav ter turn back. This street's closed.

Driver—What's it closed for?

Laborer—Bekase it's jist been opened be the tillyphone company ter put down their wires. That's why it's closed.—Philadelphia Press.

"Willie," said the youngster's mother, "you told me you did not go fishing."

"Well," was the contrite story, "I didn't mean to tell what wasn't true; but I don't call just holding a hook and line in the water without catching anything 'fishing.'"—Washington Star.

THANKS FOR BOTH

French Gentleman Gracefully Expresses His Own and His Wife's Gratitude.

A Strong Letter Written with the Noble Purpose of Trying to Benefit Someone Else.

St. Hippolyte, Que., May 12.—(Special) — Mr. L. A. Paquin of this village has written for publication the following letter. In it he speaks for both himself and his wife. The letter reads:

"After much suffering I had become unable to work. I had Kidney Trouble which gave me great pain.

"My wife had used a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills for a similar trouble sometime before, and as they had completely restored her to good health I made up my mind to take a treatment myself.

"I was not disappointed, and I can now say that I have tried and proved Dodd's Kidney Pills to be the greatest medicine in the world.

"We are now both quite well, and able to do our work as well as ever.

"We have found Dodd's Kidney Pills to be a remedy, which saves us the pains and trouble which we so often see in others, who are languishing and incapable of attending to their work.

"We keep Dodd's Kidney Pills constantly on hand, and use them occasionally if we feel the slightest indisposition. We have used altogether between us six boxes.

"Perhaps I should explain why I write this letter. It is because I feel there may be many others who have not heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, or who having heard, have not yet given them a trial, and to such I would say 'Give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial and you will agree with my wife and myself that there is not any other such medicine to be had.'"

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mr. Paquin and his good wife, they will do for any man or woman who suffers from Kidney Disease in any form.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Man's Journal.

Published By

The Revelstoke Herald Publishing Co.
Limited Liability.

A. JOHNSON,
Editor and Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display ads., $1.50 per inch; single column, $2 per inch when inserted on title page Legal ads., 10 cents per inch (nonpariel) line for first insertion; 5 cents for each additional insertion. Local notices 10 cents per line each issue. Birth, Marriage and Death Notices free.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail or carrier, $2 per annum; $1.25 for six months, strictly in advance.

OUR JOB DEPARTMENT.

Is one of the best equipped printing offices in the West and prepared to execute all kinds of printing in firstclass 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 17, 1902.

THE SUPPLY OF WHITE PINE.

A special dispatch from Duluth to the New York Times speaks of the rapidly increasing lumber cut in the Northwestern States and declares that "the Northwestern white pine region is but a thing of a few more years"—meaning that the supply of white pine from the Northwestern States' forests will be speedily exhausted. This has been the cry for the last fifty years. Forty years ago some expert lumbermen declared that the supply would not hold out more than ten or fifteen years longer. But the fact is that the output of white pine from this region is today greater than it ever was before and in seasons favorable for driving there is no scarcity of logs. One reason why the timber has lasted longer, in the face of enormous consumption, than anybody supposed it would, is that modern ingenuity has devised ways and means of getting the timber distant from the banks of streams down to consumptive points at a cost that makes the enterprise commercially feasible.

No one can say with certainty how long the white pine forests will last; but it stands to reason that with the growing population of the United States there will be an end some day, unless the percentage of consumption to population can be diminished. Systematic state and national forestry will help some, but the time will come when Americans will have to reach out into Canada for our vast reserves of native timber.

CANADIAN WHEAT FIELDS.

Lord Strathcona told the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, at their recent meeting in London, that within ten years Canada would be able to supply all the breadstuffs requirements of the United Kingdom. This is not unlikely. Canadian wheat lands are coming under cultivation by leaps and bounds and the supply seems exhaustless. They can be acquired and cultivated in huge farms, on a scale no longer possible with the dearer lands in the United States.

American energy and capital, attracted by the opportunity of cheaper production, is flowing into the North West of Canada. There is no reason why the wheat growing industry should not be moved to the Saskatchewan as it moved, first to the Ohio and then to the upper Mississippi. Even without preferential tariffs, it is not unlikely that, in less than a generation, Canadian wheat will be underselling American wheat in the world's markets, as Western wheat has been underselling Eastern for the last generation.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Generous Deed.

So much is said in these times about the greed of capitalists and the selfishness of men generally, that it is pleasant to record an incident of an opposite nature. Some time ago, Mr. Clergue, who is at the head of the vast industries at Sault Ste. Marie, purchased the Helen iron mine from a French Canadian, for the sum of $500. The owner had tried in vain to dispose of it elsewhere for $300, and was quite satisfied with the price offered by the manager of the great syndicate. Neither seller nor purchaser knew how much the mine was really worth at the time of sale, but when it was explored it proved to be immensely valuable.

Most men under these circumstances would have chuckled to themselves over their smartness in obtaining such a fine property for a mere song. Mr. Clergue, however, took a different view of the situation, and sending for the former owner, directed that his name be placed upon the pay roll for $75 a month for life. This was done without the slightest solicitation.

While there was no legal obligation, the moral obligation was recognized. It is a pity that instances of this kind are not of more frequent occurrence. If they were, capital and labor would be on much more friendly terms.—Lillooet Prospector.

CONSUMPTION OF COPPER

Experts Say it is Immense—From 20,000 to 22,000 Tons are Being Consumed Every Month.

The American Metal Market says: "We think that few people in the world realize the enormous consumption of copper which is going on at the present time. Two of the best posted authorities in the trade, very conservative men without speculative bias, whose opinions carry great weight, estimate that the present rate of consumption is from 45,000,000 lbs. 20,000 gross tons, to 50,000,000 pounds, 22,300 gross tons, monthly.

"If we accept the lower of the two estimates we find that we are consuming at the rate of about 81 per cent of our production, taking that of April as a basis. We are aware that many in the trade will cavil at these estimates and pronounce them exaggerated, they may be, but in view of the heavy increase in the consumption of iron and its products of finished steel and iron, which are matters of absolute proof, it would be very strange if the consumption of copper had not greatly increased, especially as it has had the stimulus of abnormally low prices.

"Conservative estimates of the consumption of copper for the first four months of this year are made at the rate of 18,000 tons per month, a total of say 72,000 tons, exports have been 67,650 tons, making a total of 139,650 tons, against which we have produced 87,945 tons, showing a deficiency of 51,705 tons.

"Extra figures of imports for the first four months of this year are not yet available, but assuming them to have been at the same rate as those of last year we should have received in the four months of this year about 24,058 tons. These figures would show that accumulated stocks have been depleted this year 26,747 tons.

"Accumulated stocks have doubtless decreased very much more than this quantity; some estimate it at double this amount."

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, McCATRER & PINKHAM.

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 in 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 Thomson'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

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, Hon. 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. JOHNSON, 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., matins, 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 Re-aired.
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 05
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. B. 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, Valenciennes 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, Sherries, 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 House between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Come and look round whether you want to buy or not. We are stacked full from Floor to Roof

REVELSTOKE FURNITURE CO'Y.

ENGINE BUILT IN TEN HOURS

Record Time Made By Men of an English Railway Shop

A correspondent a few weeks ago expressed some doubt concerning a paragraph published in the Montreal Star to the effect that the Great Eastern railway company, of England, had constructed a complete locomotive in the short space of 10 working hours. In order to set the question at rest, the Star communicated with an expert in London, who writes as follows:

Four years ago—in February, 1898—one of the London and Northwestern standard six-coupled goods engine was erected at Crewe in 25¼ working hours the engine on its completion running a trial trip and being then taken into the paint shop for final painting. A few months later in June of the same year a similar feat was performed at the Altoona works of the Pennsylvania railway company, the locomotive being of the four-coupled type, with a four wheeled bogie at the leading end. The time occupied in thiscase in assembling the parts was 16 hours and 50 minutes only; but whereas at Crewe the start was made with bare frame plates lying flat without any attachments, at Altoona the photographs entitled, "commencement," showed the frames erected with all their cross connections, and even the cylinders fixed, motion bars set, and crosshead, weigh bar and other details in place. In commenting upon this matter experts pointed out that such a "commencement" as this rendered all comparisons with the Crewe performance useless.

I now, however, have to record a feat of locomotive erecting which completely eclipses those to which I have just referred, this being the erection in less than 10 hours of a freight locomotive and tender at the Stratford works of the Great Eastern railway, of which Mr. James Holden is the locomotive superintendent. The engine so erected was of a six-coupled type, of which there are over 200 on the Great Eastern line. It has a cylinder 17½ inches in diameter, with 24 inch stroke and the coupled wheels are 4 feet 11 inches in diameter, the tractive force being thus 124.5 pounds for each pound of effective pressure per square inch on the pistons. The boiler is of steel, with a barrel 4 feet 4 inches in diameter, by 10 feet long, and contains 252 tubes, 1 5-8 inch in diameter; the length of the fire box casing is 6 feet. The inside fire box is of copper, with a heating surface of 100.9 square feet, while the tube heating surface is 1,107.4 square feet, making 1,208.3 square feet tin all. The grate area is 18 square feet and the engine is fitted with Mr. G. Macallan's variable blast nozzle. The working pressure is 140 pounds per square inch. In working order the weight of the engine is 37 tons, 2 cwt., of which 13 tons, 1 cwt., 1 qr., rest on the leading wheels and 10 tons, 10 cwt., 3 qr. on the trailing wheels. The tender has six wheels, 4 feet 1 inch in diameter, and carries 2,640 gallons of water. When loaded with three tons of coal it weighs 30 tons, 12 cwt., 2 qr., the total weight of the engine and tender in running order being 67 tons, 14 cwt., 2 qr. It is of a class principally employed on main line freight and coal trains, the load consisting of 35 wagons, each carrying about 10 tons, and the gross load being about 560 tons.

I must now deal with the erection itself. From my own independent observations I am enabled to say that the start was made at 9:8 a.m. on a Thursday, the frame plates then being laid flat on the ground with the horn blocks and spring brackets fixed to them, but otherwise free of attachments, the work having been prepared in the same way as usual for the erectors. At 11 minutes from the start the first rivet was put into the frames; at 20 minutes the foot plate castings were fixed; and in 26 minutes the motion plate was in its place.

The setting and fixing of the cylinders occupied from 27 minutes to 1 hour and 17 minutes from the start, while at 2 hours, 37 minutes the setting of the motion was commenced and occupied until 3 hours, 52 minutes when the men left off for their dinner hour.

Soon after recommencing work, namely at 4 hours, 7 minutes from the start the boiler was put in place, it having had its mountings fixed and lagging put on prior to being brought to the erecting shop, but being without smokebox, cab or copings. At 5 hours 27 minutes from the start the engine was wheeled, the wheels having been supplied as they left the wheel shop, and the eccentric sheaves having to be fixed, and the axle boxes, and connecting rod and coupling rod brasses having to be fitted by the erectors. At 4.15 p.m., 6 hours and 7 minutes from the start, the setting of the valves was commenced, this part of the work being still incomplete when the work was stopped for the day at 5.30 p.m. On Friday work was recommenced at 6 a.m., and by 7 a.m., 8 hours 22 minutes from the start, the valve setting was completed, and 40 minutes later the side rods were on. Prior to this, at 7.15 a.m., painting had been commenced, and by 9.10 a.m., or 9 hours 47 minutes from the start (there having been an interval for breakfast from 8.15 to 9 a.m.,) the engine was completed and taken out of the shop to be photographed.

During the erection of the engine the tender had also been in progress, it having been commenced at 9 a.m. on the 10th inst., and finished at 7.40 a.m. on the 11th, the men working the ordinary hours. Later in the day the engine ran a trial trip, and was immediately put into regular works. It has since been continually running with coal trains (weighing about 560 tons gross) between Peterborough and London.

In erecting the engine the number of men employed were 85, made up as follows: Fitters (including three boys) 39; smiths, 2; boilermakers, rivet boys, etc., 44. On the tender the numbers were: Fitters, 10; boilermakers, 10; laborers, etc., 20, making a total of 52. From a strictly economical point of view such feats as we have described may by some be regarded as a mistake, but it is to be borne in mind that a successful performance of this kind is only possible under conditions which are themselves highly conductive to economy. Great rapidity of erection, such as has been attained at Stratford means good working to gauge and standard dimensions, excellent organization, and last, but by no means least, a thoroughly good feeling between the employes and their managers and foreman. In the case of the performance at Stratford nothing was more noticeable than the heartiness and spirit with which all the men concerned entered into the work, and did their best to achieve a result which without such strong interest would certainly have been unattainable.

Now engines and tenders have been turned out of the Stratford shops at the rate of two per week. There are three chargemen and three gangs of erectors engaged on new engines, and two chargemen and their gangs of fitters and others on tenders. The average time for building an engine and tender is eight days. In the case of the feat just described, the three chargemen and their gangs were employed on the engine and on the tender, the two chargemen just mentioned and their gangs.

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.

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. C. 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 west to point of commencement.

Dated at Revelstoke the 30th day of June 1902.

J. C. MONTGOMERY.

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. 67270, 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.

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 Barratt 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, th

Dated ...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 "C. 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

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.

4t

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, 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.

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 5 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 6 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 7 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 8 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 9 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 10 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 11 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 12 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 13 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 14 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 15 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 16 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 17 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 18 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 19 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 20 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 21 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 22 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 23 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 24 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 25 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 26 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 27 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 28 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 29 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains 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 30 miles above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

HENRY LOVEWELL.

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 allthat 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 thecompany 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 City 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 or 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 Cosmaplix, B. C., this 15th day of April, A. D., 1902.

JOSEPH BEST,
Co-OWner.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

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.

Patents procured through Marion & Marion receive special notice without charge in over 100 newspapers distributed throughout the Dominion.

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Offices: New York Life B'ld'g, Montreal; Atlantic Bldg, Washington D.C.

UNION Cigar Factory

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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.

Neat, Clean and Attractive Work Guaranteed.

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All the latest faces in type At the HERALD Office

ALEX. McLEAN & CO
Agents for the
Mason & Risch Piano
OFFICE AT
J. McLeod's Residence
SECOND STREET, EAST.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

MR. RHODES' ENTERPRISES

RAILWAY AND TELEGRAPH SCHEMES UNDER WAY.

Mr. Rhodes' Railway From Buluwayo to the Northern Border of Rhodesia, 900 Miles—Great Gold Country—1,300 Miles of Telegraph Yet to Build.

Mr. Rhodes is said to have remarked, again and again, as he lay on his deathbed, "So little done and so much to do." Some of his vast projects are well under way, but are far from completion. There is no reason to believe, however, that they will not be carried out and in fact there is every reason why they should go on. Mr. Rhodes was a practical man, and his schemes for development, vast as they were, rested on a practical basis. The completion of the enterprises now under way may be delayed because they have lost the impulse he gave to everything he took in hand; but some, if not all of them, are certain to be carried out. His railroad to the north, for example, is pushing onward; it is positively necessary to the development of Rhodesia and is bound to be completed before many years.

Many articles have been written on Cecil Rhodes' alleged project for a "Cape to Cairo Railroad." Maps have been printed of the route along which the line was to join the north and south ends of Africa. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes distinctly said in the report he made to the British South Africa Company, on May 2, 1899, that though he had no doubt of the ultimate building of such a line the Chartered Company and himself were content to give their exclusive attention to that link in the road which would extend from Buluwayo to the northern border of Rhodesia, a distance of 900 miles. This road was positively essential for the development of the territory of the Chartered Company and it was going to be built; the further extension of the road to the north did not enter into their plans.

It will be remembered that Mr. Rhodes asked the British Government to guarantee the promissory note of the company, so that it might raise the funds at 3 per cent. required to build a part of this 900 miles of road. The Government refused to give the guarantee, but a few weeks later Mr. Rhodes raised from companies holding mining claims in Rhodesia the sum of $2,500,000 on a basis of 3 per cent. to start the road toward the Zambesi. The work was pushing northward when the outbreak of the South African war caused a suspension of operations. Money had been secured to build the first 150 miles of the railroad. The sum of $15,000,000 would be needed to build the remaining 750 miles and before the war began about $8,000,000 of this sum had been guaranteed at 4 per cent., the money to be paid into the treasury in annual instalments as needed for the railroad extension of each year.

The Chartered Company guarantees this loan, which is based upon the wonderful gold resources of the country. They have been proved by the official surveys to exist. The gold-bearing area is about 5,000 square miles in extent and the wonder of it is that all the quartz crushing done by machinery in various parts of the country thus far shows ore that, though low grade, invariably yields more gold to the ton than on the Witwatersrand. The paying nature of the ore has been demonstrated, and over 130,000 registered mining claims are scattered over the country; but most of the mineral region cannot be developed until machinery can be brought to it by rail.

Work on the railroad was resumed several months ago with every prospect that progress would be rapid. Mr. Rhodes reported that a group of men in London was prepared to raise $1,500,000 to build a narrow gauge branch from the main line to the extensive coal mines, 170 miles away, that were discovered about five years ago not far from the great Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River. The money to build another road to the Buanda mining district, 100 miles, was raised before the war. The sum of $4,000,000 asked for to widen the gauge of the railroad from the seaport of Beira into Mashonaland was subscribed three times over. It was reported in February last that another branch road would be built within the next two years to connect the main line with the rich copper field, covering about forty square miles, near the northern border of Rhodesia, 150 miles north of Victoria Falls.

As for Mr. Rhodes' overland telegraph project from the Cape to the Mediterranean it was completed in Jan. last to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, about 2,500 miles north of Cape Town. Mr. Rhodes was the backbone of the Trans-African Telegraph Company which has this work in hand. At last accounts the wires were to be stretched to the Nile and down that river to Fashoda, distant from Ujiji about 1,200 miles; at Fashoda the line would connect with the wire already complete to Khartum and Alexandria.—New York Sun.

Foreign Visitor (in Mexico)—What! Do you still have those barbarous bullfights in your country?

Native—Oh, yes; so many American travellers want to see them, you know, that we have to give one now and then.—Chicago Tribune.

"Have you realized anything from that mining investment you were telling me about?" "Yes. I've realized the truth of the saying, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"—English Paper.

"Aunt Mary seems almost like a mother to me," said little Bobbie, soberly.

"Does she?" replied Bobbie's mother very much pleased.

"Yes, she licks me every time I go to her house," concluded Bobbie.—Ohio State Journal.

A subscriber asks: "What is a jackpot that I read about once in a while, and what seems to be the difficulty in getting it open?" A jackpot is one for properly cooking fish, and is especially recommended for suckers. It has a time lock, over the combination of which millions of Americans have burned the midnight oil in vain.—B. B. Clark, in American Thresherman.

Breaking the Bank at Monte Carlo.

SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW recently visited Monte Carlo on his wedding journey, and watched Lord Rosslyn attempt to break the bank. "Everybody," he says, "is laughing at the earl's so-called system. He announced in England that he had an infallible system, and only needed $50,000 to make it go. People tumbled over each other to give him the money. He began playing with thousand-franc notes. When I left he was playing with five-franc pieces. I was told that all but about $5,000 of the $50,000 was gone. There is no such thing as breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. A man who has lived in the place merely as a resident for years told me the gambling-house paid returns as regular as dividends on the New York Central Railroad. I suppose there are ten roulette-tables, and each table is a bank with a capital of $120,000. If you win all its capital that particular table closes for the day to get a change of luck. That is all the bank-breaking there is. You would have to go through all the other tables—roulette, rouge-et-noir, and trente-et-quarante—before you close up the concern, and there are several of each. They are a dismal looking lot—the players. I never saw one of them smile, and the winners looked as miserable as the losers. Nobody gets away with any money, no matter how much he wins. At least it is very rare. I saw one man begin with a thousand-franc note—$200. He played and won—doubled his money; played, and won again, and again doubled. He kept on until he had won about $24,000. Then he started resolutely to go out. At the door he stopped, hesitated, and turned back. He sauntered over to the table, and looked on at the game for a while. Then he buttoned up his coat again, with great decision, and started out with a firm stride. But he could not—positively could not get through the door. The last I saw of him he was playing away again, and the $24,000 was going pell-mell back into the gambling-house coffers. I did see one man, however, win and go away with his money. He was a very rich man, as I happened to know, and just played for fun, not caring whether he won or not. He had astonishing luck. The same number came up five times in succession—an unusual thing. It made a great sensation in the room, and people gathered about. At the fifth turn of the number he swiped in everything from the table, and poked away the wads of French banknotes into his pockets right and left. He won about $6,000 in a very few moments."

Why Women Can't Throw Straight.

IT has often been a source of wonder to married men that their wives should invariably hit the cat, or some other inoffending object, when aiming bootjacks and other missiles in their direction. An explanation is now to hand, which, it is hoped, will add enlightenment, as well as consolation, to any benighted Benedict who has experienced this idiosyncrasy. It appears that the reason a woman cannot aim straight is on account of her collar-bone being too large to enable her to acquire a free swipe of the arm. This simply shows that when kind Providence sent woman into the void for man to lavish his affections and earnings upon, everything was beautifully and systematically thought out. Had woman been physically constructed so that her shying powers were equal to those of man, husbands would have had a mighty busy time of it dodging things generally. Thanks to that same Providence, however, woman can still throw her lily-white arms round our manly necks and hit the bull's-eye every time.

No matter what the world may say
About a woman throwing straight
Dame Nature built her just that way
That man might dodge her when irate.
Her collar-bone consoles her still
In formulating little plans
To "collar" and to "bone" at will
Most everything of simple man's.

Civilization.

"I SEE the ships," said The Eavesdropper, as he stole round the world to me, "on a dozen sides of the world. I hear them fighting with the sea."

"And what do you see on the ships?" I said.

"Figures of men and women—thousands of figures of men and women."

"And what are they doing?"

"They are walking fiercely," he said—"some of them—walking fiercely up and down the decks before the sea."

"Why?" said I.

"Because they cannot stand still and look at it. Others are reading in chairs because they cannot sit still and look at it."

"And there are some," said The Eavesdropper, "with roofs of boards above their heads (to protect them from Wonder)—down in the hold—playing cards."

There was silence.

* * * * * * *

"What are you seeing now?" I said.

"Trains," he said—"a globe full of trains. They are on a dozen sides of it. They are clinging to the crusts of it—mountains—rivers—prairies—some in the light and some in the dark—creeping through space."

"And what do you see in the trains?"

"Miles of faces."

"And the faces?"

"They are pushing on the trains."

* * * * * * *

"What are you seeing now?" I said.

"Cities," he said—"streets of cities—miles of streets of cities."

"And what do you see in the streets of cities?"

"Men, women, and smoke."

"And what are the men and women doing?"

"Hurrying," said he.

"Where?" said I.

"God knows."—Gerald Stanley Lee in "Critic."

A Matter of Color.

Chromatopseudopsis is the medical term for color-blindness, and statistics show that men are much more chromatopseudopsically inclined than women. The man invariably succumbs to chromatopseudoptitude when he tries to match a ribbon."—"Judge."

Her Ideal Man.

SHE was a lovely chocolate-cream-box sort of a girl, with a gushing tenderness suggestive of butter on a hot day, and she was confiding in her "ownliest own" girl friend:

"The man that aspires to the privilege of pressing his moustache upon my rosebud lips," she began, firmly, "must be tall and stalwart as a pine tree in its prime."

"There is a slump in pine trees just at present," murmured her friend, inaudibly, but the rapturous girl swept on.

"I can see him now with the perfect Greek features of the Belvedere Apollo, surmounting a frame that is suggestive of the Farnese Hercules in repose."

"I fancy that Ouida has been there before," murmured the friend once more, "but there is no additional charge for heroics; so proceed."

"His mouth must be firm but kind, and his soft hazel eyes will twinkle with a smile that is at once sweetly serious and saucily sedate."

"I fancied that I was rather a connoisseur in smiles myself," remarked her friend, "but I do not recall at this moment seeing one of the precise nature you describe. But I will endeavor to imagine it. Fill in your hero, please."

"He must be strong and resolute, yet generous and tender to a fault; his face will light up with the fire of a strenuous passion when his feelings are aroused, and yet he will have his whole nature in such perfect control that he will never lose that grip of himself which is the leading characteristic of the true aristocrat."

"True aristocrats have been a falling market for some time past," remarked the friend in another aside; "but there is nothing like putting one's trust in Providence."

"He must be both truly religious and honestly manly, with the creed of the man of the world elevated to the standard of the highest religious principle."

"Right, oh!" said her friend relapsing into slang. "Muscular Christianity, ritualism and rowing, golf and godliness, are all the go. There may be a chance for you yet."

And then a dreamy far-away look came into the melting maiden's eyes as she concluded:

"He must have no eyes for any other girl in the world, but must feel the god of love spring into birth in his heroic soul as his glance meets mine, and we realize that we were predestined for each other from the beginning of the world."

At this moment the door opened, and the neatly-attired parlormaid announced "Mr. Jimkins is waiting to see you downstairs in the drawing-room, miss."

"What! that little red-haired bounder with a squint," enquired the dear friend, "who used to be always spooning round after Maud and Blanche, until they at last succeeded in getting it into his wooden little copper-topped cocoanut that his room was decidedly preferable to his company! Why, he's the mangiest little toad that ever—"

But the whole of her remark was lost upon the chocolate-cream girl, whose dainty feet were tripping downstairs three steps at a time, and before the drawing-room door closed the dear friend heard her begin "Dear Mr. Jimkins, how sweet of you to come on a day like this!" And then the door closed, and the dear friend was left to her own cogitations on the eternal feminine.

Back at the Old Home.

IRVING BACHELLER, the author tells a story of having gone back after many years' absence, to his old country home in the New England States. On the ruined doorstep of the old house stood the seedy remnant of a once noble race. He wore, amongst other things, one suspender and a seedy pair of trousers. The conversation ran like this:

"Glad to see ye," sez he. "Thanks," says I. "We've heerd about you," sez he, "and they say you done noble." "Well, and how are you?" says I. "Porely," sez he. "How's that?" says I. "Jest makin' a bare livin'," sez he. "Why don't you go away?" says I. "Can't," sez he. "Why not?" says I. "Mortgaged," sez he. "That's too bad," says I. "'Tis," sez he. "You don't seem to have much to live for," says I. "Don't want to live," sez he. "You might die," says I. "Can't," sez he. "Why not?" says I. "Mortgaged," sez he.

At this point they were joined by another old acquaintance of Mr. Bacheller's—a man who for years had held a mortgage on every acre of the country-side. "So you're Paul Bacheller's boy?" he said, after scrutinizing the visitor closely. "The same," said Mr. Bacheller. "Well," said Mr. Wallace, reflectively, "if your father had kept you on the farm it would not have looked as it does now." Up to this point the unfortunate farmer who was mortgaged had taken no part in the conversation. Now, however, a strange grin came across his face.

"That's right, Mr. Wallace," sez he. "If he had been kept on the farm the farm would hev looked better, but he'd hev looked a damn sight worse."

Cause For Madness.

"By George," said a man who was riding to the city in an early train, "I detest people who are so positive about everything."

"It is a disagreeable habit," the passenger who sat next to him admitted, "and it always pleases me to see such people confronted with proofs that they are in the wrong."

"Yes, it does me, too. My wife's cousin has been visiting us for several days, and he's one of those know-it-all fellows. You can't tell him anything. Yesterday morning he was reading, and I gave him a hint on how to pronounce a French word that he used. But do you suppose he was willing to admit that I knew more about it than he did?"

"I suppose not."

"No; he sat there, right at my own table, and argued with me for twenty minutes trying to show that I didn't know what I was talking about. Such people make me weary."

"Why didn't you get a French dictionary and prove to him that he was wrong?"

"Oh, I looked it up yesterday and found that I was mistaken myself; but what makes me mad is the fact that he was so positive about it."

The dinner party consisted of fourteen stomachs and two very interesting brains.—N. Y. "Life."

Mrs. Durand's Backrobe.

MY wife's brother, seven years old, was surely in France with his mother (said Mr. Leroy Durand of the St. Maurice Club), for we had received a cablegram on their arrival, but his voice seemed to be screaming on the shore of Lake Pazhegouki, in the St. Maurice Wilderness of Quebec. That scream first reached our ears as we paddled around a bluff and lost hearing of the cascades. My wife, kneeling in the bow of our small canoe, stopped her paddle midway in the act of dipping it and turned her eyes about to me. They are always big, as you know, but they were twice as big then. That was the first time I had seen her look scared, and we had hunted together, east and west, north and south, for five years past. When we left New York two weeks earlier the voice of her little brother in a delirium of pain seemed still sounding in her ears, she told me, although he was so far convalescent as to have sailed on the "Etruria" a fortnight before we left for Quebec.

"Did you hear anything?" she asked me now.

"It was some tree creaking." I was trying to reassure her.

"Nonsense! There's no wind."

In fact, the lake was so calm that the up-side-down shores were as distinct as the right-side-up ones, except where trout wallowed in the mirror or a darting kingfisher touched it with spreading circles. White clouds were as fleecy in the lake as in the blue above us, and a perfect silence seemed to hold all the void between the counterparts, while our canoe ran on with a lessening gurgle as we listened for more than twenty seconds. Then the childlike, the almost infantile screams came again, seeming to reach from the far opposite shore by force of some poignant emotional quality of agonized weakness. They ended with a short note like a wail choked off by faintness or despair.

My wife knows the woods, and now she said, "It must be a young bear—a yearling—in a trap."

"Exactly, Chief Josef."

She took to paddling without a reply. She herself had given Chief Josef the order for a backrobe.

On we went at a faster stroke than she usually sets, straight for the bluff of the screams. For intervals of about a minute they lingered in our ears, and then spread through the blue.

"Come right along up and set him free," said my wife, as she landed.

"And what will his teeth and claws be doing while I'm springing the trap open?" I asked, when I had made the canoe secure.

"Then come and put him out of his pain."

"Certainly, my dear, I'll go. But you'll stay here in the canoe. It won't do you any good to see that bear."

"It might," she said, with self-reproach. "But, anyway, I'll never let a trap be set on my account again. Come!"

"But the old she bear may be up there, and you didn't bring your gun."

"Go up at once!" said my wife, who had never imagined that a man with a magazine rifle could get into serious trouble with bears.

So up I went; and as my wife always obeys my wishes when I'm not there, she got back into the canoe and pushed off a few yards to be ready, as I told her, in case I might "find bears too plenty on the hill."

But there was only the one, a young bear, as my wife had guessed—not a cub, not an infant, but a child—one of about seventeen or eighteen months. I wish I could quite forget that picture of despondency.

He was caught by the right fore-paw; he had dragged the trap till the clog caught between two small trees; then he had pulled the trap back and forth and round and round till the earth was worn bare of grass and twigs and the little bushes within his reach were stripped of bark. His mouth was down, biting gingerly at the twisted leg and muttering most piteously, as if that way of getting free were too unendurable. Then, as the crescendo of wailing screams began once more, his head was raised toward the sky as if the creature were veritably appealing to the Eternal Judge between man and beast.

At that instant I fired, and he sank down in death with a sense of relief, I do believe. He did not struggle in the least, so much had his strength been exhausted by the long ordeal. His trapped leg I found to be broken and twisted as a towel is twisted in wringing it; the edges of the bone had torn the muscles and tendons to a fibrous pulp.

I went back to the canoe, told my wife, "The bear was a yearling," and had no questions from her.

On the way to camp we passed the Montagnais wigwams, and I stopped to tell Chief Josef of shooting his bear.

"Dass good t'ing," said Josef. "I glad you keel heem. He's not hol' 'nough for mek good robe for de lady sleigh, but he's good maybe two dollar. Me, I hain' had no lucky wis bear since de lady is tol' me for trap some good skin. Tudder day, what you t'ink? I'll find in one udder trap great big paw what de sacre bear he's twist off, or bite off, maybe—anyhow, he's get away. Here's dat paw, lady," and he took the hideous relic from behind one of his wigwam poles and offered it to my wife.

She turned away, hit hard, and so pale that I put my arm around her to help her down to the canoe. Without a word we started—there seemed nothing to say. But when we had paddled a mile she stopped the stroke and turned her head over her shoulder with, "Leroy, did you understand about trapping before?"

"I didn't realize what it meant to the animals."

"I'm glad you didn't—or I shouldn't like to think I'd married you," she said, in a conclusive tone.

Since that day she has never worn fur.—E. W. Thomson in "Youth's Companion."

Tate's Date.

There was a young person named Tate,
Who dined his best girl at eight eight.
But I am unable to state
What the person named Tate
And his tete-a-tete ate at eight eight.
—Ex.

An Error in Anatomy.

The King—Varlet, thou liest in thy throat. The Knave—Pardon, Your Majesty, but that is impossible. I always speak through my nose.—"Judge."

Curious Bits of News.

In London on New Year's Day, a burglar, having carried off five thousand pounds' worth of jewelry, all the silver, and a large sum in ready money, pinned a note on the hearth-rug wishing its rightful owners "Many happy returns of the day."

The London "Chronicle" quotes a naval officer as saying that during the War of 1812 the British Admiralty sent out to Kingston (Ont.), where the British fleet was then stationed, a large number of water-casks, in the belief that Lake Ontario was a salt water lake.

A coal-hod in the window of a New York clothier is filled with bills and coin, in which is thrust a coal shovel. Beside it is a small stove, so arranged with a red incandescent light that it appears to contain a brisk fire. Near them is the legend: "We are just burning money on these $12 suits, but we need the room, and they must be moved by February 1."

In an article on "Life in Labrador" in "Blackwood's Magazine," Mr. W. T. Grenfell vouches for the following: "A friend who had a young live black bear as a pet buried it in November in a barrel under the snow. Twice he dug it up in the winter, but it showed no signs of wishing to move, so he permitted it to sleep on till May."

Odors as an assistance to diagnosis is a new branch of medical science. The "Medical Record" is authority for the statement that the odor of new mown hay is an indication of pyaemia, typhus is indicated by an ammoniac smell, jaundice by a musky one, yellow fever by the odor of a gun-barrel, hysteria by a suggestion of violets or pineapples, intermittent fever by the smell of fresh-baked brown bread, and measles by one like fresh-picked feathers. It seems somewhat incongruous that the smell of the plague resembles honey.

The newest of queer religious sects is the "Association of Christian Brethren," which, according to the New York "Sun," is "sailing down the Mississippi in a modern imitation of the Ark to tell people that the millennium is surely coming in 1941." "Megiddo" is the name of the boat, and nearly one hundred persons, men, women and children, are aboard of her. The president of the sect is L. T. Nichols of Minneapolis, and he launched his craft at the end of November. He holds himself mainly responsible for the support of his followers, who are planning to live on the "Megiddo" until the day of the millennium.

Men sometimes dream of enormous wealth stored deep in the earth, below the reach of miners, but according to the statements of Professor C. R. Van Hise at the Denver meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, there is little or no ground to believe that valuable metallic deposits lie very deep in the earth's crust. Such deposits, he said, are made by underground waters, and owing to the pressure on the rocks at great depths, the waters are confined to a shell near the surface. With few exceptions, ore deposits become too lean to repay working below 3,000 feet. Nine mines in ten, taking the world as a whole, are poorer in the second thousand feet than in the first thousand, and poorer yet in the third thousand than in the second.

An article in "Ainslee's Magazine" contains this passage: "The world has never seen, and in no other part of the world is there now to be seen anything like America's jewel-madness as shown by the conditions of to-day, when more than three hundred New York establishments are engaged solely in the importation of precious stones, when agents of American dealers are searching Europe for the white gem and hopelessly endeavoring to supply American appeals for rubies and emeralds, and when six thousand men in South Africa are toiling to obtain diamonds more than half of which are to add to the beauty and happiness of the American woman. It is she that has caused the United States to become the greatest diamond market in the world. For her we have imported in a single year $20,000,000 worth of precious stones; for her, at one period we smuggled them in at the rate of $7,000,000 a year; for her we annually buy something like $12,000,000 worth of diamonds, and thus, for her sake, heartlessly leave, of the world's total output of diamonds, only some $8,000,000 worth to satisfy the vanity of all the rest of the women on earth."

When Crispi Was Lucky in Being Penniless.

THE late Francesco Crispi, the great Italian statesman, once escaped arrest as a revolutionist because he did not have a sou wherewith to buy a candle. The story is told in the "Courrier des Etats-Unis" (New York):

"On January 14, 1858, Francesco Crispi, the recently deceased Italian statesman, then a political refugee in Paris, received from an Italian friend connected with the Paris opera two gallery tickets for the performance of that evening, which the Emperor and Empress were expected to attend. Crispi and his wife were on the point of starting for the theater when the latter exclaimed: 'Francesco, where shall we get a candle?' They were in such destitution that they had neither candles nor matches, nor yet the wherewithal to buy them. Going to the opera would involve groping for their room at midnight and going to bed in total darkness. Too proud to confess their condition and to borrow a few sous they regretfully denied themselves the promised treat, remained in their room, and retired before the twilight had faded.

"On the following morning they learned of Orsini's attack on the Emperor, the police raids, and the arrest of all Italian revolutionists found in or near the theater. If Crispi had been in the house he would certainly have been among the first arrested, for he was known as an ardent disciple of Mazzini.

"The possession of a tallow candle and a match might have altered completely not only his own destiny, but also that of Italy!"

Good For Burns.

Tourist (after his first drink of Bloody Gulch whisky)—Thunder and lightning! Gimme a chaser, quick! Bartender (disdainfully)—Wot d' yer want—water? Tourist—No; linseed oil! —"Puck."

Anecdotal.

A country convert, full of zeal, offered himself for service in his first prayer-meeting remarks. "I'm ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," he said, "so long as it's honorable."

Some years ago at a Mardi Gras ball at the Hopkins Institute in San Francisco, a man, masked, approached a woman, masked, and asked her for a dance, as is considered right and proper at Mardi Gras. "But I don't know you, sir," said the lady in her most icy tone. "Well, I'm taking as big a risk as you are," retorted the man.

A tender-hearted youth was once present at an Oxford supper, where the fathers of these assembled were being roundly abused for their parsimony in supplying the demands of their sons. At last, after having long kept silence, he lifted up his voice in mild protest. "After all, gentlemen," he said, "let us remember that they are our fellow-creatures."

The Chatsworth (Ont.) "News" says: "A good joke is told on a Chatsworth young man who went to Owen Sound one day last week and dropped into Dr. Lang's office to be vaccinated. The doctor asked him if he had ever been vaccinated before and he replied: 'I've been vaccinated twice and baptized three times and neither one of them took.' The doctor hesitated, but finally concluded to vaccinate him, and judging from the way he holds his arm the third vaccination 'took,' even if the third baptism didn't."

Jacob A. Riis tells of an Irish teamster who went to the priest in a fright; he had seen a ghost on the church wall as he passed it in the night. "And what was it like?" asked the priest. "It was like nothing so much as a big ass," said Patrick, wild-eyed. "Go home, Pat! and be easy," replied the priest, soothingly; "you've only seen your own shadow."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received a pathetic letter in a feminine hand announcing the death of a little daughter and asking if he would not send in his own handwriting a verse or two from "Bable Bell" to assuage the grief of the household. Aldrich sent the whole poem, and not long after saw it displayed in the shop of an autograph dealer, with a good, round price attached thereto.

Senator Cullom of Illinois was asked by a correspondent why the Committee on Foreign Relations had enjoined secrecy on the text of the new treaty with Great Britain, when the text of the treaty was printed in all the morning papers. "Just so, just so," said the senator; "that's the reason the injunction of secrecy was placed upon the treaty. We knew that if we made it public at once not a paper in the country would print its full text."

During his visit to New York Thackeray was very much attracted by the beauty and brilliancy of a Miss B., and, in accordance with foreign custom, made a morning call, when she did not expect anyone. Hearing some talking in the lower hall, she leaned over the banisters and asked the servant who it was. "It's Mr. Thackeray, ma'am." "Oh, damn Thackeray!" replied Miss B. "No," said Thackeray, who could not but hear the remark, "it's not Misther O'Dam Thackeray, but Mr. Makepeace Thackeray." And, with a laugh, Miss B. came down.

The venerable Mr. —— believed unqualifiedly in Boston, as not the hub only, but the forward wheels also, of the universe. The excellent old gentleman, having confessed to L. G. that he had never found time, during his busy life, to read Shakespeare, was advised to do so during the winter then approaching. In the spring G. called on the estimable citizen, and casually asked if he had read any of the plays during the season just passed. "Yes," he replied, "he had read them all." "Do you like them?" ventured G., feeling his way cautiously to an opinion. "Like them!" replied the old man, with effusive ardor; "that is not the word, sir! They are glorious, sir; far beyond my expectation, sir! There are not twenty men in Boston, sir, who could have written those plays!"

Lord John (Russell) with a curious artlessness of disposition which made it impossible for him to feign a cordiality he did not feel, united an astonishing want of tact. Once, at a concert at Buckingham Palace, he was seen to get up suddenly, turn his back on the Duchess of Sutherland, by whom he had been sitting, walk to the remotest part of the room, and sit down by the Duchess of Inverness. When questioned afterwards as to the cause of his unceremonious move, which had the look of a quarrel, he said: "I could not have sat any longer by that great fire; I should have fainted." "Oh, that was a very good reason for moving; but I hope you told the Duchess of Sutherland why you left her." "Well—no. I don't think I did that. But I told the Duchess of Inverness why I came and sat by her."

The Use of the Word "Lady."

It is said that it is coming to be the fashion again to use the word "lady," and that the word "party" is also in better favor. For some years modish persons have called ladies "women," and parties "functions." There was some excuse for the former substitution because "lady" was worked to death, and so misused as to make it ridiculous. But vague as its meaning is, it has a meaning (or meanings), to the conveyance of which it is indispensable, and the folks who have dismissed it from their vocabularies have not been persons of much philological discernment.

The use of "function" for "party" has been a mere fad that must have started as a pleasantry and gradually became a habit. It makes it possible to speak of a row at a ball as a "functional disorder"; but even that doesn't warrant its vogue. It is a poor, borrowed, anglicized word, which the British-American language doesn't need.

Quite Too Romantic.

"I say, is this here the novel you advised me to read?" said the cabman to the librarian. "Yes," replied the librarian; "that's the one." "Well," said the cabman, "you can just take it back. There's nine people in the first four chapters who hired cabs, and each of 'em, when he got out, flung his purse to the driver.' Now, when I want that sort of literature, I'll go to Jules Verne and get it pure."

"No," said the landlady, "we cannot accommodate you. We only take in single gentlemen." "Goodness," replied Mr. Marryatt; "what makes you think I'm twins?"—Philadelphia "Record."

In The Land of the Sphinx.

In providing interesting reading for our patrons we always endeavor to add instruction. In this little article we wish to call attention to the ancient town of Damietta, which has now become famous foremost of all among the cities of that land of mystery—the cradle of our race—the silent land of Pyramids and enigmas still unsolved—the land of Egypt.

Damietta, then, is a town and river port of Lower Egypt, on the right bank of the east mouth of the Nile; about 8 miles from the Mediterranean and 110 miles north by east from Cairo. It is irregularly but well built, and has some good mosques and marble baths. The harbor is not good and a bar at the mouth of the river prevents the entrance of large vessels.

The modern town was founded in 1251 a few miles south of the ancient Tamiathis, which in the time of the crusades was a strong fortress of the Saracens. The cloth known as dimity, was first manufactured in this town and received from it its name. The most important product of this ancient city, however, was the Damianian Plant, the properties of which was jealously guarded by the Sages for centuries. The wine extracted from the roots of the plant became an article of export to all parts of Egypt, the farthest portions of the Soudan and in fact found its way to all parts of Africa.

With the strides of civilization Damiana Wine found its way to Europe and its manufacture is now controlled by a powerful syndicate whose headquarters are in London, with branches in Glasgow, Belfast and other minor points. Toronto has at length been favored with a branch, at 88, 90 and 92 Church street, under the management of E. Cowperthwaite, Esq., who has been sent here from England and where the ancient beverage can be had. It is non-alcoholic and is only rich in the bounties a wise Providence has supplied. Any physician of note will tell you that Bright's Disease, that insidious and dread destroyer, cannot withstand Damiana. The Liver it acts upon in a most marvellous manner and Rheumatism, that problem of the age, is only solved and assuaged by Damiana. Hundreds of cases of Bladder Troubles that have come under the writer's notice, in the various hospitals, have left without apparent benefit. Damiana, from its powerful control of the kidneys of necessity cures any trouble of the urinary organs. As a tonic for the stomach and a general builder-up of the system Damiana has no equal on this continent. In a word Damiana, to use a familiar phrase, is a good pick-me-up for any person who has been sick or is in any way debilitated. Further notice will be taken of the progress of this remedy from the land of mystery, and will prove to us that we do not know all of the powers of Nature's own remedies.

Communications to the manager, E. Cowper-Thwaite, Esq., will receive prompt and courteous replies.

A MODEL UNION MAN.

He takes the labor paper, which he pays for in advance;
The United Garment Workers have their label on his pants.
He patronizes barber shops that have the union card up,
He cheerfully will help a fellow-craftsman that is hard up.
He chews union tag tobacco and wears union label shoes;
And, if he drinks, you bet it's union label booze;
The union label is in his hat he wears upon his head,
And when he leaves the bakery it's always on his bread;
He has that union label in the pocket of his coat;
The unprogressive candidate could never get his vote;
His cigars, if he smokes 'em, have the label on the box,
And if he could he'd even have it sewed upon his socks;
He's got it in his overcoat—you know it without looking,
The chef who carries a union card is the one who does his cooking.
The store that hires the union clerk is the one he patronizes;
The good it does humanity he fully realizes;
If he has any printing done it's by a union printer,
And union miners dig the coal he burns up in the winter;
No fellow mortal's pleasure does he ever try to curtail;
The label is on the broom he buys and even on his shirt-tail;
He attends the union meetings and he helps whene'er he can.
He lives by the Golden Rule and he's a model union man.
—Oakland Printer.

POSSIBILITIES.

SERMON BY

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

And it doth not yet appear what we shall be.—I. John, iii., 2.

It is a very curious and somewhat startling fact that we have just begun to believe that we have souls. Heretofore we have entertained vague and fantastic notions on this subject, admitting in a general way that a soul is better than a body because it lasts longer, but having no clear idea as to its development or as to its future. This life was so frightfully real that any other possible life assumed the shape of a dream. But of late the soul has claimed the attention of science, and, although progress has been made with slow and hesitating steps, we have certainly advanced far beyond our fathers in acquiring a definite position.

Psychology has forced its way to the front, or at least toward the front, and half the world are asking questions concerning to-day and to-morrow which the other half are trying to answer. There is no reason why we should not make a great many discoveries in connection with that vital spark which leaves the physical man so much a wreck that its presence is no longer welcome. We give it back with many tears and an equal number of hopes to our mother earth. We are all looking with eager eyes into the beyond, and if anyone in authority has anything to say on the subject we listen with rapt attention. There is something almost painful in the pathos with which we demand new facts about a continued existence, for our affections cannot and will not be satisfied with the thought of extinction.

Almost every family has some legend or some memory of supernormal experience on the part of a dear one who has just crossed the threshold into the other life. In some cases the sight becomes phenomenally acute, and the departed appear with outstretched hands to assist the newcomer in the passage to heaven. In others the ear is equally acute, and the overture of the angels is heard as a welcome to the brighter land. Death has thus been robbed of its terrors and made easy. These stories are floating in the air everywhere. Can it be that they mean nothing? And if they mean something, then how much?

Science has a duty to perform in this large field. It has either ignored or simply looked with the curiosity of indifference. But it is possible to gather verified facts enough to formulate a theory which may some time solidify itself into a demonstrated faith. We cannot afford to "pass by on the other side," and the time is coming when skilful men will handle these things, some Darwin bold enough to follow the truth wherever it may lead, and tell us what we long to know. The hour is ripe, the attitude of the general mind is propitious, and we have a right to look for startling discoveries in the near future.

Or again. When a man comes to me saying he has a message from the other world I may be incredulous, but I cannot forget that the word "impossible" has become obsolete. I cannot help hoping that what he says is true, neither can I help believing that it is well within the limits of possibility. That Christ enjoyed that privilege, that the Old Testament is filled with instances of the kind, that St. Paul records a most remarkable experience along these lines, that in the life of every saint are similar occurrences, cannot for a moment be doubted. Have all these been mistaken, and have we been dreaming dreams when we put faith in these statements? Is the Bible to be trusted elsewhere and distrusted here? Is this universal longing to know about those who have gone through the church-yard to heaven a delusion and a snare, a bright promise of faith which simply "sets the children's teeth on edge?" A strange world, indeed, in which our thirst is never quenched, our hunger never satisfied! Why, then, the hunger and the thirst?

These matters are slowly coming within the range of scientific inquiry. The days of indifference have passed. With the future new glories will open to our surprised eyes, new truths will be discovered, and we shall find that the two worlds are so close together that as our prayers go forth to the gates the loved ones come to answer them and render assistance.

Before that time we ourselves may depart, but the way will be open to come back, bringing the love of God, of Christ and of the risen ones into hearts and households.

The girl who thinks all the men "awfully nice," that the other girls are all looking "too sweet for anything," who "loves" dancing, usually has a good time—provided she is sincere.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hunger frequently causes restlessness and wakefulness. This often may be avoided by taking a glass of milk—preferably hot, but not boiled, or a cup of cocoa, or even a light sandwich before going to bed.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mainly About People.

A High Church stranger who was visiting a rural church in England enquired: "Have you matins in this church?" "Oh, no, sir," replied the rustic verger, "but we have oilcloth right up to the chancel."

An Argyllshire elder was asked how the kirk progressed in his locality. "Ah, weel," said he, "we had four hundred members. Then we had a diveesion and there were only twa hundred left; then a disruption and only ten left. Then we had a heresy trial; and now there's only me and ma brither Duncan left, and I ha' grave doots o' Duncan's orthodoxy."

The great Mendelssohn was once compelled to accept the office of bookkeeper with a banker who was a very ignorant man. A few days after the banker said to Mendelssohn: "Do you think God works things wisely? You He made to be a bookkeeper, and me a rich banker." "Just notice the wisdom of God," promptly replied Mendelssohn. "If He had made me the banker, do you think I would engage you for a bookkeeper?"

The story is told that President Roosevelt was once traveling in Idaho, and passed a bookstore in the window of which was a copy of his "Winning of the West." Going into the bookstore he enquired, "Who is this author Roosevelt?" "Oh," said the bookseller, "he's a ranch-driver." "And what do you think of his book?" asked the President. "Well," said the dealer, slowly and deliberately, "I've always thought I'd like to meet the author and tell him that if he had stuck to running a ranch and give up writing books he'd have made a powerful more of a success at his trade."

The chief of the Leslies is said to have prayed before a battle: "Lord, be on our side! An' gin ye canna be on our side, aye lay low a bit, an' ye'll see thae carles get a hidin' that must please ye." An old Covenanter, who ruled his household with a rod of iron, is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship: "O Lord, hae a care o' Rab, for he is on the great deep, an' Thou holdest it in the hollow o' Thy hand. An' hae a care o' Jamie, for he hae gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome o' the battle is wi' Thee. But ye needna fash Yersel' wi' wee Willy, for I hae him here, an' I am cawpable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

Lord Kelvin, the great British scientist, now in this country, is much given to preoccupation. It is said his students were wont to accompany the endless repetition of the definition of an ideal magnet, "an infinitely long, infinitely thin, uniform, and uniformly and longitudinally magnetized bar," by a stately tramp of feet. At the conclusion of this staggering performance, Professor Thomson, as he then was, would invariably shout, "Silence." One day the boys put it up to keep absolutely still, but the cry of "Silence" came at the end just the same. It is told of him, too, that he once went sound asleep presiding at a banquet. It was the penalty of overwork.

Opie Read, the Southern novelist, who lives in Chicago, has accepted the nomination for alderman from a Republican convention in a Republican ward. Until the last Presidential campaign Mr. Read had always affiliated with the Democracy. During the campaign of 1900, however, he made speeches in the West in behalf of the sound-money ticket. When his bill of expenses went to Mr. Hanna the chairman noticed that Mr. Read's expenses in Denver were much larger than at any other place. Mr. Hanna called Mr. Read's attention to this. "I reckon as much," Mr. Read replied, "but did you ever play poker in that pesky town?" Mr. Hanna made no answer, but put an "O. K." on the account.

Clerk Newton of the Parker House, Boston, is telling a good story at his own expense. When a small boy on the farm his folks often sent him to the neighbors to buy a dozen eggs when their hens failed to lay enough. He noticed that the old farmer always held each egg before a lighted candle and examined it carefully. In his innocence of Yankee shrewdness, Newton supposed that this was prompted more by honesty and intention to detect whether the eggs were bad or not. One day, however, when he counted his eggs, according to custom, there were only eleven in the basket. With a determination not to be cheated, the lad trudged proudly back to the house, and quickly made known his discovery. "Oh," said the old farmer, "that's all right, my boy; one of them has a double yolk."

Written on the Face.

We write our characters on our faces; yet, though we are quick to read our neighbor's face we are slow to realize that our own is open for him to read. But it is. The story is there, and we are writing it every day of our lives. Not only do smiles and frowns leave traces, but every passion which sways the heart stamps its record upon the face. Even a ride in a street car on a short railway journey gives proof of this. Look around you. Those two strangers opposite you never saw before, yet you know that one is passionate, the other mean, and your heart warms to the little old lady near by. You want no one to assure you she is kind and gentle, while a whole network of wrinkles about the eyes tells you that the old gentleman in the corner loves his joke. Character, indeed, is written plainly on every face. Some speak of tragedy, some of comedy, and not a few give you a distinct warning.

Uneasy Lies, Etc.

An American chiropodist now in Berlin advertises that he "has removed corns from all the crowned heads of Europe."

Missed It.

"I missed one of my pullets last night, Rufus," said the colonel, sternly. "Sho," replied Rufus, evasively, "yo' oughtn't tuh shoot at pullets in de dahk, kurnel."—Ohio "State Journal."

Mr. Bacon—I see by this paper that ice one and one-half inches thick will support a man. Mrs. Bacon—I always said there was an enormous profit in ice, John.—Yonkers "Statesman."

Armed and Invincible.

WHEN the little woman opened the door the burly fellow promptly pushed his way in. In alarm she hastily backed away, and he closed the door after him.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, trying to appear brave and determined. "Leave this house immediately."

"Oh, I guess not," he answered, impudently.

"I'll call my husband," she threatened.

"He ain't home," retorted the intruder; "there ain't nobody home but you. That's why I come in. See?"

She was badly frightened, but she tried not to show it. Furthermore, she was handicapped by the fact that she was in house-cleaning attire, with apron and cap, and a feather duster in her right hand. A woman cannot be as dignified and haughtily imperious as she would wish under these circumstances.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Money an' jewlry," he answered. "I ain't pertic'ler wot it is, only so it's small an' val'able. I ain't lookin' for no piano."

"Well, I should think not," she returned indignantly, "and you can't have anything at all. If you don't get right out of here I'll scream."

"Turn 'er loose!" retorted the intruder, carelessly. "There ain't nobody to hear you, but you better be quick about it, 'cause I ain't got no time to waste. I'm all business, I am, an' we been foolin' long enough. Reach fer the high note!"

"You're the most insulting man I ever saw!" she cried, angrily.

"Sure," he acquiesced—and then, with a slight show of impatience, "Better hand out that watch you're wearin' or I'll have to reach fer it, an' that wouldn't be wot you'd like."

"Don't you dare touch me!" she exclaimed, retreating to the parlor as he advanced. "You're a great big coward! You wouldn't dare do this if I had a pistol!"

"Sure I wouldn't," he admitted; "but I got to have that there ticker fer a start-off."

Her anger had been getting the better of her fear, and now her housewifely instincts added to her indignation.

"Don't you come into this room with those muddy boots!" she cried. "I've just swept and dusted. You go right back there and wipe your feet on the mat."

She pointed with the duster, and as that useful household utensil came in proximity to his face he hastily dodged back.

"Don't be sassy, little woman," he said with offensive familiarity, and that was the last straw. She was so angry that she could cry, and she would have done so if there had been any sort of a reasonable opportunity.

"Oh, if I only had a weapon!" she said, hotly. "I'd teach you manners, you big, burly brute—you coward! You knew I was defenceless, or you wouldn't have dared come in! Oh, why is a woman so helpless!" Then, as he advanced again, she suddenly pushed the duster into his face, with the peremptory command: "Go back there, you clumsy thing! Don't you dare tralpse mud into this room!"

Now, a feather duster is about as disagreeable a thing as a man can have thrust in his face, and as the intruder jumped back his feet became entangled in the hall rug, and he was flat on his back before he knew what had happened. As he tried to raise himself he got the duster in the face again. He grabbed for it, but she was too quick for him. He needed his hands to get himself up and he needed them to protect his face, and then she made matters worse by suddenly throwing the loose end of the rug over him.

"Oh, if I only had a weapon!" she cried.

"Wot do you call that thing?" he growled, as he tried to disentangle himself, with the result that every time he took his hands away from his face he got a feather in his eye or a bunch of them in his mouth. Once he closed his teeth on them and thus tried to hold the duster until he could grab it, but she jerked it away, leaving a varied assortment of feathers and parts of feathers in his mouth.

"Oh, my eye," he suddenly cried, as well as he could with h... mouth full of things that made him sputter and choke. "Oo! oo! ouch! you've put it out!"

"If I only had a weapon," was her retort, "I believe I could manage you all right. I'll never be unarmed again when I'm alone in the house."

"You ain't now," he wailed, holding both hands to his eye. "Let me up an' I'll go—sure I will."

"Am I sassy?" she demanded, the light of victory shining in her indignant eyes.

"Sure not," he answered.

"Are you ever going to say 'little woman' to a lady again?"

"No, ma'am; never!" with great earnestness—for she was still plying the duster whenever he attempted to move.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to impose on a defenceless woman?"

"'Shamed ain't no name fer it," he asserted with feeling.

She hastily threw open the outer door.

"Get up," she said.

He struggled to his feet, while she watched him closely. His back was to the open door when he stood up, the eye that had met the duster blinking distressingly. For an instant he hesitated, but only for an instant.

"Out!" she cried, and the duster went straight to his face again. He went out backward in such a hurry that he nearly fell down the steps, and the door was promptly closed. His defeat, which up to the very last minute he had hoped to turn into victory, was complete.

"Wot's the matter?" asked the man who was waiting for him at the corner. "Was she armed?"

"Bill," was the solemn and impressive reply, "'cordin' to a man's idee she wasn't, but you can't never tell when a woman's armed."—Elliott Flower in "Leslie's Weekly."

The One Thing Lacking.

Much-rejected Contributor (at a white heat)—I shall write to this editor, and give him a piece of my mind! Wife (sweetly) Perhaps, dear, that's exactly what he's been waiting for!—"Outlook."

Wage-Earning School Children in England.

Whilst dreams of world-wide empire and visions of the subjection of the entire universe to the domination of the occupants of No. 10 Downing street, Whitehall, are disturbing the rest of the average Briton, and turning even the late followers of Gladstone into rampant jingoes, thinking men are reminded, by the publication of Blue Books such as the report just issued by the Home Office on the employment of school children, of some of the evils which are eating away the heart of the English nation. Child labor in England has been the subject of repeated legislation for nearly a century. Children eight years of age are no longer allowed to work in factories, nor are the hours of labor for older child-workers so long as heretofore. For the latter class a system of half work, half school, has been devised; while a series of acts of Parliament have been passed forbidding the employment of young children in chimney-sweeping, acrobatic performances, etc., and severely regulating their hours of labor in other and, in my opinion, equally objectionable occupations. It was fondly imagined that these enactments had finally exorcised the evil spirit of child labor; but the terrible disease of poverty is too deeply rooted in Great Britain to be eradicated by such measures; and though now and again a sore may be healed, it surely reappears in some other part of the body politic. Its latest development is to be seen in the spectacle of children of tender years trading in the streets, or working in shops, or engaged in some form of agriculture; labor which has not been forbidden by any existing legislation. The first symptom was noticed by the Education Department through its school inspectors; and six years ago an investigation was held by that body in order to see whether the disease was quite so dangerous as represented. Enquiries were made from the various school managers throughout the country, with the result that it was reported that no less than 144,000 children attending school were employed either before or after school hours, or both, for a very small remuneration, at some form of work for periods ranging from twenty to forty, fifty, and even eighty hours a week. These figures rather underestimated the total number, as the compilers did not include those children who had a regular occupation after school, or those whose work was not, in their judgment, prejudicial to health.—Thomas Burke in the "Forum."

Figuring It Out.

The "little Johnny" of the following story may never have heard that

Great fleas have little fleas upon their
backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so
ad infinitum,

but his method of reasoning is analogous. He had been gazing thoughtfully at his book of animal pictures, says the Salt Lake "Herald," when suddenly he called out:

"Sa, pa, does it cost much to feed a lion?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Oh, a lot of money."

"A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, pa?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"And a fox would be enough for the wolf, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, yes."

"And a fox could make a meal off a hawk, eh, pa?"

"I suppose so."

"And the hawk would be satisfied with a sparrow?"

"Of course."

"And a big spider would be a good meal for the sparrow, wouldn't it, pa?—wouldn't it, pa?"

"Yes, yes."

"And a fly would be enough for the spider?"

"Sure."

"And a drop of molasses would be all the fly would want, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, stop your chatter!"

"But wouldn't it, pa?"

"Yes."

"Well, pa, couldn't a man keep a lion more'n a year on a pint of molasses?"

The Last Words of Great Men.

On the subject of Cecil Rhodes' last words—so little done, so much to do—London "Truth" says: "Mr. Rhodes was not given to high-flown talk, and I suspect the story of his 'last words' is a fiction. Sydney Smith observed that it seems a necessity that every distinguished man should die 'with some sonorous and quotable saying in his mouth.' Mr. Pitt was supposed to have expired exclaiming 'How do I leave my country!' It was afterwards established on conclusive evidence that his real last words were, 'I fancy I could eat one of Bellamy's meat pies.' Mr. Fox was credited with some becoming observation about public affairs, whereas his last words conveyed a request for barley water. Sir Robert Peel was stated to have died after an ejaculation about the blessings of cheap bread. In reality he awoke for a few minutes, after several hours of sleep, said, 'God bless you all,' and died. Lord Beaconsfield was reported to have exclaimed, 'Any news in the Gazette?' with his last breath, whereas he muttered, 'I feel overwhelmed.'"

A Delicate Position.

Wedding presents are frequently distinguished for their uselessness, and gift-making at any time is always attended with some danger, but there is a contractor in Toronto who realizes that the most generous intentions are likely to turn out disastrously. This is how it came about:

A faithful Irish employee announced his desire to take a month's vacation in order to visit his brother in the West. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted the request, but made him a present of a new valise. The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words.

Tim stared at the valise for a moment and then asked: "What am I to do with thot?"

"Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered the contractor.

"Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "An' phwat will Oi wear if Oi put me clothes in thot?"

Our School System.

The February issue of The School Review, a periodical published by the University of Chicago press, contains a review of the school system of Ontario by Mr. W. L. Grant of the staff of Upper Canada College. Mr. Grant's attention is mainly directed to the secondary schools, which may be regarded as the feature of our system wherein lies the crux of the difficulties we experience. His consideration is careful, and leads him to definite and clearly expressed conclusions. It is perfectly natural that Mr. Grant is more concerned with the weaknesses than with the excellence of our system. He expressly admits the latter. But those excellences are our heritage from our fathers, and this generation, if it is to prove worthy of its trust, must carry on the work, must concern itself mainly with further upbuilding rather than with gratulations upon the work of the past.

Passing over remarks upon the general administration of the system, and upon the public school problem, which is confessedly far less complicated than that of the secondary schools, Mr. Grant's view of the high school question may be considered. Originally, he points out, these schools were opened to provide matriculants for the universities; they were next required to give the literary and scientific training of teachers-in-training, and, thirdly, they were required to recognize the claims of scholars who purposed entering business. He notes the theoretical excellence of the organization, and comments on its weakness.

First of all, the multiplicity of subjects is a difficulty. "The Provincial universities, giving at matriculation a liberal choice of options, have thrown a burden upon the high school which it is becoming more and more unable to bear. Organized at a time when the matriculation standard was simple and unvarying, all its traditions, as well as the natural pride, both of the teachers and of the municipality, lead it to try to teach everything, with the result that in the smaller schools the arrangement of a timetable is becoming more and more impossible, and the masters are alternately overworked and idle, as the hour is given to a popular or unpopular option."

After an excursus on the text-book policy of the department, in which he holds that "it surely stands to reason that a new country with a comparatively small learned class does not do wisely in rejecting the labors of Britain and the United States," Mr. Grant points out that the work of turning out teachers and matriculants has gone on "till we are almost ludicrously overstocked." He deals in forcible terms with the evils of the present oversupply of teachers. "The raison d'etre of the high school teacher seems to be to reproduce himself, and we have apparently arrived at a new example of the infinite series, where the little fleas produce lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum. In 1899, out of 6,067 pupils who left the high schools, 1,297 had signified their intention of becoming teachers." Meanwhile, Mr. Grant states, "the commercial course has not been a success. Technical subjects . . . have not as a rule been so well taught as in the business college, while literature and history have been taught in a shamefaced way, which renders them almost useless. In fact, the class, though at present showing a slight upward tendency, still lies under a vague stigma of social inferiority, which for years has blighted its efforts."

The result of this situation, according to Mr. Grant, is that the attendance is less than it should be, and has been decreasing since 1895, Massachusetts, with practically the same population as Ontario, has 40,000 high school scholars, as against 22,460 in Ontario.

Two radical changes seem to Mr. Grant to be necessary. "If each high school is to teach everything, then the universities must greatly curtail their list of options at matriculation; if the options are to be retained, and indeed increased, in accordance with our present tendency, then certain schools must confine themselves to certain aspects of work."

"More important still," Mr. Grant goes on, "the high school must cut loose from the university, and assume a more independent attitude. The metaphor of 'the ladder of learning' has done harm by leading us to think that the lower rungs are of value only as steps to the higher. The vast mass of our citizens must get their education . . . in the primary and secondary schools. At present we turn out teachers and matriculants, not the two most important classes in a new community. Those who are to be the captains of industry, the stock brokers, miners, engineers, wholesale and retail men of business, instead of being given a course which would fit them for a business career, and at the same time give them a training in the rudiments of literature and history, must be content either with the narrow training of the business college, or with a course designed to suit the needs of pupils who intend to become teachers or to enroll themselves in one of the learned professions."

Mr. Grant, in substance, suggests a new type of secondary school, complete in itself, not a rung in an educational ladder, but aiming at training for the business of life the exceedingly numerous class of lads who intend neither to enter the learned professions nor to teach. The question as to whether this new form of secondary school is to be established is probably the most vital question in the educational world of Ontario to-day.

One more reference to Lord Methuen may be permitted. Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., wrote to The Times as follows:—"May I cite a precedent for the capture of a British General in the course of a victorious campaign, closer, in one respect at least, to Lord Methuen's misfortune than the case of Sir John Hope at Bayonne? That occurred on April 14, 1814, seven days after the Emperor Napoleon's abdication, the news of which reached Wellington at Toulouse on the evening of the 13th, not in time to stop hostilities at Bayonne. Two years before, during the memorable retreat of the British from Burgos in 1812, Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Paget, commanding the central column of the army, rode back to correct the distance which had been lost between the fifth and seventh divisions. In returning he mistook a detachment of French cavalry for his own people and was taken prisoner."

A Famous Fet.

A recent investigation into the evils of betting prompted The Daily Chronicle to recall that on one occasion the business of the House of Commons was interrupted to allow of a wager being decided. In a speech delivered by Walpole during the last months of his long administration he quoted a line from Horace, "Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpae." Pulteney, from the other side of the House, interjected the correction, "Nulla pallescere culpa." Walpole, indignant at his Latinity being questioned, offered to wager a guinea that he had quoted correctly. The proceedings were stopped, and a Horace was sent for; when the Clerk of the House, Nicholas Hardinge, declared Pulteney the winner. The Prime Minister accordingly flung a guinea across the House to Pulfrom the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last." This coin is now in the British museum, with a memorandum in Pulteney's handwriting, detailing the circumstances of the wager.

Had a Happy Day.

On March 8 the members of the Thames Valley Legitimist Club spent a happy day at Hampton Court inspecting the spot where the molehill upset the horse of William of Orange, and ended a period—as they express it—"of most inglorious history for England and of abominable tryanny for Scotland and Ireland." The day ended with a supper at Kew, the Jacobite toasts of "Here's to the squeezing of the rotten orange" and "The little gentleman in the black velvet coat," and the letting off of rockets. Nothing, says an unsympathetic Liberal Journal, could have been more appropriate than the finale.

The Camp Schools.

The enlistment of Canadian teachers for the Boer children in the concentration camps lends interest to a sketch of these schools which recently appeared in The Times. The correspondent says:

Mr. Sargent (the Director of Public Education) has devoted himself with whole-hearted enthusiasm to the work. He began with about 100 teachers for the camp schools. He has now 200. Before the end of the year he hopes to add another 100 to his staff. Some of these teachers are Dutch; the latest importations are chiefly Scotch. The next batch will be English, Scotch, and colonial. In every camp there are schools in proportion to the number of teney, who received it with the remark, "It's the only money I have received child refugees. Instruction is given in English, and in some of the lower classes an important part of the work consists in teaching the children to speak English. I was present at a lesson of this sort, which consisted in putting up a picture on an easel in front of a large class. It happened to be a farmyard picture, and the eager-eyed class, all of very small children, was asked if anyone could say what he saw. Presently a chubby hand went up from one of the benches and a confident little voice piped out the single word "cow." His pronunciation was corrected; and the next minute the whole class was shouting in unison "I see a cow." Then a rival aspirant for fame discovered "two cows." Another eagerly outstripped him with "two cows in the green grass." The fun grew fast and furious, and the shout in unison as I passed on had reached to something like the length of a response to the Psalms. There was no doubting the enjoyment of the children. The keenness of the upper classes, which receive tuition up to the level of the highest standard at home, is as great as that of the lower; and the statistical results given by the educational reports bear out fully the impression gained by ocular demonstration. There are actually in the camps, keenly profiting by the opportunities of English education, a larger number of children than ever figured before the war on the Dutch school rolls. I have not before me the total numbers for the two colonies combined, but for the Orange River Colony alone the number now attending the camp schools—and attending with an unusually high average of regularity—is about 11,500 children, whereas the greatest number on the Dutch school rolls before the war was 9,500. In other words, the entire young population of the colony is for the time being under English tuition. Mr. Sargant, it must be understood, is Director of Public Education for both colonies, and all that has been said applies in system to the two, though I have personally as yet only seen the methods in application in the Orange River Colony.

Experienced Leaders.

Lord Kitchener appears to be employing experienced South Africans in the present stage of the war with advantage. Colonel Wilson, whose name has been frequently mentioned of late in despatches, was better known as "Kaffir" Wilson in the early Buluwayo days. The reason of this appellation is not quite clear, says The London Star, for Mr. A. E. Wilson is neither dark nor has he dwelt long among Kaffirs. Colonel Wilson hails from Australia. He joined the pioneer column into Rhodesia, holding a subordinate rank in his corps. After the vocation of a trooper was discarded by the pioneers Mr. Wilson acquired a stand and built himself an hotel. In business he was known as a keen, imperturbable person. The thought furthest from anyone's mind in those days would have been that he should aspire to military renown. Yet he is leading the venturesome life of a leader of irregulars. Given a command in Kitchener's Fighting Scouts by Col. Colenbrander, he soon distinguished himself by his coolness under fire, and his cheerful vigilance in scouting. Subsequently he was appointed commander of a separate wing of this fighting corps, known as the 2nd K.F.S. Colonel Wilson in appearance is tall, large-boned and wiry. He has a fair but tanned complexion, wide-awake bluish grey eyes, and lean visage, giving him every appearance of a keen, hard-headed and cool-tempered man.

It is actually getting to be a fact that the American mechanic is the only man in America who has time to enjoy the company of his wife and his child.—Ladies' Home Journal.

There are over 100 geysers in the Yellowstone National Park. The largest of these, the Giant, spouts a stream of hot water two feet in diameter to a height of 250 feet.

Humor of the Hour.

He—I understand this boarding house is kept by a young widow.

She—Yes; I'm the one.

He—Why, you're sixty years old.

She—Yes, but I've only been a widow a week.—Boston Herald.

A woman claimed a separation from her husband on the ground of his cruelty and neglect.

Judge—I have no doubt you loved him at one time?

Wife—Yes, my Lord, but the times have changed. In those days his heart beat—now it is his stick.—English Paper.

Neighbor (to cottager)—But why do you stuff your pig one day and the day after give it nothing at all to eat?

"Well, mister, I likes my bacon streaky—lines o' fat and lines o' lean, yer see!"—Farm and Home.

A very estimable woman of Milwaukee is an earnest member of a local German class, but her method of pronouncing some of the words, at least in one specific instance, aroused the mirth of her companions. At a recent meeting of the class, one of the questions in the day's exercise was, "Are you not glad that you are able to learn German?"

This query was in the foreign language, and the answer was, "Ja; gewiss," meaning, "Yes, certainly."

It so happened that this particular woman was called up to read the question and answer. She got through the question all right, but convulsed the class by reading the answer this way:—

"Ya; gee whiz!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A few days ago a New York reporter had occasion to write a paragraph about Archibald Ross Colquhoun, the well-known English traveller and engineer. The reporter was told that after Mr. Colquhoun's name the letters "M.I.C.E." (Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers) should be placed.

"That's easy to remember," thought the young journalist. "M.I.C.E. spells 'mice.' Can't forget that."

But the disadvantage of systems of mnemonics was once again illustrated, for when the reporter's copy was turned in the letters after Mr. Colquhoun's name were "R.A.T.S."—New York Times.

The head of a well-known shipping firm in this country received a letter from a millionaire Swiss banker, asking him to try to help his son get a job in some mercantile or shipping house, to learn the business. The shipping firm head shortly wrote back to the doting parent:

"Dear sir: Your son has arrived. I have given him employment at my offices at $5 a week with others of his class. One of these young men has just bought a $60,000 yacht and another comes to the office in an $8,000 automobile. I think your son will find his surroundings congenial."—New York Evening Sun.

One of the constituents of Judge Culberson, the father of the present Senator from Texas, had wagered that he could get a definite and decided opinion from the old man, a proposition so unlikely that it created no little excitement in the Texas town in which the Judge resided. It had been stipulated that the bet should be decided in front of a livery stable, where Judge Culberson liked to spend some of his leisure hours.

A crowd collected, and as they discussed the state of the weather and the condition of the crops a newly-sheared flock of sheep was driven by.

"Judge," said the man who had made the wager, "those sheep have been sheared, haven't they?"

"It looks like it, on this side," replied the Judge."—New York Tribune.

The Theatre.

"The Question of the Theatre," to which Professor Brander Matthews addresses himself in his article in the March number of The North American Review, is What can be done to place the theatre of America and England in the same position as the theatre holds in France, where, through the financial support of the State, several great houses are enabled to present the greatest and most characteristic productions of the French dramatists without slavish regard to commercial considerations? History teaches that it is unwise to leave any art wholly at the mercy of money-making motives, and yet, in the English-speaking countries, the drama has been left in that plight, while much has been done for music, for painting, for sculpture, and for architecture. Professor Matthews points out that what has to be done for the drama is to come to its aid just as the owners of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York came to the aid of the opera. Were that done, and a suitable manager secured, we should have the conditions under which standard plays could be systematically produced. A repertory of plays, old and new, could be gotten together, which would make the managen independent if actual novelties did not prove attractive. Professor Matthews indicates one interesting result of possessing such a repertory:—

"To do justice to so varied a repertory, a large and competent company of actors and actresses would be required—not stars, of course, but ambitious and accomplished performers. There would be no need to pay extravagant salaries, as an engagement in such a theatre would soon be esteemed an honor. Furthermore, the actors would be spared the wear and tear of a succession of 'one-night stands'; and they would tend to decrease the unwillingness of young actors and actresses to appear in parts they might deem unworthy of them, an unwillingness which has some justification under the existing conditions, when a character may have to be sustained for a hundred times in succession. But when the bill changes every night, a performer sure of a good part on Monday and on Wednesday is less strenuous in his objection to performing a part not so good on Tuesday. The accumulation of a repertory would thus tend to strengthen the oasis of the more important plays; and there might eve be developed in time a disinterestedness like that displayed in the famous Meiningen company, where the foremost actors were accustomed to appear in the smallest parts."

WALL PAPERS

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

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NOTES OF NEWS

J.J. Young, M.L.A., of Calgary, is in town.

J. D. Bourne, of Nakusp, was a visitor this week.

W. A. Morris returned on Tuesday from a trip to the coast.

Constable Upper went south to Camborne this morning.

Miss B. Sawyer expects to leave for the east on Saturday next.

—Big reduction in ladies and misses boots at Reid & Young's.

H. N. Coursier went south yesterday morning on a business trip.

H. A. Brown returned last evening from a business trip to the Slocan.

The Vancouver lacrosse team have arranged to visit Nelson on July 23rd.

Bruce Horne and W. Abrahamson have gone to Isaac Creek on a prospecting tour.

The stone foundation of the drill hall was commenced this week by E. Fromey.

—Big reductions in men's furnishings during the midsummer sale at Reid & Young's.

Mrs. R. R. Atkins left for a two weeks trip to Victoria on Saturday night.

Everything is in trim for opening the Queen Victoria Hospital this month.

It is practically certain that the Coronation will take place on Saturday August 9th.

Dr. Brett, of Banff, is laid up with appendicitis. His condition is said to be serious.

H. G. Parson, of Golden, spent Tuesday in the city looking after his interests here.

C. F. Lindmark has very generously contributed a set of goal nets to the lacrosse club.

Dr. McLean has moved into his new premises next to Roy Smythe on First Street.

Sir Thomas Lipton has announced his determination to again compete for the America's cup.

Mrs. G. D. Brown and son are on an extended visit to friends in Revelstoke —Kamloops Sentinel.

L. A. Fretz has secured the contract for the hospital septic tank and has commenced work already.

Architect Dodd, of Calgary, is in the city and will superintend the building of the Hume block.

Mrs. Grant, of Winnipeg, is spending a few days in the city with her daughter Mrs. W. M. Lawrence.

The Mail has a new item of local news that is kept standing, viz:— "Everything in the garden is lovely."

Contractor Gill arrived from Kamloops Monday morning and has recommenced operations on the Hume block.

Government Agent Fraser returned by steamer on Tuesday from a trip of inspection of some of the trails in the Big Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Lewis have returned from their eastern visit and expect soon to be in their handsome new residence.

Regular meeting of L. O. L. 1638, will be held tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock sharp. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

Dr. Carruthers and J. I. Woodrow, with some parties from the south, went up to the Big Bend placer diggings on Monday evening.

Capt. Miller, of Greenwood, and Lieut. McCormick, of Vancouver, arrived last week to take charge of the Salvation Army work in the city.

J. A. Wetmore, of the Imperial Bank branch at Nelson, has been appointed accountant of the Ferguson branch, vice J. R. Tweeddale resigned.

The earnings of the steamship Revelstoke are said to be of a very satisfactory character and justify all the expectations of her enterprising builders.

J. Kernaghan started work Monday morning with a large force of men on the Kilpatrick block on McKenzie Avenue. The work will be pushed to completion.

Miss M. Grant, sister of Mrs. W. M. Lawrence, has been appointed to the vacancy on the teaching staff of the city schools. Miss Grant is at present taking a course in the Normal at Vancouver.

Revelstoke was visited by a severe thunder storm Tuesday evening. The electric light connections in a number of houses and buildings were destroyed, but otherwise little damage was done.

A. Johnson, of THE HERALD, was called away suddenly Sunday evening to Ballard, Wash., having received word that his little son Bobby had been badly scalded. The boy's condition is serious.

Mrs. Geo. Moscrop, wife of Mr. G. Moscrop, of Moscrop Bros., plumbers, etc., and family, arrived from Vancouver Tuesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Moscrop will reside in the house formerly occupied by H. V. Scott.

D. W. Moore, ore buyer for the Trail smelter, passed through Revelstoke last week on his way to the Coast. On his return he will make a trip into the Big Bend district to look into mining conditions there.

The Marquis of Salisbury has resigned the premiership of Great Britain and Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, first lord of the treasury and government leader of the House of Commons, has been appointed to succeed him.

Building operations in the city are brisk, but contractors complain of a scarcity of men. Carpenters can get 30 cents and laborers 27½ cents an hour. Johnston & Co. are advertising for 30 laborers to work on the Hume block.

Hon. W. C. Wells is at Golden, where it is reported a banquet is to be tendered him. We would like to get him in Revelstoke long enough to convince him that we are badly in need of a trail to Canoe River from Goldstream—and right away, too.

J. D. McLellan, who represented the local company of Rocky Mountain Rangers on the Canadian Coronation contingent, returned last evening. "Rory" expresses himself as having had a first class time in the worlds metropolis and he certainly looks none the worse of his trip.

The sale of work in aid of the Catholic Church is in full swing at the Opera House this afternoon. The different stalls are gaily decorated and include a work table, flower table, candy table, refreshment tables and a fish pond. A concert will be given this evening at which the best local talent assist, also the Independent Band. Admission 25 cents.

Work of cribbing the bank around Conductor Lawson's residence, on Second street, has just been started. This bank has for some time past been gradually crumbling away and had got to a somewhat dangerous stage. The timbers used for cribbing are of substantial nature and when put in place should stand for all time.

J. R. Tweeddale, formerly of the Imperial Bank staff in this city and latterly of the Ferguson branch, spent a couple of days in the city this week. Mr. Tweeddale has severed his connection with the bank and left Tuesday morning for Missoula, Montana, where he will enter a mercantile office. Jack's many friends which him every success in his new occupation.

A meeting of the police commissioners was held on Monday last, when the application of Chief Bain for three months leave of absence was granted and Mr. A. E. Kincaid was appointed acting chief during the absence of Chief Bain, who is taking a holiday in the Big Bend and will while there look over the mica claims owned by the Revelstoke syndicate. The chief left for Golden yesterday.

—THE—

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THE TWELFTH CELEBRATED

(Concluded from Page One.)

passed unanimously the audience standing. Three cheers were then given for the visiting brethren. The proceedings were brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

The procession then reformed and marched through the lower town (which was beautifully decorated with bunting) to the recreation grounds. The afternoon was given up to sports, as follows:

LACROSSE MATCH.

The Vernon lacrosse team reinforced by Eickoff and Sandy Grey of Westminster and Greatrix of Kamloops, took the field with the intention of showing "our boys" how the game should be played. Some time was lost in securing a referee. The Vernon team having brought over Mr. Nelson from Kamloops to fill the position and who by the way was one of the Kamloops players that had met their Waterloo in Revelstoke on the 26th of June and still had a faint recollection of the game. Capt Stanley of the Vernon team argued that the visiting team should have the selection of the referee but Capt. Stanford of the local team could not see the point claiming the visitors had gone out of their way in importing players and were giving odds in the betting line, consequently he considered that a disinterested referee should be chosen. The matter was, however, finally settled by drawing names from a hat, resulting in the selection of Mr. Willing who refereed the game to the satisfaction of both teams.

It was decided to play the game in four quarters of 15 minutes each. The teams lined up as follows: Revelstoke, —McCarry, goal; Coghlan, point; Edwards, cover point; McIntyre, Blackburn and J. McIntyre, defence; Graham, centre; Jackes, Stanford and Melville, home: Carey, outside home; Cao, inside home. Vernon- Dean, goal; Birney, point; Ellworthy, cover point; Eickoff, Stanley and Crowell, defence; Cochrane, centre; McConnell, Greatrix and McDonell, home: Mayby, outside home; Grey, inside home. Field captains: Revelstoke, Teague. Vernon Tunstall. Referee, Ed. Willing.

The ball was faced at 3:15, Revelstoke defending the east end goal at the face off. Graham secured the rubber and a few moments of fast and exciting play by both teams, the ball traveled down to the Vernon defense where Jackes secured and by a hot shot scored the first and only goal allowed, time, 7 minutes. Until time was called for the first quarter, the ball remained in Vernon territory. It was at this stage of the game that Vernon money was hard to find. At the second quarter Revelstoke again secured and played good combination, keeping the ball in Vernon territory the entire quarter. The third quarter was a repetition of the second. On the fourth and last quarter the visitors played better lacrosse than any time during the game. Greatrix got the ball on a pass from centre and tried a long shot which went a little high, in fact it was the only time during the game that a Vernon score looked probable. The ball was immediately returned to the other end of the field where the Vernon defence were kept busy and Melville placed a shot which looked to many people like a goal, but the Vernon umpire failed to see it. So convinced were the home team of the goal being scored that the removal of umpire Varnes was insisted on and he was replaced by G. Caldwell. It might be said umpire Varnes acted very unfair in his position as he could be heard coaching the Vernon players at different times during the game. The ball was again faced and traveled towards the Revelstoke goal, but Edwards relieved by a long throw and things were again assuming a rather serious appearance for the Vernon defence. However, the whistle blew as time was up, and Revelstoke, the boys in green and white," had won the game by the score of 1 to 0, which cannot be taken as a criterion of the relative playing of the teams. It is true the boys in white were not in it, but played a plucky uphill game all through. From an outsider's point of view, it seemed that there was too much passing and repassing across the flags and too little shooting on the part of the Revelstoke home. However, this is something which the boys under the coaching of field captain Teague will get over. No doubt the next match played will see a large improvement in this respect. After the game the officers of the club entertained both teams to a dinner at the Hotel Revelstoke. Field captain Tunstall and his team were somewhat disappointed with the result of the game, but took their defeat as only gentlemen can. Our boys recommend them as a jolly good crowd and are looking for a return game at an early date.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

Vernon Juniors foot ball team played against the Revelstoke Juniors right after the Lacrosse game and was won by the former by 4 goals to 1. Vernon certainly had a fine string of forwards and by their good combination time and again took the ball right through the Revelstoke boys. After 40 minutes play Vernon took the ball to the Revelstoke sticks and by a good shot scored the first goal. The ball was centred again and for about 10 minutes it was a kick and rush game. Through some little dispute Palmer left the field, the game was suspended for about five minutes, while they tried to get another man, but without success. The ball was kicked off and soon after Vernon scored their second goal and when time was called Vernon had added two more to their credit and won as stated above.

100 yards dash—T. Carey, C. Field.
Catching Greasy Pig—W. Carr.
Mile bicycle race—L. Gould.
Slow bicycle race—L. Gould, J. Gould

The events of the day were greatly crowded owing to the late arrival of No. 2 from the west. This necessitated the abandoning of a number of sports which will be reserved for Labor Day. The highly successful concert both as regards attendance and programme closed the day's proceedings. The Loyal Orange Association has every reason to be well satisfied with the day's celebration. Not one thing marred the day everybody seemed happy and Revelstoke did itself credit.

On Sunday morning the Loyal Orange Lodge, No. 1658, with the True Blues, marched to the Presbyterian church, where Divine service was held at 11 a. m. The Deputy Grand Chaplain, Rev. W. C. Calder, preached an appropriate and helpful sermon from the text Eph. iv., 13: "Till we all come in the unity of the Faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." The communion table, platform and pulpit were beautifully adorned with plants and flowers and a choir of 20 voices added much to the services. There was a fair attendance of the brethren (and for a Sunday morning service) a good attendance of the congregation. At the conclusion of the services the members of the Order and True Blues marched back to the lodge rooms where a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the Chaplain for his eloquent sermon.

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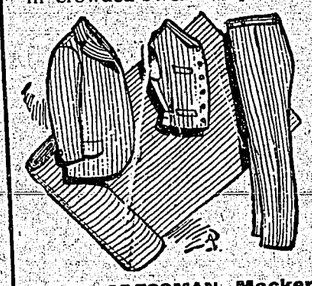

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