# THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
# RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 149 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 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.

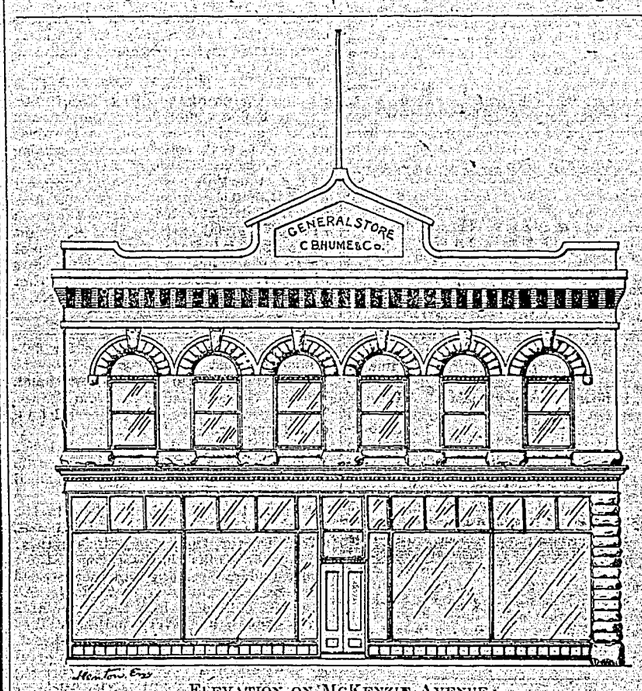

## C. B. HUME & COMPANY'S NEW BUSINESS BLOCK

### Increasing Business of the Firm Necessitates More Commodious Quarters—New Block will be the Finest in the City—Expected to be Ready for Occupation About Middle of November.

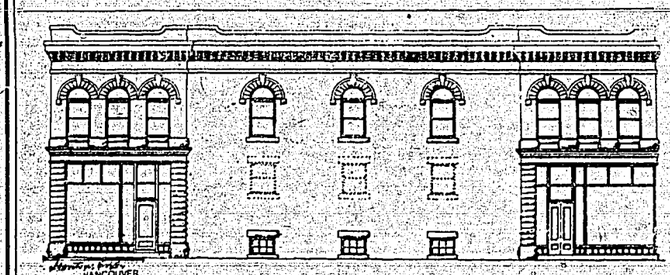
This summer in Revelstoke has been one of marked activity in building circles. At the present time there are in course of erection buildings exceeding in value over $75,000, which is one of the best indications of the growth and prosperity of the city of Revelstoke. Chief among these, and what, when completed, will be the handsomest business block in the city, is the Hume block.

The rapid increase in the volume of business being done of late by Messrs. C. B. Hume & Co. has compelled them to take this step, and their enterprise in building such a handsome structure will doubtless be rewarded by a further increase of business. This enterprise is also tangible evidence on the part of Messrs. Hume & Co. of the unbounded faith which they have in the future of Revelstoke.

In order to give its readers some idea of the appearance of this block when completed, the HERALD produces herewith two cuts, one showing the elevation of the building on McKenzie Avenue, and the other the elevation on First Street.




ELEVATION ON MCKENZIE AVENUE.



ELEVATION ON FIRST STREET.

It will be a two storey brick block, 50x100 feet, with a basement the full size of the building. W. M. Dodd, of Calgary, is the architect, and Messrs. Johnston & Co., of Kamloops, the contractors. The brick to be used in the building is being manufactured by C. B. Hume & Co. at their Revelstoke brick yards under the direction of Geo. Gill one of the most experienced brick makers in the west, and from the sample shown the HERALD will prove to be equal to any which can be procured in the country.

In the basement considerable space will be taken up by the furnace and heating appliances, the balance being devoted to the storage of a surplus stock of groceries, heavy hardware, paints, oils, etc.

On the ground floor will be the grocery, hardware, glass and crockery-ware, boot and shoe, gents' furnishing, and dry goods departments, with a complete stock in each line. There will be three entrances to the store, the main one being from McKenzie Avenue, as shown in cut No. 1, and two from First Street, as appearing in cut No. 2. The offices of the company will be located at the rear of the store, but at an elevation of eight feet from the ground floor, thus giving a clear floor space the entire length of the building.

On the second storey there will be a dressmaking and millinery department, also a house furnishing department. Wall paper and heavy lines of crockery will also be carried here.

The entire block will be occupied by the firm, will be well lighted, and heated throughout with steam. An elevator will also be put in. The counters, shelving and other necessary fixtures will be procured in the city. The interior arrangement of the store will be such as to make it convenient for both buyer and seller, and a pleasure for the customer to do shopping. The different departments will be in charge of an efficient staff of clerks, and the store, when complete, will be as modern and up-to-date, both as regards stock and equipment, as the stores of much larger cities in eastern and western Canada.

It is expected that a start will be made on the brick work about the first of September, and the contractors estimate that it will take them about six weeks to get through. It is likely to be well on in November however before the firm get moved into their new store.

### Visit of British Editors.

A party of editors representing sixteen of the leading journals of Great Britain arrived at Ottawa this week. It is their intention to make a tour through Western Canada, under the auspices of the Dominion Government, for the purpose of securing as much information as possible regarding the material wealth and resources of the Canadian West. It is the desire of the visiting editors to make a short stay in this locality and the Board of Trade and City Council should see to it that the visitors are given an opportunity of securing the information they desire. The party is expected to arrive at Revelstoke about September 4th.

—Mens' Union made overalls and jumpers at C. B. Hume & Co's.

### First Aid.

A Chicago despatch says: Train employees of the Northwestern road are to receive instructions in the science of medicine and the art of surgery, so that they shall be able to set a broken leg and bind up the wounds of the injured. The purpose of the project is to make every train crew on the Northwestern system competent to give first aid to the wounded and injured in wrecks.

Railway surgeons have estimated that at least 50 or 75 per cent of the deaths which now occur from injuries received in railway wrecks would not occur provided the injured received skillful and intelligent aid at once.

It is proposed to establish a school of instructions where train crews can be taught rudimentary surgery, become familiar with many of the remedies used for the purpose of temporary relief and learn what materials are used and how to use them. In this connection every passenger and freight train will carry a medicine chest well stocked with materials.

### Wedding at Halcyon.

About thirty invited guests assembled at the Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium on Thursday evening Aug. 7th, to witness the marriage of Mr. George M. Ross and Miss Connie Haynes, two very popular Halcyonites. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. C. Calder of Revelstoke. After the ceremony a dance followed which was enjoyed by all. About midnight everyone adjourned to the dining room where a sumptuous repast was provided by the management. After many toasts were proposed for the welfare and happiness of the young couple, speeches were made by Mr. Thos. McNaught, manager of the Sanitarium, and Mr. G. H. Bayne, president of the Homestake mine Rossland, in which mention was made of the popularity of the young couple during their sojourn at the Springs, Mr. Ross as the obliging and genial agent of the C. P. R. for whom every one had a good word, and his wife (formerly Miss Constance Haynes) equally popular with all.

The bride was handsonely dressed in white silk and chiffon and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses and chrysanthemums, the gift of the bride's mother, Mrs. E. Haynes, Vancouver. Her bridesmaid was Miss Maggie Rector of Rossland, who was prettily attired in white muslin. Mr. T. McNaught acted as groomsman.

The bride was the recipient of many handsome and costly presents. The young couple have the best wishes of a multitude of friends for their future happiness and prosperity.

## THE STANDARD COPPER MINE

### A Property of Immense Possibilities.—An Independent Opinion Places the Values of the Ores in Sight at Millions.

THE HERALD has recently had an interview with a party who has just returned from visiting the Standard. The reasons for the Prince Mining Company not accepting the offer they had received for a portion of their property is quite apparent. At present at the work done in Nos. 1, 2 and intermediary tunnels, there is over $100,000 of ore in sight, marked out. Below on the Commander lead at the large open cut the ore can be quarried out right from the surface in large bodies. From an analysis of this ore 5½ tons will make a ton of copper matte besides the gold and silver values. A tunnel has been run to cross cut the ore in 250 feet more with a depth of 275 feet on the ledge. This large body of ore can be traced on the surface for at least six hundred feet, and with drifts run correspondingly below will mark out ore to the value of four million nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars. By extending this tunnel another 300 feet it will cross cut the vein below number 2 tunnel with a depth of 475 feet on same. Drifting then on the ore at that place will give a tonnage of 15,000 tons for every 50 feet of drift, by extending the same tunnel another 100 feet approximately, it will tap the vein under No. 1 tunnel at a depth of 600 feet. When this is accomplished the ore in sight will make the property worth many millions. Then again by running a 1500 foot tunnel all these leads can easily be tapped at a depth of 2000 feet, besides cross cutting two more leads of immense showings. It is an ideal tunneling proposition. THE HERALD is convinced that the Standard will prove to be one of the largest mines on the Pacific slope.

### A New Warehouse.

Messrs. Taylor & George have let the contract for the erection of a large warehouse to D. McCarthy. The building will have a floor space of 40x60 feet and will be erected at once.

### Furniture Sale.

—FOR SALE—A number of bedsteads, mattrasses and springs, all nearly new. The goods can be seen at the residence of Mrs. McCallum, three doors east of the Molson's Bank. a.14 3w

### Ferguson Smelter a Success.

Tuesday the 12th inst, marked a most important epoch in the history of Ferguson, as on that day the new Vulcan smelter got its preliminary trial run. We are glad to be in a position to announce that the trial proved eminently satisfactory. Since it demonstrated that the plant is capable of everything predicted of it by both makers and owners.

Mr. Hubble of San Francisco had charge of the operation of "blowing in," and was assisted in this matter by H. W. Gender, the superintendent of the Lardeau Smelting & Refining Company.

At about 1 p. m., the crucible was heated, and the coke, ore and fluxes run into the furnace. In about an hour and a quarter the whistle sounded as an intimation that the actual operation of smelting was in progress. Whereupon quite a considerable crowd hurried to the works including a large number of the ladies of the town.

The furnace does its work with very little noise, as compared with the ordinary blast stacks, while at the same time the heat evolved by the vaccum draft is intense at the smelting area. The slag was flowing freely and the molten metal could be seen falling like rain drops into the crucible.

Mr. Hubble being satisfied that the boiler, attachments and general fittings were working satisfactorily closed down the works for assay of slags, metal, etc.

On Wednesday morning the furnace was blown in again and worked as in the short run of the day before with most gratifying results. The new inspirator, a recently patented appliance for regulating the draft, was found to be somewhat lightly constructed for the amount of steam pressure developed.

It was therefore decided before putting the plant to the test of a continuous run to procure heavier fittings for the vacuum regulating mechanism. On its arrival from San Francisco the smelter will be at once started up with a day and night shift of operators who will form its regular crew.—Eagle.

On Thursday next, Aug. 28th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Coursier, the Altar Guild of St. Peter's Church will hold a garden party and social. As this is the first social function of St. Peter's this season it is the intention of the ladies to make it as enjoyable as possible. There is ample room on the premises to accommodate a large crowd and all the attractive games will be furnished to fill in a few hours of first rate fun. If you miss this event you'll be sorry.


## GENUINE BARGAINS

AT

# Reid & Young's

For the Balance of August
On All Summer Goods, Consisting of

DRYGOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,
MEN'S FURNISHINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES

MUST CLEAR OUT OUR SUMMER STOCK
During This Month to Make Room for
FALL GOODS.

Your Opportunity to Get
SUMMER GOODS AT A BIG DISCOUNT FOR CASH


## LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

The wholesale price of Anthracite coal in New York is now $10 for stove size and $11 for nut.

Albert Brassey's "Czarina" arrived second at Cherbourg in the race for Earl Crawford's Coronation Cup.

The Shah of Persia visited King Edward on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert at Portsmouth this morning.

The native question in South Africa is a serious one. The natives are causing a good deal of trouble at outlying farms.

Gens. Botha, Dewet and Delarey arrived at Utrecht this morning to visit Kruger. An immense crowd gathered there to welcome them.

A party of Moors attacked a French military supply column near Andekin. Algeria. Several were killed and wounded on both sides. Troops have been called out and are in pursuit of the Moors.

Four hundred boxes containing Egyptian relics are on the way from Egypt, destined to the University of California, at San Francisco. They were collected by Dr. Geo. Reisner during the last two years.

President Baer, of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, replying to a letter from W. T. Clark, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., asking Baer as a christian to end the strike, said he thought that Clark was biased in his views in favor of workingmen getting control of a business in which they were not particularly interested, except in demanding fair wages for work done. Rights of laboring men must be protected, not by labor agitatators, but by Christian men, whom God in His infinite wisdom had given control of property interests. Clark should remember that the Lord God Omnipotent still reigned, and that His reign is one of law and order and not of violence and crime.

### Rifle Association.

The first practice at the new range took place on Saturday the 16th, when 16 members turned out. The new range is a great improvement on the old one, and Mr. H. A. Brown, the president, has worked hard to keep the expenditure down to the reasonable one of $150. To meet this, the Association advertises today a Smoker on the evening of the 1st Sept.—it being understood that the Ladies Auxiliary of the Hospital are postponing their dance to a more suitable night than Labor Day—when they hope that members of the R. R. A. and their friends will roll up and knock down the deficit.

Scoring on Saturday was low, owing to the new range, and the rain storm and gale that prevailed in the afternoon. The following were the six best scores:

| | 200yds | 500 | Total |
|---|---|---|---|
| R. Upper | 19 | 25 | 44 |
| T. B. Baker | 17 | 26 | 43 |
| C. Holten | 24 | 17 | 41 |
| H. A. Brown | 24 | 15 | 39 |
| Capt. Forsland | 18 | 15 | 33 |
| Dr. Carruthers | 17 | 15 | 32 |

### The City Schools.

The public schools re-opened this week with an attendance the first day of 197 pupils, considerable below the average. Principal Wilson informed the HERALD that the attendance in the upper divisions was good but in the lower divisions very small. It is important that all children of school age should be got out as the government grant is based on the actual average attendance. Parents are requested to make special note of this as it means a loss to the city of $20 for each child not in attendance. A high school class has been formed with four pupils in attendance.

Of the teaching staff Miss Dent and Miss Robinson are attending the Normal at Vancouver, and will not return until Oct. 1st, their places are being filled until then by Mrs. Hutchison and Miss Spurling. Miss Fraser, who has charge of Division IV, is expected to return by the 1st of September, Mrs. Wilkes is acting meanwhile as substitute. Miss Grant, who was appointed to the vacancy on the staff, is in charge of Division VI. at the Selkirk Hall.

The medals which were procured for the children as souvenirs of Coronation Day were distributed on Tuesday.

# GOSPEL WORK IN BRAZIL.

A mission whose converts are already becoming evangelists.

An exceedingly interesting story of successful mission work is told by Mr. Reginald J. Young, who has just returned from Brazil. He has been laboring for six years past in that populous land, and is now in this country seeking help to extend his work. His experience in the cities and country districts of Brazil has convinced him that if a systematic and earnest effort were made to evangelize the country, a rich harvest of souls might be reaped. It seems, he says, a most promising mission field, which would well repay the labors of consecrated Gospel workers.

Mr. Young and his wife were gradually led into mission work in Brazil by a brief stay in Rio Janeiro. They had a small property, sufficient for their own needs, and during their visit they made excursions from the city into the interior. They were astonished to find how few of the acquaintances they made knew anything of the Gospel or of the word of God. Even educated people there were, who did not possess a copy of the Bible. Mr. and Mrs. Young obtained from the Bible Society a consignment of Bibles, Testaments and single Gospels in Portuguese. These were soon in circulation, many being readily sold and others given away to people anxious to get them. The Christian visitors procured a fresh stock and went on a long journey westward, calling at the towns on the way and selling or giving away the precious volumes. Returning, they settled at Sao Paulo, near Santos, where they hired a room for public meetings. Here the Bible was read and explained. Many came, and soon there were people inquiring the way to be saved. A canvass from house to house was made of the City of Santos, and a large number of portions of the Bible were sold. The City of Sao Paulo, which has 250,000 population, was also canvassed as far as possible, and the people invited to the meetings. Visits were also made to the neighboring towns. At one of these a young Englishman named F. C. Glass was brought to Christ, and so earnest was he that he abandoned his business to assist in the mission work. He has proved a very successful worker.

About forty persons in all have made profession of faith at Sao Paulo, and there are many others who have manifested a deep interest in the teaching and will, it is believed, yet become believers. Among the converts, Snr. Mello, a young man who was formerly notorious for his wickedness, has himself become a preacher. He is a native Brazilian of considerable fortune. After his conversion he set himself diligently to the study of the Bible, and spoke at every opportunity, both on the streets and in the mission. His simple testimony was given with power, and has been greatly blessed. Snr. Mello mentions, it so impressed a Roman Catholic priest that he became an inquirer, and has since accepted Christ. He, with two other workers, set out on foot on a mission journey through three States, intending to preach in all their chief towns. One of Snr. Mello's companions is Snr. Egydio Dias, who also was converted at the Sao Paulo mission. He is a Spaniard, but speaks Portuguese fluently. For about a year after his conversion he made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Young, and they had therefore abundant opportunities of observing his character. Although he had been a man of utterly irreligious life, his quiet, humble, earnest behavior made a deep impression on all who came in contact with him.

Mr. Young's chief desire is to organize a corps of native workers. He is convinced that in Brazil the church will grow better if it is not regarded as a missionary church. Native Brazilians have a better command of the language than a foreigner can ever acquire; they are more familiar with national customs and modes of thought, and they do not encounter the prejudice with which the native is apt to regard the foreigner who comes to teach him religion. He therefore relies chiefly for future success on the converts whom he is training, but most of all on the circulation of the Bible, which, to many Brazilian households, is a new book.

### Ingenious Thieves.

A most ingenious theft is reported on one of the railways in Burma. The Burmese head-covering, it must be understood, is a silk kerchief, often of considerable value, called "gaungbaung."

Some young dare-devils attach prickly bushes to long bamboo poles, and when the mail train passes they yell out, which causes the native passengers to stick their heads out of the carriage windows. The train is then raked from end to end by means of the scrubby poles, with the result that the Burman male passengers are deprived of their gaungbaungs. Some 27 silk headdresses were thus acquired by the young scamps in one night.

Can anybody tell if Lynn
Is where they train the linnet?
Or why an angle worm has not
A single angle in it?
—Buffalo Express.

# AN INSECTICIDE

### White Arsenic is Well Recommended as a Substitute for Paris Green.

For several years white arsenic has been employed in an experimental way as a substitute for paris green, but the amount used has been relatively small. At the present time the cost of arsenic in large quantities is about seven cents a pound, while paris green in like amounts is about fifteen cents. In smaller amounts a similar difference will be found. Paris green is but about fifty per cent. arsenic even when pure, and many reports of its adulteration are received. Arsenic then will go nearly twice as far, and as it costs but one-half as much per pound, it will be but one-fourth as expensive as paris green.

Arsenic is but slowly soluble in water and many report that if placed in water well stirred up and applied to the plants immediately no injury is shown, but if allowed to stand enough of the arsenic will be disolved to injure the plants.

When arsenic is boiled in lime water it forms an arsenite of lime and is chemically the same as london purple, except for the coloring matter of the latter. We prepare the arsenic by boiling one pound with two pounds of lime in two gallons of water for forty minutes. For spraying fruit trees this will answer for 400 gallons of water, but for the potato beetle only 200 gallons can be used.

If a combined insecticide and fungiside is desired, the arsenic preparation can be added to 400 gallons of bordeaux mixture. This can be used with safety upon nearly all trees, but upon those with tender foliage we find it advisable to add a pound of lime to each 20 gallons of the spraying material if bordeaux mixture is not used.

It will not do to use air-slaked lime, but it should be fresh lime and must be slaked in the same manner as for bordeaux mixture. Care should be taken that the arsenic is not mistaken for some of the household chemicals. It should be put away out of the reach of children, and it will be advisable to stir in some soot or other coloring matter.

### Inspection of Nurseries.

Most of the nurseries inspected have been found practically free from insects pests of a serious nature. Ten important species have been found at different times, however, in sufficient numbers to do serious injury. In all cases efforts were at once made to clean out the stock thus infested. The most important insect which attacks nursery stock in this state is the San Jose scale. It is important to nurserymen not only because of the injury which it may do to the infested stock, but because it is greatly dreaded by both dealers and fruit growers alike. Hence stock from a nursery which is known to have been once infested, does not find a ready sale.

Experiments in dipping and spraying young nursery trees indicate that plant lice may be controlled in the nursery by dipping the curled tips of infested trees in a solution of whale oil soap, 1 pound to 7 gallons of water. The work should be done early in the season. Flea beetles attacking young pear and apple trees may be held in check by spraying with green arsenite, 1 pound to 100 gallons of water, and the canker worm will succumb to the same treatment.

The experiments in fumigating nursery stock with hydrocyanic acid gas, when the stock is piled in the cellar for winter storage, indicate that this method may prove practical, thus avoiding the necessity of building special fumigating houses.—N. Y. Experimental Bulletin, No. 136.

### Preventative of Carnation Rust.

Many carnationists believe not only that common salt is a preventative of carnation rust but also that it is a decided promoter of vigor in growth of the plants themselves. Experiments made by the Station have proven that neither of these beliefs rests on a sound basis.

In experiments made in 1896 (Bulletin No. 100) spraying the plants with salt solution failed to prevent rust in the least and none of the plants seemed more vigorous because of the saline shower. In tests made in 1896 no rust appeared on any of the plants, either treated or untreated; but the "salted" carnations did no better than the others in size or vigor.

In 1896 carnations were grown in soil to which salt solutions of different strength were added and they showed an injurious effect from the salt solution. Five of ten plants each were used in this experiment, one lot being untreated and the others receiving from one-fourth of a gram to five grams of salt per plant at each of eight applications about two weeks apart. The non-appearance of rust rendered that feature of the experiment useless; but an experienced carnationist, wholly unacquainted with the treatment given the plants was asked to pass judgment upon them. He pronounced the check lot best, the two lots receiving one gram and one fourth gram per plant about equal and second best and the two lots receiving two and five grams about equal and poorest. Similar results followed a similar test in 1897 and the rust was worse, if there was any difference whatever, on the salted plants.—N. Y. Bulletin, No. 138.

### Bristles.

Wean the pigs at eight weeks old but don't do it suddenly. As early as three or four weeks they must begin to eat a little and should have a little trough of dainties to tempt their appetite. It will soon increase and at eight weeks the pigs will scarcely miss their dam.

The feed cooker can be used to a good advantage for steaming clover hay which makes the pigs grow a larger bone when fed once or twice a week if not oftener through the winter months, and they seem to eat the grain better when fed some rough or steamed feed.

To give a hog medicine tie him with a running noose, cut off the tip of a horn diagonally and place it in the pouch formed by the angle of the lips pulled away from the right side of the jaw. Pour the fluid in through the horn.

The best medicine for swine is cleanliness in constant doses.

For ailing hogs, if you do not know what is the cause, give say a half ounce of flowers of sulphur with new milk, for a large animal.

# A "Steel" Banquet.

The banquet given recently to Mr. Andrew Carnegie at the Carnegie Laboratory of the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey, United States, says E. Leslie Gilliams in the current number of The Strand, was one of the most novel and ingenious ever prepared. The steel magnate was greeted on all sides by the metal in which he has made his millions. The great room in which the feast was held looked more like a locomotive workshop than a banquet hall. The decorations were of the most elaborate type, but they were also severe, for it was the students' idea to make the royal supper one of steel from start to finish. Around the long table was fixed a steel track on which there ran a movable modern blast-furnace and other steel dishes. When the lights were turned on, the table and the wall-hangings caught the rays and sent out myriads of dancing sparks. The delicate china and cut-glass which usually grace the festive board were replaced by novel dishes of steel, fashioned in the oddest shapes. Cups, plates and goblets were of the finest and most highly-tempered steel. The sumptuous repast was served up in beautiful steel dishes, and beside each guest's plate there was an appropriate steel souvenir. The most remarkable feature of the banquet was, however, the curious-looking centre dishes and "punch-bowls." Mr. Carnegie, although he has been a guest of honor at many original entertainments, looked around him in astonishment when he first entered the banquet hall of the Stevens Institute.

The punch-bowl attracted the steel magnate's attention as soon as he sat down—not that he knew it was a punch-bowl—no one but the designers knew the use of that queer dish. It was a model of a blast-furnace, perfect in every detail. It was about four feet high and ran automatically along the track. Every eye was turned inquiringly upon Mr. Morton, President of the institute, when he sent the furnace on its journey. The man on his right stopped its course and, to the amazement of all, tilted it up and filled his glass with punch. This queer-looking punch-bowl, travelling around the table and stopping before each guest to be tapped, caused much amusement.

At one end of the table was an "open-hearth furnace," from which radiated very natural heat, but from which there came also a very unnatural savory odor. All eyes were turned inquiringly in that direction when the counter-weighted door was raised. The furnace was red-hot inside, and an exclamation of surprise issued from many lips when fried oysters instead of molten metal were taken from within. Each new dish presented some new surprise, and there was much guessing as to what the various objects contained.

Small flatcars loaded with cake spikes found their way around the eighty feet of railroad track to each individual banqueter. Sweets were also served from a Bessemer converter, which, after a "blow," projected a shower of sparks, and was then lifted until confections and cakes streamed out into appropriate ladles. No wonder there was a general laugh when, instead of the armor-plate which generally issues from these Bessemer converters, there came forth pastry.

Salads and ices were served in "ingot moulds." These moulds travelled along the track, and each guest helped himself. The ice cream was moulded into all manner of queer shapes, corresponding to various engineering models, for the main plan was never lost sight of. "Steel and railroads" were the words the students kept constantly in mind when preparing for the banquet. Bread there was in every conceivable shape and form, from a whole locomotive to a railroad tie.

President Morton proposed a toast to their honored benefactor and guest, and, after an appropriate speech, presented Mr. Carnegie with a beautiful silver casket, holding a portion of the first "T" rail ever manufactured.

Mr. Carnegie declared that he possessed no treasure which he valued more highly, and that its presentation would ever be a pleasant memory, making the banquet at the Stevens Institute an incident never to be forgotten.

### Englishmen and Coffee.

A Parliamentary return of the imports of tea and coffee into the British islands, according to The Daily Graphic, suggests some curious questions as to the influence of national temperament upon national beverages. Why, for instance, does the individual Briton drink six pounds of tea in a twelvemonth, while the Dutchman and the Yankee, his nearest competitors, drink little more than a pound, and the German and Frenchman barely an ounce apiece? Why does the Dutchman in the same period drink sixteen pounds of coffee to the Yankee's nine pounds, the German's six pounds, the Frenchman's four pounds, and the Briton's twelve ounces? That the answers to these questions will not be found in climatic influences seems clear from the fact that the capital consumption of the two beverages is very nearly the same in the British colonies as in the mother country. The Australian drinks a little more tea and a little less coffee than the Englishman, the Canadian a little less tea and a little more coffee; but, compared with foreign countries, these differences are insignificant. In torrid or temperate zone the Briton drinks much more tea and much less coffee than the other inhabitants of the world. Perhaps the difference is partly due to the fact that the Englishman does not think it worth while to apply to the purchase and preparation of his "temperance" beverages the same care and thought which he gives to his wine or his cigars. He does not know, and does not care to know, what well and newly-roasted, unadulterated coffee is. He only knows that the coffee he generally gets is rather nastier than his tea. He wants something warm and something wet, and of the two most obvious alternatives he prefers the more palatable.

"I see that King Edward wore a grey overcoat at the Newmarket races that buttoned through the cloth, there being no fly to it. Novel, isn't it?"

"Oh, I dunno. It has been very generally admitted that there were no flies on Edward."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# In the Art Gallery.

W. Pett Ridge contributes to an English paper a lively skit upon the ways of the amateur art critics who visit the Academy. He begins as follows:—

"Now, girls! Mind this!"

The matronly woman with innumerable daughters stops half way up the broad, carpeted staircase, partly to regain breath, partly to waste it.

"Not a thing must be missed! Try to learn something now you are here. Study the pictures, and if there's anything you don't quite understand ask me, and if I think you ought to be—Don't tell me I've got to get through that," adds the lady, eyeing the turnstile apprehensively.

In the vestibule gay expectation. Silk-hatted explorers set out on the journey through the rooms with cheerful confidence; smartly-dressed young women buy blue-covered catalogues at the table in the proportion of one book to five students, and the girl who produces from her purse a dance card pencil is appointed secretary. Inside Gallery No. 1 voices are hushed as though in church, with here and there one of exceptional timbre like to the tearing of calico, belonging generally to a lady with the manners of a traction engine. People step carefully on the polished floor; in going backwards to get better sight of a picture they for preference tread on the toes of others; clumsy men take up a firm and determined position on trailing skirts. In every eye resolution; previous Academies may have proved obstinate, but this Academy is to be attacked and conquered by sheer doggedness.

"'La Belle Dame sans merci,'" reads a secretary. The matron hints that she will be obliged if this can be translated into an understandable language. "Mother, dear, I think it means 'the beautiful lady—the beautiful lady who could not say thank you.'"

"Really!"— re-examining the lady on horseback and the knight on foot—"Yes, I can see now. Ah, well"—turning from it with a sigh of satisfaction—"it teaches us all a lesson."

### Horses Suffer for Water.

Allow me to call attention to a subject of interest to horse-owners—a practice that, to my mind, writes O. H. Smith in Farm, Field and Fireside, is decidedly wrong. It relates to the watering of horses. All dry feeds are absorbents of moisture—and many of the ailments that the horse is subject to, even when not showing any definite symptoms, are owing to the lack of fluid, and especially water. If the nerves are desicated from feeding dry feeds through lack of fluids, then it is certain that other tissues are also suffering from the same cause and the wheels of the machinery are being clogged by reason of waste matter which is properly carried away.

Water does a threefold service—it feeds, it moistens, and carries away the cinders of the body furnace. For the want of it the animal is exposed to many and various dangers. I want to emphasize that the way the majority of people water their horses, or fail to water them, is wrong. To illustrate: A farm team comes from the field at night, or a road team from the road, or is idle in the stall. It is the usual practice to water them before feeding; that is all right. They drink or do not drink, just as their systems demand for the time being; and often they do not need water until they have been replenished with feed. The feeder gives them the night's feed, sufficient until morning.

The owner or driver or feeders console themselves their horses are well cared for, not taking into consideration that it takes feed and water both to make a healthful digestion. After the horse has eaten a quantity of the night's feed go to the stomach of the horse and find the feed in its dry state, except the saliva that was used to masticate it, and as a general principle and sound philosophy, in a majority of cases the feed is not moist enough for proper digestion.

### The Value of Hog Wallows.

The hog is a native of hot climates, where his thick skin served as a protection against poisonous snakes and other enemies. In the state of his present higher civilization his thick skin is in some respects a detriment to his best welfare. When closely confined in filthy quarters it provides a harboring place for mites and vermin, from which they are with difficulty dislodged. The extreme thickness of his skin also tends to retain the body heat too closely when penned up in hot weather, out of reach of his natural protective element — a moist mud bath. The hog that is free to find it well knows how to escape from insect enemies, or, if overheated, into a wallow hole, where he will plaster his entire body in an armor of mud, which when peeled off cleans and invigorates the skin.

The hog is not so filthy an animal as he is represented. If there are clean natural or artificial wallows within reach he will select such in which to take his wallow bath in preference to filthy holes containing yard drainings, which he, perforce, often has to make use of. Where natural running streams cannot be made use of, it will be found a profitable investment to provide artificial wallows made of plank, so constructed as to slope gradually to a depth sufficient for the largest hog to thoroughly plaster himself with the mud and water supplied.

The wallow box should be built so it can be conveniently cleaned and refilled with fresh water and dirt. Especially if such a wallow beneficial where the hogs are kept in large or considerable numbers and kept rung, and therefore less able to provide their own wallows.

Where such wallows are provided they will often save the lives of many valuable animals and help ward off disease, besides contributing in no small degree to the health and thrift of the herd. Brood sows farrowing during hot weather are especially benefited by access to clean, well-adapted wallows. By such means they will keep in check the danger from overheating and fevering of their blood, which often proves fatal to both the sows and their litters.

The hog furnished with plenty of room and given a chance to select his natural environment soon becomes healthy, happy and wise, says a writer in Farm and Fireside.

# Work of Missionaries.

King Lewanika, by the way, is a good instance of what missionary work can sometimes effect. A Swiss explorer, Captain Alfred Bertrand, recently in an interview spoke as follows:—"There can be no doubt that Lewanika is the most picturesque personage invited to King Edward's coronation, and his presence has attracted the attention of English people to that little known portion of their undeveloped estates. As a traveller who has visited both the old world and the new, and has everywhere appreciated the untiring and beneficial activity of the Anglo-Saxon race within and without the British dominions, I wish to record some recollections of Barotseland, and especially the profound impression created by the mission carried on in that country. The pioneers of the Upper Zambesi have been the French Protestant missionaries—namely, the Rev. F. Coillard, the brothers Jalla and their colleagues, including several of my own countrymen from Switzerland. My three months' visit to Barotseland (undertaken primarily for hunting and exploration from the geographical point of view) brought me into close contact with the missionaries, then established at five stations, and gave me a thorough insight into the methods and results of their labors, results all the more surprising when we remember that at that time there was no external authority in the country beyond that of Lewanika himself. On reaching the Zambesi I found at each of the stations churches, schools, houses and stores erected in situations where everything had to be made from the raw material, and that was extremely scarce. In particular, the timber framework of the church at Lialui, the capital, was a chef d'oeuvre of joiner's work. The King Lewanika had already been inspired by these with the idea (which he has since carried out) of building better houses for his household. Gardens with avenues of bananas, or parterres of European vegetables, had been laid out, forming an object lesson to the people of what might be grown even in that poor soil. For convenience of transport, the missionaries had, moreover, made a little canal between the two stations, and the King, fired by emulation, was constructing three others in different parts of the country, while his young men were being trained to the use of European tools. Instead of robbing others, Lewanika tries to develop the arts of peace, handicrafts, wheat-raising and cattle-breeding, and has succeeded so well that from every direction people are cominig to him to buy. He obliges his chiefs to send their children to the school wherever one exists. Moreover, he has appointed a functionary, whom he calls the shepherd, to see that they do so, and that they behave properly. His own daughter is a teacher at the capital. The horrible crime of infanticide, which was formerly universal, is now severely punished. Although Lewanika still clings to polygamy and some other pagan practices, he encourages others, even his own children, to become Christian. In thus stimulating every kind of progress, he has had to face the bitter opposition of a reactionary party, which included almost the whole of his chiefs, and has even risked his throne more than once. But the Barotse mission has produced real, and not merely outward, professors of Christianity. Among these I may mention his son and heir Litia, his niece Akananglsoa, a great chieftainess in her own right, and Mokamba, his son-in-law and Prime Minister, who is now in England with him."

### Keep Out the Flies.

Some people think it is healthful to have flies around—say that they are natural scavengers, etc. What they do with the offending matter after they take it away is not stated; but as they do not wander far from where they get their supplies, it is not to be supposed that they transport very far the debris they may accumulate.

They certainly injure the nerves of such persons as they encounter, or, rather as encounter them; and thus very often drive people into sickness that might otherwise have been avoided; and there is no knowing how many germs of disease they carry from one place to another.

"Several years ago," says an observing lady, "sitting near a window, I noticed a fly buzzing on the window-sill; he seemed clumsy; would fly a little, then stop, and clean his wings and body with his feet—after the manner of flies. I was interested, and got the microscope and looked through it. The fly was covered with little brown parasites, so small that I could not see them with the naked eye. No wonder it was clumsy! I took a fine needle and pushed one off. It clung with its proboscis, just as a plant aphis does on the leaf of a plant. The fly seemed to like my efforts in its behalf, and kept still. I felt that I must cremate it and its companions together; while doing this, I made up my mind that no more flies should come inside my dwelling—if I could help it. I would fight it out on that line if it took all summer, like our famous general; I still hold to that mind."

Some people give flies the full range of the house, but welcome them to unhospitable graves of adhesive paper. It is a cruel sight—scores or hundreds of these little insects, caught by a leg, a wing, and gradually smothered to death in the merciless substance which they had supposed contained nourishment instead of death.

The best way is to keep them where they belong—out of doors. They can make a living in the open, and can there enjoy all their allotted days and hours. It does not cost so very much to put screens in every window and doorway, and if you begin early enough in the spring and keep at work, you can have a flyless house all summer.

A good many screens do not screen; there are little defects in them, and places through which flies can crawl. The little insects are wonderfully ingenious at finding these little open doors, and although the number that get in may be much diminished by even faulty screens, it is far better to have them practically invulnerable, which may be very easily done.

And while you are about it, say,
What is the reason why
May apples do not come in May,
Or June bugs till July?
—Chicago Tribune.

# Social Instincts of Arts.

In order not to leave my readers under the impression of crime among ants, I shall close with the account of a trait of devotion to the common weal, writes August Forel, in The International Monthly for June, 1902. A swarm of Formica pratensis was closely pressed in its nest by an army of the same species, and crowds of alarmed defenders issued from the entrances to the nest and flew to take part in the fight. Like Satan, the tempter of old, I placed near them a beautiful drop of honey on a piece of paper. At any other time the honey would have been covered in a few instants with ants gorging themselves, but this time numerous working ants came upon it, tasted it for scarcely a second, and returned to it restlessly three or four times. Conscientiousness, the feeling of duty, invariably prevailed over gormandism, and they left the honey to go and be killed while defending the community. I am bound to own, however, that there are ants less social, in whom gormandism does prevail.

Compared to the manners of other sociable animals, and especially to those of man, the manners of ants exhibit a profound and fundamental aggregation of facts of convergence, due to their social life. Let me mention devotion, the instinctive sentiment of duty, slavery, torture, war, alliances, the raising of cattle, gardening, harvesting and even social degeneracy through the attraction of certain harmful means of enjoyment. It would be ridiculous and erroneous to see in the fulfilment of this series of acts, individual reasoning, the result of calculated reflection, analogous to ours. The fact that each is fixed and circumscribed within one species, as well as the fatalistic character it has in that species, proves this superabundantly. But it would be as grave a mistake to refuse to recognize the deep natural laws that are concealed under this convergence. Is the case different as regards our actions, though they are infinitely more plastic and more complex individually? I do not believe it.

I have been unable to give more than a short sketch of the social life of ants. Let each one study it for himself, and he will experience in doing so the deep enjoyment that comes from sounding the secrets and laws of nature, while at the same time he will enjoy the most delightful satire upon human wretchedness, and will perceive at least the main lines of a social example that we ought to be able to imitate, though we cannot do so on account of the too large dose of egotistical and ferocious instincts that we have inherited from our ancestors.

### A Fishing Competition.

A very amusing competition for fishermen has just taken place in Brussels. The contest, which was international, brought three fishing clubs from France. The prizes, which ran up to several hundred francs, were to be awarded to those who caught most fish in a given time. Hundreds of competitors appeared on the scene, clad in a variety of comical costumes.

Fishing took place in the lake in the Bois de la Cambre and the Tuelles ponds, all noted for their finny inhabitants. Round the banks the fishermen sat for hours under a broiling sun in a serried line, gravely watching their floats. All the rods had to go into the water at a given signal, and every half-hour they were raised again at a given signal. Whenever a fish was caught, be it great or be it small, a gun was fired. At the end of the appointed time the fish were duly counted and weighed, and all went off to banquets given by different piscatorical societies.

The first fish caught in each group was cooked for the feast, and, minnow or whale, served on a bed of parsley. The dish was carried solemnly to the President, who rose and bowed gravely three times to the unconscious fish, after which it was paraded round the room and saluted by all the members of the club in turn. At the close of the dinner the President proposed the health of all fish.

### A Few Simple Remedies.

It is well to be provided with some simple home remedies and medicines when one lives at a distance from a physician, which is often the case in summer with "city people" and with farmers' families at all times.

A shelf should be placed in some corner out of the reach of children, and on it the remedies may be safely kept. It is wiser to have a physician's advice regarding the stock of medicines to be procured, and there are small books on "home hospital" work that would be useful in the bookcase.

In this medicine closet should be a roll of soft old linen ready for bandages, as well as the medicines, which might include Rochelle salts, seidlitz powders, camphor, castor oil, arnica, ammonia and witch hazel. A list of poisons and their antidotes might be pasted conspicuously near the medicine shelf, on which the antidotes should be kept.

When a person has been badly stung by bees, whiskey should be given immediately, the stings picked out and the wounded parts washed with ammonia of ordinary household strength, which is not sufficient to burn. Black mud may be used if ammonia is not convenient.

When stung by a snake, the patient should be kept still and lying down. Strong stimulants must be administered and a cord tied above the wound, which must be sucked or burned. It is wise to have a stick of caustic in the medicine closet, as a bite from a snake or a dog is always a possibility.

In case of sunstroke, carry the person in a cool place, put him on his back on the ground, raise his head a little and douse the coldest water possible to get on him, rubbing his limbs with the same. This is done to reduce the temperature, and must be kept up until it is reduced.

Lightning strokes, too, are sometimes an incident of country life, and it is a good things to know that persons who were apparently dead from this cause have been revived by wrapping them heavily in warm blankets and forcing brandy, in moderate quantities, down the throat. The sufferer should be kept in a sitting posture.

Brandy is frequently a cure for the severe attacks of hiccoughs that sometimes assail people and have been known to cause death.—New York Tribune.

# Humor of the Hour.

The Youth—Yes, I'm in business for myself, but I don't seem to be able to meet with any success.

The Sage—Nobody ever meets with success, young man. He must overtake it.—Philadelphia Press.

May—I had no idea before last night that Mr. Pilcher was a man of such lofty ambitions and exalted ideals.

Maud—How did you come to find it out?

May—He proposed to me.—Harper's Bazar.

"You say you are thankful you have a cold!"

"Yes," answered the optimist. "A cold is one of the few ailments that a doctor will undertake to cure nowadays without a surgical operation."—Washington Star.

Attorney—Did you see the plaintiff strike the defendant?

Witness—Oi did, sor.

Attorney—And was assault committed with malice aforethought?

Witness—No, sor; it wor committed wid a mallet behoind th' ear.—Judge.

An unlettered Celt's application to the Philadelphia Court of Naturalization resulted in the following dialogue:—

Judge—Have you read the Declaration of Independence?

Applicant—No, sir.

Judge—Have you read the constitution of the United States?

Applicant—No, sir.

Judge—Have you read the history of the United States?

Applicant—No, sir.

Judge—No? Well, what have you read?

Applicant—Oi have red hair on me head, your Honor.

"It's quite cool for June," remarked the Observant Boarder.

"Yes," added the Cross-eyed Boarder, "in the effort to get June days to the requisite degree of rareness the weather man is almost certain to hand out a few that are underdone."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

"Wha' fo' you all dress up, John?"

"Me celeblate. English whip Bo's. Ilish all mad. Hoop-la! I go buy fi' clacker!"—Indianapolis News.

The tempter took the magnate up
A very lofty mountain;
"If you'll be mine, all's yours," he said
"It's value there no countin'."
The magnate stared around him and
His voice was clear and steady;
"You're very kind," he smiled and said,
"But this is mine already!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Why do you refer to Shakespeare as the immortal bard?" asked the friend.

"Because," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "so many actors whom I might mention have vainly tried to kill his works."—Washington Star.

Layaround Lucas—Wot wud youse do if youse wuz rich?

Tired Timothy—I'd buy a seat in th' United States Senate an' I wudn't do nuthin' but set in it.—Ohio State Journal.

He'd wade around through swamps all
day,
And get himself soaked through and
through,
With ne'er a grumbling word to say,
If he could wing a duck or two.

But when it came to putting out
The garden hose at night he'd fret,
And let it go and scold about
The nastiness of getting wet.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The messenger boy—Well, how d'yer like mercantile life?

The office boy—Aw, de boss don't give me any encouragement.

The messenger boy—How's dat?

The office boy—Why, he never gives me a look when I'm workin, but just as soon as I start ter loaf a bit he's Johnny-on-de-spot wit' his eagle eye.—Pittsburg Despatch.

A characteristic story is told of Abe Gruber, the well-known New York lawyer. When he was a boy looking for something to do he saw the sign, "Boy Wanted," hanging outside of a store in New York. He picked up the sign and entered the store. The proprietor met him.

"What did you bring that sign in here for?" asked the storekeeper.

"You won't need it any more," said Gruber, cheerfully. "I'm going to take the job."—Washington Post.

Edith—I'm afraid Frank doesn't love me any longer, Maude.

Maude—Why not, Edith? He was with you last evening, and Uncle George said this morning he thought he never would go.

Edith—I know, dear. I certainly did have a delightful evening with Frank. But here it is almost noon, and I haven't had a letter from him. Either his love has grown cold or something awful has happened to him.—Boston Transcript.

Joseph Jefferson, asked by one of his little friends to hear him recite his lesson in ancient history, put this question:—

"Who was Atlas?"

"A giant who was supposed to support the world," answered the child.

"Oh, he supported the world, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, who supported Atlas?"

The little fellow was nonplussed for a moment, but after a little thought said:—

"I guess he must have married a rich wife."—New York Times.

Mrs. Winks—A peddler was here today, and I got the greatest bargain—a whole pound of insect powder for only ten cents. It looks just like dirt, but it's awfully effective. I tried it.

Mr. Winks—Worked, eh?

Mrs. Winks—Yes, indeed. The peddler said I should put a little in water and apply it boiling hot, and I did, and it killed every insect it touched.—New York Weekly.

# 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.

Suddenly, when I had gone so far, I was overcome with an irresistible desire to tell him my whole story—that part of it which concerned myself alone. I had not intended, even a moment beforehand, to confide in John Bourke or anyone else; but his eyes dwelt on me with a yearning look, and the words spoke themselves.

I told him my name, which he had not known before; that I had thought myself Sheila Cope, and found that I was Jenny Harland, for Harland, I had learnt, was my own father's name. I told John Bourke that Lady Cope had died on the very night when I had seen him first. That I had lost my home, and the money which would have come to me if I had really been Lady Cope's daughter. I even went faltering on, and to my own surprise was presently describing Easel street, my mother, Fan and Totsey, and Tom Stephens, Fan's lover. I said little of Sir Roger Cope or his attitude towards me, save that he had inherited everything; but when my companion spoke at last, it was to begin with Roger Cope.

"Don't think me very impatient," he said, having heard me to the end without interruption; "I don't speak out of idle curiosity. But—didn't Sir Roger Cope want you to keep your old home—only in a way to which you couldn't consent?"

"Yes," I rather reluctantly admitted.

"And you ran away from him, and from everything? And he didn't write to you, or come to see you though he knew your address?"

"He came the very day I left Easel street. I suppose you'll think I'm always running away?" I said this laughing, and no prophetic instinct brought the tears instead.

"He came to make the same offer again?"

I nodded.

"Do you like Sir Roger Cope?" abruptly.

"No-o. I never did. Though I could not have explained why till lately."

"Well, then, perhaps you won't mind my telling you what has struck me. I don't know Sir Roger Cope personally, but I know of him. He is popular, I fancy, in his own set; and he is called clever in his profession. But he has shown the iron hand under the velvet in his treatment of you. I heard that he had come into a fortune through the death of a relative, and that a girl who had believed herself the heiress had gone abroad to live, on an allowance made by him. No doubt that's the version which has been given out, for the benefit of those who knew you. And I, not knowing the name of the ladies I had very impertinently followed from the Lyceum, didn't for an instant associate the story with you. Now I believe that Roger Cope is even a more unscrupulous man than you have thought him. Did you connect your failure at the employment agencies in any way with him?"

"No," I responded in surprise.

"Well, I do. I think it is not at all unlikely that he paid some person to watch your movements, report to him, and prejudice the minds of the agents you had applied to against you with some falsehood."

"What object could he have had for being so gratuitously cruel?" I cried.

"I may be doing the man a hideous injustice," said John Bourke, "but the object which he might have had is easy enough for anyone except an unsuspecting young girl to see. He wanted you to marry him; you refused. He, indirectly, sent you away to a place where he knew you would meet with humiliations and deprivations beyond anything you had experienced. Then he might have resolved to turn the screw tighter and prevent your escaping to more endurable surroundings."

"I did suspect that he had waited before coming to see me until I should have grown nearly desperate. But I never thought of the other part. Even now it sounds too horrid to be possible."

"I hope it is not possible," said Mr. Bourke.

"Surely you don't suggest that he tired the woman to pick my pocket and add almost the last feather to my burden?"

"No," I stopped short at that in my accusations. But it isn't beyond believing if he paid certain persons to keep an eye on you."

"If that be true, thank heaven he must have lost sight of me now," I said.

"He shall not find you again if I can help it. Not while you desire to keep out of his way. And as for work, you shall have it, I promise you, as soon as you are strong enough. Already, if you will forgive me again, I've thought of a plan, and I'll risk offending you by proposing it."

"I shall be grateful, not offended, whatever it may be. Don't keep me in suspense."

"Well, how should you like to learn typewriting, and, after a while, if you fancied it, shorthand, too?"

"'Like' and 'fancy' are inappropriate words in my desperate case," I said. "But, as it happens, I should do both."

"Very well, then, I'll teach you typewriting when you are stronger—in a few days, perhaps."

"But I can't go on staying here—in your house."

"It isn't my house. It is Mrs. Jennett's. But as you are so anxious to get away you will be able in, say, ten days or a fortnight's time (if you are quick at learning), to earn enough money for lodgings of your own."

"Who would give a wretched amateur work," I asked, "when there must be so many clever girls who are professionals?"

"I will give you work. All you can do. Don't look like that, please. It's no 'charity,' I assure you. I have lost my secretary and I need another. You can learn typing in a week; and in three or four months, in leisure hours, you will have made good progress with shorthand. As for the machine, I have two, and one of them I'll—lend to you."

"Thank you for stopping to think in time and not saying 'give,'" I laughed.

"How good it is to hear that laugh," he said. "Now, are you glad you didn't go down under the dark waters?"

"Oh, so glad!" impulsively.

I held out my hands and he caught them both, gripping them so tightly that the grasp gave me pain. Then, suddenly, he let my hands go, with a changing expression that I wished I had the clue to read.

"Mrs. Jennett shall find you just the right rooms," he went on, with a hint of sadness in his voice. "Meanwhile, you shall be practising your new art, which will be all the easier for you if you know the piano, as of course you do. And in a few days, perhaps, you will be able to move. Then you'll be soon earning three guineas a week, on which, if you are a very prudent young lady, you can live quite comfortably."

"Dear me, can I really earn as much as that by typewriting?" I asked, opening my eyes. "It is more than I could have hoped for as a governess. Even with my music and languages, the people at the agencies told me, before they grew disagreeable, that I could not ask at most more than forty pounds a year."

"Oh, well, you see, people often take advantage of their governesses; whereas expert typewriters are pretty well paid," he informed me with a grave face—so grave that I never thought of doubting him. "Shall I come back tomorrow with the machine and give you your first lesson?"

At the end of a week I could write very well. Mrs. Jennett had found me rooms, which were to be ready in a few days, but as they were still in occupation, I must stay where I was till they were free. I had grown to love the study and every book in it. I should be homesick when I went away. As for John Bourke, I would not let myself think what it would be when the days should go by without a glimpse of him.

I had begun to live in the present, little dreaming of the precipice that my feet had all but reached.

## CHAPTER XV.

### "The Man You Love."

"There! I've typed a thousand words in an hour!" I announced. "Isn't that good for an amateur?"

"Splendid!" said John Bourke.

"Shall I ever be as good as your other secretary, who left you to be married?" I wistfully asked.

"There never was a secretary like you," he replied.

"Oh! But is that meant for praise or—otherwise?"

"It's meant to tell you that I wish I could keep you for my secretary always."

"Perhaps you may. I'll grow old in your service."

He came closer and stood looking down at my finished work, yet not seeming to see it. I felt that there was something which he wished to say, and that he was thinking of the right beginning; but just as he had opened his lips to speak there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jennett entered with a telegram sent on for Mr. Bourke from the hotel where he was living.

He read it and crushed the paper in his hand. "I must go at once," he said. "But I shall be back to-morrow morning about half-past ten with some more work for you to tackle, if you will."

"What were you going to say before Mrs. Jennett came in?" I curiously enquired, as he held out his hand for farewell.

He looked at me intently, in a characteristic way he had, that always quickened my blood a little. "Do you really want to know?"

"Very much, or I wouldn't have asked."

"And I very much want to tell you. But it's something too important to be told in a hurry. If you were offended I should not have time now to try and make my case good."

"Am I likely to be offended?"

"I can't tell. I hope not, more than I ever hoped anything."

"Dear me! And I must wait till to-morrow!"

"I had meant not to speak of this matter until you were out of this house and in those rooms of you own to which you seem so eagerly looking forward. But I'm not a very patient man, I'm afraid, where my own interests are at stake; and now that the subject has been broached——"

"To-morrow, then!" I broke in. "At half-past ten. It's an appointment."

"Yes," he said, slowly. "You shall hear what I have to say for myself."

All this time he had been holding my hand, and I had forgotten to draw it away, for the conversation had been very absorbing. Now I remembered, and gently pulled away my fingers. One mere quick, strong pressure he gave them, and then, with an abrupt "Good-bye until to-morrow," he turned, and was gone without looking back.

"What can it be that he wants to say to me?" I thought. "Something so important that he is anxious about it—something he hopes mayn't offend me?"

That speech was puzzling, for it seemed that, if the mysterious "something" were the one thing I dared to hope it might just possibly be, there could be no idea of "offence." Still, the expression of his face more than the spoken words, perhaps, gave me a hope that went thrilling through my veins. And when his tall, alert figure had passed out of sight I lifted the hand that he had pressed and kissed it. Then, ashamed of what I had done, I hurried back to the typewriter, and began to work as if driven by a merciless taskmaster.

For half an hour there was no sound in the room except the tapping of the keys, the sharp "ping" of the bell which warned me when I reached the end of a line, and the rustle of the paper as I changed the sheet. I had just found out that absent-mindedness had caused me to make some odd mistakes, when I heard a ringing at the front door; but this was nothing to me, and I did not pause until voices in the passage outside the study sent the blood flying to my face.

"He's out, really, your ladyship," Mrs. Jennett was protesting, almost imploring. "He won't be back to-day, I do assure you."

"I am sorry," followed silvery accents, which in the fraction of a second carried me back to another world. "I will write a note and leave it, if you will kindly let me go into the study, where I waited once before."

I sprang up from the table where I had been typing, and my heart was thumping against my side. Unless Mrs. Jennett somehow prevented her, in a moment more Lady Feo Ringwood would be in the room. She would see me; what would she think?

"What does it matter?" I said, angrily, to myself. "I'm Mr. Bourke's secretary. I'd rather this hadn't happened, but—there's nothing to be ashamed of. Anyhow, it's too late now. I can't run away."

There was only one door leading into the study, and my imagination pictured Lady Feo just outside.

"Oh, your ladyship," Mrs. Jennett was saying, "you don't need to trouble about writing a note. I'll give Mr. Bourke any message you may like to leave."

Her voice sounded troubled, and its note of distress added to my confusion. If she were so anxious to prevent Lady Feo Ringwood from seeing me, perhaps there were reasons stronger than I knew for concealment of my presence. My face grew burning hot, and my hands trembled. I looked round the room, but no hiding-place offered, even if I could have humiliated myself to seek one. Mrs. Jennett was the arbiter of my fate. If she failed to keep Lady Feo out of the study I must be brave and make the best of it.

"I would really rather write, thank you. It is no trouble," said the visitor, every word coming distinctly to my ears. Then the handle of the door turned, and Lady Feo Ringwood swept silkenly into the room. I faced her, standing, my eyes unflinching, but my cheeks scarlet.

She started, and her beautiful face went from white to red. For an awkward instant no one spoke. Then Mrs. Jennett, quivering in the background, stepped into the breach. "Your ladyship, this is Miss Harland, Mr. Bourke's secretary."

"Ah, indeed?" said Lady Feo. "I believe I have met Miss Harland" (she spoke the name slowly and with emphasis) "before. Do you remember, Miss Harland?"

"Yes, I remember you very well, Lady Feo," I answered, and though I tried only to keep my tone steady, it sounded defiant.

"It is interesting to meet you again—here." She turned to Mrs. Jennett with a smile, looking a very great lady, as indeed she was. "I will write my note, and perhaps, as Miss Harland is here, she will take charge of it, so I need not trouble you. I am in no hurry, and if she doesn't mind, I would like a little talk with her. We have, I think, some friends in common."

"If you are not too busy, miss?" the poor old woman said, anxiously, to me. Her eyes added: "Do forgive me. I did my best. I hope this won't vex you very much."

I sent a glance to reassure her. My spirit was roused, and I did not wish the visitor to go without some explanation; though I had arranged no formula in my mind. "I am not too busy for a talk with Lady Feo Ringwood," I returned.

Mrs. Jennett disappeared, closing the door.

"Will you sit down?" I said.

"No!" Lady Feo ejaculated, her voice utterly changed in an instant. "No, I can't sit down."

Her tone was a challenge, and I looked up to meet it. Our eyes met.

"It's true, then!" she exclaimed. "I would never have believed it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, quickly. "Did you expect—were you told that I was here?"

"Not that," she declared. "Not so bad as that. I was told that—someone was here."

"I don't understand you at all, Lady Feo," I said. "But, of course, it seems strange to you——"

"Strange? It is incredible!"

"Not incredible really; it only appears so," I protested, hardly knowing whether I was supposed to be on the defensive or not. "I daresay you must have heard that—that I had a very great affliction, and, afterwards, misfortunes."

"Oh, I heard things, of course," she cried, with a kind of fierce impatience. "But nothing, nothing which led me to expect this."

"Yet you said a moment ago that you had heard——"

"I was not thinking of you then; I was thinking of Mr. Bourke."

I felt the blood which had burnt in my cheeks receding, to leave me pale. Still, I was at a loss to fathom her emotion. She had been on friendly terms with my adopted mother and me. The last time I had seen her she had been dining with us and some people Lady Cope had asked to the Savoy Hotel the Sunday night before my banishment. Did her excitement now mean surprise at meeting me again, and concern at seeing me so fallen in the world as to be earning my living as a typewriter, or was there something deeper than this, something which I should regard as offensive? I was only eighteen, and I did not feel sure of my ground.

"Mr. Bourke has been very kind to me," I said. "I am trying to help him as well as I can."

"Kind to you!" Lady Feo echoed, with a strange bitterness. "But what has he been to himself?"

"To himself?"

"For him this spells ruin. You talk of 'helping!' Is it possible you are so blind as not to see that you are dragging him down—down off the pedestal his genius has given him?"

I stared at her in blank amazement, my lips apart.

"Don't look at me like that!" she cried, a sudden flame of anger leaping to her dark eyes. "I never thought that you were wicked or a fool, Sheila Cope. Now I believe you are both. Wicked for him. A fool for yourself."

"Lady Feo!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "You are older than I am, but you must not speak to me like that."

She had been very pale under a faint pink tinge of rouge which I had not suspected her of before, but now her cheeks blazed and hid the hard line of artificial color. "Older than you!" she repeated, intolerantly. "Three or four years, perhaps. But after this thing that you have done you can no longer pose as a guileless child."

"I have done nothing," I answered her, hotly. "Nothing, except to lose all my friends and all my money, and be obliged to work for my bread."

"You look like a hard-working breadwinner, in that Liberty tea-gown!" she sneered.

Before any answer had come to me, she went on. "At least, I see by your face that you have the grace to be ashamed of yourself. Then there may be some hope yet."

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," I did find voice to say at last. "I think that you and I, Lady Feo Ringwood, must be playing at cross purposes. Did you come here to insult me?"

"I came to save John Bourke—if I could."

"To save him—from what?"

"To speak frankly, from great danger of losing all the fruit of his ambition. His seat in Parliament; his chance of rising higher still, should the Liberal party come into power."

For a moment, in the shock of hearing that the man I loved was in peril of such a disaster, I forgot myself and the part allotted to me in this strange scene.

"Oh, he must not lose it!" I cried.

Lady Feo looked at me with a curious expression. "It rests with you," she said.

"With me? Impossible!"

"But it is true. Listen, and I will tell you how. Mr. Bourke has enemies, as all strong men must have. It has got about that—that—well, that a mysterious lady is living in his house. All sorts of stories are being told——"

"They are lies!" I broke in, furiously, understanding her at last.

"Wait—if you really care for him. Hear me to the end. I am his friend. I believe in him as I have never believed in any other man. I would do anything to save him from the storm that is gathering. If you have any real love for him in your heart, any womanly unselfishness born of love, you will do the only thing left for you to do for John Bourke. You will leave his house."

"It is not his house!" I cried, desperately, scarcely able to speak for the sobbing breath that came pantingly with the wild beating of my heart. "It is Mrs. Jennett's house. He is not living here. He has been at an hotel ever since I came——"

"Oh, what sophistry! Even if I believed it, what good would such a story do him, when he came to defend himself from the accusations which will be brought against him? Sheila Cope, tell me, as woman to woman, do you love him?"

"He is my employer, my friend," I stammered, "not my lover. Never has one word of——"

"Answer my question!"

"I will not answer. You have no right to ask."

"You have answered. But I say to you you do not love him or you would leave this house now—this hour."

"I was going away in a day or two," I said. "It is all arranged. My rooms are engaged. I have been ill, and——"

"I don't mean that sort of going away. You might as well stay here for all the good you will do to Mr. Bourke my moving to rooms which he has taken for you——"

"Mrs. Jennett took them," I cut her short, obstinately, tears of shame and anger brimming over in my eyes.

"Oh, nonsense! It's all one. Don't play the child with me."

I adjured her with passion, "I swear to you by all I hold most sacred that you cruelly wrong both me and the man you love!"

She quivered, and stared at me sidewise, her eyes flashing.

"How dare you say I love him!"

"You have dared to say things to me such as no one else on earth would have uttered. Why should I not dare? And I do say it—though it is nothing to me."

For a moment she looked at me in silence, her bosom rising and falling under its soft summer laces and the bunch of purple orchids pinned in her dress. "Well," she spoke at last, more softly, "you are right. I confess it. For it may prove the touch of nature that will make us two kin for this one hour. I plead to you—I don't command. Save him—as I would save him, were I in your place—no matter how costly the sacrifice. You tell me I do you an injustice. Suppose I do. Yet would men of the world believe it—the men he has to deal with? Why, I came here in fear and trembling, praying I might do something. But I should have feared far more—always for John Bourke's future—if I'd dreamt that the girl I had heard of in this house was Sheila Cope."

"Again I don't understand," I said, miserably, my heart so cold that it seemed to freeze all flexibility from my voice. It sounded in my own ears like that of a very, very old woman.

"Now that you are quieter and gentler, I'll explain. Only, this time, you must promise to hear me through to the end without interruption. Will you do that?"

I nodded—for it was hard to speak.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A Letter on the Typewriter.

"Everybody has been talking about Sheila Cope and her affairs," Lady Feo went on, carefully, as if she were piling up her indictment, word by word, choosing each as a builder might choose a stone. "You have made conversation at teas and dinners, and doubtless in club rooms; you have made paragraphs for papers. You began by being a popular debutante; you became a mystery; it remains to be seen how you will end. But don't speak yet.

"It was known that, by Lady Cope's failure to make a will, or something of that sort—such stories are always vague—you were no longer an heiress. Roger Cope came into everything. He was in love with you, of course. We all thought that, those who knew him and those who didn't; and he did not take the trouble to contradict it. He, or someone—it doesn't signify—gave out that you had gone to France to live with relations. But you disappeared such a short time ago that people haven't yet lost interest. They are on the qui vive to hear the next development. What will be said of John Bourke when it comes out that instead of being in France you are in his house, calling yourself Miss Harland, and wearing lovely white satin tea-gowns?"

"I shall cause the truth to be said!" I pleaded rather than protested. "I would rather die than harm should come to him through my fault, after all his goodness to me. I was penniless

(To be continued.)

The City of Toronto will appeal the scrap-iron assessment decision before the Privy Council.

## THE POULTRY YARD

### Information of Value to all Poultry Raisers.

If every poultryman would endeavor to arrive at a knowledge of the chicks' cost during the year the result would be more care and caution in raising them. Every chick hatched costs something.

The eggs from which the chicks come are worth a certain sum in the market and the loss of the services of the hen while sitting—that is, in not producing egs—is another item in the cost. It may be considered, also, that every egg does not produce a chick, hence at certain seasons, when eggs are less fertile as a whole, it may require two eggs to produce a chick, the price of which, in winter, ranges from 20 to 30 cents per dozen. The hatching is but a part of the operation, as the chicks must be raised to a marketable age before a return for the outlay will be received. The poultryman has no control over the fertility of the eggs, nor can he induce the sitters to give greater attention to their duties, but he can raise more than the average number of chicks if he will give attention to the shelter and food. What such duties may be is discussed in this department every week, but the point is to have each and all to realize the advantage of lessening the cost at the beginning. The destruction of chicks by hawks, rats, cats, dogs, lice, etc., is enormous, but this fact will not be fully realized until a strict account of the losses of chicks is kept for a year.

Those who have been anxiously looking for the early pullets to begin laying, and who met with disappointment, should not be discouraged. Endeavor to learn the cause of the backwardness of the pullets and correct the difficulty if possible. Pullets that have been forced by a high system of feeding may have red combs, and yet not begin to lay eggs. They may be very fat, or have the large lice on their heads. Some of them may be slow in maturing and crowding of the flock may subject them to uncomfortable conditions. The best remedy for the difficulty is to change the diet. Begin by giving no food for 48 hours and then allow two meals only each day, giving bulky food, such as cut clover sprinkled with bran, in the morning, and lean meat at night. Every other day, at night, give also a teaspoonful of linseed meal with bran, moistened. The changing of the food is better than medicine of any kind, as frequently a failure to lay may result from lack of food containing the essential substances for egg production.

Dry food should be preferred for chicks, as food that is very moist, if eaten, forces the chicks to take more water than they require. Never allow any food to remain over after feeding and always feed on clean surfaces. Small seeds, such as those of hemp and millet, are excellent for chicks at all stages of growth.

Eggs are cheaper, and may be cheaper during the summer than ever before. To keep eggs for higher prices do not "lime" them, as limed eggs do not sell at good prices. The first point to keep in view is that there must be no males in the flock, as unfertile eggs will keep three times as long as the fertile ones. If that rule is not overlooked, the keeping of eggs will not be difficult. Do not buy eggs to store away, as such eggs may come from yards containing males. No solutions, preserving liquids, or packing material are necessary. Simply keep the eggs in a cool place (the cooler the better), on racks or in any manner so as to permit of turning them half over three times a week. The method may appear very simple, but it is the best known. But do not overlook the fact that no males are to be kept. They are not necessary unless eggs are desired for hatching purposes, as the hens will lay without their presence.—P. H. Jacobs, in American Gardening.

### The Good Birds Do.

It has been said, "We never miss the water till the well goes dry," and likewise we do not miss the birds until we suffer loss by their absence. We have an estimate, furnished us by specialists of high standing, undoubted authorities, to the effect that the annual destriction by injurious insects in the United States is about $600,000,000; and in the state of New York, it is $26,000,000 annually, or over five million dollars more than one hundred times the total cost of maintaining the efficient Fire Department service of the city of Rochester for one year.

Now upon whom does this loss fall? Not upon the wealthy classes, but unfortunately on the tillers of the ground. With but few exceptions these insects injuries are inflicted upon vegetation of some kind, and the growers of fruits or plants are the losers. It is acknowledged that injurious insects are on the increase, notwithstanding growing vigilance and expenditure of both time and money on the part of the entomologist and fruit grower, and notwithstanding the invention and application of recent and better remedies for the extermination of insect pests. Why, in general, are insects increasing? One reason surely is that their natural enemies are decreasing, and the relations of these fluctuations are as definite as is the fact that one end of a lever goes up as the other goes down.

### Mutton Chops.

Do not undertake to winter too many ticks.

A small quantity of oil meal fed daily will help materially in fattening sheep.

Our country should produce the best sheep in the world, because it has produced the best of everything else.

Instead of taking the lambs from the ewes, take the ewes from the lambs.

For sheep that are to be fattened shelled corn is the stuff. They will grind it in their own mill and take no tool.

### Course Dairy Foods.

For milk production I raise corn, both for the silo and for air drying Hungarian, clover, oats for hay, are the chiefs foods depended upon, swale hay and run hay are used, and occasionally oats and peas. They are valued in the following order: Clover hay, fodder corn as silage. As between the oat hay and Hungarian I am at a loss to decide but favor the Hungarian as a fodder crop on account of its superior yield. On granite upland soils, three tons to the acre is raised as readily as 2 ¼ to ½ tons of oat hay. They are all great yielders, and multiply the present capacity of our soils to an encouraging degree.—J. W. Sanborn.

## CONTROL OF WEEDS

### An Interesting Article on the Forms, Plagues and Tests.

The "Weeds and their Destruction" impresses me as not judiciously treating the subject. It starts with the assumption that "weeds are the greatest pests on the farm." Consider the effect on agriculture had we no plants to grow but the few we wish to cultivate, as grain or grass. Smaller and larger areas are continually being dropped from tillage, and were we without weeds, these areas would soon be denuded and consigned to poverty and desolation.

I prefer to assume that "every creature of God is good," coupling with it the fact of man's obligation "to dress and to keep" his heritage. The plants of our woods and the natural meadows have their appointed bounds. None are allowed to crowd out others; but when the soil is brought under tillage they disappear. The weeds of our cultivated lands have followed civilized man around the world, and it were both reverential and philosophic to find in them not enemies, but friends.

I know not from what part of our country the standard is taken for comparing American with European agriculture. Certainly not from the region embracing southeastern Pennsylvania. Here our general crops average twenty bushels of wheat, fifty of corn and one and one-half tons of hay per acre. Favorable conditions extend these figures to forty bushels of wheat, seventy of corn and above two tons of hay. Potatoes and oats are more dependent upon the season. When our field crops fall below the above average, it is seldom referable to weeds. We sometimes see neglected gardens and truck patches, but a corn field choked with weeds is a very rare sight. The prevailing plant to take possession of our unoccupied grounds is the rag-weed—Ambrosia artemisiaefolia. This is so tenacious that it would completely occupy our plowed land but for after cultivation. The time to destroy it is soon after the seeds have sprouted. A few strokes with a sharp, light harrow effect this; no patented weeder is needed.

The cultivation with various harrows that destroy the weeds is only what is needed to pulverize the soil; but I have sometimes thought the young plants of our hoed crops would fail of sufficient culture did not the coming weeds hurry on our action. Of course this culture to be effective must have the favoring conditions of drying weather. I can well understand that when clouds and rain are continuous at this time of year the destruction of the weed crop must be a failure.

I suppose that nine-tenths of the total crop of weeds that infest our cultivated ground here is rag-weed. We have several others of simualtaneous growth, as chenopodium, amarantn, verbascum, datura, etc., but the timely treatment outlined above suffices for all of them. A few docks, burdocks, Canada thistles, horse nettles, etc., require special treatment. And we have the morning-glory, the abutilon and others, that were left to produce seed in neglected ground, require years of care to germinate and destroy the last of the crop of seeds in the soil. Daisies and carrots would thrive here, but they so readily yield to culture that we have only to put the ground in order and seed it well with grass to keep them out of our pasture and hay.—L. Bolderston, in Country Gentlemen.

### A Popular Flower.

A magnificent new variety of this popular flower and one of the finest hardy plants ever introduced. It is of vigorous growth, erect, graceful habit, with tall stems, covered with innumerable bell-shaped flowers of immense size, and of clear porcelain blue. Of the easiest culture and blooms freely all summer. It is well worthy of high praise.

Campanula.

### Hens Not Laying.

Winter is a season of the year when birds do not incubate, hence they do not lay eggs. The hen, though domesticated, is not entirely exempt from her natural instincts. She is prompted to begin laying when the conditions for raising her young are most favorable, and if she lay during the winter season it will be due to warmth, systematic management, and an approach to the conditions of spring. If the hens are not now laying they will do so in spring, as soon as the warm days begin, giving good results for their idleness in winter. It may be mentioned, also, that the long rest of winter should prepare them for spring work, and when they begin they should lay persistently. It is in winter, however, when prices are high that eggs are desired, but it is well known that if old hens moult late, or the pullets are not hatched early, they will not lay before winter approaches, and if they do not begin early in winter they do not, as a rule, begin until early in spring.

Whether fertilizing materials are applied broadcast, in the drill or in the hill, they should be well incorporated with the soil before planting by the use of the harrow, plow or hoe. Unfermented manures should not be applied immediately, but either composted or spread over the ground some time before it is to be occupied by the crop, otherwise they may affect the crop disastrously.

## Mainly About People.

The Englishman sent by his Government to examine the schools of Germany reports that he found Shakespeare so popular there that his landlady, when he made some reference to that poet, exclaimed with surprise: "Dear me! Have you also Shakespeare in England?"

A Kansas editor wrote this obituary notice: "He was born May 3, 1875, and therefore escaped this earth in time to celebrate his twenty-seventh birthday in the house of his eternal abode beyond the arching skies, leaving terrestrial land on Friday, March 21, 1902, at 9.30 p.m., central time."

Colonel Maltby of Philadelphia tells of a neighbor of his who went home at a rather unusual hour of the day and said to the family servant: "Can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?" Bridget hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "Faith, to tell ye the truth, I really believe they are in the wash!"

"Well, yes, I liked Dr. Hale," remarked a Western revivalist on an occasion when Dr. Edward Everett Hale preached in Pasadena, Cal., during a visit there. "I liked him pretty well, but I don't think much of his grammar. He said in one part of his sermon, 'It rests between him and me,' whereas he ought to have said, 'It rests between he and I.'"

Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who seemed quite unmoved by his grief. "What is the matter?" enquired the Princess, who is very fond of children. "Is he ill?" "Wall, ma'am," said the comfortable old lady, "he isn't hexactly ill, but no stomach carn't stand nine buns."

The celebrated physician, Zimmerman, attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the King said to him: "You have, I presume, helped many a man into another world." This was rather an unexpected thrust for the doctor, but the dose he gave the King in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as Your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

The late Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who, it may be well to explain, was the chief of a Scotch clan, was once on a visit to London. During his stay he got into a dispute with his cabdriver over the fare. "Perhaps you do not know who I am," he said, at last, when all other arguments had failed. "I am the Mackintosh." "I don't care if you're the humbrella, too," returned the unimpressed cabby. "The fare is one and six, and that's what I wants."

Victor Hugo had a very exalted opinion of himself. One of his intimates called on him once and found him walking in his garden, apparently thinking deeply. The visitor asked the great French poet what he was meditating upon. "I was wondering," replied the poet, "what I should say to the Creator when I meet Him. Can you imagine what I would say?" "Yes," answered the poet's friend; "you would say: 'My dear Confrere.'"

There are times when differences of rank do not count, and an Irish soldier is said to have chanced upon one of them during the late war in Cuba. He was discovered by the sergeant of his company in a hole, well out of the way of even a stray shot, when he should have been engaged in active service. "Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant, sternly. "Get out of it this minute!" The broad Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature. "Your may be me superior officer," he said, boldly, "but all the same, Oi'm the man that found this hole fir-rst!"

"Baptizing days" are great events among the negroes of the South. On one occasion the old black preacher took two candidates, one a middle-aged, sedate, quiet man, the other a young, excitable fellow, well out in the stream, where the water was waist deep. He put the older one down first, who came up, folded his arms and looked dignified and pious. The younger one, after being put under, came up greatly excited and shouting: "Glory! Glory! I seed de Lord! I seed Him in the water, right down dar at de bottom!" The older one, patting him on the shoulder, said: "Hush, honey, hush; dat warn't de Lord. I seed it. It was nothin' but a terrapin."

A distinguished Episcopal clergyman was once called on to officiate at a fashionable summer resort church, and, finding only a short surplice and no cassock in the vestry, was very much disturbed at the thought of having to appear in a vesture that to the frivolous would look like a white shirt and trousers. But a happy inspiration came to him. Why not wear one of his wife's black petticoats? The position that would show below the surplice would look exactly like the regulation cassock, and no one would ever be the wiser. So he hurriedly sent one of the ushers with an explanatory note to his wife in the hotel, and in the nick of time the petticoat arrived. The makeshift turned out to be a perfect success, and no one at a distance could tell that he was not wearing a cassock. After the close of the service he decided to go out to the body of the church without taking off his robes, in order to greet some friends. And he was soon the center of a group of fashionable women, when a green Irish maid from the hotel came up, and in a loud voice said to him: "Yer Riverence, the missus sint me afther her petticoat that ye do be wearin', an' I wuz to wait till ye take it off."

### Mayor Low on Laughter.

Mayor Low of New York when "off duty" is a jolly sort of philosopher, and the quick twinkle in his eyes shows it. Talking one day about laughter, which he declared, with a noted writer, has a basis of malice, Mayor Low said: "The more I ponder the more I marvel at the slinking, double-eyed, sinister villainy of the wretched, laughter-making Mark Twain, who, so far as I know, does not repent a single joke in his long career of crime."

"Will you please raise my salary?" "Why, I gave you a raise only last week, because you told me that you had your mother to support." "I know, but my mother got married and now I have two to support."—"Ohio State Journal."

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1902.


## AGRICULTURE.

The condition of agriculture in this province, relatively to the demand for agricultural products, is appalling. This conclusion must be forced upon anyone who gives the subject even a cursory examination. The province is bled to death to pay for agricultural products which can, and should, all be produced within its borders. There is plenty of good soil, a good climate, a magnificent and growing market, and yet our food products come from everywhere except our home farms. There must be some reason for this state of affairs. We do not propose to ferret out every reason, but rather to lay stress upon one cause which it is the more worth while to lay stress upon, because it is preventable. Canada at the present time is the object of attack to a perfect army of cultivators of the soil. Many of these are substantial farmers, possessed of both capital and skill. The incomers are also displacing a certain number of our own farmers who, after hewing a valuable farm from the wilderness, are selling it for a comfortable sum. It is quite incredible that many of those farmers should not be attracted to British Columbia, with its soil, climate and unrivalled markets for the products of mixed farming. Now what encouragement do men of this class find to come into British Columbia? Where can they get information or assistance to settle on the land? Can any person mention a district available for farming which is open for settlement by immigrants? Anyone who can knows more than we do. We have lost, or are threatened with losing, the fruits of one of the greatest immigration movements in history, through not having a catalogue of our goods, and attractive samples displayed in our front windows. Some people are in the habit of arguing that the large amount of land alienated to railway companies is responsible for the lack of encouragement to immigrants. The exact contrary is the case. The immigrant can get quicker, easier and more satisfactory terms on land from a railway company at the present time, than he can from a private owner or from the goverment. Surely this is a paradox when the government gives away land. Not at all, because the railway company obtains surveys, maps and reports on its land, and can, by these things, save to the prospective settler what he would otherwise have to spend in prospecting for a location. The railway company also has an interest in settling the land, because every settler is a source of revenue to the railway. The government has a similar, but much greater interest in every settler. Why does our government not take a leaf out of the book of the C. P. R. in surveying and advertising the agricultural lands of the province? May we hope that a practical and definite move in this direction will be made in the near future, as foreshadowed by the Minister of Agriculture during the session of the Legislature?—Colonist.

## Gold Declining in Value.

Until recent times both gold and silver have been used as measures of values, and both have been produced by manual labor, assisted by such tools as the miner could carry with him. As neither metal occurs in large masses, the amount of effort required to produce them long remained a nearly constant quantity, from which fact came the idea that they represented definite and uniform values. In the 70's large silver deposits became available by reason of the introduction of improved machinery. The consequence of this was a reduced cost of production and this reduced cost was in a few years reflected by a fall in the price of silver compared with gold. During the last decade concentrated effort has been, and is now, reducing the cost of producing gold. Owing partly to the comparatively short time through which the improved methods of producing gold have been in operation and partly to the temporary shutting off of the least expensive supply, by reason of the South African war, the amount added to the general stock at the reduced cost of production has affected maket values to only a limited extent. With the reopening of the South African mines and a continuance of the process of reducing the cost of producing gold, its value as a purchasing commodity will decline. It is impossible to say to what extent the value of gold will decline, but it seems probable that in the course of the next twenty years the decline will amount to about fifty per cent. Whatever may be the extent of this deline, we may be quite certain that it will be considerable, and will continue for a number of years. We may therefore say that in the immediate future prices will be stated in units of continually reducing value. In other words, it will take an increasing amount of gold to pay for articles which have a uniform value.—C. L. Redfield in Engineering Magazine.

## Bush Fire Act.

The Bush Fire Act provides heavy penalties for those guilty of criminal carelessness.

Sections 4 and 5 of the act read as follows:

"4. It shall not be lawful for any person to set out, or cause to be set out or started, any fire in or near the woods, within any fire district, between the first day of May and the first day of October in any year, except for the purpose of clearing land, cooking, obtaining warmth, or for some industrial purpose; and in case of starting fires for any of the above purposes, the obligations and precautions imposed by the following sections shall be observed.

"5. It shall not be lawful for any person to set out, or cause to be set out or started, between the first day of May and the first day of October in each year, within any fire district, any fire for the purpose of clearing land, unless the owner or occupier of any land on which fire shall be so made or started for the purpose of clearing the same shall, by himself or his servants, constantly watch over, manage and care for such fire, and observe every reasonable care and precaution to prevent such fire from spreading as aforesaid.

"A penalty of $50 for each infraction of the law is provided, and $100 in the case of locomotives not properly equipped with means to prevent the escape of fire."

Section 14 of the act is as follows:

"It shall be the special duty of every Government Agent, Gold Commissioner, Timber Inspector, Forest Ranger, Mining Recorder, and Provincial Police officer or constable to enforce the provisions and requirements of this act, and in all cases coming within the knowledge of any such official, officer, or constable, to prosecute every person or body corporate by whom there is reasonable cause for believing any contravention of this act has been committed."

WANTED.—Situation by young man in office or store. Would take small salary at first on condition of advancement both of work and salary.


## 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.

## 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.

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LEMASTRE & SCOTT.

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

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Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
FIRST STREET, Revelstoke B. C.

SOCIETIES.

FIDELITY S·O·E

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.

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

MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.
H. A. BROWN, C. C.
W. WINSOR, K. of R. & S.

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 Repaired.
JUST EAST OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Third Street.

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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.
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E. MOSCROP . . .

Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water And Steam Heating, Gas Fittin
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FOR SALE.

A FARM FOR SALE, good buildings. Apply to Mrs W. Willis REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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

It will pay you to investigate

THE PAYROLL TOWN FOR THE BIG FREE MILLING GOLD ORE PROPERTIES IN FISH RIVER DISTRICT.

WATCH THIS SPACE

GOLDFIELDS

The possibilities of Goldfields

A TEN STAMP MILL AND SAWMILL NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION ON THE TOWNSITE OF GOLDFIELDS.

LEWIS BROS.,
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A full and complete line of
GROCERIES

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Cor. Mackenzie Ave. and Railway Street.

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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

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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, Valenciences Lace, Insertion.

Call at the
MADISON PARLORS.

Misses Sheppard & Bell
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FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS. FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION.
HEATED BY HOT AIR. REASONABLE RATES.

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ELECTRIC BELLS AND LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM.
HOURLY STREET CAR MEETS ALL TRAINS.
BAR WELL SUPPLIED BY THE CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

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PRIME BEEF. PORK. MUTTON. SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

W. Mollison, General Blacksmith, Wagon Maker, Etc.

DEALER IN

Chatham Wagons, Wm. Gray & Sons Plows,
Popp Bros.' Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Seeders, &c.

DOUGLAS STREET. Revelstoke, B. C.

H. G. PARSON, President. M. J. O'BRIEN, Managing Director

The Revelstoke Wine and Spirit Co.
Limited Liability.

Carry a full and complete line of
Scotch and Rye Whiskies, Boandies, Rums,
Holland, Old Tom, London Dry and Plymouth Gins,
Ports, Sheries, Clarets, Champagne, Liquers
Imported and Domestic Cigars.

THE SUPPLY HOUSE FOR NORTH KOOTENAY.

FURNITURE

Just unloading Two Large Cars of Furniture.
We now carry a larger and better stock than any 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.

# INIQUITOUS TAXATION

## Rosslanders Give Colonel Prior Their Views of the Two Per Cent Tax—A Stone Wall to Bar Prosperity They Say.

"The two per cent. mineral tax is iniquitous. It throttles the development of the Rossland and other camps possessing resources of a similar nature. Further and permanent prosperity can only be attained upon the abolition of the tax. The Rossland camp will then forge ahead on a scale hitherto without precedent. Facts and figures are forthcoming to support these contentions. The foregoing deductions were placed before Hon. E. G. Prior, minister of mines for the province of British Columbia, at a complimentary banquet tendered the city's distinguished visitor on Saturday night at the Hotel Allan. Rossland's leading mining men combined in the effort to place the Honorable the Minister of Mines in possession of the real facts of the local situation, and their arguments attach with equal force to the situation in other camps where great deposits of comparatively low grade ore exist, such as the Boundary. In a sense the function was the most remarkable ever witnessed in the Golden City." Thus says the Rossland Miner, and goes on:

"It is probably without parallel that the principal speakers at a banquet in this city should have combined to impress a member of the administration with the undesirable features of a certain condition of affairs, the remedy for which lies within the powers of the minister whom they addressed, and, knowing the desire of the minister to become acquainted with real conditions and in view of the overwhelming flood of facts and figures placed before him thus publicly it is generally accepted as almost certain that some alleviation of the grievous burden may be looked for at no late date. In his address in response to an enthusiastic toast, Colonel Prior informed the gathering that he was in the Kootenays for the purpose of obtaining information and urged the utmost frankness in discussing the affairs of the mining industry. This sentiment was adopted in word and spirit—the mining men spoke their feelings freely and fully supporting each argument with statistical information that cannot be gainsaid, and establishing so strong a case for the abolition of the mineral tax in its present form as must—and did—impress the minister."

The Miner then proceeds to devote a page to the speeches. The following are excerpts of interest:

Col. Prior said: "I can assure you Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, that the members of the government are most anxious to do what is best for the welfare of the province, and I am sure I can speak specially for my own department. They are all very anxious to see the mining industry put on a proper and paying basis. We have to have revenue, you will admit that, but the members of the government wish to see that that revenue is collected in a manner that will press in the lightest and best possible way on the men who have put their capital in this country. There is no doubt that the mining industry is the principal industry; they may say what they like about the fishing industry and the millions of cases of salmon they get, the lumber industry, or any other industry; but when you come to compare them with the mining industry, it overshadows every other industry in the province. It is to the success of our British Columbia mines that we owe the ultimate welfare of this beautiful province of ours."

E. B. Kirby, manager of the War Eagle said: "We all know that the great cause of the depression now coming over the British Columbia mining industry is excessive and overwhelming taxation. Like a stone wall before us stands the two per cent tax. You all understand it. You all know its fatal defect, which is to exact an increasing proportion of the net profits when applied to the lower grades of ore. You all know how on the milling grades of Rossland it will seize anywhere from 10 to 20 per cent. of the net profits in milling. Speaking for the investors who are to furnish this large capital I can say frankly that as things now stand they are not willing to put their money into anything from which the government exacts such an enormous rake-off."

William Thompson, manager of the Great Western: "In addition to the present high grade ores we have been shipping to the smelting works, we have been assured by the best engineers and managers of this camp that there are immense quantities of low grade ores under Red Mountain that cannot at present be extracted at a profit (owing chiefly to their highly silicious nature) without some preliminary concentration before smelting, and Mr. Kirby has tonight announced that the War Eagle and Centre Star companies are prepared to undertake the concentrations of these low grade ores as soon as the government is willing to relieve them from the odium of the present excessive taxation."

Charles V. Jenkins, of the Centre Star: "The industry is being taxed to death. It cannot stand up under the burden of tax laid upon it by both the Dominion and the provincial governments. In support of this statement I would submit figures, take from the governments reports, and, dwelling upon this one item of taxation, will try to show that the aggregate of taxes imposed lays a burden upon the industry that is unjust, excessive and inequitable."

Roscoe R. Leslie of the Le Roi: "We have heard, for Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Mackenzie made the announcement at the banquet given in honor of Mr. Daly in this very room a few weeks ago, that the Elmore oil process has been successfully used in Wales and that a test made by it upon Le Roi ore was very gratifying, but it yet remains to be seen whether the process can be used with success, when the concentrating operations are conducted on a large scale. A real practical test will be made, as to this, I believe in the very near future, as negotiations looking to that end have practically been arranged between the Le Roi company and doubtless other companies as well. I cannot, however, speak as to the latter, and the syndicate which has secured the Canadian rights for the Elmore method. On the result of this test or tests, which is to be made on the Rossland ore, the future prosperity of this and of our outlying camps depend."

## Oilsprinkled Roadbeds.

It is reported that the Boston & Maine and the Boston & Albany Railroads are about to discontinue oiling their roadbeds after a three year trial. The N. Y., N. H. & H. has also given up the practice, and the Long Island Railroad discontinued the practice about a year ago. Several of these roads are ballasting the permanent way with broken stone which, after the rain has thoroughly washed it, gives no further trouble from dust.

Elsewhere the oiled roadbed is giving every satisfaction. On the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, when the road was first oiled, enough was put on to penetrate the ballast to a depth of 4 inches. From 2,000 to 2,200 gallons to a mile of single track is used at a cost of from $35 to $45. The treatment leaves the fine sand which flew in clouds about a train firmly anchored to mother earth and with the appearance and consistency of brown sugar. It is claimed for the oiled roadbed that the oil destroys vegetation along the line and thus saves the cost of weeding, also that it helps to preserve the ties by rendering the track waterproof and that it deadens the noise. Many ordinary highways in the West have been "oiled" with satisfactory results.

## President and Enginemen.

President Roosevelt entertains a very kindly feeling for locomotive engineers and has repeatedly manifested his good will towards delegations of engineers. An incident connected with the finish of a recent journey is thus described in the press dispatches:

"President Roosevelt and party arrived in Washington on a special train over the Pennsylvania Railroad at 10.35 o'clock this morning.

"The President walked briskly down the station platform on reaching Washington, and almost had reached the gates when he recollected that he had not bidden adieu to the engine crew, his invariable practice on returning from a trip. Quickly retracing his steps, he reached the side of the big engine that had pulled him from Philadelphia, and vigorously shook the hands of the engineer, fireman and another trainman who had climbed into the cab to share the honors"—Locomotive Engineering.

## When Victoria Was Crowned.

In the Marquis of Lorne's "Life" of Queen Victoria there is a chapter on the coronation now quite interesting in view of the much-discussed ceremony which is to take place in London in June. The former Governor-General's description of the pageant is too impressionistic to be very effective, but the following account of the ceremony, given by Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, one of the trainbearers of the Queen, who later became the Duchess of Cleveland, is very amusing. She writes:

The Queen looked very well and was perfectly composed. She wore a circlet of splendid diamonds, and was dressed in gold tissue, over which was fastened a crimson velvet mantle, bordered with gold lace, and lined with ermine, with a long ermine cape, which very ponderous appendage we were to support. . . . We were all dressed alike, in white and silver. The effect was not, I think, brilliant enough in so dazzling an assembly, and our little trains were serious annoyances, for it was impossible to avoid treading upon them. We ought never to have had them; and there certainly should have been some previous rehearsing, for we carried the Queen's train very jerkily and badly, never keeping step properly, and it must have been very difficult for her to walk, as she did, evenly and steadily, and with much grace and dignity, the whole length of the Abbey.

The Abbey itself was a beautiful coup d'oeil, as we marched up amid thunders of applause and handkerchiefs and scarfs waving everywhere. The Queen acknowledged her reception very graciously. I think her heart fluttered a little as we reached the throne; at least, the color mounted to her cheeks, brow, and even neck, and her breath came quickly. However, the slight emotion she showed was very transient, and she stood perfectly motionless while the archbishop, in almost inaudible voice, proclaimed her our undoubted sovereign and liege lady.

The burst of applause in the Abbey when the crown was placed on her head, and the sight of all the peers and peeresses crowning themselves at the same moment, was really most impressive, and in the midst of the cheering Handel's magnificent anthem, "The Queen Shall Rejoice!" thundered in. After this the Queen was enthroned, and we took up our station on the steps of the throne during the homage, and amused ourselves with watching Lord Surrey, the treasurer of the household, dispensing medals in the midst of a most desperate scramble, and nearly torn in pieces in the universal excitement. The pages were particularly active, and some of them collected ten or twelve medals apiece.

I saw little of the homage. The Duke of Wellington was prodigiously cheered. Lord Rolle fell down, and was carried away by two strong peers.

After the homage, we returned with the Queen to the chapel, where her mantle—now a purple one—was fastened on, and we waited for three-quarters of an hour for the procession to form in the same manner as on entering the Abbey.

The Queen complained of a headache from having the crown very ceremoniously knocked by most of the peers—one actually clutched hold of it; but she said she had guarded herself from any accident or misadventure by having it made to fit her head tightly. She had, besides, to bear the heavy orb and sceptre across the Abbey; but when she reached the robing-room, she disembarrassed herself of them, unclasped her mantle, took off her crown, and having got rid of all her royalty, sat down on the sofa and amused herself. We, too, were allowed to sit down for the first time.

But her day of fatigue was not yet over, for she had to entertain one hundred persons at dinner in the palace.

The Duke of Wellington had a great ball at Apsley House, two thousand persons having been invited, the cabinet ministers gave state dinners. Illuminations, fireworks, a fair in Hyde Park, and free admission to the theaters were provided for the gratification of Her Majesty's subjects in London. There was no accident of any importance, except in one case, where a balloon made a bad descent. The House of Commons voted $350,000 on account of the coronation, a very small sum when compared with the large amounts given for similar ceremonies abroad. A number of peers were created or raised a step in the peerage, among these being the father of General Lord Methuen, and twenty-nine baronets, among them Lytton Bulwer and William Herschell.

## Doubtless She Was.

Mrs. Browne—And who is the president of your club now, Mrs. Malaprop? Mrs. Malaprop (proudly)—I am the present encumbrance, just now.—Philadelphia "Press."

## Bargains.

When woman gets into politics
Reform will just be great,
Two dollar votes will be marked down
To $1.98. The "Capital."

Jay—Yes, sir; when I was in New York a sharper robbed me of fifty dollars. Hay—Why didn't you call a policeman? "Well, I thought fifty dollars was enough."—Philadelphia "Press."

## Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

GOLDEN EAGLE 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, George S. McCarter, agent for Louise Leontine Graham, Free Miners' Certificate No. B. 70,410 and for Gus Lund Free Miner's Certificate No. B 48074, 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 4th day of August, A. D., 1902.

GEO. S. McCARTER.

## 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. id

## NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post marked Alice Perry's southeast corner post, situated about 200 feet from Scott Creek, thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains, to the place of commencement; containing 640 acres.

ALICE PERRY.

Goldfields, B. C., July 24th, 1902.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

NUMBER ONE.

Commencing at a post marked "A. M. North-West Corner Post," and planted on the northwest bank of Half Way Creek, near St. Leon Hot Springs and about two miles from Arrow Lakes. Thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to place of commencement.

NUMBER TWO.

Commencing at a post planted on South Bank Deep Creek, Galena Bay, about three miles south from Arrow Lakes; about 35 chains east from a post marked "T. H. D. south-west corner." Thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains to place of commencement.

ANGUS McLEOD.
Arrowhead Mills,
Per J. T.

Arrowhead, July 24th, 1902

## 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 o 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.

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.

## 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 Ground Hog Basin, Big Bend. The Fairview and Maple Leaf mineral claims, at head of the West Fork of McCullough Creek, known as Barrett Creek; the Arabian, Belcher and Victoria IV mineral claims on Graham Creek, at the head waters of the West Fork of French Creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Florence McCarty, Free Miners' Certificate No. B, 67,241, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificates of improvements for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

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

Dated this first day of July, A. D., 1902.

FLORENCE McCARTY.


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

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

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

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

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

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## Interesting Items.

The Germans, having no native supply of petroleum or natural gas, have sought a substitute for those fuels in alcohol, which they can produce cheaply from the potatoes that luxuriate in the sandy plains of their country. The result was seen in a recent exhibition of the industrial applications of alcohol at Berlin, where were shown alcohol-driven motors for stationary engines as well as for automobile carriages; portable alcohol engines for farm work; domestic utensils, such as flat-irons, heated by alcohol; alcohol cooking ranges, etc.

A curious check was presented to the cashier of one of the Tonawanda banks recently. This check, which was for $10, was made payable to "the sweetest of the sweet," and was presented to the cashier in the ordinary way. The cashier, naturally startled by the unusual expression in the body of the check, asked in innocence: "Who is the 'sweetest of the sweet?'" "I am," replied the lady. "Kindly endorse it that way," said the cashier. She did. And, as her husband's account warranted it, for, like a prudent man, he had not overdrawn it, "the sweetest of the sweet" received her money.

The notion has long been held that the mushroom presented the composition of animal flesh, which led to it being called the "vegetable beefsteak." It appears, however, that this conclusion has been based on some analyses made many years ago when analytical methods were not so exact as they are now, and when the chemistry of food was not so well understood. In the light of modern enquiry, there seems to be no reason for believing that mushrooms possess any greater food value than other ordinary fresh vegetable foods, and in many respects they compare unfavorably with them.

Professor Simon Newcomb in a recent address called attention to the immense range of difference in the brightness of the stars when the sun is taken for a standard of comparison. Some of the stars emit only one one-hundredth as much light as the sun emits. Others emit a thousand times as much light as he does. Indeed, Professor Newcomb thinks there are at least two stars, each of which is probably 10,000 times as bright as the sun, which signifies that if either of those stars were as near to us as the sun is, it would outshine him 10,000 times in brightness. The two stars are Canopus, which is in the southern hemisphere and invisible from our part of the earth, and Rigel, one of the two brightest stars in the constellation Orion.

The announcement that the young women of St. Joseph's Church, Hoboken, N.J., recently instituted a novena to St. Joseph to obtain for themselves husbands has provoked some mirth in the daily press. And yet, comments the Pittsburg "Observer" (Roman Catholic), "there was nothing out of the way in that." The same paper adds: "It is better to ask the help of God through the intercession of the saints than to go to parties in winter and to seaside resorts in summer in the hope of catching beaux. There is nothing improper about the holy sacrament of matrimony, and every young woman with a vocation to the married state, has a right to expect heavenly aid in her search for a proper helpmate."

### Explanatory.

The efforts of the omniscient schoolboy immortalized by Macaulay to find suitable replies to the painful questions put to him by his unfeeling instructors are often a source of considerable amusement to the latter, but it is not often that a boy succeeds in producing anything quite so delightfully cynical as the following answer to the question, "What is meant by the three ages of man?" The first age of man is when he thinks about all the wicked things he is going to do when he is grown up. This is called "Innocence." The second age is when he does all the wicked things he had thought of in childhood. This is called "The Prime of Life." The third age is when he repents of all the wicked things he did in the prime of life. This is called "Dotage."

### On the Jury.

Ex-Governor Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa, the new United States Secretary of the Treasury, practised for many years at the Iowan courts. The following is one of the many good stories he tells: A boy of about fourteen had been put in the witness-box, and the opposing counsel examined him as follows:

"Have you any occupation?"

"No."

"Don't you do any work of any kind?"

"No."

"Just loaf around home?"

"That's about all."

"What does your father do?"

"Nothin' much."

"Doesn't he do anything to support the family?"

"He does odd jobs once in a while when he can get them."

"As a matter of fact, isn't your father a worthless fellow, a deadbeat and a loafer?"

"I don't know, sir; you'd better ask him. He's sitting over there on the jury."

### The Inverted Comma.

Mr. Bernard Shaw will have the sympathy of writers—and we should think of compositors—in his protest against the use of the apostrophe. He has himself dropped it out of "aint," "dont" and "shouldnt"—but not out of "he'll—before he wrote his protest in "The Author." But why all these inverted commas, "the silly trick of peppering pages with these uncouth bacilli?" You will find none of these bacilli in the Bible. Take this passage, chosen at random: Now Jesus knew that they were desirous to ask Him, and said unto them, Do ye enquire among yourselves of that I said, A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again, a little while, and ye shall see me? The modern compositor would set that passage between two brackets of inverted commas, for it is a quote within a quote. But it is beautifully clear as it stands. And among all Biblical misunderstandings, no one we think has been misled by the absence of an inverted comma.

## HACKNEY HORSES.

### The English Breed of Carriage Horse Valuable for America.

The hackney or "hach" is pre-eminently the road horse of England. It is an artificial style of horse, originating in a cross of thoroughbreds with the heavier mares of the country; but the type has become well established, and a well-bred hackney stallion, will impress his characteristics upon his progeny with as much certainty as any pure-bred horse. Hackneys are all trotters, but are somewhat different in conformation and action from the American standard trotters. The gait is not the long swinging stride seen in this country, but a high knee action, as seen in the opposite illustration of the hackney mare in pasture. They are from fourteen to fifteen and a half hands high, road horses of larger size being known as "cobs." They have fine bony heads, powerful sloping shoulders, clean flat legs, short pasterns, sound feet, deep chested, and strong loins, with spirit and great powers of endurance. According to a high English authority "they combine blood with power, (carrying their twelve stone (168 pounds), and trotting seventeen miles within the hour, or for a shorter spurt their two miles in five minutes. Some of them have won hundreds in trotting matches, and have sold for a thousand guineas each." In England they almost invariably go under saddle, but with their fine showy actions, bloodlike appearance, and good bottom, there is no reason why they and their grades should not in this country prove equally valuable as carriage or general purpose horses. The valuable race of French coach horses derive much of their blood from these English road horses. Hackneys are a novelty in this country, but several enterprising Americans breeders have recently introduced choice stallions of this breed, and they will doubtless find speedy recognition as a valuable acquisition to the horse stock of the country.

### Care of the Asparagus Bed.

No matter how much care has been given to the proper planting of asparagus, it is easy to injure, if not to render worthless, the best bed by beginning to cut too early, and by cutting too late. In planting, we have advised to set strong, vigorous roots, each with many good strong buds. The future treatment of these plants should be to keep the roots strong, and to keep them so well supplied with buds that a part of them, or the shoots from them, may be cut away without injury. If we draw water from a cistern we provide means of refilling it. The asparagus root is like a cistern; we draw upon it by cutting the shoots, and we replenish it by allowing the green tops to grow and to form buds to lie dormant. When a new bed has been planted, the advice is given to not cut it until the third or even the fourth year, in order that each root may get so strong that it will stand the annual cutting. The best and most productive bed ever made may be ruined by cutting it to late in the season. For family beds, the advice is given to stop cutting when green peas come. The grower on the large scale for market judges by the character of his crops when to cease cutting. In no other garden crop do we make so permanent an investment as asparagus; aside from the cost, we invest three years of time and care; but if we manage properly the returns continue through an indefinite number of years and are paid each spring. No garden should be without an asparagus bed.

### Diversified Crops.

The Florida paper notes a marked change in the disposition of fruit growers in that State to confine themselves as closely as they heretofore have to oranges. The "big freeze" warned the settlers that it was not well to carry all their eggs in one basket. The cultivation of Sea Island cotton has undergone a similar change, owing to a decline in price. Rural industry has become more diversified in Florida, and in others of the Southern States, and the culture of crops is undertaken, which may prove profitable and may prove merely experimental. The raising of tobacco, the cultivation of the grape, sugar and rice plant ng are urged upon the people, and many have entered into these new fields of enterprise. The paper concludes that tracts of wet land may yet be utilized for the production of rice and sugar; that in Northern Florida cotton and tobacco will be raised in increased quantities; that the "flat lands" offer rare advantages for stock rearing, but that as the greater part of uplands in the State are being divided into small holdings for fruit and vegetable growing, these will prove to be the greatest source of wealth, and furnish the largest volume of exports from the State. A "staple crop" is manifestly the crop that pays best, whether it be cucumbers or cotton, tomatoes or tobacco, and the farmers of any district or region should make the most of what can be most profitably raised. That is both the royal and democratic road to wealth.

### Ornamental Trees.

The tasteful and judicious introduction of fruit and ornamental trees enhances the beauty and value of real estate more than does an equal amount of money invested in any other way, and it is a form of improvement which should never be lost sight of. But it is a mistake to have many trees very near the house; they obstruct the light, sun and air too much for health, comfort and beauty. Fifty feet is near enough to the house for large growing trees. Branches should not touch the building, but only cast their shade upon it. If, however, large trees are standing very near the house, they should be trimmed up high enough to admit light and breeze under their branches.

### Roup in Fowls.

The great source of contagion with roup, it should not be necessary to say, is the mouth of the sick bird. All emanations therefrom, in places where other fowls can be infected by them, are immediate sources of the disease. The great lack on most places where poultry is raised is a "hospital" for possible sick fowls. It need not be wasted if there are no sick birds, for there are scores of times when a small, dry cooping place comes handy. Without a hospital, it is impossible to prevent the spread of infectious diseases of the head through the medium of the drinking water.

## Mainly About People.

During his exile at Calais, Beau Brummel still gave himself as impertinent airs as ever, even at the risk of offending patrons or benefactors. It is said that once, while dining with the consul at a formal party, he took one of his dogs with him, who lay at his feet. Brummel helped himself to the wing of a truffled capon, tasted it, and handed it to the poodle. "Here, Atous, try to get your teeth through this; I'll be d—d if I can."

Captain Percival, a United States naval officer known as "Mad Jack" Percival, because of eccentricities which more than once brought him in conflict with the naval authorities, was, on one occasion, sent to Morocco with his frigate to bring back a cargo of jackasses for the Government. In order to show his contempt for the employment of a war vessel for such a mission, on entering New York harbor he ran in all his guns, and placed the head of a jackass through each port as the ship sailed in. The sight of a double row of jackasses' heads protruding from the places where guns were looked for created a sensation at the time, and "Mad Jack" narrowly escaped a reprimand.

General Grant once bought from a butcher a horse to which he took a great fancy. He had the animal groomed, and with pride that was evident even in so undemonstrative a man as Grant, he took Senators Conkling of New York and Jones of Nevada into his stable. Grant asked the Senators how they liked the new horse. Conkling shook his head. "What's the matter, Mr. Senator?" asked Grant. Conkling looked the horse over and said, "What did you give for him, Mr. President?" "Four hundred dollars." "H'm!" said Conkling. "I'd rather have the four hundred dollars than the horse." Grant puffed a cloud of smoke and replied, in his usual cool manner, "That's what the butcher thought."

It is related of Rudyard Kipling's maternal grandfather, the Rev. George B. McDonald, that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterwards married, the father-in-law-to-be—an aged Methodist with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair. Deeply shocked by this spectacle, the old man solemnly said: "Mr. McDonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown she sat on one side of the room and I on the other." McDonald's reply was: "That's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."

It was in the sixties. Mr. Toole had appeared before the Prince and Princess of Wales (now the King and Queen) at a Brighton charity performance, and the Prince had called up the actor to congratulate him. The royal handshake was more than usually cordial. At once Mr. Toole turned to the audience. "The hand that royalty has shaken—who'll shake? Half-a-crown a shake. Fresh from the royal touch. Half-a-crown only." The Prince was convulsed with laughter, and the half-crowns fell thickly into the coffers of the charity.

The members of the Amish, a peculiar religious sect, mostly agriculturists, are very numerous in Lancaster County, Penn. They have been credited with small sense of humor, but this anecdote of a recent political campaign will prove to the contrary. An orator sought to impress a gathering near Paradise, in that county, with his logic, bringing himself down to the level of his listeners by a claim of rural birth. "Why, I was raised between two hills of corn," he declared, "and God's sunshine has ever shone upon me." For a moment there was a pause, and the politician, fancying he had made an impression, was about to continue his harangue, when a big Amishman in the rear of the hall interrupted: "A pumpkin—I know what he mean."

P. T. Barnum, being a pronounced joker, turned also his witty faculty to use. When he told the Adirondack landlord, with great solemnity, that he hesitated to find fault with anything about the hotel when so much was agreeable, he was urged by the landlord by all means to be frank and do so. "Well," said Barnum, "it is only one thing. I have discovered with regret that your pepper is half peas." The landlord declared it could not be, but, on being assured that Barnum knew pepper as well as ginger, he wrote a caustic letter to his grocers about sending him such stuff. They, knowing doubtless who the real complainant was, wrote back that if he would spell "pep-per," he would doubtless find half of it composed of p's, and that which they sold had only the amount the orthography required.

Mrs. Mouse—Johnnie, stop giving those cat-calls. Don't you know you'll be the death of us?—"Bazar."

### The Piano-player.

I'm the wooden Paderewski, not so pompous but as stiffski, tearing off the soulful scherzo when I'm up against the game.
Allegrettos, obligatos, pianissimos, staccatos, are all Greek to me, but still you'll find I get there just the same.
I can drill holes in Lamperti, make old Wagner look like thirty cents, and Mendelssohn feel like a piece of soap when wash-day's done.
Gounod, Schumann and Tschalkowsky, Donizetti and Moszkowsky, let me tell you then and nowsky, I can rip each son of a gun.
Coon-songs, barcarolles, cantatas, tarantellas, fugues, sonatas—they are things that I can easily manipulate O.K.
But the woes that make me weary—give me Chinese beri-beri—are the sixty-dollar rattle-traps on which I'm forced to play.

—"American Art Journal."

## TOPICS IN SEASON.

"Little and often" is the rule for oiling the mower.

There are many cornfields that would be the better of thinning out; better for the crop of grain. We do not think it a waste of time when the work is done early, say three or four weeks after planting.

It is not easy to get rid of daisies, but as a help to this end we suggest mowing the grass in which they are very early, before the daisy seed is mature enough to grow, and then plowing and planting foddern corn.

If a meadow needs re-seeding try plowing as soon as the grass can be cut, harrow fine and sow to oats three and a half bushels per acre, fertilize with stable manure or phosphate, and calculate you will have an ideal pasture for calves all the fall. Experience proves such a crop of oats a most excellent feed for milk cows in the fall. Plow in spring and plant to corn. Try it.

The proper sanitary and commercially profitable disposal of household waste, (especially night soil in rural districts), is a question of perennial interest. Dreer's new book, "Open-Air Vegetables," intimates that it is also a question of morals, as well as of money and health. Chapter six of this little book quotes authorities to show the wisdom of either poisoning the surface or subterranean water supplies of the farm, or of hoping to be safely rid of fecal matter by burning it in deep pits. The danger of disease is supplemented by a waste of money in all deep cesspools. The proper place is the surface soil, and the proper receptacle is a shallow pit, with cemented sides. In a deep pit there is always a putrid, unwholesome fermentation, with a waste both by leaching through the soil and by the escape of volatile gases. In the surface soil, on the contrary, the work of humification goes forward rapidly. There is no fermentation; no loss by soaking away into the soil or by escaping into the air. Everything is quickly turned into humus or plant food. In a word, buried waste is buried danger, while the same matter put upon or within a few inches of the surface of the soil is literally money in bank.

## FEMININE DAIRY WISDOM.

See that there is an abundant supply of water pure and clean in the pasture, as well as in the yard or stable during the summer. It is surprising how much water a dairy herd will consume.

It is a necessity, and if not supplied will result in serious loss to the dairyman.

Any excitement in the milking is sure to result in less milk.

Always avoid loud talking, and speak gently and caressingly to every one. You can never give them too much petting.

Nervous cows if well treated always give the most milk, but they must have uniform, gentle care.

It pays to cure the clover in the very best manner, as there is no better feed grown. Put it in a tight mow and cover with straw. Cut all hay earlier than usual this year. It does not pay to let it get overripe and woody.

Raise more fodder corn than ever, to feed more than ever before. It is not too late to plant now, but get in at once.

What about the calves—the growing dairy? I hope they are not starving in the pig pasture, but sleek and happy in clean, well-ventilated box stalls. It does not pay to turn calves in pasture the first year. I know just what I am talking about and I can prove it.

## HORSE TALK.

If your horse has had a particularly hard drive, or has been worked until he is very tired, give him a little rest before he is fed.

Rub him well all over and give his legs particular attention.

Every farmer should raise a few carrots. You can feed at least a third less oats and the horse will do better.

They cost less to raise than oats, and you will have the satisfaction of having your horses in better condition at less cost.

If your horse bolts his feed put a few cobblestones in his manger or a handful of shelled corn well mixed with the oats.

Low mangers are best for horses.

Go slowly with the colts, do not expect them to do as much work as the old horses. Give them time to learn and develop.

Never lose patience with the colt, he will know it in one second and your mastery over him will be gone, and a trick or bad habit may be the result.

Use only the first-class thoroughbred sire of the very best type. Don't lose sight of Morgan blood if it is within reach.

### Bulletin on Diseases.

The State Experiment Station at Wooster, Wayne County O., is about to publish a bulletin (No. 79) on diseases of orchard and garden fruits. In it, Prof. A. D. Selby, the station botanist and chemist, illustrates and describes diseases of currants and gooseberries, raspberries and blackberries, plums and cherries, also of the pear, quince and apple, and gives simple and practical remedies for the various smuts, blights, etc. A very comprehensive spraying calendar accompanies the bulletin as a supplement.

### The Grape Leaf Roller.

This is the larva of a pretty little dark-brown moth. There are two broods each season, one in midsummer and another in autumn. The fact that the larva are rolled up in the grape leaves prevents insecticides from reaching them. Therefore, the only effective remedy is to crush them within their cases, or the cases may be picked off and burned late in autumn before the leaves fall off.

### Current Crop of Greece.

The currant crop of Greece was 150,000 tons in '96, to which was added 10,000 tons carried over from the previous year. This fruit is marketed largely in the United States, although England is the heaviest buyer.

## Interesting Items.

There are thirteen peers in England who trace their descent from Oliver Cromwell. They all come through his fourth daughter, Frances. Though Oliver Cromwell had five sons, there is not a single surviving Cromwell in the male line.

The youngest governor in the United States is the newly inaugurated executive of the State of Washington, William McCroskey, aged twenty-eight, who recently succeeded ex-Governor Rogers. Mr. McCroskey is a native of Tennessee, a son of a Methodist clergyman, and a university graduate.

The capacity of Ireland for sending out emigrants has been one of the marvels of the world. During 1901 the island sent out 39,870 emigrants, or nine in every 1,000 of population, of whom 80.5 per cent. were between the ages of 15 and 35. Even this large total is some 7,000 smaller than that of 1900.

The effects of electric traction in relieving the congestion of population in cities are now making themselves felt in Europe as they have in America. A census of Berlin gives the population at 1,901,567. The increase in population in the last year is only 12,857, as against an increase of 42,493 for the preceding year. This falling off in the year is attributed to the movement of the inhabitants to suburbs.

After twenty years, George T. Gambrill of Baltimore has finally succeeded in collecting $4.56 from the Baltimore and Ohio road, on an overcharge on a wheat shipment in 1882. The company ignored his claim at first, and he finally began to bombard the officials with postal-cards, which he sent by the thousand. Then he took to writing daintily scented notes, and that fetched the railroad, which has just settled the claim.

The Baconian ciphersits of Shakespear, spelled in that form, are ingeniously satirized by an anonymous English writer, who demonstrates on their system that the Bard of Avon was the author of the Psalms of David. In the name of Shakespear he finds that there are four vowels and six consonants, which, combined make the whole number forty-six. The forty-sixth word in the forty-sixth Psalm is "shake," and the forty-sixth word from the end, excluding the word "Selah," is "spear," which compounded, he claims, as plainly indicates the Shakespearian authorship, as a similar system of cipher juggling proves the Baconian origin of Shakespeare's works.

There is some prospect at last of international action being taken to suppress what is known as the "white slave traffic." To take only the case of England, it is perfectly well known that hundreds of English girls are every year lured under specious pretences to Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Buda-Pesth, and even to such distant capitals as Buenos Ayres, which has a malodorous reputation for this traffic. On the other hand, the importation of French and Italian girls into England is notorious. The men and women who carry on the loathsome trade are known to the police, and there are few captains in the cross-Channel service who do not recognize the genial matrons who are "chaperoning" a bevy of girls from one jurisdiction to another. The conference, which is to meet in Paris on June 16, should lead to a general campaign against these enemies of society.

### Extreme Generosity.

While visiting one of the southern islands of the Philippine archipelago with a party of friends, Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, wife of the Amherst astronomer, met some natives who were particularly distinguished by the very handsome bead-work on their garments. All the women of the touring party coveted specimens, but all attempts to buy proved fruitless. One young woman, who had lived many years in Samoa, overheard their conversation, and remarked that she thought she understood them, their dialect was so nearly like the Samoan language. Some of the chaperons of the young women urged her to go ahead and see if she could make any headway with them. The chief whom she addressed threw up his hands in surprise. "What," said he, "does the white maiden talk our language?" He was overjoyed, and promptly asked her the Samoan equivalent for "What can I do for you?" She told him in her sweetest Samoan how much she admired the beadwork on their garments, and how much she would like to buy a piece of it, to take back to her own country and show her countrymen how skilful and artistic these particular Filipinos were. "No," said the chief, with a lordly wave of the hand; "you shall not buy; you shall take as a gift." Whereupon he quickly removed his trousers and handed them over with the unblushing grace of a child of nature. The young woman hastily resumed her English tongue, and the chaperons made their charges confine their further importunities to the women of the tribe.

### Insisted on His Rights.

Some parents still believe in the old adage that sparing the rod spoils the child. An Indiana paper tells of one of this class who strode into the schoolhouse and confronted the teacher after the scholars had been dismissed for the day.

"I understand you whipped my boy this morning!" he began, angrily.

"Yes, sir, I did," the terrified teacher responded, "but I did not whip him severely."

"That's what I'm complaining about," rejoined the parent; "you didn't wallop him half enough. Now, look here. I am one of the largest taxpayers in this school district, and my boy is entitled to as good a whaling as you give any other boy. Understand that. If you slight him again you'll hear from me. Good afternoon, sir!"

### Aspersing Their Fathers.

A contributor to the Manchester "Guardian," speaking of the selection of hymns unsuited to the occasion, recalls hearing a lot of rascals singing seriously one morning in the chapel of Manchester prison—

We are traveling home to God
In the way our fathers trod.

## Mainly About People.

The Rev. Henry Van Dyke tells this story of a negro who was fishing for tarpon in Florida. The fish which he hooked was a big one, and in spite of all the negro could do, the tarpon pulled him overboard. When he had been hauled into the boat again and the water had been shaken out of him, he remarked, chokingly: "What I want to know is, is dis nigger a-fishin' or was dat fish a-niggerin'?"

President Roosevelt is beginning to chafe under the burdens put upon him by the persistence of office-seekers. A friend said to him recently: "You don't get much time for hunting now?" "No," said the President; "the fact is, I am a sort of gamekeeper now, watching the government preserves while hordes of poachers are trying to break in and bag the offices. Or maybe I am only a buffer," he added, a trifle wearily; "every day senators and congressmen send men to me whom they can't land in office, and whom they know I can't appoint, and I am expected to save the politicians the trouble of turning them down."

Forty years ago Herbert Gladstone, who was married recently, was addressing a women's suffrage meeting in Leeds one afternoon, and in the course of his speech he paid a graceful compliment to the eloquence of the women who had addressed the meeting. He further gallantly remarked on the great pleasure which it gives the other sex to listen to women talking. Pausing for a moment after this observation, Mr. Gladstone, like his audience, was thrown into an unexpected state of merriment by a male voice, which proceeded from the back of the hall, and proclaimed in the broadest Yorkshire dialect: "Eh, lad, thou'rt noan wed yet, I see'st!"

There is a characteristic story of Mr. Rhodes which runs as follows: When he was in Rhodesia suffering from the first attack of the disease which ultimately led to his death, he was lying thinking of Groot Schuur, his beautiful home, upon which he had lavished thousands and thousands, until it had become something between a treasure house and a country palace. As he was dreaming thoughts which might have been set to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," an official came to him and said: "I'm afraid I have some very bad news to tell you." Mr. Rhodes sat up. "Bad news! What is it? Out with it, man!" "Groot Schuur has been burnt to the ground," said the official; "and nearly everything has been destroyed." "Thank God!" said Rhodes, sinking back with a sigh of relief. "I thought you were going to tell me that Jameson was dead."

Senator-elect McCreary of Kentucky is said to be a fine campaigner. When he goes the round of his district he kisses all the babies, praises the cooking of the housewives, judges the cattle of the farmers, and adapts himself to all circumstances. On one occasion he arrived at the house of a farmer after supper hour, and when the good woman of the house insisted on getting him something to eat, he refused to allow her to go to any bother, and said he would take anything cold that she had. She told him she had some cold ham and cold biscuits, and would warm the coffee. "Never mind warming the coffee, madam," said McCreary, "I prefer it cold." Next morning at breakfast, so the story goes, the good lady handed him a cup of sickly looking liquid, saying: "Governor, you seemed to enjoy the cold coffee so much I saved some for your breakfast."

Lincoln was once arguing a case against an opponent who tried to convince the jury that precedent is superior to law, and that custom makes things legal in all cases. Lincoln's reply, given in Miss Ida Tarbell's life of the great war President, was one of his many effective analogies in the form of a story. Lincoln told the jury that he would argue the case in the same way as his opponent, and began: "Old Squire Bagly, from Menard, came into my office one day and said: 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him not; whereupon the old squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly and said: 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer. Now, Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed to let you decide; but if this is your opinion I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better. I've been a squire eight years, and have done it all the time.'"

### Quick and Effective.

Panic-stricken, the stage manager rushes to the chairman of the school entertainment committee.

"The hall is on fire!" he exclaims. "If we tell the audience there will be a riot, and many will be killed in the rush to get out. If we do not tell them, they will all be burned. Oh, what shall we do?"

Now, the chairman is a man of coolness and ingenuity. Stepping quietly before the curtain, he says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will next be entertained by Miss Winnie Wurdeigh, the well-known elocutionist, who will render 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night.'"

As by magic the audience flits from the hall, one by one, until naught but the empty seats is left to satiate the furious appetite of the red demon.—"Judge."

### Too Much For the Sheriff.

An Irish widow with a quick wit one day received a call from a sheriff who had a writ to serve on her. According to the "Pilot," the widow saved the day by some rapid-fire courting which took the sheriff by surprise when he called at her house, and began in formal fashion:

"Madam, I have an attachment for you."

"My dear sir," she said, blushing, "your attachment is reciprocated."

"You don't understand me. You must proceed to court," said the sheriff.

"Well, I know 'tis leap-year, but I prefer to let you do the courting yourself. Men are much better at that than women."

"Mrs. Phelan, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting."

"The justice waiting! Well, then, I suppose I must go, but the thing is so sudden, and, besides, I'd prefer a priest to do it."


# A HEROIC LIFE

## With an Eye Single to the Good of Her Fellow-men She Toiled.

### The Story of Eliza H. Varney, of Blooomfield, Ont.—Spent Many Years in a Service of Saintly Sacrifice to the Poor and Needy—Ministered to Their Physical as well as Spiritual Wants.

Bloomfield, Ont., July 7.—(Special)—Our community boasts of having within it one of the most devoted Christian women that ever toiled in the world's vineyard.

Owned and blessed by God, this self-sacrificing heroine and her husband, since deceased, spent many years of faithful pastoral work in different parts of the continent.

Elizabeth H. Varney, relict of the late Levi Varney, is now 73 years of age and is living in quiet retirement here. She is a member of the Society of the Old Orthodox Friends and this simple peace-loving Society never had a more humble or more worthy member.

It is of her work among the Doukhobors in our own Canadian Northwest that she loves most to speak, and many and vivid are her recollections of this peculiar people.

One of the greatest difficulties this devoted woman had to contend with was disease among her poor people. But she had armed herself with a remedy that was as unfailing as her own charity—Dodd's Kidney Pills were the weapons she used to drive out sickness.

Some years before she had tried and proven the value of this great medicine in her own case when threatened with Dropsy and suffering with Rheumatism. They had completely restored her, and when she found that the prevailing trouble among the Doukhobor people was Kidney Disease and Dropsy she knew that Dodd's Kidney Pills would be her most valuable aid in her good work.

She tells of one poor young woman among this people who was suffering so severely with the Dropsy that she was terribly bloated all over and confined to her bed. The Lady Missionary left a few of Dodd's Kidney Pills and immediately sent for three more boxes.

She was rewarded for her efforts by the complete recovery of the young woman.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have received this worthy woman's most emphatic endorsation.


### John T. Warder's Suicide.

Lindsay, July 4.—(Special.)—Mr. John T. Warder, a well-known farmer, residing about five miles from Little Britain, committed suicide on Wednesday afternoon about 5.30. Mr. Warder was assisting the hired man in haying, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon he left the field, telling the man he would return later. Instead of returning he secured a rope and hanged himself in the barn. The body was discovered about 6 p.m., suspended from a beam. After cutting the body down, Dr. Hall was summoned and found his neck had been broken, and death must have been instantaneous. An inquest was considered unnecessary. Mr. Warder was 39 years of age and well-to-do. He was apparently enjoying the best of health, but lately was melancholy at times. He leaves a wife, but no family. The funeral took place to-day at Pinedale and was largely attended.

### Lindsay Man Killed at Pittsburg.

Mr. A. Frame of Kent street west received the sad intelligence that his son John, employed as brakeman on the P. & O. Railway at Pittsburg, met his death by accident in that city on Tuesday morning. Particulars are not to hand, but it is supposed that he was coupling cars in the yards when killed. Mr. Frame was 35 years old and unmarried. He was well known in Lindsay, being employed on the G. T. R. here for nearly fourteen years. His funeral took place to-day in Pittsburg.


# Canadians

Who have used

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**Endorse our claim that it is the Grandest Tonic**

Sold on the American continent, and is unequalled as a speedy and pleasant Remedy in all cases of Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, or as a Restorative for use after a long and painful illness. It is non-alcohelic, yet stimulating; contains no drugs, only Nature's rarest bounties. We defy competition and guarantee its properties.

Mailed in Canada, freight prepaid. 75 cents large bottle.

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88, 90, 92 Church St. Toronto

Head Office: London, England. Branches all over the world.

The finest Pain Killer on earth for Man or Beast, Egyptian Embrocation. Try it. Mailed free; 50 cents bottle.

## The Revenge.

BY RALPH HAROLD BRETHERTON.

We had made friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness. She was a second cousin of mine, and very rich.

"She may be nice, although she is so rich," said Beatrice. "We mustn't let that prejudice us against her."

These were words of wisdom, and we did not let her riches prejudice us against her. We asked her to stay with us, and to bring her little daughter with her.

"I daresay Bene and Gerry will like the child to come; she will be a companion for them," said Beatrice.

So Ina Milsom and her child, Edith, came to spend a few weeks with us. They were on a visit to Europe, while John Milsom, the husband and father, remained in South America to manage the mine that brought in the riches. John had, I believe, fallen thoroughly into the indolent ways of the tropics, and he preferred his leisurely business to a scurried holiday at home.

Ina was a small woman of thirty-five, sharp-voiced and inclined to plumpness. She was clever, and knew it, and liked other people to know it. I had not seen Ina for many years, and Beatrice and she had never seen each other. Ina took good stock of Beatrice when first they met at the station. I did not mind, for Beatrice could stand scrutiny well. Moderately tall, still girlish in figure, and dressed all in white, she challenged and repaid such a look as Ina gave her. Ina herself was by no means bad-looking, but she had not Beatrice's grace. I think Ina knew this.

"My dear, what a child you are!" she said, as she kissed Beatrice quite unnecessarily. "I hope you'll excuse me, but I expected to see a staid matron. You have been married ten years, haven't you?"

"Yes, and I am thirty next birthday. I shall begin to feel quite old then," said Beatrice, with a laugh.

"You don't look more than twenty," said Ina.

"Thank you," Beatrice answered simply.

Ina quickly made herself at home. There were many things which she wanted if we didn't mind, and if it didn't upset the house; and she took it so for granted that we didn't mind, and that it didn't upset the house, that we let her have them. For an hour after Ina had arrived, there was a great fetching and carrying to her room. I met Beatrice running up the stairs.

"What on earth is going on?" I asked.

"I'm making Ina comfortable," said Beatrice.

"Well, if you take anything else to her room you'll make her most uncomfortable. There won't be anywhere for her to sleep."

But for some minutes more the house rocked and shook in the throes of a revolution. Castors grunted, and there was the thud and rattle of moving furniture everywhere. Ina was making herself at home.

At tea Ina inspected our children. When I looked from Gerry and Bene to Edith I was sorry for Ina. Edith was not an attractive child. She was a silent, gawky little girl, about eight or nine, I suppose, with her hair strained back from a shiny forehead. Gerald was very polite to her, and took her all sorts of cakes; but before taking anything she looked frightenedly at her mother.

"No," said Ina shortly, and Edith refused the cake.

"May I ask that in future, Beatrice," Ina added sweetly, "Edith has her tea in the nursery? I suppose your children do not always have tea in the drawing-room?"

"Oh, no," said Beatrice; "when there's nobody here we very often have tea in the nursery with them. Hal likes it better. He says the bread and butter is thicker, and he gets more to eat."

"I don't like Edith to be too much in the drawing-room—I am afraid it will spoil her; and, by the way, is there a nice quiet room where she can do her work?"

"Work?" Beatrice opened her eyes very wide.

"Her lessons."

"Oh, hadn't she better take a holiday? I was going to let Bene and Gerald have a holiday while Edith was here."

"She had a holiday on the voyage over; she cannot take another now."

"But surely it wouldn't hurt her?"

"I don't want my child to grow up an ignoramus."

Ina looked at Gerald and Benedicta as though she wondered if they knew their A B C. I believe she was half tempted to test them. I am glad that she didn't; Gerald might have got through without many mistakes, but I doubt not Bene would have been utterly floored.

We found a quiet room for Edith.

Ina looked at her watch. "It's just six," she said. "You can work until eight, then go to bed. You had better kiss me good-night now; I may not see you again. Your books are in my room, on the table by the window. Fetch them down."

Edith, kissed far more tenderly, I swear, by Beatrice than by Ina, very goodly fetched the books, and settled down to work.

"But I want to show her the new calf," said Benedicta.

"And I want her to see the trains," Gerald added.

"Not to-night," said Ina. "To-morrow morning, if she is good—and if you are good."

Beatrice, putting one hand on Gerald's shoulder and one on Benedicta's, drew her children to her.

"My children are always good," she said.

"Oh, Edith is—on the whole," Ina put in hastily, who, I fancied, felt a little snubbed. Beatrice has a quiet dignity about her which annoys other women.

We began to feel sorry for Edith. Except for an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon she was kept at her practicing or her books. Her practicing was somewhat a trial to us. Her execution, no doubt, was perfect, but she had no soul for music. She began at seven in the morning and played until breakfast time. Ina supposed that we did not mind. Nor did we, so far as we were concerned, for our bedroom was some distance from the piano; but we felt inclined to put in a word for Edith. We didn't, however, for we did not want to be rude to Ina, after having asked her to the house.

Edith had to practice in the afternoon as well as in the morning. She was not allowed to have tea until she had put in her daily task of two hours at the piano. One afternoon Beatrice and I looked in through the window, and watched the child playing like an automaton.

"I swear," I said, "Gerry plays as well by ear."

Edith looked at the clock. She got up from the piano, and went to the table.

"I did not know that children of that age could tell the time by the clock," I remarked.

She opened her books, and began to pore over them.

"Thank heaven," Beatrice said, "it isn't my ambition to stuff my children with learning."

"Oh, they're 'cute enough," I answered. "They'll learn by assimilation. They don't need to be forced."

We tapped at the window. "Come out," we called to Edith.

But Edith shook her head. "Mother wouldn't like it."

"Oh, she won't mind."

"But she will."

We turned away, indignant in our hearts with Ina. I felt very unhappy about Edith. It was absurd to make her stew in this way over lessons. Personally, I don't care much for cleverness unless it be natural wit. Beatrice could not spell, and when it came to compound fractions I was all at sea; but we had sound heads on our shoulders, observant eyes and keen ears, and we were very happy without political economy and the binomial theorem, whatever those two goals of the learned mind may be. What man or woman with any imagination wants to dive deep into history? I never remember learning much history, but it had always seemed to me that I could write a history of England which would be about as true as—and, I trust, less damaging to reputations than—Macaulay's. I could keep in credit at the bank without algebra. Beatrice made me happy, although she knew no more French than I did, which was next to nothing. Why, then, did Edith slave eight hours a day at her books and the piano? I could not see.

"I know what it will end in," I said. "Spectacles and a crooked spine. I'm going to talk to Ina."

"I should like to," said Beatrice; "but we mustn't."

"I think we must. That child will sicken soon."

"Never interfere between parent and child."

"Why not?"

"Well, would you like it? I know that if any woman were to interfere between me and my children I'd kill her."

"I believe you would. I certainly hope that no one will be so rash. But, you know, my heart bleeds for little Edith. I'm convinced that something ought to be done."

"Oh, Ina will soon find out her mistake. She loves her child, but expects too much of her—expects her to grow up all at once. Edith will get ill, and then Ina will see the error of her ways."

Ina did not care for our children, nor for our training of them. She said nothing, but sniffed contemptuously over Benedicta and Gerald and their deeds. She remarked that modern children were very different from old-fashioned children, and that she preferred old-fashioned children. In reply we passed strictures on old-fashioned parents. We said that often they were very brutal in their sternness. What we aimed at in our own family was perfect confidence and equality, unity of purpose and sharing of pleasure between parent and child. We waxed very eloquent on our pet subject. Ina sniffed, and said that Edith was an obedient child, who knew her place. A child's place was at her mother's knee, Beatrice said, and not at a table littered with books. There was very nearly a quarrel, but somehow or other it was avoided.

But peace could not reign long in a house where two mothers with healthy tempers despised each other.

"Poor Edith gets on my nerves," Beatrice said to me. "I lie awake thinking about her at night."

And perhaps Ina lay awake thinking about the wickednesses of Benedicta and Gerald.

I suppose our children are naughty, but as we couldn't love them much more than we do, I do not think it very much matters. But Ina was of a different opinion. Still, to my mind, she made a fault of what was no fault at all, but an act of Christian charity.

"Where's Edith?" she asked of us one afternoon.

"I saw her with Gerry and Bene just now, in the field," said Beatrice.

"But I didn't tell her she could go out."

"I expect Gerry or Bene asked her to."

"It's very wrong of them to take her away from her work. I must tell her to go back."

"Oh, let her have this afternoon off," I begged.

"She will have Saturday: that is enough," said Ina; and she went away, across the lawn, to the field, to send Edith back to her lessons.

"Won't she pitch into the kiddies!" I said.

"She may scold Edith if she likes, but let her dare to scold Bene or Gerry!" said Beatrice. "Let her dare!" She stood up her full height under the trees, and stiffened her arms. I smelt war.

What happened in the field I do not know. Gerald, I believe, had gone on a quest for something or other which he wished to show to Edith, and Ina found only Edith and Bene. There was a big flare-up between Ina and Bene, and Edith slunk away, cowed, to her lessons, while Ina haled Bene across the lawn to us by the collar of her frock. Beatrice went out to meet them.

"Let Bene go!" she cried commandingly.

"Not until I've shaken the breath out of her," Ina said through her teeth.

There was a flaming mark across her face, and I never saw a woman look so angry. She shook Bene until she was red and tearful. Beatrice darted forward and seized Ina's wrist, so that Ina, with a little cry of pain, let Bene go.

"How dare you touch my child!" Beatrice cried.

"She's a little devil."

"She isn't. She's the best child in the world, and I'll never forgive you for touching her."

"I'd like to kill her. She hit me across the face with a nettle." Ina put her hand up to her face. "You don't know the agony of it," she cried; and I could see that she was in great pain.

Beatrice looked from the child to Ina.

"You did something to her first of all," Beatrice said angrily; "and I dare say you deserved what you got."

"I only told her she was naughty."

I had hold of Benedicta's hand, and she struggled to get away.

"Oh, you liar!" she cried. "I'll kick her. Let me kick her. I hate her—I hate her."

But I held Bene tight.

"What did you do to her?" Beatrice demanded.

"Nothing," Ina said doggedly.

Beatrice went nearer to her, and Ina quailed.

"Nothing," she repeated.

Benedicta struggled again. "She said you were a bad mother, muvvie," she cried, "and it isn't twue, so I hit her. She said I should grow up wicked because you didn't know how to look after children. Oh, she said howwid fings 'bout you, and they're not twue, and I'm going to kill her."

Benedicta broke away from me, but she did not kill Ina. Love overmastered hate in her, and after a little vicious dart at Ina, she ran to Beatrice and, sobbing, was received in Beatrice's arms. Beatrice lifted Bene up, and kissed and caressed her.

"It isn't twue what she said," Bene sobbed. "You're the best mother—you know you are, muvvie, and I know it too."

"I try to be," said Beatrice softly.

Then she turned to Ina. Beatrice's anger was very terrible to see. She was deadly pale, and her voice was low and clear. "Did you say that?" she asked of Ina.

Shame swallowed up the mark the nettles had left on Ina's face. She hung her head. "I did," she answered.

"Then you have done me something I can never forgive. Don't ask me to forgive you."

Ina knew that she had done wrong, but she was not the sort of person to admit it.

"I certainly shall not," she said. "I leave your house to-night."

"There's a train at 6.15. I will send your tea to your room. You can have one of the maids to help you pack if you wish it. I do not care to say good-bye."

Beatrice was very queenly. She towered, an outraged mother, her sobbing darling in her arms, high above Ina, who, never very tall, seemed to shrink to less than her usual size. There was righteous anger in every line of Beatrice's form; but I think that, if Ina had cared to ask humbly for pardon, she would have received it. All that she said, however, was, "Very well;" and she turned on her heels, and went towards the house. She was ashamed of herself, and still more ashamed of being ashamed. She went away with lowered head; but halfway across the lawn she straightened herself, and looked back at Beatrice.

"Take my advice and be sterner," was Ina's last shot, "or you'll make that child a rod for your back."

"At any rate," Beatrice called back, "I shan't break her back with lessons." Then Ina disappeared into the house.

"Let me kill her, muvvie," Benedicta begged.

Beatrice set the child down.

"No, darling," Beatrice said; "but I'll be even with her."

Beatrice walked away towards the back of the house. I followed her, half guessing what was in her mind.

"What are you going to do?" I asked her when I caught up with her.

"I'm going to find Edith. I expect she is still at her work. Ina won't disturb her until the very last minute."

"But you're not going to say anything to the child?"

"I am. I'll tell her what a mother she's got."

"But, Beatty, that was the very fault for which you were so angry with Ina."

"I shall tell Edith the truth—nothing else."

"Is it right? Think a bit: is it right?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. I'm too angry to know or care whether it is right or wrong."

"Don't do it, there's a good woman."

"You only tell me not to because you're a coward, and wouldn't have the courage to do it. But I have the courage, and I'll do it."

When Beatrice is determined, there is no stopping her.

"All right," I said; "but I think you'll be sorry."

We went to the window of the room where little Edith was. The window was half open. Beatrice pushed it fully open. Edith's head was on her arms, and we heard her sob. Beatrice leaned into the room.

"Edith," she called.

Edith started, and raised her head.

"Come here," said Beatrice. The child came. She feared to move away from her books, but obedience was an instinct with her, and she came. Beatrice pulled her to her, so that they sat on the window-ledge, Beatrice outside, Edith inside.

"You're crying," said Beatrice.

"I've been naughty."

"What did you do?"

"I left my lessons, and mother found me."

"Are you crying because she was angry?"

"No, because I vexed her."

"You love her, don't you, Edith?"

"Of course."

"I'm going to tell you something, child."

I put my hand on Beatrice's shoulder. "Don't," I whispered, but Beatrice made no sign that she heeded me.

"It's this, child. If you love your mother, kiss her more often than you do, and make her kiss you more often. When she comes into the room don't bury your head in your books, don't look as if you were frightened to see her, but as if you were glad. Laugh sometimes, and make her play with you. Don't only say "yes" and "no" to her. Tell her that you love her and are happy. You don't ever tell her that, do you? Of course it is so, and she takes it for granted; but she would like to hear you say it now and again. Be obedient, because your mother knows more in all probability than you do, although you're such a learned little girl; but don't only do what you are told—do some things before you are told. When you are tired of your books, don't be afraid to say so. Leave them, and go to your mother, and get on her knee, and say, 'Mother, I'm tired, and I want to be loved.' You are tired, aren't you?—very tired—sometimes, but I don't think you ever say so. It's nothing to be ashamed of, Edith; your mother gets tired sometimes; I do—everybody does; we can't help it. You're very tired now, you know; I can see that you are. Well, shut your books this instant, and go to your mother—she's in her room. Jump into her arms—never mind how busy she is—and say, 'Muvvie, muvvie, I want to be loved.' And won't she hug you! You'll cry, and so will she, but you both will be very happy. But kiss me first. You and mother are going away to-night, and I shan't see you again; so kiss me good-bye."

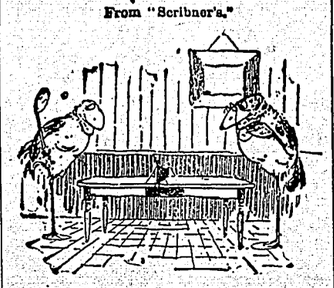
They kissed, and Edith went, wonderingly, to do Beatrice's bidding.

"Beatrice," I said, "you're a regular trump."

She got slowly off the window-ledge. "No," she said, "I'm a fool—a silly, sentimental fool: I've ruined my chance of revenge." At which thought she burst into tears. "But I shall never speak to Ina again," she said defiantly—"I'm determined on that."—"Pall Mall Magazine."

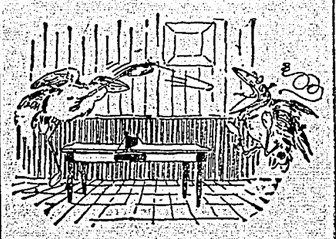
## Ping Pong.

From "Scribner's."

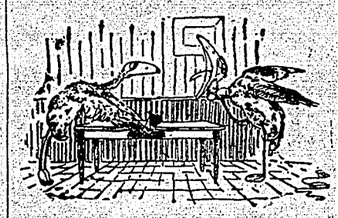


The game opens gently.

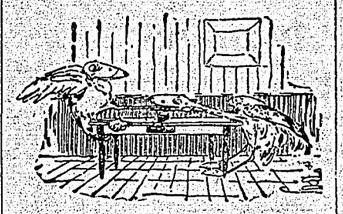
The interest increases.



The player on the left loses his head and makes a drive that not only frightens his opponent, but



Loses the ball.



It is soon recovered, however.

And the game is resumed more gently, precaution being taken against similar accident.

## His Plan.

A curious story comes from Kansas of a man who wanted to tell a neighbor what he thought of him without laying himself open to a suit for damages. So he hit on the plan of sending him each day a postal card with only one word written on it in a large hand, in addition to the date obscurely tucked away in a corner. The person receiving the cards recognized the handwriting, and, suspecting something, kept them until they stopped coming, when he read them consecutively in the order of their reception. What he read was, "Ridiculous old Bill Jones is the meanest cuss in town," and he at once instituted a suit for slander against the sender. The latter's lawyer, however, called attention to the fact that the postal card containing "ridiculous," though mailed first, was dated the day after the date of the card having the word "town." Moreover, a careful inspection would show that after the word "ridiculous" was an exclamation point, and after the word "town" was an interrogation mark, so that the series of postal cards might be made to read, "Old Bill Jones is the meanest cuss in town? Ridiculous!" He claimed, therefore, that instead of slandering the plaintiff his client had defended him from slander, and this plea was sustained by the court. But, all the same, everybody in town insisted that the first reading of the cards was the correct one, so that the writer attained his object.

## Interesting Items.

A Berlin publisher has recently brought out a new dictionary of twenty-five hundred and eighty German "cuss" words.

Potatoes form the world's greatest single crop, 4,000,000,000 bushels being produced annually, equal in bulk to the entire wheat and corn crops.

Australia has more members of Parliament per head of population, than any other civilized community on earth. The mere statement that, excluding New Zealand, Australia possesses no fewer than fourteen Houses of Parliament, counting 751 members, for a population of less than 4,000,000, is a bit of arithmetic calculated to make all sober Australians sigh, and the rest of the outside world grin.

An ingenious wedding present has been received by a French bride from one of her relatives, who is a geographer. The present, says the "Figaro," is a silver sugar bowl in the design of a terrestrial globe, the upper hemisphere forming the cover. The map of the earth has been elaborately engraved on the outside, and the route taken by the newly-wedded pair is indicated by a line of lapis-lazuli, the names of the towns at which a stay was made being inserted in enamel.

A writer in the "Lancet" says: "Since I began to study diet, I have been astonished at the number of cases of which I have heard, even of medical men, who, by eating less and not so often, have found that their susceptibility to colds has quite gone. Such facts as I have met with point to the conclusion that it is the system overcharged with the products of food which was not required, and can act only as a poison to every organ in the body, which is most susceptible to colds."

One of the most remarkable newspapers in the world is the "Mexican Herald," printed in English, with all the Associated Press telegrams, which have to travel over a thousand miles by special wire, edited by English and Americans, but set up by compositors who are all Mexican Indians, not one of whom knows a single word of the language he is setting up. He does it word by word from typewritten manuscript, and the "readers" are so careful that there is seldom a wrongly-spelt word in this hurriedly-put-together daily paper.

The ancient whaling bark "Kathleen," while cruising off the West Indies, was recently struck by an infuriated harpooned whale, and so great was the damage done that the vessel immediately began sinking fast. The captain's wife had barely time to get into a boat when the old bark went down. The sailors declare solemnly that the favorite parrot of Captain Jenkin's wife, which she rescued, said plainly as he was being lowered over the side, "D—— hard luck; that's what I say, d—— hard luck." The skipper's wife and her beloved bird were followed over the side by the cook, the cabin boy and the master himself.

Mr. Worm—By Heavens! If our acorn cottage hasn't sprouted while we were gone!—"Life."

## Magazine Verse.

"Magazine poetry," said a young Philadelphian who dabbles in verse, "is always a source of wonder to me. For a long time I have read it and tried to understand it, but many of the poems I couldn't make head or tail of. For five years I have sent verses of my own to one magazine, and always got them back, usually with a printed rejection slip, but occasionally with a polite note from the editor explaining why the particular verse was not available. One day it occurred to me that obscurity was the open sesame to the pages of this magazine, and, more in jest than anything else, I scribbled off a sonnet that meant absolutely nothing. My only thought was to string together a lot of meaningless words that would rhyme. I couldn't help laughing to myself when I read it over. I called it 'Oblivion,' and sent it off. After three months had gone by I got a check for it, and a letter from the editor complimenting me upon having at length fathomed the depths of true poetry. What humbug it all is!"—Philadelphia "Record."

## Tolstoy, a Bicycle and a Theory.

Tolstoy seems to have carried his theories into practice even in the smallest details of life. On one occasion, relates "M. A. P.," he mounted a bicycle belonging to that aristocratic son of his. He soon mastered the art of balance, and was delighted with the swift, smooth motion. His wife noticed his enjoyment, and immediately offered to give him a machine. Tolstoy at first accepted, but, on reconsidering the matter, he decided that as other less-favored mortals could not afford to possess bicycles, he had no right to one either. So he declined the gift and renounced the pleasant exercise.

The late historian, Samuel Rawson Gardiner, used to say of Froude: "Whenever I find myself particularly perplexed on any point, I look to see what Froude has to say about it. I always find his help invaluable, for I can trust implicitly in his unfailing instinct for arriving at false conclusions; and the more positive he becomes, the safer I feel in adopting a diametrically opposite view."

# BULLER'S VERSION.

TEXT OF HIS FAMOUS HELIOGRAM TO GEN. WHITE.

INFANTRY CANNOT FIGHT MORE THAN 10 MILES FROM CAMP.

A PLAIN SUGGESTION TO SURRENDER TO THE ENEMY.

London, July 8.—Sir Redvers Buller is condemned out of his own mouth. He has posed for many months as an injured person, declaring that the publication of the full text of his historic heliogram to Sir George White at Ladysmith would clear his military reputation. He has now forwarded copies of the despatch to the press. His attitude had for a long time led many persons of weak judgment to imagine that he must be cruelly maligned, since it was almost incredible that he should have had the impudence to act thus unless the full and authentic text was incapable of the construction which had been placed upon it. As a matter of fact, the text of the message despatched was even worse than the nation had been led to suppose. It is a craven missive, merely directing General White to hold out till he (General Buller) can take up a defensive position, when "suggest you firing away as much ammunition as you can and making best terms you can. I can remain here if you have alternative suggestion, but unaided I can't break in. I find my infantry can't fight more than ten miles from camp, and then only if water can be got." The last passage in this extraordinary message, remarks The Daily Mail, is calculated to cover the noble reputation of the British soldier with undeserved ridicule.

# BRITISH TRADE FOR JUNE.

DECREASES ANNOUNCED IN BOTH IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Six Months' Trade With Canada—Increase of Imports of Canadian Bacon, Ham and Butter—Decrease in Cheese, Maize and Other Items.

London, July 7.—The statement of the Board of Trade for June shows decreases of £1,045,700 in imports and £1,192,000 in exports.

Montreal, July 7.—A London cable to The Star says:—The Board of Trade returns for the six months ending June show the following increases of British imports from Canada:—

Bacon, £121,000; hams, £62,000; butter, £72,000; wheat, £477,000; wheat flour, £67,000.

The decreases are:—

Sheep and lambs, £23,000; cattle, £6,000; cheese, £32,000; eggs, £13,000; oats, £173,000; peas, £82,000; maize, £226,000; hewn wood, £32,000; sawn wood, £184,000; horses, £9,000.

The imports of canned salmon totalled £908,000; canned lobsters, £69,000.

Exports to Canada increased as follows:—

Salt, £2,000; wool, £2,000; cotton piece goods, £96,000; linen piece goods, £11,000; jute, £9,000; silk, £11,000; woollen tissues, £45,000; worsted tissues, £75,000; carpets, £11,000; cutlery, £7,000; hardware, £5,000; pig iron, £29,000; bar iron, £18,000; railroads, £23,000; sheets and boilerplates, £36,000; galvanized sheets, £40,000; tin plates, £34,000; cast wrought iron, £30,000; unwrought steel, £111,000; haberdashery, £24,000.

## BOMBS IN A PENITENTIARY.

Attempt to Wreck St. Vincent de Paul Prison.

Montreal, July 7.—It has just transpired that a bold attempt was made a few days ago to wreck a portion of the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. Three explosive bombs were thrown from an upper story in the penitentiary into the corridor below. One of the bombs exploded with a loud crash and the report attracted the guards to the scene. The convicts, who were in their cells at the time, were greatly scared. An investigation showed that two of the bombs had failed to explode and that comparatively little damage had been done. The bombs were made out of oak blocks into which a hole had been scooped, and they had been filled with blasting powder. It is supposed that the attempt was the work of some of the convicts who were planning to escape. An official investigation is now being held.

## DECORATING CANADA'S ARCH.

A New Flag Design For Lord Kitchener's Welcome.

Montreal, July 8.—A special cable to The Star says that no intimation has yet reached the Canadian Ministers regarding the coronation, but it is expected to occur before the close of August or early in September, in which case Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Fielding and others would be in England. It is hoped also that a fresh contingent of Canadian troops may come over.

Sir Frederick Borden is spending a few days in the country.

It is intended to decorate the Canadian arch for Kitchener's return with a new flag design.

## TWENTY NEGROES HURT.

Collapse of a Crowded Church Verandah at a Funeral Service.

Charleston, S. C., July 7.—Twenty negroes were injured last afternoon by the falling of the front verandah of Emanuel Church. The funeral of a colored preacher was being held, and after the body had been borne from the building the negroes made a rush for the entrance to get a last view of the coffin. Just as the crowd assembled on the high verandah entrance it collapsed and two hundred men, women and children were buried in the debris. The police force was called out to remove the wounded and restore order.

## THE VEGETABLE GROWER

Selection Should Be Made From Young Plants.

Young plants from seeds recently sown will require pricking over as soon as they are large enough to handle. If they have come up thinly there will be no special hurry and they may be allowed to attain some size before handling, but if crowded the sooner they are pricked over the better, to avoid "damping off." Should this make its appearance, a change of temperature or a moderation in the supply of water may assist, but the safest plan is to transfer into fresh soil as soon as possible, examining the stems carefully to make sure that no infected plants are used.

For the ordinary private garden where only a limited number of such plants as tomatoes, egg plants, peppers, etc., are wanted, potting up is preferable to putting in boxes. The more stocky plants which will result and the utility with which they can afterward be planted out will more than repay the little extra trouble, but where large quantities are to be handled, other methods must of course be devised to suit the circumstances.

Cabbage, cauliflower, lettuces, etc., will do just as well, and be more conveniently handled if in boxes; or they can even be pricked out into cold frames in which a few inches of prepared soil has been placed. In all cases shading is necessary for a few days until the plants have made sufficient fresh roots to establish themselves in the new soil.

As the time of planting out approaches, attention should be given to the proper hardening of the plants. This is a matter of the utmost importance, but one too often neglected. Plants, if carelessly rushed out unprepared for the change, will receive a check which usually results in the edges of the leaves becoming withered and dried up, imparting to the plants a sickly, half-dead appearance which takes them weeks to overcome.

A Beautiful New Shrub.

This beautiful new shrub was introduced from Japan and is a magnificent acquisition. It is of the greatest value, for, unlike other Genistas, it forms a large shrub and is perfectly hardy, having endured repeatedly a temperature of zero unharmed. It is an exquisite thing when in bloom and very attractive at all times. In June it is literally clothed with innumerable

bright yellow Sweet-Pea shaped blossoms, presenting a perfect mass of such intense pure golden yellow as to well merit the name of Golden Fleece. Of large, bushy form, with numerous side limbs, all of which are densely studded with long, tough, angular, rush-like branches of the most brilliant and cheerful green imaginable, which color they retain throughout the year.

My Experience in Turkey Culture.

I prefer the Bronze turkey. The public wants a turkey weighing 7 to 10 lbs and with a yellow skin. The first eggs I set under a hen, the next setting the turkey takes and as a general thing she will bring off a brood in the fall. If warm quarters are provided they are easily raised, and bring a good price in the spring when there is a scarcity. The best thing I find for lice is ashes and sulphur, mixed, and put in the coops, and I always put a little epsom salts in the drinking water about twice a week for the health of the bird. They have their freedom as soon as they are strong enough to run around. Little turkeys do much better with an old tu. ey. A hen mother will run the legs on from little turkeys, whereas an old turkey will hardly stir out of her tracks until her little ones are good and strong; then she is a great rambler. The best thing I find for food is what we call Dutch cheese, an egg boiled hard and black pepper mixed with it and plenty of run. Toward fall they will naturally turn their heads in the direction of some neighbor's corn or buskwheat field and will be in fine condition by Thanksgiving. —Mrs. Charles Smart, in Farm and Home.

Asparagus for Market:

The most desirable variety of Asparagus to plant in your Kentucky blue grass soil for commercial use would be the Conover's Colossal. Under thorough tillage and liberal manuring it will outyield the larger kinds, such as Barr's Mammouth, Palmetto or Collumbia. When in the bunch it presents a much handsomer appearance and frequently outsells the larger kinds. It is very hardy and early. Plant a good strong root two or three years old; this will throw up a strong shoot which can better withstand the ravages of the Asparagus beetle which is very destructive to weak, slender shoots, and be ready to crop sooner than a plantation from one year small plants. The rows should be five feet apart; and plants in the row two foot apart; these distances are preferable to admit of thorough cultivation which is so essential. Where everything is favorable, good treatment, liberal manuring, there should be at least 2,000 two-pound bunches produced.—In American Agriculturist.

The Sugar Bush.

From the first flow of sap we get our best sugar.

The thermometer or saccharometer is the sugar makers' best guide.

Tin buckets hung upon a nail or attached to the spout, with painted sides and covers, are the best in the market.

A spout that will fit tight without going into the tree beyond the bark on first grains with but little driving is desirable.

# WALL PAPERS

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

**Canada Drug & Book Co**


BORN.

DONALDSON—At Revelstoke, B. C., on Tuesday, Aug. 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Donaldson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

GREGG-SHIELDS—At Revelstoke, B.C., on Wednesday, Aug. 20th, 1902, by the Rev. C. A. Procunier, M.A. rector of St. Peter's Church, Maxwell R. Gregg, of Sicamous, B. C., to Maud A. Shields, of Toronto, Ont.

## NOTES OF NEWS

Andy Craig, of Beaton, was in town Monday.

—Perserving Plums in at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Court of assize will open in Revelstoke on Oct. 22nd next.

The Misses Buck returned this morning from a visit to Ducks.

Mrs. G. F. Curtis left on Saturday on a visit to her parents in Toronto.

Mrs. Dr. Cross returned last evening from an extended visit to Winnipeg.

—50 crates of preserving jars now opening at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Mrs. B. Van Horne returned this morning from a visit to the coast.

James Crozier, a British Columbia pioneer died at Kelowna last week.

—Some snaps in summer underwear at C. B. Hume & Co's.

W. B. Pool returned on Tuesday morning to Ferguson after a few days visit in the city.

The Dominion Trades Congress has been turned down by the Miners' Union of Nanaimo.

—Ties for everybody. See our new stock of ties just opened up at Reid & Young's.

B. R. Atkins, of the customs office, returned yesterday from a ten days visit to the coast cities.

J. D. Graham, late gold commissioner of Atlin, returned to Revelstoke rom the coast yesterday.

—We are busy opening up Fall and Winter Goods, which are arriving daily. Reid & Young's.

The HERALD regrets to learn that Dave Ferguson is suffering from blood poisoning in the right arm.

Mrs. Webster and family are spending a couple of months holidays visiting their old home at Vernon.

—Ladies' and Misses' Ready to Wear Hat, latest styles and colorings, just arrived at Ried & Young's.

Chas. Deutchsman, came down on Tuesday evening from the Standard and will return again in a few days.

The C. P. R. has placed orders for 116 new engines, of these 12 passenger and 44 freight will be ready in the autumn.

—Do you want value for your money? The Bargain Sale at Reid & Young's is still going on. Our prices are right.

Rev. J. W. Sipprell, B. A., Principal of Columbia College, will preach in the Methodist church on Sunday the 31st. inst.

The Dominion Express Company last week established a branch office at Trout Lake City. F. T. Abey is the agent.

E. Adair left yesterday morning for Laforme Creek on a visit of inspection to the Adair group of which he is the manager.

Mrs. Morris Anderson and family, who have been spending a couple of weeks holidays at the coast returned home yesterday.

F. McCarty returned on Friday last from Calgary where he was looking after the shipment of beef cattle for the local markets.

—Our Fall stock of Millinery will arrive in a few days. The latest fashions in headwear. Look out for them at Reid & Young's.

John Houston, will commence again this week the publication of the Nelson Tribune. It will be run as a weekly paper for the present.

Mr. Ward, the newly appointed manager of the Molsons Bank in this city and Mrs. Ward, are expected to arrive this evening from Port Arthur.

The Toronto Saturday Globe of the 16th inst., contains an illustration of the Canadian Coronation Tug of War team, who won the tug of war championship in London, England, during their visit in June last. The only western man on the team is Private McLennan of the Rocky Mountain Rangers, Revelstoke.

The body of the late James Connacher, who met his death in the accident last week on the K. & S. railway near Roseberry, was taken to Nelson for burial.

Rev. Mr. Glover, a superannuated minister of the Methodist Church, of Toronto, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church here on Sunday evening.

Jack Russel, who is employed on Mark Hyatts timber scow, met with a painful accident to his left leg on Tuesday, by getting caught in the machinery.

—Now opening a nice line of staple dry goods including sheetings, towelings, flannels, flannelettes, cretons. We can save you money on these lines. C. B. Hume & Co.

The contract for the new school building was let this week to Smith Bros. of Grand Forks, the figure being practically $14,000. In addition to this the heating system will cost $2,275.

Mrs. F. H. Robson, of Golden, came in on Tuesday evening and went south Wednesday morning en route to Republic, Wash. Mrs. Robson was the guest of Mrs. Brock during her stay in the city.

John Knowles, one of the early pioneer prospectors of the Lardeau, and well known here, spent a few days in the city and Ferguson this week. Mr. Knowles is now ranching at Olalla, B. C.

The engine which went through the burnt trestle on the N. & S. branch with engineer Connacher, last week was brought to the shops here on Monday and is now being repaired and thoroughly overhauled.

Roger F. Perry, resident manager of Goldfields, the new town in the heart of the Fish Creek big free milling gold properties, was in town Monday on business and returned south Tuesday morning.

Capt. Kane has received from his brother at Dawson some fine samples of free gold rock taken from a group of claims on Rock Creek, 62 miles from Dawson, in which the Captain and his brother are heavily interested.

The enginemen of the Boundary country presented to W. E. Woodhouse, formerly master mechanic at Trail, a handsome diamond locket, and to Mrs. Woodhouse, a pair of opera glasses.—Trail Creek News.

On Sunday next at St. Peter's Church there will be celebration of Holy Communion at 8 a. m. and 11 a. m., and evening prayer at 7:30 p.m. The Archdeacon of Columbia and Kootenay will preach both morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, of Winnipeg, father and mother of Mr. R. N. Doyle of this city, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, also of Winnipeg, the latter being a sister of Mr. Doyle's, will arrive on No. 1 this evening on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Doyle.

Kelowna lacrosse club have dropped out of the Fulton Cup competition and the contest is now left to Kamloops and Revelstoke. The boys are urged to turn out to practice Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Nelson, of Kamloops, who signed with Revelstoke for the cup matches, has returned to Kamloops.

A successful lawn social under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's church was held on the grounds adjoining the church last Tuesday afternoon and evening. The grounds were tastefully decorated with shrubbery and bunting and in the evening were illuminated with Chinese lanterns. The Independent Band supplied the music and a pleasant time was spent by all.


NEW

# School Supplies

and Fine Stationery just opened at

**BEWS' DRUGSTORE**

We have a well assorted stock of Text Books and Scribblers, Pencils, Boxes and Writing materials.

New, Bright Colors in Crepe Tissue Paper

**WALTER BEWS,**
Phm. B., Druggist and Stationer,
BROWN BLOCK.

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE."

# LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES

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

**75c. per lb.**

Highest Award at the World's Fair.

**Red Cross Drugstore**


At a meeting held in the Presbyterian church last evening, arrangements were made for a public meeting to be held next Tuesday evening, Aug. 26th, in the Methodist church, at which Rev. J. G. Shearer, B. A., of Toronto, Secy. of The Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, will deliver an address, all are cordially invited to attend and hear this distinguished gentleman. Special music will be arranged for the occasion.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain the Ladies Auxiliary social at the residence of Mrs. W. M. Lawrence on Saturday evening was a decided success. Among those who contributed to the success of the evening must specially be mentioned Miss L. Garvin, whose renditions on the piano were much enjoyed. Other contributors were Miss Spurling, Miss Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes. The receipts of the social netted the ladies $23 50, which, considering the inclemency of the weather, was most satisfactory.

A fire which might have proved serious occurred at the home of W. Winsor on Tuesday night. Mr. Winsor was engaged in lighting a spirit lamp when the spirit which had leaked out on the chair and carpet, ignited and set fire to the curtains. Mr. Winsor had his hands full for a time but ultimately succeeded in extinguishing the blaze. Mr. Winsor was severely burned on the hands and legs and about $50 worth of damage was done. Mrs. Winsor and the baby fortunately escaped injury.

A freight train was wrecked at Albert Canyon on Tuesday, and four cars were badly damaged besides damage to the engine, which was thrown from the track and turned over. The cause of the accident is now being investigated by the officials of the road. Engineer Geo. Caldwell and fireman Jack Gould, fortunately escaped without serious injury, although engineer Caldwell was in a tight corner under the engine for some time before he was able to make his escape.

### The Blue Jay.

E. A. Bradley, manager of the Duquesne Mining Company came in on Tuesday's boat from Smith Creek. When asked concerning the rumors that he had struck bedrock on the company's property, Mr. Bradley stated that while they were working between the rim rock they had not reached the bottom with the main tunnel yet. Owing to the fact that the bedrock is very flat and apparently has no grade whatever, it was found necessary to continue the tunnel at a higher level than the bedrock with the hope of encountering the same further up the channel. They have tested bedrock at various points along the main tunnel and found good pay dirt at every point. The pay dirt being below the drainage level necessitates the further extension of the tunnel, which is now run some 700 feet to tap bedrock. Mr. Bradley returns to Smith Creek by tomorrow's boat and will continue to direct the operations at the mine personally.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# Edward J. Bourne

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**Groceries, Gent's. Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing.**

**Men's Union-made Boots—New Stock Just In.**

Revelstoke Station. Bourne Bros.' Old Stand.



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REVELSTOKE, B. C.



**WE GUARANTEE TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION.**

**ONCE A CUSTOMER ALWAYS A CUSTOMER**

**WE DEFY COMPETITION IN QUALITY AND PRICE**

WE HAVE on our Two Floors just now a varied collection of Oak Dressers, Stands, Extension and Centre Tables, Large Polished Oak Rocking Chairs, Sideboards in great variety, Upholstered goods, carpets, etc.
Call and inspect the stock.
Liberal discount for cash on any of the above articles.

**R. HOWSON & CO.,**
Upholstering. Picture Framing.
Furniture, Undertaking,


### Doubtless She Was.

Mrs. Browne—And who is the president of your club now, Mrs. Malaprop? Mrs. Malaprop (proudly)—I am the present encumbrance, just now.—Philadelphia "Press."

### Bargains.

When woman gets into politics
Reform will just be great,
Two dollar votes will be marked down
To $1.98. The "Capital."

Jay—Yes, sir; when I was in New York a sharper robbed me of fifty dollars. Hay—Why didn't you call a policeman? "Well, I thought fifty dollars was enough."—Philadelphia "Press."

"I found eighteen umbrellas in the church yesterday," said the sexton to the minister the day after a rainy Sunday. "Oh, well," said the dominie, "take them to my study; they are probably intended as contributions to the conscience fund."—Yonkers "Statesman."

### NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:
Commencing at D. Kennedy's No. 1 Post at 12 Mile, running west 40 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement, following Fish River.
Dated this 20th day of August 1902.
D. KENNEDY.

### NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:
Commencing at H. Wright's No. 1 Post at 18 Mile, thence running west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to the point of commencement, following Fish River.
Dated this 20th day of August, 1902.
H. WRIGHT.

J. Harlow and J. H. Alexander representing The York County Loan & Savings Co., of Toronto, are in the city on business connecttd with their company.


FRESH

# GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

OUR STOCK OF GROCERIES IS complete in every detail, and by selling at a fair margin of profit we are able to turn over our goods, thus giving to our customers an opportunity to buy groceries that are fresh and reliable.

**HARDWARE**

IN THIS DEPARTMENT we are well to the front with the following lines: Tinware, Stoves, Lamps, Cutlery, Cooking Utensils, etc.

# BOURNE BROS.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.
MACKENZIE AVENUE.

I HAVE IT!

The largest stock of the latest WATCHES, CLOCKS, RINGS, SILVER WARE, CUT GLASS, FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, Etc.
My many years' experience enables me to buy goods at the right prices, enabling me to sell to the public at reasonable prices.

J. GUY BARBER.
WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.



# Fall Goods In Your Hands

You want to get the goods in your hands to be able to judge their quality. It is impossible to do this when you buy ready-made clothing; so that's one distinct advantage in having us make your clothes. We will show you the largest stock of goods from Winnipeg to the Coast.

SEE OUR $16 SUITS MADE TO ORDER

**Ladies' High Class Tailoring**

We have the latest and largest stock to select from. Now is the time to have your Suits made.

**J. B. CRESSMAN,**
**Art Tailor,** Mackenzie Avenue.



# Real Estate Bargains

**$1450** Good Residence & Store Building. Terms—$200 cash; Balance on Easy Terms.

**$1200** Plastered House with stone foundation. Good garden 50x100 feet—well located. This is a special bargain.

**$1250** 8-Roomed Residence, with all modern improvements. A very desirable property. Terms can be arranged with suitable party.

**$1050** A fine Residencs —7 large roome and Bath Room, Electric Lighting, garden 50x100 feet. A comfortable home, selling at a great sacrifice.

**$900** 6 Roomed House, with bathroom, etc., good cellar. Well situated for a C. P. R. man. Easy Terms.

**$600** 80 acre Farm, about 5 miles from Salmon Arm Station. Best of soil, good timber for domestic uses and good roads. Terms to the right party.

**A Number of Other Real Estate Bargains. Call and Inspect Our List.**

# Revelstoke Smelter Townsite

Fine Residential and Business Lots in all parts of the City on easy terms of payment. A limited number of Five-Acre Garden Plots within five minutes' walk from the centre of City, are now ready for sale. Easy terms of payment.

**LEWIS, BROS.** Real Estate Brokers. Financial and Insurance Agents.