Prov. Library
145

THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol. V. No 155 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1902 $2 00 a Year in Advance.

Staple Drygoods

NOW ARRIVING

SHEETINGS,
PILLOW CASINGS
COTTONS
FLANNELETTES
GINGHAMS
TOWELINGS
TOWELS
FLANNELS
CANTON FLANNELS
FLOOR OIL CLOTH
TABLE OIL CLOTH
BED SPREADS
TABLE LINENS
TABLE NAPKINS
TABLE CLOTHS

LACE CURTAINS

From $1.25 to $10 per pr.

We can save you money on Drygoods.

HOSIERY

We are now unpacking a big range in Ladies', Children's, Men's and Boys' Hosiery in Wools, Cashmere and Silks.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear

In this line our stock is complete and up-to-date. We can suit all tastes and fancies. Ladies—if you are wanting something nice and serviceable it will pay you to look over our goods.

GLASSWARE and CROCKERY

Berry Setts, Table Setts, Water Setts, Goblets, Tumblers, Glasses of all kinds now in stock.

GROCERIES

Our Stock is always the very best that can be procured.

We make a Specialty of

Our Teas And Coffees

Give Our O. O. Blend Coffee a Trial.

C.B. Hume & Company

MASS MEETING IN OPERA HOUSE

Hon. R. L. Borden on the Issues of the Day.—A Large and Enthusiastic Audience Was In Attendance.

Hon. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House, and a distinguished party of eastern gentlemen who are accompanying him on his present trip to the West, spent Friday and Saturday in this city. On Friday evening, under the auspices of the Liberal-Conservative Association of Revelstoke, a public meeting was held in the opera house. When the meeting opened at 8 o'clock, there was one of the largest audiences assembled that ever greeted public speakers in this city. J. M. Scott, President of the Revelstoke Conservative Association, acted as chairman. H. A. Powell, ex-M.P. for Westmoreland, was the first speaker introduced to the audience and he received a most hearty reception. Mr. Powell, in his remarks, a full account of which the HERALD regrets it is unable to make, outlined the Liberal-Conservative policy and compared it with that of the Laurier government. He severely scored the government on their broken pledges to the people and their corrupt practices. He gave several instances of the reckless expenditures of the Laurier government in the eastern provinces, pointing out that in consequence of that very little money had been expended in British Columbia. Mr. Powell also spoke vigorously on the Chinese question and said that his eyes had been opened to a great extent in regard to this question by his recent visit to the Coast. He said the Liberal government had done nothing to remedy the evil of Chinese immigrating into this province and was of opinion that steps should at once be taken to rid British Columbia of Chinese.

Hon. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Conservative Party in Canada, was the next speaker introduced and was the recipient of of a most cordial and enthusiastic reception from the large audience present. Mr. Borden in his remarks referred to the reason of his visit to the west, which was one of acquiring knowledge of the West and becoming acquainted with its people. He went on to say: "We have come from the east to learn something of the needs and requirements of the west. A parliamentary opposition as you know, takes a certain part in the government of the country. It has certain duties to perform in Parliament as critics of the Government, and it is thus only right and fitting, that we, members of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons, should seek to know something of this western country which is every year becoming a more and more important factor in the public affairs of Canada.

We have come as members of the Liberal-Conservative Party, and we have come not only on this educational mission for the benefit of ourselves, but we have come also for the purpose of placing before you at various meetings the policy and principles of the Liberal-Conservative Party, which are now, save for the natural development resulting from the growth of this country, the same principles and policy which Sir John A. MacDonald laid down in 1878.

Now, I hear throughout the country, and I hear in the West here, the story that there is really no difference between political parties in the country so far as policy is concerned at the present time, and I want to say a word to yo tonight about that. If there is at the present time no difference between the Liberal Conservative party and the Liberal party, is it simply a question bet ween those two parties in this country as to which shall begin and which shall shape it. It is simply a question of the administration of the public affairs of this country without any regard to principle or policy. Well Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, we do not so regard it. I will take up in the first place the questions of the fiscal policy of this country, and I will propound to you this proposition, that the Liberal Conservative party's policy in Canada today is a plain and distinct policy, upon which it is prepared to go to the people of this country, whether in the Maritime Provinces, whether in Ontario, whether in Manitoba, or whether it is in this great province of British Columbia. (Applause.) It is not a policy for one section of the people. It is not a policy for one class of producers. It is not a policy for one part of the country alone, but it is a policy and it is a principle which we are prepared to advocate in any and every province of Canada, and one which our friends in other public positions in the different provinces of Canada propound, and put forward as the policy of the country. I ask you, and I ask any Liberal in this hall tonight, whether that can be said of the Liberal party. If you will take the debates in the House of Commons, I venture to say you cannot come to the conclusion as to what is really their policy today. I will challenge any Liberal to take the tariff debates in the last two sessions of parliament and read the utterances of the leader of that party, that he will not be able to tell them when he has got through what is the policy of the Liberal party in Canada as regards tariff. Now, Mr. Tarte has never disguised from the people of this country, the fact that he is a protectionist. He claims to have been a protectionist at all events. He went into the Cabinet with Sir Wilfred Laurier as a protectionist, and he is a protectionist at the present time.

In Toronto, in June, 1902, he said, speaking on the Canadian tariff and free trade: "We must have a Canadian tariff. Free trade may suit certain countries; it suits England. Another system, the protective system may suit other countries. I suppose that we have made up our minds to suit ourselves. There is a French proverb that 'charity well ordained begins with itself.' It is the same as our English proverb, which says 'charity begins at home.' We must fight our opponents with their own weapons. I cannot understand why Canadians are obliged to give free markets to people who raise barriers against them. Down with theories. Theories are no good. Business is business. That is to say, if my honorable friends and neighbors want to strangle me, my first duty is to prevent them. Canadians must have a tariff to suit themselves. If 25 per cent is not enough, speaking for myself alone, I would have no hesitation in raising it to 30 per cent. or 40 per cent."

Sir Richard Cartwright says:

"Human nature, being as it is, it is almost impossible for a government to be a protectionist and escape being corrupt. "While I think protection and corruption are practically inseparable, I likewise believe for my part that protection and true freedom are all but absolutely incorruptible." Now Sir Wilfrid Laurier has given his ideas to the same effect in the House of Commons. Mr. Sifton recently has said that Mr. Tarte speaks only for himself; that it is only a small portion of the Liberal party that is in favor of free trade, and that he, Mr. Sifton will see to it that the people of the West are not to be subject to any of his views, and that no change of tariff will be made in the present government. Now, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I submit to you, as to whether a party that puts forth such views to the country of such a character can be said to have any real character with regard to the policy of the country today. It is true that Liberal speakers will tell you that tariff does contain protection, but I say if Canadian industry is to be protected it should be based upon principle, and should not be the result of an accident—a tariff that is not made by Mr. Tarte on one hand and Sir Richard Cartwright on the other hand, and it is to be based upon the true principle of the interest of this country.

The balance of the report of the meeting will appear in the next issue of the HERALD.

A MURDER AT FIELD

An Italian Shoots and Kills a man named Gordon, Tuesday Morning—Murderer Arrested and Confined in Golden Gaol.

Word was received in town yesterday that a murder had been committed at Field early on Tuesday morning, and on enquiry by the HERALD the report was found to be correct. It appears that a Scotchman named Gordon, and an Italian named Durrant, both employed in D. Bain's bridge crew at Field, were having apparently a friendly scuffle just before 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, when, without a moment's warning, the Italian drew a revolver and shot Gordon in the breast, from the effects of which he died an hour later. The murderer was captured by the men immediately after the shooting. Sheriff Redgrave of Golden was telegraphed for and came over to Field and took the prisoner to Golden where he is now imprisoned awaiting trial.

Union Special Services

In the Methodist Church last Sunday morning Rev. Mr. Kerby preached on "The Gift of the Spirit," basing the sermon on Luke xi. and 13. The sermon dealt with four propositions. 1. The universal hunger of the soul. 2. Man's distinct and definite need of God. 3. God's fatherhood, the pledge that this need will be met. 4. The gift of the Spirit which means the fulfillment of the desires of God the father to man, may be had for the asking. The sermon was followed by an impressive after service in which many bore testimony to the good the meetings had already done.

At the men's meeting at 4 p. m. a large number of men responded to the call for "Men Only." Mr. Kerby's address on "The Artificial Man," was listened to with closest attention. He dealt with several types of the artificial man. The tailor made man, or the contrast of clothes versus character. The money made man or the contrast of cash versus character. The college made man or the contrast of culture versus character. The ecclesiastically made man or the contrast of creed versus character. The society made man or the contrast of class versus character and finally the Christ made made or the real genuine character.

On Sunday evening the capacity of the opera house was taxed to accommodate the congregation which gathered, all denominations were represented, and there was much enthusiasm. The music was furnished by a union choir and Messrs. Turk and Kerby sang two duetts. Mr. Turk was the preacher for the evening, and his subject was "Choosing Sides," based on Ex. 31.26. "Who is on the Lords side." He showed that as at Sinai so today there are two sides, and urged all his hearers to come over on the Lords side and stand and fight against evil in every form. He closed by giving several reasons why men should be on the Lords side. It is safe, right and must prevail, God cannot afford to let evil conquer, he may delay his judgments in mercy, but the hour of judgment will come. Many remained to the second service and quite a number rose for prayer.

Evangelistic Announcements.

Friday night, 19th inst., in the Opera House, an illustrated sermon on "Circles of Influence," a young peoples and students night, with an invitation to everybody.

Sunday next at 11 a.m. Rev. G. W. Kerby, B. A., will preach in the Presbyterian Church and Rev. G. R. Turk in the Methodist Church.

A meeting for men only will be held in the Opera House next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when Rev. Mr. Turk will speak on "The Church and the Working Man." This is an address of great practical value and should be heard by every man in Revelstoke. Messrs. Turk and Kerby will sing a number of selections at this service.

Sunday evening a union service will be held in the Opera House commencing at 7:30 o'clock, conducted by the evangelists. Special music is being arranged and the public are cordially invited.

Union services will continue in the Opera House every night next week up to Thurday evening, when the closing service of the series will be held. The evangelists leave on Friday, Sept. 26th for New Westminster.

Road Superintendent.

Owing to the persistent rumors to the effect that Mr. Taylor, our member, had recommended Mr. Kinman to the position of Road Superintendent for the Revelstoke riding, the HERALD took the opportunity of questioning Mr. Taylor in the matter. Mr. Taylor emphatically denied that he had recommended the appointment of Mr. Kinman. Mr. Taylor further stated that he would not have gone outside of Revelstoke or the Bend district to place a capable man in the position for this portion of the riding; nor outside the Lardeau and Trout Lake divisions to get men who understood the duties of road superintendent for these portions of the Revelstoke riding.

Notice to the Public.

Commencing on Monday, Sept. 15th, the drug stores of the city will close on the evenings of Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock, and remaining evenings, except Saturday, at 9 o'clock.

C. R. MACDONALD,
CLEMENTS & CO.,
W. BEWS.

Date of Our Immense "Millinery Opening" Will be Announced Next Issue

Now Being Opened Up

MILLINERY GOODS

THE NEW GOODS NOW opened up consist of French Wrapperettes, Dress Goods, Ladies' Skirts, Small Wares and Fancy Goods, Blankets and Comforters, Men's Clothing.

These Goods are bought right and we can save you money by making your purchases at Our Store.

Reid & Young

Drygoods Merchants,
Mackenzie Avenue.

Ladies Are Specially Invited to Give Us A Call and Inspect Our New Goods.

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION

Liberal-Conservative Convention Declare for Party Lines and Formulate a Platform.—Mr. Chas. Wilson, Leader.

The Conservative convention, which opened in this city on Friday morning, closed its labors on Saturday evening. Two hundred and ten delegates were represented, either in person or by proxy. Mr. Borden, M.P., the Leader of the Conservative Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons, were present at most of the sessions of the Convention, together with his colleagues, who are visiting the Province, and took much interest in the proceedings.

Besides the platform, the subjects which excited the most interest among the delegates was the question of introducing "party lines" into Provincial politics, and that of the selection of a leader. As is well known, although the Liberal-Conservative Convention in 1899 decided that "party lines" should be introduced, and that view was reaffirmed in 1900, it was not generally followed in the election campaign in the latter year. Many of those who regarded the proposal with disfavor two years ago, had since been led to change their opinion by the course of events and the result was the adoption by the Convention of the following resolution with only one or two dissentents:

"That, in the opinion of this Convention, the stability of government and beneficial legislation can best be secured by the introduction of party politics in local elections, and that such a policy be adopted."

Mr. Charles Wilson, K.C., having tendered his resignation as Leader, some argument was advanced that the Leadership be confined to the candidates of the party who received seats in the House. Occasion was taken by Hon. Colonel Prior, Mr. R. McBride, and Mr. F. Carter Cotton to declare their personal position. After full discussion it was settled that the Leadership should be determined by the Convention. It was unanimously decided amidst a scene of great enthusiasm, that the resignation of Mr. Wilson should not be accepted.

The Convention was then addressed by Mr. Wilson, and on the invitation of the President, Mr. Borden said a few words, felicitating the delegates upon the eloquence, enthusiasm, and unity which prevailed. The evening session was taken up with matters of construction and organization.

A Committee on Resolutions was appointed on Friday, which reported on Saturday. Its recommendations were considered and discussed, and the following platform was unanimously adopted:

1.—That this Convention reaffirms the policy of the Party in matters of Provincial roads and trails; the ownership and control of railways and the development of the agricultural resources of the Province as laid down in the Platform adopted in October, 1899, which is as follows:

To actively aid in the construction of trails throughout the undeveloped portions of the Province and the building of Provincial trunk roads of public necessity.

To adopt the principle of Government ownership of railways in so far as the circumstances of the Province will admit, and the adoption of the principle that no bonus should be granted to any railway company which does not give the Government of the Province control of rates over lines bonused, together with the option of purchase.

To actively assist by State aid in the development of the agricultural resources of the Province.

2.—That in the meantime and until the railway policy above set forth can be accomplished, a general Railway Act be passed, giving freedom to construct railways under certain approved regulations, analagous to the system that has resulted in such extensive railway construction in the United States, with so much advantage to trade and commerce.

3.—That to encourage the mining industry, the taxation of metalliferous mines should be on the basis of a percentage of the net profits.

4.—That the Government ownership of telephone systems should be brought about as a first step in the acquisition of public utilities.

5.—That a portion of every coal area hereafter to be disposed of, should be reserved from sale or lease, so that state-owned mines may easily be accessible, if their operation become necessary or advisable.

6.—That in the pulp land leases provision should be made for reforesting and that steps should be taken for the general preservation of forests by guarding against the wasteful destruction of timber.

7.—That the Legislature and Government of the Province should persevere in the effort to secure the exclusion of Asiatic labor.

8.—That the matter of better terms in the way of subsidy and appropriations for the Province should be vigorously pressed upon the Dominion Government.

9.—That the silver-lead industries of the Province be fostered and encouraged by the imposition of increased Customs duties on lead and lead products imported into Canada, and that the Conservative members of the Dominion House be urged to support any motion introduced for such a purpose.

10.—That as industrial disputes almost invariably result in great loss and injury both to the parties directly concerned and to the public legislation should be passed to provide means for an amicable adjustment of such disputes between employers and employees.

11.—That it is advisable to foster the manufacture of the raw products of the Province within the Province as far as practicable by means of taxation on the said raw products, subject to rebate of the same in whole or in part when manufactured in British Columbia.

At Saturday evening's meeting a resolution was passed expressing confidence in Mr. Borden, leader of the Conservative party, assuring him of hearty support and co-operation, and thanking him and his party for their attendance at the Convention.

The constitution of the party was considered and adopted.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Honorary President, Mr. R. L. Borden, K.C., leader of the Party in Canada.

President, Mr. John Houston, M. P. P., Nelson.

Vice-Presidents, Mr. A. S. Goodeve, Rossland; Mr. J. R. Seymour, Vancouver; Mr. J. A. McKelvie, Vernon; Mr. T. S. Annandale, New Westminster; Mr. A. E. McPhillips, Victoria.

Treasurer, Mr. F. S. Barnard, of Victoria.

The appointment of a secretary was left in the hands of the Executive Committee.

Revelstoke was selected as the next place of meeting.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Richard McBride, the retiring President, after which the Convention adjourned.

At a meeting of the President and Vice Presidents following, an executive committee was appointed as follows:

Messrs. George S. Russell, Victoria; J. T. Robinson, Kamloops; J. R. Seymour, Vancouver; R. L. Reid, New Westminster; R. F. Green, Kaslo.

Special Meetings.

The meetings in the opera house each evening this week conducted by Revs. Kerby and Turk, evangelists, are being largely attended. A great deal of interest is being taken and good work is being done. The rev. gentlemen leave this city Friday, the 26th inst. for New Westminster. Their visit here is altogether too short, and it is to be hoped they may return in the near future. In sermon and song their work is leaving a lasting impression. In another column the announcements for next Sunday's services appear.

City Council.

The city council met on Friday evening, all the members being present.

Mr. Floyd was unanimously appointed city clerk. Other applicants were C. J. Aman, R. Rogers and H. Cook.

The city council recognizing the valuable and faithful service which Mr. Shaw, the retiring city clerk, has rendered the city, decided to make him a presentation of $100.

A discussion took place regarding reports concerning the new school building and it was resolved to ask the government to send an architect to report on the work and plans.

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

The Soda Fountain Clerk.

CONSIDER now the meek and humble soda fountain clerk.

Who draweth off the moistened air with nimble turn and jerk.

His garb is always spotless when first he puts it on.

But, lo, before an hour hath passed the spotlessness hath gone.

Then he hath vanilla on the bosom of his vest, and streaks of red cherry make his trousers seem a fright.

While chocolate and ginger give a tiger-like effect to the balance of the garments in which he's proudly decked.

His hair is limp and languid, and is parted square and true

Above the very center of his nose, which turneth blue,

Because he hath to linger in the acid vapors of the ice, to fix up funny mixtures for the one that hath the price.

He maketh strange concoctions in the form of fancy drinks, and all the while he watcheth for persuasive sorts of winks.

Thus early morn he twisteth at the water spout, and turneth the ice-cream freezer till the ice hath given out.

He diggeth in the ice cream and he rustleth with the glass, while his dead-broke rival buys the soda for the lass.

Yea, verily, the soda clerk, he hath a merry time, for he must know the way to forget nine cents out of each dime.

And he must be a hustler, that there shall not be a loss of ice or gas or water, or he'll tremble at the boss.

How often, oh, how often, hath the soda jerker grinned at the one who purchaseth nickels for a penny's worth of blind;

How often, oh, how often, doth a calm and peaceful smile go flitting o'er his visage when a drink goes out of style.

But ah, alas, my son, sometimes he feeleth very bad, and then is when the dames come with garments rich and plaid.

The ladies fill the rockers and the stools ways and the stools, and insist upon a liquid that both elevates and cools.

Then one declareth that she'd like some chocolate with cream, and when he draweth it, straightway, "Oh no!" the maid doth scream.

And then she voweth that she hath already changed her mind, and wanteth just a phosphate with a piece of lemon rind.

And yet, again the other maids declare they do not know just what they wish—and on and on their mild objections flow.

The weary soda fountain clerk suggesteth this and that, from plain old lemon phosphate to a dose of anti-fat.

And finally the ladies fair with one consent conclude that chocolate and cream shall be their soda fountain food.

Now, when he draweth all the drinks, his troubles are not done—

Nay, verily, my trusting child, they are but half begun;

For each and every maiden there doth straightway rise and say:

"Now, girls, I'll think it's awful if you do not let me pay!"

And all protest, and all object, and all their plans defend,

And not a one takes out her purse to actively cash to spend.

Now, finally the soda clerk suggesteth that each maid shall pay for what she drank—and there beginneth the tirade.

For all the ladies vow in wrath—yea,, verily almost sob—that they will his employer see, and take from him his job.

And then they take their parasols, and sternly go away, and not a cent of all that bill do they take steps to pay.

The gentle soda fountain clerk, he doleth in a daze, and leaneth on the icky tube, and wicked things he says.

Is this not true, just as we have compressed it, with much work?

It surely is—and if you doubt, go ask the soda clerk.—Baltimore "American."

The Restlessness of Women.

IN the July "Cosmopolitan" Ella Wheeler Wilcox, with characteristic force and directness, deals with what she regards as a very serious and growing evil now prevalent among her sex in this country, at least among those who belong to the well-to-do and upper classes of society. She says:

"One who studies American womanhood with any care must be alarmed at the growing restlessness of the sex.

"My mountain of mail is often a volcano of seething unrest. It seems a relief to many women—women, doubtless, whom the world supposes to be happy wives and mothers—to write to one they believe to be sympathetic, of the discontent that surges in their hearts.

"To turn from these letters to a social function is to encounter the same elements in another form. Beneath jeweled corsages beat restless hearts; from under the flower-laden brims of the modish hats look unhappy eyes, looking out into the world with longing for an indefinable something—a happiness imagined but unattained.

"While I believe the tendency of humanity is constantly upward toward a higher plane, it is an indisputable fact that this restlessness of woman is a giant evil, and one of serious growth."

Mrs. Wilcox says it is puzzling to trace this great wave of feminine restlessness to its source. She speaks of the present false standards of wealth, the desire for splendid social station, and for villas at the seaside and castles in Europe, but closes by saying that "after all, a lack of good, everyday common sense is at the bottom of it all. While this restlessness is a baleful sign of the times, rendered all the more mischievous by the almost equal restlessness of men, it is comforting to reflect that there is a large—a very large—class of women who have and who use constantly good, everyday common sense. But of course they do not belong to that growing class of women who desire to lead in society, and who dream of villas, castles and foreign titles.

Beware of Danger.

Said the melancholy man: "Do you never look back on your life and reflect on the opportunities you have missed?"

"No, sir," answered the hustler. "It would be just my luck to miss some more while I was brooding over what can't be helped."—"Waverley Magazine."

The Horror of Three Sandals

A Man's Plot and a Woman's Passion.

By CHAS. FLEMING EMBREE.

THE old sluggish monster of revolution, long since drugged to sleep, some think to death, yet sometimes stirs. Its movements are dream-movements, its snake-like convolutions are harmless. It is merely the habit of the dead past, when Diaz was not yet Power, which causes the beast to heave its lethargic sighs and open up, from time to time, a red orb devoid of meaning.

Up over the Cuernavaca railroad comes now the military detachment lately sent into Guerrero. The little company eats dinner by the Cuernavaca station. Five lank soldiers in sandals sit at a distance on the ground; and, whereas all the others are gay, these five sit depressed with gloom, recalling a strange thing.

The heart of Guerrero, state of golden miracles, is not yet opened to the world. Mountains and mysteries shut it away from modern life. Away down south, two hundred miles from the railroad, is the town of Three Sandals. Into it came, five years ago, an "American" named Stirge. He bought a mine and worked it all alone, and they said he stacked up gold in an adobe house as high as the roof. He was tall, with silken beard, feline grace, mild, deep, unreal eyes. Gold turned his head; gold made his house an empire, Three Sandals the center of the universe. He dreamed of severing this southern land from Mexico, and insane ideas of a monarchy came to him.

The chief of police was fat and flabby, and often full of pulque. He lived in a large house on the plaza by the palms. His sister was a beauty, aged nineteen, named Otilia.

"Otilia, I call you a failure," complained the chief, drinking three quarts of pulque in the patio, while she lounged languid under those enormous yellow flowers called "cups-of-gold." "Manjarrez killed himself for you. Elias slew Negrete for you. Olivares robbed the hacienda to buy you a ruby, and was shot. The governor at Chilpancingo made a fool of himself for you. Bah! what good is all this if you cannot find out the revolutionary schemes of that cursed 'American' and save my reputation? I want to kill him, and, alas!"—with a comic shrug, spilling pulque—"there is no way."

"Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe, my love," said she, with a smile.

"But!—the shadow of an excuse! I know he plots, but never a finger can I lay on him. Make him fall in love with you, witch; worm it out of him. Our reputation is at stake."

She dreamed, lying there graceful, beautiful, mischief in her languid eye. "I will," she said, and plucked a cup-of-gold, and buried her flushed face therein.

She was shrewd. She was not of the dashing type. She was leisurely reserved. She had watched Stirge for months. She knew him slightly; she had smiled at him. Into her deep thinking came the knowledge that there was something of the mystic in his nature, that mystery might win him where other means would fail.

Every evening at six she wrapped herself in a black rebozo so that eyes glowing and portions of a face artificially pale were seen beneath lustrous hair. Then, solemn, sad, a moving statue, she walked to and fro, to and fro, before the "American's" house. When he stood in the door stroking his silken beard and gazed on her, she nodded slowly, as though unseeing, and sighed a heavy sigh. At dusk, having walked to and fro for an hour, she sighed more heavily still and went away.

After one week of this mystery, the form of Otilia began to haunt him. She was very beautiful, said he. There were lurking in her eyes vast dreams, restlessness, towering ambitions—ah! like his own, like his own. He tossed in the night, somehow drawn to her. After all, was it good to be lonely? With such a mate to what grand heights might any man not soar! So, from seeing her by chance, he came to watch for her, and when she passed his hand was frozen on his beard, or burned with fire that ran in all his blood. Meanwhile a plan to overthrow the town's authorities, to gather men, to march on Chilpancingo, took form. Two officers nearest the person of the chief were Stirge's fellow-plotters.

On the eighth evening of this moving to and fro, wrapped in mystery, she let her rebozo wave a little wider open. He was devouring her with his eyes. He was like a god, strong and full of grace. Her sweet lips were pinkish; her neck was white. She sighed, but she looked on him with quick flames bursting from her eyes. The street was lonely. He stepped out and laid his exceedingly long slim fingers on her arm. She paused, and they gazed at one another.

"Otilia, some dread thing haunts you."

"Yes, senor." Her eyes were down.

"Otilia, a great weight is on you. I am one used to speaking out. When God puts fire into a man's heart, the man should never hide it, lest it burn him. Otilia, I seem to see myself in your eyes. Heart of my heart, I love you."

She, exceedingly white, raised her eyes just enough to see his chin; and, with a startling mixture of mischief and emotional upheaving, she remembered her words: "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe."

He kissed her as the dusk came. She went home, bewildered to find that her eyes seemed blind. When she put her rebozo to them it came away wet. She walked statelily, looking at all the low, barred windows. She entered her brother's patio and sat down under the great cups-of-gold. At supper she could not eat. In bed she could not sleep. In the night her little bare feet went softly up and down the room. In the morning she was afraid of herself, something within her heart scared her so.

The love passage thus began, and Otilia, in winning him, had lost herself. Ah, his god-like form, his foreign strength, his whiteness! She loved him. The same old difference between so many loves characterized these. The man's vast schemes were mightier than his love. The woman's love was mightier than all else.

At the edge of the town was a deserted alameda full of mango-trees. Here were aged stone benches seldom used. Here the shade was like dusk at noon, like midnight at dusk. Here they met, evening after evening, she falling panting into his arms, he gazing at her scarcely seen face with hungry eyes.

"You are incarnate truth," he said.

Blood flew to her face; her brain seemed drowned. "Yet—I was false."

"What bad jest is this?"

She lay trembling. Somehow a fear entered him.

"Speak!" he cried, almost letting her from him.

"I—I plotted against you."

"How—it is a lie!"

"Oh, my soul's soul! I set about to win you, instigated by my brother, that I might learn your plan of revolution, and conquer you and bring you to death. Crush me if you must—thus have I lost myself—thus have you overthrown me!"

He let her fall on the old stone bench. The shade of the mango-trees was deep. He stood a little way off, tall and still, and looked at her. Just here the revulsion came; for gold had made him insane with dreams. His love was second to his plot. Distrust sank deep in him. He felt himself betrayed. Cold drops were on his forehead. He had walked as in a deep gold mist. He gazed on this girl. She was incarnate treason; his love for her was turned to fear.

Wounded, ignoble, but grand with rage, he turned, and she was left alone. After that he smiled at her no more, nor looked at her. He dared not flee; that were confession and meant death. He dared not prolong delay.

She had groped her way home from the mango-grove. Though she was sweet and leisurely and shrewd, she had in her that fuel which, touched with fire, burns on to vengeance. But she was sad; and it seemed some second self mercilessly drove her on to the revenge which her better nature did not want. She wept, and grew thin in three days miraculously. Sometimes she joked with herself even yet, in manner ghastly. "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard," murmured she in bad night-dreams; and she saw his head, in visions, hung thus, horrible.

The first night of their estrangement, the fat, pulque-drinking chief found letters at the home of one of his subordinates. They incriminated the subordinate, who was arrested and put in the little adobe jail across the plaza. The chief strove in vain to find one word of those epistles which might give ground for the arrest of Stirge. But the "American's" tracks were yet covered. The chief shed maudlin tears of exasperation.

The third night Otilia came knocking at his door at ten o'clock. She was admitted; the chief sitting in a gown on his bed's edge.

"This subordinate, the arrested one," said she, steady-voiced, "when is he to be shot?"

"At sunrise. I am writing the order for the soldiers who will arrive tonight. Oh, you failure!"

"Come, keep these railings for another. Give me the order, but leave the name a blank."

Her manner was cold, stern, and she was pale and sick.

"Why?" he growled.

She put one hand on the foot-board and leaned close to him. "I may do that which your secret soul longs for," whispered she. "Do I not know that it is his gold that you want? Think! They say it is stacked to the roof."

"But I should be called to account for a baseless execution, you fool!"

"I have a fading ink. I write the name and show it to the captain. He executes the order. The ink fades. You substitute the rightful name, and on the captain lies the blame."

He fell back in bed with a choking noise.

"It's on the table," he said, weakly. She brought him the blank. He filled it out—all save the name. She left him staring stupidly at her, and presently heard him call for three more quarts of pulque.

Otilia was not so villainous as she seemed. She was tottering. She had scarce an idea that she should execute so dreadful a plan. It was the warring between those two differing selves of hers that drove her on to make these preparations. In these ugly hours, too, was the playfulness yet alive in her. She thought that to threaten him, in play, with this ghastly thing would be sweet mischief's way to win him back. If he would but smile at her once more! And deep in her the other self said: "Kill!"

She could not rest. She wrapped herself in her black rebozo and went out. She walked by the jail and paused and scanned it. The plaza was dark and the palms rustled. She went down a street and sadly walked to and fro before the "American's" house, recalling the day he kissed her as the dusk came. At times hate raved in her. Memory drew her at length to the alameda, and beyond it. Under these trees had she rested in his arms. Beyond, where the fields were rocky—yonder in that lonely spot beside the gorge—was the tall iron post to which criminals were chained to be shot. Out of the mango-grove, out of the days of love, she might lead him here to this iron post—and her fingers held the paper of death. The night was very black. She shuddered.

Suddenly she heard a crying out. Women and men were shouting back there by the town. She walked in that direction. The shouting was increased, and there was a scurrying about near two thatched huts.

"The ants! The warrior ants!" was the shout.

She came nearer to a hut. Men in sandals went leaping with torches. There was a strange crackling in the thatches. Behold! the ground was black with marching millions. Scorpions, lizards, spiders, ran terror-stricken from that army. The thatches were being pierced by thousands of unseen marauders. Human beings, seizing all things of value, fled crying into the night.

These ants march in terrible battalions. There is no way known to man to stop them. They have their officers. They select a goal. On they come, and all things flee before. A house is overrun. Every living thing, or piece of food, vanishes. All other insects are devoured. Men must absent themselves till the ants depart. Returning, all is bare. The army has conquered, devastated, passed on.

Fascinated, she stood with some sandaled laborers, who, on the outskirts of this scene of ruin, watched it by torchlight.

"Where will they go next?" cried one.

"Yonder, yonder, in this direction. See! The vanguard is already advancing thither!"

She beheld the leading battalion forming in fours, and heading away across the barren field. She looked up A strange chill ran over her. That iron post, yonder by the gorge, stood in their track.

At midnight she passed Stirge's house, and he was going in. His door was open and a faint light shone on him. She paused, where he saw her. She looked at him, with her soul in her eyes, and he spurned her. Her bad self flamed up. She ran away, wild with hate. She stood a moment under the palms, and there a diabolic purpose came to her.

It had long been a custom in this district to lead the culprit out very early in the morning. Chained in darkness to the post he was confronted by a priest. The black hours dragged on, giving the criminal that most solemn season for repentance. Five soldiers and an officer were stationed near. When dawn came, and they could clearly see, they fired.

At eleven o'clock a detachment of soldiers had arrived. About one, Otilia came to the door of the decrepit barracks. The captain had orders to obey the chief of police. She came to him and said: 'My brother is ill. His servants are sitting with him. So he sent me with this order."

She disappeared. The captain read the command for the immediate execution of one Stirge, "American."

A little later the unfortunate Anglo-Saxon schemer was seized in bed. They put on him clothes somewhat similar to those worn by runners in athletic contests, so that he was nearly naked. In the night they led him out and on through the black mango-grove. In that stony field by the gorge they chained him to a post. A priest came, was received with haughty contempt, and went away. Well for the soldiers that they stood ten yards to the gorge's left. Thus did the flank of that black unseen army pass them by unharmed.

Silence, darkness, weird waiting for the dawn. The gold-maddened dreamer was a stoic. He was as iron as the post and chain. Out of the night shadows a ghost-voice called from yonder in the rocks:

"I can free you. I can yet free you. Tell me once more you love me, and life is yours."

He did not answer. The soldiers believed her crazy, or thought that St. Mary had come down.

"It is I who brough: you here. Give me your heart, and it is I who shall take you away."

The night was yet black. He did not answer. What stoic, beyond man's dreams of stoicism, was that man of Anglo-Saxon blood! Ay, Indians can endure. Savages can suffer and emit no sound. But of all God's creatures there is none so strong as the Anglo-Saxon steeled to bear.

There was wild war in her. She had meant to torment him. She had not meant that he be shot. She could never consent to kill, her better self was too timid. But his spurning had crazed her. At dawn, she thought, sinking down on the rocks, she would confess the substituted name, release him. But the second self joyed in torture. The dawn came. Yes, the chained man's face began to show a little, white, out of the shadow. The captain formed his five men and bade them be ready. So the day thus slowly coming, they stood waiting till they could see; and he stood yonder, his arms chained high up on the post.

The minutes went by. The scene was wild and rocky. The east began to faintly glow. Strange—strange. As he appeared yet a little clearer—how still he stood—how white. Merciful hand of Mary! is that hanging creature there a human being?

"Aim!" commanded the captain.

The guns were raised.

"A minute more and it will be light enough to see."

They waited. The light came rapidly. Behold! Suddenly the culprit seemed to start fully from the shadows. A second more and they would fire.

The guns fell. The men staggered. Horror chilled them. The face that looked on them was the face of a skull. The body that hung there by the chain was a clean, white skeleton. So terrible is the devastation of the warrior ant. So perfect is the labor of millions.

Stumbling away they found Otilia swooning on the rocks.—"Argonaut."

A Defective Test.

One of those amiable persons who gives gratuitous advice to the press concerning marriages has undertaken to tell young fellows how to judge if the disposition of a girl is just what it ought to be. Here is one of the tests: "Try to ascertain how she wakes up, however suddenly roused from her sleep," etc. What the young candidate for matrimony is not told is how he is going to employ the test with safety, not to speak of strict propriety. A young lady's sleeping-apartment is not accessible to young men as a rule, at least in well-regulated households. Consequently the old man would have to be reckoned with, and besides, the young lady herself might not like it. Perhaps next time the sage dilates on these matters he will give us something easier.

A Testimonial.

"Sirs—We fed our baby on modified cow's milk the first six months, but the milkman did not understand how to modify his cows properly, and in consequence the child lost flesh till he weighed but one pound. I now procured some of your celebrated Infant's Food. This the baby managed to trade off to the dog for some dog-biscuit, which he ate, and is now well and hearty. The dog died, but dogs are cheap. We are grateful to you, indeed. You may use my name if you like.—John Jones."—Detroit "Journal."

How "Labby" Got a Dinner.

A READY wit is often of more value to a man in a tight corner than any other endowment, and sometimes it neutralizes the consequences of real defects of character. This is illustrated in an intimate story of the life of Henry Labouchere, the by no means admirable English politician and journalist, related in the "People" by Joseph Hatton. Labouchere was as a young man in the diplomatic service, and was sent by the British Minister "to look after some Irish patriots" at Boston. Taking up his quarters at a small hotel, he entered his name as Smith. If you have an idle hour in almost any American city you can get into a game of "draw," or anything else in the way of gamble. In the evening of his arrival the attache incontinently entered a gaming establishment, and lost all the money he had except half a dollar. Then he went to bed, satisfied, no doubt, with his prowess. The next day the bailiffs seized on the hotel for debt, and all guests were requested to pay their bills and take away their luggage. Labouchere could not pay, and could not, therefore, take away his luggage. All he could do was to write to Washington for a remittance, and wait two days for its arrival. The first day he walked about and spent his half dollar on food. It was summer, and he slept on a bench on the common. In the morning he went to the bay to have a wash, independent of all the cares and troubles of civilization. But he had nothing with which to buy himself a breakfast. Toward evening he grew very hungry, and entered a restaurant and ordered dinner, without any clear idea of how he was to pay the bill, except to leave his coat in pledge.

And here comes in an example of young Labouchere's luck, tempered by a ready wit. As the hungry and, for the time being, penniless attache ate his dinner he observed that all the waiters were Irishmen, and that they not only continually stared at him, but were evidently discussing him with one another. A guilty conscience induced him to think that this was because of his impecunious appearance, and that they were making calculations as to the value of his clothes. At last one of them approached their anxious customer and in a low voice said: "I beg your pardon, sir; are you the patriot Meagher?" Now, this patriot was a gentleman who had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising, and had been sent to Australia, and had escaped thence to the United States.

"It was my business to look after patriots," said Labouchere, telling the story, "so I put my finger before my lips and said 'Hush!' at the same time casting my eyes up to the ceiling, as though I saw a vision of Erin beckoning me. It was felt at once that I was Meagher. The choicest viands were placed before me, and most excellent wine. When I had done justice to all the good things I went to the bar, and boldly asked for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irishman, said: 'From a man like you, who has suffered in the good cause, I can take no money; allow a brother patriot to shake hands with you.' I allowed him." He further allowed the waiters to shake hands with him, and then stalked forth, with the stern, resolved, but somewhat condescending, air which he had seen assumed by patriots in exile. Again he slept on the common; again he washed in the bay. Then he went to the post-office, got his money and breakfasted.

The Duke's Grief.

"It was night," says Rev. Clement Povnder, "when, after the Battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington lay down. He had not found time so much as to wash his face or hands; but, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, after finishing his despatches, on his bed. He had seen Dr. Hume, and desired him to come punctually at seven in the morning with his report; and the latter, who took no rest, but spent the night beside the wounded, came at the hour appointed. He knocked at the Duke's door, but received no answer; he lifted the latch, and looked in, but, seeing him in a sound sleep, he could not find it in his heart to awake him. By and by, however, reflecting on the importance of time to a man in the Duke's high situation, and being well aware that it formed no article in His Grace's code to prefer personal indulgence of any sort to public duty, he proceeded to the bedside and roused the sleeper. The Duke sat up in his bed, his face unshaven, and, covered with the dust and smoke of yesterday's battle, presenting a rather strange appearance; yet his senses were collected, and in a moment he desired Hume to make his statement. The latter produced his list, and began to read; but when, as he proceeded, name after name came out—this as of one dead, the other as of one dying—his voice failed him, and, looking up he saw that the Duke was in an agony of grief; the tears chased one another from His Grace's eyes, making deep visible furrows in the soldier's blackened cheeks, and at last he threw himself back upon his pillow and groaned aloud. 'It has been my good fortune never to lose a battle; yet all this glory,' cried he, 'can by no means compensate for so great a loss of friends. What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost!'"

A "Cinch" Spoiled.

In New York, the other day, a newsboy stood in City Hall Park with a bundle of newspapers in his arms, but he made no sound. Instead of greeting those who passed him with a shrill "Wextry, last 'dition, all about the murder!" he saluted gravely and pointed to his papers. People stared and wondered, then turned around and bought a paper. "The poor boy is deaf and dumb," said a woman, as she gave him a nickel and took an "extra." The boy was coining money, when one of his friends happened to come along. He nearly fell in a fit when he observed the grave salute and the silent tongue. "Say, Jakey, w'at's you givin' us?" he began; but the other boy did not notice, so he yelled out: "Come out of it, Jakey, or I'll tell the cop, and he'll pull you in for runnin' a fake game." "Oh, h—ll!" said the one who had been lately deaf and dumb; "I had a cinch on that keepin' quiet game, an' now you've spoiled it!"

Literary Pretense.

IF all of us who in these latter days have acquired some repute of knowledge of literature were to be tried before a jury of real experts, it is to be feared, writes Guy Carleton Lee, that the vast majority of us would win this sentence: "Guilty of having gained a reputation under false pretenses." Let us be candid with ourselves, since the confidence need go no further. Have we really made ourselves familiar with English masterpieces? It were damning to confess ignorance of Chaucer, for example; let all who have read the "Canterbury Tales," to take but a portion of his works, mentally hold up their hands. The resulting show might not carry an election in the smallest election precinct.

Perhaps we have taken an unfair test. Chaucer is difficult reading to any but the scholar, and the quaint old words are apt to interfere with any pleasure in the reading. Let us return, then, to writers of a later date, whose language holds no obscurity of form. How many of us have read "The Faery Queen" from beginning to end? Perhaps some few, to whom literature is a profession, not a recreation; but of the rest of us who so glibly discuss Edmund Spenser and his influence upon poetry, and who talk learnedly of the Spenserian stanza, the vast majority are utter strangers to the works of the poet they praise.

The early dramatists, again. Most of us are vaguely aware that Marlowe wrote plays called "The Jew of Malta" and "Tamburlaine," and a dramatic poem entitled "Doctor Faustus;" but our knowledge of him stops there. Massinger, because of the occasional presentation on the stage of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," is more familiar to us; but our acquaintance with him is strictly limited to that one work. Beaumont and Fletcher are by name "familiar in the mouth as household words," but some of us would be sorely puzzled to quote a line written by these old collaborators. Ben Jonson we know by his epitaph; but by his works we know him not. Shakespeare—ah! there we are safe; all of us have read him. Have we so? Along comes some villainous prier-into-secret-places and questions us of our knowledge of the "Sonnets;" and straightway we wish that we were dead or that Shakespeare had never been born to write twaddle that is called literature.

Dryden, again. He is sometimes talked of nowadays; is he ever read? And the dramatists of the Restoration—Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh? And—to retrace our steps for the moment—Sidney and Harvey and Rochester and Herrick—oh, yes, we all know the quotation from the latter concerning the little feet which stole in and out; but, singular as it may appear, these lines were not the sole production of Herrick.

Pass on. Is Pope ever read nowadays? Who of us can ever give a list of his principal poems? It would be a good wager that ninety-nine out of a hundred among us, being asked to do this, would promptly exclaim: "The Essay on Man," and then continue: "Er—and—'The Rape of the Lock,' you know—and—h'm—oh, well, and all the rest."

Cowper—didn't he write something about a sofa? Southey? Oh, yes, he wrote "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore," and—and other things. Richardson? Addison? Steele? We seem to know these names—we are before our jury of experts now—but we can not recall their writings for the moment. Swift? Oh, he wrote "Gulliver's Travels;" we read that when we were young; yes, we have entirely forgotten it, and recall no political satire in it. We know that Fielding and Smollett were very coarse writers; we do not remember any other characteristics. Ever read them? No, but we have read of them.

But, the attorney for the defence may urge, these are not names of giants; knowledge of their works is not indispensable. Waiving this point, the prosecuting attorney sternly demands if we have never claimed acquaintance with these men, if we have never referred to them with an air of easy nonchalance calculated—and intended—to impress our auditory with the fact that we were profoundly versed in their works. How many of us pretenders can honestly answer "No"?

"Now," says the prosecuting attorney, "I have but one more question to ask you. You have often sneered at Byron as out of date and monotonous; have you ever read 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' or that magnificent dramatic poem, 'Cain'?" And we answer desperately: "No; Byron is no poet; he is not literature; it would be waste of valuable time to read his stuff."

And then the attorney for the defence, in despair at our admissions, yet still fighting his case, asks us to name the works with which we are familiar, that we may show that our reputation is deserved. Sure of our ground, we go trippingly on with a list of the "Trilbies," the "Ladies of Quality," the "Richard Carvels," the—but here our attorney hastily bids us leave the stand, and submits the case without argument.

Is the picture overdrawn? We fear not.

A Volatile Community.

"What kind of a town have you here?" enquired a recently-arrived tourist from New England.

"Lively!" enthusiastically replied the landlord of the Atlantic and Pacific Hotel, at Boomopolis, Oklahoma. "Lively, stranger! Thar's a lynchin' 'most every night, and balls, shootin's, tar-and-featherin's, and other rallikaboos, about as often as you can turn out to 'em; a couple was married in a balloon last week, two prominent preachers shot each other considerably at the Sabbath school picnic day before yesterday, and thar was a cyclone less than a month ago; new buildin's are bein' erected right along, we've got an enthusiastic county-seat fight on hand all the time, thar's a show in the Op'ry House once in a while, the O. K. barber shop put in a bathtub lately, the post-office was burglarized a spell ago—the front of the buildin' was flung half-way across the street, the safe blown wrong side out, and the children have been busy ever since pickin' postage stamps off'n the gum weeds whur the wind distributed 'em. You can git any kind of a game you like at any time or stir up any sort of trouble in a minute, by just lettin' your wants be known. They call this yere town the Paris of Oklahoma, and don't you forget it!"—"Life."

A Fable For Fathers-in-Law.

MINISTER WU TING-FANG, the ambassador of China to the United States, was one of a number of speakers at the Presentation Day exercises of the Gallaudet College for the Deaf, recently.

Mr. Wu frankly confessed to some degree of embarrassment, this being his first experience in addressing an audience composed largely of deaf persons. He further intimated that the presence of the president of the college by his side, interpreting his remarks, sentence by sentence, to the mutes, was not calculated to lessen his discomposure.

Mr. Wu declared that deafness, though a handicap, is not so serious an affliction as is commonly supposed, and further, that the mysterious law of compensation steps in and bestows other talents and blessings.

Continuing, the minister said: "To most of us a little deafness at times would be a distinct advantage. I can, perhaps, more clearly illustrate this point by relating a Chinese story.

"About twelve hundred years ago a revolution raged in China, and the reigning king retained his throne chiefly through the sagacity and valor of one of his generals. The king deeply felt his obligation to the general, and in token of his gratitude consented that his daughter should wed the general's son.

"The wedding was duly solemnized, and the happy young couple commenced housekeeping in their own home. For a time everything was harmonious; then the course of true love became disturbed, as it sometimes does even at this advanced date in America. The young wife became haughty and referred to her ancestry; she was the king's daughter, while her husband was only the son of a general. The young man, nettled at this, reminded his wife that but for the aid of his father she would be the outcast daughter of a deposed king and that he was therefore as good as she.

"The young wife hurried to the king and poured the sad tale of her woes into his ear, not forgetting to emphasize her husband's allusion to him.

"The youth went to his father and told what he had said about the king.

"The general was instantly overwhelmed with the gravest apprehensions, fearing the vengeance of the king when he should learn of the treasonable utterances of the young man, and he made great haste to call upon his sovereign to forestall punishment.

"The king listened to all the general had to say, and then, in a fatherly way and with a twinkle in his eye, remarked:

"'That's all right, general. We fathers and mothers of young married folk must be deaf and dumb a good deal of the time.'"

The Up-to-date Chirography.

Gladys Helene Montague, her transparent gold ochre hair glittering in the sunlight, sat at her mahogany desk writing her answer to Reginald Fitzmaurice's proposal. Gladys's chirography was of the fashionable young ladies' seminary style, with three characters to perform the duty of twenty-six.

"My Dearest Girl: Your answer has made me the happiest man in the world. How did I dare to hope that you would stoop to bless such as I? I pray God that I may be worthy of you, my darling. I long to press you to my heart. Ever thine, Reginald."

"My Dear Miss Montague: On Wednesday I sail for Europe. If at any time you should change your mind, a word from you will bring me to your side. My address will be Brown, White & Co., London. Faithfully yours, Reginald Fitzmaurice."

"Dear Gladys: After a sleepless night spent in the vain endeavor to decipher your note, I have written these two answers. Will you kindly return immediately the one which does not fit the occasion? I cannot stand this strain much longer. Your anxious Reginald."—Detroit "Free Press."

Just a Glimpse.

Papa—By the way, who is the lady that bowed to us as we left the carriage?

Dorothy—The one with the black silk skirt, and rose petticoat, plaid blouse, purple colarette with silver clasp, tan coat, black hat with purple tips, carrying a silver-mounted card-case?

Papa—Yes.

Dorothy—I don't know. I merely just caught a glimpse of her.—Cape "Register."

Pat on the Hot Weather.

'Shure, I am just drippin' wid sweat;
Me shirt an' me collar is wet.
I've a 'kerchief that cum from the store,
An' I've mopped at me face till it's sore.
Now I'm afther thinkin'
In weight I'll be shrinkin'
If of this heat we have more.

'Shure, I was a grumblin' fool;
Not coltint wid the weather whin cool.
Faith, I've got me pay,
Fur it's better to-day,
Thin I iver seen it afore.
Now Pat's going to grumble no more."
—M. H.

Farming Told on Him.

It was not a Canadian farmer of whom an English paper tells a story, although the incident might possibly be matched in this country. The agriculturist in question had been to a rent dinner to enjoy himself among men of his own walk in life, while his hard-working wife stayed at home and saw to it that the farm suffered no loss in his absence.

"I'm aboot tired out," was the man's greeting upon his return. "Is t' cows in t' barn?"

"Yes, long since," replied his spouse, barely stopping a moment from her duties to glance at him as she spoke.

"Is t' hosses unharnessed and fed?" he enquired.

"Yes."

"Fowls locked up?"

"Yes."

"Wood chopped for mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Them ducks plucked and dressed for market?"

"Yes."

"Wagon-wheel mended and ready to start in t' mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Oh, then," concluded the good man with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper and turn in. Farmin' is beginnin' to tell on me."

A Girl of the People

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

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

there was no sound anywhere save the roll of our wheels and the ring of our horses' hoofs on the hard ground.

"Have we a long drive?" I quietly asked, after we had sat in silence for five or ten minutes.

"About a quarter of an hour now—not much more. Are you frightened?"

"No."

"But you are excited, though you try to keep me from finding it out. Well, you are a brave girl. And I don't think that you will ever regret this evening's work."

"I hope not," I impassively returned. And we spoke no more.

Twice only our road wound. The rest of the way—and it must have been four miles in all—was straight as a Roman road, till at last we came to tall stone gate-posts, set in a high brick wall. We turned in between, and I looked out eagerly, half expecting, after all the precautions for secrecy which had been taken, that I should be requested or more forcibly induced to sit back from the window. But I was allowed to do as I pleased.

We passed a lodge which, however, showed no lights; drove along a winding avenue that ascended for a little, and then abruptly dipped. With this, we came suddenly in sight of a house—a big square building with towers, that was silhouetted against the sky. Most of the windows were dark, but I could see two on the ground floor that shone dimly, and there was a light over the door at which we presently drew up.

By the time that the groom had sprung down from his seat to let us out of the carriage the house door was opened, and the illumination from within showed my curious, observant eyes that the livery of coachman and groom was identical with that worn by the pair who had driven us from the Marble Arch to Waterloo Station.

An elderly butler received us with the air of one who awaited an expected event; and as I entered the house I racked my brain to comprehend why I should be feeling as if I had lived through exactly this episode before.

I had never visited this house, or any other house like it, as far as I could remember, yet I had the impression of having seen it (not in a former state of existence, as happens sometimes in one's experience), but not so very long ago.

We passed through a big conservatory, not too well kept, into a square hall with a high, ornate ceiling supported by round pillars of ugly reddish marble, the walls hung with many life-sized portraits of men and women in the dress of bygone periods. Where had I seen them all? And why did I turn expectantly, searching for a wide staircase with shallow marble steps, to find it in the precise position where I had looked? I began to feel as if I were in a dream. At the foot of the staircase stood a tall grandfather clock with a big white face, very convex. I saw that it was half-past ten.

"Would you like to go immediately to your room?" asked the woman in black, whose bright eyes regarded me with keen attention. "Or——"

"I should like the explanation you promised," I interrupted.

"You can have that in your room as well as elsewhere if you choose. Shall I show you the way there?"

I assented, and she led me upstairs. Oddly enough, as soon as we had passed out of the great hall, the impression of having known the place faded. The corridors above, dimly lighted, and the bedroom into which I was taken at last, were all utterly strange.

The room was very pretty, and strikingly different from any other part of the house which I had yet seen. The hall, downstairs, the corridors, and the glimpses of rooms I had gained here and there, through open doors, suggested antiquity. Nothing was new; everything—solid, handsome and old-fashioned. But the room into which I was ushered with the information that it had been prepared for me gave the effect of having been newly decorated; and daintiness was the predominating feature. The walls were "distempered" in pink; the hangings were of chintz—white, with trailing roses; and the furniture was all of satiny-textured wood, stained green.

Over the foot of the bed was thrown a ruffly nightdress and a robe de chambre, so like garments that I had possessed in my palmy days in town that my eyes opened wide in surprise as I gazed at them. On the dressing-table were flowers, and a medley of pretty silver things, some of which appeared remarkably familiar. There was a jewel-case, too, that I seemed to know; but the climax of strangeness was reached when the woman in black threw open the door of a huge, mirror-fronted wardrobe.

"You won't want for frocks, I hope, while you stay here," she said. And there, in the different compartments, hung the dresses I had left in my boxes at Easel street, even those which on that last miserable day I had sold to the second-hand clothes dealer.

When I stared, speechless, my companion drew my attention to a chest of drawers in another part of the room. "Here is plenty of underlinen," she announced. Mechanically I moved nearer as she pulled out drawer after drawer. A fragrance of orris-root and violets came to my nostrils. In one drawer lay folded silk stockings with my monogram embroidered at the top. In another were petticoats, silk and lace. Nothing was strange to me; I had seen, and possessed, every article before.

"This jewel-case may interest you," the woman went on, crossing to the dressing-table. "There are no thieves here"—with a slight emphasis—"so it has not been locked."

She raised the lid; I peeped in, and saw the things which had been stolen from me in Easel street.

"Rather like a fairy-tale, isn't it?" said the woman in black.

"It is a trick—the strangest trick that was ever played upon me!" I exclaimed.

"At least, it relieves your mind, I should think, of any fear that harm is intended you. The—persons who have planned this surprise would hardly have taken so much trouble, you must see, if they had brought you here to murder you."

"There are other evils in the world beside murder," I answered. But my brain felt as if wheels were going round and round inside it. When they stopped turning, was the dim thought in my mind, I might be able to solve this puzzle, but not while they kept whirling round.

"Only good is intended for you," said the woman. "You are a very fortunate girl—or you will be."

"I shall certainly go mad, whatever else I am to do," I cried, "if I am not given an explanation of all these mysteries. You tempted me with that advertisement. Now I am sure that it was only a bait, and nothing more."

"I told you in the train that, in course of a couple of hours or so, I would explain as far as it was in my power to explain. That I will do now, if you will sit down. You are as white as death, and I don't want you fainting on my hands."

I sat down on a small sofa at the foot of the bed, and the woman in black took possession of a chair not far away. I watched her in silence, waiting, and presently, with the air of considering her words, she began:

"I have only been agent in this—last affair. Now that you are in this house, I am able to tell you what I could not tell before—there is a 'power behind the throne,' for which I have been acting. That power has been interested in your movements for some time, and you have done few things that have not been known at headquarters. The power has pulled the wires; you and other—shall I say 'puppets'?—have danced. Always you have danced a little nearer, and a little nearer, to—this. And now all your troubles are over. You may rest—rest."

I jumped up from the sofa. "You talk like a mad woman!" I ejaculated. "We are in real life, not in a play."

"The world's a stage; the men and women merely players," she quoted, calmly. "Why do you excite yourself? Why not, now that you've come into haven, do as I said—rest?"

"Who is the 'Power' you talk of?" I demanded, hotly, and scornfully, too. "Who are you? What is this house?"

"Too many questions at a time."

"Were you the agent of the same employer," I began, "on the night when you sat in the stalls at the Lyceum Theater and showed me the scar on your arm?"

Her face changed slightly. "No," she said. "I was not. Still, even then I did not act for myself, but for another."

"You shall tell me for whom you acted then, for whom you acted now!" I cried, passionately, stamping my foot. "I am not a child, but a woman, and I will not be cheated and played with."

The woman in black smiled. She had not a pleasant smile. And her big white teeth looked cruel. "You make me laugh," she drawled. "If you are not a child, you certainly behave like one. You say 'shall' to me. How do you expect to enforce your commands?"

"At least I can go away," I retorted. "Since you have been at some pains to bring me here, I suppose you would not like that?"

"You will not be so foolish as to leave this house when I tell you that it is your own—absolutely your own. The servants are your servants; the very plate on the sideboard in the dining-room is yours; and I may add that it is well worth having."

If I had never seen John Bourke her words might have fallen like seeds on barren ground. But I thought what it would be to have such a house as this for my own; what a different position mine would be—not in his eyes, for I knew him to be as far above mercenary temptations as the sun was above the earth—but in the eyes of his world. And so again I was silenced, if not convinced.

"I have told you all now that I am permitted to tell," the woman went on, "except my own name. That you may know if you like. It is Leigh—Sintra Leigh. Did you ever hear it before?"

Her eyes pierced mine to find the truth in their depths, as if she doubted the evidence my tongue might give. But I thought for a moment, and then answered that the name was strange to my ears. It was so peculiar that I knew I could not have heard it and forgotten.

"When am I to hear the rest of this mystery of yours?" I asked, trying to put contempt rather than curiosity into my voice.

"Not of mine; of another's. My employer will see you to-morrow, probably in the morning, and I have no doubt the information which you lack now will be supplied."

"But you say you had a different employer at the time you went to the Lyceum?" I objected. "Above all things I wish to know the secret of that night. Why my moth—why Lady Cope was so affected when she saw the scar. Why she went away with you? What happened while she was away? Why the scar like yours on her arm was burnt, and the meaning of the words she tried so hard to make me understand before she died? It was these things which your advertisement in the paper led me to believe that I might expect to have explained."

Always the face of the woman in black changed when I brought up the subject of the heart-shaped scar. She looked away from me, as she had before, while she answered:

"I am not to be held responsible for all that you may have taken for granted from that paragraph," she returned, in the stilted way, without abbreviations, which I had discovered to-night was characteristic of her in speaking. "But my present employer knows as much as I know—at least, as much as I did know until this evening—and will decide how much it is best for you to understand. Can you be patient until to-morrow—since impatience will advance your interests not at all?"

"Needs must, when certain persons drive," I quoted, recklessly. For I had reflected that the shelter of this mysterious house was better than no shelter for to-night.

"I will bid you au revoir, then," said Sintra Leigh, with a look of relief. "Will you have supper sent up?"

I thanked her stiffly, refusing the offer, and in a moment she was gone.

Hardly had she closed the door when I ran to it, not only turning the key in the lock, but slipping a small bolt into place. Then I went to the windows, raising one and looking out to satisfy myself that it was high above the ground. Last of all, I set to work examining the walls. I had heard of secret ways of entering rooms in old-fashioned country houses, and weary and spent as I was I could not sleep until I was certain that there was no danger of being disturbed.

CHAPTER XX.

The Doorway With the Curtains.

I felt more than ever like a shadow-self in a dream, as I prepared for bed and brushed out the heavy waves of my long hair with my own old silver-backed brush. How had the people here managed not only to collect all my belongings from Easel street, but to retrieve the stolen jewels and the dresses I had sold?

I was desperately eager to know everything, but my weary body cried out for rest, and after a delicious bath in the bathroom adjoining my new bedchamber, I had no sooner laid my head on the pillow than I seemed to be sliding down, down steep, grassy banks of sleep.

I had had many things to think of during the day that was past, but I dreamt of John Bourke, and dreamt happily. For there was no Lady Feo Ringwood in the picture my sleeping mind painted; only John Bourke and I; and we loved each other.

In the vision which passed, panorama-like from scene to scene, I went to the House of Commons, and after we had had tea on the Terrace I sat in the Ladies' Gallery, listening to a speech made by John Bourke. I had typed the notes for it, and I seemed to know what words he would use almost before they had left his lips. Suddenly there was a loud noise—someone had thrown a dynamite bomb. A cloud rose before my eyes; I could see nothing, but I could hear among the shouts of excitement a man groaning in mortal agony. I tried to fight my way through the crowd, to find out if the one man I loved were hurt; but I could not, and the groaning went on, while a great pall of darkness fell. I heard my own voice calling his name, and the sound roused me.

For a moment the scene of my dream was still real for me. I was in the dark, and I heard the groans which had made the horror of the vision. But as I lay, staring into blackness and sobbing, I began slowly to realize that I was in bed; that I had just awaked from sleep. Then I remembered where I was—in the mysterious house where the woman with the heart-shaped scar had brought me. Had I dreamt the groaning, too? No, it was real.

The knowledge of this sent a shock of electricity from my heart to my head, creeping with a chill to my finger ends and down the tips of my toes. I sat up in bed, and there was a prickling at the roots of my hair. I had left a candle alight, but it had evidently had time to burn down, for the room was in total darkness. I would have given much if I could have remembered where I had put the matches.

Twice, thrice I had heard the groans since I had been sure that I was awake; and each time it seemed that the sound was more distinct. My heart beat like the resonant strokes of a hammer, and the blood pounded in my ears. Was I mistaken? Did it really come more clearly? Would I hear it again? I waited, and did not breathe.

Suddenly the sound thrilled out once more. I had not been mistaken. It had increased in distinctness because it was nearer. Someone was groaning just outside my door.

I had thought many times during the day lately gone (even as I had thought on Waterloo Bridge) that I need be afraid of nothing, because I had nothing to lose—that I could face death with a heart no heavier than I already carried. But now I knew differently.

I was as sick with horror and nameless dread, born of those ominous sounds in the darkness, as I would have been if I had possessed all that the world could give of happiness—my life a jewel to treasure.

I sat rigid and cold as ice. I could have prayed for the groaning to cease if my mind had been capable of formulating a prayer. But it came again, and something else with it; a dragging noise, as if some heavy thing were being slowly drawn along the floor.

If I had been a really brave woman, no doubt I should have sprung up, rushed to the door, and looked out into the corridor. I had sometimes thought myself brave, and I had delighted, in my childish vanity, to be called so; but, after all, I was a coward, for I remained frozen; desperately, selfishly thankful that my door was locked, horribly afraid lest after all it should be forced.

My whole being listened; and from far away my ears, unnaturally sharpened, caught a separate sound. A door opened and shut in the distance. Muffled footsteps came hurrying. Something brushed against the handle of my door; something fell with a soft thud and another groan. There were whisperings, followed by a struggle, with a plunge against my door that made it rattle.

I half sprang out of bed, shaking, despite the warm June night, as if in an ague fit. But suddenly stillness fell. There was not a sound. I waited again, my heart ticking the seconds. A long time—or what seemed to me a long time—passed, and nothing more happened.

"Thank Heaven, whatever it was—is over," I panted. But as the hopeful thought formed in my mind, a word was cried shrilly—"Ermyntrude! Ermyntrude!"—once, and again. Before the last syllable had been completed for the second time, a door slammed loudly.

Ermyntrude had been my adopted mother's name.

The door that shut upon the voice was the last sound that night. By contrast, the silence of the house seemed deathly, and I slept no more until the faint, pearly dawn turned the curtained windows of the room to eyes that awoke and opened.

While they awoke, mine might close. I let my lids droop wearily, hardly expecting to sleep; but I knew nothing more until I was roused by a persistent tapping at the door. For an instant I was frightened, each nerve still tingling from my experience of the night but for an instant only. I realized that the morning must be far advanced, and, springing up, I ran to the door and unlocked it, peeping out.

There stood the woman who called herself Sintra Leigh. She was still a "woman in black," but seen by morning light without her bonnet and veil, neatly dressed for the house, with a plain white collar fastened by a queer brooch at the neck of her alpaca gown, she appeared more like an ordinary human being.

"I have been knocking for some time," she said, as quietly as if the night had been passed in peaceful sleep. "I began to be rather alarmed when you did not answer, for it is long after ten o'clock. I thought that you would be glad of the extra rest. How are you feeling?"

"I scarcely know," I said. "I didn't sleep much until after it was light. Since then I must have slept like a log. For Heaven's sake tell me what awful thing happened in the house last night."

Sintra Leigh opened her great eyes at me. "Awful thing?" she echoed, as if utterly perplexed.

"Don't say that you don't know what I mean!" I exclaimed, impatiently. "The groans of someone in agony; the horrid dragging sound, as of a heavy body being drawn along the corridor out there; whisperings, and a fall against my door. A voice that cried my adopted mother's name. Oh, the noise was loud enough, and horrible enough, to wake the dead!"

"You must have dreamt it," said the woman in black.

I was standing at the door in my nightdress, she in the corridor just outside. The sunlight filtering through the curtained window in my room, opposite the door, fell upon her face, and I searched it for the slightest change of expression; but it remained stolid, absolutely impassive.

"It all happened, and you know it," I insisted.

"If it happened, no doubt it was one of the servants either in a nightmare, or—intoxicated. I only know that I heard nothing. But to satisfy you, I will enquire in the servants' hall and let you know when I have had a report."

"Why should one of the servants in this house cry out the name of Ermyntrude?" I incredulously demanded.

"Ah, there's a partial explanation of the seeming mystery! I thought it would be simple enough. The housekeeper's daughter, who is paying her a visit, is called Ermyntrude. Not a very suitable name for a young woman of her class, perhaps; but we have nothing to do with that. I shall now know where to begin my enquiries."

She had me at a disadvantage and she knew it. I could not prove that her story was false, and that she was well aware of its falseness. If I should describe the sounds to some outsider, who had not heard them, appending Sintra Leigh's suppositions, her explanation would probably be accepted, unless contradictory details should actually be forthcoming.

"I have no doubt that your explanation will be simple enough!" I exclaimed, with meaning. "And now, unless you have anything else to say, I will dress."

"Your breakfast will be sent up to you in about half-an-hour," she announced, calmly, without appearing to notice my sneer. "After that, I shall have some interesting news for you."

As if desiring to avoid further questioning, she walked away, leaving me to stare after her a minute and then retreat into the room, once more bolting the door.

By the time I had bathed, and brushed my hair before the mirror—where my eyes met other eyes, with question to question—I had to answer a second knock at the door. This time it was a servant with the promised breakfast-tray—an elderly, grim-featured woman, whose long, flat lips, shut tightly together, seemed to say that they were locked and padlocked.

If I had had the impulse to ask questions concerning any of the matters which perplexed or alarmed me, the impulse would have died at sight of that hatchet-face. I thanked the woman for bringing my breakfast, otherwise letting her depart in silence.

There was delicious coffee, which might have been made by a French chef, crisp brown toast, a delicate little omelette, and a dish piled high with strawberries, heaped on their own green leaves. John Bourke had brought me strawberries one day, carrying the little basket in his own hand, because he would not wait to have it sent; and Mrs. Jennett had informed me that they were forced—it was too early still for strawberries to grow out of doors in England. Somebody in this house, therefore, appeared also desirous of offering me luxuries.

It would have been more Spartan in me to refuse the food prepared in a house which might be that of an enemy. But I was not Spartan, and being very hungry, I half-shamefacedly ate.

I was too excited to linger over the meal, however, and as soon as I had finished I put on the black dress which I had worn last night. It was a temptation to fling that aside, and choose a white frock from among those which had so mysteriously made their appearance in the big wardrobe. But I resisted; and I had only just fastened the last hook when Sintra Leigh asked to be admitted.

She looked me over from head to foot. "It is fortunate that you are pretty in anything," she remarked bluntly, "for it can't be concealed that that frock is exceedingly shabby. I hoped that you would have dressed yourself in one of the charming gowns which Lady Cope gave you, and—friends of yours imported to this house."

"You forget that I am in mourning," I said. "And, even if I were not, why should I take particular pains to make myself attractive?"

The woman in black shrugged her shoulders. "Luckily Nature has done that for you, so we will talk no more about it. Are you anxious to hear the news I promised you?"

"If I say that I am anxious, you will probably not tell me."

"You misjudge me, my dear young lady. The news is this: that the employer whose agent I have been—the 'power behind the throne' of whom I spoke—is ready to see you if you are willing to be seen."

"At last!" I ejaculated.

"You are in just the proper mood for such an occasion. I will show you the way."

We went downstairs as we had come up last night. From the great hall, with its ugly marble pillars and its crowding portraits, a number of doors opened out. My guide led me to one at the back, and then paused, grasping the

(To be Continued.)

The Shirt-Waist For Men, Again.

With the advent of hot weather, reports begin to come in from various parts of the country telling of the preliminary skirmishes that the shirt-waist for men is making in its fight for public recognition. Its appearance last summer was too late in the season for a conclusive struggle between its friends and foes; but this year it is on the scene early. The progress of the battle is reported and commented upon as follows by the New York "Tribune:"

"The shirt-waist problem, which began about a year ago in private discussion, has passed that stage and has now been taken up by official bodies in various parts of the country. In individual cases the matter has been fairly traversed in argument, and has gone forward into execution. More and more coatless men are to be seen day by day, and certainly it cannot be maintained that they are all callow youth or men readily convicted of a desire to look like women. Among the official bodies which have taken up the shirt-waist problem associations of letter-carriers have been prominent. The battle has been waged in the ranks of the postmen with considerable fierceness. There has certainly been a great reluctance to adopt the shirt-waist on the part of many of the carriers, and in several instances there have been efforts at compromise. In Washington, D.C., for instance, someone devised a peculiar sort of garment which is said to resemble a shirt-waist in front and a coat behind. Permission to wear this garment was secured from the postal authorities, and it was adopted by some, though not by any means a majority, of the carriers of that city.

"The question came up before the letter-carriers of New Haven recently, and there a suggestion was made which ought to solve the whole difficulty. Everybody agrees that every man ought to keep as cool as possible during the heated term. If he does not he will be cross to his wife and children, besides suffering other lesser evils. Everybody agrees, also, that no coat was ever devised which was really cool enough for midsummer. The disagreement comes when it is proposed that men adopt the shirt-waist, by name and association a feminine garment. The feeling was well expressed by one of the New Haven carriers, who said: 'What do they want to rig us out with shirt-waists for? Do they think we are a lot of women? Some of the men who favor shirt-waists will one of these days be calling for hoopskirts for the carriers. Give us the blouse, a man's garment.'

"Now, here is the germ of a great thought. 'Give us the blouse, a man's garment.' A blouse, according to the dictionary, is a loose, upper garment, worn by men in place of a coat. Certainly give us the blouse, or, in other words, call it a blouse, and don't, for pity's sake, call it a shirt-waist. The garment will be just the same, and the resultant coolness will be just as delightful, but the stigma of aping the women will be forever removed. Sometimes there is a good deal in a name. By all means give us the blouse."

Would Stand No Nonsense.

Believing that true love can never run smooth when a man continually kisses the woman of his affection, the Mount Hope Married Men's Anti-Kissing League, a Western organization, after due deliberation arrived at the following agreement:

"That henceforth we will not kiss our own wives or any other woman, but that we will still hold the same deep affection for our wives and retain our admiration for the feminine beautiful. We do not believe that kissing is right, and therefore we agree not to practice it. Any member of this organization who is found guilty of disobeying the order will be dismissed at once. It is a dirty and filthy habit—one that is apt to spread disease, and against the true principles of love. One does not need to kiss to show their affection. The grasp of a hand is sufficient to do that, and as for loving, one's actions speak for that, and not by the number of times you kiss your wife."

When these resolutions were handed out to the women a great sensation was created, and the wife of the president threatened to leave her husband at once. The thirteen wives of the thirteen members held a meeting and decided that they would leave their husbands within one month if they did not break up the club.

Uncle Sam.

"Uncle Sam" was invented about the time of the American War of 1812. Two inspectors of war supplies of Troy, N. Y., were named Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson.

A workman in their employ was making a lot of casks received from one Elbert Anderson, a New York contractor, which were stamped "E. A.—U.S." Somebody asked the workman what these marks meant, and he replied that they probably meant "Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding to Inspector Samuel Wilson, who was locally spoken of as "Uncle Sam."

Thus the initials of the United States were transformed by a local joke into a national sobriquet which will doubtless last as long as the Republic.

The nickname "Brother Jonathan" dates back to the time when General Washington went to Massachusetts to take command of the Revolutionary Army. Finding a great lack of ammunition and other supplies, he turned to Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut for aid and received it, and in many emergencies of that period he used the phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The expression quickly became nationally current.

A Truthful Man.

Guest—You advertised (whack) that there were no (slap) mosquitoes here. Do you consider, sir, (whack) that statement true? Proprietor—Yes, sir! I wrote that circular last January.—"Life."

Mrs. W.—I didn't know that Mr. B. had a title. Mr. W.—Neither did I. What is it? Mrs. W.—Well, his servant says that everything comes addressed "James B., C. O. D."

What It Meant.

"I HAVE lately," said Winkleton to his friend Plodderly, "become very much interested in the subject of the education of children. I am a parent, as you are, and I think it is the duty of every parent to provide suitable paths of knowledge for children's minds to travel in."

Plodderly made no reply.

"My boy," continued Winkleton, "is just six years old. I started him in at the kindergarten at three, wishing to give him the full advantage of all the educational blessings that this country affords, at as early an age as possible. He has now finished this three years' course, and while he looks a little peaked, he has already shown promise of a wonderful mind."

"I have no doubt of it," said Plodderly.

"I have been looking up the matter," went on Winkleton, "and I shall push him right ahead through the primary with all possible speed. The spare time he is home he is occupied with some of the latest educational games, so that he is practically not losing a moment except for his meals. When he is a little older, and has gotten through the elements, I shall begin to ground him in history, physics, Latin and Greek, higher mathematics, hydrostatics, biology, psychology, modern languages, Biblical lore, geology, statistics and dynamics, astronomy, conic sections, metaphysics, sociology, political economy and any other branch that in the meantime may have been discovered. What are you doing with your boy?"

"Nothing," said Plodderly. "He has never been to school. He just fools around. At present he is building a dog-house."

"And do you intend," said Winkleton, with a sneer, "always to keep him in such dense ignorance?"

"I hope to," replied Plodderly. "You see, I am in hopes that some day that boy may do something really worth while."—N. Y. "Life."

The Literary Circus.

Washington Irving Smith has ceased writing any more novels. He is disgusted with what he terms the circusing of his profession. His efforts have always been confined to the one-a-day factories, but for the sake of appearances he has haunted the swagger publishing houses on Fifth avenue. He had just finished reading "Pumpkin Adams Nausea" and "Edam Hold-em-up," two of the record-breaking books of the Squash school, and concluded that he could outsquash anything they contained. He felt sure that Scribblers would accept without demur his latest manuscript, "Abner Applejack, the Hero of Wynockie, N.J."

When he called upon the reader of the great publishing house he was referred to the business office.

"What printing have you got?" he was asked.

"None," replied Smith, in surprise.

"Well, you know unless you have at least five thousand dollars' worth of paper we can do nothing with your book," explained the manager. "The title is just what we want, but you must have plenty of advertising matter, including good half-sheet and three-sheet posters. You must supply us with your own lithograph, showing yourself in a thoughtful mood, as the great author of the domestic story of 'Abner Applejack,' etc., the true type of native American, and all that sort of thing. If you do this and engage a first-class press agent, we may be able to push you up to the hundred-thousandth mark, make it a dollar-and-a-half book and the success of the year."

And Washington Irving Smith is still grinding out seaside stories for the crop of 1902, in the Jumbo foundry under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge.—J. D. Byrne in "Puck."

Mary Jane—Do you keep rat poison? The Chemist—Yes, miss. What kind did you want? Mary Jane—Have you got a kind that will make the rats go and die next door?—"Pick-Me-Up."

The Insignificant Dollar.

"I am afraid you don't understand the value of a dollar," said the very rich man to his son. "Perhaps not," answered the young man; "in this age of billionaires one dollar is an important but obscure consideration. It is like the atom or the molecule; very interesting for purposes of scientific research, but very unsatisfactory as a practical proposition."—Washington "Star."

The Wonders of Nature.

Hucksley—Why, I hardly knew you; you've got to look so round.

Tyndle—The effect of square meals, my boy.—"Life."

How They Move.

"When I first settled here," said the Kansas man, "my nearest neighbor was twenty-five miles away, but now he's just across the road."

"The way you put it," remarked the Easterner, "that doesn't show anything. That may mean"——

"It shows, my friend, that cyclones are mighty powerful, that's all."—Philadelphia "Press."

First Office Boy—I've got sixteen tunts, two grandmothers an' a great-grandmother. Second Office Boy—Gee! W'ot a lot of ball games you oughter see dis summer.

Dooley on the Medical Profession.

"HENNESSY, having expressed the opinion that Christian Science is all foolishness," said Mr. Dooley. "'If it wasn't fr progress, I'd be sure th' Christyan Scientists was wrong. But th' doctor that attinded me when I was young 'd be thought as loonatic if he was alive to-day as th' most Christyan Scientist that iver rayjoiced a swellin' over a long-distance th' phone. He inflicted jooced near th' whole parish into this life iv sin an' scurvy, he give us calomel with a shovel, bled us like a pig, captain, an' niver thought anny medicine was good if it didn't choke ye goin' down. I can see him now as he come up dhrivin' on ol' gray an' yellow horse in a buggy. He had whiskers that he cud tie in a knot round his waist, an' him an' th' priest was th' on'y two men in th' neighborhood that carried a goold watch. He used to say 'twas th' healthiest parish in th' wurruld, barrin' hangings an' thransportations, an' thim comes in Father Hickey's province. Ivrybody thought he was a gr-reat man, but they wudden't have him threat a pavin' in these days. He was catch-as-catch-can, an' he'd tackle annything f'm pneumony iv th' lungs to premachure baldness. Did niver heerd iv microbes, an' naythers did I till a few years ago, whin I was tol' they was a kind iv animals or bugs that crawled around in ye like spiders. I see pitchers iv them in th' pa-apers with eyes like poached eggs. Thin I dhreamed wan night I was a haylot full iv bats. Thin th' dock down th' sthreet set me r-right. He says th' microbes is a vigitable, an' ivry man is like a conservatory full iv millyons iv these potted plants.

"Well, that sounds all right an' I sind f'r a doctor. 'Dock,' says I, 'many vilets ar-re thinnin' out, an' I feel as though I was full iv sage brush.' He say. Th' dock puts a glass chube in me mouth an' says, 'Don't bite it.' 'D'ye think I'm a glass eater?' says I, talkin' through me teeth like a Kerry lawyer. 'What's it f'r?' I says. 'To take ye'er timprachoor,' says he. 'About th' time I'm r-ready to sthrangle he removes th' chube. 'How high does she spout?' says I. 'Ninety-nine,' says he. 'Good hivens,' says I. 'Don't come near me, dock, or you'll be sun struck,' I says. 'I've just examined ye'er blood,' he says. 'Ye're full iv weeds,' he says. Be that time I'm scared to death, an' I say a few prayers, whin he fixes me hose to me chest an' begins listenin'. 'Annything goin' on inside?' says I. 'Tis ye'er heart,' says he. 'Glory be,' says I. 'What's th' matther with that ol' ingine?' says I. 'I cud tell ye,' he says, 'but I'll have to call Dock Vinthricle, th' specyalist,' he says. 'I oughtn't be lookin' at ye'er heart at all,' he says. 'I niver larned to ow th' chin, an' I'd be fired be th' Union if they knew I was wurrukin' on th' heart,' he says. So he sinds f'r Dock Vinthricle, an' th' dock climbs me chest an' listens, an' thin he says, 'They're something the matter with his lungs, too,' he says. 'At times they're full iv air an' again,' he says. 'They ain't,' he says. 'Sind f'r Bellows,' he says. Bellows comes and pounds me as though I was a roof he was shinglin', an' havin' accidentally hit me below th' belt, he sinds for Dock Laparattery, an' th' Dock sticks his finger into me as far as th' knuckle.

"He shakes his head an' goes out iv th' room with th' others, an' they talk it over at tin dollars a minyit while I'm layin' there at two dollars a day—docked. Whin they come back wan iv thim says, 'This here is a most inthrestin' case an' we must have th' whole class take a look into it,' he say. 'It means me, Hinnissy. 'Dock,' he says, 'ye will remove its brain, Vinthricle, ye will have its heart, an' Bellows, ye will take its lungs. As for me,' he says, 'I will add wan more vermiform appindix to me kit,' he says. 'Tis sthrange how our foolish predecessors,' says he, 'niver got on to th' dangers iv th' vermiform appindix,' he says. 'I have no doubt that that's what kilt Methuselem,' he says. So they mark out their wurruk on me with a piece iv red chalk, an' if I get well, I look like a rag carpet. Sometimes they lave things in ye, Hinnissy. I knowed a man wanst—Moriarty was his name, Tim Moriarty—an' he had to be hemstitched hurridly because they was goin' to be a ball game that day, an' they locked up in him two sponges, a saw, an' ice pick, a goold watch, an' a pair iv curlin'-irons belongin' to wan iv the nurses. He tol' me he didn't feel well, but he didn't think anny-thing iv it till he noticed that he jingled whin he walked.

"That's what they do with ye nowadays, Hinnissy. Ivry time I go into Dock Cassidy's office, he gives me a look that makes me wisht I'd wore a suit iv chain armor. His eyes seem to say, 'Can I come in?' Between th' Christyan Scientists an' him, 'tis a question iv whether ye want to be threated like a loonytic or like a can iv presarved vigitables. Father Kelly says th' styles iv medicine changes like th' styles iv hats. Whin he was a boy, they give ye quinine f'r whativer ailed ye, an' now they give ye sthrychnine, an' nex' year they'll be givin' ye prussic acid, maybe. He says they're findin' new things th' matther with ye ivry day, an' ol' things that have to be taken out, onti th' time is comin' whin not more thin half iv us 'll be male an' th' rest 'll be rubber. He says they ought to enforce th' law iv assault with a deadly weepin' again th' doctors. He says that if they knew less about pizen an' more about gruel an' opened fewer patients an' more windows, they'd not be so manny Christyan Scientists. He says th' difference between Christyan Scientists an' doctors is that Christyan Scientists thinks they'se no such thing as disease, an' doctors thinks there ain't annything else. An' there ye ar-re."

"What d'ye think about it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "that if th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christyanity, it wudden't make anny diffrence which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse."

"I understand that Fraliman has come to the conclusion to contest his wife's will." "Well, what is there courageous about that? She's dead, isn't she?"—Richmond "Dispatch."

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

Published By
The Revelstoke Herald Publishing Co.
Limited Liability.
A. JOHNSON,
Editor and Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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

OUR JOB DEPARTMENT.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Address all communications to the Manager

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1902.

YE GODS, WHAT A SPECTACLE!

For pure unadulterated childishness commend us to the following letter, anent the mining recordership, from the pen of J. M. Kellie, which appeared in the last issue of the Kootenay Mail. "Ye Gods, what a Spectacle!" Has Mr. Kellie's long retirement from public life affected his equilibrium? Surely the J. M. Kellie whose signature to the letter in question is not our old friend J. M., who in years past gloated over the fact that he was able to place friends in office in this riding from without the service? Is this the same J. M., who it is reported of him, at the election of '98 promised three different gentlemen in this riding the office of Gold Commissioner? Is this the same Mr. Kellie that stood idly to one side and without a murmur allowed Mr. Coursier to take office as Gold Commissioner from outside the civil service? Did Mr. Kellie raise his voice to protest against the appointment of A. McRae as postmaster. Mr. McRae was pitch forked into office here over the heads of two men who were postmasters within the civil service for upwards of 15 years in this same city of Revelstoke? Did Mr. Kellie put in a protest? The HERALD certainly never heard from Mr. Kellie in that connection. Ye Gods, what a spectacle! We find Mr. Kellie as mum as an oyster. E. L. Kinman of Trout Lake City was appointed Road Superintendent for this riding, upon the advice of Gold Commissioner Fraser, over the heads of local men, such as A. McIntosh, J. Sweeney, T. Edwards, H. McPherson, E. Adair, J. G. McCallum and a host of other local men, who the HERALD ventures the prediction were just as capable men as Mr. Kinman. Did Mr. Kellie enter a protest? Not that anyone has heard. Mr. Kellie is sore at heart in the fear that Mr. Armstrong will be forced into the great army of the unemployed. He claims that Mr. McLaughlin has taken a position that belonged to Mr. Armstrong. The HERALD can assure Mr. Kellie that Mr. Armstrong has never held the position of mining recorder. Mr. Armstrong has never been in the regular employ of the government of British Columbia. Mr. Armstrong at times it is true has held a position as clerk in the office of the Gold Commissioner.

A word with Mr. Kellie.—The HERALD understands that Mr. Kellie is drawing a salary of $5 per day (rain or shine, with a grand spectacular free street parade thrown in) as inspector of the drill shed during its erection. If Mr. Kellie's heart is so full of humanity, will Mr. Kellie whack up with Mr. Armstrong on the graft, or better yet, will Mr. Kellie resign his job and recommend Mr. Armstrong for the position and keep him out of the ranks of the unemployed. The HERALD is greatly mistaken if Mr. Armstrong is not quite capable of looking out for himself. The HERALD will not believe that it is necessary for Mr. Armstrong to find employment in the government to keep him out of the ranks of the unemployed. Mr. Kellie has done a very grave injustice to Mr. Armstrong, and it is up to Mr. Kellie to make amends.

TO THE EDITOR KOOTENAY MAIL:

SIR: The political machine that has dominated appointments in Revelstoke has again got in its deadly work, and another deserving official has been offered up a sacrifice to the greed of the cut-throat gang of political manipulators. Machine politicians are heartless, cruel and relentless. Their work is more deadly, their scheming more diabolical than the plottings of the imps of darkness in hades. When an official bone is in sight and an official victim falls under their banner they thrash him down with a persistency of an African bloodhound. They search the official world with the breath of their nostrils and when an official citadel is stormed and captured they gloat over the misfortunes of their victims with satirical glee that would make his satanic majesty weep with envy. Such is machine warfare, done for the good of the cause, for party advantage, for the salvation of the country. Ye Gods, what a spectacle? Iniquity double distilled, a quagmire of political depravity and prostitution of office that the country may be raised on the pedestal of a big moral plane and good government. Who is McLaughlin, and what claim has he on the position? None—absolutely none, except it may be by virtue of his old position as president of the Conservative Association in a province where party lines are not drawn. Why shelve Armstrong for McLaughlin? Col. Prior, it is up to you to answer the question. I have your letters to Mayor Cook, of Ottawa, and also to Armstrong, in my possession. And now McLaughlin, a word with you. Are you going to accept a position that will force one of your fellow citizens into the ranks of the unemployed? You hold a lucrative position. The man whom you are supplanting has not. Are you going to play into the hands of the machine manipulators and wirepullers who pose as political leaders in Revelstoke, or are you going to act the part of a man and allow Armstrong to hold the position which is his by justice and right? If you do that you will retain the respect and esteem of your fellow citizens. It is up to you McLaughlin! What are you going to do about it?

Yours respectfully,
J. M. KELLIE.

Proof Positive.

A convict at a French penal settlement, who was undergoing a life sentence, desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurrence. The governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner.

"Did you not marry in France?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any document to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead."

There was a pause, and the bride prospective looked at the would-be groom.

Finally he said: "I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How will you do so?"

"I was sent here for killing her."

The bride accepted him notwithstanding.—"Scotsman"

A Heretic.

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

"A plumb fool," agreed the coal baron.

"An unmitigated lunatic," assented the steel king.

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

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

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

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

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

The crowd was convulsed with laughter.

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

Contemptible but Trivial.

Verbena, the colored cook, asked permission to bake a cake for the wedding breakfast of one of her friends. The next day her mistress said to her:

"Well, 'Bena, how did the wedding go off?"

"Law, Mrs. L.," Verbena replied, "it war a mos' pow'ful fine weddin'. De breckfus war mos' appetizin', 'specially de cake you done gib me; an' wid all de guests wearin' der bes' clo's, an' behavin' mos' impressive. An' de bride suttainly did look beautiful in her white satin gownd, wid de long, white veil an' de orange-blossoms."

"And how about the bridegroom, 'Bena?"

"Dar!" exclaimed Verbena, her eyes flashing, "de low-down, no-count niggar nevah come a-nigh!"—"Harper's Magazine."

LEGAL

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

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM
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.
S. D. CROWLE, President. T. B. BAKER, Act. Secretary.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 boat 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.

R. F. PERRY,
Resident Manager.

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

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

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.

HOW ABOUT THAT SUIT
Of Clothes you promised yourself this FALL.
Our Fall Stock is now the most complete in B. C.
Our Fancy Goods are all new with new colors and the latest stripes.
See them before leaving your order elsewhere.
R. S. WILSON,
Fashionable Tailor.
Next the McCarty Block.

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, McCARTER & PINKHAM.

Canadian Pacific Railway
Reduced Rates
EAST
Washington, D. C., and return..... $77 35
Good going September 29 and 30, returning within 60 days.
WEST
New Westminster and return $12 35
Good going September 28th to October 1st, inclusive, returning until October 6th.
For full information 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.

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.

Notice
I hereby give notice that no person is to buy anything from our premises without my concent.
MRS. P. STACEY.

First and Paramount. Absolute Security to Policy-Holders.
IMPERIAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
OF CANADA. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
President—Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, P. C., G. C. M. G.
1st. Vice-President, E. Ames, President Toronto Board of Trade.
2nd. Vice-President, T. Bradshaw, F. I. A., Actuary The Imperial Life Assurance Co. of Canada.
MANAGING DIRECTOR
F. G. COX.
DIRECTORS.
Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, P. C., K.C.M.G., Senator, Ex-Prime Minister of Canada, Belleville.
Hugh N. Baird, Grain Merchant, Director Western Assurance Company.
A. E. Kemp, M. P., President Kemp Manufacturing Company, Ex-President Toronto Board of Trade.
Wm. Mackenzie, President Toronto Railway Co.
R. Beeles, M. D., F. R. C. S., etc. London, Ont.
Hon. Wm. Harty, M. P., President Canad'an Locomotive Co., Kingston, Ont.
Warren Y. Soper, of Ehearn & Soper, Director Ottawa Electric Street Railway Company, Ottawa.
George B. Reeve, Ex-2nd Vice-President and General Manager Grand Trunk Railway Company.
Samuel J. Moore, Secretary and Manager Carter-Crume Co., Limited.
Hon. S. C. Wood, Vice-President Toronto General Trusts Corporation.
H. S. Holt, President Sovereign Bank of Canada, President Montreal Light, Heat & Power Co., Montreal
Thomas J. Drummond, Messrs. Drummond, McCall & Co., Montreal.
J. J. Kenny, Vice-President Western & British America Assurance Companies.
Chester D. Massey, President Massey-Harris Co., Toronto.
Charles McGill, General Manager, The Ontario Bank.
Good Agents Wanted—Address,
J. W. W. STEWART, Provincial Man., Vancouver.

REVELSTOKE FURNITURE CO'Y.
THE SUPPLY HOUSE FOR NORTH KOOTENAY.
WE keep a larger and better stock than any house between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Quartered Oak Tables, Rockers, Bedroom Suites. A splendid line of Couches, Morris' Chairs, and everything a First Class House carries.
Cabinet Making, Upholstering, Picture Framing, etc.

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, Sherles, Clarets, Champagne, Liquers
Imported and Domestic Cigars.

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

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

Ministers Cannot Agree.

It looks as if the tariff question will cause a split in the Laurier cabinet. The tariff is the chief issue in Canadian politics, and though the people may for a time put up with a set of ministers who in different quarters talk different tariffs, they will one of these days call upon the representatives of the government to tell them just where they are at; whether they are to have the Tarte policy, of Canada for Canadians' or the policy of the Minister of the Interior, Canada for Sifton.

Hon. Clifford Sifton's assurance to the Liberals of Manitoba and the Northwest that Mr. Tarte's protection views are not those of the government and that they need not fear tariff increases, does not upset the Minister of Public Works in the least. When shewn Mr. Sifton's statement as set forth in the party newspapers, Mr. Tarte only laughed. "I have already seen it," he said. "Mr. Sifton is as free as I am to speak for himself in the matter."

Nothing further would the minister say for publication, except that the views he has expressed in favor of adequate protection to Canadian industries and for the development of our resources were his own opinions and that he had not uttered them as the views or policy of the administration of which he is a member. What Mr. Tarte's views on the fiscal question are, however, is well known. He has made no bones about giving them publicity at divers times and places.

Only the other day on reaching Montreal from a trip down the St. Lawrence, upon seeing a large steamship discharging rails made in Germany, he exclaimed to a friend: What fools we are. Here we are importing rails from Germany which we ought to make in our own country and all the while Germany is discriminating against Canadian products. In the case of steel rails as in regard to other finished products of Canada's abundant raw material, Mr. Tarte believes there should be a duty upon the imported article sufficient at least to counterbalance the foreigners' advantage of cheap labor in its production.

The prominence given to Mr. Tarte's public speeches of late by the leading newspapers of Canada has doubtless aroused Mr. Sifton's jealousy as well as apprehension for its effect in the west where he has a hard enough task already in squaring himself with his old free trade allies. It has been conceded, pretty generally, too, that Mr. Tarte is no parish politican; that his policy is not sectional, but one which he thinks would be for the benefit of Canada as a whole. Mr. Tarte would not only place a protective duty upon steel rails, but he is a good enough Canadian not to be afraid although he is a cabinet minister, to favor openly an export duty on pulp wood, or such other restrictions upon the outgo of it from Canada as would compel its manufacture in this country. He has made a closer study of the natural resources of the Dominion than any of his confreres. He has been getting the credit, too, of going about the country making himself acquainted with its needs, while some of his colleagues spent the whole summer holidaying. Mr. Sifton has probably not enjoyed the comparison.

If the Minister of Public Works accepts one or two of the numerous invitations he has received to speak at political gatherings, he will probably not be deterred by Mr. Sifton's threats from reiterating the strong views which he undoubtedly holds on the necessity of protecting and fostering Canadian industries by tariff legislation.

Carpenters Wanted.

Ten first class carpenters wanted, four months work. Apply to J. Kernaghan.

—FOR SALE—One coal heater and one cook stove, both secondhand, apply at HERALD office.

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

—VEGETABLES FOR SALE—Onions 3c., Potatoes 1c., Carrots 1½c., Cabbage 2c., Parsnips 2c., Turnips 1½c., per lb. per sack. Also Cucumbers, Cauliflower and Tomatoes at J. Maley's.

Cheap Rates.

The Canadian Pacific railway has announced the following rates in connection with the New Westminster exhibition. Tickets will be on sale on the main line between Calgary and Kamloops, and on the Okanagan branch on Sept. 28th, 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st, good to return until Oct. 6th. On main line between Savonas and Vancouver, tickets will be on sale Sept. 29th, 30th, Oct. 1st and 2nd, good to return until Oct. 5th. On the Okanagan Lake tickets will be sold on Sept. 26th, 29th, and Oct. 1st, good to return until Oct. 6th.

Vancouver	$ .50
Westminster Junction	.40
Port Moody	.50
Hammond	.65
Haney	.75
Whonnock	1 00
Ruskin	1.10
Mission Junction	1.40
Sumas	1 80
Harrison	2 20
Agassiz	2 50
Yale	3 80
North Bend	4.85
Lytton	5 65
Spences Bridge	6.30
Ashcroft	7.10
Savonas	7.75
Kamloops	8.50
Shuswap	9.50
Salmon Arm	10.60
Sicamous Junction	11.00
Revelstoke	12 35
Illecillewaet	13.20
Glacier	13.65
Beaver Mouth	14.40
Donald	14.75
Golden	15 20
Palliser	15.60
Field	16.25
Hector	16.50
Laggan	16 70
Banff	17.75
Anthracite	17.90
Canmore	18 20
Morley	19.00
Cochrane	19.55
Calgary	20.25
Enderby	11.70
Armstrong	12.00
Vernon	12.40
Okanagan Landing	12 55
Kelowna	13 40
Penticton	14.45

Passengers who hold tickets issued as above and who wish also to visit the Victoria Exhibition, Oct. 7th to 11th inclusive, can have their tickets extended for a period of eight days on application to the ticket agents at Vancouver or New Westminster, and upon the purchase of tickets to Victoria and return.

Canadians Will Support Them.

Five thousand Doukhobors have decided that, during the coming summer the government of Canada must be responsible for their maintenance. Hon. Clifford Sifton has so often declared these people to be the acme of our immigration importations, that the announcement is somewhat startling. The Conservative party was denounced for daring to impeach the usefulness of these settlers, who were heralded as a people of priceless value in opening up a country where other races would starve. But the delightful picture is shattered and it is up to the people of Canada to support the thousands, for the departure of whom Russia had reason to thank Providence. Worthless in their own country, the Doukhobors promise to be a great nuisance here. Five thousand Canadians from the United States might have occupied the places of the undesirable Doukhobors, had the money spent in assisting the latter been devoted to encouraging the former to return to their native land. Canada is only beginning to reap the harvest of the ill-advised immigration policy of the present administration. It is significant that the authorities do not care to discuss the matter.

Racing at Kamloops.

The horse racing at the Kamloops Exhibition, to be held on Sept. 24, 25 and 26, promises to be excellent. The track, one of the best, if not the best, in the province, has been put in good order, and good horses from all parts are entered. The B. C. Book Co., 603 Hastings street, will present a prize list and programme to anyone calling for it, and give any information possible. Kamloops, in the past, has been known for the vigor of its politics. That vigor is now turned to entering the race for the finest exhibition in the country. The hotels are arranging to take large crowds, but be sure and send a line to the Grand Pacific, Montreal, Marboeuf's Colonial or Dominion, and get a pick of rooms, and get some reading matter from the B. C. Book Co. to take up with you.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "A. M. Pinkham's north-east corner post" situated on the south bank of the Columbia river about 100 yards below Gold creek; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 30th day of August, 1902.

A. M. PINKHAM.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a point marked "M. J. O'Brien's south-east corner post" and situated on the north side of the Columbia river about ½ mile below Bush river; thence west along the Columbia river 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of August, 1902.

M. J. O'BRIEN.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "M. J. O'Brien's south-east corner post" and situated 2 miles below Bush river, on the north bank of the Columbia river; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th day of August, 1902.

M. J. O'BRIEN.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "G. S. McCarter's north-east corner post" and situated on the north side of the Columbia river, about a quarter of a mile from the head of creek emptying out of a lake near the confluence of Bush river and Columbia river; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 29th day of August, 1902.

G. S. McCARTER.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "G. S. McCarter's north-west corner post" and situated on the north side of the Columbia river due north from the head of Surprise Rapids about 1½ miles in on the trail; thence east 160 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 28th August, 1902.

G. S. McCARTER.

NOTICE

NOTICE is bereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "A. E. Kincaid's south-west corner post" and situated on the north bank of the Columbia river, about one-half mile below Bush river; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to the point of commencemrnt.

Dated this 26th August, 1902.

A. E. KINCAID.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "A. E. Kincaid's north-west corner post" situated on the south bank of the Columbia river, about 1¼ miles below Gold Creek; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th August, 1902.

A. E. KINCAID.

NOTICE

NOTICE is herby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "T. Kilpatrick's north-west corner post" situated on the south bank of the Columbia river about 100 yards below Gold creek; thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 30th day of August, 1902.

T. KILPATRICK.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "T. Kilpatrick's north-east corner post" situated on the south bank of the Columbia river about 1¼ miles below Gold Creek; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 27th day of August, 1902.

T. KILPATRICK.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Licensing Commissioners of the City of Revelstoke, to be held after the expiration of 30 days from the first publication of this notice, I intend to apply for an hotel liquor license to be granted to me in respect of the premises erected and to be erected upon the west half of Lots Ten, Eleven and Twelve, Block Sixteen, Plan 636, Revelstoke, known as the Brown Block.

Dated this ninth day of September, 1902.

JOHN C. LAUGHTON.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "A. M. Pinkham's north-east corner post" situated on the south bank of the Columbia river, 2½ miles below Gold creek; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 27th day of August, 1902.

A. M. PINKHAM.

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 13 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.

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.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Halifax and Gibraltar No. 2 mineral claims situate in the Arrow Lake mining division of West Kootenay District.

Where located—Two miles from the head of Canyon Creek.

Take notice that I, A. R. Heland, agent for J. R. Jamieson, F. M. C. B68013; T. Mathews, F. M. C. B63111; J. B. Hall, B45992; J. L. Farwig, B72922; 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 3rd day of Sept, 1902, A. D.

A. R. HEYLAND.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

GOLDEN EAGLE lineral 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 Lecouflue 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.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Londonderry, Golden Rod No. 2, Hailstorm mineral claims, situate in the Arrow Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located—On Canyon Creek, joining the Londonderry, M. C.

TAKE NOTICE that I, A. R. Heyland, Agent for T. Mathews, F.M.C., B 63111; J. R. Jamieson, B 68013, 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 that notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 3rd day of Sept., 1902, A. D.

A. R. HEYLAND.

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 30th 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.

THE TOWNSITE OF

..CIRCLE CITY..

IS NOW ON THE MARKET.

200 --Lots on Sale-- 200

BUY BEFORE YOU SLEEP.

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

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

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

Splendid Water Power

Which will be utilized next Season by Concentrating Plants.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS AT ONCE TO THE GENERAL AGENT,

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

ASHNOLA!!

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

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

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

City of Wonder, Progress and Great Prosperity

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

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

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

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO

SIMILKAMEEN VALLEY COAL CO., LIMITED.

—NELSON, B. C.—

MORTGAGE SALE.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE of the powers contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, by Charles M. Field, Esq., Auctioneer, at the Court House, in the City of Revelstoke, B. C., on

MONDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, A. D., 1902,

at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the following property being Lot 9, Block 37, Plan 649, in the City of Revelstoke aforesaid. On the property is a two-storey cottage consisting of five rooms, and a pantry, bathroom and upstairs. The downstairs, with the exception of kitchen, is plastered throughout. The property is a desirably situated residence.

For further particulars and terms and conditions of sale, apply to

LEMAISTRE & SCOTT,
Solicitors for the Mortgagees.

1m

H. MANNING

Has been appointed District Agent for

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

Orders for supplies for the Singer Sewing Machines addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

H. MANNING
Revelstoke, B. C.

Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

Large, Light bedrooms.

Rates $1 a day.
Monthly Rate.

J. Albert Stone - Prop.

HOUSE TO RENT

On Second Street, plastered throughout, containing Five rooms and Bathroom, good location, apply to

SIBBALD & FIELD, Revelstoke.
Or to WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, Bear Creek.

Your Winter Supply Of Vegetables . . . .

Should be your first consideration at this time of the year. I have a large stock, all home grown, including

Potatoes, Cabbage, Carrots, Etc., Etc.

Also a large quantity of first class

Timothy and Clover Hay.

Write for prices and particulars to

S. Crowle, Revelstoke, B. C.

PATENTS
PROMPTLY SECURED

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

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

Specialty:—Patent business of Manufacturers and Engineers.

MARION & MARION
Patent Experts and Solicitors.
Offices: New York Life B'ld'g, Montreal; Atlantic Bldg, Washington D.C.

Fancy Work Sale.

Fancy work, including Embroidered Lunch and Five O'clock Tea Cloths, Centre Pieces, Tea Cosies, Drawn Work, Fancy Cushions, etc., for sale at reasonable prices, at Turnross store.

UNION
Cigar Factory
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

H. A. BROWN, PROP.

Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN
Mining Engineers and Assayers,
VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1890.

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

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

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Neat, Clean and Attractive Work Guaranteed.

Job Printing

All the latest faces in type At the HERALD Office

ENGLAND'S GREAT TRIO.

PEN PICTURE OF THE THREE BRITISH LEADERS.

Arthur J. Balfour, Lord Salisbury and Hon. Joseph Chamberlain—Attributes of Each Statesman.

An outstanding feature of the great change in British politics brought about by the resignation of Lord Salisbury and the accession of Mr. Balfour is the relations between the three publicists, the retiring Premier, the incoming Premier and Mr. Chamberlain; they form a trio. Any appreciation of the situation must take a view of all three, for their widely dissimilar qualities are curiously complementary. An especially good review of the work and characteristics of these three men appeared in a Chicago paper and may be quoted at some length :—

Arthur J. Balfour, the successor to the Premiership, is the son of a sister of Lord Salisbury, but in spirit is widely different from his relative. The elder man is called cynical ; the younger has been styled a sentimentalist. Lord Salisbury is positive, dictatorial, reserved. Mr. Balfour is speculative, genial and lovable. The uncle is pessimistic ; the nephew is an optimist, though not quite of the kind Lord Salisbury once dubbed "blatant optimist."

But they share in these things : Both belong to the great house of Cecil ; the elder is an aristocrat by temperament, the younger in his intellect. Both are men of almost German culture ; both have the genius for epigram and retort; both are diplomats, each in his sphere, the uncle among the Ambassadors of the continent, the nephew in the closet of the Cabinet. Both are interested in religion. Salisbury began as a devoted Anglican and has become a scientific agnostic; Balfour began as a scientific doubter and has ended as an apologist for dogmatic religion. Moreover, both are at bottom literary men who have applied themselves to affairs.

There are those who will say Balfour's elevation thwarts the ambition of Joseph Chamberlain. Those better informed would aver that if Chamberlain himself cannot be Premier, he would prefer his friend Balfour be selected. The careers of both men have been strange and seemingly diametrical, but the result has been an intellectual and political friendship such as rarely exists even outside politics.

Arthur James Balfour was born in Scotland, July 25, 1848, the son of James Maitland Balfour and Lady Blanche Gascoigne Cecil, daughter of the second Marquis of Salisbury. He is, therefore, now 54 years of age, and he has been a bachelor all his life. He unites the blood of one of the canniest of Scottish tribes with that of the patrician and accomplished Cecils. His mother was one of the most learned and remarkable women of her time and imparted her mind to each of her three sons, one who is now Premier, another, Gerald, who is a rising statesman, and the third the late Professor Balfour, accounted in the world of science when he died as a young man of original genius.

Arthur Balfour was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He was lackadaisical and went by the name of "Aunt Clara." Later in London he was accounted as "soulful," and admiring ladies called him "King Arthur."

He was exceedingly delicate in his early manhood, and he has remained always lazy, though for an indolent man he has accomplished much thinking, has written several learned books and has made for himself a political career. He was one of "Mr. Gladstone's boys" back in the seventies, and to be that he had to have a stock of learning. Years after, when he was crossing rapiers in the Commons nightly with "the grand old man" he was always respectful, even reverential. His valedictory on Mr. Gladstone in the House shows how he reverenced the great character, though he fought the politician.

Elected to Parliament in 1874 for Hertford, for a time he was a member with Lord Randolph Churchill and two others of "the fourth party." That same year Mr. Chamberlain, ex-Mayor of Birmingham, appeared at Westminster as a "black-coated Radical."

When his uncle became Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1878-80, Balfour acted as his private secretary. In Lord Salisbury's first Ministry, 1885-6, he served as President of the Local Government Board. In 1886 he entered his uncle's second Ministry as a member of the Cabinet, and from 1887 to 1891 he served as Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Randolph Churchil was forced out of office; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach retired temporarily on account of his eyes, and in 1891 Mr. Balfour became leader of the House of Commons and First Lord of the Treasury. From 1892 to 1895 he was leader of the Oppositon in the House, and after Lord Salisbury's return to power in 1895 Mr. Balfour became again First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House. This he remained until now he becomes Prime Minister.

As the uncle mounted into power upon the Irish question, the nephew mounted into reputation as Chief Secretary for Ireland, the office which had broken or ruined his predecessors for thirty years. He invented the policy of "killing the Irish with kindness." His polished sarcasm checked the Irish onslaughts in the Commons. The elegant valetudinarian young man, what Americans call a "sissy," proved to have a hand of steel in a velvet glove.

Since 1895 Mr. Balfour may be described as having been in a state of quiescence, or acquiescence. He had proved his mettle, he had an immense majority back of him, and he openly indulged his laziness. His leadership was the opposite of "strenuous." He showed good-nature and allowed Hicks-Beach to make the budget and Chamberlain to do the fighting. Men felt Balfour was "losing his grip" or didn't care, or both.

Probably his real function was hidden. He has been oil on troubled waters; he has soothed Hicks-Beach, and he always could get along with Chamberlain. He was the adjuster, the harmonizer, in a combination Cabinet; he stood between the old line Tories, who could not forget he was one of themselves, and the militant Unionists who acknowledge the Birmingham manufacturer as their god. But he seemed sinking somehow into "innocuous desuetude," though now and then he evinced his old dexterity in debate.

However, it has been prophesied that the Tories would never accept Chamberlain as Premier. Balfour suits both sides, and, therefore, succeeds. Mr. Chamberlain has perhaps missed the ambition of all his scheming, working, fighting. But Mr. Chamberlain's next friend is Mr. Balfour. If the voice is that of Jacob, the hand may be Esau's.

Each man admires the other for those qualities lacking in himself. Chamberlain has little learning; Balfour little executive ability. Chamberlain is a sledgehammer; Balfour a Damascus blade. Chamberlain lacks manner; Balfour's native heath is the drawing-room. Both need each other, politically and intellectually. They are a team.

Mr. Balfour is a favorite with women and the clergy; women are attracted by his spirituality, and the clergy by his theological accomplishments. Mr. Balfour's sister keeps house for him and is his favorite companion. His great book, "The Foundations of Belief," in which a number of clergymen aided, is a skeptical vindication of religion and to be compared with Bishop Butler's great work in the eighteenth century.

Mr. Balfour is long, thin and angular, mostly legs and arms and head. He sits on the small of his back, except when he is playing golf. No man in Great Britain except John Morley surpasses him in learning, and in what is called "elegant letters" it is doubtful if he has a modern equal.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranborne and Baron Cecil, was three times Prime Minister of Great Britain. He is a Knight of the Garter, a Grand Seigneur, an accomplished scholar and a haughty and honorable gentleman of the old school. Since Queen Victoria's death his retirement has been foreseen and the conclusion of peace rendered it possible. Two years ago he surrendered the portfolio of Foreign Affairs to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and since the opening of the Boer war his has not been the master spirit in the Cabinet which bore his name.

This is the end of a long and remarkable career. No other Englishman since Gladstone has wielded such power, and since the fall of Bismarck no other influence in Europe has counted as his. He has directed the foreign policy of Britain longer than any other Minister since Pitt, and with more lasting result than any other since Palmerston.

"The last and greatest of the Cecils" is a direct descendant of the Cecil who was the counsellor and agent of masterful Queen Elizabeth, and he has been accused of statesmanship and temper more Elizabethan than Victorian. Yet on account of making a marriage his father disapproved Lord Robert Cecil earned his bread as a journalist in London. A younger son, he succeeded by the death of his elder brother to the title. Before that, however, he had made his mark in the Commons as a brilliant, cynical, profoundly informed and an unpopular young man.

He was born February 3, 1830, was educated at Eton and Oxford. At 27 he married Georgiana Alderson, the daughter of a Baron of the Exchequer. He was 38 when he became Marquis of Salisbury. Disraeli, who succeeded Lord Derby as leader of the Conservatives, attached him to himself. In 1878 he became Foreign Minister. With Lord Beaconsfield he represented his country at the Congress of Berlin.

Gladstone won in 1880, and the Tories were turned out. Beaconsfield died the next year, and Salisbury was leader. With Gladstone's conversion to Irish home rule Salisbury's opportunity came. He went into office upon that issue, but since 1886, with the exception of an interval from 1892 to 1894, his real and constructive influence has been displayed in foreign affairs, and upon his conduct of them his fame will rest.

He has been for peace in Europe and for the closest friendship possible with America. He has believed there is room for all the powers in Asia, and has abandoned an anti-Russian policy at every point and occasion. Yet he resisted strongly attacks on the integrity of the empire. He "called" France at Fashoda, and no one has put forth so clearly the contention that the policy of the Boer republics was an assault on British possession. "We must give those who dare harry our borders a bitter time," said he grimly.

Probably his greatest achievement has been the policy he may be said to have inaugurated toward the United States. All the world was in a tumult when President Cleveland published his Venezuelan message; Salisbury remained cool. He relied on negotiations, pacific, able, sincere. In the time of the Spanish war he lent America the whole moral influence of Great Britain. When English smart society and London newspapers were inclined to favor Spain, he admonished them and changed their tone, if not their sentiment. The services he rendered in Europe and at Hong Kong are not yet correctly measured. Again, he gave America her desire with regard to the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary for the colonies, may or may not be a disappointed man. There are some few men who prefer the substance to the show of power. Mr. Balfour's elevation deprives Mr. Chamberlain of the coveted show of power. Does it deprive him of the substance ?

This much is true: Every measure, whether domestic or foreign, which Mr. Chamberlain has advocated since 1895 has received the support of Mr. Balfour. Mr. Chamberlain has believed all his life in local self-government in the parish administering the concerns of the parish. Mr. Balfour has endorsed Mr. Chamberlain's views, and the agreement has resulted in some very radical bits of legislation in both Ireland and in England. Mr. Chamberlain has advocated an employer's liability law ; Mr. Balfour favored the plan, and the statute exists today in Great Britain. The Boer war was Mr. Chamberlain's war. Mr. Balfour is a humanitarian, and is more democratic in his instincts than his birth warrants, but he stood by Chamberlain in his war.

If Chamberlain cannot be Prime Minister, doubtless Balfour as Prime Minister pleases him. Palmerston, when he most influenced English history, was subordinate to a Tory figurehead.

Dooley on Country Life.

"I WANST spint a night in th' counthry, Hinnissy. 'Twas whin Hogan had his villa out near th' river. 'Twas called a villa to distinguish it fr'm a house. If 'twas a little bigger, 'twud be big enough f'r th' hens, an' if 'twas a little smaller, 'twud be small enough f'r a dog. It looked as if 'twas made with a scroll saw, but Hogan mannyfacthered it himsilf out iv a design in th' pa-aper. 'How to make a counthry home on wan thousan' dollars. Puzzle: find th' money.' Hogan kidnapped me wan afthernoon an' took me out there in time to go to bed. He boosted me up a laddher into me bedroom adjinin' th' roof. 'I hope,' says I, 'I'm not discommodin' th' pigeons,' I says. 'There ain't anny pigeons here,' says he. 'What's that?' says I. 'That's a mosquito,' says he. 'I thought ye didn't have anny here,' says I. ''Tis th' first wan I've seen,' says he, whackin' himsilf on th' back iv th' neck. 'I got ye that time, assassin,' he says, hurlin' th' remains to th' ground. 'They on'y come,' he says, 'afther a heavy rain or a heavy dhry spell,' he says, 'or whin they's a little rain,' he says, 'followed be some dhryness,' he says. 'Ye mustn't mind thim,' he says. 'A mosquito on'y lives f'r a day,' he says. ''Tis a short life an' a merry wan,' says I. 'Do they die iv indigisthion?' I says. 'So he fell down through th' thrap-dure an' left me alone.

"Well, I said me prayers an' got into bed an' lay there, thinkin' iv me past life, an' wondherin' if th' house was on fire. 'Twas warrum, Hinnissy. I'll not deny it. Th' roof was near enough to me that I cud smell th' shingles, an' th' sun had been rollin' on it all day long, an' though it had gone away, it'd left a ray or two to keep th' place. But I'm a survivor iv th' gr-reat fire, an' I often go down to th' rollin'-mills, an' besides, mind ye, I'm iv that turn iv mind that whin 'tis hot I say 'tis hot, an' lave it go at that. So I whispers to mesilf, 'I'll dhrop off,' I says, 'into a peaceful slumber,' I says, 'like th' healthy plough-boy that I am,' says I. An' I counted as far as I knew how, an' conducted a flock iv sheep in a steeplechase, an' I'd just begun f'r to wondher how th' las' thing I thought iv came into me head, whin a dog started to howl in' th' yard. They was a frind iv this dog in th' nex' house that answered him, an' they had a long chat. Some other dogs butted in to be compananyable. I heerd Hogan rollin' in bed, an' thin I heerd him goin' out to get a dhrink iv wather. He thripped over a chair befure he lighted a match to look at th' clock. It seemed like an hour befure he got back to bed. Be this time th' dogs was tired, an' I was thinkin' I'd take a nap, whin a bunch iv crickets under me windows begun f'r to discoorse. I've heerd iv th' crickets on th' hearth, Hinnissy, an' I used to think they were all th' money, but anny time they get on me hearth I buy me a pound iv insect powdher. I'd rather have a pianola on th' hearth anny day, an' Gawd save me fr'm that! An' so 'twas dogs an' mosquitoes, an' crickets an' mosquitoes, an' a screech-owl an' mosquitoes, an' a whippoorwill an' mosquitoes, an' cocks beginnin' to crow at two in th' mornin', an' mosquitoes, so that whin th' sun bounced up an' punched me in the eye at four, I knew what th' truth is—that th' counthry is th' noisiest place in th' wurruld. Mind ye, there's a roar in th' city, but in th' counthry th' noises beats on ye'er ear like carpet-tacks bein' dhriven into th' dhrum. Between th' chirp iv a cricket an' the chirp iv th' hammer at th' mills, I'll take th' hammer. I can go to sleep in a boiler-shop, but I spint th' rest iv that night in Hogan's, settin' in th' bath-tub.

"I saw him in th' mornin' at breakfast. We had canned peaches an' condensed milk. 'Ye have ye'er valise,' says he. 'Aren't ye goin' to stay out?' 'I am not,' says I. 'Whin th' first rattler goes by ye'll see me on th' platform fleein' th' peace an' quiet iv th' counthry, f'r th' turmoil an' heat,' I says, 'an' food iv a gr-reat city,' I says. 'Stay on th' farm,' says I. 'Commune,' I says, 'with nature,' I says. 'Enjoy,' I says, 'th' simple, rustic life iv th' merry farmer-boy that goes whistlin' to his wurruk befure breakfast,' says I. 'But I must go back,' I says, 'to th' city,' I says, 'where there is nawthin' to eat but what ye want, an' nawthin' to dhrink but what ye can buy,' I says. 'Where th' dust is laid be th' sprinklin'-cart, where th' iceman comes reg'lar, an' th' roof garden is in bloom, an' ye're waked not be th' sun, but be th' milkman,' I says. 'I want to be near a doctor whin I'm sick, an' eat eatable food whin I'm hungry, an' where I can put me hand out early in th' mornin' an' hook in a newspaper,' says I. 'Th' city,' says I, 'is th' on'y summer resort f'r a man that has lver lived in th' city,' I says. 'An' so I come in."

My Love.

I love the blue and sunny sky,
And every blue bird that doth fly
Among the whisp'ring greenwood trees
Breathing forth soft ecstasies.

I love the sunny, golden beams
That dance and play o'er silvery streams;
I love the silent stars that shine,
Shedding an influence divine.

I love each broad, expansive field
That doth a golden harvest yield;
I love the clinging, clustered vine
That yields the rich and purple wine.

I love the music of the rills
That ripple down the rocky hills;
I love the violet where it grows,
In wastes that shield the wild, red rose.

I love to hear when I'm alone
The wild winds deeply sigh and moan,
And feel the ocean's great heart beat,
While white-capped waves their plaint repeat.

—Minnie Louise Thomas.

The Deacon's Exhortation.

A white minister was conducting religious services in a colored church in North Carolina recently. After exhorting a bit, he asked an old colored deacon to lead in prayer, and, according to the Roanoke "News," this is the appeal which the brother in black offered for his brother in white: "O Lord, gib him de eye ob de eagle dat he spy out sin afar off. Glue his hands to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees, and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark and narrer valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid de kerosene ile of salvashun and sot him on fire."

Pennies by the Ton.

When one has put a penny in the slot and got his correct weight or a piece of chocolate, he seldom thinks of the thousands of other pennies dropped that very hour into other machines. The companies that own these "automatic vendors" receive tons of pennies, which they can turn back into circulation only through the United States Subtreasury, since banks refuse to handle pennies unless they are counted and packed in rolls, and the slot-machine companies would have to hire a large force of clerks to do this, and that would curtail their profits. The problem of counting pennies for deposit in the Subtreasury is simple. They are weighed like so many bullets on a scale, which registers not pounds and ounces, but dollars and cents. The collections from the slot-machines do not go directly to be weighed. The coin has first to be sorted, for it is mixed with all kinds of refuse—lead weights, buttons, bangles and counterfeits, put into the slot either in a spirit of mischief or to defraud the company. The boys who do this sorting wear antiseptic gloves, for the coins are very dirty and likely to spread disease. The refuse from the sorting process is usually valueless, although now and then gold pieces, bits of jewelry, gold and silver charms engraved with tender inscriptions find their way into the iron throat of the machine which swallows only copper cents. Hundreds of German pennies and many coins of higher value are found in the machines, put there through carelessness, for in these cases there can be no intention to cheat; there is nothing lower than a cent. Counterfeits abound. The cost of making is not great, and the per cent. of profit is large. People seldom take the trouble to look carefully at pennies, so counterfeits pass easily. On the Bowery in New York and at Coney Island from one to two per cent. of the copper in circulation is said to be spurious. So the owners of the penny-in-the-slot machines have more trouble with the actual money they receive than men in any other business. Making change relieves a street-car company from receiving nothing but nickels, but the penny-in-the-slot company must take the actual copper stuff and turn it into more convenient form. On lower Broadway it is no uncommon sight to see a wagon load of pennies going to the Treasury, in appearance only a load of canvas sacks, but really a clumsy embarrassment of riches.

A Believer in the Birch.

There are two very amusing little anecdotes in the newly-published "Memoirs of Herr von Busch," who lived for years in the confidence of Prince von Bismarck. It appears that the Iron Chancellor was not tender to his two sons when they were little, and spanked them for the slightest offence. Once Herbert and "Bill" had been caught stealing nuts in the garden of a neighbor, who, full of respect for the little gentlemen, only scolded them mildly.

At that very moment, however, Bismarck and Moritz Busch put in an appearance. "What!" cried the stern father; "is that all you find to say to these little scoundrels? Please cut one of the most elastic branches from your despoiled tree, and give them, under my very eyes, the best thrashing that they ever had. And, depend upon it, when I do it myself I do not spare them!" There was no getting out of it; so the neighbor set about the task as tenderly as possible, but Bismarck, stamping with his foot, kept on crying, "Go on! Go on! You coward!" till the wretched farmer, excited by the commanding voice, hit so hard that the boys asked for mercy.

Herr von Busch was indignant, and could not help venturing a few observations. "Bah!" Bismarck answered, "you are too much of a sentimentalist, and seem to ignore that the birch is the salvation of our German children. Look at the Prince Imperial himself! The birch never for a moment leaves the back of the chair of Fraulein H., his governess, who obeys orders, but hates beating her august pupil."

Then, choking with laughter, the Prince went on: "One day the poor, kind lady, after having administered a severe correction to Wilhelm, said, 'Believe me, your Highness, it hurts me more than it hurts you when I have to punish you so.' The boy shrugged his shoulders, looking somewhat incredulous. A little later, at luncheon time, when all the family was gathered round the table, he suddenly said to the governess, 'Is your back better?' On which Princess Victoria kindly asked her what was the matter with her back. 'Not much, I hope,' quickly answered the mischievous boy who is now Emperor, 'for I scarcely feel mine now, but you see, mother, Fraulein H. has such a sympathetic back that it begins to hurt her directly she commences to cane me, and she performed on me this morning.'"

The Glass Eye.

The following good story comes from Ceylon:—A tea-planter—he had a glass eye—was very desirous to go and have a day's shooting with a friend, but he knew that immediately the natives, who were at work on the plantation, got wind that he was away, they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off?—that was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men, he addressed them thus: "Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work." And, much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the natives worked like elephants, now and then casting furtive glances at the eye to see if it was still watching, but at last one of them, seizing the tin in which he carried his food, approached the tree, and gently placed it over the eye. As soon as they saw that they were not being watched they all lay down and slept peacefully until sunset.

Mrs. Hicksy (who is entertaining her little son's playmate, aged five, to dinner)—Willie, can you cut your own meat? Willie (who is struggling with a piece on his plate)—Yes, thank you (with a desperate saw at the beef). I've cut quite as tough meat as this at home.—Glasgow "Evening Times."

The No Breakfast League.

Certain good people of Chicago have started a "No Breakfast League," the idea being that breakfast is a frivolous and unnecessary institution, and ought to be suppressed. People, they say, can work better and enjoy greater health by starting for the city in the morning without breakfast. On your way to the station you drink in the free air of heaven; and as you sit in the train you buckle up your waistcoat band another inch or two and feel a new man.

There has been for many years a "No Breakfast League" in everything but the name; although the members of the League do not brag about their connection with it. After what is popularly known as a "thick" night, breakfast has no charms whatever for the practised drinker. Perhaps this is the idea of the League. At any rate, anybody can start in the no-breakfast business for himself at any time. All you have to do is to mix your drinks judiciously the night before, so that you will wake up in the morning with a copper-colored taste in the mouth and general feeling that eating is a low and degrading habit anyhow. At such times even a sight of the breakfast ham gives you a dull, hard feeling in the chest; and when that stage is reached you will be a No Breakfaster of the first water.

More than likely, however, that the Chicago No Breakfasters are just the ordinary run of food cranks. If there is one thing in this world that you cannot prudently do, it is to advise your neighbor as to his dietary. And, as a natural consequence, we all think we know what is good and what is bad in the way of meals for the people. One man will tackle a breakfast big enough to make a dinner for three people, and if he hears that his neighbor's breakfast is limited to a slice of toast and a cup of tea, he at once predicts a lowered vitality and an early death. The tea and toast man, on the other hand, will no doubt hold that his neighbor is killing himself by inches with those heavy breakfasts; whereas, in these matters, it seems to be most true that every man is the best judge of what is good for himself. It is very likely that a breakfast limited to a run round the garden and a bit of dumb-bell exercise may suit the Chicago people, but it is very improbable that it would suit everybody alike.

The average enthusiast is apt to overlook the swing of the pendulum when taking up the newest cr e in a whole-hearted manner. He will go without his accustomed breakfast on the first morning, and arrive at his office in a peevish and irritable mood. Somewhere about eleven o'clock he feels like throwing up the sponge, and sending the messenger out for a dry biscuit or two; but in most cases he will last out for the first experiment. At lunch time, though, the swing of the pendulum will come in. He has got to take a lunch that will average up to two meals; and in the first glorious rush at the good solid food there is a very fair chance that he will overdo the lovely business. The usual lunch hour will drag itself out into two hours and a half, or thereabouts; though it would be idle to fix a limit to it, if it is going to be the first meal of the day under the new rules. The novice will eat—and drink—and the reaction after the unaccustomed fast will turn the meal into a considerable sort of orgie. "Thish ish the first drop I've 'ad to-day, ole feller! 'Ave anuzzer wiz me! Whoo-oop!"

Where is this No Everything going to leave off? They will carry these self-denying ordinances along till something occurs that will show the public that the wrong tack is being pursued. The papers the other day said that a Russian scientist had discovered that all the ills the flesh is heir to are due to our wearing—clothes. Let somebody start a No Clothes Society in this happy land of ours and see how it works. There would be a busy time on the first bright summer morning on which the Leaguers set out to justify their principles; and the authorities would be running round town buying up hundred-weights of trousers at contract price for the morning's batch of prisoners roped into the official strong-rooms. A league of this sort would impress the public with its stupidity, whereas you can't tell by merely looking at a man whether he has had his breakfast or not. And, as we know, what we can't see we don't trouble about to any extent.

Some people who profess to be very wise tell us from time to time that the average man eats too much. If the average man who hears the good news gets influenced by it, the chances are that he will thin his diet down a little, and thus save money for the doctor's bills that he will thereby incur. The average man, as a rule, eats what he thinks he wants. To some extent, he has probably learned by experience that a certain quantity of food is necessary for his well-being, and as soon as that quantity has become a habit he runs a considerable risk in changing it, for use is second nature. The scientist sits down and calculates that so many ounces of food are sufficient for an ordinary man, and calmly assumes that the last word on the subject has been said. Whereas, in the case of two men of equal size one will often be satisfied with a dinner of oatmeal porridge and a glass of water, while the other will want soup, fish, joint, and cheese, and then as likely as not will want to order some biscuits with his wine just to fill up the still aching void.

You can't lay down a hard-and-fast rule in these matters; and if the No Breakfasters are going to have a free run in the country, I for one shall advocate an increase of accommodation in our lunatic asylums. It has long been a favorite rule of the medical profession that people oughtn't to eat suppers; and if we are now to be advised to do without breakfast as well, we might as well go the whole hog and live the higher life on two dry biscuits and a seidlitz powder per diem.—"Pick-Me-Up."

"It's an A1 display," said Mr. Pitt, at the dog show. "It's a first-class exhibition," replied Mr. Penn, "but you've got the wrong number." "How so?" "Instead of A1 it is K9."—"Dog Fanciers' Gazette."

"If any one asks for me, James, I shall be back in ten minutes," said Mr. Fosdick. "Yes, sorr," replied the Irish office boy; "and how soon will you be back if no one asks for you?"

The Toreador's Rose.

Whenever I hear the "Toreador's March" from "Carmen" — that gay, devil-may-care melody, with its undertone of tragic sorrow, recalling a picture I once saw of a rose in a skull—I think of Jose Silverio. It was in old Madrid, the romantic city of guitars, dark eyes, love, and bull-fights; where the statue of the Virgin stands in the public square with the late King Alfonso's fatal sapphire burning blue on her carven finger. To the light lilt of merry music Jose Silverio, the handsome toreador, idol of all the young bloods and beloved by half the fair women of Madrid, rode into the ring. A murmur of admiration greeted him—he was splendid in spangles and mounted on a magnificent white horse. After him came his scarlet-cloaked matadors on foot, armed with light lances fluttering with streamers of many-colored ribbons. The bull's hoarse bellow struck into the music like the deep, mellow note of a bass viol. He was already in the ring pawing up the sawdust defiantly, a superb animal of the best breed of Andalusia, with delicate hoofs, curving horns, and a skin like black satin, under which the fierce muscles constantly rippled. The toreador lifted his dark, passionate eyes to a box above, where eyes equally dark, equally passionate, answered his mute, adoring message. The senorita was in black, the usual dress affected in public by Spanish women of high degree. A diamond star sparkled on her full bosom, and a crimson rose caressed like the lips of a lover the black, silken masses of her hair, over which a fold of the lace mantilla was coquettishly thrown.

An hour before he had passed the flower between her window bars, and he thrilled with exquisite joy to see it glowing in her dusky braids. The perfume of the rose, already wilting in the hot amphitheater was wafted to his nostrils with the woody smell of fresh sawdust and musky odors from hundreds of constantly moving fans. Its fragrance led him back in sweet retrospection to a walled garden, dim paths, checkered black and silver in the moonlight, the pressure of a soft breast, braceleted arms, and red lips yielding kiss for kiss, while his blue-ribboned guitar lay silent in the dew at his feet. Then the bull, goaded to splendid ferocity by the torturing banderillos, made his mad charge. The ring became an inferno of hoofs and horns, out of which flashed the keen lightning of the toreador's sword in a cloud of dust. No one could tell afterward exactly how it happened, though every eye was riveted on the arena, but the white horse rolled over in his death agony, disemboweled by one swift stroke from those terrible twin sabres fixed in the bull's powerful forehead. By the fraction of a second Jose failed to slip his feet from the stirrups in time to escape the second charge. His body described a glittering arc in the air, and fell lifeless in the sawdust. The sword, sent spinning from his hand, was caught by a matador, who delivered the coup de grace to the bull by a feat of nimble cunning that elicited a thunder of applause. Even the senorita clapped her little jeweled hands. She leaned over the edge of her box to look down at the limp, inert figure so full of proud courage and virile grace a moment ago.

"Dios! poor fellow," she said. Then, turning to a young man leaning over her chair, "Don Felipe, you may have the rose, though it is wilted now."—Minna Irving, in "Leslie's."

The Fable of Matsukata.

Count Matsukata, former Prime Minister of Japan, who is known in America as "the father of the gold standard," was asked during his recent visit to New York whether "Captains of Industry" in the Mikado's Empire were getting control of the country's trade and resources.

"Not to the same extent as in—more advanced lands," answered Count Matsukata with a smile. "Perhaps we are influenced by the old 'Myth of the Gold Man,' handed down from the ancient days of Sin Mu."

The count was requested to tell the legend, and he said:

"In the dim historic dawn a merchant eager for great wealth heard of a strange grove of wild lemon trees whose fabulous fruit, when eaten, would convert the hand that plucked it into gold.

"So the merchant journeyed to the grove, where the God of Riches, with a great sack on his shoulders, bade him help himself. He did so, and his arm was converted into gleaming gold. This he had amputated, and, though bereft of an arm, became a man of wealth.

"A banker, hearing of the strange case, determined to secure the total produce of the miraculous lemon trees. To that end he bought out the right of the guardian deity; but that shrewd being exacted so great a price that the covetous banker found his fortune depleted. To secure ready money he determined to eat of the fruit and sacrifice an arm.

"Raw lemon, however, was too astringent for his pampered palate, and so he sweetened the juice of several lemons, and, adding thereto wine of rare vintage, drank greedily of the potent and tempting beverage.

"In a few minutes he had turned into a pillar of gold.

"Then his heirs melted him down, coined him into convenient cobangs, and, turning their backs bravely on the grove of golden lemons, proceeded with free hands to spend and enjoy their bountiful inheritance."

"What became of that lemon grove?" enquired a vigilant New Yorker who had listened eagerly to the story.

"There is no record," replied Count Matsukata, smiling, "of its having been destroyed, but happily our fortune-hunters have not been able to locate it.

"Do you think he would be a success in politics?" "Yes, indeed. Why, he has thoroughly mastered the knack of looking interested when he is being bored."—Chicago "Post."

"I left my husband's death notice here this morning," said the widow. "Yes," said the bright clerk in the publishing office of the "Daily Squib." "Now, I want to add 'Gone to Rest' in an appropriate place." "Yes, madam," replied the bright clerk, and the next morning she read: "Gone to rest in an appropriate place."—Philadelphia "Press."

Railroad Search-Lights.

One of the recent safety equipments of the fast mail-trains, which of necessity run at a high rate of speed through the night, is the electric search-light. A number of engines on the leading roads have been supplied with such powerful search-lights that objects on the track can be seen nearly a mile away on the darkest nights. A small dynamo in the engine supplies the light, and the lamp itself is so arranged that the fireman can operate it from his position in the cab to suit the needs of the moment. It was found that a permanent light attached to the smoke-stack, as the old-time reflectors were, would cast its path of light off the track instead of on it when rounding curves. The fireman can now touch a lever and throw the light straight ahead, sideways, or up in the air. The largest of these locomotive search-lights are 6,000 candle-power, which, compared to the old-time reflectors, are remarkable products of the age.

The fast mail-trains travel over the ground so rapidly that an ordinary head-light casting a reflection four or five hundred feet is practically of little use. It might reveal to the engineer trouble ahead, but it could never help to avert the accident. The engineer might be able to shut off steam and apply the brakes, but by that time the engine would be upon the object. It is almost impossible for one of the fast trains to come to a dead stop much inside of 1,200 to 1,500 feet, and the heavier and faster the train, the greater length of time must elapse before a stop can be effected. Consequently, the old head-lights were of little real value to trains running fifty and sixty miles an hour. With the new powerful electric search-light, however, danger ahead can be seen in ample time for the engineer to bring his heavy train to a dead halt. As a safety equipment of the record-breaking trains, the search-light has thus become a necessity of the day.

Easily Satisfied.

Some men think they know everything. It was recoided of a freshly made railway director, who was inspecting the permanent way, that he noticed at a curve in the line that the outside rail was higher than the other and immediately called the engineer's attention to the defect. The engineer was a man of sense, and did not wish to enter into an explanation of the scientific character and the necessity of the rails being laid as they were, so he exclaimed: "All right, sir; I see exactly what is the matter, and I will have the rails levelled as soon as the up express has passed." And that sapient director went off perfectly satisfied.

Joe's Revelation.

Not long ago a nice young man was invited to dine at the home of a young woman and accepted the invitation with pleasure. It was just a family dinner, and everything was passing off well when an unpleasant and quite unforeseen incident occurred.

They were all discussing the pie, when the young woman's little brother, who had been regarding her closely, suddenly spoke up.

"Gee," he said, "look at Marie tryin' to put on style just 'cause Joe is here. She's eatin' her pie with a fork!"

It is needless to add that the cherubic child experienced a very unpleasant quarter of an hour after Joe had gone.

GRAVEL CURED.

Remarkable Case of this Painful Disease

Reuben Draper, of Bristol, Que., who was a Victim finds Relief and a permanent Cure—He tells of His Sufferings and How He Left His Troubles Behind.

Bristol, Que., July 28.—(Special).—No disease can cause more severe and dreaful pain than Gravel. Reuben Draper, of this place, was taken ill with this awful trouble about five years ago. He was cured, and so many have asked him how it was done that he has decided to give the whole story for publication:

"About five years ago I was taken ill with the Gravel. I suffered great pain, so I sent for a doctor. He gave me some medicine and came to see metwice afterwards, but my disease was not gone, and in a shost time I had another very bad attack.

"This time I sent for another doctor with about the same results, only I was getting weaker all the time.

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cdred his mother. I thought I would try them and bought a box.

"Just one week after I began the treatment I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and four days later another about the size of a grain of barley—this gave me great relief, and I commenced to feel better and to gain strength right away.

"That was five years ago and I have not had any trouble in that way since. I have the stones in a small bottle and anyone can see them who wishes. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved my life."

The story of Mr. Draper will be good news to many sufferers who may not hgve known that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Gravel and Stone in the Bladder.

What has cured this gentleman and hundreds of other very bad cases should cure any one, and those who may be afflicted as Mr. Draper was should try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mutual Burden Bearing.

Sermon by
JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER,
St. James' Lutheran Church, New York.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—Gal., vi., 2.

These words assume that this is a burden-bearing world. Each one has a burden of his own, and each one's neighbor has a burden. No individual, no family is exempt. Upon every shoulder rests some load, every heart is bowed down with some trouble, every rose of joy is barbed with its thorn of grief. And this bearing of burdens is a very different thing from labor. The Greek carefully distinguishes the terms. "Poiema," a work, is an inspiring labor. But "baros," the word used in our text, means a weight, a dull, heavy load—trying to bear. A healthy person enjoys nothing so much as mental or bodily activity. The busiest is the happiest of men. But to struggle under a burden is another thing. That taxes the bodily powers, exhausts the nerve force, takes the buoyancy from the spirits and the light from the eye. Work strengthens, worry kills.

Some, by exceptional health, good fortune and exalted station, are more or less exempt from these burdens. others have been so placed by birth or by the strange orderings of Providence or by their errors and vices as to be especial burden bearers. Very little of light or ease or gladness do they find in their lot. Theirs to plod and grind and eke out a weary existence. And there are far more of this class than we suspect. As George Eliot says:—"There are burdens often unknown to the world, for there is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often an inarticulate whisper in the roar of hurrying existence."

Now, it was the peculiarity of Christ that He addressed His mission to this very aspect of humanity. Sympathy for the world's sorrows was His master motive. Not as other great leaders crossed the human stage seeking their own did He; but, forgetting Himself, His sole aim was to lighten the world's burdens. And this He did by taking them upon His own shoulders. As Isaiah prophesied of Him:—"Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." And St. Peter writes:—"He bore our sins in His own body on the tree." He thus illustrated that principle of vicarious suffering—not alone physical, but moral—which is shot through the whole web of nature. Say what sceptics will, it is this fellowship of Christ to the very core of our condition, taking upon Him not alone our sorrows but our sins as well—i. e., His mission as Saviour and Good Samaritan—that above all has raised Him to the throne of human love and adoration.

And what Christ did Himself He asks, in a degree, of His followers. St. Paul here tells us that the summary and epitome of His moral teaching are expressed in this maxim:—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Faith is as vital to Christianity as the star to the ray, the spring to the stream, the root to the tree. But love, charity, fellowship in trial, need and sorrow are the test, the fruit, the outcome. He who does not verify his profession by this practical sympathy does not obey the law of Christ, does not show His spirit and is no Christian.

This gospel charges upon us not an emotion, but an act; not a feeling, but a duty. Sympathy, with many, is more the indulgence of a luxury of sentiment than anything else. As such it is one of the most common, as well as one of the cheapest and most useless, qualities. Their emotions of fellowship are all spent with the gush of tears. But bearing the burdens of those who start our sympathies is the duty here urged. Then we get down to the task as a neighbor indeed. We should bear the burdens of our fellow by visiting him in affliction, comforting him in loneliness, making him feel our close, warm heartbeat when deserted and outcast by others. The verse preceding our text shows how we can, too, lighten his moral burdens. It reads:—"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." That is, even when our brother goes wrong there is a way to help him bear his self-inflicted burden. Instead of harshly censuring and Pharisaically condemning him we should with sympathetic and charitable chidings aim at the same time to make him sensible of his error and yet to save his self-respect. If ever this world is saved it will be saved not by coming down like a sledge hammer upon human failings, but by manifesting everywhere that sweet Christ spirit that allows for human weakness and seeks ever to strengthen that weakness with God's own strength.

What a pathetic thought it is that, instead of obeying this law of Christ by lightening one another's burdens, most of the crushing loads men and women carry are those laid upon them by their fellows! Selfishness, tyranny, envy, temper, fretfulness or simple thoughtlessness of tongue have twanged barbed arrows to the heart, inflicted nameless pain, blotted many a prospect in life, so that Burns has uttered the very dirge of humanity in the lines:—

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

What a great page history would turn over in patriots struggling for their country's freedom, in the condition of the working classes, in the peace of society and in the harmony of the home, if nations, families and individuals would but illustrate this precept of the Divine Teacher:—"Bear ye one another's burdens." Truly writes H. W. Mabie:—"To work in one's day with one's fellows, to share their fortune, to bear their burdens, to lighten their tasks, to be one with them in the toil, sorrow and joy of life, is to put one's self in the way of the richest growth and the purest happiness."

For the man who, when he sees his neighbor in adversity and sorrow, "passes by," like the Levite, "on the other side," hurts most his own manhood, conscience and peace. And we most lighten our loads and irradiate our own path when we offer a warm heartbeat and a helping hand to those fallen by the way, and when in our own hour of trial we can say with Job:—"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Passing of the Artificial Flower.

"Harper's Weekly."

For the last hundred years artificial flowers have been the dearest decoration a woman could buy for her summer hat. The superlative has a double meaning in this connection — "dear" to feminine purse-strings, immeasurably satisfying to her sense of the artistic and appropriate. No one, not even the most logical man, could deny the daintiness of the instinct that led women to bedeck their multitudinous heads with copies of the sweetest things Divinity sets down upon this rolling ball. So it was that all these years, from her palace in the center of her kingdom, Fashion each spring sent out her unassailable decree that flowers were to deck hats.

At first the word "artificial" was always used in speaking or writing of linen or silk posies. Old "fashion items" contain many allusions to "artificial roses," "artificial lilies-of-the-valley,"—always to impress upon the reader that real flowers were not meant. Of late years the adjective has been almost entirely eliminated from the dictionary of the writer who dishes up modish delicacies. Nowadays, a hat is trimmed with "violets;" a boa is of "forget-me-nots." No woman—and not often a man—is so ignorant as to imagine anything else but artificial flowers is meant.

The making of these beautiful imitations of Nature's handiwork became a vast enterprise employing the skilled labor of thousands of men, women, and girls. In many parts of the world the trade of artificial-flower-making descended from mother to daughter. Whole families for generations cut, pasted, stitched and colored the beautiful evidences of their skill.

Until recent years the aim was always to make artificial flowers successful counterfeits of Nature's own darlings. Every one knows that the work was often done so ably as to defy the eye's discernment. At this time the art of artificial flower-making attained its highest perfection. The more faithful the likeness of the imitations to the originals the better the pay of the maker, and the greater the stimulation to effort.

Then came a creeping in of the grotesque and unnatural. Now and then Queen Fashion sent out edicts establishing the position of green roses, red lilacs, purple carnations, and all sorts of inartistic, even ugly, effects in artificial flowers. The unending search for novelty began it. Newness, no matter how unseemly, appeals to most people for a time. Then comes a reaction, when the full commonness of a popular fancy strikes people, and they put the whole, good and bad, aside for a period of dormancy. When the imitation blossoms of fantastic proportions and bald ugliness came to be the style, artificial-flower-making was a doomed industry. Milliners looked about for some artistic and new substitute. The hat itself, which from our great-grandmother's time down had been a thing of shape only, offered great possibilities for ingenious ideas. About three years ago fancy braids began to flood the market; wire frames were made with greater care than ever; all sorts of fantastic and beautiful effects were brought out in straw hats, which needed no extra adornment other than a trifle of ribbon, chiffon, or lace—and artificial flowers went off Fifth avenue to dwell among the folk who live on the outermost edge of Queen Fashion's realm, and read her royal mandates through poverty's spectacles.

Last year there were more fancy straws, and dozens of carefully planned shapes in hats, and this season the demand for the new straws has driven many dealers in artificial flowers out of business. During the month of April four heretofore prosperous firms were obliged to close their doors. One of these, a large wholesale house dealing exclusively in artificial flowers, went into bankruptcy, giving as the sole reason for so doing that there was no demand for their goods.

So long as the straws are as dainty and durable as they are this spring the situation is not likely to change. A walk past the series of fashionable Fifth avenue millinery shops establishes the truth of this assertion. There are whole windows displaying only hats of straw whose sole trimming is ribbon, lace, or chiffon. It seems a pity, when one thinks of the daintiness of the artificial flowers of past days, but there is no help for it until women tire of fancy straws and long for other novelties. Then the industry will awaken. In the meantime hundreds of girls and women who have no other employment are hopelessly out of work.

Keble's Mistake.

Apropos of the rather slighting remark in Cecil Rhodes's will, with reference to the college authorities of Oriel, that they "are like children as to commercial matters," someone recalls the story once current of John Keble, who in his time was bursar of Oriel. The worthy poet was thrown into a panic by the discovery that the college accounts came out about two thousand pounds on the wrong side. The learned and pious men of Oriel tried in vain to find out where the error was, and it was not until an expert was called in that it was discovered that Keble, in casting up a column, had inadvertently added the date of the year to Oriel's debts.

Husband's Face.

Benedicts who are in the habit of trying to palm themselves off as spring hatched roosters will learn, not without alarm, that the physiognomist is on their track. He has, in fact, evolved a new terror called the "husband's face." Every married man is said to possess it, and it marks him out a Benedict just as surely as if he had a label to that effect hung round his neck. Don't imagine, says "Pick-Me-Up," that we are going to give the secret away—the ladies know too much already—but any duly certified married man who sends along sufficient cheques and stamps to cover the postage, cost of packing, and registration, can have it by return, or later. It is just as well to be on your guard, boys. There is small comfort in being told by a casual confection that you are not what you pretend to be, even supposing you aren't, and if a little wrinkle from "one who knows" can avert trouble, I'm sure you're heartily welcome.

Mainly About People.

"There was a witty fellow out in a Michigan hospital," says Representative William Alden Smith, "who had to be fed on a daily diet of egg and sherry. His physician asked him how he liked it. 'It would be all right, doctor,' he said, 'if the egg was as new as the sherry and the sherry as old as the egg.'"

It is related that once, when the Earl of Lauderdale was at dinner with King Charles, he remarked to the King: "There is a good saying, that fools make feasts and wise men eat them." "There is another as good," replied the Earl of Shaftesbury; "wits make jests and fools repeat them;" and the King advised Lauderdale to make sure of his man in future.

During the recent street car strike in St. Louis, Professor Hyatt, the weather observer, was about to get on a car, when a member of the strike committee stepped up to him and asked if he intended riding on the car. The professor replied that such was his intention. The striker sought to persuade him not to ride, but he started to get on the car. "Well, if you ride on that car we will withdraw our patronage from you," said the striker. "I don't care whether you patronize me or not. I'm in the weather business," replied Professor Hyatt, and he entered the car.

In a Georgia justice court a colored witness was asked to name the time a difficulty occurred. "Hit wuz in fodder pullin' time, suh," he replied. "You don't understand me," said the judge. "I mean, what time was it by the clock?" "Dey warn't no clock dar, suh," said the witness. "Well, by the sun, then?" "Now," exclaimed the witness, triumphantly, "sence you hez come right down ter business I'll tell you plain: Ef de sun had been a-shinin' hit would er been 'bout two hours en a half by sun; but ez de sun didn't show his face 'tall dat day I couldn't say fer sartin des what time hit wuz!"

At the funeral of a lawyer of state reputation, who lived and practised in a town not far from Philadelphia, and who was known among his friends as an unbeliever, an eminent gentleman from Philadelphia reached the house after the minister had begun the sermon. Not knowing how far the service had progressed, he accosted a well-known Quaker of the town, who was a friend of the deceased, and who was noted for his great sense of humor, and, leaning over his shoulder, asked in a whisper: "What part of the services have they reached?" To which the Quaker, without a smile, replied: "Just opened for the defence."

A story of poor Aurelien Scholl, who lately joined the majority, gives a good idea of the caustic humor which made him an oddity among French writers. At a celebrated cafe—not, I think, the Maison Doree, though he was at one time a great supporter of M. Verdier's, alas! moribund establishment—he was offered a Burgundy, which was praised by the host as "true velvet," but had, in fact, become a little sharp with age. "Yes," said Scholl, after tasting it, "velvet, but with pins in it!" Soon after came a Bordeaux, said on the same authority to be "the most generous wine in his cellar." "It is," was this time the verdict, "for it has given away all its good qualities!"

Magistrate Devoy, in the Myrtle Avenue Court, Brooklyn, recently had four darkies who were caught in a gambling raid before him. The first of the lot to be brought to the bar was an undersized man, with a comical face, as black as night. The dialogue between the magistrate and the prisoner created some merriment in the court. "What is your name?" enquired the magistrate, sternly. "Mah name's Smiff," replied the darky. "What is your profession?" "I'se a locksmiff by trade, sah." "What were you doing when the police broke into the room last night?" "Judge, I was pursuin' mah profession. I was makin' a bolt for the door." "Officer," said the magistrate, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "lock Smith up."

The late Sol Smith Russell had three young nieces living in the West, of whom he was very fond. On one occasion, so the story goes, he took the youngest of them for a walk and bought her some candy on the agreement that it was not to be eaten until they reached her home. They started, but before they had gone far the little girl proposed, "Let's wun!" Her uncle declined, and there was long pleading, all to no purpose. Finally, the little girl stopped, knelt down on the pavement, and offered up the petition: "Dod, please make Uncle Sol wun." It was simply a question of my losing my dignity, or her losing her faith in God," said Mr. Russell, in relating the incident, "so we ran as fast as we could for home."

Patronage.

The impressionist had finally sold one of his creations. A brother artist who had arrived, or, as we say, "got there," re[illegible]y persuaded one of his own cu[illegible] to buy a painting by the les[illegible]ful man, at a good figure. [illegible] an invitation to visit th[illegible] house to see the picture as it hung on the wall.

It was a painting of a sky, a bridge and a stream, and as they stood before it the purchaser fairly exhausted his vocabulary of art in expatiating on the naturalness of the water and the poetic beauty of the sky. The man who had done the painting smiled and smiled, but at the same time mopped beads of perspiration from his brow. Finally he got his friend into the hallway and there exploded.

"Good gracious!" he groaned. "They've hung my picture upside down!"

Modern English.

A Washington lady who is so fond of her home that she stays in it sometimes all the year round was assailed, says "Lippincott's Magazine," by a conventional friend in conventional language.

"I knew that you usually wintered here," she said, "but I was astonished to hear that you had summered here!"

"I have not only wintered here and summered here," replied the unfashionable one, "but I will astonish you still further when I tell you that I always fall here and have sometimes sprung here."

The Vote to Kitchener.

The money vote to Lord Kitchener set some of the British newspapers recalling money grants of the past to victorious commanders. The great captain Wellington comes first—first in date, first in rank, first indeed in everything. After Talavera, in 1809, he became Viscount Wellington, and had a pension of £2,000 a year conferred on him and his two successors in the title, and the pension only lapsed two years ago. In 1812 he got an Earldom and an additional £2,000 a year, and in October of the same year became a Marquis, with a grant of £100,000 for purchase of lands to descend with the Marquisate. Finally in May, 1814, when everybody thought that Napoleon in Elba was done for, he was made a Duke, and received £400,000 to purchase estates entailed on the heirs male of his body.

But Napoleon was not done with yet, and Waterloo brought its reward, for the Duke, after being thanked by Parliament "for the consummate ability, unexampled exertion and irresistible ardor displayed by him on the eighteenth," received an additional sum of £200,000 for the purchase of lands, to be held by him and his heirs on the tenure of rendering a tricolor flag on every 18th of June. Thus the Duke received £4,000 a year and £700,000, to say nothing of his £20,000 a year in Spain and £2,000 in Belgium. After that there was no grant until 1839. Sir John Keane then was created Baron Keane of Ghuznee, with a pension of £2,000 for himself and his two immediate successors in the Peerage. Then came Chilianwallah, and Viscount Gough received £2,000 a year for himself and the next two heirs to the title. Lord Napier of Magdala received £2,000 a year for himself and his successor. Lord Wolseley received £25,000 after the Ashantee war and the thanks of Parliament. Lord Roberts got £100,000.

Eyes on Canada's Coal.

A curious turn brought about by the coal strike in the United States is the way in which the American newspapers are discussing the possibilities of drawing coal from Canada. The New York Times says:—Who can it be that told the managers of the strike that Canada has no coal upon which this country can draw in case they succeed in putting an end to all mine operations here? Their informant was certainly wrong, and, if the "facts" upon which they base their hopes of bringing about an industrial cataclysm are all of the same kind, their threats need inspire no great amount of fear. Canada has no end of coal, scattered all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and the only obstacle to our drawing upon it in a time of emergency is a paper wall—the tariff law. Indeed, that wall has not been quite impervious to Canadian coal, even in the past, and a few words, spoken with due formality in Congress, prove conclusively to both the miners and their employers that our northern neighbors do count for something among our ultimate defences against the recklessness of all sorts of coal barons. Not only has Canada coal, and coal to spare, but much of it is most conveniently placed for shipment to the United States. The Cape Breton mines, for example, can load almost directly from shaft to deep-water ships, and there are others at the head of the Bay of Fundy which are only a few miles from the sea. In either case the journey to Boston or New York is only a matter of three or four days for tramp steamers, and, with good luck, not much more for sailing vessels. To be sure, the Nova Scotian coal is not of superfine quality, but it is good enough for many purposes and would serve almost all at a pinch, especially with the experience in burning bad or low-grade coal of our own which the strike has forced many consumers to acquire—to the vast delight and profit of the speculators who had enormous quantities of it in store, waiting for just such an opportunity for unloading on the dear public as the strike has given them. The country is neither so helpless nor so uninformed as the mining men, both those who wear black broadcloth and those who occasionally deign to don blue cotton, seem to imagine.

Farming With Geldings.

The American plan of farming with geldings, as non-productive as a mule, is a useless expense that should be changed to the adoption of breeding mares, especially in the heavier grades, for geldings, when matured, will be an expensive luxury that farmers can ill afford, how[illegible] good farm teams they make, when t[illegible] can use mares that are quite as good at the farm work, and raise a valuable colt each year, as in France, England and Scotland, where the draft horses are raised almost entirely by the farmers, and the maturing geldings and surplus mares are the most important income of the farm. The English Live Stock Journal tells how the English farmers manage: When the foaling season comes, and the working-horse strength is weakened through the brood mares being otherwise engaged, their places should be filled up with young animals. The two-year-olds which have not looked through the collar should be taken in hand and put gently to work, and if they are numerous enough to give them half a day each, so that two take the place of one horse, so much the better for the colt and its owner. If there is no plowing to be done they can be put to scuffle or drag on the root land, and on a grass farm the operation of breaking need not be neglected. The colt or filly may be attached to a log of wood—of course, with a rein and man to lead on their side—for a start, then to chain-harrows, which can hardly be used too much on pastures, and in this way be got tractable enough to pull its portion when required in the room of the mare which is nursing a foal to grow on and take its place in the team in due time.

Sir Walter Scott's Love Story.

In his paper on "Walter Scott's Land" in Harper's for June, William Sharp tells how the great novelist met his first and only love:—

"It was at the stage when 'the queerness and the fun' of the bygone time and the present hour were with him more than any other conscious compelling influence," Mr. Sharp says, "that, one day in his twenty-fifth year, with his friend, Adam Fergusson, he went for a ride 'by Gilsland moors,' over by Naworth, perhaps, or by Lannercost Priory, above the vale of Lannercost, or by the fragmentary ruins of Triermain Castle, where Sir Roland de Vaux lived and dreamed, as afterwards so musically set forth in 'The Bridal,' or by Burdoswald Farm and the ruins of the great wall of Severus and the Roman camp. Perhaps the young poet's heart was longing for love; at any rate, it was at Gilsland, and before he met Miss Carpenter, that he gave 'to a lady,' along with some wildflowers gathered in the fragments of Severus' wall, these two all-but-forgotten fugitive quatrains:—

"Take these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.
Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
But they yield the passing stranger
Wildflower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

"In any case it was on high ground near Gilsland that, one August day in 1 97, Scott and Adam Fergusson were riding, when both young men were charmed by the apparition of a beautiful young girl, also on horseback. So much impressed, indeed, was the young poet-advocate that he kept the fair horsewoman in view till the divided cavalcade entered Gilsland, and he saw where the lady lived. Whoever wants to know more of the picturesque details, where fancy only slightly colors fact, may turn to the romance of Frank Osbaldistone and Diana Vernon, as set forth in 'Rob Roy.' Well, there was waiting and wooing and ultimately pledging by the Lovers' Stone in the romantic glen of Gilsland Water, and by Christmas the young couple were married, and Walter Scott returned to Edinburgh with much never-to-be-forgotten material for poem and tale, and a bride to give color and zest to all he should do with these."

Irish M.P.'s As Jail-goers.

The prison adventures of Mr. McHugh, M.P., have brought forth the recollection that Mr. McHugh's colleague in the representation of Leitrim, Mr. Jasper Tully, who is also a journalist and the proprietor of a couple of newspapers, was once known as the "greatest jail-goer in Ireland," although that record and distinction must by this time have passed into the possession of Mr. McHugh. Mr. Tully has practically retired from the jail-going business, whereas, observes The Daily Chronicle, Mr. McHugh was never more energetic in its pursuit than in recent years. A wealthy member of the Irish party once took a West End mansion for the session, and invited all his colleagues to an inaugural dinner. The conversation became reminiscent, and the guests volubly exchanged jail experiences. The hostess alone was not amused, but distraught. In the morning her worst fears were realized. The servants gave notice in a body. Unable to discriminate between political and ordinary offenders, they jumped to the conclusion that they had blundered into a den of criminals. The old practice of sending political offenders to the Tower of London ought really to be revived. If an M.P. were able to start a story with "When I was in the Tower," all the servants in the room would look up and regard him as a hero.

Humor of the Hour.

"No, sir," declared Gazzen, as he warmed up to his subject. "You'll never be happy so long as you are in debt. Pay your debts, Swayback; pay your debts."

"But I have no money," said Swayback.

"Then borrow it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A man was asked what "an idea in the concrete" means, and he said: "It must be an inscription in a patent pavement."—Catholic Record.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, as everybody who has sat in front of his pulpit at All Souls' Church knows, is a man of considerable size. It is a matter of much effort on his part to fasten his shoes, and while engaged in this operation the other morning his wife remarked:

"My dear, I think you need a valet."

"Well," responded the doctor, "if I had a valley where I now have a mountain I could fasten my shoes myself."—New York Times.

A well-known New Hampshire farmer of the old type has two grown-up sons. One is an excellent preacher of the Gospel, while the other is a liquor dealer.

A Newburyport man, in company with several other boarders at the old man's home, was talking with him about his family. At last one of the company present asked him what his sons did for a living.

The answer of the old man was characteristic and concise. "One is serving the Lord, the other the devil, and both are doing well."—Boston Journal.

Dr. Herbert W. Spencer tells the following story of his attempt to corner a Christian Scientist:

"Every time we met this Scientist took occasion to scoff at medical science and to dwell upon the wonders which could be performed through faith. 'You are convinced that through faith you can do anything?' I said to him one day.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'faith will move mountains.'

"A week later he was in my office with a swollen jaw due to a toothache. 'What, you here!' I exclaimed, with feigned astonishment.

"'Oh, Doctor,' he said, 'I have suffered agony all through the night. I simply can't stand this pain any longer.'

"'Have you tried faith?' I said to him. 'You know you told me the other day that faith could move mountains.'

"'But this is a cavity, Doctor; this is a cavity.'"—New York Times.

Farm and Poultry-Yard.

Fowl confined in very dry pens are liable to the disease called bumble-foot. This may be prevented by throwing wet grass into the pen.

Green food is absolutely necessary for the brooder chicks, and grit comes under the same category. A little charcoal should be fed daily; one tablespoonful in feed sufficient for 100 chicks is enough.

Pumpkin seeds contain a medicinal principle which, in large quantities, proves poisonous to chickens and turkeys, and is probably injurious to cows. Where large quantities of pumpkins are fed in the open air and chickens eat the seeds, some become paralyzed in the legs, while others walk as though intoxicated. It would be well to remove the seeds when pumpkins are fed to stock, for they probably counteract much of the good the fruit does.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman offers the following formula as a fly repellent: Take about one-half teacupful of the bi-sulphide of carbon and use this to dissolve a tablespoonful of pine tar, stir thoroughly till the tar is dissolved and add one quart of crude oil. This will fill a small air spray pump and if applied in the morning will last well all day. With this amount I spray eight cows three times, taking about ten minutes each day."

Many seem to think that winter is the only time when care and attention are needed in the poultry yard, and that the fowl can get along "any old way" in the summer. Work around the poultry houses is tiresome, and when hot weather comes, the fowl are left to shift for themselves. A greater mistake was never made. Lice, the greatest enemy of the feathered tribe, multiply and flourish in summer, and diseases get a foothold in the flock. The fowl, often overcrowded and suffering from exposure to the hot sun, droop and lose their vitality, which they are liable not to regain with the coming of cool weather. They should receive the most careful attention now. Their food should be given regularly, fresh water provided in abundance and the dishes kept clean and placed in the shade, and a shelter from the hot sun furnished. The poultryman who neglects his feathered charges will certainly be punished, not in any mystical future of mysterious torture, but in the loss of good hard cash now out of his pocket, the place where the average man is most sensitive.

A Free Range.

On most farms chickens have free range. A free range for chickens has its disadvantages, but it is unquestionably the place for rearing chicks with hardihood. It is on the free range where strong, vigorous breeding stock is produced. In speaking of a free range we are free to say that there is a vast difference in even a free range. Nothing will be found anywhere that is equal to a farm range for fowls. Flocks that range all over the farm are exposed to many dangers, but these are the ones that are sought as good breeders when quality is found there.

In addition to the varied diet secured by such fowls there is obtained that vigor that alone can come with exercising and rusticating about the farm. The human being will have his appetite wonderfully improved when he gets out and commingles with nature. One who has been running down on account of sedentary habits will develop an appetite like a threshing machine should he get out and camp, hunt and fish and take all kinds of open air exercise. This same kind of development is also found in the chick that is given the same opportunities.—Poultry Farmer.

Fertility and Dairying.

Any branch of farming which increases the general fertility of the farmland while paying a living profit is worth more than another which steadily decreases the productivity of the soil. Robbing the land to make present profit is an unwise proceeding. Sooner or later we pay for it, and sometimes dearly. Now, dairying, of all branches of farming, stands first in this respect. It can be conducted so that the farm land will steadily degenerate until the place is on the verge of ruin and abandonment, or it can be made to improve the soil year by year.

In order to bring up a poor farm by dairying care should be taken not to have more stock than the land can afford. This is often the weak point in dairying. A man keeps fifty cows on a farm able to support only thirty or forty. The farm is bound to run down. There is nothing else to do except to starve the stock or buy outside food, which always means poor economy. It is better to sell off the stock, weed out the poorest of the herd and keep only so many as the farm can support, and leave a little something over. Do you farm up to the very limit of the soil. That is, do not take off each year quite all that can be produced. Leave a little balance in the bank as a nucleus for future accumulation. Dairymen make this mistake and regret it when it is too late.

As one succeeds in dairy farming with twenty acres, keeping a herd of cows on it so that they have ample to eat and a little surplus over, more land can be brought under cultivation and the stock increased. About half the dairy farms to-day need to have either the herd cut in two or half the land abandoned. That is, the former are raising too many cows to the acre and robbing the soil so that the farm is a little poorer each year, and the latter are only half cultivating about twice as much land as they are capable of handling with their limited means. It is better to seed half the land to grass, and let it go at that and devote the attention to strenuous cultivation of the remainder. A little radical change like this will work wonders on many a rundown dairy farm.—E. P. Smith, in Michigan Farmer.

Character in How You Smoke.

"Royal Magazine."

A MAN may possess a most secretive nature, he may have a face as destitute of meaning as a stone wall and a manner of speech absolutely non-committal; but watch him over his cigarette; note his manner of holding it between his lips or his fingers; see how he puffs the smoke out of his mouth, what he does with the ash, if he consumes the cigarette to a mere stump or throws it away half finished, and, sure as fate, you will read his character like a book. Cigarette, I said, for a cigarette, and a cigar in a lesser degree, are much better character revealers than a pipe. A man sticks a pipe into the side of his mouth and puffs away, and there's an end of it. You discover next to nothing, unless, indeed, he happens to puff very violently, which is a certain indication of a nervous, irritable temper. From the filling of a pipe, to be sure, many luminous little hints may be gathered. You see a man stuff his bowl quickly and lavishly, letting loose threads of tobacco dangle over the brim while he applies the match; if he be not good-natured, generous to a fault, careless, indolent, quick to make friends, quick to forget them, I shall be much astonished. One notices men very often taking their cigars from an upper waistcoat pocket into which they have been stuffed. Too poor to buy themselves a cigar-case? Not a bit of it, but too untidy to keep one, or too lazy to arrange their cigars into one. And the same men almost invariably bite the tips off their cigars, instead of using a penknife or a cigar-clipper—a shocking habit that not merely fills the mouth with tobacco grit, but disarranges the outer leaf, often spoiling an otherwise excellent smoke.

The cigar once happily prepared for smoking, observe how your man holds it between his teeth. But stay! The operation of lighting has also its interest. The tobacco epicure grips his cigar not merely with his teeth when applying the match, but with the finger and thumb of his left hand also, and between every third puff draws the weed from his mouth and examines the glowing end, in order to make sure that it has been ignited equally all round.

The majority of men hold their cigars with the front teeth and puff the smoke out on either side of it. A large minority hold them in the corner of the mouth, so that if you happen to be walking behind them on a dark night you catch sight of the glowing end protruding just below the ear. Others, again—and these, as a rule, are persons of vivacious temperament—seldom keep their cigars for two consecutive moments between their lips. They take a few puffs, and then the cigar is given a rest between finger and thumb.

A man of determined character, energetic, pugnacious, impatient, often betrays himself by giving his cigar an upward tilt while consuming it—a favorite method with the Yankee, to whom the above epithets are distinctly applicable. The contemplative, dreamy individual will let it droop towards his chin; while level-headed persons—and fortunately they form the vast majority—hold theirs horizontally. Naturally insolent people frequently omit to remove the cigar from their mouths when speaking to you, while others of a sullen, brooding disposition chew the end into horrible pulp. And is there anything more eloquent of stinginess than the habit, largely indulged in by Germans, of sticking the stump of a cigar on the small blade of a penknife and consuming it until the glow almost touches the lips?

Expensive Loss of Temper.

Mr. D. of Boston, a devotee of the wheel, was not long ago visiting in one of the small towns of Western Massachusetts. He was taking a spin about its streets shortly after his arrival, when he was run down, as he afterward declared, by a negro, and knocked off his bicycle. The fall not only ruffled his dignity and his clothes, says "Harper's Magazine," but broke his skin and his wheel.

These combined injuries made a breach in his placidity, and he picked up a stone and threw it with accurate aim at the colored man and brother. This infraction of the peace resulted in his arrest and in his conviction in the local court of justice.

"I fine you five dollars," said the judge. "Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing," replied D., unmollified, "except that I wish I had killed the fellow."

"That remark will cost you five dollars more," rejoined His Honor.

D.'s temper was not improved by this fresh dispensation of justice, wherefore the bitterness of his rejoinder was plainly apparent.

"Conversation seems to come high in this court," he observed.

"Five dollars for contempt," promptly responded the bench. "Have you anything more to say?"

"I think not," answered the defendant. "You have the advantage of me in repartee."

Payment of the fines closed the case.

Grandma Went Skating.

One day last winter a little boy who attended a Walnut Hills school, according to the Cincinnati "Enquirer," arrived in the schoolroom not only half an hour late, but very dirty.

"Willie," said the teacher, "why are you late, and why is your face not washed?"

"Please," explained Willie, "my grandmother was out skatin' last night, and she was too tired to get up this morning and get me ready for school."

So absurd an excuse naturally excited the teacher's wrath, and she started an investigation, threatening punishment for Willie's supposed untruthfulness.

To her amazement she found that the boy had told the exact truth. The old lady, who had been an expert skater in her youth, had been tempted to join a skating party. The result was that she felt the next morning, as the boy expressed it, as if her bones were "cracking like a horse-fiddle," and it took the services of three neighbors to pry her out of bed.

A Street Scene.

Child—Oh, mother, stop; I want to look at that man just run over by the car. "Come along, do! There will be another presently a little further on."—"Life."

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

BIRTHS

HILL—At Revelstoke, on Sept. 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. William Hill, a daughter.

MORGAN—At Revelstoke, Sept. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Morgan, a daughter.

NOTES OF NEWS

—Furniture sale at R. Howsen's & Co.

There are six patients in the hospital at present.

T. W. Bain returned on Friday from the Tete Jaune Cache.

—Wanted, an apprentice to learn the millinery at Reid & Young's.

Geo. S. McCarter went into Ferguson on Tuesday on a business visit.

Dr. McLean's office is now located in his new residence on Front street.

—R. Howson & Co. are offering their entire stock of furniture at prices to clear cost.

Taylor & George's new warehouse is nearly completed and is now ready to receive goods.

—Wilson's new Fall Suitings have arrived, don't fail to see them before you buy.

—To see Wilson's new suitings means to see some patterns you never have seen before.

Roy Douglas, of the Molsons Bank staff, returned on Monday from a holiday trip to Calgary.

—Now is your opportunity to make selections of pieces of furniture at R. Howson's & Co's. sale.

Dr. Cross and Mrs. Cross have taken up their residence in the handsome new house on Mackenzie ave.

—Patronize the Furniture store that has enabled you to get furniture at the proper prices, Revelstoke Furniture Co,

Messrs. Foote and Abrahamson are erecting a handsome cottage on Second Street, just east of the school house for Engineer Tomlinson.

—Have you seen our new gloves, union made, said to be the best made in the United States, every pair warranted, at Reid & Young's.

H. Manning has purchased the fruit and confectionery store from Mrs. Lauder. Mr. Manning takes possession next week.

As the result of a runaway accident on Monday Fred Williams, teamster for R. Fleming, is laid up in the hospital with a broken leg.

—The largest and best stock of ladies and children's undearwear ever shown in the city and prices lower than ever heard of at Reid & Young's.

A number of capitalists from Michigan who are interested in the big gold mines at Goldfields, went into the camp yesterday from the south.

—Residents of Ferguson, Trout Lake, Comaplix, Camborne, Arrowhead and Nakusp, are leaving their orders for house furnishings with R. Howson & Co.

Jas. Leamy, of New Westminster, Dominion timber inspector, and D. J. McDonald, of Kamloops, Dominion Homestead Inspector, were in the city on Monday.

Mrs. E. Adair and Mrs. D. Little and family, of Kamloops, went south this morning to Grand Forks on a visit to Mrs. J. Edwards, a daughter of Mrs. Adair.

Two electric motors for the Northwestern Development Syndicate, were shipped south on Saturday morning to Goldfields. One of the motors will be used in the sawmill.

—Fall Clearance sale. During the next ten days we will give one handsome quartered oak centre table to our largest lady customer. Table on view in window. Revelstoke Furniture Co.

W. B. Pool, manager of the Ophir Lade Syndicate, was in town yesterday en route to Calgary. Mr. Pool reports the properties in and around Goldfields as looking good, and rich gold ore on the Oyster group.

Hon. R. L. Borden and party visited the hospital during their recent visit in the city, and spoke in high terms of the enterprise of the people of Revelstoke and district in erecting such a substantial and modernly equipped building.

Messrs. Taylor & George have been rushing the improvements to the store recently occupied by G. F. Curtis. The firm will open up a first class stock of groceries in this store and will run it in conjunction with their other department under the same roof.

—Are you paying too much for your insurance? Ask H. N. Coursier for rates.

Miss Ward, of Toronto, arrived in the city last week to accept a position as milliner in Reid & Young's store.

—Do you want money to build a house? Then arrange for a loan at small cost with H. N. Coursier.

On Sunday a young Englishman named H. Briggs, was killed at the Bridal Veil Falls, near the Old Men's Home, Kamloops, by falling from a rock bluff.

—Boys' school shoes, the best ever offered, every mother should see these shoes before buying—Reid & Young.

Mrs. H. A. Brown received the sad intelligence last week of the death of her mother, Mrs. M. Knowles, at Lansing, Mich., in the 85th year of her age.

—We have a full line of Ladies' Misses, Childrens and Infants Underwear. C. B. Hume & Co.

Mrs. Miller, of Wetaskiwin, Alta., mother of Mrs. H. J. Bourne and Mr. Miller of the Red Cross Drug Store, came in on Sunday morning and is the guest of Mrs. Bourne.

J. V. Armstrong and his bride nee Miss Frank of Vancouver, came in on No. 2 this morning and are receiving the congratulations of their friends in which the HERALD heartily joins.

The infant child of engineer Jenkins, who died at Vancouver, was buried in the cemetery here on Monday morning beside that of its mother, the late Mrs. Jenkins.

J. E. Lemiux, from Duluth, Minn., and a party of four men, who outfitted at Morris & Steed's left on Tuesday's boat on an inspection of some timber limits held by American capitalists in the Big Bend district.

Frank H. Guffey, of Pittsburg, Pa., who has spent the last three months at Cape Nome, Alaska, came in on Monday morning from the west Mr. Guffey is a large stockholder in the Duquesne Mining Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, of Winnipeg, who have been spending a few weeks with their son, R. N. Doyle, of this city, returned to Winnipeg on No. 2 yesterday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, the latter a sister of Mr. Doyle's, who were also here, returned east with them.

Senator Templeman, of Victoria, and W. A. Galliher, M.P., for Yale-Cariboo, came up from the south on Monday. Accompanied by W. M. Lawrence, A. McRae and J. M. Kellie they went up the river Tuesday on the s.s. Revelstoke on a tour of inspection for the purpose of obtaining information regarding the work necessary on the river to facilitate navigation.

By-Law Carried.

Voting on the bylaw to authorize the city to purchase from the Revelstoke Water, Light & Power Co. their plants, franchises, etc., took place yesterday and resulted in the bylaw being carried 85 for and 9 against. The HERALD has always maintained that the ratepayers desired the purchase of the plants by the city and yesterday's vote as well as the vote polled last year demonstrates the fact that this opinion was correct. The vote by wards was as follows:

	For	Against
Ward I	17	3
Ward II	36	4
Ward III	32	2
Total	85	9

Lacrosse.

The result of Saturday's game entitles Kamloops to the Fulton Cup for this season. Although Kamloops won the game their play was not a bit superior to that of the home team. In fact taking the game all through Revelstoke had a little the best of it, but not quite so much luck. The first game was secured by Kamloops within a minute of the start and for the balance of that quarter the ball was confined principally to Revelstoke territory. In the second quarter Melville, who was playing a star game, evened things up for Revelstoke. The third quarter was also distinctly in favor of Revelstoke and the boys certainly had hard lines in not scoring two or more goals. The last quarter was a hard fought one, Kamloops securing a second goal about 5 minutes before the call of time. No farther scoring was dane and the game ended 2 to 1 in favor of Kamloops. The boys have no reason to feel discouraged at the result of the game, they played much better combination than the visitors, but require to practise shooting on goal. Greatrix's long throwing saved Kamloops repeatedly, while Trimble, the Revelstoke custodian, made some brilliant stops. Revelstoke were without the services of two of their regular team while Kamloops was strengthened by the addition of Nelson, who was not qualified to play in the match at Kamloops. Referee McCarrie gave good satisfaction and the game was devoid of the rough tactics which characterized the match at Kamloops.

Hospital Acknowledgments.

Nurse McKinnon of the hospital begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following donations: Mr. Lanzo, eggs; Mr. Lewis, $10 milk; Mr. Williamson, flowers and vegetables; Rev. C. Ladner, vegetables and magazines; Mrs. Ladner, preserved fruit; Mrs. M. Hume, preserved fruit; Mrs. Lindmark, preserved fruit; Mrs. Risteen, preserved fruit; C. R. McDonald, visitors book and pen; E. A. Haggen, newspapers; REVELSTOKE HERALD, newspapers; Mr. Taylor, magazines; Mr. Wilson, magazines; Mrs. Buck, plants; Mrs. Blackberg, plants; Mrs. Patrick, plants; Mrs. Burridge, flowers; Mrs. Downs, flowers; Father Thayer, hall bench; W. Bews, 3 slates; St. Peter's Sunday School, cake and lemons.

Big Bend Mica

T W. Bain, who has been in the north for the past two months, doing some work on the Big Bend mica deposits, of which a local syndicate are the owners, returned to town on Saturday last with some excellent samples of mica, which are on view in the office of Messrs. Harvey, McCarter and Pinkham. Mr. Bain says that there is a tremendous deposit of mica on these properties and under development should prove a bonanza.

The School Building

The government architect, Mr. Wilson, who came to the city on Saturday to inspect the foundation of the new school building, left again on Monday night for Victoria. He made no statement to the school board as to his opinion in the matter, and no report will be received from him until he has first reported to the government. Mr. Henderson, the architect of the building came up from Grand Forks on Tuesday evening and went down to Victoria. The school board expect word today from Victoria.

The Big Eddy Mills

During the visit of the Hon. R. L. Borden and his party to the city an invitation was extended to them to visit the Big Eddy sawmills. The invitation was accepted and the party accompanied by a number of the Conservative delegates visited the mills Saturday morning. They were greatly impressed with the complete and up to date nature of the machinery and the manner in which the first class lumber of British Columbia is manufactured, The Big Eddy in which the company hold their logs was a great attraction to the visitors among whom were some eastern lumber men, who claimed that the Eddy was as good a mill site as there is in Canada.

Front Street Sidewalk

So far the city council has taken no action in regard to the construction of a sidewalk on the north side of Front street. The ratepayers voted a sum of money for the building of this sidewalk, and the ratepayers who were to benefit by its construction are naturally indignant at the delay. The HERALD is informed that the Mayor has made the statement that owing to the extra cost in the improvements to No. 1 fire hall the money voted for this particular sidewalk has been applied to meet the said extra cost. If that is the case the HERALD fails to see how moneys voted by the ratepayers for specific purposes can be applied for other purposes.

—VEGETABLES FOR SALE—Onions 3c., Potatoes 1c., Carrots 1½c., Cabbage 2c., Parsnips 2c., Turnips 1½c., per lb. per sack. Also Cucumbers, Cauliflower and Tomatoes at J. Maley's.

Souvenier Novelties

In large and varied assortment.

Large Matted Pictures from

15c. to 35c.

Souvenirs

Bearing views of Mount Begbie and MacKenzie, Canoe Paddles, etc.

WALTER BEWS,
Druggist and Stationer,
BROWN BLOCK.

SUMMER BEAUTY AND COMFORT

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

Hot Weather Hats.

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

Boots and Shoes

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

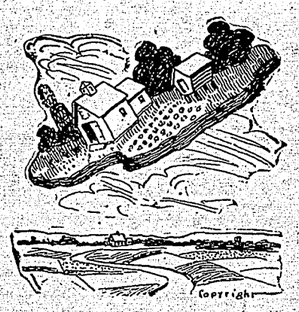
Dress Goods

A full line of Dress Goods, consisting of the latest patterns and fashions.

Carpets and Linoleums

Sold at fair prices and cut and laid free of charge.

TAYLOR & GEORGE
Mackenzie Avenue.
Mail Orders Solicited and Promptly Attended To



5-Acre Garden Lots

On good terms, to genuine settlers.

CALL EARLY! Only a limited number, and they are being rapidly taken up.

SMELTER TOWNSITE
LEWIS BROS. : : Agents.

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 $16.00 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.

Rifle Association

Shooting on Saturday, the 13th inst., attracted only a small muster, though the members began early to avoid clashing with the lacrosse match. The "tyros" must improve before the government shoot comes off in October. The following is the score:

	200	500	600	Total
Dr. Carruthers	28	31	26	85
B. Lawson	27	29	28	84
H. A. Brown	26	20	26	72
T. Downs	23	8	12	43
F. B. Lewis	8	18	7	33
W. Bailey	6	14	10	30
J. H. Jackson	8	6	2	16
H. N. Coursier	0	4	0	4
C. E. Shaw	0	0	6	—
F. Soames	—	4	0	—

L O L

The regular meeting of L. O. L., No. 1658, will be held in the lodge room tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. All brethren are requested to attend; visiting brethren made welcome.

—Boys' underwear at C. B. Hume & Co.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay, commencing at a post marked "D. Morgan's south-east corner post," situated on the west bank of the Columbia river, about 1¾ miles north from W. J. Cummings north east post and running west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains along the bank of the Columbia river to the initial point of commencement.

Dated the 30th day of August, 1902.

D. MORGAN.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Comissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay, commencing at a post marked "W. J. Cumming's north- ast corner post," situated on the west bank of the Columbia River opposite James McMahon's camps, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains along the bank of the Columbia river to the initial post, the place of commencement.

Dated the 30th day of August, 1902.

W. J. CUMMING.

—Large assortment of Boy's Clothing C. B. Hume & Co.

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.

Edward J. Bourne

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

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

Revelstoke Station. Bourne Bros.' Old Stand.

SIBBALD & FIELD,

AGENTS FOR

Real Estate — C. P. R. TOWNSITE, MARA TOWNSITE, GERRARD TOWNSITE, CAMBORNE TOWNSITE.

FINANCIAL — Canada Permanent & Western Canada Mortgage Corporation. Equitable Savings Loan and Building Association.

Insurance — Imperial Fire, Caledonian Fire, Atlas Fire, Canadian Fire, Mercantile Fire, Northern Fire, Guardian Fire, Manchester Fire, Great West Life, Ocean, Accident and Guarantee, Confederation Life, Canadian Accident Assurance Co, Connecticut Fire

COAL FOR SALE. HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT.
CONVEYANCING.

J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public. CHAS. M. FIELD.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

FURNITURE SALE

R. HOWSON & CO.'S.

S. McMAHON,

General Blacksmith. Wagon Maker, Etc.

Dealer in
CHATHAM WAGONS, WM. GRAY & SONS PLOWS, COPP BROS., PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, SEEDERS, &c.

Douglas Street, - - REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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.