THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

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TWO WEEKS FROM 'XMAS

AND HOW SWIFTLY THOSE WEEKS WILL FLY !! Only to the Boys and Girls they may seem long. How many presents must be added to the now ready list. Away back weeks ago we commenced to prepare for the last happy days of this year, and have gotten together the finest assortment of CHRISTMAS GIFTS we have ever assembled.

A Suggestion

We are particularly strong on the following lines:

Ladies and Gents Silk Umbrellas from $1.50 to $5.00	Children's Silk Handkerchiefs 10c. up
Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs 25c to $1.00	Gents' Fancy Col'd Satin and Silk Braces (in boxes) 75c to $2
Ladies' Fancy Embroidered Handkerchiefs 15c to 50c	Gent's Soft Mocha and Kid Gloves, silk and wool lined from $1.50 to $2.50
Ladies' novelties in Silk Belts $1.25 and $1.50	Gents' Silk Scarfs to wear under Overcoat and Gents' Silk Ties, Derbys, Flowing Ends from 25c to $1.00
Alexandrian Belt and Sash Clasps 50c each	Table Napkins from $1.75 to $6.00
Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves from $1.25 to $2.00	Bleached Table Linen 50c to $1.35
Ladies' Silk Ties, up-to-date from 35c to $1.00	Japanese Rugs $1.50
Ladies' Black and Cream Chiffon Ties $1.00 each	Tapestry Rugs 75c to $9.00
Children's Imitation Grey Lamb Gauntlets 90c. up	

CHINA DEPARTMENT

OUR STOCK OF CHRISTMAS CHINAWARE far surpasses in extent, variety and completeness anything we have ever shown:

China Dinner Setts $12 00	Fancy Colored China Salad Bowls 60c to $2 00
China Tea setts $4 50 to $14 00	Royal Crown Derby Cups and Saucers $3 00 each
China Toilet Setts $3 00 to $10 00	Royal Crown Derby Plates $3 00 each
China 5 o'clock Tea Setts with Tray $6 00	Limoges Tea Setts (40 pieces) $10 00
China 13-Piece Fruit Sett $2 00	Limoges Assorted Pieces from $1.25 to $7 50
China Porridge Sett 50c to 60c	China Jardinieres 75c to 2 50
China Plate, Cup and Saucer Setts 50c to 75c	China Biscuit Jars $1 25
China Cream and Sugar Setts 50c to 75c	China Cocoa Jugs $1 00 to $3 00
Colored China Cups and Saucers 15c to 25c	China Bread and Butter Plates $2 00 to $3 50 per dozen
Larger China Cups and Saucers 20 to 75c	Japanese Fancy Vases 50c to $3 00
Fancy Colored Shaving Cups 25c to 35c	Japanese Trays 50c to $2 00
Fancy Colored China Moustache Cups 40c up	Nickel Plated Trays 40c to $1 00

OUR GROCERY LIST

Away back—Ten years or more ago—we planted a Grocery Department in Our Store. Like many other things that are likely to grow big, it began to take root among the ideas of a big lot of Customers, and its been the greatest poesible pleasure to us to see that Department expand and grow. We are selling more GROCERIES, better GROCERIES, higher class GROCERIES now than ever before. People seem to think it is worth something to get everything they buy, guaranteed to be worth every cent we ask for them, and if not, to be fully recompensed.

Arrivals this week in Our Grocery Department suitable for Christmas Trade. Washed New Seed Raisins, New Carrants, Fancy Crystalized Orange, Lemon and Citron Peel, Japanese Oranges, California Oranges, Fancy Evaporated Apricots and Peaches, Cranberries, Fresh Figs and Dates, Spanish Grapes, London Layer Raisins, Sweet Sliced Mango Chutney, Biscuits, Fruit Cake, Iced Almond, Cake and Plum Pudding.

C. B. Hume
and Company.

Goods delivered to all parts of City. TELEPHONE No. 81

A MODERN GOMORRAH

Seattle Dives Beggar Description—The Gross Debauchery That Prevails in all Wide Open Towns.

Both Seattle and Spokane are what are called "wide open towns," that is, towns in which public gambling, including money paying slot machines, is allowed to be conducted as a business. Wide open towns attract sure thing operators, thieves, and the disorderly and criminal element generally. Wide open towns are apparently more lively than towns that are classed as "closed." But wide open towns are demoralizing, because it is impossible to keep the wide open element within bounds. The wide open element continually seeks to break away from restraint. If it is given an inch, it takes a foot; if it is allowed a foot, it measures off a yard and takes it. It is boggish; and it is only a question of time when it goes so far that its doings create such a stench that it is abated as a common nuisance. To prevent being abated, it bribes officials. Then the people rise up in their might and wipe out both the corrupted officials and their corruptors.—Nelson Tribune.

A story of Seattle is told by an Associated Press despatch, dated the 4th instant, it is as follows:

Seattle, Dec. 4.—Judge Bell today signed an order summoning a grand jury, but later in the day found that he would have to wait awhile. The law reads that a grand jury can be summoned only on the second Saturday of the month, so that the earliest possible moment Judge Bell can convene the jury is December 13th. He announced tonight that he would summon a jury as soon as the law allows.

This town seems to be standing over a moral volcano, and the eruption is due to happen most any day. One of the daily papers and a large class of citizens are clamoring loudly for a grand jury to investigate—not rumors—but open charges of the grossest official corruption and grafting. In the streets and public places Seattle's moral deterioration, and the low standard of official morals are the sole topic of conversation. Seattle people themselves say that St. Louis in her palmiest days did not equal Seattle for civic debauchery; and that the only proper comparison for Seattle is the condition of the ancient cities of the plain—Sodom and Gomorrah.

Five years ago Seattle extended a general invitation to the gamblers and dive keepers of the world to come, to open up and to do business. The invitation was accepted with unanimity, and today Seattle is suffering to the limit from the cup of municipal poison of which she involuntarily imbibed.

The other night Opie Read, famed the world over as a novelist and newspaper man, stood in Seattle's new tenderloin, and mused:

"I have seen the whitechapels of every city in the civilized world, but I never saw anything as bad as this. It surpasses Paris and London and Vienna."

Several months ago the police ordered that the dives and the like quit the paved district and go down into what is known locally as the old blackchapel district. It is charged that good motives did not inspire that order. Some people with a pull, including one of the largest grocery firms in town, had purchased a lot of property in the new district, and they used their pull, it is claimed, to force the half world to rent from them.

The tenderloin, save the larger gambling houses and the so called better class of sporting houses, moved into the new district, and there sprung up in the vicinity a host of variety theatres, dance halls, purlieus and dives, which have shocked even the most case hardened of Seattle's citizens. They have even shocked the police force!

Nightly in some of the dives the wildest carnivals of debauchery are carried on. Licentiousness has been superseded by the lowest and worst forms of degeneracy, and in some places, notably the notorious Midway dive, things go on that would put Paris to the blush of shame.

In one variety theatre the third floor is used for cribs in which women of the most degraded order consort. Victims made drunk in the dive below are hustled up to the third floor, where their few remaining dollars are stripped from them by hags. Dance halls with all their attendant vices, are established everywhere, and evil stalks abroad, flaunting itself in the face of every passerby. Municipal rottenness has indeed reached her acme.

Naturally the breaking point was reached, and it came, as was to be expected through a quarrel among the vicious element themselves. As stated the larger gaming houses were not required to move into the new tenderloin. They continued to do business up town; but down in the new hell hole, ground floor gambling sprung up everywhere, which soon diverted a large amount of money from the larger places. Then came a roar.

In some way, known only to the gamblers, a superior judge interfered and ordered the police to put gambling on the upper floors. This order, it was apparent on its face, was issued directly in the interest of the larger gaming houses. The police carried out the judge's order.

But it lasted only one day. Some of the ground floor gamblers visited the police headquarters. What transpired there is likewise secret but the order to move upstairs was rescinded and gambling in the new tenderloin was resumed on the ground floor.

After backing down Chief of Police Sullivan left town. His going was the signal for the outpouring of a flood of rumors that divers other city and county officials would suffer with him.

In the face of all these rumors the chief returned, and those who talked to him say he was frightened at the tremendous uproar from the vicious classes and at the clamor of good citizens. Anyway last Saturday night he ordered gambling closed all over town. The result is that not a wheel is turning. The dance halls and money paying slot machines suffered a like fate.

Nobody credits the chief with disinterested motives. Good and bad alike think he was terrified by the storm cloud that was plainly gathering, and that he took the easiest way out of his dilemma. His order was not altogether sweeping. While he closed gaming houses and dance halls, he permitted the notorious dives and purlieus to keep open. The Midway still conducts its nightly saturnalia.

New Master Mechanic.

Grant Hall, who for the past two years has been master mechanic for the Pacific division of the C. P. R. with headquarters at Revelstoke, has been transferred to Montreal. C. H. Temple, locomotive foreman here for years has been promoted to the position formerly occupied by Mr. Hall. The many friends of Mr. Hall while regretting his departure from the city will be pleased to hear of his deserved promotion to an important position in the company's service at Montreal. To Mr. Temple, the HERALD, with his many friends here, offer their congratulations on his new appointment.

At the last regular meeting of Court Mt. Begbie, No. 3401, I. O. F., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—C. D., J. A. Ringer; Physician, Dr. J. F. Carruthers; P. C. R., J. E. McLean; C.R., C. W. Mitchell; V.C.R., J. V. Saunier; R.S., J. B. Scott; F.S., J. L. Smith; Treasurer, B. F. Gayman; Orator, F. H. Fretz; S. W., L. Schnider; J.W., T. P. Smith; S.B., G. A. Beavo; J.B., J. Wilkes; Trustees, H. Floyd, J. A. Ringer; Finance Committee, J. E. McLean, J. A. Ringer.

CONDEMNS LIBERALS

Dr. McInnes Arraigns the Laurier Government for Broken Promises—Says Conservatives Did More for the Province.

Dr. McInnes, of Vancouver, formerly lieutenant-governor of B. C., is out with his electoral address. Dr. McInnes states in effect that the opposition members for Victoria did more for Victoria at Ottawa than the government members from Vancouver did for Vancouver, and there was nothing gained sending a Liberal partizan to Ottawa. He states that British Columbia has not been treated properly in the fishery question, and that the conservative government had in this respect done much more for the province than the liberals. He referred to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's going back on his promises on the Chinese question, and said that the government considered the effect on the C. P. R. revenue in excluding Chinese more than the welfare of the province; that the liberal government had made a profit out of Chinese of $1,022,970; that the surplus over revenue taken from the province in the last ten years was $12,403,619, and now amounted to about $2,000,000 a year, and at the same time enormous demands on the Dominion treasury were being made by the eastern provinces; that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had done less than the Conservatives in the way of cabinet representation for British Columbia. Dr. McInnes favors a revision of the tariff to encourage Canadian industry, and is opposed to the liberal policy of immigration. He was for keeping Canada for Canadians, and would oppose all measures against the interests of the province and support all measures in the province's favor.

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONY

Of the Richness of the Famous Silver Dollar Group, the Property of the Fish River Mines Limited.

The Spokane Daily Chronicle of December 8th has the following interview in regard to the Silver Dollar group bonded by Revelstoke people last week:

C. H. Smith is in the city from the Lardeau and Fish river districts. He states that this has been a most successful season for that district and that more money is being invested in both camps than ever before. The largest deal that has been made for some time is the bonding of the Silver Dollar group and the taking over of the property by a strong company that is now being organized. The terms of the deal have not been made known, but it is stated to be in the neighborhood of $60,000.

The property is situated on Pool creek and about $10,000 worth of development work has been done on it. The showing is excellent, and the ore bodies, while not particularly large, are very rich. The property is a silver proposition and there is a great deal of ore already in sight that will run over 150 ounces in silver.

There are several gold ledges on the other claims in the Silver Dollar group that with further development will prove of value. These ledges run from 10 to 20 feet in width and the values go from $4 to $150 to the ton. The ore is much the same in character as is found in all the mines in the camp.

In the Lardeau district the big bodies of free milling gold ore are attracting a great deal of attention. The work done on the Beatrice, Triune, Gold Finch, Nettie L. and Silver Cup has established the fact that it is a great gold and silver district. The Western Star company is now doing considerable work and the prospects for a big mine are of the best.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

Later returns of the Ontario referendum continue to increase majority in favor of the Act.

Robert Fitzsimmons has announced his intention of re-entering the ring and challenges all comers.

A conductor and flagman were killed in a freight wreck near Groveland N.Y., on Lackannawa railway.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has asked for $700,000 to stamp out the foot and mouth disease in New England.

Signor Palacco, Italian minister at Sofia, committed suicide at Milan. He was suffering from an attack of nervous debility.

Cold wet her in Germany, taken in connection with hard times, is causing much suffering. Many persons have been frozen to death.

The Canadian football players arrived in Liverpool yesterday and proceeded to Dublin, playing several matches in Ireland before touring Scotland and England.

The Soo mills of the Algoma Steel Co. at Sault Ste Marie, Ont., have been closed throwing 500 men out of work. German competition is stated to be the cause.

Harry Johnson, C.P.R. clerk, who recently conspired to defraud the company by notifying conductors when to audit their trains, has been sentenced to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary at Montreal.

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER WAR

Great Britain and Germany Having Trouble With Venezuela.—The Consulates at Caracas Stoned.

Great Britain is practically at war with Venezuela. No despatches have been received yet from the Commander of the British squadron, but unofficial news of the seizure of the Venezuelan fleet, and of President Castro's reprisals are regarded as quite trustworthy.

Much excitement prevails at Caracas English and German Consulates have already been stoned and the situation is regarded as critical.

Up to 7 p. m. yesterday in London no information of official character had been received from Venezuela, everything being left in the hands of commanders of British fleet who have their instructions.

At 4 p. m. yesterday the combined British and German fleets seized and towed outside the harbor at La Guara all vessels in port, among them being four Vanezuelan warships commanded by 390 men.

Curling.

The fifth annual bonspiel of the Kootenay Curling Association will be held this season at Rossland. A meeting of the association was held last week at Rossland when this decision was arrived at. The officers elected at the meeting for the ensuing year were:—Patron, Judge Forin; president, J. S. C. Fraser, Rossland; 1st vice president, G. S. McCarter, Revelstoke; 2nd vice president, G. O. Buchanan, Kaslo; 3rd vice president, Dr. Boucher, Phoenix; secretary treasurer, T. S. Gilmour, Rossland; chaplain, Rev. A. M. Sanford, Rossland; executive committee, R. W. Grigor, A. B. McKenzie, Rossland; H. A. Brown, Revelstoke; M. L. Grimmett, Sandon; G. C. Hodge, J. H. Wallace, Nelson.

The date set for the bonspiel was the week of January 20th, the intention being to start on the date mentioned if the weather is suitable. If the weather is not good the executive committee have power to postpone it until suitable ice can be secured.

John Sanderson received a letter from a friend in Cariboo, who reports the placer grounds in that section as again paying big returns. Out of the Old Point on Lightning Creek 86½ ounces of coarse gold were taken in one pan, and 230 ounces in two days. Out of the Van Winkle next Sam Montgomery's famous ground, 125 ounces to the 8 foot cap were taken out. The Cariboo placer ground is only about 150 miles north west from the placer ground of the Big Bend and the same direct contact. The Big Bend this year has shewn some splendid specimens of coarse gold and the prospects were never brighter for a year of prosperity in the placer fields of the Big Bend since the famous clean-up of '66, than is promised for next year.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF SEAONABLE DRESS GOODS JACKETS

Snaps for Next Saturday

A Mantle Sale Well Timed

Now is the time when Customers can appreciate Good Winter Coats at Bargain prices—Not before the Winter is half over before saying READY—and on Saturday we give the word GO! and they will go at the following prices until they are all sold. Remember, no odd coats; all new this season.

Ladies' Coats—Sale Price $5

Ladies' Semi-Fitting Lined Jackets, Fawns and Blacks, made of Wool Boucle Cloth. Saturday's Sale Price $5.

Ladies' Jackets—Sale Price $8.85

Ladies' Jackets in the various lengths, Semi-Fitting, Lined with good Farmers' Satin, in Black and Fawns. Regular Price $10.50 and $11.50. Saturday—$8.85.

Ladies' Jackets—Sale Price $10.50

Ladies' Jackets, extra quality, Kersey Covert Cloth, in Fawns, well lined, in three-quarter lengths. Regular $13.50. Sale Price $10.50.

Children's Jackets. Sale Price $4.00

Eighteen Children's Jackets, Size 4 to 12 years. Regular prices $6 and $7.50 each—now $4. Not a Jacket in the lot that did not cost more money wholesale. We have cheaper jackets but this is a line of high class goods.

Flannelette Waists

Thirty Six Only, Flannelette Waists, colors red and black, blue and white, full assortment of Sizes, and made in the newest styles. Saturday—85c.

Dress Goods Department

Commencing Saturday Dec. 6th and continuing for Six Days. We will offer you some wonderful bargains in Dress Goods. The whole of our splendid stock goes on sale at about half its value. The goods are all new this season bought direct from the best manufacturers. Every piece will be included in this Sale. Here are a few hints just for a starter.

Black Dress Goods

A magnificent collection in Worsteds and Serres, navy and black, 56 inches wide, all the finest goods. Regular Price—$1.50—Sale Price—$1.00.

Colored Dress Goods

54 Pieces in All Wool Imported Melrose Cloth; colors red, grey, fawns and green mixtures. Regular Price $1.25 and $1.50. Sale Price 75c.

This is a Genuine Clearing Sale of Dress Goods and will last only for six days. Come early and secure first choice.

Drygoods Merchants **Reid & Young,** Mackenzie Avenue.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended to.

Bourne Bros.

Dealers in

FIRST-CLASS

Groceries

Flour, Feed

McClary's

Famous Stoves

Tinware, Graniteware

Heavy and

Shelf Hardware

Stores at

Revelstoke

Nakusp

New Denver.

THE SECOND MILE.

REV. JESSE F. FORBES, Ph. D., Pastor Adams Memorial Presbyterian Church, New York City.

Many men dislike to serve on a jury. The work is arduous, the pay is small. Government demands this for the public weal. Enforced duty under modern rule, however, is exceptional. It was not so in the days of ancient Rome. She demanded public service from everybody, and especially from her conquered colonies. Did a Roman soldier need a guide? The law allowed him to compel any man to accompany him on his journey, not only to show the way, but to bear his burden. In His Sermon on the Mount Jesus is talking to some whose feet had been weary and whose shoulders had ached under Roman exaction. Did He say, "The service is hard, resist to the utmost?" On the contrary, He bade them do a double duty. "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." Do the required task joyously; yea, if possible, do twice as much as you are asked to do. Go not one mile, but two. The law, then, of life and service is briefly comprehended in the phrase, "The second mile."

Much of service is forced service. The necessity of providing food, raiment and shelter drives us weary miles, ofttimes against our will. Circumstances beset us, behind and before. For example, a young lady wishes to become a teacher. She looks forward to this as her life work. She studies hard. Her hope seems in a fair way of realization, when mother is taken sick. Necessity compels the daughter to leave school and to toil in the household nursing the invalid parent. Instead of reading Latin she washes dishes; in place of algebra she bends over the ironing board. Such is God's ordering. Again, a loving wife is deprived of her husband. Her home is broken up and her heart is left desolate. She is forced to toil for her bread. It may be that a business man loses his property; at fifty or sixty he finds himself at the bottom of the ladder; forced to serve where he has been accustomed to command. In what spirit shall we meet reverses? The powers that be are ordained of God. Circumstances are His appointed angels. It is foolish to resist; it is wicked to murmur. We are compelled to go the first mile. Whether we toil or, like Milton, "only stand and wait," is not for us to choose. Is there nothing more? Yes, Jesus teaches that reward and joy consist in going the second mile. There is no special virtue in doing the things we must do. The daughter must leave school when mother becomes sick; the widow must learn to live without her husband; the business man must begin anew when he fails. The first mile in the journey is compulsory. It comes to saint and sinner alike. Virtue begins when the girl, forced to leave her studies, performs her new duties with smiling face and cheerful heart. Love manifests itself when she does not simply the one mile necessary, but adds a second mile in brightening the home, in keeping her sacrifice out of sight, thus gladdening the heart of father and causing mother to say: "Daughter, you are such a comfort to me that I can almost thank God I am sick, for otherwise I might not have known the sweetness of your love."

This precept of the second mile should govern all the relations of life. Every true man should be willing to do more than his legal duty. Service begins to be precious and takes on new value the moment it goes beyond the first measured mile. If an employee says: "I will do what I am paid for and nothing more," if he never takes a step when he can help it, if he grumbles conserning extra service, he will get his wage and nothing more. His employer says:—"Yes, he does what I tell him to do, but he never hurries, is always ready to anticipate the time to leave, and has no interest in the business. I think I will let him go as soon as we get over the rush." If, on the other hand, he sees one always on the lookout to help along, taking an interest in his work, doing as opportunity offers even more than is required, he is not going to dismiss that man if he can avoid it. The second mile, the service that is neither compelled nor paid, this it is that helps one's career and in a large measure determines success.

This same principle obtains in religious life. The things which we do from fear of displeasing God are the necessary mile. Our Heavenly Father wishes more. He seeks extra service from loving hearts. Love never counts the cost of the spikenard. Love is willing to do its whole duty and then asks for larger service. Love says, "Where were I if Jesus had refused to go beyond the measured mile of duty or justice?" Love is grateful, and as she thinks of all God has done she cries:—

Love so amazing, so divine.
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Article on Economics.

An article in the October Scribner's, written by Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, a well-known American writer on economics, bears out the statements made from time to time in interviews by British manufacturers and public men visiting Canada. Time and again these have declared that more was heard of the "American invasion" of Britain on this side of the water than in the old land itself; that most of the factories and industrial establishments of Britain were crowded with orders, and that the sharp reaction expected to follow on the close of the war had failed to materialize. There was, however, an increase in the number of unemployed. According to The Labor Gazette (England), the 222 trade unions, with an aggregate membership of 551,565, reported 4.5 per cent. unemployed at the end of August, compared with 3.9 in August, 1901. The mean percentage of unemployed returned at the end of August during the ten years 1892-1901 was 4.4. The following extract is taken from Mr. Wyckoff's article, which bears the title "Great Britain's Prosperity":—The present prosperity of Great Britain is perhaps without a parallel in her history. It has been the fashion to represent her as falling into economic decay, and Englishmen have themselves fostered the illusion to serve some desired end. I have found it highly diverting to watch this process operating from the opposite poles of social policy. An opponent of organized labor turns the threatened danger into a weapon of attack upon trades unionism, while a stanch trades unionist erects it into a bogey with which to frighten the British public into a sense of the necessity of technical education. Each of them has his tongue in his cheek while he speaks of Great Britain's industrial decline. The demonstrable truth, as it seems to me, is that Great Britain's commercial loss is a relative one as compared, for example, with the recent commercial gains of the United States and of Germany, and that her own progress in wealth and in commercial strength is an absolute one, as measured by the increase in the assessment for the income tax, and the sums passing through the clearing house, and the amount of paid-up capital in stock companies, and the tonnage in steam shipping, and the volume of business of cotton factories, and the output of coal mines, and the production of pig-iron, and the deposits of savings banks, and the capital of co-operative societies, and the funds of trades unions, and even the income from foreign and colonial investments. These are matters which are reducible to statements in the terms of the coin of the realm. A fact less capable of precise statement, but quite as convincing as testimony to her present prosperity and to its wide incidence, is the practical disappearance from Great Britain of the problem of the unemployed. When, under existing conditions of competitive production and a proletariat struggling for the means of subsistence, there ceases to be an unemployed class in the usual sense, one may rest assured that the commercial prosperity for the time being is indisputably real. At all times he is a rash man who becomes prophetic of industrial changes.

A Motor For the Farmer.

Hitherto the British farmer has not looked with very friendly eyes at the motors as they "passed" his best nag on the way to the market town, but Dan Albone, the well-known cyclist, will soon change all this. He has just brought out a motor which will be the farmer's friend indeed and in need, for it will reap and sow, plough and mow, and perform all manner of hauling, and then work its own way or haul a load to the barn, where it will thresh and grind corn, cut turnips and chaff, turn the churn and make itself generally useful at a very small cost. This is no fancy picture, for my correspondent has both witnessed and photographed the machine at work, and when attached either to a six foot cut reaper and binder, a mowing machine, or a two-furrow plough, it did its work equally well, while the cost of fuel—eight-pence per acre—compares very favorably with horse traction. It is a petrol motor of eight horse-power, double cylinder, with water circulation. It has electric ignition, one speed forward and reverse, and any intelligent man can drive it after a few lessons—London Sketch.

Clean Water For Swine.

The value of clean water for swine cannot be appreciated by one who has not tried giving them both pure and impure drinking water. In swine raising we have come to realize that rapid growth on good, clean, sweet food, pays much better than raising them slowly on filthy swill and garbage. The clover and hay-fed hogs topped off with corn and skimmilk, pay better by far than any of the swine raised in the pen where filth and mire make up their environments and taint all their food.

The hog may have a pretty good digestion, but it is possible to injure it in time if we continue to feed him with bad food. That is practically what has been done for years past, and we have produced swine diseases, and what is probably not less important, slower growing hogs. To make the animals continue growing in a thrifty condition we must feed them good, wholesome food, under proper sanitary surroundings.

Now, water plays a most important part in the health of all animals. We must take a certain amount of liquid into the stomach to keep it in good condition. The modern, clover-fed hog and corn-fattened pig does not get as much liquid in his food as the old, swill-fed animal, and it is necessary to supply the creature with water to make up for deficiency. Clean water purifies the system and washes out the stomach, tending to disintegrate and carry away the solid matter that may accumulate in the stomach. Impure, filthy water clogs the system more and often causes intestinal irritation. The hog will apparently drink filthy water just as readily as pure water, and this has led some to think that it mattered little whether clean drinking water was supplied. But it is contrary to all teachings of sanitary science, and we have but to examine two hogs raised on clean and filthy water to see the difference. Consumers of pork are becoming more critical each year, and they can readily detect the flavor of inferior, filth-produced pork from clean, sweet, wholesome meat.—W. C. Hammond in Prairie Farmer.

The Canadian Cattle Trade.

In some quarters Canadian exporters of cattle consider their country to have suffered a great injustice and considerable loss through the embargo on Dominion stock coming to this country, and being subjected to the same treatment as is imposed upon the beasts imported from the United States. The Board of Agriculture, very wisely perhaps, and no doubt honestly, saw fit to close our markets against the importation of American live stock by making the slaughter of cattle compulsory within certain restricted areas. Some eight or nine years ago Canadian cattle enjoyed the freedom of the home markets, being sent to all parts of the kingdom; but, owing to cases of pleuro-pneumonia among the cattle—which, by the way, was stoutly contested by the Canadian authorities, who refused to admit it, and who failed to find the disease in Canada—the restriction against their entry alive into the English market was promulgated. Naturally enough, this disorganized the trade very much at the time, and caused no little disturbance, but eventually matters settled down and to-day, according to the majority of the importers of Canadian cattle, the existing conditions work so well that if any pronounced attempt were made to secure the removal of the embargo strenuous efforts would be made to defeat the proposal. There are some, of course, who advocate the cancellation of the restriction, since the cause for its imposition cannot be shown to exist, as it will give the Canadian cattle breeders advantages over the Americans not now possessed, and which are claimed through kinship. Opinion is, however, not only divided on this side of the Atlantic, but the question is also viewed from different standpoints in Canada, though the vast majority of breeders would advocate the free entry of cattle into our markets. At present a very considerable number of Canadian cattle are shipped via United States ports, the American exporters purchasing the beasts from the Dominion stockraisers, and shipping them off to New York, etc., whence they are brought to this country. They are conveyed from the ranches to the ship under bond. That practice might be interfered with to some extent, if not altogether, if Canadian cattle were admitted free, for, shipped from a Canadian port, they would have the option of both the meat and the stock markets on landing in this country, and, in any case, could be kept any period to suit the market—an advantage of no little importance. If the cattle are admitted free, home breeders would at once say that an injustice is done to them, for, as was the case before the embargo was placed upon Canadian stock, Scottish and other stock-raisers used to purchase the animals, and, after keeping them for a few months, would forward them to the London market as home-bred beasts. It is a fact that the imported stockers thrived wonderfully in this country, and found a ready market. Argentina cattle are now prohibited being landed here, excepting in carcase. The time is thought opportune to agitate in favor of freeing the colonial cattle. It appears somewhat remarkable, however, that the Canadian Pacific Company has not agitated more vigorously in favor of the removal of the embargo because of the diversion of cattle to American routes under existing conditions. There are—as in every complex question—points pro and con, and the votaries of the abolition of the existing restrictions are able to make out their case with some degree of force. On the other hand, the advocates of a continuance of the existing state argue that the market is now a settled one; buyers know when to purchase and what they are getting; great economies are secured by the convenience of the hirage system, and in the carriage of dead meat to its ultimate destination, and that being now so well established and understood, no sound excuse can be made for altering the system. Conditions have certainly arisen during the past few years which did not obtain prior to the restriction period, which, it is said, militate greatly against the possibility of having free markets for Canadian cattle. The great bulk of the beasts are now drawn from the Northwest Provinces, where they are of a wild nature, and, while it may be possible to transport them to this country, the stocking of them here is quite out of the question, owing to their wildness. But, apart from all differences of opinion and counter interests, the likelihood of any change being wrought in the existing arrangements is considered very doubtful, even in the face of the favorable feelings toward the colonies.—Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

London Land Mark.

The removal of Lichfield Grammar School from within the City of London bounds to a new site at Borrocop, a mile or so away among the green fields, breaks an interesting link with the historic past, says an exchange.

It was at this school—commonly known as one of Edward the Sixth's foundations, but said to date back to the time of Henry the Seventh—that Addison, David Garrick and Samuel Johnson received their early education. Little is known of Addison's life there beyond the fact that he was the hero of a notable "barring out" episode. With Garrick's stay, however, we are better acquainted, thanks to the charming correspondence with his father, Captain Garrick, who was then stationed at Gibraltar.

The head master's house, with its quaint interior, oaken wainscoting, winding oak staircase, and high-pitched, red-tiled roof, must have been familiar to Samuel Johnson, who was born at Lichfield.

The cellars are as intricate and mysterious as those of a south coast manor of smuggling days, and tempt one to imagine that they may have been used as a hiding-place in the times when Staffordshire was a hot-bed of the Jacobitism with which the great doctor was so tinged.

AN NEW SILK HAT

The Boys Got Up a Little Plot to Have Joy With the Purchaser.

The young man who prides himself upon his swell and dapper appearance had just bought a new silk hat, and it had been sent to the office from the hat store. It arrived while he was at luncheon, and one of the boys receipted for it, and after the messenger was gone hauled out the prize for general inspection. It was certainly a beauty, but the man who cannot afford to wear a silk hat never sees any sense in any other person wearing one. So the gang got up a little plot to have joy with the sporty purchaser.

The new hat was stored away in the clothes closet, and the office boy was sent to the County Democracy headquarters to borrow the worst old plug hat that could be found in the rooms—one that had been through all the parades for years and had been kicked from pillar to post. The boy got it all right, and it was carefully stowed in the hat box and placed on the swell youth's desk. He came bursting in soon afterward and jumped toward the package.

"Oh, my new hat came, did it?" he asked beginning to unwrap the package. "Well, say, you fellows can 'kid' a silk hat all you want to, but here's one that's a—"

He got that far before he opened the box and took out the ancient plug, which looked like a vain regret. Then he made some remarks which are unfit for publication.

"I'll show 'em" he shouted, while the crowd kept up the roar of laughter to indecent limits. "I'll let 'em know who they're playing jokes on!" and he jammed the old hat back in the box preparatory to going back to the hat store with it. It was time to make the switch again, and one of the boys called him into the private office a moment on something very imperative, while another shifted the hats and put the new one back in the box.

Returning from the momentary conference, the indignant young man tied up the hat box and stamped away to the hat store.

"What do you mean," he demanded, slamming the box down and nervously pulling at the string, "by sending me an old wreck of a hat like—this?" and he pulled out the shining new tile he had bought a few hours before.

What the saleman said and thought and what the young man said and realized are not necessary to the story. It ought to end right here.—From the Chicago Chronicle.

A New Cophetua.

The heir of the gilded household had just proposed to the pretty kitchen maid. She regarded him with a steady glance as she polished off her rounded arms with a coarse towel.

"I must have every Thursday out," she said.

"Yes," he murmured.

"And every Sunday afternoon."

"Yes."

"And every night as soon as the dinner things are done up."

"Ye-es."

"How many in family?"

"Only you and I."

"Any children?"

"N-n-no."

"Much company?"

"Very little."

"Any furnace to tend?"

"No."

"Hired man to do all the outside work?"

"Yes."

"What make of piano do you use?"

"The Bangaway."

"Let me think. Ah, yes. I shall insist upon having the breakfast room to receive my beaux in."

"Well by thunder, you don't get it!" cried the gilded heir as he turned and stalked away.

So the maid haughtily rolled up her sleeves again and went back to her work.

Proved the Bishop a Liar.

A clergyman desirous of a living went to the Bishop of London and asked him for an introduction to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The bishop said, "I should be willing to give it, but an introduction from me would defeat the very end you have in view." However, the clergyman persisted in his request and the introduction was given.

The Lord Chancellor received him with fury. "So that awful scoundrel, the Bishop of London, has given you an introduction; as it is he who has introduced you, you will certainly not get the living."

"Well, so the bishop said, my lord," said the clergyman.

"Did the bishop say so?" thundered Lord Thurlow. "Then he's a convicted liar, and I'll prove him so; you shall have the living." And the man got it.

Little Ike Snowball—Ah ain't never worried about it befoh, but wouldn't it be terrible ef man color was to run like mah stockings' do!

Strange Omission.

"Mother," said a thoughtful Boston child, to his maternal relative.

"What is it, Waldo?"

"Is Philadelphia older than Boston, mother?"

"Of couse not, my son. The first settlement was made in Charleston in 1630, while William Penn did not arrive on the site of Philadelphia until fifty-two years later."

"That was always my impression, mother. But how is it that Philadelphia is mentioned in the Bible, while Boston is not?"—Exchange.

"One of George Washington's slaves recently died at the age of 123."

"That's very interesting."

"How so?"

"Because they are usually body servants or coachmen."—Cleveland Plain-dealer.

Children in Cotton Mills.

The New York Herald sent a correspondent through the southern States to investigate and report upon the employment of children in the cotton mills. In his first article, recently published, he says that there are about 50,000 children at work in these mills, 32,000 under fourteen years of age, 12,000 under twelve and 5,000 under ten. They work from 66 to 72 hours a week; earn from 10 to 50 cents a day; many of them have never been to school and a number questioned when coming out of the factories did not know their Christian name. The correspondent finds that the manufacturers defend the system, bitterly denounce all who oppose it, and session after session have succeeded in killing various bills introduced in the State Legislature with a view to restricting the evil. The parents of the children made from 90 cents to $1.25 a day and the manufacturers say that they are compelled in many cases to hire the children because otherwise the parents would not work for them, and in other cases it is necessary in order to keep the families out of the workhouse. The mills pay enormous dividends, in many cases over 100 per cent., and The Herald's correspondent thinks that the way to settle the child labor problem is to slightly increase the wages of the parents, who could then afford to send their children to school. He says that the people of the south are now profoundly stirred on the question, but need all the help they can get to win the fight against the powerful forces of the mill owners.

Harvesting Winter Apples.

Perhaps the most important work this month is the apple harvest. Nearly all the varieties will be fit to pick before the end of the month, as, if they are intended for market, or for late winter use, they should be picked and packed before they begin to get mellow. Such apples should be very carefully assorted, rejecting all that have fallen from the tree, and all that are wormy or have spots on the skin, whether caused by scab or bitter rot. Make the sizes uniform in the barrels or boxes, and those which are not of a good size had best be kept at home, or sold in the local market for what they will bring. To send them far to market or to export them will be a loss, as they often do not sell for a price that will repay the freight charges. Have them snugly packed that they may not bruise in transportation, and use only new and clean packages for them. Those intended for home use may be left a little longer on the trees, and should be kept in a cool and dark place after they are picked until the cold weather makes it necessary to place them in the cellar.—American Cultivator.

The British Museum.

The popularity of the British Museum is steadily increasing. In 1884, after the removal of the natural history collections to South Kensington, only 468,873 persons visited the British Museum. In 1896 the number had risen to 581,906, in 1900 to 689,249; and last year the total had reached 718,614. Many more students are visiting the splendid collections of prints and coins and medals than was formerly the case. No fewer than 1,382,530 volumes were consulted by readers, who averaged 664 daily. More than 40,000 books and pamphlets have been added during the year.

AIM AT THE HEART.

Let it be grip, malaria, fever or what not, always strike at the heart to protect it, to strengthen it, to cure it, and you baffle every other ailment.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure

puts new vigor into every heart, and ninety-nine out of a hundred need it, for that percentage are sick. Having put that machine in good working order, it has guaranteed the whole system against sickness. Every organ is soon sound. It always relieves in 30 minutes.

Mrs. Ezra Dugraham, Temple, N.B., Canada, writes:

"Have had heart trouble for years; would have it as often as three times a week, sometimes lasting twenty-four hours. Was persuaded to give Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure a trial, which I did, with the greatest results. It surely is a peerless remedy, and would advise any one who has heart trouble to try it."

Dr. Agnew's Ointment.

He who would be free from piles and skin eruptions must use this cure, which routs them out at once and for all time.

The safest, quickest cure, because compounded on correct principles. Fiercest foe of itching skin diseases. Price, 35 cents. 29.

Lime has been used at some of the United States experiment stations on land intended for clover, with most excellent results. The crops of clover on some plots have been increased over one-third in comparison with land that received no lime. As lime is the cheapest substance that can be applied to land, and gives good results on all classes of soils, its use should be more general.

Many farmers salt their cows on the ground. That is not the best way. Boxes, or, if the cows come up under the shed at night, a strip of board nailed along the edge of a long sill to make a wide trough will hold the salt far better, and the cows can get it as they need it. The old way is wasteful, and waste means harder work to get along on the farm, as it does everywhere.

Horses prefer carrots to all other roots, and enough carrots can be secured from an acre of land to supply a large number of horses during the winter. If farmers will feed carrots to horses and cows less grain and hay will be required, and the animals will not only prefer the variety of food, but will be kept in excellent condition at less expense than to depend solely upon dry food.

The Foretelling of the Future.

Maurice Macterlinck has an article in the "Fortnightly Review" on the foretelling of the future, from which the following passages are clipped:

The seer in question is one of the most famous in Paris. She claims to incarnate, in her hypnotic state, the spirit of an unknown little girl called Julia. Having made me sit down at a table that stood between us, she begged me to tutoyer Julia and to speak to her gently, as one speaks to a child of seven or eight years. Thereupon her features, her eyes, her hands, her whole body, were for some seconds unpleasantly convulsed; her hair came untied; and the expression of her face changed completely and became artless, puerile. The voice, shrill and clear, of a small child, next came from that great ripe woman's body, and asked with a little lisp:

"What do you want? Are you worried? Is it for yourself or someone else that you have come to see me?"

"For myself."

"Very well; will you help me a little? Lead me in thought to the place where your worries are."

I concentrated my attention on the project with which I was engrossed and on the different actors in the as yet hidden little drama. Then, gradually, after some preliminary gropings, and without my helping her with a word or gesture, she really penetrated into my thoughts, read them, so to speak, as a slightly veiled book, placed the situation of the scene most accurately, recognized the principal characters and described them summarily, with hopping and childish but quaintly correct and precise little touches.

"That's very good, Julia," I then said, "but I know all that; what you ought to tell me is what is going to happen later on."

"What is going to happen, what is going to happen . . . you want to know all that is going to happen; but it's very difficult."

"But still? How will the business end? Shall I win?"

"Yes, yes, I see; don't be afraid, I'll help you; you will be pleased."

"But the enemy of whom you told me; the one who is resisting me and who wishes me ill."

"No, no, he wishes you no ill; it's because of someone else . . . I can't see why . . . He hates him . . . Oh, he hates him, he hates him! And it is because you like the other one so much that he does not want you to do for him what you want to do."

What she said was true.

"But tell me," I insisted, "will he go on to the end, will he not yield?"

"Oh, do not fear him. . . . I see, he is ill; he will not live long."

"You are mistaken, Julia: I saw him two days ago; he is quite well."

"No, no, he is ill . . . It doesn't show, but he is very ill . . . he must die soon."

"But how, in that case, and why?"

"There is blood upon him, around him, everywhere"

"Blood? Is it a duel?" (I had thought, for a moment, that I might be called upon to fight my adversary.) "An accident, a murder, a revenge?" (He was an unjust and unscrupulous man, who had done much harm to many people.)

"No, no, ask me no more, I am very tired. . . . Let me go" . . .

"Not before I know."

"No, I can tell you nothing more . . . I am too tired . . . let me go.

Be good, I will help you."

The same attack as at the start then convulsed the body, in which the little voice had ceased; and the mask of forty years again covered the face of the woman, who seemed to be waking from a long sleep.

Is it necessary to add that we had never seen each other before this meeting, and that we knew as little of one another as though we had been born on different planets?

* * * * * * *

In so far as I am concerned, Julia's prophecy was realized in part—that is to say, although I did not triumph in respect of the main point, the affair was nevertheless arranged in a satisfactory manner. As for the death of my adversary, it has not yet occurred, and gladly do I dispense the future from keeping the promise which it made me by the innocent mouth of the child of an unknown world.

* * * * * * *

What I would like to unravel in Julia's predictions is the unknown part foreign to myself. Did she go beyond what I knew? I do not think so. When she spoke to me of the fortunate issue of the affair, this was, upon the whole, the issue which I anticipated, and which the selfish and unavowed part of my instinct desired more keenly than the complete triumph which another and more generous sentiment made it incumbent on me to pursue and hope for, although I knew it to be, in its essence, impossible. When she foretold the death of my adversary, she was but revealing a secret wish of that same instinct, one of those dastardly and shameful wishes which we hide from ourselves, and which never rise to the surface of our thought. There would be no real prophecy in this, except if, against all expectation, against all likelihood, that death should occur suddenly within a short time hence. But, even if it were shortly to occur, it would not, I think, be the Pythian that would have fathomed the future, but I, my instinct, my unconscious being that would have foreseen an event with which it was connected. It would have read the pages of Time, not absolutely and as though in a universal book, where all that is to take place is written, but by me, through me, in my private intuition, and would but have translated what my unconsciousness was unable to communicate to my thought.

A Coming Promotion.

"And what," asked the cannibal chieftain in his kindest tones, "what was your business before you were captured by my men?"

"I was a newspaper man," answered the captive.

"An editor?"

"No; merely a sub-editor."

"Cheer up, young man! Shortly after my chef has finished his perusal of the cook-book you will be editor-in-chief."

Laughing heartily at his bon mot, the cannibal chief wanted to know if the captive had a funny-bone.—"Judge."

Mrs. Benham—It's hard on the people of Greenland to have nights six months long. Benham—Yes. Just think of the sufferings of the poor man whose wife's mother drops in to spend the evening.—Bazar."

Eruption at Martinique.

A reader of the recent British "Blue Book" concerning the Martinique disaster has, says The New York Tribune, been very much impressed by the literary force achieved by a writer represented in the volume by a narrative of the steamer Roddam's escape from the avalanche of lava poured into the harbor. This writer seems to have realized that his matter was "so terrific that any attempt at literary embellishment would ring false." Not being a literary man, he saw that the statement of bare facts was all that was needed, and the result is that his words are truly vivid and suggestive. There is nothing surprising about this circumstance. It is an old story that the best writers are often the men with the least literary experience. The man of action is notoriously able, in nine cases out of ten, to describe an event, a journey, or some intricate negotiation with infinitely more truth and often with more of the charm of simplicity than we would find in a description of the same thing written by a trained man of letters. It is an old story, but it enforces a moral that is ever fresh. The man of action writes well, not because he is a man of action, but because his object is simply to say what he has to say, and not to make an effect.

Cape-to-Cairo Railroad Advancing.

Since the Boer war the road builders on the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad have been pushing it rapidly toward the north. The road has been surveyed as far as Victoria Falls, the largest falls in the world, on the Zambesi River. The road bed has been graded for about a third of the distance between Bulawayo and the Zambesi, the rails are being laid, and it is expected that late next year trains will be running to Victoria Falls all the way from Cape Town, 1,700 miles. Meanwhile a force of surveyors is laying out the route far north of the Zambesi. The route has been changed from that originally contemplated by Mr. Rhodes. His intention was to extend the road to the northeast of Bulawayo, carrying it between Lakes Nyassa and Bangweolo to Lake Tanganyika; but before the survey was made explorers began to give definite information about the coal mines which Livingstone discovered on the banks of the Zambesi many years ago. It has been ascertained that the coal strata in this region carry an enormous amount of the fuel, and it is proposed to begin mining it as soon as the railroad reaches Victoria Falls. As the line has thus been deflected far to the west, it has been decided not to extend it for the present through German East Africa near Lake Tanganyika, but to Lake Kasahi, seven hundred miles north of Victoria Falls, in the Congo Free State. From this point the tracks will be carried down the Congo River to Stanley Falls. Here the line of road projected by King Leopold of Belgium is to be built to Albert Nyanza, where the Nile has its outlet. This stretch of road, therefore, between Stanley Falls and Albert Nyanza, is to be a link in the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad. The most astonishing things are done in Africa nowadays, and the world will not be very much surprised when it finds in a few years more that this long railroad, extending from the extreme south of Africa to the mouth of the Nile, is a full-fledged reality.—New York Sun.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the new British Postmaster-General, has, according to a recent special cable despatch, invited Signor Piscielli, an Italian engineer to visit London and explain his electrical postal service, which is now being tested by the Italian Government. It is proposed by means of this system to transmit letters in aluminium boxes travelling along overhead wires at the rate of 250 miles an hour. A letter in twenty-five minutes, and from Rome to Paris in five hours.

A well-known surgeon, according to The Melbourne Punch, was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students who accompanied him in his rounds. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?" One by one the students made their diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative. "Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the free and flashing scalpel, "and I shall operate to-morrow." "No, you won't," exclaimed the patient, as he rose in his bed. "Six to one is a good majority; gimmie my clothes!"

The proverbial hard head of a negro was given a very practical test in Accrington's Lane on Monday noon, and the proverb was substantiated. A 32-calibre pistol ball was fired at a distance of twenty feet squarely into the middle of William Everhardt's forehead, and after breaking the skin flattened itself against the bone. Everhardt ran to police headquarters, a block away, and asked that the ball be extracted. William Johnson, more popularly known in the crap joints and dives of Talbot street as "Swelly," was the man who fired the shot, and Geo. Chambers was the intended victim. George says that "Swelly" tried to make a fancy, wild western shot, and swung his arm around like a windmill before pulling the trigger. He further declares that he was only about six feet away from the end of the gun, and can't imagine why he did not get shot. Notwithstanding this, he was not at all affected by his narrow escape, and told of the affair to an admiring audience of companions as if it were a huge joke. Everhardt, however, takes a different view of it. He says he can't imagine why he was shot, but is terrible glad that he is not dead, as he fully expected to cross the Jordan when it hit him.—Norfolk (Va.) Pilot.

"I shall never permit myself to become a household drudge," said the bride with the honors of a university career still fresh upon her. "I shall endeavor to improve my mind."

"That is a good idea," answered her mother, "but don't let your literary pursuits monopolize you. Remember there are times when currant jelly appeals to a man a great deal more than current science."—London Express.

The Moonstone Sphinx

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

Author of "A Girl of the People," Etc.

"Good, isn't it? But a rich amateur, who has an enormous fancy for Byron in general and 'Mazeppa' in particular, is he 'angel,' it seems, and there was some fear that it would be difficult to get just the right woman for the part. I suppose this is a sort of hook to catch the fish."

"And I am really the fish they want!" ejaculated the girl. "Surely I must be second or third choice."

"Well, Wantage did intimate that he'd suggested making overtures to Miss Nellson before applying to me at all for any of his people. But she's under contract for January, so it was no use. And there aren't many of the right sort free just now. He'll be lucky to get you, and he's evidently keen on you. Why, look here, my dear, if you'd like to get something out of this chap I'll give you a tip. You might make it a point that you got a few weeks' screw in advance—say you've got to have it before you can leave town, or anything you like. I believe he'd plump it down like a bird rather than lose you—for, you see, he's up a tree, as if the thing's to be ready by Boxing Day he must have all his arrangements in working order at once."

Winifred's head swam in a giddiness of sheer joy, in the intensity of sudden relief after long-continued strain. "Could I really do that?" she asked, her breath coming and going quickly.

"Of course you could. I'll see to that. It's all the better for me, you know," and the dramatic agent laughed. "As for Wantage and his angel, they'll be glad to put salt on the bird's tail. You're valuable to them, and once you've handled their money you're doubly bound to keep your contract; no fine lady whimsies such as some sweet maids in our profession indulge in, and matrons, too."

Winifred thought within herself there was little enough danger that she would try to escape from the contract. Why, it seemed too good to be true that so wonderful an opportunity had come to her at last! Twenty pounds a week—and for rehearsals, too—when she had reached a pass to have been thankful for three or four. She was sure that the hand of Providence was in it; and she was glad that the matter was to be arranged so quickly, for if her enemy had heard of her great luck he might have found some way of prejudicing this Mr. Marmaduke Wantage and his rich backer against her.

Mr. Doulton committed himself to a virtual promise that, if she chose to ask, through him, for salary in advance, three or four weeks' money would in all probability be ready for her taking when the contract was signed next day.

That night there was much rejoicing in the little flat near Bryanston Square. The reaction from suffering to joy was almost too keen, and Winifred and her mother cried in each other's arms.

Next morning, Mr. Doulton's prophecy was proved true. She did not see Mr. Wantage, who was attending to important business in Brighton, it appeared, but the contract was ready for her signature, and a cheque for a hundred guineas. In this regard, the agent informed her, she was especially favored. No one else among the people engaged for the forthcoming production would have got an advance if they had asked for it, but her part, whether she liked it or not, was considered that of a "star." Besides, Mr. Doulton added confidentially, he had fancied she might be a "bit hard up" owing to the sudden severance of her connection with the Duke of Clarence's, and he had made a special point of the accommodation with Mr. Wantage.

So the agent got his commission, and Winifred had still a goodly amount left.

She knew that her mother would not have one peaceful moment until Dick was brought out of his present predicament, for he had threatened suicide, and he was just the sort of rash, impulsive boy to keep the threat in some dark moment of desperation. At least, Winifred believed that he might do this, and if so terrible a thing should happen her mother would die, and her own life be blighted for ever.

To save Dick from the situation his own foolishness had created would take what appeared to Winifred now a large sum, but there would still be a goodly amount left towards the expenses of the surgical operation which Sir Digby Field had declared absolutely necessary for the preservation of Mrs. Gray's life.

Without speaking to her mother of the intention in her mind, the girl went straight to the famous surgeon, and, being lucky enough to find him disengaged for the moment, frankly asked if he, and the authorities at the nursing home where the dear patient must lie for a few weeks, would wait for part of the payment. Unconsciously, her looks rather than her words betrayed the deep anxiety of her heart. Sir Digby Field was a kind old man, and was at once interested. He remembered Mrs. Gray's case very well, and recalled the verdict that he had given when he had seen her last. He had said then that she ought to be operated upon within two months, and already six weeks had gone by since that day. There was no time to be lost.

Sir Digby had seen Winifred act, and tactfully intimated to her that his fees were less to "professionals," or the immediate family of professionals. He would do his part for half the usual fee, and as the nursing home was under his direction he could promise that Mrs. Gray would be taken for something less than the ordinary charge. Altogether, Winifred was made to understand at last that she actually had enough in hand to prevent any further delay. What was lacking could easily be paid out of the next few weeks' salary, when she received it.

When all this had been carefully calculated, the girl flew home to her mother and broke the news that Sir Digby Field had named the day for the ordeal. The operation would be performed by him on the next Saturday, and Winifred was almost certain that, though she was compelled to go to Brighton at once, and was not supposed to travel to and fro, she would be allowed to come to town for so good and sufficient a reason.

Arrangements were made for Dick's release from bondage; and then Winifred placed the rest of the money, all but five pounds (upon which she resolved to live during the weeks of rehearsal) in their old bank to Mrs. Gray's credit. So it would be safe when it was needed, and presently she would tell her mother what had been done, assuring her that she had kept plenty for herself.

It was bitterly hard to say good-bye, with a thought in the hearts of both of the trial that was coming—the danger which Sir Digby Field made light of, yet could not wholly deny. Still, the tide of fortune seemed to have turned, and the little frail woman and the girl were hopeful, each one striving to appear far more cheerful than she really was. Mrs. Gray went to the station to see Winifred off, grieving that she should go third-class and without a maid, and making the girl promise that she would take comfortable lodgings and write immediately. Dick would be at home before Saturday, and Winifred must not fret.

By the same train went several of the actors and actresses engaged for Mr. Marmaduke Wantage's production, and Winifred recognized them from portraits which she had seen in Fitz-John Doulton's office. He had pointed the photographs out to her the day before, saying that the originals would be of her "party." It struck the girl that they were all somewhat common in their appearance—"cheap people," as they would have been slightingly called in their own profession, and she could not see one among the number whom she thought that she should care to know.

"I do hope there will be others who are nicer," she found herself wishing, then remembered how little difference it would make to her after all.

Whether they had motives for economy equal to her own, or whether their salaries for rehearsal were not to be on the same scale of generosity as hers, at all events, the five or six other members of the new company traveled third-class, and a gaudily-dressed young woman with very yellow hair came into Winifred's compartment.

She was a witness to the farewells between the girl and her mother; and when the train had left Victoria Station she spoke to Winifred, who happened to be the only other occupant of the compartment.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady of yellow hair, "but are you Miss Winifred Gray?"

Winifred smiled—a little sadly, for tears were on her lashes still from the parting with her best loved one—and admitted her claim to that name.

"I thought I must be right," went on the other. "I never saw you act, but I've seen your photograph—only you're a bit thinner and a bit different somehow. I'm Miss Julia Sinclair. Perhaps you've heard of me. I think we're going to be in the same company from what Mr. Doulton told me. Only of course, it isn't true that you're playing 'Mazeppa?'"

"Yes, it is true," said Winifred.

Her traveling companion gave her a very queer look. "Dear me!" she exclaimed. "I thought Mr. Doulton must be joking. I shouldn't have supposed that was in your line at all."

"Why not?" Winifred asked, wondering at the look and tone.

"Oh, nothing particular," said Miss Sinclair. But her voice declared that it was very particular indeed, and the first faint thrill of apprehension that Winifred had felt for herself since her great good fortune thrilled through her veins. What was there so peculiar about this part, which first Mr. Doulton and now this bold-eyed girl had hinted at? Why should it be "out of her line?"

CHAPTER XIII.

A Question of Costume.

Winifred had left London in the morning, and at two the first reading rehearsal was appointed at the Brighton Theater. She found cheap lodgings—not in the same house with Miss Sinclair, for whose companionship she had no fancy—lunched on bread and milk, that her five guineas might last the longer, and arrived promptly at the theater.

The stage-manager and prompter were already at the little table on which lay all the parts for distribution. The former rose with more punctiliousness than most provincial managers show as Winifred drew near, and a tall, slightly dissipated-looking man, who had been talking with him and the prompter, advanced to meet her.

"Miss Gray, I think?" asked the tall man. "Ah, yes, I have had the pleasure of seeing you act in London. I am Mr. Wantage. Glad to meet you, and to have secured you for my production."

Thereupon he proceeded to introduce the stage-manager, whose name was Jeffreys, and Winifred was given her part. By this time the company was assembling, and the girl could not help noticing how differently she was treated from the rest. It was as if she had been a princess among peasants, and she was at a loss to understand the way in which she was distinguished since the fact that she was engaged to play a leading part was hardly enough alone to account for it. Mr. Marmaduke Wantage, too, was a puzzle. Once he had been what is called a "fine man," but he looked as if he had been buffeted in the battle of life. His nose was red; there were bags under his eyes, and his flashy clothing was ostentatiously new. He gave the impression of a person who had been down in the world, having come so suddenly up again as to be almost disconcerted by his own good luck.

After an introduction or two had been effected Winifred opened her part with curiosity, and began to skim over the lines before the rehearsal. Then came a shock. She hurried from the wings where she had been sitting to the stage-manager, and as soon as he had finished giving certain directions to the prompter she attracted his attention.

"These read like a man's lines," she said.

"Mazeppa was a man, you know," he answered.

For an instant Winifred could not speak, but by an effort she controlled herself. "I didn't know," she returned. "No doubt it was stupid of me, but I never read the poem or heard anyone speak of it, except casually. I—I can't ——" She was about to say that she could not possibly play a male part, when she remembered how completely she was bound. "It isn't in my line at all." (Miss Julia Sinclair's very words, as she realized while speaking them.)

"Mr. Wantage thinks it in your line," replied the stage-manager. "You're 'specially engaged.' I should have thought a larger person would look it better; but I've no doubt you'll act charmingly." His eyes glanced over her face and figure. "And in your great scene you will be perfect."

"Oh, is there a 'great scene?'" she echoed.

"Yes. It was a big sensation once. No reason why it shouldn't be so again."

"And the costume?" Winifred faltered, her eyes large and anxious.

"Oh—the costume? You'll find that all right. Picturesque, you know—ancient period. Plenty of time to discuss that later. Now, we really must call the first one."

Winifred felt cold all over. She had never played a part in male attire save Rosalind, when she had dressed in long leggings, the drapery of a cloak constantly falling about the figure or forming a background. Even that costume had caused her embarrassment at first, although Rosalind, being really a girl, with all a sweet, wholesome-minded girl's modesty to shield her even in disguise, made it less distasteful to an actress than genuinely aping a man.

Yet there was nothing to be done except go through with it. Not only was the contract signed, but she had accepted full salary in advance for the weeks of rehearsal. It was partly her own fault. She ought to have thought less of the advantage she would reap and more about the part; then she would have asked more questions. But even so, Winifred did not see, if she had known the truth from the beginning, how she could have acted differently. It was for her mother's very life—perhaps her brother's life, too—and she must not think of herself and her own scruples. Many good, modest women dressed in male attire on the stage, and no one thought the less of them, nor did they lose their own self-respect—which was even more important.

So Winifred read her lines, and learnt her stage business, and nobody guessed what she was feeling. But as the rehearsal went on she wondered more and more at the choice of "Mazeppa" as an attraction to open at pantomime time in a town like Brighton at the beginning of the twentieth century. It was said to be a "new version," but it was clumsy and old-fashioned.

"What do you think of it?" asked the man destined to play the tyrant, who dooms Mazeppa to a ghastly fate. He spoke in a confidential undertone, such as one "pro." uses to another when the eccentricities of the management are to be discussed. They were not "on," but were waiting in the wings, and nobody was near enough to hear the words.

"I don't know what to think of it," responded Winifred.

"If it has a chance it will be your big scene that will save it."

"You mean the one with you?"

"No—oh, dear no. I mean when you come on strapped to the horse. They say the house used to rise to Ada Isaacs Menken."

"I—have to come on—strapped to a horse?"

"Don't tell me you didn't know that?"

"I didn't. Oh, I can't do it. I should be too frightened. They must leave out that scene."

"I expect they'd sooner leave out all the rest of the play. Why, that is 'Mazeppa'—all it's worth being put on for. They'll get a reliable 'gee' for you, of course. But there'll have to be rehearsals. Fact is, Miss Gray"—and he chuckled a little—"we're all rather looking forward to that scene."

Somehow Winifred was angry. He was not a gentleman, she told herself, and there was a look and an emphasis which she disliked, though she could not quite have explained why.

After the rehearsal Mr. Wantage called her aside. The gentleman who was "backing" him—a great lover of Byron—had a horse which he was going to lend for the big scene. It had been bought from a circus, and was a clever and docile beast, and would arrive in a few days with its groom, and there must be rehearsals. Did Miss Gray understand horses?

She had ridden when a child, and again sometimes in the Park since she had lived in London; that was her sole experience. She did not think that she was a coward, but if she had known what she would be required to do as Mazeppa she would have thought twice before taking the part.

"I hope you don't accuse me of unfairness in my treatment of you?" asked Mr. Wantage. "Every request you have made has been granted, and if there is anything else——"

"Only to escape from that scene, if it were possible."

"That's the one thing that isn't possible. Everything depends upon that. Oh, it won't be half as bad as you think. And it will be the success of your life. All England will be talking about you."

There was little consolation in that, but Winifred did not say so. When she wrote to her mother in the evening, she did not mention her new troubles.

When the invalid was well again, then the requirements of the part might be gently broken to her, and the best made of them. After all, Winifred could not obtain permission to go to town on Saturday, but a telegram was waiting for her after the long hours of suspense during rehearsal to say that all was well. The operation had been successfully performed. On Sunday she did go to London, and was allowed to see Mrs. Gray, though not to speak. There was only a gentle pressure of the hand, and a meeting of the eyes which said as much as words; but it was hard for the girl to go away again, knowing that, as she had left herself so little money, she could not afford another visit until she began receiving salary once more.

To her relief, nothing further was said about the horse for some days. Then, one morning, it was announced that the animal had arrived at Brighton, but he was to be accustomed to the stage by his groom, who would rehearse him several times privately before Miss Gray need try the scene. Would she care to see the creature meanwhile?

At first she refused, for the thought of what she must be prepared to do was hateful. But after a day or two a kind of nervous curiosity triumphed, and she informed Mr. Jeffrey that she would like to be present when the others were out of the theater the next time that the animal was rehearsed on the stage.

So she sat in a box and watched the queer scene with an unpleasant fascination.

The footlights were lit that the horse might become accustomed to the effect, and then Winifred heard the echoing ring of hoofs on wood. The horse was in the wings, being got ready for his entrance. Suddenly he dashed on at a gallop, and with a thump of the heart she saw that a slim young man, almost a boy, was strapped across the creature's back, with his head hanging down. The horse went through various evolutions, such as rearing with his rider and flinging up his hind legs as if desiring to be rid of the burden, then galloped off the stage again.

This was Mazeppa's "great" scene. This was what she—Winifred Gray—would be called upon to do. It seemed even more horrifying than her fancy had painted it.

After that day the girl looked forward with shuddering to her own first rehearsal with the formidable animal. He was said to be gentle, yet she was not reassured.

But at last the dreaded moment came. In cycling "bloomers"—since a skirt was impracticable—she was strapped to the horse's back as the groom had been, submitting to the loathed necessity in silence, with white, set lips—for she was not a girl to indulge in hysterical outcries. The groom ran by the horse's side at first, then retired to the wings, and before she realized what had happened the ordeal was over for the day.

By this time the company had been rehearsing for several weeks. They had all been measured for their costumes, which were to be supplied by the management, and would be ready in time for a dress rehearsal.

Brighton was placarded with huge colored posters, and Winifred's name was to be seen on every hoarding in large letters. She was "starred," and, of course, as Mr. Wantage pointed out, it would do her a great deal of good in the profession. To be a "star" was, in his opinion, a step up even from playing Lady Kitty.

On the day of the dress rehearsal all was suppressed excitement at the theater. The costumes had come, and were very handsome; but there had been one mistake, Winifred was informed. "Your things for the great scene were forgotten when the rest were sent off from the costumier's in town," Mr. Wantage said; "but I have telegraphed, and they'll be here in time for the night, without fail. If anything's happened, they'll have to get to work and finish a new rigout."

"Why, I didn't suppose I was to have another costume for my ride," exclaimed Winifred. "Surely it isn't necessary—and won't even be realistic? You see, I'm a prisoner, condemned to die. Is it likely I would have an extra suit of clothes for the purpose?"

"I'm afraid we're rather bound by convention for that scene," replied Wantage, not looking the girl in the eyes. "It slipped my mind to say anything about dressing it, as that was taken for granted. Exactly the same costume has been provided for you, and made from your measurements, as Ada Isaacs Menken wore when she made her great hit in the part."

Winifred said no more. The costumes which had already arrived were modest as well as magnificent, and she must take it for granted that this other, copied from the dress of the once-famous actress, would be equally satisfactory.

At last the night of the first performance came, and Winifred, cheered by favorable news of her mother, set out from her quiet lodgings for the theater.

It was raining, a cold, sleety rain, but this would not matter to the management, as Mr. Wantage had told Winifred that every reserved seat in the house was already sold.

As she came near to the theater she saw that, despite the rain, a large crowd was collected. "People must be waiting for the pit doors to open," she thought. As she approached on her way to the stage entrance, however, she found that they were not forming a line, but were huddled round a poster at which everyone was staring on tip-toe over each other's shoulders.

There had been no poster in that place before, and Winifred wondered vaguely what it could be which apparently interested so many people at once.

She would have liked to draw closer and see for herself, as she knew that, if it were a picture, it must represent some scene in the play. But it was not good form for one of the actresses to mingle with a crowd in the street in front of the theater, so she went on, on the other side of the street, only crossing to reach the stage-door.

Miss Julia Sinclair stood near the entrance, reading letters, for it was early still.

"Have you seen the new poster?" she asked, with a certain eagerness, her eyes on Winifred's face. Perhaps she had lingered over her letters when she learnt that Miss Gray had not yet arrived, in the hope of asking this question and hearing the answer.

"No," said Winifred. "But I saw a crowd grouped round something which looked like one. Isn't it rather late for a new poster?"

"Better late than never for such a striking one as this. I suppose they couldn't get it ready before—or else they had some other reason. A pity you missed it. It shows Mazeppa on the horse. And it has your name underneath in red and black letters six inches high—'Miss Winifred Gray as Mazeppa.'"

(To be continued.)

PASTEBOARD SUN DIAL.

Any Boy Can Make One So that He Can Know Time Without Calling the Cook

MANKIND first began to note the passage of time thousands of years ago, before the age of clocks, and the original thinker noticed that when the branch of a tree cast its shadow at a certain spot the day was half over; and then watching the passage of the shadow and marking the places over which it passed, he was able to divide the day first into halves, then into quarters, and at last into twelfths, thus getting the hours. Although we have clocks and watches to-day, it is interesting to retrace these steps in measuring time, and here is a method by which any patient boy can make his own sun dial, so that he can know the hour without calling to the cook to ask if it is time to dress

for dinner. Take bits of ordinary cardboard, the tops of pasteboard boxes will do, and cut out some oblong pieces about a foot wide and a foot and a half long. Fasten two of them together lengthwise, on one side to form the pieces A. B in the illustration. Then bend the edge of a third piece and paste it to B, so as to have it stand at right angles, and for D. Make a slit in 1, into which slide an upright piece, C. This last marks the hours by casting the shadow C along the diagram which is drawn on B by watching the shadow and comparing it with a clock. On account of the difference of the distance of places from the equator and the inclination of the earth to the sun the piece B is made movable so that it can be elevated to the position which experiment shows to be right. In this way every boy can make his own sun dial and set it exactly so that it marks the hours of daylight correctly.

Southern Garden Plays.

The cane-brakes on the borders of the southern rivers are beautiful. Little folks never go there to play—there are too many snakes! But canes are brought up, in one way and another, for the children. We always had them to play with, writes Martha Young in Little Folks.

Long ago, before the gentle soft-voiced Indians, the Choctaws, left our State, wandering westward, we looked for them every spring to come into our villages, and out to the plantations, bringing their wares to sell. They brought very beautiful baskets made of brightly-dyed and woven cane-reeds. What Alabama girl has not her own pretty Indian basket!

For the little boys they brought blow-guns and arrows.

The gun was a long straight cane, carefully hollowed out, the tough fibre at the joints burned through with red-hot wires.

Some of those marvellous guns were three yards long! The arrows were short wires, with a wisp of cotton firmly bound about one end and round and round was the cotton tightly bound until the arrow looked like a cat-tail growing by the brook.

The arrow was put into the long gun; then you lifted the gun in both hands as if it were a trumpet, and—blew!

How the arrow flew!

It was wonderful how expert at target-shooting we children became—we little girls used to shoot with these long slender blow-guns, as well as our brothers!

Then again we used to think, we little girls as well as our brothers, that nothing made so good a fishing-pole as the long lithe cane—how those natural rods would spring to the nibble of a fish!

And oh, the music we children used to get from our cane flute! They were the true Indian flutes—the mild Choctaws used to bring them about to sell. They looked simple; but we knew by experience that it was not easy to make a cane flute that would "play;" though it was just a section of cane, with a mouth-hole cut near the fibrous joint, the pith extracted, and small notches cut where the fingers might start and stop the breathing melody. What little southern girl has not worked for many a sunny hour, with her slow, patient little pocket-knife, trying to make a flute that would "sound."

Oh, the cool, waving, murmuring, rustling, green cane-brake! It is one of the dearest of all my childhood's out-door pictures! But it will not be very long, now, before all the rich old river-bottoms will be cleared up for the growing of cotton crops and corn. Then good-by to reed baskets, and to blow-guns, and to cane fishing-poles, and to Indian flutes! The little southern children of the next generation will not know them!

The Art of Breathing.

Breathing is an art. We ought to take in fourteen pints of air per minute. At the usual rate of breathing we do so. But if we get into a rarefied atmosphere we take in, at the usual rate of breathing, less than the fourteen pints. Sedentary people can get all the advantages to health of a long walk or other exercise by simply increasing the rate of breathing during one or two hours a day, thus adding to the amount of oxygen that enters the lungs.

BEING POPULAR.

Be Nice If You Want to Succeed in Attaining that End.

Popularity is won by a mixture of self-suppression and self-assertion.

The first step toward learning how to please most people is by realizing that they are more interested in themselves than in you, and the measure of their regard will be the degree in which you minister to their pleasure and self-importance.

The way to be popular is to give much and take nothing. After all, we ourselves like best the friends who care to know details of our private experiences, so why should we act toward others as though their affairs were matters of indifference to us? Learn to rejoice when you hear of the success of an acquaintance, then you will not forget to congratulate her when she next meets you. Be sorry for a neighbor's clouded prospects—she will be gratified to find herself of consequence to you.

This wordly sermon has for its text "Be nice if you want to be popular." There is no need to debate the question "Is popularity worth seeking?" for all pursue this form of the bubble reputation. Society wou'd dissolve into fragments if we did not.

Another essential ingredient of popularity is "cheek." Timidity is the extra spoonful of flour that spoils the cake. Modesty is a mistake, except in the company of highly gifted individuals, and even they would mostly rather be playfully than actually worshipped. Malicious gossip must be kept under the lock and key of the will. If repeated it alarms those whom is most amuses, who think "If Elizabeth would say such sharp things about Maud, what will she say of me?"

In conversation assist the backward and help the adventurous to execute clever manoeuvres; in literary discussion be as brilliant as you please, in short sentences, but exact the point for praise from the rambling arguments of others—in fact, remember always that a human being thinks "How can I acquire myself well?" not "How nice it is to meet with so much cleverness!"

This is all give and no take? True. But the reward is "being popular."

Boer Ladies at Home.

Some interesting notes about the ways and customs of the Dutch ladies appear in the British Weekly from a correspondent who spent some time in Boer households in the Wakkerstroom district of the Transvaal. The ladies, we are told, have very pale complexions, in the whiteness of which they take their pride. To keep off the scorching sun's rays, they envelop their heads in white linen scarfs, worn like the nuns and sisters of mercy, and over this wear either the sunbonnet, or "cappie," or a large straw hat tied under the chin with strings. They have the impression that they "burn black," and know nothing of the becoming brown sunburn which English girls like to get.

...class there is an American organ or "seraphine," and the girls are gener-

In most Boer houses of the better ally able to play simple tunes and accompany songs and hymns. Four girls in one house where the correspondent was staying surprised their visitor by singing the familiar old songs, "In the Gloaming" and "Just Before the Battle, Mother," in preference to Dutch songs. As only one seemed able to speak English, it was curious to hear the others join in the choruses. The daughter of the house is always the one to bring the customary cup of coffee to the visitors.

At the same house the daughters entertained their visitor in their bedroom by showing her box after box full of elaborate crochet-work, counterpanes, antimacassars, and yards and yards of crocheted lace frillings, which they had made. They are also very clever makers of paper bowers, and many of the parlors and entertaining rooms are freely adorned with colored bunches and festoons of them. In some houses the bedroom walls are adorned with pages from fashion-books. The ignorance of the Boer girls is sometimes surprising. One old Dutch "frau" quite thought that there were Kaffirs or black people all over the world, and no doubt wondered how the English could get any work done with no servants at command.

Three Excellent Recipes.

CHEESE BISCUITS.—Place four ounces of Parmesan cheese and four ounces of pastry bower in a basin, with a little salt and a few grains of cayenne. Rub into this two ounces of butter and make into a stiff dough with the yolk of an egg. Roll the pastry out thinly, cut it into rounds, prick with a fork and bake in a cool oven until crisp. Keep these biscuits in a tin until quite cool.

PRUNE JELLY.—Take one quart of prunes, stir until soft and mash through colander half a box of gelatine; put in bowl, cover with cold water, let it soak for about five minutes; take a pint and a half of the mashed prunes, add to the gelatine, with three tablespoonfuls of sugar; put on the stove, and let boil for five minutes; pour into jelly moulds and serve with cream.

EGGS A LA JOSEPHINE.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Remove the shells. Separate the yolks without breaking; cut the whites in thin, narrow slices, and mix them with an equal quantity of fine shredded cooked fish and a tablespoonful of fine parsley. Place the mixture on a platter in a circular or oval ring, and put the yolks in the centre. Set the platter in a steamer to heat the mixture. Make a pint of thick white sauce and pour around the edge of the dish.

Fish Not Brain Food.

The popular notion that "fish is a brain food" is a mistake, for eminent physiologists tells us that fish, no more than any other nitrogenous food, contributes to brain growth and development. All nitrogenous foods, such as fish, meat, eggs and so on, repair the waste tissues of the body, but fish is of no more importance than the others.

SMILES.

"You have been a-telling me, John," said the old man, "that you're a'writin' of a poem—or something like that—on 'Injun summer.'"

"Yes, father—a sublime ode."

"But it's my opinion," continued the old man, "that a real, live, industrious Injun would take a tomahawk an' whirl in an' scalp some o' them trees into firewood, an' not set thar splutterin' ink over white paper with blue lines on it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"There's nothing in my name, no matter what Shakespeare says," commented the new boarder.

"How's that?" asked the landlady.

"My name is Naughton," answered the new boarder. By diligently explaining the meaning of "naughts" he managed to draw non-committal smiles from a few of those present.—Baltimore American.

"Sir," said the young man, "I ask for your daughter's hand."

"Young man," replied the father, "I am not disposing of her in sections."

Husband—I cannot get the casters under the book case to work at all, and I've oiled them twice.

Wife (with conscious superiority)—But you didn't use castor oil.

"Could you do somethin' fer a pore ole sailor?" asked the wanderer at the gate.

"Pore old sailor?" echoed the lady at the tub.

"Yes'm. I follered the wotter fer twenty years."

"Well," said the lady at the tub, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you'd ever ketched up with it," and resumed her Delsartean exercise of determence.—Indianapolis Press.

Pore ol' Mistuh Mercury, you's mighty tired, I guess,
O' hustlin' roun' de nineties an' a doin' of yoh bes.
I'll be mighty glad to find you
Leavin' all dis work behind you
An' settlin' down to zero so's to take a little res'.
—Washington Star.

"We need a short item to fill up the last column," said the foreman of the Pike County Farmers' Monthly Visitor, "and then we kin go to press."

"H'm!" mused the editor. "Suppose ye stick this in: William McKinley, who appointed Zeke Rubens, our efficient and obliging postmaster, was re-elected president early in the month.—From the Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. Suburb—I never noticed until we moved into this house that the pump is out of doors.

Agent—That's so that the water may be nice and cool in summer, ma'am.

"But I don't want to be running out of doors dozens of times a day in winter."

"No need to, ma'am. The pump always freezes up in cold weather."—From Fun.

"We might just as well come to an understanding at once," said the angry husband. "It's hard for you to hear the truth, especially from me, but"—

"Indeed it is," interrupted the patient wife. "I hear it so seldom."

"My dear, why don't you hit the nail on the head sometimes?"

"I do. Look at my thumb."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Actor—Hurry, or we'll miss the train.

Actress—I can't find my diamonds or my purse.

Actor—Oh, well, never mind.

Actress—Yes, but the purse had a dollar in it.

"He is awfully nice," she sobbed, "but I can't—I can't."

"Can't what?" queries her mother.

"Give up my name of Willoughby for his of Snobkins," was the tearful answer.

We saw a young man with two heads on his shoulders the other day, but did not consider it much of a curiosity. One belonged to his girl.

Dabber—Here's my latest picture, "The Battle." I tell you war's a terrible thing.

Friend—Oh, I don't think it's as bad as it's painted.

Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out?

Servant Girl—Yes, ma'am.

Mistress—Did she seem to have any doubts about it?

Servant Girl—No, ma'am; she said she knew you wasn't.

First Varsity Man—What was the result of the football match today?

Second Ditto—Oh, we beat them easily. We had only one collarbone fractured, while they had three broken legs and a couple of sprained ankles. They can't play football.

"How's this? You're already advertising again a dog lost. That's the third dog you've lost in a month!"

"Oh, it's just my luck! Since my daughter has been taking singing lessons I can't keep an animal in the place!"

"I'm sure we shall be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighborhood to the grocer at the corner.

"No doubt of it, sir. Especially," he added, as an afterthought, "if the terms are cash."

"William, go up to my room. Back of my wardrobe there are"—

"Cigars, sir?"

"Yes. How did you find them?"

"Oh, very good, indeed, sir!"

When Brown first wed he told of what
"I" did or was to do;
The "I" was altered to a "We" in just
a year or two;
And after that throughout the rest of
his poor henpecked life
Brown lost his own identity, and talked
about "My wife."

Mamma—Now, Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over into the next garden to play with that Binks boy; he's very rude.

Freddy (heard a few moments afterward calling over the wall)—I say, Binks, ma says I'm not to go in your garden because you're rude; but you come into my garden—I ain't rude.

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.

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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, DECEMBER 11, 1902.

McInnes Congratulated.

We, says the Clarion, congratulate the Honorable W. W. B. McInnes most heartily upon his elevation to Cabinet rank. No man has worked harder than he to obtain the opportunity of serving the Province in its highest offices, and we are glad to learn that not for long is he to occupy a position the honor and glory of which are in greater evidence than those more substantial emoluments which should form the recompense for his devoted services to the powers which today rule British Columbia. In this cause has the President of the Council sacrificed his constituents, his political honor and his political future and common justice demands that the price should be paid.

The Honorable W. W. B. McInnes was elected to oppose the political ring with which he is now completely identified. He was sent to the House to protest against a policy of granting land subsidies and bonuses to railway companies and corporations, a policy which he must now defend. He pledged himself to attack the coal baron whose subservient follower he has since become. Victorious at the polls on a platform the principal plank of which was Government ownership of railways, he has become the colleague of men who propose to give the Fraser river bridge to the first private company which will take it off their hands. Elected by the labor vote he did his best to mutilate the Workmen's Compensation Act and to vitiate the act for the protection of trades unions, voted against a minimum wage of two dollars on railways receiving huge bonuses from the Province and in short took a strong and pronounced stand against almost every movement in the House for the benefit of labor. The champion of the rights of the E. & N. settlers he has done his best to prevent justice from being done them, and to please the master whom he has chosen. has applied to old men grown grey during years of wrong and oppression the approbrious epithet of land grabbers, and this from his place in the House to which he went ostensibly in their interests. He has trodden under foot every principle which he professed when seeking the suffrages of the electors of North Nanaimo, he has become the willing tool of the corporations which are preying upon the Province, and he has deliberately aided an incompetent and reckless administration to maintain itself in power and place in the teeth of public opinion.

Once more we congratulate the Honorable W. W. B. McInnes. His work has been well done and he has his reward.

What Conservatives Have Done

What will be the attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright and other erstwhile opponents of the Canadian Pacific, when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway asks Parliament for authority to construct a second trans-continental line in purely Canadian territory?

The building of the Canadian Pacific made the construction of a second line possible. It opened up the greatest of Canada's resources. It has involved, during the past twelve months, the expenditure of millions of dollars in keeping pace with the demands on its service, and it proposes to do more. The addition of a magnificent fleet of Atlantic steamers to convey to the markets of Europe the produce of the granary it developed, marks another advance in its progressive policy, and incidentally a forward move for Canada and Canadians.

These are results of Conservative faith in Canada's future. We are asked to forget them. And why? Merely to avoid forcing discredit on present leaders of the Liberal party.

When the scheme was broached for the construction of the Canadian Pacific, the Liberal party, led by Hon Edward Blake, vainly sought to have the line pass through American territory.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of the loudest champions of United States interests. He declared, "If this contract is to be judged in the light of modern British ideas and principles, it carries with it its warrant, and the only duty that remains for the House to perform is simply to reject it on the first opportunity." As a substitute for an all-Canadian line, he advocated a railway to Sault Ste. Marie, thence by the Northern Pacific through foreign territory to the Canadian West.

Sir Richard Cartwright was of the same opinion. He was certain that "the confounded Pacific Railway was likely to be the death of half a dozen ministers before it was through with." This was his message to the Canadian Parliament and the Canadian people.

But when it came to a question of building a feeder to a United States line, Sir Richard, like Sir Wilfrid, was enthusiastic.

During the coming session of Parliament both ministers will have an opportunity to duplicate their opposition of 1880. Another "confounded Pacific Railway" will again engage the attention of all Canadians. Will the present leaders oppose it as they did the "Canadian Pacific"? Will they dare to stand before the people of this country and advocate the expenditure of money for the benefit of foreign railroads? Will they again denounce the West as a waste—a land of hills and lakes—the traffic of which would not pay for the grease of the car wheels?

These are things not to be recalled, now that our West is a by-word among nations. Let bygones be bygones! Forget Canadians! one and all, that the men who now control the government of this country attempted to pass on your inheritance to foreigners, and you will have removed blots of shame from the pages of the histories of the men who are held to possess the brightest minds in the Liberal party.

But is that your duty? Do not the magnificent efforts and accomplishments of the Canadian Pacific, and the necessity for the construction of a second "confounded Pacific line," speak for the return of men who made such things possible? These are the gifts of the Conservative party to Canada—the outcome of the policy of "Canada for Canadians."

Down in Dixie.

Just now a number of our readers are planning where they will go for the winter and no doubt the majority of them will do as they have done in the past, buy round trip excursion tickets, good for six months, to Southern Pines, N. C., and those who want to make side trips of a few weeks to Florida, Louisiana or Texas can get round trip tickets from Southern Pines to the points they desire to visit at the most favorable rates and thus save unnecessary expenses. Southern Pines is the head quarters for northern tourist. It is located in the high sand hills among the Long Leaf Pines on the Seaboard Air Line Railway, which is the most direct route between New York, Washington and Jacksonville, Florida.

We advise our readers who are expecting to make a Southern trip to write to Mr. John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C., and he will send them, free of charge, printed matter that will be of much interest.

LEGAL

LE MA STRE & SCOTT.

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

HARVEY, M'CARTER & PINKHAM

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

SOCIETIES.

Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree meets third Tuesday of each quarter, in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren welcome

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. JOHNSON, W. M.
W. JOHNSTON, 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.

B. VAN HORNE, C. C.
G. H. BROCK, K. of R. & S.

CHURCHES

METHODIST CHURCH, REVELSTOKE.

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

Rev C. LADNER, Pastor.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ANGLICAN.

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

C. A. PROCUNIER, cetor.

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,
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JUST EAST OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Third Street.

A. H. HOLDICH
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST
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Royal School of Mines, London. Seven years at Morfa Works, Swansea. 17 years Chief Chemist to Wigan Coal and Iron Co., Eng. Late Chemist and Assayer, Hall Mines, Ltd. Claims examined and reported upon.
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Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water And Steam Heating, Gas Fitting
Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

WOOD

Wood for sale including
Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.

All orders left at W. M. Lawrence's will receive prompt attention.
W. FLEMING.

Sewing Machine Supplies

I beg to notify the Public that I carry all the necessary attachments and accessories for every make of machine

Agent for the
SINGER
SEWING
MACHINES
The Best Machine Made.

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GO TO L. Schnider
FOR YOUR
Patent Rubber Heels and Rubber Soleing
in all sizes and colors.
Boot and Shoe Repairing a Specialty

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Mining Engineers
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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.
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Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

Large, Light bedrooms.
Rates $1 a day.
Monthly Rate.

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If you are looking for possibilities in Estate Speculation that will double your capital, it will be to your interest to invest RIGHT NOW, before the best of the properties have been taken up.

REAL ESTATE
AT GROUND FLOOR PRICES

Are you looking for Business Lots, Residential Lots, or other Real Estate? Goldfields is the Payroll Centre and Resident Town of the Famous Fish River Free Milling Gold Camp, and has a Future unequalled by any other Town in the West.

For Terms and Particulars Write
ROGER F. PERRY, Manager, Goldfields, B. C.

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Baker and Confectioner

A full and complete line of
GROCERIES

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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, McCATREE & PINKHAM.

Canadian Pacific Railway

TRAINS LEAVE REVELSTOKE DAILY.

EASTBOUND..... 8:20
WESTBOUND..... 17:30
SOUTHBOUND..... 8:10

TOURIST CARS TO ST. PAUL DAILY

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MONTREAL and BOSTON..... — THURSDAYS

For full information call on or address

T. W. Bradshaw, Agent, Revelstoke.
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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.

Carpenters Wanted.

Fifty carpenters wanted at once, six months work. Apply to J. Kernaghan, Revelstoke or Laggan.

Going South for Winter?

If you are contemplating going South during the winter of 1902 or 1903 you can get valuable information free of charge.

Write to
John T. Patrick
Pinebluff, N. C.

He can save you money in hotel rates.
He can direct you which is the best railroad route to travel.
He can direct you where to rent neatly furnished cottages or single rooms.

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.

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SCOTCH WHISKY

The best results in Scotch Whisky are obtained by a blend of the best distilleries.
Messrs. Greenless Brothers, of Argyleshire, considered the greatest whisky experts in the world, have spent their life's experience in the Scotch whisky business, and the result is the world's Greatest Scotch,
King Edward VII. Scotch Whisky
Distilled on the Estate of the Duke of Argyle, Scotland.
Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Company, Limited, Agents

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.
FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION.
HEATED BY HOT AIR
REASONABLE RATES.

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

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

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

Nature's Wrath.

(By a Banker.)

When in angry mood Nature vents her wrath in varied manner. Now it is the tornado, which with irresistible force tears a passage for itself through forest or township, levelling houses to the ground and at one stroke cutting down long avenues of the great giants of the woods. Now it is an overwhelming flood, carrying destruction and devastation on its surging course; now a raging storm at sea; or a violent outburst of electrical energy, the dazzling forks and tongues of fire dealing death upon whomsoever they strike, while the detonating roar of the rolling thunder enhances the weird mystery of the aerial discord.

But of all the manifestations of her wrath, without doubt the most terrifying and the most desolating of them all is when the ever-glowing, mighty, roaring, nearly eight thousand miles deep, never quiescent, never inactive, pent up beneath a shell no thicker, comparatively than the shell of an egg, from time to time essays with frantic, almost irresistible energy to burst the frail bonds of its prison, pouring forth a fiery, molten flood, rending the rocky crust which keeps it within its appointed bounds, and causing the very earth itself to tremble and quake as if struck with terror lest its fiery prisoner should break loose and destroy it.

And at such times when these roaring, thousand-miled flames confined within that brittle, rocky crust gather up such overwhelming energy and force that at length they burst forth in all their fury; then, indeed, do we realize the might of Nature's stupendous forces. The side of a mountain is blown out, and from out the incandescent caldron of molten elements a great vivid cyclone of deadly blazing, lurid fire darts forth, and in a second of time has spread like a lightning gleam over the surrounding land, striking down in death every living creature over whom it passes, leaving town and country but a calcined smoking ruin, and causing even the very sea itself to boil like a seething caldron. And now, gathering yet more energy, red hot rocks and stones are shot up miles high, dealing death and destruction wherever they fall; vast masses of ashes and dust are ejected into the upper regions of the air; here and there the earth opens her mouth and vomits fire and smoke; choking sulphurous gases overspread the country, and a sepulchral pall of darkness, a veritable darkness which may be felt, hangs threateningly over the desolation, and veils from view the horrors which have been enacted.

And when at length the gloomy shroud has been lifted, it is seen that the stricken victims of Nature's wrath have been buried by her hand, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and the fair face of the heretofore smiling landscape is but an arid expanse of smoking ashes.

But what a scene will be presented when the tocsin sounds for the whole earth to be burned up. Happy they who, having lived the life of the righteous, and having accepted the Saviour of the world as their Redeemer and having their names written in heaven, are borne by angels safu from harm, and can witness from afar the fiery destruction.

The Civic Ward System.

Kamloops is apparently tired of the ward system of electing members of the City Council. This is the way the Sentinel pats it:

"Interest in the approaching municipal elections is increasing daily, and although it has not yet reached the acute stage, the indications are that there will be no lack of candidates in the field by January 12 next, the nomination day. There is, too, a decided feeling in favor of the abolition of the ward system, and in all probability a move will be made with this end in view within the next few days. In order to affect the change, a petition signed by the owners of more than one-half in value as shown by the last revised assessment roll, must be presented to the Council, asking for the discontinuance of the ward system and on receipt of such a petition, the Council, must pass a by-law to that effect. The election of the entire Council by popular vote would do away with the injustice worked in compelling a property owner to vote in the ward where he resides irrespective of his interests in other parts of the city. The one man, one vote, is a good result of the Amended Municipal Elections Act, but to complete the reform, the abolition of the ward system should follow. If the matter is taken in hand and the necessary signatures obtained without undue delay, it will be possible to have a bylaw introduced, and if the majority of aldermen favor it, passed in time to apply at the forthcoming elections."

Notice.

If the party or parties who removed the cap from a field glass at Watchman William Mackie's Cabin at the Columbia bridge last summer, will return the same to A. McKae, Postmaster, they will receive $5 reward.

RANCH FOR SALE.

The administrators of the estate of John D. Boyd deceased, offer for sale by tender the property in the Big Bend District, known as "Boyd's Ranch," also the chattel property thereon, a list of which may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Tenders will be received up to Feb. 1st, 1903. The administrators will not be bound to accept the highest or any tender.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for Administrators.

Revelstoke, B. C., Nov. 27th, 1902.

Notice to Creditors

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF Kootenay holden at Revelstoke. In the matter of the estate of Charles G. Donnelly, late of Albert Canyon, B. C., deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all persons having claims against the estate of the said Charles G. Donnelly, who died on or about the 21st day of September, A. D., 1902, are required to send by post prepaid or to deliver to Harvey, McCarter and Pinkham, solicitors for the administrators, on or before the 27th day of December, 1902, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of particulars of their claims and the nature of the security (if any) held by them duly certified, and that after the said day the administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice.

Dated this 27th day of November, 1902.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for George A. Donnelly, and Geo. S. McCarter, Administrators of the said estate.

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

UNION
Cigar Factory
REVELSTOKE, B.C.
H. A. BROWN, PROP.
Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION
ALL GOODS UNION MADE

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.

GO TO THE
REVELSTOKE DAIRY
FOR
Pure Milk
C. H. Lawrence
PROPRIETOR.

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.

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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.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post on the East bank of the Columbia River, about two miles above the mouth of Wood River and marked "J. Ringer's south west corner post," thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to the point of commencement.

J. RINGER.

Dated this 20th day of September, 1902.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in North East Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted alongside the Wood River trail about 60 chains north of the head of navigation landing on the Columbia river and about 2½ miles southwest of the upper trail crossing of Wood river and marked "R. M. Hume's southwest corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of September, 1902.

R. M. HUME.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in North East Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the Big Marsh about 30 chains south east of Wood river and at a point about one mile south of the upper trail crossing of Wood river and marked "C. B. Hume's northwest corner post," thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of September, 1902.

C. B. HUME.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in North East Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the Big Marsh, about 30 chains south east of Wood river, and at a point about one mile south of the upper trail crossing of Wood river, and marked "C. B. Hume's south-west corner post," thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of September, 1902.

C. B. HUME.

NOTICE

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river, just above the mouth of Canoe river, and marked "R. M. Hume's north west corner post," thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 22nd day of September, 1902.

R. M. HUME.

NOTICE

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river, just above the mouth of Canoe river, and marked 'R. Davis' southwest corner post,' thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 22nd day of September, 1902

R. DAVIS.

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 West Kootenay:—Commencing at Peter Agren's south west corner post near Boyd's ranch about half a mile from the Columbia river, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

PETER AGREN.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I will 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 "R. Steiss' south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of November, 1902.

R. STEISS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 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, A. Y. Anderson's south west corner post," thence north 120 chains, thence east to the west bank of Fish river, thence south following the bank of Fish river to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of November, 1902.

A. Y. ANDERSON.

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.

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 Londondery, 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.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Columbia river at a point about six miles northerly from Big Mouth creek and adjoining the northern boundary of the lands owned by the American Syndicate, and marked "J. P. Hume's south west corner post;" thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1902.

J. P. HUME.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia river about five miles below the mouth of Gold Stream and marked "George Knapp's south east corner post," thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 9th day of October, 1902.

GEORGE KNAPP.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted at the south east corner of Lot 80, G. 1., according to the official plan of the survey of the American Syndicate Lands in the Big Bend district, and at a point about 4½ chains east of the Columbia river about two and a half miles below the mouth of Gold Stream and marked "J. P. Hume's north east corner post," thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1902.

J. P. HUME.

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 West Kootenay:—Commencing at W. le Maistre's north west corner post near Boyd's ranch about half a mile from the Columbia river, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

W. le MAISTRE.

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 West Kootenay:—Commencing at J. A. Kirk's north west corner post thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

J. A. KIRK.

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 West Kootenay:—Commencing at Peter Agren's south west corner post near Boyd's ranch on the Columbia river, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

PETER AGREN.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in North East Kootenay District:—

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia River at the outlet of Inbasket Lake and marked "B. A. Lawson's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 27th day of September 1902.

B. A. LAWSON.

THE TOWNSITE OF
..CIRCLE CITY..
IS NOW ON THE MARKET.

2oo --Lots on Sale -2oo

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 theco mpany 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.—

Do You Want to Make Your Business Pay? **We Can Show The Road to Success**

It Pays to Buy An Advertising Space in

The Revelstoke Herald and Railwaymen's Journal

IT HAS A LARGE CIRCULATION

IT COVERS THE FIELD IT GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Our Job Printing Department

Is equipped with the Latest Faces of Type, the Best of Presses and Inks, and we guarantee Clean, Neat and Attractive Work. No Job too Large or too Small.

We Print . . .	We Print . . .
Dodgers, Posters,	Envelopes Circulars
Streamers, Dates	Note Heads Pamphlets
Bill Heads Letter Heads	Books. Visiting Cards
Business Cards.	Stationery of all kinds.

Revelstoke Herald Job Room

First Street.

THOU'RT NOT AFAR.

Thou'rt not afar! thy face is still before me
With all its light— its loveliness divine;
The south winds blow thy dark, deep tresses o'er me
And still the gray eyes shine!

Thou'rt not afar! No distance, dear, can sever
Hearts that in hearts all faithfully abide.
Love that is love forever and forever
No oceans can divide!

Thou'rt not afar! But oh, to feel the living
Clasp of thy hand! to kiss the tears away
From those dear eyes—the tender and forgiving—
And hear the dear lips say:
"I love you!"—as in moments long departed!
Yet this is still my solace and my trust;
There shall be rest, dear, for the broken hearted,
Beyond God's daisied dust.

—Frank L. Stanton.

Little Vidette of Lombardy.

In the year 1859 during the war for the liberation of Lombardy a few days before the battle of Solferino and San Martino, won by the French and the Italians, united aginst the Austrians on a beautiful morning in the month of June a little troop of cavalry of Saluzzo was moving slowly through a solitary path, toward the enemy, reconnoitering the country as they went. The troop was commanded by an officer and a sergeant, and all spied into the distance before them with eager eyes, silent, expecting every moment to see the white uniforms of the advance post of the enemy shimmering through the trees. They came to a hut surrounded by ash trees, in front of which was a boy about twelve years old, standing alone removing the bark from a small branch with a knife. From the window of the house floated a large tri-colored flag, but no one was inside. Having hoisted the flag, all had run away fearing the Austrains. As soon as the boy sow the cavalry men, he threw away his stick and took off his hat. He was a fine-looking lad with a brave face, large blue eyes, and long blonde hair. He was in his shirt sleeves and his shirt was unfastened, showing his bare chest.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer, stopping his horse. "Why did you not run away with your family?"

"I have no family," answered the boy. "I am a foundling. I work a little for every one, and I remained here to see the war."

"Have you seen the Austrians pass?"

"Not for the last three days."

The officer sat thinking a moment, then dismounted from his horse, and, leaving the soldiers turned toward the foe, he entered the house and went up on the roof. The house was low and from the roof only a little stretch of the country could be seen.

"It is necessary to climb the trees," said the officer, and he came down. Just in front of the yard there was a lofty, slender ash tree, which was rocking its top in the sky. The officer stood lost in thought for a moment, looking now at the tree, now at the soldiers, then, all of a sudden, he asked the boy:

"Have you good eyesight, you ragamuffin?"

"I?" said the boy. "I can see a sparrow a mile distant."

"Can you climb to the top of that tree?"

"I can do that in a minute."

"And could you tell me what you see down below from the top, whether there are any Austrian soldiers, clouds of dust, guns glimmering, or any horses on that side?"

"Surely, I could."

"What do you want me to pay you for this service?"

"What do I want?" said the boy, smiling; "nothing, of course. If the Austrians asked me, I would not do it at all, but for my own people—I am a Lombard!"

"Well, then, climb up."

"Wait just a moment for me to take off my shoes."

He took off his shoes, tightened the strap around his trousers, threw his hat on the grass, and clasped the trunk of the ash tree.

"But, look out!" exclaimed the officer, making a gesture as if to hold him back, as though seized with a sudden fear. The boy turned around to look at him with his fine blue eyes, as if to question him.

"Never mind," said the officer; "go up."

The boy went up like a cat.

"Look in front of you," cried the officer to the soldiers.

In a few moments the boy was at the top of the tree, with his legs around the trunk among the leaves, but with his breast uncovered, and the sun shining on his blonde head made it look like gold. The officer could hardly see him, he looked so small from the ground.

"Look straight in the distance," cried the officer.

The boy in order to see better took his right hand from the tree and put it over his forehead.

"What do you see?" asked the officer.

The boy bent his head forward, and, making a speaking tube of his hand, answered: "Two men on horseback on the white road."

"What distance from here?"

"Half a mile.'

"Do they move?"

"They are standing still."

"What else do you see," after a moment's silence. "Look to your right."

Then he said: "Among the trees near the cemetery there is something which glitters like bayonets."

"Do you see any people?"

"No, they must be hidden under the wheat."

At that moment the sharp whiz of a bullet passed high through the air and died away, far off, behind the house.

"Come down, boy," cried the officer, "they have seen you. I do not want anything more, come down."

"I am not afraid," answered the boy.

"Come down," repeated the officer. "What else do you see at the left?"

"At the left?"

"Yes, at the left."

The boy pushed his head to the left, and another whiz, sharper and lower than the first, cut through the air. The boy shook all over.

"Confound them!" he exclaimed, "they are aiming at me." The bullet had passed very near him.

"Down!" cried the officer in an imperious and irritated way.

"I will come down directly. The tree, however, will protect me, do not fear. To the left, you wish to know what I can see?"

"To the left," answered the officer; "but, come down."

"To the left," said the boy, turning his head that way, "where there is a chapel, it seems as though I can see—

A third raging whiz was heard and almost at the same time the boy was seen coming down, holding for a moment to the trunk and to the branches, and then falling down head first, with open arms.

"Curse them!" cried the officer, running to him.

The boy struck the ground with his back and lay there stretched out with his arms open; a stream of blood was flowing from his left side. The sergeant and two soldiers jumped from their horses, the officer bent down and opened his shirt; the bullet had entered his left lung. "He is dead," exclaimed the officer. "No, he lives," answered the sergeant. "Our poor, brave boy!" cried the officer.

"Courage! courage!" But while he was saying this and pressing his handkerchief over the wound, the boy rolled his eyes wearily, and let his hand fall back. He was dead. The officer turned pale and looked at him fixedly for a moment, then laid him with his head on the grass; and, for awhile he remained looking at him. Also the sergeant and the two soldiers stood motionless and gazed at him; the others were turned toward the enemy.

"Poor boy," sadly repeated the officer, "Poor and brave boy."

Then he approached the house and took from the window the tri-colored flag and stretched it out like a funeral pall over his body, leaving the head uncovered. The sergeant picked up the boy's shoes, cap, the little stick and the knife.

They stood in silence a moment, then the officer turned to the sergeant and said: 'We will send the ambulance for him. He died like a soldier, and we will bury him like a soldier." Having said this he threw a kiss to the dead and cried, "To horse." They all jumped to their saddles, the troop formed again an followed up its route; but a few hours later the little dead boy did receive the honors of war.

Towards sunset all the lines of the Italian advance post were marching toward the enemy over the same road which had been taken in the morning by the troop of cavalry.

The large battalio of bersagieri, which a few days before had valiantly stained with blood the hill of San Martino, proceeded in two files. The news of the death of the boy had spread through the army before the soldiers had left their encampment. A stream ran along beside the path a few paces distant from the house. When the first officers of the battalion saw the little corpse stretched at the foot of the ash tree and covered with the tri-colored flag(they saluted him with the sword, and one of them bent over the edge of the stream, which was bordered with flowers, plucked two flowers and threw them over him. Then all the battalion, as they were passing, picked flowers and threw them over the dead. In a few moments the boy was covered with flowers, and officers and soldiers all gave aim a salute as they passed by. "Brave little Lombard!" "Good bye, boy!" "Honor to you, little blonde!" "Hurrah!" "Glory!" "Goodbye!" One officer threw a medal of valor on him; another kissed his forehead; the flowers continued to shower on his bare feet, upon his wounded chest, and upon the blonde head. And he slept there in the grass wrapped in his flag, with a white but almost smiling face, poor boy as if he felt the honor paid him, as though he were content to have given his life for his Lombardy.

Very Considerate.

Mr. Suburb—What on earth are you trying to do, neighbor?

Mr. Neighbor—Merely taking down a little of the paling so that I can move my chicken coop over into your yard.

"Eh! My yard?"

"Yes, I like to be neighborly and considerate of other people's feelings, you know."

"But—er—"

"Yes, you shan't have any more cause to complain about my chickens scratching up your yard!"

"But you are moving your whole coop over on my property!"

"That's the idea. Quick as the chickens find their coop in your yard they'll fancy that you own them, and will spend the rest of their natural lives scratching in my yard, you know."

"Um!" said the head of the firm as he surveyed the applicant. "So you'd like a job as porter, eh? Well, we need a good, strong porter here; but you don't look quite heavy enough for the—oy the way, why did you leave the job you had before?"

"Well, you see," said the applicant, "I licked the boss, and so they——"

"E—excuse me; now that I come to think of it, we hired a man to fill this place day before yesterday."—Chicago Times-Herald.

DON'TS FOR PARENTS

The Health of School Children is Paramount.

The health of school children is paramount to every other consideration. When children, particularly girls, between the ages of ten and seventeen exhibit evidences of nervous disorder such as twitching of the face and hands or extreme irritability it is a sure sign either that the school work is too severe or that they are not living under proper hygienic conditions, or both.

In the majority of cases, to conquer the difficulties of arithmetic or grammar or the intricacies of a new language is harder work for the child than are for the business or professional man his every-day vocations. Hence children need constant care, sympathy and encouragement.

Children should spend not less than two hours a day in the open air, and if possible should engage in games requiring both skill and activity. They should not be permitted to attend social parties or public meetings or entertainments on an evening preceding a school day. They should spend in sleep not less than nine and if possible ten hours out of every twenty-four.

The following practices should be prohibited as injurious to health: Study before partaking of food in the morning, the rapid reading of lessons just before the beginning of school sessions, study immediately after the close of school before the mind and body have been rested by play or other suitable change or occupation, study immediately after eating a hearty meal.

The children should have fixed hours for study.

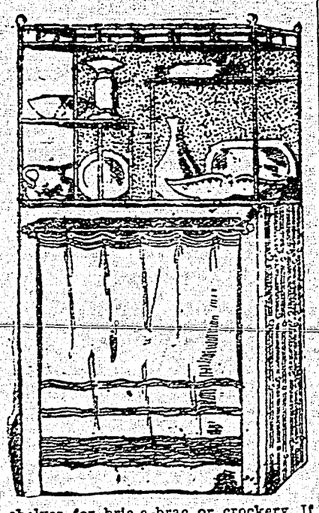
When parents find that their children, after conscientious effort, cannot accomplish the work assigned by the teacher in the time specified in the rule they should at once communicate the fact to the principal of the school, and ask diminution of the tasks assigned.

Parents should never urge children to make extra efforts to obtain promotion, nor show annoyance if they fail to obtain promotion. What children need for intellectual and moral progress is systematic work. If for any good reason the child is not promoted or graduated at the end of the term, he should not be reprimanded, but encouraged to try again. Nor should parents by finding fault with the teacher weaken her influence for good.

Cigarette-smoking by growing boys is dangerous alike to the physical, the intellectual and the moral well-being. Parents cannot be too vigilant in preventing their sons from using tobacco in any form, and particularly in that of the cigarette.

Radiator in Disguise.

The uncompromisingly ugly radiator may be prettily disguised during the Summer months, says Harper's Bazar, from which the illustration is taken, by slipping over it a plain pine frame, from whose lower part hangs a curtain like that of a bookshelf. The upper half may be arranged with



shelves for bric-a-brac or crockery. If the curtain be made of whiplash or bamboo strings the covering may be left on in Winter as well as in Summer, as the hot air can thus escape. The frame may be stained to match the woodwork of the room.

Women's Occult Powers.

In discussing the "sixth sense" in animals, the London Daily News announces that, among the other domestic animals, woman possesses this sense to a marked degree. In evidence of which there is the instance of the woman residing in the hotel at Amalfi the day before the landslip, who refused to stop another night because she could "feel" that the earth was moving. Similarly, domestic animals manifested symptoms of unrest and apprehension before the serious earthquake of 1897 in the Rivera, and it is commonly noticed that previous to earthquakes generally, and before great storms, dogs, cows, horses—and women—"feel" the approaching disaster. Why domestic animals, including women, have this prescience, which is almost entirely wanting in wild beasts and men, is explained by the statement that the former have less to think about than the latter and so are more attentive to their sense impressions. Men and wild beasts labor under the absorbing necessity of providing food for themselves against enemies, while the domestic animals are spared all this.

Now that this sixth sense of woman has been certainly discovered and clearly explained in London, says Harper's Bazar, one naturally looks there to know what, if anything, comes to woman in measuring up the fourth dimension.

HOW DO YOU STAND.

Queer Ways Different Nationalities Greet Each Other.

The Germans greet each other by saying: "How do you find yourself?"

The Chinese inquire of equals: "Have you eaten your rice?" The reply is: "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

The Japanese, when they meet a superior, remove their sandals and exclaim: "Hurt me not!"

"How do you stand?" asks the Italian when he meets a friend.

Arabs of eminence kiss each others cheeks, and exclaim: "God grant thee His favor, and give health to thy family."

The Dutch greet each other by asking: "Have you had a good dinner?"

A Moor rides at full speed toward a friend or stranger, stops suddenly, fires a pistol into the air over his own head then considers that he has been quite courteous.

In Egypt the usual words of greeting are: "How do you perspire?"

In Lapland friends salute by pressing their noses together.

The Polish greeting is: "How do you have yourself?"

Persian friends cross necks, rub cheeks, and say: "May thy shadow never grow less."

"Go with God, senor," is the Spanish greeting.

The French ask: "How do you carry yourself?"

Russian friends greet by asking: "How do you live on?"

In Siam a man prostrates himself on the ground when he meets a stranger and waits to see whether he will be raised and welcomed or kicked away.—Exchange.

Feat of an Amateur.

"Yep, looking for a saddle horse," admitted the wholesaler who was just back from his vacation. "I was raised among horses, you might say. I never boast, but I guess that I can ride anything that ever looked through a bridle Just back from visiting an old chum that grew up next door to me. Has a great stock farm. Broke in a three-year-old colt for him while I was there."

"Any trouble?"

"Not a bit. Tied up his front legs and he fell so as to throw me through a corn crib. Didn't hurt. Old man came along and said I ought to be ashamed to cripple a horse in order to ride him. So I let the leg down. I scrambled on and he jumped before I was ready. That time I went through the top of a peach tree. Never felt it. Next trip me and the colt went down the road as though there were fireworks on his tail.

"He stopped unexpectedly and I went over a wire fence into a ploughed field. I tore my trousers and ripped the tops of my shoes, but never broke the skin. I bet there isn't another amateur rider in the country could do that. My head plunged through three furrows, but I didn't mind it any more than a dive into the Detroit river."

"Got right back on the colt, I suppose?"

"No, my chum said I was a little over weight, so he put a young fellow on and he stuck as if he had to. I like to see a colt have some sort of a show. The boy tired the critter out and I insisted on one more mount. You can bet that colt knew his master. He was tame as a sheep. I'd have ridden him, you know, if he'd broke my neck. Now, what I want is something quick and develish in horseflesh. I'll tame him."—Detroit Free Press.

OUT OF BABIES MOUTHS.

"The ladies in our congregation are pretty fond of me," said the minister's mischievous little boy. "Nearly all of them gave pa some slippers on his birthday."

"I thought your pa always uses a slipper to spank you with."

"So he does, but these he got are the soft kind that's all made out of wool."—Philadelphia Press.

"What kind of a present shall I bring you, Mabel?" asked the father of a three-year-old miss as he was about to start on a short journey.

"Bring me some holes for my ears, so I can wear earrings," replied his daughter.

"Won't you give me your new baby brother, Nellie?" asked the visitor of a little four-year-old miss.

"No, indeed!" replied Nellie. "I want him to play with. But I'll get you a piece of paper, and you can cut a pattern of him."

"Say," remarked the first boy on the way to school, "I just heard the minister tell another man 'at my pa was a horrible example.' Wonder what 'at is?"

"I guess," replied the other, "he must have a lot o' fractions in him."—Philadelphia Press.

PRIDE'S FALL.

She was a maid of honor
And I was his best man,
And in the aisle we loitered while
The wedding march began!
My heart was wildly beating,
My breast was full of pride,
For fairest of the fair ones there
Was that one at my side!

The people turned and whispered
And turned again to see,
And for awhile there in the aisle
The gods were good to me!
I saw the maiden blushing,
We two outshone the rest,
I heard her sigh my head was high
And joy was in my breast!

She was maid of honor
And I was his best man,
And there my pride ignobly died,
And there my shame began!
Her train was long and splendid,
And suddenly somehow
My feet and it got blended
And we are strangers now!

S.E. Kiser.

Christmas.

Young Wife—I knew you would like the slippers, Harry, if for no other reason because I made them.

Husband—You don't mean this is all your work? Why, what a talented little wife I have to be sure.

Young Wife—Yes, all my work. Of course, I bought the uppers and Mary sewed them together and I got a man to sole them; but I put the bows on and did them up in the box. And do you know, Harry, I'm proud of myself. I didn't think I could ever do such things.

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

He Would Prefer to Have a Patent Noiseless Baby.

"I perceive," began the peddler, suavely, "that there are children in the house."

"Have I the honor of speaking to Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" inquired Mr. Poply, ironically.

"Not exactly, but—"

"I presume you arrived at that astonishing correct conclusion by a process of scientific deduction," continued Mr. Poply in the same sarcastic tone. "Let me see if I can follow your line of reasoning." No doubt you noticed Towser, who has just flitted from the back door with a milk can attached to his caudal appendage. That round hole in the stained glass of this door would at once convey the word 'toy gun' to your acute mind. That dull sound which we now hear can only be produced by hammering a high chair with a hand mirror or a cream jug. Am I right?"

"Probably," answered the peddler; "but I drew my inference from the fact that you came to the front door with, and are still inadvertently holding a rattle in your hand. And unless my eyes deceive me, there is a jumping-jack attached by means of a bent pin and a string to the rear of your smoking jacket. However, all this is immaterial. I called to show you the greatest invention of the age 'The Patent Noiseless Baby Jumper and Child Amuser.' By its use a child may be left alone for hours and need no attention. Place the infant in this swinging seat, and—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Poply, "does that invention have an atachment for picking up playthings which have been violently thrown on the floor?"

"No, but—"

"Does it have hair to be pulled?"

"No—"

"Does it have an arrangement which, when the child cries, tells whether the screams express cholera morbus, hunger, a pin, temper, or general depravity?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I'm afraid I can't buy it. Between ourselves, I don't think I need a 'Patent Noiseless Baby Jumper,' but I should like a patent noiseless baby."

WHO'S AFRAID?

Who's afraid in the dark?
"Oh, not I, said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye
And ruffled his jowl "too wool
Said the dog: "I bark
Out loud in the dark Boo oo!
Said the cat: "Miew!
I'll scratch any one who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid Miew!
"Afraid; said the mouse,
"Of the dark in the house!
Hear me scatter,
Whatever's the matter
Squeak!"
Then the toad in the hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word 'round;
And the bird in the tree,
And the fish and the bee,
They declared all three
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!
But the little boy
Who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes
And covered his head!

—Exchange

Little Harry Got It.

Among the passengers to Chicago recently was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright looking nurse girl and a self willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks, and kicks, and screams, and his viciousness toward the patient nurse. He tore her bonnet and scratched her hands without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother would chide her sharply.

Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window. The boy at once try to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said, coaxingly:

"Harry mustn't touch! Big fly will bite Harry!"

Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary!" she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat and said confusedly:

"He's got it, ma'am!"

The Man With a Paper.

The man with a paper during the morning and evening hours in New York city is legion. There are about four hundred thousand of him. A man without a newspaper on an elevated train, in a street car, aboard a ferry-boat, or in a railway coach, morning or evening, going to or from business, is conspicuous.

He is a rare bird indeed, and looks as though he were wrecked and floating alone on a sea of tossing papers. He is sure to feel lonesome and almost outside the pale of civilization, for his fellow men, with their faces to their regular diet of daily news, hardly notice him.

If you have time to spare a moment from your morning journal, just look about you in car or boat, observe and listen. You will see every mortal man—with often hundreds in view at one time—religiously bowing at the altar of the news in silence that is only broken by a continuous rustle as the scores of leaves are turned. There is no more devout newspaper reading community than is found in the metropolis.

THE WISE WIFE.

She Has a System of Building Up the Regular Dinner.

Whenever Jack telegraphs me that he is bringing a friend home for dinner," said the young housekeeper who had just begun flatting after a hotel honeymoon, "I have a recipe for tuning dinner up to concert pitch that invariably carries me through with flying colors.

"I knew before we began housekeeping that a man enjoys nothing more than this informal way of asking guests to come home with him and I also realized that it grew to be a bone of contention in many families because there was too elaborate an effort made to get up a company dinner. There never is time to do this and the result is usually next thing to a failure.

"Still one always likes to impress the friend that Jack brings home that Jack has married a treasure of a housekeeper, so I have a system of building up the regular dinner by means of a few pleasant little humbugs tha. make the table look effective and add to the menu without being too much trouble.

"Lots of men think they are epicures without really being so. How many times one hears them rave over a sauce or a certain dish, as served at some special place, which, when investigated, proves to be a very ordinary affair. Only one man in ten knows really good things to eat and half of them cannot tell beef from mutton; nor can they distinguish modes of cooking. It is easy to humbug them in a culinary way. Now that is just what I do when Jack rushes an unexpected guest upon our family dinner.

"Suppose I get a wire at 4. That is the earliest it may be hoped for. Men never think of the time it takes to get things ready. I immediately put the system in operation. We dine very simple at this time of year, limiting the number of dishes as much as possible: so I despatch my maid for flowers for the table, tiny Little Neck clams, ordered just in time for dinner and packed on ice, materials for a decorative salad and a cheese of some sort—the very best that is in season. Men as a rule like cheese and toasted crackers better than sweets after a salad. Stuffed olives, those with anchovies or red peppers, salted almonds and peanuts make appetizing additions when served in cut glass dishes, for they are not onehalf so desirable if carelessly put on.

"Now our dinner is always sure to include a bisque of some sort, a fish and a roast with one or two vegetables and a simple dessert, so that with the few additions we have quite a presentable repast.

"I keep busy looking up new and pretty and unusual salads that will look nice as well as taste well. Too many of us fail to change the plan of our salads often enough and yet there are so many different sorts. I like what I call the spectacular salads; those that are something of a surprise to the eye as well as to the palate.

"One of these is the iced-stuffed tomato. Perfect, firm tomatoes must be selected and placed on the ice, then peel with a knife, not by the scalding like to remedy. If you will let me reorganize the company, I will give you like method. The top is taken off cleanly and put aside to be used as a cover. The interior of the tomato is carefully scooped out into a dish and mixed with an equal portion of finely chopped celery and finely minced spring onion, the amount to be regulated by taste or omitted if desired. A good mayonnais dressing is mixed with this, the tomatoes filled with the mixture, the cover slices adjusted without showing the break and the tomatoes returned to the ice. Served on a bed of cracked ice these make a delicious salad. Cucumbers may also be prepared in this way by making boats of the cold cucumber, unpeeled, and substituting the contents of the vegetable for the celery.

"A French artichoke makes an artistic salad when brought to the table with leaves outspread upon a folded napkin and the centre filled with mayonnaise after the uncatable lower portion of choke is taken out. Potato salad may be made into a thing of beauty by the addition of other cold-cooked vegetables, such as beans, peas, carrots and beets used decoratively. A chicken salad may be made to look like a marguerite by serving it on a round white dish. Make the centre a mound and cover together. Halve the whites lengthwise and arrange about the dish to simulate the petals of a daisy."

Fan in Umbrella.

A Texas man has invented a parasol inside of which is constructed a revolving fan. The fan is worked by simple mechanism. A reciprocating rod runs along the handle and con-

nects with a gear wheel connected with the wheel at the end of the fan, and is sent spinning by a single pull of a ring near the parasol's handle. The owner thus obtains shade and breeze at the same time.

If grease is spilled on the kitchen floor or table, cold water poured on it at once will prevent the spot from soaking into the wood.

When peeling apples drop them in cold water as they are done, and they will not turn brown.

LEARNING TO COMMAND

How the Invincibles Took Part in the Parade.

"I speak to be captain!" cried Luke Edwards, just as soon as he put his head round the corner of the barn where the other boys were already assembled.

"Well, you won't be!" retorted Tommy Green, indignantly. "'Twan't fair coming on us that way. You're always doing things when we ain't ready, to get ahead. You didn't think of the company. Willie Jackson spoke of it first, and asked us to meet here and this is his barn, and we're to train on his land, and of course he ought to have the first chance."

"Then he ought to have spoke first," mocked Luke. "He didn't, so I'm captain."

"But you don't know so much 'bout training," expostulated Tommy, although less vehemently. "Willie's brother's a soldier, and he understands things, and—and is int'rested."

"Well, I guess I can walk on ahead and give orders and wave my sword, can't I?" demanded Luke, aggressively. "That's what a captain's for. And then I'm the biggest, and I spoke first."

"Oh, let him be captain if he wants to," interposed Willie, generously. "What's the odds?"

"But he can't do it as well as you."

"He can learn," smiled Willie. "That's what I'm trying to do. If I find out anything he don't know, I can show him."

So, in spite of a general feeling of discontent, Luke became captain, and walked on ahead and waved his sword, and called out sharp and contradictory commands which the twenty boys tried to follow, because Willie assured them that a soldier's first duty was to obey. But as to acceptng Willie's advice, that was something Luke would not do—it was a reflection on his dignity as captain to receive advice from the ranks. And more than that, he insisted on putting his brother in lieutenant and his two cousins second lieutenant and sergeant; and to keep the peace, Willie persuaded his companions to accept the situation.

Thus it went on until along in October, when the town was thrown into sudden excitement by the unexpected arrival of an old resident who had gone away, and in twenty years had risen to be a famous general. Of course there was a hurriedly arranged parade, in which the prominent men and the band and the school children took part, and in which—to their consternation and delight—the Invincibles were asked to join. They were at the very end of the parade, and when they came opposite the plazza of the little hotel, the spectators were astonished to see the general suddenly leave his chair and approach them.

"Very good, very good indeed," he commended. "It makes me think of a little company that I commanded on this very street some forty years ago. But I have a proposition to make, boys, that I hope you'll agree to."

"We will!" they cried in chorus.

"Wait till I get through," genially. "There are some defects in your manoeuvring which I noticed and would like to remedy. If you will let me reorganize the company, I will give you a full outfit of caps and belts and wooden guns, and swords for the officers. Do you agree?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried the boys.

"Good! Now go through all your movements carefully. I want to study each man."

At the end of twenty minutes he held up his hand.

"That will do!" he called. "The boy with the brown cap will step from the line. He will be your captain."

The boy with the brown cap was Willie Jackson.

"Now that boy in the base ball suit, and the one with the red tie, and the one who carries a broom-handle. They will be your first and second lieutenant and sergeant."

The boy in the base ball suit was Tommy Green, the others were two who had closely followed Willie's advice to obey orders. Luke Edwards stared at the general incredulously.

"But what'll I do?" he demanded.

"Oh, you will have to go back into the ranks, my boy," the general smiled. "It will be for your own good. No one can command until he learns how."

Reading-Room for Children.

Perhaps no single feature of the new public library in this city has excited more interest or been more generally approved than the children's reading-room. Here ample provision has been made for the comfort and pleasure of a class of readers who always use a free library to a considerable extent, but whose needs have not hitherto had any especial attention. The existence of such a department offers gratifying testimony to the excellent work among the young which this particular library is doing, and also to the growing recognition of the fact that any library is, or should be an educational force in the community.

Alphabetical Advice.

All boys and girls, observe with care,
Be neat about the things you wear.
Content thyselves with what is thine,
Do not for others' good repine.
Eat slowly when you dine or sup.
Fail not to hold your napkin up.
Go willingly to bed each night.
Have spunk to sleep without a light.
In company respectful be;
Join not in talk too forwardly.
Keep good associates or none.
Let kindness flow to everyone.
Move honestly about your work
No matter what the chance to shirk.
Obey your conscience every time.
Permit your nails to show no grime.
Quick be to do as you are told.
Remember to esteem the old.
Six days devote to diligence—
The Sunday you must reverence.
Use modestly your talents all.
Vex not the humblest animal.
Wash oft, to scour the dirt away.
Xaggerate in naught you say.
Yield cheerfully. Perform your part.
Zest compensates the happy heart.

—E. L. Sabin in The Gentlewoman.

A Canadian Ghost Story.

In Lake Huron there is an island called Main Station. On this island is a stone structure which is supposed to have been a fort to shelter United States troops in the war of 1812. The Indians tell many stories of the spirits which are supposed to gather round this fort. The structure is built of solid stone. It is divided into two compartments by a stone partition, and in each of these is found a fireplace. In and around this structure have been found the bones of many human beings. Also some distance below the surface have been unearthed a number of cannons of solid brass, and the other weapons of warfare.

In the summer of 1889, says a correspondent of the Chatsworth "News," a camping party visited the island. "We purposed remaining for some time. On the first night we were determined to sleep within the walls of the old fort. As the darkness gathered round, driftwood was brought and bright fires were soon ablaze in each of the fireplaces. Story-telling, song-singing, and whist-playing were the amusements of the evening. At last, the hour for retiring having arrived, camp-beds were arranged and all retired. We had lain for several hours; a number were in the world of forgetfulness, as was shown by their heavy breathing. The wind moaned among the trees, and the waves beat upon the rocks below the cliff. Just outside the walls was heard a strange and unearthly noise, which awoke several of the campers, who arose to see, if possible, the cause of the disturbance. On opening the door a bumping noise was heard a few rods away, but as the night was dark nothing could be seen. After gazing into darkness for some time and seeing nothing, all again retired to their beds, with the hope of no further disturbance for the night. In this, however, they were disappointed, for only a few minutes elapsed when the strange noise was again heard. This time it sounded like one crying for help. The door was again opened, and a white figure of a human being was seen. It disappeared as if the earth had opened to receive it. Those who were awake and saw the sight remembered the stories told of the haunted island. These weird sounds were continued during the rest of the night, and sleep forsook the frightened campers. As soon as daylight all concluded to leave the island, which they did, selecting another some distance from this one, where they pitched their tent and finished their stay at Lake Huron."

A Japanese View of Religion.

The spirit of religious unrest and of dissatisfaction with existing religions that undoubtedly prevail to a large extent among the more intellectual classes in Japan finds noteworthy utterance in an article by Kiichi Kaneko in the "Metaphysical Magazine." "What is religion?" he asks; and answers:

"According to the ancient philosophers, religion is the worship of God. 'The object of religion,' says Seneca, 'is to know God and to imitate Him.' Even among modern thinkers, a man like Schleiermacher held that religion is to worship God and obey His commands. Immanuel Kant, the great German philosopher, once said, 'Religion consists in our recognizing all our duties as divine commands.' Many other scholars concur in this opinion. But it seems to me that these are the definitions given to the religions of the past. Such is the definition of the historic religions. It is not the definition of ideal religion, not of the religion of the new age, not of the religion of the future. It is too narrow and one-sided. Religion is not merely the worship of God. It is one's sincere attitude toward the universe and life. In this sense, we may call Socialism a religion; Positivism a religion; and Buddhism a religion. If religion is merely to worship a God, Buddhism may not be called a religion, because it names no god to worship. But no historical scholar of religion would overlook it. Buddhism is, undoubtedly, a religion. One of the representative scholars on comparative religion says, summing up all definitions of religion, that religion is the worship of higher power in the sense of need. This seems to me much better and a little broader. Edward Caird wisely adds to this that a 'man's religion is the expression of his summed-up meaning and the purport of his whole consciousness of things.' I think this is as nearly perfect a definition of religion as modern philosophers can give."

It seems a strange thing to Oriental peoples, continues the writer, that Christians should think that God is rightly acknowledged in Christendom only. Is it rational, he asks, to suppose that God should exclude the great majority of the inhabitants of this planet from His care and love? Mr. Kaneko finds it strange, too, that our people "read the Bible so much and always look back to Jesus." "Suppose the Bible were destroyed," he says, "would men then lose all faith in God?" He writes further:

"Christianity is a traditional religion, an historic religion, and so is Buddhism, so is Islam. Let science examine them and if desirable destroy them, and let us build there the new, the true religion of science. The Bible of the new religion should be science, but not that of the imperfect religious histories of Israelites, Hindus, or Chinese. Astronomy, biology, chemistry and psychology are the four gospels of the new religion. I do not say perfect gospels. They are still imperfect. We must make them perfect. The true gospel of the new religion is the universe itself. Look up to heaven—how beautifully the stars shine! Hear the birds—what sweet tones they sing! See the flowers—how lovingly they smile along the peaceful stream! What harmony! What mystery. Are not these the real gospels of our mother nature?

The Nirvana of the Buddhist is too abstract for the majority of the people, and the heaven of Christians is too mythological for a scientific mind. Mankind does not want Christianity, Islam, nor Buddhism. Mankind wants the truth, and the truth is brought out by candid and impartial investigation. Mankind is destined to have one religion, and one universal truth. Science will spread, slowly but surely, and the scientific world-conception is leading the way to the religion of truth—the one truth the one religion, the one moral end, and the one eternal God who exists forever."

"And so you have a little baby at your house. Is it a boy or a girl?" asked a neighbor. "Mamma thinks it's a boy, but I believe it'll turn out to be a girl. It's always crying about nothing," answered the little boy.—"Tit-Bits."

In Danger's Hour.

[Being a true account of one hundred and twenty minutes in the life of Gaston le Strenuous, by the author of "Will-'um and Me," "The Stovepipe of Papa," "To Get and to Hang On To," and "The Conceit of Omaha."]

It was a mild morning in April, 1610, around ten o'clock, when I, Gaston le Strenuous, arrived at the outskirts of the capital of Buritania. I was speculating on my chances of future greatness when I observed a cloud of dust rapidly approaching. Nearer and nearer it rolled, and nearer and nearer the thunder of hoofs resounded. At length a fiery jennet flashed into view. One glance at the fair rider's face revealed to me Elizabeth de Sauterne-Moselle, whose image was destined never to fade from my heart. When opposite where I stood the noble steed fell exhausted. But a few paces behind in frantic leaps sped the form of a royal Bengal tiger. It sufficed but an instant to dismount, and the ready sword of my ancestors flashed in the sunlight. The combat was strenuous. Backward and forward we swayed. Finally the tawny beast grasped the sword and wrenched it from my hands, when with a last despairing effort I seized him by the throat, and, bending his head backward, broke his neck.

Scarce had the combat terminated and I was resting from my labors when suddenly as though sprung from the earth there encircled me a troop of horse whose badge, the famous two crossed, sky-blue mackerel rampant, bore sufficient testimony to the fact that they were the minions of him whom men then named with bated breath as the "pea-green cardinal."

"Ha! what is this?" exclaimed the leader, in whom I was not at a loss to perceive the notorious ruffian, Charlatrousse de la Vin Ordinaire. "A violation of the edicts relative to the killing of Bengal tigers! Surrender, caitiff!"

"Never," I cried, and the attack began. They were fifty-three of the most renowned swordsmen in Europe, so it took fully ten minutes before they were placed hors de combat.

As my dagger was clicking merrily against the gorget of the last I accidentally paused to note the worried look which was spreading over the fair face of Mlle. de Sauterne-Moselle. Like a flash the situation presented itself to me. A similarity of feature, form and bearing revealed that unwittingly I was about to slay her brother-in-law.

"S'death," I cried, "young man, your life is spared."

"But not my honor, gadzooks," he answered. "I had sworn to take thee alive."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," and we were about to re-engage when the pleading expression of my loved one's countenance determined me.

"My sword, 'faith, I will never surrender," I cried, breaking it across my knee. "But, fair youth, I follow you."

As the iron doors of the royal prison for inebriates clanged behind, I indeed felt that all hope had departed. Thrust into a narrow cell half full of water and half of air I began speculating on the chances of escape. But one opportunity presented itself. Unbuckling my strong leather belt, I detached the buckle, which was soon fashioned into a serviceable pickaxe. Ten feet of solid granite were soon pierced, and before my friend the warden again passed on his rounds I was swinging by the leather thong over one hundred feet of space. A quick drop into the moat and I breathed the air of freedom. But not for long.

Cannon-balls rained around me as I sped up the street. I count it no cowardice that I did not stop to pick up my hat, which one had knocked off.

Turning into a narrow street I was congratulating myself when a noise like thunder pealed forth. Huge cracks opened in the pavement. Trapped at last. I had unwarily entered upon a section of the city where a rapid-transit road was being constructed. Suddenly, after a frantic effort to regain my footing, I fell into a yawning cavern that opened before me.

When I awoke all was darkness. The damp earth encompassed me close about, but by strenuous exertions I finally managed to wriggle first one, then all ten toes. And now began a forward burrowing which was necessarily slow. One, two, three, four, and five miles were toilsomely traveled within the bowels of the earth. At length a stone wall seemed to bar further progress. Wrenching away a giant bowlder, however, I fell forward into a damp void. One glance around sufficed to convince me that I was in the dungeon of the palace. Had I but exchanged a Scylla for a Charybdis?

But soon the sound of voices recalled me to myself. The speaker could be none other than the pea-green cardinal.

"For reasons of state," he was saying, "it is expedient that King Bardolph die." A click of steel seemed to give answer.

Remembering the sage advice of my second cousin one remove, never to count odds, I plunged at them. A noble fight we had in that grim old dungeon. The last of the dozen bravi was but rendering his expiring sigh when lights flashed, and the king entered with Mlle. de Sauterne-Moselle on his arm.

"Ha! what is it methinks I see? Treason! Take this as an eternal evidence of thy sovereign's gratitude," and he joined our hands. One instant our entire being surged up within us. "My love, my queen," I said; "Gaston, my king," she answered.

"And now," said our gracious liege, "it being just twelve o'clock, let us to dinner."—H. Gerald Chapin in "Judge."

Erasing the Evidence.

Deep in the bark of the old beech-tree that stood on the river bank the young man carved the initials of her name.

Then he called her attention to them.

"But your initials just above mine," she said, "look as if they had been cut there a year or more ago."

"They were, dear," he replied.

"And mine," she continued, looking at them a little closer, "seem to have been worked over from others already there."

"Yes, dear," he replied with noble candor. "I have to change them every year. That is one of the penalties of these summer resort engagements."

The Bowery Umar.

A paper wid de latest sportin' noos,
A san'wich an' a shell uv beer, an' youse
Espielin' wid me down ter Coney Isle—
If dat ain't heaven den de angels lose.

"Well, old man, how are you feelin'?" "Oh, sort of Bandit Tracyish." "How's that?" "Somewhat run down, but still able to be up and around."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Another Fad.

Not all the pretty summer young woman's fad concern her frocks and frills, says a London paper. On the contrary, the summer sweetheart has his share of attention, after a certain fashion, and at present he may consider himself as representing a really novel fad born of this young person's clever brain:

"What do you think of this as a surprise for Edward?" queried the handsome young matron, as she rolled up her sleeve, displaying a sunburned and interesting-looking arm, which she stretched forth for closer inspection.

"Why, it's a picture of Edward!" exclaimed the three summer girl friends gathered about her on the hotel verandah, and, sure enough, there on the wife's pretty arm was a remarkably good portrait of her lord and master.

"What is it?" "How did you do it?" and "Will it come off?" were a few of the questions which came simultaneously from the excited trio.

"I got that clever little Japanese artist in town to do it. He's been working at it ever so long, and has it finished just in time for Edward's birthday. Won't he be surprised and pleased when I show it to him?"

While the novelty appealed to the three girl friends and each was turning over in her mind the advisability of copying the fad, it contained one element which made them hesitate. Each in her own heart longed to try the experiment, if only a process could be found which would make the picture last for a shorter time than eternity. If there's one thing which is absolutely essential to the happiness of the summer girl, it is variety—variety in her beaux, as well as her bonnets—so it would never do to stamp upon her arm a likeness which would withstand the changing seasons of time and her own heart. Why couldn't a photograph be printed on the flesh in the same manner that fancy pillows, screens, and even dainty handkerchiefs are decorated?

The idea struck her as being immensely clever, and her eagerness to test its feasibility took her, the following day, to a prominent photographer in the city.

"I want you to make a photograph of him on my arm," was her startling demand, as she exhibited to the artist the treasured portrait of a handsome man in uniform.

"But, my dear young woman, we don't do that sort of thing. It's quite impossible," was his mild reply.

"I'm sure it can be done," she pleaded, "if only you'll try. I do so want to get ahead of the other girls, and the idea is all my own. I've thought it all out in my own mind. You see, I'm something of an amateur photographer myself, and I know a little about isochromatic plates, hypo, and toning solutions. I feel positive you can do it for me."

"Think of what might happen to you. For instance, there is the silver bath, which would certainly turn your arm quite black; and there—"

"Oh, but you needn't do it that way," she interrupted. "Try some other. Just s you do those delicate white porcelains and rich ivories. I must have a photograph of him on my arm before I go back, and I'll give you as many days s you like to do it. I've promised myself this surprise, so please do help me, won't you?" and her voice and eyes pleaded her cause.

"All right. I'm willing to make the experiment," was his good-natured reply, though I tell you beforehand, the picture will not last more than three weeks at the most, and it will be tedious work, too."

"I don't care if it stays on my arm only twenty-four hours, just so that I have it there long enough to show the other girls;" and she offered her pretty arm for the test.

So it came about that a sweetheart, a bevy of girls, and the whole summer colony were amazed one day to see this ingenious young woman wearing a fashionable elbow-sleeved frock, which disclosed to advantage the head and shoulders of her uniformed sweetheart, photographed in the sunburnt arm.

The idea was altogether too novel and catching to be monopolized by one, or even two, so, in an astonishing time, the entire colony—that is the young women members of it—appeared with photographs transferred to their fair flesh.

While the arm remained the favorite spot for wearing the unique ornament, some, with tastes a trifle more barbaric, chose to have the photograph stamped just above the heart or high on the rounded part of the arm.

Shouting Isn't Proving

In the matter of the so-called Catarrh Cures: Others prate and promise; we perform and prove.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

is a powder put in the nostril, not in the mouth. It is not a remedy but the cure, and the healing effect is felt at once. The breath will come freely, filling the system with a new vigor. Colds and Catarrh are relieved, and headache fully cured in ten minutes.

Catarrh of twenty years' standing cured in a few days.

Hon. George Taylor, the well known politician, of Scranton, Pa., writes: Effect of Dr. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER can truly say was magical. First application cleared my head instantly. I used it according to directions, and I have not had the slightest symptoms since."

Dr. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS

make even a high liver a long liver. For dullness of the skin, eruptions, languor and bowel irregularities, every pill is as good as a physician, although they cost only ten cents for forty doses. 18.

Sir Augustus Lackcash (to tailor)—My son tells me that you have allowed him to run a bill for three years. I have, therefore, come——" Tailor—Oh, pray, Sir Augustus, there is really no hurry. Sir Augustus Lackcash—I know that, and therefore I have come to tell you that in future I want to get my clothes from you, too.—"Tit-Bits."

WEST POINT STORIES.

Anecdotes of Poor Plebes—"Sir" John and the Ten Commandments.

An amusing anecdote is told of a raw country lad who reported at West Point a few years ago concerning the use of the word "sir," says the Army and Navy Journal. When the new cadets report at the academy they first visit the adjutant's office, where they deposit their credentials and give information concerning their parents or guardians and their former careers. Next they visit the treasurer's office and deposit what money they have with them, and then they go to the barracks, where they report to the cadet officer in charge of their instruction. It is here that they receive their first taste of military discipline. Well, this young man passed through the preliminaries, finally reaching the barracks, and after several attempts to enter the office of the austere lieutenant in charge he was asked by that functionary what his name was.

"John Smith," answered the lad.

"Suppose you put 'sir' on that!" cried the cadet officer, forgetting for the moment in his assumed wrath the equally heinous omission of the "Mr."

"Sir John Smith," innocently replied the plebe, and supposed he had obeyed to the letter his superior's injunction. For the next few minutes that poor plebe's life was a burden to him, for all the cadets about the room at once began "crawling" him for his supposed attempt at facetiousness. The name "Sir John" stuck to him throughout his entire career at the academy, and even followed him into the army.

Here is another anecdote: A yearling wrapped in a sheet, appeared on the post of a plebe sentinel at night. "Halt!" shouted the plebe, "Who goes there?"

"Moses and the Ten Commandments," came the response.

The poor plebe thought there was something irregular, but he remembered his instructions about never allowing more than one to advance at a time at night, so he promptly shouted:

"Advance, one commandment to be recognized."

There mas a little cat
With coat of black and white,
And when she saw a rat
So great was her delight
She'd leave her cozy mat
Wherefire was warm and bright,
To chase the silly rat
And give him such a fright.

Now little boys and girls
Don't you be naughty rats,
And wander off alone,
For cops are bad as cats.

A Noiseless Ring Game.

The small rubber rings that are used in every household with which to seal preserve jars may be made the means of much amusement when a lively game is desired for the amusement of friends. First obtain a smooth head of a flour or sugar barrel, and see that the pieces are all fastened together, forming a circular board, or any smooth board about a square foot in size will serve the purpose.

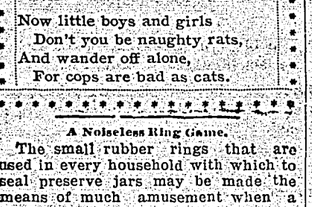
Procure ten coat hooks of medium size and secure them into the board, and mark above each hook its number, ranging from No. 1 to No. 10. A hole may be made in the upper end of the board, or a screw eye inserted by which to hang it upon a nail in the wall.

No. 10 is sort of a "bullseye," and each player having three of the rubber rings, takes turns in throwing them from a position about ten feet away, endeavoring to "hook" as many on the board as possible. A score is kept of the points gained by each player, the one first getting 100 points being the winner. However, exactly 100 points must be made. For instance, if a player has 99 he has to work for "Hook No. 1," as any other hook would carry him over the mark. This difficulty adds to the interest of the game.

An advantage of the game is that no noise is made nor damage done by the rings, and it may be improvised by any boy or girl.

Drives a Team of Pugs.

Arthur Lane, a boy of fifteen years, who lives in Auburn Park, Ill., has two pug dogs which he has broken to



drive double to a small sulky cart. The cart and the harness are all home-made, and the breaking of the dogs was all of the boy's own doing.

A Dainty Luncheon Dish.

Fresh, crisp rolls may be prepared daintily for luncheon by cutting them in two lengthwise, taking out the soft interior and filling them with mixtures of various kinds. Hard-boiled eggs, chopped and seasoned with just enough French dressing to soften them, are good for the purpose. Another suggestion calls for chopped apples and nuts, with a little mayonnaise. James and preserves may be used similarly. A combination of jam with soft cream cheese is liked by many persons.

Are Matches Made in Heaven?

None but a blasphemer dares accuse Heaven of having made all the matrimonial matches, remarks an exchange. Responsibility for the great number of mismated couples lies below, and not above, Heaven is no such bungler as the old saw would make out. Neither is it a fact, as the romantic superstition has it, that true lovers were made to measure for each other, the plans having existed from all eternity, and that somewhere in this wide, wide world there is a predestined affinity for each man and woman. The man who waits until Heaven and predestination shall have brought his affinity to him will be more than likely to find her married to a more enterprising fellow than he, and owning half a dozen children. In the search for one's affinity it is necessary to do some hustling, for competition is sometimes severe, affinities will become impatient, and if one meets his affinity too late, and still presses his claim, nothing but scandal can come of it.

Propinquity and mammas have a good deal more to do with matrimonial matchmaking than Heaven or predestination. Given the case of a particularly attractive girl for whom Heaven has appointed an affinity in distant lands, but who is being "rushed" rather hard by an active, attentive fellow with serious intentions and money to back them up; whose chances would the betting odds favor, those of the man on the ground or those of the far-away affinity? In the absence of rivals any intelligent and decent man of the world can make any woman of his own class love him, if he sets out to do it, and has opportunity to talk to her alone. If there is competition, of course, each man takes the chances of the game. Vice versa, no doubt, a woman can do the same with any man.

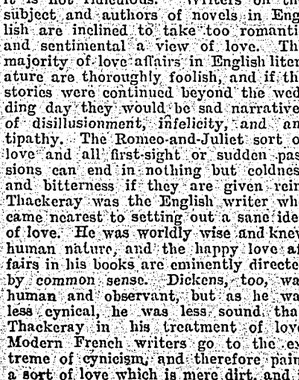
Love is a sublime emotion only when it is not ridiculous. Writers on the subject and authors of novels in English are inclined to take too romantic and sentimental a view of love. The majority of love affairs in English literature are thoroughly foolish, and if the stories were continued beyond the wedding day they would be sad narratives of disillusionment, infelicity, and antipathy. The Romeo-and-Juliet sort of love and all first-sight or sudden passions can end in nothing but coldness and bitterness if they are given rein. Thackeray was the English writer who came nearest to setting out a sane idea of love. He was worldly wise and knew human nature, and the happy love affairs in his books are eminently directed by common sense. Dickens, too, was human and observant, but as he was less cynical, he was less sound than Thackeray in his treatment of love. Modern French writers go to the extreme of cynicism, and therefore paint a sort of love which is mere dirt, and is as false in its naturalism as Victor Hugo's sort was false in its romanticism. The love of Marius and Cosette in "Les Miserables" is utterly silly, and could end in nothing but sorrow for the two young fools.

Sanity and common sense should have play in love as in other affairs. Why not? Lasting love must be founded on reason. A man and woman, before falling into each other's arms, ought to know each other well, to have been much together, to have considered the health, the physique, the temper, and the mental character of both. Their love, during a long life together, will have many shocks to stand, and it behooves it to be robust and firmly rooted. Before marriage a girl ought to learn from her mother and from wise married women just what she may expect and may not expect, and a man before the wedding, ought to take counsel on the same point from married men. Too much reading of romantic literature, coupled with maiden ignorance of human nature, is likely to give a girl expectations impossible to realize.

Parents ought to look after their sons and daughters, and guard them as much as possible, from that sort of love which the Latin poet called a sort of madness. To love rightly one should have an old head and a young heart. Unhappily, mad young love will have its way, in spite of law or parents. As the Eastern proverb says: "When man and woman are agreed, what can the end do?"

But it must be a bitter, bitter thing for a husband and wife to one day look into each other's faces and confess that they have made a mistake, and that their love, which they had fancied deep as the sea, was only the foam that passeth—and has passed.

Handy Knowledge.



Miss Elephant (as she spies a mouse)—Oh! Goodness me! How fortunate it is that I learned this trick!

Stereotyped Phrase.

Many of our stock expressions, like "rather late," do not mean anything if one takes their meaning literally. A little dialogue from the Washington "Star" is a case in point: "Did any of the inhabitants escape with his life?" enquired the man who wants harrowing details. "I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowingly exact. "It struck me that if anybody escaped without his life there wasn't much use in his escaping, anyhow."

"When a woman comes into a street car where you are the lone occupant," said the Cynic, "gather up your packages and be on the alert, for you never can figure on what a woman will do."

"WELL, THANK YOU."

A Granton Man is now Able to Make this Answer.

Enquiring Friends did not always get such a Cheery Reply because for many years Mr. Fletcher suffered from Lumbago.

Granton, Ont., Oct. 13.—(Special).—Mr. John Fletcher, a well-known farmer of this place, who suffered for a long time with Lumbago and Kidney Trouble, has at last found a cure.

Now, when his friends inquire as to his health, he cheerily tells them that he is well, something which he has not been able to do for a long time, till quite recently.

Mr. Fletcher tells the story of his illness and how he was cured, as follows:

"I was troubled for a long time with Lumbago and Kidney Trouble. My urine was of a very red color. I tried many medicines but could get nothing to help me.

"I consulted the best medical doctors in Granton and St. Mary's, but they could do nothing for me.

"At last one day a druggist in Granton suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills as a cure for my Lumbago. I purchased a box and began to take them right away. The first box helped me and I kept on till at last I was completely cured.

"I am now as well as ever I was and have not any trace of Lumbago about me. I am perfectly sound and I thank Dodd's Kidney Pills for it.

"I recommend them to all my friends, and as for myself I never intend that my house shall be without them, for I believe them to be the greatest medicine in the world."

Mr. Fletcher is a man who means every word he says and is prepared to substantiate the truth of every statement made above.

There seems to be no case of Lumbago, Backache, Kidney Trouble or Rheumatism, that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

A certain Brooklyn kindergarten contains during the school term many bright little folks, and their answers to questions are often very amusing. On a morning not long ago the head teacher was giving a talk on physiology, and asked:

"Who can tell me what a nerve is?"

"I know," said one little tot.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's what makes the tooth hurt when you have the toothache."

This created a laugh, and a number of other answers followed, when a little girl, who is usually depended upon to give a reply to almost every question, raised her pointed finger and said:

"I know the answer, teacher; I can tell you."

"You may answer, Emily," said the teacher. "What is a nerve?"

"When anyone is too fresh my mamma says, 'Oh, what a nerve!'"

The lesson ended after a desperate effort to restore order.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Miss Mainchantz—I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks?

Miss Ascott—Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for a million dollars.

Miss Mainchantz—I know, dear, but I discovered later that he had two millions.—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Chugwater—So that's the photograph you had taken the other day, is it? I'd like to know why you can't look as pleasant as that when you are around the house.

Mr. Chugwater—Well, it may be that the photographer tries to bring out my pleasant expression and you don't.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Startuppe—Ah, professor! And how is my daughter getting on with her music? Do you think she will ever become a great singer?

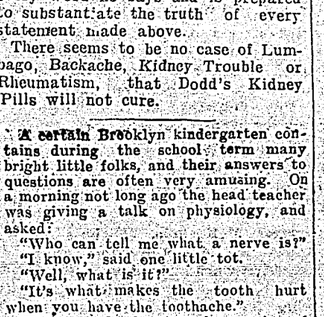
Professor—Madam, it is very hard to say.

Mrs. S.—But surely she possesses some of the qualifications?

Professor—Ach! Yah, madam; she haf a mouth.—Tit-Bits.

Cholly—Doctor, I want something for my head.

Dr. Gruffly—My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it for a gift.—Judge.



The Misery of Catarrh.

It makes a man ridiculous, it makes him an offensive nuisance and it makes him dangerously sick.

Catarrh is not a luxury or a necessity.

It is pretty sure to bring on consumption, pneumonia, or at least, bronchitis. You cannot afford either.

You can afford the cure for it. A cheap cure that has never failed. It is Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

It relieves a cold or catarrh, or cures a headache in ten minutes, it entirely heals up the catarrh-wasted surfaces.

No other remedy can count noses with us—cured noses.

C. E. Zimmerman, of the staff of the Roanoke World, states:

"Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Cure is the only remedy that has ever given me any permanent relief, after suffering more than fifteen years from Catarrh."

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure first looks to the main spring of life and health, sets up the heart in new strength, feeds the nerves and fills every other gap with life. Cured thousands; will cure you. 22

UNAPPRECIATED FAVOR.

Woggles Don't Know Exactly What Obligation He is Under.

"Say, Toggles," said Mr. Woggles, "Joggles tells me you're going to run down to the city tomorrow. Will you have time to drop into Wheels & Pinions's and get my watch for me? I left it there to be fixed the last time I was down."

"Sure, old man," agreed Mr. Toggles cordially.

"Well, here's the money to pay for it, and I'll be everlastingly obliged," said Mr. Woggles.

"Oh, that's all right; glad to accommodate," responded Mr. Toggles.

"Say, Toggles," asked Mr. Woggles, a couple of weeks later, "didn't you get my watch down in the city for me?"

"Sure, old man," replied Mr. Toggles.

"Well, where is it?" asked Mr. Woggles.

"Why, the fact is," explained Mr. Toggles, elaborately, "I ran into a pretty gay gang down there, went broke and had to pawn it."

"My watch!" gasped Mr. Woggles.

"Sure," certified Mr. Toggles. "But it was for only $15, and I'll send the ticket around to you in the morning."

"But it was my watch," insisted Mr. Woggles, pathetically.

"Of course," assented Mr. Toggles. "Say, you didn't suppose I'd pawn mine with yours in my pocket, did you?"

"But how about the fifteen dollars?" queried Mr. Woggles, with a puzzled frown. "Why should I pay that?"

"Why, you don't mean to say you'd sacrifice a hundred and fifty dollar watch for fifteen dollars, do you?" cried Mr. Toggles, lifting his eyebrows in surprise.

"But—but it seems to me you ought to pay that," asserted Mr. Woggles, with a perplexed hesitancy.

"Why should I?" demanded Mr. Toggles, prickly. "It's your watch, isn't it?"

"Ye-es," acknowledged Mr. Woggles, doubtfully. "Ye-es, I suppose it is but—er—oh, confound you!"

"Now, see here, Woggles," said Mr. Toggles, decisively, "you claimed you'd be obliged if I got your darned old watch for you, and I went to a lot of trouble to do it, but if I'd known you were going to lose your temper and kick up all this fuss about it I'd never have consented to accommodate you in the world. The next time you want a favor done you go to somebody else," and Mr. Toggles walked off with a highly indignant swing.

Mr. Woggles has hired a lawyer to find out exactly what obligation he is under.

The Lawyer Gave Her Up.

It is not an ordinary lawyer who can overcome a woman's reluctance to tell her age. Here is one of the many failures in that line of effort:

"And what is your age, madam?" was the attorney's question.

"My own," she answered promptly.

"I understand that, madam, but how old are you?"

"I am not old, sir," with indignation.

"I beg your pardon, madam. I mean how many years have you passed?"

"None; the years have passed me."

"How many of them have passed you?"

"All. I never heard of them stopping."

"Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age."

"I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side."

"I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question," said the attorney coaxingly, "I am sure I would tell how old I was if I were asked."

"But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age, so there."

And the attorney passed on to the next question.—From an Exchange.

WEEP.

"Why do you weep? I said,
For tears were in her eyes.
She looked up timidly—
Quite taken by surprise
When, through her falling tears,
A tender smile revealing,
She simply pointed to
The onions she was pealing.

Not the Bass Viol Man's Fault.

A capital story relating to good old times is still told in the Fen district of the eastern counties. As is well known by many, and even now remembered by some, a bass viol was often procured to help the choirs in parish churches.

One lovely Sunday morning in the summer, while the parson was droning out his drowsy discourse, and had about reached the middle, a big bull managed to escape from his pasture and marched majestically down the road, bellowing defiantly as he came. The parson, who was somewhat deaf, heard the bull bellow, but, mistaking the origin of the sound, gravely glanced toward the singers' seats, and said, in tones of reproof:

"I would thank the musicians not to tune up during service time—it annoys me very much."

As may well be imagined, the choir looked greatly surprised, but said nothing.

Very soon, however, the belligerent bull gave another bellow, and then the aggrieved parson became justly indignant.

Tough on Papa.

The correct answer to the charade Kitty's mother had found in the juvenile magazine was "Henty," and as the charade was an easy one it was propounded to the youngster.

"See if you can guess what this is, dear:

"'A motherly fowl and a kind of drink
Makes a name the boys all know, I think.'"

"I know what the motherly fowl is," replied Kitty. "That's 'hen.'"

"Right," said her mother. "Now the kind of drink."

Kitty went into a brown study.

"Soda? No, there isn't any such name as 'Hensoda.' Henchoc—no, that won't do. Hencocoa, henmilk, hen wine——"

"What is it papa's so fond of?" prompted the maternal parent.

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Kitty. "Bye! Henrye—Henry!"—Chicago Tribune.

TAYLOR BROS. & GEORGE,

Watch for . . .

OUR CHRISTMAS ANNOUNCEMENT

Next Issue : :

TAYLOR BROS. & GEORGE

BEAUTIFUL

'Xmas Cards

CALENDARS BOOKLETS
Something Entirely New

SOLD ONLY BY

Canada Drug & Book Co

BORN.

LEWIS—On Thursday, Dec. 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Lewis, a son.

HOLTEN—On Friday, Dec. 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Holten, a son.

Died

MCFALL—At Revelstoke, B. C., on Saturday, Dec. 6th, 1902, Daniel McFall, of Curran, Ontario, aged 29 years.

AMAN—On Monday, Dec. 8th, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Aman, aged 6 months.

NOTES OF NEWS

—Bews has fresh Buttercups at 40c. per lb.

A regular train service between Strathcona and Edmonton over the spur line commenced on Saturday last.

—Buy a Souvenir Cup and Saucer at Bews' before they are all gone.

Fred Fraser, gold commissioner, and Geo. S. McCarter were in Goldfields last Saturday.

—Do you want something that will please the children in Toys or Fancy Goods, if so you will find it at C. B. Hume & Co's.

The town is busy with Christmas preparations and already many business houses have handsome displays of holiday goods opened up.

—Bews carries the largest and best assortment of Souvenirs in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Laughton and daughter, have returned from a two years stay in the old country, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Loughead.

—Cook Stove for sale.—For price and particulars apply at the HERALD office.

C. P. R. train No. 25 on Saturday morning jumped the track at Belmont near Truro, N. S. Engineer Sam Trider and four passengers were killed.

—Some very pretty view Xmas cards and calendars on showat the Canada Drug & Book Co.

—C. B. Hume & Co.'s prices on Boys two and three piece suits discount anything they have ever offered.

Robert McPherson, employed on a C. P. R. bridge crew at Illecillewaet, was brought to the hospital here on Thursday last, having had his toes crushed by a tie falling on them.

—Cups and Saucers, very dainty and newest patterns always to be seen on shelves of the Canada Drug & Book Co.

Supt. Marpole, Supt. Kilpatrick and A. F. Rattenbury, C. P. R. architect, went east Monday morning to Glacier and Laggan to inspect the work on the additions being made to the Company's hotels at these points.

—Get your toys early and have them put aside for you, there are thousands now opened up at the Canada Drug & Book Co.

E. McAdam came up from Goldfields on Saturday and reports business good in the new gold camp.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Aman died on Monday morning and was buried during the afternoon. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction.

—C. B. Hume & Co., are closing out the balance of their Men's $1.50 colored shirts in soft and starched fronts for $1 each.

Engineer McKechnie, of the s. s. Kootenay, and Mrs. McKechnie came up from Arrowhead Monday evening. Mrs. McKechnie left the following morning for the east where she will spend the winter with relatives.

—If you are looking for something suitable as a Christmas present it will pay you to see the Ladies' Fine Dress Skirts and Silk Shirt Waists shown by C. B. Hume & Co.

J. A. McKenzie, one of the original owners of the famous Camborne group at Goldfields, was in town on Monday and returned to Comaplix Tuesday morning. Mr. McKenzie leaves today for Rush Lake, Minn., where he will spend the winter.

—If your are looking for something new and up to date and also to be able to send through the mail look over the stock of the Canada Drug & Book Co. they will have a great variety this year.

Engineer John Simmons left Saturday morning for Nelson where he will take the passenger run to Slocan Lake. Mr. Simmons is one of the best known and most popular railway men in the west. Mrs. Simmons and family will reside here for the present.

W. Short, was elected Mayor of Edmonton for a second term by acclamation. Under Mayor Short's regime Edmonton has undertaken the building of an extensive waterworks plant, purchased an electric light plant, and is arranging for railway connections.

BEWS'

HAS IN STOCK
Confectionery

Manufactured by { Harry Webb, Toronto / A. J. Stewart, Toronto / McCormick, London.

Maracaibo Chocolates—bulk or boxes
Maracaibo Chocolate Biscuits—
40c per lb

Webb's Fruit—35c, 50c, $1, $1.40
" Chocolates
" Marshmallows

Peanut / Walnut / Cocoanut — Taffy — 35c per lb

Fresh Butter Cups.....40c per lb
Gold Nuggets.....30c per lb
Maple Pudding.....40c per lb
and many other lines.

ALSO—
Large Line of Souvenir Cups and Saucers bearing view of Revelstoke.
Limoge's China and many other piedes of China.

ALSO—
Prayer Books, Hymn Books, etc.
'Xmas Cards in abundance.
Girls' and Boys' Own Annuals.
Sunday at Home.
Leisure Hour.
Chatter Box, etc.

WALTER BEWS Phm. B
Druggist and Stationer.
PHONE 48.
New Stand Next to the Hume Block.

Hon. Mr. Prefontaine was elected by over 1000 majority for Maisonneuve, Quebec.

—Just received a very fine shipment of eating Raisins. Figs and Dates, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

The Dupont block, New Westminster, was burned yesterday. Five firms lost all their stock. $72 000 went up in smoke.

—A useful Christmas present is a piece of furniture, a splendid range at R. Howson's.

R. F. Perry, of Goldfields, who has been in town for a couple of days on company's business, leaves for home tomorrow morning.

—A lot of fancy Christmas Pictures from 15c. up. Call early for first choice at R. Howson's.

The Revelstoke Furniture Co. intend making their show room 15 feet longer, as it is at present too small for their requirements.

—The Revelstoke Furniture Co. propose bringing a proper hearse into the city, also a full line of undertakers supplies.

Ex-governor Ross of the Yukon was elected to the House of Commons by a majority of 600. over J. A. Clarke the independent candidate.

—Don't forget, we carry a nice line of smoked fish, including Kippered, Herring, Salmon and Halibut, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

M. J. Donovan, C. P. R. agent at Arrowhead, and Mrs. Donovan left on No. 2 this morning on a trip to eastern Canada. J. Burnham is relieving.

—If you are looking for quality, call on us for you cooking Figs, Raisins, Currants and candied Peels, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

—Do not miss the attraction of the Coronation coupled with Edison's moving pictures of the eruption of Mount Pelee on Monday night at the Opera House.

Gavin Spence and Flora MacDonald, of Edenburgh, Scotland, the great Scottish entertainers will be here on January 15th next, under the auspices of the St. Andrew's Society.

The entertainment by the Empire Coronation Co., advertised to be given in the Opera House on Monday night embraces subjects full of interest. The show is highly spoken of by the eastern press and should draw a large house here.

The children of the English Church Sunday school are busy rehearsing a very interesting and quaint drama entitled "Timothy Tackhammer's Toy Shop," to be presented at their Christmas Tree entertainment, particulars of which will be announced later on.

On Thursday evening last Mrs. Hanbury gave an enjoyable dance at the C. P. R. restaurant. About twenty couples were present and dancing was kept up with unabated vigor until early Friday morning. Refreshments were served at midnight and a first class time was spent by those present.

Dan McFall, who was employed at the Fred Robinson Lumber Company's shingle mill at Wigwam as blacksmith, and who had been laid up for some time past with typhoid fever, died at the hospital here on Saturday last. Deceased hailed from Curran, Ont., and was only 29 years of age. The remains were interred in the cemetery on Tuesday afternoon.

Situation Wanted.

Experienced cook wants job for the winter cooking in lumber camp. Apply at once to.

W. F. WALSH,
Regina.

Fresh Candies at Manning's.

There are seven patients in the hospital at present.

—Lemons and Confectionery at Manning's.

R. Howson left on Tuesday morning for New York.

—What is home without a Singer, H. Manning, agent.

J. G. McCallum has purchased the Revelstoke Dairy from C. H. Lawrence.

—Christmas Confectionery at Manning's, McKenzie avenue.

R. F. Perry and daughter of Goldfields are in the city for a few days.

—Misses and children's imitation Grey Lamb Gauntlets 65c. at Reid & Youngs.

Mrs. Cuthbertson and son, of Goldfields are in town for a couple of days' visit.

—A sensible Christmas box—a Singer Sewing Machine, H. Manning, agent.

James Taylor, of the Arrowhead sawmills left on Monday morning for the east.

—A bargain chance to provide a new trunk for your 'Xmas trip, at Reid & Young's.

John Sanderson spent a week in the Okanagan returning to town last Sunday.

—Lost, a bunch of keys, finder will please leave them at the HERALD office and receive a reward.

John Kernaghan returned yesterday morning from a business visit to Vancouver.

—Special values in Ladies' furs. How about the fur needs of the children? See the bargains at Reid & Young's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Manning and family leave shortly on a trip to Buffalo and other eastern points.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the Quadrille Club takes place in the Selkirk Hall tomorrow night.

The hospital ball, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society, will be held on the evening of January 23rd next.

R. W. Northey, editor of the Camborne Miner, and Mrs. Northey spent a couple of days in the city this week.

John Saunderson has purchased the property opposite the Victoria Hotel on Front Street from P. R. Peterson.

W. Hood, of Sandon, arrived in the city on Saturday and is employed by Contractor Kernaghan on the drill hall.

The bachelors are giving an At Home to their lady friends on Wednesday evening next in the Opera House.

—We have an exceedingly tasteful assortment of Belts and Chatelaine Bags and all the artistic etceteras for Xmas presents—Reid & Young.

Mrs. W. R. Reid left last week for Redlands, Cal., where she will spend a couple of months for the benefit of her health.

—A nice line of handkerchief cases, something new for Xmas presents at Reid & Young's. Our stock of Xmas handkerchiefs is now complete.

The raffle for the silk quilt by the Ladies Auxiliary of the B. of R. T. will take place in Selkirk Hall on Friday evening December 19th, at 8 o'clock.

The Revelstoke Rink Co. are busy making ice in the rink and should the cold weather continue, expect it to be in shape for both skating and curling by Saturday.

—Another shipment to hand at Reid & Young's of Silk Waists, French Flannel Waists, Dressing Jackets, Tea Gowns, Wrappers, etc. Buy now don't wait and take what is left.

Mr. Caesar, the well known Big Bend placer miner, who now makes his home in the Okanagan country, left last Saturday for the Old Country where he will spend the winter.

The Revelstoke Lumber Co. have closed down their mill for the season. During the winter extensive improvements will be undertaken and the erection of buildings, etc., necessary for the large output of next year.

Mr. Tapping is circulating a petition to the government to amend the Municipal Act and allow the wives of all voters in the municipality the right to cast a vote at all municipal elections. Mr. Tapping first circulated the petition on Feb. 20th of this year.

Miss Maud Hughes, aged 23; Miss Gertrude Hayner, aged about 19, and Harry Brady, aged 20, all belonging to Grimsby, were killed on the public crossing at Grimsby station Sunday night by the Toronto express train. The young people were on the way home from church.

The east-bound Canadian Pacific express was wrecked early on Saturday morning at Caron station near Moose Jaw, and the track blocked for ten hours. A cow on the track derailed the train, and the engine and three cars were detailed. Fireman James Armstrong was instantly killed, and engineer McLeod injured.

A successful social was held on Tuesday evening at the Methodist Parsonage under the auspices of the Ladies Aid. The chief amusement of the evening was a contest in which the five senses, sight, taste, smell, touch, and hearing of those present were tested, prizes being awarded to those who showed the greatest acuteness. There was a large attendance of young people and a pleasant time was spent by all.

Hospital Acknowledgments.

Nurse McKinnon begs to acknowledge with thanks the following donations to the hospital:

Mrs. Carruthers, baby clothes.
Miss Powers, fruit and magazines.
Mrs. Burridge, magazines.
G. S. Flindt, magazines.
Mrs. Wilkes, mince meat and fruit.
Mrs. Leveque, plants.
T. Kilpatrick and W. B. Pool have donated to the hospital, a handsome invalid's wheel chair, with adjustable foot and limb supporter.

Opera House
Monday Next, Dec 15

The Empire Coronation Co.
will present the Coronation of
King Edward VII.
The gorgeous Military Parades and Assemblage of Troops from all parts of the Empire.
The ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

PART TWO
The Terrors of the Volcano.
The Tropic Beauty of the Island of Martinique before the eruption of Mount Pelee and the City of St. Pierre after its destruction, shewn by Edison's latest Animatograph with Electricity.
The most magnificent spectacle of modern times.

Popular Prices 50c. and 25c.

Land Registry Act.

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in Block 48, in Town of Revelstoke, B. C., Map 636 B.

A CERTIFICATE of indefeasible Title to the above property will be issued to Frank Bernard Lewis on the 28th day of February, A.D. 1903, unless in the meantime a valid objection thereto be made to me in writing by a person claiming an estate or interest therein or in any part thereof.

H. F. MACLEOD,
District Registrar.
Land Registry Office, Nelson, B. C., 17th November, 1902.

Permit us to draw your attention to the wisdom of presenting your family with

Choice Lot
AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The first step toward providing for them a home of their own.
A part only of the amount usually spent on pretty but useless presents will make the first payment.

REAL ESTATE

Is the basis of all wealth, and you can now lay the foundation of your own prosperity while making someone else happy.
Call and investigate, we have other things to tell you on the subject of How to Own a House of your Own.

LEWIS BROS, Real Estate Agts.

CRESSMAN'S
. . . . Built to Order Garments
. . . . For Ladies and Gentlemen

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