

Miss Sybilla in the midst of the widest, most unconcealed yawn which it had ever been his lot to witness. The hanging lamp cast a rosy gleam over the brilliant little face, he stared at it with an unusual expression of eagerness animating his dreary eyes, and Sybilla stared back with her mouth wide open, the yawn arrested upon her lips in her dismay in being so unexpectedly discovered. Presently however, her characteristic self-possession asserted itself; she shrugged her shoulders with a charming little gesture of penitence and apology, and flashed a mischievous smile upon him. The professor cast down his eyes and stared fixedly at the tablecloth. Sybilla thought that he looked terribly disapproving.

"He is meditating on my molar construction," she said to herself sagely. "It was such a terrible big yawn that he had a capital view. That's the worst of those absent-minded creatures! They always wake up at the most awkward moments!"

The first half of the week passed by, and Prof. Edward Stamford was by universal consent pronounced to be the lion of the British Association. His lectures were crowded; scientific men flooded round him to ask his opinion on a dozen disputed questions, and every morning the postman brought him a pile of letters addressed in feminine handwriting, and containing requests for his autograph, couched in terms more or less offensive.

The ladies adored the professor, and Agatha French was a proud woman as she walked by his side and marked the wistful glances of her friends. It was an enviable position to be on terms of intimacy with the hero of the occasion, but it must be acknowledged that it was also a trifle fatiguing. She took elaborate notes of the lectures, and read up with laborious effort, so as to be able to sustain conversation with credit, yet even so was more than once conscious of a lamentable slip. Agatha found herself harboring the reflection that it was pleasanter to pose as Minerva for Archie Manner's benefit than to stammer like a dunce before the Professor's careless questioning, but the thought was heresy and she thrust it sternly aside.

As for Sybilla she kept her resolve and attended the opening soiree in a costume of entrancing whiteness, but there her interest in the meetings seemed to stop. She armed herself with a novel and a box of chocolates when the other members of the family started for the great hall wherein the Associates met, and swung to and fro in the garden hammock in Philistine enjoyment. If the subject of a lecture was mentioned at dinner, she cried "What's that?" and when the meaning was made clear, inquired, "And what's the good of it?" with undaunted ignorance.

Prof. Stamford had never met any one in a state of such mental darkness, and he found himself continually considering the subject, and puzzling over the problem which it presented. So crass and unlearned, with such a lamentable want of ambition, and withal so bright and keen, with such an alert intelligence of expression! An impulse prompted him to study this mystery more closely, and one morning, seeing Sybilla among her flowers, he went up to her and asked to be taken round the garden. She acquiesced at once and with the utmost cordiality.

"Why of course," said she, "I'll take you with pleasure, and you can tie up my sunflowers! It's so damp today, that I don't like to stand upon the beds!" and before he knew what he was about the professor found himself executing a dozen peremptory orders and being called sharply to account when his unaccustomed fingers bungled over the work. All the same he enjoyed the experience, for Sybilla responded graciously to his advances, and chatted away in the most friendly manner. She refused, it is true, to discuss the British Association, dismissing each of the lectures as it was mentioned with a few curt words, which had the surprising effect of sending the hearer into sudden convulsions of laughter.

How was it possible that a scrap of a girl in a sailor hat could make herself look like Bevon, the aged

savant, with his cadaverous face and snowy locks? Yet she did it! For one whole moment it had been Bevon's face which he had seen, with the peaked brows and sunken lips—Bevon's voice which he had heard, repeating the well-known formula! Two minutes later it had been jovial Andrews, with his twinkling smile and tripping speech while he had barely recovered from the shock of hearing the president's pompous accents, before the girl was shaking back her head and crying merrily, "That's enough of British Association! Let's talk of something else!"

It was disrespectful, no doubt, so to mimic the leading men of the day, and after all it was distinctly clever, and dear me! dear me! how long it had been since he had laughed like that! The Professor returned to the house with a completely altered estimate of the young lady's character. Stupid! She was one of the brightest and most intelligent of creatures! The range of subjects which they had discussed together was extraordinarily wide, and she had delivered herself of some striking statements. He did not, in thinking them over, recall precisely the point of the statements in question, but he knew that they had been striking. He distinctly remembered how impressed he had been as she spoke and he listened, gazing down upon her small, animated face.

Alas! there is one gift that should be admired with caution, seeing that no man can tell when his own turn will come to pose as victim. Professor Stamford discovered this fact the same afternoon as he sat resting on the terrace of Mr. French's garden on his return from the city. A clicking of china and a babel of voices proclaimed that the schoolroom tea was taking place in the room near to which he was sitting, but in his absent-minded way he paid no heed, until the sound of a well-known name arrested his attention.

"Oh, do, Sybilla! You promised you would! Imitate him giving a lecture!" cried the childish voices in succession. Then there came a pause, broken by an intermittent coughing noise at the sound of which the blood rushed darkly to the Professor's forehead.

"Hum—hum—hum—I, er—respond with pleasure—er—to the request of the meeting; the more especially—er—as the subject on hand is one of such great—such vivid—such overwhelming importance! Bones, gentlemen, bones!" A fist descended in emphatic emphasis on the schoolroom table and all the cups and saucers rang sith again with the shock. "Does not the word awaken every slumbering enthusiasm within you? To spend one's life in arduous toil and discover but one unknown bone to add to the world's collection—is it not a grand—a glorious, an inspiring ambition? What man could waste his time on living causes, while such a noble employment might be his? And oh, ladies and gentlemen is it too much to hope that we in our turn may further the advance of this great science? That some day, thousands of years hence, our own poor bones may be discovered by the tool of the explorer, and having been carefully pieced together, may delight the eyes of—"

"No, no! It isn't nice! I don't like it! I don't like it!" An infant voice wailed loudly in protest and a pinafored figure ran forward to the open window, to fall back with a cry of dismay at sight of the listening figure.

(To be continued.)

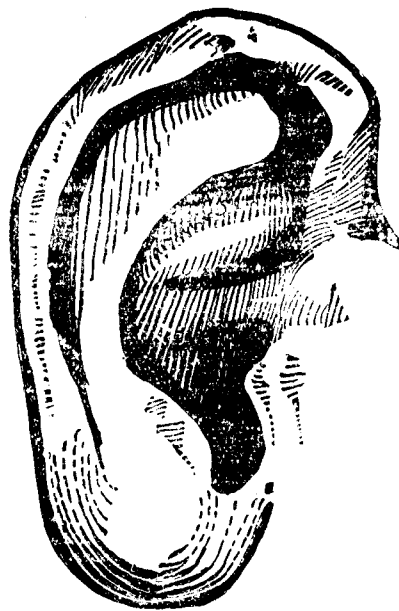
BE WORTH KNOWING.

A girl, eager, ambitious, restless for many things, once heard two sentences that changed much of her life. They were these: "Would you be known? Then be worth knowing."

In a flash she saw how cheap an ambition hers had been and how selfish. Who was she to long for the friendship of high souls? What had she to give them in return for the treasure of their lives? Would she, as she was, even understand their language?

DEAFNESS

CAN BE
CURED



Here is a message of joy that will bring gladness to thousands of hearts—that will give happiness to those who now suffer from that grievous affliction—Deafness. It is more than a message of hope—it is the positive statement of a definite fact. Deafness can indeed be cured, as recent medical and scientific discoveries have proved. The world moves on in many ways—in knowledge, in invention, in wealth, in goodness—but greatness of all in new methods for curing what were considered incurable diseases. Day and night the most learned and skillful physicians are studying the causes and cures of the various ailments that affect the body and sadden the heart of man. At last a scholar, more painstaking or more learned than the rest, finds the cure that means salvation for countless sufferers. The causes and cure of Deafness have for years been daily studied by Dr. Sproule, the eminent English specialist. His heart has often ached over the unfortunate lot of the victims of this trouble. The thought of all that they were deprived of, shut off from the world of sound, affected him profoundly. He felt that his life-work would not be complete unless he could say to the deaf, "You can be cured." It is now with the deepest pleasure that he does say it. More than that, he has proved it, as his grateful patients testify. In the fullness of his sympathy, he offers to all persons afflicted with deafness

FREE CONSULTATION AND ADVICE

If you are deaf, write to him and he will examine your case free of charge and give you his opinion and counsel on it. He will give you valuable information in regard to its cure—and he will do it with sincerity and friendliness, simply because he believes it is a physician's duty to "lend a helping hand" wherever he can. Do not suffer from Deafness any longer. Let your hearing be restored! Hundreds of persons, formerly deaf, bear grateful testimony to what Dr. Sproule has done for them. They took advantage of his generous offer. Now they hear. You can also if you will. Write to him at once.

Answer the above questions, yes or no, and write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines. Cut out and send to Dr. Sproule, B.A., English Specialist, (Graduate Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service) 70 Doane St., Boston. He will give you advice free.

Do your ears itch?
Do your ears throb?
Are you entirely deaf?
Do your ears feel full?
Does wax form in your ears?
How long have you been deaf?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you have pain in the ears?
Do you have noises in your ears?
Do you hear better in a noisy place?
Do you have a discharge from either ear?
Did your deafness come on gradually?
Is your deafness worse when you have a cold?
Can you hear some sounds better than others?
Do your ears crack when you blow your nose?

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Capital \$625,000, of which nearly 40 per cent. is now in our Treasury. Shares fully paid and non-assessable.

Mines directly west of the LeRoi and LeRoi No. 2, two of the largest gold-copper mines in the world, both of which have paid large dividends.

Same identical ore and veins now in sight on the BIG FOUR. Large ore bodies.

Assays from \$5 to \$800 in gold, copper, silver, etc., as now on exhibition in the city ore exhibit, causing considerable attention.

We have two miles of railway on Big Four property with water and timber in abundance.

Rosland ore shipments for 1902, 350,000 tons. Shipped for 1903, about 450,000 tons. Total value of Rosland ores mined, \$25,000,000.

PAYS TO MINE.

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Shares can be had on instalment plan, payments monthly. Twenty per cent. cash, balance within a year.

Company has no debts or liabilities.

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Booklets, Order Blanks, and Prospectus with Maps and Reports from Mining Engineers sent only to investors or those desiring to invest.

And further, LEARN TO DISTINGUISH THE REAL FROM A SHADOW

In humility and sorrow she prayed again—no longer that she might be known, but that, in God's good time, her own life might grow strong and beautiful, that she might prove worthy of all the blessings that were given her. Then, since God in his wisdom teaches us to answer many of our own prayers, she began to study, to read, and to think, and to try to love greatly. So years passed.

Did she become known? Never as in her girlish dreams. But she found something far, far better. For she learned that to be known is nothing, and to try to be worth

knowing that one may be known is less than nothing; but to lift one's soul to highest living, because one will not be satisfied with lesser things, is a task whose joy deepens with every passing year and reaches on into God's eternity.

He Deserved Pity

His sufferings from Sciatica were so great, but thanks to Nerviline he was cured. "I suffered for three years from sciatica" writes E. S. Jenkins, of Portland, "and no man ever suffered more. I spent a small fortune on different remedies, but the only one with real merit was Nerviline. I used a few bottles of Nerviline and was perfectly cured. I can recommend Nerviline as a sure cure for Sciatica; it's excellent also for rheumatism and neuralgia." Try Nerviline, 25c. at all druggists.

Canadian Pacific TIME TABLE

| | Lv. | Ar. |
|---|-------|-------|
| Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily | 15 00 | 12 30 |
| Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via lake and rail, Mon., Thurs., Saturday | 15 00 | |
| Tuesday, Friday, Sunday | | 12 30 |
| Rat Portage and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 8 00 | 18 30 |
| Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Wed. only | 7 00 | 19 30 |
| Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 7 30 | 20 40 |
| Rapid City and Rapid City Junction, daily ex. Sunday | 7 30 | 20 40 |
| Pettapiece, Miniota and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 7 30 | 20 40 |
| Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosomin, Virden, Regina, Moose Jaw and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 7 30 | 20 40 |
| Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 8 25 | 14 00 |
| Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday | 13 35 | 12 15 |
| Pipestone, Reston, Arcola, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Friday | 7 30 | |
| Tues., Thurs., Saturday | | 20 40 |
| Napinka and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat., Mon., Wed., Friday | 8 25 | 14 00 |
| Brandon Local, daily except Sunday | 16 30 | 12 20 |
| Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily | 18 05 | 8 50 |
| Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday | 16 50 | 10 20 |
| Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday | 16 10 | 10 00 |
| St. Paul Express, Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily | 13 55 | 13 40 |
| Emerson branch, daily except Sunday | 15 45 | 10 45 |

F. P. BRADY,
Asst. Gen. Supt., Winnipeg
C. E. MCPHERSON,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

| Leave Winnipeg | STATIONS | Arrive Winnipeg |
|-------------------|--|-------------------|
| | EAST | |
| Daily ex. Sun. | St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances. | Daily ex. Sun. |
| 10 25 | | 16 25 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kashabowie, Mattawan, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur. | Tues. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 25 | | 16 25 |
| | WEST | |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumas, Dauphin. | Tues. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Tues. Thurs. Sat. | Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glendale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin. | Mon. Wed. Fri. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetonas, Swan River. | Wed. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Bowman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood. | Wed. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View. | Tues. Thurs. Sat. |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Fri. Sat. | Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis. | Sat. Tues. 17 00 |
| 10 45 | | 17 00 |
| Mon. Wed. Fri. | Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points. | Tues. Thurs. Sat. |
| 7 00 | | 17 50 |
| Daily ex. Sun. | St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points. | Daily ex. Sun. |
| 8 05 | | 18 25 |
| | SOUTH | |
| Daily | Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14 hrs. 20 min. Via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Hallock, Warren, Crookston, Ada, Glynndon, Barnesville, Fergus Falls, Alexandria, Osake's Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Monticello, Ossea, Minneapolis and St. Paul. | Daily |
| 17 20 | | 10 10 |
| Daily | Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Rv. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Lettelier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior. | Daily |
| 13 45 | | 13 30 |

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