The Grateful Heart.

A PRAYER.

(On commencing my eightieth year.)

Each morn I offer up a Grateful Heart
For Life and Health and Strength,
Bright Age and Hope;
And I behold Death's shining dart
(Poised at full length)
As through faith's helioscope;
For I feel sure the Power that made
The substance rules the Essence and the Shade.

O Life! from what far date—
Impossible to dream
As count the motes that in each solar beam
For centuries back migut fade or concentrate.
O Life! thy wondrous gift
To me, if accidental, is the same;
And I a Grateful Heart uplift
Before a visionary altar-flame.
My spirit and my blood,
Pure and impure, they are my best,
And would be perfect if they could.

But Life, how art thou multiplied
When sterling Health is thine heirloom!
It is the tree in constant bloom,
With fruit forever close beside.

And if rare strength be also thine,
Thou shouldst with grateful heart-throb feel
Thou hast within thee means to shine
Beyond the warrior's burnished steel.

Then for the Right courageous ever be;
Pray for a will to back thy noblest hope;
Strive for the utmost good within thy scope,
Parading never false humility.

But if bright Age through lengthened years
O'erarch thee in a rainbow span,
Pray to work ever—white-hair'd man!—
With aims ne'er dashed by tears or fears;
Glad to live on, unwilling yet to die,
But ready for the hour,
As of a soft, revivifying shower,
With hopes beyond, chastened by resignation,
Here to await, or dart above yon sky
(Like a child reaching at a star,
Naught for man's hope can be too far),
Dust unto dust, or realized aspiration.
With thy last smile, thy last faint sigh,
Be trustful in Life's grand Infinity.

Richard Hengist Horne.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

From my exalted position I can see a long way before me, and there in the distance, coming with fatal certainty in my direction, I espy Mr. Carrington! At the same moment Billy's legs push themselves in a dangling fashion through the branches of his tree, and are followed by the remainder of his person a little later. Forgetful of my original design, forgetful of everything but the eternal disgrace that will cling to me through life if found by our landlord in my present unenviable plight, I call to him, in tones suppressed indeed, but audible enough to betray my hiding-place.

"Billy, here is Mr. Carrington—he is coming towards us. Catch these nuts quickly, while I get down."

"Are you hurt?" he asks, gazing at me with anxious eyes, and still retaining his hold of me.

"Yes, I am," I answered tearfully. "Look at my arm." I pull up my sleeve cautiously and disclose an arm that looks indeed wonderfully white next the blood that trickles slowly from it.

"Oh, horrible!" says our rich neighbor, with real and intense concern, and, taking out his handkerchief, proceeds to bind up my wound with the extremest tenderness.

"Why didn't you let him take you down?" says Bill, reproachfully, who is rather struck by the blood. "It would have been better after all."

"I hardly feel it at all now," I answer, gratefully. "I don't know what I should have done but for you—first catching me as you did, and then dressing my hurt. But how shall I return you your handkerchief?"

"May I not call to-morrow to see if you are none the worse for your accident? It is a long week since last I was at Summerleas. Would I bore you all very much if I showed myself there again soon?"

"Not at all," I answered warmly, thinking of Dora; "the oftener you come the more we shall be pleased."

"Would it please *you* to see me often?" He watches me keenly as he asks this question.

"Yes, of course it would," I answer, politely, feeling slightly surprised at his tone—*very* slightly.

"How long have you known me?"

"Exactly a month yesterday," I exclaim, promptly; "it was on the 25th of August you first came to see us. I remember the date perfectly."

"Do you?" with pleased surprise.

"We must be going now, I say, extending my hand; "it is getting late. "Good-bye, Mr. Carrington—and thank you again very much," I added, somewhat shyly.

"If you persist in thinking there is anything to be grateful for, give me my reward," he says, quickly, "by letting me walk with you to the boundary of the wood."

"Yes, do," says Billy, effusively.

"Come, if you wish it," I say, answering the unspoken look in his eyes, and feeling thoroughly surprised to hear a man so altogether grown up express a desire for our graceless society. Thus sanctioned, he turns and walks by my side, conversing in the pleasant, light, easy style peculiar to him, until the boundary he named is reached. Here we pause to bid each other once more good-bye.

"And I may come to-morrow?" he asks, holding my hand closely.

"Yes—but—but—I cannot give you the handkerchief before mother and Dora," I murmur, blushing hotly.

"True, I had forgotten that important handkerchief. But perhaps you could manage to walk with me as far as the entrance-gate, could you?"

"I don't know," I return doubtfully, "If not, I can give it to you some other day."

"So you can. Keep it until I am fortunate enough to meet you again. I shall probably get on without it until then."

So with a smile and a backward nod and glance, we part.

There is a brutal enjoyment of the tree scene in Billy's whole demeanor that stings me sorely. I begin to compare dear Roly with my younger brother in a manner highly unflattering to the latter. If Roland had been here in Billy's place to day, instead of being as he always is with that tiresome regiment in some forgotten corner, all might have been different. *He* at least being a *man*, would have felt for me. How could I have been mad enough to look for sympathy from a *boy*?

Dear Roland! The only fault he has is his extreme and palpable selfishness. But what of that? Are not *all* men so afflicted? Why should he be condemned for what is only to be expected and looked for in the grander sex? What I detest more than anything else is a person who, while professing to be friends with one, only——

I grow morose, and decline all further conversation, until we come so near our home that but one turn more hides it from our view.

Here Billy remonstrates.

"Of course you can sulk if you like," he says in an injured tone, "and not speak to a fellow, all for nothing; but you can't go into the house with your arm like that, unless you wish them to discover the battle in which you have been engaged."

"I must undo it, I suppose," I return, disinclination in my tone, and Billy says "Of course," with hideous briskness. Therewith he removes the guardian-pin and proceeds to unfold the handkerchief with an air that savors strongly of pleasurable curiosity, while I stand shrinking beside him, and vowing mentally never again to trust myself at an undue distance from mother earth.

At length the last fold is undone, and, to my unspeakable relief, I see that the wound, though crimson round the edges, has ceased to bleed. Hastily and carefully drawing the sleeve of my dress over it, I thrust the stained handkerchief into my pocket and make for the house.

When I have exchanged a word or two with Dora (who is always in the way when not wanted—that being the hall at the present moment), I escape upstairs without being taken to task for my damaged garments, and carefully lock my door. Nevertheless, though now, comparatively speaking, in safety, there is still a weight upon my mind. If to-morrow I am to return the handkerchief to its owner, it must in the meantime be washed, and who is to wash it?

Try as I will, I cannot bring myself to make a confidante of Martha; therefore nothing remains for me but to undertake the purifying of it myself. I have still half an hour clear before the dinner-bell will ring; so, plunging my landlord's cambric into the basin, I boldly commence my work.

Five minutes later. I am getting on; it really begins to look almost white again; the stains have nearly vanished, and only a general pinkiness remains. But what is to be done with the water?—if left, it will surely betray me, and betrayal means punishment.

I begin to feel like a murderess. In every murder case I have ever read (and they have a particular fascination for me), the miserable perpetrator of the crime finds a terrible difficulty in getting rid of the water in which he has washed off the traces of his victim's blood. I now find a similar difficulty in disposing of the water reddened by my own. I open the window, look carefully out, and, seeing no one, fling the contents of my basin into the air. "It falls to earth I know not where," as I hurriedly draw in my head and get through the remainder of my self-imposed duty.

After that my dressing for dinner is a scramble; but I get through it in time, and come down serene and innocent, to take my accustomed place at table.

All goes well until toward the close of the festivities, when papa, fixing a piercing eye on me, says, generally—

"May I inquire which of you is in the habit of throwing water from your bedroom windows upon chance passers by?"

A ghastly silence follows. Dora looks up in meek surprise. Billy glances anxiously at me. My knees knock together. Did it fall upon *him*? Has he discovered all?

"Well, why do I receive no answer? *Who* did it?" demanded papa, in a voice of suppressed thunder, still with his eye on me.

"I threw some out this evening," I acknowledge, in a faint tone, "but never before—I——"

"Oh! it was *you*, was it?" says papa, with a glare. "I need scarcely have inquired; I might have known the one most likely to commit a disreputable action. Is that an established habit of yours? Are there no servants to do your bidding? It was the most monstrous proceeding I ever in my life witnessed."

"It was only——" I begin timidly.

"'It was only' that it is an utterly impossible thing for you ever to be a lady," interrupted papa, bitterly.

"You are a downright disgrace to your family. At times I find it a difficult matter to believe you a Vernon."

Having delivered this withering speech, he leans back in his chair, with a snort that would not have done discredit to a war-horse, which signifies that the scene is at an end. Two large tears gather in my eyes and roll heavily down my cheeks They *look* like tears of penitence, but in reality are tears of relief. Oh, if that tell-tale water had but fallen on the breast of his shirt, or on his stainless cuffs, where would the inquiries have terminated?

CHAPTER V.

I have wandered down to the river side and under the shady trees. It is a week since my adventure in the wood—five days since Mr. Carrington's last visit. On that occasion having failed to obtain one minute with him alone, the handkerchief still remains in my possession, and proves a very skeleton in my closet, the initials M. J. C.—that stand for Marmaduke John Carrington, as all the world knows—staring out boldly from their corner, and threatening at any moment to betray me; so that, through fear and dread of discovery, I carry it about with me, and sleep with it beneath my pillow. Looking back upon it all now, I wonder how I could have been so foolish, so wanting in invention. I feel with what ease I could now dispose of anything tangible and obnoxious.

There is a slight chill in the air, in spite of the pleasant sun; and I half make up my mind to go for a brisk walk, instead of sauntering idly, as I am at present doing, when somebody calls to me from the adjoining field. It is Mr. Carrington. He climbs the wall that separates us, and drops into my territory, a little scrambling Irish terrier at his heels.

"Is this a favorite retreat of yours?" he asks, as our hands meet.

"Sometimes. Oh, Mr. Carrington, I am so glad to meet you to-day."

"Are you, really? That is better news than I hoped to hear when I left home this morning."

"Because I want to return you your handkerchief. I have had it so long, and am so anxious to get rid of it. It—it would probably look nicer," I say, with hesitation, slowly withdrawing the article in question from my pocket, "if anybody else had washed it; but I did not want any one to find out about—*that day*; so I had to do it myself."

Lingering, cautiously, I bring it to light and hold it out to him. Oh, how dreadfully pink and unclean ly it appears in the broad light of the open air! To *me* it seems doubly hideous—the very last thing a fastidious gentleman would dream of putting to his nose.

Mr. Carrington accepts it almost tenderly. There is not a shadow of a smile upon his face.

"Is it possible you took all that trouble," he says, a certain gentle light, with which I am growing familiar, coming into his eyes as they rest upon my anxious face. "My dear child, why? Did you not understand I was only testing when I expressed a desire to have it again? Why did you not put it in the fire, or rid yourself of it in some other fashion long ago? "So"—after a pause—"you *really* washed it with your own hands for me?"

"One might guess that by looking at it," I answer with a rather awkward laugh: "still, I think it would not look *quite* so badly, but that I kept in my pocket ever since, and that gives it its crumpled appearance."

"Ever since? so near to you for five long days? What a weight it must have been on your tender conscience! Well, at all events no *other* washerwoman"—with a smile—"shall ever touch it. I promise you that." He places it carefully in an inside pocket as he speaks.

"Oh, please do not say that!" I cry dismayed; "you must not keep it as a specimen of my handiwork. Once properly washed, you will forget all about it; but if you keep it before your eyes in its present state—— Mr. Carrington, *do* put it in your clothes-basket the moment you go home."

He only laughs at this pathetic entreaty, and throws a pebble into the tiny river that runs at our feet.

"Why are you alone?" he asks presently. "Why is not the indefatigable Billy with you?"

"He reads with a tutor three times a week. That leaves me very often lonely. I came here to-day just to pass the time till he can join me. He don't seem to care much about Greek or Latin," I admit ingenuously; "and as he never looks at his lessons until five minutes before Mr. Caldwood comes, you see he don't get over them very quickly."

"And so leaves you disconsolate longer than he need. Your sister, Miss Vernon—does she never go for a walk with you?"

Ah! now he is coming to Dora.

"Dora? Oh, never. She is not fond of walking; it does not agree with her, she says. You may have noticed she is not very robust, she looks so fragile, so different from *me* in every respect."

"Very different."

"Yes, we all see that," I answer, rather disconcerted by his ready acquiescence in this home view. "And so pretty as she is, too! Don't you think her very pretty, Mr. Carrington?"

"Extremely so. Even more than merely pretty. Her complexion, I take it, must be quite unrivalled. She is positively lovely—in her own style."

"I am very glad you admire her; but, indeed, you would be singular if you did not do so," I say with enthusiasm. "Her golden hair and blue eyes make her quite a picture. *I* think she has the prettiest face I ever saw; don't you?"

"No; not the prettiest. I know another that, to me at least, is far more beautiful."

He is looking straight before him, apparently at nothing, and to my attentive ear there is something hidden in his tone that renders me uneasy for the brilliant future I have mapped out for my sister.

"You have been so much in the world," I say, with some dejection, "and of course in London and Paris and all the large cities one sees many charming faces from time to time. I should have remembered that. I suppose, away from this little village, Dora's face would be but one in a crowd."

"It is not in London or Paris, or any large city I saw the face of which I speak. It was in a neighborhood as small—yes, *quite* as small as this. The owner of it was a mere child—a little country-girl, knowing nothing of the busy world outside her home, but I shall never again see any one so altogether sweet and loveable."

"What was she like?" I ask, curiously. I am not so uneasy as I was. If only a *child* she cannot, of course, interfere with Dora. "Describe her to me?"

"What *is* she like you mean. She is still in the land of the living. *Describe* her. I don't believe I could," says my companion, with a light laugh. "If I gave you her exact photograph in words, I dare say I would call down your scorn on my benighted taste. Who ever grew rapturous over a description? If you cross-examine me about her charms, without doubt I shall fall through. To my way of thinking beauty does not lie in features, in hair, or eyes, or mouth. It is *there* without one's knowing why; a look, an expression, a smile, all go to make up the indescribable something that is perfection."

"You speak of her as though she were a woman. I don't believe she is a child at all," I say, with a pout.

"She is the greatest child I ever met. But tell me——" Then, breaking off suddenly, and turning to me, "By the bye," he says, "what may I call you? Miss Vernon is too formal, and Miss Phyllis I detest."

"Yes," return I, laughing, "it reminds me of Martha. You may call me Phyllis if you like."

"Thank you: I shall like it very much. *Apropos* of photographs, then, a moment ago, Phyllis, did you ever sit for your portrait?"

"Oh, yes, twice," I answer, cheerfully; "once by a travelling man who came round, and did us all very cheaply indeed (I think for fourpence or sixpence a head); and once in Carston. I had a dozen taken then; but when I had given one each to them all at home, and one to Martha, I found I had no use for the others, and had only wasted my pocket-money. Perhaps"—diffidently—"*you* would like one?"

"*Like* it!" says Mr. Carrington, with most uncalled for eagerness; "I should rather think I would. Will you really give me one, Phyllis?"

"Of course," I answer, with surprise; "they are no use to me, and have been tossing about in my drawer for six months. Will you have a Carston one? I really think it is the best. Though if you put your hand over the eyes, the itinerant's is rather like me."

"What happened to the eyes?"

"There is a taint cast in the right one. The man said it was the way I always looked, but I don't think so myself. *You* don't think I have a squint, do you, Mr. Carrington?"

Here I open my blue-grey eyes to their widest and gaze at my companion in anxious inquiry.

"No, I don't see it," returns he, when he has subjected the eyes in question to a close and lingering examination. Then he laughs a little, and I laughtoo, to encourage him.

"What o'clock is it?" I ask, a little later. "It must be time for me to go home, and Billy will be waiting."

Having told me the hour, he says:

"Have you no watch, Phyllis?"

"No."

"Don't you find it awkward now and then being ignorant of the time? Would you like one?"

"Oh, would I not?" I answer promptly. "There is nothing I would like better. Do you know it is the one thing for which I am always wishing."

"Phyllis," says Mr. Carrington, eagerly, "let me give you one."

I stare at him in silent bewilderment. Something within me whispers such joy is not for me. Of course he would only give it to me for Dora's sake, and yet I *know*—I cannot say *why* I feel it—but I *know* if I accepted a watch from Mr. Carrington all at home would be angry, and it would cause a horrible row.

"Thank you," I say mournfully. "Thank you *very, very* much, Mr. Carrington, but I could not take it from you. It is very kind of you to offer it, and I would accept it if I could, but it would be of no use. At home I know they would not let me have it, and so it would be a pity for you to spend all your money upon it for nothing."

"What nonsense!" impatiently, "*Who* would not let you take it?"

"Papa, mamma, every one," I answer, with deepest dejection. (I would so *much* have liked that watch! Why, *why* did he put the delightful but transient idea into my head?) "They would all say I acted wrongly in taking it, and—and they would send it back to you again."

"Is there anything else you would like, Phyllis, that I *might* give you?"

"No, nothing, thank you. I must only wait. Mother has promised me her watch upon my wedding morning."

"You seem comfortably certain of being married, sooner or later," he says, with a laugh that still shows some vexation. "Do you ever think what *sort* of a husband you would like, Phyllis?"

"No, I never think of disagreeable things, if I can help it," is my somewhat tart reply. My merry mood is gone, I feel in some way injured, and inclined towards snappishness. "And from what *I* have seen of husbands I think they are all, every one, each more detestable than the other. If I were an heiress I would never marry; but, being a girl without a fortune, I suppose I must."

Mr. Carrington roars.

"I never heard anything so absurd," he says, "as such mature sentiments coming from *your* lips. Why, to hear you talk, one might imagine you a town-bred young woman, one who has passed through the fourth campaign; but to *see* you—— You have learned your lesson uncommonly well, though I am sure you were never taught it by your mother. And how do you know that you may not lose your heart to a curate, and find yourself poorer after your marriage than before?"

"That I never will," I return, decisively. "In the first place, I detest curates, and in the next I would not be the wife of a poor man, even if I adored him. I will marry a rich man, or I will not marry at all."

"I hate to hear you talk like that," says Mr. Carrington, gravely. "The ideas are so unsuited to a little loving girl like you. Although I am positive you do not mean one word you say, still it pains me to hear you."

"I *do* mean it," I answer, defiantly; "but as my conversation pains you, I will not inflict it on you longer. Good-bye?"

"Good-bye, you perverse child; and don't try to *imagine* yourself mercenary. Are you angry with me?" holding my unwilling hand and smiling into my face. "Don't, I'm not worth it. Come, give me one smile to bear me company until we meet again." Thus abjured, I laugh, and my fingers grow quiet in his grasp. "And when will that be?" continues Mr. Carrington. "To-morrow or next day? Probably Friday will see me at Summerleas. In the meantime, now we are friends again, I must remind you not to forget your promise about that Carston photo."

"I will remember," I say; and so we separate.

CHAPTER VI.

On my return home, to my inexpressible surprise and delight, I find Roland. During my absence he has arrived, totally unexpected by any member of the household; and the small excitement his appearance causes makes him doubly welcome, as anything that startles us out of our humdrum existence is hailed with positive rapture. Even mother, whose mind is still wonderfully fresh and young, considering all the years she has passed under papa's thumb, enters freely into the general merriment, and forgets for the time being her daily cares.

"You see I found I would be here almost as soon as a letter," explains Roland; "and, as I hate writing like a nightmare, I resolved to take you a little by surprise."

Mother, radiant, is sitting near him, regarding him with humid eyes. If dear mother had been married to an indulgent husband she would have been a dreadful goose. Even as it is she possesses a talent for weeping upon all occasions only to be equalled by mine.

"How did you manage to get away so soon again, Roly?" I ask, when I have embraced him as much as he will allow.

"I hardly know. Luck, I fancy—and the colonel—did

The old boy, you see, has a weakness for me which I return by having a weakness for the old boy's daughter. Mother"—languidly—"may I marry the old boy's daughter? She is an extremely pretty little girl, young, with fifteen thousand pounds; but I would not like to engage myself to her without your full consent."

Mother laughs and passes her hand with a light caressing gesture over his charming face.

"Conceited boy!" she murmurs, fondly; "there is little chance you will ever do so much good for yourself."

"Don't be too sure. At all events, I have your consent!"

"Yes, and my blessing, too," says mother, laughing, again.

"Thanks. Then I'll turn it over in my mind when I go back."

"Roly," I break in with my accustomed graciousness, "what brought you?"

"The train and an overpowering desire to see Dora's young man."

A laugh and a blush from Dora.

"I met him just now," I say, "down by the trout river. What a pity he did not come home with me, to satisfy your curiosity without delay!"

"Mother, do you think it the correct thing for Phyllis to keep clandestine appointments with her brother-in-law? Dora, is it possible you do not scent mischief in the air? A person too of Phyllis' well-known attractions——"

"What was he doing at the trout river?" asks Dora, with a smile. She is too secure in the knowledge of her own beauty to dread a rival anywhere, least of all in *me*.

"Nothing as far as I could see. He talked a little, and said he was coming here next Friday."

"The day after to-morrow. I shall ask him his intentions," says Roly. "It is most fortunate I am on the spot. One should never let an affair of this kind *drag*. It will doubtless be a thankless task; but I make a point of never shirking my duty; and when we have put our beloved father comfortably under ground——"

"Roland," interrupts mother, in a shocked tone. There is a pause.

"I quite thought you were going to say something," says Roland amiably. "I was mistaken. I will therefore continue. When we have put our beloved father well under the ground I will then be the head of this house, and natural guardian to these poor dear girls; and, with this prospect in view, I feel even at the present moment a certain responsibility, that compels me to look after their interests and bring this recreant gallant to book."

"Roland, my dear, I wish you would not speak so of your father," puts in mamma, feebly.

"Very well, I won't," returns Roly; "and he shan't be put under ground at all, if you don't wish it. Cremation shall be his fate, and we shall keep his precious ashes in an urn."

"I don't believe Mr. Carrington cares a pin for Dora," says Billy, irrelevantly. "I think he likes Phyllis twice as well. This remark, though intended to do so, does *not* act as a bombshell in the family circle; it is regarded as a mere flash in the pan from Billy, and is received with silent contempt. What could a boy know about such matters?

"I have a month's leave," Roland informs us presently. "Do you think in that time we could polish it off—courtship, proposal, and wedding? Though," reflectively, "that would be a pity, as by putting off the marriage for a little while I might then screw another month out of the old boy."

"Just so," I answer, approvingly.

"He is such a desirable young man in every way," says mother, *apropos* of Mr. Carrington; "so steady, well-tempered, and his house is really beautiful. You know it, Roland—Strangemore—seven miles from this?"

"I think it gloomy," Dora says, quietly. "When I—if I were to—that is——"

"What a charming virtue is modesty!" I exlaim, *sotto voce*.

"Go on, Dora," says Roland, in an encouraging tone. "When you marry Mr. Carrington, what will you do then?"

"Of course I don't see the smallest prospect of it," murmurs Dora, with downcast eyes; "but if I were to become mistress of Strangemore I would throw more light into all the rooms; I would open up windows everywhere, and take down those heavy pillars."

"Then you would ruin it," I cry indignantly; "its ancient appearance is its chief charm. You would make it a mere modern dwelling-house; and the pillars I think magnificent."

"*I* don't," says dear Dora, immovably; "and if ever I get the chance I will certainly remove them."

"You won't get the chance, then; you need not think it. Mr. Carrington has not the smallest idea of marrying you," exclaims Billy, whose Latin and Greek have evidently disagreed with him.

"It is a pity your tutor cannot teach you to be a gentleman," retorts Dora, casting a withering glance at our youngest born.

"Our dear William's temper appears slightly ruffled," remarks Roland, smoothly. "Evidently the gentleman of the name of Caldwood was lavish with his birch this morning. Come with me, Phyllis; I want to visit the stables."

I follow him gladly; and Billy joining us, with a grim countenance, we sally forth, leaving Dora to pour her griefs into mother's gentle bosom.

(To be continued.

THE C. P. R.

Major Rogers Starting Out to Make the Final Location.

Major Rogers, under whose directions the locating survey of the C. P. R. line of railroad from Savona's Ferry through Eagle Pass to the Columbia River will take place, will leave this city for the scene of action on Tuesday. The number of men employed will amount in the aggregate to between 50 and 60. These will be divided into three parties, in the respective charge of Messrs. Stevens, Watson and Roberts, thoroughly experienced engineers who have been with the major on previous surveys. One party will commence operations between Savona and Kamloops, and the other two will be situated between the South Thompson and Columbia rivers. The survey will be made so as to allow the work of construction to commence this fall or at the very laeest in the following spring. The line of railway has already been surveyed from the Rockies to the summit of the Selkirks, and from this latter point to that point of the Columbia River where the major's present survey will end, a distance of 43 miles, a preliminary line has already been run. The entire line will be located at the end of the present year. Major Rogers stated that the real hard work of the whole line lies between the Kicking Horse Pass and the eastern crossing of the Columbia River, a distance of some 75 miles. This part, which will necessarily be constructed from the east, will be completed this year. —*Victoria Colonist.*