

The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV.

REVELSTOKE, B. C., DECEMBER 31, 1892.

No. 29.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that at the next session of the Legislature of British Columbia application will be made for an Act to incorporate a company for the purpose of constructing, operating and maintaining a line of railway, standard or narrow gauge, the motive power being either steam or electric, commencing at Lardeau City, situate at the head of the North East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake, thence through Lardeau Pass to some point on the North West shore of Lake Kootenay, with power to extend to Nelson, and with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a branch from the said proposed line from said Lardeau City in a northerly direction along the course of the Incomappleux River, or Fish Creek, to some point or points near the headwaters of the same, with power to build, maintain and operate branch lines from any point or points on the main line or branch lines to any adjacent mine or mines, and with power to build wharves and docks, and erect and maintain telegraph and telephone lines and all necessary works, buildings, pipes, poles, wires, appliances or conveniences necessary or proper for the generating and transmitting of electricity or power within the area above described.

Dated this 14th day of November, A.D. 1892.

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTON & BARNARD,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

O. & H. LEWIS,
BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

SUPPERS and BALLS
Catered for.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

R. Tapping,
Carpenter, Builder

And General Contractor.

MANUFACTURER OF

Boats, Sleighs & Toboggans.

SCROLL WORK,
HOUSE FURNISHINGS

SEASONED LUMBER ALWAYS
KEPT IN STOCK.

Orders promptly filled.

Station: REVELSTOKE.

THE

MADDEN HOUSE,

HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.

Beautifully situated on the Lake shore at the entrance to the best and shortest road to the Slokan mines and New Denver. The best fishing and hunting in the district, with grand boating and sketching facilities for tourists and artists.

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE

Best brands of wines, liquors
and cigars.

The accommodations of the Hotel are
of the best.

**CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.**

REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.

Atlantic Express, arrives 10.10 daily.
Pacific " " 16.52 "

Cheapest, most reliable and safe
route to Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul,
Chicago, New York and Boston.
Rates \$5 to \$10 lower than any other
other route.

Specially fitted Colonist Cars, in
charge of a Porter, for the accommoda-
tion of Passengers holding second
class tickets. Passengers booked to
and from all European points at
Lowest Rates.

Low Freight Rates. Quick des-
patch. Merchants will save money
by having their freight routed via
the C. P. R.

Full and reliable information given
by applying to D. E. BROWN,
Asst. Gen'l Freight Ag't, Vancouver,
or to I. T. BREWSTER,
Ag't C. P. R. Depot, Revelstoke.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.

A. H. HOLDICH,

Assayer and Analytical Chemist.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Nearly seven years assayer at Morfa
Works, Swansea, and for over seventeen
years chief analyst to Wigan Coal & Iron
Co., Wigan.

Assays and analyses of every descrip-
tion undertaken on the most reasonable
terms.

Special experience in coal, coke, iron,
ferro-manganese, steel, silver, copper,
lead and zinc.

HULL BROS.

REVELSTOKE.

BUTCHERS

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

IN

BEEF, PORK, Etc.

Stockholm House

JOHN STONE, Prop.

The Dining-room is furnished with the
best the market affords.

The bar is supplied with a choice stock
of wines, liquors and cigars.

THE

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

REVELSTOKE B. C.

The largest and most central Hotel in
the city; good accommodation; every-
thing new; table well supplied; bar and
billiard room attached; fire proof safe.

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

C. P. R. HOTEL

REVELSTOKE.

F. MCCARTHY - - - Prop.

First-class Temperance House.

BOARD AND LODGING \$5 PER WEEK.
MEALS, 25c. BEDS 25c.

This hotel is situated convenient to the
station, is comfortably furnished, and
affords first class accommodation.

S. BICKERTON,

BOOTMAKER,

MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE.

Boots & Shoes made to
order.

HARNES LEATHER KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Royal Mail Lines.

CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE
TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Halifax.

SARDINIAN .. Allan Line...	Dec. 10
NUMIDIAN " " "	Dec. 24
PARISIAN " " "	Jan. 7
LABRADOR, Dominion Line...	Dec. 3
VANCOUVER " " "	Dec. 17
SARNIA..... " " "	Dec. 31

From New York.

TEUTONIC... White Star...	Nov. 30
BRITANNIC " " "	Dec. 7
MAJESTIC " " "	Dec. 14

Cabin \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80 up-
wards.

Intermediate, \$25; Steerage, \$20.

Passengers ticketed through to all
points in Great Britain and Ireland, and
at specially low rates to all parts of the
European continent.

Prepaid passages arranged from all
points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway
agent; to

I. T. Brewster,

AGENT, REVELSTOKE;

or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger
Agent, Winnipeg.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

1892 dies to-night.

Wishing our friends and subscribers
"A Happy New Year."

The Rev. C. Ladner will preach to-
morrow in the Methodist Church,
morning at 10.30, evening at 7.30. All
are cordially invited.

Christmas in Revelstoke was very
quiet. The deep snow rendered walk-
ing difficult, but the weather was almost
warm after last week's severity.

An Order in Council has just been
passed specifically defining lands re-
served for park purposes at the Glacier,
Griffin Lake and Mount Stephen.

Christmas presents were distributed
amongst the children of the Methodist
Sunday-school on Sunday (Christmas
Day) afternoon, consisting of valuable
books.

Special services will be held in the
Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening
at 7.30, when a large attendance is
earnestly desired. The Sabbath-school
at 2.30. Prayer meeting at Mr. Paton's
house on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

Dr. McLean will leave next Saturday
on a business trip to Vancouver and
Victoria, probably going on to Nelson
via Seattle. He hopes to be back in
about ten days, and will open a drug
store in connection with his practice.

The defunct Vancouver "Telegram"
ceased publication on December 6th.
On Christmas Day we received by mail
two exchange copies of that paper dated
December 4th and 6th. Where had they
been wandering for nearly three weeks?

Sixteen men have been laid off at the
mill. The snow is so deep that logging
is partially suspended. The new mill
is going up rapidly, and is expected to
be in full running order by the 1st of
March, when the full complement of
hands will be taken on.

Mr. I. T. Brewster, station agent at
Revelstoke, left town Thursday morning
for a vacation trip to Vancouver and San
Francisco, and will be absent about six
weeks. Mr. J. D. Fraser, from C. P. R.
terminus, Vancouver, is acting as agent
during Mr. Brewster's absence.

The News-Advertiser states in a tele-
gram from Ottawa:—The Lieutenant-
Governor of British Columbia, on behalf
of the Provincial Government, has asked
for the delimitation of the undefined
boundary between the 116th and 118th
degrees west longitude, owing to the
discoveries of rich mineral deposits in
that locality.

ON TRIAL FOR 90 DAYS.

The finest, completest and latest line of Elec-
trical appliances in the world. They have never
failed to cure. We are so positive of it that we
will back our belief and send you any Electrical
Appliance now in the market and you can try it
for Three Months. Largest list of testimonials
on earth. Send for book and journal free.
W. T. Beer & Co., Windsor, Ont.

The general verdict of the smokers of
Canada is that Myrtle Navy is the finest
tobacco they have ever used. There can
be no mistake upon this point, for it is
proved by this tangible evidence. The
large demand for this tobacco shows it
to be true, and the character of the de-
mand gives further proof. It has never
been of the spasmodic kind, up one
month and down the next. It has been
a sustained and constantly increasing
demand. The unsurpassed quality of
the tobacco accounts for this.

New Westminster Columbian: A gen-
tleman just returned from the Lardeau
country says it is likely steps will be
taken before long to run a branch from
Revelstoke south to tap the splendid
mineral district on the Lardeau. A
number of prominent C.P.R. men have
had prospectors working in that country
for some time past, and the results so
far have turned out remarkably prom-
ising, some rich claims being located.
[It is more than likely that the work
will be commenced as soon as the snow
permits, seeing that the route has been
surveyed and an appropriation of \$3,200
per mile made by the Dominion Govern-
ment for the line to the Arm, and also
a company applying for powers to con-
struct a railway from the Arm to Koot-
enay Lake via the Lardeau Pass.—Ed.
STAB.]

Last Saturday evening at the school-
house there was a large audience to
witness the distribution of gifts from
the Christmas Tree in connection with
the Presbyterian Sabbath-school. The
proceedings commenced with an enter-
tainment of vocal and instrumental
music, recitations by the children, etc.
Then Santa Claus (Mr. F. Fraser) dis-
tributed the gifts, every child in the
town being remembered, even the latest
baby. The tree was loaded with good
things, both useful and ornamental, and
numerous packages too heavy to hang
up filled a table in front. A great deal
of mirth was evoked as the various
recipients walked up to receive their
prizes from Santa Claus, more especially
when some prominent young man got a
jack-in-the-box or a jumping doll. One
pleasant feature of the evening was the
number of substantial parcels which
were bestowed where most needed. The
prize of the evening was a large doll
handsomely dressed as a bride. This
was won by ticket No. 53, held by Miss
Lottie Willis, of Craigellachie.

Bachelors' "At Home."

Bal Masque in Bourne's Hall

The bachelors of Revelstoke gave
an "At Home" in Bourne's Hall on
Wednesday evening which eclipses
anything of a like nature ever before
held in the town. No expense was
spared by the bachelors to make the
affair a success, and the result ex-
ceeded the expectations not only of
the bachelors themselves, but of all
the visitors. It had been arranged
to have 100 fancy costumes sent from
Victoria and they were expected to
arrive on Monday morning, but the
arrangement fell through, and most
of the costumes were made in the
town. Several ladies gave their ser-
vices, and the amount of work they
got through in two days by their
skilful fingers was simply astonish-
ing. The ladies included Mrs. H.
N. Coursier, Mrs. T. Steed, Mrs. H.
A. Brown, Mrs. C. N. Nelles, Miss
S. Graham, Miss Miller and Miss
Addie Brown, who contributed not a
little to the success of the ball, and
are deserving the thanks of all who
attended, especially Mrs. Coursier,
who did the lion's share. The hall
was cool and airy and nicely fitted
up, a screen across the lower end
and shutting off the refreshment room.
Two nicely mounted deers' heads
ornamented the centre panels on
each side of the ballroom, and un-
derneath were stuffed specimens of
martens and skunks, all exceedingly
well got up by Mr. W. C. Pound,
taxidermist, of Vernon, B.C. Some
other panels had crossed rifles, bear
skins, buffalo horns, snowshoes, etc.,
while flags were displayed at points
of vantage.

The committee of management in-
cluded Messrs. I. T. Brewster, Jas.
Little, H. J. Bourne, M. David, Guy
Barber and Dr. McLean, and great
credit is due to those gentlemen for the
manner in which the affair was
conducted. The supper room was
ably presided over by Mr. Thomas
Cadman, while Mr. H. J. Bourne
superintended all the arrangements
and looked well after the comfort of
visitors. Mr. Brewster, the secre-
tary, has been one of the hardest
workers on the committee; Mr. G.
Barber acted as M.C. It was a very
picturesque scene which greeted the
eye on entering the ballroom, the
display of color being gorgeous.
There were representatives of nearly
every clime—the lazy Turk seemed
to be lively enough to whirl a High-
land lassie through the mazy waltz,
while George the Fourth conde-
scended to dance with a milkmaid;
Mrs. Maloney actually asked Sir
Walter Raleigh to accept her hand—
for a quadrille; then the Arctic
Queen was seen dancing with a spick
and span brand new French chef; a
sister of mercy tripping it with a
Spanish count; a Tyrolean peasant
and a Japanese lady; a monk and an
Alpine maid; a lean Mephistopheles
and a plump little flower girl. There
were clowns swinging Spanish ladies;
a Siwash with the Queen of Dia-
monds; a cowboy, in full rig, with a
schoolgirl, and a ghost wandering
aimlessly through the throng like
Hamlet looking for his lost Ophelia.
There were two ladies as "Night"—
honors divided; two Spanish ladies,
to one of whom has been generally
accorded the honor of being "the
belle of the ball." The Lady of the
Lake was not above dancing with an
Algerian corsair, the Irish squireen
with a Scotch girl, and convict No. 85
dragged his chain around in a lively
waltz with the goddess of Autumn.
"Uncle Sam" was an excellent get-
up, with the stars and stripes in
evidence from the bottom of the
pants to the top of the regulation
beaver hat. The Cossack and the
Spanish student were well repre-
sented.

In fact, all the characters were
so well got up that not half a dozen
in the crowd had their personality
detected before the unmasking took
place—about midnight.

We are desired by a number of
gentlemen who were present—and
we will venture to speak for the
ladies as well—to convey their best
thanks to the bachelors and the com-
mittee for providing such an enjoya-
ble occasion, and also to compli-
ment them on the excellent manner
in which all the arrangements were
carried out. It is hardly possible to
name the best male costume where
all were first class, but probably
three or four stood out a little more
distinct than the others. These in-
cluded Uncle Sam, the Cowboy, No.
85, the French chef and Sir Walter
Raleigh. A few others ran them
pretty close, notably the Tyrolean
peasant, the Spanish count and the
Cossack. The clowns and monks
wore each and all a 1 in their re-
spective lines, but the most realistic
costumes were the Swiss girl, the
flower girl, Mrs. Maloney, schoolgirl
and John Chinaman.

The music, as usual, was good, the
floor in first class condition, the
refreshments excellent, the weather
very mild, and everybody seemed
to thoroughly enjoy themselves, the
spectators as well as the participants.
The musicians were Messrs. T. Steed

and J. F. Ahlin. There were visitors
from Vancouver, Illecillewset and
Donald. The following were pre-
sent:—

LADIES—Mrs. Allen, Lady of the
Lake; Mrs. Kirkup, Sister of Mercy;
Mrs. H. A. Brown, Night; Mrs. H.
N. Coursier, Schoolgirl; Mrs. Crage,
Autumn; Mrs. Ribbach, Swiss Girl;
Mrs. Law, Society Woman of Spain;
Mrs. Steed, Milkmaid; Mrs. Nelles,
Spanish Lady; Mrs. Bushby, Night;
Miss Graham, Turkish Gentleman;
Miss Miller, Arctic Queen; Misses
Ribbach (2) Highland Lassies; Miss
Addie Brown, Flower Girl; Miss
Stella Brown, Highland Lassie; Miss
Williams, Japanese Lady; Miss Vol-
lens, Diamond Dyes; Mrs. Richard-
son, Mrs. McCarty, Mrs. Foley, Mrs.
Fraser, Mrs. W. Fleming and Miss
Valentine.

GENTLEMEN—Guy Barber, Spanish
Count; W. McKay, Convict No. 85;
H. Smythe, Mephistopheles; R. W.
Northey, Sir Walter Raleigh; H. A.
Brown, French Cook; W. F. Crage,
the Wild, Wild West; O. H. Allen,
Arrah! be Jabers! H. N. Coursier,
George IV.; Jas. Little, Corsier of
the 18th Century; W. J. Law, Alge-
rian Corsair; J. D. Fraser, Spanish
Student; F. E. Lynott, Little Lord
Roy; Morgan David, Mrs. Maloney
(the latest styles in millinery); Mr.
Ribbach, Tyrolean Peasant; C. N.
Nelles, Turk; W. Glenn, Uncle Sam;
H. Glenn, Cossack; H. Bushby, Si-
wash; Dr. McLean, Cricketer; W.
Miller, Sailor; E. Maunsell, Monk of
the order of Friars Grey; E. Syder,
Black Monk; T. M. Hamilton, John
Chinaman; Frank Brown, Page; W.
M. Brown, F. Fraser and E. Shaw,
Clowns; F. W. Wilson, Ghost; H. J.
Bourne, evening dress; J. Kirkup,
Policeman; I. T. Brewster, J. E.
Long, T. Richardson, G. Laforme,
A. Stone, D. Robinson, W. Western,
J. Ringer, F. McCarty, J. Foley, G.
Boyd, S. Bickerton, G. Wren, A. H.
Holdich, M. Ross, W. Dubois and
others.

Since the above was set in type
the costumes ordered from Victoria
have arrived. We understand they
came by freight train yesterday
morning, but how and where the
delay occurred has not yet been
ascertained.

LOCAL NEWS.

A social was held last night in the
Methodist church for the purpose of
eating up the good things left over
from Monday night's entertainment.

The culinary partnership hereto-
fore existing between A. H. Holdich
and S. Bickerton has been mutually
dissolved owing to incompatibility.
Each will continue business on his
own hook on his own side of the
partition.

Last Saturday Mr. Hugh Brown
had an uncomfortable five minutes
on the back of a bucking horse.
After a sharp contest for the mastery
the horse won, and had the satisfac-
tion of seeing its late rider disappear
head foremost into the snow, and
then the equine became so conscience
stricken that it attempted to hide
itself from the gaze of the world by
making a winding sheet of "the
beautiful snow."

The Silver King has at last been
sold. The price of \$1,800,000 was
accepted, being \$200,000 less than
was first asked, and a cash payment
of \$600,000 is to be made in January.
The mine has been sold to a Scotch
syndicate, and the deal would have
been concluded several weeks ago
but for the obstinacy of one of the
partners, who has at last yielded. It
is to be hoped the Silver King will
now be worked in a manner befitting
such a great mine.

While in Victoria Mr. W. A. Jowett
learned from the Minister of Mines
what changes were likely to be made
in the B.C. mining laws. The form
and size of claims will remain as now,
1,500 feet square, with vertical side
and end lines. The method of staking
will be different. At least four, and
probably more, stakes will be re-
quired, and the boundary line of
each claim blazed, so that anyone
can tell in a few minutes what
ground the claim covers. The most
important change will consist in the
insertion of a clause requiring the
discovery of mineral in place to make
a location valid.

As a two-horse sleigh was convey-
ing a large party of young people to
the Christmas Tree entertainment
last Saturday night it turned over
just at the bottom of Front Street,
pitching the unsuspecting occupants
off into the deep, deep snow, and
for the next few moments there was
a lively "kick-up." When the last
unfortunate had been dug out and
pressed into shape, leaving a hole
big enough for the foundations of a
house, it was found that nobody was
hurt. It is suspected that it was a
wilful accident on the part of the
driver. It's all right, though; to-
bogganing isn't in it with a good
upset in the snow. Sorry we were
not in that crowd.

Ripans Tabules: for liver troubles
Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS.

"What now?" I asked. "Toby has lost his character for infallibility."
"He acted according to his lights," said Holmes, lifting him down from the barrel and walking him out of the timber yard. "If you consider how much creosote is carted about London in one day, it is no great wonder that our trail should have been crossed. It is much used now, especially for the seasoning of wood. Poor Toby is not to blame."
"We must get on the main scent again, I suppose."
"Yes. And fortunately we have no distance to go. Evidently what puzzled the dog at the corner of Knight's Place was that there were two different trails running in opposite directions. We took the wrong one. It only remains to follow the other."
There was no difficulty about this. On leading Toby to the place where he had committed his fault, he cast about in a wide circle and finally dashed off in a fresh direction.
"We must take care that he does not bring us to the place where the creosote-barrel came from," I observed.
"I had thought of that. But you notice that he keeps on the pavement, whereas the barrel passed down the roadway. No, we are on the true scent now."
It tended down towards the river-side, running through Belmont Place and Prince's Street. At the end of Broad Street it ran right down to the water's edge, where there was a small wooden wharf. Toby led us to the very edge of this, and there stood whining, looking out on the dark current beyond.
"We are out of luck said Holmes. "They have taken to a boat here." Several small punts and skiffs were lying about in the water and on the edge of the wharf. We took Toby round to each in turn, but, though he sniffed earnestly, he made no sign.
Close to the rude landing-stage was a small brick house, with a wooden placard slung out through the second window. "Mordecai Smith" was printed across it in large letters, and, underneath, "Boats to hire by the hour or day." A second inscription above the door informed us that a steam launch was kept—a statement which was confirmed by a great pile of coals upon the jetty. Sherlock Holmes looked slowly round, and his face assumed an ominous expression.
"This looks bad," said he. "These fellows are sharper than I expected. They seem to have covered their tracks. There has, I fear, been preconcerted management here."
He was approaching the door of the house, when it opened, and a little, curly-headed lad of six came running out, followed by a stoutish, red-faced woman with a large sponge in her hand.
"You come back and be washed, Jack," she shouted. "Come back, you young imp: for if your father comes home and finds you like that, he'll let us hear of it."
"Dear little chap!" said Holmes, strategically. "What a rosy checked young rascal? Now, Jack, is there anything you would like?"
The youth pondered for a moment. "I'd like a shilling," said he.
"Nothing you would like better?"
"I'd like two shillings better," the prodigy answered, after some thought.
"Here you are, then! Catch!—A fine child, Mrs. Smith?"
"Lor' bless you, sir, he is that, and forward. He gets a most too much for me to manage, specially when my man is away days at a time."
"Away, is he?" said Holmes, in a disappointed voice. "I am sorry for that, for I wanted to speak to Mr. Smith."
"He's been away since yesterday morning, sir, and, truth to tell, I am beginnin' to feel frightened about him. But if it was about a boat, sir, maybe I could serve as well."
"I wanted to hire his steam launch."
"Why, bless you, sir, it is in the steam launch that he has gone. That's what puzzles me; for I know there ain't no coals in her than would take her to about Woolwich and back. If he'd been away in the barge I'd ha' thought nothin' for many a time a job has taken him as far as Gravesend, and then if there was much done there he might ha' stayed over. But what good is a steam launch without coals?"
"He might have bought some at a wharf down the river."
"He might, sir, but it weren't his way. Many a time I've heard him call out at the prices they charge for a few odd bags. Besides, I don't like that wooden-legged man, wif his ugly face and outlandish talk. What did he want always knockin' about here for?"
"A wooden-legged man?" said Holmes, with bland surprise.
"Yes, sir, a brown, monkey-faced chap that's called more'n once for my old man. It was him that roused him up yesterday, and, what's more, my man knew he was comin', for he had steam up in the launch. I tell you straight, sir, I don't feel easy in my mind about it."
"But, my dear Mrs. Smith," said Holmes, shrugging his shoulders, "you are brightening yourself about nothing. How could you possibly tell that it was the wooden-legged man who came in the night? I don't quite understand how you can be so sure."
"His voice, sir. I knew his voice, which is kind o' thick and foggy. He tapped at the window,—about three it would be. 'Show a leg, matey,' says he: 'time to turn out guard.' My old man woke up, Jim,—that's my eldest,—and away they went, without so much as a word to me. I could hear the wooden leg clackin' on the stones."
"And was this wooden-legged man alone?"
"Couldn't say, I am sure, sir. I didn't hear no one else."
"I am sorry, Mrs. Smith, for I wanted a steam launch, and I have heard good report of the ——— Let me see, what is her name?"
"The Aurora, sir."
"Ah! She's not that old green launch with a yellow line, very broad in the beam?"
"No, indeed. She's as trim a little thing as any on the river. She's been fresh painted, black with two red streaks."
"Thanks. I hope that you will hear soon from Mr. Smith. I am going down the river; and if I should see anything of the Aurora I shall let him know that you are uneasy. A black furred, you say?"
"No, sir. Black with a white band."

"Ah, of course. It was the sides which were black. Good-morning, Mrs. Smith.—There is a boatman here with a wherry, Watson. We shall take it and cross the river."
"The main thing with people of that sort," as we sat in the sheets of the wherry, "is never to let them think that their information can be of the slightest importance to you. If you do, they will instantly shut up like an oyster. If you listen to them under protest, as it were, you are very likely to get what you want."
"Our course now seems pretty clear," said I.
"What would you do, then?"
"I would engage a launch and go down the river on the track of the Aurora."
"My dear fellow, it would be a colossal task. She may have touched at any wharf on either side of the stream between here and Greenwich. Below the bridge there is a perfect labyrinth of landing-places for miles. It would take you days and days to exhaust them, if you set about it alone."
"Employ the police, then."
"No. I shall probably call Athelney Jones in at the last moment. He is not a bad fellow, and I should not like to do anything which would injure him professionally. But I have a fancy for working it out myself, now that we have gone so far."
"Could we advertise, then, asking for information from wharfingers?"
"Worse and worse! Our men would know that the chase was hot at their heels, and they would be off out of the country. As it is, they are likely enough to leave, but as long as they think they are perfectly safe they will be in no hurry. Jones's energy will be of use to us there, for his view of the case is sure to push itself into the daily press, and the runaways will think that every one is off on the wrong scent."
"What are we to do, then?" I asked, as we landed near Millbank Penitentiary.
"Take this hansom, drive home, have some breakfast, and get an hour's sleep. It is quite on the cards that we may be afoot to-night again. Stop at a telegraph-office, caddy! We will keep Toby, for he may be of use to us yet."
We pulled up at the Great Peter Street post-office, and Holmes despatched his wire. "Whom do you think that is to?" he asked as we resumed our journey.
"I am sure I don't know."
"You remember the Baker Street division of the detective police force whom I employed in the Jefferson Hope case?"
"Well," said I, laughing.
"This is just the case where they might be invaluable. If they fail, I have other resources; but I shall try them first. That wire was to my dirty little lieutenant, Wiggins, and I expect that he and his gang will be with us before we have finished our breakfast."
"It was between eight and nine o'clock now, and I was conscious of a strong reaction after the successive excitements of the night. I was limp and weary, befogged in mind and fatigued in body. I had not the professional enthusiasm which carried my companion on, nor could I look at the matter as a mere abstract intellectual problem. As far as the death of Bartholomew Sholto went, I had heard little good of him, and could feel no intense antipathy to his murderers. The treasure, however, was a different matter. That, or part of it, belonged rightfully to Miss Morstan. While there was a chance of recovering it I was ready to devote my life to the one object. True, if I found it it would probably put her forever beyond my reach. Yet it would be a petty and selfish love which would be influenced by such a thought as that. If Holmes could work to find the criminals, I had a tenfold stronger reason to urge me on to find the treasure."
A bath at Baker Street and a complete change freshened me up wonderfully. When I came down to our room I found the breakfast laid and Holmes pouring out the coffee.
"Here it is," said he, laughing, and pointing to an open newspaper. "The energetic Jones and the ubiquitous reporter have fixed it up between them. But you have had enough of the case. Better have your ham and eggs first."
I took the paper from him and read the short notice, which was headed "Mysterious Business at Upper Norwood."
"About twelve o'clock last night," said the "Standard," "Mr. Bartholomew Sholto, of Pondicherry Lodge, Upper Norwood, was found dead in his room under circumstances which point to foul play. As far as we can learn no actual traces of violence were found upon Mr. Sholto's person, but a valuable collection of Indian gems which the deceased gentleman had inherited from his father has been carried off. The discovery was first made by Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, who had called at the house with Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, brother of the deceased. By a singular piece of good fortune, Mr. Athelney Jones, the well-known member of the detective police force, happened to be at the Norwood Police Station, and was on the ground within half an hour of the first alarm. His trained and experienced faculties were at once directed towards the detection of the criminals, with the gratifying result that the brother, Thaddeus Sholto, has already been arrested, together with the house-keeper, Mrs. Bernstone, an Indian butler named Lal Rao, and a porter, or gate-keeper, named McMurdo. It is quite certain that the thief or thieves were well acquainted with the house, for Mr. Jones's well-known technical knowledge and his powers of minute observation have enabled him to prove conclusively that the miscreants could not have entered by the door or by the window, but must have made their way across the roof of the building, and so through a trap-door into a room which communicated with that in which the body was found. This fact, which has been very clearly made out, proves conclusively that it was no mere hap-hazard burglary. The prompt and energetic action of the officers of the law shows the great advantage of the presence on such occasions of a single vigorous and masterful mind. We cannot but think that it supplies an argument to those who would wish to see our detectives more decentralized, and so brought into closer and more effective touch with the cases which it is their duty to investigate."
"Isn't it gorgeous?" said Holmes, grinning over his coffee-cup. "What do you think of it?"

"At this moment there was a loud ring at the bell, and I could hear Mrs. Hudson, our landlady, raising her voice in a wail of expostulation and dismay.
"By heavens, Holmes," I said, half rising. "I believe that they are really after us."
"No, it's not quite so bad as that. It is the unofficial force,—the Baker Street Irregulars."
As he spoke, there came a swift pattering of naked feet upon the stairs, a clatter of high voices, and in rushed a dozen dirty and ragged little street-Arabs. There was some show of discipline among them, despite their tumultuous entry, for they instantly drew up in line and stood facing us with expectant faces. One of their number, taller and older than the others, stood forward with an air of lounging superiority which was very funny in such a disreputable little scarecrow.
"Got your message, sir," said he, "and brought 'em on sharp. Three bob and a tanner for tickets."
"Here you are," said Holmes, producing some silver. "In future they can report to you, Wiggins, and you to me. I cannot have the house invaded in this way. However, it is just as well that you should all hear the instructions. I want to find the whereabouts of a steam launch called the Aurora, owner Mordecai Smith, black with two red streaks, funnel black with a white band. She is down the river somewhere. I want one boy to be at Mordecai Smith's landing-stage opposite Millbank to say if the boat comes back. You must divide it among yourselves, and do both banks thoroughly. Let me know the moment you have news. Is that all clear?"
"Yes, guv'nor," said Wiggins.
"The old scale of pay, and a guinea to the boy who finds the boat; Here's a day in advance. Now off you go!" He handed them a shilling each, and away they buzzed down the stairs, and I saw them a moment later streaming down the street.
"If the launch is above water they will find her," said Holmes, as he rose from the table and lit his pipe. "They can go everywhere, see everything, overhear everyone. I expect to hear before evening that they have spotted her. In the mean while, we can do nothing but await results. We cannot pick up the broken trail until we find either the Aurora or Mr. Mordecai Smith."
"Toby could eat these scraps, I daresay. Are you going to bed, Holmes?"
"No: I am not tired. I have a curious constitution. I never remember feeling tired by work, though illness exhausts me completely. I am going to smoke and to think over this queer business to which my fair client has introduced us. If ever man had an easy task, this of ours ought to be. Wooden-legged men are not so common, but the other man must, I should think, be absolutely unique."
"That other man again?"
"I have no wish to make a mystery of him,—to you, anyway. But you must have formed your own opinion. Now, do consider the data. Diminutive footmarks, toes never fettered by boots, naked feet, stone-headed wooden mace, great agility, small poisoned darts. What do you make of all this?"
"A savage!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps one of those Indians who were the associates of Jonathan Small?"
"Hardly that," said he. "When first I saw signs of strange weapons I was inclined to think so; but the remarkable character of the footmarks caused me to reconsider my views. Some of the inhabitants of the Indian Peninsula are small men, but none could have left such marks as that. The Hindoo proper has long and thin feet. The sandal-wearing Mohammedan has the great toe well separated from the others, because the thong is commonly passed between. These little darts, too, could only be shot in one way. They are from a blow-pipe. Now, then, where are we to find our savage?"
"South American," I hazarded.
He stretched his hand up, and took down a bulky volume from the shelf. "This is the first volume of a gazetteer which is now being published. It may be looked upon as the very latest authority. What have we here? 'Andaman Islands, situated 340 miles to the north of Sumatra, in the Bay of Bengal.' Hum! hum! What's all this? Moist climate, coral reefs, sharks, Port Blair, convict-barracks, Rutland Island, cottonwoods— Ah, here we are. 'The aborigines of the Andaman Islands may perhaps claim the distinction of being the smallest race upon this earth, though some anthropologists prefer the Bushmen of Africa, the Digger Indians of America, and the Terra del Fuegos. The average height is rather below four feet, although many full-grown adults may be found who are very much smaller than this. They are a fierce, morose, and intractable people, though capable of forming most devoted friendship when their confidence has once been gained.' Mark that, Watson. Now, then, listen to this. 'They are naturally hideous, having large, misshapen heads, small, fierce eyes, and distorted features. Their feet and hands, however, are remarkably small. So intractable and fierce are they that all the efforts of the British officials have failed to win them over in any degree. They have always been a terror to shipwrecked crews, bringing the survivors with their stone-headed clubs, or shooting them with their poisoned arrows. These massacres are invariably concluded by a cannibal feast.' Nice, amiable people, Watson! If this fellow had been left to his own unaided devices this affair might have taken an even more ghastly turn. I fancy that, even as it is, Jonathan Small would give a good deal not to have employed him."
"But how came he to have so singular a companion?"
"Ah, that is more than I can tell. Since, however, we had already determined that Small had come from the Andamans, it is not so very wonderful that this islander should be with him. No doubt we shall know all about it in time. Look here, Watson; you look regularly done. Lie down there on the sofa, and see if I can put you to sleep."

THE NEW NAVIGABLE RIVERS.

The Tana and Juba Rivers Shown to be Highways for Steamboats.

Commander F. G. Dundas of the British navy, who had been in the service of the Imperial British East Africa Company for two years, has returned to England after proving that the Tana and Juba rivers in East Africa are navigated by steamboats for a long distance. The Tana River has only recently been well mapped, and the upper course of the Juba is not yet known; and until Dundas made his journeys no one knew of the availability of these rivers for navigation.
Last year Commander Dundas ascended the Tana River 300 miles to its extreme navigable point. He then left his little steambot, the Kenia and led a caravan through a hitherto unexplored region of Mount Kenia, but failed to reach the summit, though he attempted to scale the mountain on its south side. He brought his steamer safely back down the river, notwithstanding the strong current, the very narrow and tortuous course of the stream and the thousands of snags which impeded his way. Last summer Dundas succeeded in crossing the bar at the mouth of Juba River, a little north of the Tana. When he had fairly entered the stream, the powerful Somali tribes who live along the river refused peremptorily to permit his vessel to ascend the river. Several days were spent in negotiations, and finally, with the aid of Mr. E. Berkeley, administrator-General of the Imperial East Africa Company, the opposition of the Somalis was overcome, and the steamer, early in July started up the river. Commander Dundas was the only European on board, and his venture seemed a hazardous one, for it was on this river, twenty-seven years ago, that Baron Von der Decken ascended a long distance inland and was finally killed by the natives with five of his white comrades, only two of the Europeans escaping down the river in a canoe.
Capt. Dundas succeeded in reaching Bardera, 337 miles up the river. This is a town of the up-country Somalis. They were very averse to seeing a European, and when Capt. Dundas's little vessel came into sight the demonstrations of the natives were decidedly hostile. Capt. Dundas is blessed with plenty of patience and tact, and he had to draw heavily upon these resources. He assumed the most friendly attitude, and at last secured a conference with the chief men of the town, and finally all difficulties were overcome and peace was assured. The Somalis became quite friendly, and one of the sheiks with two chiefs went on board the steamer and ascended with Capt. Dundas twenty miles further, to the rapids where Von der Decken's steamer, the Guelph, was wrecked. The hull is still lying near the river banks with three rocks through her bottom. The cylinders and boilers are in position, and the funnel is standing with a tree growing up alongside it. Commander Dundas says the river is not navigable beyond the rapids where the Guelph was wrecked. The narrow channel there is full of rocks, and the current rushes through at a speed of seven miles an hour, and with a depth of not over three feet.
These two voyages of exploration are among the best things that the Imperial East Africa Company has done. Dundas has proved that the Tana and Juba rivers are navigable for more than 350 miles each, and that there is a probability of the development of a large and profitable trade. The rich and fertile lands of the Goosha district extend for over 100 miles along its banks. The land is nearly as carefully tilled as in Europe, and grows excellent crops of cotton, tobacco, and various kinds of grain. Above the navigable portion of the river is the great caravan trade route from the rich Boran country, which crosses the river at Bardera, the town reached by Commander Dundas. Caravans on this route bring large quantities of ivory and other produce to the river, and this traffic, Commander Dundas says, can easily be diverted to steamers, which would be a far less expensive method of transportation to the coast than by the camel's now used.

THE KOOLAK A RUSSIAN VAMPIRE.

He Plunders the Peasants of Their Last Kopeck by Usury.

I have frequently called attention to the deplorable condition of the Russian peasantry under the tyranny of the village usurers says a St. Petersburg correspondent to the London Telegraph. The Societe Economique has now published a calculation that the rural population is paying 200,000,000 per annum interest to the koolaks. This is about equivalent to the interest annually paid on the national debt. In fact, the usurers have discounted the state revenues and gradually sucked the peasantry so dry that they are now refusing to have anything more to do with them.
Hitherto when a commune could not pay his taxes the koolak paid and took the crops of the population for several years in advance as repayment. Now, however, by a long process of this exhaustive drain upon them, the peasantry have been reduced to such utter ruin that even the koolaks will no longer lend. The result, of course, will be that none of the enormous arrears will be paid, nor will it be possible to collect taxes until the peasants have recovered somewhat. And, unless a check is put on the koolaks, this recovery can never take place, for as soon as it begins the koolak will recommence his operations.
A few examples will show what has been and still is going on. I take them from a small local paper, the Priazovski Krau.
Two years ago a peasant in the district of Rostoff borrowed 100 rubles at 5 per cent. per month, giving a bill for 200. Not being able to pay his 160 at the end of the first year he renewed, giving this time a bill for 320. He then had 96 interest, making a total of 256 rubles; at the end of the second year he had a good crop, which brought him 200, all of which he had to pay, and remained still a debtor for 56 rubles.
In 1891 the peasants of the village of Karlovna borrowed from the koolak Antoinseff 3,000 pounds of rye against 500 desiatines of their best land for nine years. This year they are buying back their land at 17 rubles a desiatine. In another village the peasants sold their barley crop in advance to a koolak for 35 kopecks a po-d, and are now delivering it to him, though the market price to-day is from 85 to 95 kopecks. Comment on these examples is quite superfluous.

DEER HUNTERS STRIKE A STRANGE TRAIL.

UP A TREE IN THE DARK.

Terrible Hand to Hand Conflict with a Large, Frisky and Savage Panther.
Two men, Joshua Bear and David Scott, pioneer settlers of Algona had an encounter with a panther near Butt's cave, nine miles northwest of Maquoketa, that was intensely thrilling. Bear and Scott had gone out on a hunting expedition among the heavy timber so common along the river bottoms to hunt deer. They were skilled hunters and had been quite successful, bagging several of the animals. Late in the afternoon they selected a camping place for the night and were preparing to go into camp when they discovered the trail of other deer, and concluded to follow them. The trail led them into the hilly region, but they had succeeded in killing two of his herd also, and as they supposed, were about to secure the balance, when they espied them go into a cave and disappear.
As night was rapidly approaching the hunters decided to pitch their camp at the mouth of the cave, believing that they had only to wait until morning when it would be quite easy for them to secure their prey. So they built a huge fire in the entrance of the cavern to frighten the deer and prevent them coming out. After eating what lunch the hunters had with them they retraced their steps
DOWN THE RavINE
to convey to camp the carcasses of the last two deer they had killed. But barely had they reached them and prepared to return toward the cave again with their loads ere a loud barking informed them that their two dogs were encountering some animal which seemed to be fighting them fiercely.
Both men had left their guns in the cave, not wishing to be burdened with them while carrying the game, so that they were practically unarmed except that each had a hunting knife, nor had they any other thought than that the animal was either a coon or a wild cat, and that consequently it would be but an easy matter to despatch it with a club. On reaching the locality, however, it was found that the animal had taken refuge high up in a tree and was so much hidden from sight by the thick branches that they could not discern its size nor its character. But Bear concluded he would climb the tree and shake the animal out, no matter what it might be, depending upon Scott and the two dogs to catch and kill it after it had reached the ground.
But Bear had no sooner started up the hill than the animal abandoned its first location and mounted up still higher with the agility of a cat. It was now so dark among the branches that the animal could scarcely be discerned, but Bear followed after the object rapidly until he was almost close enough to reach it, and would have caught hold of the animal only just then it made a dash, rushing clean over him, and went down the tree.
Bear yelled to Scott to look out, that a "painter" was coming. But Scott had hardly time, or else failed to comprehend Bear's warning before the dogs and the animal had come together and
A TERRIBLE COMBAT
raged under and around the tree, the leaves and limbs flying about as if a full-grown hurricane had set them in motion. The foremost dog was whipped, seemingly, in an instant, and the animal was already getting the better of the other canine when Scott rushed to the rescue and joined in the battle.
The only weapon Scott had was the butcher-knife which he had been using in skinning the deer. With his left hand he seized the animal by the back of the neck as it was facing the dogs, and with his right hand he drove the knife with lightning rapidity to the hilt several times, but the next instant the panther had turned upon him also, and a most desperate paw and hand encounter took place.
The panther was a very large one and Scott was getting badly used up, when Bear's dog once again mustered up courage and resumed the offensive by attacking the animal, and thus drawing its attention somewhat from Scott, enabling him to once more use his knife freely. But the animal proved to be so large and stout that Scott had fears that it might yet master him, so he called loudly to Bear for help. Bear responded by yelling to Scott from the treetop to let the panther go, but Scott answered back that he couldn't, and panther, dog, and man fought on, rolling and tumbling about in a most promiscuous manner, and with
YELLS, BARKS, SNARLS,
and savage growls making things most unearthly hideous. Bear finally slid down the tree into the midst of the combatants just as the battle came to an end, to find Scott badly torn and bleeding, and both dogs horribly mutilated, but the panther had been killed. Scott was almost entirely naked, his clothing being torn into shreds, but a heavy leather shirt, acting as a shield, had warded off many of the scratches of the panther, and thus saved his life.
He was so weakened by the struggle and loss of blood, however, that he was not in a condition to travel, and Bear, after securing the panther's skin assisted Scott back to the cave, and there they remained over night. Both dogs died immediately after the fight. The next morning, Scott, though very stiff, went with Bear to explore the cave and catch the remaining deer, but the supposed trapped deer, the deer having gone out at another entrance to the cave, quite a distance away, and escaped. Scott experienced some difficulty in getting home and was laid up with his wounds for several weeks, but he felt partially recompensed for his misfortune by being dubbed the hero among his neighbors.
An inquest was held on Saturday at Stamford on Wm. Pridmore Tomlinson, coal merchant, who was found in Burghley Park with his throat cut. A verdict of temporary insanity was returned.
Samuel Irvin, of Lake County, Ind., has been married nine times. Two of his wives are dead, the law annulled the marriage of six, and he has just led the ninth to the altar.
A Skilbeeren telegram states that Michael Sullivan, 30, labourer, was charged at the Petty Sessions on Wednesday with murder of Patrick Harrington, at Baltimore, Co. Cork, on Sunday last. On the application of the police a remand was granted.

Lost.

What! Loat your temper, did you say?
Well dear I would not mind it.
It is not such a dreadful loss—
Pray do not try to find it.

It chased the dimples all away,
And wrinkled up your forehead;
And changed a pretty smiling face
To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words,
The laughter and the singing,
And clouds upon a shining sky.
It would persist in bringing.

And now it's gone! Then do, my dear,
Make it your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
And lose it never, never.

When the Ice Went Out.

The weather was intensely cold and the bay was frozen. No blue waves could be seen, but along the beach were huge blocks of ice thrown up by the action of the tide, and piled higher than a man's head, looking like the ruins of old castles with towers and turrets. And this was on old Cape Cod, where for many winters the bay is not frozen over.

As it grew more mild the men began saying, "How will it fare with the vessels in the harbor when the ice goes out?" For there were many vessels standing straight and stiff, held by the ice.

At length, one morning, the news ran through the village, "The ice is going out." It had already snapped the strong piles that held the wharves, and taken all out into the ocean beyond.

Very near the shore lived sailor Jack. He had a trim little boat, and went every day across the bay to the point for quahaugs and clams.

He had two sons, bold, hardy boys, as fisher-lads are apt to be.

They were very much at home upon the water, so it was not strange that they ran to the shore to witness the grand sight of the ice cracking and breaking as it forced its way out from the breaking.

Not realizing the danger, they sprang upon a huge cake of ice, and so intent were they upon the scene about them that they took no notice of their own position for some time.

At last, looking down, they found they were surrounded by water and fast floating out to sea. They thought of swimming, but knew they could not in that icy water, and besides they were now a long distance from the shore.

The younger boy began to cry, but the older encouraged him by saying he thought some vessel would see them and take them off.

The boys were not very warmly clad, but they crept close to each other, and kept looking for some signs of rescue.

The sun was almost setting when Capt. Grey, of the Seabird said to his mate, "What do you call that black spot on that cake of ice?"

The mate put his glass to his eye and replied, "I should think it might be a person."

The captain was a kind-hearted man, so he gave the orders, and soon a boat was flying through the waters as swiftly as strong arms could row.

Not a minute too soon did they reach the ice, for the children were nearly frozen.

Tenderly the men lifted them in their arms and took them to the vessel, where, in the warmth and care given them, they soon revived, and the next day were sent ashore to their anxious parents.

Years after, during an unusually cold snap, the people will say, "It was on such a day as this that the Dawson boys were carried out to sea on the ice," and then, with kindly remembrance, will add, "God bless Capt. Grey."

Martin's Revenge.

"O mamma!" screamed little Martin Goodwin, as he ran crying to his mother, "old Mr. Thorn has shot my dear Malty!"

"What did he shoot her for?" asked his mother.

"He said she was after his doves, but I don't believe it. O mamma, I did love my kitty so!"

"And I'm real sorry he shot her," said mamma. "He was very unneighborly to do so!"

"Never mind," said Martin, angrily. "I'll get even with him. I'm going to hurt some of his pets."

"But, Martin, you must not do evil because he did," said his mother.

The next day Mr. Thorn's beautiful peacock flew into Mrs. Goodwin's yard and went into the hen-house.

"O, ho!" exclaimed Martin, quickly shutting the door. "now I'll have my revenge. I'm going to pull out every feather in that peacock's tail."

He caught the big bird and pulled out two of the long, brilliant feathers. The poor peacock was so scared and fluttered so badly that finally Martin said, "Poor birdie! I won't hurt you, even to spite old Mr. Thorn."

So taking the bird in his arms he was soon at Mr. Thorn's door.

"Mr. Thorn," said Martin, "I'm awful mad because you shot my cat. I don't think I'll ever like you again. I started to pull out the feathers in your peacock's tail so as to get even with you, but I thought I wouldn't be so mean. So here he is."

The next morning Martin was greatly surprised when Mr. Thorn came to his door with a beautiful Maltese kitten in his arms.

"Malty," he said, "sometimes little Malty is better than those with gray hair, I can't call back the cat I shot, but I've brought this one to take its place."

The kitten was a beauty, and it was not long before Martin and Mr. Thorn were as good friends as ever.

Brothers and Sisters.

The college cry was given and the entertainment was over. Caps and gowns were displaced for ordinary dress.

"How did you like it May?" George Vincent said to his sister.

"O, well enough; but eighteen pieces were too many to inflict on an audience."

"Are you not fond of music?"

"Yes; but—"

Now this was unaccounted in May. Do not ask from our brothers what we are not willing to accord them in return—an appreciation of our appearance, our efforts in any extra calling? "Oh, but he is only my brother," said a young girl, while closely criticizing his companion.

"Johnny, do not put your knife to your mouth; it is not polite."

and she was only his sister, and why should he stand on his company manners? Now, here is where you make a mistake, boys. Are you not in good company when you are with your sisters? Have they no claim on your respect? Practice good manners at home. Let the habit fit you so nicely that stranger will think it is an old friend, not one worn simply on the present occasion. Then there is another inducement to thoughtfulness in this direction. Your parents are sitting at the table, to whom do you owe a recognition for correct teaching if not to them? Do not bolt your food, even if you are very, very hungry. Politeness smooths off the rough edges of life and prevents friction; sometimes it is wrapped up in a word, a tone, a kind, thoughtful manner. I sometimes think the boys get too much advice in these days, they tire of it; this is why I have refrained, in my association with them, but I have known so many good boys that I feel very hopeful for the youth of our land. When I say good boys, this includes mischievous, bright-eyed fellows that are full of fun and frolic. A dull boy is not necessarily a good one, nor is an active, energetic boy always a wise one. It all depends on the direction they take. You have read, boys, about the guide-posts our fathers used—now do not do as did a cowardly little fellow, convert the guide-post into an enemy, and run away from it because it was dark and he did not take time to examine it. It stood there on one dark night to show him the way. Now, just fancy this advice to be a guide-post, give it a little thought, let your reason and judgment cluster around it, and you will not see in these words an enemy, but one who loves the noble, true-hearted spirit, wherever it is found. When any mystery seems to lurk about the kind advice a friend gives you do not condemn it on that one fault, that may be the darkness that the light of experience endeavors to dispel.

Let your actions be founded on good, honest principles. These will fortify you against any inroads of evil, in however fascinating a character they may be presented. In a word be true to yourself.

Saved By A Slipknot.

The traveller in the uncivilized regions of South America has to face many perils. If he escapes the savages, who are adroit and bitter enemies; if he can secure water and food, and survives the intense heat, and believes his expedition has every chance of success, he may die within an hour from the bite of a poisonous serpent.

M. Thourar, in his diary kept during his explorations in the Pilcomayo delta under a commission from the Argentine government, describes an experience which prompted him to eternal vigilance in regard to snakes.

He was lying in his hammock; the sergeant of his guard was asleep under a tree close by. Suddenly he noticed an immense serpent coiled about the sergeant's leg, and extending its head toward his bare chest.

What should he do? To wake the man meant certain death to him; but how kill the creature or attract it away without waking him? He recalled a method of capturing the cobra of India.

He prepared a slipknot. By stealthy, almost imperceptible movements he attracted the serpent's attention. It turned its head. Then he leaned from his hammock, and with a long piece of grass tickled it gently on its throat. It raised its head. He cast the noose over it, and drew it tight around the reptile's neck.

It was not a moment too soon. The sergeant awoke. He fainted with fright, but the danger was past. The slipknot had saved him, and a stroke of the sabre cut off the serpent's head.

That Handy Typewriter.

"Oh, yes, frequently," said a young lady who has had considerable experience as a stenographer, in reply to the question as to whether her employer ever dictated family letters to her.

"Now, there is Mr. Jones," continued the young typist. "While his wife was away at Hastings in July, he always dictated the letters he sent to her daily or else got me to write them. It came to be quite the usual occurrence for him to say after business matters has been attended to:

"Well, I think, Miss Brown, you may write to my wife. You know about what to say."

"So I would proceed and write a letter in his usual cordial tone, telling her that the house was doing well, and the boys were getting along finely with Mary, the house servant. Sometimes, when I was feeling quite in the humour, I would send off long letters of several hundred words each. Mr. Jones would look over the page and jot down his name at the end. I would address the envelope on the machine, seal it and send the message on its way to the absent wife.

"But there came an end to all that.

"One day Mr. Jones did not come down to the office. I supposed he had been out to a ball the night before. In the afternoon his brother came over to my desk and said: 'Perhaps we had better get off a letter to Mrs. Jones, as otherwise she might think something had happened.'

"So I wrote out a letter in the usual manner and signed it with the rubber facsimile of Mr. Jones' signature.

"The letter was posted, and I thought no more of it for several days. Mr. Jones did not come down to the office that day or the next, but on the third day there was an explosion. It seems that the reason he did not come down on the morning that I wrote the letter was because his wife came home the morning before, and he had not heard of it till he went home at night, she thinking she would surprise him.

"The next day and the next he stayed at home, and the third day the letter that I had written unbeknown to him was forwarded to her from Hastings, and you can imagine the breeze it created. I really believe the woman couldn't have been more angry if she had caught me flirting with her husband instead of doing my best to keep up pleasant relations between them.

"Yes, that is why I found another situation. She put on such funny airs before me, and wouldn't even speak to me when she came into the office, although she had always done so before that.

"I think Mr. Jones enjoyed it on the quiet; but he was too honourable and too much of a gentleman to make sport of his wife, even indirectly.

Flies are so pestilential in Siam that every soldier is compelled to assist in reducing their number by catching enough of them every day to fill a match-box.

Fierce Fight for Supremacy Between the Rival Leaders.

Notable Contest Witnessed from a Hilltop by Interested Bystanders—How the Bully of the Herd Settled a Presumptuous Antagonist—Terrific Shock of Hard Heads.

"It was the afternoon of a day in early summer, along in '59, when we found ourselves drifting in a boat down the Saskatchewan," remarked a tall, wiry gentleman, whose hair was sprinkled with gray. "The morning broke with a drizzling rain, out of a night that had been tempestuous, with a fierce gale, heavy thunder, and unusually terrific lightning. Gradually the rain stopped. Jack Lyman and myself got in the boat, and we had gone but a short distance when the clouds broke away, the sun shone forth, and the earth appeared glistening with a new beauty. Ours was an aimless trip. We had enough of hunting. We had a vague idea that we might meet some emigrants, at the fords some miles below, which, in the present swollen condition of the river, would be impassable. There they would be compelled to wait for the river to subside. Ahead of us appeared, high up on the bluffs, a clump of trees and bushes. As we drew near

A SUDDEN CAPRICE

seized us, and shooting our boat up the shelving bank, we secured it and then climbed the steep embankment. We intended to knock around in the brush a little while and then re-ume our trip. A fine specimen of an eagle caught our eye perched high up on the dead bough of a tree.

Then our attention was directed to ward a herd of buffalo coming from an opposite direction. We moved forward a little to get a better view of the herd when the eagle, unaware to us, spread his pinions, and when we looked again for him he was soaring at a safe distance from our rifles. We were on the leeward side of the herd and so safe from discovery if we took ordinary precaution among the trees. It was a fine spectacle which they presented, and what was more we were in just the mood to watch them. The land undulated but was covered for many acres with minuter undulations of dark brown shoulders slowly drifting toward us. We could hear the rasping sound which innumerable mouths made chopping the crisp grass. As we looked our ears caught a low, faint, rhythmic sound borne to us from afar. We listened intently. The sound grew more distinct, until we could recognize the tread of another herd of buffaloes coming from another direction.

"We skulked low through the undergrowth and came to the edge of the wooded patch just in time to see the van of this new herd surmounting a hill. The herd was evidently spending its force, having already run for miles. It came with a lessening speed, until it settled down to a comfortable walk. About the same time the two herds discovered each other. Our herd was at first

A LITTLE STARTLED.

But after a brief inspection of the approaching mass the work of clipping the grass of the prairies was resumed. The fresh arrivals came to a standstill and gazed at the thousands of their fellows, who evidently had pre-empted those sections. Apparently they reached the conclusion that that region was common property, for they soon lowered their heads and began to shave the face of the earth of its green growths. The space separating the herds slowly lessened. The outermost fringes touched but a short distance from our point of observation. It was not like the fringes of a lady's dress coming in contact with the lace drapery of a window, I can assure you. Nothing so soft and supple as that. It was more like the fringes of freight engines coming in contact with each other when they approach with some momentum on the same track.

"Two powerful bulls had unwittingly found themselves in close proximity to each other, coming from either herd. Suddenly shooting up from the sides of the one whose herd was on the ground first, flames of dirt made graceful curves in the air. They were the signals for hostilities to commence. The hoofs of the powerful beast were assisted by his small horns, which dug the sod and tossed bunches that settled out of the air in his shaggy mane. These beligerent demonstrations were responded to in quite as defiant a fashion by the late arrival. He, too, was an enormous affair. We noticed his unusual proportions of head. But his shoulders with their manes, were worth displaying to excite admiration and awe at their possibilities, if they could do nothing more.

"Unquestionably the two fellows regarded themselves as representative of their different herds, the one first on the ground viewing the other as an interloper, and he in his turn looking upon the former as reigning because no one had the spirit to contest his supremacy and show him where he belonged. They sidled up nearer each other, their heads all the while kept low to the ground, and their eyes, red with anger, rolling

IN FINE FURY.

This display of the preliminaries of battle drew the attention of an increasing number from either herd. At first they would look up, then recommence their eating, and then direct their attention more intensely as the combatants began to measure their strength more closely. And when the fight was on they became quite absorbed in the varying fortunes of the struggle.

"At last the two huge fellows, after a good deal of circumbation, made the grand rush. I reckon it would be your everlasting fortune if one of you college fellows who play football had the force to make the great rush which either one of these animals presented. The collision was straight and square. A crash of horns, a heavy dull thud of heads. We thought surely the skull of one or the other or possibly both was crushed in. But evidently they were not even hurt. Didn't they push them? Well, I guess! The force would have shoved an old-fashioned barn from its foundations. The muscles swelled upon the thighs, the hoofs sank into the earth. But they were evenly matched.

"For an instant there was a mutual cessation of hostilities to get breath. Then they came together with a more resounding crash than before. Instantly we perceived that the meeting of heads was not square. The new champion had the best position. Like a flash he recognized it and redoubled his efforts to take its full advantage. The other appeared to quadruple his efforts to maintain himself in position, and his muscles bulged out, but his antagonist made a

farther off the line, when he went down upon his knees. That settled the contest, for his enemy was upon him before he could recover. He was thrown aside and his flank was raked by several ugly, upward thrusts of his foe, which left him torn and bruised all in a heap. As quick as he could get on his feet he limped crestfallen away.

"The victorious fellow lashed his small tail, tossed his head, and moved in all the pride of his conquest up and down through the ranks of his adversary's herd. How exultant he was! We took it to be rank impudence, and though he had exhibited some heroic qualities of strength and daring it displeased us to see him take on so many airs on account of his victory.

"But this conquest of the field was not yet entirely complete. As he strode proudly along his progress was stopped by a loud snort and looking aside he saw a fresh challenge. There, standing out in full view, was another bull, a monster of a fellow, belonging to his late enemy's herd. He pawed the earth with great strokes and sent rockets of turf curving high in the air, some of which sifted its fine soil down upon the nose of the victor.

"As we looked at this new challenger and took in his immense form we chuckled with the assurance that

THE HAUGHTY FELLOW

would now have some decent humility imposed upon him. The conqueror himself must have been impressed with the formidableness of his new antagonist, for there was a change in his demeanor at once. Of course, according to a well established buffalo code, he could do nothing but accept the challenge.

"Space was cleared as the two monsters went through their gyrations, their tossing, of earth, their lashings of tail, their snorts and their low bellows. This appeared to them a more serious contest than the former, if we could judge from the length of the introductory part. They took more time before they settled down to business. We were of the opinion that the delay was caused by the champion, who resorted to small arts to prolong the preliminaries. We watched it all with the most excited interest. It had all the thrilling features of a Spanish bull fight without the latter's degradation of man. Here was the level of nature. Here the true buffalo instincts with their native temper exhibiting themselves in their most emphatic and vigorous fashion. It was the buffalo's trial of nerve, strength and skill. Numberless as must have been these tournaments, in which the champions of different herds met to decide which was superior, in the long ages during which the buffalo kingdom reigned supreme over the vast Western prairies, yet few had ever been witnessed by man. We were looking upon a spectacle exceedingly rare to human eyes, and I confess that I never was more excited than when this last trial reached its climax. It was a question now whether the champion would still hold his position. It stimulates one more when he thinks of losing what he has seized than when he thinks of failing to grasp that which he has never passed. Undoubtedly both of these animals had this same feeling for as we looked at his latest arrival in the arena we about concluded that he was the real leader, and not the other that limped away vanquished.

"While these and other thoughts were passing through our minds the two mighty contestants squared and made a tremendous plunge for each other. What a shock was that! What a report rolled on the air! The earth fairly shook with the terrific concussion of buffalo brains, and both burly fellows went down on their knees. Both, too, were on their feet the same instant, and locked horns with the same swiftness and skill, and each bore down on the other with all the power he could summon. The cords stood out like great ropes on their necks. The muscles on thighs and hips rose in huge welts. We were quite near these fellows and could see the roll of their

BLOOD-RED FIERY EYES.

They braced and shoved with perfectly terrible force. The froth began to drip in long strings from their mouths. The erstwhile victor slipped with one hind foot slightly. His antagonist felt it and instantly swung a couple of inches forward, which raised the unfortunate buffalo's back, and we expected every instant that he would go down. But he had a firm hold and he swung his antagonist back to his former position, where they both were held panting, their tongues lolling out.

"There was a slight relaxation for breath. Then the contest was renewed. Deep into the sod their hoofs sunk, neither getting the advantage of the other. Like the crack of a tree broken assunder came a report on the air and one of the legs of the first fighter sank into the earth. The other buffalo thought he saw his chance and made a furious plunge toward his opponent. The earth trembled beneath us. The monsters their fighting began to reel. We beheld an awful rent in the sod. For an instant the ground swayed, then nearly an acre dropped out of sight.

"We started back with horror. Then becoming reassured we slowly approached the brink of the new precipice and looked over. This battle of the buffaloes had been fought near the edge of this high bluff. Their great weight—each one was over a ton—and their tremendous struggles had loosened the fibers which kept the upper part of the bluff together, and the foundations having been undermined by the current, all were precipitated far below.

"As we gazed downward we detected two moving masses quite a distance apart and soon the shaggy fronts of these buffaloes were seen. One got into the current of the river and was swept down stream. The other soon was caught by the tides and swept onward toward his foe. Probably they resumed the contest when, after gaining a good footing farther down the banks of the river, they were fully rested.

The best corks come from Algeria. There are nearly 2,500,000 acres of cork forests in that country.

The English Cabinet has decided that for the future the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General shall relinquish their private practices.

A sensational incident occurred at Neath on Monday. A cycling carnival was being held in aid of the Cottage Hospital and just as the procession was starting a young man named Parry, who was arrayed in fancy costume, came in contact with a gas jet in the Market Place. In an instant, he was enveloped in flames, which were fed by an oil lamp which formed part of his headgear, and he was shockingly burnt.

LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY.

It Passes Through Subsidence Reservoirs and Filter Beds.

All the companies supplying river water, whether from the Thames or Lea, says the *Pall Mall Gazette* (London), have subsidence reservoirs, into which the water is first turned for the purpose of allowing such of the suspended solid matter as will settle, as well as filter beds, through which the water must afterward pass before entering the reservoirs supplying the public, but the mode in which the filter beds are constructed differs.

Thus the depth of the materials of which the filtering bed is made up varies from a total of eight feet at the Chelsea waterworks three feet six inches at the East London waterworks. In the materials employed by the Grand Junction company at the Kew bridge waterworks there is a foot of coarse gravel, six inches of fine hoggin (screened gravel), and three feet of sand. A good rate of percolation is four inches an hour so that it would take about nine hours for the water to pass through a sand bed of this depth.

The nature of the material used for filtering also varies slightly. Without going into unnecessary detail it may be sufficient to say that a layer of fine sand, varying from two feet to four and one-half feet in depth, forms the surface in each case. Layers of shells, hoggin, coarse gravel, and bowlders, or some of these materials, form the lower strata of the filter bed, but it seems to be universally agreed that the surface of the bed is a more important factor than the lower layers.

The late Sir Francis Bolton, who was the water examiner appointed under the provisions of the metropolis water act, 1871, in his work entitled "London Water Supply," refers to a curious fact in connection with filtration. He observes that, according to theory, a well ascertained rate of the destruction of the efficiency of the filter bed could be calculated, assuming that filtration was merely a mechanical process, but that in practice the filter beds retain their efficiency to a markedly greater extent.

His explanation is that filtration is a chemical as well as a mechanical process, and that in passing through the filter bed the water is not only strained but oxidized. It is well known that running water has a self-cleansing power, and that the exercise of that power is increased when the body of water is broken up by falling over either rocks or weirs. Sir Francis Bolton simply suggests that the interstices in the filter bed, containing globules of air, according to the well-known theory that all solid bodies attract about them an atmospheric film, practically compel the water to pass through a chemical filter of compressed oxygen and nitrogen, which obligingly relieves the water of its impurities by chemical changes as it passes. Thus the frisky comma or the lively typhoid germ may not break its neck by passing over a weir, but merely prolong its existence to be deprived of sustenance by oxydization—or, in other words, to be starved to death by a surfeit of life-giving gas.

In the early days of the domestic filter it was by no means an uncommon thing for the filter to be retained in use without attention until it actually became so clogged with impurities as to be unable to perform its functions. It may be so still in many households, for the public are astonishingly slow to learn or adopt means of security. It need scarcely be said that a neglected filter is of little use, and may even communicate contamination.

The water companies, therefore, observe the flow through the filter beds, and at frequent intervals, suggested by experience, cause the surface of the sand to be removed for cleaning, and at longer intervals the whole bed to be entirely renewed.

The supply for all purposes, including domestic, street watering, sewer flushing, fire extinction, and trade, is now about 200,000,000 gallons a day.

The area of supply extends far beyond the boundaries of the county of London and is estimated to contain a population of 5,500,000. Rather more than half the water supplied is taken from the Thames, about 30 per cent. is drawn from the Lea, and the remainder from springs and wells. It is evident that the purity of the river water as delivered to its consumers is of primary importance, and that any impurity in the companies' reservoirs or mains may have a very serious influence upon the health of London.

A Provision for Daughters.

During the late "silly season" of the London newspapers—and the English journalist takes his silliness with conscientious thoroughness, as he does his politics—one of the chief papers devoted many columns to letters from readers on the question why young men do not marry. Most of the writers agreed in thinking that it was because of the fear of the expense of married life, which is plausible enough, and nearly all of them agreed that it was a great evil, in which opinion I do not find myself alone wholly to join. But whether it is an evil or not, there is no question that there exists, in England and here, a class, apparently of increasing number, of women who either do not marry at all or do not marry so young as their mothers and grandmothers did; and it seems to me that fathers of sense do not quite recognize the duty that this fact imposes upon them—the duty of making such provision for daughters that they shall, as far as possible, be free to marry or not, and shall not be impelled to do so from the mere need of a home and support. Of course this provision must vary with the means of the father. It may take the form of an adequate income, secured by a proper investment, or it may be a training in some occupation that will yield an income, or it may be in part one and in part the other. The main point, so far as the daughters are concerned, is that marriage shall be a matter of choice, that a fairly comfortable and independent life shall be made possible without it, and that no woman shall feel forced, or tempted, not to put too fine a point upon it, to become a wife to secure such a life. I know that the problem is not a simple one, and that its solution is not easy, but ease and simplicity are not the prevailing characteristics of a man's duties to his children of either sex. This one is none the less imperative on that account.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

Agnes Pitcher, 30, wife of William Pitcher, of North End, Henley, committed suicide on Tuesday morning by cutting her throat with a bread knife at 21 Osborne Villas, Margate Road, Ramsgate. She was staying at Ramsgate for the benefit of her health.

Owing to the mountainous conformation of this country the heavy snowfall precludes all possibility of communicating with the mines in our neighborhood in winter. Therefore the mining news we can furnish our readers is necessarily very scant. For years this town has been buoyed up by hopes of having winter communication with the lower country, but as the seasons came and went the hopes gradually grew fainter till almost, if not quite, given up. But the discoveries of vast mineral ledges in the Lardeau and Slocan during the past summer were of such a decisive character that hope has once more sprung into existence—this time to be realized. It has, in fact, passed the hoping stage. Next spring will see the commencement of an era of great activity in railway construction in this district. If the C. P. R. delays any longer the work will be taken out of its hands, i.e. if the Provincial Legislature will grant the application to be made at the ensuing session for powers to build a line from Revelstoke to the North East Arm, and through the Lardeau Pass to Kootenay Lake. As things are now the country must stagnate for four or five months of the year. But for the fact that we have certain knowledge of the vast deposits of gold, silver, copper and lead surrounding us and the certainty that this wealth will be utilized in the near future this district would have been depopulated long ago. People would not care to reside here under such drawbacks. The only compensating thought we have had for a long time has been the one of "the good time coming when the mines open up." Like Colonel Sellers we believe "there's millions in it," but it has been hard to sit still and watch the busy, bustling Yankees coming in from the south, spending money like dirt, penetrating to the richest mining centres, buying up claims, and creating an immense volume of traffic, in merchandise and minerals, which begins and ends in the United States. And what have we been doing? Oh, we have been sitting down looking on. That's all we could do. 'Twas useless to make any effort. We were not in it from the start. Our people don't seem to get into the "know" of things until somebody comes along and shows them how 'tis done. If Vancouver had had the least bit of common sense it would months ago have reached for the trade of West Kootenay, which in less than three years' time will be of enormous proportions, and will build up the Terminal City far greater than the railway they have decided to present with \$300,000 and which will only take their trade away. If Vancouver desires to get even a portion of the West Kootenay trade it will have to "get a move on." Spokane is an enterprising city and a powerful rival.

Entertainment and Lecture at the Methodist Church.

On Monday night a sociable tea meeting was held in the Methodist Church, followed by a miscellaneous entertainment which included solos, duets, trios, quartettes, instrumental music, recitations and a lecture. In the solos Mrs. Ribbach and Mr. G. Barber each received an encore and Miss Williams did well. Miss E. Ladner and Mrs. Smith rendered a pleasing duet, and Mrs. and Misses Ribbach received a vociferous encore for a sweetly sung trio, while Mr. Ribbach obtained a similar compliment for a clarinet solo. Misses Ruth and Lily Valentine were accorded great applause for their recitations, both young ladies showing considerable histrionic talent. Mr. J. F. Ahlin presided at the organ.

Mr. A. H. Holdich, M. S. C. I., chemical engineer, then gave a lecture on "Fire! What is it?" during which he made several scientific experiments. The audience were greatly pleased, and gave several evidences of their appreciation. The following is a condensed report:—After showing that the old idea of fire being one of the elements was incorrect the lecturer proceeded to explain that it is simply the appearance produced by substances undergoing a chemical change, and not any material substance at all; and that as a rule fire was caused by the union of carbon with oxygen, though other elementary bodies, when combined, are capable of producing heat and light. Mr. Holdich illustrated the weight of carbonic acid gas (carbon and oxygen) by suspending two hollow globes on each end of a beam perfectly balanced, and filling one of them with the gas. As the gas displaced the air in this globe it went down until the opposite one, containing air alone, literally "kicked the beam." Placing a lighted candle at the bottom of an open glass vessel he poured some carbonic gas into it from another glass, when the light was instantly extinguished. Of course the gas itself was invisible, but it did its work all the same. The very vivid combustion of charcoal in oxygen was also shown, followed by the actual combustion of iron wire in the same gas, illustrating the fact that other bodies besides carbon

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evolve light and heat—actually burn—under proper conditions. The curious fact of a metal burning on being placed in water was then illustrated, sodium being employed. This metal possesses a great attraction for oxygen, which it abstracts from the water. Water is merely a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, both invisible gases separately, but when combined forming the liquid known as water. Hydrogen is the lightest substance known to science. The lecturer illustrated this by means of the two globes before mentioned. As hydrogen always ascends, the mouth of the globe had to be inverted to fill it with the gas, and quickly the globe went up, while the opposite one filled with air went down. The union of hydrogen and oxygen was shown, the act of combination being accompanied by a slight flash and a very distinct explosion, though the resulting water was not visible, as it existed in the form of steam. These and other experiments were performed with the most simple and easily made apparatus, old pickle bottles being used for gas generators and proving very efficient. Mr. Holdich has promised another of these interesting lectures, more fully illustrated experimentally, the date of which will be announced.

The weather is moist and warm—too warm to be seasonable—and with the mercury 4 or 5 degrees above freezing point it snowed yesterday morning for several hours. A warm wind coming up the river blew with considerable force, but the snow was too damp and heavy to be lifted. While they are attending to their flower gardens and playing croquet on green lawns at Victoria the thermometer has retired from business at 45 deg. below zero in Assiniboia.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company for the purpose of constructing, equipping, maintaining and operating a line of railway to run from a point at or near Revelstoke, in the Province of British Columbia, to the Upper Arrow Lake, in said Province, with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate branch lines, and also to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway, together with the usual powers to acquire lands, privileges, bonuses or aids from the Dominion or Provincial Governments, and to make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat and other companies, and for all other usual and necessary powers, rights and privileges.

Dated this 14th day of December, A.D. 1892.

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTON & BARNARD,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company for the purpose of constructing, equipping, maintaining and operating a line of railway from some point on the Upper Arrow Lake at or near the town of Nakusp to some point at or near the Forks of Carpenter Creek, in the District of West Kootenay, with power to construct, maintain, equip and operate branch lines, and also to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway, together with the usual powers to acquire lands, privileges, bonuses or aids from the Dominion or Provincial Governments, and to make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat and other companies, and for all other usual and necessary powers, rights and privileges.

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