

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act to incorporate a Company to construct, equip, maintain and operate a line of railway in the Province of British Columbia from a point at or near Nakusp, on Upper Arrow Lake, Kootenay District, to the forks of Carpenter Creek, with power to extend to Bear Lake and to Cody Creek.

GEMMILL & MAY,
Solicitors for the Applicants.
Ottawa, December 28th, 1892.

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AGENTS to sell our choice and hardy Nursery Stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals, to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms, and secure choice of territory.—MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

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ABRAHAMSON BROS., Prop'rs.

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HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.

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LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. McNeil is back from the east, and is now ready to operate on his patrons with his accustomed skill. Next door to STAR office.

The Second Annual Ball of the Revelstoke Quadrille Club will be held in Bourne's Hall on Friday, 17th March (St. Patrick's Day).

Mr. Mara will ask for the correspondence between the Dominion and B.C. Governments relative to the boundaries of the railway belt.

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

Revelstoke Quadrille Club will hold its usual fortnightly dance in Bourne's Hall on Thursday evening next, at nine o'clock sharp. Bus leaves lower town at 8.30.

A gentleman recently returned from England says he heard there that owing to the bad times in Australia a number of Australians would settle in British Columbia this year.

Next Tuesday night a grand concert will be given in Peterson's Hall by the members of the orchestral string band. Some of the best talent in the town has been secured, and a first-class program will be presented.

The Dominion Government advertises for tenders for the construction of a wharf for quarantine purposes at William's Head. Sealed tenders must be at Ottawa by the 22nd of March. See advt. in this issue.

A public meeting is called for Monday evening next at Peterson's Hall to receive the report of the committee appointed to communicate with the Provincial Government regarding the town-site dispute and other matters.

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The finest, completest and latest line of Electrical 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. Baer & Co., Windsor, Ont.

On Thursday the snow on the roof of the house lately occupied by Rev. C. Ladner avalanched on to the adjoining house—a Chinese laundry—six or eight feet below, and smashed in the roof for more than half the length of the building. The snow was between three and four feet thick and solid as ice. No one was in the laundry.

Mr. Jno. Campbell, formerly manager of Revelstoke smelter, recently obtained judgment in the B.C. Supreme Court at Vancouver against the Smelter Co. for the sum of \$10,481. The Sheriff of Kootenay will sell by auction, at the smelter works next Thursday at noon, machinery and material to satisfy the said judgment and costs. See advt. in this issue.

The Winnipeg Commercial this week publishes its eighth annual supplement, which is a finely got up book of 42 pages, containing some first-class cuts, a view of Nelson, B.C., being a pretty bit of landscape and lake scenery. It is needless to extol the workmanship or letterpress, as the Commercial print is widely known as one of the best in the Dominion.

Messrs. George Shiel and John Ford, of Carberry, Man., have the distinction of being the first arrivals in Revelstoke to await the opening of communication with the mining country, which, it is hoped, will take place in a few weeks. Mr. Shiel is a taxidermist of no mean abilities, and is open to receive work in that line while staying here. He has a brother in Kaslo who has several good ventures there.

No. 1 of the People's Journal, of Vancouver, is to hand. It is an eight-page four-column weekly, and claims to be published in the interests of the people and to be politically independent. Its get-up is very neat, is cleanly printed, and its articles are up to date. Vancouver seems to be a sickly place for newspapers, but we hope the newly hatched venture will not die in chickenhood. G. F. Leaper is the publisher.

We have received from the Dominion Publishing Co. of Vancouver a neatly-bound copy of their pocket map of the Province of British Columbia. It is compiled from the latest Government surveys, is 29 inches by 36 inches, and carries a lot of useful information in addition to the map. Each district has a distinctive color. Its handy size when folded makes it convenient for the pocket. We consider it the best yet issued. Stiff cloth covers, \$1.00; manilla, 75c.

In the Provincial Legislature Mr. Kellie's bill to incorporate the Lardeau & Kootenay Railway Co. and Mr. Martin's bill to incorporate the Nakusp & Slooan Railway Co. were both read a first time and referred to the Railway Committee. Petitions were received as follows:—To incorporate a company, re railway from Nelson via Slooan, New Denver and Nakusp Pass; to incorporate a company, re tramway from Kaslo to Bear Lake; to incorporate the Kaslo Electric Light, Power, & Water Works Co., Limited. Mr. Kellie presented a petition from John Hendry and others against the granting of a charter to the Kootenay Central Railway.

Juvenile Templars' Concert.

There was a very good attendance on Tuesday evening at the concert given by the members of the Juvenile Temple I.O.G.T. Mr. Thomas Lewis presided. The programme was a lengthy one, but on the whole pleasing. Some of the items were extremely well rendered, especially the character song, "Come home, father," by Mrs. and Miss Millie Ribbach, both song and character being excellent. A dialogue well spoken and well acted was that entitled "What two little girls did," by Maggie and Edith Lewis, Jessie Paton and A. Williamson. The recitations by Ruth and Lily Valentine were very good, both young ladies displaying considerable histrionic talent. Ethel and Will Ladner gave a pleasing duet, and one by Mrs. Ribbach and Guy Barber received the first encore. The eight youths who sustained the dialogue in the piece "Applying for a Licence" acquitted themselves creditably, and so did W. Ladner and Chas. Lewis in "Postman and Tramp." The length of the programme detracted a great deal from the interest taken in the last (but not the least by any means) number on the list—the shadow pantomime. It was cleverly got up, and carried through without a single hitch, excepting that the missionary was a trifle tough or the savage's knife somewhat blunt, and the king's "little hatchet" was used in carving. Mrs. Dickie, Miss Ella Ladner and J. F. Ahlin presided at the organ. Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Dickie and Mr. A. Williamson worked hard in organizing the entertainment, and are to be congratulated on its success.

PROGRAMME.

Opening ode.....The Lodge
Song and chorus.....Children
Song—"No, sir".....C. Lewis
Recitation.....Ruth Valentine
Dialogue...W. Ladner and C. Lewis
Song—"Baby Land".....Ethel Ladner
Duet...Mrs. Ribbach and G. Barber
Recitation.....Ella Paton
Chorus.....Children
Organ solo.....J. F. Ahlin
Song and chorus.....Percy Lewis
Duet.....Ethel and Will Ladner
Song.....Edith Lewis
Recitation.....Lillie Valentine
Dialogue—"Applying for Licences"
Quartet—Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Ribbach,
Miss Ladner, G. Barber & J. Ahlin
Song—"Father, come home".....Miss
Milly Ribbach.

Dialogue—Edith Lewis, Jessie Paton,
Maggie Lewis & A. Williamson.
Song.....Mrs. Ribbach
Guitar solo.....H. Lewis
Song.....G. Barber
Chorus.....Children
Recitation.....Lillie Valentine

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME.

FUJI ISLANDERS "AT HOME."
Kamee-hamee-ha-ha—The Cannibal
King.....Ed. Picard
Okeo-Pokee—His wife.....H. Lewis
Ba-bee Toot-lum—Infant.....C. Lewis
Rev. Phat Sleek, a plump and juicy
missionary.....O. Lewis
"God save the Queen."

ABOUT TOWN.

A new drug store is to be built at the station.

At the Columbia Club's dance on Thursday night the number of ladies present equalled that of the gentlemen, and in consequence everything was lovely.

Mr. Veit arrived up from Hall's Landing early yesterday morning. Provisions are running short there, and he came up for a supply. The three men who left here two weeks ago with a load of provisions for Lardeau City got through all right. People at the landing all well, but no news. In company with Mr. W. Vickers Mr. Veit left on the return journey this morning, each with a sleigh load of supplies.

About nine o'clock Monday night Front Street citizens were aroused by the sudden explosion of fire crackers and a bright glare against their windows. A bonfire of dry goods boxes, loaded with crackers, coal oil and other combustibles, had been lit on the snow in the middle of the street just in front of the barber shop. Very soon the sounds of a bugle and the beating of tinware proclaimed that there was something on foot, and then the boys emerged from behind the snow banks each with a big oil can which he was pounding with a big stick. It was a "welcome" serenade to our popular barber, Mr. A. McNeil, who on Monday evening returned from a two months' visit to Montreal, bringing his bride with him. After the din had continued a few minutes in front of the house Mac came out and at once headed the procession to the Stockholm House bar, where he "set 'em up" for all hands. Next morning several people who did not know Mr. McNeil had returned were congratulating F. W. Wilson (who carried on the business during the proprietor's absence) on his having become a benedict.

Peterson's Hall.

REVELSTOKE
ORCHESTRAL BAND
will give a
MISCELLANEOUS
CONCERT
on
TUESDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 28.

ADMISSION : : 50 Cents.

CORRESPONDENCE.
[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

The Editor cannot be responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON-LOOKER.—All correspondence re the Quadrille Club is closed.

SETTLER.—The Dominion Government. Write to E. A. Nash, Kamloops.

TAXPAYER.—The revenue from all sources in Revelstoke division last year amounted to \$11,226.95. The expenditure from July 1st to Dec. 31st was—public works, \$5,136.85; salaries and other expenditures, \$1,353.54.

The Price of Coal Oil.

SIR,—In the tariff discussion at Ottawa on the coal oil question some information has come out that is of interest to us all. Mr. Moncrieff, in the interest of the Petrolia oil producers, showed that water white oil was sold at the wells at 7½ cents per gallon in bulk car lots and 10½ cents per gallon in barrel car lots. He showed, by quoting prices at different points, that it was the middlemen and retailers who were taking the exorbitant profits complained of. The members for Manitoba and the Northwest have ascertained that oil is delivered at points on the C.P.R. for 18 cents per gallon, and they attribute the high prices there to extortions by the local merchants. But the highest prices quoted during the debate (35 cents per gallon) pale into insignificance when compared with the price of the article in Revelstoke, viz., 75 cents per gallon! How is this for high?—Yours truly,
ENQUIRER.
Revelstoke, Feb. 21st, 1893.

The Snowshoe Club will turn out in full strength for a moonlight trip to-night.

Rev. Dr. Robertson is expected to hold special services in the Presbyterian church at 2 and 7.30 p.m. In the afternoon baptism and Communion will be administered, when all Presbyterians are earnestly requested to be present. Revs. Herdman of Calgary; Ross, of Donald; and R. A. Munro, of Maple Creek, will accompany Dr. Robertson to the Synod at Victoria on Wednesday.

A. McNEIL,

BARBER SHOP & BATHROOMS,
Front Street,
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

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CHAPTER V.

The immediate result of Norris's attempt to escape was that all the cold Chinese instincts of his foes centered in those feelings of intensified cruelty which few but the northern Chinese know.

Well was it for Norris that he lay as one dead for hours to come, insensible, immovable, and ignorant of that death which, but for his unconsciousness, had assuredly been his. And yet not well; for death indeed would have been preferable to the life in store.

The discovery of the body which lay in the inner court seemed to throw a shuddering touch upon everything within the temple, for the man who had committed the deed still lived!

To Norris his captors had been Chinamen. Strange as it may seem, he had never in his solitary confinement cast a thought upon their priest-like attributes. To his own mind he had called them Chinamen, no more. They had been his foes as a nation, not as a priestly brotherhood; and though he had known that they were sanctified, he had not for a moment looked upon them as different in that respect from others of their race, nor in his plans of escape had he taken account of the awful results which might follow the desecration of the temple by the murder of one of its priests.

Had Norris been in possession of his senses, been in fact as a living man when the body of the priest was found, it is more than a probability that in the impulse of the moment his life at the hands of those who had recaptured him might have been taken as atonement for his deed, for the frenzy which spread over one and all within the temple walls almost cried aloud in wild thirst for blood and revenge upon the man who had done this thing. But the momentary impulse had passed, and now a more hideous fate was in reserve. Blood alone cannot atone for blood, life is not repaid by life, when the frenzied souls of Chinese priests behold the corpse of a brother who has been killed, and look upon a temple whose holy light is suddenly obscured.

Death for death!—not so. Life for death!—a long never-ending life, a life whose hell is worse than death—this alone is recompense for such a deed.

The injury sustained by Norris, when he fell forward upon his face, was of a nature most serious, and, after many hours of unconsciousness, he recovered only to an intermittent state, resembling brain fever, and during this time the priests waited like wild beasts who would play with their prey before striking it to the earth.

A torture is not a torture if it kill, for then of what use is it? If a man is weak and ill, so that he may go mad, and so that he do not feel to the full the horrors through which he pass, because death lies in front, it is no use to torture—it is better to wait. For the truest and deepest agony of mind which can be inflicted upon man is that which drives him so far, no further—near to death, so that he may almost clutch it, and yet removed from it so that he clutch in vain—near to madness—ay, on the very brink of the precipice, and yet saved, as the brain totters, so that it may continue to totter and yet never fall.

Many days passed, and the Chinese still waited; and Norris, who had now been tossing through the ravings of weary hours upon a rough skin or two, which was all his bed, began as by a miracle to recover his strength; and it may be that as the priests fed him during this time, so they also prayed that he might live, for gradually the crisis passed, and he returned to life to find that he lay under constant watch within one of the smaller temple buildings, away from the terrible heat of the midday sun.

As he grew stronger, an awful thirst took possession of him—a thirst that seemed unquenchable, and he would seize and drink every drop of water which was brought to him, as soon as it was placed upon the ground.

It was now that the first of that series of tortures to which the man was destined to be subjected was inflicted upon him. Because he thirsted, it was decreed that he should continue to thirst; and the water given to him was only the more decreased in quantity, the more he endeavored to signal to his attendant that water was precious to him now.

Then at length came the hour when he understood, when there was no more water given to him, and the revelation of the truth threw him back again upon the illness from which he was but commencing to recover.

And thus it came that weeks intervened between Norris's attempt at escape and the day upon which truly commenced that system of fiendish cruelty by which his captors sought to wipe away the blot of desecration and to satisfy the lust for cruelty which is innate to the Chinese.

In the mean time winter was approaching, and Norris in his convalescent state looked forward with a leaden heart to the long months to come, for he seemed to lose hope of freedom with the commencement of the winter. Summer he might never see again.

The closing of the port of Tientsin for the winter months, as he heard it was closed with ice—a door which will stand open in face of many terrible storms. Tientsin closed, Norris felt, he scarcely knew why, that his last chance was gone. Had the swallows borne his messages to any purpose; or had one and all of these been given to the air in vain?

The birds were all that he had to trust to now; the ten swallows, liberated with his messages securely bound, where were they? If, indeed one of the ten came into some friendly hand far away, it might be too late, for who would travel from Shanghai to Peking in the cold winter months? Who would face the perishing cold, and the journey, at such a time?

Then he would wonder for what reason he had been spared—he who had killed a Chinaman; and, again, for what reason was he allowed now to gain strength as he lay chained by his ankle to the ground?

He feared the most when he cast his thoughts upon the apparent clemency of his foes. Why had the want of water now ceased? Why was he again treated as in the days before, save only that his ankle was firmly bound? He set himself to the endeavor of fathoming the motives for the life he was allowed to lead.

What interest was it to the Chinese that he should live, unless his money were at

issue? What had saved him from a cruel death long ere now? He could guess little until he remembered suddenly that the swallow—the eleventh of the birds—had been left beneath his coat on the morning of his attempted escape!

And there he fancied might lie the truth. This man, whoever he was, beyond the temple walls, who had promised him his liberty, and by that sought to extort a large sum, had been informed of all that had occurred. No doubt the swallow had been taken to him, or at least the paper which had been wrapped to its leg. And this paper, bearing the words "eleventh swallow," would have been sufficient to convey to him the knowledge that there was a chance, however dim, that the English nation beyond the seas might hear of the captivity of William Norris and send to save him from his foes.

If this was so, and if this man still commanded Norris's life to be spared, it seemed partly probable that he might do so because he was a great man, and that it would not suit him to be the possible and remote means of a disagreement which might from a little thing swell gradually into a war between the English and the Chinese.

For were Norris to be cruelly killed in the temple of Confucius, there was the possibility that some others coming to his rescue might meet with similar treatment, and the first death might grow into a massacre in the after time.

Such was the conjecture slowly formed by Norris—a conjecture which, wild though it was in many respects, yet had a grain of truth; for although it was difficult at this time to fathom the full motives which actuated his enemies, it true that besides that cruelty of which Norris was till now unaware, and which had in store for him a life of hideousness, there was another underlying design—something which came to the priests from a higher hand still, according with their wishes in this command:

"Torture, but do not kill!"

Norris fell to wondering vaguely upon his captivity one morning, subsequent to his almost complete restoration to health and indeed, feeling as he now did that he was daily regaining his strength, he once more cast about in his thoughts for some means by which he might still escape.

This had become a much more difficult question than formerly, for his ankle was, as has been said, encircled by a chain, which confined his motions to a limited circuit, and at times became the source of extreme irritation and mental pain. In addition to this, he was now at no time alone, for a guard was constantly in his presence—not always the same man, it is true, but nevertheless, a preventive of the faintest motion which might create the suspicion of a renewed attempt at freedom. Upon the morning in question, his dreams resulted in little save in an ultimate wandering into a land of fancy, in which he lived his youth again beneath the blessed English skies in the dear old home-land, free to wander where he might please.

His musings were interrupted by the entry of three of the priests, accompanied by a man of filthier garb, whom Norris regarded with some curiosity, wondering wherefore this man had been brought.

The Chinamen approached him, and bound him with ropes. He could make no resistance, or, rather, he knew that it was useless to do so, and submitted quietly. They had already bound his feet, when it flashed across him that now, indeed, he faced the terrors which his mind had partly painted in a ghastly dream.

For the first moment or two he had yielded, thinking only that to be further bound could matter little; but now, as he thought upon his helplessness if thus bound, he struggled with all his strength, crying out aloud whilst the men forced him down and held him to the ground by the force of numbers against one. Then, all this strength, recalled for a moment only, left him, and he lay gasping, and would have been unable to move even without his bonds.

The man whom he noticed had now come forward, knife in hand. Norris shut his eyes, believing that his last hour had come, and waiting for the first touch of the blade.

A few seconds passed, and then he knew the truth—that the man had not come to torture him, but to deprive him of his hair; and, unable to protest, he lay still, whilst, commencing at the forehead and working slowly back, the Chinese barber cut away his hair, bit by bit, shaving each portion of his head closely, whilst the priests stood by to watch.

In China there is a custom—an ordeal which has to be borne by those who elect to join certain priesthoods; it is an ordeal of brutal barbarism—an ordeal which makes one shudder even to name. It consists in the pouring of a drop or two of molten lead upon the brow or scalp of the priest.

But one might wonder what connection had this with William Norris, or with the barber who was at work upon his head?

Only this—that the priests of the Temple of Confucius knew of the unspeakable nature of the agony of the molten lead; and, knowing of no torture more intense than this, they had decided to make the Englishman conform to the priestly rule, and suffer upon his shaven head, during moments of a wanton cruelty which might well weaken the dead from their graves, the molten metal that should fall and eat into his human flesh.

As yet Norris was totally ignorant of the significance of that to which he was compelled to submit. His first feeling, when he recognized that the shaving of his head was the present object of his captors, was naturally a combination of fear and hatred, and then gradually a cold callousness, partaking of the nature of utter despair, came over him. But, indeed, the sensations which filled him became, as it were, dimmed, and deprived of all acuteness for the time being, owing to an excess of fatigue, which had prostrated his energies—an immediate relapse upon that full possession of his manhood's strength, which had come to him for a little time whilst he had struggled vainly with those who sought to bind him to the ground.

The Chinese barber is not gifted with singular rapidity in his work; rather he devotes his attention to the complete removal of every appearance of a hair upon a single spot, and to an extreme exactitude as he proceeds, which, whilst rendering his work at once minute and complete, adds a singular degree of tediousness to his operations.

At the expiration of that time Norris was perfectly bald, not a hair left upon his head; for not even that part where the pigtail is allowed to grow had been left untouched; only his mustache and his eyebrows and a rough, unkempt growth which had come upon his cheeks during his confinement, remained to testify to the fact that his baldness was not nature's freak.

The barber bound a cloth tightly round his skull, and then left him, still bound, and now recovered so far from his fatigue as to be able to reflect upon what the deprivation of his hair must mean to him, and to be fully conscious of his aching thoughts. Shortly his captors returned and undid his bonds, and for the rest of the day he was, as he had been for many an hour past, free to move within a little space—free to eat and drink, but kept beyond this by the chain which bound his ankle to the ground.

To Norris thought itself had become of that gnawing kind which seems to eat away the soul; but he took his meals, nevertheless, and at night he slept as he had learned to sleep—a strange half-waking sleep, of constant visions and dreams that bring no rest.

Another day came, and Norris, whose conjectures returned ever to the loss which he had sustained, and who looked upon it as a form of mental torture only, and as imposed with that intent and nothing beyond, was sitting filled with bitterness and thoughts made evil by the cruelty of fate, when the three Chinamen reappeared.

Binding his hands upon his back, and thus rendering him powerless, whilst he offered no resistance, knowing how futile was such waste of strength, they then released the chain about his ankle, and conveyed to him by signs that he must follow them where they led. He did so, wondering inwardly as to what the meaning of such proceedings could be; and thus, with these men he re-entered, for the first time, the court where he had formerly been confined, and where were now congregated a great number of priests around a small fire, which had been lit upon the ground. Upon this fire had been placed an iron vessel, not far from which was an upright post, which had been fixed in the earth deeply and firmly, and around which the Chinamen stood.

To this post Norris was secured, and he recognized, as the bands were drawn tight, that the pot upon the fire contained something of the nature of metal, which was melted therein. That some awful event was about to occur he realized, and, looking round upon the faces crowding near to him, he seemed to read something of his doom, and his senses seemed to forsake him for a few seconds, whilst the consciousness of the unknown to come descended upon his soul.

The cloth which had bound his head had been removed, and the feeling of cold immediately resulting from the exposure of his hairless skin recalled him to himself, and from that moment every action was intensified to such a degree that the realian of every detail of what succeeded was written in fire upon his brain.

He watched one of the through stir the molten mixture with a long and thin piece of metal, and then another raise the pot from the fire and approach with it till he stood within a foot from him.

A cry of terrible agony burst from him in a voice surely not his own:

"Great God in heaven, have mercy upon me, God!" And his voice rose to the blue heavens, and perhaps the cry was heard far away!

But the world did not change because of the agony of a single man, and the Chinaman, whose hand was raised so that the heat of the hideous pot smote upon Norris's face, only spoke two words in answer to the man who stood by his side—the command to proceed with the completion of what was decreed to be done.

In obedience, the other reached out and took the end of that which the metal had been stirred—a long spoon—a spoon so small as to contain only a single drop of the molten liquid.

This Norris saw whilst his blood-shot eyes started from his sockets, and then the drop fell upon his head, and the air was filled with an awful noise; and a second time the spoon fulfilled his function and again a third, and the world blackened, and hell seemed to stretch out its arms to receive him, and Norris knew no more.

For weeks succeeding the man with the shaven head was little else than mad. They had set him free again in the court yard, where the dear swallows had used to be. But it was winter now, and the swallows had gone away; and the man who had called to them to aid him in his sore distress was in a worse state now, for the torture had, for the time being, unhinged his mind.

He fed as nature called him to feed, eating as though without knowledge that he did so; and the rest of the day he spent, sometimes crawling about the court and sometimes wildly slaving with his nails in a vain attempt to scale the walls, whimpering all the time like no human being, but rather like a poor wounded dog.

Was the debt discharged now? Was the blot of desecration washed from the temple walls? There was no one to ask that question; and, if there had been, the answer might have been, "No."

By night he crept into a species of wooden hut or kennel which they had put up for him, and where he had warm furs; and his clothing, too, was thicker now, for they had dressed him in Chinese garb, heavy and warm, and suited to the chill of the severity of a winter in Peking.

And it was this severity, this cold, which the man did not seem to feel, which proved his salvation. In the midsummer heat body and soul might indeed have borne what had been, but more probably would have succumbed in the condition of semi-weakness in which the man had been; but now he was saved from fever, and perhaps from worse than fever, by the clear air and invigorating cold.

Thus it was with William Norris in the Temple of Confucius, during the winter of his captivity—a winter in which a settled look, as of the hunted creature, gradually replaced the frowns of pain and the light as of madness upon his face; whilst a strange crop of new white hair grew in bristles upon his shaven head to conceal and cover, as though in pity, the spots of the once molten-head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Provisions of the New Government Measure.

Following is a synopsis of the new Irish Home Rule bill to be introduced within a few days after the opening of the Imperial Parliament:

The power to enact laws on the following subjects among others is retained by the Imperial Parliament: Treaties and other relations with foreign states; the imposition or any legislation relating to duties of customs and duties of excise as defined in the act. A sub clause retains to the Imperial Parliament control for five years over land legislation.

The Irish Legislature is restricted from passing any laws respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or conferring any privilege, or imposing any disability on account of religious belief, or abrogating or derogating from the right to establish or maintain any place of denominational education, or prejudicially affecting the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school. The Queen retains the same prerogatives with respect to summoning the proroguing, and dissolving the Irish legislative body as she has with respect to the Imperial Parliament. The Irish legislative body can continue for five years, and no longer, from the day on which it is appointed to meet.

The Executive Government of Ireland is to continue vested in Her Majesty and to be carried on by the Lord Lieutenant in behalf of Her Majesty.

The ninth clause of the bill relating to the constitution of the Irish Legislative body says it shall consist of a first and second order, but instead of providing that the orders shall deliberate together as in the bill of 1886, it provides that they shall sit and vote separately, thus constituting two distinct houses of the Legislature. If the result of the voting brings the two orders into collision, then the question at issue is to be referred to a joint committee of both Houses. If the question still remains undecided through inability to agree, then the question at issue may be referred to the people. The new bill thus provides for a popular referendum.

The tenth clause, Parliamentary representation, provides substantially the same as in 1886. An important new clause provides that 103 members of the Imperial Parliament shall be elected by the existing constituencies. These members shall vote on all questions reserved by the Imperial Parliament from the Irish Legislative body, and may also sit in the Irish Legislative body if elected thereto, as well as in the Imperial Parliament.

The annual contribution of Ireland on account of the national debt is reduced to £733,000; army and navy, £833,000; Imperial civil expenditures £55,000; Royal Irish Constabulary and Dublin Metropolitan police £500,000; for reduction of the national debt, £180,000. These are great reductions from the bill of 1886.

Duties of customs and duties of excise collected in Ireland are to be applied to Irish charges, and any excess applied as part of the public revenues under control of the Irish Government. The Irish Land Commission is to remain in existence until all charges payable out of the church property in Ireland are fully paid. Subject to any existing charges on the church property such property shall belong to the Irish Government.

"It shall not be lawful for the Irish Legislative body to adopt or pass any vote, resolution, address, or bill for the raising or appropriation of any part of the public revenue of Ireland, or of any tax duty or impost except in pursuance of a recommendation from Her Majesty, signified through the Lord Lieutenant."

The exchequer division of the High Court of Justice is to continue to be a court of exchequer for revenue purposes and any vacancy occurring in the court is to be filled by Her Majesty on the joint recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

The Dublin Metropolitan police is to continue subject to the Lord Lieutenant for a period of five years, or until the Irish Administration will guarantee that an adequate local police system has been organized. The Royal Irish Constabulary while it exists is to continue subject to the control of the Lord Lieutenant, but the Irish Legislature may provide for the establishment and maintenance of a police force in counties and boroughs in Ireland under the control of the local authorities.

There is an entirely new clause, 22, which gives the crown the right to veto all bills of the Irish Legislature, and gives Irish representative peers the right to sit in the House of Lords at Westminster, and vote on all imperial questions. The functions of the Lord Lieutenant are the same as in the bill of 1886, and the judiciary is to remain for five years under the control of the Imperial Government, then to pass under the control of the Irish Government. Other provisions are similar to the bill of 1886.

Russian Sentinel.

The sternest ideal of military duty is full filled by the Russian soldier. An illustration is given by the author of "A Journey to Mount Ararat." On leaving an Armenian village, the writer passed a beautiful green valley, watered by a river that flowed between strong embankments.

His Armenian servant told him that in April, 1888, after a great storm, the river rose in such a flood that the persons living near the bank fled for their lives.

There was a powder-magazine near the river. The sentinel who was guarding it prepared to retreat, but the officers who were watching the scene from a mountain forbade him to leave his post. For an hour the poor fellow struggled against the rising waters, clinging desperately to the lock of the magazine door.

The water rose to his chin, and when he was literally within an inch of death the flood ceased. He was decorated by the government with the ribbon of some honorable order in recognition of his heroic obedience.

Baron Hirsch has only eight horses in training, but his last season's winnings amounted to \$165,000.

The silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy will be celebrated April 22.

CANADA'S FERTILE PLAINS.

A Glowing Account From the North West.

A Clergyman of Brandon Reports on the Condition of the Country—They Had Good Crops Last Year—The Cities and Towns Are Growing and Everywhere Are Most Gratifying Signs of Prosperity.

Ever since the opening up of the fertile plains of Manitoba and the North-west territories by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway the progress of the settlers in the west has been watched with the deepest interest by the remainder of the Dominion. All recognized the great part which the Prairie Province and the great Lone land were to play in the development and growth of Canada, and all accordingly followed eagerly the struggles and disappointments of the earlier settlers, due largely to inexperience, and rejoiced as each succeeding year proved that when scientifically farmed the country was one of the finest agricultural districts in the world. The other day a Toronto Reporter met Rev. James Woodsworth of Brandon superintendent of Methodist missions in Manitoba and the North-west who is at present engaged in lecturing on mission work in the districts of Ontario. Mr. Woodsworth in the course of his duties as superintendent, travels continually all over Manitoba and the North-west from Port Arthur to the Rocky mountains, and has, consequently, a grand opportunity of observing the condition of the country and its people. He gives an eminently satisfactory

ACCOUNT OF THE PROGRESS MADE during the past year. When asked about the general condition of Manitoba, Mr. Woodsworth said that the country was without doubt progressing not only steadily, but rapidly. Last year had been a good one, the wheat crop having been large and the samples fair. The low price of wheat had, of course, militated to a considerable extent against the farmers, but still they could not complain, as they had done fairly well. The immigration, too, had been considerable, and the prospects for the coming year were better still. The Manitoba Government were giving every attention to the immigration question, and it was probable that there would be a large influx of settlers from the United States, as well as from other places. Everywhere there were signs of steady improvement, not only in the condition of the farmer, but also in the growth of the cities and towns. Winnipeg, he said, was improving fast, and had completely recovered from the depression which so long hung over it. Trade there was good, and there was a fair movement in real estate. Brandon also had grown considerably during the last year, not only in population, but in the number and character of its buildings. Over \$500,000 was expended in the construction of these. The hospital which was erected by the city of Brandon, with the assistance of private enterprise, cost over \$20,000 and was a magnificent brick building. Besides this there were numbers of fine business blocks and scores of private residences erected. He instance what was called the Syndicate block a three-storey brick building, with 130 feet frontage.

IN THE NEEPAWA DISTRICT.

along the Manitoba and North-western line of railway, the year had been one of marked prosperity. The country was beautifully situated, frost being almost unknown and the soil most fertile. The town of Neepawa was growing rapidly and the country around it improving every day. Further up the line the conditions for grain growing were not so good, but those who had turned their attention to stock-raising were finding it profitable.

Mr. Woodsworth spoke most enthusiastically of a large settlement about 50 miles from the terminus of the line of railroad called Yorkton. This, he said, was a large and prosperous settlement, composed principally

OF EMIGRANTS FROM DAKOTA,

the majority of whom were Canadians, who, emigrating from Ontario to Dakota years ago, were only too thankful to be back on Canadian soil again. They were settled on a beautiful section of country, and were highly elated with their prospects, though, of course, they had returned much poorer than when first they went to the States. Southern Manitoba, or the Glenboro district was also doing well, and though there were no very large towns, the small ones were growing steadily. The Canadian Pacific railway could not be praised too highly, continued Mr. Woodsworth, for the part they had played in the development of the country. The branch lines had done more than anything else to open up the splendid districts lying away from the main track. The Souris line, which runs from Brandon south-west through the Souris coal fields, had been completed last year as far as Estevan, the centre of the mining district, and there had been considerable settlement along the line as far as it went. Estevan would, moreover, be a divisional part of the Soo line, and the prospects of immediate settlement in the neighboring districts were exceedingly bright. During the year 50 miles of the Great North-west Central railway, which runs from Brandon in a north-westerly direction, had been built and were now in operation. Another extension which had been the greatest benefit to the southern portions of Manitoba, was the junction of the southern branches of the Canadian Pacific railway, which terminate at Glenboro and Deloraine, with the Brandon and Souris branch.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

Turning to the territories, Mr. Woodsworth said, that on the whole they had had a fairly prosperous year. The population, of course, was not so large as in Manitoba, but there was every indication that the country would settle up rapidly. Emigrants were fast filling up the tracts of land at the foot of the Rocky mountains and in the Saskatchewan valley, especially in the Alberta and Edmonton districts. Calgary, he said, was growing steadily, though not very rapidly, while Edmonton was going steadily ahead. Regina also was improving and the farmers around there had done very well in the last two years. The Canadian Pacific railway had filled a long felt want by the construction of a branch line from Calgary to Fort Macleod.

In conclusion Mr. Woodsworth said that he thought that all had the utmost confidence in the future of the country.

"I know why bees never sit down," said Walter. "Why, my dear?" asked his mother, "Cause they has pins in their coat tails end they's afraid to."

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is beautifully situated on the southern part of Vancouver Island. Sailing into her splendid harbor on a sunny day, the traveller has a fine view. Before him lies the city, nestling peacefully on a gentle declivity with a gorgeous mountain background. The effect of the lights and shades, as they chase each other through the softening mist, is charming. To the right, across the Straits, and, apparently close to the American shore, stands that grand old sentinel, Mount Baker. A number of sea-going vessels, as well as river steamers, are generally in harbor. Around the port cluster great warehouses, hotels and business blocks in solid masonry; while long rows of streets branch off in every direction from this nucleus. The rows of hotels, saloons, restaurants and beer-shops excited my surprise, I began to think it a city where King Alcohol reigned supreme. Yet, during a stay of three weeks I saw only two "drunk" men.

Leaving the port, with its noise, its traffic and its easy-going, contented-looking business men, we hail an electric street car, which is carrying passengers up the long streets, and soon find ourselves in entirely different surroundings. Up the gentle incline, across two streets, round a corner, on we go, waiting here and there that a passenger may alight, or, to take on a new comer. The houses seem to diminish in size, as we proceed, and to grow wider apart, till they each stand in a garden of its own. This is Victoria proper; the homes of her people; and very beautiful it is. Never shall I forget how it gladdened my eyes to see those cozy cottages and ample gardens after Winnipeg's huge brick blocks. Fruit, vegetables and flowers grow in every plot; but above and before everything were the flowers. Roses, clematis, honeysuckles and many, many others, the like of which I never saw before, delighted my tired eyes. How the roses climbed and clung to every inch of space reserved for them! Every wall, post and paling was a mass of blossoms—white, yellow, red, or pink. The houses are generally small; always cozy looking, and the gardens clean and flourishing. Everything suggests peace and plenty. Splendid residences stand here and there; but they seem out of place among so much simple comfort and natural attraction.

Across James Bay a new city, known as Victoria West, is fast springing up. Here are small and unpretentious brick structures; but the grounds are exceedingly beautiful, and well kept. The first time I visited the grounds, I encountered a relic that made my heart ache—the chain-gang—marching two and two, with an armed guard following close behind. Poor fellows, they had been working on the grounds, and were returning to their prison home.

The churches are well represented in Victoria. The majority of the people are church goers, if one can judge from the crowds that attend the morning services. The first Sunday I attended the morning service in the Pandora street Methodist Church. The Rev. Coverdale Watson officiated to a large and attentive congregation, for the first time since his return to the city. Evidently, it represented the youth and wealth of the capital. The afternoon found me in an entirely different audience, at the late Dr. Fraser's Church. Here, I had the privilege of listening to a sound, practical discourse, delivered in a practical manner, to a plain, practical congregation. As I glanced around the fast filling pews, I could not help thinking that—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

I thought of sturdy old John Knox; and said to myself that, the same principles at stake, Presbyterianism has splendid material yet, even in this new city of the West.

There is another class in Victoria—the non-church goers—as was evident from the numerous Sunday excursions. Trains, loaded with pleasure-seekers come and go; steamers announce their own arrival or give ample notice of their departure, as on week days. People throng the streets in the vicinity of the port, carrying valises and lunch baskets; shops are open here and there and trade is going briskly on. One begins to think he has mistaken the day, but the clang, clang, clang, of Trinity, Pandora and two or three other church bells, recalls his wandering thoughts and warns him that it is indeed the Lord's Day.

Victoria's principal schools are well out of the city, but her very young children are well provided for in the several ward schools.

One of the finest streets, as to location, is that built and occupied by the Chinese and known as Chinatown. It runs at right angles to the port. It is more delightful when viewed at a distance, for the pungent odors which greet one's nasal appendage in the vicinity, seem to impair the sense of vision. The smell of decaying fish, vegetables and fruit, of decoctions peculiar to the Chinese together with open sewers, send forth odors as penetrating as they are disgusting. How curious the denizens of this street look in their dainty white slippers, flowing robes and long queues. All Chinamen wear the queue and make some attempt to retain the native dress. The dress of the "tyees" consists of the inevitable white slippers, loose flowing robes, generally of dark blue, but sometimes of variously colored silk, over loose trousers. The color and richness of the dress indicate the rank of the wearer. The lower class, usually, wear a loose blue shirt over wide trousers. The Chinese in Victoria support a doctor and a lawyer. The Celestial is a sagacious business man and an inveterate gambler. A Chinese mission, in connection with the Methodist Church, has done good work, especially in the Women's Rescue Home.

You get a lesson in western ways, when, after purchasing a piece of sticking plaster, or, a half-dozen oranges, you are informed that the price is "two-bits." Seeing your mystified look the dealer takes in the situation and politely informs you that, in coast parlance, "two-bits" means twenty-five cents, "four bits" fifty cents, etc. You hand him a five dollar bill, crisp and new, and clink, clink, he gives you four great, heavy, silver dollars, besides the smaller change. Were it not for the rapidity with which small change disappears on this coast, one would soon become overloaded, for bills are a rarity.

During my visit—the latter part of June and the first part of July—the weather was

moist. When the "Scotch mist" took a turn on the hills, we were greeted with a white fog from the sea, but the temperature was mild and balmy. I was informed, however, that, owing to the proximity of such large bodies of water, the winters are rather raw.

Dominion Day was observed by hoisting the Union Jack on the Government offices and some other public buildings. A few private houses also showed the old flag.

"That has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

I am sorry to say it was mostly conspicuous by its absence. A picnic on Beacon Hill was a semi-public demonstration. Closely following, came the "glorious fourth." Everybody seemed to wake up in order to assure our cousins of our continued good-will. I wondered whether the Victorians were in favour of annexation, or, whether, secure under the British flag, their loyalty was so staunch it needed no display.

After having seen most of the Canadian cities, and several in the United States, I can say, without hesitation, that Victoria, with her 22,000 inhabitants, is the most beautiful of all. She, no doubt, lacks the splendour of art, but her attractions of situation, climate and surroundings do not depend on art; and her people have had the good sense to tamper but slightly with Nature's beauties; or, if they did interfere, 'twas but "to set struggling nature free." If Victoria "from the inside" be as charming as Victoria "from the outside," and, were I possessed of an ample fortune, I would do as so many others have done—make Victoria my home.

Post Carpet-Cleaner.

The poet Tennyson had his little mishaps, just as less gifted mortals do. One afternoon he called on some friends, and learned that they were not at home and decided to leave a note. The house-maid took him to the drawing-room, and gave him pen, ink and paper.

When signing his name to his polite little missive, Tennyson, by a jerk of the elbow, overturned the ink-bottle; and great was his dismay at seeing a large pool of ink spreading rapidly over his friend's new white Persian carpet of matchless beauty. Horror struck, he rang the bell. Up ran the servant. "Do please help me!" cried the poet.

It happened that the milkman had just left a can of frothing milk at the door, and the intelligent housemaid remembered in the nick of time that new milk, if thrown over wet ink, would remove all traces of the despoiling fluid. Accordingly she overturned the jug upon the large black pool, and with house-funnel and cloths set about rubbing and scrubbing at the stain.

Down went Tennyson on his hands and knees, rubbing and scrubbing with his little helpmeet. His agony of mind lest his old friend should knock at the door and suddenly appear on the scene of disaster he often described in later days, declaring that it "reached the infinite." But with such a good-will did this strange couple work together that every trace of ink was removed.

"Here is a five-shilling piece, my good girl," cried the poet, "and God bless you!"

With that he seized his hat and made for the door. Some weeks later an invitation to dine with his old friends reached Tennyson. He went; and the carpet was in no way alluded to on either side.

A Golden City in Africa.

We find in the London Times a letter giving a striking description of the remarkable town of Johannesburg in the Transvaal, which is well called "The Golden City." Its name even does not appear on the maps of Africa issued ten years ago. It will be a surprise to multitudes to know that there is any such spot on the African continent. The city stands upon a gold reef, upon which reef fifty companies are now working, employing 3,370 white men and over 32,000 natives. Of the city of Johannesburg itself, the writer says:

"It is neither beautiful nor impressive from the aesthetic point of view, but it might be set down as it stands in any part of the civilized world. It has a population of about 40,000. The buildings are good, the streets are broad, there are shops with plate glass windows full of ball dresses and silver plate, the residential quarters are rapidly spreading themselves out into squares and boulevards, a tram line connects them with the business center, for twenty miles east and west you may see the funnels of mining works smoking against the sky, the sound of an engine whistle is in your ears, and you find that a tram has been constructed, which runs from one end of the Rand to the other. The town is lit with gas, the water is supplied to all its houses, every ordinary appliance of civilization is here, and when you remember that it has all been done in five years, and that every scrap of material has been carried up, and the six pianos waiting at the frontier will presently be carried, by ox wagons, you begin to realize something of the extraordinary conditions which can have called so sudden a development into existence."

KILLED HIM AT LAST.

The Lunatic Who Swallowed the Cutlery is Dead.

Three months ago one of the inmates of Toronto Asylum swallowed several articles of cutlery. On Friday the man died. His name was William Tucker, a son of Rev. Mr. Tucker, a retired minister living on Henry street, Toronto. Up to Thursday the man suffered not the slightest inconvenience or pain, but on that day he was seized with inflammation of the lining of the bowels and he died next day. Dr. Caven and Drs. Weir and Robinson, resident physicians, performed a post mortem. Dr. Lynd, Dr. Young, of McCaul street, and Dr. Robinson were also present. The spoon and knife were almost entirely eaten away but the fork—also electroplate—was very little corroded. The knife and fork were still in the stomach but had ulcerated the wall and broken through. The spoon had taken the natural course towards the small intestines. That he lived so long is one of the greatest marvels in medical history. The case will be reported all over the world in medical books, as nothing approaching it ever occurred before. The knife was 9 1/2 inches long, the spoon 6 inches and the fork 7 1/2 inches. The knife and fork went down handle first and kept that position. Tucker had also swallowed a three-cornered piece of glass which stuck in his wind-pipe. He was 23 years old.

Emerson declared that he composed best when walking.

A Visit to Wonderful Kimberley—An Accident Disclosed to a Passing Traveller the Wealth Which Lay Beneath an African Farm.

Less than twenty years ago, writes Mr. Howard Hazell, in "Hazell's Magazine," Kimberley was a farm, just as flat and uninteresting as other farms in the karroo, and it was not until a passing traveller noticed the pretty and brilliant stones that the farmers' children were playing with, that any one dreamed of the fabulous wealth of diamonds hidden below.

Now Kimberley is a large and thriving town and until a few years ago it was the centre of trade and business, and upon its prosperity depended the prosperity of South Africa.

The town itself is flat, and as uninteresting as a town can be, for everybody's aim seems to have been to make as much money as possible and then leave; and the result is that, with the exception of one or two streets, the town is composed of a collection of corrugated iron huts and buildings, all equally hideous in appearance.

At first, each digger had a small plot of land allotted to him, 30 feet by 10 feet, and from the earth he dug out he extracted the diamonds by working and sifting. But as the digging was carried deeper, these claims began to fall in, and complications arose which ended in almost all the mines being purchased by the De Beers Company, who now virtually control the diamond market, and by limiting the output have raised the price and made it a profitable enterprise. What remains of the open mine is an enormous hole in the ground which very much resembles the holes children are so fond of digging on the seashore. In fact, it might well have been the playground of a gigantic race of children, who had dug these holes and left them as soon as they had tired of their amusement.

The largest of these holes is more than half a mile round and about 500 feet deep, and as there are four mines all nearly as large, one can form some rough idea of the enormous amount of earth that has been removed in searching for the precious pieces of carbon.

At present all the mining is done by underground tunnelling, the same as in a coal mine; and thanks to an introduction I had to the general manager, I was granted the exceptional favour of going below. I met the underground manager—a canny Yorkshire miner—at the time, and attired myself in an old canvas jacket, a pair of trousers, and a slouch hat, which a tramp would not have accepted as a gift. Another visitor completed the trio, and we managed to squeeze ourselves into a little lift only 2 feet 6 inches square, and at the word "All right" we were shot from the brilliant light of an African sun into utter darkness, which was only occasionally relieved as we rattled down past the different levels. To our right was another shaft, up which the earth is taken, and we would now and then hear the big skip rush up with a roar and rumble at something like thirty miles an hour.

Down and down we went, until I thought we were never going to stop; but at last we gradually slowed up, and then stopped with a jerk at the seven hundred and fifty feet level.

Before us was a scene which I shall never forget. Picture to yourself a large cavern, which might well have been the entrance to hell, dimly lit by a few electric lights, and filled with mist and sulphurous fumes, through which emerged the naked forms of dusky and perspiring natives, who were hauling and emptying the trucks which had been filled with the precious blue earth. Toward this cavern ran several tunnels, equally dimly lit and full of vapour, which vomited forth truck after truck of blue earth, which was speedily whisked to the surface by the enormous skip.

At first I was bewildered by the noise and the peculiar surroundings, but I soon became used to it, and stumpled along after our guide down one of the galleries.

These galleries only measured about 5 feet in height, and in many places less than that; while the ground was worn away into ruts and holes, in and out of which we stumbled, often up to our ankles in black slush, and groping our way as best we could by the light of the candle we carried in our hands. From the main tunnels branch off side workings, and at these points the air was suffocating. What with the number of candles burning in the mine, the dynamite used, and the number of men workings the air becomes unbearably hot and stifling in the higher levels. The perspiration was streaming from my face; and even the natives seemed to feel the heat, for I often could only distinguish them from the rocks by the candle-light glistening on their naked and perspiring bodies.

We descended a vertical ladder to the level beneath, and here we had to wait whilst a charge of dynamite exploded. We all waited in silence, which was only broken by the drip, drip of water oozing through the rock, and the heavy breathing of some of the natives, who were glad of a short respite from their arduous work, when suddenly there was a roar and a rush of air which blew out all our candles and made my ears throb painfully. We were then allowed to continue our walk, the air being more filled with fumes than before. Thus we went on for nearly two hours, along one tunnel as far as the working end, examining the progress of each gang of men, until I was fain to say that I had had enough, and should be glad to return to the surface. So we three, tired, dirty, and perspiring mortals entered the lift once more, and were soon drawn to the surface, where in the glorious daylight, and with the blue sky above me, all our subterranean experience seemed a hideous nightmare.

The blue-earth—it is so called from its color—is taken in trucks to the "floors" (large open spaces, some miles in extent), where the earth is laid out and allowed to pulverize by the action of sun and rain.

After some months it is again taken up, and carried to the washing machine, where the earth is washed and sifted, all the diamonds and heavy stones falling to the bottom. Another machine washes away the larger portion of the stones, and those that are left are carefully sorted over by hand and the diamonds picked out. It was very interesting to watch the men sorting over these stones. About a bushel would be brought in and thrown down on a tin-covered table, and they would then be turned over with a piece of tin, and the diamonds picked out and put in a sort of locked post-box.

Garnets are found in great numbers, and these pretty stones are here considered valueless.

One afternoon I went into the offices of

the De Beers Company and saw a parcel of diamonds being sorted.

On a long bench in front of the windows were piles of diamonds of all sizes, shapes, and colors, laid out on white paper in much the same way as sugar is weighed out at a grocer's. The diamonds varied in size from a hazel-nut to a pin's head, and though chiefly of that pure white color which is the marked characteristic of diamonds, yet some were grey, pink, and other tints. The diamonds on the table were about £30,000 in value in the rough, and of course would be worth much more when polished; and I longed to be able to bring away a few of the finest.

Diamonds are all sold at so much per carat and at present the average price is 29s. 6d. per carat; but the price varies from 4s. or 5s. for the smallest and commonest stones, called "boart" (which are used for grinding the diamonds), up to almost any price for a large and beautiful stone.

A WONDROUS SEA STORY.

One Billow Sweeps a Sailor From His Ship, Another Brings Him Back.

After a terrific combat with winds and waves the British steamship British Prince came into New York the other day with the story of a rescue more startling than anything Clark Russell ever dared to write. The British Prince came from Mediterranean ports. As soon as she got outside the Straits of Gibraltar she encountered the fierce gales which have been recently making such havoc on the North Atlantic. She is not a large steamer, and though stanch and well found, she had a hard time of it, the waves breaking over her decks and pounding her back as she struggled to advance. Still, inch by inch she struggled on, until her coal began to give out and she ran into St. Michael's, in the Azores, for a fresh supply. After leaving St. Michael's she met the same kind of weather as before, and had it up to Sandy Hook. When 460 miles east by south of Sandy Hook the steamer sighted what Captain Innis, who commands the British Prince, thought was a pilot boat. A heavy south-west gale was blowing, and a tremendous sea was running. The supposed pilot boat was headed south and had not a stitch of canvas up. She was apparently deserted. The pilot commissioners say there is no pilot boat in that region from New York, and none at sea for which any fear is felt. Still Captain Innis thinks it was a pilot boat.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the supposed pilot boat was sighted. Three hours later, as the captain was eating his supper, and doing so with considerable difficulty on account of the pounding and the rolling of the ship, and the second officer was on the bridge, a great wave, which the first officer says was "like a cliff," came over the bows, carrying away everything before it. The Swedish boatswain of the ship, Charles Lastadius, was on what is called the "fly bridge," a structure extending out in front of the real bridge. He saw the cliff of water falling on him and grasped a stanchion. Stanchion and man were swept away like leaves before a hurricane. The second officer saw the boatswain rise on the top of a wave close on the starboard hand. It was bright starlight, so the struggling man could be seen as he was swept along on the great surging billows, and he was shouting for help.

Thomas Jones is the second officer's name and Mr. Jones made one of the greatest casts of any kind ever read in the seafaring tales. He grabbed a life-buoy which was hanging handy on the bridge, and threw it out into the waves with such precision that it settled down over the boatswain's head, just as the people at Coney Island throw rings over cheap canes in the booths of the "fakirs" in summer time. The man pulled it down under his arms, and though the water was so intensely cold that it numbed him, he struggled bravely for life. The captain, hearing the cry of "man overboard," ran on deck and ordered the ship backed down toward where the boatswain could be seen, rising on the top of the giant waves in the starlight, and driving to the northeast. The steamer backed down past the man, trying to get near him, and then a great wave swept him around the bows to the front side of the ship. Then he was swept away into the night and Captain Innis lost sight of him.

But the captain heard a loud cry from him, and noting a star in the direction from which the cry came he steered by that star and soon saw him again bobbing like a cork on the foaming crest of the starlit waves. The steamer ran toward the struggling man and then close to him, until he was just abreast close aboard. A great wave reared itself with the boatswain on its crest and dashed him against the vessel's rail. He grasped it as a drowning man would, and the wave, receding, left him there. The man was dazed, as well as he might be and clung so tightly to the rail that it took five of his shipmates to loosen his hold and carry him below. Hot water, hot whisky and hot cloths soon brought him about all right, and when the British Prince arrived here yesterday he was none the worse for his remarkable adventure.

RAILROADING ON THE ICE.

Tracks Laid Every Winter Across the Frozen St. Lawrence.

The communications between the two shores of the St. Lawrence River at Montreal are made, as is known, by the means of the Victoria Tubular Bridge, constructed some thirty five years ago, which is the longest in the world, the metallic span being 6,500 feet long.

But from this point to the Atlantic, for a distance of 1,000 miles, there is no other bridge and all the railroads established on both sides the St. Lawrence have necessarily to cross it. The company of the Grand Trunk railroad, which built it, levies a right of way toll of \$10 per car and eight cents per passenger.

To avoid payment of these moneys the S. E. railroad company had the idea, some ten years ago, of constructing in winter a communication between the two shores by means of a railroad established on the ice. Every winter the work is done over again, and it amply pays for the outlay. The length of this ice road is about two miles, between Hochelaga and Longueuil.

The roadway is easily built. The track leaves the main track parallel to the shore, then curves gradually in such a manner as to be perpendicular to it, and, then, again, before it strikes the other shore, it curves anew so as to become nearly parallel to the opposite side, and then it is connected with the main track on this shore.

About the Coolest Weather They Have in Some Parts of Africa.

Mr. Monnier, a member of Captain Binger's party, which is now carrying out a political mission in the countries around Kong, the long-mysterious city that Binger revealed to the world a few years ago, has sent home a doleful picture of the discomforts of life in that hot climate. He says he is writing at the capital of the large district Indenie. The town is the residence of the king, but, nevertheless, it is one of the most miserable villages he ever saw. Day and night, he says, the heat is almost insufferable. The huts are superheated and it is impossible to sleep in them. The party have to make their beds outside the straw dwellings set apart for their use. No water can be found that is fit to drink. There is no running stream within some miles of the village, but there are some swampy places in which the people often bathe before filling their water jugs from the same puddle. The Binger party found it necessary under these unpleasant circumstances not only to filter the water but to boil it before use.

After 10 o'clock in the morning, the heat makes life a burden. In the shadiest places the thermometer shows a temperature of nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The party would be glad to eliminate from the day the six hours between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. None of them are able to sit down to work. It is necessary constantly to change from one place to another, in order to create the illusion that a little air is moving.

FIFTEEN MINUTES' APPLICATION.

To work in one place is all they can stand. It is remarkably difficult to write up their note books, or even to indite a simple letter. The party would be very glad to be left alone in their misery, but not for a single moment can they escape the crowd that surrounds them. The reeking natives, from six o'clock in the morning, begin to show the liveliest interest in every act of their white visitors. They crowd into and around their huts, touch them, ask them questions and make them as miserable as possible. When the white men go to bed it is the turn of the wild beasts and the domestic animals to add to their wretchedness. The writer complains particularly of hundreds of sheep who wander at will through the village and keep up a most pathetic bleating. The general tone of Mr. Monnier's remarks, according to the New York Sun, indicates that he has had about all of Africa that he wants. He may be one of the numerous persons who, in spite of all that has been written, imagine that they are going to have a royal time when they go to Africa and give no thought whatever to the privations and hardships of pioneering in that country, which in its tropical regions under the best of circumstances is a very uncomfortable place to wander over.

SEASONABLE FUN.

Lecturer—"What is dearer to a man than his wife?" Bachelor—"Her jewelry."

Maud—"That was a politic move of Lottie's." Leila—"Yes; kind of a Charlotte ruse."

Whenever there is any doubt about a dog's sanity an ounce of lead is worth a pound of cure.

Young Mr. Dolley—"Miss Amy, what is the best way of killing time in the Winter?" Amy—"Sleigh it."

Sparks—"Why do trolley men on electric cars wear rubber gloves?" Flash—"Because they're not conductors."

Justice O'Halloran—"Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?" Mrs. Kelly—"I hev two livin' and wan married."

"Doesn't it beat all how that woman, married four times, still attracts men?" "Oh, no. The widow's might, you know."

"Say, Phalim, phwat's a ventriloquist?" "He's a lad phwat stands on one side av th' room and talks to himself from th' other."

"If it wasn't for the envy which the noise of opening a bottle raises in the bosoms of the poor fellows who can't afford to buy it there wouldn't be much fun in drinking champagne."

"What do you mean sir," asked the irate bishop of the newly ordained Boston minister "by ending your prayers eternally gyrated, amen?" "But, my dear bishop," expostulated the minister, "don't you think it sounds better than whirled without end?"

Friend of the Family—"But I thought John had a situation. You told me only a day or two ago that he was driving a coal wagon." John's Wife—"Yes; but they have discharged him. He didn't weigh enough. They have a man now who is as good as 300 pounds of coal every time he drives on the scales."

Words in The Telephone.

Long-distance telephoning has become a little science on its own account, and has called into existence a class of operators who are valuable by reason of the clearness and sharpness with which they can pronounce words while speaking rapidly.

It has also developed the fact that the French language is better adapted to the purposes of the telephone than the English. The ordinary business of the long-distance telephone between Paris and London is carried on in the French language. It is stated that the considerable proportion of sibilant or hissing syllables in English renders it a less easy and accurate means of communication.

Certain English words are especially difficult of transmission by telephone. The word "soldier" is cited as one of these. Proper names frequently occur, in the midst of an otherwise perfectly audible and intelligible conversation, which the ear cannot possibly catch. These must be spelled out, involving delay.

Expert telephone operators in the Reuter press service between Paris and London have succeeded in transmitting messages in the French language at the rate of one hundred and ninety words a minute. This is a much swifter rate than ordinary speech.

The speed at which these messages can be transmitted is limited, however, by the proficiency of the stenographers, who must take them down from the receiver's mouth and the stenographers acting in concert have limited the number of words which may be taken in three minutes to four hundred. The three-minute period is the one fixed upon in this case, as the telephone company makes a charge of ten francs, or two dollars, for the use of the wire for three minutes or a less time.

It is with deep regret that we notice our esteemed contemporary, the Nelson Mixer, is evincing symptoms of softening of the brain. It is sad to see such an erstwhile vigorous disseminator of news, logic, and invective drifting into hopeless imbecility. "To what base uses we may return."

We presume the majority of those who will arrive with the spring will come here with the intention of making money. In a country like this there are more ways than one of accumulating wealth. To those of large capital there are rich plums to be had for the plucking—bonanzas in the shape of mines with millions of silver in sight. Kootenay mines will never again be as cheap as they are now. But the great majority of the newcomers will be looking for less ambitious investments than buying silver mines. To such people the buying of good townsite lots will be the most popular road to wealth. It is true West Kootenay has a superabundance of new townsites, and it is hardly likely that all of them will attain to cityhood. But in such a rich mining country as this there can be no doubt that those favorably situated will grow with astonishing rapidity. We need only instance Kaslo in proof. Nine months ago there was but one shanty there. Now it contains a population of 3,000, with nine hotels, a Board of Trade, and is seeking incorporation. There are one or two sites that are even superior to Kaslo. The Lardeau is the newest and richest of the West Kootenay mining districts, gold and copper being found in conjunction with the largest silver ledges ever discovered on this continent, and the coming season will see a vast army of miners and prospectors on every mountain side within its precincts, while the number of mines already bonded ensures a large influx of capital to work them. A town within easy distance of the Lardeau mines will certainly not be a failure, and a town right in the heart of it must assuredly become a populous place in a very short time. The only spot available for a townsite in the Lardeau are the beautiful level plateaux at the northern end of Trout Lake. On this favored spot a town is being laid out, and we predict that before the summer closes the site will be covered with houses. A large business will be done there, seeing that by that time it will be only ten miles distant from the terminus of the Revelstoke and Arrow Lake Railway, which will be extended through the Lardeau to Kootenay Lake next year. Such is Trout Lake City, and those of our readers who desire to increase their capital can find no better means of doing so than by purchasing lots now which by the time mentioned will have increased in value several hundred per cent. It is a beautiful spot from a residential point of view. The placid lake is famed far and near as an angler's paradise, and, as its name implies, it is, par excellence, the haunt of the game fish, "speckled beauties" of immense size having been taken from its waters with a common worm bait. The scenery is sublime and the climate mild, the snowfall being considerably less than here. All these statements are corroborated by everyone who has been there. We have no monetary interest in Trout Lake City lots, but simply wish to inform our readers as to the best investments for small capitalists in West Kootenay, more especially as there are two or three "boom" townsites claiming to be in the Lardeau, and are advertising that misleading statement for all they are worth. Other good points for townsite investments are Lardeau City, on the Northeast Arm, to which the Fish Creek mines are tributary; Nakusp, on the Upper Arrow Lake, will be prosperous, seeing that as soon as the railway to the head of the lake is completed it will have communication with the C.P.R. main line all the year round, and consequently the bulk of the Slocan ore will be taken out that way. Nakusp is also a very agreeable and picturesque residential place. No one can gain say that Kaslo lots still offer a profitable investment, and if they do not go very much higher they will certainly maintain present prices for some time to come.

Coming Home Again.

Great has been the discussion in the Ottawa Parliament about the 980,000 Canadians alleged to have gone over to the States to better their condition. Sir Richard Cartwright and his followers endeavored to make political capital out of the fact that all these had left Canada during the past ten years. It was shown, however, from accurate returns, that the actual increase of Canadians in the United States for that period was only 261,385. From present appearances there is every likelihood that a far greater number than this will emigrate from the

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The wheat reaped on the Regina plains last harvest was pronounced the BEST BETWEEN WINNIPEG AND THE MOUNTAINS, special Samples being secured for the World's Fair at Chicago.

Flour made from this quality of wheat is the article Mr. Robson is now offering to the inhabitants of Revelstoke and district.

Patent Hungarian, Strong Baker's, Oats, Shorts, Bran, Chopped Feed, Roiled Oats, Granulated Oatmeal, Wheat, Hay, &c.

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United States to Canada in the next ten years, and these immigrants will not be confined to ex-Canadians, but among them will be found thousands of native-born Americans, who are leaving their own country for reasons stated below.

The Winnipeg Free Press says:—Returning immigration agents who have been working in the States in the interests of the Canadian Northwest report the prospects for incoming settlers this year as beyond all expectations. T. G. Pierce, who for several months has been organizing the work in the State of Washington, principally in the districts of Tacoma, Spokane and Palouse, arrived from the west last evening, and to a reporter gave a few interesting facts:—

"What will the immigration from Washington amount to this year?" was the reporter's query.

"It will be immense. I have been there six weeks, and Alberta and other favored spots will receive a great influx this spring."

"Why do they wish to leave?"

"They are very dissatisfied with their own country. Taxation is too high, interest is exorbitant, and their crops are not what they used to be. They are also dissatisfied with the administration of the laws there—a man can get married to-day, divorced to-morrow, and be married again the third day. But there are other laws equally bad, which are even more complained of."

"What class are the settlers who are desirous of moving?"

"Mostly Canadians who left their native land several years ago, and are now desirous of returning. They will settle in most cases on C. P. R. lands, bringing in good implements, herds of cattle, and other stock."

Mr. Pierce afterwards left for Ottawa to consult with the immigration department on the matter of entering all farm animals free of duty. Later advices from Ottawa state that the Cabinet has decided to establish a 90 days' quarantine on settlers' cattle from the States. This action has been taken for the purpose of satisfying the Imperial authorities that every precaution is being taken to prevent pleuro-pneumonia entering Canada. It will seriously retard the migratory movement from the western States, if it does not kill it altogether.

Most of these immigrants will pass through Revelstoke, coming up the Columbia River by boat, and the expectancy of this large traffic ought to act as a stimulant to the C. P. R. authorities to make an effort to complete the line from here to the Arrow Lake this summer.

The Industrial World, of Spokane, says:—"We are in receipt of a copy of the Dominion Lands Act, which comprises the land policy of the Dominion Government. The Government is co-operating with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to induce immigration to the Canadian Northwest, and it is said, with excellent success. The United States Government is also co-operating by making it undesirable to live this side the line. * * * The Dominion Government has pursued a liberal policy to induce immigration and protect the settler. We are informed that the rates of interest for money are much lower than here. The primitive honesty of the people, to which all travellers testify, indicates that this part of the Queen's dominions may yet become the citadel of American liberty."

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NOTICE OF SALE BY SHERIFF, PURSUANT TO THE "EXECUTION ACT."

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

JOHN CAMPBELL

AND

THE KOOTENAY B.C. SMELTING & TRADING SYNDICATE (Ld.).

In obedience to a writ of Fi Fa issued out of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, dated the 14th day of February, 1893, and to me directed in the above-named suit for the sum of \$10,481.23, and \$3.50 for costs of execution, etc., and also interest on \$10,458.34, at 6 per cent. per annum, from the 20th day of January, 1893, until payment, besides sheriff's fees, poundage, and all other expenses of this execution,

I have seized and will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION the following GOODS on THURSDAY, the 2nd day of March, 1893, at the Kootenay (B.C.) Smelting & Trading Syndicate (Limited) works, near Revelstoke, B.C., at 12 o'clock noon, to satisfy the judgment debt and costs in this action, if the said amounts are not sooner paid.

LIST OF GOODS SEIZED.

- 1 stationary hoisting engine and hoisting gear.
- 1 stationary engine and fixtures in lower engine-room.
- 1 fan blast and fixtures.
- 1 Gurney scale, capacity 3,500 lbs.
- 1 large stationary engine.
- 1 steam pump.
- 5 iron wheelbarrows.
- 2 large oil tanks, with pumps.
- 2 jack screws.
- 50 feet rubber hose.
- 50 feet band iron.
- 200 feet hemp rope.
- 5 boxes window glass.
- 17 slag pots, small.
- 2 " " large.
- 16 moulds, quantity crushed ore, wire rope, charcoal and coke, number metal castings, pulleys, belts, etc.

S. REDGRAVE,

Sheriff of Kootenay.

Revelstoke, Feb. 20th, 1893.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for William's Head Wharf," will be received until Wednesday, the 22nd day of March next, inclusively, for the construction of a wharf for quarantine purposes at William's Head, British Columbia, in accordance with plans and a specification to be seen at the office of the Resident Engineer, Victoria, B.C., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to FIVE PER CENT. OF AMOUNT OF TENDER, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 7th February, 1893.

This space is reserved

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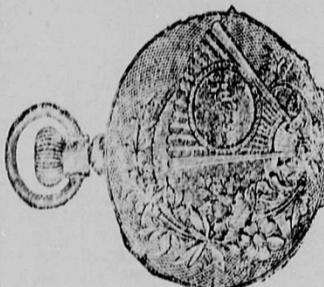
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REVELSTOKE, B. C.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Prayer in the Snow.

The snow fell thick, and the snow fell fast,—
A man from the trees where the winter
wind lingers—
Jack Frost whirled by, and with icy fingers
Shook from his locks the wintry blast.

The fire on the hearth in the cotta's home
Fluttered, and out the cinders skurried,
As the wind round and round the chimney
hurried.
Said the cotta, " 'Tis a fearful night to roam ;

" But the dog whines, and leads with pitying
eye ;
" Mayhap some stranger's lost in the snow,"
So out the cotta and cotta go,
To let if the wind bears a human cry.

Not far from the door in a drift of snow
Two children were lost, and bitterly crying,
While the winter wind went mournfully sigh-
ing,
While the icy snow skurried to and fro.

" Dear God"—and the moon peeped out—prayed
eye,
" Dear God, comfort our darling mamma,
And don't forget our own, own papa,
And wash our grave in the snow, please do !"

But before the children had said, " Amen,"
The cotta's dog gave a joyful bark ;
And soon the children were out of the dark,
And soon were safe at their home again.

" But mamma," said Lulu the wise, " don't you
see !
It was God sent the dog and the man out that
night,
God heard my wee prayer, from his home in
the light,
And sent back, to comfort you, both of us."
—[Myrtle B. Castle.

A BEAR STORY.

Hugh Arden was 16 years old when he met with the adventure that nearly cost him his life.

Hugh was a tall, muscular boy for his age, and the best wrestler among his school-mates. His parents moved to the north woods of Ontario when Hugh was a lad in knickerbockers.

From the time he was old enough to carry a gun he was in the woods all his spare time, and perhaps more than that, since his mother often chided him for leaving "chores" undone to go after a deer or fox.

However, Hugh was, generally speaking, a good boy, and aided not a little, with his rifle, in keeping the home larder filled. His father being a hard working man, was but little at home, as he worked at a saw-mill six miles away, going to his work on Monday morning and not returning until Saturday night.

When Hugh was 16, his father bought him a rifle, with which the boy was more than delighted. He promised to be more faithful than ever to repay his father for so fine a present.

It was not long ere both boy and parents had cause to rejoice at the purchase.

Hugh frequented the woods more than ever now, and was quite successful in bringing down game. On one occasion he had the good fortune to shoot two large bucks, thus supplying the family with meat for a long time.

One afternoon in autumn Hugh was returning from a hunt along the river several miles from home, with his Winchester slung over his arm carelessly. His face wore a grave expression, since he had met ill-luck that day, having expended several rounds of ammunition without bringing down any game.

As he emerged into a little settlement on the river bank he was attracted by a crowd of people gathered in front of a house, talking rapidly, and seemingly deeply excited. The lad hurried forward, anxious to learn the meaning of the excitement.

" My women folks seen a bear down in the berry bushes," explained a tall settler, in answer to a question from Hugh.

" It was the biggest critter I ever seed," put in one of the women. "'Twas black as ink, an' bigger 'n our cow. I tell ye, wasn't me 'n Melissa scart, though! I streaked it for home. I fell down twice, an' spilt all my berries."

The woman paused for want of breath, and Hugh turned to the men, who had armed themselves, and seemed ready to start in pursuit of the bear.

" If you have no objections I will accompany you," said Hugh, modestly.

" If you ain't afeard, you can go, of course," said one of the settlers.

Hugh laughed at the idea of fear, armed as he was with a sixteen-shooter, and at once prepared to accompany the men in the hunt for bruin.

It was only a mile to the berry patch, and the three men with Hugh soon reached it. After a short search, seeing nothing of the bear, the four came together for a short consultation. After some discussion it was decided to separate and beat up the bushes thoroughly.

The berry patch was about half a mile in extent, composed of a dense mass of fallen timber, as well as a thick growth of black-berry bushes. The berry season was nearly over, and bruin was doubtless foraging for the last crop when seen by the settlers' wives.

Hugh found himself skirting the south side of windfall, when he was brought to a sudden standstill by a low, angry growl. At once he dropped his Winchester to a level and peered shaply ahead. Only a minute thus, when the bushes were agitated and a black snout was poked over a fallen tree not ten yards distant. Quickly Hugh raised his gun and fired.

With a howl of pain the bear dropped from sight. The bushes were agitated as the brute rushed away. Hugh was deeply excited now, fully believing he had wounded the bear. He felt elated at the thought that he might be able to kill the huge animal before any of the men came up.

Pushing boldly forward the boy was soon in hot and eager pursuit. Soon he heard a furious howling and thrashing in the bushes not far distant. Bruin seemed to have become fastened in a treetop, much to the delight of Hugh, who believed that he could now dispatch the animal without danger to himself.

Eagerly the boy pressed forward and soon found himself upon the bear, which was thrashing about madly, in a tangle of limbs and bushes.

Standing within twenty feet of the brute, Hugh leveled his rifle. Aiming at the huge shoulder, the boy pulled the trigger. With the report came a cry of pain and Hugh saw a red stain coursing down the shaggy coat of bruin. Another shot will finish him, thought the boy, who trembled with excitement.

Hugh realized that the report of his gun would bring the men to his side, which

made him anxious to dispatch the bear before they should arrive.

Seeing the animal fall and flounder in the bushes, Hugh advanced boldly, with the hammer of his rifle raised, ready to send in another shot the moment opportunity offered. He was almost upon the bear, when the brute reared upright and confronted him, with open mouth and flaming eyes.

It was evident that the animal was severely, if not fatally wounded, and it was foolhardy in Hugh to approach so near the enraged brute. The lad, however, felt no fear with so many shots in his repeating rifle.

" I have you now, you old rascal!" exclaimed Hugh, thrusting the muzzle of his rifle almost against the head of the bear. He pulled the trigger.

No report followed, and Hugh staggered back in dismay. His gun had never missed fire before; to do so now was most unpleasant.

Again he pulled. No report. Hastily removing the cartridge, or at least supposing he did so, Hugh pumped in another, and again pulled the trigger. A dull metallic click alone answered.

At this moment the bear seemed to take in the situation, and moved toward Hugh. One mere ineffectual attempt to fire convinced the boy that not a cartridge remained in the gun. In his excitement on seeing the bear he had neglected to refill the magazines. He stood unarmed before a wounded and enraged bear.

For fully a minute Hugh Arden stood trembling and faint with terrible fright before his four-footed enemy. At length he managed to turn and flee.

He staggered as he moved, and before going ten rods, his foot became entangled in a mass of vines, and he felt himself falling.

With howls that were almost human in their agony and rage, the wounded bear rushed in pursuit of his foe. Bruin was almost at his heels when Hugh fell. As he went down into a hollow several feet in depth. Before he could move the bear plunged headlong over a fallen tree, and crashed down upon the helpless boy.

Twenty minutes later two men, armed with rifles, appeared on the scene, attracted by the shots fired by Hugh.

The huge form of the bear nearly covered the hollow in which Hugh lay. The animal was quite still, and an examination showed that he was dead.

" Both on 'em dead," said one of the settlers, as he aided in rolling the carcass of the bear from Hugh.

" It do look like it," replied the other.

The depth and smallness of the hollow, however, had saved the boy from being crushed, and in a short time he opened his eyes, apparently none the worse for his fainting, although quite sore from numerous bruises.

It was Hugh's bear, the settlers declared, and they assisted him to remove the skin, which he bore in triumph to his home late that night. You may be sure the boy never forgot that day's adventure, which came so near terminating his earthly existence.

THE STORE LOAFER.

An American Institution Which is Not Worth Keeping.

The store loafer is distinctively an institution of this continent. His shingle hangs out in every county. Times or seasons make no change in his habits. You find him in Summer ventilating his person and opinions astride a barrel or in spinal proximity to the surface of a dry goods box. In Winter he is only invisible when mud or snow blockades the road, but when a rabbit can walk or a squirrel escape interment the foot of the loafer, after finding its sock, approaches the grocer's store. Here he whittles and rotates tobacco, evaporates what little steam is left in his anatomy and adds the knowledge of his neighbors' business to what he has forgotten of his duty and his debts. He absorbs caloric from a stove burning another man's coal, the tobacco he reduces to ash and nicotine is largely gratuitous, while for the corner he occupies he pays no rent except in spots on the floor and observations made on sugar, beans and politics.

It is needless to say that as his eyes are innocent of a bandage and his ears are not blockaded, that what he imbibes through both mediums makes him expert as a social critic and a scandal artist. It is from such gentlemen at ease that 90 per cent. of town gossip finds its insidious way. He enjoys the news as he does his pipe, and generally manages to leave even a newsboy or a sewing meeting in the rear when he unloads his memory and uncorks himself on the public ear. It is not to be supposed that a man addicted to this kind of pastime has much ambition to wet his own skin with honest perspiration. As a rule he cares more for slicing watermelon than for cutting wood, and has a gift of grumbling when his wife fails to reconstruct the stovepipe or misses connection with the coal house.

In a personal and social sense the store loafer is nothing less delicate than a public nuisance. Everybody but himself is cognizant of this three story fact, and we know of nothing that can make him so excepting conversion or admonitory shoe leather. Few men in business but would rather tolerate a white-faced hornet than a chronic loafer. It is certainly one of the missing planks in modern reform that store loafing should escape criticism and slow death and be allowed to associate itself with dry goods and groceries to the hindrance of business and injury to the public stomach, to say nothing of the scandal and gossip that has an artesian well in the wrinkled vest of the tounge. There are but few evils in a country town, except a want of sidewalks and leverage, that by weight or measure can discount the nuisance of store loafing.

Be thy creed or thy prayers what they may, unless thou hast truth within thee thou wilt not find the path to true happiness. The source of final happiness is in the heart, and only the fool seeks it elsewhere.

Judge none lost; but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

The earth grows more beautiful as men grow better and wiser. Mark, how the sense of beauty reacts upon the nature of all savage and civilized alike, disposing to deeds of gentleness and peace. Man treads more softly as the scene grows more beautiful.

VISIONS.

Whence those wonder-woven visions,
Born on Myrtles' weird, dark wings,
Filling nightly minds of mortals,
With a world of phantom things?

Do they come from realms of spirits
While the body lies at rest,
And the spirit free to wander,
Speaks to spirit unoppressed?

As at eve the summer lightning
Leaps from out the slumbering cloud;
So in dreams the spirit flashes
From its clay-encumber'd shroud.

And the visions of our slumber
Shed a radiance richer far,
Than the moonbeams ever kindled,
Or the light of heaven's star.

As at dawn Aurora arising
Flings her banners to the sky;
So in dreams the spirit ranging
Reaches hill-tops heaven-high;

Scales serene, celestial mountains;
Rooms where mortals never tread;
Drinks the cup of love's sweet nectar,
And in thought communes with God.

Childhood Visions—Golden Visions!
Bright with Joy's angelic wings;
Clad with Love's celestial garments;
Breathing life's divinest things!

Boyhood Visions—Blissful Visions!
Reft of every earthly care;
Roaming where the golden Morning
Sheds his brightest sunbeams there!

Girlhood Visions—Gleeful Visions!
Wrought from Fancy's fairy looms,
Where the flower of life unfolding,
Soon to richest color blooms!

Youthful Vision—Soaring Visions!
Built on Life's ascending scale
Reaching to the highest station
From the foot-prints in the vale!

Maiden Vision—Joyful Visions!
Webs of wonder wove above;
Coming from the highest heaven
To the human heart of love!

J. E. POLLOCK, B.A.

Toronto, Jan. 25th, 1893.

A Sleigh-Ride.

Just room for two—not too much room—
I took her in all and warm;
I'm conscious of her hair's perfume
And of the nearness of her arm.
I shake the lines out free and gay,
The sleigh bells chime and we're away.

Across the crisp and glittering snow,
Leaving behind the city street,
Its garish glare and noise, we go
Into the darkness, still and sweet,
And here and there a household gleam
Flits by us in a flying dream!

How speed the horses gaily driven!
The sweet bells clatter silvery mirth,
And every star is white in heaven,
And every field is white on earth.
How dark the brightness seems!—how bright
The darkness of the winter night!

We race the open road like wind—
But in the dim and shadowy lanes
Our wild pace slackens, and I find
One hand enough to hold the reins
And, somehow, when I try to speak,
My words are kisses on her cheek.

Ah, life is fair in many ways,
And full of dear, enchanting hours!
And love is sweet in summer days,
Mid blossoming paths and sylvan bowers!
But let me choose, all bliss above,
A sleigh-ride with the girl I love.

The Flying Years.

As a dream when night is done,
As a shadow flees the sun;
As a ship whose white sails skim
Over the horizon dim,
As a life complete of days
Vanisheth from mortal ways,
As a hope that pales to fear—
Is the dying of the year.

As the first gold shaft of light
Shivers through the wreck of night;
As the thrill and stir that bring
Promise of the budding Spring;
As new thoughts of life that rise
Mirrored in a sick man's eyes,
As strange joys to hearts forlorn,
So another year is born.

Glad or sad, a dwindling span
Is the little life of man,
Love and hope and work and tears
Fly before the flying years;
Yet shall tremulous hearts grow bold
All the story is not told—
But as it is, as it is,
Spreads God's great Eternity.

A White World.

I never knew the world in white
So beautiful could be,
As I have seen it here to-day
Beside the wintry sea;
A new earth, bride of a new heaven,
Has been revealed to me.

The sunrise blended wave and cloud
In one broad flood of gold,
But touched with rose the world's white robes
In every curve and fold;
While the blue air did over all
Its breath in wonder hold.

Earth was a statue half awake
Beneath her Scepter's hand,
How the Great Master bands with love
Above the work He planned!
Easy it is on such a day,
To feel and understand.

—[Lucy Larcom.

BURIED IN A MINE.

An Escaped Miner Tells His Thrilling Experience.

" I was working very quietly, away back from the shaft of the mine, and all alone. My labors were interrupted by a dull, smothered roar that was followed by falling earth, and then I realized that I was penned in; that the mine was wrecked and that my life was worth little. The noise soon died away and things were much as they were before. But a little distance from my position the earth had fallen and blocked the path. I was at first overcome with fear. I imagined that I could hear my brains grinding in a tunnel. Then I lost all consciousness. When I awoke again I was somewhat more calm and began to move about. I crawled along over great banks of earth that had fallen for a distance of fully 100 feet, then I heard groans and I knew that I was near some injured miner. But here my progress stopped, and I quit. A few hours later my light burned out then my misery was complete.

" For eight days I remained quite near that one spot, hoping against hope for deliverance. It came eventually. I heard the sounds of picks, and soon the glimmer of miners' lamps shone through the various crevices. When an opening was made I crawled out, and I assure you that I gave thanks. Yes, that's why people say I look old now, when I am only 35, and that is why my hair is gray. But I assure you that when an aged expression and gray hair are enduring, but to starve to death in a mine is the awfullest and deadliest way to beat out a man's existence in this world that I can conceive of."

Among the weeds let bloom one rose,
Lo, all the field with beauty glows!
So to the plainest face a smile
Will lend it Beauty's mask the while.
—[Frank D. Sherman.

BRIEF AND INTERESTING.

Krupp's factory has 2,222 furnaces.

Great Britain has eighty miles of tunnels. The flesh of the oyster is about 90 per cent. water.

About 2,000 daily and weekly journals are printed in Paris.

The fashion of serving the fish before meats began in 1562.

There are twenty thousand trained nurses in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Salmon was formerly believed to promote drunkenness.

Old manuscripts and autographs are not bringing the prices they used to.

The agitation against theatre hats is spreading; but so are the hats, unfortunately.

Pet dogs are now furnished with shoes for the purpose of protecting the polished floors.

Cuban barbers lather their patrons with their hands from a bowl made to fit under the chin.

The profits from the sale of the works of Charles Dickens still amounts to about £3,000 a year.

The coolie, fed on rice is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat.

Statistics show that the chances of fatal accident in railway travel is one in every ten million.

Her Majesty is said to be sufficiently versed in Hindustani to keep a diary in that interesting language.

The Cossacks and Circassians of the Russian Guard are mainly Mohammedans, and consequently strict teetotalers.

The largest telephone centre in the world is that in the exchange in Berlin, Germany, where 7,000 wires are connected with the main office.

The newest fad in autograph books is one of cooking recipes. Each formula written in the book has the signature of the contributing friend under it.

An inmate of an American convent has recently died, after being there 98 years, without once going outside the convent walls. Her recorded age was 115 years.

A swimming tank is said to be a cure for lameness in horses. In swimming the horse exercises the same muscles as in trotting, but with no injury to his feet or legs.

So extensive are the feeding grounds and so rapid the movements of the wild ostrich that as many as fifty or sixty miles are often travelled by it between daybreak and dark.

It is said that a Spanish firm of publishers once produced a work in which one letter only got misplaced through accident, and this is believed to have been the nearest approach to perfection that has ever been attained in a book.

The salaries earned by average leading ladies and gentlemen in American companies run from £20 to £60 a week, while the juveniles get from £15 to £20, which may also be taken as the salary of good comedians and second ladies.

A person who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the centre of disturbance is quite near him.

The longest single span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph wire and is stretched over the River Kistuah, between Bezorah and Sektanagrum, India. It is over 6,000 feet long, and is stretched from the top of one mountain to another.

Although it may not generally be known, the woods of northern Canada are still infested by a queer species of bison known as the "wood buffalo." He is much larger than the buffalo of the plains, which formerly abounded in such numbers.

The Kalmucks of Astrakhan, a roving people numbering about 150,000 souls, have at last been freed from serfdom. When the other Russian serfs were freed in 1861 it was considered dangerous to extend this privilege to these people, lest their wildness would lead to its abuse.

In the British Patent Office, where of all places in the world one would expect to find things ordinarily well "up to date," the steel pen is unknown, and the antediluvian goose-quill absolute and supreme. Verily the ways of Government officials are not as other men's.

Another use has been found for electricity. In Ceylon experiments have shown that it is more economical to dry tea leaves by its agency than by the old method, and extensive plants have been erected for that purpose.

The term "tabby cat" is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuff called atibi or taffety. This stuff is woven with wavy markings of watered silk resembling a "tabby" cat's coat.

In the Roman Campagna, at the sepulchre of Metella, wife of Sulla, there is an echo which repeats five times, each being in a different key. It will also repeat a hexameter line, or another sentence which can be spoken in two and a half seconds.

The Shah of Persia, who has ten millions sterling stored in his palace, has been borrowing a sum from the State to defray the cost of his summer outing to the distant provinces of his empire. His suite comprises 10,000 people, including 300 wives.

Adelina Patti was the first prima donna who demanded in Paris a nightly salary of ten thousand francs. When it was conceded to her her rivals preferred the same claims; so that to keep her supremacy in the operatic market she persistently raised her prices to fifteen thousand francs, which sum she received for each of the three concerts she gave in one week at the Eden Theatre.

A coloured woman, named Lizzie Young, in Georgia, U.S.A., takes contracts for excavations, and sometimes has thirty carts employed under her direction. When not busy checking off loads she crochets or sews. For six months or so every year she runs an extensive woodyard. She keeps two or three men in the forest chopping, two or three more sawing and splitting in the yard, and four or five delivering and peddling the wood. She keeps from forty to sixty head of hogs on her farm, and has a well route in the city which supplies them with nearly all the food necessary. Every year she sells many hundred dollars' worth of pork. She is also an extensive chicken farmer, and drives a good trade in poultry and eggs.

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF COINS.

The Philadelphia mint has a wonderful collection of coins. Among other curiosities it includes what is believed to be the oldest piece of metal money ever made, which was minted in Aegina about 700 B. C. The design is in high relief, representing a tortoise crawling across the face of the coin. It has no date.

Dates on coins were unknown up to 400 years ago. The very early coins bore designs only on one face.

Of all coins that ever existed the smallest in value was the "mite," such as the wadon in the Bible dropped through the slot of the poor-box. The most valuable coin in the collection described is a Chinese piece worth £50.

It is simply a rectangular chunk of gold stamped with Chinese characters.

Lumps of gold are commonly used in China for currency of large denominations. A coin minted in Egypt bears the head of Queen Arsinoe, who was Cleopatra's great-great-great-great-great-grandmother.

Queerest of all the coins are those from Siam—irregular roundish lumps of silver, from the bigness of a walnut to that of half a buckshot.

Modern coins, though the mechanical processes for producing them have been so greatly improved, are far inferior artistically to those of ancient times.

In Babylon of old, which fell before coining was invented, gold and silver were weighed out with scales for use as money.

The earliest form of money is still in use to day in Southern Asia, the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and parts of Africa, where cowrie shells are the favourite negotiable medium.

They are usually quoted at about 100 for two-pence.

Most of them are obtained from the Maldives and Laccadive Islands in the Arabian Sea.

How Water Freezes.

A scientific paper describes how the process of freezing is carried on in Nature's alchemy. By means of two thermometers it is first ascertained that the temperature of the water at the surface and at the bottom is respectively 43° and 45°. A cold wind sweeps over the surface of the water, so that the temperature is suddenly reduced to, say, 44°. By this reduction in temperature it contracts and becomes specifically heavier, sinking and displacing the comparatively light and warm water below which rises to the surface, becomes cooled below 44°, and immediately falls, displacing the warmer water at the bottom, which in turn rises, gets cooled and falls, its place being again supplied by lighter and warmer water. And so the cooling and sinking processes go on, the upper thermometer always indicating the higher temperature, when suddenly the magic point, 39°, is reached, when all movement at once ceases. The upper layer of water is still exposed to the cooling influences of the wind, and speedily falls in temperature, but still retains its place. The upper thermometer now shows that the water which surrounds it is being rapidly reduced in temperature, but the lower one remains stationary at 39°. At this temperature water is heavier than at any other, and there, like a stone, it remains at the bottom, and as it is fully protected from outward influences by the mass of superincumbent water, its temperature remains very much at the same point. The water on top, however, having nothing to protect it, gets cooler and lighter every moment. Down the thermometer goes to 37°, 35° and 32°, and then a slight breeze ripples the surface, and the next moment a thin sheet of ice spreads itself over all. The ice, however, is colder and lighter than the water, so that it floats on the surface and acts as a blanket, protecting the comparatively warm and heavy water below from being cooled. So that even during the severest winter only a comparatively thin superficial layer of ice is usually formed, and the greater part of the water remains unfrozen at the bottom.

People To-Day in the Stone Age.

The weapons used by the Fuegians are the sling, the spear, and the bow and arrow. The sling consists of a circular piece of seal-skin, to which are attached two thongs of the same, and the missile employed is a rounded pebble. In the use of this weapon the natives have attained to a really wonderful degree of dexterity, being able to hit an object no bigger than a man's head from a distance of fully thirty yards. The spear handles are about eight feet long, and consist of young stems of the winter-bark tree. They are tipped with sharp pieces of obsidian, and are mainly used for killing porpoises and otters, but sometimes also for capturing the larger-sized fish which frequent the kelp.

The bow, also fashioned from the winter's bark, is about three and a half feet long and is strung with twisted gut. The arrows are polished, neatly feathered, and tipped with barbs of flint or occasionally of variously colored glass. The glass from which the arrow-tips are made is supplied by bottles obtained from passing vessels, and in fashioning these barbs considerable ingenuity is displayed. A portion of broken bottle is laid upon a flat stone with its edge slightly projecting. Little bits of glass are carefully chipped off by means of a piece of bone until the requisite shape is obtained, and the tips are then fastened to the shaft with fine fibres of seal gut. In the absence of glass the natives employ, as I have said, pieces of flint or other hard stone, which they fashion generally to the shape of a barb. In fact, these people, like the Andaman Islanders, are still in the Stone Age. The weapons described are employed for hunting purposes only. In warfare, reliance is placed upon rude clubs and heavy stones, which are grasped with both hands.

Between 3,000 and 4,000 litres of wine are made every year from grapes grown in the gardens of the Vatican. This wine is used almost exclusively in administering the sacraments at mass. The Pope always assists at the harvesting, and this is one of the annual occupations to which he looks forward with great pleasure.

A convict in a Hungarian prison has patented a device for shaving whereby it requires but twenty-five seconds for the operation. He has been permitted to try the thing on the 150 inmates of the prison, and the experiment is said to have been conducted to the complete satisfaction of the governor of the prison.

TROUT

LAKE

CITY

WEST KOOTENAY, B.C.

The above town site will be placed on the market shortly. It is situated at the north end of Trout Lake, in the famous

LARDEAU COUNTRY

which is going to be one of the RICHEST MINING REGIONS in America. NUMEROUS RICH CLAIMS have been found close to this town site, which will make it the DISTRIBUTING POINT for an IMMENSE TRACT OF COUNTRY. It is the only level land at the north end of the lake. The owners intend to expend money on streets and other improvements in the Spring. The trail from Lardeau City, on Arrow Lake, to Kootenay Lake, runs through the town site. The first hundred lots will be sold at \$200 for corners, and \$150 for insides

For further particulars apply to

C. E. PERRY & CO.,

at the Head Office, Nelson, B.C., or to

T. L. HAIG,

Local Agent,

REVELSTOKE, B.C.