

MINERAL ACT, 1891. (FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Lanark Mineral Claim, Illecillewaet, West Kootenay District.

Take notice that I, N. P. SNOW-DON, free miner's certificate No. 40429, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice, that adverse claims must be sent to the Gold Commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 28th day of August, 1892

THE MADDEN HOUSE,

HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.

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

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE
Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The accommodations of the Hotel are of the best.

Nakusp.

This town, magnificently situated on the Upper Arrow Lake, is the shipping port for the Slocan Mines, is connected with

Slocan Lake and New Denver by a good level trail 18 miles in length, and is bound to speedily become a place of considerable wealth and importance.

Townsite maps and all information as to purchase of lots can be obtained from

A. HOLMAN, NAKUSP.

TIME CARD No. 5.

TO TAKE EFFECT JUNE 30TH, 1892.

Columbia and Kootenay Steam Navigation Co. Limited.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Arrow Lakes and Columbia River Route Steamers.

Steamer will leave Revelstoke at 4 a.m. every MONDAY and THURSDAY for Robson, Trail Creek and Little Dalles, returning to Revelstoke on WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Close connection made with Canadian Pacific Railway at Revelstoke, Columbia & Kootenay Railway at Robson for Nelson, and Spokane Falls & Northern Railway at Little Dalles for Spokane Falls, Wash.

KOOTENAY LAKE AND BONNER'S FERRY ROUTE.

Str. NELSON leaves Nelson for Pilot Bay, Ainsworth and Kaslo at 8 a.m. on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, returning via these ports same day.

For Pilot Bay, Ainsworth, Kaslo and Bonner's Ferry at 3 a.m. on SUNDAYS and WEDNESDAYS. Returning, leaves Bonner's Ferry for Pilot Bay, Ainsworth, Kaslo and Nelson at 3 a.m. on MONDAYS and THURSDAYS.

F. G. CHRISTIE, J. W. TROUPE,
Secretary. Manager.

W. PELLEW HARVEY,

Assayer and Analytical Chemist,
Golden, B. C.

Silver, Gold or Lead, each. . . \$1.50
do. combined. . . 3.00
Silver and Lead. 2.50
Silver and Gold. 2.00
Silver and Copper. 3.50
Silver, Gold and Copper. 4.00
Silver, Gold, Lead and Copper 5.50
Other prices on application.

AGENT IN REVELSTOKE THROUGH WHOM SAMPLES MAY BE SENT:

T. LIVINGSTONE HAIG.

Ripans Tablets: one gives relief.

Ernest Fletcher, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER. REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Plans and Specifications drawn up for persons intending to build. Seasoned Lumber always on hand. Fancy Work, Turned and Scroll Work executed neatly. A fine selection Picture Mouldings

Furniture Made and Repaired.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Stockholm House

JOHN STONE, Prop.

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

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

THE COLUMBIA HOUSE, REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

C. P. R. HOTEL

REVELSTOKE.

F. MCCARTHY, Prop.

First-class Temperance House.

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

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

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Royal Mail Lines.

CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Montreal.

MONGOLIAN	Allan Line	Sept. 17
SARDINIAN	"	Sept. 24
NUMIDIAN	"	Oct. 1
SARNIA	Dominion Line	Sept. 14
LABRADOR	"	Sept. 21
OREGON	"	Sept. 28

From New York.

BRITANNIC	White Star	Sept. 14
MAJESTIC	"	Sept. 21
GERMANIC	"	Sept. 28

Cabin \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80 upwards.
Intermediate, \$25; Steerage, \$20.
Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European continent.

Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

I. T. Brewster,

AGENT, REVELSTOKE;
or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

HULL BROS

REVELSTOKE.

BUTCHERS

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN BEEF, PORK, ETC.

S. BICKERTON,

BOOTMAKER.

MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE.

Boots & Shoes made to order.

HARNESS LEATHER KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

I. O. G. T.

AN OPEN MEETING

OF

COLUMBIA LODGE

WILL BE HELD

On Tuesday Evening

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

In the Schoolroom.

Admission Free.

LOCAL NEWS.

County Court to-day.

Mr. Stewart, C.P.R. surveyor, and party arrived up from the scene of their labors yesterday.

Mr. R. E. Lemon, of Nelson, New Denver and Nakusp, has been in town since Wednesday.

LESS THAN COST.—H. N. Coursier will offer several lines of Ladies' Fall Hats next week at 50 cents each.

Another "native" of Revelstoke arrived in town last Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thomson now own another little girl.

Mr. Holman came up from Nakusp on Wednesday's boat and left by C.P.R. for Vernon, where he will spend two or three weeks.

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

A Masonic sermon will be preached in the Methodist church by the Rev. C. Ladner on Sunday, the 23rd inst., at 7.30. All are cordially invited.

There will be Sunday-school tomorrow afternoon in the school-house in connection with the Church of England. All children welcome.

The "goose honks high" over the town as they wend their flight southwards in V-shaped flocks. Truly "winter is coming, the summer is dead."

The Bishop of New Westminster will preach to-morrow morning and evening at the Schoolhouse, when it is hoped a large congregation will be present.

Service will be held by the Rev. T. Paton in the Presbyterian church to-morrow evening at 7.30. Prayer meeting at Mr. Paton's house on Wednesday at 8 p.m.

G. H. Harrison, mining engineer, of London, Eng., left Ottawa this week for Illecillewaet and Fish Creek, to inspect and report on some mining properties on behalf of an English syndicate.

Mr. A. H. Harrison returned to the Lardeau on Thursday. He has taken up a quarter section of land near Trout Lake, is building a house, and intends to open an assay office there next spring.

Mrs. Yolande, an expert in the art of hand-reading or palmistry, has been in town for the past few days. The only hand which is read in this town to any extent is either a "flush" or "three of a kind."

The Atlantic Express on Tuesday was ten hours late, having been delayed by a landslide in the mountains west of here. On Thursday night the Pacific Express was a very heavy train and six hours late.

A meeting was held in Bourne's Hall on Thursday night, convened by Mr. R. Tapping, to discuss "The Land Question." Owing to the inclemency of the weather it was not largely attended. Details next week.

We notice that Mr. Fred More has resumed his duties on board the str. Columbia. He has been spending the last three weeks in Spokane, and it is rumored his visit there has been in connection with large real estate transactions.

We have just received from the editor of the Morden Monitor, Man. (to whom we tender our sincere thanks) a box of seeds of the Manitoba maple. Any of our friends desirous of growing some of these ornamental trees can obtain seeds by calling at this office.

Dr. Ernest McLean, who was one of the Government medical inspectors during the recent small-pox scare, has pitched his tent in Revelstoke. He will reside in the house lately occupied by Mr. Widdicombe, at the station, but will have telephone communication with the lower town.

Mr. and Mrs. Ladner and family will occupy the new house Mr. C. Lindmark is having built near the Union Hotel. Both of our ministers have now left the lower town to its fate, but there can be no denying that their ministrations are much more urgently needed at the Station than here.

Gustavus Koski, the Finlander who shot a fellow workman named Matthias Jacobson near Revelstoke Station on Sunday, the 24th July, was tried before Justice Walkem in the Speedy Trials Court at Kamloops last week and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Jacobson has entirely recovered.



PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

FREDERICK FRASER and HENRY NOBLE COURSIER, of the Town of Revelstoke, Esquires, to be Justices of the Peace for and in the West Kootenay Electoral District.

Mr. Erskine Shaw has bought the house formerly occupied by Mr. Widdicombe, and will carry on a branch business at the station for Mr. T. L. Haig, mining broker, real estate agent, etc. Mr. Shaw has the agency for Messrs. L. L. May & Co., fruit tree nurseries, St. Paul, Minn., in place of Mr. J. W. Thomson, who has resigned.

Mr. J. H. Anderson, of Illecillewaet, was in town on Wednesday. He is about to leave B.C. for Hamilton, Ont., where he will spend the winter, and his visit to Revelstoke was for the purpose of bidding goodbye to his numerous friends here. Mr. Anderson will be back early next spring to operate the mines with which he is connected at Illecillewaet and Fish Creek.

The manufacturers of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco invite the very closest scrutiny of its quality. The expert whose trained senses teach him to recognise the exact quality of tobacco, and the smoker who judges by his experience in smoking it, will both come to the same conclusion—that it is of the very highest quality anywhere to be found. It is made of the very finest Virginia leaf, and is manufactured with the greatest possible care.

Mr. J. W. Haskins, who visited Vancouver last week, took with him some ore from the Abbott and King William claims and had it assayed in that city. It went from \$43 to \$84 per ton. Mr. Haskins stated to the News-Advertiser that the Revelstoke smelter would probably be started for the purpose of reducing the ores from these claims. We would wish this to be true, but we are afraid Mr. Haskins was drawing a little on his imagination. However this may be, if he had the least reason for such an assertion it would have been more to his credit to have imparted the information to the local paper than to have taken it to Vancouver. But we are sorry to say Mr. Haskins is only a type of many here who make it a rule to keep their news until they visit some other town, where they seem to have no scruples in unloading themselves.

LARDEAU NOTES.

The Best Yet—Rich Strike of Free-milling Gold.

About two weeks ago, while prospecting on the north fork of the Lardeau Creek, Mr. Thomas Horne discovered an immense ledge of soft gold-bearing quartz. Not having facilities for testing the quality of the ore, he made but one location, and brought away a portion for testing. He pulverized some of the rock, and was greatly astonished to find that it yielded over 600 colors to the pan in free gold. He says large quantities of the ledge have been disrupted and broken off from the main body by some convulsion of nature, and he believes there are quite a hundred thousand tons of the quartz lying along the surface ready for milling. As the snow is now on the claim no work can be done till next spring. The discoverer says the quartz is of a soft nature and easily crushed. He intends to erect a 10-stamp mill and work the mine next summer. The ledge is not far from the great Horne ledge, the discovery of which we reported two weeks ago. Should the quartz all turn out as rich as the small portion Mr. Horne tested, the new strike will be a veritable eldorado, and the Lardeau will become the Mecca for gold-seekers from all parts of the world.

Messrs. Roeser, Haskins and party left Revelstoke for the Lardeau by Monday's boat. They intend, if possible, to make a full survey of that district and visit all the claims that have been staked. It is doubtful, however, if they will be able to carry out their programme this year, as the snow line is getting too far down the mountains to make travelling in the vicinity of Trout Lake easy.

Mr. Malcolm Beaton, who has a ranch at Thomson's Landing, has made arrangements for bringing in from Kamloops a pack train of ten horses for the Lardeau and Fish Creek trails next spring.

Ripans Tablets: for sour stomach.

Ripans Tablets cure colic.

Ripans Tablets cure headache.

Ripans Tablets cure constipation.

Ripans Tablets cure biliousness.

A Wonderful Almanack.

The publishers of the MONTREAL DAILY and WEEKLY STAR are getting out a magnificent Almanack to be known as the STAR Almanack, said to be the finest almanack in the world, containing nearly four hundred pages, with colored maps. It is looked forward to with great interest.

Two Men and a Packhorse.

Messrs. Barchard and Mansell, the young men who left here for Cairns Creek with one packhorse some two or three weeks since, had a most uncomfortable experience going up. Mr. Barchard arrived down last Sunday and left again for the creek on Wednesday. He said they had to fight their way through a hail-storm after leaving Revelstoke and camped the first night about 10 miles up. They took off the pack and let the horse loose, and next morning their troubles began. After catching the animal they spent the whole of the morning in endeavoring to replace the pack on his back. But this was just what they could not do. By this time the "vittles" were pretty well mixed up, so making a virtue of necessity they shouldered as much as they could carry and started for their destination, leaving the greater portion of the "grub" behind, with the horse to mount guard. Then commenced a series of 20-mile trips between the creek and the scene of their defeat in the packing business, while their equine friend was having a picnic in the woods. It was finally resolved to send the critter home. But he had disappeared, and another half day was devoted to seeking the lost one. He was at last discovered in the midst of a high old time on the other side of a deep flowing creek. He was glad to see them, but he wouldn't come across; so the creek had to be swum and his equine friend brought back. Last Sunday Barchard walked into town about 15 feet ahead of a very dejected looking animal, about that length of new rope connecting the two. The horse seemed to understand his picnic was over. He will have to rustle now. Young Barchard says he has learned a great deal about packhorses, but he thinks he would have to serve a seven years' apprenticeship before he would get the hang of adjusting a pack.

Mr. Edward Adair, of Hall's Landing, called on Thursday and subscribed for the STAR for a year. He speaks in glowing terms of the prospects for ranching in his neighborhood, and says no one can imagine the prolificness of the soil for all kinds of vegetables and fruit. We are glad to see our ranchers at all times, for the progress of the district rests a great deal with them. Next week we hope to publish a few facts concerning one of the richest farming valleys on the Columbia.

The freight traffic on the Columbia River via Revelstoke is assuming large proportions. Consignments of sugar brought to Vancouver by the C. P. R. steamships from China are being sent this way for Spokane Falls, Wash., besides other merchandise. Last week the Columbia took down over 150 tons of sugar for that city, and another large consignment is expected next week. The C. & K. Nav. Company is making every effort to keep the route open during the winter. By the time the railway to the head of the lake is opened it will find all the traffic it can carry waiting for it.

J. E. WALSH & Co.,

FREIGHT & COMMISSION AGENTS.

Clearing Charges paid on Freight for Slocan Lake.

SADDLE HORSES AND PACK TRAIN.

Hay and Grain for sale

AND
General Commission Merchants.

Passengers billed through from REVELSTOKE TO NEW DENVER IN ONE DAY.

For Coupon Tickets apply to

Mr. CONEY,
C. & K. Nav. Co.

WANTED.

A responsible and reliable Person to take the AGENCY for a Loan and Trust Company. — For information apply to H. L. MOZLEY, Manager, Vancouver, B. C.

Ripans Tablets: for bad temper.

Ripans Tablets: pleasant laxative.

Now, lest anybody with an abnormal taste for water-cresses should, on the strength of Dr. Calo's recommendation, make a journey to San Giove for its indulgence, it is only right to say at once that, though the salad in question does grow at San Giove, it is neither finer nor more abundant there than in most villages with a brook and a pond. In short, it was simply the first place that came into the doctor's mind as being difficult to get at, much more difficult to leave, and altogether a capital place of banishment for a disagreeable and uninteresting patient to die in before he could have time to marry the sweetheart of the doctor's old friend and comrade.

If only old Vannucci had known who had been the means of depriving him of the chance of becoming the father of a rich young widow, he would unquestionably have made things warm for the doctor; for they have quick tempers in those parts, and knives used to be quite as ready as tongues. He was very poor, and, thanks to the shiftlessness which excuses itself to itself as genius, was growing poorer; and a second chance of marrying his daughter without a portion was not likely to come to him unless by miracle. It is true there was always Guido Floriani. But even before the post-chaise had conveyed Mr. Merrick to San Giove, the diligence had started with Guido back to Naples; so that the doctor, if he had escaped the enmity of those whom he had injured, lost the gratitude of those whom he had benefited.

But Irene—was she of no consequence? Had she no thoughts or views of her own about her own life? Was she nothing better than a mere shuttle-cook among a number of men who happened to be grouped around her as the chance centre of conflicting interests of their own? To her father, she was something to sell; to Mr. Merrick, an instrument for spitting his dead father and his natural kindred; to her lover she was a faithless woman, who had thrown away true love for gold; to the doctor—well, to the doctor she was nothing as yet, seeing that she had nothing the matter with her but a headache, however interesting she might hereafter become. Was she nothing to herself, besides?

If it had been so, it would have been nothing wonderful. A girl in those parts was not supposed to acquire a soul of her own until she married, and even then she did not always find it of much use to her. But what people suppose is not always right, even if it ever is; and Irene, on two points, needed no confessor to tell her what her feelings were, or ought to be—that her abhorrence for Mr. Merrick was only equalled by her love for Guido. And she had done her utmost to make her English purchaser detest her in return. If coldness, and hardness, and anything short of impossible rudeness, could choke off a wooer, Mr. Merrick would have been absolutely strangled months ago. But he combined the vanity of a peacock with the skin of a rhinoceros. Not even a downright no would serve; and as to her father—well, if she had said no to him, he would only have boxed her ears if he was drunk, and given her a shaking if he chanced to be sober.

If only Guido would return! Well, and Guido had returned—at the most unfortunate of all possible moments, no doubt; but of course he would come at a better one. She never imagined for a moment that her father would take into his confidence Guido Floriani, of all people, or go bragging in a "trattoria" about what, after all, had not been settled, and what she had resolved never should be. So the better moment came, but not Guido. What could it mean? She could not even send him the only letter she knew of, a flower, because she did not know where he was lodging. But if the moments failed to be kind to her in one way, they were kind to her in another; for if the man she loved did not come, neither did the man she hated. But then it is one's wants and sorrows that one realizes, not their compensations—otherwise everybody would be singing a hymn of joy every day, and all day long.

Then her father, whose only compensation was the bottle, grew worse and worse conditioned, visiting the loss of the English gold mine upon Irene herself, and, drunk or sober, doing nothing but scold her, whenever he was at home (which was whenever he had no money), for having wilfully ruined him. Who would take her he asked savagely—a piece of damaged goods, without even a half-pennyworth of gilding, whom doubtless the Englishman had thrown over for having coquetted with a penniless ne'er-do-well like Guido Floriani? And so on, and so on, until the poor girl was really in a fair way to become of some slight interest to Dr. Saverio Calo.

For the doctor had not returned to Paris, after all; he had not even left Bari. It somehow came out that no sooner had the young practitioner arrived than he had been summoned to attend the rich Englishman; then the story grew into his having been sent all the way from Paris or Rome; nay, it got about at last that, after a single consultation, he had sent away his patient cured of a mortal disease. Great professional successes have often been created by much slighter accidents, and thenceforth Dr. Calo became a prophet even in his own country. He was called in to the sindaco for gout, and to the sindaco's wife for her migraine, and to the commandant, and to the banker—nay, even to the bishop, despite his bad character for heterodoxy. Even his own relations were glad to have him back again. It was not the life of scientific discovery he had planned for himself, and he despised his patients. But he was making quite a fortune by simply submitting to circumstances; and every fee he earned was bringing him nearer to his heart's desire.

So years went on till Dr. Calo achieved more than local fame, and in an incredibly short while, he bade fair to find Bari altogether too narrow a sphere. Meanwhile, though his peculiarities of manner grew upon him, they ceased to tell against him. He did not become a whit less hard, and unsympathetic, and tactless, and cold; but it seemed as if that old French professor, in prophesying evil things, had only demonstrated his own want of knowledge of character and of the world.

"Is Dr. Calo in? Is he disengaged?" So, early one morning, the doctor's manservant was accosted by a stranger whose appearance was certainly not such as to warrant a visit to a physician on his own account. He was a man in the prime of life, overflowing with radiant health and vigor.

"The doctor can give you a few min-

"Never mind my name, and a very few minutes is all I want—two will do.

So, with a heavy tread, he followed the man into the doctor's study, and was directed to a chair—the doctor no longer wasted words.

"I must ask you to come to the point at once, signor," said he. "Time is precious these days."

"Then, doctor, in the first place, I must tell you that I have nothing the matter with me—nothing at all."

"And I must say you look it. And so—if the question is not impertinent—why in the world are you here?"

"Everybody must be somewhere—eh? The fact is, I'm only here to make an inquiry or two. Do you happen to remember a certain Signor Merrick, who was at Bari some time ago?"

"Merrick? Merrick? No. I do not know the name."

"Indeed? He was an Englishman—"

"Ah, I begin to recall him—let me see; a case of galloping consumption, not three weeks of life in him—a very uninteresting case indeed. I presume you have to do with his affairs—you want evidence of his death?"

"You can make oath as to the cause of his death, Dr. Calo?"

"Assuredly. As strong an oath as you may require."

"Ah—but—can you depose that he is not alive?"

"Bah! I remember the case now perfectly. I never saw his corpse—"

"Then you cannot depose that there was a corpse to see?"

"I am a man of science. I do not believe in miracles, signor. That man was doomed by all medical evidence, to die within a month at latest. And therefore it stands to reason that he is now not only dead, but buried."

"You remember poor Merrick, doctor; but you don't seem to remember me," said the stranger.

"You have been a patient of mine? Pardon me, signor; but I see so many in the year—"

"Do you see any likeness in me to anybody—to poor Merrick, for example?"

"In you—to him? Pardon me but this is beginning to be waste of time. He was a poor cadaverous wretch up to his chin in his grave; you are fat, florid—I should say a life in a hundred."

"Would you mind examining me, all the same? I might be wanting to insure my life—"

"Then, capperi! why didn't you say so before? Of course I'll examine you, though it will be no more than a form."

Without further delay he went to work with his stethoscope, and that yet more perfect instrument, his own ear.

"Just as I expected," said he. "And yet not quite: you may have had lung trouble many years ago, but you are to all intents and purposes so sound a man that, if all were like you, we doctors should starve."

"And you'll certify that Merrick is dead, and that I'm alive and well."

"With pleasure, signor."

"Then—according to science—the same man can be dead and alive at once. And yet you don't believe in miracles. I'm Merrick. He's I, and I'm he."

"Pardon me. I have no time for joking, signor. I have other patients waiting, and—"

"It's no joke, as my relations will find!"

"Really," interrupted the doctor impatiently, "would you not find the bishop a better subject than a physician? This is not the age of miracles."

"Bless my soul! do you mean to say that I don't know I'm alive better than you do? Perhaps you'll recognize me when I tell you that you sent me to eat water-cresses at San Giove. Well, I ate them—lots of them—and the more I ate, the better I grew. It was a dull, miserable place, there was nothing to do but eat water-cresses. I've been eating them for years. And look at me now!"

"Yes; I did send that Signor Merrick to eat water-cresses at San Giove, that is true. But it was only because he had to die somewhere, and he might just as well die there as here."

"Ah, you remember now! Yes, I eat, I drink, I sleep; I make up for lost time. I've come to ask you to my wedding, to the prettiest girl in Bari, who has been constant to me all this while. I'm going to reward her with seven thousand sterling a year, and with myself, which is better still, eh! Then, when I've turned into waste paper my fool of a father's fool of a will, I'll play such a practical joke on those poor wretches of relations; I'll have such a game with them; they'll grin on the wrong side of their ugly faces till they starve in the work-house—the curate, and the half-pay captain, and the daily governess, and all—"

"Yes; I remember you perfectly—now," said Dr. Calo, very quietly. But he was not thinking of the curate, or of the captain, or of the governess; he was not thinking even of Irene, or of what a brute she was going to marry. He was thinking of those water-cresses; he was wondering how Signor Merrick had come back from death's door.

"Why," thought he to himself, "within that man's body must be hidden the whole secret of consumption,—its cause, its history, its cure. It was no mere chance coincidence, then, which brought him and me together. A curious light gathered in those strange eyes of his; but he felt strangely calm in the presence of such a wonder. 'And—why, he'll be outliving me, and I shall never know! Signor, permit me to examine you just a moment more.'"

"I am interesting, then, after all?"

"So interesting that—"

It was not a stethoscope which Dr. Calo suddenly presented at his patient, and not at the chest, but at the brain. One pistol-shot, and Merrick lay at the doctor's feet as dead as he ought to have been years ago.

"And now, signori," exclaimed Dr. Guido Floriani, the young and rising advocate whom the prisoner at the bar had summoned from Naples to defend him from the charge of murder—"and now, signori, I scorn to rest the defence of our eminent fellow-citizen upon any common grounds. I will not insult him, or science, or intelligence like yours, by suggesting that he is insane. I call no witnesses; what could they prove more than I can declare? You ask, what was my client's motive for that deed of which he stands accused and which he through me, seems to deny? Was it greed of money? No; by that man's death he forfeited a fee of fifty thousand lire. Was it

the jealousy of rival lovers? No! My client, signori, has but one mistress, who sits far above the volcanoes of life, cold and pure. Ah! we have it now. For science's sake he slew Alberto Merrick—nay, for philanthropy's sake, for the love of human-kind,—of you, signori and of those who are dearer to you than your own lives, and of generations yet unborn. In order that science might learn how and why Alberto Merrick lived, it was needful that Alberto Merrick should die. Ah, signori, what is one life for the sake of countless millions? Who would not die a martyr to humanity? Consumption is a scourge; Alberto Merrick hid its secret in his breast. Only by his death could that secret of mortality be revealed. Signori—I do not appeal to you on my knees for mercy. I demand the triumph of my client as a hero of science who has won the civic crown."

Guido sat down, overcome, like a true poet, by the effect of his own sophistry. And before he had recovered from the glow Dr. Calo, a free man, grasped his advocate by the hand, and escaped from the applause that followed upon surely the strangest acquittal ever won.

What became of him I no more know than how or why Albert Merrick required a bullet to kill him. But as every year the children of Irene Floriani receive a parcel of presents from an anonymous donor, despatched from whatever region in the world happens to be at the time the most notoriously unhealthy, there is reason to think that he will end as a martyr to medicine in a nobler way than by the guillotine.

[THE END.]

THE GREAT ERUPTION AT SANGIR.

A Visit to the Island After the Volcanic Outburst in June Last.

It was recently announced that a terrible volcanic eruption had occurred on the island of Sangir, north of Celebes, in the Malayan archipelago, by which it was supposed that hundreds of people had lost their lives. Mr. George Ormsby, a magistrate in the British North Borneo service, was at Menado, a town of Celebes, at the time. The people there knew that something terrible had occurred north of them on June 7, but did not know where the calamity had fallen. Mr. Ormsby went on board the steamer Hekuba which proceeded north to learn where the eruption had occurred. They found the island of Siao covered with ashes, and were told that the eruption had occurred at Sangir, thirty miles further north. Then they went on to Sangir and found all the western part of the island buried in ashes and men engaged in digging out the houses at Taronia, the western port of the island. The coconut trees were all destroyed and the people did not know when Ormsby arrived how large the loss of life was.

The vessel went along the west coast, stopping at the villages and sending rice ashore, as the people were without food. Ormsby reports that many of the people were frightfully burned and maimed. As the vessel steamed up the coast it could see the coconut trees with all their leaves broken and hanging down and covered with ashes even where the hills sheltered the southern end of the island from the big volcano to the north.

Taronia is separated from the volcano by lofty hills. No loss of life occurred in the town, though it was nearly buried in ashes and many of the lightly built native houses were crushed by the weight. Behind the hills the visitors saw a number of mud streams composed of ashes and hot water that had issued from the crater. These streams had flowed to the sea, a distance of several miles, and had poured down the mountain with great velocity, cutting in some places channels forty to fifty feet deep in the soft earth of the plain. There were three principal mud rivers and a number of smaller streams.

The party tried to walk through the jungle in this plain, but it was impossible to make any progress, as the branches of the trees and the undergrowth were all broken down and covered with ashes, which had been changed to mud by the rain. They saw some natives who were endeavoring to get into the jungle to look for the bodies of their friends. The whole place smelled strongly of sulphur, and between the sun above and the steaming earth below the exploring party were drenched with perspiration. The volcano itself was wrapped in smoke.

The east side of the island was not visited, and it was here that the greatest loss of life and destruction to property occurred. The Dutch Comptroller told Mr. Ormsby that they had already recovered 300 bodies and that it was impossible as yet to estimate the total loss of life. On the east side lava as well as mud overflowed from the crater, and whole villages were buried. Of forty men who went into the jungle from Taronia just before the eruption only one got back alive. The eruption was distinctly heard at Sandakan, which is nearly 500 miles from Sangir. At last reports vessels had gone from the Philippine Islands with provisions and other supplies for the sufferers.

Lions and Lavender Water.

A lady correspondent writes to the *Daily Telegraph* stating that a recent article in that journal on the influence of music upon certain animals reminded her of a visit which she paid, four or five years ago, to a country menagerie. She was accompanied by her brother, the late Rev. G. Wood who wished to demonstrate to a party the effect of scent upon the brute creation. "No sooner," she states, "were we near the cages containing the lions and tigers than they got restless and rubbed themselves against the bars, evidently recognising a friend in my brother. They received his caresses with much pleasure, though apparently with the expectation of something more to come. Upon his taking a small bottle from one pocket, and some pieces of thick brown paper from another, their excitement increased. He poured a little lavender water upon the paper, and, calling each animal by name, presented it upon a stick to the favored one, who, on taking it, rubbed the paper upon paws, cheeks, and back, and indulged in other antics, all expressive of extreme delight. When two animals were in one cage, the favored possessor of the scent would lie down upon the paper and roll over and over upon it to keep it from its appointed mate. The strange part of the matter was that no other scent than lavender water had any attraction for these creatures."

"If you are going to be home this evening I'd like to run in and see Mrs. Swift for a few minutes," said Mrs. Bowser to her liege lord, who sat reading his paper.

"You can go as well as not," he replied.

"It the baby wakes up do you think you can take care of him?"

"Certainly. Run right along, and stay as long as you will."

"If he should wake up, which he probably won't, you—"

"I'll have him asleep again in two winks. Don't you worry about us. It would be a mighty curious father who couldn't take care of his own baby for a quarter of an hour."

"You won't be impatient with him?" she asked as she was ready to go.

"Go on! I'm the most patient man on the face of this earth, and you know it! One would think from the way you talk that I was in the habit of pounding him against the walls."

Young Bowser was asleep in the baby carriage in the back parlor. Mrs. Bowser had been gone just three minutes when he became restless, and Mr. Bowser pushed the carriage around and began singing. "I want to be an angel." He had just begun on the third line when the kid opened his eyes and sat up.

"How speedily a child recognizes the presence of its father, even if fast asleep!" said Mr. Bowser as he tenderly gazed at his offspring. "Mrs. Bowser imagines she's the only person on earth who knows how to handle this young un, but I'll show her that—"

The kid suddenly put up a lip and uttered a dismal wail.

"Just so—I see—want to come to your father's arms. All right, my boy; come along."

He extended his arms with a smile, and the wail broke into a howl and the child began kicking.

"Don't want to get up, eh? All right, blossom. Cuddle down and think of angels while I push you around and sing 'The Old Kentucky Home.' What in earth is all this row about?"

The kid's kicks became more vigorous and his yells more enthusiastic, while his face turned a strawberry color and his eyes bulged out.

"Probably takes me for a stranger, and I'd better lift him up and convince him to the contrary," muttered Mr. Bowser as he proceeded to carry out the idea.

The child kicked, and struggled, and yelled, and though Mr. Bowser went galloping around the room and yelled "Hi! Hi!" he failed to produce a diversion. He stood before the mirror and bounced the child up and down, but it was no go. He sat down to rock, but the yells became shrieks.

"Swallowed a thimble, or a spool, or the tack hammer, probably, and wants turning upside down. I've told Mrs. Bowser more than a million—"

The kid was turned head downward, but no thimble, or spool, or tack hammer was dislodged from his gullet. If he had slyly swallowed a section of garden hose or a coal scuttle it was too late to recover them. When this fact became apparent Mr. Bowser changed ends with him and began to canter around. He jumped over a chair, jumped upon the lounge and off again, kicked a footstool half way to the ceiling, and rushed back and forth through the Japanese curtains in a way which took three or four strands with him every time. The boy let up for a minute, but only to get a better hold. When he turned on steam again he lifted the neighbors off their chairs and every hair on Mr. Bowser's head stood on end.

"Consarn him, but what on earth is the matter!" shouted the father as he tossed him in every direction. "I'll bet a dollar to a cent that he's got a darned needle sticking into his leg about fifteen rods! I've warned Mr. Bowser time and again that she would be the death— Shut up! What you need, young man, is a good dressing down, and I'll give it to you in about ten seconds! I won't wait ten seconds! I won't wait two! I'll give it to you right off now!"

But he didn't. There was a clattering of feet, a rush through the hall, and as some one snatched the child from his arms four or five neighbors excitedly demanded information. When they had departed, satisfied that no one had been killed, Mrs. Bowser asked:

"How did he come to wake up? What's the reason you couldn't pacify him?"

"Whom do you refer to?" he icily replied.

"Why, to our child, of course."

"I don't know anything about 'our child,' Mrs. Bowser. I have no child and I thank heaven that I haven't! If you've been to an orphan asylum and adopted a howling, shrieking, boo-hooing, bellowing bald-headed foundling then it's your business to take care of him! I want nothing whatever to do with him—don't even want to see him! Good night, Mrs. Bowser!"

HOW A GREAT RACE HORSE BREATHES.

Air Supplied to his Lungs by Means of an Artificial Tube.

Not many people who have seen the useful sprinter Good Day perform over the local tracks know that the pure free air is drawn into his lungs through an artificial tube in his throat. Royally bred, Good Day gave promise of great things early, but an attack of lung fever made him a hopeless roarer, and he fell into the hands of Dr. C. W. Crowley, a St. Louis veterinary surgeon and race horse owner, whose stable is now racing at Hawthorne. Dr. Crowley seemed to feel that Good Day was not lost to the turf and prepared to save him. Incisions were made into the throat and tracheal tube, and the horse began to breathe freely and easily. Two crescent-shaped tubes, scooped out like a shoehorn, were fitted into each other in such a way that one tube passes into the upper part of the trachea, while the other hangs into the lower part. The parts of the instrument that are visible are the shank of the larger horn and the flat, round disks at the outer ends of the horns, snugly fitting against each other so that they look like one disk, three inches in diameter, with an aperture as big as a nickel, through which the air is carried to the lungs. Any one seeing Good Day in his mad flight up the stretch would never know but that he was as sound as the struggling beasts behind him."

Dr. Crowley wanted to perform the same operation on El Rio Rey some few years back, and could have saved that grand horse to the turf, but Theodore Winters would not allow it.

When an Ox Cart Ran Away a Bear Clung Too Long to the Seat.

Elias C. Baker, of Willow Creek, drove his ox cart up a steep hill last Wednesday to a piece of new land three-quarters of a mile from his house. He had burned the lot over a few days before, and he took up three bags of rye to sow on the land. After he had unloaded the grain and the harrow he blocked the wheels of the cart at the head of the dugway, unhitched the oxen and let them browse in the bushes while he was sowing the rye. There is a dense piece of hemlock woods along the upper side of the field, and while Baker was burning the fallow he had seen a bear in the edge of the woods three or four times. Thinking that the bear might show itself again, Baker put a double-barrelled rifle in the cart at the house.

When he had finished sowing the rye he placed the empty bags on top of his dinner basket in the front end of the cart and pulled some hay over them. Then he cocked both barrels of the rifle and placed it back of the near wheel, where he could grab it quickly in case he got a glimpse of the bear. Then he hitched the oxen to the harrow and went to dragging in the grain.

A little before noon Baker spied a bear smelling around the cart while he was at the further end of the field. He immediately turned the oxen toward the woods for fear they would run away if they saw the bear, and then he ran down to a brush fence and stole along it toward the cart, thinking to grab the rifle before the bear could get to the woods. He hadn't gone five rods along the fence when he saw the bear climb into the front end of the cart and begin to paw the hay and bags off of his dinner basket. Baker stopped, and the bear seized the basket in his paws, sat up on his hindquarters, and tore it open.

The bear's weight and movements unloosed the block behind the wheels, and just as the greedy brute had started to gobble down Baker's dinner the cart began to run backward down the dugway, with the end of the tongue dragging on the ground. The bear flung the basket into the air the moment he saw the cart was in motion, and undertook to back out of the cart. He changed his mind when he saw how fast he was riding, and Baker cut across the field toward the dugway just in time to see the bear get back in the box and cling to the sides of it. He was gnashing his teeth and snarling, but he was afraid to jump, and when Baker yelled to him he turned square around until his snout was over the tongue of the cart.

Baker chased the runaway, and a few yards further down the off wheel of the cart struck a stump. The rifle cracked and the bear went end over end out of the standing cart and into the bushes at the lower side of the dugway. Baker found blood in the cart, and when he took up the rifle he discovered that both barrels had gone off. He could hear the bear thrashing in the bushes several rods below the road, and when he had righted the cart he got a club and went in search of him. He found the bear lying dead near the creek twenty rods from the dugway. Just back of his left foreleg there was a hole as big as a man's fist, and Baker cut him open and found that both bullets had lodged in his throat.

Rare Minerals and Their Uses.

There is an aluminum boat. An ounce of iridium yields from 5,000 to 10,000 pen points.

Aluminum is being used to shoe race-horses.

A Vermont man has an aluminum nose. Aluminum is practically unattacked by fruit juices, condensed milk and the various constituents of preserved meats and vegetables.

Platinum vessels for concentrating acids are now made on an improved plan, the new feature being that of coating the plating with gold. Such a coating, it is found, adds materially to the life of the vessel.

It is popularly supposed that aluminum is the lightest of metals, but this is not the case. Magnesium is one-third lighter, and is harder, tougher and denser. Until recently it was cheaper than aluminum. It is less affected by alkali than the latter metal and takes a high polish.

A new mineral, not unlike asbestos in its properties, has been discovered in immense deposits in the United States of Columbia. It is stated to be the color of amber, perfectly transparent and incombustible. Experiments indicate that it will be of great value for making bank-note paper and as a fire-proofing material. A white varnish has been extracted from it.

The Rabbit Plague.

Queensland is dreading the invasion of rabbits, which have worked so much havoc in other Australian colonies and have recently become a scourge in some of the chief wool-producing centres of New South Wales. Border fences are being erected, and Queensland newspapers contain minute instructions for the destruction of the dreaded animals. In the dry season tanks of poisoned water are laid for the rabbits, and when they are not likely to want water poisoned grain and sticks are freely distributed. A Brisbane paper says that in New South Wales millions of rabbits have been killed, with poisoned sticks, which are laid along the banks of rivers, creeks, lagoons and water-holes. The twigs which rabbits most prefer are sandalwood emu bush and turpentine bush, and are cut in lengths of about 12 inches. Smoking out is sometimes accomplished by means of bisulphide of carbon. A piece of wool or cloth saturated with the carbon is inserted into the mouth of one burrow, all the other burrows being blocked. The piece of wool is then set on fire, the remaining burrows filled in, and the fumes penetrate throughout the workings and suffocate all the rabbits that are in them.

Of No Use Now.

Nellie Fosdick—Papa, you might as well take down the front gate and fence.

Fosdick pere—Why, daughter, you always have objected to their removal.

Nellie Fosdick—Yes, but the city authorities have hung an electric light right in front of the house.

The Great Obstacle.

Perdita—Well, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy.

Penelope—Did you and Jack have much trouble getting your father's consent?

Perdita—No; but papa and I had an awful lot of trouble getting Jack's consent.

The Giant Kite.

Recently I read in a Connecticut paper an account of a great kite which had been made and flown by four Connecticut boys. Their kite, it was stated, was sixteen and a half feet high by twelve feet wide; the tail was one hundred and forty feet long and the rope line twelve hundred feet.

This kite was launched in the air and raised to a height of a thousand feet, where it flew for several hours, at the first trial. The boys are certainly to be congratulated on their success.

We are told that this was the largest kite ever made and successfully raised in this country or the world. I shall not deny this but I think I remember an account which was current about ten years ago of a kite, made in Missouri, that was as large as this. And I may, perhaps, be permitted to speak of a kite made about fifteen years ago, by a party of five boys, in Maine.

I was one of the boys. Ours differed from the Connecticut kite in the respect that it was what we then termed a "bow-head," as distinguished from a "square" kite. The upright stick was nearly fifteen feet high, and the "yard" or crosspieces twelve feet long. The "bow" was a cleft strip of flexible white ash; and I suppose that the surface presented to the wind must have been, on account of the curve of the bow-head, as great as that of the Connecticut kite.

But the tail of our kite was less than one-half as long as that one: and instead of burlap for "fliers," we made use of light, thin strips of dry cedar, two feet long, each knotted exactly in its middle into the tall cord.

Moreover, our kite was not covered with canvas, but with cheap, unbleached cotton cloth; and for a line we had a miscellaneous collection of clothes-lines, helped out by two or three balls of stout packing twine.

Altogether, we had rather more than two thousand feet of flight-line.

So far from making a successful flight at the first trial, we failed eight or ten times in our attempts to raise the kite. During the most of one day we were experimenting with the tail, the length of which we were obliged to reduce. Our previous experience had been with small bow-head kites only.

But at last we succeeded in raising our kite, and kept it up for fully an hour. It never "floated serenely in the cerulean depths," but required to be humored and "played."

It was a little inclined to bob and dive, and to race or bolt, sidewise.

It was toward the end of September. One day the wind blew heavily, and we had a great deal of sport. Four strong boys could have held the kite at any time, I think, if they had placed themselves in a good position; but several times it "got us on the run," and we had lively struggles to secure ground hold again.

At a fence or stone wall we could generally manage to anchor; and at last we attached a log of wood to the ground-end of the line to serve as a drag. This device was not wholly satisfactory, for the drag tripped us as we played the kite.

Flying it was extremely active exercise, as well as remarkably good fun. We were in constant perspiration, and shouted and laughed uproariously at our play.

Once the kite fell into a maple grove, and to disentangle it gave us a great deal of trouble. On the same day, too, it fell into a small pond, and was dragged ashore very wet; but we were astonished to find that our kite flew better when it was damp than when it was dry. This gave us a hint and we brought out water after that to sprinkle it with.

We raised it on four different windy days that autumn. The last day—as I see from a note on the fly-leaf of my old arithmetic—was the 28th of October.

It was a gusty day. After we had kept the kite aloft for an hour or more, it began to dive and presently plunged to the ground in spite of our best endeavors at playing it. There is no accounting for what a kite will do.

Just at the moment when the refractory giant came tumbling down, a farmer happened to be driving an ox-team along the road which led into the village near us. His rack-cart was loaded with barrels of apples, and drawn by four not very well broken steers.

The cattle caught sight of the big kite, driving down toward them from aloft. They took fright, plunged and ran. The farmer shouted, "Whoa, hush! Whoa!" He ran madly and brained his good-stick. But he was totally unable to control his unruly team. The oxen charged away wildly down the road, the cart lumbering crazily after them.

There was great noise and tumult on the road, as you may imagine. First one barrel of apples, then another and another fell off the cart. Two or three burst open, and the highway was strewn with Baldwins.

In the end, however, not much damage was done to the precious cargo nor to the conveyance itself. The apples were gathered up with our very willing assistance, and the barrels re-headed. But the man was vindictive and threatened our fathers with a suit for damages.

No such proceedings were taken, but one of the selectmen of the town favored us with a lecture, and forbade us to raise the kite in future.

Yielding to the majesty of public opinion and the law, we dismantled our kite. For some reason nearly every one entertained a prejudice against it. But we were far from satisfied, and resolved to try again another year, taking advantage of the experience that we had gained in our experiment, and remedying the defects of our first "giant kite."

But alas for the schemes of boys—and men! By another year other labors and occupations engrossed us; and if our big "bow head" ever had a successor in our village, it was made by other hands than ours.

A Canadian Pacific Link.

The work on the Chippewa and Queenston road, which is being built between those two points by the Canadian Pacific, is progressing rapidly. The grade for the entire fifteen miles is nearly finished and the rails are laid from Chippewa to near the Whirlpool. A great iron bridge 200 feet long and 120 feet high carries the road over the Whirlpool gorge. It consists of five spans. The road, it is expected, will be in operation by next spring, when connection will be made at Chippewa by boat to Buffalo, and at Queenston by boat to Lewiston, Niagara and Toronto. [Buffalo Express.

How Some of Them Heard Wealth—Fortunes Gained by Niggardliness.

Occasionally men have become miserly from good motives; as did an Italian physician, who denied himself the common necessities of life, and when died, mourned by none until his will was read, when it was learned that he left his entire fortune to be expended in bringing water from the mountain to his native village. So, also, when Bethlehem hospital was built an East End miser gave a donation of £100. When the collector called for the amount, he was found scolding a servant for throwing away a match which had not been burned at both ends. Misers are not confined to one class of the community, but have been, at least, as common to the higher ranks as to the lower. John Churchill, first duke of Marlborough, was the greatest soldier in Europe. Yet, when he was an old man, in order to save sixpence from carriage hire, he would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his hotel in all kinds of weather. He died worth, £1,000,000, which reverted to his bitterest enemy, his grandson, Lord Trevors.

Sir Harvey Elwes of Stoke, in Suffolk, next to hoarding money, found his principal pleasure in netting partridges. He and his household, consisting of one man and two maids, lived upon these. In cold or wet weather Sir Harvey would walk up and down his hall to save fire. His clothes cost him nothing, for he ransacked old chests and wardrobes and wore those of his ancestors. When he died the only tear shed was by his servant, to whom he left a farm; value, £50 per annum. The whole of his property was left to his nephew, John Maggott, who thus inherited real and personal estate valued at £250,000, on condition that he would assume the name and arms of Elwes. Of this man, who is better known as John Elwes the miser, the following story is told: His nephew, Colonel Timms, visited him at Marcham, and, after retiring to rest, found himself wet through. Finding that the rain was dripping through the ceiling, he moved the bed. He had not lain long before the same inconvenience again occurred. Again he arose, and again the rain came down. After pushing the bed quite round the room, he found a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and slept until morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast he told him what had happened. "Aye, aye," said Mr. Elwes, "I don't mind it myself, but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain." Mr. and Miss Dancer were reputed the most notorious misers of the eighteenth century. The manner in which this couple were found, after death, to have disposed of their wealth was even more strange than could have been their methods of acquiring it. The total value was £20,000 which was thus disposed of: Two thousand five hundred pounds was found under a dunghill; £500 in an old coat nailed to the manger in the stable; £600 in notes were hidden away in an old teapot; the chimney yielded £2,000, stowed in nineteen separate crevices. Several jugs filled with coin were secreted in the stable loft.

Rev. Mr. Jones of Blewbury, with a nest egg of £200 and a stipend amounting to £50 per annum, left at death the sum of £10,000. He had been rector of his parish for forty years, and during all that time only one person had been known to sit at his festal table. No fire was ever lighted in his house, nor was a servant kept. In winter he would visit his parishioners, to keep himself from starving of cold, rather than light a fire at the rectory. As like affects like, so it is with misers; and gold will go where gold is. This is strikingly illustrated by the act of a celebrated Greek, one Dichoous Dichoenus, a descendant of the Byzantine emperors. This man, by the exercise of extreme niggardliness, managed to amass the sum of £10,000—an immense fortune in those days. Then came the question, to whom should he leave it. One day a distant relative sent him a letter written upon a square inch of paper; this was sufficient. In the fitness of things the parsimonious correspondent became the miser's heir.

It has sometimes happened that persons little deserving, and even rulers, have reaped the harvests which misers have painfully sown. The life of Vandille is a proof of this. The man lived upon bread and milk, with the addition of a small glass of sour wine on Saturdays. At his death he left £800,000 to the king of France, Audley, the commonwealth miser, saved £400,000, all of which reverted to the government. A merchant died at Ispahan in the earlier part of this century, who had for many years denied himself and his son every support except a crust of coarse bread. On a certain occasion he was overtempted to buy a piece of cheese, but, reproaching himself with extravagance, he put the cheese into a bottle and contented himself, and obliged the boy to do the same, with rubbing the crust against the bottle, enjoying the cheese in imagination. One day, returning home later than usual, the merchant found his son eating his crust, which he constantly rubbed against the door. "What are you about, you fool!" was his exclamation. "It is dinner time, father. You have the key, so, as I could not open the door, I was rubbing my bread against it, as I could not get to the bottle." "Cannot you go without cheese one day, you luxurious little rascal! You'll never be rich." And the angry miser kicked the poor boy for not having been able to deny himself the ideal gratification. [Cassell's Saturday Journal.

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VESSEL-CARRYING TRADE.

Modern Type Boats Enable Vesselmen to Make a Living.

"Business has been a fair average this year for vesselmen on the upper lakes," remarked a well-known Toronto vessel-owner to a reporter. "You see, it is like this: The vessels now doing the greater part of the trade up there are of the most modern type, the old-timers having been crowded out. Some of them are engaged in the lumber-carrying trade from Georgian Bay ports to Detroit River ports, while others are now carrying coal on Lake Ontario. The freights are now so low that, were it not for the improvement and larger type of vessels we now have, we could not engage in the business. Why, rates that are now classed as medium would a few years ago have been considered starvation rates. And the reason that we can live under them is that it actually requires but little more to run the larger boats than it does the smaller. It is the improved tools, as it were, that enable us to do the work cheaper than formerly and with a margin of profit."

Facts and Dates of Great Interest in This Electric Age.

In 1600 Gilbert recorded that other bodies besides amber had electric properties. The first electric machine, a globe of sulphur, was made by Guericke, 1647. Glass globes for generating electricity, used by Newton and others, about 1675. In 1720 Stephen Gray discovered that electricity acts at a distance. Bose introduced a metallic conductor for the electric machine about 1733. The Leyden jar was invented by Kleist in 1745, the battery by Winckler. Franklin's theory of electricity and lightning demonstrated in 1652, by means of a kite.

Water decomposed by Cavendish by means of the electric spark in 1787. A gold leaf electrometer was invented by Bennett in 1789, and subsequently improved. Madame Galvani noticed the movements of frogs' muscles in contact with metals in 1789. The first galvanic battery constructed by Galvani, in 1791, after many experiments. Experiments on animals were made with galvanism by Fowler in 1793. Davy, by the use of carbon points, produced the first electric light in 1802. In 1815 numerous improvements in the voltaic battery were made by Wollaston and others.

In 1815 Wollaston, by means of a powerful "thimble" battery, ignited platinum wire. Electro-magnetism began 1819 with Oersted's discovery of action on the needle. Galvanometers invented by Amperé in 1820. Many improvements made by later inventors. Ampere's experiments with magnets and spiral wires were begun in 1820. In 1820 Arago magnetized a needle by a battery wire and attached iron filings. Ampere employed the needle, coil and galvanic battery in sending messages in 1820.

Ronalds gave the world an account of his telegraph, perfected about 1820. Wheatstone's "enchanted lyre," the first telegraph, invented and used in 1821. Faraday enunciated his theory of electro-magnetic rotation in 1822. The first electro-magnet, in the form now used, was made by Faraday in 1825. Faraday produced a spark by separating a keeper from a magnet in 1831. Magneto-electric machines first were made in Paris in 1832, in London in 1833. Telegraphs invented by Schilling in 1833, by Mason and Morse in 1837. Wheatstone in 1834, calculated the velocity of electricity to be 576,000 feet a second.

In 1834 Faraday proved the strength of a battery to depend on the number of plates. In 1835 Botto of Turin constructed crude electric carriages to run on rails. Wheatstone, in 1836, constructed a machine and signaled through four miles of wire. The magnetic needle telegraph patented by Cooke and Wheatstone. The electrolytic was invented simultaneously by Spencer and Jacobi in 1837. Sturgeon's experiments with a bar of iron and the magnetic current were made in 1837.

Telegraph line set up on the Great Western railway, England, in 1838. In 1838 Davidson built an electric car with a speed of four miles. Wheatstone drew plans for a cable between Calais and Dover in 1840. Wheatstone patented his system of alphabetical printing telegraph in 1841. Woolwich, in 1842, first applied magneto-electricity to electro-plating metals. Imperfect system of telegraphy devised by Lesage and others about 1744. The first line in America was laid between Washington and Baltimore in 1844. A device for controlling the electric light was patented in 1846 by Staité.

Transmission by an insulated wire shown to be possible by Watson, 1747. A scheme for a channel cable was presented to Louis Philippe by Brett in 1847. First cable between Calais and Dover a failure, cable cut on a rocky ridge, 1850. Permission given by Napoleon for a cable to England, 1847. Cable laid, 1850. Electrotyping of wood cuts and plates for printing was first employed in 1850. New cable between Calais and Dover. Stock quotations from Paris to London, 1851.

An electric locomotive built in 1851 and exhibited at the Mechanic's fair in Boston. An Atlantic cable was first projected in 1853 by Cooper, Field and others. Siemen's armature was invented and applied to practical use in the year 1854. An electric time-ball set up in Cornhill, London, by French, in 1856. The laying of the Atlantic cable was begun at Valentia, in Ireland, in 1857. Manufacture of Atlantic cable was begun in 1857, and 2,500 miles completed. First attempts to lay the cable in 1857 a failure, the cable repeatedly snapping.

In 1858 efforts to lay the cable failed on account of a severe storm. In 1858 the third attempt to lay the cable succeeded; 2,050 miles cable laid. The first signals passed between Europe and America in 1858. Communication broken. Communication by land and sea established between London and Constantinople in 1858. Westminster bridge was brilliantly illuminated by the electric light in 1858. An electric light, devised by Holmes, was tried in a Dover lighthouse in 1858. In 1859 Bonelli devised a method of using electricity in weaving.

A new company to lay another Atlantic cable was formed in 1860. The Greenwich clock electrically connected with several London railway clocks in 1860. The French government in 1861 ordered electric lights for its light-houses. An electric telephone, invented by Reis, at Frankfort, in 1861, a partial success. In 1862 150,000 miles of telegraph wire and cable were in use in the world. In 1862 there were 15,000 miles of telegraph wire in Great Britain. Phonograph patented in England by Feny in 1863, considered a pretty toy. Complete line of cable and telegraph opened between London and Bombay in 1865. New cable made in 1866 laid by Great Eastern and proved successful. Messages passed.

The principle of accumulation by successive action was discovered by Wilde in 1866.

The electric light, then compared to bright moonlight, was exhibited in London in 1867.

Wilde, in 1868, first generated ozone by electricity, which he utilized to bleach sugar. French Atlantic cable laid in 1869, from Brest to Duxbury, Mass., a success. Appa's great induction coil giving very large sparks exhibited 1869. Siemens's light tried in the British naval service and proved successful in 1871. English system of postal telegraphy was begun in 1872, and proved a success. Complete cable communication was established in 1872 between Australia and England—messages exchanged. The Brazil cable was laid and put in working order in 1873.

The fourth cable was laid by Great Eastern from Ireland to Newfoundland in 1873. Plant electricity discovered by Sanderson and reported to the British association in 1873. Electricity proved to exist in certain kinds of fish by Cavendish in 1773. The sixth Atlantic cable was laid by the Great Eastern in 1874. In 1875 a conference was held in St. Petersburg at the invitation of the czar. In 1875 the number of messages in Great Britain amounted to 20,000,000.

The electric light was first used for photography by Van der Weyde in 1876. A direct cable line was opened between New Zealand and London in 1876. Bell's telephone, invented in 1877, successfully used over eighteen miles of wire. The West India company placed electric lights on its London docks in 1877. Quadruplex telegraphy, four messages on one wire, accomplished in 1877. Edison's phonograph invented in 1877; wax and tinfoil used to record sounds. In 1877 a system of lighting street lamps by electricity was devised by Fox. Edison's electric pen was invented and patented in 1877; used for manifold.

Edison's telephone used over 115 miles of wire between London and Norwich in 1878. First telephone company was established in 1878, and applied for right to lay wires. Electric lights introduced in the government arsenal at Woolwich in 1878. Offices and workrooms of London Times lighted by electric light in 1878. The electric light was introduced into the government offices in Westminster in 1878. Dynamo machines were in 1875 ordered by the British Government for the Lizard lights.

The first theatre, the Gaiety, of London, lighted throughout by electricity in 1878. Siemens's machines were ordered for light-house service on the Lizards in 1879. Edison announced in 1878 a method of producing many lights from his machine. In 1878 there was a panic in gas stocks on account of Edison's invention. Albert hall, London, illuminated by electricity in 1879. Grand exhibition of electric lights and apparatus in 1879. A committee of parliament in 1879 reported unfavorably on the electric light for towns.

Electric lights were placed on Thames embankment in 1879. Formation of nitric and other acids in the air by electric light proven in 1879. The South African cable between Mozambique and Natal was completed in 1879. First electric railroad opened for traffic in Berlin in 1879. Ran during exposition. In 1880 Siemens applied the electric light to the forcing of flowers in green-houses. Telephone wires laid between Liverpool and Manchester. The electric furnace was built by Siemens in 1880 and exhibited at work. British government in 1880 ordered 20,000 telephones for use in the postal service. Edison's electric railway constructed at Menlo park in 1880. Locomotive used.

Electricity was first transported from place to place in a portable form in 1881. A process for transmitting pictures to a distance was invented by Bidwell in 1881. In 1888 three leading systems of electric road—overhead, underground and storage. In 1889 electric saws, the electric cautery and light used in surgery and dentistry. In 1890 260 electric railways, 3,000 cars, 1,733 miles, carrying 1,200,000 passengers daily. In 1890 electricity used in the execution of a criminal in New York. In 1891 the Bell telephone company had 239,633 miles of wire and 171,434 subscribers.

In 1891 the Western Union received \$23,031,326.59; the profits were \$6,605,584.75. In 1891 the Western Union had 715,591 miles of wire; sent 59,148,343 messages. Over 700 patents issued for application of electricity to household uses, to 1892. In ten years over 1,700 patents issued for application of electricity to industry. Over 14,000 patents have been issued by the United States for application of electricity. Over 600 patents issued for the use of electricity in medicine and surgery.

The Turnpikes of Scotland.

Down to the middle of the eighteenth century the roads of Scotland were of the poorest character. Goods conveyed from place to place, where the distances were not great, were conveyed on horseback. Oatmeal, coals, turf, and even straw and hay were thus conveyed. That was the era of "cadgers." They supplied the country with salt, fish, eggs, and poultry. For longer routes carts were used. Through this very region, to go a distance of thirty-eight miles and return required fourteen days. It took fourteen days, in 1873, to go from here to London. Considering how old is the supposed civilization of the country, one is surprised to read of one of its chief routes of travel as follows:

"I know not how to describe this infernal road. Let me most seriously caution all travelers who may accidentally propose to travel this terrible country to avoid it as they would the devil. I passed three carts broken down inside of eighteen miles of execrable memory." This is stated to show that roadmaking even here is not an ancient science. The first turnpike roads in Scotland were constructed in 1760, and against the violent resistance and prejudices of the people, who regarded roads as aids to plunder. Except only the remains of the Roman road, the improved roads of this country are of comparatively recent origin, but are now constructed with the utmost care and maintained with scrupulous fidelity.

Envy is an acknowledgment of the good fortune of others. A man sentenced to be hanged is above suspicion.

THE MASK TORN FROM HIM.

Two Loads of Buckshot Fired into a Missouri Burglar.

A St. Louis, despatch says:—The series of highway robberies and burglaries that have kept the inhabitants of the beautiful suburb of Kirkwood half frightened to death for the last month culminated the other night in the death of one of the burglars under remarkable circumstances. About 1 o'clock Wilbur F. Warner, a St. Louis wool factor, residing in Kirkwood, was awakened by his wife, who had seen a light in the hall. Mr. Warner, like all citizens of Kirkwood, had recently secured a double-barrelled shotgun, loaded it with heavy buckshot, and placed it in his bedroom. With this weapon in his hands he stole cautiously out of the bedroom and looked over the banisters. There was a man in the hall below and he carried a candle in his hand. He had on heavy stockings, no shoes, and he was examining the hats on the hat rack.

Warner raised his gun, took deliberate aim, and let go both barrels. The candle dropped and went out, there was a horrible groan, and the sound of a man reeling against the front door. While Warner stood horrified at his own act the wounded burglar made his way outside to where his pals were awaiting him with a wagon. Warner heard him say: "Good-bye, boys, they've got me this time," and then he heard two more shots and the wagon was driven rapidly away.

Meanwhile, the people in the neighborhood, aroused by the reports, came rushing to the scene. They found the body of the burglar in a little gulch near the house. He was dead. Warner's shot had made a terrible wound in his stomach. One of the other shots had gone through his brain. Near the body was found a revolver, and in his pockets another revolver and a dirk knife.

This morning the dead burglar was identified as Henry Hall, a respected citizen of Des Peres, a little village adjacent to Kirkwood. He was ostensibly a trader, and was considered by all his neighbors an upright man. The most plausible and generally accepted theory is that Hall's companions, when they found him fatally wounded and discovery unavoidable, put a bullet through his brain to end his sufferings and prevent him from telling what he knew. On this point W. S. Bodley, City Attorney of Kirkwood, says:

TO SEE YOURSELF TALK.

The Latest Photographic Novelty.

An announcement was made some weeks ago that a Frenchman had succeeded in taking instantaneous photographs of the lips of a speaker, and in recombining them in a kind of zoetrope, so as to produce the original movement, and enable a deaf mute to understand what was said. It is now stated that the inventor has improved on the process, and brought out a new apparatus for combining the images, the device being termed the phonoscope. The changes of the lips in speaking are so rapid that fifteen photographs a second are required to give a good result. The whole head and bust of the speaker are reproduced in the photograph so as to get the benefit of the expression.

In the phonoscopes the positives are arranged around the periphery of a disc, which is rapidly turned by a handle. A second disc having a single window in it opposite the plates is also rotated by the same handle, but at a much higher rate of speed than the other. A beam of sunlight illuminates the plates from behind, and the observer looking into the apparatus sees them pass his eye one after the other in such rapid succession as to produce the effect of a single image endowed with animation. To produce this result it is necessary that at least ten or twelve must pass the retina in a second.

A Cobra's Venom.

A vivid notion of the intensity of a cobra's venom is given by the experience of Dr. Francis T. Buckland. He put a rat into a cage with a snake of that species, and it was killed after a plucky fight. Upon examining the skin of the dead rat immediately afterward he found two very minute punctures, like small needle holes, where the fangs of the cobra had entered. The flesh seemed already to have actually mortified in the neighborhood of the wound. Anxious to find out if the skin was affected, Dr. Buckland scraped away the hair from it with his finger nail. Then he threw the rat away and started homeward. He had not walked a hundred yards before all of a sudden he felt as if somebody had come behind him and struck him a severe blow on the head and neck. At the same time he experienced a most acute pain and sense of oppression about the chest. He knew instantly that he was poisoned, and so lost no time in seeking an apothecary shop, where he was dosed with brandy and ammonia. He came very near dying. Undoubtedly a small quantity of venom had made its way into his system through a little cut beneath his nail, where it had been separated slightly from the flesh in the process of cleaning the nail with a pen-knife a little time before.

Lord Lorne's New Office.

Lord Lorne was recently appointed by the Queen to be Governor Constable of Windsor Castle, in succession to the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. This is a potent place and the salary is £1200 a year. The Governor Constable formerly had a set of apartments in the castle, but that arrangement was abolished when Prince Albert succeeded the Duke of Sussex in the office, as of course he did not require an official residence. The Queen contemplates giving Lord Lorne apartments in one of the towers, if a suitable set can be discovered, and he would keep them as long as he holds the office. There was formerly a lieutenant-governor of Windsor Castle with a salary of £700 a year, but Prince Albert abolished that office about 50 years ago. It is now in contemplation to revive it for the benefit of a popular member of the household.

It seems rather foolish on the part of some prospectors who have made a discovery of ore to keep the matter secret, or at least "out of the newspapers." Had it not been for the newspaper reports of the rich finds made there this summer the Lardeau would be just as much an unknown country as it was a year ago, and capital would be a long time coming in to develop it. But now its almost limitless mineral wealth is read of wherever the English language is used. We always understood the prospector wanted capital to help to develop his prospect or buy it off his hands. But if he keeps the good tidings locked in the breasts of himself and two or three companions how is the capitalist to hear of it? Capitalists don't grow in this part of the country. The news must be put before them where they are, and what medium can better accomplish this than the newspaper? We hope the prospector who so carefully kept the news of his recent strike from reaching this office will begin to see things differently. By sending in a true statement of the find it would preclude the possibility of any garbled account being published. The following clipping from an American exchange shows that there are some prospectors on the other side who are afflicted with the same complaint:—

"There are a good many miners grubbing away on the smaller camps in this and neighboring states who have properties they want to sell or develop, and who wonder why they are neglected and why there is no inquiry for their claims. The reason is not far to seek. The miners talk among themselves, but take no trouble to inform outside people of what they have and what they are doing. Merchants who pursue this course do not sell many goods. A camp to amount to much must be advertised in some way. It takes a very short time to attract attention when a few rich strikes are made, because things are heralded abroad and people learn something about the camp and the other mines. If our mining friends in such camps as we refer to will occasionally write us about them we will be glad to publish their letters and help advertise the camp. It is not necessary to have experience in writing for the press. All we need is the facts, and they can be put in shape for publication in this office."

It does not say very much for the interest evinced in the prosperity of this district when prospectors send their samples for assay all the way to San Francisco, Vancouver, and other distant points. We have an assayer in Revelstoke, and another at Golden—both men of ability and practical experience—who are thoroughly reliable and competent to give a true assay of any ores submitted to them.

Last week's Miner contains a letter addressed to Mr. Kellie, M. P. P., which for impudence and brutality can hardly be excelled. But "the candid friend" is always brutal. Mr. Kellie has no reason to be ashamed of having been "a policeman." That is a far superior position to a government jackal. Mr. Kellie would be amply justified in taking the law in his own hands in this matter, but it is to be hoped he will conduct himself as a gentleman, which evidently the writer of such a "candid" letter is not.

The New Justices.

Owing to our having gone to press last Saturday morning before the arrival of the Western mail, which brought news of the appointments from Victoria, we could not, in that issue, offer our congratulations to Messrs. Fraser and Coursier on their elevation to the bench. But on the advertisement reaching this office we stopped the press and dropped it in, being too important to keep for a whole week. In congratulating our genial fellow-townsmen on the honor thus conferred upon them we feel sure we are only echoing the general sentiment of the citizens when we say that two gentlemen better fitted for the position could hardly be found in the town. We already notice a graver walk and an added dignity in the general bearing of the new J.P.'s, and Mr. Fraser's "long-sleeve" hat seems to shine with the lustre of the law accumulating beneath it.

The C. & K. N. Co. launched on Thursday at the smelter wharf a new steam scow, which has been in hand about three months. It has been ready for the water for some time, but has been awaiting the arrival of some small portions of her machinery from Spokane Falls. Her dimensions are about 70ft. in length, 20ft beam, and a draught of about 6 inches. She will be propelled by a stern wheel, and will be utilized for carrying passengers and freight from Revelstoke to the head of Upper Arrow Lake (about 28 miles) when the river gets too low for the steamboats to clear the sandbars. By this means navigation can be kept open perhaps a month later and open a month earlier than usual.

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NAKUSP ITEMS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] NAKUSP, Oct. 12th.

The Columbia arrived up unexpectedly about midnight last Friday, and in consequence some intending passengers got badly left—in bed. One gentleman, who wished to make connections for England, will be detained a week. Some notice should certainly have been given of the change of time.

It will not be advisable for the owner or owners of the townsites to visit Nakusp or New Denver just now, as there is a lively rumor of a large collection of stale eggs awaiting the arrival of the shilly-shallying nincompoops who have been dawdling all summer over the question of the wagon road only to find winter close at hand and nothing done. It makes one sick to see the way this thing has been mismanaged from beginning to end by incompetent red tape officials and the inhabitants and mine owners bamboozled by certain members of the Government who seem to exist solely for the purpose of making everybody feel like kicking them and for the furtherance of their own selfish ends. There, that's a pretty long sentence, but it's all true. These gentry will get their walking papers when the constituency wakes up.

Jim Wardner has returned from Tacoma and threatens to ship all his ore by way of Kaslo; but with the winter close at hand I don't think the snow will permit of much traffic between Slocan and Kaslo till next summer. Mr. Wardner has asked T. R. Neault, the contractor, to give an estimate for making a sleigh road from here to Slocan Lake, and has also offered him the contract for bringing out between 2,000 and 3,000 tons of ore this winter. We understand Mr. Neault has named a very low figure for each undertaking which it is hoped Mr. Wardner will accept. If he does, no one can have any doubt that he will be the greatest benefactor the district has yet had, and will be pointed out by future Nakuspians and New Denverites as the man who "built up" the twin cities when the selfish landowners had first "squeezed" and then deserted them.

Wedding at the Glacier.

An interesting event took place at the Glacier House on Tuesday last, the 11th inst., in the marriage of Miss Eleanor Harrison of that place to Conductor James Wright of Kamloops, the Rev. Dr. Smith, of the latter place officiating. The bride, who looked charming, was given away by Mr. W. H. Boorne, of Calgary. Misses Thompson and Olsen acted as bridesmaids, while Conductor Elson supported the groom as "best man." A sumptuous repast was spread by Mr. H. A. Perley, the genial manager of the Glacier House, to which about fifty sat down. Dancing followed, and was kept up until the "wee, sma' hours." The musical talent was represented by Messrs. Woodhouse, Dachamel and Davis. The presents were numerous and costly.

An old resident of Revelstoke, S. Hamilton, passed away early last Saturday evening at New Westminster, after an illness of about three months. His wife died last year, leaving him with six children, five of whom are still living here, three being little ones, and it is to be hoped the citizens will extend a helping hand to the orphans. Mr. Hamilton had been ailing ever since his wife's death. The funeral took place at New Westminster on Tuesday.

Waiting, listening; oh, my sisters! 'Twas a stranger at the door! And we knew, before he told us, HE was coming home no more. Never more! The face we'd watched for.

Far away was lying low— Sleeping on a lonely pillow— Through our sobs he told us so.

Next Tuesday night will be an open night of the Columbia Lodge, I.O.G.T. A first-class programme will be presented, and everybody will be welcome. Admission free.

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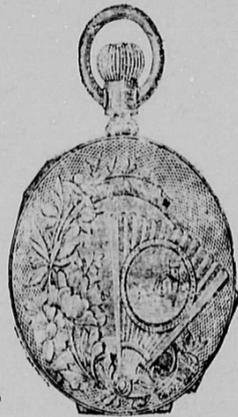
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