The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., MARCH 18, 1893. No. 40.

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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The accommodations of the Hotel are of the best.

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Low Freight Rates. Quick despatch. Merchants will save money by having their freight routed via he C. P. R.

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Asst. Gen'l Freight Ag't, V'ncouver.
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Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.

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Lardeau and Slocan Prospects Wanted.

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Assayer and Analytical Chemist,
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Assays and analyses of every description undertaken on the most reasonable terms.

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

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BUTCHERS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
BEEF, PORK, Etc.

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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.

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COLUMBIA HOUSE.
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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.

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F. McCARTHY - - - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.

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

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OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.
Royal Mail Lines.

CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Halifax.

CARTHAGINIAN...	Allan....	Feb.	18
MONGOLIAN	"	M'rch	4
NUMIDIAN	"	"	18
LAURENTIAN	"	April	1
PARISIAN	"	"	15
LABRADOR.	Dominion Line..	Feb.	25
VANCOUVER	" ..	M'ch	11
SARNIA.....	" ..	"	25
LABRADOR..	" ..	April	8
VANCOUVER	" ..	"	22

Cabin $45, $50, $60, $70, $80 and upwards.

Intermediate, $30; 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

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

The Sower
Has no second chance. The first supplies his needs—if he takes the wise precaution of planting
Ferry's Seeds
Ferry's Seed Annual, for 1893, contains all the latest and best information about Gardens and Gardening. It is a recognized authority. Every planter should have it. Sent free on request.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

Ripans Tabules cure constipation.
Ripans Tabules cure colic.

LOCAL NEWS.

Bourne Bros. are having a large warehouse built adjoining their store. They will also build a first class store at New Denver.

"The wearin' o' the green, me bhoys," was very generally observed yesterday. Delightful weather ushered in "St. Patrick's Day in the morning."

R. Robson's new warehouse, near the station, is geing up fast. Mr. Robson carries an extensive line in flour & feed, being agent for the Western Milling Co., Regina.

Mr. Laing will conduct service in the Presbyterian church to-morrow at 7.30. Sabbath school at 2.30 p.m, in the church. Wednesday prayer meeting in Mr. Paton's house at 8 p.m.

While playing with an axe on Thursday morning, a little son of C. Turnros almost completely severed one of his fingers. Dr. McLean, who was called in, hopes amputation will not be necessary.

P. C. Cilchin, an old timer who is placer mining on the north shore of Trout Lake, came up for supplies on Wednesday. He has had pretty fair success, and will return as soon as possible.

The Nelson Tribune is a very nice paper, nicely printed, newsy and truthful—as far as newspapers can be. But its animus towards everything British and its laudation of everything American is getting rather nauseous.

Rev. Mr. Ross of Donald spent Monday evening in town, the guest of Mr. Paton. His mission here was in connection with church work at Donald, at which place he reports satisfactory progress being made.

SPRING IS COMING, and already ladies are wondering what styles of prints will predominate. The very best prints, challis, chambrays and muslins have been procured by H. N. Coursier and will be opened up in a few days.

Trout Lake City lots are going off rapidly, the majority being bought for residential purposes by local parties. Speculators are also beginning to get on to a good thing. A Vancouver gentleman yesterday made application for 100 lots.

Rube Allyn, America's great humorist, and Chas. Kelly, a well-known basso and guitar soloist, will appear in Peterson's Hall, Revelstoke, next Wednesday. It will be an intellectual treat, and no one should miss it. For particulars see advertisement.

The will of the noted showman, John S. McMahon, who exhibited in Revelstoke last October, was probated in Chicago, and consisted of $75,000 worth of property, which was divided equally between his only sister and brother Charles.

The death of Chas. Oberg, formally cook at the Central Hotel, was reported here on Monday as having occured on Feb. 17th. Mr. Oberg went to Pend d'Oreille with his wife and daughter last fall, and was the owner of some land in Revelstoke.

The New York Family Story Paper building was gutted by fire on the morning of February 28, yet not withstanding the great loss and delay, the New York Family Story Paper will be delivered regularly to newdealers and subscribers as usual.

Navigation will open late this year. The ice covers the whole of the river from the lower wharf down, although the water is daily widening from the big eddy to the bridge. If the weather is favorable the river may be open about the end of next month.

Messrs. D. M. Ferry & Co., the seedsmen, send out a first class illustrated annual which is full of directions for fruit, flower and vegetable growers. It is to be obtained free by writing to the firm, at Windsor, Ont. Ferry's seeds have always given entire satisfaction.

The "Kaslo Claim," a new weekly paper, will be published in that growing town shortly. It will be intensely local, and will endeavor to place the wealth of the famous Kootenay country before the notice of the mining world at large. R. T. Lowery is the projector.

The machinery for the sawmill is expected every day, having been despatched from Peterboro, Ont., last week. It will take about two weeks to put it in position, and when started it is expected the mill will have to run night and day to catch up with accumulated orders.

ON TRIAL FOR 90 DAYS.

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.

J. P. Sutherland and R A. Fraser were passengers by the east bound train on Thursday morning, both coming from Kamloops. Mr. Fraser was employed on the STAR staff for about a year and a half, and left Revelstoke in August, 1891, this being his first visit since. They are "taking in the town" for a few days.

FOUND

On Front Street, Sunday evening, a gentleman's GLOVE. Owner can have same by calling at H. N. Coursier's and paying advertising charges.

EDWARD LIPSETT,
Sail, Tent and Awning Maker.

HORSE & WAGON COVERS,
BAGS, HAMMOCKS, &c.

WATERPROOF BLANKETS & COVERS

TENTS FOR SALE & TO RENT.

69 WATER STREET,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

The genial weather lately quite corresponds with the fresh pleasing variety of fine footwear at H. N. Coursiers.

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

We stated last week that the Revelstoke Lumber Co.'s tender for timber berths 112 and 113 had been accepted. The manager, Mr. D. Robinson, tendered on his own behalf.

The first annual meeting of the Revelstoke Presbyterian Church took place Wednesday evening with a representative attendance. The retiring board of management—Messrs. Law, Sutherland, Fraser and Abrahamson—were re-elected and Messrs. Reid, Laing and McKay were added to their number. The question of building a new church in a more suitable location was discussed at some length and the board of management were instruted to take steps to secure building lots in a desirable location.

Messrs. A. Abrahamson, J. O. Piper, A. H. Harrison, John Stauber, Jas. Bisset and Louis Rodrick, left Revelstoke at daylight on Tuesday morning for Trout Lake City. Messrs. Piper and Harrison are ranching on lands they recently took up on the shores of Trout Lake. Mr. Abrahamson, who has interests in several good mines close to Trout Lake, has been appointed foreman on the work for the government bridge across the Lardeau Creek near its confluence with Trout Lake. Eight men will be employed, and the work is to be commenced forthwith.

Mr. George Turner, surveyor, arrived here on Tuesday from New Westminster, and has been engaged during the week surveying the river bank. Mr. Turner has been sent to Revelstoke by Chief Engineer Gamble, who has been instructed by the Dominion Government to make surveys and draw up plans of the Columbia River at this point, so as to enable them to decide on the best means for preventing the undermining of the bank during high water. Mr. Turner's task is a most difficult one, the deep snow preventing him from getting at the actual condition of things. He will make a plan which will be forwarded to Ottawa with a report, and there is every probability that the work will be done before the water rises in June. The communication addressed to the Minister of the Interior by the citizens' committee has met with speedy response.

GEORGE SHIEL,
Taxidermist
OLD POST OFFICE,
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

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All kinds of specimens of Animals, Birds and Fishes carefully and naturally mounted. Several local Specimens on view and for sale.

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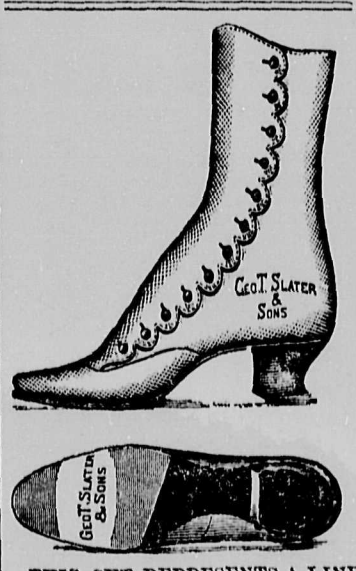


THIS CUT REPRESENTS A LINE OF THE BEST BOOTS AND SHOES IN CANADA. All sizes and special widths kept in stock at H. N. Coursier's.

St. Patrick's Day Ball.

The Second Annual Ball of the Revelstoke Quadrille Club, which was held in Bourne's Hall last night, was a most brilliant affair, being a long way ahead of any yet held in the town. Two hundred and fifty invitations were sent out, and so many were accepted that the capacious hall was crammed to overflowing. The band was provided with a raised dais at one end of the ballroom, and the music discoursed was pretty, inspiriting, and all new. It was the first appearance of the band as a caterer for dance music, and Mr. Steed is to be congratulated on leading such efficients. Green was noticeable as a decoration on several costumes (in honor of St. Patrick), and one young lady wore a cream dress studded with shamrocks, which had a very pleasing effect. Two or three ball dresses were greatly admired, especially one of rose silk. "Who was the belle of the ball?" was a question greatly asked this morning, but of the four ladies who took first honors two were married and two single. We can say no more. Among the decorations of the hall a magnificent cariboo head, belonging to Mr. M. David, was conspicuous.

Dancing commenced at 9.30 and was kept up till 4.30 this morning. Mr. A. Paul presided over the supper table, and Mr. F. Lyonnaise was gentleman usher. The Committee of Management comprised Messrs. C. N Nelles, F. B. Wells, C. H. Temple, Dr. McLean, James Lyttle, W. F. Crage, H. J. Bourne, who each wore blue badges. The secretary, Mr. I. T. Brewster, worked indefatigably, and contributed a great deal towards the success of the ball. Mr. Alton's calling off was appreciated by every one at the ball. We are compelled to cut the report short, as time and space will not permit anything larger than this.

The following were amongst those present:—

Mr. & Mrs. H. D. Hume, Salmon Arm; Mr. & Mrs. Law, Mr. & Mrs. Temple, Mr. & Mrs. Steed, Mr. & Mrs. F. Fraser, Mr. & Mrs. Nelles, Mr. & Mrs. E. Bourne, Mr. & Mrs. Crage, Mr. & Mrs. Coursier, Mr. & Mrs. Ribbach, Mr. & Mrs. Bushby, Revelstoke; Mrs. Richardson, Illecillewaet; Mrs. Jones, Miss West and Miss Holland, Sicamous; Mrs. McMahon and Mrs. Hopgood, Rogers Pass; Miss Sheen and Miss Campbell, Donald; Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Ballegard, Mrs. Newman, and Misses A. Brown, McLean, Miller, Graham, Vollans, Ribbach (2), and Turnros, Revelstoke.

Messrs. J. McLeod, J. Taylor, A. Kincade, T. Kilpatrick and D. Alton, Bear Creek; J. Simmons, F. McMahon, A. McLean, T. Needham and J. Connacher, Rogers Pass; C. A. McAulay, Donald; Gordon, Taylor, Sicamous; J. Dover, Nelson; R. A. Fraser, J. P. Sutherland, Kamloops; F. B. Wells, H. Smythe, R. W. Northey, I. T. Brewster, W. Colwill, M. David A. H. Holdich, H. J. Bourne, H. Glenn, D. Robinson, G. Barber, J. Lyttle, F. W. Wilson, F. E. Lyonnaise, W. Miller, J. I. Woodrow, A. Paul, W. Lawrence, F. McCarty, W. B. Pool, P. Lewis, E. McLean, D. Lyttle, G. Newman, E. Maunsell, W. M. Brown, J. F. Ahlin and others.

THE LARDEAU.

The Great Northern Claim Bonded.

The owners of the Great Northern Ledge—the largest silver ledge ever known—are P. M. Walker, Charley Holden and Tom Downs. They have been putting in the winter blasting rock and cleaning the channel of the Columbia River in the Narrows, between the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes. Mr. Holden came up to Revelstoke two weeks ago and left again last Sunday morning, in company with Frank Bourne, of Nakusp. While here he received from Seattle an offer to bond the Great Northern at once in the sum of $10,000, the bond being sent for signature. The letter stated that as soon as the snow permitted members of the syndicate—which is composed of capitalists in Seattle, Chicago and Boston—would visit the mine, and if at all like what it is reported, they offer to buy it for $27,000, to be paid in three instalments of $9,000 each—on the 15th July, 1st Sept. and 1st Oct. None of the syndicate have seen the Great Northern, but are willing to put the $10,000 on the strength of the reports of those who have. It is most likely that the boys will accept the offer, as they still own four good claims in the Lardeau, namely, the Silver Cup, with probably the richest galena ever assayed, going as high as 2,000 oz. silver per ton; the True Fissure, Lardeau Chief, and Gopher, all within a short distance of Trout Lake City. Mr. C. F. Blackburn was instrumental in making the deal. On three or four occasions we have contradicted the statement that the mine was bonded to the Rockefellers.

A Remarkable Oriental Experience.

A THRILLING STORY OF CHINESE TREACHERY.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

And although I am convinced that we have not got at quite the correct solution I fear that we never shall come much nearer, and that perhaps Chin-chin-wa's arguments are in the right direction. To him it is evident that from the abrupt way in which the words "Tenth swallow" precede the man's name, where they are evidently misplaced, the whole has been written hurriedly; so that the apparent disconnection of ideas evident in our reading—"In the Palace. Seek for us in Pekin. By the Chinese."—is not unnatural by any means.

Again, the "Palace" is a word which the Englishman would probably use as indicating the Imperial City; and without being able to give us any further definite information as to the place where he is confined, he instructs us to "seek in Pekin."

This might either arise from ignorance upon his part as to the name of the place of his confinement, or from the expectation that he might be shifted from one place to the other, and therefore hesitated to name a definite spot.

The reasons for such an imprisonment Chin-chin-wa will not guess; for, as he says, there are so many conjectures we might make, and each with a semblance of truth, that it is useless to waste our time upon such matters as these.

And he is right. That Norris is a prisoner is the main point. Beyond that, we have to discover where he is confined, and thereafter other questions must be decided which we need not raise now.

I am truly grateful for the chance which led my path to cross that of Chin-chin-wa. He is a man who strikes me as bound to succeed in what he undertakes. And the first undertaking upon his release is indeed a noble one, when it is remembered that he risks a renewal of that exile from which he is but just set free, and which he does not hesitate to face a second time in casting in his lot with me.

Bonsel broke in upon our colloquy shortly before the hour for dinner. Chin-chin-wa left us at a little after 10 p.m., by which time I think we had pretty well thrashed out all that we have as yet to treat.

By Chin-chin-wa's desire I have changed my plans. We lose little or nothing by so doing, for we go now upon horseback; and early in the evening we sent a relay of ponies ahead of us, which we shall use tomorrow night. We leave at sundown tomorrow, to avoid the heat of the day, and thus Chin-chin-wa has sufficient time given him to prosecute the inquiries he deems advisable in Tientsin.

I put before him my desire to search for the carter. He considers it useless; but if he be in Tientsin at this hour, he will be within reach to-morrow, so we hope.

I have as yet had no time or opportunity to learn the history of this strange and striking man—a history which it seems he has himself written in the English tongue during his exile. This I learned in a short conversation which ensued upon my touching with extreme delicacy upon monetary matters during the afternoon. Upon my doing so, Chin-chin-wa interrupted me at once. "Mr. Dicey," he said, "spoke somewhat strangely of a reward. I am not a man who requires the money of the English. I am rich, and I am proud. My wealth, if you knew it, must be even greater than yours, and it is Chinese wealth inherited from the man who first befriended me amongst the Chinese many years ago. Yung Lao died two years ago. His wealth came to me, though I was an exile then, and one who never hoped to taste of freedom. You have read of my life, have you not? You have read in England what my life has been; is it not so?" he asked.

"Read your life? known of your exile? You were in China; we do not hear of all Chinese things in England. Perhaps none but the Chinese knew: how, then, could we English know?"

He looked at me in astonishment. "I wrote to England," he said; "I wrote and told of my early life, six years ago."

"To whom did you write?"

"Fancying I was about to die," he replied "I wrote my tale and sent it to England. I longed that my old people should hear of me before I died. I was an exile for life, and I faced the exile's death. I wrote home what my life had been. I thought that you would know. I sent it to the school where I once was, as a boy: some one, surely, would receive it. Or can it have been lost?"

"To my knowledge," I answered, "it has never reached England: perhaps it was lost upon the way; or perhaps it may have been sent to some publisher's," I added musingly for my thoughts were elsewhere.

"But they would have used it; would they not?"

The curious want of knowledge of our English doings struck me as strange; but I recollected in a moment that Chin-chin-wa knew little of the country of his birth.

"I do not know," was my reply. "Some publishers put away work, I have heard, for months or years even, and then may never read it in the end. They might not publish it. There are many ways in which your life-tale may have been lost: you must tell it to me in person, if you will, on our road to Pekin."

He has promised to do so; and I have told him that, on my return to England, if, indeed, I pass through the dangers which I expect ere long to face me, I shall ascertain the truth about the story he has written of his life.

Tientsin, 17th July.—This morning I had a long conversation with Bonsel regarding Chin-Chin-wa. He is impressed in a sense, but, at the same time, has taken a dislike to him because, I fancy, he expressed his opinion so strongly and firmly to us both, last night, that it may prejudice our chance of success if we go to Pekin as the guests of Shan-min-yuen.

"I know him by name only, Mr. Bonsel, Chin-chin-wa said, "and you must therefore kindly look upon anything I may say as quite unbiased. I have heard he is a friend of yours; therefore we ought to go to him. But you must excuse me if I think otherwise."

"What reasons?" inquired my host coldly. "I am understanding you are putting no slight on my Chinese friend?"

"None!" was the frank reply. "It is possible that your friend might assist us; all that I say is that we must not go to him in the first place. We shall feel our way, so I propose; and if we find it judicious to go to him for his advice and assistance, the introduction you so kindly give to Mr. Vanscombe will be of undoubted service. For myself," he added, in a moment or two, "I require no introduction; your friend already knows of me."

"But you are giving no reason."

"Perhaps," was Chin-chin-wa's reply, "there is none, only that I think it above all things wise to keep our own counsel in the matter till we see that something is to gained by doing otherwise. To my mind, it would be rash to put this affair before any one in Pekin before we ascertain that it is advantageous to do so. I counsel Mr. Vanscombe not to go to your friend until then, in the same way as I counsel him not to go to the Legations in Pekin; because the more closely we keep our secret, the less it is likely to leak out that an Englishman is in Pekin seeking for a friend. Are you prepared," he continued, turning to me, "to assume the Chinese dress whenever it may be necessary? Include a pigtail, but not the shaving of your head," he added, with something of a smile.

"I am ready at any moment," I answered.

"You have been in Pekin, Mr. Bonsel?" he went on.

"Yes," replied my host, "I know Pekin well. You also have been there, is it not so?"

"I was exiled from Pekin." he paused a a moment and then went on: "You have told me that you know Pekin; but you do not know the Chinese side of it. And it is the Chinese with whom we have to do. I have a certain degree of power in China, if I require to use it; but, from our conjectures, we are inclined to put down as more likely that the power required will be against and not for the race, or, shall I say, against the higher powers of the land? In these circumstances, I think my action must strike you as likely to be freer than can be that of your friend, however powerfully interested he may be in the case. What do you say, Mr. Vanscombe—am I right or wrong?"

"You are right, to my mind," was my answer. "I shall take Mr. Bonsel's introduction with the utmost gratitude, but I shall not promise to use it."

"Well, you know the best," said my host, with just a shade of annoyance in his tone. "May I be excused to ask," he concluded, turning to Chin-chin-wa, "how you decided to come here; why you are joining my guest?"

Chin-chin-wa slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"Because I think I can assist—because Mr. Dicey was certain that I could; and, perhaps, because the old nature that has been kept secret all these years is still boiling within me, and calling for some work that is difficult to do, as it used to do in the old time when I was a young man."

It was in reference to this part of our conversation that Bonsel spoke to me this morning. There are several things which puzzle him. His nature is of that ultra-suspicious kind we sometimes meet with. Firstly, he wished to know the history of Chin-chin-wa, and how he came to be exiled. I told him that I had not learned his past; and he expressed surprise that I should trust myself to the power of a stranger, and leave him to guide me more or less in the future.

Bonsel wearies me with his objections and unintentional throwing of difficulties in my way.

I have told him plainly that I shall not go to Shan-min-yuen until I find it advisable to do so, and I have extracted from him the promise that he will not write to Pekin advising my arrival, or in any way referring to me or to my search, until I give him permission to do so. What a difference there is in men! Here is a man who, in his desire to assist, seems to throw obstacles in the way. Somewhat different to my mind from that quieter and deeper treatment of the matter which I have received at the hands of the Diceys. And yet, at first meeting, his advice was all that could be desired. One's opinions change gradually; possibly mine have done so because of his endeavor to thrust his friend down my throat, so to speak, to the prejudice of Chin-chin-wa, which has led me to my present state of feelings. My decision was made some time ago.

I trust to Chin-chin-wa!

CHAPTER IX.

It is such a very long time since I have written a line in my diary, that I am ashamed to say how long it is, or to give the date of the day upon which I am now writing. And, first before proceeding to write up to date, it is well that I should give some account of the man who set out with me from Tientsin to Pekin, to assist in the search for William Norris, and that I should note briefly the outline of the life which has been his.

As had been promised, he gave me a detailed account of his past, when we were upon the road; and that account I shall now give in a shorter form, and yet as clearly as I may be able.

He came, as a boy, to Hong Kong, leaving no friends in England; and in Hong Kong he was destined to make but few.

Possessing a peculiar aptitude for acquiring languages, he set himself to study Chinese with such success that he ultimately understood the language clearly, and detected one of the Chinamen, with whom the firm had dealings, in some fraud, regarding which he overheard some conversation not intended for English ears.

From this fact, and his consequent act of keeping the Chinaman's counsel and secret, as he judged it best to do, he made a Chinese friend, who, when trouble came to the boy, and when he left the firm in which he was employed, stood by him, making the singular proposal that the English boy should cast in his lot with the Chinese.

This he finally agreed to do, and with his Chinese friend, Yung Lao, proceeded to Canton, where he lived for many years, buried in study, and here it was that he received the name of the Welcome One—Chin-chin-wa.

The boy had conceived the idea of entering the State examinations, and perhaps a little of the great mental power of Chin-chin-wa may be gathered from the fact that he did ultimately enter the examination-halls of Canton, and, after passing through the hardship of a Chinese examination, he, as an Englishman, was announced as the highest student of the time in Southern China.

Before this, however, he had made a Chinese enemy, whose name I think I recollect correctly to be Fa-to-man, This rival took the second place in the examination. But for Chin-chin-wa, he would have taken the first.

Leaving Canton, Chin-chin-wa came to Pekin to undergo a higher examination for State honor. Fa-to-man followed his footsteps, and a few days before the examination, whilst Chin-chin-wa was walking one evening in Pekin, his rival sprang upon him. Fortunately, some instinct caused the intended victim to turn in time.

For the rest, any one who has conceived the correct idea of the man Chin-chin-wa will easily guess that it was not many seconds ere his foe lay at his mercy. And at this moment Chin-chin-wa, overpowered by feelings of hatred for the coward who had tried to stab him in the back, committed the act which was the cause of his ruin and of his exile to Formosa.

To an Englishman such an impulse might never have occurred. Chin-chin-wa was no longer an Englishman; his instincts had grown Chinese, whilst yet something of the old nature may have remained deep within.

He did not kill Fa-to-man, but cut upon his forehead, with the knife Fa-to-man had held, certain hinese letters, forming a single word whose meaning is the name, "Chin-chin-wa."

Horrible as is the conception, surely some justification speaks for Chin-chin-wa, for at that moment he had at his mercy the man who had tried to kill him from behind.

In a few days' time, at the examination hall, Chin-chin-wa was charged by Fa-to-man with attempted murder, the proof of which was the wound; and this charge led in the end to the exposure of his English birth and to his banishment for ever from Chinese soil.

He was marked with the brand of exile upon his breast—a mark which I have seen with my own eyes.

This, briefly, is his story up to the time of his banishment.

Of that period when, during seventeen years, he existed in Formosa facing a life of endless separation from all that he had lived for, there is little to tell. Once or twice his old friend, Yung Lao, came to visit him from Hong Kong, and then at length Yung Lao died, and Chin-chin-wa inherited his fortune, which was a vast one, whilst he yet knew that riches were of little use to him who was an exile in Formosa.

True, he had liberty to a certain extent, and he was treated well; but none the less was he an exile, and as an exile he was guarded, lest he should endeavor to escape.

Then, at the expiration of seventeen years, came his pardon, brought about by the strange working of fate through the means of his old enemy, Fa-to-man.

Fa-to-man had, during these years, reached a high position in the State. At length, however, came a day when he was found to be a traitor of the highest and most dangerous class, and as such was condemned to public execution in Pekin.

The name upon his brow had been forgotten in the past; but it was remembered now that he was condemned to a traitor's death; and perhaps the Powers made inquiry about the exile. This is difficult to decide. But the fact remains that when Fa-to-man approaching the threshold of his doom with Chinese calm, made the request as though divining that Chin-chin-wa's release was possible, that his old enemy might never be set free, he was told that even then Chin-chin-wa's pardon had been signed. Thus was Fa-to-man's punishment made complete!

So Fa-to-man was executed as a traitor, and his old rival was set free.

It was considerably before the day when he told me his story, and indeed before we left Tientsin, that Chin-chin-wa chanced to show me his pardon. Bonsel was not present, or I fancy he would not have done so; indeed, the conversation which led to this would in all probability not have taken place had my host been present, for we were talking of his friend, Shan-min-yuen.

I had asked Chin-chin-wa how he came to have heard of Shan-min-yuen; for, to my understanding great changes must have taken place in the government of the country within the past seventeen years, and I could not suppose that whilst in exile Chin chin-wa could have been posted up in the doings of the day.

His answer was to the effect that his pardon had been signed in a secondary way by Shan-min-yuen.

I asked him how he knew that it was so; for I imagined that the document referring to his release was not likely to have reached the exile's hands. But in this I was wrong, for he produced thereupon what he terms his "Pardon," written upon some very finely and strongly made silk which forms into a small roll upon a piece of ebony, to which it is attached.

He produced this document, and laid it in front of me, and then with his finger pointed to two letters, as I took them to be in the lower corner.

"That," he said "is the signature of Shan-min-yuen. The other above it—this here—is the signature of the Supreme Power. This man, Shan-min-yuen, occupies a position in the State, but not necessarily a high one (though it may be so), since his signature is not here meant to carry weight with it, but to be, as it were, a guarantee that the document is good."

I looked upon the writing with curiosity. "But why do you have this?" I asked.

It is now a necessity for me," he answered, with something of bitterness in his words. "You seem to forget that I am an exile, I have a mark upon my breast. Whosoever discovers that I bear that mark may kill me like a dog; a whole village would set upon me as I entered it, did I wear my chest bare. So I have this pardon, which is given to me now, to counteract the meaning of the mark on my breast. Do you follow my words?"

"Perfectly; you have this higher thing to show in case of need, to prove that you are not an exile, but are protected by the Supreme Power. What are these words?" I pointed to the writing before me.

"That is the pardon," he answered; "a few words only, but it is sufficient, when thus signed, to render my life a sacred thing in China. It simply means, as I translate it, this—

"'PERMIT AND GIVE HONOR TO CHIN-CHIN-WA.'"

* * * *

We left Tientsin without having discovered any trace of the carter. By Chin-chin-wa's wish—and, indeed, perhaps I was the first to suggest the matter—I paid off the guide brought with me from Shanghai; for to commence with a guide was now quite an unnecessary thing, as I had for companion a man who could prove far more useful to me than a guide; and, further, the Shanghai guide would simply have impeded our operations.

With Norris's guide we acted differently, having determined to take him with us in hopes of his identifying the carter in Pekin.

Thus there were now three of us—Chin-chin-wa, the guide who had formerly accompanied Norris, and myself.

We left Tientsin upon the afternoon, it being our intention to ride all night, and, if possible with the relay of horses sent ahead, reach Pekin the following evening.

Before starting, I offered to Chin-chin-wa one of my revolvers, on discovering that he did not himself carry one. But he refused the offer, showing me a curiously shaped knife which he carries, and to which he said he would prefer to trust in case of an emergency, as he is not accustomed to the use of the revolver.

We had four ponies—an additional animal, that is to say for the baggage. This pony the guide took under his charge, and in this fashion we set out upon our journey, passing for a long time through the streets of Tientsin; and at last reaching the country, at which point we were able to slightly increase our speed.

Chin-chin-wa and myself rode side by side, the guide, with the baggage-pony, preceding us, in order that we might not stray from the appointed route.

To converse with the man by my side I found to be most interesting. Not only did his individual life exhibit a past which was almost incredible, but his information and knowledge I speedily found to be vast indeed. It is generally the case that the wisest man is least remarkable for an exhibition of wisdom, and thus it was with Chin-chin-wa.

Travelling in North China was novel to me. There is an atmosphere almost of the desert about the flat country through which we passed, cultivated though it was upon all sides. I suppose this impression came upon me from the clouds of dust which our ponies stirred as we went along, and from the great heat of the declining sun.

Night came on apace, and with the darkness came, at length the moon. We continued riding by moonlight until the following day, when (at, I think about nine o'clock) we arrived at the village where fresh ponies—the relay sent on by us from Tientsin—were awaiting us.

We had, up till now, enjoyed nothing which could be termed rest, although we had, indeed, occasionally halted for a brief space either for food or drink. Further than these brief stoppages, we had been in the saddle all night, and being unaccustomed to such prolonged exercise, I, for one, was in that condition in which I could almost have slept in the saddle as we went along.

To my delight, a rest was decreed before we should proceed; and, leaving the guide to make all arrangements. I was not long in finding a place where I could sleep under cover. I simply took possession of an apartment, of that kind which was all the little inn could furnish—a chamber, open to the courtyard, in which a great number of mules and carts were congregated, and possessing no furniture, unless that part of the earthen floor which was higher than the other, and which served as a subsitute for a couch, might be looked upon as such.

As it was, my condition was not a discriminating one, so I laid myself down upon a blanket, which I had taken from the baggage-pony, and disposed my head upon a pillow obtained from the same source.

Chin-chin-wa remained behind in the courtyard; and I was awakened from a condition of half-sleeping by his entry some time later.

He had been conversing, so he told me, with the proprietor of the inn—a Pekin man, he said, of considerably better standing than these innkeepers usually are.

I scarcely listened to his words. Nothing of great interest had transpired, so far as I gathered.

I think I must have fallen asleep again, for I have little recollection of anything further until I awoke, or partially awoke, some time later to notice that Chin-chin-wa was lying opposite me—that is to say, that his feet almost touched mine, whilst his massive frame lay beyond.

He was lying upon his back, and had carelessly cast his rich silk clothing in a heap upon the ground. Possibly he may have placed his garments by his side, and they have fallen, whilst he slept, from the raised part of the floor on to that below.

As I was placed I could not see his face or the upper part of his body; but I remember dreamily conjecturing that, although he still wore his lower garments, it was probable, from the amount of clothing which lay upon the floor, that his chest was bare; and that, therefore, I might look upon the brand of exile, which I had not then seen, did I trouble to rise.

I was, at this time, in that half-waking, half-dreaming condition in which it is difficult to distinguish the real from the dream so delightfully blended is thought with thought.

The noises from the courtyard, which was within a few feet of us, seemed to mingle in a kind of harmony, and I was as one dreaming, and yet not dreaming; for, whilst I was to a certain extent conscious, I could not believe that I was so, because sleep still hung heavily upon me, and possibly the great warmth of the air—the sun being now high in the heavens, and the day well advanced—may have influenced my slow return to full waking.

There was nothing peculiar in my condition, for I have often experienced the same both before and returning from sleep to waking.

It was during this brief interval that an event occurred which speedily called my senses into full play.

Whilst I lay still for a moment or two, a Chinaman stole from the yard to our chamber, which, as I have said, was open to the court; and I dreamily watching his movements, seemed to wonder what might be the result should he look upon Chin-chin wa's breast.

Still believing the thing to be a dream, I did not cry out until it flashed across me like lightning that I was awake, and that the Chinese vagabond had seized Chin-chin-wa's rich clothing in his hands.

As he disappeared rapidly amongst the carts in the yard, my shout went forth. Instantly Chin-chin-wa was on his feet, and I threading my way at full speed after the robber through the crowded carts.

So rapidly did this occur, that the thief passed into the street unhindered: I, a second or two behind him, followed in pursuit.

As I turned into the road, the tall form of Chin-chin-wa made up upon me, and I saw as it did so that he was naked to the waist.

Almost at the same time a shout arose from behind us. I was now behind Chin-chin-wa, and perceived some Chinamen, who were a little way in front of us, turn immediately. The shout was repeated as the robber passed them, and three of them cast themselves forward upon Chin-chin-wa to stop his pursuit. But the three men were as nothing to the great strength of Chin-chin-wa, and he dashed them on either side.

All the same, the momentary impediment had been the robber's gain.

None stood to hinder me; but new shouts seemed to arise all around, and men came out from the houses on either side, and, almost in a second of time, it was as though we were flying from a crowd that gathered in pursuit, and not ourselves pursuing the thief in front.

It flashed across me suddenly, as I ran, that Chin-chin-wa's breast was bare, and that the whole village were after the exiled man!

A great fear descended upon me in a species of frenzy, that lent speed to my steps. The pace had grown terrific; the thief was the most nimble-footed Chinaman I have ever seen; but still we made upon him step by step, Chin-chin-wa a yard in front of me, I desperately striving to decrease that space.

The thief turned suddenly to the left; we were in the open country now, and I could hear the crowd shouting and screaming behind. A mad fear came over me.

Where was Chin-chin-wa's pardon, since he was naked to the waist?

To catch the robber must mean that we were lost, for to secure him meant delay, and delay the falling into the villagers' hands!

As I knew the terrible truth with instantaneous thought, I tripped, and then tripped again and fell, and, even as I did so I saw that Chin-chin-wa's hand had descended upon the robber's shoulder, and felt that both he, the exile, and I his friend, were surely doomed.

My fall must have been in part broken in that I tripped a second time, for I was for a moment but partially stunned, and I can recall, as though it had been a dream, a great noise on all hands, and the tall figure of Chin-chin-wa standing above me and holding something in his hands, whilst he shouted loudly, ere my senses became confused.

* * * * * *

The Chinese proprietor of the inn had been the man who had first passed the word that had been echoed on all sides. It was he who had recognized the exile's mark as he passed, and it was he who had set the whole village on our track. For the word "exile" spread from house to house, and with that word went the inhuman desire to join in the pursuit, and hunt down the man who had no home in the land of the Chinese.

It had, indeed, been a time of imminent danger. Had Chin-chin-wa swerved in the resolute pursuit of the thief, as many a man would have done with the knowledge that on all sides his fellow-creatures were crying for his blood, all would have been lost; for the man who had committed the theft, and whom we were then pursuing, had taken, with the silk raiment, the pardon which protected Chin-chin-wa's life, and, had he escaped, the exile would have come to a terrible end. For it is useless to suppose that the grandeur of the strength of a single man can save him from the multitude. He may, indeed, die like a lion, but that is all; and by the stealing of his pardon, the thief had left Chin-chin-wa outlawed, and as the thing to be killed by stealth or strength of number by those who were his enemies from that hour.

That the thief had had designs upon the pardon is impossible, because it was only on our rushing from the court of the inn in mad pursuit that the exile's mark was seen; but the man in stealing the clothes had stolen that which chanced to be attached, and for the double theft he paid the penalty.

When I had fallen, the crowd were just upon us; but Chin-chin-wa shouted with a loud voice, and though two or three sprang upon him he struck them down. The others heard and saw, and none could disobey, because he held what he had now regained—the pardon of the Supreme Power!

So the crowd seized upon the thief instead, and hung him by the ankles to a tree, that in this way the blood might rush into his head, until at length he died.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Moon.

The moon made amends for getting full twice in January, by not getting full at all in February. That is perhaps the humorous aspect, but there is a more interesting one in the fact that a month without a full moon only happens in about twenty years. The irregularity is not in the moon's habits, for they are of the greatest regularity. It is the irregularities of the calender that place Luna in this false position. The interval between full moons is always twenty-nine and a half days, so that February is the only month that possibly can be without a full moon, and that only when the preceding full moon comes on the 30th or 31st of January. The last full moon was on Jan. 31., and and the moon will not be full again until March 2.

Feminine Curiosity.

"Mr. Dolley, won't you let me look at your watch a little while?"

"Certainly, Miss Flypp. Do you want to consult the time?"

"No," replied the girl, as she opened it and examined its case and works. "I was curious to see if water tarnished gold, or had any effect on the watch's delicate mechanism."

"Water? What do you mean?"

"Well, Mr. Hunker told me you were in the habit of soaking your watch. What is the object of such treatment, Mr. Dolley?"

Cremation—Its Result.

Bessie—Mamma, I think you'd better whip Willie.

Mamma—Why, my child?

"Well, he broke the vase on the mantel and mixed part of auntie with grandma, and threw the rest of her in the fireplace.'

For any man to match above his rank is but to sell his liberty.

ON A SURVEY IN MIDWINTER.

A Tale of Adventure in a Canadian Forest.

At dawn on the 28th of December, 1868, a surveying party of seven men and a youth of eighteen years were camped half-way between the upper waters of the Bonnechere and Madawaska Rivers, in what was then a wilderness of eastern Ontario. Mr. Ronald Mackinnon was the Provincial land surveyor in command, and I was the youth of eighteen. We had been in the woods for five weeks, and this was my first experience as chainman on a timber-limit survey.

The tent from which we rose, long before dawn that morning, was open-fronted, sided with young spruces stuck on end, and well banked with snow. It was not ill-warmed by the great fire of black birch and maple that had been glowing all night within three yards or so of our feet.

Having obtained water by melting snow the night before, we breakfasted on tea, ship-biscuit and cold boiled pork, the only provisions that we cared to carry over our long "blazed" line through the difficult country.

Then Mr. Mackinnon started away on a north-westerly course with four men. His last words to me were, "Ned, mind you're back with the prog early to-morrow afternoon, so there'll be supper for us when we get into camp. We shall have seven miles' walk after to-morrow's work."

The "prog" he spoke of was then *cached* or stored, in an abandoned timber shanty about fifteen miles from our tent, and near the south shore of Lake Sheboiobonawigamog, of which we spoke familiarly as "Sheboy." For the two months' more work which we intended to do we had no provisions except the *cache*.

At Mackinnon's words I thrust my feet into my hard-tied snow-shoe strings and went off, with two men, on a course nearly contrary to his. One of my men carried a small tin pail containing about two pounds of boiled pork, and enough tea for lunch done up in a handkerchief. We each carried four round, thick hardtack, in our pockets, and in one hand a tightly-rolled tump-line, or, carrying strap of leather about twelve feet long. I carried also a long-handled half-axe or hatchet.

Our design was to bring back pork, biscuit, tea and matches to the weight of about three hundred pounds.

Daylight was not clear when we left the grand fire behind us. I led the way, by pocket-compass, through a noble woodland, mostly of birch, maple, spruce and balsam, from among which rose many lofty white pines. But the hills were so many, high, steep and rocky, and the tramping through three feet of light December snow was so slow, that we were not within sight of Sheboy when we stopped to make a little fire and melt snow for tea at eleven o'clock lunch.

It was one o'clock when we saw the irregular lake a mile, ahead, down at the foot of the great slope on whose summit we stood.

Here we first noticed a queer smell of "grillade" or fried pork in the sunshiny, calm and cold air. This whetted our hunger, though we had so lately lunched, for fried pork was our one luxury. We always had it on Sunday. The meat was too precious away out there to be eaten otherwise than cold-boiled, or raw, on week-days. Several of the men liked the raw fat best, but I never tried hard enough to acquire so accomplished an appetite.

As we strode down the slope, wondering at the enormity of the grillade that made a whole forest odoriferous, that delicious smell became stronger and stronger. Had a party of Indians burglarized our cache?

When we reached the edge of snow-covered Sheboy, we perceived an exceeding thin, languid and blue smoke flowing up from where the old shanty should be.

Racing in alarm across the lake, we found that the building and every scrap of our stored provisions had been consumed by fire probably during the preceding night. Nothing remained except ashes, some smoldering sills, and a wide patch of grease-saturated clay which had been part of the shanty's hard-trodden floor.

We searched the surrounding woods for the snow-shoe tracks of incendiaries, but found only the traces of many wolves. No doubt they had broken into the shanty and ignited our stored matches while tearing and scrambling amongst the bags. For convenience of portaging the provisions to Sheboy we had put everything into bags on leaving our teamsters five weeks before.

We three lost no time in starting back to warn Mackinnon that we must all give up the job and start for a settlement. Dutch John's cabin, forty-two miles from camp by a blazed cutting, was the nearest place where food might be procured. We knew there could not be more than a few ounces of "grub" in camp by the next day, the 29th of December, at noon.

Encumbered with camp equipage and clothing, we could not hope to reach Dutch John's in less than two days' severe marching, so broken by hills was the narrow line of retreat.

On the way back from Sheboy the steepest faces of the many hills we had come over in the forenoon were against us, and we were not within six miles of camp at half-past four, when the woods were too dim to permit farther journeying.

We might have gone on had moon and stars been clear. But the temperature had risen, and snow was coming down so heavily that we could not distinguish our snow-shoe tracks of the morning. So we made a little fire, built a shelter by leaning boughs against a horizontal pole, and spent a hungry night, sitting on boughs and turning first one side and then the other to the blaze for warmth.

Next forenoon, the twenty-ninth, when we reached camp, Mackinnon and the others were, we knew, so far away on the new cutting that we could not hope to reach them in time to prevent their eating, at lunch, all the food they had with them. Nor could we bring them in soon enough to pack up and make a start for Dutch John's that day.

Our search for eatables disclosed about one pound of tea, five whole biscuit and a handful of pieces. We broke our fast on one biscuit, the pieces, and plenty of tea.

Then we cut and staked about half a cord of wood for the night. Next we vainly wandered through the woods, hoping to scare up some partridges that we might kill with sticks.

There was neither gun nor pistol in the party, for timber limit surveying involves so much marching under heavy loads that men so engaged seldom carry firearms, especially as they cannot find time to shoot game except on Sunday when, even if they have no respect for the day, rest is needed more than anything else.

When Mackinnon and his men came in late that evening there was nothing to eat except half a biscuit to each of our reunited eight. None of us were senseless enough to eat his half-biscuit that night, with at least two days of starvation in prospect. All drank tea liberally and turned into the blankets, "spoon fashion." The two end men "shingled" the blankets over the others as usual, then lay down and turned the ends of the blankets firmly under themselves.

Snow fell nearly all night. The fire melted it on our tent, so that a fine fringe of icicles hung down among the greenery at the sides by morning, and little rivulets of ice had formed on the canvas low down at the back. Beat the fabric as we would, it was a heavy load for one hungry man to carry all day. Mackinnon thought we should save time by carrying it, instead of making brush camps.

We set out at dawn, the 30th of December, for Dutch John's, along a line blazed by ourselves in the fore part of the month. Since then two feet more of snow had fallen. This raised our heads and packs as high as many of the branches that we had left uncut because they were clear of our heads when we first passed along. Thus we had to stoop often, which was almost as fatiguing as to crowd the high-carried packs through without stooping.

Good portageurs, I may explain, usually carry their loads high on their shoulders, almost on the back of their necks. The bundle is bound by the tapering ends of the leather tump-line, and the broad middle of this line is held by the portageur's brow. Thus the load, made bulky by blankets and clothes, rises as high or higher than the man's head.

We had left nothing behind except Mackinnon's compass, the chain, three axes and most of the cooking utensils. Our blankets, clothing and other necessaries made seven packs of some twenty-five pounds each. Mackinnon, a true leader, and the biggest man, carried the icy seventy-pound tent all the forenoon; we took it by turns later.

By noon we had marched ten miles, and reached the third of those camping-places where we had pitched tent at the end of each day's cutting in. Up to this time the others, all tobacco-users, had somewhat stayed their craving stomachs by chewing and smoking, while I chewed and swallowed tea.

No other so silent march do I remember. Seldom was anything heard except the click and creak of snow-shoes, the blowing of men laboring up steeps, and the slight clatter of tea-pail and pannikins in their bag. Sometimes a partridge whirred up out of the white and rattled away, while clumps of snow dropped silently from the smaller firs, as though stirred to fall by the little wind from the bird's wings, and so we plodded steadily on.

After taking hot tea at noon we at once resumed our packs. I had placed mine on the stump of a tree felled by us for fire-wood three weeks earlier. As I lifted the bundle some fragments of a cake, previously concealed by the snow-cap, fell down. These were pieces of a cake of solid lard that had cooled on our pot when we boiled pork at that camp on our way in. I stopped with a joyful cry, and found not less than two pounds' weight of clear white grease.

Such a windfall! All hands crowded round, and I shared the delicacy fairly. Then we went on our hands and knees to grope vainly in the snow for more. But we had enjoyed a quarter of a pound of grease each, and were much comforted.

That day we made twenty miles—a long march for unfed men. In the afternoon we passed two camping-places where we had never boiled pork. Still we had hoped to find some pork-rinds or bits of biscuit at each place.

But we brushed the snow in vain. If we had thrown away any scraps of food there the camp hawks, four of which now silently flitted along near our company, had devoured every particle.

The sixth back-camp had been a pork-boiling one, so we thought. But on reaching it at dark, we remembered the place as one where we had fed sumptuously on partridge and grillade.

Pork had been boiled three miles, or one day's cutting, nearer Dutch John's. It was too late to proceed that evening on the chance of finding another cake of fat.

That night was a wretched one, not with hunger only, but with cold. The temperature had fallen to thirty below zero, and we had arrived too late to lay in our customary stock of fire-wood.

Here each ate the half-biscuit he had carried all day. But we went without tea, for the stock had been greatly reduced during the afternoon, when my tea-chewing had been generally imitated. It appeared that we should have nothing but one drink of tea, and possibly a cake of lard, to each during the next day's march by which we hoped to reach Dutch John's.

Boys cannot endure fatigue and hunger so well as mature men. Next morning, the thirty-first of December, I felt quite sick with the craving for food and sleep. My nerves, disordered by a day of tea-chewing, had kept me awake in a sort of delirium all night. Nevertheless, I struggled doggedly on with my pack till ten o'clock, when Mackinnon took it from me. When I strove to get it back he said, "I'll carry you, too, young un, if you don't look out."

So I did look out. The extra load seemed nothing to him, for his own pack was light, because the tent had now been left standing behind us.

That day the big surveyor's spirit rose with his men's needs for encouragement. He promised us an immense cake of lard at the first back-camp. But alas! I suddenly remembered that I had, on leaving there, wantonly flung the cake into the fire for the fun of seeing it blaze.

This recollection was received with a woeful groan from all except Mac, who laughed, and said, "Well, boys, the more we go through, the more we'll have to tell our grandchildren some day."

All day we marched, up crag and down slope, through cedar swamps, across creeks and ponds and beaver meadows—a most formidable country—on nothing but a pannikin of tea at lunch, and the chewing of pieces from our moccasin tops.

Perhaps fifty-four hours of almost total starvation is little to a public "faster," motionless in a warm hall. Let him try it while marching with even a light pack, on five-feet snow-shoes, through three or four feet of dry December snow, in far-below-zero air, before he pooh-poohs our experience! I record it, not, as a tremendous one, but because it fairly represents many an incident in the work that Canadian surveyors do for little money. But then they have "the sense of endurance dear to the heart of every Englishman," as Hughes says in "Tom Brown at Rugby."

Our horror on reaching Dutch John's place at nine that night and finding the house empty of humanity and food!—if I were making up a story I should certainly depict it. But the truth is that Dutch John and his jolly, fat wife were at home entertaining a New Year's eve party of some twenty buxom young folks from cabins distant ten to twenty miles.

The good souls!—how they were jigging it, and how gladly they sacrificed the greater part of their astonishing Dutch supper to appease our hunger!

One dish I shall ever remember with lively affection, though I do not wish to taste of it again. It consisted of bits of meat and chunks of a particularly greasy and sticky sweet cake floating in a huge tin pan full of what seemed like custard made with sour milk.

Was it good? It remains in my memory as the most excellent of dishes for a party on New Year's eve.—[E. W. McTavish.

In the Barber Shop.

"I ain't feeling good this morning and I guess it is because I had hold of the mug of a dead man," said the man at the second chair.

"You don't mean to say that you shave a corpse; not with that razor, surely?" said the victim in the second chair.

"No, sah; you misunderstood me. It was the mug of a man who has been dead over a year ago, but I knew in the moment I read the superscription on it. There is no luck for me in dead men's shaving mugs. Some barbers keep them always in sight and are as fraid as death of breaking them. I think a barber ought to find the family and send the mug home with as great felicity as he can just as soon as the obsequies are concluded. Colored barbers don't like them, I tell you; but talking about mugs, I think the cheekiest thing for a customer to do is to expect the barber to advertise his business. I saw a mug in a shop last week that was covered with big gold letters. It had the owner's name and address and 'Flour, Feed and Grain' on it. If it was in my tonsorial establishment the picture would be turned to'rds the wall."

"Where's the big Phil who used to work on the end chair?" asked the victim.

"Had to dispend his services. He was too irascible."

"Irascible! Why, I never thought so."

"Yes, he was. He was talking all the time."

"Oh, he means versatile, boss," said the barber on the other end, and then turning to his victim, he said: "Shall I vaccilate your hair, sah?"

"What?" asked the surprised victim.

"Vaccilate it, sah. That's a new word just introduced, sah, to describe the process of applying vaseline to the hirsute covering of a gentleman's cranium."

"I do not think I will vaccilate, then,' said the patient.

Information for Scotchmen.

Some interesting information about Scotchmen and Scotland is to be gathered from the speeches at the gathering in honor of Burn's birthday. At the dinner of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns, Club. Mr. Carse, the president, observed that an idea prevailed that the object of the Burns Club is simply to meet at night, eat haggis and drink whiskey toddy; whereas they do nothing of the kind. As to the haggis' "honest sonsie face," it is still to be seen, but the poet's countrymen are so reformed or deformed that at the last meeting of the committee, when they asked for refreshments, these gentlemen took toddy, and five or six creatures took coffee. At the Birmingham and Midland Scottish Society's dinner, Mr. John Addison referred to the fact that it has been said of Scotchmen that as soon as a great man or woman becomes prominent, they endeavor to prove that he or she is Scotch. This gentleman has heard it said that Jenny Lind was a Scotchwoman and that Donizetti was not an Italian at all, but the son of a collier named Donal Dissie. He had also heard it said of the great Russian general Skobeleff that he was the son of a Scotchman whose name was Scobie.

Wild Flowers of Greenland.

One of the members of Ferry's expedition says the vegetation of Greenland can be divided into three belts. One class of vegetation beginning at Cape Farewell and ending a short distance above Godthaab, one extending to Melville Bay, and the other beyond that point. In the first belt there were found spruce trees, dwarf willows and birches; in the second the spruces disappeared, and in the third the birches. In like manner many other plants existing in the first belt disappeared in the second and third, but through them all were found the poppies, dryas, buttercups, dandelions and grass growing in profusion wherever they could gain a foothold in wet or dry places, or in the crevices of the rocks, and they were even found sometimes in the melted spots on the great inland ice itself, and often they buried old-time glaciers in a mass of green. The vegetation was due to the warm summers and the continued daylight which began in April and ended in September—the summer beginning in the middle of May and lasting until the middle of August.

Compromised.

Mr. Huffy—"Yes; I insisted I was going to smoke all over the house, and my wife said I couldn't smoke anywhere except in the library." Miss Ford—"And how did you fix it up?" Mr. Huffy—"Oh—er—we compromised. I've given up smoking altogether."

After a spirit of discernment, the next rarest things in the world are diamonds and pearls.

On a recent day a cabman took to New Scotland Yard a parcel left in his vehicle by a gentleman. It was discovered to contain securities to the value of £15,000. These were claimed by a stockbroker, and the honest cabman was rewarded with £75.

The best way to stop the pain from a burn or scald when the skin has been taken off is to break an egg over the wound. The suffering arises largely from the exposure to the air, and the white of the egg forms an artificial skin or covering, which for a time effectually prevents contact with the air and so lessens the irritation of the nerves,

TWO VIEWS IN AFRICA.

Capt. Dundas Sees a District Just Before and After the Masai Raided It.

When Capt. Dundas went to Mount Kenia in East Africa recently, he ascended the Tana River in his stern-wheel steamboat a distance of 350 miles. After he left his steamer and was making his overland march to the great mountain, he had an opportunity to get a vivid idea of the fierce Masai on their raids. The country, he was crossing was wholly unexplored. He reached a land called the Mbe country, a beautiful region of hills and cultivated valleys. He found the people hard-working and industrious, and they evinced a most friendly feeling toward the Europeans. The people were prosperous and happy. The soil was rich and the fields fruitful.

Passing on to the adjoining district of Kikuyn, the explorer met many natives who were terribly excited over the arrival in the eastern part of their country of the dreaded Masai. They said the enemy was burning their villages and carrying off all the women and cattle. Capt. Dundas could see to the northwest great volumes of smoke, indicating the route taken by the raiders. The explorer continued his course along the crest of a range of hills running toward the great mountain. Suddenly he came into view of the Masai, who were in the valley below. They were upward of 800 strong. Their broad spears glistened in the sun, and they were marching in serpentine fashion toward the region from which he had just come. As his caravan numbered only sixty men, fifty of whom were porters and not available as soldiers, he knew that if he was attacked by the Masai his party might be annihilated.

Suddenly the Masai halted and plainly showed by their actions that they had seen the explorer's party. He caused his men to spread out in a skirmish line, thus hoping to deceive the Masai as to his numbers. His manœuvre apparently had the desired effect, as, after a short delay, the Masai moved on.

A week later Capt. Dundas returned from the mountain by the same route. A terrible sight met his gaze when he again reached the fertile Mbe country, which was all peace and sunshine when he had passed through it a few days before. Now, instead of prosperous villages and fields of grain, he saw only smoking ruins and the bodies of old men, women and children half burned lying in all directions. Here and there a few persons were seen with their heads buried in their hands, pictures of hopeless misery, scarce noticing the passage of the caravan. When Dundas questioned some of these unhappy beings, they told him that the Masai had arrived at dawn one morning and had begun spearing and burning all before them. They went through the district like a whirlwind, carrying off some 250 women and a large number of cattle. Only a few of the people succeeded in escaping to the mountains. One old chief implored Dundas "to make medicine," or, in other words, to prevent the Masai returning by occult processes, in which he supposed the European to be proficient. He also asked that some of the whites be sent to live in his country and help his people protect themselves against further attacks.

The Masai raise many cattle, but they depend for a large supply of their stock upon these raids. There is no tribe in East Africa, except the Somalis and Gallas, who can withstand their onset. They are the most feared of human beings throughout the regions which they periodically devastate. They live entirely upon their cattle, the flesh and milk supplying practically all their food. The women they capture are divided among the warriors, and there is a large admixture of the blood of other tribes in the Masai of to-day.

One of the reasons given for building the railroad from the coast to Victoria Nyanza is that the enterprise will put an end to these terrible raids. It is asserted by all who have practical knowledge of white enterprises in East Africa that the regions which are now the scenes of these cruel outrages will be entirely freed from them and opened to European trade as soon as the proposed railroad is built.

The Cameron Highlander.

Following upon a public meeting held in Glasgow, the Highland Society of London convened a meeting in the metropolis of protest against the proposal to convert the 79th Cameron Highlanders into a battalion of Scots Guards. The meeting was held at the Scottish hall, Crane Court, Fleet street, on the 4th inst. The war office authorities do not seem to comprehend the force of public opinion which their action in this matter has aroused. The Highland Society has already received cordial promises of support from many Scottish noblemen interested in the regiment; and as the other national societies in London are associated with the movement there is every reason to believe that the protest will be sufficient to make Mr. Campbell-Bannerman hesitate before carrying out a change so totally opposed to national sentiment.

An Abomination to the Liquor Traffic.

A Liverpool publican has been charged with selling intoxicating liquor to three little girls, whose ages ranged from 14 to 12 The miserable children are described as dwarfish, shrunken and stunted, and no wonder. Twice within a quarter of an hour, said one of them, they went to public house and regaled on "half a rum, half a whiskey, and half a port wine." The defence was as pathetic as the rest of the case, "their appearance, owing to poverty or some other cause, had made them look prematurely old."

Mr. Edison thinks that eventually all newspapers will be set up by a combination of the phonograph and type-setting machine. Editors, he says, will read off into phonographs all the copy brought in, editing as they go along. The compositor will put the cylinder with his "take" on another phonograph, and, listening to the dictation of the machine, will translate it directly by the keys of the mechanical type-setter.

A new scheme of signalling for war purposes, by flashing Morse signals from incandescent lamps enclosed in a balloon made of translucent material, was exhibited to military experts in London last week by the inventor, Eric S. Bruce. Incandescent lamps, it was shown, could be used in the hydrogen contents of a balloon with perfect safety. The chief point claimed for the device is that it secures an elevation beyond the capacity of other means.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

Death of a Recluse Who Slept in a Coffin and Lived Like a Pig.

A dispatch from Hanover, Pa., says: "Mr. Jacob Mumma, the recluse, died on Sunday evening at his residence on the York road, about one mile from Hanover. Since 1848 he was away but once from his strange and dreary place of abode, and on this occasion, between 1884 and 1888, he visited England, and while there received a patent on a watch and was offered $80,000 for the right, but he wanted $100,000, and got nothing. This, in connection with a love affair disappointment, preyed on his mind to such an extent that he became decidedly eccentric and decided to retire from society and live by himself. He would only see a few people who had business with him, and these were limited to five. In early life he mingled in society and enjoyed himself and worked on his father's farm.

"His father, Samuel Mumma, who died about seven years ago, owned the place where he died, consisting of a farm, containing over 100 acres, a three-story brick mill, widely known as Mumma's mills, and a two-story, roomy dwelling house. On his death it became the property of Jacob and his brother, Samuel B., who died about one year ago, when it became the property of Jacob. Since then he sold the farm to Samuel Bare, who has been living in the house up to his death. Bills were out for sale of the mill property on Saturday last, but the sale was postponed on account of Mr. Mumma's illness. He had three rooms in the house reserved for his apartments.

"In Winter he would live entirely in the cellar, 8 by 10 feet. Here he would eat and sleep and in the Summer time he would occupy a room on the second floor and one above that on the third. He went from one room to the other by the aid of a ladder, having holes cut through the floor and ceilings, never going in any other part of the house. Often at night he would come forth from his haunt and stroll over the farm in order to see that all was well and at the same time get a little fresh air and exercise. Some years ago he had a casket made in which he wanted to be buried. He had some time ago imagined that rats and mice might get at him while asleep and had high stilts put to the casket, getting in and out with a ladder. He had a tin box made and left in care of the undertaker in which he wanted to be buried. He had no use for a doctor, preacher or barber. His hair was very long."

ENGLISHWOMEN USE OPIUM.

The Habit Has Grown Upon Them and They Rival Eastern Opium Eaters.

The anti-opium party will be greatly surprised to hear that laudanum drinking in excessive quantities is quite common in some parts of England. We assume that this will come to them as news, feeling assured that if they were aware of the fact they would endeavor to pluck this mote out of the British eye before seeking to remove the beam from the Asiatic optic. We would commend to them, therefore, the revelations at a coroner's inquest held the other day at Sunderland on a respectable woman who had accidentally poisoned herself with an overdose of laudanum.

A chemist deposed that he had been in the habit of supplying her regularly for thirty years. At first, one drachm a day sufficed, but the quantity gradually increased until at the time of her death three ounces of the drug only lasted her for nine days. It may be thought, perhaps, that this case is exceptional. But the Coroner's remarks forbid that comforting idea: he asserted as a fact within his own knowledge that laudanum drinking is a common practice among Sunderland women.

Nor is it confined to that town; country clergymen tell of its existence in many other places, and deplore its terrible consequences. It behoves the anti-opium crusaders, then, to move Parliament to include laudanum among those poisons whose sale is placed under stringent restrictions. That is the remedy suggested by the Sunderland Coroner, and it seems to be about the best within reach. There is a want of consistency, to say the least, in fencing round the sale of other poisons with all manner of legislative precautions, while allowing laudanum to be bought wholesale by all comers.

Back From the Dead.

A romantic episode has just occurred at Wivenhoe, says an English paper. Seven years ago Henry Chaney went to sea as a member of the crew of the Ironopolis, which sailed from London on Friday, 3rd March, 1886. Soon after sailing the ship got on to the rocks, and was lost. Some of the crew survived, and Mr. Chaney's father, who lived at Greenwich, saw several of them, and was told that Chaney was among the lost. Every inquiry was made, but no trace of the missing man appearing, he was believed to be "drowned at sea." The Prudential Insurance Company, the Fishermen's Aid Society, and the Foresters, having received the necessary proofs, paid the insurance money, and Mrs. Chaney set to work to maintain her children, struggling bravely against poverty till they were able to do something for themselves. One Sunday last spring one of the daughters came home and said she was sure she had seen her father in the street, and another of the girls who came in afterwards had the same story to tell. Mrs. Chaney could not believe it, and told the girls not to mention it, for fear of people laughing at them. Nothing more was heard or seen of the stranger until quite recently Miss Fanny Chaney, who is maid to a lady of title in London, wrote home to say that she had met her father in the street, and that each had recognised the other. Soon after came a letter from the missing man:—"My dear wife," he wrote, "I now take the pleasure of writing to you after eight years. Well, the ship was wrecked, as you heard, but I was picked up by a passing steamer and taken to Brussels Infirmary, and from there to the asylum, where I have been till last April, when I worked my passage to London, and got employment in the docks." What follows is still more romantic. The writer tells how he a fortnight later went down to Wivenhoe and spoke to several people, and one man told him that his wife was just on the point of getting married to another man, which by the way was a spiteful untruth, and might, but for the accidental meeting with the daughter in London, have been the cause of life-long misery. "If I had not believed that," writes Chaney, "I might have been a happy man now with my wife and children."

Mr. El. Adair arrived up from Hall's Landing yesterday.

Mrs. Sheriff Redgrave is very slowly recovering from her long and dangerous illness.

Dr. McLean hopes to commence dispensing drugs, etc., in his new building next Tuesday.

Sing Lee, a Chinese, was examined by Drs. Brett and Herbert, on 2nd March and pronounced a lunatic. Sheriff Redgrave had the man sent to New Westminster Lunatic Asylum last Saturday.

A Second California.

J. M. Davis, a San Francisco capitalist, who came here to invest in mining properties, has spoken his mind freely to the representatives of the press since he returned home:

"I have travelled over a considerable portion of British Columbia, and I think that country will yet prove a *second California* so far as the precious minerals are concerned. In the Selkirk range and the Kootenay country and Big Bend of the Columbia there are untouched bonanzas greater than the Comstock of Nevada or those of Leadville. There are rich gold mines in Cariboo and Stickeen country and as far north as the Arctic ocean. They are Americans, however, who are developing the mineral resources of British Columbia. The younger generation up there is all right, but the old fellows who hold the purse strings follow too closely the conservative English customs to keep pace with the more enterprising Americans."

Northwest Nomenclature.

Six ways of spelling Lardeau.

The Spokane Review, in an interesting article on the above subject, says:

"With the view of establishing a rule for the orthography of the name of that mining country, which is destined soon to acquire a world-wide fame, a Review reporter instituted an investigation. A diversity of opinion was encountered, but only one gentleman approached on the subject could give a satisfactory explanation of his theory. He is a civil engineer, a college gradnate and a linguist. He speaks the pure French language with fluency and understands the provincialism and all the slang growing out of the Babel-like jargon of French Canadians, Americans and Indians during the Hudson's Bay period. He says the word 'l'ardeau,' translated into English, signifies 'the water.' As the word was first applied as the name of the river Lardeau, this explanation seems altogether plausible, while there seems to be no good reason for affixing an x, unless it is designed to describe the region in the plural sense, as sometimes occurs in referring to the Coeur d'Alenes. In the light of this information the Review will continue in force the rule hitherto adopted and spell the name 'Lardeau.'"

This corroborates our way of spelling the word, which is very much prettier than the "Lardo" used by our Nelson contemporaries.

The Farmer and Politics.

The prosperity of farming to-day depends more on the methods he employs than on government rule. Take seeds for example. Many farmers who are alive to their own interests in other things are careless in buying seeds. They seem to think that a seed is a seed and there it ends. If there were more knowledge about seeds and greater care exercised in their selection, there would be richer crops and better returns.

Realizing this D. M. Ferry & Co., the famous seed firm of Windsor, Ont., have embodied in their Illustrated Annual for 1893, much valuable information about seeds and their selection. It contains the knowledge gleaned from many years practical experience in the seed business, and the newest and best things about gardens and gardening. Such a book issued by a firm of unquestioned reliability is of the highest value to every one who plants a seed. Although the cost of printing and embellishing it with beautiful illustrations has been great, it is sent free to any one making application to the above firm.

WANTED.

A Good COOK at Tappen Siding. Wages $50 per month.—Apply to GENELLE BROS., Tappen Siding.

WANTED.

TWENTY MEN to load ties at Notch Hill. Wages $2.00 per day. Board $4.50 per week.—Apply to GENELLE BROS., Tappen Siding.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that all persons are prohibited from cutting wood on Timber Berths Nos. 112 and 113, situated on the west side of the Columbia River, commencing at the margin of the railway belt, about twenty miles south of Revelstoke, and fronting on the said river six miles north by one mile in depth. Any person cutting or taking timber from these berths after this date will be prosecuted.

DANL. ROBINSON.

Revelstoke, March 8th, 1893.

R. ROBSON

HAS RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF

FIRST-CLASS FLOUR

From the Western Milling Co. of Regina.

This company at present find themselves compelled to DOUBLE THE SIZE OF THEIR MILL, the demand for their flour having so largely increased.

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, Rolled Oats, Granulated Oatmeal, Wheat, Hay, &c.

Always see Robson's prices before buying elsewhere. They will be the LOWEST POSSIBLE FOR CASH.

Heading for West Kootenay. —Some of those coming.— Kaslo will get the cream.

At Spokane, and in fact all along the line, there are thousands of miners, prospectors, merchants and gamblers waiting to go in. The latter are provided with faro tables, dice boxes, cards and other tools of their trade, while the miners have the necessary tools to take out the precious metals. The miners who have been shut out of work on account of the closing of the Coeur d'Alene mines are all heading for Kootenay.

If only a few of the productive mines turn out any good at all, the district will be the greatest mining camp on the continent.

A proprietor of a variety theatre in Spokane is building a theatre in Nelson, which will be opened as soon as the crowd arrives.—Victoria Times.

THE

Revelstoke Pharmacy

WILL BE

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

ON

Tuesday, March 21st.

RUBE ALLYN,

AMERICA'S FAMOUS HUMORIST, ACCOMPANIED BY

CHARLES KELLY,

the well and favorably known Basso-Cantanto and Guitar Soloist,

will appear in

PETERSON'S HALL,

on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22ND.

Admission, 50c.; Reserved Seats, $1; Children half price.

Entertainment at eight o'clock. Free 'bus will leave station at 7.30.

Tickets on sale at Post-office and at Railway Station.

W. J. LAW,

Merchant Tailor,

(Near C.P.R. Station)

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

A NOBBY STOCK OF

English Worsteds, Scotch and Irish Tweeds and Serges

AT PRICES THAT WILL CATCH YOU.

FIT AND MAKE-UP GUARANTEED.

Kootenay Lake

SAW MILL,

G. O. BUCHANAN, PROP.

—:o:—

LUMBER YARDS AT

NELSON BALFOUR
AINSWORTH KASLO

Large Stocks n han d.

Preparations are being made for the Great Building Boom of 1893.

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

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, 200 pigs bullion, etc.

S. REDGRAVE,
Sheriff of Kootenay.

Revelstoke, Feb. 20th, 1893.

The above Sale is adjourned till WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of March, 1893, at same place and hour.

S. REDGRAVE, Sheriff.

The above sale is further adjourned to MONDAY, the 27th day of March, at the same place and hour.

S. REDGRAVE, Sheriff.

Do you Write for the Papers?

If you do, you should have **THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM,** a Text Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY

ALLAN FORMAN,

117 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

State where you saw this and you will receive a handsome lithograph for framing.

G. TERRYBERRY,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

REVELSTOKE.

Wagons and all kinds of Vehicles Repaired.

Shoeing a Specialty.

PRICES RIGHT.

New Spring Goods.

We are showing a complete range of Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes, and we have

Prints Coming.

Also a large stock of Cottons, Muslins, Dress Goods, Laces and Trimmings, Art Muslins, Chambrays, Carpets, Matting and Art Squares.

OUR

Millinery

This Spring will be the best and most varied stock ever shown here, and our prices the lowest ever offered.

H. N. COURSIER.

BOURNE BROS.

Revelstoke Station Post Office.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

FLOUR, OATS, SHORTS AND ALL KINDS OF FEED.

Stoves, Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Carpets.

Doors, Windows, Builders' Hardware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes.

MINERS' AND SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

WALL PAPER, STATIONERY, Etc.

CHRISTIE, BROWN & CO.'S BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY.

Bakery in connection with Store.

Messrs. C. B. Hume & Co.,

Revelstoke Station.

GROCERIES	FLOUR	HARDWARE
PROVISIONS	FEED & OATS	CLOTHING
BOOTS & SHOES	AMMUNITION	MINERS' TOOLS

Consignment of Butter and Eggs received every week.

MINERS' AND HUNTERS' SUPPLIES.

ALL KINDS OF FURS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Railway Men's Requisites.

GOODS LOADED ON CAR AND STEAMBOAT FREE OF CHARGE.

T. L. HAIG,

NOTARY PUBLIC : : REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Mining and Real Estate Broker and General Commission Agent.

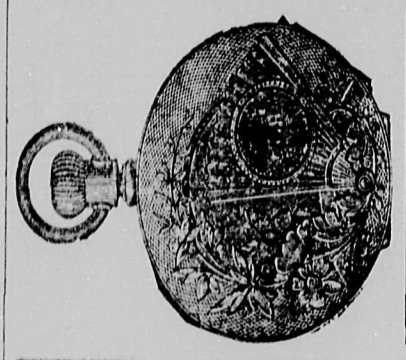
FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

CONVEYANCING: RENTS AND ACCOUNTS COLLECTED.

MINING CLAIMS Bought and Sold.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KOOTENAY SMELTING AND TRADING SYNDICATE.

AGENT FOR **TROUT LAKE CITY, KASLO CITY, NAKUSP** AND OTHER TOWNSITES.



GUY BARBER, the old-established **WATCHMAKER** and **JEWELLER.**

—:o:—

Repairing neatly and promptly executed.

All kinds of Wedding Rings, Keepers, &c.

Furniture & Undertaking.

R. HOWSON,

Has a large Stock of Household Furniture, Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, &c.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Always.

There is always a stitch to make,
And always a step to take;
There is always a link to find,
And always a sheaf to bind;
There is always a page to read,
And always a path to weed;
There is always a rift to mend,
Aye, and always a hue to blend.

There is always the weight of care,
And the cold harsh blame to bear;
There is always the tear unshed,
And the gentle word unsaid:
There is always the doubt, the fear,
And always the scorn, the jeer,
These little things, oh patient soul,
Make up life's grand life's wondrous whole.

Family Finances.

If there is any one thing in which a kind and conscientious husband errs, it is more than likely to be in regard to his treatment of his wife in money matters. The very best men have the little weakness of liking to hold the family purse strings, and to pay out everything themselves. Of course this does not refer to those whose wives are self-supporting, either through inheritence or from their own work, but to husbands whose wives have to look to them for every cent they spend. This is not at all owing to selfishness or parsimony, but merely to thoughtlessness and to man's inherent incapability to see things from a woman's point of view. However wise and far-sighted a man is in other things he is apt to lose his judgment when it comes to family finances. Accustomed to dealing with large sums in business, he will make allowance for larger general expenses, but cannot realize the hundred and one little wants of the household, of his wife's toilet, and that of the children, and yet it is these little items, perhaps only a few cents at a time, that make a woman doubt her own arithmetic when she sees how many dollars they foot up at the bottom of a page in her account book—and if she does not keep such an account she is sure to be constantly under the delusion that she has lost some of her money.

It is these small things that are "the little foxes that spoil the vines," and yet they are too trifling to be taken into account when calculating the outlay for the household. And so a man often wonders how his wife spends so much money without having more to show for it. He constantly calls her his "better half," and yet thinks she is not half so wise or prudent as he is, and considers her an irresponsible being whom it is not safe to trust with money. He does not mind giving her occasionally a diamond ring, or pin, or bracelet, though he will look surprised, or perhaps a little cross, if she asks for one-fourth of the sum for the children's clothes or to replenish the china closet. One thing that no man seems to understand is that it is humiliating to a woman to have to ask for money, no matter how willingly he gives it. She will usually defer the hated moment in the hope that it will occur to him to give it without waiting for her to ask for it; and, if he is accustomed to be so unreasonable as to makeany scene about giving it, she will often do without an absolute necessity while trying to find courage to prefer her request. All this is avoided by giving her a certain allowance, and paying it with the same punctuality that any other business transactions demand.

An Ironing Aid.

It's strange how things come about, sometimes; how if one only has her eyes and ears open, as the saying goes, a person can see or hear something that may be very helpful in the future, if it is only remembered.

I feel like telling of a call I made a while ago, hoping that what I then learned may benefit someone else. My so-called "help" having left me with scarcely a word of warning, I had bread to bake; all of us preferring homemade bread above the baker's. As my six nice loaves were ready for the oven, I set my stove dampers right, added a little coal, pushed the dough into the warm oven and shut the door with a satisfied little bang, and thought, "There you are for one whole hour."

Then I took some light work and ran across the street, to sit and chat with one of my neighbors while my bread was baking. She was doing her starched ironing, so I told her to keep right on and not stop; because I could stay only a few minutes, and I would sit down at the end of her ironing table, where I should be out of the way. She liked my plan and kept on with her work.

After a little, something about her motions attracted my attention, and I let my hands rest idly in my lap, while I watched her hands fly. Article after article was made smooth and shining and put by, with very little effort, seemingly. At last she shook out and spread on the ironing table a fine, white linen apron, for one of her little girls. It looked as though it might "stick" a little, as there was here and there a little starch sticking to it. I noticed, as she took her iron from the gasoline stove, she gave it a rub or two on a cloth, at her right hand. It was very much browned by usage, and sent up a terrible smoke. Then she ironed that apron as easy as possible.

Well! I was astonished, and said, "I would like to know why your flatiron did not stick one bit?" She looked pleased and said, "Oh! don't you know? Why, I always, when I am getting ready to do my ironing, put some kerosene on that cloth and rub every iron on it, as I take it from the stove and nothing ever sticks. I had rather iron the starched things than anything else."

I went home thinking it was wonderful how much good a little kerosene could do. I tried the next time I ironed and have always used it since. Some may think I found my bread burnt, but it was beautifully baked.

Table Manners for Children.

Drink from the cup—never from the saucer.

Teaspoons are left in the saucer, not in the cup.

Little children only have the napkin arranged as a bib.

Making a noise, in either eating or drinking, is vulgar.

Always cheerfully defer to older people and to guests.

Eat slowly, and do not fill the mouth with large quantities.

Eat the food served, or quietly leave it upon the plate without remark.

Avoid drumming with the fingers or the feet; it is the height of impoliteness.

If in doubt at any time as to what is proper, follow the example of others of more experience.

Patiently await the coming of your turn; do not follow with the eyes the food served to others.

Never unnecessarily handle the dishes, or in any other manner exhibit nervousness or impatience.

Do not feel obliged to "clean up the plate;" especially do not make a laborious display of doing so.

Do not ask for any particular part of a fowl, or similar dish, unless asked your preference; in that case always indicate something, and if there be really no choice, designate the portion with which the host can most conveniently render service.

If the handkerchief must be used, let it be very quietly; in case that is not possible, leave the table for a moment, which may be done in case of a sharp attack of coughing, sneezing, or the like, without asking permission, the cause being manifest.

Canned Vegetables.

Some of the canned and dried vegetables make healthful and economical changes for the table. These vegetables should be treated with great care. Canned peas and string beans should be turned from the can into a strainer and rinsed by pouring cold water over them. As a rule, these vegetables are cooked enough in the canning, and when to be served should only be thoroughly heated and properly seasoned. The simplest and best way of preparing these two vegetables is to add to a can of vegetables, after being rinsed, one large teaspoonful of butter, one of sugar, one level teaspoonful of salt and one gill of hot water. Place on the fire and do not cook for more than ten minutes.

Canned corn is excellent if prepared in this manner: Turn the corn into the double boiler and add half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of butter. Place on the fire until thoroughly heated—say for about ten minutes. It ruins corn to be over-cooked.

Dried Lima beans are a delicious vegetable. Soak half a pint over night in cold water. The next day drain off the water and rinse the beans in fresh water. Put them on the fire in one quart of fresh water and cook slowly for two hours. Pour off all the water except about a gill; then season with a level teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of butter, and cook ten minutes longer. Another way is to pour off all the water and add a gill of milk and the seasonings; the cooking to be continued for ten minutes. The cooked corn and beans may be mixed just before being served, and making a delicious succotash. There is almost no end to the uses to which canned tomatoes can be put for soups, sauces, entrees; and as a vegetable they are of great value. The store-closet should never be without a few cans of this useful vegetable.

Concerning Oatmeal.

OATMEAL BREAD.—Boil half a pint of oatmeal thoroughly in salted water and add to it three-fourths of a pint of milk; mix in carefully one and a half pints of sifted flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Grease the bread pan well, and bake in a moderate oven.

OATMEAL GEMS.—Mix with one and a half teaspoonfuls of finely-ground oatmeal, half a teacupful of cornmeal, one teacupful of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and two teacupfuls of milk. Put into hot tins and bake in a quick oven.

OATMEAL BISCUIT.—Rub a round tablespoonful of butter or lard into one quart of oatmeal flour, and wet it with one pint of sour milk, in which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of soda and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Use enough flour to roll out to about one inch in thickness, and bake in a quick oven.

OATMEAL MUSH.—Into two quarts of boiling, salted water, add slowly one and one-half cupfuls of oatmeal, and stir for a few minutes; then set in a kettle of boiling water and boil three hours. Serve with cream and sugar. Raisings added to the above make a delicious dish.

OATMEAL CRISPS.—One cupful of oatmeal nearly half a teaspoonful of salt; mix together dry; cover with cold water and let stand half an hour. Drain off the water and drop by spoonfuls on a tin, spreading as thin as possible. Bake until brown and crisp; do not scorch.

OATMEAL BLANCMANGE.—A delicious blancmange is made by stirring two heaping tablespoonfuls of oatmeal into a little cold water; stir into a quart of boiling milk; flavor, and pour into molds to cool. Serve with cream and sugar.

OATMEAL CRACKERS.—Wet one pint of fine oatmeal with one gill of water; add a little salt; work it a few minutes with a spoon, until you can make it into a mass; place it on a board well covered with dry oatmeal; make as compact as possible, roll out carefully to one-sixth of an inch thick, and cut into squares with a knife. Bake in a very slow oven. A nice addition is two heaping spoonfuls of desiccated cocoanut.

OATMEAL MUFFINS.—Two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls, of sugar, a little salt, and oatmeal flour to make a moderately thick batter. Stir the soda into the milk, and beat a few minutes before adding the other ingredients. Bake in hot, well-buttered gem pans. Well-beaten egg add to the batter improves it, but it is nice without.

OATMEAL CREAM PIE.—Make the crust dough after the recipe given for crackers. Roll thin. Cream filling.—Beat together one tablespoonful of flour, one egg and a half a cupful of sugar; add one cupful of rich milk; sprinkle grated nutmeg over all, or flavor with lemon or vanilla. Bake with lower crust only. Any pie requiring but one crust may be made with oatmeal. Care must be taken not to scorch the crust while the contents of the pie are cooking.

ROLLED OATS.—One pint of rolled oats, a little salt, and enough boiling water to cover. Cook in a custard kettle or in a small tin pail, set in a kettle of boiling water for half an hour. Stir often. Serve with cream and sugar. This is nicer for breakfast than the oatmeal, as it is so quickly cooked.

Finland has women builders.

Canada has about 14,000 miles of railroad.

Greek wines nearly all turn to vinegar in summer.

The Romans built the first dykes in Holland.

Chess is claimed to be taught in all the Austrian public schools.

In China every village has its theatre; every city has several.

It is said that the Chinese will soon control the shoemaking trade in California.

In the industry of cigar making girls engaged at piece work earn from 14s. to £1 a week each.

In Samar bee-hives hang in the form of oblong gourds from the branches of trees.

Celery coffee is a new drink. It is said to give renewed strength to the brain and nerve.

A disease peculiar to Japan is called the kake. It is believed to be the result of eating too much rice.

The earliest American theatres were built at Annapolis and New York, 1753; Albany, 1769, and Baltimore, 1773.

The Queen of Saxony never had any children of her own, but she is very fond of other people's children, especially if they are pretty.

The money dealt with by the London Bankers' Clearing-house for the year ended December 31 last reached the stupendous total of £6,481,000,000.

A hay saver, consisting of a three-sided device, which enables the horse to insert his head into the manger, but does not permit any lateral movement of it, is a late invention.

Exclusive of worships, 681 vessels with a total tonnage of 1,109,950 tons, were last year launched in the United Kingdom. The output fell short of that in 1891 by about 21,000 tons.

Jay Gould's original intention was to be a country editor, but he finally selected another road by which to reach the immense fortune which he had in view from the beginning of his career.

The most indestructible wood is the Jarrah wood of western Australia, which defies all known forms of decay, and is untouched by all destructive insects, so that ships built of it do not need to be coppered.

Two freehold premises at Cornhill, opposite the Bank of England, were recently offered for sale, and the biddings reached £157,000, when the auctioneer bid £160,000 on behalf of the vendor, and the estate was declared not sold.

In Rome there is much talk about an old beggar who used to frequent the doors of the Church of the Minerva, and who, dying lately, was found to be possessed of 100,000 francs, which he had left by a properly drawn up will to his three children, who were completely ignorant of their father's wealth.

An important step towards the solution of the difficulty of finding employment for old soldiers and sailors has just been taken by the trustees of the British Museum in utilising the services of commissionaires for warding the galleries of the Natural History Museum, and, in a lesser degree of the British Museum.

The exact cost of a Cabinet Minister's full-dress uniform is 120 guineas, and this sum has been expended lately by the members of the Cabinet who are in office for the first time. The cost of the elaborate tunic is due chiefly to the gold lace, in which it is simply smothered; but such a tunic lasts a lifetime, and those of the old Parliamentary hands are often very seedy.

In a town not a hundred miles from London there is preached every year what is known as a "drunken sermon." It is a temperance sermon. It was instituted many years ago by an old, eccentric man, who bequeathed to the town a public-house on condition that 40s. be deducted from the annual rent and given to a minister who should preach a sermon against the evils of intemperance.

The professors in the colleges of Spain are miserably underpaid, often receiving no more than $200 per year. They endeavour to make a small profit out of their text-books, each requiring his own book to be used. These books are frequently in manuscript, or, if printed, are sold at unusual prices. The students, also poor, resort in consequence to second-hand shops and the annual fair, where a specialty is made of collegiate textbooks.

Professor Virchow has analysed "hunger-brod," the bread eaten by the peasantry in the famine-stricken districts of Russia, and finds that it is much more nutritious than the rye bread made in Germany. The latter, according to an analysis of bread baked in Berlin, contains but 6·04 per cent. of albumen and 0·48 per cent. of fat, while the "hunger-brod" contains 11·79 per cent. of albumen and 3·79 of fat.

If the Pacific could be laid bare, we should have a most singular spectacle. There would be a number of mountains with truncated tops scattered over it, and those mountains would have an appearance just the very reverse of that presented by the mountains we see on shore. You know that the mountains on the shore are covered with vegetation at their bases, while their tops are barren or covered with snow; but these mountains would be perfectly bare at their bases, and all round their tops they would be covered with beautiful vegetation of coral polypes.

Most people have heard of rooms papered with postage stamps, but the following instance of patient industry will probably be new to many readers. In a Midland county there stands an old country house in which most of the apartments are of the spacious size which was popular with architects of a century or two ago. Well, the walls of one of these chambers has been entirely covered with small shells, arranged in a pattern resembling roses, and with the smallest distance possible between the flowers. This considerable task was accomplished by two persons, a lady and her maid. The effect of their labours is said to be extremely picturesque. But they are also stated to have spent some ten years in the employment, and the inevitable question therefore arises, would not time have been better occupied even in the crochet work of our grandmothers?

In a pair of fine shoes there are two sewed pieces, two inner soles, two stiffenings, two pieces of steel to give a spring to the instep, 20 upper pieces, 30 tacks, 12 nails in the heels, and twenty buttons, to say nothing of thread both silk and flax; but the wonder is found in the rapidity with which these multitudinous pieces are combined in a single complete work, for, as an experiment, some of our shoe factories have from the leather completed a pair of shoes in less than an hour and a half, and as a test a single pair of men's shoes have been finished in twenty minutes.

One of the prettiest miscroscopical studies is the examination of the lungs of a plant. Most people do not know a plant has lungs, but it has; and its lungs are in its leaves. Examined through a high power microscope every leaf will show thousands upon thousands of openings, infinitely small, of course, but each provided with lips, which, in many species, are continually opening and closing. These openings lead to tiny cavities in the body of the leaf, and by the opening and closing of the cavity air is continually passing in and out, so that the act of respiration is continually going on. The sap of the plant is thus purified, just at the blood of an animal is cleared of impurities by passing through the lungs, and the average sized tree will, therefore, in the course of a day, do as much breathing as a man.

Princess Margaret of Prussia was married standing on one of the most interesting bits of carpet in existence. This was worked by her mother, the Empress Frederick, and all her children knelt on it when they were confirmed. The present German Emperor, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Princesses Charlotte, Sophia, and Victoria were married standing upon it, and it served a sadder purpose when the coffin containing the remains of the late Emperor rested upon it. Should a history of interesting carpets be ever written, the Empress Frederick's carpet should have an honored place in the record.

The weight of the King of Denmark as a ruler may be insignificant in the councils of Europe, but to his own subjects he bears the same paternal relationship as does, or used to do, the wealthy squire to the people of his own parish. Christian IX. walks through the streets of his capital escorted only by his favourite dog; while the Crown Prince so far joins in the amusements of the humbler citizens, as to take his children to the theatre in the Tivoli Gardens to witness a variety entertainment, consisting of jugglery, songs, and acrobatic feats; the only ceremony being the reservation of some front seats (price one shilling each) for themselves and their suite, the playing of the National Anthem on the arrival of the party, and the firing of a toy cannon outside, which latter performance necessitates the opening of a window, whether to prevent the breaking of the glass, or to enable those in the house to hear the report, is still an open question. As the Royalties enter, the audience rise and uncover, but as soon as they are seated, hats are at once put on, and cigars and punch at once resumed.

Murdered by a Boy.

A Berlin correspondent says:—Some weeks ago the wife of a workman who kept a shop as a small provision dealer was found, with her little child, murdered in a room behind the shop, and part of her valuables and money stolen. On Sunday the murderer was discovered in the person of a boy of 15 years of age, the son of a workman who formerly lived in the same house with the murdered woman. He roused suspicions on the part of his parents by giving them presents of money and incurring various expenses. He pretended to have earned the money in his new situation, but his mother could not rid herself of her doubts, and expressed them in conversation to neighbours. Probably through the latter an anonymous communication was made to the police. At first the boy tried to deny everything, but at last confessed his crime. With cynical coolness he related the details of the murder, which he had made up his mind to commit on New Year's Day, but postponed till he had no money. He murdered the woman exactly as was described in the press. He knocked her down with a blow on the head from a mangle-roller, and then stabbed her in the neck. "And then?" the young murderer was asked. "Then it was the child's turn. After that I looked about for money, and found it, and now I have nothing more to say." When asked why he murdered the little boy, he coolly answered, "Oh, it screamed so."

More Fighting in Burmah.

Captain Atkinson, who is acting against the Kachins in the Sima district, reports that the operations of the Palap columns have been attended with complete success. The enemy's position was attacked from both sides by Captain Atkinson and Lieutenant Drever. The former officer forced his way at the head of his men through the fence of a strong stockade, and, crawling over the roof of a block-house between the loopholes, leaped into the midst of the Kachins, who were taken by surprise, and drove them out. The position was carried in brilliant style. Thirteen of the enemy were killed, while the British loss was two killed and six wounded. According to intelligence telegraphed from Lashio under date the 4th inst., a party of 45 men, under Lieutenant French Mullen and the native officer Gopal Singh, went to Meungyin on the 2nd inst. They found the place occupied by 200 Kachins, who resisted the British force. They were, however, driven out with the loss of 11 killed. There were no casualties on the British side.

A Curious Transformation of Brass.

A curious incident has been noticed in connection with the brass condenser-tubes of a foreign cruiser. The pipes, after being in use for more than 12 months, were found to have experienced a peculiar change. In many places the metal had been, it appears, converted into almost pure copper of a spongy texture, the zinc of the alloy having completely disappeared. An investigation which was made showed the probable cause of the failure to have been an electrolytic action between the tin lining of the tubes and the brass, the sea water circulating through the condenser forming the electrolyte. Had the tin coating remained perfect doubtless no corrosion would have resulted but the mud and grit conveyed in suspension through the condenser carried away the tin coating in spots, and it was at these points that the transformation of the metal occurred. It is concluded that if the pipes had not been tinned at all they would have remained intact.

Mr. S. J. Ritchie's Misfortunes Bring to Light Some Interesting Facts.

A despatch from Cleveland, says:—The entry of dismissal ordered by Judge Hutchins on Monday in Common Pleas Court in the cases brought by Samuel J. Ritchie, of Akron against the Canadian Copper Company and the Anglo-American Iron Company practically ends litigation that started on a very extensive basis.

In 1886, largely through the efforts of Mr. Ritchie, valuable deposits of copper and iron in Canada were brought to light and several wealthy Cleveland capitalists were induced to become interested in the project. Two companies were formed. One was called the Canadian Copper Company and proceeded to develop the rich deposits of copper and nickel at Sudbury, Ontario, a town on the Canadian Pacific railway some 200 miles east of Sault Ste. Marie. The other corporation was the Anglo-American Iron Company, which operated iron mines near Picton, Ontario, in the Lake Ontario region.

The leading capitalists in these companies were H. B. Payne, Stevenson Burke and C. W. Bingham, of Cleveland, and the late T. W. Cornell, of Akron. Mr. Ritchie at first held one-fifth of the capital stock in these corporations, but falling into financial difficulties he lost this stock. Just how he lost this stock is a leading question, and the dismissal of the suits prevents any light on the subject. Mr. Ritchie made charges of various kinds and entered suit against other members of the companies. Under the law a stockholder of any corporation holding one-fifth or more of the capital stock has the right to petition the court for a dissolution of the company. This was what Mr. Ritchie did, but his attorneys, recognizing that he no longer held the requisite amount of stock, allowed the case to be dismissed. These suits involved a very large amount of money, running into the hundreds of thousands.

The copper company is proving a rich investment for the stockholders, as the mines yield not only very good copper, but also nickel. For many years the famous Calumet and Hecla mines on Lake Superior have been the greatest producers of copper in the world and made millions of dollars for the fortunate investors. Within later years, however, the Anaconda mines around Anaconda and Butte, Mont., have been producing better than the Calumet. The Canadian Copper Company has entered into the field in a smaller way, but is making steady advances. The ore is first smelted to about 95 per cent. pure at the mines and then brought to this city, where it is refined at the company's large works near Brooklyn.

There are still pending in the United States court two suits against Mr. Ritchie, brought by James B. and George W. McMullen, of Picton, Ontario, with whom Ritchie had a railway deal, as a result of which they obtained a judgment for $265,307 against him, but have never been able to collect it. Owing to Ritchie being connected with the two companies the other stockholders were brought in as defendants, so that litigation seems almost endless. However, when all legal entanglements are swept aside, as Judge Burke, who never stops until he wins, declares they soon shall be, the companies will have two fine properties in an almost unoccupied field to reward them for their daring investments.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Four Persons Seriously Injured and Valuable Property Greatly Damaged.

A Niagara Falls despatch says:—A terrible explosion occurred yesterday afternoon in the manufactory of the Ontario Silver Company at Humberstone. Natural gas is used for fuel in the manufactory and it was due to carelessness that the accident happened. Four persons were seriously injured and one probably fatally. Natural gas is used in the furnaces. Owing to the change in the weather the moisture in gas pipes and meter occasioned considerable trouble and while flushing the regulator quantities of gas escaped into the factory. It was thought that all the burners in the retorts had been extinguished, but such proved not to be the case and suddenly, without warning, a terrible explosion occurred. Those injured were: Leonard McGlashan, manager; Delford Utt, engineer of plant, of Humberstone, and Bert Fraser, a boy employed in the works, also a Mr. Bellford, an insurance agent, of Humberstone, who had called to see Mr. McGlashen. The men were all burned about the head, face and hands. Mr. McGlashen was frightfully injured. His hair was all burned off and his eyes and features were swollen up to twice their usual size. It is feared he cannnot recover. His arms up to the elbows are a mass of blisters. Utt, the engineer, escaped with the lightest injuries. Belford and the boy Fraser, are confined to bed to-day and are suffering great agony. Mr. McGlashen's wife is with him and every effort is being made to save his life. The damage to the building, which is a large one, is quite extensive. It was lifted from the foundations and moved several feet. Every window was broken and the interior badly wrecked. The plant cost over $75,000. It is thought, however, that the valuable machinery is not much injured. Dr. Clark went to Humberstone today and on his return reported the men as very seriously injured.

A Romance of The Lottery.

On Saturday afternoon, at the quarterly drawing of the Credit Foncier Lottery Bonds in Paris, and a few minutes before the wheel of fortune was to be set in motion, a lady appeared with a bond of the 1889 issue, upon which she wanted to pay the calls due in order that it might be eligible for a prize. The clerk said it was too late, as the drawing was about to commence, adding the conventional phrase of regret. The lady, however, begged hard, and the clerk consented to submit her case to the board of directors who had to attend the drawings. Several numbers, says a Paris correspondent, had already been drawn while the directors were considering whether the lady's offer could be accepted—a matter of a few francs—when, oh! freak of fortune, the number of the very bond whose fate was in suspence came out for a prize of £4000. The board ultimately ruled that as the number had come out after the lady's offer the latter would be entertained. The clerk went down, and after receiving the lady's money and handing her a receipt for it, announced to her that she was £4000 richer.

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.