The Mining Star.

VOL. III. REVELSTOKE, B. C. MAY 14. 1892. No. 48.

TIME CARD No. 4.

Columbia and Kootenay Steam Navigation Co. Limited.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Arrow Lakes and Columbia River Route Steamers.

Str. LYTTON leaves Revelstoke for Robson TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS at 4 a.m., arriving at Robson 5 p.m., making close connection with Columbia & Kootenay Railway for Nelson

Str. COLUMBIA leaves Robson DAILY at 6 a.m. for Trail Creek and Little Dalles, arriving at Little Dalles at 9 a.m., making close connection with Spokane Falls & Northern Railway for Spokane Falls.

KOOTENAY LAKE AND BONNER'S FERRY ROUTE.

Str. NELSON connects with Columbia & Kootenay Railway at Nelson, and calls at all points on Kootenay Lake.

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

Seed Potatoes.

Parties desiring a good marketable Potato should order at once, from F. FRASER, Box 217, Revelstoke P.O.

Price 2 cents per lb.

W. PELLEW HARVEY,

Assayer and Analytical Chemist,

Golden, B.C.

Silver, Gold or Lead, each....	$1.50
do. combined	3.00
Silver and Lead.....	2.50
Silver and Gold.....	2.00
Silver and Copper.....	3.50
Silver, Gold and Copper,.....	4.00
Silver, Gold, Lead and Copper	5.50

Other prices on application,

CASH WITH SAMPLES.

Certificates forwarded per return of mail.

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.

G. TERRYBERRY,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

REVELSTOKE.

Wagons and all kinds of Vehicles Repaired.

Shoeing a Specialty.

PRICES RIGHT.

Kootenay Lake

SAW MILL,

G. O. BUCHANAN, PROP.

—:o:—

LUMBER YARDS AT

NELSON BALFOUR
AINSWORTH KASLO

Large Stocks on hand.

Preparations are being made for the Great Building Boom of 1892.

C. H. WILLIAMS,

REVELSTOKE,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

A Full and Complete Line of

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,

Toilet Articles, Wall Paper, &c.

AT EASTERN PRICES.

☞ **Cigars at Wholesale.** ☜

RAYMOND Sewing Machines kept in stock.

To Let,

A 7-ROOMED HOUSE

WITH

Good Cellar, Woodshed, and large Garden.

Can be viewed on application at

STAR OFFICE.

Stockholm House

JOHN STONE, PROP.

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

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

THE

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

C. P. R. HOTEL

REVELSTOKE.

F. McCARTHY - - - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.

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

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

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Royal Mail Lines.

CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Montreal.

NUMIDIAN...	Allan Line....	May 14th
PARISIAN	"	May 21st
OREGON...	Dominion Line..	May 18th
SARNIA	"	June 1st
LABRADOR	"	June 4th
LAKE SUPERIOR..	Beaver..	May 11th
LAKE WINNIPEG	"	May 18th

From New York.

BRITANNIC...	White Star...	May 18th
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GERMANIC	"	June 1st

Cabin $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80 upwards.

Intermediate, $25; Steerage, $20.

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

Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

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

HULL BROS

REVELSTOKE.

BUTCHERS

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

S. BICKERTON,

BOOTMAKER,

MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE.

BOOTS & SHOES

MADE TO ORDER.

HARNESS LEATHER

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

"Ex Passant's" letter will appear next week.

F. Fraser has a few of those choice seed potatoes left.

It is stated that a big snowslide at Slocan has exposed a rich mineral ledge.

G. O. Buchanan has almost completed the erection of his lumber mill at Kaslo.

The Kaslo hotels are full to overflowing, and there is a consequent exodus from Nelson.

Mr. C. Ink, of Houston & Ink, late of the Nelson Miner, came up on the Lytton Wednesday.

The str. Columbia was able to pass the rapids and reach the wharf at Robson last Saturday.

Mr. Graham, manager of the Hudson Bay Co., arrived on the Lytton last night from Nelson.

Service will be held by the Rev. T. Paton in the Presbyterian church at 7.30. to-morrow evening.

Jim McDonald left for Nelson on Tuesday. He is interested in business schemes at Kaslo and Nakusp.

The jetty at Nakusp has been completed, and all the available men are now employed clearing the townsite.

Messrs. Abrahamson Bros. yesterday completed the laying of a first-class sidewalk in front of the Central Hotel.

A large brown bear was seen on the east bank of the Arrow Lake from the deck of the Lytton last Saturday.

Mr. T. Haig's house, at the lower end of the town, is being fitted up, and will be ready for occupation next week.

A huge mud-slide about one mile this side of Griffin Lake Station delayed the east-bound train for over 11 hours yesterday.

A boat leaves Nelson for Ainsworth, Pilot Bay and Kaslo at 8 a.m. on Wednesdays and Saturdays, returning same days.

The MINER's geographical knowledge is at fault. Nakusp Creek is on the Upper Arrow Lake, NOT the one nearest Nelson.

The frame of Messrs. C. B. Hume & Co.'s new store is already up, and it is expected the building will be completed by June 1st.

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

Bishop Sillitoe, of New Westminster, was a passenger by the Lytton on Thursday. He went to Nelson to open the Anglican Church there.

Mr. Wm. Reid's new house will be completed next week. Shortly afterwards there is to be a house-warming, with a Mrs. Reid to do the honors.

The Union Hotel presents a pretty appearance in its new dress, the blending of the two colors—chocolate and lavender—being extremely pleasing.

They are building a steamer for use on the Slocan Lake. She is so far advanced towards completion as to warrant the launch taking place this month.

Mr. W. A. Jowett was a heavy purchaser of Nelson Lots last week. He was buying on behalf of a syndicate, and the amount expended was close on $20,000.

Mr. Allen, of the Brewery, Revelstoke, has a small apple tree in full blossom. It was planted only a year ago, and came from the nurseries of May & Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Guy Barber shot a large bald eagle yesterday on the bluff near the cemetery. It measured 7 feet from tip to tip and had a foot as large as a boy's hand, with curved claws over an inch long.

The Rev. T. Paton and family have moved into their new house at the station, and Mr. and Mrs. Coursier have taken possession of Mr. Paton's late residence at the bottom of Front Street.

Mr. J. Evans, foreman of the men employed on the Government road from Nakusp to Slocan, was a passenger on the Lytton from Robson to Nakusp on Sunday. He took with him a large quantity of supplies.

R. E. Lemon, late of Revelstoke, is determined to be first in the field in the new town on the Arrow Lake. He is about to build a store at Nakusp. It is also rumored that J. F. Hume will sell out his Nelson business and move to Nakusp.

There will be a public meeting at the Victoria Hotel on Monday night, when the committee will report a very favorable contribution list for the sports on the 24th. Everyone interested should make an effort to be present.

Mr. Wm. Thompson, shipbuilder, who has been engaged for some time past in repairs on the C. & K. Co.'s boats at Revelstoke, left for Vancouver and Victoria last night. His departure has caused sincere regret among his many friends.

Mr. Neault, C. P. R. contractor, who is in charge of a large force of men clearing the townsite at Nakusp Creek, came up to Revelstoke on Sunday for the purpose of engaging more men on the job, but could not obtain more than half the number required.

Mr. Allen, chairman of the committee appointed to make inquiries concerning a chemical fire engine, has received catalogues and a letter from Mr. Morrison, secretary of a firm in Toronto, stating that they will supply a two-wheeled chemical engine for $700.

The hot weather has made a perceptible difference in the Columbia River, the water having risen two feet during the past week. The str. Lytton will now be able to take her full complement of freight, of which there is about twenty tons accumulated at Revelstoke.

Mr. W. M. Brown's spanking little team, the roan and the black, trotted the distance from the Columbia House to the station platform in exactly six minutes. Over a decent road there is no doubt they would cover the distance (nearly 1½ mile) in two minutes less time.

It is with the utmost confidence in the result that the manufacturers of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco ask all who have not tried it to do so. The thousands who have already done so are living witnesses of its excellence, and are unanimous in the verdict which they give in its favor.

Mr. George Hunt, jeweler, late of Donald, was in town on Monday and proceeded by the Lytton next morning for Nelson, where his partner, Mr. John Dover, has been carrying on business for some time. The firm of Hunt & Dover is well known all over the district as a good and reliable one.

The annual examination of candidates for teachers' certificates will be held in the Public School Building, Kamloops, on Tuesday, July 5th, at 9 o'clock in the morning. Applicants must forward a notice, thirty days before the examination, stating the class and grade of certificate for which he will be a candidate and the optional subjects selected.

Slocan is now a mining recording division, having been detached from Nelson division. The new division comprises all the country on Slocan Lake and the Slocan River above its main fork, including the west branch of the Slocan River and all streams and tributaries flowing into any of the said waters. Alexander Sproat is the mining recorder for the Slocan division.

Mrs. Thos. Steed arrived in town from Creemore, Ont., this week, and will stop with her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. N. Coursier, until her husband arrives down from Big Bend. Mr. and Mrs. Hy. Clement, also from Creemore, arrived a few days ago. Mr. Clement and Mr. George Steed (who is stopping over a few days in the Northwest on his way to Revelstoke) received an ovation and a present on their leaving Creemore April 28th, and were "drummed out" by the village brass band, of which Mr. Geo. Steed was a leading player. His brother Tom is also a good musician, and did excellent service at the Quadrille Club dances here during the past winter.

The special train with British sailors and marines, from Halifax for Vancouver and China, reached here on Thursday at 1 p.m. There was a number of people on the platform to give the Jack Tars a passing cheer, but it turned out that the sailors were a lot of mere boys from the training-ships Lion and Boscawen, stationed at Devonport and Liverpool respectively. These boys were a very different lot from those that went home from the Pacific Squadron just before Christmas, and many of them were looking homesick, but that might have been engendered by the overpowering sublimity of the scenery through which they had been travelling since daylight. The marine artillery were also a young looking lot. What's become of the "old soldier?" We did not see him.

A bush fire, covering many acres of fine timber land, has been in active operation since Wednesday noon. It was started accidentally near the sawmill, and by Wednesday it had reached the river west and south. Had the wind been from the N.E. instead of N.W. it is very likely the smelter would have ignited, and the Lytton (which was tied up at the wharf) and the Kootenay, on the beach further down, would have fared badly. As it was, the fire consumed everything to the water's edge, and within a stone's throw of the Kootenay. The Rev. T. Paton and Mr. Thos. Lewis, whose houses were at one time almost surrounded by the devouring element, were engaged till a late hour on Wednesday night fighting the fire. Lin hop Yin, who lives on Main-street, opposite the STAR office, lost 218 cords of wood which he had stacked there, and for which he paid a bill of $261 on April 25th. Every stick of it was consumed.

Mr. F. Bourne, of Bourne Bros., struck his left knee against the sharp edge of a pick yesterday afternoon, and beyond cutting a hole in his trousers he thought no more of it. About nine o'clock he noticed a pool of blood where he was standing, and then discovered that the wound was bleeding terribly. The cut had penetrated to the bone and severed some large vein. The bleeding was stopped by a ligature above the knee.

To Celebrate the 24th.

A meeting was held at the Victoria Hotel last Saturday night to discuss the ways and means for celebrating the Queen's Birthday. Those present included: Messrs. F. FRASER (chairman), R. W. Northey (sec.), W. M. Brown, W. Cowan, A. Stone, J. Kirkup, F. Bourne, R. Sanderson, J. Abrahamson, J. Sutherland, Guy Barber, P. M. Walker, John Hill, A. McNeil, C. Holden, and James McDonald.

It was proposed by Mr. Kirkup to have a steamer excursion to the Hot Springs, on Arrow Lake, but it was stated that the boat could not be obtained for this purpose. It was also shown that although the excursion would no doubt be a great success, it would make it very dull and quiet for the town.

Mr. Northey proposed that the day be celebrated by sports, etc., at the schoolhouse, including a cricket match.—After considerable discussion, during which it was mentioned that the prizes always fell to one particular person, and also that there would be no time for the cricket match, it was decided that the celebration should take the form of out-door sports on the ground near the schoolhouse.

A large committee was then appointed to canvass for subscriptions and draw up a programme, which was composed of the following: Mr. W. Cowan, president; Mr. J. G. Barber, secretary; Messrs. John Abrahamson, F. B. Wells, J. Guy Barber, H. A Brown, M. David and C. H Temple—three from the station and three from the town.

It remains now for everybody to lend a hand and make the day a success.

EDUCATION OFFICE,
May 4th, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Annual Examination of Candidates for Certificates of Qualification to teach in the Public Schools of the Province will be held as follows, commencing on TUESDAY, July 5th, at 9 a.m.:—

Victoria—In Legislative Assembly Hall.

Kamloops—In Public School Building.

Each applicant must forward a notice, thirty days before the examination, stating the class and grade of certificate for which he will be a candidate, the optional subjects selected, and at which of the above-named places he will attend.

Every notice of intention to be examined MUST be accompanied with a testimonial certifying to the moral character of the candidate.

S. D. POPE,
Superintendent of Education.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the following additional Mining Recording Division in the West Kootenay Electoral District has been established, namely:—

6. SLOCAN—Alexander Sproat, Recorder—to comprise all the country on Slocan Lake and the Slocan River above its main fork, including the west branch of the Slocan River and all streams and tributaries flowing into any of the said waters.

Notice is also given, that the limits of the Nelson Mining Recording Division, as defined on the 9th day of December, 1891, are altered by excluding that portion of country contained within the aforesaid Slocan Division.

JNO. ROBSON,
Provincial Secy. & Minister of Mines.

Provincial Secretary's Office, 26th April, 1892.

MISS C. HOWSON,

DRESSMAKING.

—:o:—

ROOMS

NEXT TO STAR OFFICE.

And before each dame and maid became
Slave to the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
And piety all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God save us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of Heaven away off yonder.

—]Eugene Field.

A BOYCOTTED BABY.

CHAP. I.—THE MARRIAGE.

Twenty-five years ago Matthew Bulbous had forsaken the plough in his native parish and come up to London to make his fortune. His education consisted of a good knowledge of the value of land, and of little more but the deficiency was supplied by a hard head and a determination to make all the money he could at the expense of others; for he had no capital to start with beyond a couple of hundreds which he borrowed to open an office and advertise

He made his fortune. When he commenced business as an 'estate agent, auctioneer, and valuer,' money was being made in the nation at a rate almost unprecedented, and the 'new men' wanted country estates to give them position and social consequence. Hence there was great buying on the side of the rich, and selling on the side of the embarrassed; and there was correspondingly great business on the part of the agents. To avail himself of this tide of business prosperity Matthew Bulbous worked hard, and his energy and determination had their reward. Then came a turn in the tide, when business grew depressed, and rents could no longer be paid as of old, and estates, old and new, came crashing into the market. Matthew Bulbous found this state of ruin as profitable as the former spell of prosperity. Estates had to be sold, instead of bought; and before they left his hands, Matthew Bulbous wrung from them the last guinea he could extract for surveys, valuations, reports, expenses, and commissions; and many a hapless seller turned pale when Bulbous and Bore's account was presented to him, with the amount already deducted from the "deposit" which it is customary for the agent to receive from the purchaser. As for the partner, Bore, Matthew Bulbous had devoured him years ago.

Matthew was a rich man now, and—in his spare hours—a man of great local standing at Blackheath—churchwarden, chairman of meetings, a tower of eminence in the locality. He kept a fine house, had a wife and daughter, and a son who resided in chambers in London and was reading for the bar. This son was his great hope, and in him all his ambition was centred. He had been foolish enough once to take a house in town for the "season," with the desire of making a position in society. In such a case a man is made or marred by his wife. Matthew Bulbous did not spare money in this matter. But Mrs. Bulbous failed. She was not worthy of him. She was shy and timid, incapable of rising to the position provided for her. Her daughter was formed of the same abject material. Mr. Bulbous thenceforth despised them both, and centred all his hopes in his son. Matthew Bulbous had a great deal to do with gentlemen in the way of business, and was a good judge of one. Being uneducated himself, he strenuously held that a gentleman was not made by education but by "blood." When his son James left the University, Matthew perceived that he was undoubtedly a gentleman as well as a scholar, and the fact furnished him with food for a good deal of thought.

"If I have failed myself," was his frequent reflection. "through his mother's incapacity, Jem shall make up for it. I will take care that he marries blood!" Which meant that the son should not be matrimonially handicapped, as the father had been.

Fortune—which in the case of such men as Matthew Bulbous, means the quick and resolute seizure of opportunities—favoured his aspirations. Whilst the young man was reading law, his father, all unknown to him, was arranging for him a matrimonial alliance with the daughter and only child of an Earl. To be sure, from another point of view, the match might not be thought brilliant; but an Earl's daughter is not to be had every day. Lord Polonius was a man of shady reputation, who found himself obliged to bring his burdened patrimony into the market. The estate was mortgaged for more than it was now worth, and little likely to attract a purchaser. After lying on his hands for some time, an idea gleamed upon Matthew Bulbous of buying the estate himself and giving it to his son. Jem was a gentleman and would fit the position. The position, too, would give him an added advantage. Now, in his own line, quite unsuspected by Matthew Bulbous, Earl Polonius was quite a match for that sharp man of business. He penetrated the man's ambition, and astutely turned it to his own advantage. To the last day of his life Matthew Bulbous will never be able to recollect clearly what it was that first suggested to him the idea of starting his son in life as the husband of Lady Jessalinda St. George, or how it was that he and Lord Polonius first understood each other's views on the subject. It was probably due to the superiority of the Earl's genius; but this does not matter. Matthew Bulbous bought ahe estate of Kirby St. George, and was obliged, under the special circumstances, to give Lord Polonius ten thousand pounds over and above the amount of the mortgages. This transaction ratified the agreement between them that, subject to the concurrance of the parties, Lady Jessalinda and Mr. James Bulbous should be married—the latter assuming, by the generous condescension of the Earl, the family name and arms of St. George.

Matthew Bulbous was a very proud man knowing Lady Jessalinda's age and prospects.

"I'm going—ahem—to dine with Earl Polonius, and his daughter, Lady Jessalinda St. George, this evening," he observed to his wife and daughter with a bad assumption of nonchalance.

Mrs. Bulbous, a gentle and very sweet-faced lady, and her daughter started with a faint "Oh!" and looked at the master in some anxious doubt as to what was expected of them in the way of reply.

"I just mentioned it," he said carelessly, "because I shall ask them to dinner here one day next week, and I expect you to be prepared."

"Shall there be any others, Matt?" the wife timidly asked.

"No, except Jem. It will be quite a private family affair. You needn't be nervous about it, because.——But that's enough for the present."

He left the room, but soon came back, which showed that the great matter was more in his mind than he desired them to suppose.

"Of course," he remarked, "you are not so familiar with the higher ranks as I am—meeting them every day in business, and all that so—that you must not be fussy or nervous. Put on some dignity, and be at your ease, as if you were used to it. I'll bring home a book for you both to study up. I won't have them think," he added firmly, "that we are overwhelmed with the honour. I'll—I'll have my eye upon both of you, remember. Lord Polonius and Lady Jessalinda are getting the best of the bargain, as you shall see in good time. That's all," he said, turning to go away. "Except this, Mary: you are not to call me 'Matt' when they are here—it isn't the thing. 'Call me 'Mr. Bulbous,' or—or," he added, somewhat doubtfully, "or 'Mr. Bulbous, my love,' if you like; and I will do the same. Of course Agnes will not speak unless she is spoken to."

Leaving the two ladies a little pink in the face, he went away to his business. It was mysterious to them, but they had to await his pleasure to explain what it meant. Bulbous was cross and impatient when he came home in the evening to dress, because he was conscious of being nervous and of betraying it. He had never before been an invited guest at a lord's house. He was to be the only guest, too, which to begin with, was not giving him what he considered a fair start. Matthew Bulbous was thinking less of Lord Polonius and Lady Jessalinda than of the terrible, silent, observant menials.

When he returned at half-past eleven, it was plain to be seen that the dinner had gone off well; perhaps Matthew Bulbous had discovered hitherto unknown powers of rising to the occasion. He had dropped into a club on his way home, and casually mentioned to several men he knew that he had been dining with Earl Polonius and Lady Jessalinda; he had even hinted at more. He was therefore in good humor when he got home.

"Mary," he said to his wife, as he flung himself in an easy-chair and stretched out his legs, "did you ever know me to fail in anything that I undertook?"

"No, Matt," was the gentle reply.

"I never yet," he continued reflectively, "got my eye on a property that was doomed for the market that I didn't in the end have the selling of it and all the busines the thing was worth—ay, though I waited for years, never losing sight of it for a day. That's the way to succeed: be patient, keeping steady on the track, and you'll run down your game in the end. Well, I have succeeded again. It's a big thing, but I have succeeded."

"I am sure you have, Matt, whatever it is."

"But you don't dream what it is. What's the good of being rich if you can't stand high? If it hadn't been for—— Well, there; I won't talk about it now," he said generously, noticing the look of pain in his wife's face. "That was a failure; but if you are not capable yourself of succeeding, why shouldn't your children rise. Isn't Agnes there, with a bit of money, good enough for any swell in the Guards, I'd like to know, if she only had the ability to work herself up? But she hasn't, and we'll have her wanting to marry an attorney or something of that sort, one fine day. That's how they treat us."

Mother and daughter exchanged a glance and inwardly trembled; for they had a dread secret between them relating to a curate, which it was terrible to think of Mr. Bulbous discovering.

"What do you suppose, now, is going to happen?" he said, after a pause. "Jem is going to marry Lady Jessalinda St. George, Earl Polonius's only daughter and—and heiress," he thought it as well to add, to round off the description. "What do you think of that now?"

Matthew Bulbous had a very large and deep mouth, ordinarily concealed underneath a heavy moustache. Now, as he lay back enjoying the effect of this announcement upon his wife and daughter, that feature extended itself in a smile which lent a startling expression to his face.

"And there's another thing," he continued at breakfast next morning, "only I don't want it talked about just yet. I never thought of doing such a thing before, but I'll do it now; I'll do my part to act up to the new position. If I don't succeed in this thing," he added, with a confident smile, "it will be the first failure of my life."

"You could not fail, Matt," said the meek wife deferentially.

"I'll hardly fail. I'm going in for Parliament then; that's what it is. The member of this division is going to be made a judge. I mainly helped to carry his election; and it will be odd if I can't carry my own. I've promised Polonius," he said familiarly, "and he will get me the official support of the Party. Jem, of course, goes in for his county the first vacancy."

These matters being above the understanding of the ladies, were put out of their thoughts the moment he left the house. The absorbing subject of Jem's marriage engrossed them.

"Lady—Jessalinda—St. George!" said Agnes Bulbous, below her breath.

Mrs. Bulbous said nothing, being engaged with her thoughts. Perhaps she would have better liked her son to find a wife lower down in rank; perhaps she had a mother's misgivings as to the happiness likely to result from this kind of marriage, Henry Maximiliar, fourth Earl and Baron'—let me see; ah, yes—'married 13th March 1852 the Honourable Georgiana Lucia Louise Trenendus (who died August 1854), and by her had issue, Lady Jessalinda Hesperia Gvendolen Alice Georgiana'—good gracious, namma!" Agnes looked pale.

Leaving the ladies immersed in the interesting discovery that Lady Jessalinda had reached the nature age of thirty-five, let us follow Mr. Bulbous to London.

When a man rises to a higher sphere, he owes to it the duty of lopping off all connections which are not calculated to adorn that elevated plane. One such Mathew Bulbous had in his mind this morning to be rid of at once. This was a brother, who in several ways had been useful to him in his business for a number of years; but who, on his usefulness ceasing with the fuller growth of the house, had taken to dissipation on an allowance made to him for that purpose. Joseph Bulbous proved of tough vitality; but Matthew would not now have him about London any longer.

Matthew found this brother in a lodging in Chelsea, sitting over a fire after a late breakfast.

'I don't think this life is doing well with you, Joe," he said sitting down and looking curiously at the dissipated face of his brother. "You asked me, once, to send you to Canada. Perhaps I ought to have done so! I hardly know."

The colour rose for an instant to the other's forehead, and faded again. "If you had sent me then," he replied, without looking up, "it might have been different. I don't think it matters now. I am hardly fit to make a new start; though, if it comes to that," he added bitterly, "I have never made one."

"No, you never have. It wasn't in you, Joe."

"Wasn't in me?" answered Joe, with a flash. "Have I ever had the chance? If you had left me at home on the farm, I might have done well enough. But you wanted me for your own purposes; and after making use of me all those years, and allowing me no chance of doing anything for myself, you say—it wasn't in me! No one knows better than you, Matt, whether I've ever had a chance or not. It didn't suit your interests to let me find one; and like a fool, I did your work, until you used up the best part of my life."

"Well, I am going to give you a chance now," replied Mathew, not in the least moved. "You are of no use to yourself or anybody else in England. I will send you to one of the colonies."

"It is not from any interest in me that you propose doing so," said the other, who knew his brother well. "Suppose I refuse to go?"

"Then you may starve. I daresay they would pitch you out of here in a week," observed Matthew quietly. He knew his power over the broken-down man, and so did the latter.

Joseph Bulbous turned pale, and gave his brother a look which indicated more hate than fear. He made one or two efforts to speak, but evidently the quiet masterful presence of his brother was terrible to him. Then he turned quickly to a cupboard where there was brandy, and with shaking hand swallowed a draught of the liquor.

Matthew smiled under his heavy moustache; he saw how beaten the poor creature was.

"If I swallowed half of that stuff in the morning, Joe," he observed good-humouredly, "I should be fit for nothing all day. Joe, what an inside you must have!"

"Never mind," said Joe, grown calmer. "I don't mind saying I am quite ready to go. But why? At any rate, I have never betrayed your confidence."

There was no particular reason why Matthew Bulbous should make known to his brother the great family matter. But it gratified him to unbend a little, contrasting his own splendid success with the broken brother's abject failure.

"I am giving Kirby St. George to Jem. He is going to marry Lady Jessalinda St. George, and to assume the family name and arms. I am going into Parliament myself, and Jem will be in the first time there's a vacancy in his county. What will they think of all that, now, down in Bullworth?"

Bullworth was their native place. Matthew smiled widely as he spoke. Joseph ran his fingers through his thin unbrushed hair and for a minute looked dazed. He saw now why Matthew wanted to be rid of him. He was an undesirable connection. Yet he was naturally a cleverer man than his brother, and felt very bitterly that he had helped largely—in ways Matthew could not follow—to make that fortune, of which this was his share.

Now, as Joseph Bulbous realised the position, a gleam of quick intelligence shot from his rheumy eyes. Whilst Matthew was gazing at the ceiling, full of ambitious thoughts, his brother quietly flung a bombshell at his feet which blew the strong man in pieces through the roof. "Matt," he said, "Jem is already married!"

Matthew Bulbous was blown very high indeed—into the very clouds—and it took him a considerable time to collect himself and return to the scene of the explosion. Then it struck him that the whole thing must have been merely a half-tipsy joke. "It was the brandy, I suppose," he remarked, wiping his forehead, "that suggested that to you, Joseph. But it wasn't a very nice trick. Don't do it again. I'll let it pass for once; but you know I'm not a man to appreciate practical jokes."

Joseph Bulbous knew of old how easy it was to frighten the tyrant of the family, though it was a dangerous thing to do. But at present he was on strong ground James Bulbous was married—had been six months married—as the father would have learned had he deemed it necessary to consult the son regarding the new matrimonial arrangement.

His face darkened. He rose and reached his brother with a stride, and grasping him by the collar, jerked him to his feet and shook him fiercely.

"Hands off!" cried Joseph Bulbous quickly, in a suppressed voice which sounded dangerous. Matthew at once dropped his hands by his side. "Go and ask him."

"Married—Jem married!" the elder brother exclaimed. He paused, for time to realize the possibility of so daring an act. He walked to the end of the room and back again, and then asked, in an ominously collected voice: "Where does she live?"

"They have a small house—— No; I do you fancy that I would attempt her life?"

Whatever he thought, he gave no direct reply to this; but after thinking a minute, observed with a grin: "I think you had better, Matt, for your own sake, not seek to see Mrs. Jem. She's a terror."

"A—what?"

"A terror, Matt," was the grave reply, "especially when she is under certain influences. She'd tear you. Poor Jem; it is always the best sort of fellows they catch; but she was (and is still) good-looking—there's no denying that. No, no; take my advice, and give Mrs. Jem a wide berth."

Matthew Bulbous asked no more information. Joseph stood at the window watching the cab with a smile of malicious satisfaction as his brother drove away. "That's one for you, Matt," he remarked. "I hope it will do you good."

The revelation of his son being married, which he did not for a moment doubt, was a tremendous blow to Matthew Bulbous. Such defiance of his authority he had never thought of as possible. He was not a man to look for gratitude: but in return for all he had done for his son, he did claim unquestioning submission to his will and pleasure in all things. It was his undoubted right, he argued; and consequently he had looked for his son's acquiescence in the marriage scheme as a matter of course.

"Where should he be now," said Matthew to himself, "if it wasn't for me? Why at the tail of a Bullworth plough!"

And to think of a young man who by rights ought to be ploughing the fields, defying his father by marrying a music-hall actress, and thereby frustrating his father's design of making him a country gentleman and the husband of an Earl's daughter—it was too much to bear thinking of.

Yet when he reached his son's chambers he looked cool and quiet. There was not a sign of disturbance in his large steady eyes, Jem was a handsome young man, very like his mother and sister, and rose quickly when his father entered the room. The latter, however, did not sit down or remove his hat.

"I have just heard something that has surprised me," he said very quietly. "Is it a fact that you are married?"

James Bulbous started, changed colour, and dropped his eyes for a moment. Then he looked frankly in his father's face. "I ought to have told you father. I am ashamed both before Gertrude and you not to have done so. Yes, sir: I am married."

Matthew examined the pattern of the carpet for a few seconds. "Have your mother and sister been aware of this?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. You have taken your course. You have no further claim upon me."

That was all. The young man reddened and inclined his head. Matthew Bulbous walked from the room, pausing to inspect an engraving on the wall, and drove away to his office.

It was over, as far as the son was concerned. But the blow struck Matthew Bulbous harder in another quarter. Lord Polonius would have to be informed of the downfall of the marriage project. His lordship would doubtless be disappointed; but Matthew realized with bitterness of heart the polite equanimity with which Polonius would bear it. He had ten thousand pounds of Matthew's money to console him, and the ten thousand maledictions now accompanying the money would disturb his lordship very little. This was the keenest agony of it; the wily old Earl had beaten him.

Jem was married. The curses, deep and silent, breathed by Matthew Bulbous on their wedded life, were tempered only by the vindictive satisfaction with which he reflected on what the woman was. The more reason the son had daily to repent of the marriage the greater would be the father's gratification. Matthew knew the kind of creature she was—knew the life she would lead her husband now that the liberal money supplies were cut off. He laughed aloud, thinking of it. It was his only comfort.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Robin's Song.

Welcome, dainty robin! Signal of the Spring!
With the breast of red-brown, and the satin wing,
Filling with the glory of thy limpid song,
Wood and mount and meadow—clear and full and strong,
Such an ardent wooing, tender, brave and sweet,
Undismayed by changing skies, never met defeat!
And the Earth replying with the Spring's soft breath,
Speaks the Resurrection—Life—that follows death!

Bravo, robin redbreast! with the shining wing,
Let thy note exultant, loud and louder ring!
Till the woodlands echo with the glad refrain,
And the soft winds murmur, Spring has come again!
Leafy buds are swelling, with the swelling song;
Unbound brooks are laughing, as they dance along;
Tender blossoms springing from the brown earth bare—
Life and joy and gladness waking everywhere!

Ever new the glory that the years repeat,
Nature's great heart throbbing all about our feet!
Hill and valley springing into tender green,
Touched with life and beauty by the Power Unseen;
Hope of joy eternal singing in each breast,
All the pain and passion lulled to quiet rest!
Everywhere the promise, speaking clear to men,
Death is Life immortal. We shall live again!

Sing on robin redbreast, with the shining wing,
And the air triumphant that befits a king!
From the topmost branches, free the glad proud song,
Life and joy and gladness to the Spring belong
—[Good Housekeeping.

How to Test Your Diamonds.

Here is an easy means of determining whether a supposed diamond is genuine or not: Pierce a hole in a card with a needle and then look at the hole through the stone. If false you will see two holes, but if you have a real diamond only a single hole will appear. You may also make the test in another way. Put your finger behind the stone and look at it through the diamond as through a magnifying glass. If the stone is genuine you will be unable to distinguish the grain of the skin, but with a false stone this will be plainly visible. Furthermore, looking through a real diamond the setting is never visible, whereas is with a false stone.

who has lived longer in Central Africa than any other white man. It is eleven years since he entered the service of the Congo Free State. Of the hundreds of white servants of the State employed in the far interior, not one, except Legat, has lived more than three years in Africa before going home to Europe for recuperation. Legat, alone has never asked for a vacation. For ten years he has not seen the sea. For most of the time he has lived alone, surrounded by savage tribes, and with no comforts or conveniences of civilization save those which he could himself provide. He is now almost in the geographical centre of Africa, the sole representative of the State in King Msiri's country, northwest of Lake Bangweolo. No agent of the State has seen him for a year, but it is supposed that Delcommune's expedition, carrying supplies to the lone Belgian, will soon reach him.

Legat is now 32 years old. He is so completely isolated from his fellow officers that if he were to start for the nearest post it would take him three and a half months to reach it; and he could not reach a steamer for Europe in less than 200 days. For two years he lived without a single European assistant at Luebo, on the Upper Kassai River, nearly 500 miles above Stanley Pool. Twice a year a steamer visited him to replenish his supplies, and learn how he was flourishing in the wilderness. These were red-letter days for Legat, for then he received letters from his mother and news from the outside world. Fatigues, privations, and isolation apparently have had no effect upon Legat's iron frame. He was born to pioneer the way into just such savage regions as Central Africa. He was four months travelling to his present post, and all his friends believe he intends to spend years yet in Africa.

The Congo Free State has twelve agents in its service who have spent nine years in the Dark Continent, but every three years they have returned to Europe to recruit their health. The case of Legat is so exceptional that King Leopold II. has honored him with a special medal to commemorate his services. His rank is that of Lieutenant in the public force, and he is the most striking example yet known of the possibility of men of certain temperaments and rugged health living uninterruptedly in Africa without suffering from the trying climate.

The Black Death.

The beginnings of the black death arose in China about the year 1333 with drought and famine in the great river plains, which were followed by floods so violent that 400,000 people perished. Great telluric convulsions occurred over the same tracts. The mountain Tsincheou fell in and vast clefts were formed, from which it is said that noxious vapors ascended. Anyhow, flood and famine were followed next year by a terrible plague, which carried off 5,000,000 of the wretched Chinese, while in 1337 a still more dreadful famine destroyed another 4,000,000.

The destructive march of the pestilence can not now be accurately traced; but it swept along from east to west, slowly enough, but with inexorable wing. Rumors of trouble and disaster heralded its approach. A thick, sinking mist was reported to herald or accompany the march of the fell destroyer. Nor were there wanting signs and wonders in the sky, and a grand conjunction of the three superior planets, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in the sign of Aquarius, 24th March, 1345, might have been read by those acquainted with the secrets of the stars as portentous of unheard-of disasters.

That the infection was conveyed in the air and spread itself with the varied tides and currents of the aerial ocean seems evident, for it fell upon ships at sea and ravaged the most secluded places, but it was also extremely contagious and followed the lines of trade routes, and seized upon every artery of traffic. In England the black death made its first appearance in Dorsetshire, and, quickly spreading over the West, it reached London by way of Oxford, leaving death and desolation behind everywhere. It was as fatal in the country as in the town. Whole villages were depopulated and small towns almost wiped out of existence. The dead lay unburied as they had died, for priests had been swept away with their flocks, and in many parishes there was no one left to celebrate mass, while every trade and craft was suspended in the universal terror and suspense. To add to the horror of the times bands of murderers roamed about unmolested, robbing alike the dead and the living; and dogs, deprived of their masters by death, came together in packs, made ferocious by hunger, and scoured the country like so many bands of wolves.

The Wife of 2,000 Years Ago.

"Wives, obey your husbands" would seem to be an even stronger point in Confucian than in Pauline doctrine, from the sample translations by Miss A.C. Stafford of an ancient Chinese work, in 313 chapters, instructing women as to the behavior expected of them. The work is 2,000 years old. The first duty of a Chinese woman, so the book says, was to "reverence her husband as heaven." She must not hesitate to die for him, and one of the little anecdotes related to encourage obedience is that of a peasant, who, during a severe famine, was seized by some soldiers, who proposed to make a meal of him. "My husband is very lean," pleaded the wife, "he will be scarcely a mouthful. I am fleshy and of dark complexion, and they say that the flesh of such persons is excellent eating." Her argumen prevailed, and spared her husband. As to how she should comport herself the book says: "In the presence of her parents or parents-in-law a woman may not sneeze or cough, neither stretch, yawn, nor loll about when tired, nor may she presume to stare at them. She should wear a happy face and a mild, pleasant deportment in serving them, in order to soothe them." The wife of a certain Liu Kung-tseh comes in for a large share

A Good Reason.

Little Boy—"Can your sister play?"

Little Girl—"No, she makes awful noises w'en she tries."

Little Boy—"Then wot did your papa get her a piano for?"

Little Girl—"I dunno. I guess it was 'cause he wanted zee box for a coal bin."

Welcome, dainty robin! Signal of the spring
With the breast of red-brown, and the satin wing,
Filling with the glory of thy limpid song,
Wood and mount and meadow—clear and full and strong.
Such an ardent wooing, tender, brave and sweet,
Undismayed by changing skie never met defeat!
And the earth, replying with the spring's soft breath,
Speaks the Resurrection—Life—that follows death!

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Let thy note exulant, loud and louder ring!
Till the woodlands echo with the glad refrai
And the soft wind murmur, spring has com again!
Leafy buds are swelling, with the swelling song;
Unbound brooks are laughing, as they dance along;
Tender blossoms springing from the brown earth bare—
Life and joy and gladness waking everywhere!

Ever new the glory that the years repeat,
Nature's great heart throbbing, all about our feet!
Hill and valley springing into tender green,
Touched with life and beauty by the Power Unseen;
Hope of joy eternal singing in each breast,
All the pain and passion lulled to quiet rest!
Everywhere the promise, speaking clear to men,
Death is life immortal. We shall live again!

Sing on, robin redbreast, with the shining wing,
And the air triumphant, that befits a king!
From the topmost branches, free the glad, proud song,
Life, and joy, and gladness, to the spring belong!

The Domestic Tyrant.

The normal idea of a domestic tyrant is of course some coarse-minded, brutally disposed husband who scattered his household before him as chaff is scattered by the wind. Oppressive as a husband, he is also jealous. Before such a man as this the children are broken-spirited and cowed; the servants fly to obey his smallest wish; the dogs rush from him, their tails between their legs; to the very cabman he is a "harbitary gent;" to his tenants he is the Black Death in person. His speech in society is like the firing off of minute guns, sharp, peremptory, ungraced by preamble or code. Or it may be, when he is a hypocrite as well as a tyrant, his "company manners" are graceful, soft, gentle, and his flattery is as thick and slab as butter and honey mixed together.

Women are seldom of the latter type. They rarely disguise themselves so well. When a wife has the box seat and holds the reins, the world knows pretty well what the condition of things really is. Despising the man whose place she has usurped, she is at no pains to conceal her contempt. She opposes him sharply; contradicts him flatly; looks him down at his own table; and lets both him and the world see that she regards him as a fool not worth the trouble of conciliating, or the effort involved in reasoning with. She interferes with his every action; forbids him to smoke; allowances his wine; sends him out or keeps him at home, as she thinks best; despises his pursuits, and, when she can, takes them from him as she would take their toys from her children. His pet dog she banishes; his favourite books she puts away; if he is fond of gardening, she digs up and turns over his flower-beds for a tennis ground; if he is an adept at tennis, she breaks up the court to make a rose-garden. Her tyranny is like a Nasmyth hammer, and finds nothing too large or too small for its manipulation. The whole family suffers equally with the unfortunate husband. Wherever she appears she brings with her both tyranny and interference. Her children are trained and managed till they have not a spark of naturalness or spontaneity left in them. In whatever they are doing, she must interfere and ordain. At croquet she tells them where to send the ball; at tennis she makes them nervous by shouting out unfriendly commentaries on their play; at the piano she objects to their fingering, and wishes to alter their light and shade; at the easel she bids them scumble up the whole picture as it stands and begin it anew on *her* lines. She is always changing her servants, with whose work and methods she interferes till they lose their patience—when either they are impertinent and so discharged on the spot, or disheartened and discharge themselves. She is the scourge of the family quite as much as that more brutal natured man. He is the hornet and she the wasp—he is the bluebottle and she is the housefly; and there is not a pin's point to choose between them. Each is detestible after the law of his or her kind, and the tyranny of a woman is to the full as ill to bear as the tyranny of a man, and perhaps it is more annoying because more incessant.

Besides these two tyrannies of authority are others which rule the family and make every member impartially miserable. Look at the tyranny of children—how they take the very life out of a gentle mother? Their tempers, their demands, their wishes, their dislikes, all rule the order, the common life of the house, and everything and every person must give way to them. Sometimes one sees this kind of thing with a widowed mother, over whom her children attempt to exert supreme authority. So ceaseless their demands, and so unsleeping their jealous activities, she leads among them the life of the traditional toad under the harrow; and she has been known to marry the man who loved her—but she not loving him—to escape from the bondage of her eldest daughter. Tyranny is hateful at all times and in all circumstances; but the tyranny of the young brings with it a bitter taste of mockery and unfitness; and the sense of more than ordinary topsyturveydom associated with it gives it a grim grotesqueness that is half its unpleasantness.—

Easter Costumes.

Fawn-coloured wool dresses with black and yellow accessories are newer and more stylish than the gray and tan wools so long in favour. Navy blue is also revived, and is as often heightened by yellow combinations as by the use of bright red. Exclusive modistes have imported street dresses of fawn wool dotted with black, made with a jacket corsage that has three Norfolk box pleats down the back, belted there by black satin ribbon tied in the middle with upright loops and long sash ends. The open fronts are straight, and do not quite meet, yet have large buttons and button-holes. A deep round collar is bound with black ribbon, and the mutton-leg sleeves are similarly edged. The very wide bell skirt is attached to a black satin corselet which is whaleboned to a point half-way up the back, then tapered along the sides to a small *chou* in front, leaving the waist perfectly round. Two yellow China silk blouses accompany this jacket and skirt, one finely speckled with black, the other with pencilled stripes of black more than an inch apart. They are shirred to the neck in front and back, and have a drawing-string around the waist. A pointed shield-shaped piece on the front is shirred down through the middle, and is needle-worked in black silk in scallops on each edge. The turned-down collar and cuffs are also scalloped with black.

Navy blue crepon with snow-flake of white, and ribbed crosswise, is one of the novelties for spring dresses. It is made to give a princesse effect, yet the waist is full, and is girdled with black satin ribbon to hide the joining of the skirt. This girdle is in wide folds even around the lower edge, and pointed up in Swiss fashion in the back, the fulness of the bell skirt being gathered each side of the sloped back seam and strapped on to the satin. White chiffon is accordion-pleated as a long plastron, and hooked to the left under the girdle. A collar of white Irish point curves low like a yoke. The immense sleeves droop at the top, and are simply turned back an inch from the wrist and faced with black satin. A navy blue serge dress has the popular yellow shade for a Mikado blouse of India silk with large blue designs on the pale yellow ground, the whole in accordion pleats that begin at the back of the neck, then are drawn forward under the arms, and cross the fronts below a square yoke of navy blue satin. A jabot of the broadest sash ribbon of the same blue shade is pleated in three clusters at the top, then the ribbon passes plainly to the waist line and ends in two choux. Over this is worn a serge jacket, as short as an Eton jacket, fitted by a seam down the back, and trimmed on the front edges with three-cornered revers of the serge corded with the yellow silk, and also with the deep blue satin. The sleeves are gigot-shaped, and the bell skirt has a wide border of blue satin ribbon piped with yellow and blue cords. A fawn vigogne dress with Eton jacket fronts has the coat back belted with black satin ribbons with sash ends. Great variety of color is given to the front of this dress, as the jacket has revers of violet velvet opening on a gathered vest of green velvet widely girdled with black satin ribbon, while a cravat of ecru Mechlin lace falls from the black ribbon collar.

Remember the Family Anniversaries.

As a people we pay far too little attention to birthdays and other family anniversaries. Too much cannot be done to make home attractive, so that our boys and girls will prefer it to all other places.

"This has been the nicest day I ever knew," said a boy to his mother one evening. "The birds have all been singing, and the sun has shone every minute, and everything has been so lovely, just for your birthday, mamma, and I am so glad!" and he emphasized his gladness with a hearty hug and kiss. For weeks the boy had been looking forward to this day, planning and making a little birthday gift as a surprise, and when the time came his whole mind was given to making his mother happy.

"But its so much trouble to celebrate birthdays," complain some mothers, "and in large families they come so often."

Yes, it is some trouble, but how can we keep our children contented and happy at home without taking trouble? And no mother regrets the trouble when she sees her children regarding their home as the very best place in the whole world. Try to celebrate the birthdays one year, and see if it does not "pay" in the enjoyment of the whole family. Let no one be forgotten from father to baby, and try to have each one interested in all the others, planning, if possible, some little birthday gift. No matter how simple or trifling it may be the love and thoughtfulness which go with it will make it precious.

A Physician's Opinion About Corsets.

A physician said: "With some women I am told the main object of wearing a corset is that they shall have fine busts, but as a matter of fact corset wearing is accountable for the lack of development that one sees in many young women of the day. Were they to throw away their corsets they would find that in a short time the longed for development would come, and unless they were uncommonly lean or in poor health they would not have so very long to wait either. In all the photographs of wild women that one sees, whether they are Sioux, Sumatrans or South Sea Islanders, one observes that a lack of bust development is the exception and not the rule. Nature is nature every time, and natural woman is healthy woman under ordinary circumstances and conditions. I may state that it is not always well to be too precipitate in this matter of throwing aside the corset.

"The best way for a woman to rid herself of corsets is to first loosen them up and wear them that way for a few weeks. This will in itself give her great freedom and will prepare her for the greater comfort which she is sure to enjoy later when she shall have finally cast off her tightly buckled shield and made of herself a wholly free woman. Then let the strings be let out still further and further, until the ribs of the corsets give actually no support to the back, when they may be discarded. In this particular, you will see, there is no exception to the rule that radical and extreme measures suddenly applied often result disastrously. It is better to take the reform in hand with a determination not to pursue it too hastily.

"Yes, I have no objection to what are known as 'waists.' They are all well enough, if the women must wear something to keep them in shape, as they call it. There is a great deal of difference between the reeds and bamboos in the 'waists' and the steel and whalebone of the corsets. Compared with the corsets they are, indeed, quite harmless."

Out of Repair.

Mr. Peterby—I'll have to send Molly's shoes to the shoemaker.

Mrs. Peterby—Are they very much out of repair? It seems to me she is getting new shoes every week.

"I should say they were out of repair. There is such a big hole in the sole of one of her shoes that she loses her stocking through it."

Canadian Militia and their Equipment.

So much has been said recently concerning a possible war between the United States and Great Britain that a short description of the military defences of our country as they stand to-day will interest the most of our readers. The Imperial Government has never done much at any time for the protection of the Dominion, and for a quarter of a century has almost left it entirely to its own devices as regards military defence. It is safe to say that Canadians would have attempted nothing very important in that direction had it not been for the constant agitation of the Conservative Loyalists, many of whom appear to be firmly persuaded that Canada will at some future date be the battlefield upon which the two great Anglo-Saxon nations of the globe will fight it out.

This feeling was at one time so strong in the House of Commons that when the late Sir John Macdonald, then Premier of Canada, proposed the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he spoke of its commercial advantages as of an important, but secondary consideration, his main argument being that the railway would form an uninterrupted line of communication and defence from ocean to ocean, which could be placed in direct communication with Great Britain and India by armed steamers at each of its extremities.

For the purpose of defending this line and of bearing the brunt of a first attack, a permanent militia establishment composed of the whole population, divided into classes, was organized, and when, some years ago, the imperial forces evacuated every Canadi an fortress except Halifax, small garrisons of Canadian regulars, doing duty also as military training schools, were quartered at Fredericton, Quebec, St. John, Kingston, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Victoria, in all a total establishment of 966 non-commissioned officers and men.

As a military line of communication and defence the Canadian Pacific is by no means completed. At its western extremity, between Vancouver and Asia, a line of armed steamers has, it is true, been established, but without the protection of a powerful fortress these steamers could not render very efficient service in the way of disembarking troops. Portland, Me., is the eastern terminus of the Canadian Pacific for commercial purposes: the military terminus should be Halifax, but as there are no direct communications by rail between Halifax and Quebec, owing to the absence of a bridge over the St. Lawrence, Quebec becomes the real terminus of the military line and remains, as of old, the key to Canada.

Such as it is, the Candian Pacific line of communication might, in consequence of the rapidity with which large bodies of men could be moved from one point to another, be successfully held against an invading enemy by an army numerically weaker. But what could the Canadian Government do for the defence of a frontier extending over 3,000 miles with 1,000 men of regular troops scattered from one end of the country to the other in the military schools, and with a militia force which Gen. Herbert, the Commander-in-Chief, describes in his last report as totally unfit for service, not one single battalion being at present in marching condition. "The equipment in use in the active militia," says the General, "is also obsolete in pattern, and a large proportion perished from age and severe usage. There is not a battalion that could turn out in complete marching order on a given day, though many have, at their own expense, provided some of the most necessary articles. Moreover, the equipment does not exist in store which it would be necessary to issue in the event of grave emergency. I have not inspected a single battalion in which the men's boots would have stood one month's active service, or a regiment of cavalry or battery of artillery in which the saddlery harness could be expected to bear a similar strain."

This inefficiency does not come from a want of martial spirit among the people, nor from ignorance or negligence on the part of the officers, of whom, as a body, it is impossible to speak too highly. The General says:

"While I cannot express myself as satisfied with the condition of the permanent force, I must bear witness to the excellent work it has done in spite of many disadvantages. It posseses some excellent officers and non-commissioned officers, to whose constant devotion to duty, alone, is to be ascribed the marked results that are visible, in the superior training of every officer and man of the active militia which has passed under their instruction. The faults that I have noted are, in the majority of cases, due to primary defects of organization."

With obsolete arms, worn-out equipment, and a system utterly bad, no satisfactory results can be expected and none have been obtained. During the half-breed rebellion of 1885 it required months to send 4,000 imperfectly equipped men to the front, and it seems extremely doubtful whether, in a case of grave emergency, of the 40,000 men of active militia more than 15,000 could be armed and equipped from the Government stores. A year would scarcely suffice to drill and discipline such a large number of raw recruits. Were this accomplished the force would still be almost totally deficient in artillery, of which Gen. Herbert speaks as follows:

"In the matter of artillery material the militia is very deficient. The eighteen field batteries are armed with guns which are still good, but there is no reserve of guns, nor is there a spare gun wheel to be had nearer than Woolwich. Of heavy guns the Dominion does not possess a single modern specimen. Of the armament handed over by the Imperial Government, a large portion could not be mounted and a park could not be fired. Those at Victoria, B.C., loaned by the Imperial Government, are not at present fit for service. There is no sufficient reserve of ammunition."

It is evident that such a force as the General describes would be quite insufficient to defend the line of communication, and, in case of a serious invasion, the only apparent alternative would be to do what Sir Guy Carneton did in 1775, when Montgomery invaded Canada, concentrate all the available forces around Quebec, the head of navigation, and await reinforcements from England. The matter has assumed such importance in the mind of the Commander-in-Chief that he has resolved to give special attention to the question of defence, as he says in his report: "So far I have dealt only with the active condition of the force to which the country must look for protection as to be discussed. I have submitted proposals during the past year for the appointment of a committee of militia officers to collaborate with me in the preparation of a scheme bearing upon this question. The proposals have met with the approval of the Government, and I look forward, as soon as some departmental details have been settled, to the commencement of this important work. The problem involves the consideration of the measures to be adopted, not only for the protection of a very extensive land frontier, but for that also of certain points on the Pacific coast, which have recently acquired a more than ordinary importance to the commercial prosperity of the Dominion."

THE CONGO ARMY.

Drilled and Uniformed Cannibals that Are Excellent Soldiers.

In 1883 Stanley took 100 Zanzibar and Haussa soldiers on the Congo. In the service of the Congo Free State to-day are 3,200 soldiers, a large number of whom are recruited from the villages along the great river and its tributaries. The head of the little army is the Governor General, but the active control of the military force is in the hands of the Commander of the Public Force, who at present is Commander Fourdin. His headquarters are at Boma. The army is divided into companies, with eleven Captains, ten Lieutenants, thirty-nine sub-Lieutenants, and sixty Sergeants. Most of the officers are Belgians.

The little army is spread over the twelve districts into which the Congo State is divided. It is kept busy policing the Government stations, giving to the Governor of each district the assistance he needs for the exploration of his territory and consolidating the political influence of the State. The largest and strongest posts are those on the Mobangi and the Aruwimi rivers and in Katanga, where strong forces are kept in order to suppress slave raids.

In 1886 the Government decided to create its army out of native elements. It found that the Bangala cannibals on the Upper Congo developed into excellent soldiers, and that it was much cheaper to enlist and drill them than to bring soldiers many hundreds of miles from Zanzibar and the northwest coast. The enlisted men are between fourteen and thirty years of age, and their term of service is five years. Camps of instruction are at Leopoldville and Equator Station.

That use of the natives has had an excellent effect on the country, for the soldiers, under strict discipline, become in a large degree civilized, and are effective friends of the State after their term of service has expired. Most of the military stations are commanded by Europeans, although some of the posts around the main stations are under the charge of black sergeants. A number of the stations have been established at the request of native chiefs who like a protection, and in return for the advantages they derive from the presence of the soldiery they agree to furnish the men with rations. The Congo State now has thirty-eight garrisoned posts. Five of the posts—Leopoldville, Boma, Bangala, Basoko, and Lusambo—are well supplied with cannon. The soldiers are neatly uniformed in blue with red trimmings, and they are armed with Chassepot and Winchester guns.

Three Doves.

Seaward, at morn, my doves flew free;
At eve they circled back to me,
The first was Faith; the second Hope;
The third—the whitest—Charity.

Above the plunging surge's play
Dream-like they hovered, day by day,
At last they turned, and bore to me
Green signs of peace through nightfall gray

No shore forlorn, no loveliest land
Their gentle eyes had left unscanned,
'Mid hues of twilight heliotrope
Or daybreak fires by heaven-breath fanned.

Quick visions of celestial grace
Hither they waft, from earth's broad space,
Kind thoughts for all humanity.
They shine with radiance from God's face.

Ah, since my heart they choose for home,
Why loose them—forth again to roam?
Yet look; they rise! With loftier scope
They wheel in flight towards heaven's pure dome.

Fly, messengers that find no rest
Save in such toil as makes man blest
Your home is God's immensity;
We hold you but at his behest.

—[George Parsons Lathrop.

The American Girl in London.

Clara (upon the announcement of her friend's engagement to the Duke of Deadbroke)—"Did he first tell you that he loved you, dear, and then speak about the passionate yearning in his heart, and all that?"

Maud—"Why, no."

Clara—"Didn't he say something about life's stormy ocean and about his strong protecting arms that would always shield you, and how, ever since he beheld you he had been haunted by your pleading eyes, and his love had gone out to you in a great passionate outburst? Didn't he say that life without you would be a dreary waste?"

Maud—"No; certainly not."

Clara (impatiently)—"Then I should like to know what the fellow did say."

Maud—"He didn't say a word. I did the talking."—*Life*.

New Pin-Cushions.

The pretty pin-cushions bearing the name "These are the Mice that Eat the Malt," consist of a plush tray with a couple of sacks made of plush and tied with ribbon, standing upright and ready for pins. The mice are to be seen on the plush tray. The "pigs in clover" take the form of a plush shamrock, the centre petal hooded so that the pigs find a sty. A couple of sacks occupy other spaces. The small bamboo huts used for table decoration are made into pin-cushions, being stuffed and covered with plush and ribbons. Another kind is a chiffonier's basket on a wicker easel, and another is set in a basket placed on a lyre.

Discarded Responsibility.

Magistrate—"What, you here again, Slattery? This must be the twentieth time you've been up before me."

Slattery—"Well! yer worship, 'tis no fault of mine that ye don't get promotion.'

Colors cannot be sensible to heat and cold and yet we sometimes see "lavender pants in the papers.

A Steamer that Stands High and Dry Over Two Miles From the Coast.

Tourists that visit Batavia nowadays are quite out of the fashion if they fail to make the passage through Sunda Strait and see all that is left of Krakatau and the vestiges of the ruin wrought by the terrible eruption of 1883. If they push up the Bay of Lampong, on the Sumatra side of the channel, they are likely to land on the low shores occupied by the village of Telokh-Betong, and hire carts for a short jaunt into the interior; and when they have gone about two miles they will pause to take in the curious scene presented in this picture; for here is seen one of the most interesting results of the great wave of Krakatau.

There was just one man amid all that wild scene of death and devastation who was not overwhelmed in the common ruin. He escaped while 40,000 perished. He was the lighthouse keeper, who lived alone on an isolated rock in the strait. It was broad daylight when Krakatau burst asunder, but in a few moments the heavens were so densely shrouded by dust, mud, and smoke that the darkness of midnight covered all the channel. The guardian of the lighthouse was in the lantern 130 feet above the sea level. Here he remained safe and sound in the midst of the terrible commotion.

He felt the trembling of his lighthouse, but it was so dark that he could not see the threatened danger. He did not know that a tremendous wave had almost overwhelmed the lighthouse, and that its crest had nearly touched the base of the lantern. He did not hear it because he was deafened by the awful detonation of Krakatau.

In a few moments the wave, over a hundred feet in height, had swept along a coast line of 100 miles on both sides of the channel.

Scores of populous villages were buried deep beneath the avalanche of water. Great groves of cocoanut palms were levelled to the ground. Promontories were carried away. New bays were dug out of the yielding littoral. Every work of human hands except that lighthouse was destroyed, and 40,000 persons perished in the deluge that mounted from the sea or beneath the rain of mud that filled the heavens.

This is a picture of a little sidewheel steam-boat that was borne on the top of that wave through forests and jungle, over two miles into the country, and was left as the wave receded in the position here shown. It will be remembered that for weeks before the final cataclysm at Krakatau, the volcano was in a state of eruption. Pleasure parties were made up at Batavia to visit the volcano. Not a few people landed on the island, little dreaming that in the twinkling of an eye two-thirds of it was to be blown into the air as though shot from a gun. They wished to get as near as they thought they might safely venture to the growling crater. This little steamboat, on the day before the explosion, carried one of these parties to the island. There were only twenty on board besides the crew. They spent a couple of hours around the island, and then steamed up the deep and narrow bay of Lampong, and it is supposed they anchored for the night in front of the big town of Telokh-Betong, which was one of the largest settlements on the south coast of Sumatra.

The ill-fated pleasure party was never heard of again. It is supposed that the boat was turned over and over like an egg shell in the surf. It had every appearance of such rough usage when it was found some months later. The machinery and furniture were badly broken, and were strewn about in the greatest confusion. But the vessel held together, and was finally set down in good shape, erect on her keel, as she is seen in the picture, which was made from a drawing by Mr. Korthals, a member of the Dutch scientific party sent out to study the effect of the Krakatau eruption.

Only two bodies were found in the vessel. They were, of course, below deck. As it was morning when she was picked up by the wave, it is supposed that nearly everybody was on shore. Not a vestige remains of the villages that lined the water edge. But the hulk of this little boat still stands, battered and broken, though as erect as when she ploughed the channel, and she is the most curious and interesting relic of the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times.

Bruin in Winter.

Bruin does not retire from the open air till he is compelled to do so by frost and snow. He lives through the summer on berries, buds, insects of every kind, grass, mice or any small animal that he can get. I may say, for the benefit of the gentlemen that publish so many terrifying bear stories in the daily newspapers, that bruin is as harmless as a cow during the summer, and will take to his heels in fright on sight of a human being. It is only when he leaves his lair too early in the spring and he is not able to find anything to eat that he will attack man; but he prefers a calf or sheep, and the farmer's tale is often short at sundown.

But, as I have said, when winter overtakes him he sets about to find a winter home. He has very likely, during the summer, when poking his nose into hollow trees looking for the honey of wild bees, seen some place that will suit him, and to this he goes straightway. The tree must be a large one, and he will not select it unless there is a space with plenty of room where the snow or rain can not reach him. This secured, he bundles himself together, his head on his paws, closes his eyes, and remains in this posture, till "those blind motions of the spring" tell that "the year has turned." Then he drags himself out and begins his struggle for an existence.

Sometimes, however, when lying in this stupor, loud sounds startle him, and his tree castle shakes; this is when the lumbermen have found him and are assailing the tree with their axes. He seldom escapes, and if he does he will surely die in the snowy forest unless he can find another home.—[Our Animal Friends.

Wonders of the Human Heart.

A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson, giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of sixty-nine strokes per minute and at the assumed force of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of 84 years. The number of beats in the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.

A Rich Syndicate formed for Developing Claims.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ILLECILLEWAET, May 11th.

Mr. E. A. Watson, mining engineer, returned yesterday from Ottawa. Mr. Watson spent the greater part of last summer here in the interests of Ottawa capitalists, and went east last November to organize a developing company. With the assistance of influential friends he has succeeded in raising a strong English syndicate which is now ready to develope promising claims for an interest, with the option of buying the remaining interest for a stipulated amount. A number of his Illecillewaet friends and admirers concluded to give him a fitting reception as a mark of appreciation for valuable services rendered in bringing out great mineral wealth before the notice of capitalists. This took the form of a late dinner, which was excellently served at the Merchants' Hotel, following being the menu:—

SOUP.
Chicken broth.

FISH.
Boiled salmon with egg sauce.
Boiled mackerel, Hollandise sauce.

ROASTS.
Roast haunch of bear.
Roast lamb and mint sauce.
Roast pork with apple sauce.

ENTREES.
Baked beans and bacon. Stewed lamb with peas.
Boiled and mashed potatoes, string beans, stewed tomatoes.

SALAD.
Lobster. Mayonaise.
Water biscuits. Stilton cheese.
Cabinet pudding with sherry sauce.
Strawberry pie. Lemon pie.
Tea. Coffee.
Fruits.

Mr. J. M. KELLIE, M.P.P., occupied the chair, and after the loyal toasts had been duly honored,

Mr. WATSON, in responding to the toast of "Our Guest," which was drunk with musical honors, said: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—I beg to thank you for the hearty manner in which you have pledged my health, for I know it is the cordial and genuine expression of your feelings of interest and affection towards me. When I left here last fall for Ottawa, being fully aware from personal observation of the value and extent of the mineral wealth of this camp, I promised to do all I could to bring that knowledge before men capable of developing it. I am happy to be able to inform you that I have succeeded in so doing, and I appear among you again as the representative of a powerful and wealthy English company, determined to develop the vast mineral wealth of this section. (Cheers.) Capital will be introduced and development work started at once, and I can safely say that you are on the eve of a great mining boom. (Loud applause.) The manager of the company, who is a gentleman of great experience and ability, will shortly be with you, and I am sure he will be prepared to meet you on just, fair, and honorable terms. Speaking for myself, my heart has often been with you, and I repeat now what I have said before—that I have always found you to be a body of men with whom it is a pleasure to be associated. Thanking you again for your kind reception, I give you in return, 'Prosperity to Illecillewaet.'"—After passing a vote of thanks to mine host Nelles for his excellent catering, and singing "Auld lang syne," the company dispersed with three cheers for Mr. Watson, all having spent a most enjoyable evening.

At a mass meeting of the citizens of Illecillewaet held last night, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted;—

Moved by Mr. A. C. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Underhill—

"Whereas it is most necessary for the due development of the great mineral wealth of the district of West Kootenay that reliable information as to the geological formation of that portion of the district lying between Illecillewaet, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the mining camps on Kootenay Lake should be readily obtainable by the general public; and, whereas, the information concerning the mining regions of the upper portion of Fish Creek obtained last year through the untiring and persevering efforts of Henry Ami, of the Geological Staff of Canada, has certainly been the means of attracting the attention of mining men to that wonderfully rich silver region; and, whereas, a number of companies, after an examination of the promising claims in that section, are arranging to carry on extensive mining operations as soon as they can get the necessary plant on the claims; and, whereas, only with the co-operation of the Provincial and Dominion Governments and the Geological Staff can we expect to have our magnificent mineral resources rapidly developed. Therefore, be it resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Lieutenant Governor in Council of British Columbia and to the Minister of the Interior, respectfully urging them to use every effort to have a geological survey made of the West Kootenay District between Illecillewaet, on the C.P.R., and the mining camps on Kootenay Lake, and that the petitioners humbly pray that Mr. H. M. Ami, member of the Geological Survey of Canada, be appointed to carry out the proposed survey."

Moved by Prof. Watson, seconded by Mr. A. McRae—

"Whereas the Illecillewaet mining camp is situated in what is known to be the richest mineral region in West Kootenay; and, whereas, the resident miners and prospectors experience great inconvenience and loss of time travelling to Revelstoke to record mining claims; and, whereas, extensive mining operations will be carried on this season by English, American and Canadian companies. Therefore be it resolved that an humble address be presented to his Honour the Lieut.-Governor in Council, requesting him to appoint Alexander C. McArthur as mining recorder (on commission, the same as Goat River and Trail Creek mining divisions) for Illecillewaet and Fish Creek camps."

Accidents at Revelstoke.

The arrival of the special train with British sailors on Thursday was the cause of two accidents at the station. Mr. John Abrahamson was driving the light four wheeler belonging to the Central Hotel to meet the train, and on the back seat were Misses Ida and Mattie Stone, daughters of Mr. John Stone of Stockholm House, and Mr. Charles Abrahamson. Somewhere on the road Mr. S. Hammond, freight agent at the wharf, had jumped in behind. On ascending the small hill at the railway crossing near the water tank Mr. Hammond caught hold of the seat to keep himself from falling backward, and as the wheels struck the rails he overbalanced himself and fell back over the tail of the vehicle, dragging the seat and its occupants with him. Miss Ida Stone was considerably hurt by the shock, but fortunately no bones were broken. Mr. Hammond received a nasty cut on the back of the head, which bled profusely, while Miss Mattie Stone and Mr. C. Abrahamson escaped with a few bruises.

A few minutes after the above accident the train came in from the east, and as the engine neared the station it struck and instantly killed a yearling colt which was stated to have been lying down between the rails. The animal belonged to Mr. F. McCarty, of the C.P.R. Hotel.

West Kootenay; As Seen by a Visitor.

A gentleman who has just returned to Victoria from the Lower Kootenay district has been giving his impressions to a COLONIST reporter. He says travelling facilities via Little Dalles are anything but good. He could see no reason why the train should not await the arrival of the boat and start punctually on time. He says the passengers had to wait until seven o'clock the next morning and then walk over a mile to the station through a drizzling rain. The Columbia and Kootenay Railway service, from Robson to Nelson, appeared to be run in no person's interest—certainly not in the interest of the travelling public. There are three steamers at present on Kootenay Lake—the Galena, Spokane and Nelson. The last named is the best boat, but she is unpopular because of her high charges.

It is expected the rivers will be exceptionally high this year when the thaw sets in, the snowfall this winter having been greatly above the average.

The principal town on Kootenay Lake as yet is Ainsworth. The Hot Spring camps are proving as rich as they are extensive. The pay-roll during the winter averaged $4,000 per month.

The Hendryx Syndicate, at the mouth of Pilot Bay, have about 100 men at work. A wharf about 700ft. in length has been completed. Men are at work on the foundations of an elevator, 90ft. high, which will carry the ore from the different works. When completed the capacity of the smelter will be about 100 tons a day. Its erection cost between $30,000 and $40,000. It is expected the townsite will be put on the market next month. The location is beautiful, and is bound to prove an attraction.

The townsite at Kaslo is being rapidly cleared, and many buildings are erected and in course of erection. The situation is grand and the views in every direction are magnificent. The harbor is the best on Kootenay Lake.

Pilot Bay is another charmingly situated townsite. The soil is sandy and the district sparsely timbered. There is a commodious bay, with every facility for shipping. In the immediate vicinity some good iron ore has been discovered, carrying a large percentage of silver.

At Goat River and Duck River some rich strikes have been made, carrying silver and 5 per cent. of copper.

The new city of Eldorado, on the Slocan Lake, is making wonderful progress, and a few miles further up, on the Arrow Lake, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are clearing a townsite at Nakusp Creek. This will be put on the market very soon.

Bonner's Ferry, in Idaho, is increasing rapidly, being favorably situated on the Kootenay River.

West Kootenay will have a vast population inside of five years.

FOR ILLECILLEWAET AND FISH CREEK!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS

Pack and Saddle Horses

AT ILLECILLEWAET,

In readiness at all times, and is prepared to do all packing required

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES.

Orders left at C. P. R. Station will receive prompt attention.

J. P. Callaway.

NOTICE OF SALE BY SHERIFF

PURSUANT TO EXECUTION AGAINST LANDS ACT, 1874.

IN THE

SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NANCY FIELD, Plaintiff,

AND

D. W. CORBIN, Defendant.

In obedience to a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Supreme Court of British Columbia at Victoria on the 11th day of February, 1892, and to me directed in the above-named suit for the sum of $1858.97 debt and costs, together with interest on the same at the rate of six per centum per annum from the 18th day of December, 1891, besides sheriff's fees, poundage, and all other expenses of this execution, I have seized and will offer for Sale by Public Auction, at the Court House, Donald, East Kootenay, B.C., on THURSDAY, the 28th day of April, 1892, at 12 noon, all the Right, Title and Interest of the said D. W. Corbin in the Lands as described in this advertisement:—

District.	No. of Lot.	Concise Description of Property.	Estate or Interest.
West Kootenay	Crown Grant .. 88 Lot 200—Group I. 47	Corbin & Kennedy No. 2 mineral claim, 20.66 acres, Illecillewaet.	Estate in fee.
do.	Crown Grant .. 89 Lot 202—Group I. 47	Happy Find mineral claim, 20.66 acres, Illecillewaet.	do.
do.	Crown Grant .. 90 Lot 203—Group I. 47	Crystal mineral claim, 20.66 acres, Illecillewaet.	do.

The judgment was registered in the Land Registry Office at Victoria against said lands on the 18th day of December, 1891.

The above sale is adjourned to THURSDAY, the 26th day of May, 1892, at the same hour and place.

S. REDGRAVE,
Sheriff of Kootenay.

April 28th, 1892.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

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

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

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IS OPENING UP WITH AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

FLOUR, FEED,

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BOOTS, SHOES, AND

MINERS' SUPPLIES,

ALL BOUGHT IN THE BEST AND CHEAPEST MARKETS.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING A SPECIALTY.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

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MERCHANDISE LOADED ON THE CARS FOR ALL POINTS.

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JUST ARRIVED

Two Carloads of Furniture

COMPRISING

Spring Mattresses, Wool Mattresses, Parlor Suites, Easy Chairs and Rockers;

LATEST IMPROVED BABY CARRIAGES,

Warranted to keep the baby in good nature.

Pianos, Organs, Beds, Couches, in great variety.

ALL SIZES OF PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING WINDOW SHADES.

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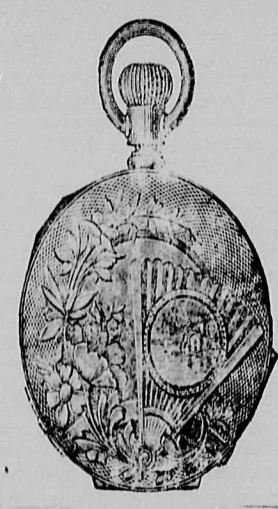

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