The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE. B. C., JULY 23, 1892. No. 6.

G. H. Williams,
REVELSTOKE,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

A new and complete stock of
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,
Toilet Articles, etc., etc.,
At reasonable prices.

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

FIRST CLASS CIGARS.

RAYMOND SEWING MACHINES IN STOCK

Nakusp.

This town, magnificently situated on the Upper Arrow Lake, is the shipping port for the Slocan Mines, is connected with **Slocan Lake and New Denver** by a good, level trail 18 miles in length, and is bound to speedily become a place of considerable wealth and importance.

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

A. HOLMAN,
NAKUSP.

TIME CARD No. 5.

TO TAKE EFFECT JUNE 30TH, 1892.

Columbia and Kootenay Steam Navigation Co. Limited.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Arrow Lakes and Columbia River Route Steamers.

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

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

KOOTENAY LAKE AND BONNER'S FERRY ROUTE.

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

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

W. PELLEW HARVEY,
Assayer and Analytical Chemist,
Golden, B.C.

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

Other prices on application.

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.

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.

ERNEST FLETCHER,
CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

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

Furniture Made and Repaired.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Stockholm House
JOHN STONE, PROP.

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

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

THE
COLUMBIA HOUSE,
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

C. P. R. HOTEL
REVELSTOKE.
F. McCARTHY - - - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.

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

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

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Royal Mail Lines.

CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Montreal.

PARISIAN....	Allan Line...	July 30th
CIRCASSIAN	"	Aug. 6th
OREGON..	Dominion Line..	Aug. 3rd
SARNIA	"	Aug. 10th
LABRADOR	"	Aug. 17th
LAKE WINNIPEG..	Beaver..	July 27th
LAKE ONTARIO	"	Aug. 3rd

From New York.

MAJESTIC...	White Star....	July 27th
GERMANIC	"	Aug. 3rd
TEUTONIC	"	Aug. 10th

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

Intermediate, $25; Steerage, $20.

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

Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

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

HULL BROS
REVELSTOKE.
BUTCHERS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN BEEF, PORK, ETC.

S. BICKERTON,
BOOTMAKER,
MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE.

Boots & Shoes made to order.

HARNESS LEATHER KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy
IS MARKED
T. & B.
In Bronze Letters.
NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that West Kootenay District has been subdivided into a northern and a southern division for the convenience of public business, namely:—

All that portion of the said district situated to the north of a line drawn as follows:—Commencing at a point situated on the east shore of Upper Arrow Lake one mile north of the mouth of Nakusp Creek; thence due east to the summit of the watershed between the valleys of the Arrow Lakes and the Kootenay Lakes; thence northerly to the south end of Trout Lake; thence easterly on a line passing through the north end of Upper Kootenay Lake to the eastern boundary of the district. Again beginning at the point of commencement; thence due west to the boundary of the district, shall be known as the "Revelstoke Division."

All that portion of the said district situated to the south of the aforesaid line shall be known as the "Nelson Division."

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 8th July, 1892.

THE
OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATOR'S ACT.

IN THE MATTER OF
NICHOLAS LAMPIA (Deceased).

NOTICE is hereby given, that by order of His Lordship Mr. Justice Drake, dated 20th June, 1892, I have been appointed Administrator of the Estate of NICHOLAS LAMPIA, late of Revelstoke, laborer, deceased.

Creditors of the said Nicholas Lampia must prove their claims before me within sixty days of this date, after which date the estate will be distributed according to law.

Persons indebted to the said estate must make payment to me.

Dated at Donald, British Columbia, this 21st July, 1892.

A. P. CUMMINS,
Official Administrator.

THE
OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATOR'S ACT.

IN THE MATTER OF
B. SAMUELSON (Deceased).

NOTICE is hereby given, that by order of His Lordship, Mr. Justice Drake, dated 20th June, 1892, I have been appointed Administrator of the Estate of B. SAMUELSON, late of Revelstoke, laborer, deceased.

Creditors of the said B. Samuelson must prove their claims before me within sixty days of this date, after which date the estate will be distributed according to law.

Persons indebted to the said estate must make payment to me.

Dated at Donald, British Columbia, this 21st July, 1892.

A. P. CUMMINS,
Official Administrator.

LOCAL NEWS.

Vaccine points at the Drug Store.

C. F. Blackburn's letter is in type and will appear next week.

Ripans Tabules: for liver troubles

Dave Ferguson left by steamer on Monday for Thomson's Landing. He is bound for Fish Creek.

Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.

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

Ripans Tabules cure constipation.

If you want your fruit well preserved get some of those self-sealing Gem jars at H. N. COURSIER'S.

Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative.

Mr. R. Tappen is building a cattle corral for the C.P.R. Co. near the freight shed at Revelstoke station.

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

Ripans Tabules prolong life.

There was a dance at Bourne's Hall on Thursday evening, but the state of the weather prevented a large attendance. Those present, however, had a most enjoyable time.

Ripans Tabules: for torpid liver.

Revelstoke Lumber Co. has commenced to run a shingle machine, under the management of Mr. Innis, who came here last week from the Greely Creek Shingle Mills.

A great number of Chinamen are busy just now gathering and selling raspberries and blueberries. The crop is enormous, and the Chinamen are reaping a fine harvest. A large pailful, about 12 quarts, goes for $1.

Vaccine points at the Drug Store.

The C. & K. Nav. Co. are issuing excursion tickets from Revelstoke to Spokane Falls, Wash. The scenery en route is magnificent, and the accommodations on board are unsurpassed. The fare for the round trip is $18.

The New State News, of Johnson, Whitman Co., Wash., completes its first year of publication this week. It is a healthy yearling, and we beg to tender our congratulations on the pronounced success exhibited by its present issue.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.

A pleasant and social party of young people assembled at the Brewery on Tuesday evening at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Allen. Ice cream, plantation melodies and dancing were the principal features of the evening.

A fruit and cream social and concert will be held on Monday night in the Schoolroom. The Misses Johnstone and Mrs. Ribbach, of Vancouver, Miss Cora E. Brown, of Oregon, and some excellent local talent will take part in the concert.

Ripans Tabules cure colic.

The Saskatchewan Times, of Prince Albert, comes to hand this week in a new dress, which is a decided improvement. To be able to do this our contemporary must be raking in the shekels in that progressive town. Would that we could go and do likewise.

Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.

The aroma of the tobacco leaf is so completely conserved in the manufacture of "Myrtle Navy" that age has no effect in diminishing it; even after the plug has been kept for years it gives out its full flavor under the combustion in the pipe, mellowed in tone by its age and making the most exquisite smoke which tobacco can be made to give. Age, too, hardens the structure of the plug, and gives to the tobacco, when cut, that almost granular appearance in which all connoisseurs delight.

Vaccine points at the Drug Store.

Mr. W. F. Crage, timekeeper on the C. P. R. between Donald and Kamloops, and Miss Kate Jones, of Donald, were married at Donald this week. The train being late on their return to Revelstoke (where they will reside) the usual serenade was postponed until the following evening, when a full band assembled in front of their residence about 10 p.m. and woke the echoes of the night with melodious airs on empty oilcans and tin horns. This time-honored custom is invariably observed in Revelstoke.

Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

The Pacific Express which left Revelstoke last Saturday night about two hours late came to grief a short distance west of Sicamous, when rounding the shore of Shuswap Lake. It appears the driver was making up lost time and going at considerable speed, when the tender and five carriages left the rails, which are stated to have "spread." The prompt application of the air brakes prevented a serious calamity, as the train was stopped on the very edge of the bank and the water is deep at that point. Beyond a general shaking up of the passengers and the breaking of some glassware and crockery in the dining car not much damage was done.

Ripans Tabules: standard remedy.

Professor C. Nedham called at this office last Friday and ordered 50 handbills and an advertisement announcing a high-class concert and piano recital to be given by him in Bourne's Hall on Wednesday, the 20th. The order was filled, and the professor—as is usual with professors—postponed payment until after the event. We ought to have known the **professor better, but we trusted him, and—got left.** One Saturday the professor gave a further order for 200 tickets. Fortunately this was not filled, for on Sunday morning the professor took himself off westward, leaving 50 unpaid-for bills fluttering in the breeze in different parts of the town and a sore-headed printer who has knocked the heels off his office slippers kicking himself. But the professor may turn up again some day, and then!!! We publish this for the benefit of our weekly cotemporaries, to whom we reiterate Sam Weller's advice, as professors are almost as seductive as "vidders."

Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

One of our prominent townsmen has been seen on the streets on two or three occasions recently sporting a new and glossy "tile" of the "chimney pot" pattern. The advent of such an unusual headpiece—probably the first ever seen in Revelstoke—was sufficient to call forth the artistic efforts of our local sketcher, and a representation of a tall hat with the said prominent townsman just disappearing below adorned the front of our first hotel for several days. Attached to the picture was the legend—

"The last of poor Fraser."

Notwithstanding this caricature and the host of ancient chestnuts that are continually being thrown at it—two of which, "Where did you get that hat?" and "Who's your hatter?" came out of the ark with Noah—the hat and its occupant may still be seen at eventide sloshing around with unimpaired vitality, and we venture to predict that the "stovepipe" will shortly become fashionable here, there being another young man in town who possesses one, but as yet he lacks the courage to wear it in public. He'd better get used to it before the snow comes.

Ripans Tabules purify the blood.

NAKUSP ITEMS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NAKUSP, July 20th.

Business is progressing rapidly in our thriving city. Anyone who visited the townsite a month ago would hardly recognize it now, as stores, hotels, dwelling-houses, etc., are quickly filling in the cleared lots, and several more buildings will go up within the next fortnight. The population is also increasing fast. Every time the steamer calls she brings us new citizens.

The Rathwell House has been taken over by Messrs. Grant Thorburn and Harry Phair, both of whom are well known in this district, the latter being a brother of the proprietor of the Hotel Phair at Nelson. They have re-named the hotel "The Leland House." Mrs. and the Misses McCulloch are guests at the hotel this week.

The sale of the Government lots at New Denver, "the eldorado of the Slocan," takes place to-day, and the prices are expected to reach high figures. A great many speculators have passed through here to attend the sale.

Prospectors seem to be having a good time in the Slocan. We had two in from there on Saturday who had staked a claim one day and sold out the next for a good round sum. They had some beautiful specimens of ore with them.

Fish are still very plentiful at the mouth of the creek. The last good catch was made by the ladies visiting here, who brought in about 15lbs. of fine trout.

Jack Walsh has now got his team in thoroughgoing order, and the way he rustles lumber up the hill is a "caution to snakes."

The more important lots are nearly all sold, and the others are being rapidly taken up. If the wagon road to Slocan goes through, and we fully expect it will, Nakusp will be boomby the middle of next month.

The lake is falling rapidly, and those camping by the shore breathe more freely, as it has been a case of constantly moving for the past three weeks. The only trouble is that it has left our floating wharf stranded high and dry. The genial captain of the Columbia kindly undertook to tow it back to the water, but he had seemingly no idea of the solidity of things about Nakusp, or the rope used on board the Columbia is not of a very good strain, as it snapped like a cotton thread. However, we shall probably have a large wharf built out to deep water before long, so that steamers can go alongside to land passengers and freight at any stage of the water.

Ripans Tabules: for bad temper.

ILLECILLEWAET,
West Kootenay, B.C.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL,
Close to Station, Post and Telgraph Offices.
C. N. NELLES & CO., Pr'ps.

Conducted as a first-class Hotel, the comfort of visitors being the first endeavor of the proprietors.

BATHROOMS AND EVERY CONVENIENCE.

SADDLE & PACK HORSES
Kept for use of guests and residents.

The scenery around Illecillewaet is unsurpassed for grandeur, and tourists will find the Merchants' Hotel one of the most comfortable and best equipped in the mountains.

GOOD STABLING.

BY DENZIL VANE.

CHAPTER. I.

"That fellow will be your ruin, Jack. Mark my words. He is idle, dissipated, reckless; no fit companion for any honest and self-respecting young man. I have seen with deep sorrow the marked change in your manner and conduct since you made Harcourt's acquaintance. Believe me, my dear Jack, that in arriving at this decision I am consulting your best interests. Take my advice, or rather, I should say, obey my command, and I promise you that you will live to thank me for what, I daresay, you now think my severity."

"I think you misjudge Harcourt, uncle," replied the young man to whom the above exordium was addressed.

"I imagine that my forty years' seniority gives me clearer perceptions than yours. At any rate, I have quite made up my mind on this point. You must either give up James Harcourt or—I give *you* up. No nephew of mine shall consort with a—dissipated young rascal."

"Come, uncle, aren't you rather too hard on him?" remonstrated Jack Tredinnick Moore.

"Not a bit of it. He deserves every word I have said about him. He is an idle, good-for-nothing scamp, a gambler, a drunkard."

"He goes into very good society," murmured the younger man.

"What do you call good society, Master Jack?—And pray, why do you wish to have better society than that you can get in my house? Better society! Why, God bless me! I owe my friends an apology for naming them in the same breath with James Harcourt and his allies," cried old Tredinnick.

For a minute or two uncle and nephew looked each other in the face. Jack was the only son of old Tredinnick's only sister. During fifteen years the prim, formal, but extremely comfortable house in Russell Square had been Jack's home, for he had lost both parents in early childhood, and old Tredinnick had done his level best to supply their place, crusty old bachelor though he was.

"I—I think you are unjust to Harcourt uncle," said the young man at last, his handsome, but rather weak-looking face wearing an obstinate expression, as weak-looking faces not untrequently do; "and I don't see why I should be unjust to him too."

"Does that mean that you refuse to obey me?" said old Tredinnick, ruffling up his stiff gray hair irritably; "that you intend to—to defy me?"

"It means that I decline to accept your estimate of my friend Harcourt," replied Jack sullenly.

"Then you must take the consequences your determination carries with it. The stool you have occupied in my office will be vacant after to day; and the room that has been yours since—since your poor mother's death," added old Tredinnick with a tremor in his gruff voice, "will be empty—after to-day."

"Very well, uncle."

Old Tredinnick looked across at his nephew's downcast face. The lad's eyebrows were drawn together in a frown; his rather full under lip was thrust forward in a sullen pout; his cheeks were paler than usual; and there were dark circles under his eyes, a result due to late hours rather than to the agitation of the moment.

Old Tredinnick sighed as he watched him. Then some memory of the past seemed to possess him, for his gray eyes softened, and he was compelled to bring out a red-and-yellow silk handkerchief, with which he blew his nose rather ostentatiously.

"I am sorry," he began gruffly—"very sorry that you have allowed a mere casual acquaintance to—to come between us, Jack.—But," he went on, resuming his former positive manner, "I mean to be as obstinate as you. You elect to stick to your—friend, Harcourt; and I am resolved to stick to my word. You leave my office—nobody in my employment shall consort with fellows like Harcourt—and leave my house."

"Very well, uncle," muttered Jack, turning away, as though he intended to take his departure there and then.

"Stop! What—what money have you got?"

"I—don't know—four or five sovereigns, I believe," said Jack carelessly.

"And how long do you suppose four or five sovereigns will keep you in bread and cheese?"

"Until I get some employment," was the dogged answer.

"Nonsense! Employment isn't to be had for the asking in this overcrowded city. When I advertised for a copying clerk some months ago, how many applications do you think I had?"

"I am sure I don't remember."

"Three hundred and fifty; and the salary offered was only a pound a week. How long do you suppose it would be before the three hundred and forty-nine unsuccessful applicants got employment?"

"Can't say; I'm not clever at making calculations," muttered Jack with surly irony.

"No. Or I should ask you to calculate how long it will take Mr. James Harcourt to make the descent of Avernus, and get himself in the clutches of the law," retorted Mr. Tredinnick dryly.

Young Moore raised his head with an aggressive air, and was about to make an indignant remonstrance. But his uncle lifted his hand authoritatively and went on: "In spite of the ingratitude with which you have thought proper to repay me for the affection I have always shown you, I do not think it right to send you out penniless into the world. Your allowance of fifty pounds a year will be paid to you as usual, quarterly."

Here Mr. Tredinnick went to his writing-table with an expression of stern justice on his rugged but kindly face, took out his cheque-book and filled in a cheque, slowly methodically, as was his wont. Then he rose and handed the slip of paper to his nephew. "There's the first quarter of your allowance," he said quietly. "So that you may start comfortably, I have made it for twenty pounds, instead of for twelve pounds ten."

Jack took the cheque with outward reluctance but with inward relief, stuffed it into his breast-pocket, and then held out his hand.

"Good-bye, uncle," he said with a rather unsuccessful assumption of nonchalance; "we'll part friends, eh?"

"Good-bye, Jack, I hope you won't have bitter cause to repent of your pig-headedness.—God bless you!" he added hastily. Then the red-and-yellow handkerchief was again put in requisition.

Jack shrugged his shoulders, sauntered out of the room with his hands in his pockets, and within half an hour his portmanteau was packed and hoisted on to the roof of a hansom, inside which sat Mr. John Tredinnick Moore with his hat tilted over his forehead, his handsome boyish face wearing a decidedly sulky expression. As the hansom turned out of Russell Square, he just glanced up for a moment at the house that had sheltered him for so long, and for that moment's space he wished he had acted otherwise than he had done. But by the time the hansom had rattled along New Oxford Street and reached the corner of Tottenham Court Road, he was in high spirits. He had twenty pounds in his pocket. Harcourt and he were to dine at the Criterion, and later "take a look in," as Harcourt phrased it, at one or two of the haunts frequented by men of fashion like themselves, then wind up the evening with a hand at whisp or ecarte at Harcourt's club. It was this programme as set forth in a note Jack had received from Harcourt that morning which had brought matters to a crisis in Russell Square. Old Tredinnick had then delivered himself of an ultimatum which as we have seen, resulted in a rupture of their friendly relations.

"I've got twenty pounds in my pocket—there's a lot of amusement to be got out of twenty pounds," soliloquised Jack, leaning back in his cab and lighting a cigar. "When it's gone, I'll look out for something to do. But I'll have a jolly week or two, first. After grinding away at that confounded office, I want a holiday; and I mean to have it."

Jack's twenty pounds lasted just one week. One fine morning he discovered, to his dismay, that when he had paid the bill his landlady had presented to him the night before, he would have exactly half-a-crown in his pocket. It was clearly impossible to make half-a-crown provide for the wants of even a single day; so he sauntered down to Harcourt's sprucely furnished chambers in Suffolk Street to take counsel with his chosen Mentor.

He found Harcourt at breakfast.

"Well, old fellow, what's up? You look rather down in the mouth.—Have a brandy-and-soda?" was that gentleman's greeting.

Jack shook his head.

"You had deuced bad luck last night at ecarte. Cleaned out eh?"

Jack felt in his pocket, then showed on his extended palm the single half-crown that remained from his quarter's allowance.

"I hope you admire it," he remarked bitterly. "It is the only portrait of Her Majesty I possess."

"Hum! That's serious. You'd better apply to the amiable Tredinnick, hadn't you?"

"Not I. I wouldn't face my uncle and tell him that I've spent all the money he gave me in one week for a hundred pounds," declared Jack, getting very red in the face.

Mr. James Harcourt surveyed his pupil critically through his eyeglass, pulled his long sandy moustaches thoughtfully, and then remarked coolly: "If you don't play the part of returned Prodigal, I suppose there's nothing for it but an application to your other uncle. You wear a watch and chain, I observe; also sleeve-links, a gold pin, and a signet ring. One's jewellery usually goes first."

"Do you mean that I am to go to a pawnbroker's and pawn the things?" cried the lad.

"I do; since you refuse to betake yourself to Russell Square. I am extremely sorry that circumstances over which I have no control compel me to repress the strong impulse which rises in my breast to—ah—come to your relief. At the present moment, my own funds are low—very low. As for—ah—the little transaction I spoke of—why it's nothing—nothing, I assure you. Have done the thing myself scores of times, and shall again."

Jack's face brightened. The idea of a pawnbroker's shop was associated in his unsophisticated mind with extreme poverty and general disreputableness. But he argued, if such a superfine and fastidious man as Harcourt condescended to raise money on his personal effects, why should not he?

"What do you suppose I should get for—my watch, say? It cost with the chain five and twenty pounds. It was a birthday present from my uncle," he said hesitatingly.

"Five pounds, I should say."

"That won't last long," grumbled Jack.

"You may have better luck to-night. I'll take you to a place where you can have a turn at baccarat. Baccarat don't want the skill whist and ecarte demand."

Jack's eyes brightened as he listened to his friend's minute directions as to how the necessary sinews of war were to be provided. After all, as Harcourt said, his luck might change; the five pounds he would get on his watch might be decupled that night.

An hour later, Jack returned to his lodgings the richer by five pounds, and the poorer by his watch and several shreds of his self-respect. But to all appearance he was in the highest spirits, for he walked along the pavement with a jaunty air, and laughed immoderately at dinner when Harcourt told some of his amusing stories about the astonishing ups and downs he had known during the ten years of his life in London. Harcourt "did business" on the Stock Exchange, and, according to his own account, he was one of the acutest and most astute of the many clever fellows who there forgather.

As Harcourt had anticipated, Jack's luck at baccarat that night was extraordinary. But then the best part of his winnings disappeared the very next night with the same facility with which they had been acquired. For a month or two Jack Moore experienced the numerous vicissitudes of a gambler's life. Then he began to weary of the alternate excitement and depression inseparable from such a life. One day, when his exchequer was reduced to the lowest ebb, he announced his intention of seeking for employment; and, wonderful to relate, he was speedily successful in his search. Thanks to his honest-looking face, gentlemanlike manner, his familiarity with the French and German languages, and last, but not least, to his relationship to old Tredinnick, he was that day appointed to the vacant stool in the office of the Three Kingdoms Life Assurance. Harcourt seemed greatly amused by Jack's sudden return to the paths of virtue; and when he found that his pupil was no longer willing to be at his beck and call, he delivered himself of the scathing remark, that "what was bred in the bone must come out in the flesh; that Moore's commercial upbringing precluded his ever being a man of fashion." And so a coolness arose between Mentor and his follower.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Powder And a New Rifle.

A London correspondent says that the attention of the war office is being actively directed to a new smokeless powder which the Swedish Government has accepted. For this powder are claimed three advantages. It is easy of manufacture, produces no flame, and does not heat the rifle, while it also gives the ball a remarkable velocity—an initial velocity of 2100 feet with a pressure of 2260 atmosphere. The new powder—which is said not to heat the chamber as much as an ordinary sporting gunpowder, and is as independent of damp as it is of heat—is known as "apyrite;" and two well known English officers have presented reports in which it is spoken of as probably the most effective powder in Europe. The new Russian rifle is a formidable weapon, and the experts who were employed to select it assert that it is the most powerful in use. It is of the Mauser type, and has a calibre of 7.52 mim. (·296 in) and a cylindrical obscurator with a magazine for five cartridges. The cartridge is 3.9 inches in length, and in its interior part is covered with a metallic bottle-shaped case, weighing about a third of an ounce. Smokeless powder is employed in these cartridges, and at a distance of 300 metres twenty pine planks, each 1½ inch in thickness, and placed at a distance of two inches from one another, were perforated. The Roumanian Government, by the way, has just selected the Mannlicher rifle for its arm.

Supplying his Wants.

A short time ago a banker gave a calendar pedlar a florin to get rid of him. The pedlar, however, volunteered to leave a calendar at the banker's house that evening. The banker paid no attention to that offer; but when he reached home he was informed that a man had been there only a few minutes before, and left a calendar.

"He said that you sent him here," remarked the banker's wife, "and told him to collect a florin from me."

"Did you give him the money?" asked the banker, with rising colour.

"I did," was the reply.

The banker muttered a few harsh words to himself; and summoning a man-servant, sent him out with instructions to "find that pedlar and bring him back."

The servant overtook the pedlar, and bade him return to the house at once.

"My master wants to see you," said he.

"Vy, yass, I was shust at der house, and vas miss him." drawled the pedlar. "But I know vat he wants; he vants a calendar. Here it is. I am in a hurry. You gif me de florin, and he vill bay you."

The unsuspecting servant handed over the money, took the calendar, and hurried back with a beaming face. The beam did not retain its beaminess long.

Why He Was Healthy and Happy.

We were on a recent occasion talking to a young man who is employed in a large linendraper's shop in London. Seeing that he was very healthy and cheerful looking, we asked him what open-air recreation he indulged in. Did he ride a bicycle; row, or what did he do to make him look so strong and manly? "Ah," he said, "I have no time for any of those things; and if I look happy it is because I try to help others in my spare moments. As a rule I am at work ten or twelve hours in the shop, but on Saturday evening and Sundays, and whenever I have an hour or two, I go down to ——in the east end, and hunt up drift children. We get them into a room and try to teach them something When anyone gives us money, we have a tea for them. Then there is a Bible class and a glee class for young men. It is work like this that keeps me well. Give me the drift children, and I am happy and healthy." We found that there were other young men in the same establishment whose recreation after their long hours of work was of the same unselfish mind.

The Boy in the Gallery.

A certain preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld a youngster pelting the people below with chestnuts.

He was about to administer a sharp and stringent reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect; but the youth anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice:

"You mind your preaching, and I'll keep 'em awake."

Louis Cyr, Canada's strong man, gave a remarkable exhibition of strength in Hull, Que., on Monday afternoon. The affair was in connection with the St. Jean Baptiste celebration. Cyr had two horses harnessed, each of which weighed over 1,200 pounds, brought and attached by straps to either arm. Cyr folded his arms and stood with one horse on either side of him pulling in opposite directions as to get his arms extended from his body. The animals were then whipped up each in his different direction. Though they strained themselves under the lashings of the whips, Cyr kept his arms folded. The horses could not extend them. The horses were owned by John Dupuis, mail driver between Hull and Ottawa, and are big, strong animals. On one occasion one of the horses, a large gray, the stronger one of the two, drew both Cyr and the other horse after it, but did not make the strong man lose his grip. Four trials were made. Cyr said the animals were the best he had yet met for hauling. Louis did another big act. He had seventeen men sitting on a table, and getting under it lifted table, men and all on his back five or six times. None of them weighed under 150 and several weighed over 200 pounds. The strong man also went through a number of other lifting performances. Cyr's brother Peter was also present and went through a series of feats, but none so herculean as those of Louis. Peter Cyr is a six-footer and stout in proportion, but is not as heavy as his elder brother, who tips the scale at almost 350 pounds.

Water for Cows.

The *Farm Journal* calls attention to the frequency with which cows drink while in pasture, saying the water provided for the cows to drink—at any season of the year—is a factor upon which depends largely, not only the profits and income from the diary business, but the health and thrift of the cows themselves, and at all times free access to pure water should be allowed: The *Journal* continues: Did you ever watch the cows in pasture? They graze, contentedly lie down to chew their cud under some tree and then all get up and slowly go to the spring or stream. They never "drink like fish" nor as hastily as a man at a railroad lunch counter. They have no notion of saving time. As an unthinking boy I used to get impatient with their deliberate ways. Each cow will dabble and drool in the stream and use from ten minutes to half an hour in drinking what she will be forced to gulp down in two minutes in winter, ice water at that. Then she will begin to feed again placidly, only to return later for another little drink. At evening the cows linger by the river, loath to leave it for the yard during the night. On being turned out at 5.30 or 6 next morning they proceed to drink before eating. All this on green food.

What must be their condition fed only on dry hay, bedded on dry floors, and standing with dry hoofs, with only one or two shivering drinks daily all winter? No wonder they lessen their flow of milk and then go dry; no wonder ensilage is counted a wonderful food. Fix a permanent trough beside the row of mangers, let each cow have a lid which she can raise and obtain a drink at will, and then see. Note the increased courage, appetite and product of each cow, and say, if you dare, that there is not food value in water. Plenty of good water will make sleek coats and plump forms, while the calves will be stronger than if their dams suffer for drink when feverish. Good colts and fat steers can only be expected with the same diet. A brute that is fretful rom any cause is unprofitable, and a dissatsfied, suffering cow can but yield milk unfit for babies, if not for men.

Feeding Colts.

An experienced breeder has this to say about his practice in feeding colts: There is danger of colts getting over fat if fed too highly, but there is to my mind a disposition to oftener cross the border line of danger, by drawing upon a colt's resources of strength, when the resources are too much exhausted. A growing colt needs to be fed heavier than a mature horse, and in some particulars needs to be varied from the bill of fare that is given to older horses. There is a prevailing opinion that clover hay is not fit to feed a horse at all, and, while I would not feed a road or track horse when grown, I would feed no other when the same animal is young. The rogime I practice is milk, grass, clover and timothy. Milk first because it can digest and assimulate it, and the rest in their regular order for precisely the same reason. If any who read this are skeptical let them test it and see. Feed one colt timothy, another clover, or feed the same one each kind of hay at different times. Then throw out the manure where the rain can fall on it and as it washes away the digested portion, you will be surprised to see how completely the clover is digested and how entirely undigested is the timothy.

I need hardly add that a colt's ration, apart from the hay it eats, should be more varied than the older horse. No one kind of feed is perfect, hence the need of variety.

To Shear a Sheep.

Arrange a shearing table just the height of the top of the shearer's knee. On this set the sheep straight upright with its back toward the shearer. The shearer now puts his left foot upon the table, bends the neck of the sheep over his left knee and is ready for business. Part the wool at the right side of the belly from arm pit to flank; begin at this parting and shear belly, brisket and between hind legs. Next part the wool on the neck from the point of right shoulder to the right ear, from this parting shear the neck and head clean, then the left shoulder and leg and on down, shearing past the backbone and rump before turning the sheep. When through on this side the shearer puts his left foot down, takes the sheep's hind legs in his right hand and holding it by the neck with his left, gives the sheep a three-quarter turn from left to right bringing it again in position to put the neck over the shearer's left knee in which position the work is finished. Pull the skin tight with the left hand while shearing. Avoid pulling the wool, or cutting it twice. Take all the locks and tags clean as you go and finish on the bench.

Handling Heavy Hay.

It is now quite apparent that the hay crop is this year going to be a very heavy one. On fields that were well top-dressed with manure during the winter the grass is now waving, the clover is almost knee-deep, and on extra rich fields already shows signs of matting. Even on poor meadows there is every evidence of a big crop, and so there is one comfort along with all the surplus rain and cold, backward weather. Where hay is so very forward at this early date there is great danger on the richest lands that it will twist, lodge, and become rusty or rotten near the ground. This being the case it will be well to mow such fields even before they are ripe—as indicated by the first blossom stage—for if this is not done much loss may be occasioned. But whether cut unusually early or at the customary time there will be much more work required to cure the crop than is usual. The hay tedder will prove invaluable this year whereas it is quite possible to get along without this implement on ordinary meadows in normal seasons. The "kicking" tedder is an effective implement, but the teeth are apt to get broken easily, and a new revolving machine, which we have not seen at work, is said to be somewhat superior. A good plan in handling a heavy crop of hay is to commence cutting in the middle of the afternoon and continue as long as it is light enough to cut. Then start the tedder in the morning early and by noon the first portion tedded will do to cock. The mowing, tedding, raking, and cocking can be continued in this way until the bulk of the crop is cocked. Hauling to the barn may then be done as fast as possible. When following this plan, however, it is absolutely necessary to have on hand a full supply of waterproof hay caps, which make harm and it is much safer to follow this plan than to mow large areas hauling from the winrows instead of from the cock. It is a comparatively easy matter to cure a crop of timothy hay, but when it comes to handling a heavy cut of rank green clover that is an altogether different matter. With such crops of clover there are two extremes at which the housing or stacking should not take place. First, if the crop is allowed to cure too much the leaves will crumble and waste in pitching and hauling and lead to a dusty crop in the barn, and, on the other hand, if the crop is mowed dry or stacked too green there is great danger of spontaneous combustion. It will be remembered that in Iowa many barns and stacks were burned down owing to spontaneous combustion among clover hay housed too green. A happy medium between very green and too dry is the safe one and not an easy one to choose. Perhaps it would be the safer plan to stack the clover hay outside and put the pure timothy hay in the barn, but as a rule there is no trouble to be feared if the clover is cured until no juice can be wrung out of the stem and yet not so dry as to cause brittle leaves.

As to Fences.

The fence question is a most important one on every farm. The cost of building and maintaining good fences is heavy, and all are interested in keeping it down as low as possible. It seems to me that very many farmers incur needless expense by cutting up their fields into small or irregular patches, and sometimes by fencing land when it is entirely unnecessary. No one can settle such a question for another, but I have so arranged matters on Fairview farm that the cost is probably reduced to a minimum.

Some natural pasture land on one end of the farm furnishes all the grass needed for the stock. These fields are well sodded and are kept as clean as possible of briars and bushes. The growth of green food is very heavy every year, and these are profitable acres. They are cut up into fields, both for the sake of the stock and for convenience. The inclosures are made by well staked rail fences, having one strand of barbed wire drawn either on the top of the center of the fence or along the inside corners to protect the riders from displacement by colts or other stock. Either way is good and the wire renders resetting unnecessary for many years after stakes would usually be loosened by the rubbing of stock. The device is worth many dollars to me, and while others may be using it the idea is original with the writer so far as he knows. I hope others will try it.

These pasture fields have all the permanent fencing in use on the farm. The cultivated fields are left unfenced, line fences being abandoned by common consent. There are several objections to fences around fields that are subject to a regular three years' crop rotation, of which clover is the base. While cultivating crops the fences are in the way and furnish naught but a harbor for weeds and vermin. They occupy ground that should be productive and entail expenses when profits are needed.

Occasionally I want to pasture hogs on the clover, but I doubt whether it pays me to do so, as the clover deserves the best treatment that can be given. If a fence must be had I use a movable one, but am more inclined not to pasture clover. Any stock on wet land does serious injury by tramping, and the gain for pasturing is too often lost in the next year's yield. Especially is the tramping of fields by horses and cattle very injurious after heavy rains. If any income from clover fields is needed I prefer to cut the first crop for hay and then turn the second crop under for manure.

In many sections methods are such that all fields should be pastured by turn. In such cases the chief point is to see that the fields are large as convenient and regular in form, thus reducing the fencing bill as much as possible. When posts are used I have always preferred locust, well seasoned. On broken parts of the pasture land I grow locusts, and as my rail fences give way I shall use the post and rail fence, wiring the rails to the post. Many of my neighbors use such a fence, and when well built is very satisfactory. It never pays to set a post of wood that is not durable. The problem is to fence cheaply, substantial, and just as little as can be, consistent with one's method of farming. Reduction of unnecessary expense is the watchword of our best and safest farmers.

Tiger Stories.

A correspondent in Batavia tells how a surveyor on the East Coast of Sumatra got the better of a tiger. He happened to be busy taking bearings through a telescope on a water-parting in the mountains there, when suddenly the beast of prey stood right in front of the instrument. A coolie holding another instrument rolled from pure terror, head over heels into a neighboring ravine, and the other helpers fled, so that the surveyor was compelled to face the foe alone. Unarmed as he was and at a loss what to do, he seized his walking-stick and mechanically struck at the tiger, when to his relief the animal suddenly turned tail and disappeared in the jungle. On the west coast of Sumatra, on the road from Korinchi to the coast, tigers are said to have killed last year 16 travellers. For a while they even stopped the conveyance of coffee from the interior. The natives, it is added, dare not attack the tigers from superstitious motives. Once, when one of them was carried away out of an armed party, his companions "asked the tiger for mercy," and made no attempt at rescue. The Dutch Government finding this superstitious dread so strong, have been compelled to content themselves with building lofty and tiger-proof night shelters for travellers on the road.

Love's Perfect Heart.

I planned a life for me to live,
By husband love made sweet,
A home I planned: in every room,
Went little children's feet.

The love I took for all my life,
With sorrow made me smart;
Ne'er came into my loving arms,
The children of my heart.

God planned a life for me to live,
From selfish hopes bereft:
Set Work and Duty, angels strong,
To guard me right and left.

And duty's road he made more sweet
Than earthly love could be,
Instead of husband's, children's love,
His will he gave to me.

And in this life God planned for me
From grief I dwell apart:
For in his blessed, holy will,
I've found Love's perfect heart.

—[Lillie E. Barr.

The Sensible Sort.

She can peel and boil potatoes.
Make a salad of tomatoes,
But she doesn't know a Latin noun from Greek;
And so well she cooks a chicken
That your appetite 'twould quicken,
But she cannot tell what's modern from antique.

She knows how to set a table,
And make order out of Babel,
But she doesn't know Euripida from Kant,
Once at making pies I caught her,
A real expert must have taught her,
But she cannot tell true eloquence from rant.

She has quite a firm conviction
She ought only to read fiction,
And she doesn't care for science, not a bit;
She's likes a pot that thickens,
And she's very fond of Dickens,
From Copperfield to Martin Chuzzlewit.

She can make her hats and dresses,
Till a fellow fair confesses
That there's not another maiden half so sweet;
She immersed in home completely,
Where she keeps all things so neatly,
But from Browning not a line can she repeat.
(Thank goodness!)

Well, in fact, she's just a maiden,
That whatever she's arrayed in,
Makes her look just like the heroine of a play
Twould be foolish to have tarried,
So to-morrow we'll be married,
And I'm certain I shall he'er regret the day.

I told the Stars in Heaven.

[From the French.]

I told the stars in heaven: She is kin to you,
And your eyes unveiled at even, less of splendor dart,
Than beneath her lashes,
Pearly teardrop flashes,
Loaned them by her heart.

I told the garden roses: To her suppliant go!
Her lips, red unfolding, and her tresses deep,
Far outrun with fleetness
All the garnered sweetness;
Which in thy petals sleep.

I told the rippling breezes, dying in the wood,
And to rippling wavelets which sing and rejoice:
E'en thy purest murmurs
Should be hushed to hear hers;
Tune to hers your voice!

I told to Aurora: E'en thine eastern glow
Would yet grow in radiance and in winsome grace,
If thou took'st the splendor
Oh! so rare and tender
Of her smiling face!

—[Anna von Rydingsvard.

GOWNS THAT WILL WASH.

The Cotton Goods of These Days have Fast Colors—Pretty Designs for Making Them Up—Points on Trimmings.

One satisfaction nowadays in making up cotton frocks is the almost absolute certainty that the colors will not fade if reasonable care is taken in the washing. Fast colors are now as much a standard feature with manufacturer as artistic designs and fine textures. Wash nice cottons in moderately warm water made into a lather with a mild, pure soap, rinse quickly in water of the same temperature, and dry in a shady spot. Remember, that starched clothes are no longer considered refined. Iron invariably on the wrong side, with a very warm iron, but not heated sufficiently to leave the hint of a browning. Any trimming of Irish point lace or embroidery should be ironed on the wrong side, over a thick pad to bring out the pattern. Buy enough goods for extra sleeves. Cut a round waist amply long, as it tucks under the skirt belt. Allow a deep hem; for cotton will shrink, no matter what the merchant or manufacturer may tell you.

Cottons are now so beautiful that they may be made into elaborate gowns, if you like, with a trimming of embroidery or point lace and ribbon. Velvet is often applied to cotton dresses. French modistes promise to use black piece moire for cuffs, revers, vests and girdles. But, I cannot appreciate cotton and silk dress goods thus "cheek by jowl." White cotton passementerie or fancy braid is a suitable trimming upon frocks for ladies and girls, and washes well. The goods now shown include white and black embroidered flouncings, nainsook, plain and figured, India linen, lawns, dimity, foreign and domestic ginghams, cambric, crepon, Bedford cording, Chambery, organdy, mousselaine de Inde and batistes, not forgetting satines having china silk designs of natural looking flowers over light and black grounds. The Bedford cordings are in single and clustered ribs, and will be made in tailor style, with a "bell" skirt, or one having the sides lapped over a V-shaped front and held there by pearl buttons; the "habit" basque will have a coat-tail back, pointed front, high collar, medium full-topped sleeves, revers, if desired, and pearl buttons for the dress front and for fastening the sleeves at the wrists. This material will also be used for small boys in place of pique kilt suits.

Satines are fashioned like the China silk gowns, with a "bell" skirt and ruffled on the edge, pointed or round bodies, high sleeves, a ribbon belt, or gridle of heavy Irish point lace. Yokes, V's, round jacket pieces and deep corselets are also of this lace, and the fashionable touch of richess is added by velvet ribbon bretelles and knots. When intended for the street, satin is quite plainly trimmed with velvet accessories or those of moire. It is hoped that the fashion of trimming satine with black French lace, that appeared last summer, will never rise again.

The crinkly crepons and lovely floral-patterned cambrics will appear in a modified "bell" skirt, which allows a trifle of fullness in front, caused by a few gathers, and a ruffle, unless bordered goods are selected. The waist is a Russian blouse, without lining, having only under arm and shoulder seams, the front lapped to the left, embroidery edging the garment, which is confined by a belt of insertion or ribbon. The blouse is really a deep sacque and has full-topped sleeves, or those ending in a bracelet cuff of insertion. More elaborate gowns of this kind will be of organdie, with a jabot of Valenciennes lace and ribbon down the opening, and a flounce of lace around the skirt, festooned with ribbon and bows.

The wonderful popular ginghams in stripes, lace and cord effects should be fashionable with a slightly gathered or "bell" skirt trimmed with a ruffle of the goods or one of embroidery, or else a row of insertion let in as a border. The jacket or round waist will prevail, and high-topped sleeves, or the ever-comfortable shirt-sleeve. The new jacket waist has one or three-piece sacque back, a belt across the back only, and loose embroidered jacket-fronts over a yoke and girdle of embroidery which match the turned-over cuffs and rolling collar.

The familiar round waist is at present cut without side forms, and sufficiently long to lined the same fabric or lawn. The round waist has embroidery for a V, yoke, round jacket pieces, and corselet or girdle; many of the trimming features of woolen gowns are thus used on cotton by means of embroidery, or the heavy white or ecru Irish point. Dainty ribbon accesssories appear in the way of belts, bretelles and shoulder bows. A vest or V of tucked white lawn is always effective and can be made removeable, so as to be easily laundried. Surplice waist, full from the shoulders and lapped at the waist line, is always in vogue, as is a sailor waist with large collar. Deep, close cuffs are stylish; also turn over shirt-cuffs, and bracelet cuffs or bands of insertion. Lace always looks well as a falling ruffle. Small delicate designs of embroidery are the most fashionable. Black moire ribbon will be considered very stylish on gowns having the fashionable black hairline or cord amid bright colors. Robe dress patterns have wide embroidery for the skirt, with narrow pieces for collar and cuffs, chambery appearing the oftener in this style.

All cotton gowns are not supposed to see the washtub, but these we have described may be fearlessly washed, when freed from their ribbons and velvets, as may the white dresses spoken of further on: the styles of the organdies and mousselaines of course indicate that any washing of them is a farce. A linen lawn wears "forever and a day," yet it is not in favor with Madame Fashion. Still there are many conservative women who dearly love these cool white and pink, blue, black, tan and lavender linen lawn gowns, trimmed with a ruffle edged with Valenciennes or Torchon lace, having a round waist, frill down the front edge and on the wrists, the costume completed by a belt, of black or colored ribbon with long ends and loops in the back, bretelles and butterfly bows on the shoulders.

White cotton gowns are supposed to be suitable for all ages, hence their continued popularity in all parts of our country in spite of the favor extended lately to woolen frocks the year round. Gowns of embroidered flouncings are easily made up, as the skirt is a simple gathered one; please make it four yards wide, with most of the fulness massed at the back. As the flouncing comes in lengths of four yards and a half, there is a half yard remaining, which will answer for a yoke, or V, and perhaps cuffs on the round waist of plain material matching the ground of the skirt. All sleeves are amply long and generously full.

While dimity, lawn, and nainsook frocks are fashioned with round waists, and accessories of embroidery in the way of girdles, V shaped plastrons, jacket fronts, yokes, deep corselets, collars and cuffs of embroidery, and a skirt ruffle of edging or border of insertion. Some very dainty white frocks are trimmed with lace, but even Valenciennes does not wash as well as embroidery. Point de Genes or Irish Point lace in thick, openwork patterns, looks very handsome as a yoke and girdle on an elaborate white dress, the lace being such a deep cream as to merit the name "tinted" lace. The skirts are plain in effect, after the "bell" fashion, and always look better with a foot ruffle. White gowns may be pressed when wrinkled, and kept for quite a time from the laundry, with care, but in the end they must reach the tub, so remember this when "thinking out" the new summer frock.

Making Home Comfortable.

Envy of neighbors is rather too common among farmers. There is too much of a disposition on the part of a portion of mankind to feel in some way humiliated and apologetic because their financial condition, in the heartless scramble of the world, does not enable them to equal somebody else in vain display. This is weak, if it is not foolish. To such we say, in the language of a writer for the *Rural New-Yorker*: Never mind if your house is not painted with as fine a coat as your next neighbor can afford. Surround it with vines of luxurious habits of growth, and then be sure the conditions are favorable, for them, and in a year or two when your neighbor's fine coat of paint is less dazzling, your little cottage will be a shady bower of vines and blossoms and filled with the faint, sweet perfume of growing things. Flies will not approve of your shaded rooms; they would much rather lie in wait for the screen-door to open at this same neighbor's where there is no way of darkening and cooling the rooms but by curtains and shutters. And if you are in doubt as to which way is best and most pleasant in hot weather, just call on the lady of your acquaintance who owns the grandest and most fashionable home, and from there come and take a seat in the writer's cozy parlor, where the shades are rolled to the very tops of the windows, the curtains are tied back, and the broad green leaves are dancing in every breeze. The door, too, stands open on a porch covered with prosaic grape vines, and so cool, so hidden from the sun, that in bright weather we can leave the screen open with impunity. Of course if rain is threatened we have to be more careful, as the flies will then crowd in at any opening.

To Preserve Milk.

There are many ways of preserving milk so as to keep it sweet, but one of the most satisfactory is that which is at present practiced at an establishment in Texas. The milk, fresh from the cow, is subjected to a boiling heat, and after all the air has been expelled from it the cans are hermetically sealed. When the process was first invented, about fifteen years ago, several dozen bottles were sealed up. Every year some of these are opened, and after fifteen years' keeping the milk has, in every case, been found perfectly fresh.

Pin-Money in Pickles.

So often the question arises in the minds of the farmer's wife, "how can I earn a little extra money?" One sister tells how it can be done, she says: "Among the many ways for a woman who has a control of a small plat of ground there is nothing will bring in quicker returns of profit for the small amount of money invested than cucumbers made into pickles right from the vines; but those that contemplate raising them for the trade must not plant too early. We plant them for a second crop, generally after the early peas or cabbage, between the 1st and 10th of July, the ground is in just the right shape to raise the cucumbers; they can be planted after early potatoes, and no preparation of the soil will be needed. The best varieties for this purpose is the Chicago pickle; these grow all of a uniform size, and do not grow to such enormous square will be large enough for a woman to make the trial on, and she can enlarge the next year. This variety is the one to gather and prepare them in bulk. If they do well enough can be cut in the morning to fill a wine keg. Scald the cucumbers in salt and water with a little alum in, skim them out and fill the keg, putting in a half pound of whole pepper and red peppers; scald enough cider vinegar to cover them and fill the keg, head it up and keep until winter when they can be taken to the groceries and restaurants, and, if rightly put up, the demand will exceed the supply. When you plant cucumbers procure seeds of the Little Gherkins and some long, slim peppers; prepare the same as the others and put them in bottles with one red pepper in each bottle; display them on the counters of your local grocer, and give him a percentage of every bottle sold, and the next year your enthusiasm on the subject will be doubled. There is no commercial pickle that makes such an attractive appearance, in bottles as the Gherkin, when properly prepared; but these should be planted earlier in the season."

Oh! What a Surprise.

Some people readily forget that they were ever young, and never recognize the fact that history is apt to repeat itself in individual humanity as well as in wider areas.

The parents stood gazing with frowning brows at their daughter, while she was trembling and weeping. Their frowns deepened as the mother wiped her glasses preparatory to reading a letter found in the girl's pocket. It began:—"Angel of my existence——"

"What!" cried the old man, "you don't mean to say it begins like that? Oh, that a child of mine should correspond with—— But pray proceed, my dear."

"'Existence' spelled with an 'a' too," added the mother.

"Why, the lunatic can't spell," said the old man.

"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me."

"Then why does he attempt it, the ass! But pray don't let me interrupt you. Go on, go on; let joy be unconfined."

"I have spent the whole night in thinking of you——"

"That's picturesque, anyhow."

"And in bitterly deriding the obstinate, stupid old whelp who will not consent to our union."

"Whelp! Is thy servant a toad that he should thus be spoken of? Oh, let me get at him!"

"But, Theodorus, my dear," interrupted the old lady.

"Yes, yes—one moment. I was about to observe that the hand that could pen such words would not hesitate to scalp the the most cherished relative."

"Theodorus, I didn't see this over the leaf."

"Eh? Let me see. Hum——"

"Yours, with all the love of my heart, Theodorus, 10th May, 1835." "Why, bless my eyes, it's one of my letters"—(sensation).

"Yes, pa," explained the olive branch, "I found it yesterday—only you wouldn't let me speak."

"You may go into the garden, dear. Hem! we've made a nice mess of it."

Waste of Time.

A gentleman recently paying a visit to Ireland met with a peculiar incident. Whilst one day out in the open country, far from any town or village, he was caught in a severe thunderstorm; the rain came down in torrents; to shelter under trees he knew was dangerous. So he made his way to a labourer's shanty, which, fortunately for him, was near.

He knocked at the door, and to the "Come in" he entered, but to his dismay it rained almost as fast inside as out, the rain coming through a great hole in the roof.

"Why, Pat, how is it you don't mend your roof?" he asked.

"Mind me roof?" he asked. "Shure an' ye would'na wa'ant me to be minding me rhoof in a storm like this?"

"No, no! man, certainly not; mend it when it's fine."

"Mend it when it's foine?" asked the Irishman with a jeer; "I niver ee'rd sich a ta-ale in my loife. Why, when it's foine it niver rhains in a dhrap—niver a drap!"

The gentleman said no more. That finished him.

Horrible Suspense.

Ardent Lover (wildly)—What does this mean? I've called a dozen times a day for a week, and each time you tell me Miss Beauti is engaged. What does it mean? Tell me. Has she fallen in love with some one else and—

Kind-Hearted Maid—No, indade, Mr. Goodheart; it's little ye nade fear.

But why is she always engaged when I call?"

"Sure it would cost me my place to tell. Don't be worritin' me about it. Sure it'll be all right."

"But I must know. If you lose your place I will continue your wages until you get another. Tell me. For mercy's sake tell me."

"Oi'll tell yez. She do be engaged thryin' t' cure a pimple on her swate nose."

Her Sole Condition.

The Mistress—"We leave on Monday, Bridget. You will surely stay during our month's absence? You will have scarcely anything to do."

The Maid—"Oi'll shtay on wan condishun."

The Mistress—"Well?"

The Maid—"An' that is that ye'll have the pianner chuned. It's in that bad a shape that me young man don't know whether Oi'm playing 'Annie Rooney' or 'The Wearing of the Green.'"

Woman's Delightful Ways.

"Jack: Is it true, Harry, that you have given up all thoughts of making Maud your wife?"

Harry: "Well, I should say so."

Jack: "That's strange: I thought you were so anxious to get her."

Harry: "So I was; but I've changed my mind in that quarter. I tried to get her to give me a kiss, and she refused, but in less than ten seconds after refusing to kiss me she kissed that pug dog of hers at least a dozen times. I tell you what it is. When a woman prefers the wet nose of a dirty pug to the tidy mouth of a live man there is a screw loose somewhere, and I congratulate myself on my narrow escape."

Notes of a Visit to the Historic Edifice.

A writer in the London Black and White gives an interesting account of a visit to Gen. Milman, major and resident governor of the Tower of London. The governor showed him a great many interesting relics, including the axe which the executioner carried before condemned peers, with the edge turned to the prisoner, and then took him to walk through the famous fortress. Down some long, dark passages we passed into a very cold and ancient place indeed, a place whereof in parts the wall was not less than fourteen feet in thickness, and wherein a narrow passage had been cut. This penetrated, we found ourselves in a large, airy—very airy—stone chamber.

"This," said Gen. Milman, "is the royal prison chamber. It is, of course, but rarely seen, as it really forms part of my private house." Small, deep windows command a fine view of the surrounding neighborhood. From an ancient beam which runs across the ceiling, and upon which the weary eyes of many a distinguished prisoner must have rested, hangs a very modern looking swing, "for," said the major of the tower, "this used to be a playing room for my children." Upon the wall at the entry of this room is an inscription, the date and authorship of which are quite unknown, and which runs, as nearly as I could decipher it, thus:

"By fortune strange
My trouth was tryed
Yet of my libertye denyed.
Therefor Reason hath
Me persuaded that
Pasyens (patience) must be Y. M. B.
Rasyd. Thogh Hard Fortyn chysyth
Me wyth Smart,
Yet pasyens shall prevayl."

I wondered as I read these touching lines, lines written by a hand that has so long since crumbled into the dust, if patience had indeed prevailed.

Taking me out on to the windy parapet, upon which the prisoner was allowed to walk and which leads straight over the leads, at a great height above the ground, to the Beauchamp tower, Gen. Milman remarked, "This is the spot from which Raleigh is said to have addressed the populace on Tower hill, but you will see by the immense distance between us and Tower hill, which lies right over there," and he pointed to where we could dimly seen an energetic and brazen throated socialist addressing a crowd of the unfortunate unemployed, "you will see it must have been practically impossible."

As we passed by one of the spare bed rooms, in which a very modern looking housemaid was busy dusting and which was strewn with the fin de siecle apparel of some lady visitor of Miss Milman's, the general bade me enter, saying as he did so: "It was in this room that Lady Margaret Lennox was imprisoned for allowing her son, Lord Henry Darnlie, to marry the queen of Scotland." And over the fireplace I read this inscription:

"As God preserved Christ His Son
In trouble and thrail;
So when we calle upon the Lord
He will preserve us all."

"Upon the twenty-third date of June, in the yere of Our Lord a thousand, five hundred, three score and five, was the Right Honor ble Countess of Lennox Grace comyede prysoner to this lodginge for the marriage of her soone, My Lord Henry Darnlie, and the Queene of Scotlande. Here are the nams that do wayt upon her noble grace in thys place. M. Elisabeth Husey, M. Jhan Baley, M. Elisabeth Chamberlen, M. Robarte Portyngton, Edward Gueyne. A. D. 1566."

"And this is now a modern spare bed room?" said I with a smile, "but may I not hope at least that the room is a haunted one?" and I looked as I spoke into sundry dark, gloomy corners and upon the ancient stonecut words I have just quoted.

"We haven't a ghost, or the record of one, or the rumor of one in the whole Tower," said the general. "It is a curious fact, but it is perfectly true, that the most historic and most tragic spot in England is unhaunted ground." Mindful of the nowadays much vaunted intelligence and refinement of the British masses, I asked the major of the Tower if the visitors to the building as a rule appreciated its deep historic interest. Pausing a moment he slowly replied: "Yes, as a rule I think they do, the Americans especially; but I always smile when I hear people talk of the intelligence and the appreciative powers of the masses. They may possess them—I am sure I hope they do—but as a matter of fact, they leave them behind when they come to the Tower. They are absolutely vulgar, ignorant and unintelligent. We have to be very careful and keep a very sharp look-out on bank holidays, I can tell you. On one occasion, indeed, a clever thief on one of those public days got into the rooms of one of the officers of the guards and emptied the whole place."

Before I left the general described to me the ancient ceremony which takes place every night at the locking up of the Tower gates. I had seen it once myself as I was spending an evening with the chaplain of the Tower, and the memory of that windy, moonlight glimpse of medievalism will not soon fade away. Beneath the great White Tower, upon which the moon, sailing through a windswept sky, was shedding a great flood of light, stood a small company of soldiers in deep silence. Suddenly, as the yeoman porter with an escort of the guard returned from locking the gates the stillness was broken by the harsh cry of the sentry:

"Who comes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?

"Queen Victoria's keys." Then followed a clash and flash of steel as the guard presented arms.

"God preserve Queen Victoria!" cried the yeoman porter, to which in deep response the whole guard murmured "Amen." The keys are nightly, year after year, carried by the yeoman porter to the queen's house and delivered by him into the charge of Gen. Milman, who thus has beneath his safe care and keeping the royal palace and fortress of the tower of London.

Cross-Questioning Pa.

A tiny youngster was looking over his picture-book with his father recently, and presently they arrived at a picture of a donkey and a fool.

"Now, which would you rather be Ted,' inquired the father, "a donkey or a fool?'

The youngster looking up very gravely, said: "Which is you, daddy?"

Electricity, in its various forms of application, is said to give employment to 5,000,000 persons.

Henry of Orleans Doing Good Work in Little Known Parts of the World.

When the well known Asiatic traveller, Bonvalot, made his great journey across Tibet two years ago he had for a white companion a young man of unusually high position in life. He was Prince Henry of Orleans, a member of one of the royal houses of France, who though scarcely of age, burned with zeal to visit new countries and accomplished something as an explorer. The young man is very wealthy, and perhaps few boys with his opportunities could resist the temptation to lead a life of idleness and pleasure. His great desire to accompany Bonvalot, however, prevailed on the explorer to take him along. The event proved that he made no mistake in his choice of a comrade.

Prince Henry endured as well as any man in the party all the hardships of that trying journey through central Asia. He had his part of the daily routine, and every task assigned him was well and faithfully performed. He took nearly all of the photographs, several hundred in number, which supplied the pictorial history of the journey.

When he came back last year he said he desired as soon as possible to go out again in search of new untravelled regions. The Prince now is at the head of an expedition on his own account. The Paris Geographical Society received a letter from him last month from the upper course of the Red River in Tonkin. He was about to leave the head-waters of this river and make a journey west into the almost unknown Laos country. The Prince wrote that his collections were already quite large, He had prepared 160 specimens of birds, 20 mammals, 70 species of plants, and quite a large number of minerals. He had also acquired a dozen native costumes and a variety of utensils and other specimens of native arts and handiwork. He had taken 250 photographs, many of them pictures showing the profile and full face of the five different peoples he had thus far met on his journey up the Red River.

The place where his letter was dated is nominally under France's control, but as yet is almost unknown, and Prince Henry is paying much attention to the commercial possibilities of the region. He writes that rich mines can be opened there, and that the forests abound with valuable teck wood. He believes a great future is before the Red River as a means of communication with the populous Chinese province of Yunnan. He says, however, that the Black River, which has always been marked on the map as a tributary of the Red River, is really the larger and more important of the two, and the Red should properly figure as a tributary of Black River. It is expected that Prince Henry will soon be heard from on the coast, as his design is to cross a part of western Laos and then make his way down through Cochin China to the sea.

Can a Business Man be a Christian?

To say that a man cannot be a Christian and conduct his business honestly would libel the names of many honorable Christian gentlemen whose business careers have been above reproach, and whose reputations for honesty and integrity are world-wide. Who would presume to take the responsibility of saying that such men as Wanamaker, Farwell, McCormick, the late William E. Dodge, H. M. Moore, George Williams, of London (founder of the Young Men's Christian Association), Peabody, the late Alexander Balfour, of Liverpool, the late Earl of Shaftesbury and many others too numerous to mention who have acquired a competence by which they have blessed the world, had made their fortunes through unprincipled business transactions and lack of Christian character?

The late Amos Lawrence, of Boston, is an eminent example. He was born on a farm, and began mercantile life in the city of Boston when about twenty years of age. Through economy, tact, perseverance, strict honesty and unimpeachable Christian character he became one of the wealthiest men of the time. Character before wealth was his motto. It was said that on his pocket-book was found inscribed the text; "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This simple Scripture reference would seem to tell the story, for we dare say unhesitatingly that no man would take this problem of the Master as his motto who does not honestly endeavor to serve Him in all things, and so, certainly, in his business career. It is recorded that Lawrence gave away $700,000 during his life to religious and charitable objects, and in death left a large fortune to relatives and friends.

Religion has no sympathy with double dealing and sharp practices, or even that policy which teaches a man to be selfish and drive a sharp bargain with his neighbour and to stretch his conscience for the sake of gaining a few dollars, which on reflection must bring to him anything but satisfaction. I repeat then, to be trusted, never to have your work doubted, to be a man of sterling Christian character, is the only safe and certain stepping-stone to success, and the measure of success is determined by the measure of honesty in all our aims and things of this life. We should have God before us, and act accordingly, remembering that some day we shall appear before Him to give an account of how we have conducted the affairs that have gone to make up our business, as well as our other experiences. Look to Him to guide you in your daily duties, and I can tell you from experience He will do according to your trust and obedience.

In closing this article, will you pardon me a word of my own experience? I commenced business in San Francisco, June 1, 1849, and during all these years have never found it necessary to misrepresent my goods to customers or to take advantage in any sense of my fellow-men; and I never have found it necessary to transact business on the Sabbath day. It has been one of the strict rules of my business life to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and I never have allowed myself to break over this rule or any of my employees to work for me on that day. And I am glad that I have had an experience that leads me to answer the question at the beginning of this article in the affirmative—that a man can be a Christian in business.—[Pacific Churchman.

It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not alue real glory will not value its counterit.—[Macaulay.

The Kootenay Star

H. McGutcheon, Proprietor. R. W. Northey, Editor.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892.

It will be seen by the Government advertisement in another column that West Kootenay has been sub-divided into a northern and southern division, to be known in future as "Revelstoke Division" and "Nelson Division" respectively, "for the convenience of public business." That's all right. We have nothing to say against the *district being divided, but a great* deal can be said against the manner in which it is divided. The party responsible for such a division must either be a Nelson man or a lunatic, or both. Just take a map of the district and follow the dividing line as advertised. It commences on the eastern shore of the Upper Arrow Lake one mile this side of the mouth of Nakusp Creek, and goes due east to the summit of the divide; then, instead of a straight line to the eastern boundary, it goes due north to the bottom of Trout Lake. This was done so that the Lardeau River and its rich placer mines should come within the Nelson division. The International boundary is on the 49th parallel and Revelstoke is exactly on the 51st. It would, then, have been a fair division to have followed the 50th parallel from west to east or vice versa. Even then Nelson would have had nine-tenths of all that is worth having in the district. Nakusp is not 60 miles from Revelstoke, even following the tortuous windings of the river, while from Nelson it is a hundred miles at least. Yet in the Nelson division we find Nakusp, Nelson, New Denver, Kaslo, Ainsworth, Pilot Bay, Hendryx, Balfour, Robson, Sproat, etc., all growing towns. What have we in Revelstoke division? Hall's Landing, Thomson's Landing, Trout Lake, Fish Creek, Illecillewaet and Revelstoke—two ranches, two mining camps and two towns. What a division! But the wire-pullers at Nelson *have been at work with Government* officials again. It is a wonder they did not get the line drawn across the head of the Upper Arrow Lake, so as to have grabbed Trout Lake and the whole of the Lardeau country. "Unto him that hath shall be given, while unto him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

It is comical to witness the efforts made by the Nelson MINER in casting about for something to kick at. In comparing the excellent postal arrangements at Nakusp with the muddle at Kaslo and New Denver, it says:—"Nakusp is quite a contrast. Younger than either Kaslo or New Denver, and smaller than both, it is already provided with a post-office. Nakusp is supposed to belong to the northern section of West Kootenay, (it does by right) and it is the interests of the northern section which are represented both in the Provincial *and Dominion Parliaments.*" This is just what might be expected of the MINER. Its zeal often outruns its discretion. No doubt it will be able to twist around when it learns that Nakusp belongs to the SOUTHERN division. But it WILL find something to kick at, even when it is shown that there is only one town in the whole of West Kootenay which does NOT belong to Nelson division.

We have not space for any comments on the rich mineral discoveries made at three different points in the immediate neighborhood of Revelstoke, but their importance cannot be over-estimated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

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

The Fire Engine Station.

SIR,—Kindly allow me, through the medium of your paper, to protest against the monopoly by the lower town of the money granted REVELSTOKE for fire protection. Your last issue reports the fourth meeting held on the matter by the people of the lower town, to not one of which meetings has any of the residents at the station received an invitation. We have property here as valuable and as much needing fire protection as any in the lower town, and I think it would only be justice to have the engine stationed at the Schoolhouse, where a cheap shed could be erected and where it would be equally accesible to either end of the town. We, of course, can raise our own company of volunteers to handle the engine in case of fire here, and we would always be willing to assist the lower town in case of need. Trusting this matter will be amicably arranged—I am, yours truly,

H. A. BROWN.

Revelstoke, July 18th.

FOR SALE

Three or four good FAMILY COWS, from F. FRASER'S well-selected herd.

Box 217, REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Three Rich Strikes.

FISH CREEK, LARDEAU CREEK, AND ILLECILLEWAET.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

ILLECILLEWAET, July 20th.

Word has been brought from Fish Creek that an exceedingly rich find has been made on the "Annie," a claim recently bonded to Mr. Fishburne. The development work has opened up a mine of exceptional richness, and there is every reason to hope that the other claims on the same ledge (which has been traced for five miles) will show a similar gratifying result. Every prospector at Fish Creek just now is a possible millionaire, and the boys are stepping high accordinly, and, needless to say, working like beavers. There *is now no room for doubt that* Fish Creek is, as Expert Anderson stated a few months ago, "the richest mineral district on the American continent."

Another magnificent find was made nearer home last week. While assessment work was being done on the "Pride of the Illecillewaet," a claim owned by Mr. T. Richardson, a beautiful vein of grey copper was exposed, a piece sent for assay giving 1,433 oz. to the ton. Mr. Richardson naturally feels elated, and as the claim is close to the C.P.R. track it is likely to become a valuable property on account of its easy accessibility.

Mr. R. deserves all the good luck possible. He stuck to the camp through thick and thin, and helped many poor prospectors out. By the bye, "Tommy" celebrated his birthday on the 18th in royal style. He invited a number of his friends to a chicken supper, and ate the chicken while his hungry guests looked on.

A person coming into Illecillewaet just now would think it a very quiet town, but it is only "the lull before the storm."

Mr. Trueman (Trueman & Capel), photographer, is in town, and doing a good business.

Later news from Fish Creek confirm the report about the big find on the "Annie," and all the property in that locality is being bought up or bonded at good prices. Three good companies are now at work, and they have every reason to expect big results.

[*FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT*]

THOMSON'S LANDING, July 20th.

Mr. Thos. Horne arrived here today from Lardeau Creek on his way to Revelstoke. He reports the discovery of an immense ledge of high-grade galena between the north and south forks of the Lardeau by Messrs Pool, Crockett and Robertson. The ledge is from 18 to 30 feet wide, and where it has been laid open it shows a solid body of ore for the whole width. Six claims have already been staked on the ledge, every one of which exhibits splendid surface indications. Excitement is running high amongst prospectors in the mountains, and many are making their way to the forks of the Lardeau. Mr. Blackburn had reached here from Revelstoke when the news was brought in, and he immediately shouldered his pack and started for the scene. Mr. Blackburn is a practical geologist, and we may expect a fuller report of the strike next week.

Messrs. Andrew Abrahamson and Harry Langrell also came in for a stroke of luck last week. In doing assessment work on their claims, to the north of Trout Lake, they made the happy discovery that underlying the three or four feet of cap was a magnificent lode of solid mineral from 10 to 18 feet in width. Mr. Horne was up to see the find before he left, and says he never saw a better showing for the slight amount of development work done. The fortunate owners have a grand mine in sight.

Visitors from the big ledge on the Lardeau, where Pete Walker, Jack Stauber, Tom Downs, Charley Holden and others have staked claims, report that the boys are keeping right on with development work, and as the shafts are sunk so the ore improves in volume and richness.

Nearly every prospector who has stayed with the Lardeau has been rewarded, and many of them this season will no doubt strike it rich.

Thomson's Landing is likely to be a busy place in the near future. Two or three boats arrive daily, some of them with eight or ten miners and prospectors. Construction work has been begun on the Fish Creek trail. It connects with the Lardeau trail not far from the landing.

Mr. F. W. Robinson, of Revelstoke, who is prospecting north of Trout Lake, was the victim of an untoward circumstance last week. It appears he had spread his ONLY pair of pants before the fire to dry, and then rolled himself up in his blanket and went to sleep. While he slept they caught fire somehow, and his nap and pants reached a conclusion about the same time. The nap, however, had not been properly finished. It had been cut short by the overpowering fumes of burning cloth and bone buttons. But the pants! There was no doubt of THEIR being finished—they were ashes! Reduced to the extremity of our first parents in the garden the unfortunate man was far worse off than they, for there were no fig leaves obtainable. So he had to utilize his pocket handkerchief until relief came in the shape of Mr. Blackburn, who, having his pack with him, was enabled to set the unfortunate prospector on his legs once more.

Another Bear Story.

Two of our friends at the station went for a bear hunt on a railway velocipede last week. The bear had been spotted from the window of an engine coming from the west, and word was conveyed to the "ever-ready" bearslayer at the mill that Bruin was waiting for him down the track a mile or two across the river. The machine was speedily in position for the start, and soon the famous hunter appeared on the scene fully equipped with ammunition for himself and rifle, not the least conspicuous feature of his toilet being the neck and cork of a black bottle which was too tall to hide itself behind the edge of an inside pocket. Grasping his trusty gun and calling to his faithful dog, the bear hunter hastily jumped on behind, allowing his friend on the front seat to work the handles, so that he himself might reserve all his wind for the coming tussle. Moreover the bottle —— ! The nondescript trotted along behind until the bridge was reached, and then he either became disgusted with the excursion or else bethought himself that his lady love lived close by, for he sat himself down in the middle of the track, and while pensively patting the dust with his tufted tail an "ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming" expression gradually stole over his expressive countenance, and the hero of a hundred f(l)ights became lost in thought. Finally, just as the unfortunate hunters disappeared at the far end of the bridge, he gathered himself and his ornamentations together in one small portable bundle and disappeared too—townward. On reaching the spot where the bear had been located he (the bear) was not to be seen; he was no doubt hiding close by. Then came the critical moment! Once more grasping his trusty gun and calling to his faithful dog, the "redoubtable" stalked along the track for a distance of seven feet three and a half inches, and then ordered his four-footed ally to "rout him out." But there was no response; the nondescript came not. In vain was he called; in vain was the silence of the Eagle Pass rent by whistles loud and shrill; only the softened echoes came back from the beetling craigs. Each of his thirteen names was shouted thirteen different times, sometimes endearing, sometimes otherwise—mostly otherwise. But it was all of no avail. The "animile" was non est! Then the balmy evening air became darkened by the torrent of epithets which poured from the lips of the "slayer" as he began to realize that the nondescript was "not in it." Neither was the bear! Then a period of total silence reigned, broken only by the whispering zephyrs overhead as the cypress branches waved their good-night kisses to the darksome pines across the canyon, and the slight gurgle emitted from the neck of the bottle as its contents meandered from neck to neck till lost for ever in the cavernous depths below. The shades of night were falling fast when the hunters dragged the velocipede over the heaps of rank adjectives which thickly covered the track and started for home—dogless, bearless, bottleless, windless, but fearless nevertheless. The nondescript still lives.

J. E. WALSH & Co.,

FREIGHT & COMMISSION AGENTS.

Clearing Charges paid on Freight for Slocan Lake.

SADDLE HORSES AND PACK TRAIN.

Hay and Grain for sale

AND

General Commission Merchants.

Passengers billed through from

REVELSTOKE TO NEW DENVER

IN ONE DAY.

For Coupon Tickets apply to

Mr. CONEY,

C. & K. Nav. Co.

NAKUSP HOUSE,

COWAN & MADDEN, Props.

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

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE

Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The accommodations of the Hotel are of the best.

Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules cure headache.

H. N. COURSIER

IS OPENING UP WITH AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

FLOUR, FEED,

Hardware, Clothing,

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.

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,

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

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.

Furniture & Undertaking.

R. HOWSON,

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

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

BARBER

—THE—

Jeweler

AND

Optician.

All orders by mail or express promptly attended to.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All descriptions of gold and silver.

W. A. JOWETT, Notary Public. T. L. HAIG, Notary Public

JOWETT & HAIG

Mining, Timber and Real Estate Brokers and General Commission Agents.

Conveyances, Agreements, Bills of Sale, Mining Bonds, etc., drawn up Rents and Accounts Collected; Mining Claims Bought and Sold; Assessment work on Mining Claims Attended to; Patents Applied for, Etc., Etc.,

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENTS.

Lots on Townsite of Revelstoke for Sale and Wanted. Agents for Mining Machinery, Etc.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.