The Kootenay Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., NOVEMBER 25, 1893. No. 24.

The "beautiful" is piling up. Two feet recorded for the season.

Now's the time you want good, stout boots and shoes. Look at Sam Bickerton's advt.

We understand that a branch of the Salvation Army is about to be established in Revelstoke.

Wm. Mackenzie came up from his ranch at the mouth of the river this week. He says it will be a great winter for trappers.

Hon. Joseph Martin, Liberal, was elected to the Dominion Parliament at Winnipeg on Wednesday by the tidy majority of 499 votes over Colin Campbell, the Conservative candidate.

Roman Catholic services will be held in the church to-morrow; in the morning at 10.15 High Mass and sermon; evening at 7.30 solemn vespers and lecture. Rev. Father Jos. Accorsini, pastor.

Thanksgiving Day.

A slight blizzard from the north ushered in Thanksgiving Day, but later on the weather became milder and the gentle snow came down. It was not by any means kept as a holiday, all the stores being open and only a few persons here and there were noticed wearing their Sunday clothes. The hotels were full and plenty of good cheer was provided in the dining rooms of each and all, the Columbia House, where over sixty sat down to dinner, coming out handsomely with roast duck, turkey, roast beef and plum pudding. The Central had about forty guests, who did ample justice to the good things provided. At the Stockholm and the Senate, where about 25 sat down, excellent spreads were the order of the day. Towards evening the weather turned almost balmy, rendering it an ideal sleighing night, and the moon looked down on two or three large sleighs full of youthful and noisy humanity speeding o'er the white mantle to the tuneful jingling of the bells.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the members of the Library Association and also of the members of the Fire Brigade will be held in Mr. A. H. Holdich's office on MONDAY evening next at 8 o'clock prompt, to discuss the project of a joint building for the use of both societies.

F. B. WELLS,
Secy. of Fire Brigade and Library.
Revelstoke, Nov. 24th, 1893.

A LOST SOLE

is a very annoying accident that could never happen with a well-made shoe. Hand stitched soles, such as those made by Bickerton, have to WEAR off. You will find that

BICKERTON'S
HAND-MADE
SHOES

are positively the best for wear in this country. An easy, perfect fit guaranteed, and the style and appearance equal to anything you can buy in the stores. You can also get your repairing done while you wait.

You'll find Bickerton on
FRONT STREET, REVELSTOKE.

DO YOU SEE?

If not, go to the Pharmacy and get fitted with a pair of

Laurence's Glasses.

Prices the same all over Canada.

SOLE AGENCY FOR
WEST KOOTENAY
AT THE
Revelstoke Pharmacy

O. & H. LEWIS,
BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

SUPPERS and BALLS
Catered for.

WEDDING CAKE A SPECIALTY.

ASSAYING.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Guaranteed Correct Results.

Gold	$2 00
Silver	2 00
Lead	2 00
Gold and Silver	3 00
Gold, Silver and Lead	4 00

All other assays at moderate figures. Send samples by mail or express, prepaid.

W. Thos. Newman,
Box 90, Huntsville, Ont.

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. Father Accorsini made a flying visit to New Westminster this week.

C. B. Hume & Co. have a full line of Granby Rubbers for ladies and gentlemen.

G. H. Williams of Kaslo, formerly of Revelstoke, has opened a drug store at Three Forks.

The STAR Almanac of Montreal for 1894 is just published. Needless to say there is a great demand for it.

It is rumored that 130,000 tons of rails for the British Pacific Railway are on the way to Vancouver Island via Cape Horn.

There are still two cases of mountain fever at the station. La Grippe is disappearing, but has left several invalids in its wake.

C. B. Hume & Co. have just received a complete assortment of ladies', misses' and children's shoes, slippers and overshoes.

The first annual ball of the Revelstoke Fire Brigade will take place in Peterson's Hall on Wednesday, December 13th. See advt.

Rev. C. A. Procunier will preach in the Methodist church to-morrow; morning at 10.30, evening at 7.30. Sunday-school in the church at 2.30.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold at Revelstoke Pharmacy.

Those desiring Christmas Cakes and Fancy Breads will do well to leave their orders at the Bakery. Special attention will be given to that department in future.

The C. P. R. Crow's Nest Pass road will run down the Moyea, across the divide between that stream and the head of Goat River, and thence south along side Goat River.

The total loss of the Dominion Express Co. in the recent Seabird Bluff accident was $1,000. The engine has been raised and taken to Vancouver. It is an entire wreck.

Mr. M. Gaglietto, general merchant, of Kamloops, spent Thanksgiving Day in Revelstoke. He entertains a high opinion of the future of Revelstoke and the Kootenay country.

A. Bourgeois arrived down from Big Bend on Wednesday, bringing 41 marten, 5 mink, 1 grizzly and a small pack of beaver skins. He operated in the vicinity of Gold Stream.

The B.C. Southern Railway Co. gives notice of having filed in the Lands and Works Department a map or plan setting forth the land to be taken for right of way purposes. See advt.

W. F. Teetzel, a former Revelstokian, bears the proud distinction of being the largest individual owner of real estate in West Kootenay, he being assessed for $25,000 in New Denver alone.

The first native Nakuspian made his appearance in that town last week in the family of Constable Fanquier, and now the inhabitants are trying to decide what sort of present they ought to give the youngster.

Mrs. Anna Harris, the distinguished lecturer of the Grand Lodge, I.O.G.T., will deliver an address on Temperance Reform in the Methodist Church next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Charlie Holton, Tom Downs, Dave Ferguson, George Spinks, Lochie McDonald and Pete Walker are working on the rapids below Robson, endeavoring to render the channel navigable earlier in the spring.

Tom Reid says fur-bearing animals are plentiful in the vicinity of Hall's Landing. He has already trapped a lot of marten and mink, and several wolves have been seen in the settlement. He brought a live marten with him.

Last Sunday a man working on the new railway was injured by a tree falling on him. It was rumored in town that he had both legs broken, but the chief injuries were some severe bruises, from which he is rapidly recovering.

Jim Wardner, the well-known Slocan mining man, is now in Johannesburg, South Africa, having left left Vancouver on the 8th of October and arrived at London on the 24th of the same month. He sent a very interesting letter to the Spokane Review.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemished from horses. Blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sore and swollen throat, coughs, sprains, &c. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. The Revelstoke Pharmacy.

It is stated that the steamer Illecillewaet, which left here Thursday morning carrying mails and passengers to the Lytton at the Green Slide, was stopped by snow and ice a few miles down river. If this be so navigation for the season is practically closed. There is a great amount of freight accumulated here, including rails for the Nakusp & Slocan Railway. It is possible the ten miles completed on the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake road may be utilized to keep open traffic with the lower country for the next few weeks before the lower river freezes.

A joint meeting of the members of the Library Association and the Fire Brigade is called for Monday evening next at 8 o'clock in Mr. Holdich's office. See advt.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits.—75 cents. At the Revelstoke Pharmacy.

Mr. J. T. Nault, of Nakusp, who arrived up last week has had a small scow built at the upper wharf, Revelstoke, for the purpose of taking down a large quantity of provisions. She measures 30ft. in length by 15ft. 6in. beam, and was built by Mr. R. Howson. She left here on Thursday with 14 tons of provisions for Nakusp.

Householders should be careful about securing their premises at night, there having been two or three instances lately where attempts have been made by some of our floating population to forcibly enter dwelling-houses. The house occupied by the Japs was entered one night this week by a rough looking party who destroyed a lot of glass and other things. The constable was sent for, but the fellow got clean off.

Messrs. S. S. Ryckman, M.P., W. A. Wood, W. D. Lang, J. S. Hendrie, G H. Bisby, Henry Carscallen and other residents of Hamilton, Ont., have been incorporated by letters patent as the Fish River Copper & Silver Mining Co., Limited, with a capital of $500,000. This will be good news for Illecillewaet and Lardeau City. Mr. Ryckman has several good claims on Fish Creek which are developed enough to ship ore at once.

Revelstoke merchants have been very busy for the past week sending off the winter's supplies to the various towns, villages and camps within a radius of sixty miles. On Monday J. W. Moxley and W. B. Pool left for Hall's Landing with a large quantity of provisions. On Thursday E. Adair and Tom Reid left for the same place with a boatload, and J. T. Nault took 14 tons to Nakusp in a scow. Trout Lake City and Thomson's Landing got in their supplies some time since.

Two or three weeks ago Geo. Laforme drove some cattle to Big Bend to furnish fresh meat for the miners during the winter. But one of the animals refused to proceed and persistently turned back, eventually escaping into the timber. It was seen on several occasions, and last Sunday a party of men went up the trail to bring it in. The animal was very vicious, repeatedly charging the crowd, and was eventually laid low by Tom Righton's rifle. A pair-horse sleigh brought the carcase and half-dozen hunters back to town.

In view of the probability of the uncertainty with respect to the value of silver continuing, the people of Revelstoke have great hopes that next spring operations will be commenced on the gold reefs in the Big Bend. One of the chief drawbacks in the way of the district's advancement has been the difficulty of getting supplies into it, but an inkling has been given of the Government's alleged intention of spending a liberal amount of money to obviate this difficulty, and consequently hopes for the Big Bend run somewhat high in Revelstoke. With proper working it is said that many of the placer grounds in that district could be made to pay handsomely.—Miner.

SLOCAN NUGGETS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW DENVER, Nov. 12th.

The railroad surveyors have closed their instruments and departed, having located the line to the satisfaction of the powers that be. The smoke from the fires along the right of way show that the line will be run from Wilson Creek close to the shore of the lake, thence around the foot of Goat Mountain to obtain elevation for the ascent to Three Forks. A Y will be made across the townsite and the station built in the heart of the McGillivray tract.

Work on the Alpha and Black Bear, two of the Grady group of claims, is being carried on with the most satisfactory results.

In a recent visit made by your correspondent to the Queen Bess he noted that although the owners have decided to do no more work until spring, yet the property has been left in such a shape that, should occasion arise, shipments of ore could be made all winter and work could be recommenced at once. The owners are satisfied that the Queen Bess will prove one of the bonanzas of the country.

THE
COLUMBIA HOUSE,
REVELSTOKE B.C.

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

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

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

A Complaint from Hall's Landing.

SIR,—The Government has constructed a wagon road here this summer at a cost of $400, and, as far as it has gone, the road is a great convenience. But it does not go far enough. Of the 18 or 20 settlers here, only four or five are really benefitted by the road. Our representative (Mr. Kellie) wrote to the Chief Commissioner asking for $200 more to complete the road through the settlement, and received a reply that the Government Agent at Revelstoke was instructed to expend that amount in extending the road if he thought it necessary. He did not think it necessary, and the road remains incomplete. Hall's Landing is becoming a very important place, and a road through the settlement is an actual necessity. The ranchers pay their taxes similar to ranchers elsewhere, and have never before had any assistance from the Government. What we want to know is whether the Govment approves the agent's action in this matter. If so, we shall know how to vote at the next election.—Yours truly,

THOS. REID.

Hall's Landing, Nov. 21st, 1893.

A Workman's Grievance.

SIR,—I have been working on the new railway, and when my contract was accepted by the engineers in October I got my estimate from them and went to the contractor's office to settle up. The clerk gave me a time check payable on the 15th November. Although my work was finished and there was nothing more for me to do, I had to wait around until that date. I went to the office on November 15th and was told by the clerk to call again on the 18th, as the paymaster would be there on that date. I went again on the 18th, and was told to come on the 20th. Well, sir, I went on the 20th, and was met by the same old story—"No money in the office; call again on the 23rd."

I always understood this was a poor man's country, but it seems that the poor man has no redress whatever. It is a shame that the law allows big contractors to keep men hanging around week after week to get their pay. If I could have got my pay when it was due I would have been able to pay my fare to some other place, but now I must stop here or go on the tramp. I shall not go to the office to be told to "call again," but will see how much I can get for this time check at one of the hotels.

—Yours truly, HANS JOHNSON.

Revelstoke, Nov. 21st, 1893.

Gas from Wood.

George R. Cowls, a pattern-maker of Tacoma, has invented a machine for making gas from wood. Besides 18,000 cubic feet of gas, it will produce from a cord of firewood 13 sacks of charcoal and two gallons of tar, worth altogether $48. A patent has been granted the inventor. The machine is very simple, consisting of a retort and purifying chamber, with a tank to hold the gas. Cowls claims that the machine can be used for domestic purposes by attaching it to a stove, and that sufficient gas can be obtained during the cooking of three meals to last all day. He claims that the machine will revolutionize the production of gas where wood is cheaper than coal. He is putting a machine in one of the largest buildings at Tacoma. This invention, if it be true, would solve the problem of lighting our town, as there are thousands of cords of firewood rotting on the ground in this valley.

A Dream.

How many people have yearned for another Christmas number of the Montreal STAR, one of those things of rarest beauty that turned the heads of old and young in other years? And it will be glad tidings in thousands upon thousands of homes that there is to be this year the grandest of all Christmas STARS, forty four pages on satin paper, with five superb art supplements of bewitching beauty.

W. R. POULTON,
SAYWARD,

has his Hotel in running order, and is prepared to accommodate all-comers

IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.

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.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Act, a Map or Plan has this day been filed in the Department of Lands and Works setting forth the lands to be taken by the said Railway for right of way purposes between Station 4204x70, on the right bank of Michel Creek, at their lowest crossing of same; thence up stream to the north branch of same; thence up the north branch of same to Summit Creek; thence up Summit Creek to Summit Lake; thence upwards, continuing in about the same direction to the summit ground lying between the branches of Summit Creek and watershed between Summit Lake and Goose Lake, Station 4779 x 25, said to form a portion of the eastern boundary of the Province of British Columbia, a distance of 10 98-100ths miles.

THE FIRST
ANNUAL BALL
OF THE
REVELSTOKE FIRE BRIGADE
WILL TAKE PLACE IN
PETERSON'S HALL
ON
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 13th.

Dancing to commence at Nine o'clock.

THE REFRESHMENTS WILL BE BY MESSRS. LEWIS.

Tickets $2.00.

COMMITTEE:

J. W. Haskins, A. H. Holdich,
O. H. Allen, J. G. Barber.

THOS. ABRIEL,
General Agent
FOR REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE
NAKUSP, B.C.
Sale of Mines a Specialty.

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

A. H. HOLDICH,
Of Swansea and Wigan.
Analytical Chemist & Assayer,
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

W. A. JOWETT,
MINING AND REAL ESTATE BROKER,
NELSON, B.C.
Lardeau and Slocan Prospects Wanted.

P. Genelle,
MANUFACTURER OF & DEALER in all kinds of
Rough and Dressed
LUMBER,
CONTRACTOR, &c.
NAKUSP, B.C.

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.

Dressmaking.
Mantlemaking.
MISS A. NELSON

Desires to inform the ladies of Revelstoke that she has opened a Dress and Mantlemaking establishment at the Stockholm House, Front Street, where she will be pleased to show all the latest London, Paris and New York designs. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit, style and finish.

The Fairies' Dance.

Once in the morning when the breeze
Set all the leaves astir,
And music floated from the trees
As from a dulcimer,
I saw the roses, one by one,
Bow gracefully, as though
A fairy dance were just begun
Upon the ground below

The lilies white beside the walk,
Like ladies fair and tall,
Together joined in whispered talk
About the fairies' ball;
The slender grasses waved along
The garden path, and I
Could almost hear the fairies' song
When blew the light wind by.

I waited there till noon to hear
The elfin music sweet;
I saw the servant bees appear
In golden jackets neat;
And though I wished just once to see
The happy little elves,
They were so much afraid of me
They never showed themselves!

—[Harper's Young People

The North Wind's Gift.

A boisterous fellow indeed is North Wind, but he is not always as rough as he is known to be on some occasions. He may be as gentle as a slumbering babe in its cradle, he may bewitch all living things with the tones of his lyre, or he may burst with the might of an all-powerful giant upon the world of men.

That was a mischievous prank he played in days of yore on a boy in Norseland, and whom we call Olaf. Pay heed and you shall learn about it.

Olaf was the only son of a widow, and she was both feeble and poor. She had taught the boy to wait on her, and this made him kind and thoughtful.

One day she sent him for some flour to the storehouse. This was a frame building, raised from the ground on wooden props, and it was reached by a flight of stairs. Olaf ran lightly up the steps, got the flour, and was turning to hasten down again when North Wind came puffing and panting that way, caught up the flour and bore it off through the air.

Olaf went back for more flour, but the moment he set foot on the stairs North Wind snorted and sniffed about him, and pips!—away went the flour. If you'll believe me the same thing happened a third time, and now Olaf was positively angry, for it seemed quite too provoking that North Wind should act in such a senseless fashion. So Olaf made up his mind that he would go in search of the thief and demand back the flour.

He set out at once, but he walked many a long, weary mile before he came at last to North Wind's home.

North Wind had quieted down, and was in a most gracious mood when Olaf presented himself before him.

"Good-day," said Olaf. "I hope you are well, Mr. North Wind."

"The same to yourself, my boy!" said North Wind, and his voice was gruff, but not unkind, "What brings you here, if I may ask?"

"I've come," said Olaf, "to see if you'll be so kind as to give back the flour you took from me on the storehouse stairs. Mother and I are poor, and if we lose the little we have we'll starve to death."

"I haven't your flour," said North Wind; "but since you're so badly off here's a tablecloth for you. It will supply you with all you want to eat and drink, if you but say: "My cloth, spread yourself and serve up all sorts of good things."

Thanking North Wind with all his heart, Olaf took the cloth and started for home. As the way was so long he couldn't hope to get back to his mother that night, so he stopped at a wayside inn to rest until morning.

When the people at the inn began to prepare the evening meal, Olaf thought he would surprise them. So he threw his cloth on a table in the corner, saying,

"My cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all sorts of good things."

Scarcely had he spoken before the cloth did as it was bid, and every one in the room was filled with wonder. There was no one better pleased than the landlady, for she thought how much hard work and trouble it would save her if she had such a cloth.

She spoke with her husband about it, and, in the middle of the night, he stole into Olaf's chamber, and changed the cloth for one his wife had given him that looked like it.

When Olaf woke the next morning, rested and refreshed, he set out at once for home, taking with him the wrong cloth. He got there safely the same day, and ran to his mother, crying:

"Well, I've been to see North Wind, and he's not so bad, after all. Here is a table-cloth he gave me, and it is of the kind that if I just say the word it will furnish us with all we need to eat and drink."

"I'll have to see that with my own eyes before I can believe it," said his mother.

Olaf laid the cloth on a table, and, with the air of one who knew what he was about, said:

"My cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all sorts of good things."

But never so much as a crumb of dry bread did the cloth serve.

"There's no help for it," said Olaf, "I'll have to go back to North Wind and ask him the meaning of this."

Away he went so fast that he reached North Wind's home that same afternoon.

"Upon my word, you're a lucky lad,' exclaimed North Wind. "Well, the best I can do for you is to give you the stick in yonder corner. It may be of some use to you. If you say, 'My stick, do your duty.' It will go on striking until you say 'My stick, be still.'"

With many thanks Olaf started for home. As he passed the inn where he had lost his treasure he thought it might not be a bad thing to stop there once more. So he went in, threw himself down on a bench and was soon snoring loudly.

The landlord quickly spied the magic stick, and taking it for granted it might be worth as much to him as the cloth he had taken from the same guest, he found another stick that looked like it to leave in its place.

But as he laid hands on North Wind's gift Olaf, who was only pretending to be asleep, started up, crying:

"My stick, do your duty."

Then the stick fell to beating the landlord, who tumbled headlong over benches and tables, shrieking and screaming:

"For mercy's sake, bid this stick be

As soon as Olaf thought mine host had been well punished, he said, quietly:

"My stick, be still."

At once the magic stick ceased from its labors, and the landlord restored the stolen cloth to its rightful owner.

Olaf put the table cloth and the stick in his pocket and went home in triumph.

North Wind had paid handsomely for the flour, and the widow and her son lived in peace and plenty all their days.

Generous Indian Boys.

Last year Rev. E. R. Young visited his former mission field among the Hudson Bay Indians, and took along, as presents for the boys, many pocket-knives. To induce them to learn to sing he offered a half-dozen of these to the six best singers among the lads; and a day was set for the trial. Among the prizes was one four-bladed knife, better and far more costly than the others, though all were good.

Forty boys entered the trial; but one by one they dropped out, until only six remained. These sang so well that the judges could not decide which should have the highest prize. Though they tried again and again there was no decision.

One of the six was a cripple, weak and almost helpless. In the days of savage life he would not have been allowed to live, but his parents were Christians, and poor Jimmy had been tenderly nursed by his mother, and cared for by his father, so that he regarded himself equal to other boys, except in physical sports.

After a number of trials, in which none of the six proved himself better than the others as a singer, one asked Mr. Young if he might speak. Given permission, he said:

"Missionary, we five," pointing to all but Jimmy, "are well and strong. But Jimmy is a cripple. He cannot run through the woods, nor swim, nor skate, nor share in our sports. While we are away he must stay at home. But he can whittle; and he likes to make bows and arrows; and his are better than ours. So, if you will, please give Jimmy the best knife, the one with four blades; and we will be glad to have one apiece of the others."

The best prize was handed to the cripple boy. Jimmy took it in silence; but his eyes, turned toward his companions, told more than words could that he was thankful.

Railway Schools in Russia.

There are in Russia special institutions called technical railway schools, for the special education of people for the railway service, viz., engine drivers, engineers, their assistants, road masters, etc.

At the present time there are twenty-eight technical railway schools, of which twenty-five belong to the government, and three which, although remaining private, are also under the inspection of the Ministry of Communication.

The pecuniary fund, which covers the expenses for maintaining the schools of the government, consists especially of sums which are paid to the Ministry of Communication by the majority of railways, to the amount of 15 rubles per verst of the railway lines open for traffic.

To this main source of income are added the annual payment of 10 rubles from every pupil, the sums realized by the sale of pupil's handiwork, useless property and materials, etc.

This fund, under the name of general school fund, consists at the present time of nearly 1,500,000 rubles and an income amounting to 500,000 rubles per year

The annual maintenance of the twenty-five government schools costs more than 400,000 rubles.

At the root of the whole internal economy of these schools there is a strict discipline, as the employment for which the pupils are prepared demands, beyond a definite circle of knowledge and practical understanding, a particular punctuality in the execution of their service and a perfect subordination to discipline.

The whole course of instruction of the technical railway schools lasts five years, three years of which are for study in school and two years for practise on railways. During the three years of study in school there is taught: a, religion; b, elementary mathematics, with the fundamental knowledge of bookeeping and land surveying; c, general knowledge of physics and practical knowledge of telegraphy; d, a short course of general and applied mechanics (descriptive); e, a short course in working wood and metal; f, elementary knowledge of architecture; g, practice of railway business; h, elementary and special drawing by hand and with the aid of instruments, as well as calligraphy: and i, handicrafts, as locksmiths' and joiners' work. Besides this there are introduced into the school singing and gymnastics.

Considerable attention is apportioned to practical training in handicrafts and drawing. The training in handicrafts is conducted by experienced teachers with special technical education in special teaching workshops.

After having finished the three years of study in class the pupils are sent off for two years' practical training on railways, where they work in workshops, in repairs of the line, on locomotives, partly on the telegraph, etc.

The annual number of pupils instructed in the railway schools amounts to above 1,500, and this number has increased of late.

A Plea for Cheaper Bread.

The Canadian Trade Review publishes an article on the price of bread in Montreal. It admits that the complaint that bread is very much higher there than in Toronto and places west, is well founded. The article concludes as follows: "There seems to us to be an opening in this city for a wholesale bakery on a scale far larger than anything known in Canada. In such an establishment expenses would be reduced much below those of smaller places, and a first-class article could be turned out at more reasonable prices than now prevail, and a good profit left for the proprietors.

"We do not take stock in mere complaining. The only way to bring prices to a fair figure is to introduce competition, and we throw out the suggestion as a reasonable and practical way of solving the bread difficulty."

Sixteen ounces of gold would suffice to gild a wire that would reach around the world

AT CHATEAUGUAY.

Eighty Years Ago Since the Fight Was Fought.

The Turning Point in the Memorable War of 1812-15.

How the French-Canadians Saved Canada to the British Empire—A Glorious Victory After a Series of Defeats.

On the 26th of October, 80 years ago, was fought the battle of Chateauguay. This was one of the turning points of the war of 1812-15, and was as great a triumph for the French-Canadian militia as was the capture of Detroit a year previous for their brethren of the Upper Province. The earlier part of the year 1813 was one of almost uninterrupted disaster for the British arms in the Canadian Provinces. In the spring Toronto fell into the hands of the Americans. Later on Commodore Perry destroyed the British fleet on Lake Erie and this was followed by the utter rout of Proctor's army at Moraviantown. As a result of all these defeats what is now Ontario was almost wholly in the hands of the enemy.

TO CAPTURE MONTREAL.

At this time the Americans determined on one grand stroke which it was hoped would bring the struggle to a successful issue. They resolved to capture Montreal—a capture which, had it been effected, would about have confined the British flag on this continent to Halifax and Quebec.

To carry out this object two armies were dispatched from different points—one under Hampton and the other under Wilkinson—with orders to form a junction and occupy what was then as now the commercial metropolis of Canada.

THE HERO OF CHATEAUGUAY.

General Hampton, in pursuance of his orders, was advancing through the country of Chateauguay, south of the St. Lawrence and a little east of Montreal. There the American general with his army of 3,000 men was met by Col. De Salabery and 400 Canadian militia. The Canadians certainly occupied a strong position. They were in a wooded country and their front was protected by fallen timber formed into an abatis. Still the disproportion in numbers—almost ten to one—was so great that victory should certainly have gone to the Americans. Instead the enemy met with an overwhelming defeat and were forced to retreat in confusion.

ROUTED AT CHRYSLER'S FARM.

Shortly afterwards, on November 11, Wilkinson's army was routed at Chrysler's Farm and the force also retired across the frontier.

The effect of these two engagements was decisive. Not only was the Province of Quebec saved, but shortly afterwards the American forces retired from the Niagara Peninsula as well, burning the town of Niagara just before crossing the river.

THE HONOR IS QUEBEC'S.

Thus to Quebec belongs the honor of the two battles which turned a year of gloom into one of rejoicing and nerved the Canadian and British forces for the final and glorious conflict of Lundy's Lane in the following June—which conflict practically ended the war and saved Canada to the Empire.

SWEDEN ARMING.

It is Believed She Will Join the Triple Alliance—The Agitation for Separation in Norway.

A Christiania special says:—The Dagbladet, of this city, published a letter written to it by Bjernstsjorne Bjoersen, the Norwegian novelist and poet, in which he says it is undeniable that Sweden continues arming on a large scale, and that it is therefore useless to deny that that country intends to side with the triple alliance in the event of war. Therefore, the writer adds, Sweden refuses Norway's desire for a separate foreign department. If Sweden was preparing for armed neutrality she would have no need to fear the independence of Norway, because the latter is eminently disposed to be neutral, but Sweden intends to use Norway for her own purposes, against which Norway must continuously and loudly protest in order to attract Europe's attention.

The Cologne Gazette recently made a rather enigmatic remark to the effect that the anticipated insolence of the French after the forthcoming fetes of fraternization with the Russians will be damped by some demonstration on the other side which will show that the international balance of power has enough additional weight at its disposal to neutralize the effect of the Franco Russian league. The meaning of these words has been the subject of a good deal of conjecture. One report published in a Vienna newspaper said that the recent visit of Prince Leopold Frederick of Prussia to the Swedish court was really connected with negotiations with a view to Sweden joining the triple alliance. King Oscar, it was asserted, had been really alarmed by the Separatist movement in Norway, for this had been traced more or less to Russian influence. Only lately the Russian press urged that a Norwegian port ought to be "acquired" by the Russians as a coaling station for their Baltic fleet. The Vienna paper added that "The apprehensions of King Oscar found a ready ear in Germany, and especially since the Czar's speech at Libau, and further negotiations are now proceeding in earnest." Whether the Cologne Gazette meant or not what is here stated, it is a fact that in many usually well-informed political circles the anti-Swedish movement in Norway has from the beginning been ascribed to indirect Russian influence. Even the money which was ostensibly sent from America to Norway to keep up the agitation is believed to have really come from Russia. The Norwegian Republicans and Separatists might themselves know of the connection of the leaders of the agitation with the agents of Russia, but on the principle of Cui Prodest, the idea had forced itself upon observers in Germany and elsewhere that Russia must be behind the dangerous agitation in Norway, and subsequent symptoms have strengthened that impression.

"I am really at a loss," said the young minister, "to know why you did not like my last sermon. Didn't you consider my arguments sound?" "Yes," she replied; "exclusively."

Forests Back in the Mountains.

"Fifteen years ago," says George W. Rae, a Manitoba pioneer, "the grizzly bear was so plentiful among the Manitoba Rockies that the Hudson Bay Company annually secured many hundreds of their skins from the army of hunters and trappers that had its range in that wild region; but to-day this fierce and ponderous beast—nowhere so fierce or of such enormous proportions as among the Manitoba fastnesses—is quite a rarity in its old haunts, and I doubt if one can now be come upon without a difficult and tedious journey of at least three hundred miles into

THE INTERIOR WILDERNESS

of the province. The grizzly has met with almost as hard a fate as the buffalo, although from the nature and isolation of its present retreats, and the difficulties attendant on hunting and trapping for it, the grizzly bear, like the Manitoba moose, will never become extinct in that country. I believe that the moose, although the flesh of 2,000 of them is required to supply the military stations in the territory alone with fresh meat every year, is as plentiful to-day in its wild retreats as it has been at any time since the great inroads of fur and pelt hunters were begun in the territory.

"I know no reason why the grizzly bear of the Manitoba Rockies should grow so much larger than the grizzly of the same mountains in the States, but a long and varied experience in hunting these animals in their respective localities has proved to me that such is the fact. No grizzly bear that I ever captured, or that I ever knew to be captured south of Manitoba, measured more than seven feet and a half from nuzzle to tail, or weighed more than 1,200 pounds. But it was no uncommon thing in the palmy days of grizzly bears in Manitoba for the hunter or trapper to be confronted by one of

THESE MONSTERS,

nine feet in length and with a bulk of 1,500 pounds or more. I have seen Manitoba grizzlies that, when they threw themselves on their haunches and rose erect, towered five and six feet above me, and I want to tell you that it takes a man with large quantity and the best quality of nerve to stand in their tremendous presence and prepare to do battle coolly and with a level head. Grizzly bears, like all the rest of the bear family, have the curious habit of rising against a tree, and, reaching up as far as they can with their forepaws, making marks in the bark by digging it with their claws. I have more than once come across these measuring marks of a grizzly, as the marks on the bark are called, twelve feet above the ground. Imagine coming suddenly upon a beast like that, in some deep ravine or isolated spot almost impassable owing to the down timber heaped and tangled on the ground and surrounded by rocks and thick underbrush. The sight of his great jaws, open and red, and his eyes flashing in fury at you from the enormous head that towers so far above you, is something only to be appreciated when once seen.

When there were buffaloes on the plains, Manitoba grizzly bears were keen and persistent hunters of them. When a grizzly and a buffalo met there was sure to be a fearful contest, although it seldom lasted long and the buffalo was usually the victim. The buffalo bull, when confronted by a bear, would invariably

CHARGE FEROCIOUSLY

upon its big and ugly foe. This was just what the bear desired, and he awaited, erect on his haunches, the onset of the buffalo. As the latter rushed forward, with lowered head, and was almost upon the bear, the immense grizzly threw himself to one side, and with a blow as quick as lightning with one of his great forepaws seldom failed to break his antagonist's neck. A Manitoba grizzly has been known to engage, in rapid succession, four and even five infuriated buffalo bulls, and kill every one of them. It sometimes happened, though, that a bull younger and more agile than his companion succeeded in evading the fatal blow of the grizzly's terrible paw long enough to give in turn a deadly thrust of his horn into the bear's side, puncturing the vitals, and making the contest a mutual slaughter.

"In general characteristics, of course, the Manitoba grizzly is not in any way different from others of the family. While I believe that a grizzly bear will sometimes wait and precipitate a fight with a man, and take pains to put himself in the way of one, in the great majority of cases he will take a second thought about the matter and back out. A queer instance of this disposition came to my knowledge once where

A FAMOUS MANITOBA GUIDE

courageously advanced upon three grizzlies, an old she one and two half-grown cubs, and, by a series of ridiculous monkeyshines and acrobatic manœuvres within a rod or two of the threatening bears, filled them with such astonishment and apparent fear that they retreated to the woods as fast as they could go.

"The hunter's gun had snapped in both barrels. He having drawn on the old bear before the young ones came upon the scene. It was in a fit of desperation that he tried the turning of a hand spring and jumping up and down, clapping his hands, and resorting to other unhunterlike measures. He had been told once that a hunter had frightened a mountain lion away by similar absurd movements, and he found that it worked to perfection in the case of the three grizzly bears, but he never, even in the face of that fact, advised or encouraged any one to go hunting Manitoba or any other kind of grizzlies armed with nothing more than a capacity to turn grotesque somersaults."

How Birds Float.

An interesting experiment has been made by Mr. J. Head, says Science Sittings. He produced a freshly shot wild duck, weighing 2½ lb, and placed it in a tank of sea water. It floated. The area of its immersed surface was 54 square inches and the average depth of its underfeathers and down was ¾in. The water displaced by these feathers would weigh 1½lb. and would support three fifths of the entire weight. He next had the bird plucked and again put in the tank. It then slowly sank, proving that birds' floating power lay entirely in the thick jacket of feathers forming a life belt, with which nature has provided them.

Of the issue of 3,000,000,000 of Columbian postage stamps, 1,200,000,000 remain unsold.

Jack gave me." Maud—"Is it? I wonder what it cost him."

Teacher—"Define memory." Dull boy—"It's what we always has till we come to speak a piece."

Small boy—"Papa, is it correct to say a widow lady?" Papa—"Well, I never heard of a widow gentleman."

After a short season in the blacksmith's hands many a wagon wheel knows what it is to have a tired feeling.

Maud—"Didn't you faint when you got in that terrible crush in the theater lobby?" Irene—"Faint! No. There wasn't room."

"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup." Waiter—"Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are."

He—"Of course my prospects are not the brightest. We will have a great deal to contend against." She—"Dearest, we will have each other."

He—"Don't you find that you are affected by your surroundings?" She—"That depends upon whose arm encircles my waist."

"Is this building fire-proof?" asked the man with blue glasses and a large gripsack. "Not if you're a book agent," replied the janitor, conclusively.

Teacher (to class in addition)—"Now, take two mince pies and four mince pies, what does it make?" Johnny Longhead—"Nightmare, ma'am."

Miss de Vere—"The dude with the red hair has proposed to that Slenderly girl." Dolly Danzer—"I don't wonder. She's thin enough to make a match."

She—"You see all this talk about hoop skirts coming back again has died out." He—"Yes. The women have compromised by putting the hoops in their sleeves."

Spratts—"Who was the most miserable man you ever saw?" Jacks—"A fellow who couldn't read his paper, smoke his cigar and eat his breakfast all at once."

Harry—"One never loses anything by keeping his engagements punctually." Charlie—"My experience is, he is apt to lose half an hour's time waiting for the other fellow."

He sat behind a towering hat,
But no complaint did make;
It was in church, and safe, he knew,
A pleasant nap to take.

"How is it your little baby sister goes to sleep as soon as your father takes her?" Little-four-year-old—"I 'spec it's 'cause she'd rather do that than stay awake and hear him sing."

A Paisley gentleman, hearing that two of his female relations had quarreled, asked: "Ha's they ca'ed each ither ugly?" "Na, na." "Ah, weel, then, I can mak' it up atween them yet."

Auntie—"You should be excused when you leave the table." Little Nephew—"Should I? I thought, from the way you acted about that third piece of pie, that you'd be glad to see me go."

She—"Oh, the irony of life! The man who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' never had a home." He—"Yes. And the fellow who wrote 'The Man in the Moon' was not a lunatic!"

"You've given up your beau," they said;
"I have indeed," said she;
"He always took my arm instead
Of offering his to me,"

The editor's wife—"I'd just like to know what you wanted to buy me that measly old calico dress for?" The editor (humbly)—"Because, my dear, I-er thought you'd look well in print."

He smiled when he put his frock coat on,
But afterward how he did snort,
When he found his last fall overcoat
Was just about a foot too short!

Mrs. B.—"Why, Charles, isn't it peculiar that the names of both yachts happen to begin with V?" Mr. B. (with feeling)—"Hardly. The owners know that nothing goes faster than a V nowadays."

Oh, whether fixed in curls or bangs—
A woman's glory is her hair,
But not when through the night it hangs
Upon a bedroom chair.

Farmer—"What yer sittin' on thet fence fer!" Tramp—"'Cause I'se tired, mister." Farmer (scornfully)—"Tired! Tired of what, I'd like ter know?" Tramp—"Answering fool questions, mister."

He fears no foe; no power of man
His wrath could make him smother—
But, goodness gracious, how he fears
His best girl's little brother.

Grace—"What's that piece of string on your finger for?" Ethel—"Oh, that's to remember I'm engaged. Frank's gone to New York to get the ring, and I don't want to forget it while he's away."

Miss Millett—"Is it true that you bicycle riders soon get attached to your machines?" Mr. Wheeler—"It hasn't worked that way with me yet. I can fall off my machine without the least trouble."

Dissatisfied guest—"Waiter, you don't seem to know how to broil a steak at this eating-house. Let me give you a pointer—" Waiter (with some alacrity)—"All right, suh; only we usually calls 'em tips."

He (in the gas lighted parlor)—"Most of the gas burned nowadays is made from water." She—"Indeed?" He—"Yes, and it is one of the most deadly of poisons." She—"Is that so? Hadn't you better turn it out?"

He knelt at her feet in silence,
But no tender speech did he study:
She looked fair and sweet,
But it wasn't a treat
To put on her overshoes muddy.

"I wish, sir, to ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage." "But are you in a position to support a family?" "Oh, I think so, sir!" "Yes; but you must consider the matter pretty carefully, for there are ten of us!"

Mrs. Billus (after the company had gone)—"Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They were put on the table to fill up." Johnny Billus—"Well, that's what I used 'em for, mamma."

Four Famous Smokers.

Tobacco-cloud-blowing Dr. Parr lived to the age of seventy-eight, and Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, who smoked to excess, reached his ninety-second year. The smoker, Thomas Carlyle, died at eighty-six, and the smoker, Alfred Tennyson, at eighty-four.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED.)

Alone in her own room Lauraine sits in a part of stupor, merciful in its dull pain, since it renders all thought powerless for the time being.

Her husband has need of her. She has promised to stay with him, and she must keep her word. No past sins or errors of his should be the measure of her duty, so she had felt; and now her word is given, and Keith's dying eyes seem to summon her across the weary distance that separates them, and she dares not go.

It is but a few moments since she has left her husband's side, but the Sister comes to her now to entreat her to return. Sir Francis is asking for her.

She rises mechanically and goes back to the sick room. The gaunt face, the eager eyes are turned towards the door.

"You promised not to leave me," he whispers, faintly, and Lauraine cannot find it in her heart to tell him that she needs rest, that she is worn and spent with long hours of anxiety and suspense.

"Come here—sit down—so—close to me," he continues brokenly. "Tell her to go. I must speak to you alone."

Lauraine turns and makes a sign to the Sister. She leaves the room at once.

Then Sir Francis turns and holds out in his hand the little paper that had held for her a message of eternal woe. "Is—is it true?"

She bows her head. Words will not come.

"You dropped it. I asked the woman to give it me," says her husband. "Lauraine, don't stay here for—for my sake; if it will comfort you or—him—go."

A sudden flush comes over the white, sad face, then fades and dies away. "My place is by you," she answers.

"By me?" he echoes, bitterly. "By the wretch whose selfishness and brutality have ruined your life? My God!"

There is a long silence. He takes her hands and looks at her. "Even my death cannot atone now. I thought it might. It is true, is it not? You do—love—him?"

"Yes," she answers, simply. "But why speak of that now? The past is over and done with. You told me once I was only strong because I had been untempted. Ah! how little you knew!"

"That he should die," mutters Sir Francis. Young—brave—hopeful. For me—it is no matter. How is it, Lauraine? Tell me all!"

"He was shot in a duel," she says, marvelling how she can speak so calmly—how dull and far away seems everything in and of her life. "In Paris. Some dispute arose between him and—and a friend of Lady Jean Salomans'. They met in the Bois, and Keith was dangerously wounded. They say now there is—no hope."

Oh, the weariness of the voice, the anguish of the white, sad face.

"She," mutters Sir Francis. "Was this her vengeance?"

Then he is silent again.

"Lauraine, go to Keith Athelstone; I command you. If there is time—if you see him alive tell him I bade you go—tell him I ask his pardon for the wrong I have done him. Go, child; why do you linger here—every moment is precious. Do you think I am so altogether selfish that I cannot see how you suffer—cannot feel all you have done—for me? Go."

"But you," she says, hesitatingly; "you need me; you wished me to stay."

"I am better. I feel stronger," he says, with brave effort. "And the worst is over; you need not fear for me. I have wronged you enough. Let me feel I have tried to do one unselfish action—even at the last."

She looked at his face—at the drawn, sharpened features, the sunken eyes, the hollow cheeks. A sudden fear and reproach smite her.

"I cannot leave you," she says, with a burst of tears. "We have been most unhappy, I know, but you are my husband—my child's father,"

"And the man for whom you have no love. Child! do not waste time in folly. At a moment like this we see things as they are—naked, bare, undisguised. Take my message to him, and comfort him with your presence. It is the one thing I can do for you both; and I do it with all my heart. Spare no expense—gold will speed your journey, and I—I shall wait here till I know—he has forgiven."

Still she he hesitates. Still she feels as if she were in some way wronging the man to whom duty binds her, for sake of the man she loves. He grows impatient.

"For me the worst is past. I shall do very well now. Are you scrupulous as to that?—know no fear. You have been obedient in all things that caused you suffering. Can you not be it for one thing that you desire? Must I storm—insist?"

"Oh, hush," she says, passionately; "it is so hard—if only I knew——"

"You do know. I bid you go, and that without an evil thought—you have but to obey."

Then she leaves him. He listens to the hurried preparations. A strange, feverish strength seems to have come to him. As he has said, it is the one really unselfish action he has ever performed in his life. For though he has bidden her leave him, he is longing for her presence. He knows his own hours are numbered, despite the hopes held out. He knows that to have her with him during the dreadful ordeal through which he has to pass would be the only comfort that life holds. He shudders as he lies there face to face with death, as the cold waters of the great river seem to flow on—on—up to his very feet; and in that awful passage there will be no voice to tell of peace, of hope, of the gates of mercy standing open yet, even to the greatest of sinners.

He shudders, and the cold dews of anguish stand upon his brow. But he is strong still, strong enough to hide the truth from her. She comes to bid him farewell, and he looks long and sorrowfully at the fair, sad face. How changed she is, how changed!

"You will kiss me—just once, bad as I am," he whispers, and with the tears standing thick in her eyes she bends down and for the first time in all their married life kisses him of her own free will.

"God bless you," she murmurs, fervently.

"Say you forgive," he entreats, laying his hand on hers.

"I have forgiven—long ago," she answers, and with murmured words of hopefulness and trust, they part; part to meet on this side of the grave never, never more.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"FOR THY LOVE'S SAKE I LIVE."

Very feebly and faintly the pulse of life is flickering in Keith Athelstone's frame. Very despairingly does Lady Etwynde watch beside him.

It is twelve hours since that last message went. Twelve hours, and in every one of these has that same question been on the dying lips—"Will she come?"

They cannot tell. They can only hope.

At last he falls asleep, and Lady Etwynde sits there, sad and anxious and full of grief for the two lives whose short years have held such bitter suffering—before which now stretches the gulf of an eternal parting.

The sky grows rosy with the dawn, the sunlight steals in through the closed blinds, and plays about the quiet room, and Lady Etwynde softly opens the window, and the cool fresh air steals in, and its breath plays over the pallid young face that lies on the pillows, looking like sculptured marble.

Quite suddenly he lifts his languid eyelids and looks eagerly, joyfully up. "She is coming!" he cries. "I know it."

The hours pass on, but that inward conviction remains unshaken. Something—some mysterious prescience for which he cannot account—tells him that his darling will be by his side. He is quite patient now, and quite calm—calm with the fulness of a great content.

The day passes on to noon, and noon to eventide. He asks no more that question: "Will she come?" He knows it is answered.

. . . .

The door opens softly and without sound. He is lying with closed eyes—the hired nurse is by his side. Lady Etwynde is not there.

Someone comes in and moves towards the bed, and bends over the quiet figure. How still he is; is it sleep, or ——?

The lids, with their long dark lashes, suddenly open, and looking back to her own with the old boyish, adoring love that nothing can chill or change, are the "bad blue eyes" of her girlhood's lover.

She sinks on her knees; she is trembling greatly; she finds no words to say, but none are needed.

Pain, weakness, weariness, seem to flee away before the magic of her presence; over the white face comes such radiance and tenderness as never has she seen.

"It is you. I knew you would come, Lorry."

"My darling boy!" she half sobs, half sighs, and then a great darkness sweeps over her like a cloud, and she sees his face no more.

The nurse summons Lady Etwynde. She is horrified at this occurrence. It will be so bad for her patient. "The shock is enough to kill him"—so she murmurs as they busy themselves with the unconscious woman.

Keith watches them quietly, not even anxious or disturbed. All his life seems to have become one great calm now.

"Kill me——" he says, as the nurse's words reach him. "She has given me life!"

And indeed it seems as if she had, for from that hour slowly but surely he begins to mend.

The weakness and exhaustion against which his physicians had battled, no longer hold his strength in their control. Hope, peace, joy have come to him with Lauraine's presence, and with them comes also the desire to live.

"It is wonderful!" says the doctor.

"It is wonderful!" echoes Lady Etwynde, standing by Lauraine's side some two days later, and noting the change that at last leaves room for hope.

The blue eyes look up to one face—the face that has haunted his life, and seems to have called him back across the borderland on which his feet have rested.

"It is not wonderful," they seem to say "it is only—love."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"HELLO" AND "HOY-HOY."

The Birthplace of the Telephone.

There appeared in the latest issue of the "Canadian Engineer," a very interesting paper on the History of the Telephone in Canada, by Mr. L. B. McFarlane. The writer says that Canada can with truth be called the birthplace of the telephone.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell's home was for several years prior to the invention of the telephone, at Tutello Heights, on the outskirts of Brantford, Ontario, and it was there that many of his experiments in multiple telegraphy, and some of the earliest in telephony were made.

The first experimental telephone line erected in Canada and used in this connection, extended from the residence of the inventor's father across his garden. This line being found workable, it was afterwards continued on to the residence of the Rev. Thomas Henderson, in Brantford. Its successful working soon became noised abroad, and the novelty of the invention attracted many visitors from various parts of Ontario to listen to the then wonderful performance of the electric telephone; and presently Brantford became known as the "Telephone City." At this time the much condemned "Hello" had not come into use as a signal for conversation to begin; the words "Hoy Hoy" were considered most satisfactory. We must give a discriminating public credit of choosing the less objectionable word, and be thankful that "Hoy Hoy" did not survive.

When the Canadian patent was issued to Prof. Bell, he presented it as a gift to his father, Prof. Melville Bell, and the latter, believing a company or partnership unnecessary, appointed a general agent to exploit the Bell telephone. The latter visited the principal cities and towns and exhibited the old-fashioned box telephone, with but little commercial success, however, as the difficulty of hearing the voice clearly rendered problematic its future value as a means of communication.

The first commercial telephone line was established at Hamilton, Ontario, in October, 1877, by the District Telegraph Company, who were quick to appreciate its value, and they, therefore, secured control of the invention for that district. This line connected together the residences of Messrs. Baker and Cory.

Mr. Edison at this time was not neglecting Canada as far as telephony was concerned. He had opened up correspondence early in 1877 with the city electrician of the telegraph line between Montreal and Quebec, a distance of two hundred miles, and worked with remarkable distinctness, notwithstanding the presence of several relays in the circuit.

Then there was a period of litigation between the Bell and Edison interests, which is referred to at length by the writer, and also reference is made of the interest taken in the invention by the telegraph companies and the formation of a separate company, in lependent of all the telegraph companies. The Bell Telephone Company was organized in 1880; it took over all the existing plants and patent, reorganized and consolidated the exchanges, and began the manufacture of all kinds of telephonic apparatus.

The writer closes his interesting paper as follows: Canada has kept pace with all the advances in the art of telephony. Metallic trunk lines between towns in Ontario and Quebec were erected and put in operation when the system was first introduced into the United States, and all the best and most modern switching and signalling appliances have been furnished, thus ensuring to the public a most reliable service. On some points it may be said that Canada is in advance of other countries, notably in the system of duplexing telephone trunk lines, which is now in operation in Toronto. The vast number of country trunk lines, both metallic and single, in the older provinces, show that the service is appreciated and used by all classes of the community.

"BIG UP" OLD KING JOHN.

How a Young Sailor Outwitted a Treacherous Monarch.

John Was Only King of a South Pacific Island, but He Was as Full of Intrigue as Many a Greater Potentate—How His Plot to Burn the Brig and Murder the Crew Was Frustrated and His Boy a Person Made Sore with Numerous Kicks and Blows.

The largest of the 100 or more islands comprising the Paumotu group in the south Pacific ocean is called Nairsa, and up to a few years ago was ruled by a native who went by the title of King John. This group is about equidistant from New Zealand and the Sandwich islands, and sailing craft are dispatched from both places to trade with the natives. A few months before my story opens an English whaler called at the island of Nairsa to renew its supply of water and fuel and secure fruits and vegetables, and discovering that King John, who was then a man of 50, had a fondness for whisky, the captain got him drunk and sailed away owing him about $100. The king and his people were highly indignant over the trick played on them, and it was agreed that the next craft which visited the island should be held responsible for damages. The population of the island was then about 4,000, and its chief industries were shells and fancy woods.

In due course of time the New Zealand brig Ranger, which was on a trading voyage to the northeast, called at Nairsa, the chief port of which is called Mailo and is situated at the end of a bay two miles from the sea. We hadn't heard of the trouble with the whaler, and King John gave us such a kindly welcome that it was impossible to suspect he had any evil intentions. He had at least ten tons of cargo for us, while we still had a lot of goods on hand, and the brig was anchored within a stone's throw of his town and her whole crew invited ashore to a feast prepared in honor of the occasion. I speak as if we might have had a dozen men. On the contrary, being a small craft we carried only seven men, counting captain and cook. In these trading craft the captain and cook turn to with the rest. There were two boys of us, and the mate ordered me to remain on board as the anchor watch. While the people were supposed to be perfectly honest, it was not thought wise to leave the brig entirely alone.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening when the men pulled ashore in the yawl, and the shouting, and laughing, and the bonfires were evidence that the entertainment began at once. It had just grown fully dark when King John and about fifty of his subjects came alongside in their canoes and clambered on board. Before I could ask any questions I was knocked down and had my feet and ankles securely tied. None of them deigned to explain what was going on, but in a few minutes I picked up enough of the conversation to satisfy me that the men ashore had been overpowered, and that King John proposed to get the brig up the river which emptied into the bay just there. There was water enough to float her, but our captain had preferred an outside anchorage for obvious reasons. The tide was running out rather strong, but in their hurry to get possession the natives either overlooked the fact or thought they were strong enough to overcome it. A long two-inch rope, which they had either bought or stolen from some craft, was made fast to the brig's bows, and the canoes took the free end. Then they began work at the iron cable, but not knowing how to unshackle it they grew impatient, and King John ordered me cast loose to do the work. I tried to explain to him what would happen if I did, but he struck me in the face and ordered me to go ahead.

GOT THE WORST OF IT.

I got a hammer and drove out the shackle pin. We had a lot of chain out, and the brig was pulling hard at her anchor. The canoes were almost in line under the cable, and as it was unshackled almost at the windless and went out of the hawse hole as if drawn by an engine a score or more of natives were badly hurt and three or four canoes upset. As their tow rope straightened out there was a grand yell for the canoes to go ahead, but the brig started stern first down the bay and pulled the lot of them after her. King John and about thirty of his subjects were on board, and while they congregated at the bows and yelled and gestured I ran aft and gave the wheel a few turns and lashed it. As the brig drifted the rudder gradually threw her around, and pretty soon she was going down the bay in shipshape fashion.

The natives were all more or less under the influence of the half barrel of rum which went ashore with the crew, and when the brig started off with them they became panic-stricken. The canoes could have taken everybody off, and the craft could have been beached lower down the bay, but in losing their heads they lost all chances. The canoes made for the shore, and the natives left aboard began to howl like a lot outside, and stood in great awe of the sea. They also looked upon a ship as a mysterious thing, and as the brig continued drifting down the bay they called to each other that it was a judgment upon them for having made prisoners of the crew. I at first wondered why they did not jump overboard but in dodging about I happened to look over the quarter and saw that we were followed and surrounded by a great school of sharks. King John caught sight of me and threatened me with instant death if I did not take the brig back to her anchorage. I told him that only the captain could do this, owing to the loss of the cable, and though knives and clubs were drawn they finally decided to spare my life.

OUT AT SEA.

An off-shore breeze helped the brig down the bay, and in the course of half an hour she was at sea. It was a quiet night, but there was considerable ground swell, and the brig hadn't played seesaw very long before there was a very sick crowd aboard. Every sail being carefully stowed and the craft now drifting off broadside, she heaved and rolled with just the motion to make a landsman's stomach try to run away from him. About ten of the crowd managed to keep about, but the remainder, including the king, lay down and rolled about and wished they had never set eyes on a white man. For a boy I think I took matters pretty cool. It was the period of good weather in that locality, and I did not apprehend any great danger in the brig drifting out to sea. I was then in my second year of apprenticeship and knew enough to put plain sail on her and take care of her in a smart breeze. Besides, as we were drifting away to the east I had only to head her westward next day to strike some of the islands again.

The natives had got away with the crew, but the brig had got away with them in turn, and while they were groaning and lamenting and in an almost helpless condition it struck me that I must keep the advantage which circumstances had placed in my hands. If the crew had not been murdered out of hand there might be a way to save them. I did a heap of thinking as the brig drifted along, and I finally came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do was to let her drift.

By 11 o'clock those who had stood out against seasickness had to knock under, and then I had the craft to myself. Every man was likely to be in fair shape by daylight, providing the sea did not get up, and it struck me that their first move would be to hunt for rum. We had plenty of it aboard, and I got a fresh keg out of the lazaret and rolled it on deck. It was lucky for the natives that we had no poison aboard, as I should assuredly have dosed the contents of the keg. After making the keg ready I spent an hour in hunting up small stuff and cutting it to proper lengths, and it was midnight before I went down to the captain's room and turned in. He had a fowling piece and a revolver and in the mate's berth I found a second revolver. I placed these fire-arms handy to my reach, and then tumbled into the bunk and went to sleep, knowing by the shine of the stars that I should wake up and find a pleasant morning. I slept like a top till about an hour after daylight, when the first of the natives found the keg of rum and raised a great rejoicing. It wasn't ten minutes before every man of the lot was guzzling it down like water. The brand of rum we carried would discount anything but pure poison. Everybody was gloriously drunk in half an hour, and after a grand free fight, in which even his majesty's head was vigorously punched, they began to drop down like so many bags of sand.

A HELPLESS LOT.

If I had not been entirely forgotten they at least did not disturb me, and when I felt it safe to do so I crept on deck. If we had been carrying a deck load of hogs things could not have been much worse. Every man Jack of them was laid out on the broad of his back, and my first move was to secure the three old muskets and other arms brought aboard. Everyone had a knife, and some had spears and clubs in addition. I carried the things down and stowed them away under the mate's berth and then returned to the deck and began tying my prisoners hand and foot. Knowing what to expect if they got free I pulled the ropes very tight and took care the knots were secure. I was fully two hours securing the crowd, and then I dragged them all over on the port side and spent another hour washing down a portion of the deck and making things look decent.

The morning as I might have told you before, was calm and pleasant, and the island was in sight about twelve miles to the west. As far as I could make out the brig was stationary, but soon after I had lighted the galley fire and got me a cup of coffee and a bit to eat a light breeze came out of the east, and I saw that we were drifting back toward the island, I got all the firearms on deck and loaded them, filled the cook's coppers with water and replenished the fire, and then I waited to see what would turn up. The wind was so light that the brig moved very slowly, and at high noon we were still two miles off the bay. I went aloft with the captain's glass and made out that there was great excitement in the town, but could not see any canoes on the move. It was 1:30 o'clock when the brig entered the bay, and just then I observed indications of a shift of wind and more of it. I also saw half a dozen canoes making ready, and realizing that I might never have another opportunity to kick a king I turned to on old King John and put my boots against his sacred person until my legs ached with the exertion. He sighed, and groaned, and grunted, but was still too drunk to realize the pain and insult.

As the wind breezed up I ran up and loosened the foresail so that it would catch a capful and then hurried down and got part of the staysail and two jibs on her. As I had a beam wind I worked her head around up the bay and found she had steerage way and a little more. The natives were coming out in five canoes to meet me, and lashing the wheel to hold her steady, I went forward with the guns and opened fire as soon as the first canoe came within range. I won't claim any credit for the shot, which wounded two men and scared the other six or seven half to death. That canoe turned tail at once, and I blazed away at the others and soon had the whole fleet making for the town. Not being able to make out a single native aboard was of itself sufficient cause to alarm them.

FRIGHT DID IT ALL.

They reached the town far in advance of me, and as the brig finally came to the native from some canoe board her and see that I had King John and his gang triced up and then offer to exchange prisoners, but things turned out better than I hoped for. The canoemen reached the shore in a great state of alarm and at once released the crew and insisted on their putting off in the yawl. This, of course, they were only too glad to do. When I saw them coming I felt that I had not quite settled scores with my passengers, and selecting three or four who had cuffed me about I stirred them up with my boots and a belaying pin in a way to make them limp for several days.

To say that the captain and crew were pleased when they got aboard and saw how things stood is drawing it mild. We fished up our cable, anchored the brig in her old berth, and then everybody got a rope end and sailed in on the drunken crowd. By use of the ropes and plenty of water we roused them up and toward sundown when King John could realize the situation he was given an alternative. Our damages were assessed at twenty tons of freight and all the fruits, vegetables, and fresh water we could get away with. The natives had half the freight on hand and we gave them a week to collect the remainder. Every morning at sunrise we gave King John and the others a rope's ending that they might not take too much comfort aboard and that their yells might incite the natives ashore to renewed exertions. If you feel like pitying them I can say that they had it all cut and dried to murder every soul of us and pillage and burn the brig. In five days the other ten tons had been collected and then the natives were compelled to put the whole aboard.

The king had been rope's ended so often that he kept crying out to his people to hurry, and for once in their lives the lazy, indolent fellows got a move on them. The captain was for burning the town before we sailed away, but the mates dissuaded him from this step. King John had a fleet of fourteen canoes, which did not escape so easily however. We sent armed men in the yawl to bring them off, and then obliged one canoeman to take the gang ashore, six at a time. As the last load departed we weighed anchor and headed out to sea, dragging thirteen of the canoes behind us and they were not cast off until we had run the island out of sight. Four months later we ran across a trader who was at the island two weeks after we left. He found old King John as humble as a lamb, but he had nothing to barter and wanted nothing but some white man's liniment to relieve his aches and pains.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING.

Yearly Destruction of Hundreds of Lives and Millions of Dollars Worth of Property.

During the year 1891 205 lives were lost (that we know of) in the United States, east of the Rocky mountains, directly through the action of lightning. How many were lost indirectly and how many cases there were of shattered health and more or less permanent injury we can only surmise, says the Popular Science Monthly. The financial loss due directly to lightning was certainly not below $1,500,000.

To get at something like a commercial estimate of the damage done by lightning in the last few years in this country I have made use of the Chronicle fire tables for the six years 1885-1890, and find that some 2,223 fires, or 1.3 per cent. of the whole number, were caused by lightning, and the total loss was $3,386,826, or 1.25 per cent. of the whole amount lost by fire. During 1892 we have a record of 202 lives lost. The damage may be estimated at as high a figure as in 1891. The losses are the more appalling when we recall that the year is virtually less than six months. Over 95 per cent. of the casualties due to lightning occur between the months of April and September. It is therefore quite pertinent at this time to discuss the question whether or not we are able to protect ourselves from lightning. Some five years ago the question would have been answered readily and with all sincerity: "Yes, a good electrical connection with the earth—a stout continuous copper rod, for example—will suffice."

To-day no such answer can pass unchallenged.

A Ruined Man.

It was an interesting time at the home of Dobbs, and finally, when the doctor came out into the hall, Dobbs was in a state of excitement equal to an election night.

"Well, doctor?" he said inquiringly, and grabbing the physician's coat-front with both hands.

"Twins," responded the doctor, briefly.

"How—how—many?" he asked in a dazed manner.

"The usual number," replied the doctor, smiling.

"Oh, yes—ah—excuse me, doctor. Boys or girls?"

"Boys."

"Boys?"

"Yes."

"Then I am a ruined man!"

"Ruined!" was the surprised answer "what's the matter with you?"

"Why, doctor, for the last twenty years it's been all I could do to meet the demands of my boys for my old clothes; and now, at my time of life to have to commence to wear two pairs of pants at once in order to keep up with the procession is more than a can undertake; and I see ruin with a big R staring me square in the face, and can't make a move to defend myself."

The doctor gave him a dose of chloral to quiet his nerves.

Two German Tragedies.

A Berlin telegram dated Monday says:—Two shocking tragedies are reported to-day. One at Cologne and the other in Fuerth in Bavaria. In the first case a tailor living in the Achter Strasse killed his sweetheart, who had given him cause for jealousy, and another woman who was a friend of hers. The Fuerth murder was of a somewhat similar character. A butcher stabbed to death a girl to whom he was engaged to be married, and two policemen, who came rushing into the house, attracted by the woman's fearful shrieks, were attacked with fury by the murderer, who severely wounded them with the long butcher's knife which he was brandishing. He then cut his own throat, and fell dead by the side of his victims.

Statistics of the yellow fever epidemic at Brunswick, Ga., show that the mortality among whites was nearly four times as great as that among negroes.

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1893.

L. P. FISHER, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 21 Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, is our authorized agent. This paper is kept on file in his office.

For some reason there has been a great difference in the system of paying wages adopted on the two railroads now under construction in the northern portion of West Kootenay, although both, we believe are under the same contractor—Mr. D. McGillivray. On the Nakusp & Slocan the sub-contractors and laborers have been paid in cash, something like $40,000 a month having been disbursed. But on the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake road the men have had to be content with time checks payable a month after date, and which they have not been able to cash at the contractors' office for three months past. There are one or two business houses in the town that will accept these time checks as payment for value received. But the men ought not to be put to this trouble and expense. They have done their work and should receive their pay free of all encumbrances or penalties. Hans Johnson's letter in this issue may be taken as a sample case.

Why is coal so dear in Revelstoke? Eleven dollars a ton is a prohibitive price. At Canmore coal is delivered to the cars at $2.50 per ton. Canmore is only 196 miles east of Revelstoke. Can it be possible that the C. P. R. charges $8.50 a ton for carrying coal 196 miles? If the charges on other goods are in like proportion it is no wonder the small towns along the C.P.R. in British Columbia make no growth. Their life is being squeezed out by high freight charges. We see that the C.P.R. carries coal from Canmore to Morden, Man. (nearly 1,000 miles) for $5.80 a ton. The Morden people are trying to induce the C.P.R. to lower their rate to $3.50 per ton, so that coal could be laid down there at the reasonable price of $6. It would seem by this that the C.P.R. had no use for local traffic, or else it has decided to discriminate against British Columbia. Coal would be a great boon in these wood-built mountain towns, it being so much safer than cedar or pine, but at the present prohibitive price no working man can afford to use it. If the C.P.R. would act with a little more generosity towards British Columbia it would be a decided benefit to the company in the long run.

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R. H. LEE, P.L.S., KAMLOOPS.

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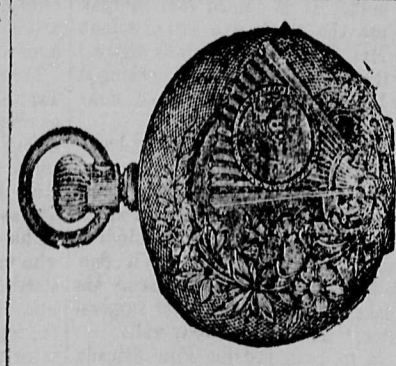
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