The Revelstoke Mail

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., SEPTEMBER 2, 1893. No. 12.

B.C. Constitutional League.

A meeting of the British Columbia Constitutional League will be held at Kamloops on October 10th. Delegates from all the mainland towns are expected to be present—four from Vancouver, three from New Westminster, two each from Kamloops and Vernon, and one each from Revelstoke, Nelson, Ashcroft and other smaller towns. The object of the convention is to discuss the present condition of political affairs in the Province, to define the policy to be adopted and the best means of protecting in their integrity the political rights of the people of the mainland against the reckless procedure of the present government. Members of the Legislature representing mainland constituencies, will be considered ex-officio honorary members of the convention, with free right of discussion but not with power to vote. Communications should be addressed Box 191, Vancouver, B. C.

The Crawford Mill, Gold Extractor.

Mr. W. Pellew Harvey, of Golden, has been appointed agent in British Columbia for the Crawford mill, which is claimed to be the cheapest and most reliable gold extractor yet known, its great advantages being minimum outlay in capital; great economy in transport and erection; low consumption of water; small power required for driving; extreme fine grinding; simplicity of construction; ease of management; greater efficiency than any other mechanical process; no roasting; all mercury recovered. Mr. Harvey has in operation a plant capable of treating 100 lbs. of ore a day, and invites gentlemen interested in such matters to come and witness tests made of their samples. He is offering to make a FREE test of 20 lbs. and upwards. The amount of gold which can be saved from the worst kind of refractory ore is quite 75 per cent. of assay value, and for better class ores from 80 to 96 per cent.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.-Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. At Revelstoke Pharmacy.

OLD CLOTHES

Cleaned, Repaired, Altered and put in good shape

AT

SAM NEEDHAM'S,

DOUGLAS ST., REVELSTOKE.

WANTED,

At Tappen Siding, at once, 10 good Woods Men, 5 good Teamsters. —Apply to

JOS. GENELLE.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.

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 1300, near the confluence of the Elk and Kootenay Rivers, thence up the Elk River and Kootenay valleys to Station 2356, a distance of 20 miles.

(Signed) W. HANSON,
Managing Director.

4th August, 1893.

TROUT LAKE CITY HOUSE

BOURKE BROS. Prop's.

Best Accommodation in the City.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED NEAR THE LAKE.

Splendid Fishing, Boating, Hunting

First-class stock of

Wines, Spirits and Cigars.

Trout Lake City is the nearest point to the famous Lardeau Mines.

All information given to prospectors and buyers of mining claims.

A. McNEIL,

BARBER SHOP & BATHROOMS,

Front Street,

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Coffin, the New York banker who is hunting near Trout Lake, bagged two large bears this week.

Donald Football Club issues a challenge to Revelstoke. See the secretary's letter in another column.

Mr. Baylis will conduct service in the Presbyterian church to-morrow at 7.30. p.m.; Sabbath-school at 2.30.

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.

The first locomotive was unloaded at Nakusp last week. It is being used in construction work on the Nakusp and Slocan Ry.—Prospector.

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

The Rev. F. Yolland will conduct Church of England services in the schoolroom to-morrow. Morning at 11; evening at 7.30. Holy Communion at morning service.

Mr. Wm. Thomlinson, manager for Bourne Bros. and an old Revelstokian, has been selected by the people of New Denver to fill the honorable position of justice of the peace.

Mr. D. Robinson has bought out the interest of Miss Steen in the Revelstoke Lumber Co. and is now sole proprietor; Miss Steen was legatee under the will of her brother, the late J. C. Steen.

Capt. Short, who commanded the str. Lytton for three years and has a lot of friends in Revelstoke, is now captain of the Kootenay, Capt. Nesbitt being transferred to the Columbia as mate.

Tom Reid and Sam Hill left yesterday in their new boat for their ranch a short distance this side of Hall's Landing. They sent down 3,000 feet of lumber the day before and will put up a house at once.

The annual Masonic sermon will be preached by the Rev. C. A. Procunier in the Methodist church on Sunday evening, September 10th. Masons will appear in full regalia. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Hull Bros. sent down two carloads of prime cattle per str. Columbia this week, one on Monday for Sayward and one on Thursday for Perdue & Wilson, Nelson. A carload was also brought in on Wednesday for Revelstoke.

Mr. W. A. Jowett, of Nelson, came up on Wednesday's boat. He is very hopeful as to the future of our mining industry and does not think the present dullness will continue long. He himself is busy enough. Mr. Jowett left for the coast Wednesday night.

Mrs. and Miss Howson, who came here from Clinton, Ont., about a year and half ago on a visit to Mr. Robert Howson, returned to Clinton on Thursday morning's express. A large circle of friends express deep regret at their departure, Miss Howson being an especial favorite with her Sunday-school class.

Mr. S. Needham shot a monster hawk on Monday morning which is said to be the largest ever seen in the district. It measured 41 inches from tip to tip. It was perched on a stump overlooking Mr. Needham's chicken ranch, and was doubtless selecting a good fat hen for breakfast.

Joe Dunn has two very promising claims on the divide between the Lardeau and Duncan rivers, which he has named the Asquith and Ormonde. The ledge on which the latter is situated is 80 feet in width and the other five feet. The ore carries copper, silver and gold, but no assay has yet been made.

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.

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.

John Boyd arrived down from Downie Creek, Big Bend, on Monday. He has taken up a pre-emption of 320 acres of fine meadow land fronting on the river. Mr. Boyd says the best farming land in the interior is to be met with in the Big Bend country, the timber having been cleared off by beavers years ago. They are still plentiful there.

J. W. Haskins and W. Miller left on Thursday night for Kamloops, whence they will go up the North Thompson River, where Mr. Haskins has to inspect and report on a silver mining property near Adams Lake. The ore is what is called free silver and is similar to that of the celebrated Comstock lode, with which Mr. Haskins had considerable experience. They will return in about two weeks and go to Big bend.

A portion of the Shuswap tribe of Indians is encamped on the opposite shore of the river, and every evening the ruddy glare of their camp fires adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. They have killed several fine cariboo over in the Gold Range, where they are said to be very plentiful. They dispose of their game and fish to the hotels. The men are stalwart looking fellows, taller and better looking than the average of B.C. Indians.

The news comes from Spokane that the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway is being built for the C.P.R., and that a line up the Slocan River to New Denver and Nakusp is to be built at no very distant date. This is to connect with the C.P.R. main line at Revelstoke, thus giving an alternative route from Spokane to the Coast. This would be a fine thing for Revelstoke, the only drawback being that it would not bring any of the blessings of competition.

Magnificent weather has prevailed here for the past two months, the thermometer rarely going above 82 in the shade, with an almost cloudless sky. While storms have been prevailing both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts we have been enjoying tranquil summer weather. Tomatoes are ripening fast, and the gardens, after the moist spring and early summer, are looking splendid. To those requiring life-giving ozone there is nothing like spending a couple of months in the mountains at this season of the year.

The Fire Brigade has been called out three times during the week to a fire amongst the brush and dry timber on the east side of Douglas Street. On Wednesday a trench was dug around it, the fire coralled, and a man employed to watch it all night. By Thursday it had burnt itself out. There are several houses within fifty yards, and had there been any wind no efforts could have saved them from destruction. How the fire originated is not known, but people ought to be very careful where they throw their matches or cigar ends, as after such a long spell of hot weather all vegetation and decayed timber are like tinder.

The Oliver Comedy Company gave a first-class entertainment in Bourne's Hall on Monday evening to a medium audience. The clever performance of Messrs. Oliver and Courtney on various odd musical instruments evoked a great deal of applause, while Will Courtney's representation of a "nigger" comedian was a great success. Little Florrie and Goldie Parker pleased the audience immensely, and the boy Guy's cornet solo was very well rendered. Miss Crickett Oliver, who filled a varied role, was exceeding good in all. It was intended to give a performance on Tuesday evening, but on account of the company having to leave on the Pacific Express the time fixed for the commencement was too early to attract an audience.

BIG BEND.

Quartz Carrying 60 oz. Gold.

Wm. Kirkup and A. Whelan, who have been prospecting in Big Bend, arrived down on Wednesday night on a raft. They allowed their craft to get too near the entrance to the canyon two or three miles up and had to go through the rapids. The raft held together and they held to the raft, and came out all right. They bring specimens from a promising gold quartz ledge they have located about three miles east of McCulloch Creek, and yesterday a sample was assayed by Mr. Holdich, and the gratifying result was 60 ounces of gold to the ton. They also found a yellow mineral very much like sulphur, which may or may not be valuable.

Donald Football Club.

DEAR SIR,—Having organized an Association Football Club here, we are anxious to arrange matches with Revelstoke. We could bring our own ball. Can you do anything to help us in this matter?—Yours truly,

A. CUMMINS,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Donald, Aug. 30th, 1893.

SLOCAN NUGGETS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW DENVER, Aug. 29th.

Mr. Byron N. White returned from Spokane at the beginning of the week and immediately went up to the Slocan Star. This property has had more development work done on it than any other in the camp. No attempt has been make to take ore out, and only such ore as inconveniences the development work is put on the dump. The working expenses of this mine amounts to $2,500 a month.

A nice ledge has been uncovered on the Buffalo mineral claim at Four Mile, while close by the owners of the Read & Robertson group are hard at work showing up their property.

For simplicity in nomenclature we would award the palm to a prospector who recently named his claim the Woolloomooloo (eight o's please Mr. Printer).

"Men are deceivers ever." So, at all events, was the opinion of a lady who has recorded a bill for one-eight interest in several mineral claims in the record office here, which bill of sale, in the event of a certain promise of marriage not being fulfilled by the original owner of the interests, will entitle the fair one to the said one-eight interests.

Sixty men are at work on the wagon road between Bear Lake and New Denver. Contractor Cameron expects to reach New Denver about the 15th of October.

NAKUSP ITEMS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NAKUSP, Aug. 29th.

Considering the short time that actual work has been in progress the railway contractors are to be congratulated on the good speed they are making. The road bed has been graded for some distance out of town, the rails have been laid, switches completed in every detail, and the track is ready for the arrival of the rolling stock at this end. The completion of the road to the head of Slocan Lake will be celebrated in December.

According to the survey map the railway is to reach Carpenter Creek by way of Wilson Creek. This route will be an impossible one unless a tunnel is made through the dividing range. Half the pre-emption at Three Forks has been given to the C.P.R. for terminal purposes. The owners of the New Denver townsite have also offered over 100 acres to the Nakusp & Slocan Co. for the same purpose. So it would seem that New Denver stands a good chance of being the railway centre as well as the distributing point for the Slocan district. In connection with the railway New Denver will build tramways to the various mines within a radius of 15 miles.

Mr. A. McIntosh of the Zenith Lumber Co. is building a business block on Slocan Ave., two lots east of Madden's Hotel. The building will be two storeys, with the upper floor fitted up as a first-class lodging-house, a much-needed institution in Nakusp. Half the ground floor will be used as a real estate office, while the other half will be let to T. A. Garland & Co., dry goods merchants.

Mr. Lacasto, who has been with us but a few weeks, is building up a reputation as a tonsorial artist. Recognising the stability of the town he is about to build a shaving palace with bathrooms attached, where a Turkish bath can be obtained equal to anything in the large cities of the Dominion.

The citizens have waited a long time for the Townsite Co. to make an easier grade up Slocan Ave. Getting tired of waiting they determined to do the job themselves. So they got out a subscription list and $200 was soon put up by public spirited citizens, while the chronic kickers who never put their hand in their pocket except to add to their hoard never gave a cent. Contractor Nault was asked to give an estimate, and now he has completed the work it is said to be the greatest improvement the town has yet seen.

A representative of the defunct Kaslo Claim has been looking over the town as a field for re-publishing it here. If the usual bonus can be obtained there is a likelihood of Nakusp having a paper of its own.

Transfers of real estate during the week have been as follow:—

Lots 24 and 25, Block 5, sold to Struthers & O'Tool, price $800.

Lot 12, Block 9, sold to Peter Clausen, price $275.

Lot 30, Block 3, sold to Frank Bourne, price $275.

Lot 3, Block 17, sold to James Nolan, price $150.

Lots 27 and 28, Block 3, sold to E. S. Matheson, price $550.

These transfers were made by Thos. Abriel, who is working up a large business as estate agent.

Dr. Williamson, official medical man to the Nakusp & Slocan Railway, has moved into his new office.

The mineral ledges in the vicinity of the town are improving on development and promise to rival some of the best mines in the Slocan.

LARDEAU NOTES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

TROUT LAKE CITY, Aug. 19th.

Owing to the depressed condition of the silver market prospectors are turning their attention to other minerals. Several claims have been located upon supposed auriferous leads, specimens from some of which show a payable percentage of gold.

J. W. Haskins left last week for Revelstoke and the Big Bend gold field. He reports favorably of the Abbott, upon which about $3,000 a month is being spent. The shaft on the Abbott is now 20 feet deep and the ore is improving in a very satisfactory manner. The Alice, also, gives great encouragement and it is the intention of the syndicate to continue work on the best of the claims until the rigours of winter make it advisable to shut down for a while. It is probable that the trail will be kept open to the end of the year.

Mr. Jenkins is expected to arrive this week with a completement of men to work the Silver Cup and will probably make several shipments of ore before the close of navagation. Later assays of ore from the Great Northern show a much higher percentage of gold than has been hitherto suspected.

Some fine specimens of copper-bearing ore have been brought in lately from the further range. Curiously enough the copper-bearing ore almost invariaby contains more silver than the clean galena, the general rule seeming to be reversed and the more heterogeneous the ore the greater the prospect of a large percentage of precious metal.

A report comes from the east slope of a find of hyalite, a mineral, which, though valueless in itself, is of consequence as a probable indication of certain varieties of opal, which gems I have myself found on the ranges further south, and therefore believe their existence in this district to be quite within the range of possibility.

Mr. Thomas Cadman aarived today from Revelstoke, he was in a high state of excitement consequent on the escape of his noble courser, by which fickle quadruped he had, it appear, been spilled upon the road.

Messrs. C. Anderson and Andrew Abrahamson have struck a vein of rock which assays over 40oz. of gold to the ton.

Wm. Miller, who has been prospecting with J. W. Haskins reports good prospects for gold beyond Healey Creek district, both of which give good assays.

E. Seroy has sold the Black Prince claim for a good sum.

Several new strikes have been reported during the week, notably one by Tom Edwards of a vein which assays 1050 oz. of silver to the ton. The others run variously between 62oz. and 420 oz. to the ton.

J. P. Sutherland and his partner are placer mining on the Lardeau but do not appear to be very successful so far.

L. Cague starts next week for the forks, where he intends to put in the fall digging for gold. He has been very busy for some days at the forge making derrick-hooks, drills and other appliances.

J. Hansen and J. Kinman left yesterday for Revelstoke, having completed their contracts in Trout Lake City.

Mr. John Kirkup, government agent for the district, arrived today. He leaves tomorrow for Healey Creek trail.

Messrs. Cook & Hamilton's new hotel will be open to the public in a few days.

A deep and settled gloom descended upon the community last week. It was caused by the advent of Mr. H. N. Coursier, of Revelstoke, upon a collecting foray. I do not think he was very successful.

Mr. A. H. Harrison, is getting a monster charcoal pit made, his extensive assay business requiring the consumption of a large quantity of that necessary article.

Owing to the protracted spell of dry weather, the danger of fire in the bush is becoming formidable. The surface soil being composed of rotten wood and leaves, allows fire to smoulder for days or even weeks, to burst out unexpectedly into flame whenever a breeze springs up. Persons camping by the trail should be careful to extinguish their fires before leaving them.

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.

$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Qualty remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.

THOS. ABRIEL,

General Agent

FOR REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE,

NAKUSP, B.C.

—:o:—

Sale of Mines a Specialty.

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.

R. H. RAMSEY,

House Painter. Paperhanger and Grainer.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

W. R. POULTON,

SAYWARD.

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

IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.

HULL BROS.

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BUTCHERS

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

BEEF, PORK, Etc.

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.

CHAPTER XVI.

Cry, O lover,
Love is over.

When Lady Etwynde comes back, she finds Lauraine lying cold and insensible on the little balcony.

In great alarm she tries to recover her to consciousness, and at last succeeds. With a heavy sigh the dark eyes open, and Lauraine rises and goes back to her low lounge by the window, and there lies faint, white, and exhausted, while, with a great pity, her friend hovers about, speaking soothing words, and asking nothing of the cause of this strange fainting fit. She can guess it well enough.

Half an hour passes. Then Lauraine lifts her head with a little languid smile.

"You must think me very foolish," she says.

"Why should I?" asks Lady Etwynde, simply. "My dear, I think I know what is troubling you. I have known it long. Do not speak of it unless you wish, if it pains you in any way. But be sure of my sympathy always."

"I am sure of it," answers Lauraine. "I think I have never made a friend of any woman but you. You are always so good, and one always feels one can trust you. But you are right. Something *is* troubling me very much. I feel to-night as if life was altogether too hard!"

"Who of us does not feel *that* at some-time or other?' says Lady Etwynde, sadly. "A time when to look back or to look forward seems alike equally hard; for during the one we think of what 'might have been' and during the other we dread to think what *may* be. There are two very sad things in this life: the waste of love, the dearth of happiness. Both of these are with you now. They were with me once. But I lived through the struggle, and you will do the same. You think it is impossible now. Ah, my dear, so do I; so does everyone who suffers. And yet physical force drags us on whether we will or no."

"I have been very foolish," says Lauraine, the tears standing in her eyes as they look out at the quiet night. "When I was young, a mere girl, Keith and I betrothed ourselves. You know my mother was his guardian, and all our childhood was passed together. No one could influence him or manage him as I could. He was always impulsive, reckless, passionate, but oh! so loving and so generous of heart. Well, as we grow older the love seemed to grow with us. Then my mother began to notice it. She became alarmed; we were parted; but still neither of us forgot. At last Keith spoke to my mother. Of course she laughed, and treated it as a boy's fancy. He had nothing, and we were not rich: at least, so she said always. He grew angry, and said he would go abroad, and make a fortune. She said 'very well; when he had made it he could come back and claim me.' In the end he went to America. We were not allowed to correspond, and year after year went by. I heard nothing from him or about him. Then I was introduced to London life. I had a season of triumphs, gaiety, amusements. I will not say it weakened my memory of Keith, but at least it filled up the emptiness of my life, and I was young, and enjoyment seemed easy enough. In my third season, I met Sir Francis Vavasour. From that time my mother's whole soul was bent on a marriage between us. I cannot tell you now the thousand and one things that combined to throw us together, to wind a web about my careless feet. The memory of Keith had grown less distinct. Four years had passed, and no sign. I began to think he had forgotten. Later on, I found my mother had deceived me. He had written to her, speaking always of his unalterable fidelity; then came the news of brighter prospects of a great fortune in store; of entreaty to tell me, and let him hear from me. She did nothing of the sort. She only told me that if I did not accept Sir Francis it meant ruin to her. That her debts were enormous; that I had cost her small fortune in these three seasons: that —oh, I cannot tell you it all now. I am not naturally weak-minded, but I suffered myself to be persuaded. I never attempt to hold myself blameless; still, had I known about Keith. . . . Well, on my wedding-day, I received a letter from him. He was possessor of a large fortune, he loved me more than ever, and he would be in London, at our house, on that very day. Imagine my feelings. It was all too late then. Nothing could be done. I had to school myself as best I could to meet my girlhood's lover an hour after I had become Sir Francis Vavasour's wife. It was a terrible ordeal. Poor Keith! Oh, what I felt when I saw what I had given him to bear. He was half mad, and I—oh, how sick and ashamed and wicked I felt. We parted again, and for eighteen months we did not meet. Then he came to Rome one winter, and I was there. He greeted me like any other acquaintance. I thought he had forgotten. Gradually our old friendship was resumed. Gradually he became my constant companion, and the confidence and sympathy and interests of the past seemed to awaken, and be with us both again. I dreamt of no harm. He never by word or look betrayed that he loved me still. I thought it was all over and done with, and feared no danger. I was not unhappy. Sir Francis was very kind, and I had my boy. I troubled myself in no way about what might be said, Keith had been a sort of brother to me so long. We left Rome and came to London. Then it was that he betrayed himself; then it was that I too learnt I cared for him as I had no right to do."

"And the Gloire de Dijon roses were left under the cedar tree," murmurs Lady Etwynde, faintly.

Lauraine starts and blushes. "Yes, it was that night. I almost hate to think of it, and yet—oh, Etwynde, can I help loving him? Can I tear him out of my heart? Tell me that?"

"My dear," says her friend, gravely, "if love were within our power to give, or to withhold, life would be an easy enough matter for most of us. It has been at cross purposes always. I suppose it won't change tactics, even for our advanced age."

"Well," sighs Lauraine, wearily, "I did what I could, but Keith made me promise that I would not banish him; that I would let him see me sometimes still; that——"

"My dear," murmurs Lady Etwynde, gently, "you were never so foolish as that?"

"I was," answers Lauraine. "I—I pitied him so, and he seemed so desperate, and I had done him all the wrong. I am not a bit of a heroine, Etwynde. I have little moral strength, and he promised he would speak of love no more, so——"

"So you believed him?" interpolates Lady Etwynde. "Of course, manlike, he —kept his promise?"

"Until—to-night," falters Lauraine. "When I saw him, when we met as we did, I cannot tell you how awful I felt. It was as if Fate had purposely thrown him across my path when I was most weak, and most unhappy."

"And what have you done?" asks Lady Etwynde, pityingly.

"I have sent him away—forever!"

"Lauraine, had you strength——"

"Oh," says Lauraine, with a little hysterical laugh, "we quarreled desperately first. He said some dreadful things to me, and I —I don't know if I was not equally hard and unjust. But in any case it was better than sentiment—was it not? The next thing we shall hear is that he is going to marry Miss Anastasia Jane Jefferson."

"Lauraine, you are jesting!" exclaims Lady Etwynde. "What, that little American doll who 'guesses' and 'calculates,' and is only a few degrees better than Mrs. Bradshaw Woolliffe? Impossible! I know she has a penchant for him—at least, it looked like it—but after loving you——"

"Oh, it will be 'moonlight after sunlight,'" says Lauraine, bitterly, "if I may copy Tennyson and say so. Why should he make a martyr of himself? I can be nothing to him, and it is all shame, and sin, and horror now. Oh, God! that I should live to say so—my darling boy——"

A sob breaks from her. She thinks of Keith—bold bright, debonnaire Keith, with his sunny smile and his bold, bright eyes that for her were always so soft and loving; Keith, with his merry ways and wild freaks, and steadfast, tender heart; Keith as he was, as he never again can be to her, in all the years to come!

"It is all my fault—mine!" she cries between her heavy sobs. "And I have made him so unhappy; and if he goes to the bad, if he gets wild and reckless, oh, what shall I do? How can I sit still, and bear my life, and look on his, as if it were nothing to me?"

Lady Etwynde kneels beside her and puts her arms round her in silence.

"It will be hard, terribly hard," she says tenderly. "But oh, my dear, you have had strength to do what was right to-day. You will have strength to bear the consequences."

"Was it right?" wails Lauraine, in exceeding bitterness. "He said not. He called me cold and calculating, and said I have spoilt all his life now, and he is so young, and I—Oh, how I could love him now!"

"Hush!" whispers Lady Etwynde, gently; "you must not think of that. Right! Of course it was right. Men are so selfish, that unless a woman ruins herself for their sake they will always say she does not love. Love! Faugh, the word as they mean it is different to our interpretation. I have not patience to think of it. Love is something purer, holier, nobler than sensual gratification. It is sympathy, it is fidelity without reward; it is consecration without a vow. Did we take our teaching of it from them, Heaven help us all. Thank God, something within us helps us to the right, the pure, the better part of it. Lauraine, do not waste your pity thus. What right had he to dishonour you in your grief, your loneliness, by any such words as these? If indeed he loved you, you should have been sacred to him for your child's sake, even though he ignored your husband. Can you not see it too, dear? As for saying you have ruined his life, that is cowardly. He does not love you worthily or he would never have uttered so weak a reproach."

She ceases. She feels the shudder that runs through the slender figure. She knows her words hurt and sting, but she is pained and angered and sore distressed. She feels a hatred and intolerance of Keith Athelstone's selfish passion.

"You do not know," murmers Lauraine; "you cannot judge. Of love no one can, save just the two who love. For them it is all so different, and everything else looks of such small account."

A warm flush comes over her face; she dashes the tears away from her eyes. Lady Etwynde unloosens the clasp of her arms, and stands up, a little stern, a little troubled.

"You are right. An outsider must always take a calmer and more dispassionate view of the matter; but I hope in time you will see him as he is. Once you were married, your lives lay apart. He should not have come near you, and, from your own account, he has broken all laws of honour, and put the selfishness of passion before everything that is good and honest and pure."

"You are hard on him," says Lauraine, quietly. "You don't know him as I do. No one ever did seem to understand Keith but myself."

"He is certainly no paragon of virtue," Lady Etwynde answers, contemptuously. "But, my darling, don't let us quarrel over him. He is a man, and I know what men are when they love. As for you, you have behaved nobly, despite your pain. Believe me, the thought will bring its own comfort in time, and—you say—he will never come back again?"

"So he said."

"Has he never said that before?"

"Yes," answers Lauraine; "on my wedding-day."

"I hope he will keep his word this time then," says Lady Etwynde. "He can do you no good, and he only makes your life more unhappy. My dear, be wise for the future and avoid him."

"That is my only wish now," answers Lauraine, rising from her low chair and passing her hand wearily across her aching brow. "And my only safety, too," she adds, in her own heart.

But Lady Etwynde hears only the first sentence, and is glad of it and content.

"He will not be faithful," she thinks, as she moves by Lauraine's side to her chamber on the next floor. "Men never are. So much life has taught me!"

CHAPTER XVII.

FELLOWSHIP OF PAIN.

"After a storm comes a calm."—It seemed as if a calm, the calm of a great despair, had settled on Lauraine. All human love had passed out of her life; and that life itself the sharpness of pain in abeyance, that left her, to outward seeming, much the same as ever, and rejoiced Lady Etwynde's heart.

"After all," she thinks to herself, "she could not have loved him so very much.

She does not attempt to allude to the confidence of that night, nor does Lauraine return to it. Just for two or three days she watches with anxious eyes the arrival of the post; she is half fearful of a letter from Keith, a letter that will be a sort of blaze of anger, and upbraiding, like his own last words. But there comes neither letter, nor sign.

After a week or two Lauraine begins to get restless.

"This is a place to sleep and dream in," she says to her friend; "I want to see some life again. Let us go to Baden or Monaco."

Lady Etwynde is amazed.

"Will Sir Francis object?" she asks.

Lauraine smiles with faint contempt. "He never troubles himself about what I do," she says. "We will go, and if he objects, we can leave again!"

Lady Etwynde yields, and they go to Baden.

Lauraine seems now to have as great a horror of solitude as before she has had of gaiety. She is always out, always restless.

No one they know of the fashionable world is at Baden, it being yet too early in the season. It is crowded with Germans and Austrians, and adventurers of all nationalities, who throng the pretty Kursaal under the shadow of the pine-crowned hills.

Lauraine makes numerous acquaintances, and is always inventing projects of amusements, such as picnics, excursions, fetes, drives, and balls. She goes to concerts and theatres, she is one of the loungers in the shady alleys of the Lichtenthal; she goes to supper-parties that to Lady Etwynde seem reckless and risque, and meets all her friend's feeble remonstrances with the unanswerable argument that her husband does not mind, and therefore no one else need trouble their head about it.

She seems so horribly, unaccountably changed that it fills Lady Etwynde's mind with dread and pain.

Better the morbid grief, the dreary apathy of the past, than this feverish and unnatural gaiety, this craving for excitement and pleasure.

Just as suddenly as she has gone to Baden, so suddenly does she tire of it. "She will go down the Rhine," she declares, "and stop anywhere that is pretty and picturesque."

The change of programme delights her friend, and they leave their circle of new acquaintances desolate at their sudden departure.

The lovely scenery and the constant change seem for a while to quiet Lauraine's restlessness. She takes a fancy to Bingen, and stays there for a month; but it distresses Lady Etwynde to see how pale and thin she is getting, how weary and sleepless her eyes always look.

A letter comes one day from Sir Francis. He is coming to Baden for the races; he is going to run a horse for the Prix de Dames. They had better remain abroad and meet him there. He will arrange for rooms at the Bairscher Hof, or D'Angleterre, as a lot of people are coming at the same time. Meanwhile he hopes Lauraine is tired of moping, and intends to be reasonable again.

She reads the letter quietly through and then hands it to Lady Etwynde.

"I can scarcely expect you to continue giving up your time to me as you have done," she says. "But this arrangement suits me very well. It is quiet and pleasant here, and I shall remain on till the time fixed for Baden. But you—there is your home, your own friends——"

"Unless you are tired of me," interrupts Lady Etwynde, "I am not going to run away. I do not think you are either in health or spirits to be left alone."

They are at the Victoria Hof. Their rooms are very pleasant; their life has been more like what it was at Erlsbach, spent chiefly in the open air, in drives and rambles and excursions on the river, and visits to the beautiful old Rochus Capelle, which, for Lauraine, has endless interest, and of which she never seems to tire.

This evening they are both sitting by the open window overlooking the Rhine. In these hot summer nights Lauraine has cast aside her heavy black dresses, and wears chiefly white, with knots of black ribbon here and there. Lady Etwynde thinks how lovely she looks, sitting there, with the sunrays touching her dusky hair, her soft snowy gown, her slender hands that are idly folded on her lap.

Instinctively she comes forward and kneels by her side. "Am I to go, Lauraine?" she asks, softly.

For an answer Lauraine clasps her round the neck, and bursts into tears. "No, no; a thousand times no!" she cries, weeping. "You are the only one left to me to love. Don't leave me quite desolate."

"I will not," answers Lady Etwynde, softly. "I wish I could be of some use—of some help; but in these cases the tenderest sympathy seems to hurt. No one can help us."

"You speak as if you too had 'loved and lost'?" says Lauraine, wiping the tears from her eyes, and looking at the beautiful, noble face beside her.

A faint warmth of colour comes over it; the proud head, with its golden halo of hair, droops a little. "Yes," she says, "I have. Sometimes I think it was my own fault, after all, I was too proud, too exacting. Shall I tell you the story? Would you care to hear?"

"Indeed, I would," said Lauraine, earnestly.

"He was a soldier," begins Lady Etwynde. "I was seventeen; romantic to my finger-tips. He, thirty years or more; bronzed, bold, stalwart, a king of men, I always thought. We met at my first season in London, loved, were engaged. He was of good family, but not rich. My parents objected strongly at first; but I was their only child, and they had never crossed whim or wish of mine. Of course I gained my point. Oh, how happy I was! It was like all the ecstasy of dreams, all the fancies of poet, all the purity and waking passion of first love steeping my life in golden glamour. I only lived, watched, thought for him, and he all the time—he deceived me!"

Her voice breaks. The bitterness and anguish of that time seems present over again. The colour fades from her cheeks as she kneels there in the radiant moonlight.

"No man comes to thirty years of age brave, his name was crowned with so many laurels. He seemed the very soul of honour, of truth, and I—I loved him so. And one night, oh, shall I ever forget that night? We had gone down to Richmond to dinner. We had been out on the river afterwards. It was a warm June night, so fair, so still, so fragrant, and he rowed the boat himself and the rest of the party left us far behind. Suddenly another boat passed us; there were two men in it, and a woman. I remember noticing she had something scarlet wrapped about her and was very dark; foreign-looking I fancied. They were rowing fast, their boat shot by. I heard a cry, the sound of a name—his name—and he was sitting before me, his face white as death, his eyes full of horror and doubt. 'Good God!' I heard him cry, 'and she is not dead?'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

It Is a Great Farming Country—There are Indians Still Living on the Island.

Canada's island province, though generally very little known, is one of the most peculiar and interesting parts of the dominion, says the New York Sun; and as with Canada it is likely at any time to become a State of our Union, a few facts about it may be of interest to Americans.

Prince Edward Island lies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, separated from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by Northumberland Strait. It is the smallest of the Canadian provinces, with an area of 2,173 square miles, and is in shape an irregular crescent, 105 miles in length.

The shore is indented by numerous harbors, those on opposite coasts twice approaching so close to one another that only narrow isthmuses connect the three peninsulas that form the island. Many of the bays terminate in tidal rivers that run far into the interior. The coasts are bold in most places high cliffs of red sandstone rising up from the sea between twenty and one hundred feet. Part of the eastern shore, however, is low, and bordered by long, curving lines of sand dunes, in places broken through by winding channels leading back to shallow, sandy bays. The island is generally flat, and nowhere too rough for cultivation. The vegetation is very green and luxuriant, thick turf growing in every vacant place.

Nearly all the trees native in the Northern States and Canada are to be found in its dark moss-carpeted forests. There are large reed-bordered marshes and ponds of fresh water separated from the sea by only a barrier of drifting sand, strewn with the wrecks of many vessels dashed up and lost in the storms of spring and autumn. There are large mossy peat bogs, whose products give off sweet smells in burning, and it is said that hidden away far under the island lie seams of coal, too deep, however, for profitable working.

The soil is usually a layer of decayed vegetable matter over a strata of bright red loam. It is very fertile and yields abundantly to the rather primitive farming methods of the natives. Oats, wheat, and barley are grown in large quantities, and almost everything does well except Indian corn, which needs warmer weather than is furnished by this northern climate. The summers are not cold, but rather cool. The weather is usually clear and sunny, and peculiarly free from the fogs which are a prominent feature in the climates of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The island winter is milder than further south on the mainland, though to us, who consider zero cold, the long months of icy weather and short days would in no way suggest mildness. Northumberland Strait freezes over solidly, and it was the custom, if it is not now, to ferry passengers and mails from the mainlands to the island on iceboats.

Prince Edward Island is more densely populated than any other part of the Canadian Dominion. It has about 110,000 inhabitants, or 54 to a square mile. Of these the greater part are of Scotch and English descent, but about 10,000 are French Acadians come over long ago from Nova Scotia. They live apart, speak French, marry among themselves, and mix little with races. On the northern coast still lives a remant of the once powerful tribe of Micmac Indians, dwindled now in numbers to about 300. They are conservative and keep up old customs, gliding softly up the streams in birch-bark canoes or prowling through the forests, wearing moccasins as did their ancestors of long ago.

Most of the people are farmers, and live in the country. There is but one town of much importance. Charlottetown, the capital. The Government of the island has been guilty of a very common fault. It has spent more than its income, and is in consequence in rather an embarrassed financial condition. All this notwithstanding a large yearly subsidy from the Canadian Government.

Though there is no large four-footed game left, wild birds are still about in plenty and the forest streams hide thousands of speckled trout, while a few salmon still remain in some of the large rivers. The fresh water lagoons by the coast are the summer resorts of enormous eels and countless herring and smelt. There are the sea fish which swarm all summer along the coast, mackerel the most plentiful, then come halibut and cod. Of the half dozen ways of reaching the island, all are part rail and part water. One of the most interesting passes lengthwise through Nova Scotia, affording a good look at that interesting old peninsula.

Like everyone else, the Prince Edward Islanders have half-chimerical schemes for improvement. Their particular one is to build a great railroad tunnel under the Straits of Northumberland to connect Nova Scotia roads with those on the island. The island has much railroad for so small a territory, and is also traversed in all directions by tolerable country roads.

Lucky Fridays.

In all American history Friday has been pre-eminently lucky, a fact which should go a long way towards refuting one of the most senseless superstitions of modern or ancient times. Columbus sailed Friday, August 21st; Friday, October 12th, he discovered land: Friday, January 4th, he sailed from the new world back to Spain, reaching Palos Friday, March 25th. In 1493 he discovered Hispaniola on a Friday, and November 22nd of the same year, that day being a Friday also, he discovered the mainland.

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show or equipage.

The Importance of the Navy Over the Army—A Writer Points Out That Britain Can Only be Attacked by Land at Two Points.

There is no more interesting and attractive subject just now than the navy of Great Britain. It costs the taxpayer of the United Kingdom $75,000,000 per annum. It guards the vast world wide commerce of the British Empire, amounting all told to $6,000,000,000 in value every year. Its vessels have cost over $300,000,000. It protects half the merchant tonnage of the world. It enables the British Isles to be fed in safety from abroad, where a hundred years ago their people lived upon home grown food products. It commands the seas—or is supposed to do so and thus saves the people from having to support stupendous standing armies. It holds the Empire together and wherever British interests are menaced, whether by Russian or American ships in the Behring Sea or by French men-of-war at Bangkok, its cruisers appear and command instant respect.

Hence the deep interest attaching to an unusually well written and thoughtful article in the current Nineteenth Century by Hon. T. A. Brassey, ex-M.P. The writer comes to the definite conclusion that England's naval supremacy is only

THREATENED BY ONE NATION,

and that is France. But he believes that we still retain command of the seas and seems to think, on the whole, that a war with the French Republic would not seriously endanger British power or commerce. The long struggle with Napoleon is instanced in this connection. While British commerce has enormously increased since then, yet the use of steam, the necessity for coaling stations and depots of supply, has entirely changed the situation and made the balance even more favorable to us. From 1793, and on for twenty-one years, the whole maritime energies of France were devoted to the subjugation of England through the destruction of her commerce, with the result that 11,000 merchant vessels were captured during the whole period, while the number of British vessels engaged in foreign trade increased steadily from 16,875 in 1795 to 23,703 in 1810, and those entering and clearing from the ports of Great Britain averaged 51,000 a year. And prize ships and merchandise captured by our cruisers compensated in value for all that were seized by the enemy; to such an extent indeed that the French Directory in 1799 was constrained to admit that "not a single merchant ship is on the sea carrying the French flag." Mr. Brassey then concludes that British commerce would once more be reasonably safe if only the navy is maintained at its proper strength and is efficiently officered and manned. That strength is to be gauged by the impossibility of a serious expedition leaving an enemy's port without a British fleet being immediately sent in pursuit.

Mr. Brassey is a firm believer in the superior importance of the navy to the army. Provided the former is sufficiently strong the Empire can only be

ATTACKED BY LAND

at two points—Canada and India. Should the former country be attacked by the United States, its defence would depend on the power of transporting rapidly and safely British troops by sea. Should the latter be invaded by Russia British reinforcements could be landed more cheaply and expeditiously from a sea voyage—and he might have added via the Canadian Imperial highway—than Russian troops could be transported from their distant centres. For a foreign power to conquer partially or hold briefly either Australasia or South Africa would require an army of at least 50,000 men. Under proper conditions their ability to transport them safely would be nil and should somewhat resemble Napoleon with his 130,000 men waiting on the Boulogne heights for nearly two years a chance to embark and cross the Channel.

The writer regrets the expenditures upon Melbourn defences, upon London, and upon the forts intended to protect Chatham, Portsmouth, etc. He thinks coaling places such as Aden, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong, Cape Town, Simon's Bay, St Helena, Mauritius, Bermuda, and those in the West Indies, do well to be protected against chance attack against one or

TWO HOSTILE CRUISERS,

but that further expenditure is a waste. Their best defence, as that of England's shores, lies in the navy itself. Not necessarily upon the presence of British ships in the vicinity, but upon the navy's ability to keep a distant enemy confined to a narrow circle of conflict. Halifax, Mr. Brassey considers the one British coaling station connected with Canada, Australia, South Africa or India, which comes between the radius of action of fleets in European waters. Gibraltar and Malta require to be specially defended and held at any cost. So with the Cape of Good Hope. In the event of war with France Mr. Brassey considers the necessity and policy of Great Britain to lie not in effective armies and powerful fortifications, but in possessing:

1. Battleships enough to command the sea by overpowering any large fleets which might be combined for offensive action.
2. The maintenance of a sufficient force of cruisers to act as a sort of commercial patrol of the seas and to deal with any small expeditions against the Colonies which might escape our principal fleets.
3. The immediate capture of the enemies, coaling stations and colonies. The possessions of France in China, Tonquin and Africa with the possible exception of Algeria, Mr. Brassey thinks, would fall an easy prey.

But, in any case, the author of this most interesting article considers the navy is all-important to Britain, and instead of costing £15,000,000 a year as compared with the army expenditure of £20,000,000, the situation should be reversed.

The Swords of Japan.

Modern cutlers despair of reproducing the ancient sword blades of feudal Japan, as modern artificers in iron despair of imitating the artistic sword guards of that country. According to tradition the test of the ancient Japanese sword was even more rigid than that of Saladin's blades. It was enough if the latter would cut in twain at a single blow a down pillow, thrown in the air, but the Japanese blade, suspended horizontally beneath a tree, must sever any leaf that, falling, should accidentally light upon the edge of the weapon.

Terrible Bungle at an Electrocution in Auburn Prison.

William G. Taylor Killed Twice Over in the Electric Chair—The Machinery Went Wrong and the Victim Came to Life After the First Contact—The Onlookers Horrified at the Gaspings and Groanings.

An Auburn, N.Y., special says :—William G. Taylor was electrocuted at 12.45 p.m. for the murder of his shopmate, Solomon Johnson, on September 20, 1892. Taylor confessed his crime to a priest, and said that he repented.

The electrocution of Taylor was not a success. The foot rest of the chair broke and the dynamo gave out, so that a second current could not be applied. He was not dead from the first contact, and soon began breathing heavily. He was placed on a cot and conveyed back to his corridor where he continued breathing and groaning, with his pulse growing stronger.

The armature has burned out. It could be used no more that day. The victim, who gasped and groaned aloud, was unbound and placed upon a cot and carried into the adjoining room, His pulse grew stronger and he endeavored several times to rise from the cot. Physicians said he was unconscious, precisely in the condition of a man stricken with apoplexy. He would recover, they thought, and the only way to carry out the sentence of the law was to again place him in the chair. Linemen quickly connected the prison apparatus with the electric light plant, and in an hour all was ready for the second electrocution. Taylor continued to grow stronger, and was given an injection of morphine. A small dose of chloroform was also administered. He was then carried bodily to the chair, which had been repaired, and was strapped into a sitting position. The current was then turned on ; the body straightened up, and for half a minute 1,240 volts coursed through Taylor's unconscious form and he was pronounced dead. The stethoscope was applied to the heart to make sure, and Dr. Jenkins and others declared there was no pulsation. The first electrocution took place at 12.46, and the second at 1.55.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Not since the electrocution of Kemmler, three years ago, has an execution of the death penalty caused such a widespread sensation as the double electrocution of Wm.G. Taylor in the death chamber of Auburn prison to-day. When the witnesses had been liberated after two hours enforced confinement, they began relating the harrowing scenes they had observed, and soon the entire city was discussing the failure of the state's executioner. The scene at the first attempt to electrocute the victim was something indescribable. The moment the full voltage was switched into his body the rigidity of the muscles became so great that the front supports to the chair to which his legs were strapped were torn from their fastenings and fell upon the floor with an ominous clatter. But

THE POWERFUL CURRENT

still held the body and the chair to which it was strapped in a firm embrace. The spectators were not very much startled at this unlooked for occurrence. The victim sat motionless in the chair, not even twitching hand or foot, but when the current was turned off the body sank back from its rigid position, and the chair without its front legs tipped forward, the body slipped perceptibly, and if the stout straps had not held it it would have pitched prone upon the floor. There was

A SMOTHERED "OH"

from the spectators, but not a man moved. Nobody had as yet realized that anything particularly horrible had taken place, as it was taken for granted the victim had died at the first contact. But in a moment more a shudder passed over the little throng. Froth and saliva had appeared at the mouth of the victim, which was left exposed by a narrow leather mask. A strange noise was then heard. It was repeated, and was then recognized as a gasp for breath.

"HE'S ALIVE"

was the awful thought that oppressed every spectator. Spasmodic gasping continued, but was soon succeeded by stertorous breathing, and some of the more nervous spectators were afraid he would come to life. The warden ordered the electrician to renew the contact, and the switch was again turned, but much to Davis' surprise no current came. He announced in a low tone that a belt was off or the dynamo had broken down. Here was a dilemma. The labored breathing of the victim continued and his chest rose and fell convulsively. What was to be done? was the question that forced itself home to every spectator. It seemed as though Taylor might revive at any moment. The body had assumed a reclining posture in the chair, with legs stretched well out on the floor. Mr. Davis tried his lever again, but still no response. Taylor was

NOW BREATHING REGULARLY

but stertorously and those who did not know that he was unconscious expected to hear him cry out. It seemed as though the attendants, who had gone to tell the engineer of the failure of the dynamo, would never return. Warden Stout paced the floor visibly nervous. "I'll go myself and see what's the matter," said Davis, and he hastened out to the power house. Everybody remained quiet and the painful stillness was only broken by the gasping of the victim, while the fluid from his mouth had now saturated the strap across his chin.

Mr. Davis returned with the information that the armature had been burned out. It could be used no more that day. The spectators still wondered what was to be done with the rapidly reviving victim. Finally the straps were removed, a cot was brought in, and he was lifted upon it and carried into the next room.

HE WAS NOW GROANING ALOUD

and moving his head from side to side. His eyes were closed, but his features were not distorted with pain. The witnesses were instructed not to leave. Taylor's pulse grew stronger, and his breathing seemed less labored. He might recover. He was even now attempting to rise from his cot. It was necessary for the keepers to pinion his arms and legs. Dr. Conway gave him a hypodermic injection of morphine to quiet his struggles. He was asked if the patient would recover with sufficient time and he that Taylor was absolutely unconscious from the first contact, and they did not think he suffered for a moment. He was now in the same condition precisely as a man stricken with apoplexy. His symptoms were the same. There was certainly no burning of flesh. In fifteen minutes more a

SMALL DOSE OF CHLOROFORM

was administered. There was only one way to carry out the sentence of the law, and, inhuman as it seemed, the unconscious form must be strapped into the chair once more. Linemen were already at work stringing wires from the city's electric light plant through the grated windows of the death chamber, making connections with the switchboard for the second attempt at Taylor's extinction. In one hour all was ready, and the limp form of Taylor was carried to the death chair by three keepers. The broken foot rest had been repaired. He was held in position by straps and the current was turned on. The body stiffened up, but not with half the force as upon the first attempt, and for half a minute 1,240 volts coursed through his system. The current was then turned off, the stethoscope applied, and he was officially pronounced dead. The witnesses then signed the death certificate and were excused from further attendance.

A SHIP CANAL.

From Lake St. Clair to Lake Erie—Will it Pay When Built.

If the statements which are going the rounds of the press are reliable, the cutoff canal from Lake St. Clair to Lake Erie will soon be under construction. It is said by promoters of the scheme that the money required has been subscribed and the necessary legislation promised by the Dominion Government, and that the work will be completed inside of two years. A little analysis of the scheme is therefore not uninteresting. The distance by the river route from the St. Clair Flats Canal to the junction with the proposed cut-off in Lake Erie is 105 miles, and by the proposed canals 50 miles, making a saving in distance of 55 miles. The question whether or not the enterprise will pay depends on whether the time saved by a vessel's going by the shorter route will be worth the interest on the investment required to construct the canal.

The canal will be about 14 miles long, and will have to be cut through land varying from 5 ft. to 40 ft. above lake level. No statement has as yet been published giving the depth and width of the proposed canal ; but to accommodate the steamships that will be placed in the lake service when the improvements now being made to the lake waterways are completed, will require at least a cross-section of 21 ft. depth and 200 ft. width at water surface. Such a cross-section would require about 20,000,000 cubic yards of excavation for the canal, and about 3,000,000 cubic yards for channels in Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie. Assuming that no rock excavation will be required, which as yet has not been determined, the cost of cutting the canal—estimated at 15 cents a cubic yard—would be $3,450,000 which with cost of entrance piers in Lakes Erie and St. Clair, land damages, commissions, engineering and office expenses will make a total of not less than $4,000,000. Probably no capitalist will care to take chances in such an enterprise on estimated profits of less than eight per cent. of the investment, or an annual net income in this case of $320,000.

The total tonnage passing Detroit River may be estimated at 30,000,000 tons a year, one-third of which will go by the river route, even if the canal route be made free from toll. Tolls of at least 1½ cents a ton will therefore be required in order that the revenue shall be sufficient to pay interest on the investment.

By the time this canal could be completed, the freight carriers of the lakes will have a capacity of 2,000 to 5,000 tons each, or an average capacity of about 3,000 tons, and at present freight rates will be capable of making about $48,000 gross earnings in a full season of 200 days.

As the speed of the steamer in the canal would be about one-third of that in the open river, the time saved by going through the canal would be only about one and one-half hours per passage, the value of which, as determined from gross earnings for the entire season, would be, say, $15, or one-half cent a ton for freight carried.

It is therefore evident that, as the highest rate of toll that vessel owners could afford to pay is only one-third of that needed to pay interest on the cost of the enterprise, the promoters of the scheme must have some other source of revenue in view. If Canada could be annexed to the United States, the strip of land between the Detroit River and the canal would, no doubt, become very valuable, but until then there is no more reason why a city should be built up along this canal than along the Welland Canal, which is similarly situated.—[Railway Gazette.

Here's To Her.

My theme is one that's been too long unsung—
I sing the woman who can hold her tongue,
At evening circle, picnic or high tea,
In fact, wherever she may chance to be,
And listen to the gossip of the town—
How Mrs. A. has turned her cashmere gown,
And Mr. B. has cut young D. C.,
For telling tales of flirty widow D.,
And Lawyer F. is smitten with Miss F.
And Deacon G. is fast becoming deaf.
And, oh! much more—as though she never heard
Of all the ceaseless chat a single word—
And who, not only at such times as these—
I mean lawn parties, sewing bees and teas—
But at all seasons, when it's for the best,
Can keep her thoughts close prisoned in her breast,
And though a spark may glitter in her eye,
To speech unworthy it ne'er gave reply.
Alas! alas! let no one look at me,
For with regret I own I am not she
Were I, I really shouldn't think it wrong,
For once, to celebrate myself in song.
But, she must be somewhere, so I have sung
The wond ous woman who can hold her tongue.

—[Margaret Eytinge.

Unreasonable.

Mr. Foster Tightfist—Say! let me have that five I loaned you last night, will you?

Mr. Spender—Man alive, I haven't had time to spend it yet.

To know rather consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape, than in effecting entry for a light supposed to be without.

Antique Precedents in Force in Great Britain To-day.

The laws of England are, in most cases, what might be called "men's laws," so unequal is the justice they deal to men and women respectively.

For instance, a man is eligible for every office in the kingdom, and is under no restrictions as to voting.

On the other hand, there are many offices a woman cannot fill, such as member of Parliament, county councillor, etc., although she may be queen. She can vote in certain municipal and school elections, but for nothing higher. She cannot serve on a jury except in one special case.

All English temporal peers sit and vote in the House of Lords.

A woman may be a peeress in her own right, but she has no seat or vote. There is one recorded case of female baronet.

All professions are open to a man.

A woman may not be a clergyman, soldier, sailor, barrister, or solicitor. She may not even drive a cab or 'bus for hire in London. But women have been parish clerks and sextons. A woman was once high sheriff.

The law relating to inheritance of land prefers males to females. In nearly every case an eldest son inherits to the exclusion of all other children.

When daughters inherit land they share it equally. As regards personal property, a man is his wife's heir, but a widow is her husband's heiress only to a limited extent.

When a man survives a wife possessed of land, he will, in certain cases, own it all for his lifetime. In similar cases when a wife survives her husband, she will have a life interest in only one-third of his lands.

A man's domicile is not altered by his marriage. A woman has to adopt her husband's domicile for her own.

A husband is prima facie entitled to the custody of his children. A wife has no such right, nor will the courts readily grant it.

A man has the right to select the religion of his children.

A man has full rights over his own property. A woman married before January 1, 1883, has only limited rights over property which was hers before that date.

All these points are decidedly favourable to the man. But he does not have it all his own way, as the following facts show :—

Any adult man may be made bankrupt or imprisoned under the Debtors Act. A married woman can be made bankrupt only if trading separately from her husband. She cannot be imprisoned under the Act.

If a man orders goods in his wife's name, he must usually pay for them. A man must generally pay for all necessary articles his wife orders. He is even responsible to certain extent, for debts she has incurred before marriage.

A man is responsible if his wife commits libel or slander, or does any wrongful act for which damages could be claimed. He is responsible in this case also, to a certain extent, for such acts committed before marriage. A wife is never responsible for her husband's wrongful acts.

A man may be compelled to allow his wife sustenance money while she is carrying on a suit against him, or is forced to live separately from him.

In some cases married women may testify privately as to whether their signatures to documents were made without fear or favour. Equity will assist a wife if her husband has made some mistake in executing a power of appointment in her favour.

There seems to be some manifest injustice on both sides, but the wheels of legal reform move slowly, and probably a dozen Dickenses may write a hundred "Bleak House" arraignments of the powers that be before any changes will be made for the benefit of either party.

WILD SHRUBS.

Varieties Found in the Forest Worth Transplanting.

The beauty of our native shrubs and their use as flowering ornaments for large lawns becomes more appreciated with each succeeding year. While the cultivation of our native wild flowers is becoming very popular, until it is now quite the fashion for all well shaded lawns to have its treasured wild woods garden, some of our handsomest native shrubs are still neglected.

Many of the early flowering varieties may be safely transplanted, and those in bloom now may be marked for transplanting later, after the flowers disappear.

Those who live in the country seldom realize their opportunities for home adornment with these shrubs growing wild only a short distance from their barren, uncultivated lawns.

"You can not say too much in favor of planting our native shrubs," says Prof. Stiles, the editor of Garden and Forest. "There is the spice bush of our Northern woods, and the black birch, the red bud and the cornels, and the bird cherry and the magnolia of our coasts, magnolia glauca, one of the most beautiful of all the magnolias known.

"Chinese varieties blossom on bald stems before there is a sign of leaves, and they look as if they had the hair off, but our magnolias come out, the creamy white blossoms among the glossy new leaves filling all the air with fragrance. There is nothing like it

"Our native laurels are beautiful shrubs, and our crab apple and oak-leaved hydrangea of the Alleghany Mountains. The mountains that run down into Virginia and Carolina are the home of the richest varieties, but every neighborhood has some things worth finding and growing."

The editor of the Housewife echoes the plea for these native beauties : "The amateur will find nothing better worth taking into the home grounds than the native shrubs, vines and trees of his own country and neighborhood. He will probably not be convinced of this until he sees the wild shrubs in flower from the first of May till the water hazel brings out its catskins in autumn. Then, if he has any eye for the beautiful, he will covet such plants, mark their site and transfer them when out of flower. One can have little idea of the noble growth into which these shrubs can be encouraged or the fine setting they make in familiar soil and climate."

One must go to England to see our neglected flowering laurel, dogwood and spicebush as flourishing luxuriant in park and terrace, the ornaments of high-class gardening. We can judge little of their capabilities of beauty from the wild specimens crowded in swamps and woods. But favored spot, and their beauty of outline, their wealth of blossom are never to be forgotten.

The loveliest memory of my old home is the wild crab-apple tree. Set out from the forest, the soul of music transformed to color, in spurred bough, rich, shining leafage, and clouds of blushing pink bud and rosy blossom. The blooming of such trees is a festival to celebrate as the Japanese hold a national feast at the flowering of their cherry orchards. And the wild apple is beautiful in form, in leaf, in flower and red fruitage into November, when its dense thorny sprays form picturesque pencilings under the snow and frost all winter.

The beauty of early northern woods is the snow of the Juneberry or shadblow, its quaint native name noting the date of its blossom. The drooping white blossoms, with pinky tracts relieved by the silvery, downy green of the unfolding leaves and the refined coloring, make it even finer than the tinged pink, white and green of the Japanese hydrangea.

It is possible for nearly all flower-lovers to find wild roses or the fragrant sweet briar growing near their home, where they may be successfully transplanted. They are well worth cultivating, will prove to be ornamental to any lawn and the foliage is always fine for bouquets. If both the white and pink varieties can be secured they will make a handsome group when planted with the lovely crimson rosa rugosa, which has recently become so popular.

Tools Should be Kept Sharp.

Two of the principal things to be considered in the performance of any kind of labour, are ease and efficiency. And in many lines certain measures which increase the ease of doing the work, also increase the efficiency of the work itself. This is emphatically true in some kinds of farm labour, and of household work. One of the ways of securing this desirable end is, to keep the tools sharp. This will enable the worker to perform his labour more quickly, more easily, and in a better manner than he can possibly do it with dull tools. Nearly three thousand years ago, this fact was recognized by one who said: "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength." The same principle applies to-day, and it ought to be considered and acted upon by every one who uses what are known as edged tools.

On many farms there is an enormous waste of strength. Men, and women, boys, and teams, have to work a great deal harder than they need to accomplish the purpose which their toil is designed to serve. The men and boys cut wood with dull saws and axes, use dull hoes in working among the crops, cut the grass with dull sythes, and do various other kinds of work with tools which are in poor condition for service. Women cut bread and meat with dull knives and pare apples and potatoes and do other kinds of work for which an implement with a keen edge is needed, with knives that may once have been sharp, but from which the edge has long since departed. Horses are often required to draw mowing machines, and reapers, of which the knives are dull. In this way the machines are subjected to a greatly increased strain, which causes them to wear out much sooner than they ought, the work is poorly done, and as the draught is much heavier than it should be, much of the strength of the team is wasted. Now, whether it is wood or grass, or bread or meat, or anything else, that is to be cut, the man or woman who attempts to do the work with dull tools, is wasting strength. And strength is one of the most costly things which is needed on the farm, in the house, or anywhere else. It ought to be economized with the greatest care. It will be needed sometime, but if once lost, it cannot be recovered. Force once exerted whether it accomplishes much, or produces no effect, is gone forever. Therefore, it should be directed as wisely, and made as efficient as possible.

As already indicated, a waste of strength caused by using dull tools is also accompanied by a loss of efficiency. A man mowing with a dull scythe, cannot cut nearly as much grass in a forenoon, as he could with a sharp one, but he has to work a great deal harder than he would if his scythe was sharp. In hoeing, and every other kind of work in which sharp tools are needed, labour cannot be efficient if the tools are dull. Work as hard as he will, and use his strength as extravagantly as he may, the man who works with tools that are dull cannot work efficiently.

The practical application of this subject is important at all times, but is especially needful at this season of the year. The hoes, and scythes, and mowing-machine knives should be kept constantly sharp. Use the file and the grindstones freely and often. They will wear implements some, but they will enable the worker to do more and better work, and will prevent a needless expenditure of strength. It is better to wear away steel than it is to wear the human frame or waste the work of teams.

One of the things which every boy on a farm should be taught is, that tools should always be kept in perfect order. He should also be shown how this can be done. By the time he is eighteen years old, he should be able to put a keen edge on scythes, knives, shears, and all similar tools : to whet, as well as grind a scythe, and to keep all edged tools which are needed on the farm or in the house, in perfect condition for use. And, though this work cannot be done at home, the plows, cultivators, harrows, and all similar farm implements, should be kept constantly sharp. It is one of the poorest kinds of so-called economy to wear plow points to the utmost possible limit before getting a new one, or to use the harrow teeth until the points are entirely worn off, before having them sharpened.

When buying tools, a great deal of care should be taken to get good ones. It is of equal importance to keep these tools in the most perfect order possible. It is only in this way that they can be made to render all the service of which they are capable, and can enable the worker to utilize his strength, or the strength of his teams, to the best advantage.

Why She Took Him.

Charlie (in raptures) "So you will marry me ! Tell me do you love me ?"

Clara : "No, I don't ; but Agnes Murray does, and I hate her."

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

As soon go kindle fire with snow, as seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Opinions of the American Press.

(New York "Times.")

The fact is clear that Great Britain has a very large interest and France a very small interest in the affairs of Siam. A pecuniary indemnity and an apology (which has already been offered) for the killing of a French officer France may properly exact of Siam without rendering herself liable to be called to account by England, But the dismemberment or the acquisition of the country is quite another matter. When the question of annexing Hawaii came up it was recognized by foreign powers that American interests so preponderated over European interests that nobody had a right to interfere. The fact that nine-tenths and more of the trade of the islands was with the United States gave a claim that nobody disputed, and that the British expressly declined to dispute. If some power that did a fraction of the remaining tenth of the Hawaiian trade had undertaken to dispose of the islands at its own pleasure, the United States would unquestionably have made a vigorous assertion of their own interests. That seems to be the case with France and Siam, and it is to be expected that an assertion of the British interest in Siam will be made. The gravest feature of the situation is what appears to be the certainty that such an assertion must have been foreseen and disregarded by the politicians who are responsible for the foreign policy of France.

(New York "Tribune.")

The King of Siam has answered most impressively the ultimatum of France. He makes no effort to temporize, to argue the case, or to meet menace that cannot be sustained. He speaks promptly and frankly, with dignity becoming a soverign, and with the pathos of a brave spirit yielding to inexorable necessity. He defines his position with directness and evident sincerity that must convince impartial judges of the righteousness of his cause, and then, under pressure and for the sake of peace, offers concessions which surpass the bounds of ordinary generosity. All this will, of course, avail him nothing. It is already announced that France regards the King's reply as unsatisfactory, and will at once proceed against him and exact her uttermost demands with force and arms. Yet the verdict of the world must surely be that such harsh rejoinder is made only because logic and justice afford none consistent with the aggressive claims of France.

(New York "Post.")

It is impossible to understand at this distance the merits of the dispute between France and Siam, but the impression is hardly to be resisted that the former is relying upon its military and naval superiority to enforce demands which it would not make as against a stronger power. The reply of the Siamese Government to those demands is couched in respectful and self-respecting language, but it is easy to read between the lines a note of apprehension that the full demands of France may be insisted upon and that in the last resort they must be yielded. In short, it appears to distant observers that France is demanding more than she ought to, and that Siam will probably in the end yield more than an impartial tribunal would award.

ADVANTAGES OF SLOW TRAVEL.

The Old-Style Transatlantic Journey and That of the Racing Liner.

The slower-going steamer, say 300 to 350 miles a day, has decided advantages over the racer. To attain a high speed enormous propelling power is required and the ocean greyhound is like a great machine shop, the pulsations of the machinery jarring every portion of the boat. To double the speed, says the Baltimore Sun, of a vessel at sea the power must be cubed. The vessel to plow through the water at twenty-four miles per hour must displace twice as much water in an hour as it does when going at twelve miles per hour. That would require twice the power. But in addition to this the water must be displaced in half the time, and that requires the power to be doubled again. So that a vessel which would consume five tons of coal in an hour going at a rate of twelve miles, would consume, all other conditions being equal, twenty tons per hour if the speed is increased to twenty-four miles. After all there are attractions in the old style of going to sea, with its leisurely gait, its perfect rest, its absolute change from all the conditions of life on land, which are superior, in the judgment of many people, to the five or six days of hotel life between New York and Liverpool on one of the "liners."

Playing the Fool.

Some years ago there lived in a village near Glasgow an old man named Ritchie who, in spite of a deficiency in intellect, was remarkable for making very apt and witty remarks.

On one occasion, he was just entering the gates of the drive leading up to the house of the squire of the village, who was giving a dinner party the same evening, when he was overtaken by one of the guests.

The gentleman immediately greeted the old man with the words : "Well, Ritchie, I suppose you are going up to the house to play the fool to-night?"

"Nay, Mr. George," said Ritchie. "I was a-going ; but now I may as well turn back, for I reckon master won't want two of us."

Putting Down Fruit Without Sugar.

Mrs. C. D. Baker, Wheeling, W. Va. writes: I have just used the last of the fruit that I put up last summer, I did not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold. Get fresh fruit, wash it clean, put in common 3 or 4 gallon earthen jars and press it down what you can without injuring it. Take 2oz. Comp. Ex. Salyx, you can get it from any druggist, dissolve it in 4 gallons boiling water, when cool pour on enough to cover the fruit. The Salyx prevents fermentation and the water keeps the air from the fruit. I put up 20 gal. strawberries, 20 gal. raspberries, 40 gal. peaches and 17 gal. grapes and did not lose a gallon. Every jar kept perfectly fresh. The fruit looked and tasted just as it did when picked. I keep boarders and they all thought my fruit the nicest they ever ate, being much finer than canned fruit. I think it strange that every one does not put up fruit in this way as it is certainly elegant and so cheap and healthy.

The absence of temptation is the absence of virtue.

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1893.

The News-Advertiser is not quite correct in saying that Mr. Kellie organized the meeting which was addressed by the Premier on Wednesday week. Mr. Kelly had nothing whatever to do with it. He was merely asked to attend the meeting as an ordinary citizen. This meeting was the fulfilment of a promise made by the Premier to the editor of this paper last May, and the editor alone got up the meeting and introduced the speaker.

Mr. J. W. Haskins is desirous of refuting certain statements current in mining circles that he neglected to send in the petition for the construction of the Lardeau wagon road, and also that he did not make any amendments to the Mining Act. We have before us a letter from Mr. Campbell Reddie to Mr. Haskins, dated 19th December, 1892, in which he says: "I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of 13th inst. transmitting a petition signed by certain owners of mining claims in the Lardeau district praying for the construction of a wagon road from the upper end of Arrow Lake to the west end of Trout Lake, and from the east end of Trout Lake to the mines, and to state that the matter will receive due consideration."

In February last Mr. Haskins submitted to the Legislature the following amendments to the Mineral Act:

1—Every free miner to hold a mineral claim on each lead or vein he may find.

2—That he be not compelled to place four stakes, as it is impossible to do so in some places.

3—That he be compelled to blaze a line between stakes 1 and 2; also to put in a discovery stake, so as to enable others to find true corners of claim.

4—That thirty days be allowed between staking and recording.

5—That any free miner obtaining a mineral claim by false representations (that is to say, by taking advantage of the discovery of another) shall have no claim to any portion of said mineral claim and be debarred from obtaining any other mineral claim in the Province of British Columbia.

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

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Box 90, Huntsville, Ont.

NOTICE.

A COUNTY COURT will be held at Revelstoke, B. C., on Saturday, September 16th, 1893, at ten o'clock a.m.

J. KIRKUP,
Registrar.

Revelstoke, B.C., Aug. 9th, 1893.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership heretofore existing between Alex McRae and J. C. Richardson, of the Miners' Hotel, Lardeau, B.C., has been dissolved.

J. C. Richardson will continue the business, collect all accounts and pay all debts of the firm.

ALEX. McRAE.
JOHN C. RICHARDSON.

August 15th, 1893.

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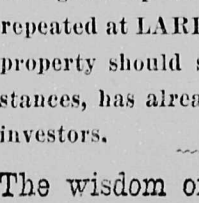

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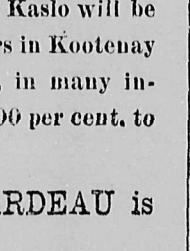

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NOTARY PUBLIC : REVELSTOKE, B. C.
Mining and Real Estate Broker and General Commission Agent.
FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KOOTENAY SMELTING AND TRADING SYNDICATE.
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The wisdom of an investment in LARDEAU is without question.

For further particulars, prices and terms, apply to any of the undersigned.

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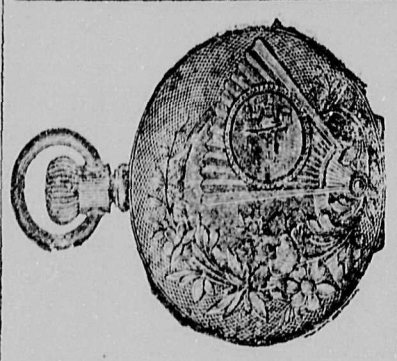

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HOUSEHOLD.

What Guest?

White is the wall, and white the floor,
And bright the hearth, and wide the door;
The chambers spotless, fair the beds,
With pillows soft for weary heads:
"Tell me, O woman wise and fair,
What guest comes in thy cheer to share?"

The table shines with silver store,
The pantry filled from roof to floor;
The linen draping fair and white
Where crystal glasses catch the light:
"What guest comes by this way? What guest
Within thy beauteous home shall rest?"

With tireless steps she goes her way,
Still ordering well from day to day
Her house, and making bright the shrine
Where evening's cheery hearth-fires shine;
Until there cometh to her door
A traveler, weak, and sad, and poor.

Not he the guest to please her eye;
She shuts the door—he passes by:
Yet, wistful, still his gaze he turned
Where bright the lovely home-lights burned.
Alas! no eyes had she to know
The Likeness neath his garb of woe!

But to her home there came at last
A guest with silent step, who passed
Through open door, through stately hall;
And waiting neither beck nor call,
He drew her from her cares to rest:
She went with him—her latest guest.

—[Violet Hastings.

A Little Patience.

When the children ask too many questions, or insist on knowing everything, do be patient. If they are awkward and hard to teach, be patient. They will learn everything and will not need to ask, all too soon. Remember that children are like travelers in a strange country, they thirst for knowledge about their surroundings, and you, who are a native of many years, should be courteous enough to be kind. When little fingers are awkward, or small brains slow to grasp the thing you wish to teach, remember that children are all left handed, so to speak. Think how you would have to try and try again before getting a thing right, if you were left-handed. Be patient with the children, for nothing is so restful in a quiet house as a noisy boy or girl; nothing is so ornamental in a prim, orderly mansion as a mischievous, busy fingered baby, and nothing so gay and merry in a troubled home as a sweet little child.

A Child's Playmates.

One of a mother's most difficult lessons is that she cannot keep her children under a glass case. Association with other children is inevitable: so is the good thus learned, so is the evil. A writer in the Jenness Miller Monthly says: It is hard for her, when wee Willie's vocabulary is enlarged by bad words which must be patiently untaught him; when next-to-the-youngest comes sobbing home because a playmate had insinuated that "mamma doesn't love him now that she has another baby;" when a struggle is foreshadowed by Nellie's giggling announcement that one of the neighbor's boys is her "beau;" when family law is defied because the children down the street do or don't have to do thus and so.

All this, and more, must be endured by the wise mother who realizes that her encompassing love can no more provide that they shall come out of daily contact with other children totally unharmed than that they shall pass through all life without scars on body, mind or soul. All she can do is to fortify them as best she can and send them out into the world to take the risk of the possible ill for the sake of the indispensable benefit.

For The Mothers.

It is paradoxically true that the way to make children appreciate their home is for them to leave it now and then. "It limbers out my mind," was the reason one little girl gave for her fondness for visiting around among her relatives, and she was right.

The model mother does not expect old heads on young shoulders; she mingles with her children and sympathizes with their plans, hopes, and fears. She opens up to her children the higher and more ennobling channels of thought; she gives them ideals from her own pure and lofty character.

A baby's mind is easily drawn from an object, and after telling it that it must not have a thing draw its attention to something else. Keep a child busy and it won't get into mischief. Never allow a child to have a thing you have refused it; but be careful in refusing it that you do it in such a way as not to arouse opposition and temper.

Sick headache is very apt to occur in school children from leaning forward over books, from imperfect digestion or from too little exercise in the open air, and not infrequently from a combination of these unhygienic conditions. A child who suffers from sick-headaches should be promptly relieved from such unwholesome influences.

As a toilet accessory borax is very useful, cleansing thoroughly the skin and hair. For this purpose dissolve one-half teaspoonful in a quart of water. It is also recommended for use in washing out a baby's mouth, keeping it fresh and sweet and preventing the infliction of a sore mouth. It is a perfect antiseptic and disinfectant, and mixed with glycerine or honey it is useful in throat diseases.

One wise woman, who crossed the continent with two children of six and eight, took a quantity of cardboard, a scissors and lead pencil, and while she cut the card board into small squares the little folks printed letters on them in large Roman caps, making a number of each letter. Then from these letters they formed words and sentences, and instead of annoying their fellow travelers, I saw a dignified dominie, a brave general and a sunny-faced prima donna all helping the little fellows to play a game of words.

Proper Form in Cards.

For husband and wife to have each a separate visiting card.

For a lady to leave her husband's cards and those of her sons and daughters in making the first call of the season.

For a lady to leave her husband's cards, as well as her own, after a dinner party.

For a lady to leave two cards in calling upon a mother with several grown-up daughters—one for the mother and one for the daughters.

When calling for the first time upon several ladies, who are not mothers and daughters, to leave a card for each.

For a lady, if admitted to make a call, to leave the cards of the gentlemen of her family on the hall table.

For a lady, if admitted to make a call, to leave her card on the hall table and send her name up by the servant.

For a lady to send up her card when calling upon a stranger.

To use the full name on a visiting card, as "Mrs. Joel Cotton Smith," "Miss Clara Howard Jameson."

For a lady to prefix "Mrs." or "Miss," as the case may be, to her name on a visiting card.

For a married lady to use her husband's full name or last name and initials.

For a gentleman, a married lady or a young lady who has been some time in society to have his or her address engraved on a visiting card.

For a young or single gentleman to put the name of his club on his card, rather than his own residence, if he prefers.

For a lady to have her reception day engraved in the left-hand corner of the card.

For residents in a small suburban town to put the name of it on their cards, in order to avoid confusion.

For the oldest single woman belonging to the oldest branch of a family to use "Miss Esmond" on her card, or for the oldest daughter of a younger branch to do so where there are no single women in the elder branch.

About the House.

Two large screws put into the wall some two inches apart makes a very good broom holder. Hang the broom, handle downwards. Nails may be used instead of screws.

A yard and a half square of coarse table linen will answer for a bread cloth. Keep a good supply of these in order that they may always be sweet and clean, and never use them for other purposes.

Most all house keepers use the half dozen made holders to take things out of the oven, but one house keeper thinks half an old apron hung at the side or tucked under the apron string is much more convenient than the ordinary holder and much more easy to keep clean and one does not care if it is covered on both sides with apple juice.

A notable housewife says of washing Monday: My own experience is that the house is up in arms after Sunday; nearly everything that is eatable has gone, as all good food goes. I take Monday for putting the house to rights and for mending. I mend every garment that needs it before it goes into the wash. You have no idea what a difference it makes in the wear of things. The rubbing and starching always enlarges a rent if one has started.

Whatever else you hoard, do not include in the list old medicine-bottles. The cost of these when perfectly new is trifling, and the futility of saving them against a possible errand to the chemist's is very apparent. Nor should tacks taken up when you remove carpets from the floor for the annual or semi-annual shaking be put aside for a second use. A new paper of tacks should be used whenever a carpet is relaid.

The destructive carpet moth and other predacious foes have greatly discouraged the practice of economizing by keeping perishable goods for that seven years' turning in which everything is supposed to become available for new uses. The *Country Gentleman* says ready-made clothing for men, women and children is threatening to abolish the once indispensable "piece-bag," and end those stores of scraps from which so many quilts, rugs and rag-carpets were evolved in patient continuity.

The Weekly Menu.

Corn Dodgers.—Mix a teaspoonful each of sugar and salt with a quart of granulated corn meal, and scald with boiling water until a paste is formed sufficiently stiff to retain its shape without spreading when placed upon the griddle. Mould with the hands into cakes three or four inches in diameter and half an inch in thickness, put a bit of butter about the size of a pea where each cake is to be placed upon the griddle, and as soon as melted lay the cake upon it. Fill the griddle in this manner with cakes, and when they are brown on the lower side place a small bit of butter on each of them, turn over, and gently press as close to the griddle as possible with a knife or cake paddle. After being turned on the griddle and browned nicely on both sides, the cakes can be transferred to a baking pan and finished in a hot oven, or if more convenient they can be baked entirely on a griddle or pan in the oven. Such dodgers can be baked in 30 or 40 minutes, but are sweeter and nicer when baked a longer time. The heat under the griddle or pan should be moderate so as not to scorch the dodgers, and they may be turned several times, if necessary, to brown them sufficiently.

Corn Fritters.—To one can of corn add one teacupful of sweet milk, two eggs, a half teacupful of salt, and flour, prepared with baking powder, enough to make a very stiff batter. Drop this batter by spoonfuls into boiling lard or drippings and fry the same as doughnuts.

Rusk.—Take of the bread sponge, when ready to form into loaves, about the size of a loaf and work into it half a cup sugar, half cup butter and two eggs; flavor with nutmeg. Let it rise several times, then mold into small biscuits and let it rise till fifteen minutes before supper, then bake. They should have about two to three hours for the last rising.

Lemon Jelly.—Soak one half box of gelatine in one cupful of cold water for an hour, or until it is dissolved. Add one cupful of sugar, stir it together and pour it into two cupfuls of boiling water and then add the juice of three lemons. Have the boiling water in a vessel on the back of the stove; let it boil after the gelatine is put in. After adding the lemon juice strain and pour into a mold and put it in a cold place till ready to use.

Tutti Frutti Cake.—Beat to a cream half a cup of fresh butter and two cups of powdered sugar, to which add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, a cup of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of cold water, the well-beaten whites of two eggs, and last of all three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with an extra half cup of flour. Bake in jelly cake tins in a hot oven, being careful to have the tins well greased and slightly warmed before pouring the batter into them. When cold, spread between each layer of cake the following mixture: The well-beaten whites of two eggs, enough pulverized sugar to make a soft icing, a teaspoonful of vanila extract, half a cupful of the best raisins carefully stoned and chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of currants, well washed, dried and picked, and an equal quantity of orange marmalade. This quantity will make two good-sized layer cakes.

Casserole of Potatoes.—Form an oval pile of mashed potato on a dish, make a hole in the centre of the size desired; brush the surface with beaten egg, and set in the oven until nicely browned. Fill the hole with stewed tomatoes macaroni or with any kind of stew.

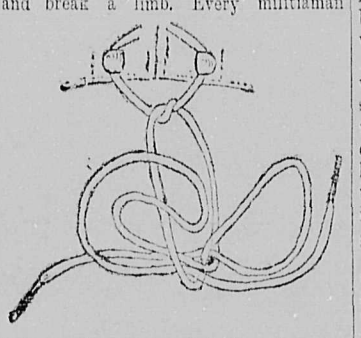
Metropolitan Cake.—Three cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of water, nearly four cups of flour, whites of eight eggs, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers, divide the batter, baking half of it plain in two pans, to the other half add one tablespoonful of browned allspice, one-half tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one-half pound each of citron, raisins and currants, all chopped fine. Put the layers together with boiled icing. For the icing boil five cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water until it ropes in water; then take it from the fire and pour on the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Beat a moment or two and then put between the layers, and on the top of the cake. This is a delicious supper cake.

Stewed Potatoes.—Slice cold boiled potatoes; salt to taste; dredge a little flour on them and half cover them with rich milk. Let them cook three or four minutes briskly, and, just before sending to the table, stir in a generous piece of butter.

TO KEEP A SHOELACE TIED.

One of the Great Annoyances of Life Removed by a Twist of the Wrist.

A public benefactor has arisen and, though he is merely selling shoes on a small salary in a city boot and shoe store, he is none the less worthy of fame, and, perhaps, a monument. He gives away with each pair of shoes the secret of tying them so that they will remain tied. No one needs to be told that heretofore the last thing shoelaces have been known to do has been to remain tied. Every male reader has more than once fallen over a schoolgirl who has suddenly stopped on the sidewalk to tie a shoelace. Every reader of that sex has frequently stopped—perhaps it has happened in the middle of a declaration of love—while his fair companion has put a foot on a near-by garden railing and stooped over to tie "that provoking shoelace." Every such reader has himself been halted—and perhaps missed the last train out of town on a Saturday night—in order to catch up the flying ends of his shoelaces, whose tric-trac on the pavement warned him that if he did not tie them up he might trip on one of them and break a limb. Every militiaman



has more than once spoiled the effect of a march and dropped out of line in order to tie a refractory shoelace in the gutter while the battalion swept by. In short it has seemed as though nothing could be devised to take the place of shoelaces, and as if no way could be found for keeping them securely tied.

This young shoe clerk has found the way—at least he has been making the way publicly known—so that hereafter men and women may buy shoes with the consciousness that they can pursue their chosen vocation without frequent and annoying interruptions that constitute a horrible slavery to their shoelaces. This clerk shows that all that is necessary is to tie a double bowknot in the same way that everybody does, completing the operation up to the very last point of drawing the knot tight against the shoe. Before doing that and finishing the job he brings in his clinching and perfecting touch. It is done by merely bending one of the loops of the bow under the knot, and then pulling the knot tight by taking hold of each loop and pulling.

The illustration shows all that is new in the clever unloosable knot. When the reader ties his shoelaces and has the bowknot completed he will notice a space or opening between the laces where they come up from the shoe to meet at the knot. Into and through that space he must put one of the loop ends of the knot. He merely takes hold of one loop, bends it under the knot, pushes it through the opening between the knot and the shoe, and then pulls the knot tight by pulling on the two loops in the old fashioned way. If he does that not all the powers of darkness nor all the cussedness of inanimate things will ever be able to make that shoelace come untied, until he wants it to. When he wants to untie it he will do so as easily as he ever untied any shoelace. A pull on the tag end of the laces and the thing is done.

A NEW WAR VESSEL

Which Will Fill the Gap Caused by the Loss of the Victoria.

A London, special says:—A new vessel, which will fill the gap created in the navy by the loss of the Victoria, has just been completed on the Tyne, and has arrived at Portsmouth to go on service. This is the new first-class line of battleship Resolution. She was launched on the 28th May last year, so that the time taken to complete her has been only a little over thirteen months. The builders are the Palmer Shipbuilding and Iron Company (Limited). The Resolution is one of the largest battleships afloat, comprising one of the eight built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889. She is 40 feet longer, 5 feet broader, and 3,680 tons more disblacement than the ill-fated Victoria. When used as a flagship the Resolution will have a complement of over 700 officers and men.

Of Sir Walter Scott's novels three are assigned to the sixteenth century, seven to the seventeenth century and thirteen to the eighteenth.

There is transcendent power in example We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Little Lumbermen.

Toiling incessantly in the great lumber regions of the Northern States and along the forest bordered rivers of Canada, for centuries before an axe woke the echoes of the woods, were a busy race of lumbermen—a small furry people. In time harder poineers of civilization invaded the haunts of these little people. Ringing shouts and axe-blows soon resounded by every important water, and before this tumult of strange human life the furred lumber men retired in dismay. They were the beavers; and the first axe at the forest tree presaged their doom.

They could only live in undisturbed solitudes, and from the sounds of men they retreated along the feeder and toward the headwaters of their favorite streams, leaving their "workings" dams and lodges, for inexcessible retreat.

Much that is not true has been written about the beaver and its ways. It possesses a flat, somewhat trowel-shaped tail, and writers jumped to the conclusion that this was used as a trowel. This was wrong, for the tail is used solely as a rudder in swimming and diving.

The beaver cut down trees, and was credited with the faculty of being able to cut them so as to fall in any selected direction. This I believe to be largely erroneous, as I have seen trees cut by beaver lying in the most awkward positions. But as a rule, it is certainly true that the cut tree falls toward the water.

The beaver is merely an enlarged musk-rat, with the tail flattened horizontally as the musk-rat's is vertically. Their habits are very similar, though the beaver possesses the greatest intelligence. Both build houses upon the same general plan, though the musk-rat house is rougher in finish than the beaver lodge.

Beavers are still to be found in many parts of Canada—notably in lonely portions of New Brunswick and Quebec, in the remote highlands of the Muskoka regions of Ontario, about the north shore of Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods country, and throughout the forested portions of the country termed the Canadian Northwest.

One of the largest beaver dams I ever saw exists at present on a feeder of Lake Megantic, near the boundary between the Province of Quebec and the State of Maine. Above it extends a characteristic "beaver meadow"—an expanse of many acres of drowned land covered with coarse grass and scattered tamaracks.

The site of a beaver dam is generally well chosen, but frequently one is found constructed at a point where the nature of the country would not commend the dam site to a clever engineer. In such works the intelligence of the animals appeared to have been at fault, and a great deal of useless work has been done.

The purpose of the dams is to control the water-level by obstructing the course of a small steam, and forming a pool of backwater. They are constructed of rough sticks, earth and anything convenient that will help make a solid structure. In course of time, the sediment from the streams, floating rubbish, decayed vegetation, etc., add greatly to their solidity and bulk.

In the ponds formed above the dams, where a comparatively even depth of water is assured, the beaver's lodges are built. These are rough, conical affairs, like gigantic musk-rat houses. In the centre of each, with an entrance always below the permanent water-level, is a room with a floor of water, above which are the bunks of the beaver. The story that the animals sleep with their tails hanging over the edge of the bunks into the water, to feel if the level is maintained, is in all probability a fabrication.

In portions of country where extensive lumbering operations have been carried on, and the streams in consequence have been continually disturbed, the few remaining beavers frequently abandon dam-making and lodge-building altogether to form burrows in the banks like the homes of the musk-rats. When they do this they are termed "bank beaver," and such of them as I have seen appeared to be much smaller and of darker color than average specimens.

In regions which are seldom disturbed the beavers move about, cutting trees, repairing dams and lodge-building, during the day-time. But wherever the lumberman has established himself, they have taken alarm, and appear only at rare intervals while the sun is up.

The best times to see them are very early in the morning, late in the evening, or upon moonlight nights. At all times they are exceedingly shy and difficult of approach taking alarm and disappearing at the slightest sound.

I have ambushed beaver more than once about the waters of the old fur-trader's route, inland from the north shore of Lake Superior. One experience there I shall not soon forget.

While working quietly along a small feeder of one of the lakes which spangle the Caribou ranges of that part of Canada, I noticed a small branch floating in an eddy. Its heavier end showed marks as if it had been cut with a gouge-chisel. The stream flowed through a desolate track, which was seldom visited save by a few wandering Indian trappers, and I knew that only a beaver could have left such "sign."

The branch had every appearance of being freshly cut, and as evening was approaching, it was possible that the little lumbermen would be stirring.

Silently moving up stream I scanned closely every yard of both banks, and every foot of water. I soon discovered fresh cuttings. After following the stream for a couple of hundred yards, I found that it led to an opening in the woods—a genuine beaver-meadow.

In the centre of the opening was a good-sized pool, doubtless the home of the beaver. I resolved to attempt the difficult task of creeping upon the shy creatures, and seeing them at work or play. Yard by yard, silent as a lynx, I crept ahead until I reached a well-made dam.

Immediately above it was a small pool, connected with the upper and main pool by a channel perhaps two yards wide. Glancing along this channel, I obtained a somewhat limited view of the upper pool, and saw that it would be impossible to creep further without actually going into the water.

As I looked, I marked a lazy ripple on the upper pool. Presently a roundish, dark object glided across the field of view and disappeared. It was neither duck nor diver, but the bullet head of a big beaver.

Creeping noiselessly to a convenient tree, I slowly rose upright and scrutinized every inch of the upper and lower pools and their connecting channel. A couple of roughly constructed lodges were plainly visible. Moving about in the water were two round heads, while creeping from the shore, seemingly upon a barely submerged log, was a plump, brown animal, like a gigantic musk-rat.

Clearly the innocent recluses supected no danger, and I determined to get a shot at one of them. Crawling from my tree to a point behind the centre of the dam, I removed small sticks and earth until a breach was made through which a rapidly increasing stream of water flowed.

The breach rapidly widened. I crept up the bank and seated myself upon a log about twenty yards from the dam.

The stream of escaping water increased to a goodly rivulet. For an hour I waited in the failing light, till a marked current extended between the pools, and turned the trailing moss and water-grasses downstream in wavering strands.

At last a round head appeared where the channel left the upper pool. It glided with the current for a few yards, then silently went under. Raising my Winchester to my face and resting my elbow upon my knee, I waited.

"Ahmeek," the "old man" beaver, was coming to see what was taking the water out of his chosen pond. No doubt the sudden movement of the water had warned him that the dam had been trifled with.

In a few moments a dark body rose through the limpid waters of the lower pool, and "Ahmeek," spread flat, like a fur rug on a floor, presently floated on the surface. As he floated I could see his glossy fur, his black outstretched paws, his gray chops and every motion of his beady eyes—yes, even the bubbles clinging to his fur.

That picture of the pool and the floating beaver was one which comparatively few white men have seen, and I enjoyed it so greatly that I rewarded him for the entertainment by lowering my rifle and leaving him in possession of the prime, dark skin I had coveted.

E. Wyndham Sandys.

ONCE IN TORONTO.

Dr. John Rae, the Noted Arctic Explorer, Married a Canadian.

Dr. John Rae, the celebrated Arctic explorer, whose death in London, England, was announced recently, was at one time well known in Canada. For some years he made his home in Toronto and Hamilton, Mrs. Rae, who survives her husband, is a daughter of the late Capt. Thompson, of Toronto. As will be seen from the resume of his life's work, given below, Dr. Rae spent several years in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and in the exploration and survey of parts of the Canadian North-west.

John Rae, L. R. C. S., M. D., LL. D., F. R. S., F. R. G. S., honorary correspondent of the Geographical Society of America, honorary member of the Natural History Society of Montreal, founders' gold medallist R. G. S., was born at the "Hall of Clestrain," in the Orkney islands, in 1813. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, and after going to Moose Factory as surgeon of a Hudson Bay ship, in 1845, he accepted command of an expedition to the Arctic to complete the survey of some 700 miles of coast attempted in 1832-3 by Parry. In June, 1846, he started with 10 men from York Factory, in two small boats, for a 900 miles' voyage. The party, which took only four months' provisions, wintered at Repulse bay. In April the work of survey was commenced, and before it was finished 1,000 miles had been travelled and the survey made. On his return to London, Dr. Rae accepted a place as second in command to Sir John Richardson in the Franklin search expedition, which left England in 1848. Rae was next offered command of another Arctic expedition, and with two men he made a sledge expedition to Wollaston Land, covering 1,100 miles of coast. The Arctic shore, for 300 miles east of the Coppermine river was searched: then the south shore of Wollaston Land, as well as Victoria Land and Victoria strait in which it was later found

FRANKLIN'S SHIPS HAD BEEN ABANDONED.

In the winter the party marched southward 1,359 miles to Fort Garry. A journey of 450 miles more brought him to the borders of civilization in 10 days. In eight months he and his companions had covered in their tramping 5,380 miles, of which some 700 miles was new discovery. In 1853, as agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, he started from York Factory with two boats, for the purpose of tracing the west coast of Boothia Land as far as Bellot strait and uniting the surveys of Sir James Ross and Dease and Simpson. Not meeting the expected Eskimos, and thus being disappointed in securing dogs, five men started, each hauling a sledge, Rae among the number. Eleven hundred miles were traversed, 400 in new territory. In all, in his different expeditions, Dr. Rae covered 23,000 miles of lake and river travel, most of it on foot. Some 1,750 miles of this represented new dicoveries, which he laid down by astronomical observation or compass bearings.

Dr. Rae and his party on their return to England were paid over a reward of £10,000 for having the first information of the fate of the Franklin expedition. In 1880 Dr. Rae assisted in the survey for the cable from England to America via the Faroe islands and Iceland. He also visited Greenland. In 1864 he conducted a telegraph survey from Fort Garry (Winnipeg) across the Rockies to the coast, through the Yellow Head pass, the latitude of which he accurately fixed as well as its altitude. Some hundreds of miles of the Fraser river was descended in dugouts without a guide. This was his last important exploratory work. He wrote comparatively little, brief accounts of his journeyings addressed to the Royal Geographical Society being the chief of his works.

One-fifth of the families in Glasgow live in single rooms.

There is a possibility that the Infanta Eulalia, may become Queen Regent, of Spain, The queen regent, Christiana, is in very precarious health and is about to submit to a very dangerous surgical operation. If she should not survive it the Infanta Isabella would become regent, and in the event of her death or abdication Eulalia would assume the reins of power. Eulalia has even a possibility of attaining the throne itself as the little king is a rickety youngster who is not likely to reach manhood.

TROUT LAKE CITY

WEST KOOTENAY, B.C.

The above town site is now on the market, and lots are being rapidly bought up by local parties. It is situated at the north end of Trout Lake, in the famous

LARDEAU COUNTRY

which is going to be one of the **RICHEST MINING REGIONS** in America. **NUMEROUS RICH CLAIMS** have been found close to this town site, which will make it the **DISTRIBUTING POINT** for an **IMMENSE TRACT OF COUNTRY.** It is the only level land at the north end of the lake. The owners intend to expend money on streets and other improvements in the Spring. The trail from Lardeau City, on Arrow Lake, to Kootenay Lake, runs through the town site. For the **NEXT THIRTY DAYS** corners will be sold at $150 and insides $100.

For further particulars apply to

C. E. PERRY & CO.,

at the Head Office, Nelson, B.C., or to

T. L. HAIG,

Local Agent, - - REVELSTOKE, B.C.