The Kootenay Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., OCTOBER 14, 1893. No. 18.

The "Nakusp Ledge" is the latest addition to West Kootenay's newspapers. It is small, but breezy, and will certainly be a great help towards building up the town on the Arrow Lake. The publisher is R. T. Lowery, a name familiar in Kaslo. We hope he may yet make a rich strike on his ledge.

Three or four mines on Trout Lake will be worked right along this winter. The Black Prince, one of the Seroy group, will put out ore up to the end of the year. The Silver Cup will do likewise on the completion of a short trail to the mine; No. 25 will also employ several men bringing out ore; so that Trout Lake City will not be the least lively place in West Kootenay this winter.

Two fights in two hotels on Thursday night seem to show that the old, woolly days of the "wild west" are not completely obliterated. In one instance the appearance of the victim was so changed by having a portion of his ears sampled that even his most intimate friends had to exclaim "Is that Mr. Riley?" In the other affair two of the contestants were hustled under the billiard table to finish the melee a la cats of Kilkenny.

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.

Trial Trip of the Arrow.

The screw steamer Arrow, built at Revelstoke by Mr. Vanderberg and partner, made her trial trip last Sunday. She had about 24 people on board. Starting from the wharf at 11 a.m., she went up stream nearly as far as the bridge, where she turned about and steamed down river some distance below the Illecillewaet. Everything worked smoothly, she answered her helm like a thing of life, and made excellent speed against the current with an average pressure of 50lbs. She is 42ft. over all, 9ft. 4in. beam, and draws about 2 feet of water. She is fitted with a Roberts Safety Water Tube boiler, with a test pressure of 400lbs. and a working pressure of 200lbs., but 75lbs. was the highest recorded on the trip. The only fault noticed was that the injector is a trifle too large. This will be remedied. The engine is of 50 h.p. and was built by the John Doty Engine Co. of Toronto. The propeller is three bladed and is on a level with the keel. She has seating accommodation for about 50 passengers, and is provided with canvas awnings both sides. She left for Nakusp on Monday, and will probably be employed on the Arrow Lake during the winter. The builders are greatly pleased with the boat and announce their intention of running to the Big Bend next summer if possible. The Government should be asked to open up the river between Revelstoke and Downie Creek.

SOAP.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness."

A NEW SHIPMENT OF STAPLE AND

FANCY SOAPS

to be opened this week.

VINOLIA, RECAMIER, ETC., ETC.

Revelstoke Pharmacy

ARMIT & RASHDALL,
New Denver, B.C.

REAL ESTATE & MINING BROKERS

Crown Grants can be obtained direct from the Government for all lots in the town of New Denver.

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.

LOCAL NEWS.

Billy Warren left town on Tuesday for Kamloops, where he will probably reside.

Mr. T. M. Hamilton, of the Queen's Hotel, Trout Lake City, was in town several days this week.

MILLINERY.—The arrival of all the latest Fashions and Novelties in Millinery is daily expected at H. N. Coursier's.

New Denver real estate is looking up. A corner lot was sold last week to a Vancouver man for $1.100.

T. M. Hamilton, Ed. Maunsell and Geo. Spinks, went down river yesterday in a rowboat. They are bound for Trout Lake City.

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.

According to an advertisement from the Provincial Secretary's office, Andrew Clark has been appointed mining recorder at Trout Lake City. It should have been ANDREW CRAIG.

Johnny Nelson left with his team of horses on Thursday for work on the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Railway, hauling ties for P. Genelle, contractor, between here and the Green Slide.

Prof. Rae will give readings and character sketches in the Methodist Church on Thursday evening, and will be assisted by Messrs. Guy Barber and J. F. Ahlin, who will contribute songs and organ recitals.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The man whose feet were run over by a freight train the other day came out all right, and is now running round smart as a cricket. He had on a pair of Cordovan Boots purchased at H. N. Coursier's.

While a carload of cattle were being shipped on the steamer Columbia at the wharf on Monday, one of the animals escaped into the timber and has not since been seen. They were consigned to Wilson & Perdue, Nelson, and sent by Hull Bros.

Tom Horne arrived up from the Lardeau last Thursday. He has some rich claims there, notably on the great Horne ledge, but the low price of silver has for the present stopped the deal he had in view with a syndicate of mining men from the other side.

Just to hand a Carload of STOVES. C. B. Hume & Co.

Both the Columbia and Lytton arrived up about noon on Monday. It was thought the river was too low for the former to reach here. As it is the water in the river is still falling, and navigation may close earlier than last year, when the boats ran till January.

The Indian encampment on the island opposite the town is now deserted. The weather was getting too chilly for the red men, and on Monday they "struck their tents and silently stole away," going down river in two or three large canoes. They have left several interesting relics behind—old boots, cans, bottles, &c.—just the same as white men.

KEEP COOL.—It is all very well to keep cool, but winter is ahead and we must warm up. H. N. Coursier has a building full of stoves which he is dispensing like hot cakes.

Hunting parties are in vogue just now. Two parties went out on Monday after bear, but evidently the Bruin family are not "at home" Mondays. One of the parties, consisting of five, brought back a solitary diver, which fell to the gun of Revelstoke's best shot. The other party returned with even less.

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.

George Laforme and Pete Levecque left on Monday with the pack train for Big Bend. Several men will winter there, and George hopes to make another trip before the snow comes. It was last November that he had to destroy his horses at the Bend because the snow precluded their returning to Revelstoke, and there was no feed for them up there.

Miss. S. Graham left for a visit to relatives in Victoria on Monday night. She had been in charge of Coursier's millinery and dressmaking establishment for more than two years and is enjoying a well earned holiday. If she likes Victoria she will probably stay there. If not, she will go home to Toronto. Miss Baird, of Toronto, is her successor here.

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

A meeting was held at the Central Hotel on Wednesday evening to discuss the opening up of Douglas street. Mr. Davie, when in Revelstoke, had promised the assistance of the Government in the matter, and a committee was appointed to call on the lot owners on that street to see how much money could be raised. The committee canvassed the town on Thursday and about $250 was promised. If the Government will contribute a like amount, work will be commenced at once. This will greatly improve the town.

Go to C. B. Hume & Co. and buy all kinds of STOVES.

Go to C. B. Hume & Co. for STOVES The Lowest Prices and Largest Assortment.

Mr. Cambie, chief engineer, and Mr. Kilpatrick, bridge inspector, C. P. R., assisted by Mr. F. Fraser, bridge-keeper, were employed Wednesday in taking fresh soundings over the Columbia River in connection with the erection of the new steel bridge at Revelstoke. No difference was observed in the bottom since the operations last winter. It is hardly probable that work on the new structure will be commenced this fall.

Grading on the Revelstoke and Arrow Lake Railway is being pushed with all possible speed and tracklaying has been commenced at this end. The road will be completed as far as the Green Slide, 13 miles below Revelstoke, where steamboats can reach at all times. The remaining portion has been cleared and grading will be carried on as long as the the weather permits, but it is necessary for the winter traffic that the road should be running as far as the Green Slide before the snow comes.

The Lytton is busy carrying railway iron to Nakusp, a number of men being employed at the wharf, where great quantities of rails—about 40 carloads altogether—are being shipped. When the supplies for the Nakusp and Slocan Railroad are all taken down the Lytton will run from Revelstoke to Nakusp, where she will transfer cargoes and passengers with the steamer Columbia, returning again to Revelstoke, while the Columbia will run between Nakusp and Robson, or Northport till the completion of the N. & F. S. Railway.

LARDEAU NOTES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

TROUT LAKE CITY, Sept. 30th.

The town has appeared a little more lively during the past week. Most of the prospectors have been driven down from the mountains by the snow and, of course, some of them are making things hum in the saloons.

The Queen's Hotel was formally opened on Monday night, and several swelled heads testified next day to the power of Mr. Hamilton's liquors. The bar in this hostelrie is well worth a visit, not alone on account of the generous fluids dispensed across its broad bosom, but because it is in itself a most tasteful work of art. It is made of cedar cut on the lake shore and split by hand, dressed and oiled, showing the exquisite veining of the natural wood. The different shades of red and white have been artistically arranged and most advantageously displayed.

We have, at last, secured the long-desired record office, Andy Craig having been appointed as recorder for the district and duly furnished with several tons of ponderous tomes for the proper registration of claims.

Why we cannot also obtain a post office is a dark and gory mystery, the secret of which remains locked in the bosoms of the officials of the circumlocution office at Ottawa.

A large gunnysackful of mail was brought in last week by a charitable traveller. It had been peacefully reposing for more than a fortnight at Thompson's Landing, having in some miraculous manner escaped the Thompsonian soup pot. The way mail is handled between Revelstoke and Trout Lake is disgraceful. The sealed packages frequently arrive broken open and papers, &c., often do not arrive at all.

Messrs. Harrison and Barchard have recovered from the effects of their shipwreck and start up the river to-morrow or next day.

Mr. Bourke has returned from the Forks in company with Mr. Cague, who leaves on Monday for Arrow Lake.

The weather has been brighter, but the chilly nights proclaim that Dame Winter is already clawing at us with her icy fingers, and heavy clothing is indispensable.

Latest reports are more favorable as regards mining prospects, and, can we but weather the present storm, the Trout Lake district will blossom forth next year like the flowers that bloom in the spring.

SLOCAN NUGGETS.

NEW DENVER, Oct. 3rd.

Patsey Clark, Thomas Jefferson and J. A. Finch, mining men having considerable interests in this camp, have been here for the past few days. They have been looking at several prospects, and we understand that there is every likelihood of, at all events, one group up Four Mile being bonded by these parties.

The Noble Five, Blue Bird and Reco will all ship ore via New Denver this winter, preparations having been already made to connect their claims (by means of a sleigh road to the road from Sandon Creek) with Three Forks. Added to which the Idaho, Mountain Chief, Slocan Star, Wonderful (the bond on which has just been taken up) and Cumberland are all making preparations to ship this way, as soon as snow falls.

New Denver gets busier every day, and there can be little doubt that she will be the best town in the district as soon as snow is on the ground. In the meantime railroaders from the north and wagonroaders from the east keep us lively, and make us remember the early days in the west.

BIG BEND.

J. W. Haskins and W. Miller arrived down from Big Bend last Friday. Mr. Haskins brought some rich samples of quartz from the Crown Point claim on Gold Stream, between French and McCulloch Creeks. One of the pieces of rock would assay thousands of dollars to the ton, and all showed considerable free gold. Mr. Haskins located the Crown Point in 1885, and three tunnels have been driven on the property. He intends taking the specimens to Vancouver and will endeavor to form a company to work the claim, which, he says, is very valuable. If he succeeds a ten-stamp mill will be erected and the quartz crushed on the spot. If there is much of the same kind of rock Mr. Haskins brought down, there can be no doubt of the venture being a successful one.

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 3148 to Station 4204, on the east side of the Elk River to the confluence of Michel Creek, thence up the left side of the valley of Michel Creek to the crossing of same, and thence along its right bank, all in the District of East Kootenay, B.C., a distance of 20 miles.

(Signed) W. HANSON,
Managing Director.

October 5th, 1893.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made by the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company to His Excellency the Governor General in Council at the Privy Council Chamber in the City of Ottawa on Wednesday, the twenty-ninth day of November next, 1893, at two o'clock in the afternoon, or at such other hour on that day as the same can be heard, or in the event of there being no meeting of the Privy Council that day, then on the first day thereafter on which a meeting is held, for the approval by His Excellency the Governor General in Council of the Lease by the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company of its proposed line of railway lands, properties, and appurtenances connected or intended to be used therewith, and the powers, privileges and franchises of the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and of the agreement for such Lease made between the said companies pursuant to "an Act to incorporate the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company passed by the last Session of the Parliament of Canada."

J. A. GEMMILL,
Solicitor at Ottawa for the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company.

Dated 15th September, 1893.

THE

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

REVELSTOKE B.C.

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

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

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.

W. R. POULTON,

SAYWARD,

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

IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.

THOS. ABRIEL,

General Agent

FOR REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

NAKUSP, B.C.

—:o:—

Sale of Mines a Specialty.

HULL BROS.

REVELSTOKE.

BUTCHERS

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

BEEF, PORK, Etc.

Edwin Maunsell, who has entirely recovered from the severe injury to his foot from the slipping of an axe, was in town several days this week. He will spend the winter trapping on Trout Lake

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that on the 22nd day of September, A. D. 1893, there issued out of this Honorable Court at suit of William McLaren the younger and Thomas Moodie a writ of summons directed to Archibald McGregor, requiring him to enter an appearance thereto at the office of the Local Registrar of the High Court of Justice at Perth, within eight weeks after the service thereof upon him.

Notice is also given that on the 25th day of September, 1893, a statement of claim was filed by the said William McLaren the younger and Thomas Moodie setting out a mortgage to the plantiffs for $1,425.00 upon west half of lot number twenty-seven and east half of lot number twenty-six in the sixth concession of the township of Drummond, County of Lanark, setting out also a mortgage upon the said premises for $1,750.00 to one Donald McGregor, assigned to the plantiffs as additional security for said $1,425.00, and claiming ment of the amount due, or in default thereof that the said lands and premises be sold and the proceeds applied in payment of the said mortgages.

Notice is also given that on the 25th day of September, 1893, an order was made by His Honor William Stevens Senkler, Esquire, Local Judge of the High Court of Justice at Perth, that service of the said writ of summons and statement of claim upon the said defendant should be effected by publishing a notice thereof and of the said order in three issues of the KOOTENAY STAR, published at Revelstoke, at intervals of one week, and by mailing a copy of each of the said writ of summons, statement of claim and order to the defendant at "Sproat's Landing, via Revelstoke, B. C." and that, after the expiration of eight weeks from the last of such issues of the KOOTENAY STAR, the plantiff should be at liberty to proceed as if personal service of the said writ of summons and statement of claim had been effected; and that service of all future proceedings in the said action upon the said defendant should be effected by posting up copies thereof in the office of the Local Registrar of the High Court of Justice at Perth.

Dated this 25th day of September, A.D. 1893. J. A. ALLAN,
Solicitor for Plantiffs.

Dressmaking, Mantlemaking.

MISS A. NELSON

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

EDWARD LIPSETT,

Sail, Tent and Awning Maker:

HORSE & WAGON COVERS,

BAGS, HAMMOCKS, &C.

WATERPROOF BLANKETS & COVERS

TENTS FOR SALE & TO RENT.

HYDRAULIC MINING HOSE,

All sizes made to order.

69 WATER STREET,

VANCOUVER, B.C.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Royal Mail Lines.

Proposed Sailings from Montreal.

NUMIDIAN	Allan	Oct. 21
SARDINIAN	"	" 28
MONGOLIAN	"	Nov. 4
LAKE SUPERIOR	Beaver	Oct. 21
MARIPOSA	"	" 28
LAKE ONTARIO	"	Nov. 4
OREGON	Dominion	Oct. 21
TORONTO	"	" 28

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

Intermediate, $30; Steerage, $20.

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

Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

I. T. Brewster,
AGENT, REVELSTOKE;

or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

There is a long silence. He still leans there, his head on his hand, his face turned towards her as if to gaze his last on the beauty he loves and remembers with so absorbed and passionate a fidelity. Her eyes, amidst those blinding tears, meet his own longing gaze. She rises from her seat and holds out her hands, while her voice, broken and full of unutterable sadness, cries out:

"Oh, Keith, what should I say—what should I do? May God have mercy on us both."

"If you wish his mercy on you, don't cry," says Keith hoarsely, "or you will make me so desperate that I shall forfeit any little bit of kindness you may still feel! Be cold, cruel scornful if you please, but don't drive me mad with sight of your sorrow. Mine I can bear—it is no new friend. But yours——"

Lauraine dashes the tears from her eyes, and makes a violent effort at self-control.

"I cannot ask you to forgive me," she says; "it would be better if you could learn to hate me. I wonder you do not, when you think of all the sorrow I have brought into your life."

"I have tried my best to hate you," he says gloomily; "I cannot. Do you suppose that if, by any deed, any power of will, I could tear your memory from my heart, and once again know peace, that I would not do it? God knows how gladly! But I can not; I must go on thinking of you, loving you——"

He ceases abruptly, then goes on:

"And once you put your arms round my neck and told me you would be mine 'for ever.' There are times now when I seem to feel that soft touch and the thrill of your unasked kiss, and—then, Lorry, I remember that 'for ever.' meant less than—four years."

"You—you promised," falters Lauraine.

"Yes, you are right. So I did. I seem to do nothing but make promises and break them with you. Well, there is one comfort, after to-day I shall have no chance of doing either one or other. There can be no distance too wide to set between our lives. And—oh, God, to think of what might have been!"

"Life is full of mistakes," says Lauraine, weeping unrestrainedly now. "Oh, had I but known—had I but known! Yet, Keith something tells me that time will bring you concolation—time and the consciousness that you have done right."

"Your words are beyond my power of acceptance," he answers, gloomily. "If I am doing right now, it is from no good motive, I assure you. If again you said to me 'Stay,' there would be no more parting this side the grave, Lorry, for you and me."

His voice is very low and unsteady, but she hears every word, and all the wild love and longing, the weariness and emptiness of her life, seem beating like waves against the poor weak barriers of honour.

"I think I would give all the world to be able to say it to-day," she cries, with sudden passion. "But oh, Keith! the 'to-morrow,' that would follow; the sin and misery that would be with us both forever! Is life or love worth one's eternal ruin? Is our parting now to be compared to that 'other' parting that would have to follow—the eternal parting that would be so hopeless because of the guilt that lay upon our souls?"

"I do not think a great love can ever be a sin," Keith answers, passionately. "And mine would last you if ever human love did last. So much I know of myself, bad as I am."

"You are not bad," says Lauraine, gently. "And I am sure you won't threaten me with the worse misery of your recklessness as once before you did. The nobler and better your life, the less will be my suffering. And you won't be cruel enough to add to that, will you Keith?"

The pleading voice, the tearful eyes, unman him. "Why don't you abuse me, condemn me, call me the selfish brute I am?" he says, with that rapid contrition that so often marks his wildest moods. "No, Lorry, I won't be 'bad' if I can help it. I wouldn't wish to add to your sufferings, though I am so selfish. Let me go now, while I have strength, while the good fit is on me. It mayn't last, you know, and then——"

He is standing facing her, and white as death she looks up and meets the mournful gaze of the "bad blue eyes."

There is no badness in them now, only a great anguish and a great despair.

One long, long look they give—a look that seems to read her heart, and all its love that she denies, and all its suffering that he has given.

He takes her hands and draws her near, nearer. She trembles like a leaf. Her eyelids droop, her lips quiver. "May I—kiss you?" he whispers.

She makes no answer in words, for speech is beyond her. She forgets everything now, save that she loves, and that this is an eternal farewell to her lover.

There comes such a moment of forgetfulness to all women who love, otherwise, indeed, there would be none to fall for love's sake only. Otherwise, how easy would be the conflict that, of all others is the wildest, the fiercest, and hardest to wage.

She lifts her head. The anguish, the entreaty in her eyes frighten, and yet gladden him. For in this moment he feels he is master of her fate, and she is unconscious of the fact. Did he but hold her in his arms—did the tide of passion, locked back within his throbbing heart, find vent in one word, one caress, he knows he could not answer for himself—for her!

It is the critical moment of Keith Athelstone's life. All that is best and worst in his heart are at war; all that is most hard to resist wraps him in a flame of tempting that burns away all good resolves, and almost stifles the faint whispers of a conscience that pleads for her.

For her—for her. To save her from herself as well as from his own mad love.

To leave her unharmed, untainted by the baseness of his selfish passion; to be worthy of love, as love had been in these sweet, glad, childish days.

These thoughts flash like lightning through his brain, even as he meets her mournful eyes, and reads their unconscious betrayal.

"Oh, love, good-bye! Let me go!" he cries, wildly, and throws her hands aside with a most cruel force.

He is blind and dizzy with pain. A word a look from her, and he knows that his strength will be broken like a reed—that he will never leave her again; and in his blindness and dizziness and agony of heart he rushes away, flings the door wide open, and finds himself face to face with—Sir Francis Vavasour!

CHAPTER XXV.

"THY HEART'S DESIRE."

Fate delights in playing mankind spiteful tricks.

The present instance is no exception. Lauraine has sunk back into her chair, faint and spent with emotion; scarcely conscious indeed, of what is going on around her; and in this state her husband's rough voice breaks upon her.

"What the devil's the matter? I met Athelstone flying out like a bombshell, and you look like a ghost. Have you been having—a fraternal quarrel?"

She starts to her feet and looks at him with wild, wide eyes.

"Francis, you——" she gasps.

"You don't seem very pleased to see me," says her husband, looking at her suspiciously. "What on earth have you been doing with yourself? You look as ill as possible."

He takes her hand and kisses her carelessly on the cheek as he speaks.

"I have not been well," she falters, trying bravely for composure, "and Etwynde asked me to come to her for a few weeks and I thought the change would do me good. How is it you are in London? Did you know I was here?"

"Yes. I got your letter at the club and came on. I only arrived last night."

He throws himself into a chair, and looks at her curiously.

"What was the row with Athelstone?—you haven't told me."

Lauraine grows very white.

"He is going abroad—away for years. His engagement is all over. He came to say good-bye."

Sir Francis gives a long whistle.

"Nom de Dieu? Is that so? And have you had a hand in breaking it off, my lady?"

"What do you mean?" she asks, looking at him with grave surprise.

"Mean? Oh, you and Keith were such chums always. I thought he had done it because you—objected. I know you never liked the marriage."

"It had nothing to do with me," says Lauraine, coldly. "And the girl was very fond of him. I am sorry for her."

"It strikes me that Jean wasn't so far out, after all," says Sir Francis, with a harsh laugh. "You and Keith do seem to have a remarkably good understanding with each other."

Lauraine looks at him, her eyes dark with anger.

"Since when have you taken to speak so familiarly of Lady Jean Salomans?" she asks; and by what right does she discuss my actions with you?"

"Come, that won't do," says her husband, throwing himself back in his chair, *and looking at her defiantly.* "It's rather too like the proverb of the pot and the kettle. You discuss me with Keith Athelstone, I have no doubt, and other things too."

"Do you mean to insult me?" asks Lauraine, rising from her seat, and looking steadily at him.

He shrugs his shoulders.

"You are always so tragic. Insult you? No. Only before you question my actions, it might be as well to look at your own. Are they quite—blameless?"

She stands there, and all the colour fades from her face; her limbs tremble. "I will not affect to misunderstand you," she says, slowly. "But——"

He interrupted her roughly. "Don't trouble to explain. Of course we all know you are san reproche. Only don't turn the cold shoulder to other women, when you yourself are no better than they—seem. Were I a jealous husband I should have forbidden Keith Athelstone your presence long ere this."

"There would have been no need," she says, proudly. "I am not a woman to forget honour and self-respect."

"Oh, fine words are easy," scoffs her husband. "To the untempted virtue is no merit. And although anyone could see Keith Athelstone was making himself a fool about you, yet you never cared a straw for him. If you had——"

"Well?" she asks, very low, as he pauses.

He laughs again. "You would have been no better than—others, I suppose. What you call self-respect is only another word for cold-heartedness."

Lauraine thinks of the scene through which she has just passed. Cold-hearted? Well, if she be, she thanks God for the fact. That her husband should speak thus to her fills her with an intense shame. After all, would he have cared so very much, if —— The evil thought coils round her like a serpent, she feels sick and stifled, and full of pain and fear.

"I am going to my room," she says, hurriedly. "Will you excuse me? I—I am not very well."

"Ma chere," laughs her husband, roughly, "one doesn't stand on ceremony after a few years of married life. Don't stay here for me. I'm off too, now. I have heaps of things to do."

"Will you dine with us to-night?" asks Lauraine.

"To-night? Well, yes. I suppose it will look better, and I should like to see what sort of fellow your æsthetic friend has captured. Jove! if men only knew what fools they are to marry!"

But Lauraine has left. Sir Francis takes up his hat. His face is dark and disturbed.

"Jean was right. There is something," he mutters. "But Lauraine is not like—her. Should I be better pleased if she were? Sometimes I think I would give the world for freedom; and yet——"

The door opens. Lady Etwynde sweeps, in, as radiant and fair a vision as eyes could wish to behold.

"Sir Francis! You here, and alone! Why, where is Lauraine?"

"Gone to her room. Not well, or tired, or something," he says, as he shakes hands. "I am glad you have had her here; she mopes herself to death down at the Chase. I can't see what she is so fond of it for. I detest it myself."

"There are associations, you see," says Lady Etwynde, quietly. "Her child was born there, and there died."

He feels somewhat ashamed. He thinks of his wife—how young, how sorrowful she looked; how all the life and radiance seemed Life with Lauraine has been so flat and monotonous a thing.

"Well, at all events it does not agree with her," he says brusquely. "I was glad to find her in town. I got her letter at the club. I am only up for two or three days myself."

"Will you dine with us to-night?" asks Lady Etwynde. "We are quite alone, so it won't be very lively, and you have had so much brilliant society lately."

He looks quickly at her. He is always suspicious of women's words; always given to looking under them for some hidden meaning. But Lady Etwynde's face is innocence itself.

"Thanks. Yes. I told Lauraine I would come," he says, not very cordially, for indeed an evening with these two women looks a dreary penance to him.

"And you will stay here, will you not?" says Lady Etwynde. You won't go back to an hotel while Lauraine is in town?"

"Oh, I could not think of inflicting myself upon you," he says, hurriedly: "and it is such a flying visit—thanks all the same. And now, good-bye till to-night."

"Good-bye," says Lady Etwynde, coldly. She thinks his behaviour both strange and callous, and very uncomplimentary to his wife.

Then he leaves, and she goes to Lauraine, and finds her lying in a darkened room, white, spent and exhausted.

"My dear, what is it?" she asks, in alarm. "Has anything happened? Are you ill?"

For a moment Lauraine hesitates. Then the sight of the sweet, compassionate face melts the hardness that she fain would keep about her heart, and in a few broken words she relates the whole sad tale of that interview and farewell.

"My only comfort is that at last he will go—surely he will leave me," she says, in conclusion. "Indeed, it is time. The strain is more than I can bear. Besides, Sir Francis has noticed it—he said so; and his words were scarce a greater insult than I deserved, for if I have not sinned as the world counts sin, yet I have not been guiltless—far from it."

Lady Etwynde looks at her wistfully. In her own great happiness she can feel tenfold the sorrowful fate of these sundered lives.

"And he is going to break off his marriage?" she says, anxiously.

"Yes," says Lauraine. "He says to go through with it is beyond his power."

"Poor fellow!" exclaims Lady Etwynde with involuntary compassion.

She is angry with him, and yet sorry for him, for he has proved so faithful; and, after all, is any love quite unselfish if it be worth the name?

"My poor Lauraine!" she murmurs, involuntarily. "Your marriage has indeed been a fatal error; but, as I have said before, there remains nothing but to make the best of it. The only thing for you and Keith is separation. All other feelings except that one forbidden one are a poor pretence. I feared that long ago. I am glad you have been so brave, and he too. Believe me, hard as duty is, the very effort of doing it creates strength for further trials. The consciousness of right is a satisfaction in itself, even when one is misjudged."

Lauraine listens, and the tears stand on her lashes, and roll slowly down her cheeks.

"My life is very hard," she says, bitterly.

"Would it be less hard if you had ceased to respect yourself, if you had lost the creeds and faiths which still make honor your one anchor of safety? I think not."

"I can think of nothing now save him and his unhappiness," cries Lauraine, almost wildly. "I have never loved him as I love him to-day. Oh! I know it is wrong, shameful to say such a thing; but it is the truth, and I must speak it—this once. Why, do you know that when he said good-bye to me I could have flung myself at his feet and said, 'Let the world go by, let sin or misery be my portion for evermore—only do not you leave me!' It seemed as if nothing in life was worth anything beside one hour of love! And yet—well, how good an actress I must be, Etwynde—he called me cold-hearted."

"Thank God he did!" exclaims Lady Etwynde. "Oh, Lauraine, your good angel must have saved you to-day. I did not think it had come to this; and I cannot find it in my heart to blame you, for—I love too."

"And my husband taunted me with being no better than other women, simply because I had never been tempted," continues Lauraine, presently. "Well, perhaps in heart I am not. He may have been right, and virtue is, after all, only a matter of—temperament."

"Oh, hush! I cannot bear to hear you talk like that," cries Lady Etwynde. "Does he—does Sir Francis suspect anything?"

"He said he knew Keith loved me," answers Lauraine, wearily. "Fancy hearing one's husband speak of the love of another man! I felt treacherous—shamed in his sight and my own. He could not understand—he would not believe in the long, long struggle, the pain, the suffering of it all. I feel as if conscience and honor had both suffered in the conflict, as if with my child I had lost all that was pure and of any worth to me. And now the world may say what it likes, I don't care even to contradict it."

"That is not true," exclaims Lady Etwynde. "You have struggled nobly, you have done your best, and the fruits of the victory will be yours in time. At least you hold the hope of meeting your little child, innocent and unshamed, despite fierce tempting and all the weariness and sorrow of your life."

Lauraine's tears fall faster and more fast.

"My child! Oh, why was he not left to me? The touch of his innocent kiss, the sound of his voice, the clasp of his arms were strong as all the chains of duty cannot be. And now there is no one—no one. And I am so lonely, so desolate, and life looks so long, and death so far away!"

The tears rushed to Lady Etwynde's eyes. "Oh, my darling! What can I say to comfort you! Do you know Lauraine, once—in years that are gone—when I felt reckless and despairing as yourself, I left the house, and went out full of some wild resolve too terrible to mention. It was a Sunday evening, I remember well. The bells were sounding everywhere, and I walked on through the quiet streets with madness in my heart. Suddenly, as I passed the open door of a church, I heard a voice *singing. Involuntarily I stopped, listened,* entered. It was a large church, and full of people. Someone gave me a chair, and I sank down wearily enough. Then, peeling above the chords of the organ, floating up 'O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire.' You know them, do you not, and the music that weds them so exquisitely from the 'Elijah?' I knelt there with my head bowed on my hands, and the tears falling down my cheeks. I remembered nothing; neither place nor presence. It only seemed as if an angel's voice was breathing comfort to my passion-wrecked soul, as if that beautiful promise fell over my spirit and brought peace, and healing, and rest. 'Thy heart's desire!' Oh, Laurine, think of that! Twelve long years ago that message came to me, and I was comforted and soothed! Twelve years, and now God has fulfilled His promise. My heart's desire is mine."

Laurine has listened, stilled and awed.

"Thy heart's desire." The words sink into her very soul, and awaken a thousand varied emotions.

"But my 'heart's desire' is all wrong—all sin—whichever way I look at it," she says, half despairing.

"God can make it right," whispers Lady Etwynde drawing the white, sad face down upon her bosom, and softly kissing the weary lids. "If you can take those words home to your heart as I did, my darling, your burden will grow easier to bear; the strength you ask for will be given. Oh, life is hard, terribly hard, I know! There is so much sorrow, so little joy; and then the errors, the sins which beset, the weakness that shackles us!—but still, still, we are not tried beyond our strength, and we may be able at last to look back and see it was all for the best!"

"What would I not give to recall these last four years!" cries Lauraine, bitterly. "How different my life might have been!"

"There's no turning back," says Lady Etwnde, solemnly. "Errors, once committed, are irrevocable; for them we must suffer; by them we must abide. Ah, my dear! who would not live their time again if they might, and by the light of the present alter all the mistakes of the past? But it cannot be done. All the remorse and all the regret are so futile. Tears of blood cannot wash away one memory, take out the sting of one mistake. We must just bear life as it is, till Death seals all its woes into forgetfulness."

"You are so good," cries Lauraine sadly. "I am not like you. I am wicked and rebellious, and I cannot accept my fate with patience, even though I know my own past weakness is to blame for all my present misery."

"I am not good. Do not praise me," says Lady Etwynde, humbly. "And I know I do not deserve my present happiness. It makes me fearful of my great joy. For I was so wicked and rebellious once, and I wonder often that God did not take my life instead of sparing it, and blessing it as he has done. Now, darling, you look worn out, and must needs rest. I will leave you for awhile. If your husband suspects anything you must try to banish such suspicions, or your married life will grow yet more unhappy. The great wrench is over, the worst is past. Time, and the consciousness of having done what is right, will give you peace and comfort at last. Youth and strength are yours still, and many good gifts of life and if you throw yourself into others' sufferings, and widen your sympathy with the interests and trials of those around you, believe me it will do much to making your own troubles less. I speak from an experience as bitter as, if less hopeless, than your own."

And once more kissing the closed lids which seemed too weary for tears, she lays Lauraine back on the pillows, and softly leaves the room.

"'Thy heart's desire!'" Lauraine cries to herself. "Oh, God—not that—not that should be my prayer. Teach my heart to say, '*Thy* will, not mine!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Strange Tribe in India.

The Bombay Times says: Scattered over the breezy downs of the Nilgherries, in little villages of wicker houses that look at a little distance like nothing in the world so much as a colony of beehives, lives a community of 600 or 700 people, who are variously believed to be the descendants of one of the lost tribes of Israel, the aborigines of Southern India and a community of Manichasens. They believe in a strange trinity and a hell, a dismal stream full of leeches, and this they must cross by means of a single thread. The soul burdened with sin is too heavy for this slender support and the sinner falls into the stream, but the thread sustains easily the souls of the good. The funeral of a Toda, for that is the name of the singular tribe, is as odd in its way as its religious belief. His body is wrapped in a new cloth and his toes tied together with red thread; grain, sugar, tobacco and money are wrapped in the funeral toga to provide him for his journey across the Styx and the dark plain beyond. Two buffaloes are slain beside the corpse and the dead man's hands are placed upon their horns; a piece of his skull, his hair and his finger nails are removed to be used later on at the great celebration of the death of all those who, during the twelve months, have "taken the leap over the great precipice into the bottomless abyss." When these tokens are removed, clarified butter is smeared on the fragrant wood of the funeral pyre and the body is burned to ashes and the ashes scattered to the four winds.

Hanged Himself While Tolling a Knell

In a church belonging to the Franciscan Order of Priests in Austria, an attendant the other day committed suicide under peculiar circumstances. His office was to ring the bell, and as he suffered from lung disease he was accommodated with a chair. On this particular occasion, while tolling the bell for a funeral, and between the pauses of the mournful strokes, he hit upon a means of death. Mounting the chair, he drew the rope up and made a slip-knot. Placing his head in the noose, he kicked away the chair and swung midway in the cathedral. When the Franciscan fathers entered the church the first thing that met their gaze was the poor bellringer hanging to the bell rope. He was quite dead.

The United States has 1255 lighthouses and beacons, thirty-two light-ships, 107 fog *signals worked by steam, 187 by clockwork,* 1761 river lights and 4286 buoys of various kinds.

We can not always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

The Carthagenians had leather coins.

Tin coins were cast by Dionysius of Syracuse about 405 B.C.

The first New Jesey coins were coppe cents, struck in 1786.

The Chinese "cash" is said to have h its origin about B. C. 1120.

The gold talent is variously computed from $1286.21 to $1216.62.

The first Roman coinage of silver wa according to Pliny, B. C. 269.

The Turkish piaster is a money of ac count, there being no piaster coin.

The best workmanship on Roman coins was done during the reign of Nero.

Julius Cæsar was the first Roman to have his face represented on a coin.

Solon was the first to establish an exact amount of gold in the coinage.

Some of the Maccabæan coins have the words, "Jerusalem the Holy."

The coins of Alexander the Great were the first to bear the name of a king.

The Mint of Philadelphia has a collection of over 8000 coins of different nations.

The first Canadian coinage was struck for the French by command of Louis XIV.

Stone coins are frequently found in the funeral mounds of the American Indians

The first attempt at a face on a coin was made by Archelaus of Macedon, B. C. 409

The earliest coins were irregular, oblong masses of metal, stamped only on one side.

The first American counterfeiter, so far as known, was one William Buel, of Vermont.

The first coinage of money after the revolution bore in many cases the image of Washington.

The tao, or knife coins, of China, made current B.C. 2453, were of iron, in the shape of daggers.

The bronze coins of Austria and most other nations have 95 per cent. copper and 5 per cent. tin.

The "Virginia halfpennies" were issued about 1773, but whether for Virginia or not is unknown.

The Aztecs filled quills with gold dust sealed them and passed them from hand to hand as coin.

The Roman sestertius was like our "bit,' a money of account, having no coin to represent its value.

The earliest coins of New Hampshire were of copper pence, 108 to the Spanish dollar, issued in 1776.

The first woman's face represented on a coin was that of Pulcheria, the Empress of the Eastern Empire.

Amost every Roman city in Italy or the colonies had and exercised the right of coining money of its own.

In 1645 the Council and Grand Assembly of Virginia passed an act to issue "quoines," but none were struck.

In China gold and silver are merely commodities, whose price is regulated by the laws of supply and demand.

The rei of Brazil is an imaginary coin, no piece of that denomination being coined. Ten thousand reis equal $5.45.

The most valuable Roman coin was the aureus, of course of gold, about the size of a $5 gold piece, and worth $5.03.

The Chinese stamp bars or ingots of gold or silver with their weight and fineness and pass them from hand to hand as coin.

The Troyes pound, or, as now called, the pound Troy weight, was introduced into England as a gold measure in 1517.

The first gold coins made by the United States Mint were finished July 31, 1795, and consisted of 744 ten-dollar pieces.

The Roman inscribed on bronze coins only the legend, moneta sacred, money, because bronze was a sacred metal.

The earliest Roman coins were stamped with the figure of an ox, hence the English word pecuniary, from pecus, cattle.

Leaden coins, or tokens, were in use by many ancient nations, and, up to a short time ago, were employed in Burmah.

The coins issued by the Byzantine Empire form, during 1000 years, the connecting link between ancient and modern coinage.

The "Reversible Falls" in the St. John River.

But the most picturesque, as well as the most striking, manifestation of the tidal rise and fall is at the mouth of the St. John River, at St. John, New Brunswick. Here may be witnessed on every tide a change of conditions as sudden and as complete as a quick change of scene in a drama; the beauty of the landscape, enhanced by the handiwork of man, adding greatly to the impressiveness of the phenomenon. This is locally known as the "reversible falls," although "reversible rapids" would be more appropriate. In a map of St. John and its environs, drawn in 1784 by an officer of the St. John's Loyalists, the matter is referred to in a marginal note:

"The falls in this river are justly ranked among the curiosities of the world: they are at the mouth of the river, about one mile from the entrance, and are navigable four times in twenty-four hours, which commands great attention, as only a few minutes are required to pass in safety.

"The tide rising from twenty to twenty-four feet, at high water is six feet higher than the river, which occasions a fall in the river as well as out, the whole water of the country having to pass between two rocks sixty yards distant."

The scene of these rapids is a beautiful gorge through which, in remote ages, the river appears to have its way. For twenty minutes on each ebb and flood the river here is as placid as a mountain lake on a tranquil day. Suddenly a sterak of white spreads across the gorge, and in a few minutes the calm is succeeded by the turmoil of rushing, whirling waters. The reflections of she rocky shores and of the graceful outlines of the suspension and cantilever bridges which span the mouth of the gorge are obliterated as if a mirror had suddenly been ruthlessly shattered.

If all seconds were as averse to duels as their principals, very little blood would be shed in that way.

The repeal of the British navigation laws in 1849 allowed foreign built ships to be registered as British if owned by British subjects, and allowed any ship of any nation to bring any merchandise to British ports.

The Farmer.

BY S. E W.

The farmer is a royal man,
A lord, a king,
He works on God's primeval plant
Of him I sing.

Responsive to his daily care
Earth yields her trust.
He plants, he sows, and harvests fair
Spring from the dust.

Delicious fruits, a countless store,
O'er earth's fair breast,
Around him their rich treasures pour
To make him blest.

Not one in all earth's boundless range
So grandly free;
Though seasons rest and seasons change,
Firm as a tree.

On "terra firma" strong he stands,
On earth's green sod;
Though toiling with his sun-browned hands,
Communes with God.

In all earth's serried ranks—behold!
He a scepter sways.
The Millionaire, with wealth untold,
His homage pays.

The monarch of the railroad guide
Must bend the knee,
The farmer feeds him, lo! he's filled,
Withholds—where's he?

Then for the farmer shout hurrah,
The basis strong
Of nations free; sound his eclat,
A votive song.

—[Ohio Farmer.

Some Hen Lore.

MORE NECESSARY THAN FOOD.

It is well to feed hen-kind during this season of the year, but if one can not find time to both feed and water, it is better to economize by omitting the feed. Of insects there are many, while around the stacks and barns plenty of good wheat can generally be found. If worse comes to worst, they can commence shucking the sweet corn. But of pure water there is not much available at this time except at the hands of men. And such sights of it as the growing chick can make away with in the course of a day, too!

Place a number of dishes in different and shady parts of their run and look to them three times a day. Every morning rinse them out thoroughly for the good of your pocketbook. Hens, unlike most other domestic animals, are not very particular as to what they drink. Unless one wants to reduce his stock quickly, and has plenty of time and good implements for grave digging (ground digs hard when baked) it is well to keep filthy water away from poultry at all times, and especially during the hot months. Pure water! A pretty good drink for man, most excellent drink for the hen.

LOOK TO THE ROOSTS.

I have had but little difficulty in holding the small red mites in check so that my houses have never been overrun with them. Such a thing as a louse running at large seeking whom he may devour I have never seen on our premises, though I have seen poultry houses it was not safe to enter. You come out alive? Oh, yes, and lively. I keep them in check by having two sets of perches, using one set for a week or ten days, then removing and saturating them with kerosene. After a week out in the sun and air they are ready for service again. The arms where the perches rest want a dose of kerosene too. Movable perches are a great help in the warfare against the red mite

AVOID OVER-CROWDING.

Rats and weasels have to be guarded against by securing the chickens closely at night. Coops that were plenty large enough for twenty-five small chickens become too populous when filled with half-grown ones. Besides, have not you known twice twenty-five to crowd into one coop when a brood has been left by the mother? They seem to think it not good to dwell alone. I have found coops literally packed with chickens when I went around to secure them for the night.

Notwithstanding my coops all have quite an open place (covered with wire netting) I do not dare to leave them two or three deep of a hot night. Death from suffocation takes off many a young chick just before it gets into the pocketbook.

THE OLD CAT.

Death lurks in another form around the hen yard. That meek-eyed pussy-cat is not meditating on spiritual themes so constantly as she would have you think. Half asleep she seems, yes, but she is terribly awake inside. Quietly and serenely she drags herself about the yard; she would hardly catch a mouse, you think, were it to walk up to the door of her stomach seeking admission. You go into the house for a few moments; what is that you hear? (sometimes you don't hear it). Merely the screech of a young chick. What is that you see? (sometimes you don't see it). The old cat disappearing under the kitchen. You rush after her. With melting tenderness you implore her to come to you. She comes, but too late to save the chick—that is this chick. How about the rest?

Reform her? I have been trying that with a favorite cat, but am a little afraid I have not succeeded. Possibly we shall have to say of pussy as has been said of the red man; the only good cat is a dead cat—that is, where one is growing chickens.

Farmers' Boys.

Nature has been wonderfully lavish in her bestowments of latent or reserve power in the minds of the young men of the farm. They enter the arena of development under more favorable conditions than the young of our towns and cities, or even than the youth of our country villages. They usually have more of strength of constitution so favorable to the robust development of powers of mind, their attention is less diverted by the undue stimulations of the never ending excitements which are the bane of the city boy. Hence when youthful mind from the country comes in contact with youthful mind from the city, the latter is often sent to the wall and so uniformly are these indications manifested, that in order to sustain the intellectual standard of the city it must needs be constantly recruited from the country. But while this exodus of mind from the country to the city is largely a loss to the country, it is not a loss to the state. This can only take place when the inherent powers of mind lie dormant altogether, or waste their energies to no purpose.

aimless, and hence the comparative slowness of the advance that the farmer makes in the material, intellectual or social advancement. The waters of Niagara collected in an inland sea hemmed in by lofty mountains could only float upon their bosom crafts smaller or larger for purposes of pleasure or of profit, but rolling and tumbling in the river bed, they are capable of generating sufficient power to drive a number of spindles equal to those employed in making garments for the entire human family. So the latent powers of rural mind if energized are capable of achieving in the aggregate, an amount equal to what is now accomplished by the sum total of human effort, and even a great deal more than this. But as the waters of Niagara unutilized are incapable of driving a single spindle, so the powers of the human mind running riot are incapable of producing one atom of good.—[Prof. Thomas Shaw.

Pointers on Dairying.

W. W. Grant, Lakefield, Ontario, in a paper on dairying in the Ontario report said, that the shrewd, enterprising manufacturer is continually on the alert to find the machine that will do the greatest possible amount of work. If he is not personally a practical manufacturer, when he hears of such a machine he employs an expert to investigate it, and if it seems to be all that is recommended he purchases it at once. It is not wholly a question whether he can afford it, but whether he can afford to be without it while some rival manufacturer may get it and thus have the advantage of him.

When the machine is purchasd and placed in his factory, then comes the additional study in finding the fastest possible speed at which it may run, without injury to the quality of work. Finally comes the question of a man to attend the machine, or the greatest number of machines that one man can oversee. After this is ascertained and the possible capacity of the machine figured out, the employee is expected to come up very near the figures worked out by the agent and his engineer. If ten yards of cloth are estimated to be a fair product in a certain number of hours, no fault is found if he accomplishes only 9¾ yards, but if he only accomplished 9½ yards yards he is discharged and someone else employed in his place.

It is only by the most careful study and the utmost crowding, so as to reduce the cost of production by increasing what one man or one machine may do, that there is any profit. But the success of manufacturing, is not entirely in having the best machinery and running it in the fastest possible way. Sometimes in mills having precisely the same kind of machinery, the difference between success and failure depends upon the way the machinery is arranged in the mill, a more convenient arrangement, saving labor and promoting the economical process of manufacturing.

In some instances, prosperity and success are due to buying the raw material, as a slight difference in percentage of the waste might wipe out all the profit that there is. Supposing cotton sells at three cents per yard and the raw material costs one and one-half to one and three-fourths cents. The study of the management is to run the factory so that one and one-fourth to one and one-half cents per yard will pay all the labor, wear and tear of machinery and buildings, interest on any money which may have been borrowed and a dividend on the stock.

Assuming that a man trained in such a school as this was made acquainted with the fact that the average dairy cow of this country produces about 3,000 pounds of milk yearly, (and that is putting the average high), and a number of farmers through the country have herds that yield 5,000 pounds per cow, and that the annual cost of keeping a cow is say $20 and the average price of milk per cwt. is 80 cents net to him (supposing, of course, he is sending his milk to a cheese factory). The manufacturer looking into the matter would find that the man with the 3,000 pound cows, is procuring milk at a cost of 66 2-3 cents per cwt., and the man whose cows yielded 5,000 pounds at a cost of 40 cents per cwt. and both selling their milk in an open market, where it is worth 80 cents per cwt., the one is making a profit of 13⅓ cents per cwt. and the other a profit of 40 cents per cwt. on his milk. Surely he would say that manufacturing would not stand such a disparity of production.

I think I have put the case very mildly, as I firmly believe there are cows in this country that cost their owners more than they earn. But I think the day will soon be gone when the farmer gets paid for his milk by the hundredweight: it will not be the cow that produces the large quality, but the cow that gives the best quantity of milk, and the man will get paid for the productive qualities of his milk.

Practical Pointers.

Take good care of the old horse, or give him a painless death. Do not let his last days be days of torture.

Small growers of fruit should always look for a market near home, and depend on that chiefly.

I think if farmers would raise more small fruit and cultivate the garden better, they would get more profit in it than almost anything else they have on the farm.

The best quality of meat is secured from a pig and not from a hog. Therefore we should crowd our pigs from birth so as to get them fit for market at the earliest possible age—six months.

There are many agricultural products that have never been attempted in this country, simply because attention has not been called to them. Experiments are now being made with a view to widening our variety of production.

Any one may be always suspicious of a horse if a man cracks a whip over him and makes him "dance around" in the stall. This is done for the purpose of limbering the horse up, especially if he has a spavin.—[A Veterinary Surgeon.

In our opinion it was sheer laziness that was responsible for the abandoned farms in Massachusetts. When a farmer gets lazy he is the laziest creature that disfigures nature, and in return she always refuses to reward the work of his indolent hands.—[Cheshire Rupublican.

Enjoyment of the boasted comforts of country life should be the watchword of the home. The boy who is compelled to sleep

The best is none too good for the owners—the parents and their children.

This month is an excellent time to clear up the waste places on the farm, cut the bushes, to clear all obstructions to the mower and rake, and the best time to cut down trees for fuel. If deciduous trees are fallen now, and are allowed to remain without any trimming of their limbs for a month or so, their value for fuel or timber is greatly increased.

What is money that we should worship it, and what are large farms to us when we form habits in their acquirement that prevent us from getting the best of life? The young members of the family cannot see the worth of a life that is one continual "grind," and then comes unrest and a longing for the attractions that they think are seen in towns.

An agricultural writer must of necessity repeat facts. The average rural reader is skeptical about new things in these days of farm writers, whose words profusely conceal a lack of real ideas. One fact will bear constant reiteration. If you don't know what your crop actually cost, you can never see prosperity. You can so farm that you will know, if only sufficient pains be taken. Will you do it?

SLAVE TRADE HORRERS.

Dr. Paton, His Aims and Aspirations for the New Hebrides.

"You want to know more about the slave traffic," said Dr. Paton to a Montreal Witness correspondent the other day. "It is simply terrible. You can have no conception of it here." This in brief is the story: It was started you know in Queensland. In 1885 a Royal Commission reported upon it, "regulations" were placed on it, and since then it is contended by its friends that all the abuses have been corrected and that it is now no longer a slave trade but a genuine labor traffic. But it is still nothing but slavery and in many cases worse. The sugar planters want hands to work their plantations. Ships are sent out to these islands and with whiskey, all sorts of fair promises, and force when all other means fail,

CARGOES OF THESE UNFORTUNATES

are carried away to slavery and an early death. At the close of 1890 the traffic was suppressed in Queensland, chiefly through the influence of Sir Samuel Griffith, the Premier of that colony. The law did not come into effect until the first day of 1891, so they made all speed, put on all the extra vessels they could find, and continued to bring in their recruits until far into 1891. About the beginning of last year, 1892, Sir Samuel Griffith suddenly announced his conversion to the cause he had opposed. He urged that the plantations were being ruined for the want of labor, and that the traffic must be resumed. Dr. Paton wrote to him remonstrating with him, but it was no use. Dr. Paton cannot see how the closing of the traffic can account for the decline of the sugar industry in Queensland, as it is only a few months since the planters ceased to get additional labor and there are thousands of the Polynesians now working there.

THE CHIEF EVILS

of the traffic, he points out, are the frightful immoralities of which in print no adequate description can be given. 'No decent company,' he says, 'would stand to read or hear one half of what I have seen.' Then there is the old story of drink, which works among them as it does everywhere else. Th law forbids it, yet they get it. One planter told him that he dreaded the Sabbath, for with the drink and extra leisure on that day the time was spent in fighting and he could hardly keep them from burning their houses and his own. They are paid only fourpence a day, if they live to get it, for work which the planter would have to pay white men from five to eight shillings. Yet in the Clarence and Richmond river districts in New South Wales, many small farmers and planters seem to make a good living by producing sugar cane by white labour, and why should not those in Queensland as well? Before Dr. Paton and a number of other gentlemen on one occasion, a planter put the following questions to a number of his men:—"Are you happy? Do you like plantation work? Do you get plenty of food? Would you like to go back to your own islands?" They replied "yes" to the first questions and "no" to the last, and he turned with delight to his visitors and said, "See how happy they are," etc. But when Dr. Paton asked the poor fellows the same questions in their own language their answers were the very reverse and

THEY BEGGED HIM PITEOUSLY

to get them taken home to Tanna. Another evil is the depopulation of the islands. The traffic has taken away some 70,000 of the most healthy lads and girls from the New Hebrides and from other groups in the same proportions. And although those taken are chiefly the young and healthy yet on account of the change of food, clothing and houses, and the long hours of work, the mortality among them has been very great. Through the planters' greed of gain many thousands of them lie in Queensland buried like dogs.

Dr. Paton's testimony is strongly corroborated by other disinterested writers. Mr. Hume Nisbet, in his book "A Colonial Tramp," published in 1891, writes:—"Personally, from what I have seen of the black South Sea Island trade I cannot discern much difference between it, as it is, and the negro catching and slave dealing of America long ago. The ways of trapping them are very little different; the transporting them to Queensland is similar; and the retaining of them is as nearly alike as it could possibly be in reality, although to read the laws concerning it, it is altogether a different and benevolent system. In the hotel where I put up at Maryborough, the captain, supercargo and officers of the 'Young Dick' were staying. The sloop itself was lying at anchor in the river, and I sketched it from the verandah—a clean-built, swift sailing vessel, the ideal of what, in my school boy days, I used to read about as a pirate craft. They were washing it down and getting it ready for another voyage. It had come in a short time before, deluged with blood, and filled with wounded men. There had been a rising of the cargo on board, much blood spilt, and many lives lost, (this was in 1886), and they were now filling it up with the consumptive exiles whose time was up."

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the airs of a saint.

His Surroundings.

As I was returning from my walk this morning I saw what I believe is a very unusual thing—a green tree snake crossing the road. Cobras and vipers are fond of crossing the road, and in some places you cannot go out for a walk without seeing their "snaky wiles" impressed upon the dust. A good man once assured me that they do this on purpose to eat the dust, and so fulfil Genesis iii., 14. But the green snake appears to be exempted from the curse, and you oftenest find it festooning the slender branches of some tree, or gliding over the twigs with a swift, imperceptible motion like a clear stream over a mossy rock. This one was crossing the road, however, beyond a doubt when I came upon it, and I was puzzled to know what its object could be. Of course, I knew it was crossing the road because it wanted to get to the other side. That occurred to me at the time. But I mean, why did it want to get to the other side? On the other side, among the grass, was a very

LARGE BLACK SNAKE,

a cobra, I think, and if the green snake had accomplished its purpose its next course would have been down the black snake's throat. But, at the sound of my footsteps the black snake rustled away, and the green snake gently raised its head and began darting out its long, forked tongue. Why do snakes dart out their tongues in that foolish way? Nobody knows, and I cannot ever begin to guess until I have got an answer to another riddle more difficult still—why do snakes have those foolish tongues at all. I cannot think of any purpose which the absurd instrument can serve. As a symbol it is perfect. If I were a painter and my subject the old serpent, who is the father of lies, whispering into the yet innocent ear of the mother of all living, just such an oily, double tongue would I give him. But the green snake was not created to be a symbol. All modern science is opposed to such an idea. But to return to the snake. There it lay, a beautiful creature, as green as the grass, nearly three feet long and shaped like the thong of a lady's hunting crop. Its head was long and narrow, with a peculiarly sharp snout, and its

EYE LARGE AND BRIGHT,

with a cross bar for a pupil. What does it feed on? Its throat is scarcely thicker than a goosequil just now, but what it can stretch to I dare not say. I have lately seen a photograph of a python coiled around a large black-faced monkey. The monkey was in articulo mortis, his countenance just passing from pain into the placid sadness of death, and the python was wound about him, with its grim head resting coldly on his shoulder. The picture was not a fancy one. The python was found in that position, not very far from where I now am. Now the neck of that python was not thicker than my wrist, but I am quite sure that it would not have been at the trouble to squeeze the life out of that monkey if it had not trusted it could swallow him. So it may be that the green snake lives on little birds. It certainly did not appear to have a guilty conscience as it lay there with its head a little raised, looking strangely at me. I touched it with my stick, and it lifted its head a little higher. Then I put my stick under it gently and lifted it up. If it had been dead it would have slid off on one side or other, but being alive, it perched on the smooth stick as if its scales had been so many little grasping feet. Its tail hung down on one side, and on the other its neck rose up in a beautiful curve, like the letter S. It seemed rather surprised that a branch of a tree should have come down to it and saved it the trouble of climbing. It concluded that I was the tree and began to advance along the stick with the view of

CLIMBING UP MY ARM

and mounting my hat. Then it changed its mind. It seemed to think I was not an inviting sort of tree, not leafy or twiggy enough—only an old, mossgrown trunk. I really wonder what was passing through the strange creature's brain. But, I do not think it has a brain, not having, in truth, any proper place to keep one. Such brain matter as it requires to get through life with is spun out into a sort of chord, threading the beads of its supple spine. This is why a snake seems to think and act all over its length. Long after you have silenced its head the tail goes on protesting. It is the boasted principle of local self-government; there is nothing new under the sun. However, there must be some pretence of a central directing authority in the polity of this snake, for it can apparently form a purpose and take measures to carry it out. I see that it has decided to drop off my stick into the grass. By degrees it lets itself down till its head is near the ground, while its tapering tail is wound firmly round the stick. Then the weakness of all such systems comes out. The tail refuses to obey orders and will not let go. Then the head comes back to see what is the matter, climbing up its own neck with easy grace. But when it has got half way up, it re-considers the matter and allows that the tail has a right to its own opinion. Then general vacillation sets in. Every part begins to act for itself with wonderful energy, producing most beautiful effects, curves and twists and graceful swaying motions, all tending nowhere. Meanwhile I, who am not troubled with local self-government, was making substantial progress homewards. When I had found a nice grassy plot, I lowered my stick and the snake slid away wondering where all the agitation of the last half hour had landed it.

Horrors of a Russian Convict Settlement.

An Odessa journal has published a recital by an individual who has lived at Saghalien of the horrors accompanying enforced residence in that island, which far exceeded the sufferings related of Siberian exile. Every year hundreds of the unwilling residents in Saghalien make their escape from their miserable lot only to die from hunger and cold. Escapes take place, especially in winter, when the sea of Okhotsk, separating the island from the mainland, is frozen, and 180 versts of ice must be crossed. All those sent to the island are said to be dangerous criminals.

What's within our ken, owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search to farthest Ind in quest of novelties, whilst here at home, upon our very thresholds, ten thousand objects hustle into view of interest wonderful.

VISITORS TO NIAGARA.

Last year 233,495 persons visited the Victoria Niagara Falls Park (on the Canadian side), which was nearly 40,000 less than in 1891. The falling off was in the carriage travel, the number of foot passengers having increased nearly one-quarter. The new electric railway is likely to cut down the hackmen's receipts even more this season.

STATISTICS OF TELEGRAPHY.

Morse's telegraph was made practical in 1837. The Western Union now has 739,105 miles of wire and sends 62,000,000 messages a year. The world's business is transacted partly by means of 246,000,000 messages sent every year. In 1883 there were in Europe 41,150 telegraph offices. The world in 1888 had 767,800 miles of telegraph wires.

MINUTIE OF TROTTING.

When a horse is trotting a 2.20 gait his feet move a little faster than a mile in 1.10. As his body is moving at 2.20 and as each of his feet when in contact with the ground is stationary and then is picked up and moved forward to take the next step, the foot must move as much faster than the body as to make the step, which is ver twice as fast.

ADAPTATION OF ORGANISMS.

So much do the parts of the body adapt themselves to the mode of life of an animal that, if a single bone 2000 years old were dug out of the earth and handed to a naturalist, he could tell whether the owner of it lived on the earth, in the air, or in the sea; whether its food was flesh, meat or herbs, or roots; whether its young was born alive or born out of eggs, and a score of other things. This is thought by some to be one of the greatest evidences that the world was planned out by an Omnipotent Creator, and is not the result of chance.

CHILD LABOR IN EUROPE,

The age at which children are permitted to work in Austria, according to the latest consular reports, is 12 years; also in Belgium, France, the Netherlands and Sweden In Denmark, Great Britian and Italy it is 10 years; in Germany 13, and Switzerland 14 years. In Germany and Sweden children under 14 years are not permitted to work more than six hours daily; In Denmark, six and a half, Austria, eight; France, ten, and in England not more than four and a half hours of uninterupted labor at a time is permitted. Italy allows eight hours up to 12 years, when the restriction is removed.

BRITISH ELECTORS

A return moved by Sir Charles Dilke has been presented to the Parliament by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, showing the registered electors throughout the United Kingdom. According to the return the total number for Scotch burghs or groups of burghs is 258,593. The University of Edinburgh has 7154; St. Andrew's, 1514; Glasgow, 4990; and Aberdeen, 3448; making a total of 17,106. That of the counties or divisions of counties is 343,392, making a grand total for the whole of Scotland of 619,091. The general summary shows—England and Wales, 4,862,758; Scotland, 619,091: Ireland, 747,271—a grand total of 6,229,120.

Sharks in the English Channel.

Writing from Mevagissey to the Times, "Long-Liner" says:—Since the yachting season is now at its height and the present tropical weather may induce both the owners and crews of these vessels to indulge in a dip overboard when hove to, or during a calm, I am desirous to avert a catastrophe by making known through the medium o your columns, that the waters of the westf ern portion of the English Channel at this moment abound with sharks of such size as to render them dangerous to human life. Both professional and amateur sea fishermen can bear testimony to the presence of these unwelcome visitors. As I write the pilchard drivers on the quay are repairing the rents made by sharks biting away the meshed fish together with the net that held them. Last week three out of four lines that I had down for whiting were carried away, but I caught the depredator and recovered the gear—a shark 5ft long. One pilchard boat alone caught six of these fish, another four, and all suffered by damage to nets and gear. Two of the sharks hauled up alongside exceeded 9ft in length, and a larger fish carried away 60 fathoms of line. All this happened within two miles of the coast. Having lived for years on the shores of a shark infested sea, and knowing that monsters of this size are dangerous to life and limb, I trouble you with this letter in order that bathers—between Plymouth and Falmouth at least—may take warning and avoid a very real and serious risk.

Death of an Amazon in England.

Burah, one of the company of Amazons now exhibiting at the Crystal Palace, London, has died at the Norwood Cottage Hospital. Burah, it appears, was taken ill at the Palace with an affection of the lungs, and was removed to the Cottage Hospital. Burah, upon being admitted to the ward, refused to lie on the bed, and persisted in lying upon the floor. The nurse placed the mattress upon the floor, and after being in the hospital twenty-four hours Burah appeared to revive wonderfully, and in asking nurse for the doctor she said "Medicine man good," and, to use the nurse's own words, Burah bore her acute suffering with the greatest of patience, and was an example to many English people. Later her case became less hopeful, and she overheard the nurse say "Burah is weaker," and the black patient quickly answered, "Yes, I'se weaker," and looking very earnestly in the face of the nurse, Burah held up her hands and drew the nurse's attention to her finger nails, which were of a pure white. Deceased said, "My nails are sick. I die, I die," and the big tears rolled down her cheeks. Burah gradually got worse, and passed away, much to the regret of the nurses and medical staff, who were most anxious to save her. Although she had only been in the hospital two days, she had by her gratitude and pleasant manner made all the staff very much attached to their coloured patient.

A Shower of Ants.

A curious phenomenon has just occurred at the village of Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, Eng. A dense cloud was observed to be passing over, which suddenly burst, and, to the astonishment of the villagers, it was seen to be a shower of ants and similar winged insects. People and the ground became smothered with them, and they swarmed in millions. Every step taken crushed hundreds of them.

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1893.

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

THE Provincial Government has pledged itself to bring in a Redistribution Bill at the ensuing sitting of the Legislature. It has been hinted that West Kootenay would be divided for electoral purposes, and that Revelstoke and Nelson Divisions would each have a member. A contemporary advocates the division of the two Kootenays into North and South Kootenay by a line drawn from east to west, the seat of government for each division being at Donald and Nelson respectively. It does not require much discernment to name the journal advocating a division which would make Nelson the most important point of the most important district in the province. But Nelson is in the south-west corner of the proposed South Kootenay Division, and would soon be ousted from her proud position by some town which would bring up nearer the centre. If the Nelson papers wish to retain the importance of their town as the chief business point of a district they should insist on the retention of the present districts of East and West Kootenay, and the justice of the latter being given two members. For electoral purposes we think it would be more convenient for Revelstoke Division to include the districts tributary to the Arrow Lakes from Fire Valley northward; and the country tributary to Kootenay Lake and River, as well as the Columbia south of Fire Valley, to belong to Nelson Electoral Division. West Kootenay has become famous as a rich mining country, and as West Kootenay it should still be known.

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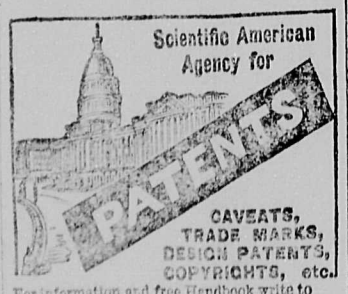

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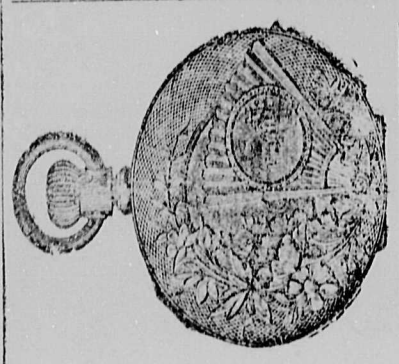
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The Story of Eddy, Who Never Was Ready.

Once on a time lived a dear little boy,
Moreover, a very queer little boy,
Who always was calling "Please wait!"
He was never ready for morning prayers,
He was last to rise and last upstairs;
At breakfast, dinner, and lunch, his head
Popped into the room when the grace was said.
He was always a little too late;
And all the time it was, "Hurry up, Eddy,
You're sure to be late, you never are ready!"

He went in undignified haste, pell-mell,
Into the school at the tardy-bell,
Forgetting his book and his slate;
He walked to church and to Sunday-school,
Because to ride it was always the rule,
To be on time. It was mother's dread
He'd not get in till the lesson was read,
Because he was always too late;
And every Sabbath 'twas "Hurry up, Eddy,
You're sure to be late, you never are ready!"

Vacation time came, they were going abroad,
Harry and Susy and Nelly and Maud;
They went through the steamer's gate,
The plank was drawn in to the grief of the flock,
When Eddy rushed breathlessly out on the dock
His father said from the deck, "We roam,
But you must spend your vacation at home,
For this habit of being too late."
And the waves seemed to mock him with "Hurry up Eddy,
You're always late, you never are ready!"

He grew to a man; but habits are things
That boys must battle, they do not take wings.
He never was useful nor great.
They plucked him at college, in business you'll find
He never succeeds who is always behind.
The girl that he loved had patience sublime,
But was won by the man who was always on time.
She said, "You're a little too late,
For Cupid don't wait for a laggard, Eddy,"
The will that achieves is prompt and is steady,
The world moves ahead if a man isn't ready.

The First Wrong Act.

I was in the town of B—— on business for the firm with which I was connected. A famous trial was in progress at the court-house, and it was the topic of conversation. William Moreton, a young man, was on trial for burglary. What attracted attention was the intelligent appearance of the prisoner, his good conduct while awaiting his trial, and his seemingly sincere repentance.

He was a stranger in the town. He had come there a day or two before the burglary, and had been caught in the act. He would not tell where he came from nor anything about his family or his past life. No one believed that he gave his true name, and this air of mystery added interest to the case.

Getting through with my business early in the afternoon, I dropped into the court-house to pass away the time, as I could not leave town until the next day. When I got a good look at the prisoner I knew him. His name was Morton Williams, and he had been a schoolmate of mine.

The case was given to the jury a few minutes after I arrived, and in half an hour they brought in a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

That evening I obtained permission and visited the prisoner. He knew me. He recognized me, he said, the moment I entered the court room. I had not seen or heard of him for fourteen years.

"I am sorry to find you in this condition," I said after shaking hands.

"I am sorry you find me in it," he said, "but it's my own fault."

"When I left Millbury, fourteen years ago," I said, "you had just commenced to clerk for DeLong, in his store."

"Yes," he replied, with a sigh, "there is where my first wrong act was committed. I want to tell you about it. If young men who are tempted could only see the end of the road they enter when they commit the first wrong act, they would never commit it."

He was silent for a while, evidently calling up events in his past life. He was the son of a farmer. His father and mother were worthy, God-fearing people, and his only sister was a teacher in the public schools of his native town.

"I was sixteen when I entered DeLong's store as a clerk," he resumed. "I was thrown into the society of other clerks, and young men in various positions. I was constantly invited to drink beer and smoke cigars, and though I refused for some time, I at last fell. I took my first drink. It was not long until I could smoke and drink beer without thinking much about it. Then I was enticed to billiards and cards.

"All this time I kept my new accomplishments from the knowledge of my parents and my employer. I did not neglect business, and every Sunday I would spend at home.

"We had a kind of a club, composed of a dozen young fellows about my age. We rented a room where we met at night to play cards, drink, smoke, sing, and 'enjoy ourselves,' as we termed it.

"My salary was not large enough to stand all this expense, and I got into debt. I owed a hundred dollars that I lost in gambling. I did not dare to ask father for money, and my debts must be paid. It was my duty to deposit the day's surplus cash in the bank. One day the cash amounted to just $1,120. I kept the $120 and deposited the thousand. I had a fountain pen, and after getting back to the store I went into a private room, erased the necessary figures, and made them correspond to the amount I received. I knew the false record would be discovered, and that night I left Millbury. I had become acquainted with two or three traveling men in C——, and I went there.

"Father settled the matter with De Long and there was no fuss made. I got off easy, and it encouraged me in the downward course. I could get no employment in C—— for some time, but finally secured a place behind a bar. A month before this I would have considered it an insult to be told that I would ever drop so low as to attend bar. But I was 'hard up' and besides, my conscience was becoming calloused A year before I would have resented the thought even that I could ever become a drinker and a gambler. But it is easy to go down. All you need to do is to let go.

"A bartender is thrown with men of the worst classes, and in their company I soon found myself without any anchor. I was adrift on the sea of sinful pleasures and pursuits.

"I drifted from one thing to another for years. I often resolved to abandon the life I was leading and go back home. But the memory of my first crime kept me back. Two months ago I became a 'tramp,' and begged my way to this place, sleeping in barns and outhouses or under haystacks. I have had time to reflect. My punishment is just. I shall serve out my sentence, and then, with the help of the Almighty, I shall lead a better life. If I ever can win character and station, I shall go back to my father and mother, and try to make some amends for the pain and sorrow I have caused them.

"I changed my name when I left Millbury. My parents believe I am dead. Don't undeceive them. Promise that you will never let any one know who I really am until I give you liberty to do so."

I gave the promise and left him bowed down with remorse but animated by a desire to become a better man. Alas, it was too late! A year later I saw the announcement of his death in the prison.

Boys, beware of the first wrong act. Preserve your innocence. If you never take the first drink you will never acquire the accursed habit, and will never be a drunkard. *Drink leads to all other crimes.* It destroys character, conscience, manhood, health, and the soul itself. Preserve your innocence. It will be worth more to you some day than all else besides. Keep away from places where drink is sold. Shun all immoral places: Avoid companionship that will pull you down, and choose that which will lift you up and will help you to an upright, honest, clean, noble, Christian manhood. Keep your souls clean. You can never get rid of the effects of sin. Every wrong act leaves a scar that will always remain, even though by repentance the wound is healed

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THE STRIKE RAISED.

Wales and Mammouth Miners Return to Work.

The strike of the coal miners of South Wales and Monmouthshire has not proved the great industrial convulsion that its magnitude and the determination of its organizers threatened. One hundred thousand men at the order of the Miners' Federation quit work on the 28th of July because the employers refused to advance wages 20 per cent. This ill-advised step, taken in haste, is being repented at leisure, and now 70,000 of the miners have returned to work on their employers' terms, convinced by the grim persuasions of hunger that they were playing a losing game. The strike furthered the interests only of mine owners, who seized the opportunity, which was literally a golden one, to raise prices. Thus the strikers could make coal dearer, but not labour. They realized that they were fighting, not oppression, but depression, which irresistibly tends to force men

TO LOWER WAGES

or altogether out of employment. The voluntary retirement from work would therefore appear to be illogical in the circumstances. It should have been a source of satisfaction and thankfulness to the colliers that, instead of foregoing an advance, they had not been called upon to concede a reduction in wages as a condition necessary to the continuance of mining operations. The army of strikers, though large, could not force on such a suspension of coal-consuming industries as to produce an industrial deadlock, for the reason that other great coal fields of Britain kept up their proportion of the fuel supply. The great output of the Durham and Northumberland mines continued undiminished despite the appeals from Wales to

THE NORTHERN MINES

in the name of fraternity to stop. But once bitten, twice shy. The Durham miners had made one historic strike a year and a half ago, and though they and their families suffered terrible privations to make it a success, it failed of its purpose, and they had to capitulate on the owners' conditions. They were rather mutinous at the time the Welsh miners went out, and showed quite a firm front in support of an advance of 15 to 16 1-2 per cent., but their bitter recollections of last year kept them from striking. They consequently went to work to keep up the supply while their fellows of Wales were idle to exhaust it, and this way helped to bring the latter to subjection after a month's very serious play-day. The "canny" Scotch miners had also stopped short of a strike, and signified their protest against low wages by working only four days a week, their object being to bring up

THE PRICE OF COAL,

and thereby of labor, by restricting the output. The thirty thousand miners of Wales and Monmouthshire who have not yet returned to work are likely to do so very soon, as with production reinforced by the seventy thousand who have accepted the mine owners' conditions, they can no longer hope to enforce the advance. The labour of the coal miners is the basis of British industry, which would be completely undermined by a long simultaneous strike of all the colliers. But a simultaneous strike is hard to bring about, and fitful, sectional strikes only assist the depression. An organized strike of British miners would soon close all the manufactories, stop the railways, paralyse business, and probably bring about a general industrial insurrection. It was through this chaos that the Welsh miners tried to open the way to higher wages, but, lacking the concurrence of the northern miners, the fortunately did not do the great harm that was to be instrumental to their purpose.

Honoring Scott.

The Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Rosebery and the Earl of Aberdeen were among the distinguished Scotsmen who sent wreaths of flowers and heather to decorate the statue of Sir Walter Scott in Glasgow in honor of the hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the great writer's birthday. The monument, which stands in George square, Edinburgh, was magnificently decorated. About 10,000 people were present at the meeting around it, and speeches by local dignitaries were loudly applauded. The keynote of the orations was contained in a sentence spoken by Rev. T. Somerville: "Of all the kings, mighty men of valor, and princes who have adorned and exalted this land, Scott was undoubtedly the chief."

If we have a friend we thereby acquire a new motive for keeping ourselves strong and cheerful, in order not to afflict him with our unhappiness.

So long as he must fight his way, the man of genius pushes forward, conquering and to conquer. But how often is he at last overcome by a Capua! Ease and fame bring sloth and slumber.

When it is 12 noon in England it is 9:18 p. m. at Yokohama, Japan.

Of British birds the cuckoo has the smallest egg in proportion to its size.

The obelisks of Egypt were raised into place by instruments like our cranes.

In the Lackawanna coal mines the average monthly boring is over 3,000 feet.

It has been computed that about 36,000,000 babies are born into the world each year.

Vessels salute each other at sea by dipping their colors over the taffrail in the ship's wake.

The first degree of doctor of medicine was given in England in 1209, that of doctor of music in 1463.

Tobacco, cigars, cigarettes and the usual mixture are forbidden from entering New Zealand by parcel post.

The famous bridge constructed by Queen Nitocris at Babylon and described by Diodarus was five furlongs long.

Bushmen and negroes possess a more prominent and narrow chest than the white races, whose chest is broader and flatter.

"Lame Duck" is an expression applied to a defaulting member of the stock exchange When he sails he is said to "waddle off the exchange."

By the death of her husband, just after the wedding feast, Miss Bettie S. Echard, of Staunton, Va., was maid, bride and widow within ten hours' time.

As an indication of how the slave trade survives in Africa, it is stated that last summer a caravan of 10,000 camels and 4,000 slaves left Timbuctoo for Morocco.

One of the largest wire cables ever made has been completed by a Liverpool firm. The rope has a continuous length of four and a half miles and weighs over twenty-five tons.

Out of seventy-six Irish kings who ruled between A. D. 4 and 1172, no fewer than 52 died violent deaths either in battle, by murder, or by thunderbolts (by the latter three were slain.)

In the fifteenth century the first glass mirrors were made in Germany by a blowpipe and were convex. The first manufactory of glass mirrors for sale was established in Venice early in the sixteenth century.

At Warwick Castle there is a Shakespearean garden tended by Lady Brooke. In it grow and blossom every flower and shrub named by the poet. The first specimen in it was planted by the Prince of Wales.

At St. Francis, Fla., a sportsman being out of bait, lit a bull's-eye lantern and displayed the light on the water. In a few minutes' time four large bass jumped into his boat, evidently being attracted by the light.

Byron's household, according to Shelly, consisted, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow and a falcon, and all except the horses went to and fro in the house at their pleasure.

In 1860 the Gloire, French plated frigate, and the Warrior, English plated frigate, were both launched. The Warrior was then the largest vessel in the world save the Great Eastern—380 feet long, 58 feet beam, 6,170 tons, 4½-inch armor.

The most singular ship in the world is the Polyphemus, of the British navy. It is simply a long steel tube, deeply buried in the water, the deck rising only four feet above the sea. It carries no mast or sails, and is used as a ram and torpedo boat.

During the early spring a robin in building its nest used, among other things, a sprig of geranium, which later on took root, and since the middle of July has been blooming with as much beauty as though it were planted in a well kept flower bed.

For some time past the congregation of a church near Oakland, Ill., has been bothered with honey bees. Recently they decided to investigate, and in removing part of the wall on one side found a large bed of honey. Over seven tubs of honey were taken out and the bees successfully hived.

Twenty miles from Newcastle, Northumberland County, N.B., a deposit of natural paint (96 per cent. oxide of iron) has been discovered, and so pure that it does not need refining or even manuafacture, since it is ready for mixing with oil in the proportion of two pounds of paint to a gallon of oil.

Killikinick, or kinikinick, which the Indians are in the habit of mixing with tobacco, is rapidly becoming extinct. Several plants have received this name, but they have no right to it. The true herb is the inside bark of a young willow, and, when smoked alone, makes a mild and pleasant smoke.

Rainmakers have a rival in J. M. Matthews, of San Antonio, Texas, who is working on a new rainmaking process. He is building a huge revolving wheel with which to produce a cyclonic pressure of hot air upon the cold stratum of air above the earth, and thus condense the moisture in the hot air into raindrops.

Slavery has been abolished in Siam in name, but it can never be abolished in fact, for the slaves have no means of supporting themselves outside their masters' houses. Every member of the Siamese upper classes can fetter his servants or throw them into prison without any kind of trial or permission being necessary.

In Berlin no animal may be killed for food under a heavy penalty except at the municipal slaughter-house. Every animal is not only submitted to a close scientific investigation, but specimens of its blood and tissues are examined under powerful microscopes, forty-five female microscopists with eyes trained to the work being constantly employed.

It is no common thing in South America to see a male ostrich strutting about followed by three or four distinct broods, all of different sizes. When the incubating process is completed the cock bird leads his young ones off, and if he meets another proud papa engages in a terrific combat with him. The vanquished bird retires without a single chick, while the other, surrounded by the two broods, walks proudly away.

It is estimated that the number of bodies embalmed in Egypt from B.C. 2000, when the art is supposed to have been first practiced, to A. D. 700, when it ceased, amounted to 420,000,000. Another estimate places the total number of mummies at 741,000,000, but this is based upon the extension of the

A German inventer has produced an electric cane lamp. The handle of the cane contains an incandescent lamp, the two poles of which are connected with the plates of a battery. Below this is a small chamber to carry the battery fluid. When it is desired to use the lamp the cap is taken off and the cane inclined so that the liquid it contains comes in contact with the electrodes. A current is thus produced that will, it is asserted, keep the light going for an hour.

Birds have very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is also more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man, consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees, showing great uneasiness in consequence, a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel.

Beef, says a writer on Chinese customs, is much supplanted in the celestial empire by horse flesh. The poor eat horses that have done their work and died, but for the rich a special breed of horses is preserved, whose function is to be fattened and nothing else. These horses are tiny of stature and possesss but little strength. Their inherited capacity for waxing fat on the cheapest straw and garbage is a tribute to natural selection and the genius of Chinese breeders.

In China before a letter is mailed or delivered to the carrier its contents are displayed, and the keeper of the letter shop then signs his "chop," or sign, so that its point of origin may be determined. Parcels may be transmitted in the same manner, the charge for carrying being a percentage of their declared value. The shopkeeper gives a receipt for the letter or package, and he thus becomes responsible for its safe delivery or its return to the sender with seal unbroken.

The red and fallow deer which formerly roamed through the English forests had a habit of scraping up the earth with their fore feet to the depth of several inches, sometimes even of half a yard. The stranger passing through these woods was frequently exposed to the danger of tumbling into one of the hollows, when he might be said truly to be "in a scrape." The college students of Cambridge, in their little perplexities, picked up and applied the phrase to other perplexing matters which had brought a man morally into a fix.

For centuries the mud wasp has built its cells of soft mud; in the bottom of these cells the female lays its minute egg, building its mud home just the size that the young will be when grown. Before closing this mud-walled cell the wasp catches a suitable sized spider, injects into its body a fluid that causes it to remain torpid through the winter until with the warmth of returning spring the wasp grows, consuming the spider for food, thus gaining strength to break the mud walls and emerge into the outer world a full-winged insect. And yet no mud wasp from the beginning has ever seen its young.

A PARSEE MERCHANT.

British Rule in India—What Each Race Desires—Evils of the Tariff Wall.

E.C. Banatwala, a Parsee merchant, of Bombay, was in Toronto the other day on his way from China, via Vancouver and Chicago, to Britain. His chief interest in the World's Fair was that of establishing an Indian trade with this continent. "Honesty is the best policy," is a cardinal article in Mr. Banatwala's business creed. The Parsees, who have become wealthy in business, he remarked, amassed their fortunes because of their thorough integrity. They could be trusted, and were trusted when many of them were poor, and the trust thus reposed was a backing better than gold. Character has told in Parsee success in Bombay, and he testified to the large number of his countrymen who deserved the name of honest men.

Speaking of the position of British affairs in the Eastern Empire, Banatwala said the Hindus would be glad to see one of their own race rule in India, and hoped it might be an actuality before long. They were opposed to any revolution for the purpose of securing this, because they feared that in the struggle the wealthy would lose all and the poor gain nothing.

The Mohammedans made no secret of their desire to see the Sultan of Turkey ruler of all the faithful. Their desire does not appear to be within the bounds of probability.

Regarding Banatwala's own people, the Parsees, the distinguished traveller said they desired the continuance of British rule, and would resist any attempt by Russia or any other power to upset or weaken the influence of Britain in India.

He thought the Christians who really desired to benefit India should send out carpenters, weavers and mechanics generally to teach the natives how to work.

A Family Affair.

Considerable scandal is being caused in Prague by an affair which is shortly to end in the law courts there. Count Octavia Kinsky, who has a large estate in Bohemia, five years ago married a servant girl. She was 28, he 80. Countess Kinsky has called upon herself the wrath of the whole Kinsky family, who are now taking legal steps against her. She has caused the splendid forests to be cut down, and is charged by her husband's family with exhausting the estate in order to make all the money she can out of it during her husband's lifetime. He has no sons, and the nephews who are his heirs have now appealed to law, as it is not allowed to make such use of trust property. The Countess is said to be very extravagant in her behavior. One of her husband's forest officials did not salute her respectfully enough, and the next day the order appeared that all the forest people on the estate, from the highest to the lowest, must shave in future. She knew, of course, that the forester's greatest pride is his long beard.

They that govern make least noise, as they that row the barge do work and puff and sweat, while he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir.

Every author in some degree portrays himself in his works, even if it be against his will.

The cheese mite is more tenacious of life than any other insect. Leuwenhoeck glued one to a pin in order to make a microscopical examination, and in this situation it lived eleven weeks.

The pain caused by the bite of a mosquito is caused by a fluid poison injected by the insect into the wound in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through the mosquito's throat.

The mason bee builds a nest of mortar. Being economical of labor, this insect will repair an old nest rather than build a new, and desperate battles for the possession of a nest sometimes take place.

The upholsterer bee lines her nest with the leaves of flowers, always choosing such as have bright colors. They are invariably cut in circles so exact that no compass would make them more true.

In order to save distance the termites often construct bridges from one gallery to another. Smeathman found one such, built with a gothic arch half an inch broad, a quarter of an inch thick and ten inches long.

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

When Cavendish and Dudley first landed in the West Indies they saw an infinite number of lights moving in the forest, and supposing the Spaniards were upon them retreated to their ships. The lights were caused by fire-flies.

Many larvæ of beetles and other insects are used for food; the bees give honey and wax, the coccus manna and cochineal, the Spanish fly a blistering drug, the gall insects an astringent and the silk worm an article of dress.

Aneas Silvius devotes nearly fifty pages of his natural history to the battle between ants which took place on the trunk of a pear tree. He says in conclusion: "This action was fought in the first year of the pontificate of Eugenius IV."

The male wasps and hornets are the scavengers of the community, being required to keep the nest clean. They remove the bodies of the dead, and when these are too heavy they bite off the head and divide the body again at the waist.

The green ants of Australia make nests by bending leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue. Cook saw hundreds at a time on one leaf drawing it to the ground, while an equal number waited to receive, hold and fasten it.

The utility of the mosquito has been fully demonstrated by etomologists. Born and reared in pestilential swamps, this insect does valuable work by consuming animal and vegetable matter, which, if allowed to decompose, would still further poison the air.

Many years ago a beekeeper, named Wildman, surprised all Europe with the ease with which he handled bees, compelling a swarm to settle where he pleased. His secret was to get possession of the queen bee, when the others would follow wherever she was placed.

Termite laborers at their work are always attended by a soldier ant, who saunters about with his hands in his pockets. At intervals he strikes the wall or ground with his head and is at once answered by a hissing sound from the workers, who immediately redoubled their speed.

The most curious thing about the butterfly is the size of the case from which the inseat proceeds, compared with the size of the insect's body. The case is rarely more than an inch long and a quarter of an inch in thickness; the butterfly covers a surface of nearly 4 inches square.

Hardships of a Shipwrecked Crew.

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer Potosi, which arrived in the Mersey on Tuesday from South America, landed the captain and seven of the crew of the barque Argyleshire, 708 tons, owned by Messrs. Thomas Lowe & Co., of Glasgow, which was lost among the Falkland islands in June last. The vessel left Glasgow for Valparaiso, under the command of Captain Chalmers, with a crew of 17 hands, and all went well until they arrived about the latitude of the River Plate, when they encountered very stormy weather, which lasted four weeks, and did considerable damage, carrying away the bowsprit and several sails. The vessel also sprang a leak. They sighted land on June 17—one of the Falkland Islands—and tried to clear the islet under short canvas, but the vessel would not answer her helm, and she ran ashore. The crew were unable to bring away anything, and it was only with difficulty they managed to save themselves in their boats, the lifeboat having got damaged. On this barren and desolate islet they lived several days upon limpets and wild fowl, till at last, having managed to repair the lifeboat, they made their way to Carcase Island, where a passing schooner picked them up and conveyed them to West Point, from which place they were sent on to Port Stanley. In due time they left this place for Monte Video, whence those who reached Liverpool were sent home by the British Consul. The remainder joined other vessels at Monte Video.

An Improved Gatling Gun.

The British naval and military authorities are engaged in testing an improved Gatling gun. The only perceptible difference in the weapon is that it is provided with a new kind of feeder; but this exercises a great effect upon its value. The old method was to drop the cartridges into an opening, whence they were carried to their position, but, as the result, the gun could not be used when pointed upwards or downwards, except to a moderate degree. The result of the new feeder, it is claimed, is that the gun can be fired in any position at the rate of 3120 times per minute, or should a small electric motor be used, at the rate of 5000 times a minute, while another asserted advantage is that the cartridges are thus shielded from the effect of the rain. The present testing of the gun by our authorities is with a view to its extensive adoption.

We are apt to mistake our vocation by looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over the ordinary ones that lie directly in the road before us.

Poverty, labor, and calamity are not without their luxuries, which the rich, the indolent and the fortunate in vain seek for.

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.

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