

ARMIT & RASHDALL, New Denver, B.C.

REAL ESTATE & MINES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Abstracts and Conveyances.

Send early instructions for the Auction Sale.

LOCAL NEWS.

The private bank of J. M. Burke & Co., Kaslo, has closed its doors.

Mr. McGillivray has sold one-half his interest in the New Denver town-site to Mr. W. H. Smith for \$12,500.

Dr. C. E. C. Brown will be at the Columbia House on Friday, July 7th, and will remain a few days. All needing dental work please make early appointments.

The work of clearing the right of way for the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Railway will commence on Monday morning, Mr. J. J. Nickson of Vancouver being the contractor.

Mr. B. Wrede, of Lardeau, came up yesterday. He says they had a good time at the hotel opening last Friday night, although visitors from other towns could not attend through lack of steamboat facilities.

The Winnipeg Free Press, always in the front rank as a newspaper, is now head and shoulders above any other daily published in the Dominion west of Toronto, its new dress adding the only thing that was wanting to give it this proud distinction.

Messrs. Wilson Hall & Co., Colonial merchants and bankers, 68 Queen Victoria Street, London, Eng., have changed the style of their firm to Messrs. Henry W. Hall & Co., but no alteration will be made in the management of the business, which will remain as before.

A. H. Holdich and J. H. Anderson left on Thursday morning on a prospecting tour. Starting from Illecillewaet they will work northwards towards Big Bend, through a district in which no white man has ever set foot. It is to be hoped they will strike something good.

There will be a Dominion Day ball in Peterson's Hall to-night, dancing to commence at eight o'clock sharp. As there is no time to send out invitations it is hoped everybody in the upper and lower towns will accept this intimation as a special invitation and attend in honor of the day. Excellent music and refreshments.

The C.P.R. townsite at the station is being cleared rapidly, the timber being piled in large heaps ready for burning as soon as the weather is favorable, so much rain having fallen lately that it is fire-proof just now. About 30 acres will be platted, which, with what is already cleared and built on, will make quite a respectable town.

Mr. Thomas, postmaster at Nakusp, has consented to act as correspondent for The Prospector, New Denver's new paper. This will ensure a bright, newsy budget from the city by the lake, and ought to sell copies in Nakusp like hot cakes, Mr. Thomas being in the run of all the news and stands high in the ranks of the Four Hundred.

Messrs. A. A. Drury and D. H. Summers, mining men of Spokane, arrived up on Wednesday's boat. They have heard so much of the big ledges in the Lardeau that they determined to come and see for themselves, their especial desire being to examine the Silver Cap and Great Northern. They left for Golden on Thursday to look at some mining properties in East Kootenay and will return here shortly to go into the Lardeau.

The Winnipeg Commercial this week publishes a supplement which should be read by all British Columbians. It is devoted to matters concerning Vancouver Island, the mainland coast and islands, New Westminster District and the Northern Interior. It is beautifully printed, and contains 24 photo-gravure views of Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Nanaimo and scenes along the coast. When the Commercial gets out a supplement it is always first-class and one to be proud of.

Washburn's circus came and went on Wednesday. It gave two exhibitions here, and the afternoon performance was well patronised. A downpour of rain spoiled the attendance in the evening. The huge tent gave promise of a superior kind of show, but it turned out to be a very mediocre affair indeed, the only thing worthy of note being the skilful riding and lassoing of one of the cowboys, who picked up a hard-cherchief from the ground while going at full gallop.

One of the ladies, while engaged in a quadrille on horseback, got thrown at the afternoon performance, but was not seriously hurt, although stepped on by the horse. The usual crowd of toughs and thimble-riggers accompanied the circus, and several local men lost their dollars to the nimble-fingered professor of the nutshells and peas, one man losing as much as \$70.



NOTICE OF SALE BY SHERIFF.

(Pursuant to the Execution Act.)

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BETWEEN JOHN CAMPBELL, Plaintiff, AND THE KOOTENAY, B.C. SMELTING & TRADING SYNDICATE, LTD., Defendants.

In obedience to a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the above Court, to me directed, in the above suit, for the sum of \$6,248.23 debt and costs, together with interest on the same, besides sheriff's fees, poundage, and other expenses of this execution, I have seized and will offer for Sale by Public Auction, at the Court House, Donald, on Saturday, July 15th, 1893, at twelve o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest of the above defendants in the lands described below, or sufficient thereof to satisfy the judgment debt and costs in this action.

Table with 4 columns: District, No. of lots, Consise description of property, and Interest. It lists land parcels in Kootenay and Revelstoke.

Terms of sale, cash. S. REDGRAVE, Sheriff of Kootenay.

Land Registry Office, Victoria, 19th day of June, 1893, 3.30 o'clock p.m.

I hereby certify that the following judgment only appears registered against all the real estate of the Kootenay (B.C.) Smelting & Trading Syndicate Limited, viz:—29th March, 1893: Judgment of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, obtained the 14th February, 1893, by John Campbell against the Kootenay (B.C.) Smelting & Trading Syndicate, Limited, for \$10,458.34 debt and \$22.89 costs, making together the sum of \$10,481.23.

(Notice filed No. 2849.) Registered in charge book Vol. II, Fol. 817, No. 14592 B. on 7th April, at 10.10 a.m.

S. Y. WOOLTON, Dep. Registrar.

LOCAL NEWS.

Guy Barber left for Nelson on Thursday's boat.

Tom Reid has located 160 acres of good land on the river front at Hall's Landing.

A choice lot of Fresh Groceries and best Eastern Meats just opened up at H. N. Coursier's.

News has just been received of two important finds in the immediate neighborhood of Trout Lake City.

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

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

Capt. Sanderson arrived up with his steamer last Saturday from Lower Arrow Lake, where he has just completed a 200 feet wharf for the government at Fire Valley landing place.

Mr. O. H. Allen was elected a school trustee for three years at the annual meeting in Revelstoke Schoolhouse on Saturday, in place of Mr. F. Fraser, whose term has expired.

It is stated that work on the telegraph line from here to Nelson will commence at Nakusp on Monday and will be completed by October 15th. Poles will be cut along the route, and the wire is on its way from the east.

Roman Catholic services will be held in the schoolhouse to-morrow; morning at 10 a.m. Mass and sermon; evening at 7. Evening Prayer and lecture. The pastor, Rev. Father Jos. Accorsine, will officiate. All are welcome.

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.

Ladies, now is your time to get bargains in Prints and Muslins. H. N. Coursier is clearing out these lines at 10 per cent. margin.

J. P. Sutherland left here on Capt. Sanderson's boat last Thursday with 12 horses for the Northeast Arm. He will run a packtrain from Thomson's Landing to Trout Lake City, which make three packtrains (30 horses) now on that trail.

A small screw steamer is being built at the smelter wharf by Mr. Vandermere of Nanaimo. She is 40 feet in length and 8 feet beam. The engine and propeller are ready for placing in position. She is for service on the Columbia river, and will probably be launched some time this month.

The fine grey horse belonging to Mr. Cowan of the Victoria Hotel, which was injured last Monday week in a runaway, had to be shot on Tuesday last. Mr. Cowan has purchased a nice-looking grey mare from Hill Bros., Kamloops, and the team is even better matched than it was before.

Mr. J. H. Anderson, who bought and operated some mining claims at Fish Creek and Illecillewaet last year, and who has spent the winter at Hamilton, Ont., arrived in Revelstoke this week. He has gone to Illecillewaet for a short prospecting trip, after which he will return here and outfit for Big Bend.

With a late spring and cold weather up to date fruit and vegetables are very backward, although the prevailing rain has been most favorable to the growth of weeds. Clover and timothy are especially rank, being two and three feet high on an average. Potatoes are looking well, but here and there a kind of black rot has attacked the stalk just below the soil, causing it to drop off at the least touch. This may be due to the use of stable manure, which heats very much. Those cabbages which have escaped the grubs are a healthy lot, while turnips, tomatoes, beans, peas, carrots and onions are all vigorous, but quite a month behind. Pansies, however, are at perfection this year, and of enormous size. Small fruits will be heavy crops.

LARDEAU NOTES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] THOMSON'S LANDING, June 27th.

A gang of men under Mr. R. Condell have been employed on the trail from here to Trout Lake. The packers say the work has been done well, so far as it went, but that Mr. Condell quit the job too soon. Owing to the recent wet weather the large number of horses daily passing over the trail have cut it up badly. As this is the main trail of the Lardeau district and the one on which Trout Lake City and the mines adjoining depend for their supplies, a force of men should be kept at work on it all the time. It will never be a good trail, and if the wagon road is not to be taken in hand this year a new trail should be blazed over the route the wagon road will follow.

The hotel here having proved to be too small to accommodate the increasing number of passengers who land here for Trout Lake City Messrs. Beaton and Thomson will erect a new frame hotel at once, the contract for which has been let to Mr. H. Stewart.

Mr. C. F. Blackburn has written that he will be here by the end of the month, and will be accompanied by several prominent mining men who are ready to buy Lardeau mineral claims. Mr. Blackburn states that there are no less than seven different parties after the Great Northern claim, all willing to give the price asked.

J. W. Haskins was warmly greeted by his old friends on his arrival here last week. He looks well and shows very little traces of his recent illness.

Road Supt. Thompson is locating a new trail from Harrison's up the west side of Lardeau Creek. Mr. Condell has charge of the work.

Messrs. Beaton and Thomson will put their townsite on the market in a week or two. The survey has been commenced by Mr. Perry, of Nelson.

Dave Ferguson has taken up 320 acres at the forks of Lardeau Creek. Dave will probably turn townsite bonanza in the near future.

Hugh Ross and a gang of men left here last Monday to construct a bridge over Battle Creek on Fish Creek trail.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] TROUT LAKE CITY, June 27th.

Contractor Nault has 15 men clearing the townsite, and the work is progressing rapidly in spite of the wet weather. C. B. Hume & Co.'s store is completed, with an extensive stock on the shelves. Prospectors camped at Bogustown, at

the lower end of the lake, come here for their supplies, preferring to row twenty miles here and twenty miles back again to paying the high prices demanded at the encampment on the south east shore of the lake. They say the charge for packing from Kootenay Lake to Trout Lake is 7 cents per lb.

The trail between here and the Northeast Arm is in a bad condition, owing to the wet weather, and the packhorses are being loaded very lightly in consequence. The road inspector will have to keep a sharp eye on this trail and see that it does not develop into a quagmire. There is a lot of traffic over it, which will always be increasing. The trail was never a good one, and the quicker the wagon road relieves it the better.

Jack Stanber has bonded the Silver Queen, on the Great Northern ledge, to Mr. Cassel for \$20,000, ten per cent, to be paid down. Jack is at present doing assessment work on the Pool ledge.

The new trail up the Lardeau River is on the north side, and is completed for about two miles up the canyon. It is expected to reach the north fork by the 1st of July.

About 150 men are at the south-east end of the lake following J. W. Haskins, who is a shining light here just now and around whom a constellation of minor planets is revolving. There were no less than eight tents arranged around his the other night, with an average of seven men in each, for all the world like an Indian village, with the chief's wigwam in the centre. But J. W. will "fold his tent and silent steal away" one of these fine nights, and his followers will be left to find their way about the mountains as best they can.

A new shipbuilding firm has started business under most favorable auspices, and is ready to turn out any kind of craft, from a whaleback to a Peterboro canoe, on short notice. Messrs. Holton & Piper are deserving of patronage.

Mr. G. Bourke's hotel is approaching completion. Meanwhile everybody is practising strict sobriety, there being no spirits in town, and the water is not very strong.

Harrison City is going ahead, there being a store, an assay office and a dwelling-house already erected, besides numerous tents dotting the townsite. It will be platted soon, and I hear there are many applications for lots. It is about a quarter of a mile from the lake, and will become an important place.

NAKUSP ITEMS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] NAKUSP, June 28th.

A very enjoyable event was that of the opening ball given last Thursday night by Mr. and Mrs. Muirhead, who have leased the Madden House. A large company attended by invitation, and dancing was kept up with spirit until midnight, when an adjournment took place to the dining-room, where the tables were spread with the choicest delicacies obtainable. All the rooms were tastefully decorated with evergreens and roses, and presented a most charming appearance. After supper the company returned to the ballroom, and danced to the strains of excellent music till the dawn and the steamboat whistle reminded them that another day was well advanced.

The outlook for the speedy commencement of the railroad is very promising. The engineers at work have received instructions to push their work with all possible haste. E. D. Dachesnay, chief engineer of the Pacific Division, has arrived on the scene and some of the local contractors have been requested to stay at Nakusp. Construction can't begin too soon, as the time between now and November is very, very short for carrying out such an undertaking.

Five packtrains are engaged carrying freight between here and New Denver, and two more en route. Mr. Hughes would have brought his packing outfit here had the Duluth syndicate kept faith with him.

Dan Dunn has come into a fortune of \$10,000, but whether he has become the heir of a deceased relative or received payment for some old standing account is not known. He substantiates these figures by flourishing a document before the face of anyone inquiring about the matter. We all hope he will handle the coin before the 1st of July. If so, look out for a grand celebration.

A herd of 800 beef cattle and a lot of hogs were landed here last week for New Denver, but I understand there is very little demand for pork in that town while prime beefsteaks are to be had. That the New Denver are beefeaters is not to be gainsaid, seeing that in six days 36 carcasses were sold—an average of six a day.

The sale of the McGillivray townsite to Middaugh & Scott has fallen through, and the present owners will handle it themselves. They have no objection to clear the townsite, and it is expected there will be a rush for lots when put on the market.

Last year when the town was new the fact of freight and even butcher's meat being thrown from the steamers on to the sandy beach excited little comment. It was thought time would remedy this defect, and as the town grew older and traffic increased that a substantial wharf would replace the beach as a landing-place. But although the traffic was increased so much that seven packtrains are kept busy all the time the old order

of things continues. Goods are still being dumped on the sand and pebbles, and many articles ruined in consequence. It is a disgrace to the town, and the owners should take the matter into consideration at once. There would be money in it for the steamboat company if they were to build a wharf themselves.

The machinery and type for the new paper was shipped to New Denver last Wednesday. It is to be called The Prospector, and substantial support has been promised. The first number is to appear on July 6th.

The stream of people going to and coming from the hot springs up the lake is ever increasing in magnitude, and if sleeping accommodation were to be had there the place would become a favorite resort for visitors from afar as well as our own people, who go there for a few hours to recuperate. The enterprising person who will put up a hotel at the springs will have a better fortune at his command than the owner of a gold mine. Who will grasp the opportunity?

A number of German ranchers have visited Nakusp lately looking for land. But it is the same here as in many other places in British Columbia. The good ranching land in the vicinity is owned by a company which will neither work it nor sell it at a reasonable figure.

Several prospectors are making Nakusp their headquarters, and have strong hopes of finding rich ledges close by.

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.

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

IN THE MATTER OF LOUIS MASON (DECEASED).

All accounts against the estate of Louis Mason, who died in Revelstoke on the 22nd of May last, will be received by the undersigned up to the 10th July, 1893. J. KIRKUP, Deputy Administrator.

SLOCAN TRADING AND NAVIGATION CO., LIM. TED.

Steamer "W. HUNTER,"

G. L. Estabrooks, Master.

Until further notice will leave New Denver Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1 p.m. for HEAD OF LAKE.

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays leave New Denver for FOUR MILE CITY at 6 a.m. Returning, leaves New Denver at 7 a.m. for HEAD OF LAKE.

Leaves HEAD OF LAKE every evening (Sunday excepted) for New Denver at 5 p.m.

R. TAPPING, GENERAL CONTRACTOR, Carpenter and Builder, REVELSTOKE STATION, B.C.

W. R. POULTON, SAYWARD.

has his Hotel in running order, and is prepared to accommodate all-comers IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.

R. H. RAMSEY, House Painter, Paper-hanger and Grainer. REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Stockholm House

JOHN STONE, Prop.

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

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

C. P. K. HOTEL REVELSTOKE.

F. MCCARTHY - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

"NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."

A cold, wet afternoon in March. But a few days ago people believed in spring. There was abundance of sunshine, of blue sky, of tender, venturesome birds; there had been piles of violets and primroses in the flower-girls' baskets, as they moved about the London streets; a breath of genuine spring-time in the soft air; but now all was cold and bleak and drear once more, and people went back shivering to fires and furs, and abused the treacherous English climate to their heart's content.

The external cold and dreariness were shut off effectually in a house in fashionable Mayfair. A sort of small drawing-room, opening off the grandeur and luxury of a larger one; a room with a hundred costly knick-knacks scattered about with velvet draperies, and filled with hothouse flowers, and over which the fire-gleams glistened.

A silver tea-tray stands hissing on a low table by the fire—dainty cups stand beside it. All is warm, fragrant, pleasant to the eye and the senses, and a silvery babble of women's voices adds life to the scene.

"What has become of your young friend, Mr. Athelstone?" asks a pretty, fair woman, as she puts down her cup, and turns to the presiding goddess of the ceremonies—a big, imposing-looking woman, magnificently dressed.

"He's in Rome still," she answers, with a strong American accent. "Means to stay there, too, I surmise—leastways, until the Vavasours come to town. Wonderful pretty woman Lady Vavasour—Lady Lauraine, as the poetry man calls her. You know that story, I suppose?"

"No," chime in two or three other voices. "What was it?"

"Well, he was an Italian," says the lady, who rejoices in the name of Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe, "and very poor, I believe, living in a garret, and that sort, but a right down poet, so everyone says now, and Lady Vavasour found him out and had his book published, and it took like wildfire and of course he's eternal grateful to her, and he wrote something on her—called her 'My Lady Lauraine'—sounds pretty, don't it—and the name was taken up, and in Rome no one called her anything else. She was quite the sensation of the day there, but she is wonderful pretty, and no pumpkins about that."

"She's been married—let me see—"

"Two years, just upon. She's very delicate—that's why they went to Rome. Chest, or lungs, or something. An almighty pretty baby she's got too, and don't she seem fond of it! As a rule, mothers nowadays don't even bother their heads about their children—'ceptin' to dress 'em like dolls, and take 'em out as a show in their carriages."

One or two fashionable mothers present wince a little at Mrs. Bradshaw Woolffe's outspoken opinion, and feel more than ever convinced that she is dreadfully vulgar, and really it would be quite impossible to know her, only she is so amazingly rich.

"And she and Mr. Athelstone are great friends, you say?" questions another voice.

"Yes," answers Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe, shortly. "Knew each other as children; brought up as brother and sister, and all that."

"How very charming," simper an inane-looking model of fashion, settling her bouffant strings, and wishing that some men would take it into their heads to drop in and relieve the monotony of feminine society. "That sort of relationship is so free and easy, and no one can say anything. But I heard that the Vavasours are coming back for the season?"

"So they are—at least Keith told me so when he last wrote. I knew him in New York," she added, explanatorily. "He is a nice boy; deserves his luck, too. Uncommon rich, ain't he. My two million dollars ain't bad; and I'm not sure if it ain't more. Old Hezekiah Jefferson was a relation of my niece. He was a warm man, he was, and this boy's got all."

"He ought to marry," suggests a Belgravian matron, who has two daughters "out," and a third budding into bloom, and becoming obtrusively anxious to show herself among the rosebud "garden of girls," who blossom in London season.

"Marry?" And Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe laughs. "I guess he don't think of that yet awhile. He's too young, and he likes liberty; he's a bit skittish, too, but that's not much account as some go. Marryin' will be more than he'll care about for a long time to come, even though the girls do go after him like squirrels after coals. But then he's uncommon handsome, too."

"Perhaps his friend, Lady Lauraine, as you call her, would object to his setting down?" suggests the Belgravian matron, with a little more acidity than sweetness in her well-modulated voice.

Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe puts down her teacup, and looks straight at the speaker.

"In our country," she remarks, "people say right down what they think. I don't know what you mean, but I guess Lady Lauraine is a good woman and a good wife, and she'd be glad enough to see her old playfellow settled and happy; but, you see, it's difficult for a rich fellow to know whether it's himself or his money that the girl takes him for, and I suspect Keith would like to be sure on that subject before he jumped into matrimony."

There is a momentary hush among the fair tea-drinkers; but one and all are agreed in their minds that Americans have a most unpleasantly coarse way of putting things.

"It's four years ago since I came to Europe," resumed Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe. "I've got more spry about your ways than I was. But there's one thing I don't hold with and that is that you don't believe in your women. Our American girls, now, go to their balls, and parties, and skatin' matches, and junketings, and the young fellows see them home and acquire them about, and we don't think no harm of it, and as for scandal, why, we call a man a blackguard who'd say a word against a girl's character for going about with another man. It's a point of honour with them to treat 'em just as respectfully as if a hundred mothers and chaperons were looking on. Now, here in Europe you're all in such a mortal funk, not only with your gals, but with your married women. You don't seem to believe in such a thing as friendship. Why, if a man and a woman like to talk to each other there's a scandal directly! I surmise it's your way, but it bothers me, that it does."

There is a little titter among the fair worshippers at the shrine of tea and riches.

"Dear Mrs. Woolffe, you do say such odd things; but I think you quite mistake. We are certainly particular with our girls. We must be. Society would be scandalized if they went about in the free-and-easy fashion of their American cousins. But with married women it is quite different. We are really free—more free, I think, than your countrywomen; and as for friendship—dear me, that is quite allowable—quite!"

"Of course," chime in several voices in the background, for all the attention of the conclave is aroused now. "But then there are friendships, and friendships."

"Exactly," says Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe, dryly. "It is the 'and' ones I mean. How is it you know so well who may not look at the halter, and who may steal the horse?"

"It is—it is somewhat difficult to explain," hesitates the pretty fair woman, who has a charming "friendship" of her own on hand just now, and is anxious it should be considered as blameless as, of course, it is.

Mrs. Bradshaw Woolffe laughs loudly.

"I surmise it is," she answers, "something like the people one can't know and the people one can. I suppose as long as one's got a pretty big pile, one can do anything."

"But to return to Mr. Athelstone," say Belgravia, a little uncomfortably. "Don't you really know when he'll come back?"

"Perhaps I do," answers Mrs. Woolffe, with an odd little smile. "He's just promised to come and stay with me the end of the month. I have a niece—a very pretty girl she is, too—coming over from New York, and as they knew each other in Amurca, I thought it would be company like for them to be together."

Horror and consternation fill the heart of the Belgravian matron. The prospects of her two daughters who are "out," and the blushing ingenue in prospective, flee further and further back into the regions of disappointment.

What an odious woman! What a horrible woman! What on earth does she mean? Oh, if only she were poor, and if only the Earl of Longleat hadn't taken her up, how she would crush her now beneath aristocratic scorn. But—well, it never does quite to fall out with so much money, and lose all the dinners, balls, and receptions which the wealthy widow gives right royally in the season. So the ire is smothered and the frowns dispelled, and only the sweetest of phrases issue from lips that are absolutely trembling with hatred and disgust.

The rooms grow emptier and emptier. The last visitor leaves, and Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe leans back in her most comfortable chair, and laughs softly to herself in the glow of the firelight.

"We don't raise that sort down our way," she says, "and I'm glad of it. Well, I think I riled 'em with that bit about Anastasia, and it's no cram either. She is uncommon pretty, and ought to take. I shouldn't mind getting a bid for her, only she's that sweet on Keith I'm afraid it won't be easy. But he don't care a red herring for her—that I know. I wonder what's become of the girl he told me of in New York that fall. He ain't married her, and when I asked him why, he cut up mighty rough, and as good as told me to mind my own business. But I like that Keith. I wish he seemed a bit happier, that I do. He's not near so spry and lively as he used to be. How all these women are after him! Guess I got a rise out of them that time. My, if they knew he was coming here to-night! Taint none of their business though, and I don't mean it to be. I think I'll keep the dragons off him better'n most. I and—Anastasia!"

And she laughs again, a pleasant, cheery laugh, not with any insincere modulation or false ring like the laugh of Society. But with all her vulgarities and eccentricities, Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe is a genuine woman.

She pours herself out another cup of tea, and looks complacently round her pretty room; and as she looks, there comes the sound of a step on the stairs, and the door is thrown open, and a tall figure comes straight to her amidst the obscurity, and she springs up to welcome him with a cordiality so genuine that Society would doubtless call it vulgar.

"Keith, my dear boy—so you've come. I'm real glad to see you, that I am."

Her visitor takes the two hands she extends him, and returns their warm pressure. Then she forces him into a chair by the fire, and stirs the logs into a blaze, and brings him some tea, and fusses about him in a pleasant, genial, womanly fashion that is all her own.

Keith Athelstone accepts her attentions with laughing opposition against the amount of trouble she is taking; but on the whole he likes it, and he likes her, too, for she has been a kind friend to him in days gone by, when he was only poor and struggling—a stranger in a strange land, not yet having "struck it" in the way of fortune and success.

"And so you have really left Rome?" asks Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe at last, when her guest is reclining lazily in his chair, and has begged her not to ring for lights or disturb the cosy solitude of the room. "And how are the Vavasours?"

A little change is visible in the face of the young man—a face strangely altered in these two years. The features are handsome as ever, but there is a haggard, worn look about them, and the blue eyes are feverish and dim, and heavy shadows lie beneath the long dark lashes.

His eyes and lashes are the greatest beauty in Keith Athelstone's face, and now that haunting look of sadness gives them tenfold more attraction than they possessed before.

"They are quite well," he says, after a brief pause; "they come to town next week."

"I wonder you did not wait and come with them."

"Lady Vavasour did not wish it," he answers quietly.

Mrs. Woolffe gives him a quick glance and is silent.

"I've had a troop of women here," she says presently. "Glad you didn't come in the midst of their chatter. My, they'll be after you like flies after molasses this season, Keith! Take care you aren't married in spite of yourself."

"Married?" his voice rings out with

angry energy; "not a I know it. I hate women."

"Hate 'em?—that's queer," remarks Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolffe. "I surmise something's wrong with you, then. Boys at your age aren't women-haters for nothing."

"I mean, of course, those husband-hunting creatures," says Keith, apologetically. "Why can't they let a fellow alone, I wonder?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, unless it's just their malice drives 'em on one against the other, and each tries to be foremost with the traps and gins. When a man has got money I suppose they think it ain't right unless he shares it with a female. And there's such an almighty lot of women in Great Britain. Nice enough, too, some of 'em; I like 'em better'n Amurcans. They've a real good time of it out here, too. When we get married, we're shelved—done for. We let the young 'uns have their time; but, lor' bless me, here the married women seem to have the best of the fun, and are as skittish as colts even when they are forty."

"Yes, that's so," answered Keith. "In these days married women—so long as they are pretty—command more admiration and attention than the girls. The fact of being appropriated seems to lend them a greater charm. Perhaps, though, men think they're safer. The mothers make such dead running, you know, and if you dance twice with a girl, suspect 'intentions."

"It's bad, though," says Mrs. Woolffe, shaking her head. "Bad for Society—bad for men—bad for the girls, too. They'll marry the first man who asks them, because they think they'll have more real freedom afterwards. But what sort of wives and mothers will they make?"

"Those are secondary points of consideration"—sneers Keith, and his face looks hard and almost cruel now, as the flames leap up and frame it in their sudden brightness. "Old-fashioned ideas like truth and constancy, and all that!"

"Come I can't have you getting cynical," says his friend, good-humouredly. "You're too young, and I hate to hear young fellows like yourself railing against women. It don't seem right, somehow. What do you know of them? They're mighty queer creatures, and would puzzle the wisest man; but all the same, they're not all downright bad, and you mustn't judge the whole bale from a poor sample."

Keith says nothing. His eyes go back to the fire, and a cloud darkens his brow. He knows in his own heart that he hates all women, only because he loves one—too well.

CHAPTER V.

"IT SEEMS THAT I AM HAPPY."

In the dressing room of her Park Lane mansion a woman stands dressed for the evening.

Her face is lovely, her toilet exquisite, a rain of diamonds seems to glitter about her; but there is no gladness in the eyes that gaze at their own reflection, and an unnatural gravity and sadness seem to sit on the white brow and round the soft young lips.

It is the face of Lauraine—Lady Vavasour. A maid enters with a bouquet and a note, and gives them to her.

"Sir Francis desired me to say he was waiting, my lady," she says, respectfully. "I will be down immediately. You can take my cloak," answers her mistress.

The maid leaves the room, and Lauraine opens the note and reads the few lines it contains. Her face does not change, except to grow even sadder for a moment. Then she tears up the letter, and, taking the flowers in her hand, sweeps slowly away. She moves across the richly carpeted corridor, and enters another room facing her own. It is dimly lighted, and all its draperies are pure white, and the furniture of satinwood. In one corner stands a little cot, the lace curtains looped back with pale azure ribbons.

A woman rises at her entrance, and stands up respectfully. Lauraine passes her, and goes over to the little bed and looks down with eyes full of love unutterable at its inmate.

A child lies curled asleep. Soft, dusky rings of hair curl round the broad white brow—the cheeks are flushed like a rose—the tiny scarlet mouth is half open—the little hands lay outside the snowy coverlet. Lauraine's whole face grows transfigured as she looks on that baby form; such love—suchapture—such pure, holy, exquisite joy irradiates it! She stoops down and presses her lips to the baby brow—takes one long, idolising look at the cherubic loveliness that is her dearest earthly treasure, and then whispers some parting injunctions to the nurse and leaves the room.

"How long you have been. What a dence of a time you women do take to put your gowns on!" grumbles her husband, as he meets her at the bottom of the stairs. "The horses have been standing out there in the cold for more than half an hour."

Lauraine makes a sign to the maid to put on her wraps, and then follows her husband out to the carriage. He has not looked at her—he has not noticed one detail of the exquisite toilette—his voice in addressing her is harsh and impatient, and they have been married but two years. Yet the coldness and indifference she now receives is ten thousand times preferable, she thinks, to the frantic passion that he had once bestowed. He had been mad to have her, and he had won her! Now—well now that infatuation looked as absurd as it had once been imperative. It is a man's nature; it always has been and always will be so.

Lauraine too feels strangely changed. She seems to have grown cold, hard, indifferent to everything. These two years seem like ten. This is her first season in London since she married, and she looks upon it as a duty enforced, and with not one tincture of pleasure or anticipation. She is young, rich, and very lovely; but she carries a heavy heart within that beautiful bosom, and knows that the one great error of her life is ever demanding compensation.

Six months ago she and Keith Athelstone met again. He had gone back to New York after her marriage, to settle his affairs, and for eighteen months she had neither seen nor heard anything of him. When they met in Rome she had been startled and afraid of the change wrought in so brief a time. He looked years older. The bright, genial, sunny temper that had given him so great a charm was now sullen, uncertain, and bitter. He was restless, extravagant, and capricious. Much that she had heard of him pained and annoyed her deeply; but she scarcely dared remonstrate for fear

of being met with a sneer or a reproach. Her husband took an unaccountable fancy to the young fellow, and had him constantly at their house; but it frightened Lauraine to see the hatred and contempt that at times flashed out in Keith's eyes and voice against the man who called him friend. No word of the past—no allusion to that wedding-morning of hers—ever passed between the young man and herself. She almost hoped he had forgotten his boyish passion—would be content to accept the friendship she had once proffered him, and he had rejected so scornfully.

For herself nothing seemed to signify much now. The whole tenderness of her nature spent itself on her child.

If she could have had her way, she would have liked to live in the quiet old Northumbrian house which was her husband's, and there given herself exclusively up to the care and teaching of her boy. But such a wild idea was, of course, scouted and ridiculed.

Her husband was proud of her in a way—proud of the sparkling beauty, the dainty grace, the mind and manners of the woman he had made his wife. She would never be fast or vulgar, or think only of conquests and admiration, and drag his name through the mire of scandal. No; she would always be safe—that he felt, and if he had grown tired of her, he was determined that the world should see and admire her, and applaud his choice. It would gratify his vanity, if nothing more, just as it had done in Rome, where she had been courted and worshipped and eulogised everywhere as "Lady Lauraine."

The carriage rolls smoothly and swiftly on. Lauraine leans back, with her eyes gazing dreamily out at the lighted streets.

Her husband breaks the silence at last.

"I want you to be specially civil to Lady Jean," he says abruptly. "You were very stand-offish when she called on you the other day. She's the most popular woman in London, and the prettiest. You two ought to be friends."

"I don't like her," answers Lauraine coldly.

"Don't like her!" he sneers. "No, of course not. That's just like a woman! The moment a man praises one of your own sex to you, it's quite sufficient reason for you to dislike her. Pray, what's your objection?"

Lauraine colours faintly.

"She is loud and fast. She ridicules every good and honest feeling, and I think she is very malicious."

"The secret of her success perhaps," laughs her husband. "People are afraid of her sharp tongue. Tant mieux. But she is at all events a woman one would not get tired of. Few know how to make themselves more agreeable."

"To men, perhaps."

"Well, that's paying us a great compliment. A woman making herself agreeable to women is taking a great deal of trouble for no purpose unless, of course, they have the entire where she has not. But Lady Jean goes everywhere."

"And Lady Jean's husband?" asks Lauraine.

Sir Francis laughs. "Well, one doesn't see much of him certainly. But he's worth nearly a million, for all that. The earl wouldn't have let his daughter marry him if he hadn't been."

"Was Lady Jean poor?"

"Very poor. The Earl of Killery had six daughters. She was the youngest, and the only one who has married. She's been married six years now."

"You knew her before—before—?" hesitates Lauraine.

"Before I married you? Oh, yes. We were very good friends always. That's why I hope you and she will hit it off. She'll be of great use to you."

Lauraine is silent. In her own mind she thinks she shall never be able to "hit it off," as Sir Francis expresses it. She and Lady Jean are totally opposite in many respects, and she has that instinctive antipathy to her which a pure and high principled woman often conceives for one whose morals are lax, whose nature is coarse, whose views, tastes and opinions are utterly antagonistic to her own.

The carriage stops at last. They get out and are marshalled up a crowded staircase and into yet more crowded rooms.

Lady Jean Saloman receives them very cordially. She looks radiant. If not a positively beautiful woman, she at least is a woman who always contrives to make herself immediately noticed even amidst beauty. She is very tall; dresses superbly; wears jewels fit for an empress, and is too much a woman of the world not to know the worth of popularity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Unlucky Man.

Not long since, in a village in the north of Scotland, the parish minister meeting a farm servant who was a member of his flock, the following conversation ensued:

Parish minister: "Well, John, and how are things doing with you? I hope you are keeping well."

Farm servant: "Heh, sir, it's hard work I hae to dae; nae rest from morn tae night; wae an' work, an' no' a minute's peace for me."

Parish minister: "Well, John, we must all do our share in the work of this world. Remember, it is only a preparation for a better world, where there will be no work to be done."

Farm servant: "Weel, sir, that may be for the likes o' you, but I'm no' sae sure that there will be naething for me to dae in the other world. It will be the same thing there, and I'll be told, 'John, clean the sun,' 'John, hang out the moon,' 'John, light the stars an' so on. I've nae doubt they'll find something for me to do, unlucky man that I am!"

Studying His Mistress.

A gentleman recently observed his coachman at the top of a ladder engaged in doing something to the weathercock on the stable roof.

"Hallo, Pat," he said, "and what are you up to there?"

"Faith," replied Pat, "the mistress wants particularly to go for a drive this afternoon, an' she told me to put the powny in at once; but, begorra, its blowing so nasty a cawld wind from the astean she is so pretty and delicate, it made me think that I would just tie the baste of a wind round to the south-west with a piece of string, an' keep her there till she'd come back from her drive."

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLLAPSE.

An English Journal Says It Is Largely Due to Labor Troubles.

The Newcastle Chronicle has been taking the views of a gentleman who recently spent some months in Australia studying the critical condition of the financial affairs there. He has arrived at the conclusion that the woe of the state of Australian economics is due primarily to the disastrous labor wars which have disorganized industry and brought misery and suffering in their train and, in the secondary degree, to the land speculators; to whom is due the fact that, at this critical juncture, money is locked up in unreliable securities. With regard to the former of these two causes the Chronicle's informant is very decided: "I am convinced," he said, "that the labor question lies at the very root and foundation of the series of disasters that have come upon the colony. My experience in Victoria has given me sufficient evidence of that. They have there an eight hours legal working day. That would be all right if the workmen worked a good day's work in eight hours. But they did not. The whole system was, of course, in favor of the men. While the law said they should not work more than eight hours a day there was nothing to compel them to do a good day's work in eight hours. The average wage is very high; I suppose that on the whole it is not under 10s. per day, and the skilled laborers get more. I am speaking of work in the towns and not of agricultural labor. The members of the trades unions were not in the habit of doing a fair day's work, and that led to the disastrous conflict between them and their employers. The employers, while not objecting to trades unions, sought to enforce freedom of contract; they desired to be at liberty to employ a good workman, whether he was a trades unionist or not. The unions refused to concede this right and declined to allow any non-unionist to work in their company. From this germ have grown all the consequent troubles.

"They have had three tremendous strikes, in Australia. First, the general strikes caused by the federated trades unions endeavoring to coerce shipowners and others only to employ captains and other officers who were members of a trades union affiliated with the Federated Trades. This was shortly succeeded by the wool shearers' strike, and, last of all, came the great strike at Broken Hill, which began on July 4, 1892. On Oct. 7 about 1000 men returned to work, but the main body still held out, and it was not until Nov. 7 that the leaders declared the strike at an end. During the whole of that time practically nothing was done at the mines. The nominal cause of the strike was, as I have said, the claim of the employers for freedom of contract, but really it was the great power that was being acquired by the trades unions, and the arbitrary manner in which they abused their power. They were, in fact, becoming masters in the mines, and sought to dictate to their employers. The number of men employed was increasing rapidly, and they would not do anything approaching a fair day's work. The result of the strike was that the employers gained their point. They did not in any way interfere with men becoming members of trades unions if they wished, but they held to their claim to employ free labor if they desired. Since the strike things have gone on pretty comfortably. The output per man has enormously increased, and the men's earnings also have to a certain extent risen. In Australian politics the working men, with manhood suffrage, are the masters, and when times of distress came and idlers filled the towns, they demanded that work should be found for them to do. The Government obeyed. The energies of them were devoted to unproductive works, carried on with borrowed capital. That was all very well for a time, but it stands to reason that this state of affairs if long continued is bound to end in disaster. That is just what happened in Victoria. They borrowed and borrowed until they could borrow no longer and then, as a matter of course, the crash came. Melbourne, the capital of the colony, is not a manufacturing city, and the manufactures there could not be carried on except by the ridiculous system of state aid, which is open to very many abuses."

Some Causes of Failure.

Careful investigation into the character of failures in Ontario, and in fact all Canada during the past six months, indicate that at least 66 per cent. of them are people who commenced with small capital during the past two or three years. Two primary causes can be distinctly traced in this phenomenon, viz., increasing competition, and having started contemporaneously with the epoch of "hard times," beginning in Toronto district in 1890. Not only would this depression operate against the then existing storekeepers directly but it occasioned many in no way qualified to embark on the sea of commerce. And when the novice, temporarily out of work, went to a wholesale house, as is well known, with one or two hundred dollars, he would be encouraged to buy more than he could ever pay for arguing that he should be surely good for an opening order, but it is hard to stop there. The lesson to be derived from these facts is that even the average business under average conditions cannot in the face of present competition when his first stock is not paid for, continue solvent for many years much less make money as so many vainly hope. It would pay wholesalers and banks to remember this when small new firms are starting in numbers out of all proportion to the increase in population and the requirements of the public. We find the average of failures of this class very much less in small towns than in cities; and that perhaps is caused by the fact that there people can gauge better how many stores a limited community will support. As an instance in Port Hope a good business was successfully carried on for a few years by a firm now in wholesale fruits in another city, but no one ever succeeded them although the town is prosperous; and in many towns there are frequently no successors to recently extinguished firms.

Trials of Actors.

Said one: "The greatest misfortune that can happen to an actor is to lose his voice." To which an actor replied, "No, sir; our greatest misfortune comes in when we have to play the part of a King or an Emperor on the stage and go to bed without supper."

## Treatment of Burns.

Every little while one reads some exhaustive treatise on the treatment of burns and scalds, said treatise almost always ending up with the recommendation to use limewater and oil, says the *New York Ledger*. While there may be somewhere in medical science some excellent reason for the employment of this compound, one can not but wonder how such a curious mixture ever came into favor. One might die from exhaustion, from pain, before either of these ingredients could be procured and properly prepared for use, besides not every one understands managing them. Why not use a remedy within the reach of every one, something that almost every pantry affords and which has been thoroughly tested and found in every way to answer all the demands of a remedy. At the very first possible moment grasp a handful of lard, such as is used for cooking purposes, and smear it over the burned surface. This answers until the regular remedy can be prepared, which consists simply of a paste of flour and lard made as soft as it can be handled. This is spread about half an inch thick upon a cloth and applied to the injured parts. Let it remain until it begins to crumble, which can be readily ascertained by raising the corner of the cloth. The application must then be renewed, great care being necessary in taking off the old plaster that the surface of the skin is not broken. If it sticks at any point, it is much better to leave it than to run any risk of irritating the hurt and possibly causing a deep sore. The number of applications will depend upon the nature of the burn. Sometimes it is necessary to renew the plaster a dozen times, and it is worth while to do this if the burn is deep. In other cases one or two will be quite sufficient.

The burned flesh absorbs all the oil from the plaster, and the flour serves to keep the skin from it, and if carefully managed, there will scarcely be any pain after the lard is put on.

It is sometimes desirable to give a soothing mixture and allow the patient to sleep, for burns are extremely exhausting, and great care should be taken with the diet, and every effort made to keep the system in a state of repose.

If a very large surface is injured there is danger to life, but this may almost always be avoided by the immediate application of the lard. It is safe to assert that the average of fatal cases could be reduced more than half if the course of treatment were persisted in.

Cases have been known where large surfaces have been deeply burned, and the patient has recovered without leaving a scar when treated in this way. Drugs and chemicals are best left alone in such emergencies, simple treatment, absolute quiet and a moderate amount of plain, nourishing food almost always insuring a safe and speedy recovery.

## Sanitary Precautions.

The sanitary condition of the household is a subject on which one should never weary of expatiating, says an exchange. At this time more than usual care should be exercised, for as the warm days come the disease germs propagate with great rapidity and before long will get the upper hand of the careless housekeeper. Look at the cellar, see that there are no vegetables or fruit in a half decayed state, clear out odds and ends of all sorts, sweep, scrape, scrub if necessary, brush out, dust all ashes from the heater, that have accumulated during the winter and hang around on the cobwebs, for they are nurseries of disease. Dark spots on the wall should be cleaned and whitewashed. Lime is a great purifier, and copperas water is invaluable for killing disease germs. Two or three pounds of copperas dissolved in half a barrel of water and used with a sprinkler around drains and low places where the water settles out of doors may save a doctor's large bill or a break in the family circle. Pour a few pailfuls of copperas water down the sink and through the pipes, deluge water closets with it and scatter it in all places where there are bad odors.

Keep a can of potash on the shelf over the kitchen sink, drop a few crystals into the sink and let the water dissolve it and run away through the pipes; watch all damp corners; if the walls are water-soaked and paper falls off, leaving a colony of well-developed fungus growths in various shades of blue and black, scrape the walls, get a little Portland cement, mix it with water and put it on with a whitewash brush. Work rapidly, and this will not only give the walls a hard finish, but will make them as waterproof as a china cup.

Some day, when we know a great deal more than we do now, all of the plaster on our walls will be made of this sort of material, stuff that water can not get through; then we will have no further trouble with paper falling off and growing damp and discolored.

More people die from carelessness and stupidity in the world than from any other cause. It is too much trouble to keep things clean, and because the enemy doesn't come with a roaring noise and brandished weapons, nothing is thought about it. A stitch in time saves nine, and a little care early in the season may save doctors' large fees and not unfrequently undertakers' larger bills.

## Tobacco as a Microbiocide.

Dr. Tassinari has published in the *Italia Termale* the results of an investigation into the effects of tobacco smoke on microbes. He finds: (1) That the smoke of the Cavour, Virginia and Tuscan cigars, and all black and chopped tobaccos possess a very pronounced bactericide power, especially against the bacillus of Asiatic cholera. (2) This microbiocidal action may in all probability be attributed to the products of nicotine. (3) In epidemics of cholera and typhus the use of tobacco may be rather useful than hurtful. (4) Tobacco smoke merits special consideration on the hygiene of the mouth as a prophylactic means of combating microbial affections of the buccal cavity.

## Petroleum for Diphtheria.

In the *Normandie Medicale* of Rouen there is an interesting account of a new and so far wonderfully successful treatment of diphtheria. It appears that in the village of Neuville Champ-d'Oisel, about nine miles from Rouen, a malignant type of the disease broke out last year. The country doctor,

M. Frederic Flahaut, treated the cases in the usual way, but the deaths were numerous. Remembering, as he says, that the English use petroleum as an antispasmodic and an antiseptic, he determined to try it as an experiment. His first trial was in the case of a little girl, 7 years old. He had already given her up, and proposed to the parents to make the experiment, which consisted in swabbing the throat with common petroleum. He had little hope of the success of his new method, but to his astonishment, he noticed an improvement after the first application. He continued the treatment and the child recovered. Then he tried it successfully with his other patients.

This year he had forty cases of diphtheria to treat, and he was successful in every one. In order to be perfectly sure that the cases in question were genuine ones of malignant diphtheria, he had the expectorated matter submitted to the analysis of Prof. Francois Hue of the Rouen College of Medicine, and the Professor reported that he had clearly discovered the presence in it of numerous bacilli of diphtheria. Moreover, his diagnosis was confirmed by Drs. Deshayes, Lerefaud, and Ballay of Rouen, the last named being the physician in chief of the hospital of that city.

The treatment presents little difficulty or danger. The swabbing is done every hour or every two hours, according to the thickness of the membranes, which become, as it were, diluted under the action of the petroleum. The brush, after being dipped in the petroleum, should be shaken to prevent any drops falling into the respiratory channels. The patients experience relief from the very first application. The disagreeable taste of the petroleum remains for a few moments only.

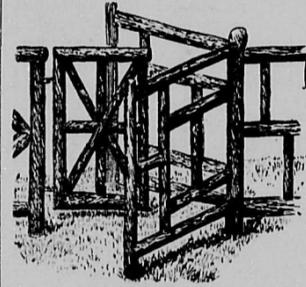
Dr. Flahaut has been interviewed by several reporters of Paris papers. He is a modest man, and appears to be astonished at the noise that he is making in the French medical world. He ought to become famous and rich, for he has certainly struck oil.

## The Telephone Ear.

The great good which the telephone does in annihilating distances will probably always make it a popular instrument, but its effect upon the hearing of those who use it continually is such as to make the question pertinent as to whether in the future we will not be a race of deaf people. At the recent meeting in Paris of aural surgeons it was stated that people whose ears are not sound are always given to head-ache, vertigo, insomnia, or other mental disturbances whenever compelled to listen to the telephone for any length of time. The advice was given then that those having unsound ears should never attempt to listen to the telephone, as aural difficulties would follow, and possible mental unbalancing. Those who could not listen without injury were said to have the "telephone ear," and this ear could be obtained by a persistent use of the instrument in many cases. In this country an examination of a large number of those stationed at telephone headquarters to receive and send messages shows that a great number have the "telephone ear," which is permanently injuring them, and that many others suffer more or less with slight deafness and headache. Many girls have to give up the work finally, and others after a few weeks trial, as the instrument makes them nervous, and produces headaches. The aural congress advised finally that the telephone should be used by those with sound ears just as little as possible, or some difficulty might arise where the auditory apparatus seems perfect.

## Convenient Rustic Gate.

Many of the most frequently used farm pathways lead through fields in places distant from the wagon gate. An ordinary small gate on such a path is very apt to be left open, permitting the stock to trespass on growing crops. A stile over the fence is generally unsightly, and climbing the steps is only less inconvenient than climbing the fence. A suitable gate for such a pathway is shown in the illustration. This gate is always open for people, but when a four-footed animal attempts to pass, the gate swings against an



CONVENIENT FARM GATE.

outer post of the triangle and closes the way. A person standing in the angle can easily swing the gate so as to make a wide passageway. The hinges should be strong, and the gate so heavy that the wind cannot move it quickly.

## Drying Himself.

An English labourer attempted to drown himself; but an Irish reaper, who saw him going into the water, leaped in after him and brought him safe to shore. The man attempted it the second time, and the reaper again brought him out. But the labourer, being determined to destroy himself, watched for an opportunity, and hanged himself behind a barn door. The Irishman observed him, but never attempted to cut down the body. Several hours afterwards the master of the farmyard asked the Irishman upon what ground he had suffered the poor fellow to hang there.

"Faith," replied Patrick, "I don't know what you mean by ground. I fetched him out of the water twice, and he was wet through, so I thought he had hung himself up there to dry, and I did not think it was my place to prevent him."

A New York firm is manufacturing a self-winding clock.

The telephone has been successfully used in surgery to locate the position of metallic substances in the body, thus enabling an operation to be performed in the right direction at once.

Paper is now being made fireproof, and is extensively used in the construction of dwellings. It can be made of any color desired, and can be polished and worked like most woods.

## FUNDIGS.

If gentle Annie had had to wait until the Springtime came this season she would probably have called the match off.

Wigs—"What measure of success did he attain?" Waggs—"Small. He was into the strawberry business, you know."

He (exhibiting sketch)—"It's the best thing I ever did." She (sympathetically)—"Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you."

"I want a good witness to prove an alibi," said the lawyer to a court heeler, "I see," said the latter; a witness to prove a lie-by."

"Did you wear that hat when you went to meet Jack at the train?" "No; he is so demonstrative I was afraid he'd ruin the feathers."

Wild-Eyed Man—"I want some soothing syrup, quick!" Druggist—"What sized bottle?" Wild-Eyed-Man—"Bottle! I want a keg! It's twins!"

Baseball Crank—"Why do you leave in the middle of the game, Isaacs?" Isaacs—"Ef'ry time dot umpire says 'dree balls' he looks me right in der face."

Little Willie—"What is a phonograph?" His Mamma—"A thing you talk to and it talks back." Willie—"Oh, I thought that was a servant girl."

"If I should steal a kiss from you, Pray, pretty maid, what would you do?" With eyelids drooped, she murmured, "Well, Until you do, how can I tell?"

Chappie—"That was a narrow squeak that Buppums had the other day." Sam-jones—"I hadn't heard it." Chappie—"Yes; another man of the same name was killed in a railway accident."

"I wish my teeth were not so regular," sighed the young woman, regarding herself pensively in the glass. "Every time I smile when I'm talking to Harry he looks as if he wondered how much they cost."

Wife—"Why, Charles, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?" Husband—"I have been reading them, my dear. And it occurred to me that after I die some one who wished to break my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane."

Miss Fuzzie—"I want to break my engagement with Mr. Sappie, but I don't know how to do it without driving the poor fellow to suicide." Little Brother—"Why don't you let him see you in curl papers just once?"

Mrs. Meadow (at city hotel)—"Ooo! There's a fly in this soup." Mr. Meadow (who has traveled some)—"Hush, Miranda, don't speak so loud. No use exposin' our ignorance. This bill of fare is in French, and mebbey we ordered fly soup."

## A BEAVER'S TEETH.

How Nature Makes a Chisel that Always Keeps Sharp.

As in every "gnawer," the beaver's skull is armed with two long chisel-like teeth in each jaw. These teeth are exceedingly powerful, and are to a beaver what an ax is to a woodman. One such tooth taken from the lower jaw of a medium-sized skull (they can be removed without difficulty, unlike the most of ours) is bent into nearly a semicircle, and measures five inches along its outer curve. Only one inch of this length projects from the skull. The corresponding one from the upper jaw is bent more than a complete half-circle, and measures upon its outer face four inches, of which less than an inch protrudes from its bone casing. In width each tooth is five eighths of an inch. Examination of one of them reveals the secret of how a beaver can perform such feats as chopping down a birch-tree sixteen inches in diameter, not to speak of softer woods, like the basswood, of much greater size. The tooth is composed of two materials. Along the outer face or front of the tooth is a thin plate of exceedingly hard enamel; on the inner, forming the body of the tooth, is a substance called dentine. The dentine, being softer, wears away with use; the thin enamel remains comparatively unworn, so that the tooth assumes the shape of a keen chisel that never grows dull. The tooth is hollow at the base for half its length, and is filled with a nourishing substance which keeps it constantly growing. Thus, not only is the natural wearing away provided against, but a certain amount of wear becomes an actual necessity. With such instruments, the beaver is admirably fitted for obtaining its natural food, the bark of shrubs and trees.—[June St. Nicholas.

## Employment of Discharged Sailors and Soldiers.

In the House of Lords Lord Sandhurst has given a very satisfactory account of the steps that have been taken to promote the employment of discharged old soldiers and sailors of good character. Nearly all the messengers at present in the War Office are men who have served in the army. For more than 10 years past, all posts of this kind at the Admiralty have been given to old sailors. The Postmaster-General has thrown open many similar appointments to old army men. The great railway companies are under promise to do the same thing, and the association for finding employment for discharged soldiers "placed" nearly 3,000 men last year, as against less than 200 in a like period a few years ago. The tars have the admiralty alone, while army men seem to have the pick of all the departments. The fire brigade recruits largely from the navy. The friends of the men are still asking for more. The Earl of Minto has put forward a reasonable and well-considered claim in favor of the opening of higher appointments in the civil service to such non-commissioned officers and soldiers as may be able to pass the examination.

## A Domestic Episode.

He (crossly)—"Why do you always contradict me?" She (humbly)—"I don't want to, dear." He—"You do it just the same, and I don't want it to occur again." She—"Yes, dear."

## SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

He (after some oversight)—"Well! I think I'm the biggest fool in town." She—"Yes, dear."

Anger is as dangerous at the breech as at the muzzle.—[Detroit Free Press.

What every man gets takes that much away from some one else.

## Temporary Platform for Topping a Stack.

When hay or fodder is stacked out of doors the pitching up of the last two loads is attended with extremely heavy straining work by the man on the load. From this cause stacks are too often topped out and called finished before they are high enough to properly shed rain. The accompanying engraving from a sketch by L.D. Snook, shows a temporary platform which will aid in overcoming these difficulties. When the stack has reached the height to which a man



A HAYSTACK PLATFORM.

can conveniently pitch from the bottom of the load, two smooth poles are laid parallel, cross-wise across the top of stack, one end left projecting about three and a half feet. Half a load of hay is thrown upon the inner end of rails, and a few boards nailed on the projecting ends. To give greater strength, props from the ground are nailed to the outer edge. The hay is then pitched upon the platform, and thence to the stack. When finished, the boards are removed, and the poles either left in position or pulled out of stack.

## Entering Russia.

Jonas Stedling, in an article in the *Century Magazine*, thus describes his experience on entering Russia:—I left Stockholm on February 24. In Berlin I was informed that the Slavophil press in Russia had expressed its disapproval of assistance from Germany and my friends doubted if I would be permitted to enter the famine-stricken villages. Thus with rather gloomy prospects I left Berlin on the night train for Warsaw. At the border station of Alexandrovo, next morning, Russian officials searched our luggage. I travelled second class. On boarding the Russian train I observed the passports were returned to my fellow-passengers but not to me which caused me some anxiety. Finally a gendarme came in and handed me my passport. After a few minutes the same gendarme came again accompanied by the conductor, and said to me in a commanding tone, "Vash passport!" ("Your passport!") I answered as politely as possible that my passport had already been examined and stamped, and asked why he wanted it a second time. Stepping up to me, the gendarme roared out as if he were drilling a fresh recruit from the village: "Eto nashe dielo! Vash passport!" ("That's our business! Your passport!") I produced it without further remark. My fellow-passengers looked at me, as it seemed, with suspicion, and my own feelings reminded me of the words, of a Russian nobleman to me on a former visit, "Russia is a gigantic prison, where honest men must submit to be treated as criminals." Two years previously I had written a book on the religious movement in Russia which had been forbidden by the Russian censor, but I did not think my name could be on the list of suspicious or dangerous foreigners. After about an hour the conductor handed me my passport. On examining it I could not discover that anything had been done to it beyond writing my name in Russian on it. An old German gentleman, who had observed my anxiety, said to me in a low and paternal tone, "In Russia you must never ask questions nor make objections, nor worry yourself, but quietly submit, and leave everything to God."

## Largest Ox in the World.

William McMillan, of Atlantic, Iowa, claims the ownership of the largest ox in the world. His measurements are as follows: From head to rump, 12 feet 3 inches; from tip of nose to tip of tail, 17 feet 8 inches; girth, 11 feet 1 inch; across hips, 2 feet 9 inches; from brisket to top of shoulder, 4 feet 11 inches, circumference—front leg at body, 29 inches, of hind leg between knee and body, 2 feet 8 inches, height to top of shoulder, 6 feet 4 inches; weight 3790 pounds. This weight was taken last on his return from an exhibition tour of the country and state fairs of Iowa and Nebraska. Mr. McMillan estimates that his ox, which is named Jumbo, will now weigh at least 300 pounds more than when weighed last autumn. Jumbo is a thoroughbred Durham, with the characteristic red color of that breed, and unmarked excepting a white star in the forehead. He has been pronounced by the best stock breeders of Iowa and Nebraska as being as finely a proportioned animal as they have ever seen. He will be 7 years old on July 14, 1892. He is gentle as a kitten, and has but a moderate appetite. He was raised by C. W. Curtis of Case County, Iowa, who has marketed several brothers and half brothers of Jumbo, whose weight ranged from 2200 to 2800 pounds.

## The Austrian Frozen Mutton Industry.

Some idea of the gigantic proportions which this industry has attained may be gathered from the fact that one of the establishments alone, the Australian Chilling and Freezing Works, at Aberdeen, on the Great Northern Railway, 162 miles from Sydney and some 87 miles beyond Newcastle, can freeze 850 and chill 1,500 sheep daily. The vessels load at Newcastle, a special train conveying the mutton to that port, where as many as 6,000 sheep have been loaded in one day. The steamers carry their cargoes to England. The vessels are provided with refrigerating machinery and deliver their cargoes in frozen condition.

He who has lost his honor can lose nothing more.

If bread is the staff of life, pie is the gold head on it.

## VAST RESOURCES OF AUSTRALIA.

Great Areas of Fertile Land and Almost Unlimited Mineral Wealth.

There is an area equal to an English county for every man, woman and child in the Australias, absolutely unoccupied and undeveloped, asserts Mr. Edmund Mitchell of Victoria. No amount of word-painting or piling up of statistics can give even a faint idea of the vast potential wealth of Australia. Full revelation only comes when one travels over the country, and, seeing in patches here and there what the soil is really capable of, finds the land a veritable wilderness with no sign of veritable occupation except for a few sheep fences. The mallee scrub of Victoria, extending for tens of thousands of square miles, has only to be rolled, burned off, and tickled with the stump-jumping plough to produce harvests of wheat that cannot be beaten in any other part of the world. That vast, perfectly flat area lying between the Murray and the Murrumbidgee rivers has a soil rich as that of a garden, but it is given over to sheep, running about one to the two acres, and producing about 7 shillings' worth of wool per annum. In Queensland, upon the savannah stretching hundreds of miles in every direction, the traveller rides or drives through natural herbage reaching to his buggy poles or his saddle-girths, and in a day's journey sees only a few hundred sheep or a few score cattle; population, in the proper sense of the word, there is none. The unbounded productiveness of these virtually waste lands is

PROVED BY ACTUAL RESULTS.

Australia can grow meat, butter, cheese, wine, fruit and wheat for the whole world. From a few butter factories in Victoria, for example, a single steamer has recently taken away £35,000 worth of chilled butter, and shipments are proceeding upon this scale weekly for three months each season, although it is only within two years past that the export trade in this article was commenced. Victorian brandy has been pronounced by the British medical journals to be equal in quality to the finest French cognac. The results already achieved in Australia show almost unlimited possibilities for wine-making. The fruit trade also has an indefinite future, grapes, peaches, apricots, oranges, lemons, pears, apples, plums, pineapples, and almost every other known variety capable of sea transport flourishing as in the sunniest corners of France, or Spain, or Italy. Then even the already important pastoral industry is capable of expansion, for an immense area of country is still unstocked, and in the wool-growing districts a system of small farming, with cereals and stock dividing the attention of the agriculturist, would vastly increase the

PRODUCTIVENESS OF THE SHEEP RUNS.

The fattening of sheep and cattle for export in the frozen state to the markets of Europe is an enterprise as yet merely in its infancy. The primeval forests in many regions are rich in valuable timbers, but their silence is still unbroken by the ring of the woodman's axe. Instead of the 3000 camels now in use in the arid regions of Central Australia there might be a hundred times that number opening up pastoral country as yet incapable of occupation through the impossibility of getting up station supplies, and enabling gold reefs to be worked where men cannot now subsist for scarcity of water. Only a pinch of the mineral wealth in the bowels of the earth has yet been extracted. In Tasmania is the biggest tin mine in the world, Mount Bischoff; in New South Wales the biggest silver mine in the world, the Proprietary; in Queensland the biggest gold mine in the world, Mount Morgan; in South Australia one of the biggest copper mines, Moonta; around Newcastle, New South Wales, are some of the most extensive coal measures anywhere to be found. But though hundreds of millions of pounds sterling worth of minerals have been raised in Australia, it is certain that thousands of millions remain to be won.

## NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Great Things Expected From the Violoncello-Piano.

The manufacturers of musical instruments as well as others have for years been endeavoring to free the tone of the piano from its disagreeable metallic harshness. The aim has been to produce a mellow "singing" quality, possessing as much as possible the flexibility and sustained character of the human voice. A thoroughly satisfactory solution of this problem has not been reached as yet, but great efforts are constantly being made toward its accomplishment. Professor M. de Blaminck, of Paris, has made a great step in the right direction. He has conceived the idea to construct an instrument which would combine the special features of a string instrument, considered as leading, with that of the accompanying piano. Under the piano a violoncello or a violin is attached and closely connected with the piano. The left hand of the player controls the keys, while the right guides the bow of the string instrument. An ingenious mechanism causes the mellow clearness of the tone produced upon the string instrument to keep up with the established pitch of the piano and imparts a great purity and sweetness to the tone of the latter. It is also easy to produce the so-called tremolo as well as sustained organ tones on this new piano, which is something that is impossible to obtain from the ordinary pianos now in use. When the violoncello-piano embraces five octaves it is said to be capable of taking the place of every stringed instrument. It has met with the strong approval of leading musicians, and great things are expected from this startling innovation in the piano world.

## He Found It.

It is not easy to tell a self-conceited man how he is regarded, but now and then some one proves equal to the task.

During the American Civil War a man, great in his own eyes, was, by some influence, appointed brigadier-general. His sense of his own importance was at once increased. He could hardly speak of anything else but his new dignity. Meeting a "home-spun" Yankee one day, he accosted him thus:

"Well, Jim, I s'pose you know I've been appointed brigadier-general?"  
"Yes," said Jim, "I heard so."  
"Well, what do folks say about it?"  
"They don't say nuthin'," replied truthful James; "they just laugh."

a national money) goes into figures on the subject of the appropriations. After more than half a column of explanations and beliefs it leaves the matter precisely as we left it last week. Of the money to be devoted to roads, trails and bridges, \$42,000, Revelstoke is to have \$12,500, less than one-third. In the specified amounts of the whole appropriation of \$75,000 the disproportion is still greater. But no complaint was made of this unfair division until the Tribune advocated the using of Revelstoke's one-third (or some portion of it) on the Kaslo wagon road, "believing it best for the interests of the province" that Slooan ore should go out to Kootenay Lake, and of course via Bonner's Ferry to an American smelter. This may or may not "be for the best interests of the province," but it is too much to expect that we will acquiesce in any such arrangement as shutting up the Lardeau for another year in order to facilitate the exit of Slooan ore in the opposite direction. With all the Tribune's skill in quibbling it cannot deny the correctness of our figures; but in decrying the Lardeau mines, and intimating that they are not worth a wagon road, the Tribune is working against the interests of the very people it wishes to be thought well of, for the great majority of those who have bought and are still buying mining claims in the Lardeau are Americans, and they have just as strong a desire and just as much right to have proper access to their property as the claim-owners of Slooan.



**NOTICE.**

A COUNTY COURT will be held at Revelstoke on MONDAY, the 17th day of July, 1893.  
J. KIRKUP,  
Registrar.  
Revelstoke, June 19th, 1893.



**NOTICE.**

Notice is hereby given, that the following additional Mining Recording Division in the West Kootenay Electoral District has been established, namely:—

8. Lardeau—Daniel A. Lamey, Recorder—to comprise all the land on the Lardo River, commencing at a point eight miles from where the said river leaves Trout Lake, and on all streams flowing into such portion of the Lardo River, and on all the streams and rivers flowing into Trout Lake, and into the Columbia River, Upper Arrow Lake, between Alcololex River and Half-way Creek, excepting the lands on Fish Creek lying north of Battle Creek, and on the streams flowing into the said Fish Creek above Battle Creek.

Notice is also given that the limits of the Revelstoke and Illecillewaet Mining Recording Divisions, as defined on the 9th day of December, 1891, and the 4th day of August, 1892, respectively, are altered by excluding those portions of the divisions now contained within the aforesaid Lardeau Division.

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,  
Deputy Provincial Secretary,  
Provincial Secretary's Office, 30th May, 1893.

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**∴ LARDEAU ∴**

Is situated at the head of the North-East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake. It is the easiest point from which to enter the remarkably rich mines of the Lardeau and Fish Creek Districts. It will have the advantage of both rail and steamboat lines. The C.P.R. will begin the building of a line from Reveistoke to the N.E. Arm of Arrow Lake as soon as the weather will permit. LARDEAU is at the head of navigation on this Arm, and will be the terminus of steamers and that of the Lardeau & Kootenay Railway. There is no question that the Rich Mining Districts which are tributary to LARDEAU will attract thousands of Prospectors and Capitalists during the present season, and that a large town will grow up at that point. The history of Kaslo will be repeated at LARDEAU this year, and investors in Kootenay property should study the situation. Kaslo, in many instances, has already repaid from 500 to 1,000 per cent. to investors.

The wisdom of an investment in LARDEAU is without question.

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

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REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Indian Legends of Canada's Thrifty National Animal—The Yellow Knives Story of the Deluge.

"Should you ask me whence these stories? Whence these legends and traditions? I should answer, I should tell you, In the bird's nest of the forest, In the lodges of the beaver."

How many ladies comfortably wrapped in their beaver furs during the past winter gave a thought to the wonderful little animal, now fast vanishing from its last home on the American continent, of whose doings Longfellow thus sang? Yet there is attached to the beaver far more of romance of natural history than even Sir John Lubbock can claim on behalf of his favorite ants. The tales with which it has been associated in the Indian mind furnish an interesting index to the mental fertility of the aborigines of North America, and as one listens to the accounts which northern travellers bring from the Indian encampments, it is difficult to believe that these red-skinned subjects of Her Majesty ought really to be classed as savages. There is about the records they hand down from generation to generation a wealth of imagery and beauty of thought hardly less than that with which the white man of Europe and the East surrounded his own early religion.

In his "La Decouverte des Sources du Mississippi" Beltrami talks of the beaver in his own romantic way. The beavers, he gravely asserts, "are divided into tribes, and sometimes into small bands only, of which each has its chief, and order and discipline reign there, much more, perhaps, than among the Indians, or even among civilized nations."

EACH TRIBE

has its territory. If any stranger is caught trespassing he is brought before the chief, who, for the first offence, punishes him ad correctionem, and for the second deprives him of his tail, which is the greatest misfortune which can happen to a beaver, for this tail is their cart upon which they transport, wherever it is desired, mortar, stones, provisions, etc.; and it is also the trowel, which it resembles in shape, used by them in building. This infraction of the laws of nations is considered among them so great an outrage that the whole tribe of the mutilated beaver side with him, and set off immediately to take vengeance for it. In this contest the victorious party, using the rights of war, drives the vanquished from their quarters, takes possession of them, and places a provisional garrison, and finally establishes there a colony of young beaver." But some Indian records go further than this, and declare that the example of the beaver played no little part in stimulating thrift and industry among the early red men and white men of the North American continent. In the mind of the Indian the beaver was a far more remarkable being than anything that the human race had yet evolved. His beaver encampment was more wondrous than the lordly halls of the ancient Aztec race.

"Not a listless brain nor an idle hand Was there in all that town; But strong defences the people planned, And hewed the great trees down."

All this exaggeration is easy to explain. To the Indian the beaver was both food and clothing, and given an ample supply of these rodents he needed nothing more. Hence the beaver became invested with a degree of admiration and superstition such as has centred round very few other animals. Beyond all doubt the beaver has played a wonderful part in the history of North America. Dr. Romanes places him higher than any other animal, not even excepting Sir John Lubbock's ants and bees, and declares that instinct has risen in the beaver to a higher level of far-reaching adaption to environment than among any other members of the animal world. They engage, he tells us, in vast architectural labors with what appears to be the deliberate purpose of securing by such very artificial means the special benefits that arise from their

HIGH ENGINEERING SKILL,

and he finds it difficult to infer that these actions are due to anything else than an intelligent appreciation either of the benefits that arise from the labor or of hydrostatic principles upon which this labor is so clearly based.

But the natural wonders of the beaver were not enough for the Indian, and hence we find this rodent playing a large part in the tradition, and even religion, of the Aborigines. Among many Indian tribes the story of the deluge is closely interwoven with the beaver. Thus the Blackfeet and the Micmacs and other tribes assign to it the place given to the dove in the Biblical narrative. Under the great Spirit, they say, there was a secondary creator, and on the vast extent of waters which had been formed by the Great Spirit, this secondary was sitting on a log or canoe accompanied by a woman. The two were surrounded on every hand by animals, and a discussion having arisen as to the matter which must underlie the water, four animals were sent on a mission of investigation. Three of them failed, but the fourth, the muskrat or beaver, returned with some mud in his forepaw. This the woman scraped off and began to work round in her hand, when it rapidly grew, and being placed in the water so increased in size that the earth was again raised above the water. The legend of the Ottawas, as related by Dr. McLean, leaves the woman entirely out of the question, and represents the muskrat as returning to the surface apparently dead. The demigod took up the dead animal, and finding a lump of clay on one of its shoulders pressed it between his hands until it became thin, and then laid it gently on the surface of the water. In a few days it became a large island, and grew until the earth assumed its present dimensions.

Mr. Warburton Pike, moreover, who spent the autumn in 1890 in the Barren Grounds of Northern Canada, was told the story of the deluge as held by the Yellow Knife Indians in the far northern regions of the Dominion. The Yellow Knives told us that the deluge was due to

A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW,

and when spring should have come, the snow instead of melting away grew deeper and deeper. At last the animals on the earth decided in grand council to send a deputation to heaven to enquire into the cause of these strange events; and the beaver took no small share in this important mission. Unfortunately the deputation became rather unruly when it reached the heavenly spheres, and the animals, birds, and fishes actually threw down the sun, moon, and

world and melt the snow which by this time covered the tops of the tallest pine-trees. They themselves then returned to the earth, and it was during this descent from heaven that the moose flattened his nose and the beaver split his tail, splashing the blood all over the lynx, so that ever afterwards, until the present day, the beaver's tail is flat and the lynx is spotted.

In his interesting "History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver," Mr. Horace T. Martin gives this legend in the form it assumed among other Indian tribes, and there is much to be said for this plea that while the Indian cannot justly be classified among the spirit worshippers, yet he should be regarded as much above the range of fetishism, and may most properly be considered as a nature worshipper. In reasoning out the problem of the world's creation, he believed that in the beginning the earth was covered with water, and he peopled it with the beaver, the musquash, and the otter, whose aquatic habits must have impressed him. But as the building of the world was a prodigious task these animals were all

OF A GIGANTIC SIZE.

They dived and brought up the mud with which the Great Spirit, the Manitou, made the earth, and left it to the giant beavers to build its mountain ranges and carve out its cataracts and caves. When the time came for the introduction of man the animals were endowed with speech, but showing themselves unworthy of so high a privilege, man was brought forth from the spirits of the departed animals and in time became the chief among all living things, "smoothing with his hand the giant beasts, making them gradually smaller."

From such legends has grown the much discussed question as to the reality of the giant beavers, of which the early and rough records of Canadian history speak. Indeed, three-quarters of a century ago an English scientist, Mr. Charles Fothergill, was so impressed with these Indian legends that he actually undertook a mission to Canada with a view to searching the great Northwest provinces to see if perchance he might still find living evidence of "the mammoth, the great elk of the antediluvians, and the giant beaver." But Mr. Martin, who has evidently given the subject careful study, is probably right when he says that the accumulated experience of fur traders and explorers in the far north have exhausted the barest possibility of the existence in the flesh of the great beaver. To this day, however, the Indian clings to his beaver legends, and it is not without sad regret that he sees gradual extinction creeping over this—to him—sacred animal. It can only be a few years before the last beaver has been killed on the North American continent. Even the reserves which the Hudson's Bay Company has attempted to establish in the Hudson's Bay region must be worked over before long, and the efforts of the Marquis of Bute on his Scotch estate show that it is hopeless to attempt to perpetuate the species apart from its natural surroundings. Greed indeed has proved too much for the thrifty beaver, as it has proved too much for so many other good things in this world.

TERRIFIC HAILSTORM.

Lives Lost and Many Hundred Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed Around Pittsburg, Pa.

A Pittsburg special says:—At 3.50 o'clock this afternoon Pittsburg and vicinity was visited by the most violent hailstorm ever known here. The effect was most disastrous, both to life and property. Heavy black clouds suddenly obscured the light of the sun, while the air became oppressively hot. Following a terrific electric flash came the crash and roar of thunder, shaking the very earth. Before man or beast could seek a cover the deluge of ice came in all its intensity, and for five minutes there was a war of the elements most terrifying. Telephones and telegraph wires were prostrated in every direction; electric and cable cars were stopped by broken wires or debris choking the conduits, and for a time traffic was suspended. In the east end of Pittsburg and upper wards of Allegheny City nearly every window glass on the south side of the buildings was shattered, while all over both the cities, skylights, greenhouses, private and park conservatories were shattered and foliage ruined. In the Phipps conservatory in Schenectady park 900 lights of glass were broken. Entertainments were in progress at all the theatres. At the opera and Bijou theatre serious panics were narrowly averted, and several women fainted from fright. The stinging pellets of the hail caused a number of serious accidents by frightening horses, that broke away from their drivers. John Downey, the driver of one team, was dragged several squares and fatally injured. Michael Dunn, aged fourteen, was almost electrocuted by stepping on an electric light wire. The funeral of Joseph Craig was proceeding along Stockton avenue, Allegheny, when the storm broke. In an instant there was terrible confusion. Some of the teams ran away, crashing into the carriages preceding them. The hearse was badly damaged. It is reported that the casket was broken open. Many of the ladies in the party fainted. The funeral was postponed. An almost identical experience befell a funeral cortege as it entered the gates of the Allegheny cemetery in Lawrence. The money loss will be very great, various estimates placing the damage above half a million dollars. On Neville island, in the Ohio river, the damage to garden and farm products is estimated at over \$100,000. The storm came from the north and passed westward, carrying destruction along its way. Despatches from many surrounding towns tell of the ruin wrought. At Marietta, Ohio, a number of buildings were destroyed. Great destruction is reported in the Belmont, Eureka and Sistersville oil fields.

Confession of 3000 Murders.

According to a telegram from Calcutta the Khan of Khehat has admitted to the Governor-General's agent that he had killed 3000 men and women since his accession 30 years ago. He appears to have behaved fairly well during the life of Sir R. Sandeman, but he has killed 50 persons since that officer's death.

The Lunatic Oil Spring flows in Wheeler Canyon, Cal. It begins to give oil when the new moon appears; as the moon increases, the supply becomes greater, and the yield is three barrels a day when the moon is full. The flow ceases when the moon is at its last quarter.

How a Spanish Widow Got Rid of Her Husband.

Few murder trials have caused such a sensation in the old world as the one recently committed in Spain. It will long hold the field for horror against all similar stories of ancient or modern times, says the London News. A young and pretty widow marries a second time, and her husband is a wealthy landowner, still younger than herself. They quarrel, and she determines to get rid of him. She incites one of her men servants to murder him while he lies asleep, promising to reward him with her hand when he has made her a widow for the second time. The deed is done at midnight, and for the last touch of horror the woman lights the murderer to her husband's room, and holds the light during the butchery.

The other servants come into the scheme of crime in a subordinate capacity. One, a man, is posted in the dining-room as a sort of reserve, while the murderers-in-chief CREEP TOWARDS THE SLEEPING CHAMBER.

The other, a maid, had to wash up the room after the victim has been hacked to pieces with an axe. The poor creature is not much more than an unwilling accessory after the fact. She retains her reason just long enough to give particulars of the crime at the preliminary inquiry, and then becomes hopelessly insane. The details surpass "Macbeth" in horror and are barely paralleled by the "Agamemnon." The wife used the stronger brute for the blow, but hers was the master mind from first to last. She received her husband on his return, sent him to bed, and contrived an excuse for sitting up, watched until he was fast asleep, and primed the murderer with drink before she led him into the room. The first

BLOW WAS NOT ENOUGH,

and it only roused the unhappy creature to a knowledge of his fate. He made a piteous appeal for mercy for the sake of the children, and for one moment that seems to have shaken her iron nerve. She fiercely told her future bridegroom to let him speak no more, and thereafter it simply rained blows, while she still held the light. The last operation was to throw the body into a neighboring alley, as though the man had been robbed and murdered on his way home. But that was as stupid as the murder was brutal. It was only surpassed in ineptitude by her next suggestion that the deed had been done by an over-obliging neighbor, who sympathized with her domestic sorrows.

An Indian Hunting Story.

A very strange incident is reported from the Godra districts in the Panoh Mahals. A large panther had for some time been causing much injury to the cattle of the district, and the superintendent of Police, Mr. J. V. Cooke, went out in pursuit. He succeeded in getting a shot at the animal and bowled him over, the bullet going right through the panther's heart without touching a bone. The panther fell close to a hole or den within which, unsuspected by the party, a female panther lay ensconced. The bullet after passing through the body of the male panther struck the second animal in the forehead and entered her brain, killing her at once. The whole episode of the proximity and accidental death of the second panther was unknown to the shooting party, and it was not till the next morning that the body of the female panther was found in the den with a bullet in the brain. It was a most providential accident, as the panther whose presence was unknown and unsuspected would in all probability have charged the party while taking away the male panther which had been shot.—[Times of India.]

How the Money Goes.

The caustic criticisms which Sir Griffith Evans has been making on the lavish scale upon which the India Office establishment is kept up seems to have awakened some interest in the Empire. He instanced the Correspondence Department, where there are six secretaries at £1200, six assistant secretaries at from £800 to £1000 a year, a special assistant and visitor to the Indian Museum at £800 a year, who has the assistance of a clerk at £400 a year, and a special technical assistant at £350 per annum. There are eleven senior general clerks and six "redundant" senior clerks, while the Junior and their assistants swell the total to forty-nine. Then there are the allowances. Three clerks are specially paid for editing the Indian list, and another for preparing the Sanitary Blue Book. The lower branches are made up on a similarly liberal scale, for there are no less than twenty-eight housemaids, and the messengers get extra pay for posting letters and attending on the Secretary of State.—[Truth.]

Distress in Russia.

In the provinces of Saratoff, Limbersk Samara, and Voronah, the distress resulting from the bad harvests of the last two years is still very great. The rural population can hardly find means of subsistence, and in some parts is decimated by the mortality arising from privation and sickness. Many of the landowners experience as much difficulty as the peasants in pursuing farming operations, being unable to commence the spring sowings, as they lack the necessary cattle, and have not even a sufficient supply of seed. In the villages a cartload of straw, which can usually be bought for 50 copecks, now fetches three roubles. There is great mortality among cattle and horses, especially in the Don territory.

An African Prince Put to Death.

The Royal Mail steamer Angola, which has just arrived at Liverpool from West Africa, brings news of the death under shocking conditions, of Prince Konu, of Kotonou. When the French were operating against the King of Dahomey they arrested Prince Konu, and delivered him over to King Tofa, of Port Novo, who cast him into prison. The report just received is to the effect that the unfortunate Prince was put to death by strangulation. This happened about the end of February, since which time the tragic affair has been a secret. It is further reported that the body of the Prince was wrapped in a white cloth and placed on a pedestal in the Fetich or Ju Ju House. Prince Konu, it is said, was loud in his protests against the country becoming French, and on that account was subjected to all sorts of indignities before being murdered. The poor Prince was also tortured in a shocking manner before death ended his sufferings.

Interesting Items on Business Affairs in General.

It is estimated that the colored people of Virginia pay taxes on property valued at \$13,000,000.

The amount of Dominion currency in circulation on May 1st was \$18,414,000, which is \$825,000 more than in March, and \$700,000 less than in February.

Labrador, a country which we always associate with Arctic snowdrifts, icebergs, etc., has 900 species of flowering plants, 59 ferns and over 250 species of mosses and lichens.

Montreal is to have a fruit exchange, the first of the kind in Canada. Hereafter all western dealers will have to purchase through this body, and all sales will be by public auction.

It is estimated that 150,000,000 feet of lumber are jammed in various streams in Northwestern Wisconsin. Ice is still among the logs, and driving three weeks late on account of the cold spring.

It is said that a canal 21 feet deep, connecting lakes Erie and St. Clair, can be constructed for \$4,000,000; and the Toronto News considers not only that the carrying out of this enterprise would shorten the distance between Port Arthur and the seaboard, place the best waterway, Lake Superior and the Welland Canal, wholly within Canadian territory and nullify the importance of the ownership of the channel in St. Clair flats, but also that the Dominion Government would be justified in spending more than the sum named to complete the canal as a national work.

The formally published prospectus of the United States Leather Company, known as the leather trust, reveals a project of mammoth proportions. The Boston Transcript, in referring to it, says: "When the capitalization is complete there will be \$60,000,000 eight per cent. cumulative preferred stock, and \$60,000,000 of common stock, besides an authorized issue of debentures to the amount of \$10,000,000, of which \$6,000,000 are now offered for subscription. Here are certainly millions enough first and last to impress the imagination and to test the power of the market to absorb more 'industrials.'"

One of the most interesting features of the World's Fair auxiliary series of congresses will be the world's congress of bankers and financiers, which is to be held at Chicago from the 19th to 25th June. Outside the United States and Canada nearly all the European countries, as well as China and Japan, will be represented. All matters relating to banking and clearings will be discussed at length with a view to a better understanding of all that is best in the different systems, and a closer union among clearing houses in particular. The keenest interest will be taken in the proceedings by financiers and commercial men throughout the civilized world.

The wholesale merchants of New York have formulated a novel scheme, which is expected to revolutionize some of the present methods of doing business. The projectors say their plans will result not only in an immense gain to the retail dealers, but will also re-establish the entire system of commercial credits on a different and substantial basis. The wholesalers who are already in the movement have affected a temporary organization and have named it the New York Merchants' Discount Company. Two hundred of the leading wholesale merchants of the city met on the 16th inst. at the Metropolitan Hotel for the purpose of discussing the scheme. A permanent organization will be made, and a company under the name already given will be organized with a capital of \$500,000. The present prevailing method employed by manufacturers and wholesalers is to formulate and publish a list of prices more or less in excess of the prices at which they will sell their goods for spot cash, subject to the sale of discounts or reductions to meet the abilities of those who purchase. The New York Merchants' Discount Company proposes to advance cash to the weak retailers and thereby put them on a par with every competitor.

"Bad roads" is a never-failing cry, a veritable thorn in the side of commerce every spring and fall. They retard business and they are a menace to our prosperity. We never know when we are to be at their mercy; and yet no universal and national attempt is being made to treat highway engineering on a scientific basis any more than we try to arrest the blighting frost in the Northwest. Nationally we fold our hands and deplore the existence of both, but are slow in realizing that the roads at least could be brought under subjection, and it would pay. There is not a paper or journal of any importance in the land that has not had a slap at "statute labor." It would not be far amiss to call it "statue" labor. Every farmer and business man surely now realizes the money value of good roads. It is estimated that it costs the ordinary farmer more to carry two bushels of wheat than it does the ordinary railroad to carry a ton. Consequently to the west of Lake Huron it rarely pays to grow wheat more than twenty miles from rail or water transportation. Having been convinced of the enormous odds against him in his competition with the rest of the world, the farmer is helpless to equalize the conditions, so far as reaching a market is concerned. Good roads require something more than the labor of farmers measured out in the spring payment of a petty poll tax. It is not more work that is needed so much as better plans—scientific methods of construction. As the elevators in our high buildings are found to pay and a distinct advantage over the old slow climbing system, so would good roads, though perchance at first expensive, be of incalculable benefit, profit and satisfaction.

Mrs. Nancy Cosby, of Geneva, Ga., whose age is 85, is the mother of 11 living children. She has 65 grandchildren, and 171 great-grandchildren, and 18 great-great-grandchildren.

The origin of "a feather in his cap" is thus explained: In Hungary, in 1599, it was decreed that only he who had killed a Turk should wear a feather, and he was permitted to add a fresh feather to his cap for each Turk whom he had slain.

Laughing gas was taken by Mrs. Elizabeth Lipp, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was about to have four teeth extracted. After three teeth had been removed the pallor of the woman alarmed her husband, and it was discovered that she was dead.

Mr. Conway's Feat in Climbing the Tall Peaks of Kashmir.

The news of Mr. W. M. Conway's achievements in the exploration of the vast mountain range on the borders of Kashmir will stir the ambition of the Alpine Club and its rivals or copyists all over the world. Following closely upon Mr. Whymper's remarkable contribution to the mountaineering geography of the Andes, Mr. Conway's work brings into prominence as a practical question the possibility of ascending and surveying the very highest peaks that are known to exist. It appears from the telegraphic account sent us by our Calcutta correspondent that Mr. Conway has met with no insuperable difficulties, such as have been apprehended in some quarters, from the extreme rarefaction of the air, though he believes he has "broken the record" as a climber having reached an altitude greater by 1,000 feet or more than Schlagintweit's crowning ascent in Nepal. The actual measurements are dependent on the verification of Mr. Conway's instruments, for which purpose he has now gone to Leh, where a British and a Kashmir Commissioner have joint authority and where proper standard are kept. If, however, Mr. Conway is not mistaken in his data, he has attained a height considerably exceeding 23,000 feet, or between 7,000 feet, and 8,000 feet higher than the summit of Mount Blanc. But this record-breaking adventure is really the smallest part of what he has done. He has explored for the first time a mountain range of which the representation on existing maps is little more than fanciful, and in which the peculiar phenomena associated with the word "Alpine" are exhibited on a scale so gigantic as to leave all European experience hopelessly behind.

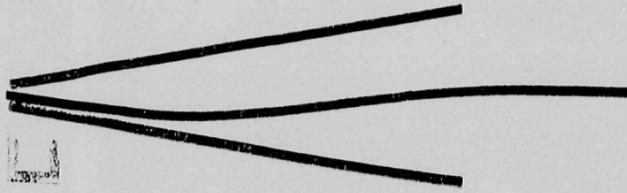
Mr. Conway does not seem to have suffered so much as Mr. Whymper during his explorations at a lower level in the Andes, but probably the atmospheric conditions were different. The difficulties that are really formidable do not arise so much from the rarefaction of the air as from the exaggeration of some ordinary incidents of mountaineering. The mountaineer in all countries is at the mercy of the weather. Even in the Alps, close to all the appliances of civilization, and with a large supply of trained guides, an unexpected storm, or even a sudden fall or rise of temperature, may turn quite an easy expedition into a very dangerous one. In the mountains on the northern frontier of India these dangers are increased not only by the actual height of the ascents and the length of time spent upon the ice and snow, but by the complete absence of local guides and trustworthy maps and the inaccessibility of supplies. The Alpine climber is rarely out of reach for twenty-four hours at a time of some place where he can obtain food, fire and shelter. Mr. Conway's party plunged among the glaciers, parting with all hold upon civilized life for weeks together, and carrying with them everything that they required for their subsistence and preservation during that period. Any one who has slept in a hut in the Alps can imagine what it must have been to camp 20,000 feet above the sea level. To establish and victual one such camp involved an expenditure of four days before Mr. Conway could venture to move on, just as he was going to make his final effort to reach the Golden Throne. Bad weather came on upon the 27th of August, precisely two months after the start from Nagar, but even if this had not been the case, the exhaustion of the provisions would have compelled the party to descend. On one occasion, during a snowstorm, Mr. Conway was obliged to pause while the coolies were sent back—no doubt, to a very great distance—to collect firewood. It is satisfactory that in spite of these formidable difficulties, Mr. Conway has been able to make such good use of the eight or nine weeks that were available for exploration. There is nothing in his experience so far as we can see, to discourage the hope that the Hindu Kush and Himalayas will be forced to surrender their utmost secrets to the enterprise of mountaineers. It is curious to reflect that barely two generations ago the Alps, now "the playground of Europe" were universally regarded as hardly less mysterious and dangerous than the unknown regions into the heart of which Mr. Conway has so lately penetrated.

Educated in Quebec.

The politeness of the French Canadian is proverbial. The children are well behaved, although their demure manners and the absence of robust romping and vigorous games make them unattractive to Anglo-Saxons. The French-Canadian boy is brought up like the boy in the old home on the other side of the water. He does not receive the physical cultivation that is carefully bestowed upon the English or American boy. Occasionally, especially in Quebec, where the great Laval University is situated, you will meet a procession of lean and white-faced youths, clad in long frock-coats, girdled with green or blue sashes, and wearing old-fashioned caps. They walk demurely and slowly, two and two, and behind them walk long-cassocked priests. The boys of the university or school are taking their exercise. It is for all the world like a young woman's seminary in this country, with the exception that the American young woman walks with a brisker step than the French-Canadian university student, and one would not be surprised to discover, if the test were possible, that an issue at base-ball or the oar between Laval and Vassar would be doubtful. It is almost inevitable that one should associate with so much physical inactivity the over-cultivation of certain subtle qualities of the mind that tend towards astuteness and cunning rather than frankness and courage. When we further consider the character of the education given to the Canadian youth—which is rhetorical, ornamental literary, theological, and from which all but the most elementary branches of science are excluded—one is not surprised to find that the educated French Canadian who does not enter the priesthood is most likely to be a lawyer and a politician. The art of oratory is carefully cultivated among them, and by common consent it is admitted that the leading orators of the two political parties in the Dominion are French Canadians—M. Laurier, of the Liberals, and Chapleau, of the Conservatives.—[Henry Loomis Nelson, in Harper's Magazine.]

Bogus maple syrup is made by flavoring common brown sugar with an extract of hickory bark. Vast quantities of it are sold.

# TROUT



# LAKE

# CITY

## WEST KOOTENAY, B.C.

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

## LARDEAU COUNTRY

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

For further particulars apply to

### C. E. PERRY & CO.,

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

### T. L. HAIG,

Local Agent,

REVELSTOKE, B.C.