The Kootenay Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., OCTOBER 7, 1893. No. 17.

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

NOTICE.

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

9. Trout Lake—Andrew Clark, Recorder: Commencing at a point eight miles from where the Lardo River leaves Trout Lake, including the land on all streams flowing into such portion of the Lardo River, and on all the streams and rivers flowing into Trout Lake.

Notice is also given that the limits of the Lardeau Mining Recording Division, as defined on the 30th day of May, 1893, are altered by excluding those portions of the Division now contained within the aforesaid Trout Lake Division.

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary and Minister of Mines.
Provincial Secretary's Office,
7th September, 1893.

SOAP.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness."

A NEW SHIPMENT OF STAPLE AND

FANCY SOAPS

to be opened this week.

VINOLIA, IRECAMIER, ETC., ETC.

Revelstoke Pharmacy

ARMIT & RASHDALL,
New Denver, B.C.
REAL ESTATE & MINING BROKERS

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

S. BICKERTON
BOOTMAKER,
MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE.

BOOTS AND SHOES
OF ALL KINDS
MADE TO ORDER.

HARNESS LEATHER
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

THE
MADDEN HOUSE,
NAKUSP,
HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.

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

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE
Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

TROUT LAKE CITY HOUSE
BOURKE BROS. Prop's.

Best Accommodation in the City.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED NEAR THE LAKE.

Splendid Fishing, Boating, Hunting

First-class stock of
Wines, Spirits and Cigars.

LOCAL NEWS.

J. M. Kellie, M.P.P., is in Seattle.

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

Jerry Neagle is still confined to town with a bad knee.

D. McGillivray, of Vancouver, was in town on Saturday.

F. Fraser, J.P., left for Vernon on Wednesday.

H. N. Coursier, J. P., went to Calgary Tuesday morning.

Look out for H. N. Coursier's millinery opening next Tuesday.

Unfortunately our police court report was "pyed" just before going to press.

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

Prof. Rae will give readings and character sketches in the Methodist Church on Thursday, Oct. 19th.

Our Nakusp parcel has been lost on the road owing to the demoralization of the steamboat service.

The telephone line between Nelson and Kaslo has been sold to the Canadian Pacific Co. for $3,200 cash.

Mr. Gottfried Ahlin, who recently left Revelstoke to go ranching at Albert Canyon, was in town on a visit Sunday and Monday.

J. W. Haskins and W. Miller arrived down from Big Bend yesterday. They have staked two quartz claims and brought down samples for assay.

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

John Boyd, who has been prospecting in Big Bend this summer with good results, returned to his home at Dewdney, on the Fraser River, on Thursday.

The Bishop of New Westminster passed through on Saturday night on his return from the meeting of the Anglican Synod at Toronto.

Miss A. Nelson has opened a dress and mantlemaking establishment in the Stockholm House. Her work is first class in every respect.

Mr. J. Foley, who has been seriously ill for the past three weeks, is, we are pleased to state, recovering his health, although the improvement is very slow.

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

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

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

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

Miss S. Graham, who has had charge of Coursier's millinery establishment for about two years, has accepted a situation in Victoria, and will leave for that city early next week.

C. Holden, Pete Walker, Dave Ferguson, Tom Downs and L. McDonald went down river on Wednesday in Charlie Holden's sailing boat, the Silver Cup. Their destination is the Lardeau country.

There has been a coal oil famine in town during the past few days, and the majority of people have had to fall back on the primitive candle for illuminating purposes. It looked liked old times to see the stores lit up with a dozen or so of the old fashioned tallow dips.

Owing to absence in the east we were unable to accept the invitation (accompanied by a complimentary ticket) to attend the New Westminster Exposition last week so courteously extended us by the City Council, through Mr. D. Robson, City Clerk. We return thanks.

A great number of men are arriving in town every day to go to work on the Revelstoke and Arrow Lake Railway. This line is being pushed while the weather is favorable, and is expected to be in running order by the end of the year. The men are working on contract and average about $3 a day.

A. F. McKinnon, owner of the Maple Leaf mine at Illecillewaet, has returned to Revelstoke for the winter. He has been doing development work at the mine, and says the vein is looking exceedingly rich. The present price of silver, however, prevents any active operations on the property.

A little girl named Davey, of Vancouver, strayed from her home some days ago and could not be found anywhere in the city. On Monday a telegram was received from Sheriff Redgrave of Donald saying the child had been found on the train, and was then in his charge.

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

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

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

A small screw steamer arrived at Revelstoke this week from the Coast. She belongs to Mr. P. Genelle of Nakusp, and will be used towing logs on the Arrow Lake in connection with Mr. Genelle's sawmill. Her dimensions are—Length 38 ft. by 8 ft. beam; depth of hold 8 feet. The engines will be put in here, and will be about 20 h.p.

The Pacific Canadian is the latest addition to the Press of British Columbia. It is an eight page, 6 column weekly, published at New Westminster, is very very nicely got up and cleanly printed. If it survives the hardships necessary to gain a footing in this sparsely settled province it will probably create a stir in local politics. But will it survive?

On Sunday there were no less than six steamers and three large scows lying at Revelstoke wharf to load cargoes and passengers next day. These were the Columbia, Lytton, Illecillewaet, Kootenai, Marion and Arrow. There was also a small screw steamer at the station just arrived from the west, making seven in all. Surely the trade of our port is looking up.

Mr. Thos. Kilpatrick who succeeded Mr. Jacob Serson as C. P. R. bridge inspector, has been in Revelstoke for the past week or two overlooking the work being carried out by the C. P. R. Co. at the smelter wharf. Mr. Kilpatrick will probably shortly receive instructions concerning the commencement of work on the new steel bridge over the Columbia River.

Mrs. H. N. Coursier and son, who have been on a visit to Toronto and Creemore, Ont., for the past three months, returned to Revelstoke on Thursday, both greatly benefitted by the change of air. Mrs. Coursier is accompanied by Miss Baird, of Toronto, who will succeed Miss Graham in the millinery department at H. N. Coursier's establishment.

The mining journal of London, Eng., is publishing an exhaustive article on the mining laws of British Columbia, which will no doubt be of great benefit to the two Kootenays, by inducing British capitalists to pay some attention to a rich mining country where the dues are so light. We are indebted tothe courtesy of Messrs. Owen and Cannan of Golden for marked copies of the Journal.

As Billy Warren was riding Cowan's grey horse up Front St on Tuesday afternoon at a lively gait, the animal stopped suddenly when opposite Hull Bros. and the surprised rider was shot clean over its head into a mud puddle. After pulling himself together he mounted the horse again, remarking at the same time—He has thrown me once and he will have to do it again. Billy "wasn't feeling very well!"

The Stoney Creek bridge on the C. P. R. between Rogers' Pass and Donald, in the Selkirks, has borne the proud distinction of being the highest wooden bridge in the world, being 296 feet high. It will soon sink into insignificance as a steel bridge, the arch spans and most of the girders being already in position, and when the timber is removed the highest wooden bridge will not be at Stoney Creek.

The first dance of the season was held in Bourne's Hall last night. It was a farewell assembly, got up by friends of Miss S. Graham, who is leaving for Victoria. Commencing at 9 o'clock a pleasant time was enjoyed till midnight, when refreshments were served, and the party broke up about 3 a.m. Miss McLean and Mr. Jas. Lyttle, who managed the affair throughout, are to be congratulated on the success of the gathering. Messrs. O. & H. Lewis supplied the refreshments.

Word was brought up by the Columbia on Wednesday week that Lewis Hall, of Hall's Landing, a young man about 30 years of age, had shot himself dead with a rifle. Mr. Coroner Manuel, of Donald, was telegraphed for and left for the landing on Thursday's boat, in company with Dr. McLean and Officer Kirkup. An inquest was held the same day and a verdict of "killed himself whilst temporarily insane" was returned. The body was brought up on the Kootenai on Friday and was interred in Revelstoke cemetery on Saturday afternoon.

Owing to the lowness of the water in the river the Steamer Columbia had to tie up just after entering the river from the Arrow Lake on her up trip on Wednesday. The Lytton left here on Thursday morning with the down mails and a general cargo, the whole of which was tranferred to the Columbia, at the mouth of the river, and the Lytton returned here yesterday with the up mails and the Columbia's passengers. She stuck on a sandbar within a hundred yards of the Columbia, and was not got off without considerable trouble.

Mr. Luxton, who built up the Winnipeg Free Press during his 21 years' editorship, has been compelled to resign his position, it is said, because he could not conscientiously obey all the mandates emanating from the head office of the C. P. R., which powerful corporation owns a majority of the stock in the Free Press Company. Mr. Luxton made the Free Press what it is—the best daily west of Toronto—and, although no hint has yet been given on the subject, we shall not be surprised to see a new daily started in the Prairie City, with Mr. Luxton in the editorial chair. He has the sympathy of newspaper men throughout the west.

C. P. R. engine No. 408, on which poor Steve Whyte lost his life in the Fraser River last March, was put on board a scow at Revelstoke wharf and taken down to Nakusp on Monday morning. Mr. C. H. Temple had charge of the work of loading, and went to Nakusp with the engine, which weighed about 80 tons. The water on the lake was rather rough and those on board the scow had an anxious time with such a heavy deck load.

BIG BEND.

Several new quartz claims have been recorded in the Big Bend country during the past month. J. W. Haskins and W. Miller went up last week, and will probably stake a claim each before they return. Mr. G. C. Marsh, has been up and down several times and has staked two promising locations, one on Downie and the other on McCulloch Creek. He says the Consolation mine on French Creek, is looking splendid, and the four partners—Messrs. Laforme, Sweeny, McCreary and Williams—are wearing happy smiles, they had been taking out $8 a day per man, and had struck a rich pocket just as he left. The means of transport to and from the Big Bend is still an unsolved problem. A light draught steamer should be in readiness for the opening of navigation next spring. Stamps for crushing the quartz on the spot should also be erected. Several men have decided to winter there. The Hardpan, recently located by John Boyd at Carnes Creek, is a claim of great promise. The quartz assayed 23 oz. gold to the ton, and active work will be commenced as soon as the spring opens. A large cabin is to be built forthwith. Mr. Kellie, M. P. P., has an interest in this mine.

Geo. Laforme and Pete Levecque arrived down with the pack train on Thursday, and will leave again for the Big Bend to-day. The men at the Colsolation mine had been taking out $12.50 per man per day for the past week or two and the last six days' working had panned out $480. George brought a splendid collection of nuggets—one very large one.

LARDEAU NOTES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

TROUT LAKE CITY, Sept. 29th.

The weather continues wet and depressing and prospectors are rapidly returning from the hills.

Messrs. A. H. Harrison and E. Barchard returned from the Sacristan claim on Tuesday last. While coming up the lake in Mr. Harrison's catamaran a squall suddenly struck the sail which was hoisted higher upon the mast than good seamanship would have dictated, and the little vessel instantly capsized, turning bottom upwards and allowing the cargo of tools, provisions &c. stowed upon her deck to sink to the bottom of the lake. The adventurous navigators succeeded in saving a paddle, and seated astride of the bottom of the boat, paddled her to shore, arriving home some hours afterwards in a wet and hungry condition.

The Abbott mine shows great improvement as the depth of the shaft has increased. A large quantity of ore has been brought to the surface and now lies ready for shipment.

Reports from the Forks state that prospects for payable placer mining are good. Two Frenchmen who have been crevicing for some weeks have done and are still doing very well. Several more men went up the river during the week, some of whom expect to find winter quarters above the forks.

Boglesville is now entirely deserted, and the magnificent hotel erected by Mr. Bogle is given over to the gay and festive water rat, who has devoured all the furniture with the exception of the chandeliers in the office.

SLOCAN NUGGETS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW DENVER, Sept. 28th.

During the past week speculation has been very brisk as to the probable route of the railroad from the head of the lake to Three Forks. The survey party has run two trial lines from Three Forks to points about three miles from this town, and from these it would appear as if the New Denver depot will be situated in the north east portion of the McGillivray addition.

G. M. Sproat, stipendiary magistrate, inflicted a $20 fine on one of the Nakusp wagon-road men for assault. This will most probably have a wholesome effect on the railroaders and others who have had little or no experience of the law on this side of the line.

Ed. Gove was in town to-day and reports regular shipments of ore from the Idaho, while work on the Alamo and Cumberland is proceeding most satisfactorily.

New and larger screws have been put into the steamer "W. Hunter," giving her considerably more power.

Hunter & McKinnon intend building a store here and moving their stock up from Silverton.

Wharton's sawmill is running full blast, there being considerable demand for lumber. Business generally is greatly improved.

The mail which was due last night has not come to hand at the present writing. It is certainly far too much to expect Post office Inspector Fletcher to arrange a regular weekly mail service during the winter months. We want two regular mails a week, but until the authorities understand that regularity is the chief point to be aimed at we are afraid matters will not be improved in this respect.

NOTICE.

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

J. A. GEMMILL,
Solicitor at Ottawa for the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company.
Dated 15th September, 1893.

NOTICE

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

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

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

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

Dressmaking,
Mantlemaking.

MISS A. NELSON

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

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

CANADA BY SAMPLES.

Displays Made by the Dominion at the World's Fair.

Natural and Developed Resources of the Country Artistically Exhibited.

(From the Chicago Herald.)

With all the enterprise and competitive spirit of her American cousins, Canada has made a display at the World's Fair which admirably serves its purpose of illustrating the natural and developed resources of her vast territory. No department of the exposition has been slighted by Canada. Each big building contains a comprehensive exhibit, installed according to the best methods that could be employed to make it attractive. Possessed of resources so nearly similar to those of this country that but slight distinctions can be drawn, Canada has been animated by the spirit of competition more keenly, perhaps, than any other nation represented at Jackson Park. She has given special attention to the display of her agricultural products, upon which she prides herself most. She has not neglected, either, the treasures hidden beneath her broad domain, as can be seen in the Mining Building. The same conscientious endeavor to do herself justice has been manifested everywhere in the exposition and the result has been most satisfactory to the visitor.

Great care has been taken by the Dominion official to properly present the display in the Agricultural Building. A beautiful court, covering 7,000 square feet and rising 25 feet from the floor, stands, a model of its kind, on the north side of the centre aisle. It is surmounted by a handsome trophy and by a large stuffed deer from the Rocky Mountains. The curtain which surrounds the court on four sides is made entirely of grain and straw tastefully and artistically arranged.

DISPLAYS BY PROVINCES.

At the west corner of the court, Ontario, the banner Province of the Dominion, has a large and tastefully arranged display. A handsome pavilion, made entirely of cereals and grasses from the Ontario Government Agricultural College, at Guelph, is admired by all visitors. Samples of grain, in glass jars, constitute a beautiful trophy which rises to a height of fully 35 feet. The display of grain and cereals from the Province of Quebec is one of the most beautiful in the section. There is also a pretty showing of maple sugar and syrup, which are two staple products of this province. The display of grains and cereals from the great grain-growing areas of the North-West, show the splendid quality and extensive variety of these staples from the storehouse of the Dominion. There is also a splendid exhibit of furs and stuffed birds, which adds largely to the attractiveness of the display. The Maritime Provinces of the Dominion show splendid exhibits of cereals and grains. The mammoth Canadian cheese attracts general attention. There is also a display of biscuits, cheese, mineral and aerated waters, bacon and hams. In the annex of the Agricultural Building, Canada has a large display of agricultural machinery.

WHERE COTTON IS KING.

Canada has outdone her mother country in the neat and pretty curtains she has erected around her section in the Manufactures Building. The section is on the west side of Columbia avenue, with Great Britain on her north, Denmark on the south and Belgium on the east across the avenue. Every foot of 16,000 square feet of space is crowded with manufactured goods from all parts of Canada. There are a great many lines of manufactured products in the Canadian court which will compare favorably with those of the older, more populous and more pretentious manufacturing countries. The cotton king has been at work in the Dominion, and in two long, well-finished native wood cases are most tastefully arranged many of the products of the Canadian cotton mills. Cotton fabrics of all kinds are shown, and textile goods occupy a prominent place. Tweeds, meltons, braids, silk thread and carpets are also extensively exhibited. Gloves, hosiery, underwear and ready-made clothing are tastefully arranged in glazed cases made of Canadian elm, birch and cherry. Two very pretty cases are filled with specimens of women's work from different parts of the Dominion. There is also a creditable exhibit of sole and harness leather. Scales, stoves and hollow ware, water heaters, horseshoes, stove polish, screens, rivets, spades, shovels and an immense array of like articles meet the eye in every direction. An exhibit of circular and band saws of almost every pattern has attracted much attention, and it is doubtful whether in this department Canada is surpassed. A creditable display of boots and shoes occupies a prominent position.

INDIAN EXHIBITS BY INDIANS.

At the west side of Canada's space is a very interesting and instructive exhibit made by the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. Here, with the teachers, are a number of Indian boys and girls from the Government Indian Schools in the distant North-West of Canada. These young people daily pursue their work just as if they were at home in their schools. All around are the products of the civilized Indian—grain that he has sown, tilled and harvested, flour that he has ground, roots and vegetables that he has planted and cared for, manufactured goods of many kinds that he has skillfully put together and samples of the work of the school children of these Indian tribes under the guardianship of the Civil Government. There are also many curios of the warpath, the hunt and the trail.

The display which the Dominion makes in the Mining Building is a fair index of the natural mineral resources of the country. The Canadian section comprises an area of 10,000 square feet, and is on the main floor, west of the central aisle, extending back under the west gallery. Canadian flags and bunting give a gala day appearance to this most interesting section. Upon entering the large central court the visitor is immediately interested by the great pyramids of gold blocks representing the yield of that precious metal throughout Canada since it was first discovered in the far western province of British Columbia. The total yield of gold from British Columbia alone is estimated at something over $53,000,000, while across the continent the surf-beaten Province of Nova Scotia on the Atlantic has produced from her gold deposits since 1861 over $7,040,000. In the banner Province of Ontario extensive deposits of gold quartz are being worked largely by American capitalists, and here the output is estimated at nearly $1,000,000 annually.

COAL AND ORE SAMPLES.

The samples of coal from British Columbia show the excellent quality, both anthracite and bituminous, of the inexhaustible coal fields of the Pacific Province. Black diamonds are also taken out in large quantities in the Province of Nova Scotia, and the sparsely wooded and illimitable areas of farming land in the great North-West of the Dominion have a plentiful supply of excellent coal. The Province of Nova Scotia makes a poor show of coal samples despite the fact that she has some of the greatest coal areas on the Continent.

The showing of nickle and nickle ore from the Sudbury district of Ontario is one which has attracted universal attention, not only of mining experts but of naval officers. The quality of these ores can best be indicated by the result of the recent tests made by the naval departments of Great Britain, France, Germany and the United States, in which Canadian nickel was found to have the greatest power of resistance, and was by all means the most suitable for the purpose of making armour plates for improved war vessels.

The display which Canada makes in the Horticultural Building is one of the most important and attractive in that department of the Fair. There are three Canadian courts devoted to fruit, vegetables and wine exhibits. An interesting feature of this splendid display of fruit is that Canada not only excels in the variety and quality of harder fruits peculiar to a northern country but her pears, peaches and the small fruits from Western Ontario are of that firm juicy character which at once places them in the first grade of fine fruits. Although the destruction of the cold storage warehouse has greatly impaired the exhibit Canada had in fruits of last year, even yet her display is the largest shown by any single state or foreign country and occupies about one-sixth of the entire fruit space. Canada lost through the fire all the fresh fruit which was stored for examination by the jurors of awards.

The Province of Ontario has a large exhibit of over five hundred plates, embracing thirty-eight varieties of apples in a fresh state and 1,400 bottles of various kinds of preserved fruits. In the centre of the court is a display of fruits from the Government Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa. The Province of Quebec has been more successful than any of the other provinces in keeping up a display of fresh winter apples, of which there are over seventy varieties. Nova Scotia's display of the different varieties of apples from the famous Annapolis valley is beyond criticism. The exhibit from British Columbia attracts much attention because of the immense size of the apples and pears. There is also a great variety of the smaller fruits. Prince Edward Island, the North-West Territories and Manitoba have all creditable displays of the smaller fruits. In the vegetable court in the north pavilion is a display of last year's vegetables contributed by all the Canadian provinces and the Government Experimental Farms of the Dominion. This is the only exhibit of vegetables in the Department of Horticulture at the Exposition.

IN THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Canada's exhibit in Machinery Hall is located at the east end of the centre floor, immediately opposite that of Great Britain. While this exhibit has many features of peculiar interest to visitors, many important lines are absent, and a number of the largest manufacturers are not represented at all. There is a good display of automatic and traction engines, compound marine engines, steam injectors and exhausters, high speed engines, fire engines, water wheels and working machinery of all descriptions. The display of woodworking machinery is one of the finest at the fair. The exhibit of brickmaking machines has attracted special attention.

The Canadian exhibit in Transportation Building is on the main centre floor annex and in the west gallery. A feature of the exhibit consists of car couplers and chilled car wheels, for which Canada is noted. There are also semaphores and headlights for yachts and vessels.

Particular interest is manifested in the splendid exhibit of sleighs. In one of the courts is a beautiful model of the sleigh presented by the women of Canada as a wedding present to the Duke of York and the Princess May. It is a magnificent specimen of Canadian workmanship. The display also includes a large exhibit of sporting and pleasure canoes, folding boats, snow shoes, toboggans, etc., for which Canada, as the home of the sportsman, has a world-wide reputation. In the annex of the Transportation Building is a full standard vestibuled train of the Canadian Pacific Railway, entirely of Canadian Manufacture, the cars being made from native Canadian woods. One peculiarity about this exhibit is that the train was not built for exhibition purposes, but is an exact type of the regular trains on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

WONDERFUL WOOD DISPLAYS.

In the Forestry Building Canada occupies 3,000 square feet, situated on the main aisle and south of the central exhibit. The space is divided between the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, British Columbia and the North-West Territories. The Dominion has a large collection of photographs of living trees, contributed by the geological survey museum at Ottawa. The photographs are shown in frames made of the wood represented in the picture. The forest resources of Ontario—its commercial timber, or fire woods—are especially interesting to practical lumbermen, builders, wood and cabinet workers, and the birch, cherry and other fine woods capable of brilliant polish attract much admiration. From the Pacific slope the magnificent specimens of Douglas fir and cedar hand-split shingles 2 feet wide, of fir and spruce planking 4 inch thick, 4 feet wide and, if necessary, 100 feet long, and free from knots, are marvels. Quebec exhibits pine and spruce in great variety. In the middle of its space is a trophy of pulp wood. In it are shown the various stages of manufacture, from the tree in the rough to the pulp in long sheets, and, finally, the useful articles made by this indurating process.

His borrowing has caused a loss
To him as well as me;
For I have lost the money loaned,
And he his memory.

A warm-weather version: "Drink to me with thine ice."

CATCHING TARANTULAS.

How Negro Boys in the West Indies Lure Them with House Lizards.

Coming dead with the gale the schooner Norman ran ashore and broke to pieces near Philadelphia the other day. She was just from Jamaica with a cargo of logwood and the sea was soon red of the dye with which she was loaded. The trip up had been a frightful one, and for five days the crew had stood at the pumps day and night, until none of them carried a shred of clothing with them when the men of the Life-saving Station rescued and took them into quarters. Wild waves and furious winds had waterlogged the Norman, and she simply drifted at the mercy of the ocean, while the crew were begging for life. No one was lost, and the humane savers of lives on the shore did the best they could to put on to the almost exhausted sailors something to cover their nakedness, and then food. How gratefully it was all received!

A colored boy of 10 years of age or so, I should say, was the centre of the dilapidated group. He had about enough clothes on to wad a shotgun, as I saw him, but seemed to be the cheeriest of all the crew. He spoke English fluently, and talked French to one of the sufferers and Spanish to another with as much ease as he conversed in English with me. His manner was self-possessed, far beyond one of his age, and it so attracted attention that I asked him about his life. It is a romantic story, and one end of it turns upon a subject that is of exceeding interest to the people of this country, who now and then see one of the insects to be talked about, and which are a part of the medical history of the world. The colored boy shall tell the story of the tarantula, that venomous offspring of the sun which sometimes finds its way to this country in bunches of fruit brought up from those lands which lie close under the equator, where "all seasons are summer." The lad talked well in telling the story of his career in the West Indies. Here is a piece of his chat:

'Catching the ground spider is fun," said he. "It is a jumper, and when you are trying to take it two eyes and a quick leap are necessary to get away from it. If it is a spider it is not only a big one, but very quick and quite cute. It will attack at any time, and in going about the country you must keep an eye on the tarantula holes in the ground, or one may sting you any moment, and then, as a rule, good-by. I've hunted them many a day, for they bring fifty cents apiece at the stores in St. Thomas, and that is a good bit to a boy who has to cast about mighty sharp to make a dime in a warm country where the negroes, who are poor, are many and the white people few. You see, mister, our chances in the tropics are not like they are in this country, where there is so much to do, and so many ways to pick up pennies now and then at almost anything. Fifty cents for a tarantula, dead or alive, seemed a heap of money to us young darkies down there, and getting bit was not thought of enough to frighten us from the hunt after them.

"We have no other dangerous insects or reptiles on that island except the tarantula, but there are lots of them. You must be mighty careful in going about not to get stung, for very few people live if they are bit. The best and only thing to do if you are caught is to use the poison of the spider and sing or play music just as soon as possible. The poison puts you to sleep almost at once, and it is mighty hard to get a person awake afterward.

"There are about 10,000 of my race on St. Thomas of the 13,000 who are on the island, and at least half the families keep a bottle of rum with tarantulas in it in their houses. As soon as they are struck, if they can get where it is quickly, they may live. The sore part is rubbed with it, and sometimes they take it inwardly. But you see, mister, the bite is apt to put them to sleep before they can get at the poison in the rum bottle like what is in their body, and then they are almost sure to die."

"Why do they bring 50 cents apiece?" said I.

"They are sent to England to be used for medicine. That is what a merchant in St. Thomas told me. He said that it was hard for him to get enough, for lots of them were wanted in England. I don't know how they fix them up, but that is what the man that I used to hunt them for told me."

"How do you catch them?'

"Well, mister, you see we have a tall grass growing all over the island, and when we go hunt we pick some of it and take it along. When we get where the tarantula holes are we just strip the head off of a piece of this grass, make a loop in the end and slip it over the head of one of these little harmless house lizards, of which there are thousands. You find them everywhere, even in the houses. They won't hurt anybody, and we pay no attention to them. When one is caught, just take him to the hole, drop him in a little way and the big spider comes up quickly after him. Just pull him slowly from the hole and the tarantula comes along. You have the house lizard in one hand, a shingle in the other. You put your foot over the hole and throw the shingle over the tarantula if you can. Each one is worth 50 cents dead or alive, if you don't break his body. You have to strike him just right every time to get the 50 cents. Then you put him in a bottle with a big neck and go looking for another hole, and there do just as you did before."

"Supposing that he strikes you?"

"Well, you must be mighty quick when you hit him, and look sharp all the time after he follows the lizard out of the hole, for he has his eye on you as well as on the lizard. If he gets on to you then there is trouble, and nothing can save you except that poisoned rum I told you about and constant playing on some kind of musical instrument, or singing some well-known song. But everything has to be done with great quickness. There is no time to wait. I've seen them die almost as soon as they were bitten."

Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, sister-in-law of the author of "Triumphant Democracy" (which he exemplified at Homestead last year), has contracted with a Baltimore shipbuilder for a handsome steel yacht, in which she will cruise in southern waters this winter. The financial stringency has not affected the Carnegie family to any great extent. Andrew himself is having a high old time in Scotland, and has just leased another castle wherein to entertain triumphant democrats like the Duke of Argyle and Lord Rosebery.

SHIPS AND SHIPPING.

Interesting Facts About the World's Marine.

Great Britain has 2893 registered pilots.

The use of steel for ship-building was begun in 1879.

Of 10,000 British seamen, sixty-six are lost every year.

Frigates, in the modern style, were first built in 1649.

The Austrian navy has 129 ships, 411 guns and 8740 men.

Italy has fifty ships of war, 171 heavy guns and 19,224 men.

The modern French navy dates from the reign of Napoleon III.

The heaviest anchors weigh about seventy-seven hundred weight.

Little Greece has a mercantile marine employing 26,800 sailors.

The annual loss of shipping and cargo is estimated at £19,820,000.

At the present day about 96 per cent. of all vessels built are of steel.

Naval salutes to the flag are as old as the time of Alfred the Great.

The screw propeller was introduced into the British navy in 1840.

The first English ships were the galleys built by Alfred the Great.

The greatest naval viciory of modern times was won at Trafalgar in 1805.

Richard I. of England drew up the first known code of maritime laws.

The greatest naval action in Greek history was that at Salamis, B. C. 480.

The Austrian Lloyd's Company was formed in 1833 to trade with the Levant.

Sea signals were invented and put in operation during the reign of James II.

Russia has forty-four war ships, with 25,964 men as sailors and marines.

The publication of the "Nautical Almanac" began in 1767 by Dr. Maskelyne,

Copper sheathing was first used for vessels of the English navy about the year 1770.

Deep-sea soundings, in the interest of science and commerce, were begun in 1868.

The log was first used in navigation by Pigabetta early in the sixteenth century.

In the early days of the fifteenth century, sea captains used globes instead of charts.

The French navy has 393 ships of all classes, armored and unarmored, and 38,671 men.

The German navy has seventy-seven war ships of all kinds, 511 guns and 18,051 men.

The tonnage of the world in 1888 was 21,650,000; the carrying power, 48,802,000 tons.

The first naval expedition on record was that of the Argonauts, probably pirates, B. C. 1263.

The English Royal Naval Assylum was begun in 1801 and established at Greenwich 1807.

The average consumption of coal is 1½ pounds per hour to each indicated horse-power.

Between 1859 and 1867 the British Government sold 150 wooden ships of all classes as useless.

Mention of the French navy first appears in 728, when the navy consisted altogether of galleys.

In 1880 there were 1680 ships lost at sea, the value of vessels and cargoes being £68,327,000.

The average life of an American ship is 18 years; of an English 26; of a Scandinavian 30.

In 1859 an act of Parliament forbade flogging in the royal navy, save after a trial and sentence.

The first sea fight mentioned in history was between the Corinthians and Corcyzeans, B. C. 664.

The total value of the shipping under the protection of the American flag is estimated at $180,000,000.

Lifeboats and life-saving stations were instituted on the French coasts by the Empress Eugenie in 1866.

The first screw line-of-battle ship was the Napoleon, French built in 1849, 100 guns, 600 horse-power.

The first English act "to encourage commerce with foreign ports" was passed by parliament in 1651.

Mortar boats were first built during the Anglo-Russian war of 1855 for a projected attack on Cronstadt.

Mercator's projection, which wonderfully simplified the science of navigation, was made public in 1569.

British vessels do nearly all the carrying trade of Great Britain and nearly half that of all the rest of Europe.

The Naval Architects' Institute to establish ship building on a strictly scientific basis was organized in 1869.

For 200 years after the discovery of America every ship was equipped with artillery and a force of soldiers.

The first war vessel captured by an American ship was the Edward, taken by the Lexington, April 17, 1777.

It is stated by authorities in naval architecture that a steel vessel can carry 20 per cent. more than an iron ship.

The first great victory won by the English navy was the defeat of the French off Sluys by the ships of Edward III.

About 1620 the use of logarithms was introduced into problems of navigation by the famous Edmund Gunter.

The first United States navigation laws were passed by Congress in 1792 and, for the most part, are still in force.

The standard English manual of navigation is "Raper's British Navigator." It is approved by the Admiralty.

The naval warfare of the world was revolutionized by the battle between the Merrimac and Monitor, March 9, 1862.

The life saving service on the British coast was established in 1824, and has been the means of saving 34,043 lives.

The tonnage of seagoing entries in 1888 of London was 7,470,000; of New York, 5,470,000; of Liverpool, 5,370,000.

In 1670 the Dutch owned and operated one-half the world's shipping; now they own about 1 per cent. of the whole.

Over 80 per cent. of the shipping of the world is built on the British Isles, and nearly one-half of this on the Clyde.

THE MAD DOG'S BITE.

Terrible Death of a 7-year-old Boy After Two Days of Agony.

A Philadelphia, Pa., special says:—The bright 7-year-old son of Joseph B. Jermyn, of Oak lane, died yesterday morning of hydrophobia, after enduring untold agony for two days.

The case is interesting from a medical point of view, because the child was said by the physicians to be too young to realize or dread the effects of rabies, and imagination, they say, therefore, played no part in inducing the snappings and gutteral, dog-like sounds that accompanied the paroxysms.

The bite, which is supposed to have led to the child's agonizing death, was inflicted last July, while he was playing with several children. He was passing the residence of Oliver McMurtha when he espied through a wooden fence a dog whose tail had been amputated and the stump cauterized a short time before. The operation seems to have maddened the animal, which, during the morning of the same day, had killed a cat and several chickens. The boy called the dog and it immediately jumped over the fence and attacked him. He fought it, but before help arrived the beast had lacerated the left side of his head and torn the flesh from the forehead.

A doctor was promptly summoned, and the dog was killed as soon as captured by Constable Moore. The wounds of the head and forehead were cauterized, but were first carefully washed with a cleansing solution. Those of the head required a plastic operation to get the bleeding parts united, and about 10 stitches were put in the wound. The little fellow suffered much, but rallied after the operation, and in a comparatively few days was playing in the street in apparently good health.

Last Sunday night the boy's mother noticed that he was feverish and nervous. Dr. MacDonald was summoned from the city, and he was horrified at the child's symptoms. He diagnosed the case as one of hydrophobia, but at the time concealed his suspicions from the family.

When the force of the virus began to exert itself on the nervous system the boy was thrown into convulsions, which were repeated at the sound of a footfall, of running water, or the pressure of a hand on the bed clothing. His eyes dilated with fear, and he became the victim of a strange hallucination. Chloral and bromide of potassium were administered and produced a soothing effect.

Another physician was called in on Monday, and agreed with Dr. Macdonald that the boy had hydrophobia in its primary stages, and that the virus had become so firmly seated in the system as to be beyond control. From then until yesterday one convulsion followed another, each becoming more violent than the one previous. Every sympton of the dreaded malady was present. The frothing at the mouth, the muscular contractions at the throat, guttural sounds and the dilations of the pupils of the eyes.

Dr. MacDonald said yesterday that it was the saddest case that he had met with in his professional career. Between paroxysms the little sufferer was rational, and pleaded with the doctors to give him relief. "Won't you do something for me? If you will make me well I will never be a bad boy. Won't you ask God to cure me this time?" His mother consoled him by saying that God watched over him and cared for him. This quieted him, and a short time afterward he was dead.

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

A Texas statistician announces that the population of the world, estimated at 1,400,000,000, if divided in families of five, could be accommodated in Texas, each family with a five acre lot. He says there would be 50,000,000 lots left over for parks and public buildings.

Mistletoe grows more luxuriantly in the swamps of Arkansas, perhaps, than anywhere else in the country. A lady travelling on the Gould railroad, in the north-eastern part of that state, counted fifteen clumps of mistletoe on a single oak tree.

A button, which it is asserted, was cut from the coat of Gen. Stonewall Jackson when the brave soldier fell mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, is in the possession of Miss Bockius, of Richmond, Virginia.

The largest waves are seen off Cape Horn between latitude fifty-five degrees south and longtitude 105 degrees west, rising to forty-six feet in height, and 765 feet long from crest to crest.

Hudson, N. Y., has adopted a wide-tire ordinance to preserve its paved streets. For a load exceeding 4,000 pounds a three inch tire is called for, and for over 5,000 pounds four inches.

As evidence of the loneliness of the Pacific Ocean it is stated that the steamer City of Peking on a recent trip sailed 1,240 miles without meeting a single vessel.

The island where Robinson Crusoe was monarch of all he surveyed is now inhabited by about 60 people, who attend the herds of cattle that graze there.

A buffalo bull was seen recently by a stage-driver on the desert near Rawlins, Wyo. It is supposed to be one of a small herd that is still running wild.

A negro, claiming to be 112 years old, was begging in the vicinity of Rockingham, N.C., recently. He declares that he fought in the war of 1812.

Of the 946 papers and magazines published in New York City exactly one-half—473—are issued monthly. The dailies number forty-six.

It is estimated that 110,000,000 copper pennies have been lost to circulation in the century since the United States began to coin money.

The experiment is being tried by several prominent manufacturers of wool pulp in Bangor, Me., of shipping the pulp to Europe.

It is a fact of curious interest that twenty-four of the 6,100 murderers arrested in the United States in 1890 were blind men.

A snake that climbs up the glass walls of its polished cage is an attraction in the Natural History Museum at Paris.

A cow in Adrian county, Missouri, which lately lost her calf, has adopted and tenderly cares for a small pig, 'tis said.

The first public building erected by the United States government was the Philadelphia mint.

An average of five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole earth.

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL

CHAPTER XXIII.

"HE HAS COME BACK."

Tout vient a point a qui sait attendre.

"My darling Lauraine," writes Lady Etwynde, sitting at the desk in her pretty morning room, "I am so happy—so happy, I don't know how to find words to tell you all about it. He has come back. Now you can guess the rest, can you not? For thirteen years my darling has been true; thirteen years during which I have made no sign, given no token of relenting. But it is all over and forgotten now. Once more I seem to wake and live. The old, cheerless, weary years that I have dreamt away, have lost their pain, are only full now of a soft regret that my folly delayed my happiness; for oh! how short life seems when one is glad, and the possibilities of the future seem limitless. My poor disciples are in despair of course. I am bound to neglect them, for Cyril is a more exigeant lover now than in those days of old. He says too much time has been wasted, and I cannot find it in my heart to deny it. We shall be married in February, so I shall hope to have your presence. I wish you would come up soon. I am longing to see you, and your letters are so unsatisfactory. You told me Sir Francis was away. Will you come and stay with me for a few weeks? I should be more than delighted to have you, and I am sure the change would do you good. It seems a long time to wait till Christmas to see you; and we might then go down to Northumberland together. Do make up your mind and say 'Yes. You would if you knew what pleasure it would give me."

The letter finds Lauraine in the lonely splendour of Falcon's Chase.

She reads it and a little pang of bitterness shoots through her heart. But gradually it subsides, and gives way to softer emotions.

"So Etwynde's pride had to give way at last," she says to herself, folding up the letter, and half inclined to accept its invitation. "Ah, how great a lord is love!"

Lauraine has been almost glad of the entire peace and quiet of the Chase since her guests have left it. There had been nothing but noise and excitement in it then. The Lady Jean had come thither radiant in novelties from Worth, and in highest spirits at the success of some new and gigantic speculation of "Jo's" which promised her unlimited extravagances for the season. She had been the life and soul of the party, had organised endless amusements indoors and out, and had, in fact, made herself useful to Lauraine, enchanting to Sir Francis, and popular with everyone in the house.

That infatuation of her husband's was unsuspected by Lauraine. She neither noticed his devotion nor heard the hundred-and-one comments upon it that were uttered often enough, even in her presence. They were old friends—had been friends so long, it never occurred to her that there was anything more between them.

She was not acquainted with the numerous changes that society can ring out of the little simple air it calls "Platonics." She had felt grateful to Lady Jean for taking so much trouble off her own hands, for the energy and invention which had organised and carried out so much that was entertaining. It never occurred to her that her husband might be drawing comparisons between her and his friend, and those comparisons infinitely to the advantage of the latter. In accordance with her resolution, she had set herself to work to please and study him in every way, but now he no longer cared for either. He rather seemed to avoid her as much as possible, and her very gentleness and patience served to irritate him.

Her mother had been there with the rest of their guests, and her eyes had noticed with much disquietude what Lauraine never seemed to see. It made her seriously uneasy, and in a measure irritated her against her daughter's stupidity.

"She has lost him by her own silliness, of course," she would say to herself. "Just as if a man wouldn't get bored with nothing but cold looks and dowdiness, and all the fads and fangles that Lauraine has occupied herself with lately."

Which was Mrs. Douglas's method of explaining Lauraine's grief for her child's death, and her friendship with Lady Etwynde.

It had been an intense relief to Lauraine when her guests had all departed and she was once more alone.

She had tried hard to interest herself in things that used to please him, to occupy her mind and thoughts; but the efforts seemed to grow more and more wearisome. The mind and body were at variance.

As now she sits there with Lady Etwynde's letter in her hand, she thinks it will be better after all to go up to town and leave this solitude, for which she had once yearned; and when she sees in her mirror how pale and thin she has grown she begins to think the place cannot agree with her, as everyone says. Of course it is only—the place.

She will not, dare not, allow that there is anything else—that the mind is preying on itself, and trying to outlive thought and banish memory, and that the struggle is too hard a one. No: that old folly is over, done with, buried, so she tells herself. Of Keith she has heard no word since they met in Baden. He may be married now, for aught she knows, and yet somehow she feels he is not—that.

"Yes, I will go," she says, at last. "The solitude and dreariness are oppressing me, and Etwynde's happiness will rouse me."

And she dashes off an immediate acceptance of the invitation, and the next day bids her maid pack her trunks, and starts for London.

Lady Etwynde is overjoyed to see her, but shocked at the change in her looks. Yet she dares not breathe too much sympathy, or touch on the old sorrow. "Of what use?" she asks herself, "of what use now?"

Colonel Carlisle and Lauraine are mutually delighted with each other. She cannot but admire the handsome physique, the courtly, genial manners, the cultivated intelligence of this hero of her friend's; and they are so perfectly content and happy with each other, that even the most cynical disbelievers in love might acknowledge converts regarding these two.

Lauraine makes a charming "propriety." She is engrossed in a book, or inventive of an errand, or just going into the other room to write a letter or try over a song, or, in fact, furnished with any amount of excuses that seem perfectly natural and innocent enough to leave the lovers to themselves.

"There will be one happy marriage among my acquaintances," she thinks to herself, as she sees them so radiant, so engrossed. "And, indeed, they deserve it. Fancy, thirteen years' constancy, and in our age, too! It seems like a veritable romance!"

One evening they go to the theatre: the piece is Robertson's comedy, "Caste," and as Lauraine takes her seat and glances round the well-filled house she sees in the box opposite the well-known figures of Mrs. Bradshaw Woolliffe, and her niece, and Keith Athelstone. Of course, they see her directly, and exchange bows. Keith keeps at the back of the box, and behind the radiant little figure of his fiancee.

Lady Etwynde is deeply annoyed at the contretemps. As for Lauraine, all the pleasure of the evening is spoilt for her.

After the second act she sees Keith leave the box. A few moments afterwards he appears in their own.

"I am the bearer of a message from Mrs. Woolliffe," he says to Lady Etwynde, after greetings have been exchanged. "She says I am to insist on you all coming to supper with her. She has secured one or two professional and literary celebrities, and it will be very charming. She won't take no. There, I have delivered my message verbatim."

He speaks hurriedly and a little nervously. Colonel Carlisle looks at his "lady love," and declares he is quite ready to accept if she is. Lady Etwynde, seeing how calm and indifferent Lauraine appears, is at a loss what to say.

"We, I mean Lady Vavasour and I, were——" she stammers. Lauraine looks quickly up.

"I should be delighted to meet such charming society," she says. "I am quite ready to waive our previous engagement if you are, Etwynde."

So there remains nothing but to accept, and Keith retires to inform Mrs. Woolliffe of the success of his mission.

"You are sure you do not mind?" asks Lady Etwynde, kindly as she bends forward to her friend, when they are alone.

"Not in the least—why should I?" answers Lauraine. "And I always liked Mrs. Woolliffe. I should be sorry to offend her, and we have no excuse to offer."

"And you never tell 'white lies,'" smiles Lady Etwynde. "Isn't she wonderful, Cyril?"

"Lady Vavasour is indeed an example to most of her sex," answers the Colonel. "I thought they were all addicted to that harmless little practice. But I am glad you have decided upon going to Mrs. Woolliffe's. I was delighted with her and her niece, although I have a remembrance of being 'questioned' within an inch of my life five minutes after my first introduction to them."

"Do you remember that evening?" asks Lady Etwynde, softly.

"Do I not?" his eyes answer for him, as under cover of the dim light he touches her hand.

She looks up and meets his glance, and smiles softly back with perfect understanding.

Ah, no shadow of doubt or wrong will ever come between herself and him again. Lauraine notes that fond glance, that swift comprehension, and her heart grows sick and cold as she thinks of the emptiness of her own life. A woman never feels the want of love so much as when she sees another in possession of what she has lost.

If beauty, wit, and intelligence can make a supper party brilliant, Mrs. Bradshaw Woolliffe should have had no reason to complain. None of the "celebrities" disappoint. "Dresden China" is a host in herself, Colonel Carlisle is delightful, Lady Etwynde radiant. The only silent members of the party are Keith Athelstone and Lauraine.

A strange constraint is upon them both. As from time to time their eyes meet, each notes with a heavy heart the change wrought in these few months. On Keith it is even more apparent. His face is as pale as if the hot young blood had been frozen in its currents, and no longer could warm and colour that passionless exterior. The half petulant, wayward manner which had been charming in its very youthfulness and caprice, was now grave and chill, and had lost all its brightness and vivacity.

"He is not happy," thinks Lauraine, sadly, and she glances at the pretty little sparkling creature opposite, who is chattering and laughing as if she had not a care in the world, and had certainly escaped the contamination of her lover's gravity.

"Do you make a long stay in London?" asks Keith, in a low voice, when the clatter of tongues and laughter is at its height.

Lauraine looks suddenly up, and meets the blue eyes that seem to have lost all their fire and eagerness now. "No; only two or three weeks. Lady Etwynde comes back with me to Falcon's Chase for Christmas."

"I—I have something to ask you," he says, almost humbly. "I have longed to see you often—just for one half-hour—to say this. You know I have grown so accustomed to take counsel with you that the old habit clings to me still. May I call on you to-morrow? May I see you alone? Do not look so alarmed: you need not fancy I have forgotten—Erlsbach."

"I shall be very glad to see you if you want my advice," says Lauraine, very coldly. "But I can scarcely imagine you do. Surely, in all the momentous arrangements before you, Miss Jefferson is the person you should consult."

"Yes," he answers, quietly, "and her taste and mine so invariably clash that I find the best thing to do is to yield her undisputed choice. Can you imagine me yielding the palm in all things? Beaten into subjection. A good beginning, is it not?"

Lauraine looks at him, inexpressibly pained by his words and tone.

"She is very charming, and I daresay will make an admirable wife," she says, uneasily. "I am sure everyone admires your choice!"

"Isn't that rather a disadvantage nowadays?" says Keith, bitterly. "'The husband of the pretty Mrs. So-and-so' is not a very dignified appellation. You see scores of men running after your wife, and if you object are called a jealous fool, or 'bad style,' or something of that sort. We certainly live in a delightful age for—women."

"A cynical style of talking," says Lauraine, gravely. "It doesn't sit naturally on your years, and it is too much like the caught-up cant of society. Women are no worse now than they have always been, I suppose, nor men either."

"It is like old times to have you 'lecturing' me," says Keith, with a sudden smile—the first she has seen on his lips to-night.

Lauraine colors and remembers. "Well, you deserve a lecture for speaking so. I hate to hear men, especially young men, abusing women! As if the worst of us were not, after all, better than most of you. And what do you know, really know, of women? At your age a man is hardly conscious of what he wants except amusement and excitement; and the woman who gives him these, be her moral nature ever so vile, is the woman from whom he takes his opinions of the whole sex. 'Toujours femme varie' has a wide meaning. To deduce from one an opinion of all, is the greatest folly a man can commit."

"What a tirade!" says Keith, amusedly. "I know well enough your sex are enigmas. It is hard to make out what you really are. And I am quite sure that I shall never meet another woman like you; but I hope you don't mean to say that I have formed my opinion from a 'bad' specimen."

"I was speaking of men in general," says Lauraine, somewhat hurriedly. "The fashion of talking slightingly of women is a most pernicious one. Certainly we are to blame, or our age, for such a fashion. Women have too little dignity and self-respect nowadays; but they suffer for it, by losing their own prestige in the sight of men."

"You would never lose your self-respect," says Keith, in a low voice.

"I should be the most miserable woman alive if I did," she answers, composedly; but her cheeks burn, and in her heart she says: "I have lost it—long ago!"

"Ah," says Keith, bitterly, "it is well to be you. Heaven help you if you had been cast in a weaker mould, like those you condemn; if you had to look back on life as only a coup manque."

A burst of riotous laughter drowns his words. The whole table is convulsed over some risque American story told with inimitable point and humour by the lovely rosy lips of "Dresden China."

As they part that night Keith whispers in Lauraine's ear:

"To-morrow, twelve, I will call."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FIERY TRIAL.

Lauraine wakes up next morning with a vague consciousness that she has done something wrong, something which she regrets. Why should she have granted this interview to Keith Athelstone? Why should he have asked for it.

And yet, amidst all her disquietude, she smiles bitterly as she thinks how far away, how "over and done with," is that old time between them. She is married, he about to be married. There can be nothing to fear now.

During breakfast she is silent and preoccupied. She wonders what excuse she can make to Lady Etwynde for breaking a shopping engagement; but as if fate played into her hands, Lady Etwynde tells her that Colonel Carlisle is coming to drive her to Bond Street that morning to choose some diamonds he has seen, and so the dressmakers must be put off. Lauraine seizes the chance delightedly, and says she will stay at home and have a quiet morning for once, and at half-past eleven Lady Etwynde drives off in her financee's mail phaeton, and Lauraine finds herself alone.

Her uneasiness increases. She can settle to nothing. A feverish colour burns in her cheeks, her eyes are brilliant. Every step in the street, every ring at the bell startles and unnerves her. Again and again she wishes she had not promised to see Keith. Again and again does she find herself hoping, praying he may not come after all.

Twelve strikes. She is sitting in the "cameo" room—her own special favourite—her eyes watch the hands of the clock with an absorbed facination.

One minute past, two, three, four, five. He will not come. Ten minutes past. Now she is quite sure he will not. Is she relieved, or sorry? Eleven minutes past.

He is here.

"I am sorry to be late. I was detained," he says, greeting her timidly and nervously. "I should have liked to keep up my old character for punctuality."

She gives him her hand. Now that he has come she feels calm and composed once more, and all her gentle dignity of manner returns. "And what is the momentous business on which I am to give my opinion?" she asks, as he takes the low seat opposite her own and looks steadily at her.

For an instant he is silent. Then he shakes back the soft hair from his brow with the impatient gesture that she well remembers.

"It is only—this," he says. If I go through with this marriage it will drive me mad!"

Startled, surprised out of all her self-control, Lauraine looks at him in dread and horror.

"Why do you come to me and tell me this?" she says, piteously. "Of what use is it?"

"None, I suppose. I only wanted to say I took your advice; that with might and main I set myself to work to care for Nan. I might as well have saved myself the trouble. There are times when the devil within me rises and tempts me to kill her: when I hate myself for deceiving her, and her for being deceived; when—— But why pain your ears with such folly? This thing is too hard for me. I cannot do it, Lorry—I cannot."

"Oh, Keith!"

It is such a sorrowful little cry. It is just as when in their childish days some deed or freak of his had grieved his little playmate's gentle heart. It thrills through him with a pain that is intolerable.

"For God's sake, don't speak like that—don't pity me!" he cries, wildly. "It is more than I can bear. Oh, Lorry, don't think I have come here to-day to distress you with the old sorrow. It is not that, indeed. I only wanted to say that I have brought double dishonour on my head by trying to do what you seemed to think would cure me; to ask you if you would have me go through with this horrible farce—for, as there is a Heaven above us, I would sooner die the worst death you could name, than speak such a lie in face of God and man as I should speak did I promise to be a husband to—Nan!"

His voice is low and husky, and the words come out with fierce, unstudied eloquence.

Lauraine's heart aches as she listens, as she looks. She is utterly at a loss what to say.

"I parted from you in anger. I spoke roughly, cruelly. I said I would never come to you again," he goes on, looking at her white face—his own as white and sorrowful. "I have longed often to ask your pardon. I do it now. There is but one course open to me. I must leave this country. I must leave any place that has a memory of—you. I think sometimes I shall go mad if I don't. I think you would be shocked, Lorry, if you could look into my soul and see the utter blankness there. I am not old, and there is no ice in my veins yet, and forgetfulness won't come for trying any more than—love. Oh, if it only would—if it only would!"

For an instant a sob rises in his throat and chokes his utterance. He rises, ashamed of his weakness, and paces the room with hurried, uneven steps.

"I am forgetting myself. I did not mean to say such things," he says, presently. "When I am with you I can think of nothing else. Oh, my darling! how could you have given yourself away from me? Will ever any man love you as I have done, and do!"

Lauraine's heart is rent asunder by the fierce, unstudied pathos of his words. She sees that her own weakness has wrecked two lives effectually, and now her whole soul is filled with anguish and with dread.

"I can see at last that the only course for me to pursue is complete avoidance of your presence," he goes on, coming over to the mantelpiece as he speaks, and leaning his arm upon it so to keep his face out of her sight. "We should be all, or nothing, to each other; and I being mad and reckless, and you good and pure, it is easy to see which of the two is our fate."

"Good and pure!" cries Lauraine, with sudden passionate shame; "had I been that I should never have paltered with temptation one single moment. I should have been deaf to your entreaties and persuasions that summer night. I should have sent you from me then, not weakly yielded to a course of action that has made me as wretched as yourself."

"You could never be that," he says, looking down at her anguished face. "You are too cold, too proud. But so much the better. I would not wish the worst foe I had to endure what I had endured for you, and shall endure, I suppose, till I die. That sounds rather like mock heroics," he adds, with a little bitter laugh; "But I think you know me better than to suppose it's 'put on.' I made up my mind when I saw you that I would tell you this farse could not go on. I shall tell Nan the same. She's a good little thing, and is worth a better fate than she would have as my wife. God! The mockery of that word! At night sometimes it is as if a chorus of fiends were jabbering it in my ears and driving me mad with the horrible sound."

"but what will you say—how explain?" falters Lauraine.

"Oh, you need not be afraid that your name will suffer," he says, with bitter irony. "I shall take care of that. Let her think me the mean contemptible cur I am."

The hot cruel colour flies into Lauraine's cheeks.

"You are ungenerous to say that!" she exclaims. I am not afraid of what anyone says. I know I am to blame. But because I have erred once it is no reason that I should do so again. Right and wrong are set plainly enough before us. I have tried feebly enough, to keep to the straight path; I cannot forget duty, honour, so easily. If I could—if I had—oh, Keith, ask yourself, would your love be what it is now?"

"No; it would not," he says slowly. "Though I am so bitter against you I would not have you shamed by my selfishness. I—I think—so much at least you have taught me. But you—understand, do you not? I cannot do impossibilities, and—now at last I come to you to say 'Good-bye.'"

A sudden mist of tears dims her eyes. It seems as if all around grows cold and grey, and a barrier of ice stands between her and any hope of happiness.

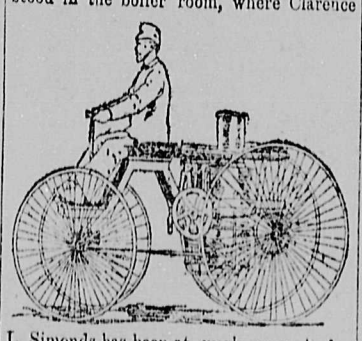
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A STEAM QUADRICYCLE.

To Gallop Over Country Roads at Ten Miles an Hour.

Imagine two safety bicycles, the wheels about the size of ordinaries, joined catamaran fashion, with a small boiler and engine and a complicated rigging of machinery hanging between the rear wheels, a seat for two persons up in front, with a steering wheel for the driver to grasp instead of reins, and the carriage is revealed.

The cut shows the steam buggy as it stood in the boiler room, where Clarence



L. Simonds has been at work upon it for a year or more; it shows its pretty proportions and indicates the fun Mr. Simonds and his friends will have with it.

Ten miles and more an hour is the speed expected, and hill climbing will be as easy as rolling off a log. The little boiler will stand more than 100 pounds of steam, generated from a three-jet naphtha flame, the fuel being carried in a tube bent around over the boiler like a stovepipe with elbow joints. It holds four gallons, enough for a seven hours' run.

A ten-gallon tank of water is also packed away in the works.

The engine is vertical, 2x4 cylinder, four-inch stroke, working on a crank shaft to which is attached a balance wheel and a chain wheel, from which the power is communicated to the rear drivers.

The throttle valve, steam whistle, steam cocks and other controllers are under the hand of the man on the seat as he steers the buggy. All complete, the total weight of the vehicle is 400 pounds.

Carruthers—"Why don't you think more of family ties?" Waite—"Oh, they're all ready-made."

A Woman In the African Diggings.

The advent of a woman marked an epoch in the history of Pilgrim's Rest (so called because of the rest it suggested when the almost unconquerable task of reaching it had been accomplished), and there were among the diggers men who, long unaccustomed to the sight of such a phenomenon, could not overcome their self-consciousness sufficiently to approach within speaking distance; and yet consumed with curiosity, they made observations from the shelter of friendly rocks, envying more fortunate comrades who found presence of mind to face the unfamiliar spectacle. The privations and mutual dependence which are part and parcel of the digger's life call into action the best phase of human character, and the genial interchange of kindly aid conduces to frank social relations that are undeniably charming.

The most cordial assistance was rendered my sister in every detail: her tent was pitched in a quiet and secluded spot; she was advised in the selection of a claim; initiated into the formalities of pegging-out and registration; and thus found many anticipated difficulties considerably ameliorated. The cheapness of native labor lessened in a great degree the hardships of living at these gold-fields. The Amatongas, a very intelligent tribe on the east coast, came in freely to work, offering their services at the rate of £1 per month, with the usual rations of mealie meal; and having paid the digger's tax of five shillings for the month, and hired several of these natives, my sister found herself settled down to the life of a digger. She superintended the work of her claim herself, and in the process of washing the disintegrated soil she personally took part.

My sister lived for two years in her little canvas tent on the creek, which she had in the meantime inclosed by means of a fence of laced boughs and planted about with vegetables. She found gold for the most part steadily, but only in small quantities of a few ounces at a time. It existed very indefinitely, and there were no indications that proved of the slightest value in searching for it.

At one time she hit upon the expedient of meeting her expenses by making ginger-beer and pastry, a difficult task where kitchens are not, and with cooking-utensils of the most primitive kind. The sight of such delicacies raised the liveliest emotions in the diggers, whose life condemned them to a monotonous and sorry fare, and the Kafir who became the itinerant vender on these occasions grew inflated with the importance it conferred on him. He was hailed in all directions, and when he could no longer meet the demands of importunate customers, he would toss the basket into the air with a smile of ironical pity. In the meantime, several claims had passed through my sisters hands, and the last of these realized some of the expectations the hope of which gives a flavor of excitement to the monotony of gold-digging. This claim contained a rich lead from which some very fine nuggets of almost pure gold were taken, solid lumps of metal averaging in weight from eight ounces to four pounds. She was now in possession of a moderate competency, and her success was the theme of considerable comment throughout the entire press of South Africa.—[September century.

The Buffalo not Extinct.

James Mundie, a representative of the firm of Carscaden & Peck, Winnipeg, who has just returned to that city from a business trip in the west, brings an interesting bit of intelligence concerning the wood buffalo of the north. Three years ago when Mr. Mundie was at Edmonton, in Alberta, on a trip similar to the one just completed, he purchased the head of a wood buffalo, and it was thought at the time that it was the last one that ever would be seen, as the species was supposed to have become practically extinct. Imagine, then, Mr. Mundie's surprise a week ago on visiting Edmonton to find there one trader with ten heads and another with twenty robes, and to learn that over two hundred of the animals had been killed by Indians this season in the Slave Lake and Peace River districts. In the lot which Mr. Mundie saw at Edmonton was the largest head he had ever seen, and the robes were of an exceptionally good quality, the hair being very dark and grizzily. The traders told him that some of the animals killed were of such a great size that the Indians were unable to turn them over, and had to split the carcasses in two in order to remove the robes. This is a point worthy of note, as it has always been stated by those supposed to know that the wood buffalo are smaller than the plain buffalo.

Mr. Secord, the trader, who brought in the robes from the north, had also in his pack two hundred musk ox robes from the barren lands east of the Mackenzie river. Another trader brought in one hundred ox robes. Mr. Secord is the authority for the statement that two hundred wood buffalo robes will reach Edmonton this summer from Slave Lake and Peace River.

The question, where did these wood buffalos so suddenly come from? now naturally suggests itself. The Indians and traders had long ago given up hope of ever seeing any again. The theory, and a plausible one it is, which is advanced by the traders, is that the remnant of the large herds that once roamed through the praries and forests of the far Northwest found a feeding ground secluded from the customary haunts of the Indian, and safe from the Winchesters of the hunters, and rapidly repleted their decimated numbers. Last winter the weather was unusually severe, and in addition to the terrible cold, heavy snow storms prevailed, and thus the animals were driven southward in search of food, and wandered into the track of the Indians, who only too eagerly rushed among them and slaughtered them right and left. The heavy catch of musk ox is accounted for in the same way, they having been driven south from their feeding grounds in the barren lands by hunger. Raw musk ox robes are selling this year for $40 apiece at Edmonton.

Brown—"How often have I told you not to play ball in the house?" Johnny—"Every time you've caught me at it."

Mrs. Potts—"Mrs. Flyer called this afternoon." Jack Potts (absent-mindedly) "What did you have?"

Philadelphia has furnished three "Fathers of the House"—William D. Kelley, Samuel J. Randall and Charles O'Neill—in succession.

"What sort of a girl is she?" "Oh, she is a miss with a mission." "An?" "And her mission is seeking a man with a mission."

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1893.

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

Now that Slocan ore is at last being shipped out via the Columbia River and Revelstoke, the plea put forward by the Smelter Co.—that the amount of ore obtainable was insufficient to keep the smelter in operation—will no longer hold good. With the completion of the Nakusp and Slocan Railway to Three Forks the present output will probably be increased tenfold, and if the Revelstoke Smelter Co. were not blind to their own interests they would at once set about putting the smelter in repair and endeavor to divert a portion, at least, of the stream of silver now passing their doors. By doing so they will go far to remove the stigma which now attaches to the company—of having built the smelter merely to obtain the Government grant of 360 acres of townsite land. Mine owners would no doubt prefer to pay $3 or $4 a ton to Revelstoke than $11 a ton to San Francisco.

While we are waiting for the rehabilitation of silver and the consequent activity in this district, there is no necessity for sitting down with folded hands. That the land around Revelstoke is well adapted for fruit-growing cannot be denied. The vast quantities of wild fruits gathered every summer substantiates this. Calgary and other growing towns in the Northwest, where the soil is not adapted for fruit growing, will take all we can raise in this valley. A month ago a Calgary firm sent a letter to this office asking if we could order 40 pails of blueberries for them, to be sent at once. A gentleman recently down from Big Bend said he saw several spots near the trail where a carload of blueberries and raspberries could be gathered in a very small area. An apple grown in British Columbia completely put in the shade every other in the same class shown at the World's Fair—in point of size, but the quality was not mentioned.

Hops, too, can be very profitably grown here—a fact well known to everybody in the town. "There can be no question," says Professor Saunders, "as to the suitability of British Columbia for hop growing. I am of the opinion that hops can be grown quite as fine in quality and as good in every respect in British Columbia as they can in the State of Washington, and next spring we will start a hop plantation at Agassiz farm, planting all the best varieties to see which will be best adapted for the country."

What we want is to utilize the land north of the C. P. R. track, and to that end we should endeavor to get the Government to sell it to bona fide citizens at $5, or even $10, per acre, similar to the recent sale of Government land at Vernon. But how can we bring pressure enough to compel the Government to do one righteous act?

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Except for a half-mile trotting track the World's Fair is now complete and right up to the standard of any fair in the United States. All summer long there has been wanting a prize squash. That squash is now there. It came from Canada. With it came a mammoth pumpkin, and folks who come to the fair cannot possibly go home disappointed. That squash is some pumpkins of a squash. It is in Horticultural Hall. It was grown in Goderich, in Ontario, and it weighs just 486 lbs. It is 10 feet 1 inch in circumference and stands 3 feet 7 inches high. As for the pumpkin, it weighs 146 pounds. Canada is almost as proud of it as of the 11 ton cheese.

In a ring behind the stock barns, surrounded by crowds of admiring farmers, judging of sheep and swine was begun on Wednesday. The work proceeded slowly owing to the fact that is was difficult to get the apoplectic animals out of their pens and back again. One solitary third prize fell to a United States breeder of sheep. All the other prizes were awarded to Canadians. John Kelly of Shakespeare, Ont., led with seven first prizes, four seconds, five thirds and five fourths. James Snell of Clinton, Ont., was second with five firsts, seven seconds and four thirds.

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The wisdom of an investment in LARDEAU is without question.

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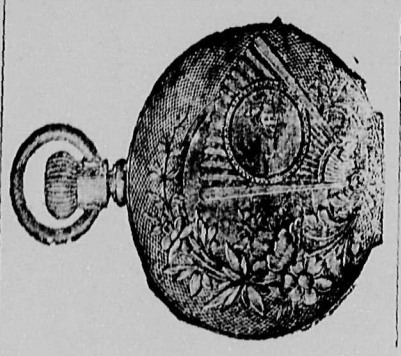

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REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Bringing up Children.

Most of this unloveliness, strange as it may seem, is thought to be the work of a badly developed brain, the eye and the spine especially declaring this, but leaving it an open question whether an evil soul lodging in a body reduces it to its own likeness, or whether an ill-fed, wrongly developed body cramps and dwarfs and hurts the soul. The measure round the skull of the criminal, taken horizontally, is always less than that round the skull of the upright man, and his brain is found to be lighter; his constitution is feebler, too, and his heart is weak. But even among culprits themselves there are great differences; thus the highway robber is naturally found to be taller than the pick-pocket, and the bones of his skeleton are stronger; he and the murderer, when they write at all, write a large round hand with many flourishes; the thief writes with effeminacy a small hand. These people are apt to give the student surprises; he finds, for instance, that they are not habitually cruel; wanton murderers will be kind to a pet; where they are cruel it is the women who are the most so, and who discover the most shocking forms of cruelty; and although a few have talent, they are all wanting in the ability to use their talent to advantage; but the most of them have great stupidity. They are flighty and faithless always, clinging long to nothing. And with it all they are extraordinarily superstitious. The one satisfactory thing that comes out of all this investigation is the establishment of the fact that education diminishes the tendency to crime, and that as by slow degrees the day shall come when a whole generation is educated, the children of that generation will be born with less and less tendency to crime or to crime made easy. For education enlarges, strengthens, and refines the brain, gives it closeness, determines its growth; and just so far as criminality has anything to do with the insufficient brain, education will abate it, and the malnutrition of the system, with its reflex action on the nerves, will be overcome by the work and wages that education will increase. It is not agreeable to dwell upon this dark side of human nature, but if we know nothing about it we shall do nothing for it; and surely there is not a dark spot upon the earth to whose purification we should not set our minds and hands.

Keep Him Uncertain.

To be a good mistress of a house a woman needs to be a little bit fond of savory food, a little cold and a little coquettish. So shall she minister most wisely to the comfort of the man of the household, so shall she keep her charm and fascination by prolonging the wooing after the wedding and never quite giving assurance of absolute possession to the liege lord of her heart. It is ever that which is not quite our own, just out of reach, that charms, or, as the men more practically express it, a man doesn't chase a car after he has caught it.

Pickles.

Below are given some rules that will help one to prepare a novelty in pickles.

Spiced Grapes.—Pick the grapes from the stems and wash them. Put them into a preserving kettle and cook them until you can strain out the seeds and skins. Rub all the pulp through a colander. Weigh the pulp and to each pound allow half a pound of good brown sugar. To each four pounds of the mixed pulp and sugar add one pint of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and allspice, and one tablespoonful of cloves. Put it over a slow fire and simmer slowly for three hours, keeping it well stirred. Put it in jars and seal while hot.

Onions and Cauliflower.—Peel small white onions, and cut the cauliflower into even pieces about the size of the onions. Boil separately in salted water until tender and look clear. If a few stalks of celery are used retain the little blanched leaves on the end of the stalk and boil it with the cauliflower; drain and put loosely in glass cans, with two pods of yellow pepper, a few pieces of peeled horseradish and half a teaspoonful of white mustard seed in each can. Pour boiling white vinegar over them. Seal at once. Red peppers used in white pickles would stain in vinegar.

Chili Sauce No. 1.—Thirty ripe tomatoes, five small onions, eight red peppers; chop the onions and peppers fine, after removing the seeds from the latter. Add six tablespoonfuls each of salt and sugar, and one quart of vinegar. Boil all together, two or three hours.

Chili Sauce No. 2.—Twelve ripe tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls each of salt and sugar, two teacupfuls vinegar, a little cinnamon, allspice and pepper. Add an onion or two if the flavor is liked.

Sweet Pickled Damsons.—To five pounds of fruit take two and one-half pounds of white sugar; add a very little water and cook till a nice syrup. Scald one pint of vinegar and one ounce whole cloves; add to syrup and cook till a syrup again. Prick the plums with a silver fork; add the plums while the syrup is boiling, but do not let them cook hard enough to break skins. Skim out fruit quickly. Seal up while hot. The syrup should be thick enough to keep well.

Ripe Grape Catsup.—Remove the grapes from the stems, weigh and put on to cook; when scalded so that they can be strained, rub through a fine colander, and to 10 lbs. of the fruit add 4½ lbs. of sugar, one tablespoonful each of ground cloves and allspice, and three tablespoonfuls cinnamon. Cook 15 minutes, add enough cold vinegar to make the catsup as thin as is liked, then bottle and seal up at once.

Cucumber Catsup.—Pare and remove seeds and pulp from a dozen ripe cucumbers, chop them fine with eight small onions; add two tablespoonfuls grated horseradish, half a teaspoonful each of white pepper and cayenne, half a teacupful white sugar and a small tablespoonful salt. Mix well together, place in jars, cover with cold vinegar and seal.

Sweet-Pickled Watermelon Rinds—Peel the rinds with a sharp knife that will take off the green skin evenly. Trim off also every trace of the pink flesh of the fruit, because it is too juicy to make a firm, crisp pickle. Then cut the strips of rind into small pieces two or three inches long, and placing them in a large earthen dish, sprinkle them lightly and evenly with salt. Cover the dish and let it stand over night, water, and cook them in a steamer until a broom splint will readily pierce them. According to *Harper's Bazar*, cooking the rinds by steam is an easy method, as they are less liable to burn than when cooked in the spiced vinegar. When the rinds are tender, take them out carefully with a skimmer and put them into a stone jar. Take good cider vinegar for the basis of the pickle. Allow a pound of sugar to a pint of vinegar and add also half an ounce of stick cinnamon broken into inch pieces and a half-teaspoonful each of whole cloves and blades of mace. The whole amount of vinegar, sugar, and spices used must of course depend on the quantity of rinds to be pickled, but a quart of vinegar is usually sufficient for the rinds of a medium-sized melon. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices together vigorously half an hour, skimming off the froth, and pour the pickle boiling hot over the rinds. Press the rinds down under the pickle by means of an earthen plate or saucer, fasten the cover on, and tie a cloth over the whole. These pickles will be ready for use in two weeks.

Pickled Peeled Peaches.—Use only ripe perfect fruit, discarding all else. Weigh after peeling, and for each ten pounds of peaches take a quart of vinegar, four and a half pounds of sugar, and as much mace, cloves and cinnamon, or whatever spice is preferred, as will give the desired flavor. Lay the peeled peaches upon the sugar for an hour, then drain off the syrup thus formed, and add a cupful of water. Bring this to a boil and skim as long as any scum rises; then put in the peaches, boil for five minutes, and lay them upon flat dishes to cool. When cool, put them into jars. In the meantime, add the vinegar and spices to the syrup, boil gently for fifteen minutes, and then pour it over the fruit in the jars. Protect from the atmosphere in any approved manner.

Pickled Onions.—Choose the very small white ones for pickling. Peel and lay in salt water a day and night, then drain and wipe dry, and to each half peck of onions scald two quarts of best cider vinegar, drop in the onions, and cook until clear and easily pierced, when remove to jars, or better bottles. Scald an ounce of white mustard seed in the vinegar, and pour it hot over the onions. They will soon be ready for use. Keep in a cool place.

Coming Fashions.

The excessively bright and often incongruous combinations of colors worn this season have disappeared, says the Season, and a perfect rage has set in for black and white.

Added basques are disputing the palm with broad belts, and will decidely gain the victory at no distant period. At present they are cut small, and, as a rule, must agree as much as possible with the shape and stuff of the bodice trimming. One of the plainest, yet most becoming styles of added basques is that cut with the back of the short-waisted bodice, which is then finished off in front with a band starting from the seams under the arms. A fanciful style is made double, and of silk or velvet fitting closely round the waist and forming a serious of fluted pleats at the edge. We observed a black silk dress trimmed with three flounces of white lace, made with a triple basque of the silk cut on the cross, which fell in the same way in fluted pleats over the hips. Such basques are likewise admirably suited for traveling costumes of cloth or serge.

Short jackets of every description, especially the different kinds of Spanish jackets, are still much admired.

Skirts are still made full and rather in balloon shape, but our better dressmakers do not add an excessive amount of stiffening.

Two Valuable Hints.

It is a matter of wonder that more people when travelling do not carry their own drinking cup. Nearly every one has a hand-bag of some sort, and a tiny drinking cup of silver, glass, china or even tin, occupies but a small space, and does away with all the danger and unpleasantness of the public drinking cup.

Thinking some readers may be annoyed as I once was by an immovable stopper in a bottle, I give my receipt for removal. After trying every way I ever heard suggested, the thought came to me of the penetrating powers of kerosene oil, and taking the tiny point of a feather I dipped in the oil and drew it carefully around where the stopper sets in, waited a moment, and it was as easily removed as though it had never given any trouble.

RE TRAVELED AS FREIGHT.

A Fugitive Quebec Merchant Comes Home in a Box and is Arrested.

A Qnebec special says:—"A short time ago announcement was made of the arrest of one Bilodeau, a former merchant of St. Elzear, by the High Constable of Beauce. Bilodeau, having borrowed more than he was able to repay, transferred himself to the United States, where he resided unmolested for some time but becoming homesick, determined on returning. To affect his repatriation with as little flourish of trumpets as possible, he hit on the plan of having himself boxed up, directed to St. Elzear and labelled "Fragile—This side up with care," and the further to ensure the safe delivery of himself without exciting suspicion, he engaged a carter who carted him boxed up across the line and delivered him safely.

Unfortunately the carter had called at a house to ask his way; and still more unfortunately the master of the house had recently had a small misunderstanding with Mrs. Bilodeau, who had sued him for $300. He put the length of the box, its shape, its apparent height, its destination, and above all the word "fragile" together, had his suspicions, and held his tongue. But he watched, and was finally rewarded by learning that Bilodeau had been seen. Then he communicated with the police, who seached the house and found their man in a cupboard. Mr. Bilodeau is at present in the jail at St. Francois.

New Girl—"What does your papa like for breakfast?" Little Mabel—"He always likes most anything that we hasn't got."

Mother—"For mercy's sake, child, what do you expect to do in the world? You can't cook nor sew nor teach school, and you are not an heiress; what can you do?" Daughter—"Well, mother, I can get married, can't I?"

A Farmer Throws his Son Head First into a Garbage Receptacle.

Fined for the Unnatural Act.

It is very seldom that parents punish their children by throwing them into swill barrels. This is the way that a farmer named John Fisher, of Back River, Que., took to correct his ten-year-old son.

The case was heard in the Montreal Police Court by Judge Dugas. The first witness was Mr. Marshall, secretary of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children. Neighbors of the accused had come to him and complained that the boy had been brutally beaten and thrown into a swill barrel. On the strength of these complaints he had the accused arrested.

Mrs. Cousineau said she lived near accused. About two weeks ago, while standing near her own door, she saw accused pick up a whipple-tree and begin to beat the boy furiously with it. When the assault was committed accused was hitching up a horse in a field near by. She swore positively to these facts.

Mrs. Leonard, another neighbor, said that she had seen the boy after the alleged assault. On one side of his face and neck was a deep black mark, while near the top of his face was a cut which was clotted with blood. She examined the child carefully, and thought he was badly hurt. If he had been her boy she would have had the wound and bruises carefully attended to. She asked the boy how he came to get the wounds and he replied, 'My father threw me into a swill barrel.' He did not say that he had been beaten with a whippletree or harness, or that he had been kicked. She had often heard that the accused ill-treated the boy.

The little boy was then called. He was extremely nervous. He said his name was Thomas Fisher. He was ten years old. He did not know what an oath was. He was allowed to tell his story. He said that his father on the day of the assault had not kicked him, or beaten him with a whipple-tree but had picked him up and thrown him into a swill barrel because he had not done as he had been told. There were nails on the inside of the barrel and the wounds on his face had been caused by them.

John Fisher, the accused, was then allowed to give evidence. He said that all he did to the boy was to pick him up and put him head first into an empty swill barrel, because he would not obey him. He did not kick or beat him on that occasion.

This concluded the evidence.

Mr. Oughtred, the lawyer for the Society, then addressed the judge. He said that the boy must have been twice assaulted. Mrs. Cousineau had sworn positively that she had seen accused beat the boy with a whipple-tree. The boy, on the other hand, had told Mrs. Leonard, when she asked him what had injured him that he had been thrown into a swill barrel. Luckily the barrel was empty. Perhaps if it had been full he would have been drowned, as very likely he would have been pitched into it all the same. Surely this was no way for a father to correct his son. The court had ruled that witnesses could not be brought to prove that on various former occasions accused had brutally ill-treated the boy. Had the prosecution been allowed they could have proven by many witnesses that the prisoner was in the habit of ill-treating the child. The Society had been complained to and had taken up the case. The father certainly had no right to correct his son in such a manner and a conviction was asked for.

Mr. Walker, for the defence, said that no case had been made against accused. The Society had interfered when it should not have done so. The father had simply corrected his disobedient son. There was surely no great cruelty in putting the boy in a swill barrel.

Judge Dugas summing up the evidence said. "It is always hard to get at the real facts in cases of assault. Mrs. Cousineau swore that she saw the boy beaten with a whipple-tree. On the other hand the boy said that he had not been so beaten. Mrs. Cousineau's evidence is of greater weight than the boy's. According to law no evidence could be allowed as to what had been done to the boy on former occasions. From the feeling among the neighbors however, it certainly looked as if the boy was not treated properly. Putting a child in a swill barrel was not the way for a father to correct his son. Without doubt the child had been abused and must be protected." Accused was then fined $5 and costs, amounting in all to about $20.

SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

Much to be Learned of a Nation Through Its Popular Music.

In the folk-songs of the different nations of the world men of science will one day recognize a body of evidence of great value in the study of popular origins, racial relations, primitive modes of thought, ancient customs, antique religions and many other things which make up the study of ethnology. These folk-songs are the echoes of the heart beats of the vast, vague, irresistible people. In them are crystallized habits, beliefs and feelings of unspeakable antiquity; yet not in the words of the songs alone. Study of folk-song texts is only half study; indeed, it is study of the lesser half of the subject in respect of truthfulness. The words of the people's songs are a record of externals chiefly, and very often they are only half truths. If we would know the whole story which their creators put into them, consciously or unconsciously, we must hear also the music.

As the term implies, the folk-song is the product of a people; and a people do not lie. Music is an essential element of it, and music not only does not—it cannot—lie. The things which are at the bottom of music, without which it could not be, are unconscious human products. We all act on a recognition of this fact when we judge of the sentiments of another not so much by what he says to us as by his manner of saying it. The feelings which sway us publish themselves in the pitch, dynamic intensity and timber of our voices.

Try as we may, if we are powerfully moved we cannot conceal the fact if we open our mouths for utterance. Involuntarily the muscles of the vocal organs become tense or relax in obedience to the emotional stimulus, and the drama which is playing on the hidden stage of our hearts is disclosed by the tones which we utter. I are endowed with the elements already enumerated, of pitch, intensity and timber, and the modulation of these elements makes expressive melody.

Science has recognized this law and Herbert Spencer has formulated it. "Variations of voice are the physiological results of variations of feeling;" and "feelings are muscular stimuli." Thus simple is the explanation of the inherent truthfulnd eans expressiveness of the people's music.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Mollie's Problems.

There's lots of things I cannot understan 1,
It really makes no matter how I try.
One's why the brown comes on my little hand
Because the sun is hot up in the sky.

I never understood how birds eat worms
Instead of pie and puddings full of plums.
I can't see why a baby always squirms,
Or why big boys are 'fraid of little sums,

I cannot understand why doggies bark,
Instead of talking sense like you and me;
And why the sun don't shine when it is dark,
Instead of when it's light, I cannot see.

I wonder what it is makes children grow,
And why they have no wings like little flies;
But puzzlingest of all the things I know.
Is why Grandma wears windows on her eyes.

—[Harper's Young People

Little Phil's Way.

BY ELLA M. GUERNSEY.

Will and Beth Allyn were out in the grape arbor when the new family, Mr. and Mrs. Sills, with their seven little ones, arrived at the corner cottage on the southeast side of Lombard street.

Beth said impatiently: "I did hope the new family would be nice."

"How do you know the Sills' are not nice," inquired Will, tiptoeing to look over the high fence into the Sills garden.

Eddy, Andrew, Margery, Tommy, and Phil ran straight through the house delighted to find a garden and a "real" tree.

Beth followed Will into the house grumbling. "Aunt Linda, there are seven children in the Sills family—four boys. Good-bye to our peaceful days. What will Miss Macy do now? She complains that my vocal practice brings on one of her headaches. Will's oratory practice annoys her, too."

"Doesn't Miss Macy mind Will's and your disputing and loud talking more than the vocal and oratory practice?" inquired Aunt Linda, looking directly into Beth's bright eyes and dimpled, rosy face.

"Aunty," said Beth, "Miss Macy certainly never had a teasing fourteen-year-old brother to provoke her into losing temper and disputing with him."

"And Beth always will have the last word when we differ in opinion. Aunt Linda, I am surprised to find myself almost quarreling with Beth about just nothing at all. When I begin I feel good natured, but in a little while I am angry with Beth and she is angry with me. Beth is a good sister, and I love her dearly, but she can be aggravating when she tries. Poor Miss Macy; with Beth and I on one side and the seven little Sills on the other, her prospects for many quiet hours are small," said Will, rumpling his dark hair in a fashion peculiar to himself and laughing mischievously.

Miss Macy, the next door neighbor, a good but very plain-spoken woman, suffered frequently from headache. She was not timid in voicing her complaints when the young people fretted her in any way.

One, two, three, four weeks wore on, and, contrary to expectation, the Sills young people did not fret Miss Macy, though they certainly were not quiet children. The boys and Miss Macy became good friends.

One afternoon Will Allyn stood in his room declaiming—

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."

"Will, oh Will," cried Beth, looking in through the open door, "Miss Macy has a man putting up a stout swing for the Sills children."

"You don't mean, Beth," said Will, "that a rope swing is being tied to the limbs of that precious elm tree?"

"Yes, a real swing. Miss Macy is out with the children. The boys are rollicking on the grass and she isn't minding a bit."

"This isn't one of Miss Macy's headache days," said Will, laughing. "I do wonder, Beth, if our noise is more annoying than that the seven Sills children can make?"

"I don't understand why she does not mind those boys. They certainly are not quiet little fellows," said Beth.

An hour later Miss Macy called to sit awhile with Aunt Linda.

The Sills boys were giving Margery a good swing and singing lustily—

"Cheer, boys, cheer."

"Isn't it good to see them enjoy their play," said Miss Macy, pleasantly. "When the family moved into the cottage on my right I was really worried that there were so many boys. I thought I would better give Mrs. Sills a severe letting alone unless the children annoyed me into having a headache every day. I can often shut out noise by stuffing cotton in my ears, but it's not pleasant to keep one's ears closed with cotton. The boys are real boys; they enjoy boys' play boy fashion; they whistle and sing, and there is always a little commotion in their house, but they are such pleasant young people; I never hear them faulting each other. Yesterday little Phil began to whine and show signs of being ugly tempered. Margery said to him: 'Phil, you know what mother thinks of cross boys. Suppose father could see your face now. He says cross boys grow into cross men that nobody cares for.' The little fellow straightened his puckered face and said; 'Now, I'm helping mother, I am her pleasant boy.' Margery said: 'Phil thinks he helps mother by being good.' He does help, too. Mrs. Sills could not manage her work so well if her children were snappy and quarreled with each other. There is nothing sweeter than young people's kind voices in the home. When I was a young girl I had a dear brother. He was fond of fun and his jokes fretted me. We fell into a habit of tormenting each other and it worried mother sadly. One winter's day Richard had to go to the woods and he came home wet and numb with the cold. In three days my brother was dead. My cross, ugly ways still cling to me, and I cannot forget that my last words to Richard when he was himself were cross words. He asked me to hunt his mittens, make myself useful and good for something, and I lost my temper. begun in the right way. Pleasant boys are usually good and kind. It is the cross ones that cause heartaches."

Beth and Will saw tears in Miss Macy's faded eyes as she hurried home in response to Phil's shrill call for "Aunty Macy."

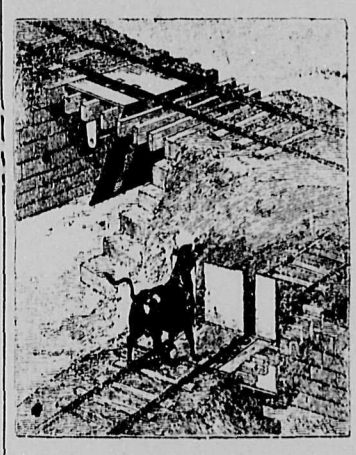
"Mrs. Sills has evidently adopted the Athenian mother's method of voice culture. The Athenians began to teach the very small children to use the voice to the best advantage," said Will, thoughtfully."

"My German teacher tells me," said Beth, "that cross pupils have greater difficulties to overcome than the sunshiny maidens."

"The professor knows," explained Aunt Linda, "that mischief once done, can with difficulty be undone, if at all. Harsh and disagreeable voices are easily acquired by impatient, cross young people. There is a great power in the sweet, low, soothing, kind voice. Little Phil has indeed begun in the right way to acquire such a voice by being 'mother's pleasant boy.'"

A Railway Cattle Guard.

The illustration shows a simple and inexpensive apparatus for application to a cattle gap, to prevent cattle from getting their legs caught between the sleepers above the gap, and also to prevent their passing over it, and to frighten them away. The improvement has been patented by Mr. Lorenzo Hills. The part of the gap on which the cattle are likely to approach is covered by a vertically movable platform extending beneath the rails, and hinged at one edge, the sleepers being recessed to provide for the limited up and down movement of the platform. On the under side of the platform is a cleat carrying a depending arm pivoted at its lower end between parallel tilting arms which oscillate on a shaft supported in hangers. To the inner ends of the tilting arms is fastened a depending brace whose



lower end is secured to a rod which carries the guard strips, and is adapted when swung upward to project them to the full height necessary to prevent the passage of cattle, as shown in one of the views. The guard strips are preferably of metal, painted some bright color, that they may more efficiently frighten away cattle as they are suddenly thrust upward. When the platform is depressed by an animal stepping upon it, one end of the tilting arms is swung down and the other lifted, thus carrying upward the depending brace and rod, with the attached guard strips. The latter, while of sufficient stiffness to stand upright ordinarily, are designed to bend over under heavy pressure, as in case of a stampede of cattle when the strips may be pushed down to allow the cattle to pass without injury.

A NEW SURGICAL IMPLEMENT.

How a Fishbone Was Removed from a Young Lady's Throat.

A few days ago a party of Utica ladies went to the St. Lawrence for a ten days' stay. Last Friday night two gentlemen relatives hied themselves away to the river to stay over Saturday and Sunday. Saturday afternoon the gentlemen went fishing, and their success was abundant, for they carried back to the little cottage dozens of excellent fish. In the morning the breakfast was made very inviting by the serving up of a fine mess of the fish caught the night before.

One of the young ladies in the party had the misfortune, while eating her breakfast, to get a small fish bone in her throat. It did not strangle her, but gave her considerable discomfort, and every effort to dislodge it failed. Fears were entertained that unless the bone was taken out it would cause inflammation, and so the sufferer was taken in a rowboat and a visit made to a neighboring island in search of assistance. The bone could be seen just back of the tonsils, but how to get at it was the question. In the search for aid a dentist was found, but he had no instruments with which to perform the operation. At length, as a trial, a visit was made to a rather pretentious cottage on one of the islands where some wealthy people were staying, and though they searched they could find nothing among their household utensils that could be used for the purpose of fishing for the bone.

"Why wouldn't a curling iron do?" suddenly asked one of the young ladies with a flash of inspiration in her eyes.

"Why not, indeed?" was in the mind of everybody. And then the wonder was why this had not been thought of before.

A curling iron was procured, and though a little nervousness was exhibited on the part of the operator—the sufferer's brother—he soon succeeded in catching the bone between the jaws of the instrument and drawing it out.

Then everybody laughed, and all were happy.

Iron and Red Hair.

Red hair is caused by a superabundance of iron in the blood. This it is that imparts the vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong, sentient animal life is what renders them more intense in all their emotions than their more languid fellow-creatures. The excess of iron is also the cause of freckles on the peculiarly clear, white skin which always accompanies red hair.

"That remains to be seen," as the boy said when he spilt the ink on the table-cloth.

He—"I beg your pardon, but I never can get your name." She (naively)—"No Then possibly I might get yours."

Seeing is not always believing. For instance, we see liars frequently.

TROUT LAKE CITY

WEST KOOTENAY, B.C.

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

LARDEAU COUNTRY

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

For further particulars apply to

C. E. PERRY & CO.,

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

T. L. HAIG,

Local Agent, - - REVELSTOKE, B.C.