The Revelstoke Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., JUNE 17, 1893. No. 1.

SLOCAN TRADING AND NAVIGATION CO., LIMITED.

Steamer "W. HUNTER,"

G. L. Estabrooks, Master.

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

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

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

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. D. Robinson's tender for timber berth 118 has been accepted by the Dominion Government.

Mrs. H. N. Coursier and child left on Wednesday morning on a visit to her native place—Creemore, Ont.

We hear that a company of American mining men have made an offer to purchase the townsite of Lardeau.

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

Geo. Laforme left for Kamloops last night to buy horses for his packtrain, to run between Revelstoke and Big Bend.

Tenders for supplying 1,000,000 feet of B.C. pine are advertised for by the City of Winnipeg. Tenders to be opened on Thursday next.

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

J. W. Haskins received the congratulations of his many friends this week on his first appearance after his recent illness. He went down river Tuesday.

A section hand on the C.P.R., named Cosby, was run over on the track near Revelstoke a few days ago and sustained severe injuries. He was taken to Donald hospital.

R. Howson is selling Baby Carriages in rattan, Pictures and Picture Frames at prices that are astonishingly cheap. Call in at the store and see for yourself. A second-hand organ, very cheap.

If our assistant postmaster would take a few lessons in courtesy and exercise a little more gumption generally he would fill the position with more credit to himself and the town than he does now.

J. T. Nault, contractor, came up from Nakusp on Wednesday's boat. He has a number of men working on Trout Lake City townsite, and is here concerning the clearing of the right of way for the Revelstoke and Arrow Lake railway.

New poles are being erected along Front Street for the telephone wires, and good substantial poles they are, being 12 or 14 feet higher than the old ones. The old posts carry ten wires, but the new ones will have room for more than double that number.

Mr. Genelle, of Genelle Bros., Tappen Siding, went down river in a small boat on Tuesday to inspect the route of the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Railway with a view to putting in a tender for clearing the right of way. Mr. Whitehead has been in town some days for the same purpose.

Hugh Ross, foreman, and the men employed on Government work on Fish Creek arrived up on Monday, having finished one of the bridges over Fish Creek, but a ferry is being used at Lardeau City, where eventually a bridge of large proportions and fine appearance will be built.

Washburn's 3-ring Circus and Royal English Menagerie will visit Revelstoke on Wednesday, the 28th. It is said to be the largest and best of its kind on the road, and attracts great crowds all along the route. There will be a street parade at 10 a.m., doors open at 1 and 7 p.m. Children admitted at half price.

The Canadian Pacific Telegraph Co. will shortly proceed with the construction of a telegraph line from Revelstoke to Kaslo, via Nakusp and New Denver, and from Kaslo to Nelson, following the shore of Kootenay Lake. This line is much needed, and will bring the Kootenay country into closer touch with the coast cities.

Mr. Ryckman, M.P., of Hamilton, Ont., who owns some good mining claims on Fish Creek, will commence active operations in a day or two, two carloads of supplies having arrived at Illecillewaet from the east for use at Mr. Ryckman's mines. He is expected to arrive next week, when development work will be pushed with vigor.

The "Silver Cup" was launched on Monday evening and sailed next day for the Lardeau, where the owner and builder (Charlie Holton) has interests in some good mining claims, notably the Silver Cup. Pete Walker, a partner in the claims, and H. N. Coursier, merchant, were also passengers on the boat, which is as pretty a craft as ever skimmed the waters of the Columbia.

The C.P.R. have had men employed for the past two weeks in draining the townsite at the station, prepartory to the clearing of 100 acres for residential and other buildings. Lots will be platted as soon as the site is cleared of timber, for which work tenders have been already sent in, but the officials thought they were too high, and there is a probability of the C.P.R. doing the work with their own employes.

AT REVELSTOKE
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28
AFTERNOON AND NIGHT.

Leon W. Washburn's
GREAT EUROPEAN
RAILROAD SHOWS

—:o:—

Three Ring Circus, Royal English Menagerie, Aviary, Museum & Aquarium, Realistic Wild West & Roman Hippodrome

Glittering Street Parade at 10 a.m. Open dens of Wild Beasts, $5,000 Steam Piano, marvellous Steam Horse "Ajax," the monster War Elephant "Jupiter," the Baby Elephant "Cupid," 3 feet high.

Doors open at 1 and 7 p.m. Performances one hour later. Children half-price.

On Tuesday the str. Kootenay took down two carloads of cattle shipped by Mr. McGinnis for the Slocan Meat Co. A carload arrived here from Kamloops the same day for Hull Bros.

There is a hitch somewhere in the construction of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway. Work has ceased for the time being. Contractor McLean's men are laid off for ten days, but there is no doubt of the road being completed some time in the dim and dusty future. Nelson and Revelstoke are both suffering from hope deferred. What's the matter with railroad men when they come to West Kootenay, anyway?

A general invitation is extended to all the readers of the STAR to attend the opening of the Hotel Lardeau on Friday evening next. An elaborate menu will be put up under the management of Chef Comins. Fresh fruits and all the delicacies of the season are being brought from the coast. Good music will be provided, with Violinist Pool at the lead. Supper and dance free, and Landlord Wrede expects a crowd.

At the meeting of the Licensing Board on Thursday Messrs. Geo. Bourke and W. S. Phipps, Trout Lake City; McRae & Richardson, Lardeau, obtained licenses for their hotels. Mr. John Bourke was refused a license for "The Senate," Revelstoke, on the ground that the number of hotels in the town was quite sufficient for its needs. The application of Malcolm Beaton for license at Thomson's Landing was adjourned on account of applicant not sending in a signed petition.

Messrs. W. R. and J. R. Hull came up from Nelson on Wednesday, where they have been for the past two weeks in connection with their contract for supplying the construction gangs on the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway with beef. Messrs. Hull will also supply Wilson & Perdue of Nelson, and large consignments of cattle will be sent from here by boat during the summer. W. R. Hull left for Calgary on Thursday morning and J. R. for Kamloops on Thursday night.

Mr. H. J. Woodside, of Portage la Prairie, representative of the Commercial and Western World of Winnipeg, came up by the Lytton on Monday from a two week's tour in the mining country. He has gathered excellent material for a write-up in the journals he represents, and being an amateur photographer has taken a number of views on Kootenay Lake. Mr. A. H. McIntyre, jeweler, of Portage la Prairie, accompanied him, and both gentlemen were delighted with our scenery and situation.

Tenders for clearing the right of way for the C.P.R. branch line from Revelstoke to the head of Arrow Lake will be opened at Vancouver on Monday next, so that we may expect to see actual work commence some time this month, but it will probably be too much to expect the completion of the line this year, although the company may see the great necessity there is for winter communication with the mines and put on a large force of men. It is to be hoped the usual sign of "No Thoroughfare" will not be needed next winter.

SLOCAN NUGGETS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW DENVER, June 7th.

Ever since he returned from the coast the Gold Commissioner has been expected to pay the town a visit and decide as to improvements in our communications by means of wagon roads. Up to the present he has not put in an appearance, and great dissatisfaction is expressed at the indifference of the authorities to our requirements.

While on the subject of communications I may mention that a petition, numerously and influentially signed, has been forwarded to the Postmaster-General drawing attention to the fact that we have only a weekly mail service at present, pointing out the importance of this point as a mining centre and the necessity of more frequent mails.

Passengers from Nakusp will be glad to know that the str. W. Hunter leaves the head of the lake every evening at 5 o'clock, so that they can come through to Denver in one day.

Madden's packtrain of 17 head has gone up to work on the road between Nakusp and the head of the lake, traffic being heavy between those points.

Up to the present time 933 claims have been registered in this district. Notwithstanding this enormous number fresh strikes are constantly being made. Only two days ago two strangers found and located a most promising lead.

The Wakefield claim on Four Mile Creek has been bonded for $15,000. The London Mercantile Association, which purchased through Mr. Chadbourn the group of claims known as the Read and Robertson, have completed a trail to the claims and started in to develop them. The Minnesota capitalists represented by W. D. Middaugh and Gen. Scott, have commenced work on their claims on Carpenter Creek, and are breaking up the huge boulder of solid galena found on one of them.

Bourne Bros. have moved into their new store, and now have room to attend to their customers and the mail department.

It is rumored that a newspaper will shortly be started here. There is a good opening here for a dairy and livery stable.

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.

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

NAKUSP ITEMS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NAKUSP, June 7th.

Among the arrivals of old-time Nakuspites is Mr. A. McIntosh, builder, who last year figured prominently as one of our leading contractors. He built the Glendinning House and Hotel Nakusp, as well as a lot of other houses. We hope he will remain long with us.

W. D. Pratt, a newspaper man, was here some days looking for an opening in his line. Receiving extra inducements from New Denver thither he has gone, and if things are satisfactory he expects to be turning out a paper inside of six weeks, as his plant is en route.

Dr. Williams, of Montreal, has just arrived from New Denver, where he expects to locate permanently. He has a good opinion of New Denver and Nakusp as a field for establishing a practice, and predicts that the former town will have 2,000 people by the end of '93.

It is wonderful what can be done in a western town. Less than a week ago Dan Dunn had no idea of building a residence for himself. But realizing the permanency of Nakusp he decided to build, and to-day he is living under his own roof, his cottage being finished in every detail. The quickest building job on record occurred here this week, when Nault's men erected a storehouse in fifty minutes!

The packtrains are loaded every trip, but a lot of goods still remain at Nakusp awaiting transportation. We hope this waiting business will be overcome in a few days, as Gething & Henderson will soon put a packtrain on the route. Anthony Madden also intends to shift his entire outfit from the Slocan River trail to Nakusp. There will then be less freight strewn along the lake front.

J. Fred Hume will build a 30ft. by 50ft. warehouse at Nakusp landing to store goods received from the boats. Hume's store at Silverton will carry $20,000 worth of stock when it arrives.

Part of Nault's crew left for Trout Lake City to denude the townsite of its timber.

June 14th.

The new railroad has been the chief topic of conversation lately. About 20 contractors have put in an appearance here, and some have gone over the entire length of the proposed route, while others have been content to go as far as the Halfway House and have the rest of the journey described to them. Of those expecting a share of the work several come from Vancouver, while Winnipeg is well represented. A number of contractors from the other side, who have taken in the situation, have decided to stay at Nakusp to see the road start, if nothing else.

A number of lots have been sold during the past few days, and people who bought last year refuse less than 100 per cent. on their investment.

The progressive firm of Bourne Bros. are making an extension to their already commodious store, with A. McIntosh in charge. The interior of the store has undergone quite a change, the counters being painted with elegant designs in bronse with gilt moldings, presenting a most artistic appearance.

A number of prospectors are outfitting here and will prospect in the adjoining mountains, it is hoped with success. Already there has been a lot of rich float found. The ledge must come next. This means a great deal for Nakusp.

Another saddle train has been placed on the road between here and New Denver by Mr. Murray, the man who carried the mail so punctually through last winter's snows up the long and almost endless Slocan River trail.

The uncrowned king of the Kootenay country has just paid a flying visit to the people of spirituous fermenti fame.

The people of Nakusp would like to know definitely if there is to be an excursion from Revelstoke on the First.

[Captain Troup cannot promise the use of a steamer, expecting to be busy taking down supplies for the new railroad.—ED.]

MINING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An Address before the London Chamber of Commerce.

BY HORACE CANNAN.

Mr. Horace Cannan, of Owen & Cannan, Golden, B.C., addressed a meeting of the London (Eng.) Chamber of Commerce last month on "Mining in British Columbia," which address will be of interest to our readers as showing the bold manner in which Mr. Cannan attacked the particular fad of English capitalists in paying enormous sums for FULLY DEVELOPED MINES, in which the middlemen or promoters pocketed all the profits, while there were so many profitable claims to be obtained direct from the prospector for a comparatively small sum. Mr. Cannan clearly showed his audience, which comprised the most influential capitalists in England, the reason why British investors invariably lost their money by speculating in foreign mines, and it is to be hoped his very forcible address will bear good fruit by turning British capital towards our immense mineral deposits in East and West Kootenay. After a short history of the discovery of gold in Cariboo and silver in Kootenay, Mr. Cannan said:—

"At the outset, gentlemen, I wish to disabuse your minds of the idea that we have any mines in British Columbia. We have not. That may sound paradoxical, but it is true nevertheless. We have not got to that stage yet, and we are glad of it, for when you reach that stage the cream is off the milk. I make this statement because tunnels, shafts, adits, deep levels, &c., have apparently become the sine qua non of a profitable investment in mining to the British mind; so much so that when we suggest the investing of capital in properties on which these things do not exist we are met with a benign smile at our simplicity in thinking that any person with a well-balanced business mind would risk their capital in such a mad speculation. Whether it is such a mad speculation I will leave you to judge after I have finished this paper.

. . . . . .

"Passing on to the more recent developments in mining in British Columbia we find that silver-lead ores have come in for most attention and are being most extensively worked, probably owing to their being easier to locate and their extreme high grade making them easier for the prospector to handle. I know I shall probably be told that no one over here wishes to hear about or would assist in developing a new silver district, as silver is at present playing the mischief with commerce. But nevertheless these British Columbia silver mines are being developed and will be developed, and fortunes made out of them, whether the British people, who are the nominal owners of the soil, care to interest themselves in them or not. . . They are being developed by American enterprise and money, for we British subjects who have thrown in our lot with this, one of the richest provinces of her Majesty's dominions, have learned that it is true that British capital is confined to well-beaten tracks and that we must look to a foreign race to develop our mineral wealth. The principal mining development has been in the Slocan and Lardeau districts in West Kootenay, and is almost entirely in silver lead, which is of exceptionally high grade, averaging 150 oz. silver to the ton. This district first began to attract the attention of Americans in the fall of 1891, and as the result of their coming claims were staked and bonded, trails cut, roads built and towns started. In a country where in the spring hardly a dollar of capital was interested the winter saw close on one million dollars interested, all this derived from American enterprise.

"The ores of Lardeau differ from those of Slocan, inasmuch as they carry gold in paying quantities. There is an abundance of copper throughout East and West Kootenay, but except at Toad Mountain, West Kootenay, it has received little attention, probably owing to England being the market for copper ores, and our being so little in touch with England. . . . The holders of these claims are poor men and have not the means to ship their ore to England, and so far capital has not come forward to work the claims. I doubt whether anywhere a better field can be found for the investment of British capital than British Columbia. The field is now, and big profits in other businesses besides mining can be obtained with less risk than you take here at home to earn a 5 per cent. dividend. The climate is good, life and property are as safe as they are in London. The laws are to all intents and purposes the same as you have here. The country is easily accessible, and all it requires is men and money, particularly money."

[On account of our limited space we must hold over the best part of the address till next week.]

IN THE MATTER OF LOUIS MASON (DECEASED).

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

J. KIRKUP,
Deputy Administrator.

A pretty story comes from Trout Lake of a gentleman who went down to erect a $5,000 dollar hotel, but so anxious was he to start business that he utilized a large stump as a bar counter and with the blue canopy as a roof he proceeded to deal out straight and mixed drinks with his old-time celerity. That his hand had not lost its cunning was shown by the fact that the partakers of his hospitality were so overcome that some went and stole their own pack while others engaged in the fistic art a la John L. Sullivan. Next morning no one remembered the particular part he played in the night's entertainment, and the man with a black eye wanted to know what stump he had run against, while the man with a chewed hand had a faint idea that he had been fooling with a bear trap.

Election of School Trustee.

The Annual School Meeting of this District will be held on SATURDAY, June 24th, commencing at 11 a.m. in the Schoolhouse, for the purpose of electing a Trustee in the place of Mr. F. Fraser, whose term of office expires.

H. J. BOURNE,
Secretary.

Revelstoke, June 6th, 1893.

TENDERS FOR LUMBER.

Sealed tenders for the supply of from 400,000 to 1,000,000 feet, B.M., PINE LUMBER, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at the office of the clerk of committees up to 8 o'clock p.m. on

Thursday, 22nd June.

The lumber shall be of sound pine, free from loose or unsound knots, sawn to even thickness and without wane.

The sizes required will be 2-inch plank, in widths of from 6in. to 12in. and in lengths of from 12ft. to 18ft.

Also a quantity, not exceeding 10 per cent. of the whole, of 3in. plank.

Tenders may be by carload lots delivered F.O.B., Winnipeg, all subject to acceptance by City Engineer.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque, made payable to the order of the City Treasurer, for the sum of $400, which will be forfeited by the party whose tender is accepted should he fail to enter into a written contract, with approved sureties.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. H. WEST,
Chairman Committee on Works.

Winnipeg, May 29th 1893.

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

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

A. H. HOLDICH,
Of Swansea and Wigan,
Analytical Chemist & Assayer,
REVELSTOKE, B.C.
Every branch of analytical or assay work undertaken; honest and accurate results guaranteed.

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

R. H. RAMSEY,
House Painter, Paperhanger and Grainer.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

EDWARD LIPSETT,
Sail, Tent and Awning Maker.
HORSE & WAGON COVERS,
BAGS, HAMMOCKS, &C.
WATERPROOF BLANKETS & COVERS
TENTS FOR SALE & TO RENT.
69 WATER STREET,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Stockholm House
JOHN STONE, PROP.
The Dining-room is furnished with the best the market affords.
The bar is supplied with a choice stock of wines, liquors and cigars.

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

CHAPTER I.

LAURAINE

It is Lauraine Douglas' wedding-day.

A delicious gleam of sunshine streams through the curtained windows—flickers over the dainty arrangements of the toilet table, loses itself in the white wonders of lace, linen, and embroidery strewed about in different directions, and finally wanders to a dusky head on the pillows, and plays at hide and seek over the closed eyelids of a very lovely face.

The eyelids open—quite suddenly, quite wakefully—not with any half-and-half preparation—any symtoms of sleepiness.

The inquisitive sunbeam has done its work, and retreats bashfully now as two white arms are thrown suddenly up and placed beneath the girl's head, and resting thus she takes a survey of the mysterious garments, the pretty room, the aspect of the weather, as promised by the wealth of prodigal sunlight, and finally, the clock on the opposite chimney-piece.

"My wedding-day!"— so run her thoughts.

"Only a few hours more and I am Lauraine Douglas no longer! Only a few hours and the old life and the things of it are done and past for ever—for ever. How strange it seems to think of that now! . . . My wedding-day! . . . How different I thought it would be once. How different I thought I should feel. Oh, Keith! Keith! what an old, far-away dream that looks. I suppose you have long ago forgotten it. And yet how we loved each other . . . you and I! A boy-and-girl fancy, my mother calls it. Well, perhaps it was; it is long enough since I heard from him, and I suppose he has long ago forgotten me. I wonder if he has made the fortune he spoke of yet? But what on earth makes me think of these things to-day, of all days? . . . And so it really is my wedding-day at last! I wonder how most girls feel on their wedding-day! I can't say I feel in any way different—no stir, or flutter, or anticipation of any description. I am glad it is going to be fine, and how nice to be able to wear real orange blossoms! Sir Francis was very good to send them. I wonder if I shall ever think of him or call him anything but Sir Francis. Somehow I never can. I wish he was not so old—old, at least for me, and I wish he did not love me in quite such a fierce, wild fashion. I seem to have been quite swept off my feet by the current of his passion and my mother's persuasions. . . . After all, I suppose one must be married some time or other . . . only—only——"

She breaks off with a sudden sigh, and sits up in the bed pushing off the thick, dusky hair from her brows with an impatient gesture.

"It is no use deceiving myself. I am going to be married and I hate the thought, and how I have been dragged into it I scarcely know. Sometimes I think I should never have yielded. . . . How oddly one drifts into things! . . . And Sir Francis is so infatuated, and it seemed no use saying 'No.' I wish he were not so jealous. I can't understand the feeling myself. I wonder what it's like? Not pleasant by any means, if I am to judge by my future lord and master. Will he be my master, I wonder? How I should hate to be ordered about, and kept in check, and ruled! Mamma is bad enough, in all conscience; but, still, I have managed to get my own way with her, pretty often. How she has badgered me about this marriage, and what a desperate hurry they have been in to get it off! Heigho! only a month since I bartered my liberty for—for—ahem!—shall I go over all 'the good gifts that crown me queen of this much-sought-after baronet? Unencumbered estates, magnificent income, ancient family—pooh! how sickening it is! After all, what do I care for these things? One comfort is, I go to him heart-whole. No sentiments in the background, no lovers to moan and fret over. I wonder if I am really cold-hearted, or if I never shall fall in love? Gracious! what am I saying? That folly must be over after 11:30 to-day. I suppose the nearest approach to it was that boy-and-girl romance with Keith. Poor old Keith! What a nice boy he was, and what a dare-devil, impetuous, headstrong sort of fellow. No milk-and-water lover he—a regular torrent of impetuosity, bearing one along, whether one would or no. I suppose he has forgotten me though, and no wonder. How rude mamma was to him, and how delighted when he turned his back on the Old World and went off to the New! I suppose if I ever see him again he will be a regular Yankee, and talk like that dreadful woman, Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolliffe, as she calls herself. And she will be at the breakfast, after all! Mamma would ask her. Heavens! how she does worship money! But I suppose that comes of having had so little all her life."

A little sleepy yawn comes in here, then the pretty head turns away from the sunlight, and nestles itself among the pillows again. But it is no use to woo sleep any longer. The eyes remain open, and the brain is busy with thoughts, until at eight o'clock a knock at the door is followed by the entrance of a maid, with hot water and letters.

The girl sits up and stretches out her hands for the latter—just two. She holds them a moment, and looks hesitatingly at the superscription.

"The last time I shall see that name," she murmurs, half aloud, as she reads the "Miss Douglas" that has been her nomenclature for twenty years of her life "Heigho! it makes me sad to think of it, after all. . . . Yes, Jane, draw up the blind. A fine morning? Well, of course, I can see that. No. I don't want anything more. You can go till I ring."

Left alone, she opens the letters. The first is apparently of little interest, and is tossed carelessly aside. The second—at the first line she starts and flushes as red as a June rose; then with eager eyes reads on with devouring speed till the end. It is not a very long letter, but it seems to agitate her in no small degree.

"How strange!" she says. "After all these years—and to-day, of all days! What on earth am I to do?"

She grows very white, and for some moments leans back on the snowy pillows, with her breath coming fitfully and unevenly, her eyes looking sad and troubled. Then with a great effort she rises and puts the letter aside, and proceeds with her morning toilette.

She is standing before the mirror in a loose white dressing-gown, her long rich hair hanging loosely about her, when the door opens and a lady enters.

A very handsome, stately lady, with sufficient likeness to the girl to suggest their relationship; but the soft curved lips of the young face are thin and cold in the older one, and the eyes, though brilliant still lack the softness and tenderness that give, so great a charm to those of Lauraine.

"Up and dressed, my darling!" she says in clear, sweet tones. Then she comes near to the girl and kisses her effusively on both cheeks. "Will you come to my boudoir for breakfast?" she continues. "I made Henriette dress my hair first, so that you can have all her attention afterwards. What a barbarous custom to have weddings so early in the day! You look very well, dear; just a trifle pale, but that is quite correct for a bride." Then she kisses her again, and Lauraine submits to the caresses with a sort of passive contempt. There is no gladness on her face, nor in her eyes, and she has certainly grown very pale, but the pallor only makes the beautiful eyes more wistful, and the sweet red lips more exquisite in contrast.

The girl is tall and slender, with delicately-cut features, and a wealth of dusky gold brown hair, and a clear, creamy skin, that shows every trace of the coursing blood as it flows beneath. It warms suddenly now, with a brilliant flush, as she meets her mother's eyes and listens to her words.

The white slender hand moves to the toilet table, and takes from amidst its glittering array a letter lying there.

"Mother," she says, quite suddenly, "whom do you think I have heard from this morning? An old friend of ours."

Mrs. Douglas looks a little startled just for a moment. Then she smiles sweetly.

"I am a bad hand at guessing, love. Pray tell me, if it is of any importance."

Lauraine looks full at her, still holding the letter in her hand.

"It is from—Keith," she says calmly.

"From Mr. Athelstone?" remarks Mrs. Douglas calmly, but a little nervous agitation is visible on her face. "Dear me! I thought he had long ago forgotten us!"

"So did I," answers Lauraine, glancing for an instant at the superscription.

"But he has not. You never told me that he had written to you, mamma, three months ago."

"To me! Did he really?" and Mrs. Douglas colours ever so little. "I forgot all about it. Yes, now you mention it, he did write to me—some nonsense about his prospects, and how they were improving. Nothing to interest me, or you either. I think you were away at the time."

"I was not away at the time," says Lauraine quietly; "and any news from Keith would have interested me. But I suppose you thought it best to—forget."

Mrs. Douglas looks slightly uncomfortable. "Dear me, Lauraine," she says pettishly, "what are you making such a fuss for? Keith was a very nice boy, and all that; but you are both grown up now, and that brother-and-sister business couldn't go on for ever. What does he say in that letter? Is he still in Chicago?"

"He is in England," answers Lauraine, still very quietly; "and he has been left an immense fortune by some rich, eccentric old Yankee, who took a great fancy to him. Also he is coming here this morning to call on us. He is anxious to see me after four years' absence."

Mrs. Douglas turns suddenly very white. Her eyes flash their eager scrutiny at her daughter's face.

"What nonsense! Here—and to-day? It is impossible. I must send a message."

"Stay, mother." The girl lays her hand on her mother's arm, and her voice trembles a little. "Don't send any message. Let him come. He will be here just when we come back from the church.

"I should like to see my old playmate, and receive his congratulations on such a day as this. We were always like brother and sister, you know. He will be delighted with my future prospects, I am sure—though I feel rather like the servants who leave an old place 'to better themselves,' and are not quite sure how they will get on in the new. Oh do let him come! It is just the one thing wanting to make my wedding perfect."

Mrs. Douglas looks at her with puzzled wonder. "I don't quite understand you," she says uncomfortably. "You really wish Keith Athelstone to come here, knowing nothing of the altered circumstances? It will be horribly unpleasant. There will be a scene, and you know I detest scenes. They are such bad form."

"There will be no scene," Lauraine says very quietly. "I think you know me better than that. And it is the last thing I ask of you, before I leave your house to-day. Let him come."

She speaks calmly enough, but a feverish flush glows in her cheek, and her eyes look up at her mother's face more in command than in entreaty.

"Oh! if you put it like that," Mrs. Douglas says, with a pretty pretence of feeling that Lauraine regards with scornful amusement, "I cannot deny you. Let it be so, then. I only hope he will behave himself. He was always so dreadfully impetuous and hot-headed. That Spanish mother of his is to blame for that. Well, my darling, it is a charming day for your wedding, and if you are ready for breakfast come down to my boudoir. You will find me there. By the way, would you mind giving me that letter to read? I should like to see what he says."

Lauraine hands it to her, and an odd little smile comes over her lips.

"If we had not been quite so much like brother and sister," she says, "and if you hadn't been quite so determined to marry me this season, Keith would have been a pretty good match after all."

Mrs. Douglas gives her a sharp glance of scrutiny. "You are not foolish enough to regret this boy," she says. "He could never be such a match as Sir Francis."

"Regret! Why should I regret?" says the girl, turning away with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "Regret and I parted company long ago."

And Mrs. Douglas leaves the room comforted, even if a little puzzled by her daughter's odd conduct.

"Lauraine was always extraordinary," she says, seating herself in her boudoir to commence the perusal of this unwelcome letter. "How thankful I am that I have secured so excellent a future for her! I ing with her. She is so very odd in some things. However, Sir Francis will have to manage her now; she's off my hands, thank goodness! It is a pity he is such a brute; but then he is such a good match, and I am so fearfully in debt. How on earth I am to pay for the trousseau I don't know; and nowadays it's not every man who will take a girl without a penny."

Then she gives a sigh of relief, and takes her chocolate from Henriette, and settles herself comfortably in her chair to the perusal of this inopportune letter. As she reads it her brow clouds. She throws it down at last with an angry exclamation. "How horribly unfortunate it should have come to-day! Still, it's a mercy it did not come sooner. What a worry this boy has always been to me! First left to my husband's guardianship, and by his death to mine; then all that nonsense with Lauraine years ago, and the trouble I had to stop it; and now he turns up rich and independent, and, I suppose, in love still, though he doesn't say that. What on earth will he say about my keeping back that letter three months ago? But it was such nonsense, and it would have spoiled my scheme entirely. I hope to goodness Lauraine has forgotten him; she seemed to take it very quietly. Only when they meet it will really be very awkward! Dear me! I shall need all my self-possession to prevent an *esclandre*. I must try and see him first and alone. I suppose he has learnt to control himself a little by this time. Poor boy! after all he was very nice; and what a handsome face—and those eyes! They would coax anything out of one, really. 'Bad blue eyes,' his old nurse used to call them. Poor old thing! she will go out of her mind with delight at the bare thought of seeing him again. I had better send Lauraine to tell her. Ah! here she comes."

Lauraine enters, paler than ever, and her mother glances somewhat anxiously at the pretty, daintily-spread breakfast-table. Certainly the poverty Mrs. Douglas speaks of is not outwardly visible in any of the appointments or surroundings of the house in Grosvenor Street. Poverty, according to the ideas of fashionable ladies, seems an extraordinary compound of selfish desires, and inability to be wildly extravagant.

"Here is your letter, dear," she says to Lauraine. "Really quite a stroke of luck for poor Keith; I am more than delighted about it. Perhaps, after all, it is as well he should come here at once, so after breakfast just run upstairs and tell old nurse. She will be everjoyed at the good news. And now you really must eat something. You look very pale, and I want you to be spoken of as the prettiest bride of the season."

Lauraine's lips curl scornfully, but she says nothing, only in her heart she thinks, "I hope few brides feel as I do to-day!"

CHAPTER II.

"WHEN TWO THAT LOVE ARE MEETING."

"Heaven bless you, my bonnie bird," says a trembling voice.

It is an hour and a half later, and Lauraine, in her shimmering satin robe, and with her bridal wreath upon her brow, stands before a bent, aged figure, supporting itself on a crutch, and looking with dim and most loving eyes at the beautiful vision.

"Ah," goes on the quavering old voice; "may long life and happiness be aye yours, my dearie. It's auld Nannie will pray for it every day she lives, though she never thoct to see you mated wi' sic a bridegroom, nor wearing a face so sad on your ain wedding morn. Ah! if Maister Keith were here the day he'd be carrying a sair heart in his breast, I'm thinking."

"Hush, nurse!" said the girl, gently. "I can't stay a minute. I've only come to tell you some news. Master Keith is coming here—coming to-day; and if he calls when we are at—at church, I want you to see him, and—and tell him about this. Will you, nursie? And make it as pleasant as you can. Tell him that I am very happy . . . Oh, nurse!—nurse!"

The brave clear voice gives way, a sob burst from the girl, and, regardless of the beautiful dress, the costly lace, she throws herself at the old woman's feet, and burying her face in her lap, bursts into tears.

"Whist, whist, my lamb!" cries the old woman, terrified at such unexpected emotion. "What for are ye taking on in sic a way? There, dry your eyes, my bonnie bairn. You needn't greet on your wedding-day, surely; and, oh! if your leddy mither comes and sees that braw goon all sae crushed and crookit, what will she be saying? There, there—rest ye quiet now. What is it ye're greeting for! Ye tell't me but yester e'en ye were aye quite content wi' yersel'."

"Ah!" says the girl, rising to her feet, and dashing the tears away with a half-ashamed energy, "perhaps I did; but then, nursie, that was yesterday."

"Ye were always a queer bit bairn," says the old woman, looking proudly and fondly at her beautiful charge. "Heaven make yer life gang straight, my dearie. My heart misgives me sore for you the day, though I oughtn't to speak sae despondingly. Still I will e'en hope for the best, and pray for ye while there's aye a breath left in my auld body to do it."

"Aye, do," answers the girl softly, as she presses her fresh young lips to the withered cheek. "Who knows, nurse, I may need your prayers yet?"

"Dinna ye speak sae sadly, my bairn," says the old woman. "Keep up a brave heart, and aye trust in Providence. You're a braw bride, my dearie, and maybe he'll be a gude mon to ye, for didn't he swear to worship the verra ground ye walk on?"

"Don't let us talk of him," answers the girl, pettishly. "I feel quite wicked, nurse, when I think of what I am doing. It seems to come home to me so terribly now. But it's too late to help anything—too late!"

"Dinna say those words; they have a wearyful sound on your bonnie lips," says the aged woman, tenderly. "Maybe, it will turn out better than ye think; and the mistress's heart was just set upon it, you know, and she was always a masterful woman in her way. Ay—ay, my bairn, it's ill to greet o'er spilt milk, and all the kye in the byrne. There, now, they'll e'en be calling you. Yes, I'll remember about Maister Keith, and he'll hear it as gently as my auld lips can tell him. Ye may trust Nannie for that. Run ye doon now, my dearie, and God bless your bonnie face, and give you a' the happiness He sees fit."

There is a hurried embrace, and then the girl takes up her long, floating train in her left hand, and so goes out of the room and ber once more.

"What a time you have been!" exclaims her mother, impatiently; "and Henriette is waiting to put on your veil. Come, sit down; the carriage will be here directly."

Without a word the girl seats herself before the glass, and the deft fingers of the French maid fastens the filmy lace on the beautiful head, and like a transparent cloud it seems to float over and envelop the lovely figure in its misty folds.

She looks so exquisitely lovely that both mother and maid hold their breath for one moment, and then murmur rhapsodies of admiration. The girl looks quietly at herself, and says nothing. She knows she is beautiful; she has proved it often enough in her three seasons of London life, but to-day she cares very little about that beauty, for her heart is troubled and her peace has fled. If only that letter had not come!

Alas! it is too late now for regrets or repentance. The moments hurry on—hurry on as if they would drag her to her doom with flying wings, not creep along leaden-footed, as her own reluctance would have had them. How is it she feels like this now—now when it is so useless, so vain? A few days—nay, even a few hours ago, and she was content enough; but there seems no content possible now, and the nearer the hour approaches, the greater grows her dread.

"One moment, mother," she says at last, as Mrs. Douglas turns to leave the room. "Henriette, you may go."

The maid retires, and the girl, her face growing very white, comes close to her mother again and lays her hand on her arm.

"*Must* I go through with it?" she says almost wildly. "Could I not take back my word—even now?"

"Good Heavens! are you mad!" ejaculates Mrs. Douglas. "Go back at the last moment, and the breakfast ready, and the carriages waiting, and everyone at the church, and your *trousseau* not even paid for on the strength of the credit of this marriage! My dear Lauraine, you must be a perfect idiot!"

The girl's face grows very cold, her hand falls to her side. "I daresay I am," she says bitterly. "I feel it now."

"Your nerves are shaken—you are getting hysterical," exclaims Mrs. Douglas. "Of course it is a very trying time, my dear. You must have some sal volatile before you start. For Heaven's sake don't make a scene in church, or break down, or do anything ridiculous. You always are so odd. Now, any other girl would be thinking how she looked and——"

"What a good price those looks had fetched," interrupts Lauraine, sarcastically. "Yes—thank goodness," I have some sense of shame left I do not feel proud of my position to-day, or my part in this heartless barter."

"Barter! What makes you use such absurd words!" exclaims her mother angrily. "After all I have done for you—after all my sacrifices!"

"Hush!" the girl says wearily, "don't let us discuss that subject now. I think none of your sacrifices would look very great before this of mine, if it came to a question of comparison. But it is no matter. Of course you are right; an esclandre now would be too terrible."

She turns coldly away, and takes up the beautiful bouquet that Sir Francis has sent her an hour ago. The smell of the white roses and orange blossoms turns her faint and sick. All her life long, she thinks, the scent will fill her with just such shuddering horror as she feels now.

She lets the bouquet fall and clasps her hands despairingly together.

"I did not think it would be so bad as this," she moans. "O God! is there no escape?"

But in the sunny, luxuriantly-appointed chamber all is silence.

A few minutes after, and down the crimson-carpeted steps a white and radiant figure floats to the waiting carriage.

"How lovely! How young! How beautifully dressed!"

Those are the murmurs that fall from an admiring crowd, kept in check by an officious policeman, as they press around the awning that has sheltered the bride's passage. "Lord if she oughtn't to be happy."

Unconscious of the comments, heedless of the observations, Lauraine Douglas is driven off to the fashionable church where her future husband awaits as sad and reluctant a bride as ever the martrydom of Fashion and the exigencies of Society have sacrificed to the God of Mammon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fifty-One Days Under Snow.

An account has been received at St. Petersburg of a remarkable experience that befell a young girl named Alexandrina Schitkine, 17 years of age, who was recently discovered lying in a state of complete exhaustion near the village of Bogorodska, in the province of Moscow. She relates that she fell asleep one evening on a heap of straw, and on walking some hours afterwards found herself lying under a mass of snow that had fallen during the night and enveloped her to the depth of some three feet. All the girl's attempts to extricate herself proved unavailing, and she remained buried among snow and straw for fifty-one days, her only nourishment during that time being a few morsels of bread that she happened to have with her. When, at length rescued, the girl was, of course, found to be in a state of most complete inanition, and it required several days of constant care and nursing to restore her strength. On recovering she stated that she had not experienced any excessive cold and had only occasionally been seized with shivering. She suffered much, however, from hunger, and, after her few crusts of bread were eaten, supported life by sucking the snow. The girl also described the anguish which she felt on finding that no one heard her piteous, half-suffering cries for help whenever the sound of foot steps in the neighborhood of her living sepulchre fell upon her ears.

The smallest flowering plant is believed to be *wolfia microscopica*, a native of India. It belongs to the duckweed family. It is almost microscopic in size, destitute of proper stems, leaves, and roots, but having these organs merged in one.

Mrs. Smith—"And how is your neighbor?" Mrs. Brown—"She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to for six weeks." Mrs. Smith—"Why I thought you were on the most friendly terms." Mrs. Brown—"Well, we used to be but we've exchanged servants."

Death of Color-Sergt. Alexander Kay, "The Hero of Jellalabad."

At 196 Markham street, Toronto, on Sunday morning, Color-Sergt. Alexander Kay, late of the 13th Light Infantry, departed this life. Sergt. Kay was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, and was at the time of his decease 85 years of age. He was the son of the late Capt. Kay, of the 14th Hussars, and was destined for the church. While attending college, preparing for holy orders, his desire for adventure forced him to leave his studies for a soldier's life. He accordingly, like many lads of his day, ran away from his books and listed on the 20th day of January, 1825, in the regiment above named. From the time of his enlistment till the time of his leaving Her Majesty's service, his soldier's life was not a bed of roses. Under Lord Elphinstone he assisted in avenging the massacre of the 16,000 men in the Pass of Cabul, Afghanistan, by the treacherous Akbar Khan, Dr. Brydon being the only survivor of that dreadful slaughter. The generals commanding the avenging army where Sir Robert Sale and Pollock, while the captain of his own company was the afterwards renowned Sir Henry Havelock.

THE HERO OF LUCKNOW.

He served throughout the war in Afghanstan from 1838 to 1842; was present in 1840 at the storming of Ghuznee; siege of Toodendirah; storming of Julghar; engagement of Parwandirah; in 1841 at many bloody battles in the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad, Khoord and Cabul, Tazzeen and Jugdullaugh; 1842, at the defence and general action of Jellalabad and battles of Jugdullagh, Tazzeen and capture of Cabul. During these engagements he did not escape unscathed, but was four times wounded. At the storming of the fortress of Ghuznee, while scaling the walls, he received

A BAYONET THRUST

in the top of his head; he fell and was picked up by his comrades as dead. Till the day of his death he wore a silver plate, which replaced the part of his skull displaced by the savage thrust of the Afghan's bayonet. After serving in the regular army for 24 years he retired, and has been a resident of Canada for over 40 years. After his arrival in Canada he was made inspector of the military police, and served in that capacity for about 10 years, under the supervison of Staff Officer Col. Sullach.

ABOUT FINGER NAILS.

Their Growth, Their Health and the Time to Cut Them.

The philosophy of the finger nails is a most interesting study, simple though it may appear.

It has been computed that the average growth of the finger nail is one thirty-second of an inch per week, or a little more than an inch and a half per year. The growth, however, depends to a great extent upon the rate of nutrition, and during periods of sickness it is undoubtedly retarded.

It is understood to grow faster in Summer than in Winter, and differs for different fingers, being most rapid in the middle finger and slowest in the thumb and little finger.

According to the rate of growth agreed upon by eminent authorities, the average time taken for each finger nail to grow its full length is about four and a half months, and at this rate a man of 70 years of age would have renewed his nails 186 times.

Taking the length of each nail at half an inch, he would have grown seven feet nine inches of nail on each finger, and on all his fingers and thumbs an aggregate length of seventy-seven feet six inches.

It is asserted by some that the nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left.

It is interesting to watch the history of a case of disease as recorded upon the finger nails. When we look at the patient's nails we see on each of them a distinct ridge, showing that the portion of the nail which has grown since the acute attack is much thinned out.

If a person has broken his arm within eighteen months the ridges on the nails of the hand of the affected arm may be seen, while they will be absent on the other hand.

The more acute the illness the sharper will be the ridge. Extreme anxiety and mental depression have the same effect on the nails as physical disease.

The finger nail is a very enduring evidence of disease. If there has been an acute rheumatism in the system, with a temperature of 104 or 105 degrees, the nail will be cut down sharply.

In typhoid fever, where the disease comes on gradually, there is no such sharp cutting of the nail.

There are several well-known sayings with regard to the paring of the finger nails, and among them are the following:

"Cut them on Monday, cut them for health; cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth; cut them on Wednesday, cut for a letter; cut them on Thursday for something better; cut them on Friday, cut for a wife; cut them on Saturday, cut for a long life; cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil, for all of that week you'll be ruled by the devil."

Remarkable Surgical Operation.

Dr. Polaillon has just read to the Paris Academy of Medicine a paper on a case of the successful grafting of a piece of dog's skull on to a human one. The operator was a young practictioner, Dr. Ricard, and the patient a woman of forty-five who had suffered from a tumour in the frontal bone. As it grew out of the bone, a part of the latter had to be removed to get rid of the tumour. The brain was thereby laid bare and cerebral hernia ensued, Dr. Ricard, seeing this, thought of removing a piece of living bone from a dog's skull and cutting it exactly to fit in the void in the woman's forehead. He was careful in taking antiseptic precautions. The grafted piece has knit with the frontal bone into which it was inserted, and the patient is now quite well. Dr. Polaillon speaks of this operation as the first successful one of its kind ever performed, and regards the success as due to the advances latterly made in surgery and antiseptic science.

Wit.

A Moody companion—Sankey.

All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

AGRICULTURAL.

Canada's Climate and Agricultural Capabilities.

Not many in Canada, still fewer elsewhere, says a writer in the Rural Canadian, appreciate the vast range in agricultural capabilities possessed by the Dominion in virtue of its great variety of climate, Not only wheat and the other great cereals of temperate regions, and the apple, vine and peach are cultivated, but, strange as it may seem to many, even the fig, the almond, the pomegranate, and cotton may be grown within limited areas.

The law that holds throughout the vegetable world, that each species reaches its highest development, or perhaps rather its greatest productiveness, towards its colder —in our case its northern—limit, operates in Canada in a manner unequalled anywhere else in either of the Americas. The reason for this is obvious. The distance from south to north in which cereals may be cultivated in the Dominion, extends over 1,600 miles, or from the latitude of Rome (nearly 42 degs.) as in southern Ontario, to the latitude of middle or northern Finland, as in the MacKenzie River basin north of Peace River. Very few amongst us realize that the single Province of Ontario reaches south and north from Pelee on Lake Erie, to Albany on James' Bay, over a distance as great as that between Lake Erie and the nearest waters of the Gulf of Mexico,—the bay of Mobile in Alabama. In this Ontario range alone is embraced the region of the greatest productiveness of Indian corn, a tropical plant, and barley, a cereal of the far north, growing in some parts of the world up to and beyond the Arctic Circle. The fact, in its bearing on Canadian agriculture, is most important, for it may be truly said that the one province referred to, can produce in perfection, every great wheat crop grown in the United States, with the two exceptions of cotton and tobacco; and in the latter case, the exception seems rather a matter of soil constituents than of climate.

INDIAN CORN.

It may be surprising to those who do not closely follow the returns of the Agricultural Bureau, to find that on an average of many years taken by the United States Department of Agriculture, and the Ontario Bureau of Industries, the Province of Ontario is exceeded in Indian corn production per acre, by only one State of the American Union—Missouri, and the excess there barely amounts to half a bushel of shelled corn. The great corn State of Illinois, grows per acre but little more than two-thirds the product of Ontario, and the Province actually produces per acre six times as much as South Carolina. Yet Ontario is not a corn country in one sense of the word; the yield rarely exceeds 12,000,000 bushels of shelled corn. This is not from inability to grow corn, but that Ontario grows wheat well, while the great corn States can not do so, and wheat, at the average price of the past twenty years, has relatively been to us a more profitable crop than corn. The Ontario County of Essex is perhaps not surpassed in the production of corn per acre by any county in America; and there, as elsewhere in the province, there has, of late, owing to the high price of pork, and the low price of wheat, been an increased disposition to grow corn. Nor is the really profitable corn area of Canada confined to Ontario. Portions of Quebec, especially near Montreal, where the warm season is as long as in the more northerly part of the corn area of the Western States, are adapted for its successful culture. Some of the interior valleys of British Columbia have a high summer heat and a long season without frost, and with irrigation can yield a high average production.

THE WHEAT REGION.

In regard to wheat little need be said; the illimitable wheat fields of Canada are famous the world over. Here the general law already stated in regard to highest productiveness holds in a very marked degree. The great wheat belt of America—the area of the highest productiveness —lies mostly within the Dominion, where it occupies hundreds of thousands of square miles. The northern limit of generally profitable production is not yet known; but it is known that excellent crops have been raised in the extreme North-west almost as far north as the 58th parallel; while wheat has been grown beyond that latitude. In the valley of the St. Lawrence, and in portions of the Lake region partial exhaustion of the soil through the over cropping of former years has lowered the average yield per acre from the returns of twenty years ago; but this drawback is being overcome by the general adoption of rotation of crops and generally improved farming, and there is reason to believe that with anything like a return of good prices for wheat the area under cultivation with that crop will increase. In 1891, the wheat production of Ontario was over 32,000,000 bushels; the average yield per acre for a series of years has been much higher than in almost any State of the American Union, and the average return has been something over $15 per acre, against a little over $9 in the United States. It is to the Canadian North-west with its virgin prairies and plains that Canada looks for the bulk of its wheat export. There the climatic influences are favourable to wheat culture in a degree nowhere approached over any wheat area of similar extent. From Manitoba north-west to Edmonton, the average temperature of the summer is that of the best wheat lands of Europe; and there is a remarkable rarity of both excessive rains and drought. "Manitoba hard" enjoys the reputation of being the best wheat in the world, and commands the highest price. This appears to be due to the climate, the air being dry; the daytime warm and the nights cool. In occasional years just as in Dakota and Minnesota, damage is done to late sown grain by early frosts, but this is being avoided by a more general practice of early seeding and is after all not so serious a drawback as the bursts of excessive heat, the droughts, and the rains, that affect the more southerly portions of this continent. Of late, much attention is being given to the Edmonton region, which is attracting a large immigration from other parts of Canada and from the United States. Cooler than Manitoba in summer; the danger of early frost appears to be less; while the seasons are steadier, and more to be depended upon for similarity one to the other, than almost anywhere else in the interior of the continent. Comparisons show that notwithstanding the great elevation of Edmonton, and its great distance from any large body of water, the average difference of temperature between one summer and another is much less than anywhere in the Western States, and is the same as Toronto, which enjoys the modifying influences of the Great Lakes. This peculiarity of climate which belongs to a broad belt in Canada, lying along the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, must have a very important effect in developing the agriculture of the North-west.

BARLEY.

Whatever influence the character of the soil may have, there can be no doubt that the high reputation enjoyed by Canadian six-rowed barley, is largely due to the peculiar climate of the barley counties of Ontario, especially the belt north of Lake Ontario and protected in a measure by the Lake from the excessive heats of southerly winds. Changes in brewing and other influences no longer permit this barley to command the profit of former times; but there is hope that as English malsters become acquainted with the grain it will find a large sale in the profitable English barley market in lieu of in the United States, which up to the present has been the sole market for Canadian barley. For two-rowed barley too, there is reason to think that Ontario is fitted in a higher degree than perhaps any other part of this continent, and perhaps quite as suitable as any part of the world. The trial made of Chevalier barley has, it is true, not been encouraging. But this barley has long been grown in the cool summers of England, and cannot endure the heat of the Ontario summer. It is likely that should the two-rowed barleys of Austria and Hungary, where the summers are practically similar to those of Ontario, be introduced, the result will be a marked success, and as these barleys command as high a price as the best English barley the stimulus given to Canadian agriculture would in that event, be very great.

The capability of the North-west for barley growing has not yet been fully tested, but considerations of climate would indicate that over a considerable area towards the northern border of the prairie country and extending into the Edmonton country, English two-rowed barley can be grown with great success.

GRAINS AND ROOTS.

What is true of the capacity of Canada in wheat and barley is equally true of it in regard to oats, peas, and root crops; in fact, over an area of more than a million square miles these crops may be grown wherever the soil is fertile and in each and all of them the belt of highest development and greatest productiveness, lies almost exclusively in Canadaian territory. With this superiority in productiveness, of the great field crops, goes as a matter of course, a remarkable adaptedness for stock raising and dairying. Altogether the facts of the Canadian climate afford abundant reason for Canadians to have full confidence in the future; to them is given the agricultural dominance of America, and all that this implies.

FRUIT GROWING.

Fruit growing is so much more influenced by winter cold than by summer heat that the great capacity for grain growing that is found along a slightly broken belt from the St. Lawrence valley to the far north-west has no parallel in regard to fruit, but the law still holds, as with grain, that the highest production is found towards the northern or colder limit of each species.

In Eastern Canada, especially in the region of the great lakes latitude, and even elevation appear to be subordinated to situation in respect to rivers and lakes both large and small, to an extent not known elsewhere in any comparatively level country. In British Columbia elevation and the effects of mountain chains on ocean winds are the chief controlling influences in regard to fruit culture. In the North West, thus far, the cultivation of the apple has not been successful; but it is possible that some hardy varieties from northeastern Asia may yet be found to endure the winter cold of the great plains, and that there may be a few localities in southwestern Alberta and even on the eastern side of some of the Manitoban lakes where some of our finest varieties of apple may be grown with some success. The controlling influence against fruit culture in the north west—the intensity of the winter cold—is the controlling influence also in the Mississippi valley, where the northern limit of apple culture extends no further northward than the northern limit of the peach in the lake bordered province of Ontario.

But while the great interior plain may best be included in the fruit region of Canada, portions of British Columbia and of the eastern provinces have capabilities in fruit culture scarcely rivalled anywhere on the continent, and the fruit industry, already very large promises to take a front rank among the branches of agriculture.

Both Nova Scotia and Ontario export large quantities of apples, a fruit in which they excel all other states and provinces in America. The export of Nova Scotia alone usually amounts annually to some hundred thousand barrels, and the prices obtained are the highest the British market offers. New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Quebec grow the apple, pear, plum with notable success, and to some extent the vine also. For great variety of fruit, Ontario, however, leads the other provinces of eastern Canada. This may well be understood when it is remembered that in the warmest localities of the province July is warmer than at Vienna, Constantinople or Lisbon, while over much of the province it is at least as warm as at San Diego in Southern California. In these warmer countries, September maintains a heat as great as July in the south of England; the season entirely without frost extends to six and in Pelee to nearly seven months; the most extreme frosts of winter ever recorded are not so great as have been reached in St. Louis, Missouri, and not greater than have been known in parts of Kentucky, Arkansas and Texas, while, generally speaking, throughout the large area markedly influenced by the great lakes, the average cold of midwinter is the same as that in the Mississippi valley two or three hundred miles farther south. In addition to the influence of the great lakes, there is felt also the influence of the thousands of small lakes which abound in northern and eastern Ontario, and which by lengthening the frostless seasons in the autumn, permits many a variety of apple, grape and other fruit to be grown northward of their usual limits.

Perhaps no better way of indicating the capabilities of Ontario for fruit could be chosen than to cite a few examples of the vegetation of the mildest portions of the province. Of the seven species of the magnolia known on the continent, five can be grown in southern Ontario. The tulip tree also flourishes, and the pseudo-papaw, a tree, the north-western limit of which extends south westerly from Lake Erie across Indiana, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas into Mexico. Cotton has long been grown in small quantities on Pelee Island, while at Niagara-on-the-Lake the fig and almond are grown successfully in the open air, and with only nominal winter protection. The sweet potato attains a weight in southern Ontario sometimes exceeding three pounds, and the apricot and nectarine are numbered among the orchard fruits.

THE PEACH.

Amongst the fruits of considerable commercial importance to Ontario orchardists, the peach is the most tender. But the Niagara peninsula is the most famous peach district west of New Jersey and its peaches surpass in flavor those of California; while the area in Ontario capable of growing some varieties of this fruit covers nearly 9,000 square miles, and attains its most northerly limit on the Georgian bay in a latitude higher than the peach culture attains anywhere else in America, east of the Rocky Mountains.

THE APPLE.

The apple, the yet leading fruit of Canada and America, finds its highest development in Ontario, both in productiveness and quality. Every agricultural portion of the province grows it, and over a stretch of hundreds of miles, the large apple orchards of almost every farm make a conspicuous feature of the landscape. The northern limits of the apple in Ontario are not yet known, but some varieties may be grown on the south side of the little lakes abounding in the wilderness north of Lake Huron. At Rainy River, away beyond Lake Superior, the "Northern Spy," a variety of good size and excellent quality, approaches Manitoba with suggestions as to what may be done in that province by planting very hardy fruit trees in situations protected against frosty autumn winds by the waters of a lake.

VINEYARDS.

The cultivation of the vine in Ontario is assuming great importance. The area in Ontario and western Quebec adapted to the grape, in at least as great a degree as some parts of the Rhine valley where wine is an industry of great proportions, has been estimated at about 30,000 square miles. The average yield per acre of the vineyards, from the Ottawa to the Detroit, is said to be greater than in France; in portions of southern Ontario the average per acre is twice as great as in France, and some vineyards show the highest yield recorded in America or in the world. The varieties chiefly grown are derived from the native Labrusca, and besides being more prolific than any other grapes known, enjoy immunity from damage by that American parasite phylloxera which is now playing havoc with the vineyards of Europe.

Southern Ontario, in common with adjacent portions of western New York and the northern tier of counties in Ohio, appears suitable in a higher degree than any other part of America east of the Rockies. Southward of the Lake Erie district, the excessive heat and moisture largely reduce the crop by mildew, and have led to the abandonment on the banks of the Ohio of some of the extensive vineyards which formerly existed there. In Ontario mildew is not a formidable enemy, it is easily combatted and rarely is at all injurious.

In fact it may be said that in the southern part of the province the vine is the most certain, and least irregular in returns of all the fruit crops grown. Free from the early September frosts which trouble the Rhine valley; a full month later in the advent of cloudy or rainy fall weather, which often interferes with the maturing and quality of the grape in middle and northern Europe, and without the necessity and expense of irrigation entailed on the grape growers of southern California, southern Ontario has a capability for grape growing that may well challenge the world. It is no wonder, therefore, that wine making has developed within a very few years to a considerable industry; that thousands of acres are now planted in vineyards and many hundreds of thousands of gallons of claret and other wines are annually manufactured.

FRUIT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The possibilities of British Columbia in fruit culture are very great. The mild coast climate permits of the cultivation of all the fruits of eastern Canada and several others besides. On the Dominion Experimental farm at Agassiz the fig tree, the almond and the pomegranate are grown. In the interior valleys, behind the Coast range, the winter cold puts limitations on the cultivation of some fruits, but the summers are much warmer than on the coast, and the conditions tend to secure a better flavor in the peach, apple and other fruits.

At Spence's Bridge in the Thompson valley, which may be taken as a type of considerable stretches of river valleys in the interior, the month of April is as warm as a Toronto May, and July is even warmer than at Pelee in Ontario while the average of the six warm months is as high as at San Diego. Up the Thompson for a long distance the peach grows, as it does also in the Okanagan valley, and there is reason to think that in these and other inland valleys, the vine too with irrigation will prove as successful as any where else in Canada, and that fruit growing generally will become a large and profitable industry.

Easy When you Know How.

Casey was digging a ditch in the street in front of his house for the purpose of making a connection with the sewer. He had a large pile of dirt thrown up in the roadway and he was rapidly increasing it when stopped by a policeman.

"Phat are yez doin' there, Casey?"

"Don't yer see Oi'm diggin'?"

"Hov yez a permit to blockade the sthrate with that pile of dirt?"

"Oi hov not."

"Thin don't yer know that yez hev no right to put the dirt there?"

"Phat will Oi do wid it, thin?" inquired the puzzled Casey.

"Oh' j'st dig another hole an' t'ro it in,' answered the man of the brass buttons, as he sauntered slowly away, swinging his club.

ITS AGE AND HISTORY UNKNOWN.

A Great Canal in the Crimea That is One of the World's Wonders.

The great Russian engineer, Melnikoff, writes from Odessa to the Smithsonian Institution describing the ruins of an ancient canal discovered in the Crimea, which he regards as one of the wonders of the world. It is certainly twenty-seven centuries old, and among similar ancient objects of historic interest is second only in age to the great pyramids. The hanging gardens of Babylon and the Colossus of Rhodes are shrouded with no deeper mysteries than the existence of this great ditch, whose ruins can be traced for a long distance through the Crimean plain. Whether it was a water way in the olden times and the pathway of ancient commerce between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, or a means of defence for the people living in its vicinity, is a question which wise men, supposed to know all about antiquities, cannot explain.

Xenophon, the distinguished Athenian, who conducted the retreat of 10,000 Greeks from the up-country march, so-called, writes of ditches which were dug by inhabitants of hostile territory through which they passed as an impediment to their march. Water was often turned into these, so that crossing was rendered more difficult. Perhaps the ancient and wonderful canal served the same purpose on a very large scale. While it was of grand proportions, which at that early day surpassed the engineering feats of the Suez Canal, the fortifications for its protection are no less interteresting. At each end of the western side there was a lofty castle, the ruins of which remain to this day, the cubical contents exceeding 750,000 metres. A part of these stones, as well as those with which the bed of the canal was paved its entire length, were removed some time ago to build a town which adjoins.

During the Crimean war some of the stones remaining were utilized in the construction of hospitals for the wounded soldiers, which structures are still standing. Along the banks of the canal there were once at least six towers, but what purpose they served, unless for defence, is uncertain. There was also a high wall which extended its entire length. At an equal distance from each end there was a gigantic fortress, built in the form of a square and covering a space of 32,400 square metres. The canal is as straight as an arrow its entire length except at this point, where it forms three sides of a square about the fortress. Here there was a smaller canal on the outer side, which may have provided greater security.

One of the gateways of the fortress is still partially preserved, and through it passes a dilapidated road. The canal was built by Assande I. of Bosporous in the seventh century B.C., and is nine kilometres long. Mention is made of this in the writings of Pliny and Strabo, but nothing is said about the great amount of time and money expended in its construction or for what special purpose it was done. It passes by the modern town of Perekop, and is not far from the Greek city of Neapolis, whose name was changed by Assande after the building of the canal to Tapharas, which is the Greek word for ditch. Its width on the bottom was about five metres, and its depth ten metres. Whether it served formerly as a great and towering fortification or not it certainly contained water enough to sail ships of considerable burden.

Undoubtedly before the time of Christ many ships used it as a short cut across the peninsula between the two seas. The bed is now dry, except for a few standing pools but it is said that the oldest inhabitants can remember when, for several miles in the central part, there was sufficient water to form a roadway for the lighter craft of the semi-barbarous people. This is accounted for by the fact that some time in the fifteenth century the canal was repaired.

The Russian Government has a project under consideration of opening up a great waterway across the peninsula between the two seas, and his connectian with this scheme is what led the engineer, Melnikoff, to inquire into the history of the canal and attempt to explore its wonders. Melnikoff writes in French, and conveys a vivid description of the ancient ruins. He has just written a pamphlet, which is fresh from the press, and this contains in Russian a full account of all that is known and all that has been said about the canal in the centuries since its construction. It also contains diagrams and illustrations of the canal as it now appears.

She Hit It.

The pretty school-teacher, for a little advertisement, had asked her class for the best original definition of "wife" and the boy in the corner promptly responded a "rib." She looked at him reproachfully and nodded to the boy with dreamy eyes, who seemed anxious to say something. "Man's guiding star and guardian angel," he said in response to the word. "A help meet," put in a little flaxen haired girl. "One who soothes man in adversity," suggested a demure little girl, "And spends his money when he's flush," added the incorrigible boy in the corner. There was a lull, and the pretty dark haired girl said, slowly, "A wife is the envy of spinsters." "One who makes a man hustle," was the next suggestion, "And keeps him from making a fool of himself," put in another girl. "Someone for a man to find fault with when things go wrong" said a sorrowful little maiden. "Stop there," said the pretty school teacher, "That's the best definition."

Where Hon. G. E. Foster Sold Groceries.

A Moncton, N.B., special says.—Among the buildings destroyed by the fire at Apohaqui, the other day, is one notable as having been years ago the little country store in which the present Finance Minister of Canada, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, was for a time employed when a boy, and before anyone, not even himself, could have dreamed of the part he would play in the nation's history. The building was a small one, for the owner, Mr. Fenwick, built it when the railway was in progress and when the site of the most of the present village of Apohaqui was a wooded wilderness. A large store was afterwards built beside it, but the old one remained and was used as a kind of warehouse.

Mrs. Newed—"My husband never stays out late. He is always in bed by 11 o'clock." Mrs Knowit—"Is he always home by that time?" Mrs. Newed—"Oh, no; but he always retires by that time even when he misses his train and stays in town over night."

AROUND THE WORLD.

Sensation Created By the Presence of a Canadian Lady in the Interior of Japan.

Mr. James S. Snasdell, inspector of the Sun Life Assurance Company, has favoured a Montreal "Witness" man with an account of some of the sights and incidents of the tour round the world just completed by himself and Mrs. Snasdell. He said:—"We left Montreal, on May 27, last year, taking the Canadian Pacific Railway for Vancouver. A day was spent at Brandon and two at Vancouver, where we took the "Empress of Japan" for Yokohama. During most of the voyage the weather was very cold, part of the time foggy, and, as usual, in the mid-northern Pacific the sea was very rough. The voyage occupied fourteen days. The only land sighted was the Aleution Island. On Sunday morning, June 17, we reached Yokohama, a distance of 7,300 miles from Montreal.

VISITED A VOLCANO BY NIGHT.

In speaking of the sight-seeing incidents of the trip it was learned that, after spending nearly three months in Yokohama, they visited the great volcano, Asama Yama, which is situated about 120 miles north-west of Yokohama. One of the nearest and most convenient places from which the ascent is made is the village of Karnizawa, which is distant from the base of the volcano about 12 miles. In order to reach this village one must take the train to Yokogawa, the terminus of the railway, and then transfer to a small tram car drawn by two horses, which crosses a high range of mountains by a somewhat dangerous mountain pass. The journey through the pass occupies about four hours, but the magnificent scenery well repays one for the trouble taken. After staying a few days in Karnizawa Mr. and Mrs. Snasdell, accompanied by a young lady and five guides, started at seven o'clock on a dark night to make the ascent. About 11.30 p.m. the base of the mountain was reached and here the horses were tethered, leaving two of the guides to care for them. After a most difficult climb through cinders and broken lava (the distance from the base to the summit, being five miles and the height about one and-a-quarter miles) the top of the crater is three-quarters of a mile in diameter and is about 800 feet deep to the fire and is somewhat funnel shaped. The seething mass of molten fire was a very grand sight, especially in the gloom before daylight. The ascent of the mountain is generally made at night for two reasons. First because it would be almost impossible to climb it in the heat of the day and, secondly, because the fires are a very much grander sight in the dark than in daylight. After remaining at the edge and near the crater for nearly an hour, the descent of the mountain was made in about an hour, then the horses were again mounted and the village was reached about 11.30 in the morning, the journey having occupied over sixteen hours of almost continuous travel. The range of mountains is magnificent, almost equal to our own Rockies, but not quite so wild.

IN THE HEART OF JAPAN.

The next day the city of Nagano, situated about thirty or forty miles west of Karnizawa, was visited, and the large old temple of Zin-koji, situated there, proved very interesting. This city being in the very heart of Japan and about 150 miles from the nearest treaty port hardly any foreigners ever visit it (especially ladies) and Mrs. Snasdell was regarded as a great curiosity by the natives who collected in crowds and stared in astonishment at her.

They then returned to Karnizawa and after a few more days spent there the return to Yokohama was made. After visiting Tokio, the capital of Japan, several times, Kamakura (near which place the great bronze image of Dai Butsu, fifty feet high, is to be seen), and Gnoshima, Mr. and Mrs. Snasdell sailed from Yokohama for Knobe (on the SS. "Empress of Japan") which was reached the next day. After a stay here of three weeks they sailed on the SS. "Empress of China" for Shanghai. After a stay in Shanghai of two months the "Empress of Japan" conveyed them to Hong Kong where they remained five weeks. On January 5 they sailed for Singapore on the P. & O. SS. "Malwa" arriving there in five days. After a stay of nearly three weeks the SS. "Godavery" conveyed them to Java. They remained at Batavia three weeks and after visiting the great Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg they returned to Singapore and took the P. & O. SS. "Thames" to Colombo where they spent two days, starting then for Bombay. The most interesting things seen at this latter place were the Caves of Elephanta and the "Towers of Silence," where the Parsi people dispose of their dead.

GIVEN TO VULTURES.

The corpse is taken into the tower and laid down naked on a grating and the vultures, which are sitting on the walls in hundreds waiting, swoop down and in half an hour nothing remains of the corpse but the bones. Almost every day from five to ten bodies are disposed of in this way.

The Hindoo cemetery here is also very interesting as they burn their dead on a pile of wood. A notice placed on the gate of the cemetery states that every stick of wood supplied by the contractor is to be at least six inches longer than the corpse.

After remaining six days in Bombay they left for Ismalia where they disembarked for Cairo which was reached March 21. After a trip up the Nile, a visit to ancient Memphis, the pyramids and tombs of Sakkarah, the pyramids, tombs and Sphinx at Gizeh, the Museum and a drive around old Cairo, Ismalia was again reached (after passing twice through the battlefield and cemetery of Tel-el-Kebir) and the SS. "Britannia" conveyed them to Brindisi, Malta and Gibraltar and then to Plymouth, England, where they arrived April 8. After visiting several places in England they sailed for Montreal from Liverpool on May 4, arriving here on May 14, having been away eleven and a half months, and having travelled nearly 26,000 miles.

It is hard to tell a man's bent when he is in straits.

Janitor—"You will have to take that out of the window or pull down the shade." Mrs. Flatter—"Why, that's only a doll I had when I was a girl." Janitor—"May be, marm; but folks in the streets might think it was a child, and we don't allow children in our suites, marm. We can't be too strict, you know."

Golden Big Bend.

Seven prospectors from Seattle will leave Revelstoke to-day for Big Bend. Two left for the same place yesterday morning. Messrs. Losee and Douglas, who went up about three weeks ago, returned here yesterday for supplies, and will start out again Tuesday morning. They have every confidence in the Big Bend country, and will put in the summer there. George Laforme expects to return here from Kamloops on Monday with a train of horses to replace those which had to be shot last winter. He will pack supplies as far as French Creek, and prospectors will not be under the necessity of coming to Revelstoke when they run out of grub. All the old-timers will go up with the first pack-train, such as Andy Hunker, Sam Hill, Gus Lund and others. Many prospectors from Washington and elsewhere have expressed their intention of going to Big Bend this summer, and it will be quite safe to say that before the end of July there will be 100 men prospecting in that famous gold country. The eight men who have been employed on the Government trail for the last two months returned here on Thursday, having completed their work. They report the trail as being in good condition. There are vast fortunes to be picked up in Big Bend. All the gold was not taken away in '66, nor since.

Revelstoke Public School.

Record of standing obtained by pupils attending during May:

	Marks obtained		Marks possible
Fifth Class.			
Ruth Valentine..	812	....	1050
Edith Lewis.....	778	....	1050
Ella Paton.....	763	....	1050
Lily Valentine...	717	....	1050
Fourth Class.			
Maggie Lewis...	576	....	850
Jessie Paton.....	526	....	850
Maud Hatherley.	485	....	850
Chas. Lewis.....	380	....	850
Bertie Temple...	345	....	850
Third Class.			
Thos. Paton.....	529	....	700
George Beavo...	473	....	700
Grace Hamilton.	470	....	700
Louise Bourke...	330	....	700
Second Class.			
Irene Richardson	327	....	450
W. Beavo.....	291	....	450
Wm. Richardson.	269	....	450
Jas. Paton	233	....	450
Rose Piper.....	231	....	450
Carrie Wilson...	226	....	450
Pearl Law.....	192	....	450
Second Primer.			
Katie Allen	175	....	300
***First Primer.**			
Winnie Laughead	149	....	300
Edith Fraser....	152	....	300
Florence Fraser.	153	....	300
Henry Wilson...	133	....	300

*Not in a class.

F. W. Laing, Teacher.

FOR SALE.

A pair of good working horses, a nearly-new Bain wagon, two sets of harness, and a fine-toned upright piano by Williams of Toronto, new last fall.—Apply to P. R. Peterson, Revelstoke.

To the People of Revelstoke.

Do you know that in your own province, and within the limits of your own town, Providence has placed herbs which, when gathered, dried and carefully prepared, produce a medicine second to nothing in the world as a general tonic, spring medicine, blood purifier, etc.

As a spring medicine this preparation is unrivalled, while its tonic properties increase its value tenfold.

It is a sure preventive for infectious and other diseases, and in this respect alone is worth its weight in gold.

You will learn more of this medicine later on.

At present it can be obtained at the Revelstoke Pharmacy, and no one should be without it. Price 75c.

Ask for the Kootenay Discovery. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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MADDEN HOUSE,

NAKUSP,

HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.

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Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The accommodations of the Hotel are of the best.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

ABRAHAMSON BROS., Prop's.

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The wisdom of an investment in LARDEAU is without question.

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HENRY CROFT, Colonist Building, Government Street, Victoria.
DOUGLAS & CO., 139 Cordova Street, Vancouver.
GREEN, RICHARDSON & CO., 57 Jameson Building, Spokane.
R. H. LEE, P.L.S., KAMLOOPS.
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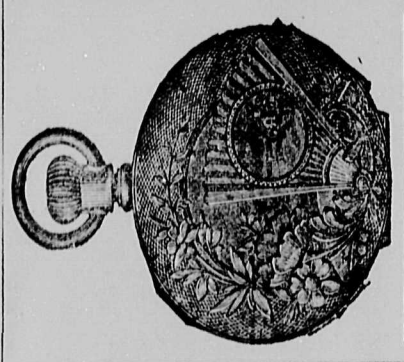

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Has a large Stock of Household Furniture, Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds &c.

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Little Arm-chair.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair!
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother gazing there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dusk of the long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate,
The lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to make;
But she sees the nod of his father's head,
So proud of the little son,
And she hears the word so often said,
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was hers to scold, to kiss, and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in the busy years,
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent over a pencil and slate.
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small arm-chair stood just in the way,
The centre of everything.

—[Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's.

A Talk to Mothers.

I think telling to children, mere babes, the wonderful story of perpetuation, has been overdrawn in many instances. The child of less than three years, who is supposed to comprehend how her new brother happened to be present, may have heard the story, just as her mythical brothers and sisters are told things in imagination. A safe way is to cultivate common sense. A wise mother notes the dawn of understanding in her child, according with the age where a knowledge of certain facts becomes necessary, and is an unfailing mentor in time of need.

Children are much influenced by surroundings, and sometimes they make them precocious beyond their years. To such, a helping hand must constantly be held out. The silent child often escapes observation in the thirst for information. But in every case the watchful mother, if she be blest with common sense, will know the right method to pursue.

A mother may talk to her boys as well as her girls, and the need for her counsel is usually greater with the sons. She can easily give them all the necessary information and warn them of all that they should avoid.

My boy Chet, now taller than I, and I am not dumpy, comes to me as naturally with his confidences, as does my little Grace. He comes from force of habit, formed early in life, when I sympathized with him over every childish misfortune.

I remember with what a heartache I kissed my children, and sent them, or took them, for their first day at school. How vividly I realized, that there began the first severance of the strong cord of home influence; that thereafter I must fight with the world for my own.

Yet it is better for the child, having the world to face sometime, that he be educated among his fellows, and early prove his claim to recognition or oblivion, as the world's opinion goes. He who holds his best good at heart cannot do less than constantly watch lest he fall.

The travail of birth is the least of childbearing. The child is borne upon our hearts till we are laid to rest.

—[Monnie Moore.

Don'ts for Husbands.

Don't hang around the kitchen offering advice and suggestions to your wife in regard to her work. You have no more business in her kitchen than she in your office or countingroom.

Don't be so very, very saving of your praises of your wife. Be just as recklessly extravagant in this direction as you choose. No danger of bankrupting your stock of affection, or hers either, by such a course.

Don't compare her to other women to her disadvantage, and don't speak of her failings to any other person on the earth. Men who talk about their wives deserve, and receive, the contempt of all respectable persons.

Don't reserve all your sullen pouting spells for your own fireside. Distribute some of your hatefulness around the other places, where others will tell you just what they think of you for such unchristianlike conduct.

Don't tell her how she ought to dress her children or herself, and don't forget to tell her when you see her looking prettier than usual.

And don't forget certain little promises and solemn vows you made to her on your knees in the days of your courtship and at the marriage altar. They are registered on high and you may some day be reminded of them to your infinite sorrow.

Salads.

There is nothing more appetizing in spring and summer than a well-made salad. It need not be elaborate, involving a great amount of time in its preparation; often a simple one proves quite as tempting.

There is a long list of "green things growing" which may be converted into salads, as lettuce, cucumbers, asparagus, onions, beets, celery, dandelions and watercress, besides fruit, eggs, meats, and all cooked vegetables. In fact, the list would be shorter if one mentioned those articles of food which may not be used in that way.

If one does not wish to make a regular dressing, the salad may be seasoned with salt, pepper, celery salt, mustard or any way preferred, then moistened with vinegar and melted butter.

Salads should be served the day they are prepared, but many salad dressings may be bottled and kept for weeks. The following is recommended:

Bottled Salad Dressing.—Beat yolks of eight eggs, add to them a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful each of salt, mustard and black pepper, a little cayenne, and half a cupful of cream; mix thoroughly; bring to a boil a pint and a half of vinegar; add one cupful of butter, let come to a boil, pour upon the mixture, stir well and when cold put into bottles. Set in a cool place.

Bean Salad.—String young beans, break into half-inch pieces, wash and cook in salted water until tender; drain, add finely-chopped onions, pepper, salt and vinegar; when cool add melted butter.

Egg Salad.—Slice six cold, hard-boiled eggs; pour over them a cold cream dressing made of two eggs beaten well, a teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of cream, a pinch of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; cook in a double-boiler and stir until it thickens.

Orange Salad.—Six oranges and one bunch of lettuce. Peel the oranges, divide into sections and remove the seeds. Arrange a few sections on each plate upon lettuce leaves and pour over them a salad dressing. In preparing this dressing do not use onion juice; lemon juice in place of vinegar makes it finer.

Chicken Salad.—Cut the meat from a roasted chicken, chop with a few stalks of celery or sprigs of parsley. Sprinkle with salt, white pepper, and pour over it a few spoonfuls of vinegar and oil. Let this stand two or three hours, then place it on a plate or salad dish in the midst of fresh lettuce or parsley leaves, and pour over it a salad dresing.

Various Recipes.

Pressed Beef.—Chop fine two pounds of beef and one pound of lean, fresh pork. Add one cup cracker crumbs, one beaten egg, salt, pepper, and sage if liked. Steam three hours, and leave in the dish overnight. This is nice for anyone carrying cold dinners, as well as for home lunches.

Potted Ham.—When the ham is nearly finished cut off all the meat and chop as fine as possible; add pepper, mace, cloves, etc., and a little melted butter. Pack tightly in a jar and pour a little melted butter over the top.

Scalloped Onions.—Peel and boil a few onions in salt and water till tender. Pick the onions to pieces and put a layer in the bottom of a buttered dish, then a layer of crackers and so on till the dish is full. Have a layer of crackers on top; season well, fill up the dish with milk, and bake a nice brown.

Hygienic Coffee.—Two quarts of wheat bran, one cupful of molasses, white of one egg; to be well mixed, and browned in the oven until of a dark brown color, stirring often to prevent scorching.

Sugar Cookies.—Two cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of fried meat gravy or drippings, one-half cupful of sweet cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Before baking, dip the top of each cooky in the white of egg, then in granulated sugar. The white of the egg is not to be beaten.

Layer Cake.—One cupful of powdered sugar, half a cupful of butter, three-fourths cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavoring. Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten yolks of eggs, the milk with the flavoring, the flour into which the baking powder has been sifted, and last, the stiffly beaten whites. Stir lightly. This makes three thick layers.

Steamed Pudding.—Two eggs, one cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, three cups of flour, one cup of fruit if liked; steam two hours. Serve with cream and sugar. I put in raisins unless I have fresh fruit.

Poor Man's Pudding.—Peel and slice a layer of apples in the bottom of a dish, then a layer of breadcrumbs that have been softened in water. Repeat this until the dish is full, sweetening the apples every time. Finish with a layer of bread and dot with bits of butter. Fill up with water and bake. Serve while warm with cream and sugar.

A Good Plain Pudding.—One cupful of sour milk, a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cupful dried berries—sliced green apples are good—and cornmeal to make a batter as thick as for Johnny cake. Steam half an hour and eat with sweetened cream. I find a round cake tin with a center tube an excellent dish in which to steam puddings.

Mother's Bread.—Put two quarts of flour into a pan, and pour boiling water over it until nearly all the flour is wet. Stir the flour while pouring on the water. Add one pint of cold water, and beat well. Let it stand until lukewarm, then add one cup of potato yeast, butter the size of an egg and half a teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make a stiff dough. Turn it out on the moulding board and work in more flour by slashing it with a sharp knife. Slash, add flour and knead until the dough is stiff and smooth. You cannot get too much flour into it. Let it stand until morning, then knead it down without removing it from the pan. After breakfast, turn it out on the board, and knead it for ten minutes, then put it back and let it rise as much as possible without smelling like wine, and make it into loaves. When the loaves are light they should be put into a hot oven which is allowed to cool gradually until the bread is done. Bread made in this way will keep fresh a long time.

A Good Soap Recipe.—Four pounds of soap cut fine, one pound of sal soda, two ounces each of turpentine and borax, two and one-half gallons of rain water. Cook Try it in a saucer. When cooling pour in one ounce of coal oil, and stir in half a teaspoonful of fine salt.

Frills of Fashion.

Short shoulder capes of lace will be worn.

Galloons and ribbons are the most stylish trimmings.

All skirts are cut with a pronounced flare at the bottom.

Dark blue cheviot with a lining of plaid silk is a good choice for an ulster.

All new skirts are wide but are smooth at the top and flare outward at the foot.

Nine gored and seven gored skirts with bias seams are among the latest fashion.

Tailor made dresses should have as plain sleeves as the present fashion will allow.

A very short cape either in one ruffle with a ruched top or with a flat collar is stylish.

All sleeves whether cut like the mutton-leg, puff or elongated puff are made to droop.

The semi-circular flounce lined with crinoline is used in making over dresses that are too narrow.

Hair cloth, linen canvas, grass linen and crinoline are used for stiffening skirts; hair cloth is used for heavy dresses.

Graduated trimmings are liked with the greatest width of ribbon or galloon at the top and arranged in five, seven or more rows.

Cut out the waist of a dress first and then the skirt, or plan for the waist first for that can not be scrimped. If the cloth falls short the sleeves may be made of contrasting material.

To face the bottom of a basque, baste the facing on and then stitch the bottom. Turn the facing up and baste again, then press before it is felled down. This will keep the facing from drawing.

Flounces will be greatly used this summer. A new method of trimming is a fold of velvet at the lower edge of a skirt then a fold of silk and finally a fold of the dress material. There should be a two-inch space between the folds and if the arrangement is repeated making six folds it will be yet more stylish.

For a work dress make a plain skirt four to five yards in width; then finish the bottom with a deep hem or a six-inch ruffle. Make a shirt waist with three box plaits both back and front, shirt sleeves, a rolling collar and cuffs and wear with it a leather belt. Pearl bottons are used on wash dresses; if trimming is added let it be an embroidered collar and cuffs. Do not make a wash dress to fit tightly.

The Story of the Ice Age.

There cannot be any doubt that after man had become a denizen of the earth, a great physical change came over the northern hemisphere. The climate which had previously been so mild that evergreen trees flourished within ten or twelve degrees of the North Pole, now became so severe that vast sheets of snow and ice covered the North of Europe and crept southward beyond the south coast of Ireland, almost as far as the southern shores of England, and across the Baltic into Frace and Germany. This Arctic transformation was not an episode that lasted merely a few seasons, and left the land to resume thereafter its ancient aspect. With various successive fluctuations it must have endured for many thousands of years. When it began to disappear it probably faded away as slowly and imperceptibly as it had advanced, and when it finally vanished it left Europe and North America profoundly changed in the character alike of their scenery and of their inhabitants. The rugged rocky contours of earlier times were ground smooth and polished by the march of the ice across them, while the lower grounds were buried under wide and thick sheets of clay, gravel, and sand, left behind by the melting ice. The varied and abundant flora which had spread so far within the Arctic circle was driven away into more southern and less ungenial climes. But most memorable of all was the extirpation of the prominent large animals which, before the advent of the ice, had roamed over Europe. The lions, hyænas, wild horses, hippopotami, and other creatures either became entirely extinct or were driven into the Mediterranean basin and into Africa. In their place came northern forms—the rein-deer, glutton, musk ox, woolly rhinoceros, and mammoth.

Such a marvellous transformation in climate, in scenery, in vegetation and in inhabitants, within what was after all but a brief portion of geological time though it may have involved no sudden or violent convulsion, is surely entitled to rank as a catastrophe in the history of the globe. It was probably brought about mainly, if not entirely, by the operation of forces external to the earth. No similar calamity having befallen the continents within the time during which man has been recording his experience, the Ice Age might be cited as a contradiction to the doctrine of uniformity, and yet it manifestly arrived as part of the established order of Nature. Whether or not we grant that other ice ages preceded the last great one, we must admit that the conditions under which it arose, so far as we know them, might conceivably have occurred before, and may occur again. The various agencies called into play by the extensive refrigeration of the northern hemisphere were not different from those with which we are familiar. Snow fell and glaciers crept as they do to-day. Ice scored and polished rocks exactly as it still does among the Alps and in Norway. There was nothing abnormal in the phenomena save the scale on which they were manifested. And thus, taking a broad view of the whole subject, we recognize the catastrophe, while at the same time we see in its progress the operation of those same natural processes which we know to be integral parts of the machinery whereby the surface of the earth is continually transformed.—[Sir A. Geikie.

The Spider's Enemy.

A writer gives an interesting account of the curious habits of the ichneumon-fly of Ceylon, the natural enemy of the spider. This insect is green in color, and in form resembles a wasp, with a marvelously thin waist. It makes its nest of well-worked clay, and then goes out on a hunting expedition. Its victims are invariably spiders of various kinds, but all are subject to the same mode of treatment. A scientific sting injects some poison, which effectually paralyzes the luckless spider, who is then carried off to the nest and there fastened with a dab of moist clay.

Another and another victim is brought to this chamber of horrors. Then the prescient mother ichneumon-fly proceeds to deposit her eggs one in the body of each spider, which can just move its legs in a vague aimless manner, but can offer no resistance. This done the fly returns to her work as a mason. She prepares more clay and builds up the entrance to this ghastly cell. Then she commences a new cell, which she furnishes in like manner, and closes; then she adds yet another cell, and so proceeds until her store of eggs are all provided for, and her task in life being accomplished, she dies, leaving her evil brood to hatch at leisure. In due time these horrid little maggots come to life and find themselves cradled in a larder of fresh meat. Each poor spider is still alive and his juices afford nutriment for the ichneumon-grub till it is ready to pass into its chrysalis stage, thence to emerge as a winged fly, fully prepared to carry out the traditions of its ancestors with regard to spiders, and to fulfill the purpose for which they have been created, according to ichneumon belief.

Two base-ball clubs, composed entirely of young ladies, have been formed in East Lake, Ala.

HIGHLAND SOLDIERS IN CANADA.

How They Served the Country in our Various Wars.

In no part of the world, says the Scottish American, has Scottish military prowess been more daringly exemplified than in Canada, and yet its record there excites little or no comment outside of the Dominion. When public speakers in Scotland allude to the doings of the country's kilted warriors they refer eloquently to India, to the Cape, to the continent of Europe, and very seldom say a word as to what the Highland soldiers accomplished for the British empire in Canada. And yet, in a great measure, it was their loyality, bravery, endurance and daring that preserved that great Colonial empire to the British flag. In the histories of the Dominion such commands as those of Fraser's Highlanders, and such names as Peter Hunter, Simon Fraser, John Murray, William Drummond and a host of others, figure largely and honorably; but to the general reader, we fear they have no significance. The time will come, however, when the services to Britain of these heroes will be everywhere fully recognized.

In most American histories where the Highland soldiers who fought in Canada or the States in early times are mentioned they are referred to in a general sort of way, just as they speak of the Hessians. On only a few occasions do they descend to details and inform us exactly to what particular regiment

THE TROOPS

mentioned belonged, or what names they bore. Then the Black Watch fought many of their campaigns on this side of the Atlantic, but with American writers as our guide it is difficult to follow their movements as their individuality is very frequently lost under the general term of "Highlanders," and we find it impossible to tell, without referring to other sources, whether the troops belonged to the Black Watch, to Montgomery's brigade, or to the old Argyle Highlanders raised by John Campbell of Barbreck.

In Bancroft's "History of the United States" we read, in the account of the siege of Quebec, 1775, that, to aid in the defence of the stronghold, "Colonel Alan Maclean arrived on the 12th of November with 170 men, levied chiefly among disbanded Highlanders who had settled in Canada." There is nothing here to guide us as to what particular squad of Highlanders is referred to, and we have to go to other sources to find that these troops belonged to a regularly organized command, that the men had all served in disbanded regiments, that some of them had settled in Carolina, that the number who reinforced the Quebec garrison was nearly 350, and that the date of entry was the 13th November.

The Highlanders referred to were the first battalion of the old 84th Regiment—the Royal Highland Emigrants. As this command was never in Great Britain, as its term of service was passed in America, and almost entirely in Canada, and as its history is but little known, it may not be amiss to devote this article to describing in outline its career.

It was a long time the policy of the British Government to give a grant of land to such discharged men in the Highland regiments, serving in this country, as agreed to settle down in the localities selected, and, as the saying now is, "help to build them up." The Highlanders made as good colonists as soldiers, and were just the very men who could best toil regardless of

FATIGUE AND DISCOMFORT

until the land which was given them was cleared of its weed and stone, and brush and tree, and was ready to yield a generous harvest. Some of these veterans, after peace was declared in 1763, settled in the northern part of the state of New York, others went as far south as North Carolina, and there were settlements of them in various parts of Canada, notably in Nova Scotia Individual settlers were found all the way between Canada and Virginia, and they appear to have been everywhere regarded with much consideration, and to have enjoyed the friendship and good-will of their neighbors.

When the revolutionary trouble began Britain soon saw that she was likely to need again the services of these cast-off soldiers, and made many efforts to bring them together into compact organizations. It was almost invariably found that the highlanders were as willing as ever to fight for the old flag. The "Royal Highland Emigrants," as one of the new organizations was called, was composed of these veterans, and they certainly made that name (or their later numerical designation, the 84th) as famous as even Fraser's Highlanders, if we take time and opportunity into account. The regiment comprised two battalions, one of which was raised solely in Nova Scotia and the other mainly in the States.

This battalion from the States—the first—was brought together by Alan Maclean, son of Maclean of Torloisk, and one of the bravest soldiers who ever left Mull. In April, 1775, he went secretly into Carolina, and formed a company there, and, leaving them to make their way north to the appointed rendezvous he hurried to other sections to arouse the old soldiers.

That company had rather a rough experience. The country was at that time in a condition of open hostility, and the spectacle of a band of trained soldiers marching to the support of a flag that had been repudiated was not likely to be viewed with complacency by the revolutionary sympathizers. Under the command of Capt. Alex. Macleod, formerly an officer in Fraser's Highlanders (the old 78th), they made their way northward. Crossing a bridge over a creek one day they found it was

DEFENDED BY CANNON

at the other end, and fire was opened upon them before they could take any means to retreat or protect themselves. In endeavoring to force the passage Capt. Macleod was killed, as were several of the men. The rest, when the fight was over, agreed that it was not judicious to pass openly through the country of an enemy, and divided into small parties, reaching their destination after undergoing great suffering and escaping many dangers.

When his recruits were gathered together Colonel Maclean commenced a series of forced marches and entered Quebec just in time to reinforce the garrison there, which was confronted by a revolutionary army under Benedict Arnold. It is allowed that the successful defence of Quebec was mainly due to Col. Maclean and his gallant Highlanders. Every move made by Arnold (and however he may be judged it cannot be denied that he was a skillful soldier was met, and the combined assault made under General Arnold and General Montgomery was resisted with a degree of skill and bravery that won the admiration even of the enemy. For the latter, however, this great assault had a

PECULIARLY SAD

termination, for one of its incidents was the death of General Montgomery, one of the noblest soldiers in the army. In 1759 he had taken part in another attack on Quebec, and was not far from General Wolfe when that hero fell victorious, and closed his eyes with the knowledge that his great venture had been successful. Montgomery died under very similar circumstances, except for the shadow of defeat.

After this disaster Arnold arranged his forces so as to prevent any supplies being received in the city, and the garrison had to endure great privations. Colonel Maclean shared in all the hardships of his men, and his own courage and determination seemed to inspire every one. Arnold got tired of the seeming endlessness of the siege after a while, and commenced active hostilities, but the Quebec forces were more than a match for him, and after several repulses the American soldiers were withdrawn and Arnold re-crossed the St. Lawrence. The service of the Highlanders did not terminate with the saving of Quebec, however. They were sent on many minor expeditions, and always acquitted themselves with honor.

The second battalion of this regiment was raised in Nova Scotia, and was drawn together by Major John Small, formerly a captain the Black Watch. The battalion consisted of ten companies, and five of these were sent to join the army of Lord Cornwallis, while the others did service in the Maritime Provinces. Their record was also a grand one. In 1778 the two battalions were formerly designated the 84th Regiment, when Sir Henry Clinton was appointed colonel of the united command, and they were kept under arms until 1783, when they were disbanded. The warriors were again given a chance to become lairds in the land they had so

GALLANTLY HELPED

to preserve to their country, and a large proportion of the first battalion settled in Ontario, while the second battalion preferred Nova Scotia, and gathered in the township of Douglas. The captains got grants of 3,000 acres of land, subalterns 500, sergeants 200 and privates 100 acres. They again proved that they were as good citizens as soldiers, and many of the oldest families in Canada are proud to claim descent from the "Old Eighty-Fourth."

It may be interesting to note that the Highlanders uniform consisted of their national costume with sporrans of racoon skin. They all carried swords, and the officers in addition were armed with formidable dirks. They were known for their bravery all over the country. Even the Indians had wonderful stories to tell of their prowess, while often the despatches to the Home Government told how frequently the Highlanders were engaged in battle, and how almost invariably "they drove all before them" with both regularity and despatch.

The Christopher Columbus.

The great steel "whaleback" passenger steamer being built by the American Steel Barge Company at West Superior, Minn., under the superintendence of Capt. Angus McDougall, brother of Capt. Alexander McDougall, the famous originator of the "whaleback" model, has received her first coat of paint, and is rapidly nearing completion. It is expected that the vessel will be ready to sail on the upper lakes as soon as navigation up there opens. She has been built expressly for the World's fair trade, and is capable of carrying between 4,000 and 5,000 passengers at one time.

Great interest is excited by the Christopher Columbus, not only because of her extraordinary size, but because of her peculiar model, which, so far as passenger-carrying is concerned, is really an experiment. Her dimensions are 362 feet over all, 42 feet beam, with a depth of 24 feet. Her engines are triple expansion, of 3,000 horse-power, built by Samuel F. Hodge & Co.; the cylinders are 26 inches, 42 inches and 72 inches in diameter respectively, with 42-inch stroke. There is a battery of six Scotch-type boilers, each 11 feet in diameter and 12 feet long over corrugated furnaces. The boilers were built by the Cleveland Shipbuilding company, and are reported to be models of their kind. The single funnel, or "smokestack," is nearly 20 feet in diameter and the captain's bridge is well-nigh 90 feet above the water line. It is expected that the waves will never wash so high.

A feature of the construction is that the hurricane and upper decks are raised upon iron turrets to such heights that even the heaviest seas will scarcely reach them. The space between the main and upper decks is open, as are also the bulwarks, so that a cross sea will have unimpeded rush right over the lower deck, instead of pounding the sides, as is done with bluff-built ships. Inside the iron turrets are spiral stairs for ascending and descending to the dining rooms and other compartments in the hull, and the equilibrium of the vessel is so well arranged that there will be hardly any rolling should she get into the trough of the sea.

A FATAL FALL.

Sudden Death of Captain Edward Croker 93rd Highlanders, at Chicago—Result of an Accident.

A Chicago special says:—A shadow has been cast over the English military colony and Tattersall's Sixteenth and State streets, by the sudden death of Capt. Edward Wm. Croker, of the 93rd Highlanders, the adjutant of the tournament. Capt. Croker had a severe fall from his horse during the performance on Monday evening, causing internal injuries from which he died shortly after midnight May 10th. Captain Croker was the fourth son of the late Captain Edward Croker and Lady Georgina Croker, of Ballingarry, County Limerick, was a cousin of the present Earl of Clancarty and a nephew of Viscount Monck, who was Governor-General of Canada for six years. He served in the 93rd Highlanders for seventeen years, during seven of which he was adjutant of the regiment.

There has never been a case of sunstroke or hydrophobia in St. Augustine, Florida.

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.