The Kootenay Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., NOVEMBER 18, 1893. No. 23.

Sinking of the Steamer State of Idaho,

A Great Bargain.

News comes to hand that the str. State of Idaho, which was sunk on Kootenay Lake last Friday, was raised on Sunday and towed to Kaslo. The steamer went on the rocks half a mile from Ainsworth at 7 a.m. A line was thrown out to hold her bows above water, and soundings taken immediately showed 75 feet of water under her rudder. The str. Ainsworth took off her passengers and crew. The position of the Idaho was perilous, and the slightest squall would have made her a total loss. In this emergency Captain Shaw, who was at the wheel when the accident happened, offered the vessel for sale at auction. She was bought by a Mr. Alexander, of Kaslo, for $350, although she cost $30,000. Scows were placed alongside, and the steamer was raised with little difficulty. The circumstances will be thoroughly investigated by the British courts. The owners of the vessel will probably question the validity of the sale.—Colonist.

BIRTHS,

NEWMAN.—October 8th, at Mackenzie Street, Revelstoke, the wife of George Newman, of a daughter.

ALLEN.—November 11th, at The Brewery, Revelstoke, the wife of O. H. Allen, of a daughter.

Geo. Laforme's pack train arrived down from Big Bend yesterday, and the animals will be sent to the Okanagan valley for the winter.

Mr. Thos. Lewis, smith at the C. P. R. yard, will leave for his ranch at Edmonton in the spring, and will shortly after be followed by his wife and family.

Roman Catholic services will be held in the church to-morrow; in the morning at 10.15 High Mass and sermon; evening at 7.30 solemn vespers and lecture. Rev. Father Jos. Accorsini, pastor.

A meeting of the fire brigade was held at Mr. A. H. Holdich's office last night, when the question of providing a more suitable engine-house was brought up. The chemicals would no doubt be frozen in the present shed, and it was resolved to endeavor to get room in the library building.

Mrs. Anna Harris, a distinguished lecturer of the Grand Lodge I.O.G.T., will deliver an address on Temperance Reform in the Methodist Church on the 29th inst. at 20 o'clock. All are cordially invited to hear her solution of the liquor problem. On December 15th the famous elocutionist, Sara Lord Bailey, will be here. See advt. next week.

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

To F.G.E.

If F. G. E. sees this he is requested at once to communicate with Mr. A. MILNE, Kendal, England, or some of his relatives.

FOUND,

On Friday, 20th inst., on C. P. R. Wharf, Revelstoke, a PACKAGE of LETTERS. Owner can have same on identification.

DEAFNESS

Relieved by science. The greatest invention of the age. Wilson's common sense ear drums; simple, practical, comfortable, safe and invisible. No string or wire attachment. Try them and you will discard all others. Write for pamphlets to C. B. MILLER, 39 Freehold Loan, Toronto.

A. McNEIL,

BARBER SHOP & BATHROOMS,
Front Street,
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

ASSAYING.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Guaranteed Correct Results,

Gold	$2 00
Silver	2 00
Lead	2 00
Gold and Silver	3 00
Gold, Silver and Lead	4 00

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

W. Thos. Newman,
Box 99, Huntsville, Ont.

LOCAL NEWS.

Thanksgiving Day next Thursday.

J. Oswald Lewis, of Montreal, arrived here last week, and will assist his brother Oliver at the bakery.

Mr. H. N. Coursier, merchant, has had a new stable, wagon house and hayloft built at the corner of Front and Wright Streets.

Mr. Alex. McIntosh, carpenter, who has been working at Nakusp during the summer, arrived up on Wednesday, and will reside here with his wife.

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

Those desiring Christmas Cakes and Fancy Breads will do well to leave their orders at the Bakery. Special attention will be given to that department in future.

Two of Nakusp's most prominent citizens—Messrs. Hugh Madden and J. T. Nault—arrived up on Wednesday for the purpose of getting down their winter's supplies.

Attached to Sunday's Pacific Express were five carloads of Chinamen who have made their "pile" in the United States and are going home to enjoy the remainder of their lives.

Mr. Frank R. Sargison, of the Victoria Colonist, spent two or three days in town this week. He is on a combined business and pleasure trip through the Kootenay mining country.

Jack Shaw, who has been working on the Stony Creek bridge, returned to town this week for the winter. He says the ice and snow make it dangerous working there, but the bridge will be completed this winter.

Three sportsmen from Illecillewaet—Swan Anderson, Gus Anderson and Jno. Benfield—brought in last Monday one of the largest bags ever known here. They were shooting at Salmon Arm and bagged 128 partridges and 13 rabbits.

A letter posted at Trout Lake City on the 21st October reached the Revelstoke post-office November 15th. Forty miles in 25 days! Surely there's something wrong with West Kootenay's postal system. Will Mr. Mara kindly bring this to the notice of the Postmaster-General?

The STAR Almanack of Montreal for 1894 has 450 pages. Thirty thousand facts and twenty thousand subjects. It is the great popular Almanac of the day and it is not surprising that the demand for it is so enormous even before a single copy is ready for sale.

Angus McKay, who has a ranch near Thomson's Landing, came up Thursday on a short visit. Things are quiet at the landing, but everybody contented and well. About six inches of snow, with clear, bracing weather. Trappers were already commencing operations.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses. Blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sore and swollen throat, coughs, sprains, &c. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. The Revelstoke Pharmacy.

Influenza has been epidemic for the past few weeks, but all the patients are recovered or convalescing. The whole staff of the STAR were laid up with it last week. Eleven cases of mountain fever were also reported during the first week of November, the whole of which are now well. Dr. McLean looked after the sufferers.

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

In the Seabird Bluff accident on Sunday week Engineer Rider and Fireman Solloway lost their watches (which were worth about $100 each) in the Fraser River. Both had their watches in the seat box of the cab, and when the engine rolled over into the river the lid of the box flew open, allowing the watches to drop into the water.

Mr. Michael Grady, one of the lucky owners of the Grady group on Four Mile Creek, recently bonded to Mr. McNaught for $70,000, arrived in town on Wednesday. He is en route for his home, Peterboro, Ontario, and will no doubt have a happy time amongst his friends, having the wherewithal to enjoy himself. Mr. Grady will return in the spring.

A fireman named McCarthy received a severe and dangerous blow on the head while at work on the new railway near the lumber yard on Thursday. It appears that while he was stooping to examine the wheels or some partion of the tender a large stick of wood fell from the tender and struck him on the back of the head. Dr. McLean is attending on the sufferer.

The Scandinavian Canadian of Winnipeg, one of our exchanges, appears this week in enlarged form, a column being added to each page. The paper has been in existence over a year as a weekly, and has received great encouragement during that time. It aims to fill the place of an organ for Scandinavians widely scattered over Canada, and is entirely independent in politics. An interesting serial commences with this number.

Sleighing is good.

It is hardly probable that the hotels in Revelstoke have ever had a busier season than the present one. And not only are the hotels full, but the number of dwelling-houses might very profitably be increased, there being scarcely a house in the town or vicinity that is unoccupied. But whether there is any money in all this briskness it is difficult to ascertain.

The new hotel at the hot springs is going up apace. Capt. Sanderson has half a dozen men at work, and it is expected the building, which will be a large one, will be open for the reception of guests early in the new year. The curative properties of the springs are wonderful, and there is no doubt the hotel will become an attractive home for invalids from all parts of the province.

Mr. T. M. Sutherland, brother of J. P. Sutherland, has come to Revelstoke to reside. He has not been here since 1884, when there were about half a dozen log huts along the riverside and the C.P.R. bridge was just being commenced. There was then a solitary trail through the heavy timber along what is now the station road and Front Street. But the town has not made so much progress as he anticipated.

The Senate Hotel, Messrs. Bourke & Field proprietors, opens its doors for business this week. The adjoining fine building has been purchased and is now undergoing alterations which will transform The Senate into one of the most comfortable hotels in the town. The proprietors will have their new advertisement in next week's STAR, and with the completion of the alterations we shall publish a description of the new hotel.

Next year there will be a Provincial election. With six or eight candidates in the field we may look forward to a stirring time. Among the probable candidates for the West Kootenay seat are Messrs. J. W. Haskins, Revelstoke; R. F. Green, J. L. Retallack, G. O. Buchanan, Kaslo; W. F. Teetzel, C. E. Perry, H. Selous, Nelson; D. B. Bogle, New Denver; and C. F. Law, Golden. What prevents the last-named gentleman from standing for East Kootenay?

The lecture by Rev. Father Accorsini in Bourne's Hall last week was well attended and greatly appreciated by all present. There were 801 votes recorded in the polling for the most popular young lady in Father Accorsini's district, Miss Valentine, of Revelstoke, receiving 674 votes and Miss McDonald, of Beaver, 127. The proceeds of the lecture and voting amounted to about $150, which will be devoted to reducing the church debt and erecting an altar.

Tom Horne, who was suffering from a bad attack of influenza three weeks ago, went down to the hot springs on Arrow Lake to see if he could derive any benefit from the waters. He came back this week perfectly restored to health. He says he found great relief after two days' treatment, and the third day was quite well. He has great faith in the curative powers of the medicinal waters of the hot springs, and advises all sick people to go there and get cured.

The Vancouver World keeps abreast of the times. It comes out this week in a new dress and double the usual size, which, we understand, is to be the permanent size of the daily edition. This new departure is the outcome of the introduction of the linotype machine into the composing rooms of the World, with which machine one man can do the work of six and the paper have a new dress every day. The World presents a very creditable appearance, although we cannot say that it is better printed than it was before. Three of the Coast dailies now use the linotype.

The contract for five additional miles on the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Railway has been let, and the grading and laying of rails will go on forthwith, the work to be completed by the end of the year. This will take the completed portion of the line as far as The Wigwam, about 15 miles from Revelstoke, and will greatly facilitate traffic with the lower country through the winter. The work on this five mile stretch will be mostly rock work, and the snow will not be such an impediment as on other portions of the road. At this end the junction is being made with the C.P.R. main line a few yards east of the water tank.

THE TOWNSITE DISPUTE.

Tenacity of the "Old Gang."

The case of Farwell vs. the Queen came up in the Supreme Court, Ottawa, two weeks ago, and the arguments on both sides concluded. It was an appeal brought by Farwell against the decision of the Exchequer Court ordering Farwell to convey the lands (1,175 acres of Revelstoke townsite) to the Dominion. Last week judgment was rendered by the Supreme Court—again against Farwell. This ought to decide the matter once for all; but it will probably be too much to expect that the "old gang" will loosen its grip on such a valuable property without receiving something in the shape of a quid pro quo. The Farwell party have always been persistent in what they call "standing up for their rights" because they know, and have openly boasted of it, that they have been backed up by certain members of the Provincial Government. Now the people of Revelstoke would like to know who those members of the Government are. If we go back a few years we find that everyone connected with the Government of this province—from the highest office-holder down to the lowest policeman—took advantage of his position to feather his own nest. All the best lands in the province to-day are owned by former or present officials of the Provincial Government. Farwell, we understand, was an employe of the Government at the time he hurried to Victoria to record his claim to Revelstoke townsite, and as a Government employe any secret he became possessed of should have been kept inviolate and not have been used for personal aggrandisement. But the old gang were none of them over scrupulous, and what they term "strict business" is known among legal men as "sharp practice." But for Mr. Farwell's incapacity to distinguish between right and wrong Revelstoke would to-day have been the best town in the interior. For six years the blighting influences of this lawsuit have been impatiently borne by the inhabitants, and it is too much to expect them to sit down quietly much longer. The same old gang tried the same old game with the New Denver townsite the other day, but owing to the prompt measures taken to squelch them they were completely thrown out of court. It would occupy too much space to follow the history of the Revelstoke dispute. But when Farwell made an application to the Provincial Legislature for assistance to enable him to carry his case before the Privy Council the late Hon. John Robson refused the use of public money for such a purpose, and on the floor of the House informed the country that Farwell and his associates had no legal claim on the land they were fighting for; that he himself, when he handed Farwell the title deed of said land, told him it was not worth the paper it was written on should the Dominion lay claim to the land; and Farwell stated that he would fight the battle and bear the expenses himself. Not a single member objected to or protested against Mr. Robson's statement, and it seems strange that the Farwell party should be able to go on year after year upholding pretensions which have been pronounced illegal by the late Premier and the Legislative Assembly. There may be some truth in the statement that the Government is afraid of the gang. If this be so the people should speak with no uncertain sound, as befitting citizens living under the most democratic flag in the world.

The R. & A. L. Time Check.

It is a cruel piece of business on the part of the Revelstoke and Arrow Lake Railway contractors to pay their workmen with unnegotiable paper, for the time checks served out to the men are not fair payment for work done—there being very few business men and hotel-keepers who will take them at all. It was all right at first. Time checks were accepted at all the stores and hotels at their face value. But when these same time checks were sent to the contractors' office to be cashed, and no cash was available, the thing grew irksome, and R. & A. L. time checks dropped to 50 below zero in public estimation, and remain there yet. What are the men to do? Some of them have time checks three months old and can't cash them. Then, again, men have finished their contracts and have had to wait around for two, and even three, weeks before they could get their work measured up. They have $1 a day deducted for board at the different camps, and it looks pretty much as if they were purposely kept in camp until they have eaten up all the money due to them under their contracts. This is almost as mean a piece of business as attempting to run a newspaper in Revelstoke.

Dressmaking. Mantlemaking.

MISS A. NELSON

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

THE
COLUMBIA HOUSE,

REVELSTOKE B.C.

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

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.
FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

W. R. POULTON,

SAYWARD,

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

IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.

Sneak Thieves at Work.

Several petty robberies have taken place recently. Last week a quantity of aprons, towels, napkins, etc., were stolen from the clothesline at the Stockholm House; an under garment from the clothesline of the Columbia House; 40lbs. of beef from Mr. Bourke, of The Senate; and two dozen large flatpoll cabbages from a garden almost in the centre of the town. The clothes taken from the Stockholm House were found by Office Kirkup and Mr. Jno. Stone on Wednesday concealed under the bed in a shack on Douglas Street occupied by a woman calling herself Mrs. Carrie Walker. She denied all knowledge of the clothes, and when Mr. Stone turned up the bed and discovered them she said she had bought them from some men who had come up from Nakusp, but who had since left the town. The shack has been a noted rendezvous for loafers for some time past, and it would have been more to the credit of the owner, who is a J.P., had he exercised a little more discretion the letting of his premises. Mrs. Walker was summoned before Mr. Fraser, J.P., on Thursday and was let off on suspended sentence, which means that if found in the town after Monday she will pass a couple of months in the "stone jug." The owner of the cabbages watched his garden for a short time with a shotgun, but the thieves came again after he retired and took every cabbage that was worth taking. If we are to revert to the old times before civilization struck this town it will be the proper thing for each citizen to arm himself to protect his property.

Go to C. B. Hume & Co.'s and you will find the largest assortment of Boots and Shoes and Lumbermen's Rubbers, at the cheapest prices.

NOTICE.

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

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

A. H. HOLDICH,

Of Swansea and Wigan,
Analytical Chemist & Assayer,
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

W. A. JOWETT,

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

P. Genelle,

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

Stockholm House

JOHN STONE, PROP.

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

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

C. P. R. HOTEL

REVELSTOKE.
F. McCARTHY - - - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.
BOARD AND LODGING $5 PER WEEK.
MEALS, 25c. BEDS 25c.
This hotel is situated convenient to the station, is comfortably furnished, and affords first class accommodation.

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CAUGHT IN HER OWN TOILS.

An hour later.

Lady Jean sits alone in her boudoir. Her guests have all gone. A flush of excitement burns on her cheek, her eyes look triumphant.

"Victory at last!" she murmurs to herself. "When she hears he is dead, and has met his death through my instrumentality, I think she will know that I too can avenge insult. I have taken her husband and her lover from her. I said my hour would come. It has come."

There is a stir, a noise of footsteps without. The door is thrust hurriedly open, and Count Karolyski comes in.

Involuntarily Lady Jean rises. She is annoyed and troubled, and a little afraid.

"*Monsieur, you know I do not receive* at this hour."

"So your people told me, but my business pleads an excuse. I will not detain you long, madame. I have come to say I will spare your—lover—on one condition."

"I do not understand you," falters Lady Jean, turning very pale.

He smiles his cold and evil smile.

"No? Well, I will put it more plainly. I will retract my words. This duel shall not take place if you will be my wife."

She turns on him, angry and amazed. "Monsieur, you do me much honour. But what I have refused to love, I will scarcely yield to intimidation!"

He draws his breath sharply.

"Stay; listen to me. Take heed before you refuse. I have told you I have scoffed at love all my life till you taught me to recant my error. A man at my age does not love lightly, nor is he easily turned from his purpose. To win you I would do anything—to lose you drives me desperate. If you refuse my prayer to-night, your boy-lover shall never see your face again. I swear it, and my oath is no less fatal than *my hand can be.*"

She turns aside: there is a smile of triumph on her lips. Has she fooled him so well that he actually believes Keith Athelstone is his rival?

As she stands there, silent and thoughtful, a servant knocks at the door and enters with a telegram.

She hastily seizes it and reads the contents, and all the blood seems to forsake her face. Trembling, she sinks into a chair.

"If all should be lost even now?" she thinks, and her eyes turn in a momentary appeal to the stern, cold face of the Count. "I—I will think of what you have said," she falters. "But, believe me, you are wrong when you think Keith Athelstone is anything to me. He is not; he never will be. As for his life, I would not spare it if I could."

"What?" he cries amazed.

"He—he has insulted me," stammers Lady Jean. "I cannot tell you—I cannot explain; only if you love me you will avenge me—not by his death, that I would not say . . . . I wish you to wound him, and in such a manner that the issue may be fatal—or otherwise—but in any case that it may be uncertain enough to allow of a messenger being sent to England to—a—a friend of his. Do you understand?"

"That I am to be a tool for you? Perfectly, madame. And my reward?"

"You shall ask for it when you have done my bidding," she murmurs softly, and holds out her hand for the clasp of that one whose stains of blood-guiltiness are to receive yet another addition, at her bidding.

He takes hers, and bends down and presses his lips upon it fervently.

"I will do your will," he says: "he shall live to suffer. But, madame, remember, I am no fool to be trifled with. If you fail in your part of the bargain it will be at your own peril. Neither man nor woman has ever baulked me of my will, who has not lived to rue it. You may have fooled a score of men, but you shall not fool me! Love like mine may be play to rouse, but it is death when roused."

She looks him calmly in the face. "I have no intention of deceiving you. Promise me that Keith Athelstone shall have *but a few days' life left*—and——"

Her glance promises the rest. It has all the intoxication, the responsive meaning, that can inflame men's passions—that has ever swayed them to her will. It sways him now.

He draws her to his heart with a fierce and sudden tenderness, and she lets his lips rest unrebuked upon her own. "I promise," he murmurs; and she knows he means it.

The telegram that has reached Lady Jean has been despatched from Monte Carlo. It contains these lines:

"Sir Francis Vavasour lies here, dangerously ill—it is feared with typhoid fever. He asks constantly for you. *Come at once.*"

When Lady Jean is once more alone she reads the message with a contemptuous laugh.

"He must be mad," she says. "I to run the risk of infection—I to turn sick-nurse! I to run the gauntlet of scandal and discussion for—him! Pshaw! if he wants a ministering angel, let him send to Lauraine. It is her metier, not mine."

Then she goes to her writing-table and takes pen and ink and writes these lines:

"Your husband is dangerously ill. The enclosed telegram will explain. Keith Athelstone was severely wounded in a duel fought in Paris this evening, and he has only a few days to live. If you wish to see him alive come at once. He is at Lady Jean Salomans' house, No. 13, Rue Victoire, Paris."

This letter she seals and addresses and despatches immediately. Then, with that same *light* of triumph in her eyes, that same relentless and unsparing hate in her heart, she goes to her room and to rest.

No ill dreams disturb her—no sleepless hours of weary wakefulness. She has never known remorse in all *her life, and in her* ears the "still, small voice" of conscience has long ceased to whisper. And as her eyes close in sleep to-night she only thinks: "Vengeance is mine at last!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"WHOSE WHOLE LIFE'S LOVE GOES DOWN IN A DAY."

Alone in the dreary solitude of Falcon's Chase, Lauraine receives that message from her enemy.

It is early morning; the sun is shining, the birds in the forest avenues are singing their gladdest and loudest welcome to spring; she stands at the window of her morning-room and reads those lines penned in the Rue Victoire, and a great darkness seems to come over her.

All her energies seem paralyzed: she cannot think, cannot decide. Her husband dangerously ill, alone in a foreign land deserted by the woman for whom he has wronged his wife, and Keith—Keith dying.

The sunlight seems to blind her; the light of day is cruel. Her heart feels numbed and dead, and in her brain a thousand hammers seem to beat, and through all that numbness and discord one thought alone shapes itself in stern and terrible distinctness. One thought; it is Duty!

He neglected her, he has outraged her, he has forfeited all honour and respect. Yet none the less is he her husband, none *the less is he the father of her child.*

Her child! who lay in her bosom, and smiled into her eyes, and made earth a paradise for just a little space!

But Keith? Keith, whom she loves; *Keith, whom she has wronged*; Keith dying, and she cannot be near him, cannot meet once more the look of the "bad blue eyes," cannot whisper peace or comfort to the young and passion-wrecked soul!

Her heart feels breaking. The awfulness of this decision seems beyond her strength to make; and yet she knows—she cannot but know—which is the right course, because of its very hardness.

"I have sinned; I must suffer," she groans, despairingly, and then moves away with half-blind eyes, and feels as if her heart must break at last. How can she live on and endure such misery?

In an hour her preparations are complete, and she starts for *London.* A *thought* strikes her on her way. At the first available station she gets out and sends a telegram to Lady Etwynde, bidding her meet her at the London terminus.

At the terminus her friend is waiting and Colonel Carlisle also. In a few hurried, broken words Lauraine tells them all.

"And you are actually going to him!" cried Lady Etwynde, amazed.

"I must; it is what I ought to do," falters Lauraine, piteously. "I cannot leave him to die there alone, uncared for. After all, he is my husband."

"You are right!" exclaims Lady Etwynde, hurriedly. "But a thought strikes me. I—will go to Paris and see Keith Athelstone. You will let me, will you not Cyril? Perhaps after all that fiend is lying."

"Lauraine looks at her with unspeakable gratitude.

"Oh, if you would—if you only would!" she cries passionately.

"Certainly we will!" exclaims Colonel Carlisle. "Etwynde is quite right. And I do not see why we shouldn't all go as far as Paris together. We have two hours to spare. Time enough to get what we want—money and wraps. All the rest we can get in Paris."

So it is hurriedly arranged, and the night express sees them all en route for the *French capital, the Colonel and his wife* doing their best to console and cheer Lauraine, whose utter prostration and despair alarm them.

At Paris, Colonel Carlisle decides that she is really in no fit condition to travel alone; and having seen his wife fairly started for the address Lady Jean has given, he takes charge of Lauraine, and goes on with her to the Riviera.

When the long, fatiguing journey is over and they reach Monte Carlo, they find Sir Francis even worse than the telegram had led them to imagine. Lauraine will not hear of Colonel Carlisle staying with her any longer. The fever must take its *course; there is nothing but careful nursing* and watchfulness to be exercised, and so she sends him back to Paris, and takes up her station by the bedside of the man who has wronged and outraged her so often—whose fretful moans even now, are all for that other woman.

The Seur de Charite watching beside him looks up in surprise as the slight young figure and beautiful face bend over the unconscious man.

"It is madame—for whom he has been always asking?" she asks, hesitatingly.

Lauraine looks gravely up.

"I am his wife," she says, simply.

Day after day passes wearily, slowly, by. Then comes a letter from Lady Etwynde.

"It is all true," she writes; "Keith has been shot, and all for some disgraceful scrape in which that woman is mixed. But he is not at her house; he is in his own, and Lady Jean has gone off with the man. Everyone is talking of it. Keith is in the utmost danger; but if skill and care can do anything, I do not despair of him yet. The shot was within a hair's-breadth of piercing his left lung. He knows me, and I *whispered to him I was here by your desire.* You should have seen the look in the boy's eyes! I feel so sorry for him; he is so young, and he lies there in this awful state, and I know his heart is aching for sight of you. Lauraine, I see that woman's scheme now. She wanted you to make a false step, one that would have ruined you for ever. Had you left your husband's house to come to Keith it would have looked as if you had fled to your lover. Sir Francis would have been justified in doing anything. But how you had the courage, the self-denial to act as you have done puzzles me. I could not have believed it, though I thought I knew you so well. But, as I have told you before, hard as duty is, it brings its own reward, and God will surely bless your life with peace at last."

Lauraine reads the letter with streaming eyes, sitting there beside her husband's couch. Her heart is wrung with agony, her eyes are full of anguish unutterable.

"Duty," she sighs. "Ah, what a poor cold thing duty looks," and she falls on her knees and prays for the young life she loves, and for that other life trembling now in the balance.

As she rises from her knees her husband turns wearily on his pillow. His eyes unclose, and with a faint gleam of consciousness look at her.

"*Lauraine!*" *he murmurs.*

She leans over him, and touches his fevered hands. "Yes it is I," she says.

"You—and here; where—where——"

He can say no more. She stays him with a hasty gesture. "You must not talk, it is forbidden. It is enough that I heard you were ill—that I came."

"And she—Jean?"

A flush comes to Lauraine's pale cheeks; her eyes grow dark and indignant. "She! Did you actually suppose she would risk any human being? She has found other consolation."

He tries to spring up, but weakness overpowers him. "The curse of hell be upon her—fiend, she-devil, temptress!" and then once again the ravings of delirium crowd his brain, and he knows nothing of her who is beside him.

It is a terrible time for Lauraine. She takes scarcely food or rest. She tends and watches the sick man with untiring patience; all the more stern is she in her task of self-denial because she knows it is a task, because she will not spare herself one iota of the pain and weariness that her labours demand. The physicians praise her devotion, and in his lucid moments the sick man murmurs blessings on her, and utters such vows of penitence and remorse as might gladden the heart of any wife whose love and patience had reclaimed her husband from his errors. But they do not gladden Lauraine.

The weary burden presses more heavily; the iron enters more deeply into her soul But she has resolved to go through with her task, and she dares not count the cost.

"He is better," say the physicians. "He will live."

The news comes to her, and she is silent, then sinks on her knees and hides her face from sight. They think she is overpowered with emotion, and go softly away and leave her—leave her fighting out a weary battle, sick at heart with shame that in her mind is no gladness, only a duller, sadder despair.

CHAPTER XXXV.

No man sees
Beyond the gods and fate.

It is night, and in the sick room all is hushed and still.

Lauraine, in her soft grey dress, is sitting beside the bed. She is alone; the first three hours are her watch.

She thinks her husband is asleep; he lies so still, and his eyes are closed. She looks white and frail as a broken lily. Her head leans on her hands; the whole expression of her face is one so sad, so heart-crushed, that it might have made anyone who loved her weep to read it.

Suddenly she looks at the quiet figure. His eyes are fixed on her face. He has been *watching her.*

"Will you ever forgive me, Lauraine," he says, faintly. "I have been such a brute, and you—I always said you were too good a woman. It must have needed an angel's heart to do what you have done."

"It was nothing—nothing," she says hurriedly. "Sick-nursing was always my forte, you know. Besides, I only did my duty."

"Your duty!" he echoes, with some*thing of the old bitterness.* "*It is well for* you that you have so strong a sense of it. I have long forgotten what the word means."

She is silent. There is a long pause. After a while he speaks again.

"I have ruined your life, I know, and now it is too late—too late to make amends. Still, the best amends I could make would be to free you from myself—and that will soon be the case, Lauraine. Hush! Do you suppose I believe what those fools said to-day—that a man cannot tell when his end is near? I shall not plague you much longer—and you may be happy—yet."

"Don't say that," entreats Lauraine, kneeling beside him, and taking the hand he extends so feebly. "There is every hope now; the worst is over. You are only weak, and that makes you dispirited about yourself."

He shakes his head. "I know; I know. Promise me one thing. You will not leave me; you will stay with me to the end. Last night I had a dream. I thought I was alone—all alone, and it was black and dark, and you had left me; and look where I *would there were fiends grinning at me,* and all my past sins seemed a burning fire upon my soul. It was horrible. Bad as I am, and have been, say you won't forsake me till the end, Lauraine; it is some comfort to have a good woman's prayers. I can feel that at last."

"I will not leave you, do not fear," Lauraine assures him earnestly.

"But promise, child," he says, restlessly, "promise."

And with a great wonder, but most gentle earnestness, she promises.

Another hour.

She kneels there still. He has fallen into a fitful doze, from which he starts from time to time, to be reassured only by the pressure of her hand—some murmur from her lips.

Another hour.

The darkness of the night creeps on, slowly, wearily enough. The prayers her lips have framed are hushed now. He sleeps more calmly, more tranquilly, than he has done yet.

Another hour.

The Sister who relieves her comes softly *in. She holds something in her hand,* which she gives to Lauraine.

For a second's space, as her eyes rest on the little yellow paper, Lauraine grows faint with a great and unaccountable dread. Then she opens the envelope, and reads the message within.

"They say there is no hope. If you can by any means leave Sir Francis, do come here. His one prayer is for a sight of you before he dies."

The paper flutters from her hand. She does not speak or move, only stands there as if frozen to stone."

"I must go, I must go!" she says in her heart. "Dying! Oh, my love, my love! Are you leaving me thus? Will God not have pity on you?"

Mechanically, like one in a dream, she moves away; she scarcely knows whither she is going. Only that one impulse is in her mind—to fly to Keith's side at last; to bid him farewell on earth as never she had thought to bid it; to kiss for the last time those eyes that she seemed to see before her even now—tender, triumphant, agonized, beseeching, as had been his words!

As her hand is on the door a faint sound reaches her ears, and pierces through the mists that cloud her brain as though its feeble utterance were a trumpet's blast. It is her husband's voice.

"*Lauraine,*" *he sighs, and moves restlessly* in his sleep.

She stands there like one stunned. "Oh, God! she murmurs within herself, "my promise!"

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Majesty is an old title with modern use. It was first assumed by Diocletian, and its use gradually spread until it is now universal among kings.

A Big Night's Fishing.

Night was creeping down on the North Branch. Across the river the dim profile of the rugged mountains was fading into the purple duskiness of twilight. The stars were coming out one by one, and the East was silvery with the glow of the coming moon.

Our tent was staked under a clump of pines, and we sat about the blazing campfire, smoking our briar pipes and watching the grotesque shadows that hovered around our canvas canoes, spread out on the sand to dry. The logs crackled in the flames; out on the river the fish splashed noisily, and from some far remote nook in the *mountains came the long, wailing cry* of a wildcat. At intervals we heard the clear notes of a bell, wafted from the quaint old Moravian village of Wyalusing.

"Boys," exclaimed old Dick, suddenly, "do you see that grass patch out yonder on the river? Waal, years ago, when I was a youngster I seed somethin' thar that I'll bet no man ever saw afore or since."

"Tell us about it, Dick," we cried, eagerly.

Dick was an old settler—a dweller among these mountains all his life, and to-night he had come down from his cabin to visit our camp.

"Waal," he began, "I don't mind if I do. You see, in them days, powder an' shot was scarce, an' when I needed any I hed ter paddle thirty miles with a canoe full of skins fur trading, an' then paddle the hull way up the river ag'in. So naterally I was savin' with ammunition, an' when I wanted game I uster try other ways of gettin' it. It was in the fall, an' the wild geese was a-goin' south night an' day. Often they would stop ter feed along the *river. I reckon not many persons know* that wild geese are fond of young frogs, but that's just what they stop on the grass patches fur. One evening I caught a lot of frogs, an' paddled over to that identercal grass patch yonder. I drove a stake in the gravel deep and solid. Then I made half a dozen lines out of strong cord, an' put hooks on 'em baited with frogs. I put all the links on one line, an' hatched it to the stake. I knowed I had a purty good trap, an' when I got up at sunrise the next morning I was dead sure of gettin' somethin', fur all night long I had heard the geese a-goin' honk! honk! honk!

"Waal, boys, I paddled out on the river, an' jist as I came near the grass patch up flew three slappin' big geese, a-workin' their wings, an' squawkin' fur all they wus worth. But the hooks was tight in their throats, an' I was sure I had 'em. But as I leapt out of the canoe they gave a big jerk on account of their bein' scared. By Jingo! the line broke close ter the stake, an' away went the geese a-sailin', the other three hooks with the frogs on trailin' over the water behind 'em. I jist stood lookin' on in dumb wonder, until all of a sudden I seen a big splash in the water. Then the geese begin to holler, an' kept flyin' slow-like, an' mighty low down. This puzzled me at first, but purty soon I circumvented the thing. Some big fish had bit at one of them trailin' frogs an' got hooked, an' now them three geese was draggin' him along through the water. In jist about two seconds I was chasin' the percession in my canoe. Fur a spell the geese flew down the river, an' I could make out the fish a-leapin' an' splashin' on behind. Then the pesky geese headed fur shore, an' I tell you they made that fish turn around most mighty quick. I was *purty close onto them now,* an' I seen they was most played out an' could hardly fly. Nigher an' nigher I come ter shore, an' slower an' slower them geese flew till I thought they was surely goin' ter drop. But they kept on a-flappin' feebly, an' jist as I got a yard from them they skimmed over the shore, an' pulled the fish out onto the pebbles, whar he lay gaspin' fur breath, an' kickin' hard. I jumped out quick, an' grabbed the geese by the neck—fur they *was clean done out—an' the fish I chucked* inter the canoe.

"Waal, boys, that fish was a daisy! It was a big salmon, an' it weighed jest thirteen pounds an' eleven ounces. I recollect it all as though it happened yesterday, an' yet it were nearly fifty years ago.

"Waal, boys, I must be off. Good-night ter you."

Dick knocked the ashes from his pipe, and slowly vanished in the darkness, leaving us to meditate over his unique and interesting yarn.

MICA MINING

Mr. T. J. Watters, of Ottawa, Secures an Extensive Property.

An Ottawa special says:—Probably the largest mining transaction of the past year was consummated on Saturday last, when Mr. W. R. Elmonhorst, of Montreal, sold all his interests in the lands, mining rights, equipment and mined material comprising "The Lake Girard Mica System" to Mr. T. J. Watters of this city. By this operation Mr. Watters becomes absolute owner of the largest and most valuable mica deposits and proved properties, known to be held by any single individual on this continent.

The development of the series of deposits in question has been steadily continued during the past few years, and the conditions of the various properties are such that with a renewal of the demand for mica, which will doubtless arise ere long, the output of this mineral, which has been greatly restricted *for the past few months, can be enormously* increased. It is understood that arrangements are being pefected, whereby under lease of all said properties, etc., the business of "The Lake Girard Mica System" will be operated vigorously for the future.

AFTER YANKEE POACHERS.

The Game Warden of Essex County to be Better Equipped.

A Windsor, Ont., special says:—For a long time Game Warden Quallins, of Essex county, has been constantly annoyed by American sportsmen, who go over to the forests and duck resorts and shoot game in the closed season. The American hunters generally go over in boats and have frequently been pursued by the Canadian officials, but, having the faster craft, the hunters generally escaped. Warden Quallins has at last prevailed on the Government to purchase for him a swift yacht, with which to pursue and capture these poachers, and the game laws will be rigidly enforced on the shores of Essex and Kent and on the adjacent waters.

A BRITISH VICTORY

Over the Natives in Matabeleland.

One Hundred of the Natives Reported Killed—British Losses Light.

A *Capetown special says:—The* semi-military column sent out from Fort Victoria to operate against King Lobenguela's Matabele warriors met the enemy on October 16 near Indianas mountain. An engagement was fought, which resulted in a defeat of the natives. The Fort Salisbury column fought with and defeated a separate body of the Matabeles near the scene of the first engagement mentioned. The two columns then united, and advanced towards Bulawayo, King Lobenguela's kraal, where it is expected that the Tati column will effect a juntion with the other two columns. The combined forces will make a simultaneous attack on Lobenguela's kraal. The forces of 1, 500 *natives supporting the British* are still at Tati where they are protecting the miners employed on the Monarch and other gold reefs.

It is the intention of the British South African Company to make a vigorous effort to crush Lobenguela's power before the rainy season sets in. Should the rains come on before any decisive advantage is gained by the company's forces, they could do nothing for four or five months as it *would be impossible* for them to keep the field in the season. The rains still hold off, much to the satisfaction of the British. Dr. Jameson, administrator of the British South African Company, is personally taking part in the operations in the field. He took an active part in the engagements with the natives. He rode between the columns and insured their co-operation.

Capt. Campbell was shot in the leg and it was necessary to amputate the limb. This was the only casualty reported as having happened to the entire force. It is estimated that the Fort Victoria column killed 100 Matabeles.

The Fort Charter column is said to have *fought a successful engagement with the* natives, but the defective condition of the telegraph line has prevented the receipt of news regarding the number of natives who fell in the fight. The officials of the company at Fort Victoria report that if the columns are given ordinary good fortune they will be capable of coping with any number of the enemy.

A SECOND BATTLE.

A Johannesburg despatch says:—"It has been learned here that Capt. Campbell was wounded on October 15 while reconnoitering. Shortly after Campbell's leg was amputated he died from shock. Col. Brabant, commanding 400 of Chief Khama's Bechuanas, encountered a strong party of Matabeles in the Matoppo hills on October 15 and fought an engagement with them. Twenty-seven of the Matabeles were killed and 200 head of their cattle captured. The *Matabeles were reinforced and Col. Brabant* was forced to retire. The Matabeles pursued the Bechuanas for a short distance and then, evidently fearing that Col. Brabant was attempting to draw them into the open country, they abandoned the chase and retired to the hills.

A London special says:—The representative of the United Press to-day had an interview with one of the original Mashonaland concessionaries, who was thoroughly acquainted with the habits and customs of the Matabeles, and having this knowledge said that the moral effect upon them of the recent fighting will be enormous and probably will cause them to come to terms with the British. The killing of 100 of their number will have a tremendous influence upon the superstitious Matabeles, who have believed that with the help of their gods they were more than a match for any white force that could be sent against them.

A WONDERFUL OPERATION.

A Deaf Mute Made to Speak by Removing the Larynx.

A mute has been operated on by a French surgeon, Dr. Perier, of the Laribaigiere Hospital, so far as to be enabled to express all his ideas by speech, or modulated sounds. The larynx was totally removed, and the skillful surgeon formed in the anterior wall of the neck a small orifice which he left open. This morning, consequently communicating with both the exterior and the pharynx, was reserved for experiments upon the re-establishment of the voice by means of an artificial larynx, actuated by a blowing device, and not by the air issuing from the trachea. The apparatus, relatively *simple, that they decided to adopt, consists* of a metallic reed inclosed in a tube, and the plates of which, arranged in contrary directions, obliterate half of the light at each extremity. This tube terminates above in a spherical surface, capable of being applied hermetically to the orifice in the front of the neck. Below, it is connected with two elastic reservoirs, coupled and mounted upon a metallic S-shaped armature, permitting of one communicating with the other, in order to obtain a continuous current of air of mean intensity. One of the reservoirs is put in communication with a blowing device formed of a bulb similar to those that actuate vaporizers. Under the affect of the current of air, the metallic reed enters into vibration and emits a constant note of uniform tonality, which is approximately that of the ordinary diapason. The sound thus produced is led, so to speak, into the bucal cavity. It remains, then, in order to convert it into true spoken language, only to make it undergo, through the intermedium of the tongue, lips and teeth, as in ordinary phonation, the series of modulations that produce the nuance and the difference in the pronunciation of words. These nuances, as incredible as the fact may seem at first sight, are, it appears, obtained quite easily. An education of a few days suffices.

Big Guns Don't Last Long.

An English authority, in speaking o heavy guns, says that the 110-ton gun, 16 1-4 inch bore, will fire ninety-five ordinary rounds after which the gun is unfit for further service. The 67-ton, 13 1-2 inch bore will fire 127 rounds, and the 45-ton gun, 12 inches bore, will fire 150 rounds before becoming useless. The cost of the British 110-ton gun is $82,500; that of the 67-ton gun is $54,500; and that of the 45-ton gun, $31,500.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.

From a Wife's Heart.

My dearest One! I know that thou dost hold me
Enshrined of all thy deepest joy a part:
That not a secret truth but doth enfold me
In constant trust to thy most loyal heart.

I know that if there came a cloud to-morrow
To dim my life, thine own would gladly throw
Its light away to share my need of sorrow
And walk where'er my lagging feet must go.

And yet, Beloved—O strange soul of the woman!
Forever fain upon its bliss to dwell,
Divine in trust, but in its doubting human,—
Tell me the love that I do know so well!

Tell it, mine own! the proud reserve defying
That conscious honors to its aid doth call;
Let thy dear lips to mine be still replying
Till the last silence comes to answer all.

Speak! For too oft the weary spirit faileth
And mists will dim earth's surest sun of bliss;
The rust of time its treasure still assaileth;
But Love can heal its touch with voice and kiss

And cheer the dullest gloom of wintry weather,
Ah! let who will to silvern silence flee.
But while we tread the path of life together
Let speech be golden between me and thee!

—[Mary Elizabeth Blake.

A Disease of the Nerves.

It is said by those in a position to know that it is of no use to disguise the terrible fact that intemperance is more frequent among women than it has ever been before, more general, and more ruinous, to the point of physical and mental morality.

It makes us shudder to hear the facts in the case, to listen even to the suppositions concerning its causes, one supposition being that suddenly acquired wealth, giving people the opportunity of going through life at a great pace, makes it necessary that they should resort to whip and spurs to maintain the gait—that is, that having money they must and will spend it fast, and spending it fast engenders pleasures to whose enjoyment the strength is not equal without the help of the exciting and stimulating drink. Another cause is said to be the prevalent absence of both religious and moral sentiment, the disdain for everything that cannot be seen or felt, the reign of pure reason and realism, the custom of considering that if one wants a thing one should have it, and that there should be no restraint upon one's desires further than the inability to gratify them. A third cause is given as the cigarette, it being stated that many more young and middle-aged women than we have dreamed of have acquired a fancy or a fashion for the use of this vile little article, and its use creates thirst, and the thirst which only strong drink slakes. There are instances, too, where the dreadful evil has been brought about by the prescription of physicians, the invalid thus having the habit established before being aware of what is done. But these instances are few in comparison to the number of those which result from the apparently innocent glass taken at table or elsewhere. The taste once formed, it may be indulged with all the other tastes, at table or on the shopping-tour or in the publicity of the restaurant or in the privacy of the boudoir, where trouble or depression of any sort causes the stimulant to be resorted to with a hope that its temporary exhilaration will tide over the gloom.

These are perilous times, all the circumstances of life are rapid, exhausting, nerve-draining. The great stress under which we live occasions a degeneration of the nerves, and the swiftest and easiest resource then is the stimulant. Knowing this, knowing that young girls are liable to such degeneration, it becomes doubly important that they should be sheltered by the force of a public opinion which may make it, at any rate, difficult for them to begin the drinking habit in its most insidious and delicate first approaches. For it is to be remembered that it is in the beginning that the danger lies. They none of them know what is behind them, what heredity from an unfortunate ancestor may give them a fatal impetus once started. But no heredity can start them on the way if they refuse to take the first sip, and make it thus impossible to acquire the taste or appetite. The first glass may be harmless except in its relation to the last; but there is an incredibly short space of time, in alas how many instances, between the first few drinks and death from some mysterious disease of the nerves, whose other name is possibly delirium tremens.—[Harper's Bazaar.

The Care of Shoes.

Particular attention should be paid in every home to the care of shoes, says the Domestic Monthly. Where there are children there is generally an accumulation of shoes, partly worn and wholly worn, and these are all thrown in the bottom of the closet together and must be sorted when wanted. When taken out they are sometimes moldy because they are thrown in when damp and dirty. Many of these are of no earthly use to the possessors, but are hoarded up with the idea that some day they will be needed; yet rarely is this true, as they are put away in such a rough condition that when taken out they are generally unfit for use. Shoes that are worn regularly, if cared for, will last much longer than if neglected. A French kid shoe, if kicked around on the closet floor or under the bed, will not last as long or look as well as one inferior in quality if properly cared for.

When shoes are taken off they should be wiped with a soft cloth, and, after airing a little while, oiled or polished and put in a box by themselves, or a shoebag, and when wanted for use can be taken out ready for wear. It is not advisable to use much of the dressings so fashionable for ladies' and children's shoes, as most of them crack the leather and ruin it. I have seen expensive shoes the toes all cracked open in less than a month by the use of dressing. Therefore, unless you can find one that has been well tested, it is better to use a little sweet oil, colored with black ink, and rubbed well in. For some years past I have used a polish that has considerable glycerine in it, and find that it preserves the shoes wonderfully, always keeping them new looking.

If a lift begins to wear off the heel I have it attended to at once, and never take off the shoes without wiping all the dust from the crevices and putting them carefully away. The result is that I have worn one pair of boots every day for one year, and another year for a house shoe. Never wear a shoe unbuttoned if you care to have it fit to dry, as it hardens them and make them difficult to put on. When taken off the feet wet, smooth into as good shape as possible, and rub them as dry as you can with an old soft cloth, then put them in a medium warm place to dry. If your shoes get muddy, wash them off with cold water and rub dry with a soft cloth. This can be done quickly, so that the leather may not get wet through, then pulled into shape and left standing until quite dry. After this use a little good polish and the shoes will be as fresh as if quite new.

The Art of Patching.

How many patch clothes, particularly children's clothes, with little regard to the stripe or check, and sometimes to the shade of the garment patched. Then some seem to think the larger the patch the better. Of course the thinness of the cloth near the hole will have something to do with the size of the patch, but when a three cornered tear is mended a piece exactly matching the check or stripe of the garment, and just large enough to leave a space equal to the fell taken on the other side between the hem and the run should be used. Then on the right side make a cut in each corner equal to the depth of the fell, and a much squarer, neater patch is made. If a woolen garment, it should be dampened and the fell thoroughly pressed with a moderately hot iron. A patch should never be put on the right side of an outer garment. If the rent or wear is near a seam, insert a side of the patch into this, and sometimes two seams are so near that the patch can scarcely be noticed. Generally people fasten the patch on the wrong side by running a thread along near the edge. A better way is to catstitch the patch on to the garment.

Here is a good way to foot stockings. Taking the worn out sock, fold it on the seam, and where the heel merges into the leg begin to cut, and keeping half way between the two edges cut off the under part, then cut open the heel seam and spreading out the part cut away from the stocking make a paper pattern from which to cut out a new bottom of cloth. Fold this together in the middle and stitch together the rounded edges for a new heel, then unfolding, stitch the new bottom into the stocking, holding the former towards you, as on account of the room for seam and shrinkage, which, of course, was allowed in cutting the pattern, it will be larger than the stocking.

Woolen or cotton stockings past wearing should not be thrown away as often one pair is useful in mending another.

A good way to deal with underclothes is according to the old saying, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of care. This means in this case, woolen stockings with double heels, cotton stockings with heels lined before wearing, the bindings and sleeves guarded from fraying out by pretty narrow trimming, which can be bought cheap, or knit at odd moments when the time would not be missed. It goes without saying that boots, waists, undervests, etc., should never be worn without first fastening on the buttons securely.

Seven Rules.

Hickory Nut Cake.—One cup of sugar one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, yolks of two eggs and white of one, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder.

Filling.—One cup of sugar and four tablespoons of cold water boiled until it threads. Add to this the well-beaten white of one egg and beat thoroughly, then add one cup of chopped hickory-nut meats.

Steamed Loaf.—Two cupfuls of graham flour, a cupful of white flour, a cupful of indian meal, two scant teaspoonfuls of salt. Put the dry ingredients into a milk pan and add a cupful of molasses, two scant teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little cold water, a cupful of sour milk or butter milk and one and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk. Steam for three hours. This makes two medium sized loaves.

A Salt Mackerel.—Lay a large salt mackerel, skin up, in a pan of cold water over the fire; as often as the water heats replace it with cold, changing it until the fish is fresh enough; meantime squeeze the juice of a lemon and chop a tablespoonful of parsley fine, or soak some dried parsley, and mix them with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and after the mackerel is drained spread this butter over it and serve it on a hot dish.

Minute Pudding.—Put a quart of water or more on the stove, add a teaspoonful of salt, let it come to a boil, and stir in flour until it is as thick as mush. To the flour we add baking powder as for biscuit. We were taught to make it with milk and no baking powder, but have learned by experience that this is a better way. There is no danger of its having a burned taste and the baking powder makes it lighter. Eat with sweetened cream or milk.

Corn Starch Cake.—Cream one and one half cupfuls of sugar with one half cupful of butter. Add one half cupful of milk. Mix one and one half cupfuls of flour with one cupful of cornstarch, and sift one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder into it. Then cut and fold into cake the stiffly beaten whites of seven eggs. Flavor to taste. Bake in a moderate oven with a steady heat.

Cream Muffins.—One pint flour, one-half teaspoonful salt; one-half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful cream of tarter; yolks of two eggs, beaten lightly; three-fourths cup cream or enough to make a drop batter; whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Bake in muffin pans and serve very hot.

Johnny Cake.—Four cups of sour milk, in which three cups of cornmeal are soaked overnight. In the morning add a teaspoonful of soda, a tablespoonful of molasses and one egg and beat. Bake in thin sheets in a hot oven for half an hour.

The Reason.

"What is the idea in calling a consultation of physicians?"

"Oh, that's when the doctor who originally took the case can't think of any more excuses to give the family."

Of all the delicate sensations the mind is capable of, none perhaps will surpass that which attends the relief of an avowed enemy.

Among the Kondeh people, who live on Lake Nyassa, in Africa, the favorite form of suicide is to enter the water and allow one's self to be devoured by a crocodile.

GREATER BRITAIN.

The Annexation of a Group of Pacific Islands.

The Solomon Islands Taken Into the English Fold—The Ceremony of Annexation—The Proclamation Read and the British Jack Hoisted—Visit of Ceremony From a Native King—His Peculiar Costume.

Interesting details have come to hand by the Australian mails of the circumstances attending the annexation by Great Britain of a number of islands of the Solomon group, scant news of which was given at the time. When H.M.S. Royalist visited the Solomon islands last year the natives expressed a wish for the establishment of a British protectorate. This was made known to the British Government, and H. M. S. Curacoa, which was selected for the duty of proclaiming the protectorate, left Sydney on the 24th of May with secret orders which were not to be opened until the ship arrived at Port Moresby. Captain Gibson was also entrusted with a large parcel marked "secret contents," which were ordered to be discovered when the secret letters were read. Calling at Townsville en route, the Curacoa arrived at Port Moresby on 30th May, when the secret orders and parcels were opened. The orders contained instructions to proceed at once to the Soloman group, and proclaim a British protectorate. The parcel contained 30 new Union Jacks, which were to be hoisted on the various islands. The Curacoa thereupon sailed away to the nearest island of the group—Treasury Island—arriving there on the 10th June, at 11 a.m. On the following day (Sunday) after Divine service, which was held on board, the captain landed with several officers and a guard of bluejackets. The native King had collected about thirty natives, who watched the proceedings with great interest.

DECLARING THE PROTECTORATE.

Having erected a flagstaff on the beach the declaration of the protectorate was read. Captain Gibson had the declaration interpreted and explained to the King in his own language. The Union Jack was hoisted, the guard saluted and the buglers played the fan-fare, and a feu-de-joie was fired. As the ship was anchored but a short distance from the shore, additional significance was lent to the occasion by the band on board striking up "God Save the Queen" when the Union Jack was run up, the natives expressing the greatest delight. In the afternoon the King and his attendants paid a visit of State to the ship in a war-canoe, the King wearing the Union Jack as a court uniform. Previously he wore no clothing, with the exception of a hat and flannel shirt; but as the climate was warm scantiness of attire was the prevailing fashion. Leaving Treasury Island the same day, the Curacoa steamed for Narovo, otherwise Eddystone Island. The formal work of the declaration having been inaugurated, it was essential that it should be completed with the greater alacrity, lest the vessels of some other power, getting hint of the proceedings, should step in and secure some of the islands. A royal salute was fired when the flag was hoisted, and the natives, in alarm, disappeared; but during the stay of the Curacoa, which extended over twenty-four hours the natives discovered that no harm was intended them, and, regaining confidence, came out from their hiding-places, visiting the ship in considerable numbers. This was the spot at which, last year, Captain Davis, of the Royalist, had a man flogged for kidnapping a boy in connection with the labor traffic, and this event had had the effect of making the natives somewhat afraid of a man-of-war. Hence their scare when the blank cartridges were fired.

OTHER ISLANDS VISITED.

Other islands visited were Ronongo, Gizo, Vella, Lavella, Kulambangra, Wanna Wanna, Savoo, Guadalcamar, New Georgia Rendovo, Florida, Sista, Bulula, Montgomery, Murray, and the Russell group, and it was left to H. M. S. Goldfinch and other vessels of lighter draught than is the Curacoa to raise the flag at small islands. At each place visited a bottle containing the declaration of annexation was buried at the foot of the flagstaff.

The Curacoa was at Port Pinus on Coronation day, June 28, and in celebration of the occasion the ship was dressed with flags and a royal salute fired, greatly impressing the natives. At Sista, Mr. Cummins, a missionary, was taken on board as a guest of the captain. He has 3,000 converts in the islands so much under his influence that they have discarded the use of spears and arrows. The flag was hoisted at various spots in the neighbourhood. In one or two places the chief objected, one saying that the hill tribes would come down and kill him. He was therefore given a copy of the declarations to show to the captains of the other vessels. Another objected on the grounds that it meant giving over the country to the missionaries, who would stop them going to Australia, which they did not like. In this case a copy of the declaration was left with the nearest chief who was willing to receive it. On the 4th July arrived at Bulula, and got information concerning the murder of a member of the crew of the Helena, who was killed while his mate and another man were bartering for copra at Ugi three years ago. Failing to get satisfaction, the Curacoa left, returning two or three days after and frightening the natives by the discharge of blank cartridges. Then twelve live shells were fired into the village of Ubona, destroying the principal huts. The party then landed and set fire to the remaining huts.

An Escape in the Sky.

Once in a while the meteor plunging into the atmosphere of the earth is neither consumed by the heat developed through friction nor precipitated upon the surface of the globe, but pursues its way out into open space again.

Its brief career within human ken may be compared to that of a comet travelling in a parabolic orbit, which, as if yielding to a headlong curiosity, almost plunges into the sun and then hastens away again never to return.

In July 1892, one of these escaping meteors was seen in Austria and Italy. Careful computations based upon the observations which were made in various places have shown that it was visible along a track, in the upper air, about six hundred and eighty miles in length. When at its nearest point to the earth it was elevated forty-two miles above the surface.

From this point it receded from the earth, its elevation when last seen being no less than ninety-eight miles.

Although the resistance of the atmosphere was not sufficient to destroy the motion of this strange visitor, which contented itself with so brief a glimpse of our globe, yet it carried the effects of that resistance out into space with it, and can never shake them off.

No matter what its previous course may have been, the retardation that it suffered during its passage through the air sufficed to turn it into a different direction, and to send it along another path than that which it had been following.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

A Remarkable Story from India About Catching a Postal Thief.

The Times of India publishes a good story of trial by ordeal. The narrator of it some years ago had charge of a postal division on the western coast, parts of which had seldom if ever been visited by a European officer. The people were for the most part simple country folk and very superstitious. One morning the narrator received information that a considerable sum of money, forming part of the contents of the mail from a head to a suboffice, had been stolen on the road. The whole affair was wrapped in a mystery. The only clew the police had been able to obtain was that one runner, whom we shall call Rama, had since the theft paid off certain debts in the village which had long pressed upon him, but there were no other suspicious circumstances, and the man had ten years' good service. As a last resource it was determined to resort to trial by ordeal, and for this purpose an aged Brahmin, who was supposed to possess occult powers and to be in daily communion with the gods, was consulted, and readily undertook to discover the thief. All the runners—a goodly array of sturdy Mahratta peasants—were summoned to the office and under the guidance of a cheyla or disciple of the old Brahmin we all proceeded to a small deserted temple of Mahadeo, situated at some distance from the village. It was a desolate spot and bore an evil reputation. The temple, owing to some act of desecration in the past, had been abandoned and was almost buried among weeds and tangled brushwood.

The hour selected was about 6 p. m. and the long twilight shadows gave the place a weird, uncanny look. The old Brahmin was awaiting us, and as we approached appeared to be busy muttering incantations. The runners all seemed to be more or less under the spell of the hour, but the look of real fright on Rama's face was quite distinct. The Brahmin, having finished his incantations, rose, and, addressing the men, said: "You are about to face the gods; to the innocent the trial will be nothing, but to the guilty much. In the temple a magic wand has been placed on the altar. Each of you must go in by turns, take up the wand, and turn round three times, repeating the name of Mahadeo; the wand will stick to the hand of the guilty one." By this time it was nearly dark. I glanced in through the door of the temple. A solitary oil buttee threw a fitful light on the altar, on which an ordinary bamboo stick about two feet long reposed among grains of uncooked rice and cut limes, the whole sprinkled with red powder. A curtain was drawn across the door, and the men entered one at a time. As each one appeared the Brahmin seized his hands and raised them to his forehead, and then allowed them to pass on and join his fellows. Coming to Rama he went through the same patomime, but instead of allowing him to pass on bade him stand aside. When the last man had gone through the ordeal the Brahmin turned to Rama and said quietly: "Tell the sahib how you stole the money."

To my utter amazement, continues the writer, Rama fell on his knees, confessed that he was the thief, and offered to show where he had hidden the balance of the money. He had succeeded in opening the mail bag without seriously disturbing the seals. The postmaster had not really examined them and so their having been manipulated had escaped notice. Needless to say, the Brahmin was rewarded and poor Rama was sent to repent at leisure in the district jail. Now the natural question is: "How was it done?" Very simply. The temple, the lonely glen, the uncanny hour, the incantations, all were merely accessories to appeal to the superstitions of the ignorant peasants. The "magic wand" was thickly smeared with strongly scented sandalwood oil. Rama's guilty conscience prevented him from touching it, as he firmly believed the wand would stick to his hands, and, his, of course, was the only hand that did no smell of the oil.

He Came At Last.

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "there's a burglar in the house. I'm sure of it."

John rubbed his eyes and protested mildly that it was imagination.

"No, it isn't. I heard a man down stairs.

So John took a box of matches and went down. To his surprise his wife's suspicions were correct. Seeing that he was unarmed, the burglar covered him with a revovler and became quite sociable.

"Isn't it rather late to be out of bed?" he remarked.

"A-er-a-little bit," replied John.

"You're too late, anyhow, because I've dropped everything out of the window and my pals have carried it off."

"Oh, that's all right. I'd like to ask one favor of you, though."

"What is it?"

"Stay here until my wife can come down and see you. She has been looking for you every night for the last twelve years and I don't want her to be disappointed any longer.

An English scientist is quoted as authority for the statement that there are five times as many species of insects as there are species of all other living things put together. The oak tree alone supports 450 species of insects, and 200 kinds make their home in the pine. Forty years ago Humboldt estimated that the number of species preserved in collections was between 150,000 and 170,000, but scientific men now say that there must be more than 750,000, without taking into consideration the parasite creatures. Of the 35,000 species in Europe, however, not more than 3,500 are obnoxious or destructive. There are more than 100,000 kinds of beetles.

POETRY.

Dame Thrift's Sermon.

"Heigho!" sighed the Windmill, "I've so much to do!"
As she labored with slow sails the summer day through;
"I have full twenty bushels of corn grist to grind
Before the sun sets, for my old neighbor Schreind.
I wish Father Wind would just give me a turn!
Sometimes he's the idlest of all idle fellows,
And I can do nothing without his big bellows."

Just then, as he spoke, round the barn gable high,
With a rush and a whistle, a scream and a sigh,
The Wind, brisk and jolly, came rollicking by.
Then began the broad vanes to move merrily round,
The hoppers to fill and the corn to be ground;
And the fat miller chuckled and to himself said—
"This is good! This is just as I wished and I prayed."

Through the cornfield a low murmur rustled the dew,
Each bending ear caught it, and sang, "It is true!
We have feasted on sunbeams and drunk the cool rain,
And breathed the pure air; and now each golden grain
Is brimful of sweetness, and ready to drop
In September's broad baskets a bountiful crop;"
And the robins and bluebirds they echoed the song,
And they tilted the tassels, so silky and strong.

But just then the Wind, that was turning the mill,
Came over the forest and round by the hill.
And, crushing the corn in his hearty embrace,
Threw each little golden ear flat on its face;
And farmer Von Root, looking on with dismay,
Said, Why, what is this? Our good parson did say
We shall have what we pray for. 'Tis strange altogether:
I prayed for a fair day, and here is foul weather."

"Well, well," said Dame Thrift, with engaging Dutch grace,
Bending over the bread-pan her round, rosy face,
As the Wind that came frolicking over the town
Rushed, roaring and tumbling, her broad chimney down,
And sent the smoke puffing and fitfully tore
At the oven's strong latch, and burst open the door—
"Well, well, there's no baking for me, sure, to-day!
But what now, I wonder would Parson Wise say?

"For the Miller, I know, must have prayed for the Wind
To help him his bushels of corn grist to grind;
The farmer, he prayed for a calm sunny day,
To gather his corn in and take up his hay.
And I, way of all things I wanted to bake
My bread and my pudding, my meat and my cake:
For to-morrow is Sunday, the first of the week:"
And she leaned on her elbow and kneaded her cheek.

Then she looked up and smiled; and, "The truth is," said she,
"With our dear Parson Wise I can never agree;
For that Nature, each one's little wants to supply,
Should turn round and alter her laws, I deny.
We must just pray for patience and mercy and love;
These will help us to rise all our troubles above,
And keep cheerful hearts, blow the winds high or low;
And this is my sermon wherever I go."

—[Boston Transcript.

Just Be Glad.

O heart of mine we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know?
What we've met of stormy pain
And of sorrow's driving rain
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—[James Whitcomb Riley.

A Spelling Bee.

You say you that can spell, sir, then be good enough to tell, sir,
How you spell me "parallel," sir, "synthesis" and "semaphore."
And perhaps you will try "ecstatic" and "syncatigorematic,"
"Homiletic" and "hepatic" with an extra dozen more.

Can you spell "cryselephantine," "periphrastic" and "Levantine,"
Or the simple "adamantine," and the "polysyndeton?"
Can you tackle "anchylosis," can you spell "anadiplosis,"
"Enthymeme," "hypotiposis?" If you can, you're getting on.

Such little words as "grieving," "gallimaufry" and "deceiving,"
Oh, there's really no believing what mistakes you sometimes see!
"Pycnostile," "paroxysmal," "caryatides" and "charismal."
Words like these, it's really dismal when they're misspelt at a "bee."

So you'd better learn "enclytic"; can you conquer "analytic?"
With "torentic" and "mephitic," and a "penthemeral" page;
And there's "prestidigitation," "homocercal," "cacchination,"
Oh, it's quite an education to learn orthographic laws!

Some long words anatomic, have a sound that's rather comic,
And for verses palindromic would be simply most absurd,
There's the shorter "peroneus" and "palato pharyngeus,"
"Sterno-cleido-mastoideus"; could you choose a simpler word?

"Hydrostatic," "irridescent," "aromatic," "adolescent,"
"Enigmatic," "evanescent"; these are easy words you see!
"Manducation," "macaronic," "percolation," "geoponic,"
"Annuation," "antiphonic"; there's a merry spelling bee!

—[The Spectator.

It is often those things which appear most excessively plain and self-evident to ourselves, that are for that very reason, the most difficult to explain to others.

Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with all the energy at your command.

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

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1893.

THERE is great dissatisfaction at the action of the Government Agent in spending a portion of the $250 given by the Government for the opening up of Douglas Street on a road outside the town limits(?) He may have felt hurt that the application for this appropriation was not made through him, but it was wrong for him to beg the question in such a manner as to thwart the wishes of the people and the intentions of the Government. Another complaint is that Douglas Street is now in a worse plight than it was before, being left impassable about half way up. There is some talk of calling a public meeting and passing a vote of censure on the committee for leaving the street in that condition. But the committee had nothing to do with it after the citizens' $250 was expended. Will the Government Agent explain the matter?

LOOKING at a map of the Farwell (Revelstoke) townsite published in 1885 we see that the ONLY crossing over the then proposed railway was to be at the north end of Douglas Street. Why this plan was never carried out we cannot tell, but it shows that when the townsite was laid out, and before the railway was built, it was the intention to cross the track on Douglas Street, which was and is the main and central avenue of the town. How Mr. Marpole obtained the right to prevent the citizens crossing at this point we fail to see. It is certain the town must have an outlet northward, so as to reach the cemetery and the Big Bend road. Our Government Agent states that the town limits extend only as far as the railway embankment, and that we have no rights on the other side. If the 1175 acres staked by Farwell comprise the townsite, then unquestionably the town limits do extend beyond the track, as the railway cuts through the townsite, although no streets have been laid out on the north side. But supposing the town limits do not extend beyond the railway embankment, Mr. Marpole and the Government Agent will surely admit that they reach as far as the right of way this side of it. When the railway company make the approaches to the new bridge they will probably want 50 feet of our streets for a new embankment. How will the matter stand then? Whose consent will the company ask before they grab the land they want? In this free(?) country the citizen has to stand as a suppliant with hat in hand and be humbly thankful for any little favor thrown to him by corporations and officials which in the old country are the SERVANTS and not the bosses of the people!

ARMIT & RASHDALL,
New Denver, B.C.
REAL ESTATE & MINING BROKERS
Crown Grants can be obtained direct from the Government for all lots in the town of New Denver.

THE
MADDEN HOUSE,
NAKUSP,
HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.
THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE
Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.
The accommodations of the Hotel are the best.

CENTRAL HOTEL.
ABRAHAMSON BROS., Prop's.
First-class Table, good Beds, Telephone.
FIRE-PROOF SAFE.
BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS AND STEAMERS.

O. & H. LEWIS,
BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.
SUPPERS and BALLS Catered for.
WEDDING CAKE A SPECIALTY.

SOAP.
"Cleanliness is next to godliness."
A NEW SHIPMENT OF STAPLE AND
FANCY SOAPS
to be opened this week.
VINOLIA, RECAMIER, Etc., Etc.
Revelstoke Pharmacy

FRANK BEEGAN,
Grocer, Tea Dealer and Provision Merchant,
REVELSTOKE, B.C.
HAM AND BACON A SPECIALTY.
FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN.

:Astonishingly Cheap:
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A
CARLOAD OF STOVES!
RANGES.—Palace, Gem, Ideal, Jubilee.
COOK-STOVES.—Alberta, Jubilee, Clarence, Florence.
PARLOR STOVES.—Franklin, Evening Star, Keystone, Sultana.
BOX STOVES.—Vulcan, Fulton, &c.

GROCERIES	FLOUR	HARDWARE
PROVISIONS	FEED & OATS	CLOTHING
BOOTS & SHOES	AMMUNITION	MINERS' TOOLS

Consignment of Butter and Eggs received every week.
C. B. Hume & Company,
Revelstoke Station.

LARDEAU
Is situated at the head of the North-East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake. It is the easiest point from which to enter the remarkably rich mines of the Lardeau and Fish Creek Districts. It will have the advantage of both rail and steamboat lines. The C.P.R. will begin the building of a line from Revelstoke to the N.E. Arm of Arrow Lake as soon as the weather will permit. LARDEAU is at the head of navigation on this Arm, and will be the terminus of steamers and that of the Lardeau & Kootenay Railway. There is no question that the Rich Mining Districts which are tributary to LARDEAU will attract thousands of Prospectors and Capitalists during the present season, and that a large town will grow up at that point. The history of Kaslo will be repeated at LARDEAU this year, and investors in Kootenay property should study the situation. Kaslo, in many instances, has already repaid from 500 to 1,000 per cent. to investors.
The wisdom of an investment in LARDEAU is without question.
For further particulars, prices and terms, apply to any of the undersigned.
ROBERT IRVING, Trustee, Broad Street, Victoria.
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.
DAVID F. DOUGLAS, Resident Agent, Lardeau.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY
REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.
Atlantic Express, arrives 10.00 daily.
Pacific " " 16.55 "
Cheapest, most reliable and safe route to Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, Chicago, New York and Boston. Rates $5 to $10 lower than any other other route.
Specially fitted Colonist Cars, in charge of a Porter, for the accommodation of Passengers holding second class tickets. Passengers booked to and from all European points at Lowest Rates.
Low Freight Rates. Quick despatch. Merchants will save money by having their freight routed via the C. P. R.
Full and reliable information given by applying to
GEO. McL. BROWN,
Asst. Gen'l Freight Ag't, V'ncouver.
or to I. T. BREWSTER,
Ag't C. P. R. Depot, Revelstoke.

OLD CLOTHES
Cleaned Repaired, Altered and put in good shape
AT
SAM NEEDHAM'S,
DOUGLAS ST., REVELSTOKE.

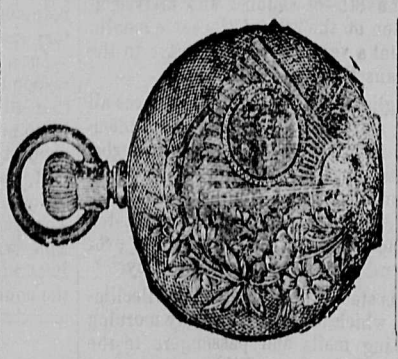
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the
Scientific American
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

G. TERRYBERRY,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH
REVELSTOKE.
REPAIRS TO WAGONS, Etc.
SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

Kootenay Lake
SAW MILL,
KASLO, B.C.
G. O. BUCHANAN, PROP.
LUMBER,
rough and dressed Shingles, Laths, Mouldings, Sashes, Doors, Glass, &c., always in stock.
Capacity 40,000ft. per diem.

Stoves!
Stoves!!
Stoves!!!
Tinware and Hardware by the carload.
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
FLOUR AND FEED
STOCKED REGULARLY FROM THE EAST.
Dry Goods, Clothing,
RIGBY WATERPROOFS -o- -o- GENTS' FURNISHINGS
GENTLEMEN'S,
LADIES' &
CHILDREN'S
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS.
MILLINERY & MANTLES.
THE LATEST IN FALL SHAPES.
TRIMMED HATS,
RIBBONS, TRIMMINGS
AND FANCY GOODS,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
FUR FINISHED MANTLES.
H. N. COURSIER,
REVELSTOKE.

BOURNE BROS,
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
Revelstoke, New Denver and Nakusp.
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, PROVISIONS,
MINERS' SUPPLIES,
STOVES, HARDWARE,
Harness,
BOOTS AND SHOES.
FLOUR, OATS, SHORTS AND ALL KINDS OF FEED.
DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, WALL PAPER, Etc.
Giant Powder kept in stock at New Denver and Nakusp.


GUY BARBER,
the old-established
WATCHMAKER
and
JEWELLER.
—:o:—
Repairing neatly and promptly executed.
All kinds of Wedding Rings, Keepers, &c.

Furniture & Undertaking.
R. HOWSON,
Has a large Stock of Household Furniture, Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, &c.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.