Papers presented to Dr. R. B. [illegible] by R. Matheson

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OKANAGAN MINING REVIEW

Vol. I, No. 7. OKANAGAN FALLS, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1893. $2.00 per Year.

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Assayer to the British Columbia Government of all Specimens sent from the Province to THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1892.

BY THE CAMP FIRES

Inviting Landscape, Rich Grazing Lands and Quartz Claims.

Reported for THE MINING REVIEW.
(CONTINUED)

The traveller who pursues his investigations of the Lower Country beyond the narrows of Osoyoos Lake will leave the hospitable roof of Mr. Kruger with a grateful sense of the advantage he has enjoyed in securing rest and good cheer to enable him to proceed on his way. A general view of his surroundings before getting into the saddle will disclose a beautiful valley in which is a grand sheet of water extending, like the valley itself, down into the realms of Uncle Sam. With the exception of the Government office and lock-up, where Mr. C. A. R. Lambly, the Government Recorder transacts business with prospectors, miners and preemptors and with the assistance of constable Bullock-Webster looks after offenders against the law, no other dwellings are to be seen than those of the Haynes estate farther down the lake. This fact and the general appearance of the country shows him that stock-raising has been the industry from which a livelihood had been sought. In the earlier months of the spring and summer the green rich bunch grass of the valley and hills on either side, dotted over with the prarie sunflowers and syringa roses, will please the eye and delight the senses; but if viewed under the burning skies of late August or early September, when the summer dog-days have laid their blighting touch upon vegetation, the grey sage brush, the darker grease-wood and occassional knots of cactus give a somewhat less inviting appearance. But even these, with the marked contrast furnished by a beautiful sandy beach upon which the tiny wavelets of Osoyoos are lapping, renders it a delightful spot and little wonder is felt that the place is so strongly implanted in the affections of Mr. Kruger and his family. With proper cultivation also, these broad acres would make the best of fruit land, and the future may yet see this wide waste peopled with a happy prosperous population, whose dwellings will relieve the broad expanse at present unmarked by human habitation, but roamed over by cattle, with occassional visits of the festive cowboy. If after nightfall the traveler scans the mountain range on the western side of the valley, he will likely note an occasional camp fire glimmering high up the mountain side, for here too the prospector has been at work and quar.z has been struck of very much the same character as that in Fairview. Messrs. Geo. Enger and W. Kellew have a 7-foot ledge of good-looking rock, and other strikes have been made and claims located. The claims located by Enger, Kellow and party are the Bellevue, Black Horse and Britanic and are known as the Britanic groupe. Captain Adams, of Montreal, and friends also own here the Hope, Golden, Freeman and Austen Friars claims.

It was in 1867 that Mr. Kruger first came to the Narrows of Osoyoos Lake where he was chief factor at the Hudson's Bay post, then carried on at this point. His attention is now principally taken up with his duties as postmaster and collector of Her Majesty's customs, though he also keeps a stock of needed supplies for the Indian trade and that of prospectors, and is licensed to provide the "drouthy" traveler with a mouthful of mountain dew.

Mr. Kruger's location is a good one and many look forward to the time when a town will mark the spot where the road crosses the narrows of Osoyoos Lake. With the dividing up of the Haynes' estate and selling it out in small holdings, and the fact that in addition to the through traffic of the Okanagan to and from the State of Washington, the Similkameen trade may be tapped from this point, while that of Anarchist Mountain and a considerable part of that of the Colville reservation, when thrown open for settlement, will naturally find its outlet here, it will be seen that the hope indulged in of a town at Kruger's is not an idle one.

Leaving the Narrows, now crossed by a bridge recently constructed by the Government, the road passes down the eastern side of the lake and the residence and out-buildings of the late Judge Haynes is reached. The late Mr. Haynes was the pioneer of the lower Okanagan on the British side of the line. His earliest operations in stock-raising here were conducted in partnership with Mr. G. W. Simpson, now of Okanagan Mission. After a few years they repeated the history of Abraham and Lot, the one choosing to chance his future in the Mission Valley, the other taking for his choice the broad meadows traversed by the Okanagan river and Osoyoos lake. At one time Mr. Haynes' herd numbered some 3500 head. The estate is still owned by Mrs. Haynes and managed by her brother, Mr. Harry Pittendrigh.

Leaving Hynes' and following the trail to the left on American soil, a steady ascent is begun, over the open country which marks the hillsides of this part of the Colville reservation and after a few hours' ride in an easterly direction we bear slightly to the north and find ourselves again on British soil nearing the summit of Anarchist mountain at an altitude of about 3600 feet, while that of Osoyoos lake, which was just left behind, was only about 900 feet. To another letter must be left due reference to the ranch of Mr. Sidley and his fellow settlers on the mountain.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MONETARY STANDARDS.

Insufficiency of Gold to Supply the World. What Can Be Done For Silver.

"We agree emphatically with the West and South that silver ought to be a full money metal. The logic that makes gold the standard of value in India cannot rest satisfied until China and South America are on that same basis; and the depressing effect of this successive conquest can but be very severe and very widespread. Gold monometallism cannot stop at the present lines; and its universal adoption would in our judgment be more baneful than a transfer to silver monometallism.

But it does not follow that the American silver party is wise in its practical programme. We think it extremely unwise. Nothing of permanent benefit could be gained by making this an exclusively silver country. The interests that would suffer immediate detriment are so vastly greater than those that would gain, that a reaction would be inevitable, silver would be discredited, and the cause of universal gold monometallism would be tremendously accelerated. What then can be done? For our part we are much inclined to adopt precisely the views expressed in a letter from President E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown University, to the editor of this magazine. Dr. Andrews is a sound economic scholar, and his experience as member of the recent Silver Conference in Brussels has given added prestige to his utterences. His letter is as follows.

"'SIR: It seems to me clear that the commercial world can never again know stability until the pedestal of full money on which the world's business stands is enlarged by the addition of silver to the world's volume of full, final, exportable money. To such restitution of silver to its ancient function I see no safe or sure road save through international agreement; to this there is, to my mind, no other certain means but the cessation of silver purchases by the United States. So long as we continue to purchase silver, Europe will fully expect to see us soon upon a silver basis. That, of course would relieve the silver troubles of Great Britain, Holland, Germany and France for an indefinite time to come, and would render it unnecessary for those nations to take any action on the subject. But if we stop buying silver the gold price of silver will so fall as to render the new British experiment in India a total failure. Another result would be a further appreciation of gold (fall of prices) in England itself, so terrible that the most obdurate monometallist would at last begin to see the ruin which the execution of his theory must entail. In consequence, I believe that Great Britain would be forced to make common cause with us in this most important interest. The other nations of Europe would also join, and the problem be solved. Yours, F. Benj. Andrews.'

"If our Western friends, with whose ultimate view and purpose we have no contention, would but calm themselves somewhat and weigh economic facts more carefully, it would seem to us they would see that the governmental policy of buying and storing silver must be abandoned, and further that free silver coinage cannot, in the true interest of silver, be adopted by the United States alone. It seems to us, therefore, that (1) the Sherman act ought to be abolished; (2) the banking system ought somehow to be revised in the interest of a more responsively elastic currency of bank notes; and (3) we should so shape our policy in general as to bring Europe to a realizing sense of the insufficiency of gold, whereupon (4) we should urge the adoption of an international ratio for the free and unlimited coinage of both [illegible] as full legal tender, and (5) should then make non-enforcible all contracts to pay either gold money exclusively or silver money exclusively."—Review of Reviews.

Money and a Day's Work.

I have read with interest and profit your editorial in the June Century, "Has Gold Appreciated in Value?" It occurs to me that there is a primary measure of value, which you do not mention, but tried by which the value of gold will be found to have deviated but little in thirty years past. I refer to labor,—not the price of labor, but 'days' works.' I have not at hand exact data, but practical miners tell me that the average result from a day's work in gold mining is not perceptibly different from thirty years ago, while the average day's work in the silver mines will produce three times as much as in 1865. On the theory that the natural relative price of commodities is determined by the brawn expended in thr production, while demand is but a modifier of the rule, it would seem that much of the mystery relating to the deviation in values may be explained.—Doane Robinson in the Century.

ALL SORTS.

The largest apple at the World's Fair was sent from British Columbia. It is $16\frac{1}{2}$ in. in circumference and weighs $24\frac{1}{2}$ ounces.

The death is announced at Toronto of Mrs. John Mara, mother of J. A. Mara, M.P., of Kamloops. She was 76 years of age and had resided in Toronto 64 years.

Geo. Dixon, the Halifax negro, still stands at the head of his class in the pugilistic arena. He easily knocked out Solly Smith in seven rounds at Coney Island on the 25th ult.

For the first time since the establishment of a smelting plant in Leadville, not one of the six large ones there is running. The last to close down, the Bi-Metallic, was blown out last week.

Mr. Gladstone severely criticized the members of the House of Lords in his speech at Albert Hall, Edinburgh. He says they represent nobody but themselves and must not be permitted to stand in the way of the country's progress.

At the Vernon fair a bottle of catsup was arrested for working on Sunday, a jar of pickles that got a second prize was very sour over it, and a loaf of bread that got no premium at all was very crusty. Next year, no doubt, the lemons will object to being squeezed in the crowds that will attend.

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THOS. RILEY, Captain

TO CHICAGO VIA CANADA.

What a Scotch Tourist Saw En Route to the World's Fair.

The Scottish tourist, says a writer in *World Travel*, who determines to visit Chicago during the World's Fair will naturally desire to see as much as is possible during the time at his disposal, and to travel as cheaply and as comfortably as he can. He will also desire, if it be at all possible, to see something of Canada. Many schemes for cheap travel have been originated in connection with the World's Fair, and any number of "tours" and "co-operative plans" have been designed, but it is doubtful whether any of these will meet the wants of the great bulk of Scottish tourists. As for cheapness, any level-headed Scotsman can sit down in Edinburgh, arrange his route and buy his steamer and railroad tickets there, and at the end of his journey find that he has travelled cheaper, covered more ground, and got a better idea of Canada and the United States than though he had united with any party or joined in with any scheme.

It is with the view of indicating a route by which Scotch tourists may travel, and by means of which they may include all the advantages above referred to, that the following information is presented.

The ocean passage should be by one of the Allan, Dominion, or Beaver Line steamers, which sail regularly during the summer between Liverpool and Quebec. This trip will occupy possibly ten days, but the steamers are staunch and comfortable, and the time will speedily and pleasantly pass away. As Quebec is neared, the traveller will see some of the grand scenery of the lower St. Lawrence—possibly the most magnificent river in the world.

A couple of days may easily be spent in Quebec, one of the most noteworthy of the cities of the world, and the city in the western hemisphere which has the most historic associations. Its history dates from 1608, when it was founded by Samuel de Champlain. Its fortifications, churches, and quaint streets are worthy of close attention, and among the traditions current are many regarding the old Highland regiments, stories of whose military prowess is a prominent feature in all the legends of the old place. Tourists should not fail to visit the Plains of Abraham, and see the spot where Wolfe died, and either the Falls of Montmorenci, of Lorette, or of Chaudiere ought to be visited.

The next stopping place is Montreal, the commercial metropolis of the Dominion and its largest city. About one-half of its inhabitants are French Canadians, and the municipal government of the city is largely in their hands; but the Scottish population is a large and important factor in the affairs in the city, and most of the financial institutions are run by men who are natives of Scotland or proud of their Scottish descent. The same is also true of a large proportion of the mercantile establishments, and, indeed, it is generally admitted that Montreal owes its commercial supremacy mainly to the enterprise, shrewdness, conversation and honesty of those of its citizens whose birthplace was "the land o' cakes."

There is a great deal to be seen in Montreal, and the visitor can spend two days or a week in it as his time permits. The view from the summit of Mount Royal, from which the city takes its name, is one of the finest on the American continent, and on one of its sides is the principal cemetery. There is an abundance of hotels, from the Windsor at 16s. a day, to a score or more where the rate is about 5s.; and a cab may be hired for about 16s. a day, and the driver will generally be found an honest [illegible] consideration) will not only act as guide, but will see that his patron is not overcharged at any of the places he may visit. Notre Dame Cathedral and the ecclesiastical structures of the city deserve careful study, and such places as M'Gill University (founded by a Scotsman) will be found full of attractions. Visitors should get a local guide book and note the principal places, buildings, and routes, for these are too many to be enumerated here. But such places as the Victoria Bridge and the Lachine Rapids should be seen even though the tourist can only spare a single day for the inspection of this beautiful and remarkable city.

The westward journey can be diversified by a trip on the St. Lawrence River to Kingston, but as the tourist may be a little tired of water travel, he had better perhaps go by rail to Ottawa, the official capital of Canada. It is a pleasant ride through a country which has thoroughly been converted from a wilderness into a succession of fruitful farms. The Government buildings are the main attraction at Ottawa. The scenery around it is very beautiful, but the city itself has no reason for existence beyond the political one of being the centre of the Executive and Parliamentary Government of the country. The vice-regal residence at Rideau Hall is a rather mean and ramshackle structure, although its interior is comfortable and its appointments and furniture elegant. One day will be sufficient for seeing Ottawa, but there the tourist should rest for the night, and take an early train on the following morning for Kingston, a city second in importance in the history of Canada only to Quebec. Near Kingston are The Thousand Islands, and, if possible, a day should be devoted to their inspection. In the city itself there is not much to be seen, although its educational institutions are worthy of inspection. Leaving Kingston, the railroad journey is a very interesting one, with Lake Ontario on the one side, and what is generally spoken of as the Garden of Canada, on the other. This is the earliest populated section of the Dominion, and the flourishing farms, prosperous townships, and thriving villages which are passed in rapid succession are the result of stern work and dogged perseverance of many generations. Such places as Cobourg, Port Hope or Whitby, which are passed, are fine provincial towns, but when the train rolls into Toronto, a town is reached which is certainly the Queen city of Ontario and destined at no very distant date to be the commercial metropolis of Canada. Toronto lies on Lake Ontario, and is in every respect a beautiful place. Its buildings are imposing, its streets are wide and regular, and it has an appearance of business prosperity which is equalled in no other town in Canada except Montreal. It has many fine hotels, and at any of them a guide-book can be obtained, which will give the visitor an idea of where to go and how to go to every place worth seeing. Here is in every other town in Canada, the Scotch element comes to the front, and a kindly, hospitable lot the Toronto Scots are.

A trip across lake Ontario lands the traveller at Lewiston, under the stars and stripes, and from Lewiston a short railroad trip along the bank of the Niagara River, passing through the Niagara Gorge, brings the visitor to the village of Suspension Bridge on the banks of the famed Niagara Rapids. The village of Niagara Falls is about two miles away, and near it are the Cataracts from which it takes its name. If the visitor is economical, he will take up his quarters at one of the hotels in Suspension Bridge, and make his way to the Falls by a horse car; but in the village of Niagara Falls he will find plenty of hotels—if money is no object to him. Three days ought to be spent around the Falls. The first day should mainly be devoted to a general trip, and the best way is to hire a conveyance at the hotel and make a bargain for seeing everything—American Falls, Horse-Shoe Falls, Goat Island, the Sister Islands, and all the other attractions on both the American and Canadian sides—and leave the driver to act as guide. The second day should be devoted, first, to a pedestrian tour in Prospect Park (where the best view of the Falls is to be obtained) and Goat Island; then a trip on the "Maid of the Mist," which sails on the river as close to the Falls as is possible, several hours can be spent in rambling through the Queen Victoria Park—in sight of the Falls—and a return to Suspension Bridge village can be made either by the "Maid of the Mist" ferry, or, what is better still, by crossing the new suspension bridge that almost hangs over the basin of the cataracts. The third day might be devoted to a carriage ride along the upper rapids, and possibly to a restful trip to some particular point, say, to a lounging survey of the many beauties of the Sister Islands.

At Suspension Bridge village a train can be had for Chicago, giving the privilege of stopping at Hamilton, a Scotch town, as its name indicates. From there the route carries the visitor along the shore of Lake Erie, through a rich agricultural country, dotted with such thriving towns as Simcoe, Paris, St. Thomas, and London, until Windsor is reached. There a farewell look may be taken of the Dominion, for across the river is Detroit, and the remainder of the journey, as here outlined, is in United States territory.

As the purpose of this article is to show that a visit to the Chicago Exhibition may easily include a run through Canada, and also to indicate the attractiveness of such a run to Scottish tourists, it is only necessary to briefly outline the remainder of the route.

Don't be Discouraged.

Don't be discouraged if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realized. The path of life appears smooth and level, but when we come to travel it we find it all up hill and generally rough enough and one series of obstructions. The journey is a laborous one and beset with difficulties, and whatever our condition, we shall find it to our disappointment if we have built on any other calculation. The incidents which will come to dampen our ardor as we struggle along to reach the zenith of our ambition must be met manfully, with courage and cheerful submission to the interventions we did not anticipate and for which we are not responsible or blameable. To accomplish our purpose we must push along and "elbow our way" through the great crowd or be trampled upon by the cavalcade of pushers behind us. Keep hoping and striving is the best way. It may be hard and is always more or less venturesome, and with a will the summit can be obtained. Don't let a "failure" or two discourage you nor disheaten you in your efforts to keep a little in advance of your neighbor on your way to reach the desired goal. Accidents will happen and miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, which is the wind that blows down our corn and sometimes our fences; right them up and crack your whip to regain your place and resume your vantage ground. It is worth while to remember that fortune is fickle [illegible] in April weather; not always clear nor fair weather for your plowing and seeding, and it would be folly to despair of not seeing the sun again, because to-day is stormy, or the weather bureau tells you it will rain to-morrow. This would be unwise and foolish. Take what comes, though "fortune frowns." This you cannot avoid, but trust her for she will smile and smile again.

Do not be discouraged it you are deceived in the people of the world whom you have most befriended; they are more often than otherwise "rotten to the core." From such sources as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived, and you will justly feel the venom of the adder's sting. But to such as these you will become accustomed, and they will lose the novelty and "charm" they had over you before you grow very gray, and you will learn to trust them more cautiously, or rather distrust them altogether, as you shall examine their character more closely before you allow them to further injure you. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward—turn not to the right nor the left! Let "forward march" be your motto—fearless of storms and misadventures—as the intrepid soldier advances to the field of victory to unfurl the trium flag of his country. Consult your conscience rather than the opinions of men first; and afterwards consider their opinions the the better to adjust your compass. The opinions of good men should always be regarded. Be industrious, be sober, be honest, dealing in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising an obliging and friendly spirit in your whole intercourse; and if you do not prosper as your individual associates in the battle for individual success, depend upon it you will at least be as happy as they in the consciousness that you have improved your opportunity to the best of your ability.

Payment of Members.

Now that the Imperial Parliament has resolved upon the payment of its members anything bearing upon the subject is considered interesting over there. A parliamentary paper just issued gives the various amounts paid to legislators in the different colonies. In Newfoundland members receive an allowance of $120 a session, but have neither travelling expenses nor free passes on railways. In Australia and the Cape, where railways are controlled by the colony, members have in all cases free railway passes, and in some cases it is made a condition in the contract for the mails that the mail coaches shall carry members free. In Natal an allowance of 1*l.* a day is paid during the session. Members of the Cape Parliament receive one guinea a day, and to those living at a distance from the Parliament house an additional allowance of 15s a day for personal expenses is paid. Members of the Legislative Council of New Zealand receive 150*l.* a year, and of the House of Representatives 240*l.* a year, with reasonable travelling expenses, but deductions are made for non-attendance. In Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria, salaries of 300*l.* a year are paid. In Ottawa the rate is about $10 a day during the session; in Ontario it averages $6 a day; Quebec, $600 the session. Payment in Nova Scotia is $500 a session. This rate is also paid to members of the Legislative Assembly of the North West Territories with travelling allowances

In these days of bank stringency it takes an artist to draw money.

A Determined Prisoner.

One of the most remarkable cases of escape from prison was that of Baron Trenck, who, for a political offence and out of personal enmity, was imprisoned by King Frederick the Great in the fortress of Glatz. The baron was hardly twenty years old when his imprisonment began. The first time that he escaped he cut the bars of his cell with a knife of which he had made a toothed saw, and let himself down from a window by a rope made of strips of leather from his travelling bag and pieces of a sheet. He fell into a bog that surrounded the citadel. When he had sunk in the mud up to his lips he had to call the sentinel, and was taken back to a cell.

Eight days later he seized the sword of the prison inspector, fought his way to a rampart, and jumped to the ground without injury; but in his flight he was caught by the foot in a palisade long enough to be recaptured. He was dragged back to prison pierced with bayonets and half-dead, but had hardly recovered from this adventure before he made another attempt.

He and a companion eluded their gaolers and jumped from a rampart. His companion broke his ankle. In Tenck's delicate looking figure were the muscles of an athlete. He took the disabled man on his shoulders, and ran with him for a quarter of an hour. He crossed a stream and wandered about a mountain in the snow all night. He thought he was far from Glatz, and his heart sank when he heard the Glatz clock strike four.

However, he was not discouraged. He seized two horses from a peasant, and with his companion rode away at a gallop until they reached Bohemia and safety.

Eight years afterwards Trenck was imprudent enough to go to Danzig on business. He fell into the king's hands, and was hurried away to Magdebourg prison, [illegible] his imprisonment was more terrible than any of the others. His cell was a mere niche in the wall. It was almost pitch dark. He was given just enough bread and water to keep him alive.

The horrors of this captivity developed his ingenuity and perseverance almost incredibly. He broke one of the bars of his cell, and made of it an instrument with which he cut a hole in the wall. He succeeded in concealing the hole from the gaolers. The debris made by the work he crumbled to dust beneath his feet, or made into balls which he blew out of the loop-hole through a paper blowpipe. It was a work of infinite care and patience.

At the end of six months the hole in the wall was large enough for him to escape through it. Then it was discovered. The night on which Trenck expected to escape he was transferred to another cell. This cell had been planned for him by the king himself.

Now the very idea of escape seemed insane, but Trenck's courage was not exhausted. He had been able to hide a knife from the gaolers. With this he picked the locks of three of the dungeon doors. In picking the fourth his knife broke. That was too much. With the broken knife he opened veins in his arms and legs, and lay down to bleed to death.

After a little while he roused from the lethargy into which he had sunk, and in a fit of fierce anger demolished the masonry of his cell and made a barricade of it. He determined to die behind this like a soldier. When the gaolers came he fought like one demented, and they offered him terms. Trenck surrendered his barricade as if it had been a citadel.

Then followed another horrible period of imprisonment. Later a new warden was appointed, and Trenck was treated less cruelly. Now he secretly constructed a subterranean gallery 37 feet long. A [illegible] to test Frederick's generosity.

He proposed to the warden that on a certain day at a certain hour he and all the prison officials should come to his cell. He promised that they should find the cell empty, and that he would appear among them from the outside of the prison. They laughed at him.

Then, before his astounded gaolers, Trenck threw off his chains as if they had been a garment, showed them his tools, lifted the pavement of the floor, and showed them his subterranean passage, as neatly built as if it had been the work of an engineer.

This time admiration accomplished what pity had never been able to do. Frederick pardoned him, and after nearly twenty years of cruel imprisonment Trenck was a free man. In 1794, for some political offence, he was executed in France.

The New Colonial Party.

Whatever name may be given to the new political organization just formed in England for the furtherance of colonial interests in the imperial parliament there is undoubtedly a wide field of useful work before it. In far distant Australia and New Zealand, as well as in the British House of Commons, beneficial movements may be pushed forward. At the preliminary meeting mention was made of the necessity for improved cable communication with the Colonies, the abolition of the postal anomalies, the cessation of the transportation of French convicts to New Caledonia, and reform in the appointment of Colonial governors. Many other matters might be readily suggested as tending towards the realization of the great idea of Imperial Federation towards which Lord Rosebery looks forward. Near at hand, and with a promise of immediate benefit, lies the Ocean Penny Post, which Mr. Henniker Heaton supports so energetically from the fulness of his knowledge of Australian life. Sir John Gorst owes much of his all-round knowledge of men and affairs of state to the diversified Colonial experiences that he passed through. In this country Mr. Blake's failure as a politician was due to lack of sympathy with his party and not to any want of ability. If Sir John Thompson could journey from Ottawa to Paris to take part in the Behring Sea arbitration, why may not a Canadian Minister of the future travel to London to sit with the rulers of the Empire in the British Parliament? Let the door be opened, and we have the examples of Sir Henry Parkes and Sir John Macdonald to prove that men of strong character will not be lacking. This, however, is looking into the future. For the present, we are glad to see that the new party proposes to begin quietly. It will embrace all members of the House of Commons who happen to be connected with self-governing colonies. Instead of interfering with, it will help on any work of the official representatives of Colonial governments in London. Had such a party been in existence a year ago Sir Charles Tupper would not have had to struggle almost alone against the Imperial Board of Agriculture, which continues to forbid the importation of Canadian live cattle. A compact group of Colonial members, acting together for the common good, should be able to render real and lasting service to the State.

"Life is a song," said some poet, and he told the truth. But it is a sad reflection that a man may make his existence as obnoxious to society as some popular tunes get to be.

THE THUGS OF INDIA.

Wholesale Murder by Men Whose Religion Was Enmity for the Human Race.

Thuggee, summarily defined is, or rather was, a profession by which, century after century, thousands of Indian males, Brahmins, as well as Mohammedans, bound themselves by the most solemn oaths, and under religious ceremonies carried out with the sublimity attaching of old to the Eleusinian Mysteries, to unite in secret societies whose purpose it was to punish the human race, and thus to merit the approbation of Bhowanee, by whom men and women are abhorred. This punishment took the form of enticing rich travellers to become the companions of armed bands of Thugs, who, pretending to be merchants, or soldiers seeking service with the Nizam, or with Holkar, Scindiah, or others among the powerful feudal princes, offered protection and companionship to defenceless bunneas, or traders, to sahoucars (sowcars) or bankers, to zemindars on the road to big cities laden with rupees, bars of silver, or bills of exchange, which they had received in payment for their crops. Even professional robbers, or dacoits, were followed for days and nights by wary bodies of Thugs, who attacked and murdered them when a convenient spot in the road or jungle was reached, and robbed them of their plunder.

All this homicide was wrought by the simple agency of a silk handkerchief flung from behind over the head and throat of a victim, who was

INSTANTANEOUSLY STRANGLED,

and in most cases his or her neck dislocated by the dexterous application of the bhuttote or strangler's knuckles, under the victim's ears. One essential preliminary to the successful and undetected perpetration of all these countless crimes was that the lugghaes, or grave diggers, attached to each band of Thugs were sent in advance by the commanding officer—the organization of these bands was strictly military—to an indicated spot some miles ahead, in order to prepare the grave for the victims about to be murdered. Great skill was shown in selecting a fitting spot for the execution of the murders and the preparation of the grave, so that no evidence of the crime should meet the eye. The spot selected was often on the edge of a bushy stream where the unconscious victim was asked to descend from the vehicle in which he wa, travelling, so as to lighten the load of the bullocks or horses which had to climb the high bank on the other side. Scarcely had the poor wretch's foot touched the ground before the deadly handkerchief was round his neck, and the foul deed was accomplished. The burying party then ran forward, caught up the body, and carried it to the grave prepared for it, either among the bushes or rocks, or in the bed of the stream. Every member of the murdered man's party or escort, including women and children, was killed simultaneously, by other bhuttotes, or stranglers, and within a few minutes the bodies of all were buried together in one long and deep grave, into which huge rocks were flung, to prevent the keen-scented jackals from burrowing down and devouring the prey.

The murderous band of robbers then betook themselves once more to the road after a delay of a few minutes, and such was their knowledge of the country in which they were operating that, under the dexterous guidance of their leaders, pursuit was

VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE.

Scouts were continually thrown out in advance, on the flank, or in the rear of "Bhowanee's faithful children," and such [illegible] lives of thousands of rich victims were sacrificed year after year that for centuries total immunity, not only from punishment, but even from suspicion, was the reward accorded by Bhowanee and her bloodthirsty husband, Siva, to these scourges of the human race.

Meadows Taylor, in his three volumed work entitled "Confessions of a Thug," tells us that most of the information supplied in his work came from a ruffian called Ameer Ali, who told him that, before he turned informer to save his worthless life, he had, as a Thug, put to death with his own hand 719 victims. "Ah! Sahib," he added, regretfully, "If I had not been in prison for twelve years, the number would certainly have been 1,000." When Ameer Ali was five years old his father and mother were killed by Thugs. The boy was spared through the interposition of one of the band, and was reared as a Thug. A chapter in Meadows Taylor's work tells how Ameer Ali's father had persuaded a rich sowcar to accompany the band of Thugs which the old man commanded from the sowcar's home in Nagpoor to Hyderabad, whither they were all bound. The sowcar imagining himself to be in honest hands, informed the head of the band of murderers that he was about to carry a

GOOD DEAL OF TREASURE

together with some valuable jewels and merchandise, from Nagpoor to Hyderabad. "Just at nightfall," said Ameer Ali, "the sowcar came to our camp in a small travelling cart, with two servants and three ponies on which his tent and baggage were laden, and with ten bullocks and their drivers. Altogether there were eight men, including the sowcar. He was a large, unwieldy man and I thought him a good subject for my first trial. My father, to whom I mentioned my thoughts, was much pleased with me. * * * Daily did I repair to my instructor, an old and accomplished bhuttote, in order to make myself perfect in my profession. Our journey lay through the richest manufacturing districts of Hindostan until we approached Oomraotie, between which and Mungloor three stages interpose. "Soon," whispered my father to me, "I shall decide on the place for ending this matter, among some low hills and ravines not far ahead." The guides were called in and gave a very clear description of a spot admirably adapted for our purpose. I now felt that my time had almost come. Perhaps it was a youth's weakness, but from that moment I kept out of sight of the sowcar as much as possible. An involuntary shudder crept over me when I did see him; but it was too late to retract and I had a character to gain. It was generally known throughout our band that I had the sowcar assigned to me, and all looked forward to my first trial cheering and encouraging me with a few words whenever I drew near them. The handkerchief was then intrusted to me by the Gooroo, with the solemn words: "Take this sacred weapon, my son; put thy heart into it. In the holy name of Kalee Bhowanee, I bid it do thy will!"

"We remained in conversation some time, and then threw ourselves on our carpets to snatch a brief rest. Before long we were roused, and all moved out together.

THE NIGHT WAS BEAUTIFUL,

the road excellent, and we pushed on in high spirits. The booty we were about to secure, the tact with which the whole affair had been managed, would mark it as an enterprise of superior craft and skill We had proceeded about two coss (four miles) when one of the scouts made his way to my father's side. 'Is the hole cleared?' asked my father. 'Inshalia, it is. See you yon dark outline of hills? A stream runs from them, and in its bed we have made the bhil, or burying place. You will say we have done well. It is half a coss (one mile) from here' All were warned to be silently at their posts, and each man or pair of men hung close on the rear of those assigned to them. A man came from the front, whispered a few words to my father, and again went his way. From the top of a bank we looked down upon a small stream, with high and steep sides. This I felt intuitively was the spot, and at that dread moment my father, in a low voice, murmured 'Hooshiaree!' (caution). He then went to the side of the cart and represented to the sowcar that the bank was so steep and the bed of the stream so stony, that he would have to descend. He did so, and the whole scene is now before me. The bullocks and their drivers were all in the bed of the little stream urging on their beasts; but it was easy to see that every stranger had a Thug behind him, awaiting the signal. At that supreme moment I eagerly clutched the fatal handkerchief and kept within a foot of my unconscious victim. 'Jey Kalee!' shouted my father. It was the signal, and I instantly obeyed. Quick as thought the cloth was round the wretch's neck. I seemed endued with superhuman strength.

I WRENCHED HIS NECK,

deep into which I had thrust my knuckles; he struggled convulsively, and was dead before he touched the ground. I was mad with excitement; my blood boiled. One turn of my wrists had placed me on an equality with others who had followed our holy profession for years. * * *

"We descended into the bed of the stream, and were led to the grave. We proceeded along the bed for 100 yards, the eight bodies being carried each by a couple of men. Passing through thorns, which tore our garments at every step, and in profound darkness—the moon could not pierce the dense foliage above our heads—we came suddenly upon the grave. There was only one big hole—it occupied almost the whole breadth of the stream. It was very deep; the lugghaes were sitting at the end, sharpening their stakes wherewith to pin down the bodies. My father complimented the diggers upon their dexterity. 'This,' he murmured, in a low, clear voice, 'is a grave that would baffle even the nose of a hyena.' As each body was thrown in an incision was made in the abdomen, through which stakes were driven, and in this way room was made for the gases to escape, so that the corpses might not swell. The hole in the bushes through which we had crept was closed with great care, and after the grave had been filled with huge rocks and stones, and covered with prickly bushes at the top, we turned and went on our way without a word. The hindmost man broke off a thickly leaved branch, and, trailing it after him, obliterated every footmark in the dry sand."

Cholera in Europe.

From nearly every country of Europe, and also from Egypt and Arabia, we have had reports of the existence of cholera within the past month. Its ravages in Russia, where it first appeared in the spring of last year, have continued ever since that time, and are even more widespread now than they were in the summer of 1892; they were distressing in Italy during the past month, but they are now lessening; they have for weeks been severe in Austria-Hungary, especially in the Hungarian part of the empire; they have decreased as the disease advanced westward, entering Germany, [illegible] Holland, Belgium, Antwerp, and Great Britain, in which five countries there have been between two hundred and three hundred cases, about one-third of them fatal. In England, the place most seriously affected is the port of Grimsby; in Holland, it is Rotterdam; in Belgium, Antwerp; in France, Nantes; in Italy, Palermo (since the subsidence of the disease in Naples); and in Germany, perhaps Berlin, though the cases there have been few. We have not heard of more than one case at Hamburg this year, and that was in July. The infected places in which we are most directly interested are, of course, those at which emigrants take ship for this continent, and these at this time are, Autwerp, Rotterdam, and Marseilles. There is never any emigration from Russian ports; there is not any now from Italian ports; there is not any from the small English port of Grimsby. But it is unusually large this year from Antwerp, Rottendam, and Marseilles. The Jewish Russians who are debarred from Hamburg go to the Belgian and Dutch ports; many Italians go to the French port on the Mediterranean. Every week immigrant-carrying ships arrive in New York from one or other of these ports. The Russians aboard of them are from a country in which cholera has been epidemic for eighteen months; the Italians may be from the infected regions of Italy. They are all, of course, inspected before they can procure passage tickets; and it is said that it would hardly be possible to keep a closer and more rigid supervision over them than is kept constanly at the port of New York. The sanitary authorities of all the countries and cities of western Europe are displaying remarkable energy this year in the enforcement of measures against the cholera. The recent discoveries in science are of great service to them; and the system of sanitary co-operation that was provided for last year, has proved to be especially advantageous this summer. Never before during all the ages of the ravages of the great Asiatic plague has it met with such resistence west of the Black and Baltic seas as in the year 1893. The results thus far have certainly justified the maintenance of this resistance. It calls for the utmost vigilance on the part of the Canadian authorities along the border, to prevent the entrance of immigrants from the infected European ports until after the most careful inspection.

Professor Huxley was formerly a naval surgeon.

United States Acting Attorney-General Whitney has declared that bicycles are personal effects, and are entitled to free entry into the country as such, when necessary to the comfort and convenience of the owner.

Dr. Bosse, Prussian Minister of Public Worship, has announced in a circular that children whose families have no religious faith need not receive religious instruction in the Public schools except at the request of their parents.

Letters just received in England from an officer of Emin Pasha's expedition confirm the report of the murder of Emin, and announces the finding of a box of his despatches written shortly before he was murdered.

Jones—"Robbins gave me this cigar.—Brown—"I don't blame him."

Nearly twice as much coal is used in England as in any other country, in proportion to population.

More than one-third of the total revenue of the United Kingdom is derived from alcohol and tobacco.

ROASTED HER CHILDS HAND.

Held It on a Hot Stove Until It Burned Nearly to the Bone—Mrs. Agnes Branch Accused of Fearful Cruelty.

A despatch from New York says:—A case of great cruelty to children was brought to light in Orange, N. J., recently. Mrs. Agnes Branch, colored, who lives at Orchard and South-streets, beat her 7 year-old daughter most cruelly, and held the child's hand on a hot stove till the flesh was terribly burned.

The woman was married in Virginia where she had two children, George and Maud. The former is 8 years old and the latter 7. Some years ago the mother left these two children in care of her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Griggs, and came to Orange. There she was married to Branch, by whom she has two children, a boy and a girl.

On Aug. 15 Mrs. Griggs went to the Orange Police Station and asserted that her daughter had beaten the children with the hickory rocker of a hobby horse and that the girl was a mass of bruises.

Mrs. Branch was arrested on Aug. 16 and taken before Judge Davis, but the grandmother was prevailed upon by her daughter not to press the charge. Two days later Mrs. Branch again beat the children terribly, and she was arrested and put under $200 bonds. Mrs Griggs left the house and is living in Canfield-street.

On Thursday Mrs. Moody, who lives on the floor above the Branch family, went to the station house and reported that the abuse of the children had continued. She said that the mother had on that day not only beaten her children terribly, but had taken the hand of the little girl and placing it on the hot stove held it there, despite the struggles of the child, till the flesh was burned almost to the bone.

Detective Conroy went to the house and found the mother absent and the children there. He drew from the little ones their story and found that the report had not been exaggerated.

George and Maud presented a pitiful sight yesterday morning. Their cadaverous faces told of misery and lack of food. The little girl was in a pitiable condition. One hand was disabled from the cruel burning, and on one cheek and eye were large black and blue marks. On her head and neck were lumps and scars.

The boy, too, had scars on his head and welts on his body. On the mantelpiece was a buckle strap about two feet long with which the mother had beaten him nearly every night of his life.

A Wonderful Procession.

The most unique procession that has ever taken place in the world's history marked the opening of the world's parliament of religions at the art institute in Chicago on Monday. It was a procession that had a world of meaning in it—one that would have been impossible not many years ago. Jews marched with Gentiles, and Catholics marched with Protestants. The religious beliefs of India, of China and of Japan were represented, as well as those of the English-speaking nations, all attired in their priestly robes and wearing the insignia of their office, marched to the platform while the audience rose and cheered at the sight. First came Cardinal Gibbons, escorted by President Bonney. Then came Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Charles Hennotin, representing the Board of Lady Managers, and then the following with their suites: Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand; Archbishop Dionysios Latas, of Zante, Greece; Rev. John Henry Barrows, of Chicago; Arunbinay Teenan, Count A. Bernstorff, of Berlin; Dr. Carl Von Bergen, of Sweden; Prof. C. N. Charar, D. Dharmapala and P.C. Moosomdar, of India; Rev. Augusta Chapin, of Chicago; Rev. Alexander D. McKenzie, Pung Quang Yu, of China; Dr. E. G. Hirch, of Chicago; Miss Jean Siribi and Khersedji Laugraua, of Bombay; Bishop Bwarnette and Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant. Even more inspiring was the scene when the vast audience arose and joined in singing "Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow," and later when Cardinal Gibbons led those of all nations and all religions in reciting the Lord's prayer. The regular proceedings of the parliament of religions were opened auspiciously by an invocation by Cardinal Gibbons and addresses by President C.C. Bonney and religious lights from various parts of the world. President Bonney, in his address of welcome, said they should all give thanks for being able to take part in so grand a congress, one that so fully exemplified peace and progress and which would have so great an influence on the world. Cardinal Gibbons replying said that though all did not agree on matters of faith, there was one platform on which they were all united, that was charity, humanity and benevolence. He said that he could not impress too strongly on everyone that each was his brother's keeper. That was the whole theory of humanity. If Christ had cried with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" we would still be walking in darkness.

The Greatest Depth to Which a Diver Can Descend.

This varies according to the personal physique and skill of the diver. A depth of 25 fathoms, or 150 feet, is usually considered the ordinary limit for safe working amongst those engaged in that occupation, and it is only divers of the greatest skill, strength, and endurance that can safely descend below that depth, while many are so constituted as would make it unsafe to descend so far. A diver named Lambert descended off the Canary Islands to a depth of 27 fathoms or 162 feet. A much greater depth, however, was accomplished by a diver named Hooper, who made seven descents to a depth of 204 feet, or 34 fathoms, in connection with the cargo of the ship Cape Horn, wrecked off the coast of South America and at one time he remained forty-two minutes under water. Siebe gives the greatest depth to which any diver has been known to descend as 210 feet (35 fathoms,) which is equivalent to a pressure of 88½lb. to the square inch. Slight men of muscular build, with good circulation, sound hearts, steady nerves, and of temperate habits make the best divers. There are great perils in the life of a diver, and the pay when in work is good. A diver in full employment earns about £15 per week, but can earn this amount only in fine weather when the sea is smooth. The question of raising the Victoria has been debated, but as she lies in 70 fathoms, or 420 feet of water, representing a total pressure of about 186lb. to the square inch, it is clearly impossible to raise her by the aid of divers.

Central America has ninety active volcanoes.

The Prince of Wales is an adept at conjuring tricks.

Paper stockings are the latest novelty in Germany.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Story of Eddy, Who Never Was Ready.

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

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

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

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

The First Wrong Act.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I drifted from one thing to another for years. I often resolved to abandon the life I was leading and go back home. But the memory of my first crime kept me back. Two months ago I became a 'tramp,' and begged my way to this place, sleeping in barns and outhouses or under haystacks. You have heard of the burglary here, and I need not repeat that part of my story.

"I have been in this cell a month, and have had time to reflect. My punishment is just. I shall serve out my sentence, and then, with the help of the Almighty, I shall lead a better life. If I ever can win character and station, I shall go back to my father and mother, and try to make some amends for the pain and sorrow I have caused them.

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

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

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

DOES NOT BELIEVE IT.

Dr. Johnston, the African Traveller Thinks Emin Still Lives.

Dr. James Johnston, of Jamaica, West Indies, who is well known in Toronto, but who is now in New York, was asked by a reporter his opinion of the latest story about Emin Pasha's death. The docter said:

"I do not believe Emin is dead. Everything I know about the man leads me to doubt that he could possibly have come to his death in any such way as the foreign despatches tell us. Emin Pasha is a diplomat, skilled in the finest attributes of the art. None knows better than he how to deal with the Arabs and Mohammedans of Central Africa. He knows their leaders, their customs, and their strength and vindictiveness, and he surely would not be foolish enough to go into their fastnesses, as he is said to have done, and wreak summary vengeance on men whose thousands of friends he could be certain would more than pay him back in kind. He is a politician, and there is nothing foolish in his make-up. There is not in Africa a more skillful tactician than he.

"No, you can rest reasonably assured that Emin Pasha is not dead I do not believe it, and will not not until some white man who has seen either his remains or some indisputable proof of his having been killed, comes forward and tells the story.

"These tales of death in equatorial Africa are frequent and unreliable. Most of them come from natives, and a few travellers, who have seen heads exposed on poles have, when they reached the coast, told strange tales of the deaths of explorers.

"I was not far from Emin's locality about eight months ago, and heard from him frequently. He was then a little south of Victoria Nyanza, and everything thereabouts was in perfect peace. He sent me word he had never been on better terms with the Arabs, and that he had regained with the people of Central Africa nearly all the prestige that he had previously lost. His prospects were bright, and there was not a cloud on his horizon of success. These reports of his death are periodical and, as you know from experience, utterly worthless."

A PARSEE MERCHANT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frozen Air.

The recent experiments in France in measuring the temperature of the higher regions of the atmosphere by means of balloons furnished with automatic recording instruments have suggested the question whether the air continues to be "air," in the sense in which we understand it, at a very great elevation from the earth. The diminutions of temperature are so rapid as to indicate that in interstellar space it must sink at least as low as 450° or 500° Fahrenheit below zero, and perhaps much lower.

But at far less extreme degrees of cold than these, oxygen and nitrogen, the principal constituents of air, have been experimentally liquefied and solidified. What then is the condition of the air at heights where the temperature is so low?

M. de Fouvielle answers that the air there "loses its gaseous condition and becomes changed into a series of minute crystals or drops which follow the earth in its motion through space, and are constantly vaporized when falling in regions where the temperature is somewhat above their point of liquefaction or evaporation."

What an astonishing thing, in its effects, is temperature! On the earth iron is a solid, in the sun it is a vapor; temperature makes the difference.

At the equator water is always a liquid, in the polar regions much of it is continually a solid—difference of temperature again.

The air we live in is gaseous at and near the surface of the globe, but if M. de Fouvielle is right, at an elevation of a few miles above the ground air is either liquid or solid, or both. And once again variation of temperature plays the chief part in producing differences in condition.

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

HE DRIVES WILD GEESE.

Dr. McBride and His Queer Aerial Travelling Outfit.

Dr. R. C. McBride of Orange, Va., probably drives the queerest team ever put to harness since that golden day when young Phaeton ran away with his father's celestial outfit and set the world on fire. Writing of his novel team the doctor says:

"If you will allow me space in your columns I will give for the interest of your readers my experiments with a team of five wild geese raised on my farm in Virginia. I was given by a friend living on Chesapeake bay a pair of wild geese, and from them raised eleven the first year, five of which were ganders. I commenced training them as soon as hatched by driving them about the yard tied together, and soon got them so I could guide them with perfect ease. I then made for them a harness consisting of a piece of leather to fit over the breast and top of the neck. The traces were fastened to that on either side and held in place by a thin strap that encircled the entire body just in front of the wings. The traces then joined each other eighteen inches behind the goose and were fastened to the end of a cross bar made fast in the center to a strap which represented the pole or tongue of the weight to be drawn, they being hitched like a five-horse team and held together by a little strap joining the two collars of the geese opposite each other. I then constructed a little wagon and began teaching them to draw it, which they did with but little trouble, pulling easily, after they were 1 year old, thirty pounds apiece, 150 pounds.

"There is a lake near my place over a mile in circumference and I had made for them a light skiff of tin, weighing only twenty-eight pounds, and began boat riding by letting them draw me over the water by swimming. Then I commenced teaching them to fly, and in a few days I could skim over the water at the rate of one mile a minute. It is an experience never to be forgotten and something to be perfectly enjoyed. I can guide them with perfect ease and have them as much under my control as a pair of gentle horses.

"Last winter I made of light, well-seasoned wood a little frame with steel runners—a tricycle sleigh—and made a mile and a quarter per minute on the ice, riding in a circle. The feeling of going at that rate through the open air is something grand and wonderful. The wind whistling by your ears like a tornado, causing the tears to flow thick and fast, made it necessary for me to use a glass over my face to keep from freezing.

"I am now completing a balloon, oblong in shape, that will just bear my weight, and intend visiting the world's fair in September, making an aerial trip, and will there exhibit my team by flying in a circle over the fair grounds. I think I can make thirty miles an hour against a wind blowing twenty-five miles, and keep up that rate for ten consecutive hours. I shall offer the use of my team to Capt. Symmes to make his Arctic trip with. After he has gone as far north as he can by water he could then, in ten hours, the wind being favorable, with my aerial team, leave his steamer and go 300 or 400 miles north, make observations and return to his vessel to supper. I have other suggestions to make Capt. Symmes of far more importance, if he wishes, and will correspond with or meet him at Chicago the latter part of September."

Shocking Scene at an Execution.

Australian papers to hand give shocking details of the scene at the execution of George Martin Archer, alias Fuller, at Darlinghurst Jail, Sydney. Archer was at one time among the foremost of Australian jockeys. He had been convicted of the murder of a woman named Emma Harrison, at a place called Woolloomooloo last March under circumstances of terrible brutality. The victim was first outraged and then strangled to death. After a sensational trial, lasting over five days, Archer was convicted of the crime, and sentenced to death. He fervently asserted his innocence to the last. In an interview with his wife on the day before the execution, he said the detectives had sworn his life away. The execution was fixed for nine o'clock, but it was ten minutes after that hour when Archer, perfectly composed, emerged from the condemned cell and walked to the scaffold, hand in hand with Mr. Meagher, his solicitor and friend. Arrived at the scaffold he, being granted permission to to say a few words, addressed those present. He declared that he died with a clear consience, and added "For being in this position I have to tender my worthy thanks to Sergeant Sawtell and Detective Roche. If they had spoken the truth I would not be where I now am." The white cap was then adjusted, the rope made fast round Archer's neck, and at a sign from the hangman, Howard, the lever was pulled. Immediately a horrible sight presented itself. It was seen that the noose had slipped upwards from the neck, and that the unhappy man was being slowly strangled. He kicked and plunged wildly, giving utterance the while to fearful cries. The spectators and officials were too horror stricken to do anything, and for ten minutes were the unwilling witnesses of a terrible struggle for life. The legal term of twenty minutes had elapsed when the body was cut down, and even then the doctors were not certain that life was extinct. An examination showed that neither the windpipe nor neck were broken, death having been caused by gradual strangulation. The horrible scene indelibly impressed itself on the memories of all present, and great indignation at the bungling of those responsible is felt throughout the colony.

An Improved Gatling Gun.

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

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

Banana Peel on the Sidewalk.

The street car had passed, but to catch it he reckoned,
So he ran like a deer, and shouted and beckoned,
Till he planted his heel
On a smooth bit of peel—
Then he saw half a million of stars in a second.

He was in too great a hurry; better have waited for another car. There are cases, however, where haste is necessary. If you have night-sweats, feverishness, weak, sore lungs and a hacking cough, do not lose an hour in obtaining a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Delay in such cases is dangerous; it may be fatal. Before the disease has made too great progress, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure. In fact, it's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money paid for it promptly refunded.

Early Mention of Niagara Falls.

The St. Louis Republic says: The first historical notices of Niagara falls are given in Lescarbot's record of the second voyage of Jacques Cartier in the year 1535. On the maps published to illustrate Chaplain's discoveries (date of maps either 1613 or 1614) the falls are indicated by a cross, but no description of the wonderful cataract is given, and the best geographical authorities living to-day doubt if the explorer mentioned ever saw the falls, Brinson's work on the contrary notwithstanding. Father Hennepin is believed to have written the first description of the falls that was ever penned by one who had personally visited the spot. The editor owns a map dated 1657 which does not figure either the great lakes or the falls.

An Affecting Incident.

Lord Gillford, flag lieutenant of the Victoria, had to face a trying ordeal at Osborne when the Queen asked him for a minute account of the disaster in the Mediterranean. Her Majesty's strongly emotional nature is less under control now than it was in former days, and as Lord Gillford proceeded with his story the Queen so completely broke down that his narrative had to be postponed until she had in some measure regained her composure. The Sovereign's grief is not to be wondered at, for a direct account from an eye-witness of the fearful occurrence must have been thrilling in the extreme, besides bringing forcibly before the Queen the enormous number of valuable lives which were sacrificed. It is well known that her Majesty is devoted to her navy.

An Important Scientific Discovery.

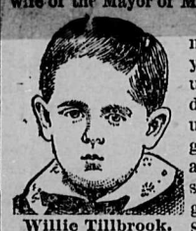
Nerviline, the latest discovered pain remedy, may safely challenge the world for a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulating and counter irritant properties, and at once subdues all inflammatory action. Ormand & Walsh, druggists, Peterboro', write: "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." Large bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline, the great internal and external pain cure. Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

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

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:



Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by **Erysipelas.** We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and **daily growing stronger."**

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

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TEACHERS and older Scholars can make money canvassing for "Farmers' Friend and Account Book." Send for circulars. **WILLIAM BRIGGS,** Publisher Toronto.

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SAUSAGE CASINGS Importations of finest English, constantly on hand, also prime American Hog's Casings. Full lines New Hams, Long Clear Bacon, Rolls, Cheese, Lard, etc. PARK BLACKWELL & CO. LTD., Successors to JAMES PARK & SON, Toronto.

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FREE.
Address **HOPEWELL CLARKE,** Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

Honoring Scott.

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

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

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A. P. 677.

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because it makes fat and gives strength.
It is beneficial for

SICKLY CHILDREN

because they can assimilate it when they cannot ordinary food.
It is beneficial for

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because it heals the irritation of the throat and builds up the body and overcomes the difficulty.

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G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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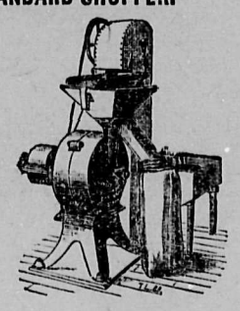

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Okanagan Mining Review

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Okanagan Falls, B. C.

While our columns are always open for the discussion of any relevant subjects, we do not necessarily endorse the opinions of contributors. Anonymous letters will not be published.

OUR PROSPECTOR

On Foot. From Hope to Lower End of Dog Lake.

(CONTINUED)

You can never learn directly from a Chinaman what pay he gets from his claim, but there are indirect ways of arriving at an approximate estimate. When you ask him straight how much he is making a day he shrugs his shoulders and says "Oh, not muchee good, sometime four bitee, sometime one dollah half, that allee samee belee good." This is what he considers wages sufficiently low to protect him from any opposition from the white man, and he says it in the tone expressive of long-suffering humility universally adopted by the gold-washing class of celestials. If John did not make this much at least he would not be there, and the stakes on the gaming table furnish a pretty good criterion of the distribution of wealth in their community. When the claims are paying well no estimate can be formed from any extra expenditure in the way of equipment and operating plant, nor can any evidence be adduced to show that the Chinaman wants a better quality of food or better clothes, for it is "cully and licee all day to-day, and cully and licee all day to-morrow," and the same blue frock and pants and gum boots Sunday and Saturday. But the rent in John's armour of sullen stolidity becomes apparent when he gets entangled in the subtle fascinations of poker and it is then that his hard-earned scratchings and hoardings come to the surface of the board in the chance of making "heap plenty" or being "dead bloke." Of course, Chinamen, like "Chlistians," are not all alike. There are many who are poker-proof and gin-proof both, and can never be caught off their guard. They are financiers and skilful speculators and can see as far into an anvil as any white man, but they are the exceptions.

The game that was in progress that Sunday at the bridge was one that bore evidence of considerable wealth among the parties immediately interested. There was plenty of "dust" on the table, and it certainly was not supplied to any great extent by the white or Siwash participants in the gentle pastime. The gold up on that game came out of the beds of the Similkameen or Tulameen and was caught and held by machinery and appliances of the most rudimentary character. The rich possibility of this locality—the focus of so many gold-carrying streams—is only now beginning to get its fair share of attention. Even the tailings of the gold and platinum from Granite Creek if they have got down this far would be no mean stuff to work. The old bed of the stream, which can be distinctly recognized in the high benches on both sides of the valley, is undoubtedly higher game but would require for their proper development the money and energy of wealthy individuals or well-organized companies. In my judgment such a company as the one now at work need have nothing to fear with Hope at the prow and Chance at the stern.

As the wagon road from Nicola Lake to Granite Creek is now almost completed, the means of getting in supplies will be greatly facilited and the cost of freight reduced. By pack train from Hope the cost of carrying is 5c. a pound for ordinary merchandise but for such things as furniture, which are bulky and awkward to carry, as much as 7c. a pound is demanded. My advice to the good people of this neighborhood—and they can take it or leave it alone as they choose—is that they "get an everlasting mighty big hump on themselves" and be prepared to feed, clothe and accommodate with comfortable lodging the great influx of fortune-seekers that the next spring and summer will bring to their doors. That such an important district should be beholden to a few Chinese for the only store in the place and to the Siwashes for oats, hay and garden produce is a state of things that cannot long continue, and the wonder is that it has been so long tolerated.

I had intended to make some purchases of bread and tinned meat at the store but on asking for a loaf was told he hadn't any. The supercilious celestial in charge was standing on the doorstep listening to the harangue of a broad-chested, leather-lunged, old Siwash who was dancing and gesticulating before him as if his life depended on the impression he made. The Chinaman's face was resolute and fixed although his eyes followed every motion of the excited aboriginal. The bone of contention appeared to be this. A sick Chinaman had to be got down to Hope and the storekeeper had made a contract with this Siwash to take him down for $6. But the Siwash had found out that a cowboy had been offered $10 to do the same service and had refused and now was kicking himself for agreeing to do it so cheap. The only provisions I noticed in the store were tinned beef at six bits a can and a quantity of dwarfed onions. Without moving from his position or taking his eye off the Indian he asked if I wanted any of his corned beef. Declining, and wishing him good day, I resolved to take the chance of replenishing my stock farther on.

At Mr. Allison's, where the post office is, I was kindly provided with pen and ink, but was rather chagrined to find when I had sealed my letter that the mail for the month had just gone out. My anxiety was relieved, however, by the appearance of the old Siwash, who had come to see if Mrs. Allison had any commissions he could attend to for her at Hope. He said he would post my letter there, a promise which he faithfully and expeditiously performed. The now very gentle savage received his instructions in the vernacular from Mrs. Allison, who, although a lady of culture and refinement, is not above using the every-day language of the Siwash. It is as necessary to know Chinook in this country, she said, as to know how to ride a cayuse. People here hardly know what it is to walk, and never think of performing even the shortest journey on foot, so that when a stranger appears among them without a horse he is considered a rara avis. On remarking to the lady of the house that I had not been able to procure provisions at the store, and enquiring where I might be able to secure enough to carry me to Keremeos, she told me that people here just baked enough bread for one meal as a rule, but thought she might be able to dig me up a loaf. Of course she did not use that expression; what she said was that she might be able to find some bread for me although it might be a little hard.

One unconsciously gets into the way of using such expressions as "dig up" for find or get; "pack" for carry, and the like, so much affected by the male portion of this community where the leavening influence of ladies' language is so little felt. Mirable dictu, I had not seen a woman for a week! It seems to me that railway and townsite companies when booming places in the vast interior of British Columbia are guilty of a grave oversight (among much other guilt) in omitting from the advertisements intended to attract the attention of people in the coast cities, the fact that there are hundreds, nay thousands, of respectable, industrious, well-bred, young ranchers and miners in this country on whom a kind of careless apathy and lack of interest in their life and work is settling, which is primarily induced by the almost total absence of female society of the right kind. The towns of the coast have much more than their share of equally well-bred, industrious and respectable young women, ageing (whisper the word) in maiden meditation unattached. Where those companies fail to perform their proper functions is in got providing trustworthy information and rational means of transport between those two great elements of any country's progress. Let them do their part and bring together the two ends of the rope: propinquity, human nature and the parson will do the rest. The gold dust of the wild bench-land requires to have brought to it the quicksilver of civilized places before a proper and profitable amalgamation is accomplished. No country can be stable and progressive, but will always be shiftless and shifting, without a proper distribution of the sexes. In this respect British Columbia stands in as much need of remedial measures as in that of the redistribution of seats in the House, and in the event of the Kamloops convention proving productive of good it will be in order to set about ordering a similar convention equally novel and quite as necessary. Here is the chance of a lifetime for the speculative philanthrophist or M.P.P., who wants to stand well with his constituents. Wagon roads, narrow-gauge railways, bridges and canals all have their hobbyists and lobbyists, but the doughty champion whom everlasting laurels await, who will do battle for the cause of the lonely bachelor of the Interior, has not yet appeared in the lists of political strife.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Untold Mineral Wealth.

Mr. J. H. Thain, of Thaine & Co., of this city this morning showed the World some specimens of gold and silver brought by him from the Granite Creek district from which he has just returned. The nuggets of gold were as good evidence as is required to convince the most skeptical that in the interior of this Province is hidden untold wealth awaiting the industry of the prospector. At Granite Creek the company has staked off several hydraulic claims from which big returns are expected on account of the favorable location and the abundance of water and dumpage. He has also fine specimens of gold and platinum from the newly found bed of the Similkameen to which many miners are now flocking, the discovery of this old-time stream having created quite an excitement. The territory believed to be rich in mineral extends south and east of Princeton, in which vicinity James Orr, ex-M.P.P., of this city, at one time extracted an ounce of gold per day. Hydraulic bench and ground sluicing will shortly be prosecuted and is expected to yield excellent results, fine specimens having been procured which lead to such an expectation.—The World.

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MAIN STREET

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Okanagan Falls
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OKANAGAN FALLS

A New City possessed of a Wonderful Combination of Advantages.

It is the natural Distributing Point for the whole of the Lower Okanagan Valley and the famous Kettle River country.

SINCE the announcement was made that a new City bearing the name of OKANAGAN FALLS, had started into life there have been numerous enquiries bearing on the subject. It has for some time been a SINE QUA NON that a city of importance must spring up somewhere in the Okanagan country, which for several years past has been attracting the attention of capitalists, not only on this continent but in Great Britain as well. Its combination of resources so richly aggregated, comprising mining, grazing, fruit-growing, etc., must of necessity evolve a city in its midst, which will be one of the centres of the Province. This is just as certain as the fact that at the terminus of the C.P.R. on the Pacific coast there was bound to be a sea-port city of importance. The question of location is to be decided by the conditions most favorable to urban growth. These conditions, as will be shown in answer to some of the numerous received, are all comprised in the situation of Okanagan Falls.

One question asked is, "Where and what is Okanagan Falls?" In reply, it is the nucleus of a city, the prospects of which are not surpassed by any other on the Pacific coast; situated at the foot of Dog lake, in the famous Okanagan valley, B.C. Had the conditions for a prosperous and populous city been especially stipulated and ordered as the work of nature, they could not have combined more favorably to produce success. The first and most natural question to arise in the mind of any common-sense man is, "What is there to make a city at Okanagan Falls?" Unless such a question is fully and fairly answered, any person endeavoring to place in the market townsite property, backed up with glittering promises of a rich retnrn, may fairly be regarded with suspicion and distrust. Readers are requested to carefully consider the reasons here advanced in support of the strong faith the promoters have in the future of Okanagan Falls.

In the first place, Okanagan Falls is likely to be the terminus, of the Canadian Pacific & Okanagan Steamboat line; it is in the line of the only possible pass which can be utilized by the C.P.R. south of the present line, or, in other words, via the Crow's Nest Pass route to the Pacific Coast; it is the proposed terminus of the Spokane & Northern Railway, and of the Okanagan & Osooyos Railway, to connect with the Great Northern at the boundary. It will be preeminently a railway and mining centre.

It is the natural outlet for the greatest gold mining region on the continent, a country which also possesses immensely rich deposits of silver, lead, coal, platinum, iron, etc. For proof of this, see Dr. Dawson's reports and the annual reports of the Minister of Mines.

In the next place, it is being built by the side of a magnificent waterfall, capable of generating a horse-power of between 50,000 and 100,000 at a very low cost, sufficient to operate all the mining machinery, reduction works, tramways, sawmills and other industries in it or in the country surrounding it. Being easy of access and having unexcelled transportation facilities in prospect, Okanagan Falls will naturally attract all the industries referred to which the country will demand. The country also abounds in Coal and Wood.

HOLMAN & LOEWEN

General Agents

605 Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C.