OKANAGAN MINING REVIEW

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Capital paid up £600,000 $3,000,000

WITH POWER TO INCREASE.

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Should write for accommodation at.....

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Fine Fishing and Shooting in the vicinity....

Penticton
British Columbia

Blaze Away

in the City Dailies and the Magazines for city orders, but you will not get the country trade through these mediums.

☞ It requires the Local Weeklies to reach the pocket-books of those people who live, and live well, too, in the agricultural and mining districts of the Province.

The Okanagan Mining Review

is the best medium for reaching the people of the Southern Interior of British Columbia.

W. PELLEW HARVEY

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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

Anarchist Mountain. --- A Fine Climate and Fertile Soil.

Reported for THE MINING REVIEW.

(CONTINUED)

Then shift your blanket pad before your saddle back you fling,
And draw your cinch up tighter till the sweat drops from the ring;
We've a dozen miles to cover ere we reach the next divide
And our limbs are stiffer now than when we first set out to ride.

The end of our last found us toiling up the trail, in the pale moonlight, over the Colville reservation in Washington state, with the summit of Anarchist mountain ahead as the immediate objective point. On the reservation to the right of the trail, Boston creek winds its sinuous course, which is marked at various points with a small fringe of cottonwood or other shrubbery and an occassional flat that would give promise of producing food for a limited number of settlers. The wagon road, by which alone vehicles may cross the divide to reach the settlements farther east, lies several miles southward of the trail. To no government, though, is due the credit of the existence of this wagon road, unless it be to Uncle Sam for allowing British Columbians to use it as a thoroughfare, for no one had a hand in the building of it except the teamster who rolled an occasional stone out of the way, or who when stuck fast, performed a little labor in order to get his team and wagon out of a tight place.

The trail re-crosses the boundary line into British territory near a small rancheric, and a short distance further on is the well-known ranch of Mr. R. G. Sidley, J.P., who is the moving spirit of the settlement, dispensing sound British law to a peaceable law-abiding people, notwithstanding the fact of the grim appellation that has attached itself to the mountain. The farm house of Mr. Sidley is frequently used by travelers as a stopping place between Osoyoos and Rock Creek, and Mr. Sidley's hospitality is unfailing. The altitude at this point is about 3600 feet above sea level, and travelers are surprised to note the luxuriant growth of vegetation. Mr. Sidley's ranch consists of 320 acres and he has besides, 160 acres of meadow land farther north. He has only been resident on the mountain a little over five years, but from the general thrifty appearance noted on all sides and the large amount of improvements, such as outbuildings, fencing, etc., one would think he must have been there three or four times that space of time. Good crops are grown without irrigation, and the large garden in which are grown all kinds of vegetables and garden stuffs is abundant evidence of the fertility of the soil. Hops, also, have been found to do well, and a fair commencement is being made in the cultivation of small fruits and other orchard stock. The ranch though is, perhaps, better adapted for carrying on dairying on an extensive scale than any other line of operations, for the rich growth of grasses, together with almost complete immunity from flies and mosquitoes, renders it a very desirable location for a dairyman. Mr. Sidley's market has been principally the mining camps, and at present he is under contract to supply Camp Fairview with large quantities of hay, oats, bacon, potatoes and various kinds of vegetables at a fair market price. He keeps a good many cows, which, though not pretending to anything very superior in breeding are nevertheless a fine looking grade of animals and apparently of very good milking qualities.

Besides Mr. Sidley, there are on Anarchist mountain the Messrs. Kelsey, Omquest, Geo. O'Neil, Dave McBride, D. Borst, Jas. Wilder, John Ward, the Tedrvo Bros. and Orgersinger. There are also three others that have ranches pre-empted but are not at present living on them. On Omquest's lot there was a crop of oats growing which reached to the horn of the saddle, and Orgersinger's ranche also showed wonderful growth. At Kelsey's were to be seen several large stacks of bunch grass which had been cut and saved for fodder. The appearance of the settlement was very creditable to those living on this mountain. They have taken hold with a will and a determination to make homes for themselves, and deserve more consideration at the hands of the Government. The proposed wagon road which is to go over to Kettle river is being carried past them about a dozen miles or more to the northward. Since the road has been located by way of Inkameep and Camp McKinney, the least that can be done for the settlers of Anarchist mountain is for the Government to run another spur southward from Camp McKinney to this settlement, though at the best this will afford but limited means of egress when consideration is taken of the heavy grades that will likely attend the crossing of the south fork of Rock creek which intervenes.

FOR CAMP M'KINNEY.

Leaving the settlement on Anarchist mountain a bush trail is taken which was cut out by Mr. Sidley, and this leads through densely timbered mountains, the home of the black and brown bears, while blue grouse rise from the thickets all along the way. On either side, bent and broken undergrowth still tells the tale of the burden borne with every winter's snows. The labor expended by prospectors and ranchers in cutting trails through country like this is but lightly thought of by the Government and the general public who use them, but to those who have made them the estimation of their value must be very different. At one point may be noticed a considerable amount of grading done up and along the edge of a difficult ravine, by the miners of McKinney who were compelled to do this in order to take in necessary machinery and appliances to work their mines. Though giving evidence of disuse in later seasons, the trail is yet fairly well defined and, with the exception of frequent detours through the undergrowth to escape fallen timber, little difficulty is experienced in getting along. Northward the timber becomes somewhat lighter and some distance ahead is seen the higher mountain upon which Camp McKinney is situated.

"Aye, straighten up old friend until the mustang thinks he's nigher
Through looser rein and stirrup strain the welcome old camp fire."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THOS. ELLIOTT

Dealer in

General Merchandise

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FAIRVIEW, - B. C.

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Leaves Penticton Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday

And Leaves Okanagan Landing Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

☞ Through Freight Rates to Lower Country Points.

☞ For Freight and Passenger Rates Apply to

THOS. RILEY, Captain

The Senate and Silver.

The compromise silver measure prepared by Senator Jones, of Arkansas, and introduced into the U. S. Senate is follows:—The full or partial remonetisation of silver, and a proper ratio between it and gold; the revision of the legal tender laws to prevent discrimination between various descriptions of money; the State Bank Tax repeal with necessary revisions; the cause of the present paralysis of trade and the necessity of legislation to prevent National banks from abusing their power. The second section of the resolution instructs the Secretary of the Treasury to set apart and retain in the Treasury so much of the silver bullion now in the Treasury as will be necessary to redeem the outstanding Treasury notes in compliance with the terms of the Act of July 14, 1890, and provides that the remainder of the bullion shall be set apart to be coined and the Secretary is required to coin it at the rate of not less than 4,000,000 standard silver dollars per month, which, when coined, shall be an asset in the Treasury and while this coinage is in progress, the purchase of silver bullion under the terms of the Sherman Act shall be suspended.

CITY AND VICINITY.

Subscribe for THE REVIEW.

Neil McLean is in town for a few days.

The road from Penticton to Trout creek is completed.

Pete McIntyre, of Sawmill creek, spent Sunday here.

John Matheson and his hat went to Penticton on Sunday.

Fred Prepsel intends leaving next week for La Grande, Ore.

Work will be commenced on the Kettle river road within ten days.

Alexis H. Brot and Jim Hislop brought in a deer yesterday, and now the query is who shot it

Bob Foulder and Ed. Cosstick are building a Russel fence around Mr. T. Ellis' ranch adjoining the town.

Tommy Doman is still with us, and it is whispered that he will settle down in this valley although he may winter on the coast. Don't be faint hearted Tommy.

Clement and Joe Ortland were drowned last Saturday near Kelowna while attempting to cross the lake in a small boat. The bodies have not yet been recovered.

On Thursday Sam Hays, who has charge of the "Brown Bear" at Camp Fairview, stabbed a discharged employee named Elliott who had picked a quarrel with him. Elliott is in a critical condition.

Constable Inch arrested H. Mitchell, who escaped from him some time ago when coming down on the Penticton, at Okanagan Landing on Thursday. He was brought before T. Ellis, J.P., at Penticton, and sent to Vernon to stand his trial.

There is a good market for hogs in Vancouver since Major & Eldridge started their packing house. Ma[illegible] about [illegible] The farmers hereabouts would do well to communicate with this firm and make such arrangements as will enable them to supply this new demand.

Thos. H. Crawford, otherwise known as "Professor" paid the boys a visit on Friday and stayed for breakfast. The professor is most entertaining and a whole variety show in himself. There is no subject in Heaven above or on the earth beneath, of interest to man, that he has not fixed ideas about, and on affairs commercial, political, economic, anthropological, theological and highway mopery and other things general and specific, he has opinions and can give decisions from which there is no appeal. The topics his playful fancy embellished and his incisive acumen criticised were manifold and varied; exalted or humble, ancient or modern, rich or poor, bond or free, were all alike to the professor. Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Aberdeen, Cleveland, the Pope, Marie Stuart, James I., Cromwell, Wellington, D'Israeli, Gladstone, Bismark, Bazaine, Wolesley, Vernon, Spinks and Ellis, all received attention at the hands of this modern Admirable Creighton.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

When the buzz of the saw at the mill is to be heard again.

....

When the townsite company is going to buid the bridge over the falls.

....

When the ribbons will be taken off the Miramichi.

....

When we are to have a post office.

....

When Mr. Snodgrass is going to get his steamboat here.

....

If Hotel Holman will ever get a license.

....

Where Old Fred keeps his boodle.

....

If they have tapped the second can of "tin cow" yet.

....

When the rye on the reserve—we mean the reserve of rye—is to be broached.

....

Why Mose looks so cheerful.

....

When "Cardinal" Manning will find his tongue.

....

Why the man with the heavy foot gives us the cold shoulder now.

PHILANDER BELDING'S MISTAKE

It was one uv them swelterin' days in July, when the leaves all shrivel up, an' the posies hang their heads, an' the earth fairly quakes. I had been harvestin' the day afore, an' that Sunday mornin' I got up tired an' cross. As soon as I come in with two pails, most runnin' over with milk, even afore I got em' sot on the table, Priscilly (that's my wife) she begun. "Kin we go to meetin' to-day, Philander?" I had expected as much and it made me mad. "No to meetin'!" says I; "you act as ef that was every blamed thing there was to do. Hothin' on earth looks sillier'n to see a pack uv wimmen always a gaddin' off to meetin'! Ef you hev got your Bible an' rockin'chair an' palm-leaf fan, that's all you'll need for such a blazin' day as this," says I. "But the Bible says—" Priscilly begun. "That we air to go to meetin' on such a day as this? I'd like to know where you find that," says I.

Priscilly didn't know just where to find it, but she said she was sure it was there, an' she was certain that ef I wanted to go to town I'd go for all uv the hot day. "Mebbe I'd go to town ef I had to," I said, "but there ain't no religion in goin' to meetin' on such a meltin' day as this. You an' Belindy 'pear to think that all there is to religion is goin' to meetin' and picnics an' sech like." But just then the door opened an' in come Belindy lookin' as purty as a pictur with her white dress all covered over with pink posies, like her ma's mornin' glories that was climbin' up the side porch. She come straight up to me, an' looked up with the winnin'est eyes you ever seen, an' said I'd have to go to meetin' 'cause she'd got to sing a duet with Professor Thompson. "Well, do et ef you want to," I tried to say cross, but a look in her face made me laugh in spite uv myself, an' then she knowed that it was settled that we was goin' to meetin'.

I brung the team up to the door on time, an' the wimmen folks got in, an' we drove away, but just afore we got there Priscilly asked me ef I had my pocketbook with me. Of course I hed it, but it made me riled again to be asked, so I spoke out snappish like. "Likely I hev! what's wantin' now?" Then she told me it was foreign mission day an' we orter give something. This riled me more'n ever, for I had no notion uv hevin' her tell we what I orter do, nor no notion uv doin' what I didn't want to. I belonged to that large class uv individuals—you can find plenty uv them in any church—that are awful took up with home missions when the collection for foreign missions is bein' took, an' when the home mission collections is took they are too poor to give. To tell the truth, I didn't believe in missions uv no kind. I'd never said it right out in plain words, but it was so. I told Priscilly, then an' there that I had got pesky sick uv so much beggin', an' that ef we didn't hold on a bit to what we hed, we'd soon hev to start a beggar out a beggin' for us. This only tickled Belindy for she laughed an' said: "Why, pa Beldin' there haint a farmer in these parts that is makin' as much money as you air. Of course we'll give. We would'n miss it for nothin'," said she. "I kep' that dollar you give me to buy gloves with, an' I'm goin' to give that, an' see, I've darned my old ones," and she held up her little hands afore me, but the job was done so slick I couldn't see a stitch. "You can just give all your clothes away ef you want to, and durn 'em too, but I haint goin' to give a dumbed cent; so you can just shut up," says I. Just then we driv up to the steps, so we didn't say no more. When I got the team [illegible] uv Priscilly was [illegible] in together at [illegible] church the same as Priscilly an' Belindy did, but I had one failin' (I see it now, but I didn't then). I was tight-fisted, not so much with tother things as with the givin'. I could always pay my honest debts, 'twant no trouble 'bout that, though it did go awful hard ag'in the grain to give a cent away. But I got cured in the curiousest way you ever heard uv, an' that's what I started out to tell. I had no more than sot down when I looked up an' seen two preachers in the pulpit a gazin' down at us as ef they would like to know how much money we had got in our pockets, so it 'peared to me. "Two beggars," I says to myself, "It's a pity Elder Boswel can't tend to us 'thout sendin' fur any body else. Any way I won't give a cent, not a dumbed cent. I guess I'd like to go round in a starched white shirt an' broad-cloth suit, a eatin' fried chickens an' all such fixin's an' just beg a little for the heathen, 'stead uv sweatin' the life out uv me in the harvest field, it would be a sight more to my likin'." It 'peared as ef everything come to me that mornin'; I felt so abused an' cross yet nobody had done nothin' to me. I was so uncomfortable it was hard to set still. Belindy's singin' calmed me down a trifle, fur she had a voice like an angel's an' it just fitted in with Professor Thompson's an' that made me mad agin', cause he'd been to our house a sight uv late, an' I seen purty plain what was a comin'. "Yes," I said, "I thought likely they'd sing 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains'—they always do. I wish we could get a whiff uv that cool air to-day. So the strange beggar is goin' to preach, is he. Well, I won't look at him, any way."

Belindy sat in the choir not fur from the pulpit, an' I turned toward her. 'Peared as ef she'd never looked so purty afore; there was a bunch uv pink roses a-tremblin' on her hat, just the color of the spots on her cheeks. I seen she was watchin' the preacher, an' was all tuk up with what he was a-sayin'. Well, I heered purty much all till he come to the famine, though most uv the time I was gazin' out uv the winder back uv Belindy, out on Widow Welkin's medder. 'Twant long till her Jersey cow come wanderin' by, and stopped just where I could look her all over. She was as perfect a critter as I ever laid eyes on. Well, somehow I got to nappin', it was so awful hot, an' I got to dreamin' 'bout the cow 'stead uv the heathen. I just got it all settled how I'd trade her my two Jersey heifers, when the queerest thing happened. Just as I got my plans all laid I was so tickled I throwed up both hands, as I'm likely to when I'm tickled, an' said "I'll do it." But the preacher was askin' "Ain't there somebody who will start with twenty dollars." The first words I heerd as I opened my eyes was Elder Boswell a-sayin': "Thank the Lord, Brother Beldin' 'll give us twenty dollars."

Them was the very first words I heered, but I never in all my born days woke up so quick. I tried to speak, but now the sums was comin' in so fast I couldn't. I looked round to see ef anyone had seen that I was asleep. But they all 'peared to be so tuk up with givin' that they didn't seem to notice me, only Belindy, I seen her eyes a-twinklin', but I couldn't make out whether she knowed or whether she was only glad like. "I'll never give twenty dollars, dog ba't," I said, "but I wouldn't make a fuss now; I'll see the elder as the meetin' is out, an' tell him—that I was only chasin' flies or—or somethin'." But meetin' wan't out till one another kep' a-grabbin' my hand an' a-tellin' me how I'd give 'em jest the start that was needed, an' how they'd never done so well afore, fur they had got most ninety dollars. The elder he crowded right down where I was an' his voice all choked up as he said, "Thank the Lord, Brother Beldin', I knowed it would come." Fur the life uv me I couldn't tell him I was only dreamin'. I'd ruther have mortgaged my farm to pay it, but I felt meaner'n any sheep thief.

I got the wimmin folk in, an' we started fur home about as quick as it ever was done. I hadn't had such a fuss made over me since I married Priscilly, over twenty-five years afore, an' I said to myself a-goin' home that the worst kind uv fusses that kin be made are the undeservin' fusses, they're the hardest to bear up under. I expected that the wimmin folk would begin about it the minute we got started, but nary a word did they say; but you orter seem 'em a flyin' round to get up a good dinner for me. I ate an uncommon lot, an' then it was so hot, I went an' laid down on the sofy in the sittin'-room, an' afore I knowed it I was nappin' agin. Well, uv all the nightmares I ever heered uv, I think mine was the worst. I never drempt sech a pack a things afore or since. It fairly made my hair stand up straight, it was so awful. I drempt the hull sermon over agin an' a sight more! Peered as ef things hed got changed, an now we was the heathens, Priscilly, Belindy an' me. An' we hed got started off on a long tramp on foot with stones in our shoes in the daytime an' spikes to sleep on at night; and we done all uv our prayin' to a big foolfaced idol cut out of stone. Well it 'peared as ef we hed gone till Priscilly an' me hed give out an' took sick; but Belindy she helped us along, jest like I know she would if 'twas so, but one day ma, she was dyin' when a big heathen come an' carried Belindy off.

My land! ef heaven is eny sweetern 'twas to wake up an' find that, only a dream, it must be a blessed place. I couldn't move fur a spell an' I was jest covered with sweat. Jest across the hall, in the parlor, I could see Belindy and Professor Thompson; they was singin' "The Mornin' Light is Breakin'."—"Yes, the light is a-breakin'," I said, "an' it's high time it broke. I'm glad it's come even if I hed to go to sleep to see it. I'm awful thankful I hain't a heathen." I sot up after a spell, an' with my head in my hands I looked down into my little dried-up heart, an' I hope never to git another sech a sight. "No, sir," I said at last, "I'll make that an' even hundred as sure as my name is Beldin'." It is jest like gettin' a splinter out uv your hand, you hev to pinch sometimes till it hurts afore it will come out; so it was with my money. I felt better after I got up and walked 'round, an' then went into the parlor an listened to the young folks a singin'.

Well, we went to meetin' that night agin', I didn't think so much about the hot weather now, fur I had othermore importanter things on mind. I told the elder how I liked to have things even an' square, an' give him enough to make a hundred dollars an' I almost felt as ef I'd like to give another hundred if no one knowed how I happened to give that twenty; but jes as I come up to the house from puttin' the team out, ma an' Belindy sot on the porch a-talkin' an' I heered ma ask: Did you notice, Belindy, how queer pa acted this mornin' when he throwed up his hands?"

At this Belindy, she broke out laughin', an' laughed as if she'd die. I could hev shook her. "Ma," she said, "pa was asleep an' didn't mean no twenty dollars. You orter seen his face when he seen what he'd done, an' then she teeheed again. "Well, ef I was asleep then I hain't now, you little budget," I said laughin' like. Then I owned up [illegible] they laughed [illegible] an' Belindy nearly killed me by huggin' an' callin' me pet names. Ma didn't say so much, but I could see she was awful happy fur days. The years hev come an' they hev gone, menny uv them, since then; when I got my pocketbook open I begun to grow a little in spiritual things, an' now ma an' me takes comfort a-readin' 'bout the heathen, fur we've got an interest thur, an' a payin' one, too.

Belindy was carried off long ago, but it was only the Professor who took her to a nice little home uv their own. It had to come, but I didn't make as much fuss about it as I thought I would, fur somehow 'pears as if I'd got to lookin' at most everything different, since I hev found out there air other folks in this world to make happy as well as Philander Belding. An' I'll tell you, now, what I'm lottin' on most uv enything, when I git up thur, an' I'm goin' soon, I want some one to come to meet me that kin tell me that I helped 'em git thur, then I don't care what little corner I'm put in, I shall be contented an' happy.—[Standard.

MELTING METALS IN WATER.

Remarkable Electrical Experiments Recently Made in Berlin.

The remarkable electrical experiments recently made in Berlin, in which a bar of iron was apparently melted by inserting it in cold water, have naturally stimulated further investigation on the same line. As before explained, the apparatus used is a vessel of glass or porcelain, provided with a sheet lead electrode connected with the positive pole of a continuous current generator; the vessel contains sulphuric acid and water. A flexible cable from the negative pole is connected to a strong pair of pliers with insulated handles. Taking in the pliers a piece of metal of any kind—iron, for instance—and immersing it in the acidulated water, the liquid is seen immediately in the ebullition near the iron, rod or plate, which latter is rapidly heated and brought to a dazzling white in a few seconds and soon begins to melt in spark like drops. The heating is produced so quickly locally that neither the water nor the body of the metal rod has time to become hot. So rapid an evolution of heat means a tremendously high temperature. In a very short time as high as 7,000 degrees of Fahrenheit has been developed, which is proved by using a carbon rod instead of a metal one, when in a few moments amorphous carbon fragments are seen dropping off. The inventors claim to have attained with large currents the enormously high temperature of 14,000 degrees Fahrenheit, or nearly five times hotter than molten iron. The first suggestion for the practical utilization of the discovery was for welding purposes, to which it is evidently particularly adapted. Another application which the experiments would seem to tend toward is the tempering of one edge or one extremity only of steel cutting tools. The hardening of the skin surface of large pieces of metal, such as armour plates, offers another inviting field. Krupp, it is stated, is already trying this new method of electric heating for tempering the superficial surface of large guns.—[Boston Transcript.

His Opposite.

He—"I shall never marry until I meet woman who is my direct opposite."

She (encouragingly): "Well, Mr. Duffer there are numbers of bright, intelligen girls in this neighborhood."

AGRICULTURAL.

COLIC IN HORSES.

Irregularity in Food or Water is the Cause in the Majority of Cases.

Nineteen out of every twenty cases of colic in horses may properly be charged to some irregularity of food or water. The rules for watering, briefly stated, are as follows:

1. Use only pure water.
2. Water before feeding.
3. Water frequently (from three to five times daily).
4. Never give a large quantity at one time, especially if the animal is very warm, or about to undergo severe exertions.

The quality and quantity of food, and the regularity with which it is given, are of the greatest importance. Oats is the best grain for horses or mules, though corn is more commonly used in this state and is a good food if used with discretion. Oats are better because they are more easily digested, and possess the essential constituents of a good food in better proportions, and therefore, by throwing less work on the digestive organs, are less liable to cause indigestion and colic. They should be dry, clean, and free from must. If cut before they are too ripe their value is greatly enhanced.

While corn is a fruitful cause of the colic, yet it is a good food for working stock, but should be fed with caution. Oats and corn may be fed whole to a grown horse while his teeth remain good, but for colts and old horses they are better if ground. Bran, linseed meal, etc., if fed in small quantities and with other foods, are beneficial in keeping the bowels loose and in good condition. Almost any of the varieties of hay in common use may be fed with safety if they are cut before be coming too ripe, are well cured and free from mould. New hay should never be fed to working stock, as it is very apt to cause derangement of digestion and so cause colic.

From four to eight quarts of oats, or from eight to fifteen ears of corn, two or three times daily, are about the proper limits. The quantity of hay required is usually from ten to twenty pounds daily. A good rule is, never give a horse a full feed on a change of work, nor full work on a change of feed.

Raise More Sheep.

When the Australian Commissioners went through Ontario about a month ago and looked into different branches of farming here they were surprised to find that this province raised so few sheep. It was considered by them that no country that they had visited was so well adapted to this branch of rural industry as Ontario. The total number of sheep in the possession of farmers on July 1st, 1891, was only 1,850,473, as against 2,029,140 head of cattle. Ontario could profitably raise five or six times this number as compared with other countries. Prominent farmers here who keep both sheep and cattle claim the former yield a greater profit than dairying and are giving up raising so many cattle and investing their money in sheep.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman who is arguing the relative profits of sheep and cows with another correspondent (A. B.) says:—"Having always advocated sheep husbandry as more profitable than dairying, the result of this supposed experiment caused me to take a second look at the figures. I find that he has credited the sheep with about one-third more profit than the average flock, and the cows with [illegible] of the State. I do not think an ordinary cow will pay over $30 on the feed on which I can keep seven sheep, besides fattening a calf for which we will credit her with $6—or $36 per head instead of $91.25, as A. B. puts it. In order to have a cow produce ten quarts of milk per day the year round (more than twice, I think, that credited the cows of this State) she must have a large grain ration, which brings up the cost of the keep of a cow away above the expense of keeping seven sheep. I can have fifteen sheep pastured as cheaply as I can one cow, and I think I can keep ten Merino ewes as cheap as a cow. It seems to me that $10 per head is not too much to charge for the care of each cow, leaving only $26 net.

"Perhaps some one will say this is too small. I know there are dairies that are turning a great deal more than this; but I think the cows of New York are only credited with about 3,000 pounds of milk per year, and I think $1 per head is all that is realized on it, and I am going to compare the ordinary cow with the average sheep.

"Fifty cows at $26 per head would give $1,500 income. As to the income from A. B.'s supposed flock of sheep, allowing the wool at $1.50 per head (and mine does better than that), and 350 lambs at $3.50 per head, will give him $1,750; and $1 for care will give $100 balance on the sheep side of the question. I have tried to make a fair estimate. I can keep more than seven sheep per cow, but even at that they are better than cows."

Sheep raisers in Ontario could realize more on an average than $3.50 per head for their lambs, especially if some first-class breeding pens of long and medium wool sheep were kept.

Faulty Teaching.

When one talks or writes about working butter till the buttermilk is out, it may be set down that such a person is not correct either in the theory or practice of butter-making. This is perhaps a hard thing to say when it is known that not only editors but instructors in dairy schools use such expressions.

The editor of the dairy department of an agricultural paper, who is also instructor in the dairy school of an agricultural college, recently in an editorial on working butter used the following expression: "The salt must be worked in evenly and thoroughly and the buttermilk worked out as much as possible, and yet the working must be discontinued at just the right time or the grain is injured."

The above may sound well to a person not having a practical knowledge of butter making, but to the initiated there are certain ear-marks that give the writer away. Will at this time refer to but one of them. All the buttermilk should be washed out of the butter while the latter is in the granular state. We say all and we mean all absolutely. Therefore when an instructor in a dairy school or any one else talks or writes about working it out, it shows faulty theory, and as a result faulty practice must be inferred.

Practical Pointers.

Do as much plowing this Autumn as possible. It will save time in getting crops in next Spring and will prevent many weeds maturing in stubble fields.

Do not allow weeds to mature seed on the land where potatoes were grown. They will seed the ground thoroughly for another year with foxtail, purslane, pigweed, etc., if allowed to grow.

This is a good time to repair farm buildings, fences, etc., and to do needed grading about the house, barn or stock yards. At no other season can improvements of this kind be made so well.

Keep varieties of potatoes separate in marketing them. Each kind will show and sell better if kept by itself. Be careful not to bruise when handling as they soon rot when bruised. Store in a cool well ventilated room.

It may seldom be advisable to sell timothy hay off the farm but that is far better than to sell clover hay as the latter contains much more fertilizing material. It also leaves the soil richer in plant food and is a good crop to raise.

Exclusive grain farming, selling off the products of the land will, after a time, impoverish the richest soil. Feed the crops on the farm and sell only concentrated products which contain little fertilizing matter such as dairy products and meats.

Work on public highways is now in progress probably more than it has been at any other time this season. Adopt a systematic method and do good work. Now is the time to put into practice the good plans talked over during the Winter season.

It is now time in many sections for cutting corn fodder. Cut it before the blades become too dry or it will have much less value for food. A little care in setting it up well in building the shock will avoid their falling so badly. Always tie securely about the top.

Tobacco stems contain over 2 per cent. of nitrogen, more than ½ per cent. of phosphoric acid and 6½ per cent. of potash. From this it will be seen that they contain a considerable quantity of plant food. They can often be bought cheap and make clean fertilizing material.

Professor Robertson, of Guelph, says in regard to the proper maturity of corn for fodder, whether for the silo or for direct feeding. "If you cut it in the glazing stage it will give you a large quantity of feed; but at the tasseling stage it will prove an expensive way of watering cows."

Adopt some rational system of rotating the crops grown on the farm. All farmers cannot adopt one system to best advantage. The most economic rotation for a farm will depend upon markets, climate, soil, etc. Each one must consider his own conditions and adopt a system which is suited to them.

Selecting seed corn from the field must be attended to soon. Get well in mind the type of corn which you desire to raise and select seed which approaches it as closely as possible. Place it in an airy place to dry and make sure that it is thoroughly dried out when frost comes. If it does not dry fast enough place it where artificial heat can be applied.

Apiary Notes.

Never waste time in wintering weak colonies.

The honey crop in some sections of the country is very good this year.

Where the hives are troubled with ants, a little pine tar on a board placed next the hive will keep them away.

To secure the greatest quantity of pure white combs, remove the sections as soon as filled and replace empty ones with starters of comb foundation.

Many swarms and large yields of honey will not be obtained during the same season. The one will be developed at the expense of the other.

Honey kept dry and warm improves with age, but in a cold or damp place it either granulates from the effects of the chill or becomes thin and watery.

The apiarist should give his personal attention to crating, grading and shipping his honey. An inferior, soiled package often ruins the market of his entire lot.

One advantage a record book has over temporary markings in the apiary, is that it can be referred to in after years, and in this way the experience of the past years be used for future guidance.

Italian bees are said to be larger, more beautiful, more prolific, swarm earlier and oftener, work earlier and later, gather more honey, are less inclined to rob, and are less disposed to sting than the native bees.

If you have no shade for your bees, plant fruit trees among them. They will not only supply the bees with pollen and honey in blooming time but will prove an acceptable shade so essential in Summer. Then too the bees will fertilize the bloom and cause the trees to bear plentifully.

Philistine Records of the Hebrew Invasion.

Science contains an interesting account of the Tell-el-Amarna tablets, from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Harrison, of Staplehurst, Kent. These tablets, 320 in number, were discovered by a fellah woman in 1887 among the ruins of the palace of Amenophis IV., known as Kku-en-Aten, between Missieh and Assiout, about 180 miles south of Cairo. They have been found to contain a political correspondence of the very greatest interest, dating from some 3,370 years back. Many are from Palestine, written by princes of the Amorites, Phenicians, Philistines, etc., the burden of almost all being: "Send I pray thee, chariots and men to keep the city of the King my Lord." Among the enemies against whom help is thus invoked are the Abiri, easily recognized as the Hebrews. The date fixes that of the Bible (1 Kings vi. 1) as accurate. Many names occur which are familiar in Scripture, as, for example, Japhia, one of the Kings killed by Joshua (Josh. x. 3); Adonizedek, King of Jerusalem (ditto); and Jabin, King of Hazor (Josh. xi.) Very pathetic are the letters of Ribadda, the brave and warlike King of Gebel, whose entreaties for aid are observed to grow gradually less obsequious and more businesslike as his enemies prevailed against him, robbing him eventually of his wife and children, whom he was powerless to protect. But the greatness of Egypt was waning under the nineteenth dynasty; enemies were pressing her at home, and the chariots and the horsemen went not forth.

Great British Victory.

At the time of the war in Egypt the editor of the "Deadwood Roarer" attended church on Sunday for the first time.

About an hour after the service commenced, he rushed into the office and shouted to the sub-editor, "What in blazes are you fellows doing? How about the news from the seat of war?"

"What news?"

"Why all about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red Sea. The minister up at church was telling us about it just now, and not a word of it is in this morning's paper. Bustle round you fellows, and get the facts, or the Telegraph will get a beat of us. Look spry, there, and run an extra edition, if necessary, while I put the poster in hand for 'Great British Victory in the Soudan!'"

A MILLIONNAIRE TRAMP.

He Takes in Seven Cents and is Insulted Twice.

A New York special says:—David H. Lichtenstein, of the firm of Lichtenstein Bros., dry goods merchants, 273 to 285 Grand street, is a millionnaire. He has been stopping for the summer in Wave Crest, L.I., where he owns a fine cottage. At Wave Crest other wealthy men, most of them members of the Progress Club, of which Mr. Lichtenstein is vice-president, have cottages. With plenty of money, commodious and lavishly furnished houses, and nothing to do through the summer but to enjoy life, the summer colony at Wave Crest had an easy time of it.

One day, shortly before leaving for the summer, Mr. Lichtenstein happened to see an Italian organ-grinder. It set him soliloquizing over his own happy lot and over the miserable one of the poor Italian. An idea occurred to Mr. Lichtenstein. He would borrow the hand organ, disguise himself, and try to imagine himself an organ-grinder for half an hour. He hunted up the Italian and paid him $10 for the loan of his organ. Then he went to his room and donned a suit of old clothes and a dilapidated hat. He smiled to himself as he removed the diamond from his shirt front and the brilliant rings from his fingers.

He sallied forth with his organ and began playing in front of the residences of his friends, one after another. At the first place he went through the whole repertoire, but without receiving any contribution. Then he started "After the Ball," and played it three times in succession, which brought out the servant girl in a hurry. She threw a penny in the box and begged him to go away.

Mr. Lichtenstein stopped in front of the next house, but they had heard all they wanted and gave him a cent before he could grind out the first selection. At his next stop he played until he thought his arm would fall off, but got nothing.

He skipped a whole block and had just got ready to turn the crank at another corner when a party of four ladies came along, with each of whom Mr. Lichtenstein was intimately acquainted. His heart sunk into his silk stockings, and he was fearful of being recognized. It was too late to run, so he put on a bold front, and after rendering "Marguerite" he held his hat out so prominently as to almost obstruct their progress.

"Gracious, how persistent!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "Poor fellow, I suppose he's hungry," and she dropped five cents in the tin cup.

Mr. Lichtenstein was about to congratulate himself on his escape when, to his horror, a fat dog which belonged to the party, and which he had fed with many a lump of sugar, rushed up to him and wagged his tail in joyful recognition, showing that dogs are wiser than mankind in that they do not judge people by the clothing they wear. Mr. Lichtenstein scowled and the dog looked surprised and ran away.

Mr. Lichtenstein played in front of four other houses without getting a cent and was twice insulted.

Mr. Lichtenstein was now getting bolder. He planted himself in front of his own house. Seated in front of the cottage were two ladies of the house and several little children. The children were delighted to see him and enjoyed his selections more than the old folks did. When he played "On the Bowery" one of the little girls clapped her hand with delight and running into the house cried, 'Uncle Dave, Uncle Dave! the man's playing "On the Bowery."

This is one of Mr. Lichtenstein's favorite airs, and the child was disappointed on not finding him in the house.

That was glory enough and Mr. Lichtenstein shouldered his organ and stole away to a photograph gallery, where he had his picture taken. He said nothing of his venture to any one just then, but he invited a party of friends to dinner with him that evening and at the table he let the cat out of the bag. At first they refused to believe him, but he produced his photograph, and with the corroboration of the strange behavior of the dog which the women had noticed, the case was complete.

Canadian Art at the World's Fair.

In a little room in the Art Building at the Centennial Exhibition was domiciled what was called the Art of Canada. The collection contained a few good but unimportant works; those, at least, whose intimacy with numerous specimen of unpromising mediocrity lost for them the value they deserved probably, and the exhibit, as a whole, has never been referred to with much pride. The Canadian pictures now at the World's Fair at Chicago hold apparently quite a different place in the midst of the world's art than did those of 1876. The rooms occupied by the one hundred and odd quickly-gathered frames are visited as much, and with as lively interest as any others And though there are not amongst them many striking subjects to catch the eye with trick of title or jugglery of effect, there are, on the other hand, many numbers which give evidence of much thoughtful, spirited and often highly artistic treatment. In fact, it appears to us had many of the pictures been simply rolled out upon large canvasses, their importance would have been greatly enhanced as an attraction to the eye of the hurrying sightseer, although their value would, like that of many, have been possibly much greater had they remained in modest proportions. To the practical eye, the appearance of vacant lots in a picture is a detriment, and does not improve its value.

The awards that have fallen to us are another proof to Canadian people that their painters deserve well of them—that we have living amongst us distinguished and very worthy artists. We do not, of course, know upon what system the awards were given, but while eminent members of the profession are reticent, we venture to think some surprise is felt at names being passed over that deserve as well, at least, as some receiving the honors of the Fair. The names of Forster, O'Brien, Fowler, Peel, Jacobi will not be questioned for work of the highest quality, and rooms 11 and 12 in the Art Building owe as much, in our humble judgment, to these and a few others as to some who wear the laurels, no matter how well deserved. We speak in no spirit of captiousness, but in the interest of an industry that contributes much to our country's elevation and advancement.

Two things are made clear by our exhibit in Chicago. One is the growth of art in Canada, which has scarcely been paralelled by any other enterprise, and this without any stimulus but the zeal of the men themselves; and the other is, that art investments can be safely made at home.—[Chicago correspondent of Merchant.

In 1761 a Glasgow, Scotland, paper announced the marriage of David Lincoln to Catherine Crow, his fifth wife, and continued: "He is 71. His first wife was a Dutch woman, whose name he has forgot. The rest were Scotch."

THE WORLD OVER.

President Cleveland's postal deliveries average 800 letters a day.

An uncut diamond looks very much like a bit of the best gum arabic.

Greek sculptors often used eyes of glass or crystals in the faces of their statues.

The weeping willow is a Turkish and Syrian plant. It was first described in 1692.

Hanging in chains was abolished, with many other cruel punishments, in 1834.

Frogs, which are a valuable food crop in Belgium, are protected by law in that country.

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

The world in 1888 had 791,425 schools for elementary instruction, with 50,816,000 pupils.

The Ragged School Union, for the instruction of very poor children, was founded in 1844.

Cuba has 192 coffee plantations, 700 sugar plantations, 4,500 tobacco estates, 3,200 cattle farms and 1,700 small farms devoted to various products.

The greatest domes in the world are those of St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Invalides, in Paris; St. Isaac's, in St. Petersburg, and the Capitol, in Washington.

The stock of paid notes for five years in the Bank of England is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach two and one-third miles.

The use of the flannel shroud dates back to acts of parliament 18 and 19, Charles II., which, to encourage the woolen trade in England, compelled that all bodies should be so protected.

A pensioner of Clearfield, Pa., who signed a patent medicine testimonial, certifying that he had recovered his health through a use of the preparation, finds his pension stopped on the strength of his certificate.

A coon, with a leather strap around its neck, which was lost by a young woman at Chester, W. Va., about fifteen years ago, was found the other day by a hunter in the woods near Chester. The animal still had the collar around its neck.

The area of British India, including the dependent states, amounts to 1,500,000 square miles. There are 2,000 towns with a population of 1,000 or upwards, and nearly 716,000 villages, comprising 53,000,000 dwelling places for man. The population amounts to 287,000,000. The males exceed the females by 6,000.

A venerable clergyman has resigned his charge in San Francisco because, as he asserted, the ladies of the choir giggled and the men joked while he was preaching his most eloquent sermons, and annoyed him so much that he was often tempted to sit down in the midst of his discourse and let them do all the talking.

One sees Arabs coming into Constantinople with a donkey load of wood, which they sell for 3 francs. They have come twenty-five miles with it, sell it and next day ride the donkey back. As a meal costs them but 2 cents, the wood nothing and the donkey does all the work, what seems a small profit is really a good one.

It must be a terrifying revelation (to those foreign ladies who kiss their cats) that has been made by Professor Fiocci, the Italian chemist. He found by experiment that when a cat licks its lips it spreads over them a saliva in which there are swarms of minute bacilli not free from danger to human beings. When he inoculated rabbits and guinea pigs with this noxious substance they died within twenty-four hours, and he has come to the conclusion that it is dangerous for ladies to indulge in the habit of kissing their cats.

Very few people are aware that the pearl oyster is not in any way like the oysters which we eat. It is of an entirely different species, and as a matter of fact the shells of the so-called pearl oysters are of far more value to those engaged in pearl fishing than the pearls. There are extensive pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California, and some of the finest pearls have been taken from those waters. In 1881 one pearl—a black one—was sold for $10,000, and every year since that time many pearls have been taken from the beds in the California gulf valued at over $7,500 each.

Some ingenious Paris dealers are reported to have invented a way of enhancing the market value of their wares. It is said that they color ordinary oranges a deep red making them look like mandarins, which fetch much higher prices. They also tint pineapples to make them look more attractive, and dye the common white strawberries a lovely red. Melons are being treated in a similar way and tinted a fine orange, their flavor being increased by injecting an essence of melon. The latest development of this business is in connection with pears, which are dyed red for a third of their size and blue below, thus presenting the national colors when peeled. These are said to be in demand for dessert on account of their novelty.

Photographic Discovery of Asteroids.

One of the most remarkable of recent astronomical developments is the result of the application of photography to the discovery of asteroids or minor planets.

By the old methods of search the annual rate of discovery ranged from one to twenty, the average for the twenty years, 1872-91, being 10·2. In 1892 twenty-nine were discovered, two only by the older method, while between Jan. 1 and April 15 of the present year twenty-five were picked up by the two observers, Wolf, of Heidelberg, and Charlois, of Nice, who have pressed the camera into service.

The negatives are made with an exposure of from three to five hours, each covering an area two or three degrees square. On the plate the images of the stars are round, clean, while any planets or planetoids which may be present are at once recognized by the elongation of their images due to their orbital motion; and three or four of these oblong lights are sometimes found on a single plate. If the number of observers using the method should be much increased, the number of annual discoveries may easily mount into the hundreds. The total number of these little bodies which circulate in the space between Mars and Jupiter stands at 375 so far as now known, but it is almost certain that those still undiscovered must be counted by the thousand, and obviously it will soon be hopeless to attempt to keep the run of them all.

We may reasonably suppose that all the larger ones have been already discovered and that those till remaining are all extremely minute. It is true that from a certain defensible standpoint the size of a planet has nothing to do with its astronomical importance. Mathematically considered a planetoid's orbit is just as worthy of investigation as that of Jupiter itself, but practically it is plain that the computers will be obliged to select a limited number which present special points of interest and confine their attention to them alone.

DAMAGED

— THE —

Okanagan Mining Review

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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)

From this point my line of travel lay in a southeasterly direction following the left bank of the Similkameen for forty miles. I had been half an hour on my way before I noticed that I was minus my revolver, and remembering that I had laid it on the window-sill at Allison's when putting away the loaf cached my pack and returned to get it. Having recovered it, I was overtaken on my way back by a pleasant and companionable young man who kindly proposed that I should strap my roll of blankets behind his saddle. Of course I heartily agreed to the proposition, for by this time I had learned that to decline kindly help when offered, to elect to walk if it is possible to ride, is considered sufficient in British Columbia to mark one as a tenderfoot. My companion was obligingly talkative and gave me much information of a general and specific character relating to the district. He was going along the trail about 9 miles to arrange with some Siwashes for packing the slate slabs of a billiard table from Granite Creek to Fairview, but was in no particular hurry, so we jogged along in pleasant conversation till we reached a farm house where we had dinner. As he was well acquainted with the good people of the house he took no umbrage at being requested to dig the potatoes for the meal, and I not wishing to appear idle, volunteered to mind the baby while his mother baked the bread. Here again I shewed my tenderfootedness in selecting the hardest job of all. This "kid" was one of the restless, inquisitive order and after having crawled all over me and seen all I had got in my pockets set up a piteous howling like a youthful Alexander for more worlds to conquer. His ma[illegible] sharply reprimanded him for being so naughty as to cry like that and punished him by setting him to work on a plateful of jam, a species of re-active hard labor the severity of which his youth prevented him from duly appreciating. It is needless to state that when his task was finished all his former fondness for me seemed to have revived and that his desire to express it took the shape of caresses and strokings which I must honestly own my sense of touch rebelled against. It may be observed that there is an instinct in small members of the human species, irrespective of sex, and held in common with small animals of a lower order, which prompts them to get rid of any adhesive substance their hands or feet may have become possessed of, on the nearest person or object within their reach. This child had the instinct in a remarkable degree, and on the announcement of dinner I was nothing loath to return him to the endearing embraces of his fond parent.

While the dinner was in progress a number of young half-breeds on their way to the mountains on a deer hunt called to pay their respects to our respected hostess, who was a sister of one of them and to promise her an ample supply of mowitch on their way home. As the deer keep to the mountains in the early fall they had quite a climb before them, but the prospect did not seem to trouble them much if the capering and nonsense they engaged in before starting was any sign.

Mr. Bothwell, for such was my friend's name, had been upwards of 8 years in the Similkameen neighborhood, and had employed his time in various pursuits: store-keeping, prospecting and cattle-driving chiefly; and was very well acquainted with the people of the vicinity and their ways. The Siwashes were good enough people to trade with if you knew their peculiarities. Make them pay cash for all you sell them and they will come back to you and deal again, but once let them be ten or twenty dollars in your debt and they will trade at the opposition store. When you confront them with the bill, they will ask you in all simplicity "Where is what you gave us now? We do not want to pay for a dead horse." Still they like to know that their names are written in a book. It tickles their vanity and gives them prestige over the humble ready-money man. As it is useless to sue an Indian for debt, storekeepers have to be on their guard against allowing them too much rope.

Among other things due to the pecu[illegible] of climate in this valley, my [illegible] noticed the prevalence of [illegible] only among adults, but [illegible] age were also its victims. He mentioned a child of seven who had been stricken some months before. He could not account for it so we did not pursue the subject, but left it for doctors to differ about.

The trail is good for most of the way to Keremeos, the general trend leading down hill to where the river turns southward, the approaches to numerous level benches being the only steep parts. These benches are some of them a mile or more long and average half a mile in width, with scattered bull pines and patches of sage brush. The streams are not numerous and at this season are only dry stony watercourses. The soil is free from alkali and could with the aid of irrigation be made very fertile.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A GOLD FAMINE

Indicated By the Present Situation. — Why Silver Should Be Re-monetized

The leading article in the Fortnightly Review for September is a review of Mr. Gladstone's position upon the currency by W. H. Grenfel, the Liberal member of Parliament, who recently resigned his seat chiefly because he could not support the monometallistic attitude of the administration. In a very striking way he brings out the substantial uniformity of prices in the silver standard countries. He quotes monometallist authorities, showing that the increase in the purchasing power of gold already exceeds 30 per cent. In view of the recent action in India and the probable action in the United States, he urges that this appreciation of gold will now be accelerated.

Mr. Gladstone, in his speech in Parliment opposing the re-assembling of the International Monetary Congress, had admitted that there would have been a gold famine in the early fifties had it not been for the great discoveries in Australia and California. Setting out from this admission, Mr. Grenfell brings out the present prospects of a gold famine in substantially the following terms: "Trade and population have increased enormously since 1852. The demand for gold for the arts has increased enormously since then (some authorities, indeed, say that the whole of the present gold production of the world is consumed in the arts). The gold production of the world in 1852 was $180,000,000, now it is little more than $125,000,000. In 1852 bimetallism was in full operation, now silver is being discarded and an enormous extra demand for gold has been set us by Germany, Italy, the United States of America, Austria, Hungary and other countries. If, therefore, the possibility of a gold famine is admitted in 1852, can the actuality of a gold famine be denied now when all the causes for the production of a gold famine exist in a much stronger degree? At the height of the gold discoveries an attempt was made and to some extent carried out to demonetize gold. The same cry for 'good' money, for 'honest' money, was raised by the same classes, but then the money cried out for was silver. The same classes, the money-lending classes, the classes whose object is to lend a shilling and have the debt made by law into eighteen pence, were terrified by the great gold discoveries. Gold, they said, must be demonetized. As the production of gold fell off, the production of silver happily increased, and prices might have remained fairly steady, but the same cry was raised by the same classes: Silver is 'dishonest,' silver must be demonetized, and demonetized it was. Why should one class alone be consulted in a matter which vitally affects the whole mass of the community? That England is the great creditor country cannot be gainsaid, but I am happy to think that there are many in England to whom the honor of England is at least as sacred as her debts, but who blush to see England playing the part of a Shylock who uses false weights and measures and strenuously resists all attempts to have them rectified."

Ripans Tabules: for torpid liver.
Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.

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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.

DAMAGED

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Small Boy.

"Come on and go fishing, Pete."—"Where?" asked Pete. "Over to Beach Creek. It's rose like everything these last rains and the fish'll bite like sixty. And it's just the kind of day."—"Tip-top. I'll go. I'll get my tackle." Pete brought it out to the back porch—a wonderful tangle of linen, hooks sinkers and bobbers. "I'll help you unsnarl it," said Jim, and the two sat down to it. At the same moment Pete's father came through the house to the back door. "Pete," he said, "I'm looking for a boy to pile that wood." Pete's face fell as he took a look at the big heap of sawed and split wood. "It's an awful lot," he said, "and I was going fishing."—"You can do as you please," said his father. "I'm not going to make you take your Saturday. I'm going to give a dime for the job."—"Me and you wants to give some money to get the wheel chair for Ben," said Pete to Jim. "I'll give a dime to some other boy for raking up the yard," said Pete's father with a smile. "Say," said Pete, eagerly, "s'pose we do it. That'd be 20 cents. Won't you stay? It would be almost as good as play if we did it together."

Jim took a look around and shook his head. The back-yard had a high fence about it and was not, he thought, a pleasant place in which to spend a holiday. "It's a lot nicer out in the woods," he said, discontentedly. "And say, Pete, we can sell our fish and get some money that way."—"But what if we shouldn't get any?" said Pete, cautiously. "P'shaw! Course we'll get some. Come on." Pete looked longingly at the now straightened out fishing tackle "I'd like to go—awfully. But I'd like to be sure of the dime for Ben"—"But you'll get it," insisted Jim. "Like enough we'll catch enough fish to get a quarter a piece." "What would you do, mother?" asked Pete, sorely puzzled how to make up his mind, as she came to the door. "It is always wise to take the sure thing," she said. "Come on," urged Jim, as she went away. But Pete began winding up his fishlines. "I've generally noticed," he said, stoutly, "that what mother says generally comes out right."

The older Pete grows he will be sure the more and more to find that this is "generally" the case with "what mother says" and that it is a wise boy who begins to notice it while he is small. Still it was with quite a weight at his heart that he watched Jim go around the corner of the house and then turned to the huge pile of wood in the corner. "P'raps I'll get done by dinner time," he called after him, and then set himself to work. It was not hard work, but the stooping soon began to tire him. The sun, too, instead of keeping to his promise of a good, cloudy day for fishing, smiled away in a manner which made quick work of the morning mists and then beamed down with a warmth which Pete found very trying. He thought of the coolness of the woods, remembering the freshness of the Summer wind as it stirred the leave and fanned hot faces. There would be wild flowers, too, and he always liked to bring mother a bunch. The spring ones would be about gone, but the violets and blue-bells of early Summer would in shady places be in full bloom.

Yes, he must get into the woods as soon as possible. He piled so fast as to forget the cross pieces which his father had shown him how to lay to keep the pile even. It leaned forward and at length fell with a crash. "If I wasn't a boy I'd cry." Tears were indeed, very near Pete's eyes as he gazed at the fallen wood. For a moment he felt like giving the whole thing up and letting the ten cents go. But as he sat for a little rest on the sawbuck a thought often came to him. Poor little Ben, his schoolmate, who had suffered so long. He could almost see, this moment, the patient face, white and thin, which he always turned upon his friends when they went to see him. He had been in a dreadful accident and for long weeks no one thought he would live, but was now better, and the doctor had said that if he could get out of doors there would be a chance of his getting stronger. He needed a wheel chair, but his parents were poor and his schoolmates were trying to make up enough money to buy one.

No, Pete would not be sorry he had given up the fishing. But it was a very discouraged face which he turned to his mother as she came to the back door. She held out a piece of ginger-bread to him. "If I had the seeing to things," he said, fretfully, "I wouldn't let boys' piles fall down."—"Such things would seem hard," she said, with a pat on his head, "if we didn't know so well that in some way they are for the best."—"How can such things be best? there are lots of hard things. It's hard for Ben. How can it be best for him?"—"It takes hard things to make good things. A brave boy is a good thing. If hard things don't come how could any boy learn to be brave?" Pete gave a little nod. In his very heart he wished to be a brave boy. "And about Ben"—went on his mother, "it must be that there is some wonderful good waiting for him. Perhaps the Lord is going to make a brave, great, good man of him through all this." Pete went back to his work with a great glow in his heart. Perhaps he was helping the Lord a little in helping Ben. "I wonder," he said to himself, "how boys that haven't got mothers learn to be brave."

And then in a vague and misty way it came into his small head that the same dear Lord who was so good as to give such mothers to some boys, must manage to help the other boys in some way, according to their need. At twelve o'clock Pete stood and gazed in triumph at his neatly piled wood. At one he set out with his fishing tackle to join Jim, his heart bounding with the delight given by pleasant words from father and mother. Reaching the cross-roads just before turning into the woods Pete saw an old woman seated at the roadside on a large basket, while another one stood near her. "O, it's little Pete, isn't it?" she said. "Pete, my boy, have you seen farmer Mills go by from market yet?"—"Yes'm," said Pete. "I saw him go past our house while we were at dinner."—"Dear, dear," exclaimed the old woman. "The stage put me off here and I made sure I'd catch farmer Mills to give me a lift home with my baskets. What'll I do now?" Pete didn't know. All he thought of was to get to Beech Creek as soon as he could. In his great satisfaction at receiving his well earned shining bit of silver had mingled an ambitious hope. Why mightn't he catch some fish and sell them, like Jim? Think of having two dimes instead of one!

But as he rushed on a tug at his heart seemed to take the ligtness from his feet. Slower and slower they moved, came to a halt and then "reversed." He was very anxious to help little Ben. But here was an old woman who needed help this very minute and no one but Pete to give it. "Can't you get home if I help you?" he asked. "The Lord's blessing on you for a brave boy I guess I could if you'd take hold of the heaviest basket on one side." It was a long walk, and hard. Many a time they had to stop and rest. The sun sank low before they reached Mrs. Brown's cottage and then Pete was so tired as to be glad to rest and eat some ginger snaps from the big basket. It was far too late to go fishing when Mrs. Brown showed him a short cut home over the fields. As he ran down a slope he stopped with a sudden exclamation.

O, what wild flowers! All the caressing of the afternoon suns must have gone into those lovely colorings. It was out of the track of the village children and had not been picked over. Pete gave a shout of delight. "I'll take the biggest bunch to mother. It'll be 'most as good as the money." Half an hour later he struck into the turnpike road near home. A carriage came along behind him, but stopped as it drew near. Two or three children in it were shouting their admiration of the flowers, a bunch which a peck measure would scarcely cover. "Would you be willing to let them have it?" asked the gentleman who drove. "'Course I would?" said Pete, inwardly resolving that he would very soon get another bunch for mother. He placed them in the hand reached for them, then touched his hat as he drew back. "Thank you. Here—" the gentleman held out his hand just as the horses started. "There—it fell. Pick it up, my boy."

Could Pete believe it? A flash in the sunshine, then a gleam in the dust. "A quarter," he cried, beside himself with joy. "What for?" asked Jim, who at this moment came along the road, "Just for wild flowers," said Pete. "Hurrah! I've got a quarter and ten cents for Ben. Sold your fish, Jim?" noticing that he had none with him. "How much did you get?"—"Not a red cent." Jim, wet and muddy, walked on with a gloomy scowl as he talked. "Fish didn't bite worth anything. But I did catch one big fellow—guess I could 'a' got fifteen cents for him. But Bob Hill was there and when I caught it he said 'twas his fish 'cause I put my hook into his hole. And he grabbed for it and we both got into the water and the fish got away. I 'most wish I'd stayed in your back yard."

TOBACCO CHEWING.

BY KATE THORN.

"No doubt, ladies and gentlemen," said a popular lecturer to whom we listened a few evenings since, "no doubt that the practice of using tobacco shortens human life one-half!"

Now that man was mistaken. Facts will prove it. It ought to kill a man in two hours to chew tobacco—it ought to be certain death to him; but it isn't; and our observation teaches us that quite as many who chew tobacco reach the confines of four-score as those who never meddle with the vile weed!

For it is a vile weed, and we hate it! and we could sit up nights and hate it, if it would do any good. What it was never created for, if indeed it was created, beats us. It makes a man disgusting to all his friends, and causes him infinite trouble, besides drawing much of the spare cash out of his pockets.

His children may go barefooted, and his wife may take in washing to buy bread and potatoes, besore the tobacco-chewer will forego his quid. He would walk three miles before breakfast if he was "out" of the weed to borrow a "chaw" of his neighbor.

It always amuses us to see the man who chews tobacco in a drawing-room, or in a railway car, or in a church, or any place where spitting cannot be done with ease and comfort. His whole mind is absorbed in finding out where he is going to spit next.

He rolls that troublesome, yet beloved, quid over and over, and tries to coax it not to give out juice too freely, and he looks anxiously after a spittoon, or a quiet corner behind some chair, or a chance at a window; and he thinks nobody sees him; but, bless your soul! you old "chewer," everybody sees your perplexity.

And all the women enjoy it, and all the men know how it is themselves, but they do not offer to help him out of his trouble. In a street car, your tobacco-chewer generally spits between his feet or on the floor; and if he be a tidy man, he rubs it into the matting with the toe of his boot, and flatters himself he has done it nicely. Sometimes he spits out of the window, and if he sits at the end of the car, and the wind is right, all the passengers who are looking out of the windows on that side, will have a chance to judge from practical experience something about the flavor of tobacco.

The man who chews the abominable stuff is a slave, and a nuisance to himself and all around him. No one ever hated and despised the habit any worse than we do; but at the same time we do not think it shortens life in the majority of cases.

We have in our mind now a family of eight persons, and a dog. All the family chew and smoke, except the dog. Four of them are upward of fifty years of age, two have reached the seventies, one is eighty-four, and the other ninety-two. Tobacco has not cut them off in an untimely manner. Not long ago we were cognizant of the death of a man one hundred years and ten days old, who had chewed eighty-nine years! Think of what a pair of jaws he must have had! No contract work about the getting up of those jaws. He wasn't cheated when he got his chewing apparatus. "But, then, it is possible that if he had never used tobacco, he might have lived twenty-or thirty years longer!" says a disbelieving friend at our elbow.

But notwithstanding we believe that in the majority of cases the system becomes so accustomed to the poison of tobacco, that it is paactically innoxious, we would charge upon all, boys and young men, to let it alone! It is filthly; it is expensive; it is unnecessary. And we should not think that any man made in the image of his Creator, and ambitious of a higher and nobler development, would want to go through life looking after a place to spit!

Witchcraft.

A correspondent of London Notes and Queries says that "it is said that the belief in witchcraft is rapidly dying out, with other ancient superstitions, even in the most unenlightened districts of England. The following story shows, however, that the black art is still flourishing: 'There is a witch at Misterton who can lay a spell on anybody or anything, if she is not suited. None of her neighbours dares say 'No' to her, no matter what she asks for, because trouble always follows. One woman did refuse her a bucket of water, and what happened? Why, before long the calf in the calf house was fixed fast to the thing it took its milk out of, stuck by the nose just as if it were drinking, and there it was, try all the shifts they could, till at last they got her to come and say the word that unloosened it.'"

What is claimed to be the largest catch of lake trout ever made in four hours' time in Upper Saranac lake, New York, was made on Tuesday. The catch included eleven trout weighing 125 pounds.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

His Friends Had Given up Hope of His Recovery.

Mr. George Rose of Rednersville, Relates the Story of His Suffering and Release —Feels as Well as he did at Forty.

From the Daily Ontario, Belleville.

Four miles west of Belleville, in the county of Prince Edward, on the southern shore of the beautiful and picturesque Bay of Quinte, is situated the village of Rednersville, a charming place of about four hundred population, composed quite largely of retired farmers. Of late years the picturesque location of the village has given it some prominence as a summer resort, where may be enjoyed the cool health giving breezes of the bay. But even in this charming locality disease finds its way, and when the epidemic of la grippe swept over Canada, Rednersville was not spared a visitation. Among those attacked was Mr. George Rose, a life-long resident of the village who had already reached the allotted span of life. Mr. Rose had enjoyed remarkable health until he was taken down with an attack of la grippe, when grave fears were entertained for his recovery. In a few months he recovered sufficiently to again move about, but not with his accustomed vigor. Mr. Rose had scarcely regained his health when he was seized with another attack of this dread disease, worse than the first. This had a telling effect upon him and his family feared consumption had claimed him for a victim. A physician attended him regularly but seemed unable to give him any relief. However, all that medical skill could do for him was done, but daily Mr. Roses's condition grew worse, and in March of this year his condition was so low that his family, like himself, had given up hope of his recovery. During the last month the general talk about the village and the surrounding country has been the remarkable cure of Mr. Rose by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case created such a sensation that a reporter of the Ontario personally acquainted with Mr. Rose, determined to call on him and learn the facts of the case from his own lips. Mr. Rose was found a picture of health and activity for one of his years, and expressed his entire willingness to tell his story for the benefit of others. "I am," he said, "a well man, and do not hesitate to give the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for saving my life. I had three attacks of grippe and continued to grow worse up to March of this year. At that time I was so reduced in flesh and strength I could hardly stand alone. In fact I was a mere skeleton. I could not eat because I had no appeitte. I could not sleep because my legs and feet became so badly swollen and cramped that my wife would have to rub them before I could get rest. The pain was at times so violent that I could not refrain from screaming, and I would tumble about in bed and long for day to come. If I attempted to get up and walk I was apt to fall from all dizziness. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did not help me and I was so discouraged that I felt death would be preferable to my misery. I did not think I could live more than a few months when one day I read in the paper of the cure of a man whose symtoms were like mine. I must say I did not have much faith in the remedy, but felt as though it were a last chance. I sent first for a box and by the time it was half gone I found that my appetite was getting better, and in other respects I could notice an improvement in my condition. By the time the box was gone there was a still further improvement. I continued the use of the pills, found that I could now get a good night's sleep and that the cramps and pains which had formerly made my life miserable had disappeared. The swelling left my limbs, the dizziness disappeared and I felt better than I had in four years. I know that it was Pink Pills and them only that brought about the change because I was taking nothing else. I have taken in all seven boxes and I feel as good now as I did at forty years of age. Last winter I was so bad that I could not do my own chores, and now I can do a good day's work. My friends congratulate me on my regained health and I don't hesitate to tell them that I own my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many others hereabouts have found similar benefit. Last spring my niece was looking pale and feeling weak, and I advised her parents, who were very uneasy about her, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result is that she is now the picture of health. You may say that I would not be without Pink Pills in the house, for I firmly believe they will do all that is claimed for them if they are given a fair trial." In fact it appeared that Mr. Rose could not say too much for Pink Pills and as the reporter drove away he again remarked, "do not forget to say that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." In conversation with several residents of the village the statements made by Mr. Rose were fully corroborated.

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after emininent physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a pecific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

Spiced Cake.—If one likes spiced cake the following is a simple as well as excellent recipe: One egg, one-half teacup of equal parts of lard and butter, two-thirds of a cup of sour milk, pinch of salt, and half a teaspoonful of soda. Season liberally with cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Mix the ingredients well together, then add sifted flour until a good stiff batter is formed. Bake in moderate oven.

The Mouse Ran Down Her Throat.

A woman living near Hartford recently threw up from her stomach a full-grown mouse. The woman had not been feeling well during the morning, and about 11 o'clock complained to one of her neighbors who found her laboring considerably in her efforts to throw something off her stomach. The neighbor, however, laid the cause of the trouble to something else, and when a physician was called in the patient was told by him there was nothing serious the matter. During the evening, however, some medicine was obtained from the drug store which acted as an emetic, and the mouse then made its appearance.

How the mouse could have gained access to the stomach was at first a mystery. The woman is a heavy sleeper and the only reasonable explanation is that she fell asleep with her mouth open and the mouse bent on exploring every unknown region suitable for a hiding place, ran down her throat, producing the next morning the feeling of nausea which caused the medicine to be sent for.

The story was disbelieved at the drug store till the dead mouse was taken there and exhibited to the unbelievers. The woman has since experienced no bad effects from the unwelcome visitor.

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.

The Aberdeen Pasha.

There was three years ago in Kensington infirmary, says a correspondent of a contemporary, an old man of 90 years of age. For all the writer knows he may be there still, but he told him the following story. He is an engineer by trade and belongs to Glasgow. In the Russo-Turkish war he was chief engineer on a Turkish ironclad in the Danube. One day something had gone wrong with the machinery, and Hobart Pasha came on board. The engineer was busy at the repairs when he heard the voice of the admiral up on deck. The next minute he felt a slap on his shoulder, with an exclamation in guid braid Scotch. "Ye're makin' a fine job, my lad; it'll dae rale weel." "Guid preserve's a'," says the engineer, "whaur dae you come frae?" "Dod, man," says Hobart Pasha, "did you no' ken I belang to Aberdeen? Hobart's my surname, and after I cam' here they stuck on Pasha to mak' folk think I was a Turk."

The Spider's Thread.

Leuwenhock has computed that 10,000 threads of the web of a full-grown spider are not larger than a single hair of a man's beard. He calculates that when young spiders begin to spin, 400 of their threads are not larger than one from a full-sized insect. If this be a fact, 4,000,000 webs of a young spider are not as large as a single hair from a man's face

Rude But Not Fresh.

Mr. Baldboy (smiling kindly)—The waves are using you rudely. Will you permit me to assist you to the shore?

Miss Waterly—Never mind, thank you, The waves may be rude, but they are not fresh.

No Disappointment

Can arise from the use of the great sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Putnam's Extractor removes corns painlessly in a few days. Take no substitute. At druggists.

"It's a fact that I'm more or less crooked," mused the corkscrew, "but I've always got my pull."

A.P. 678.

Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Goitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They aid digestion and cure headache.

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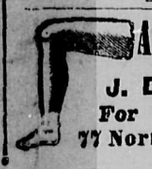

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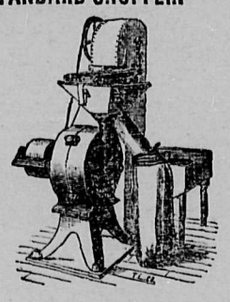

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