Silk handkerchiefs, 30c., 35c., and 40c.
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Velveteen, 75c. per yard.
—:o:—
The English Trading Co.

The Kootenay Mail.

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Phillippe Canaude's Sardines - - 50c.
Old Brown Windsor Soap—eight bars for - - - - - - - - 25c.
Glycerine Soap—per box - - - - 20c.
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The English Trading Co.

Vol. 1.—No. 42. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., JANUARY 26, 1895. $2.00 a Year.

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A LIMITED NUMBER OF
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At Reasonable Prices.
Lots can be Bought upon Exceptionally Liberal Building Conditions.
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REAL ESTATE AND MINING BROKER.
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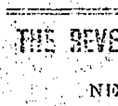
Accurate assays made of all kinds of minerals, water, milk, etc.

Kootenay Lodge No. 15 A.F.&A.M.
The regular meetings are held in the Masonic Temple, Bourne's Hall, on the third Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.
W. F. CRAGE, SECRETARY.

REVELSTOKE LODGE, I. O. O. F.



Regular meetings are held in Oddfellows' Hall every Thursday night at eight o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.
W. J. LEE, N.G. J. I. WOODROW, Sec.

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WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.
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Repairing Neatly & Promptly Executed.
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FURNITURE,
Doors, Sashes & Blinds.
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COFFINS CARRIED IN STOCK.
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Haircut, 25c.; Bath, 50c.; Six Shaving Tickets for $1.00.

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Will figure on all kinds of Buildings; all kinds of House, Store and Office Furniture repaired or made to order; all kinds of Shopwork in my line neatly and promptly executed by skilled and experienced hand.

GO TO THE WOOD BUTCHER
FOR YOUR
Norwegian Snowshoes,
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Manufacturer of all kinds of Furniture.
FINE UPHOLSTERING WORK.
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In First-class Style.
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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY
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BEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE
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Through First Class Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleeping Cars to St. Paul, Montreal and Toronto without change.
REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.
Atlantic Express arrives 9.15 daily.
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For full information as to rates, time, etc., apply to
L. T. Brewster,
Agent, Revelstoke.
GEO. McL. BROWN,
District Passenger Agent,
Vancouver, B.C.

Had to Treat the Crowd.

A novelty was recently introduced by the Columbia Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. Instead of the usual parliamentary debate, a jury trial was held. Nelson Riopelle acted as judge. The Lardeau "Silver King," who figured last week as the hero of the "Nigger Juice" episode, was charged with having maliciously, feloniously and with intent to do grievous bodily harm assaulted "Slocan Billy" with a billiard cue, whereby the latter in his attempt to escape was pushed against a window and broke a pane of glass. It appeared from the evidence that the dispute arose, through defendant accusing plaintiff of soaping the tip of his cue, but as he could not identify the cue or produce any evidence in support of his contention, the judge decided that the argument was frivolous. Counsel on both sides having been heard the judge reprimanded defendant and mulcted him in the amount required to "treat" the whole house. Costs of the glass to be shared between plaintiff and defendant.

R. S. WILSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Revelstoke Station.
First-class Material kept in stock and First-class Workmen employed.

All placer claims in this District legally held may be laid over from the 15th October, 1894, to the 1st June, 1895.

N. FITZSTUBBS,
Gold Commissioner.

Dated at Nelson, B.C.,
4th October, 1894.

REVELSTOKE DIVISION, DISTRICT OF WEST KOOTENAY.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and all taxes levied under the "Assessment Act" are now due for the year 1895. All of the above-named taxes, collectible within the Revelstoke Division of the District of West Kootenay, are now payable at my office.

Assessed Taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1895—

One-half of one per cent. on real property.

Two per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.

One-third of one per cent. on personal property.

One-half of one per cent. on income.

If paid after June 30th, 1895—

Two-thirds of one per cent. on real property.

Two and one-half per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.

One-half of one per cent. on personal property.

Three-fourths of one per cent. on income.

Provincial revenue tax, $3 for every male person over 18 years.

JOS. D. GRAHAM,
Acting Assessor and Collector.

Revelstoke, January 15th, 1895.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act to incorporate a Company for the purpose of constructing, equipping, maintaining and operating a line of railway to run from a point at or near the mines known as the "Trail Creek mines," in the District of Kootenay, in the Province of British Columbia, to some point as near as practicable to the junction of Trail Creek and the Columbia River, in the said District of Kootenay, with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate branch lines; and also to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway, together with the usual powers to acquire lands, privileges, bonuses, or aids from the Dominion or Provincial Governments, and to make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat and other companies, and by all other usual and necessary powers, rights and privileges.

Dated at Vancouver, this 11th day of January, A.D. 1895.

DAVIS, MARSHALL,
MACNEILL & ABBOTT,
Solicitors for Applicants.

AROUND THE WORLD AFOOT.

THE BIG UNDERTAKING OF A JOURNALISTIC PED.

Sam Wilson and His Companion Safely Through the Rockies and Selkirks—A Letter from the Intrepid Scribe.

That great American institution—the tramp—has received an important acquisition during the past few months in the persons of Mr. Samuel Wilson, an Australian journalist, and his companion, Mr. Yorke. These "tramps" are making this journey round the world under the auspices of the Sydney *Bulletin*. They started from the office of the *Echo*, in the town of Lincoln, England, on the 5th of August, the conditions being that, wherever practicable, the trip must be made on foot and without any aid other than that extended to him through the hospitality of the various peoples along the route. In England Mr. Wilson advertised for a companion, and from over 500 applicants (including several ladies) he chose Mr. Yorke, who is also a newspaper man, and who still carries on his cheeks the smooth, peach bloom skin peculiar to young Englishmen, but which will probably be all brushed off before he gets home again. By having a companion Mr. Wilson has had to "forage" for two, a task which he is quite capable of doing, as his successful accomplishment of the longest stretch of walking in the whole journey will show.

They sailed from Liverpool in the steamship Persian on the 16th August, arriving in Quebec on the 25th and left on their trans-continental tramp next day. To Winnipeg, which was reached on the 5th of November, they averaged about 45 miles a day when on the road, and since then 25 miles a day has been good going. Mr. Wilson carries a 22-lb. pack, and one of the heaviest articles in it is a thick book which contains a record of every place they have received a meal or bed, besides various entries by people he has met with along the way. This book will be sufficient proof that his tramp is a *bona fide* one. The most unique entry in the book is the C.P.R. "tie pass" issued to him at Montreal by Assistant General Manager Tait, and which is probably the only one ever issued by any railway company anywhere. The genial tramp kindly permitted us to make a copy of it, and here it is:—

MONTREAL, Aug. 21, 1894.

This will be authority for Mr. Samuel Wilson to walk on the track and cross on the bridges of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. between Montreal and Vancouver; he relieving the company, as he hereby does, from any liability for loss or personal injury which he may sustain while exercising this privilege.

THOS. TAIT,
Assistant General Manager.

SAMUEL WILSON,
Adelaide, Australia,
Sydney "Bulletin."

The wayfarers left Winnipeg on the 8th of November, since when they have had many and varied experiences, the most uncomfortable, perhaps, being the "head-on" and "tail-end" collisions they had with prairie blizzards, and the ever-haunting fear of being buried in an avalanche while coming through the Selkirks. They arrived in town about noon on Monday, and were accorded a first-class welcome by the C. P. R. officials. They lunched with Supt. Marpole in his private car, dined at the residence of Locomotive Supt. Temple, and were the guests of Station Agent Brewster at breakfast before leaving next morning. Messrs. Newman, Brewster and Temple piloted the "tramps" around town during the afternoon, and, of course, brought them to this office, where, it is needless to say, they were welcome visitors. They were accoutered in heterogeneous raiment, being gifts from various persons along the route as the winter came on, and Mr. Wilson's substantial figure might have been taken for either a steamboat captain or a brakesman, with extremely well-protected pedal extremities. He is an excellent *raconteur*, and his anecdotes are all exceedingly entertaining. Both travellers expressed their admiration of our mountain scenery, and Mr. Wilson, who has visited many lands, says that nothing he has ever seen can equal the grandeur of the Selkirks.

They started west Tuesday morning with 379 miles to cover before they can take ship at Vancouver. The proposed route is from Vancouver to Hong Kong, thence to Siam, Bombay, the Suez Canal, through Turkey, Germany, and back to Lincoln again. Eighteen months is the time allotted for the trip, and Mr. Wilson thinks he can "get there" on time.

The travellers have nothing but the kindest words for the courtesy and hospitality shown them by the railway officials and everybody they have met with along the route.

Before leaving Mr. Wilson sent us the following letter, which we feel sure will be perused with interest by our readers along the line:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "KOOTENAY MAIL," REVELSTOKE.

SIR,—My intrusion on your valuable space I must and can only apologise for by the fact that I have for upwards of twenty years followed the profession of a scribe, and for this reason having become possessed of the unlimited "gall" you and confrere know we only possess, this, I am sure, will give me the open sesame to your columns. I would in the first place congratulate you on your creditable paper, and the careful manner in which the contents have been edited. To-day, Monday, I reached your town after having completed my walk over the first section of the Pacific Division. The distance is not great, 39 miles—but the path I take (C.P.R.) gives to me, in the small space of time I have been on the Division, more scope for viewing interesting points at a period of the year when the ordinary tramp is coiled up in his winter resort, or gone south to Florida or Mexico. I am often told that I should have come over this country in summer, as I am missing such magnificent scenery. Now, I don't think so. I have seen mushrooms in thousands on the banks on each side of the railway track of larger dimensions than the turnips grown last summer in Manitoba, and which provided shelter for a flock of sheep—or geese (I forget which) from a storm that swept over that province early in the fall of last year.

Donald leaves on my mind many pleasant memories. I am always making new friends, and it is very often the case that my short acquaintance with them is of so agreeable a character that, occasionly, I experience some sincere regrets when the parting takes place. I had just bidden good-bye to the Western Division on which I had for several weeks been located in every possible quarter, and my entrance on the new division, if I may be pardoned saying so, was as agreeable as I trust my through journey may be to the coast.

There are always noted characters with various peculiarities to be met with *en route*, and as I am always open to hear remarkable stories from every quarter, as it affords me an opportunity of spinning a few of my own personal experiences, I cry quits and have the pleasure of adding to my own store of the marvellous. When at Donald I had received an invitation from genial host Kimpton and, punctual to my promise, I had the pleasure of passing several pleasant hours in that gentleman's company. Mr. Beasley, the assistant superintendent's chief manager, kindly took care of me at dinner, and with my other friends in that town the time was agreeably occupied. It must not be forgotten by your readers that I am walking through the country, not riding on hand-cars, ballast trains, blind baggage, or No. 1. If I am able to reach Vancouver I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that my journey has been honestly performed, altho' rather late in getting through.

The scenery on the road of the railway is simply marvellous, and I am astonished that the pleasure-seekers of Great Britain and the Continent do not crowd the Glacier House at the winter season, for host Perley there, with his numerous guides, will show them far more than is possible to be seen outside of B. C.

The C.P.R. have a certainty with their track; that is, that no tramps will ever take a walk from Donald to Revelstoke at this time of year, for the trestle bridges, snow plows and rotary will stop them. Just by way of a treat take a walk through snowshed No. 32. A far superior Dante's Inferno to the petrified caves in Matlock Bath or at Buxton, in Derbyshire. The watchman will take care of you and show you the stalactites and foaming rocks of ice varying in color from white, green, brown and copperas. The traveller, too, should not forget Hlecillewaet, for at this city he will meet Tom Richardson, who, I am sure, has at his command a greater vocabulary than any man I have ever met carrying his years (66). You will also make the acquaintance of the Indian talking parrot at his hotel. Now, don't forget to give him a call. Then you can pass right along to Revelstoke and get a disappointment, for the town itself is divided, but you can span the distance which separates the two towns by taking a cutter ride with Dr. McLean, one of the most expert drivers I have met this side of Donald. I shall carry away from your town many, very many kindly feelings of your western hospitality, and in parting from you I wish your enterprising centre a prosperon new year, and to you, Mr. Editor, my thanks for taking the trouble to meet and listen to your confrere in arms.

SAML. WILSON,
'Round the World on Foot.

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

The Editor cannot be responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

Mike's Little "Tale of Woe."

DEAR SOR,—Whin I was a radin in your illigant paper 'bout the terrible maneness av any person sindin away their little bit av money to some outside place to thry and git things a little bit more raisonable than they can git them here, shure the thought sthruck me at wance av writin ye to give ye me own opinion on this matther. It is not mesiff that will made to tell ye that toimes are mighty hard this winter, with no worrik at all, at all, and nary a job in sight now that the C.P.R. has gone and laid us all off. As for the Government worruk, shure Oim tould that "no Orish nade apply," as it is mostly carpinters and other forriners that gits the Government worruk.

But Mister Editor, Oive bin havin me subject entoricly, and no wunder, whin Oi thinks av the two-and-a-half a day. As Oi was sayin, toimes are hard, indade, and a silver dollar looks almost as big as a Red River cartwheel.

Mr. Editor, sor, Oim av the opinion that any poor sowl who is lucky enough to have a few dollars at all, at all, will be committin no sin if he spinds his money where he can git the most and best goods for it. Nather do Oi think it disloyal, aither. Faix Oim towld, and Oi belave its thrue, that by sindin to Toronto or Portage la Prairie you git yure goods laid down here, frate and express all paid, and save $25 to $35 on the hundred. The goods are excellent, too, Oim towld; and shure, aint it well-known that the frato and express are dearer on small lots than on carloads?

Now, sor, yure paper was sayin it was roight and proper to build up home industries; but Oi do be afther makin the assertion that home industry sometoimes kills itself by chargin double prices whin money is so scarce. Wouldn't it be a good plan intoirely fur our merchants to cut their prices down so that there would be no savin in people sindin away for goods at all, at all? If this was done, there would be a lot of money spint in the town that's now sint away. And, sor, Oi think it rale mane and indacent to blame a poor divel for sindin away his bit av hard-earned money so as to git something like value for it.

I'd be much obliged to you, sor, if ye will print this letter in your valuable paper, and if Oim out av worruk all winther, shure Oill have plinty av toime to roight ye agin.—Yours thruly,

MIKE MALONEY.

Revelstoke, Jan. 18th.

The Illecillewaet Bridge Dispute.

DEAR SIR,—I notice your article in your issue of January 12th under the heading of "Can't Agree, as Usual," and I am very sorry to see an article concerning myself bearing such a disagreeable tone.

In the first place, you are of the opinion that the bridge will be a costly affair, which is undoubtedly the case, especially if it is to be a triplet, which will be the case if it is to be built on the old location, which will necessitate 300 feet of bridge to span the river. Now, this river can be spanned by a bridge less than 150 feet and accommodate every settler just as well as the old location. I will leave it for yourself to judge which would be likely to be the most expensive.

Regarding the proper expenditure of the money, which you claim my interference has prevented, I wish to ask your informant if the opening up of a mile and a half of road to the various ranches is a proper way in which to spend bridge appropriations?

You also say that six or seven men were employed in getting out piles, etc. Now, 100 piles would be all that would be required for the construction of the bridge in any case, and there are about seven pieces of timber measuring 12 by 14 by 40. If you or your informant are accustomed to taking out timber you may at once ask what have those six or seven men been doing?

Now, regarding the employment of a surveyor—that is just what should have been done *at first*; and having settled on the place to erect the structure, and having plans and specifications drawn up, to give them to a man who could have carried them out to the letter.

Regarding the resident Government Agent having the right to decide such matters, I am aware of the fact that he is stable enough to go by his own convictions and put the bridge still further up stream than where I ask it to be put.

Now, my name is not mentioned in connection with this matter, but as it is well known that I am the one in question I feel it my duty to make a reply. Hoping that your informant may, in further correspondence, see fit to disclose his name, I am, yours respectfully,

H. F. HAY.

Revelstoke, Jan. 18th, 1895.

That Water Scheme, Again.

SIR,—When "Macaroni" makes himself known to the public as a hydraulic engineering critic I think it is my duty to tell him my mind. In the first place, he says that "Mr. Picard offers to supply the town with water from the Columbia River." That is not so. Mr. Macaroni is only a week behind time, and I would advise him to wake up and get the last issue of your paper and he will then learn what I have said, and I sincerely hope it may be firmly impressed on his memory. How it is to be done or how much it will cost me is another matter. I simply said if some interested parties would put up

(Continued on page 2.)

The Kootenay Mail

SUBSCRIPTION.

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	0 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

One Inch, per month	1 50
Two Inches, per month	2 00
Six " "	6 00

Special contracts for large advertisements

All bills for advertising due the 1st of each month.

Quack and cure-all advertisements not wanted.

The MAIL is printed every Saturday morning for the Revelstoke Printing & Publishing Co. (Limited) by

R. W. NORTHEY,
EDITOR AND MANAGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895.

LOOKS LIKE SETTLING UP.

It would appear that the Government has made a move towards compelling the Inland Construction Company to settle their liabilities, as the secretary of that company is now advertising for all outstanding accounts to be sent in to the head office, 524-526 Cordova Street, Vancouver, on or before the 15th February. This, of course, does not mean that the company's debts will be paid right away, but it is to be hoped that at least the workmen's wages will be paid as soon as possible. All creditors of the company, great or small, should not fail to send in their accounts before the 15th February.

VARIOUS WATER SCHEMES.

A WATER system is offered to the town for $500. Mr. Picard's scheme, which as yet is an unknown quantity, may be feasible or it may not. But we must state, in justice to our correspondent "Macaroni," that Mr. Picard's intention at first was to pump the water from the river in the vicinity of the bridge; but in the face of adverse criticism Mr. Picard may have changed his plans. There is now another Richmond in the field. Mr. Tapping offers to bring water down from the mountains for $500 and, unlike Mr. Picard, explains how it is to be done. But Mr. Tapping errs in saying Mr. Picard's scheme "was not approved of by the citizens," as no one knows what Mr. Picard's scheme is.

THE ILLECILLEWAET BRIDGE.

MR. HAY's letter certainly gives the other side of the question, and any inexperienced person can see at a glance that it would be a great deal cheaper to span a river where it was 150 feet wide than where it was 390 feet wide, especially if (as Mr. Hay says it would be) it were equally convenient for all parties using it. With every other condition equal there would have been no hesitation as to the location of the new bridge. But it appears the conditions are not equal. The site of the old bridge was decided on because the road which has been in use some years leads up to it, crossed the river at that point and runs through to the various homesteads on the other side; whereas with the bridge located so far up stream as Mr. Hay desires, it would require several miles of new road to be made to reach it from this side and to leave it on the other, so that the appropriation would be all used up on roadmaking and the bridge still unbuilt. But Mr. Hay may be under the impression—as we were a few weeks ago—that no limit has been fixed as to the amount to be used in the construction of this bridge. But there is a limit, and that limit is $1200—$200 above the sum we named last week. Newspapers are supposed to keep a watchful eye over the interests of the whole district, and if the money allowance for this bridge (which comes out of the appropriation for the whole riding) is allowed to creep up to meet an increasing expenditure, it behooves the newspaper to place the matter before the public. Mr. Hay's assertion that the Government Agent would place the bridge even further up stream is quite correct as far as it goes, but the Government Agent also says that the money to be spent on the work will not allow of the making of a roadway to it.

NOT SETTLED YET.

THE two great questions which have disturbed the peace of mind of our citizens for many years—the townsite dispute and the protection of the river bank—are both still unsettled. The Premier told us, at a meeting in the courthouse at the time of the election last July, that the Privy Council would decide the case some time in November, and that the result would be made known about the first of the new year. The new year is nearly a month old and the result seems to be as far off as ever. This is not so very surprising in the light of the telegram we published three weeks ago from Minister of the Interior Daly, which stated that the case had never been taken to the Privy Council. It is open to conjecture why Premier Davie held out this hope on the eve of an election. But Mr. Daly himself, when here last May, told his audience that the townsite dispute would be settled before the Revelstoke people ate their next Christmas dinner. It is very evident that we are merely the bone over which the two Governments are snarling, and unless we do something to liberate ourselves from bondage we must expect this long-winded dispute to continue *ad infinitum*. There is no need to point out the injury being done to the town, as it is well known that there have been, and still are, outside parties only waiting for the settlement of the dispute before investing largely in Revelstoke lots. But the Dominion election is not far off, and a pledge should be exacted from the candidate to push this matter to a settlement. Our townspeople can put their heads together and discuss the best mode of carrying out this suggestion.

As regards the river bank nothing can be ascertained as to Mr. Gamble's intentions. Mr. Kellie called at his office in Victoria last week, but he had left town and was not to be seen. Hon. Theo. Davie wrote a strong letter to the Interior Department of Ottawa on this matter last week, and is said to be much annoyed by the dilatoriness being displayed by the Dominion engineer. This may be the cause of another pledge from the Parliamentary candidate.

(Continued from page 1.)

$500, and each householder pay a small monthly payment for the service, I would then divulge my scheme and I would proceed with it and put it into execution.

Macaroni probably thinks he knows my plans by what I said verbally some time ago, but that is where he gets left. He don't know anything about it. If he wants to know anything about it, let him come at it in a business-like manner, according to my proposal. He says the water from Long's brewery could be brought down to the town for $500 easily. He probably would bring the water down for $500 cash and $1,000 credit, provided he has good credit for that amount; or perhaps he would haul it down with a dog train. But he can not bring it down in pipes of any description, and pay all dues and damages, for $1,000. It seems to me he has a little of the flood fever left from last spring, as he talks about my apparatus going down the river to Nakusp. Let him put that in his soup along with his macaroni.

However, I will give him a chance to read your issue previous to the last one before I go any further, as in all likelihood he will change his mind.

Hoping I have not intruded too much on your valuable space, I remain yours truly, E. PICARD.

Revelstoke, Jan. 22nd.

Mr. Tapping's Proposal.

DEAR SIR,—Please allow me space in your columns for a few lines concerning the water supply for the lower town. As I wrote on the subject in April, 1893, and 1894, I do not wish my letters to be deemed tiresome, so I will not remain long in the water this time. I, for one, give Mr. Picard credit for his enterprising undertaking for water works. But as it was not approved of by the citizens I will take the liberty to say—Use the water designed by nature for the purpose; it is down grade and a feasible route. This would be my plan: First get the water rights and the right of way; then get the C.P.R. to put in a culvert at the old cattle shute; then lay under ground box piping 6x6 in., inside measurement, made of cedar plank; convey the water into a tank or bulkhead at some point near east end of Front street, the tank to be 5 ft. 4 in. x 5 ft. 4 in., outside measurement, built 3 ft. under ground and 10 ft. above ground. That would be as far as I would care to take the matter, and I am prepared to sign a contract to complete that part—chiefly at my own risk, providing the town will get water rights and right of way, and as a guarantee of good faith put up 25 per cent. of the total amount of contract when the lumber is all delivered on the ground. This part of the work would cost the town about what it has cost it for water each year in the past. The expense for water would be practically over for about 20 years or so, with little repairs; it would increase the value of real estate; we would have less floods in the upper town and less fires in the lower town.—Yours truly,

ROBERT TAPPING, Contractor.

Revelstoke, Jan. 21, 1895.

McCUAIG—LINDSAY.

The most fashionable wedding ever seen in Revelstoke took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. McKay on Tuesday night, when Miss Lizzie Lindsay, recently of Fort William, Ont., and Mr. Archibald McCuaig, of this city, were made man and wife. Rev. W. Ross, of Donald, performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. E. Smith. The bride was given away by Mr. M. McKay, Mr. F. B. Wells was best man and Miss Ava Chase bridesmaid. The bride, who bore the ordeal well, was attired in cream cashmere trimmed with surrah silk, with train, bride's veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaid wore a cream cashmere and brown satin dress, trimmed with rosettes and sprays of orange blossoms and, although not the central object of attraction, lent not a little charm to the occasion. After a few felicitous words from the officiating minister, the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends, of whom there were nearly fifty present. Refreshments were then served and the bride's cake cut, after which the presents, which were numerous and useful, were reviewed.

The company then adjourned to Bourne's Hall, where a number of friends who had not been able to put in an appearance at the wedding began to arrive, and the large hall was soon comfortably filled. Dancing was commenced to the capital music rendered by Messrs. W. M. Brown and J. F. Ablin. Although the gentlemen considerably outnumbered the ladies who cared to dance, everyone present thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. This was greatly due to the efforts of Messrs. Wells and McKay, who spared no pains in making everybody feel at home and making the customary introductions to the bride and bridegroom. Messrs. Alton and Barber were floor managers. Refreshments were served shortly after midnight and before dispersing at 2 a.m. the whole company joined in singing "He's a jolly good fellow" and "God save the Queen."

Latest Big Bend News.

John P. Neilson, mail carrier between Revelstoke and Big Bend, arrived down with his dog train early Wednesday afternoon, having made the last thirty miles (from Carnes Creek) in five hours and the fifty miles from 7-mile bar in eleven hours. He left here on the 14th inst. and reached the farthest point on his route (French Creek) on the 20th. This is about the quickest round trip that has yet been made. The dogs went well and the snow was in fine condition for travelling. But for the fact that he had to make several detours around obstructions, sometimes having to ascend the benches, Mr. Neilson says he would have arrived down a day sooner.

On French Creek, not far from the Consolation mine, some men have been endeavoring to fork out an old shaft, and have got the water down to about 30 feet from the bottom, but their pumping apparatus is not powerful enough to lower the water any further, and to drive a tunnel to strike the bottom of the shaft would be too expensive. It is taken for granted that a great amount of gold would be met with in the bottom of this shaft and the levels which would be driven from it in various directions, as it is under precisely similar conditions that the Consolation is being worked, and there is no more profitable gold mine in the whole district. The last clean-up netted $400, and Mr. Laforme, one of the owners, brought down $1,200 last week. The average output for the three men working there now is $50 a day.

On Gold Stream, Charlie Norleins and Sol Holden own a placer claim above the falls. A wing-dam has been put in and they are sinking to bedrock, which is mostly soft and crumbly rock, and which, on being blasted, is found to contain gold in large quantities. Sol Holden is on a visit to the east, but will return next spring, when the claim will be worked on an extensive scale, and it is expected will be the greatest gold producing placer claim in the Bend country.

Almost adjoining this claim, and nearer the Columbia River, Harry Howard and McEachren have built a wing-dam at the head of the large falls on the south side of Gold Stream, so as to shut off the water while they are blasting a passage-way for a large flume which will extend several hundred feet down stream. When the flume is completed they will turn all the water into it so as to leave bare the northern side of the falls and the stream below. On this north side there is a large hole worn by the water from the falls, and it is believed that considerable gold is to be found at the bottom of it. With a long-handled shovel nuggets can be brought to the surface of the water, but it requires a skilful hand to land a nugget safely, as the swift current washes it off the shovel just as the finder is congratulating himself that he has got it. It is said that Sol Holden obtained a great deal of his gold from this hole.

Most of the other claims were doing very little, as the cold weather had put a stop to outdoor work for a time. The men under foreman Tom Bain were clearing the site for the new Downie Creek Bridge. The Big Benders were all in good health.

A Grievance from Barney, Trail Creek.

Mr. B. O'Brien, of Barney, Trail Creek, West Kootenay, writes to say that his house as a place of business has been ruined by the new Northport wagon road. This road, he says, was forced through his land in spite of his objections, and now runs about 100 yards back of the house, which causes it (the house) to be closed up. The old road on the Dewdney trail would have entirely answered the purpose, and the new road is quite superfluous. Mr. O'Brien complained to Gold Commissioner Fitzstubbs about the matter, and was informed "that individuals have no rights that roads will respect." He says: "Capt. Fitzstubbs posted over the road and did not stop to make any inquiries or try and get the facts of the case, but the first place he came to, where they sell bad whiskey and give worse talk, quite satisfied him, and he then imagined himself well posted as to the whole district." Further on Mr. O'Brien says: "I located on this land four years ago and have lived here continuously ever since. I have improved all I was able, and after all these years it is hard to see outsiders come in and spoil my business." In regard to the extension of the Red Mountain Railway charter, Mr. O'Brien says: "Had Mr. Kellie wished to get the true sentiment of the settlers on this matter he could have asked for a vote of all interested, and it is safe to say that that vote would be four to one against the extension. If that road is built they will be able to run up from Northport in an hour and haul away our ore in 20-ton carloads, and all the expenditure needed in this country will be the employment of two or three men to load the cars. The only difference from now would be that the ore would leave the country quicker than ever."

I. O. O. F. Installation.

In the Oddfellows' Hall last week District Deputy Grand Master Sterritt, of Donald, installed the officers of Revelstoke Lodge No. 25 for the ensuing year. Bro. G. Newman, N.G.; Bro. R. S. Wilson, V.G.; Bro. A. Stone, secretary; Bro. R. Howson, treasurer. After the ceremony the brethren sat down to an ample spread, catered by Lewis Bros. Addresses, songs, etc., followed, and Bro. Howson moved a vote of thanks to the Deputy Grand Master, which was seconded by Bro. Woodrow. A very pleasant evening was spent and the brethren separated at a reasonably early hour.

HALCYON SPRINGS HOTEL,

ARROW LAKE,

IS now open, at these celebrated hot springs, for the accommodation of guests. Rates $1.50 to $2.50 per day. Baths 25c. each, or five for $1. Special rates to families or by the month can be arranged.

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CLEANLINESS IN SURGERY.

The Cardinal Precepts of the Science of Operating in the Present Day.

There are three locations, so to speak, the absolute cleanliness of which must be above suspicion before the operator is justified in proceeding to his work, says the Nineteenth Century. These are the surgeon's hands, his instruments and the integument covering the part of the patient's body at which the operation is about to be performed. How is the requisite cleanliness in each case secured? So far as the hands are concerned, by profuse scrubbing with a nail brush in soap and hot water, followed by a thorough drenching in some antiseptic solution, as that of one in two thousand of perchloride of mercury; so far as the instruments are concerned, by sterilizing them, that is, by boiling them in water, or by passing them through the flame of a spirit lamp, or placing them in a steam sterilizer, and then, when the operator is ready to begin, by putting them into a receptacle containing an antiseptic solution, as, for example, that of carbolic acid. Lastly, so far as the patient's integument is concerned, by washing the part first thoroughly with soap and water, having previously shaved it if necessary and afterward with a perchloride of mercury solution, or if the part be greasy, by removing all the greasy material by scrubbing it with ether.

Without going into further details, these are the cardinal precepts of the science of operating in the present day. Of course each wound which in this manner is made under aseptic conditions, as it is called, is kept aseptic by the use of antiseptic dressings until healing has taken place. The results of this method of treatment of wounds are nothing less than wonderful in comparison with those which the earlier surgeons were able to obtain. What happens after, say, the amputation of a limb, nowadays? The rule is—nothing. Nothing, that is to say, beyond the uneventful convalescence of the patient. The dressings are not touched unless the temperature and pulse of the patient indicate by some disturbance that it would be expedient to examine the wound. The temperature and the pulse are the surgeon's guide; he takes his cue from them. Nothing can be amiss in the wound if these remain normal, and thus it follows that a large wound, such as that following an amputation, heals soundly from first to last, without any suppuration. What a contrast with that which obtained in former days! Suppuration was then thought to be an indispensable part of the healthy process of healing. In the present time, on the contrary, a surgeon is held to have failed in his practice of the principles of surgical cleanliness if, in wounds originally aseptic, suppuration occurs.

Authors' Homes.

Abroad, and especially in France, when a man makes a great literary or musical success, he likes to associate it with some permanent record. Dumas set the fashion sixty years ago by calling a little villa that he built outside Paris "Monte Cristo." It kept its name all through the author's life and retained it until a year ago, when it passed from the family into other hands. Similarly M. de Maupassant called the yacht so well known on the Riviera "Bel Ami," from the most popular of his literary ventures. And now M. Planquette has had constructed for him a little cottage at Merville-sur-Mer, which he and his neighbors call the "Villa des Cloches." The neighbors are, in fact, very proud of it and him, and the Corneville people have just presented the villa with a peal of bells forming a chime, so that the run of the "Cloches de Corneville" may be independent of the caprice of the popularity of the footlights.—London Daily News.

Survivors of Napoleon's Army.

One of the French papers which have been devoting a great deal of attention to Napoleon Bonaparte of late has been entertaining its readers by having a census made of the survivors of Napoleon's grand army. Four of these men only are now left. The eldest is Jean Jacques Sabatier, who was born on the 15th of April, 1792, at Vernoux L'Ardecho, where he has lived in retirement for many years. Then come Victor Baillod, Jean Bousset, and Joseph Rose, aged respectively one hundred and one month, one hundred years and one month and one hundred years and a few days. It is said that all are as hearty and vigorous as can be expected, in spite of their experiences as long as eighty-two years ago in that terrible retreat when the beggarly remnant of the greatest army the world has ever seen, worn out with cold and hunger, angrily called to the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz to get off his horse and share in the miseries of his men.

The Llama.

The Llama is a native of Peru and an animal of great importance to the Peruvians. It is a beast of burden, and at one time was the only quadruped in the country which could be used for that purpose, taking the place of either horse or or goat; it also furnishes them with food and clothing. In South America the animal is commonly known by several names—llama, alpaca, vicugna and guanaco. The llama and alpaca are domesticated, but the guanaco and vicugna are wild. The flesh of the llama is good for food and the skins and wool for clothing.

The Shape of the Shoes.

A doctor says that it is a great mistake for all women to suppose that the pointed toe shoe is bad for the foot. He adds that there are feet that should wear nothing else and that are hurt by the square toed boot that is often substituted. The way to determine what is best for one's foot is to place the stockinged foot upon the floor and to notice where the big toe comes. If it is on a line with the others, then the square-toed shoe is required. If it decidedly projects beyond the others, the pointed too is better.

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TOYS in great variety,

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THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. H. J. Bourne, J.P., is on a business trip to the coast.

The Government will survey the Big Bend lands this year.

The school well has been put in repair; the quality of the water is good.

Miss Annie Valentine returned on Thursday from a visit to Rogers' Pass.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Bickerton and child left on Monday morning for Ottawa, Ont.

A. L. Beaton, of the Gold Hill mine, French Creek, arrived down on Thursday from Downie Creek.

A coal oil famine has been averted by the of arrival a carload of the illuminating fluid for Bourne Bros.

A brother of Mr. R. S. Wilson, tailor, arrived from Toronto last Sunday; he intends to stay with this district.

The Red Mountain Railway Co.'s petition for an extension of their charter was thrown out in the Legislative Assembly this week.

Mr. Finlow, of the *Inland Sentinel*, was in town on Thursday on a collecting tour, but he had a harder task than he expected.

Mr. J. A. Marx, M.P., arrived in town last Monday morning from Kamloops, and proceeded down river to the str. Kootenai the same day.

Messrs. McArthur and Shannon are working 17 four-horse teams on the sleigh road between Wigwam and Bannock Point.

The Nelson *Miner* is still running two ancient Government ads., one dated March, 1894, and the other August, 1894!

Dr. McLean has been placed in charge of C. P. R. division between Revelstoke and Donald, until further notice.

Millar's gang have finished work on the Columbia River bridge, and are drafted east to Surprise Creek. Alton's gang are still working on the bridge.

Mr. S. Hammond has been making several improvements to his residence on Tapping avenue, the most noticeable being a fancy porch, the work of Fred Allen.

Two carloads of cattle for Burns and Perdue were sent down river this week to Three Forks, *via* the R. & A. L. Ry. and the sleigh road to the head of the lake.

There will be an entertainment in the Methodist church on Wednesday evening, when an excellent and varied programme will be presented. Admission only 25c. See advt.

Engineer T. Hatherley, late of the steamer Lytton, has resigned his position in the employ of the C. & K. Nav. Co. and is building a steamer for himself on Shuswap Lake.

Officer Graham took Charles Plunkett to Kamloops gaol on Thursday, 17th inst. Plunkett was sentenced to six months, at Kaslo, for being in possession of certain stolen articles.

Frank McGowan, fireman on the Nakusp & Slocan Ry., fell under the train last Friday and was dragged over 300 yards before being liberated. He was still living, but terribly injured.

Members of the snowshoe clubs to the number of about 40 had a tramp on Thursday night and concluded with a dance in Bourne's Hall, which was kept up till past midnight. It was a grand night for tramping o'er the snow, although somewhat cold.

A station correspondent writes:—"The bridge across the Illecillewaet is still untouched. Oh, what fine weather we are missing! If the building of this bridge was let by contract it would be completed and the townspeople taking moonlight sleigh drives over it."

Mr. Thos. Allen, father of Mr. O. H. Allen, Revelstoke Brewery, has been returned as alderman, at the head of the poll, by an enormous majority over the remaining candidates for ward No. 1, Toronto. Mr. Allen also headed the poll last year, and is spoken of by the papers as one of the most reliable and honest representatives in the Toronto city council.

Mr. Plumer has just received a patent bone-cutter, and he is now able to feed his chickens cheaply. One of our professional prize poultry breeders heard of the machine having arrived and called on Mr. Plumer to see his "patent incubator for feeding chickens." He had, he said, a catalogue of such incubators, but had never seen one.

The Rev. James Woodworth, D.D., superintendent of missions of the Methodist Church, spent two days in Revelstoke this week. He was favorably impressed with the town and people. Those who attended the special services in the Methodist church enjoyed two powerful and impressive discourses. He left last night for Kamloops.

The Chinese new year commenced yesterday morning with the usual fusilade of fire-crackers and bombs. From 1 a.m. the noise continued for several hours to the distress of sleepless citizens in the immediate neighborhood. The display is inferior to that of last year, when over $800 was spent in fireworks alone. This is owing to the "hard times," but the Chinese are keeping open house for all who choose to visit them, and are presenting the children with nuts, etc.

The ice on the river has afforded excellent skating all the week, and every day quite a number of young people have been disporting themselves over the Columbia's broad bosom. On Wednesday night torches lit up the scene and a large crowd was present, with skates and without. Yesterday was *the* day of the week, when nearly the whole population turned out, and the scene was a pretty and unusual one. The ice has been flooded nearly every night and this evening's programme promises to eclipse anything in the way of a skating carnival ever held here. The river is to be illuminated and the fun will be immense—if the weather is propitious.

On Thursday afternoon, while the fire crackers in celebration of the Chinese new year were being exploded in front of Wah Chong's store, Bourne Bros.' horse, which was standing attached to a sleigh outside the MAIL office, took fright and dashed away up Front street with driver McKay in full pursuit. The horse safely turned the dangerous corner at the end of the street and continued on to the river bank, under the bridge, past the brewery and away out in the country, being caught at Hetherington's farm house, with one of the shafts on the sleigh broken. Mr. Sibbald's horse also started off in the opposite direction at the same noise, but was soon stopped.

Owing to great pressure on our space we are obliged to hold J. Dolan's letter over till next week, as well as a letter from John Neilson.

As we are publishing so much local news this week we are compelled to omit a great deal of outside news, and must refer our readers to the daily papers.

At the police court this morning, before F. Fraser, J.P., the case of Coursier *v.* Wrong, which had a preliminary hearing on Monday, was finally disposed of. The case was dismissed with costs against complainant.

The Y.P.S.C.E. will hold the annual consecration meeting on Monday evening in the Presbyterian church. Subject, "Accepting Christ." Rev. E. Smith will lead. It is to be hoped that all the members will be present.

Mr. Mackenzie, Dominion Land Agent at New Westminster, has been in Kamloops looking up titles and descriptions of lands within the 40-mile belt to which the Provincial Govern- has granted deeds. This work has become necessary through the pending settlement of the dispute between the Provincial and Dominion Governments regarding these lands.

Before Justice Fraser this morning, James Kirkup was charged by Wm. Kirkup with having assaulted him in the Victoria Hotel. Complainant's evidence was to the effect that Jim was under the influence of liquor and used abusive language towards him, which led to the trouble. Defendant was fined $1 and costs, and bound over to keep the peace for six months.

At the police court on Monday, before Magistrate Fraser, J. E. Long, of the Kootenay Brewery, was fined $25 and costs for selling liquor on Sunday. Officer Graham laid the complaint. Some Italians were at the brewery at the invitation of Jas. Harper, an employee of Mr. Long's, and one of them, George Venito, was assaulted by two of his companions—Angelo Coppinero and Peter Tallaracka. Venito complained to the constable, who made an investigation of the whole affair. The charge of assault, however, was not pressed. The court stated that as Mr. Long's was the first case of the kind, a small fine was imposed, but the next offender would be severely dealt with.

Littlejohn and McManus Sentenced.

At a speedy trials court, held at Kamloops on Saturday last, before His Honor Judge Spinks, Albert Littlejohn pleaded guilty to stealing certain articles of jewellery, the property of Mrs. D. Dunn, and also to breaking gaol at Revelstoke and Nakusp. For the first offence he was sentenced to 6 months, and 3 months on each charge of gaol breaking, sentences to run concurrently.

At the same court Frank McManus pleaded guilty to stealing a watch and chain, the property of Capt. J. C. Gore, of the steamer Lytton, and was sentenced to 3 months.

Both prisoners having entered a plea of guilty saved the province considerable expense for witnesses, which, no doubt, His Honor took into consideration.

Death of Lord Randolph Churchill.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who passed through here last fall, on his way to India in search of health, died in London shortly after six o'clock on Thursday morning. Lord Randolph was at one time spoken of as the "coming man" in British politics.

CONCERT ‡‡ ENTERTAINMENT

IN THE

METHODIST CHURCH

ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 30th.

PROGRAMME.

1. Chairman's address.
2. Solo—Miss Hattie Lee.
3. Reading—Mr. A. Wilson.
4. Solo—Miss Alice Northey.
5. Recitation—Miss Lily Valentine.
6. Banjo selection—Guy Barber.
7. Solo—A. Sykes.
8. Recitation—Miss Mary Edwards.
9. Duet—A. Cummings and A. Sykes.
10. Recitation—Miss Ruth Valentine.
11. Song—W. J. Lee.
12. Reading—J. S. Patterson.
13. Quartette—Mrs. Coursier, Miss M. Adair, Rev. C. A. Procunier and Guy Barber.
14. Recitation—Miss May Valentine.
15. Solo—A. Cummings.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Inland Construction & Development Company, Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE: 524-526 Cordova Street, Vancouver, B.C.

25th January, 1895.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

TAKE NOTICE, that all accounts outstanding against the Inland Construction and Development Company, Limited, must be rendered to me in full detail at the head office of the Company, in Vancouver as above, on or before the 15th day of February, 1895, or in default the Company will not be liable for payment of same.

W. CURTIS SAMPSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

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ORE SHIPMENTS VIA REVELSTOKE.

Jan. 22.—Idaho	4 cars	150,000	pounds
" 22.—Slocan Star	3 "	114,000	"
" 23.—Idaho	3 "	95,000	"
" 23.—Cumberland	2 "	60,000	"
" 25.—Slocan Star	2 "	60,000	"
" 25.—Alpha	2 "	65,400	"
" 25.—Idaho	2 "	60,000	"

Trail Creek Ore Shipments.

From Nelson *Tribune*: The following have been the shipments from the War Eagle and Le Roi between the 4th and 17th inst.:—Le Roi, to Tacoma, 102 tons; to Everett, 90 tons. War Eagle, to Great Falls, 230 tons.

No Interruption to Ore Traffic.

The steamer Kootenai entered the river from the Arrow Lake on Monday in an attempt to reach the Wigwam, but the weather hardened before she could get back, and the result is that she got entrapped in the ice and is now frozen in at Hall's Landing, where she is likely to stay for a month or more. A gang of men went down to cut her out, but it was too big a job. There is no break in the ore traffic between Nakusp and the head of the lake, as the small steamers Arrow and Marion and Genelle's tug are put into service, and with the scows could easily move a great deal more ore than is offering. Passenger connections are made as usual. While the imprisonment of the Kootenai is a bonanza for the owners of small steamers on the Arrow Lake it will mean a serious loss to the C. & K. Nav. Co., as it is hardly probable that they will be able to get the Lytton up from Trail.

The sleigh road from the steamer landing to the Wigwam is in good shape and fifty tons of ore a day are being hauled over it. This quantity can be increased whenever it is necessary by putting on more teams.

A Romance of Two Hemispheres.

Just seven years ago to a day Albert Jeffreys left his home in Oxford, England, for British Columbia, to make a home for himself in the wild and woolly West, leaving behind him his fiancee, Miss Annie Corbey. After some years he got fairly settled at Nelson and wrote Miss Corbey to come out, and at once set about preparing a house for her reception. While she was en route, with her friend, Miss Mary Walker, Albert was appointed to a berth at Revelstoke and met the ladies on their arrival here, where once again he had a house ready. They stopped at the Columbia House and the wedding was fixed for Tuesday next, but "the best laid schemes of men and mice oft gang agley." On Thursday evening at seven o'clock Mr. Jeffreys received a notification from Supt. Marpole to proceed to Rogers' Pass by a freight train leaving here at midnight, and at which place he had been appointed to a permanent position. Here was a dilemma, and as the marriage license had already been procured there was only one way out of it. After a consultation with the hostess, Mrs. Clark, it was decided that the ceremony should take place there and then. So the minister (Rev. C. A. Procunier) was sent for, but there was no time to fetch the wedding dresses, which were at the recently furnished house at the station. Mrs. Clark gave the bride away, Mr. W. M. Brown acted as best man, and Miss Walker was bridesmaid. The bride was dressed in a very becoming travelling suit. The resources of the Columbia House proved quite equal to providing a very enjoyable marriage feast, and the best wishes of the company were showered upon the happy couple, while their health was heartily drunk in several bumpers. The groom went off to the Pass at midnight, whither his bride will follow on Monday.

Donald's Calico Ball.

As briefly mentioned in last week's issue, a calico ball took place in the Donald public hall last Friday evening, which was a marked success. The number present was larger than at any previous dance, while the dresses of the ladies showed exceptionally good taste, and also great variety. In the same set might be seen "little Bo-peep" dancing *vis-a-vis* a lady of the 16th century and "Folly" disporting herself opposite a sedate "Sister of Charity." One of the most striking dresses was that of a lady representing "Chrysanthemum." The dress was cream colored with small chrysanthemum flowers all over, and a large one as a headdress. Most of the gentlemen were in ordinary evening dress, with calico vests, altho' a few appeared in fancy costume, conspicuous among them being a clown and one or two in military uniform. The hall was beautifully decorated with banners, flags and Chinese lanterns. Halfway through the programme of 28 dances, refreshments were served; their "goodness was the death of them," as ample justice was done to all the excellent fare provided. The music consisted of piano, violin and guitar, by Messrs. Woodhouse, Pool and Kincaid, whose names are a guarantee of excellence. The utmost goodfellowship prevailed, and on breaking up at 4 o'clock, everybody declared that the enjoyment could not have been surpassed.

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AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S SUCCESSFUL RACING STABLE.

She Loved Horses and Personally Conducted Her Sporting Property—It Was Not a Fad With "The Red Duchess" But a Pursuit Followed Through Love.

Caroline Agnes, Dowager Duchess of Montrose, who died recently, and who was known in the racing world as "Mr. Manton," and also as "The Red Duchess" had been for many years a picturesque figure in the life of the British capital and on the race tracks throughout England. She trained and raced horses with much success, and maintained one of the finest racing stables in the world, the entire management being in her own hands. From the beginning to the end of her life she was "horsey," it was not merely a fad with her, but a pursuit she followed through the love of horses, of betting and of the life with which she was brought in contact.

She was born in 1818, the youngest daughter of the second Lord Decies, and even as a girl showed her bent by spending more time in her father's stables than she did in his house. At the age of 18, she was married to James, fourth Duke of Montrose, himself a man of sporting tastes and owner of a racing stable. He was also of illustrious lineage, being descended from Scallish Graham, who was made a baron in 1451, and of the great Marquis of Montrose, a supporter of Charles I. For 28 years they had a merry sporting life together and then, in 1874, the Duke died.

The issue of the marriage was three sons, the youngest of whom is the present Duke, and three daughters, two of whom survive and are married. The Duchess married again two years later. The man she selected was W. S. Sterling Crawford, who was even more widely known as a "horsey" man than the dead Duke. When Mr. Sterling Crawford died in 1883, his valuable stable passed into his widow's possession, and she at once decided to continue it and to race horses herself, under the name of "Mr. Manton." That pseudonym soon became famous, because most of her horses were good ones and won a large percentage of the races in which they were entered. When the horses were not good "Mr. Manton" had luck.

The Duchess, launched for good in her new career, made a practice of attending all the horse sales and recruited her stables with yearlings that she bought at low prices. She developed many high-class horses in this way. She superintended her stables personally and learned to swear roundly at the men when they neglected their work or did not do it properly. In the paddock and at the judges' stand, she was also able to hold her own, and the public disputes in which she came off victorious were many. She was afraid of neither jockeys, trainers, bookmakers nor judges, and she was never backward in expressing her opinion of them if it was bad.

When Fred Archer was at the height of his popularity as the first jockey in England, the Duchess took him up and became very intimate with him. It was even said she was going to marry him. With other well-known jockeys she was also on the closest terms, and she found much entertainment in their society. For men who could not talk "horse," she had no consideration whatever. At the track she seldom deigned to enter the grand stand. It was in the paddock that she was most at home.

In 1888, Sterling Crawford having been dead for five years, the Duchess took her third husband, Marcus Henry Milner, a youth about one third her age, who was a follower of race-tracks because they delighted him. She appeared very devoted to her young husband, and they went into society together so much that people thought the Duchess was going to give up racing. But while she ran her horses in Mr. Milner's name she still kept up her personal supervision. At the end of three years, there was a quarrel and a lawsuit, the Duchess charging that her husband had mismanaged or was trying to mismanage her property.

In the course of the hearing in the suit it came out that she had settled $10,000 a year on Milner at the time of the marriage. The Duchess had an income of about $100,000 a year, consisting principally of her dower from the Montrose estate and the fortune Mr. Sterling Crawford left her. She added to this largely by the amounts her horses won on the track and the sums she won betting upon them. Money ran through her fingers like water, however, and aside from the great cost of the maintenance of her stable, she had tastes that were uniformly expensive.

The Wasp-Waisted Woman.

On corsets humanity is tired of speaking its mind. No sensible man likes a woman with a waist like a wasp or an hour glass, nor is comfortable in the secret of a girl whose form suggests that he may at any moment have to apply a kite to her stylaces. Such incidents have actually occurred. But it is not to please sensible men that many girls dress. Where does a tight laced beauty's dinner go to? is a topic on which science has not pronounced.—London Daily News.

Hadn't Time to Take Them Off.

Fond Parent—Goodness, how you look, child! You are soaked.

Frankie—Please, pa, I fell into the canal.

"What! With your new trousers on?"

"I didn't have time, pa, to take 'em off."

His Literary Preference.

What book has helped you most?" inquired Miss Bobleigh.

And after long thought Cholly replied:

"My book of thigawetto papaha."—Truth.

THE MEN OF THE NORTHERN ZONE.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Shall it ever be placed so off in song?
If ever a Northman lost his throne,
Did the conqueror come from the South?
Nay, nay, and the answer blent
In a chorus southward sent:
"Since when has a Southerner's conquering steel
Hewed out in the North a throne?
Since when has a Southerner placed his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone?"

Our hearts are as free as the rivers that flow
To the seas where the north star shines;
Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Thro' the crests of our native pines.
We never will bend the knee,
We'll always and aye be free.
For liberty reigns in the land of the leal,
Our brothers are 'round her throne;
A Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, shall we shatter our ancient name,
And lower our patriot crest;
And leave a heritage dark with shame;
To the infant upon the breast?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
With a chorus is Southward sent;
"Ye claim to be free—and so are we.
Let your fellow freemen alone;
For a Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone."

Shall the feathers that bore us how the head
And blush for oleomerite sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Ho, brothers stand to the guns!
Let the flag be nailed to the mast,
Defying the coming blast,
For Canada's sons are true as steel,
Their mettle is muscle and bone;
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the neck of the Northern Zone.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Where the maples, their branches toss,
The great bear rides in his state along
Afar from the Southern cross.
Our people shall live free,
They never will bend the knee,
For this is the land of the true and leal,
Where freedom is bred in the bone—
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

An Unlucky Number.

Bacon—Slabsley has come to the conclusion, at last, that 13 is an unlucky number.

Egbert—Why is that?

"Oh, his wife was the thirteenth woman he was engaged to."—Yonkers Statesman.

Drawing an Inference.

Witherly—Your little one hasn't got off any bright things yet, has her

Plankington—I don't know. What makes you think he hasn't?

Witherby.—Your wife told me he took after you.

Confusing.

"Who is that beautiful blonde?"

"My wife, sir."

"Ah! I beg pardon. The fact is, I proposed to her just now, and"—

"She refused you?"

"No—she accepted me."

Saved.

"Star!" cried Pocahontas.

The obedient father paused.

"Do you realize," said she, "that if you undertake the job of killing off all the John Smiths you won't even have time to eat?"—Indianapolis Journal.

New York's Weed-Grown Streets.

On some of the streets in upper New York, recently paved with asphalt, there is not a single residence. Farms line the way and the [illegible] hidden beneath a profusion of weeds.—Jewelers' Review.

The Coming Thing.

Parent—What did you learn at school to-day, Johnny?

Enthusiastic Pupil—Learned how to cut up a toad. We're goin' to tackle a mud turkle to-morrer.—Chicago Tribune.

He'd Been Roasted.

Jessie—Why do they call the boys who sit up in the galleries the gods?

Author—To distinguish them from the devils who sit in those orchestra chairs and write criticisms.—Truth.

Most Powerful Attraction.

Fanny—He is a very grave and severe man, but still, I think he is very attractive.

Kitty—Well, if he is, it's the attraction of gravity.

After Dinner.

"I say, Smith, where's your wife?"

"I don't choose to tell you, sir. You are in no condition to speak to a lady."

"Oh! Thashalright. I only wanted t' avoid her."

Pleasures of the Imagination.

"Tell me a story, grandma." "What kind of a story do you want, Tommy?" "Tell me a story with plenty of robbers and candy in it, and a dog."—Texas Siftings.

Nothing Extraordinary.

She—The newspapers say that the women of the poorer class in London go barefooted. I think that's dreadful.

He—That's nothing. They used to do it—they were born that way.

A Specialist.

Cholly Chumpleigh—Yes, gloves are worn in bed at night to make the hands soft.

Miss Coldeal—Indeed! Do you wear nightcaps, Mr. Chumpleigh?

At the Cross Roads.

"Is court took in yet?"

"Not yet."

"What's up?"

"Judge Ickin' a lawyer that called him a liar."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Question.

The Bride—Did you marry me for my money?

The Bridegroom (frankly)—Yes.

The Bride (anxiously)—Did you get any?

Could Afford It.

First Physician—Is this a case that demands a consultation?

Second Physician—I think it is. The patient is extremely rich.

Found Out.

Tootsie—I don't see why you insist on going to the continuous performance.

Mrs. Toots—There are no acts for you to go out between.

Hard to Suit.

Jess—That young man is very disagreeable. I wore all my best [illegible]

Jack—The other is just as bad; he has [illegible]

WILL ALWAYS BE A DESERT.

The Sahara Generally Above the Level of the Sea—No Chance of Flooding.

One-fifth of the whole African continent is desert, the sea being estimated by Mr. Ravenstein at over 2,250,000 square miles, of which all but a small fraction is contained in the tract of land popularly known as the Sahara, says McClure's Magazine.

Except for some school children who know better, and school teachers who are instrumental in that being so, the misconception of the Sahara, which is widespread, would be practically universal. The average man pictures the Sahara as a vast sea of sand, for the most part below the sea level, across which the camel speeds before the poison blast of the simoon from oasis to oasis. Schemes for flooding the Sahara have come before the public occasionally, and we have read accounts of the vast inland sea which might be formed, rivaling the Mediterranean in size, giving a southern coast to Morocco and Algeria, and admitting steamers directly to the wealthy states of the Soudan.

The Sahara, as known to the geographer, corresponds badly with this conception, for, in fact, there is no risk of the "ship of the desert" ever being supplanted by the ships of the sea. Few parts are below sea level, and they are small and scattered. In the interior the desert is a plain high above sea level, covered with vast dunes of red sand in many parts; in others it is an elevated plateau, with lofty mountain ranges of bare rocks interspersed by stony valleys. It is arid, save where a spring bubbles up and gives rise to a small oasis of grass and palm trees. The Sahara proper is unknown except for a few trade routes regularly traversed by Arabs and occasionally by adventurous Europeans. These utilize the oasis as resting places, stepping stones, as it were, and keep up communication between the wealthy Mohammedan states round Lake Chad in the south and Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers or Morocco on the Mediterranean. Between the trade routes all is a bank of sand or barren rock. Exploration is only possible when water, as well as food, can be carried, and his condition has practically stopped all attempts at discovery for the present, on account of the great expense and the purely scientific nature of the possible return. A railway running from the French possessions on the Mediterranean across the desert to Timbuctoo, the scarcely known trade center near the Niger, is talked of. Such a line may be constructed in the future, but the difficulties are enormous, much greater than those overcome by the Russians in the Transcaspian line through the deserts of Central Asia.

A Romance Spoiled.

A cycling romance has been spoiled, and so has a cycling costume, in one of the pleasantest suburbs of South London. Last Sunday morning as a gentleman was wheeling his wife along his favorite country lane he gradually overtook a lady bicyclist attired in the rational costume which, for a wonder, became her well. Elegantly cut, faultlessly finished, the fair rider's attire, from hat to gaiters, spoke the lady—so far, at least, as style went—and the critical spectator was fast becoming a convert to the aesthetic claims of the new fashion, when the fair rider wobbled, hesitated and was lost in a ditch at the side of the road. Quickly he rushed to her assistance, helped her to her feet and dusted her carefully down, the while she thanked him in stammering accents for his courtesy. That voice! he thought, where had he heard it before? and he lifted his eyes to hers. Of course he had heard that voice—they were his cook's. He forgot all about the damaged bicycle, flung himself on his own trusty steed and fled home to his wife.

Inquiries showed that the errant domestic had a friend in service whose mistress was a bicyclist, and in the absence of her employers from town she had allowed the cook to borrow both bicycle and costume wherewith to cut a dash. But the turn of the wheel brought nothing but woe to its unhappy devotee. There is a vacancy for a cook in that suburban villa. No cyclistess need apply.—London Telegraph.

Poisonous Instincts of Spiders.

It is customary to kill the ordinary house spiders, partly because of the erroneous impression that they bite, partly on account of the fact that they sit in webs and accumulate dirt. While admitting that cobwebs are undesirable in corners, we do assert that they are beautiful from a scientific point of view and we regret the ruthless way in which they are swept away. The cave at Antiparos is very well worth a visit, and there is no question but that the hundreds of thousands of them, not to say millions, do a great deal of good by keeping down the insect life. There are millions of spiders in Jamaica, and their harmless, inoffensive ways and their usefulness in preying upon other small creatures is an inestimable benefit to the human race.

Origin of the Word Poetry.

The word poetry, now a familiar one with [illegible]

DEEDS OF STRONG MEN

AS RECORDED IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

Latter-Day Athletes Far More Than a Match for Those of Old—Some of the Wonderful Feats Performed by Giants of the Present.

I have often heard it asserted, says a writer in the New York Advertiser, that the human race was degenerating in regard to personal strength and activity; that the ancients were physically stronger than the men of modern times. In searching through the records of athletes of ancient Greece, etc., I have been enabled to make some comparison between the strong men of that time and those of the present day, which I think, shows conclusively that the present generation are far ahead of any authenticated record we can find of the ancient. The idea that the human race as a whole is degenerating is a popular delusion, founded on ignorance of the plainest and most undeniable facts. The idea that men are falling off in size is a mistaken one. There are good grounds for doubting that any man of former times ever performed a feat of strength beyond the powers of the strongest man of the present time. In popular estimation Samson (the original one) rendlas the typical strong man, and many will think it sacrilege to doubt his claim to be the strongest man that ever lived. Yet, what feat is recorded of him that has any undoubted definite value as a measure of strength? He killed a young lion with his hands. Polydamus also killed wild beasts with his bare hands, a huge and fierce lion, and so did Richard Cœur de Leon, according to history.

Another celebrated athlete who flourished about 500 B. C. was Milo of Crotona, a Greek town in the south of Italy. In his case also we have nothing recorded by which we can form any accurate idea of his strength. He was victor six times at the Olympic games, and among the things attributed to him are the following: Binding a cord round his head, he could break it by retaining his breath and swelling out his veins, with his elbow resting on his side he defied anyone to open his closed fist, standing on an oiled quoit he defied anyone to push him off it. The last is sheer nonsense, the first two indefinite. Samson or Sandow of the present day can bind chains around their arms, and by swelling their muscles can burst the chains easily, which I consider a much harder thing to do than breaking a cord—that would be child's play for them.

Milo was also credited with having carried a full-grown heifer through the Stadium of Olympia, killed it with a blow of his fist, and afterward ate it all on one day. There are several men of today who are credited with the power to kill an ox with the blow of the fist. Now, unless the heifer was four times his own weight, it was no great feat to carry it, and if it was four times his own weight, then it was impossible for him to have eaten it in a day, even allowing a wide margin for offal. All these records, however, still leave us ignorant of how strong he was.

Coming to more recent times, we find Thomas Topman an Englishman, who exhibited about 1740. He was about 5 10 inches in height, and weighed in the neighborhood of 290 pounds, and was very strongly built. Topman's feats were feats of real strength, and he is the first performer that could bear comparison with those of the present day. Here are two of the best records of real strength recorded of him: He stood on a platform which had two parallel bars at a convenient height on his right and left, on which to place his hands. Below him on a lower platform were three barrels of water, weighing altogether about 1,836 pounds. These being bound together, a chain from them passed through the platform on which Topman stood, and was attached to a belt that passed over his neck and shoulders; he then lifted the whole by straightening his arms and legs. His other genuine record was lifting by seizing with his hands a frame on which rested a stone weighing 889 pounds.

It is my candid opinion that there are men living at the present time of greater personal strength than any Milo, Samson or Topman. We will now place the following records against Topman's lift of 1,836 pounds. In this country some twenty years ago several athletes gave their attention to devising harness for lifting heavy weights, with the following results: Dr. S. W. Winship lifted 2,500 pounds, John J. Lucus 2,700 pounds, A. A. Butts, 2,730 pounds, and William H. Curtis, at present editor of the Spirit of the Times, 2,930 pounds—1,094 pounds more than Topman's. There is no doubt but that the apparatus these athletes was superior to that used by Topman, but Donald Dinnie, the famous Scottish athlete, with apparatus far inferior to Topman's, in this he had no supports for his arms, with mere straps, lifted 1,901 pounds. In 1891 Louis Cyr, a young Canadian, standing under a plank, with knees slightly bent at the knees, bent forward, and his hands resting on a stool, pushed up with his back, arms and legs the plank with a platform resting on it, weighing 2,000 pounds, and a few years later the same athlete, using the same method raised 2,336 pounds.

In weight lifting there is less room for improved apparatus, and here again the modern strong man completely eclipsed Topman. Dr. Winship lifted 2,500 pounds, William H. Curtis 2,930, D. Lenning, 1,873, Harold L. Cowell 1,492 pounds, and Jefferson of Boston lifted with his hands alone 1,571½ pounds, nearly double Topman's best lift.

There are generally from half a dozen to a score of athletes, each proclaiming himself the strongest man on earth. Here are some of them: Samson, Kennedy, Sandow, Cyclops, Ajax, Attila, the brothers Samson and Hercules and Louis Cyr, who, in the writer's opinion, is really the strongest man in the world today.

FRENCH GIRL'S FEAT.

She Changed Her Clothes in a Coach and Nobody Was Shocked.

"Savoir faire," of the French Frenchy, is without a synonym in the English language. It properly belongs to a race that intuitively follows the old adage, "What's worth doing is worth doing well." They are adepts in the art of diplomacy. Under trying circumstances they are cool and collected.

I had taken a train in this city for a trip to Philadelphia," said a Washington man, "and after an hour's stay in the smoker went into one of the regular passenger coaches. Casually looking over my fellow passengers, I happened to let my gaze rest on a demure, dainty little woman across the aisle from me, but whose seat was in alignment with mine. She was intently perusing the pages of a paper covered French novel. A little later she dropped the book and produced from her traps—she was surrounded by boxes, hand-bags and shawl strap bundles—a steamer schedule of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, the French line to Havre.

To all appearance she was unconscious of the existence of her neighbors. She had temped her feet, a tasty toque, and was attired in a skirt, beneath which there peeped forth a trim little foot encased in a soft slipper.

As we neared the Quaker City she became nervously animated. Having good humor glimmer schemes he reached from some unseen hiding place a blouse of soft, rich material. She then turned down the girls to the ladies' lavatory, and a moment later returned with the silk garment, the skirt having taken its place. Resuming her seat she buttoned the blouse with deft fingers, fastened gold brooch in place at her throat, and so quickly glided her petite form into a leather belt.

By this time I became interested in her movements, and wondered what she would do next. I was not long left in the dark. With refreshing nonchalance she tossed over her head a street hat of like fabric to the blouse. In some mysterious manner this was secured under the belt, as the dainty gown dropped to the floor. Then it was that every person in the car was watching her.

I know the next scene in the transformation act would be her most trying ordeal—the substitution of something more than insubstantial slippers. The circumscribed space between large seats of a day passenger coach is hardly the place one would select for such calisthenic exercise as I knew my fair fellow traveler was about to indulge in. Time, place and surroundings disturbed her not. A pair of stout walking boots were brought forth, and the exchange was made, and with the assistance of a silver button hook, firmly fastened. During this operation her skirts were so carefully arranged about her ankles that not the smallest bit of hosiery was displayed, nor could a close observer, had one been present, get a glimpse of lingerie.

The whole thing was so deftly done, so quickly accomplished, with grace and ease, while the principal performer was evidently ignorant of the contiguity of half a hundred amused people, that I could not help but admire the lovely little creature, so independent and self-contained."—Washington Post.

Points on Atmosphere.

When doctors disagree, it is time for the intelligent layman to give a little thought to their own conditions and ascertain if possible by careful and prudent experiments just what is best for them. One class of physicians will advise cold rooms, abundance of out-door air and what would seem to be almost total exposure, and will insist that this is the conducive to health and that the patient will thrive under such heroic treatment. A medical man claims to be able to cure consumption and all pulmonary troubles by keeping the patient for a goodly portion of the day in an atmosphere of intense cold. In midwinter the sufferer is put by an open window and inhales the sharp outside air for hours at a time. This is all very well and no doubt a good thing, but from this state of affairs people who have neither the experience nor the facilities take their cue and imagine that extreme cold, if applicable in this way, must necessarily be so in others. They seem to lose sight of the fact that these invalids are put upon wheel carriages, tucked up as snugly as a baby in a cradle and wheeled in by these open windows. They may sleep there or sit there as long as they are comfortable, sometimes perhaps longer than the sick one desires, but under no circumstances, are these people ever for an instant exposed to the atmosphere in any dangerous way.

But, on this theory, somebody thinks that sleeping in a cold room, or sitting in one has its points of gain, consequently we find extremely delicate people going into cold rooms and getting into beds that are just about as comfortable and safe as icehouses. To inhale prodigious quantities of cold air is one thing, and may be beneficial, but to retire in a room with a temperature at zero, in a cold bed with the blankets and sheets in an absolutely congealing condition, is quite another. With an accompaniment of hot-water bags and warm blankets, it is possible to get into a cold bed and finally become comfortable, but when, after a night's rest, one rises in the morning and comes suddenly in contact with the freezing air of, say, an apartment, even though one goes immediately into a warm room, it is little short of suicide. Under ordinary circumstances, it is better to sleep in a room as nearly as possible of the temperature of the one occupied during the day. Children should not be permitted to sleep in very cold rooms. They are restless, and almost always get more or less uncovered, and yet colds that date a long train of ills. All things being equal, the use of a moderately warm room with fresh air brought in by a current from out of doors is much the safer and wiser mode of procedure.—New York Ledger.

HAS FIVE THOUSAND BEDS.

Turin's Huge Combination of Hospital, Benevolent Institution and Free School.

What is doubtless the largest hospital, benevolent institution and free school combined is in Turin, Italy, according to a consular report. It is called the Cottolengo, and is three stories high, in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. It has 5,000 beds, over 4,000 being constantly occupied. The connecting wing, forming the street front, contains the office, operating, waiting and other rooms. Numerous pavilions, cottages, schoolhouses and work shops occupy the grounds, separated by small but well-kept gardens and yards, giving plenty of air and light and adding cheerfulness to the conglomerate of stone structures. The whole being scrupulously clean, a pleasing, homelike effect is secured. Sixty years ago a poor monk named Cottolengo founded this institute on money solicited by begging. Its support is still obtained in this manner and by private, mostly anonymous, contributions from one day to another. No sick asking for treatment, nor any healthy person needing shelter have ever been refused admittance. If the latter is in extreme poverty and wants work and cannot get it outside it is given him here. Homeless boys and girls receive free schooling. They learn how to read and write, knitting, sewing, embroidering or a trade. So do men and women, the trades of carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, printer, bookbinder, baker and gardener being practically taught. The more skillful laborers are placed in the repairing department. There is constant work for the hospital, also work to fill orders coming from the outside. Deaf mutes, the blind, incurable idiots, fallen women and picked-up children are taken in and cared for. Anyone needing a roof over his head, so long as he is poor and destitute and not a criminal, finds a welcome home here, provided he is willing to work in exchange for shelter and a good meal. The Cottolengo is a city in itself, managed by a board of business men and physicians, ministered to by a priest and attended by a sisterhood. The question, however, whether the applicant be a Catholic or not, has never been raised. How a gigantic establishment like this can be run without a fixed income seems to be a mystery. Still it is done, and it has worked well without a hitch for over half a century, growing steadily in the meanwhile in dimensions and in popularity.

The Religions of China.

The eyes of the world are at the present time centered upon China. Particular interest is taken in the "Flowery Kingdom" by Christians. It is claimed that defeat in the present war would wonderfully open up the way for missionary work, China being now about the most unfruitful field for missions. Apropos of the progress of Christianity in the Empire, it might prove interesting to glance at the other great religions that hold sway there. Christianity counts for little so far, as not much has been accomplished, relatively. The state religion of China is Confucianism, which, though is rather a moral code than a religion. It is exclusively the belief of the higher class, and emanates from Confucius, who was born in 525 B. C.

Taoism is another religion of the country, and consists in the belief in a multitude of spirits, who are supposed to influence the destiny of man. Buddhism is the great popular religion of China, and has had a foothold there since the first century of our era. It alone has nearly a million of priests. A strange thing about it all is that there is a bond of harmony between these three faiths, the adherents of each of them frequently being found at worship in the same temple. For example, the Confucians, or high caste, will worship in the Buddhist, or lower class, temples using the Taoist, or heathen ritual. This is more than can be said of a great many Christians, especially when we consider the great difference which exists between all heathen religions.—New York World.

Cabinet Shops.

The shops in Italy are a startling surprise to travelers. There is a dazzling window display that is impossible to resist, and the traveler enters the shop to see the magnificence that must be beyond it. Nothing is there but a small dark room in which the family of the shopkeeper lives. The whole stock in trade is in that one window. Behind it sits the owner, his wife or clerk, peering out at the passers-by like a spider watching for the unwary fly. The twinkling dark eyes might easily be mistaken for sparkling jewels, as they flash out from among the beautiful wares.

Said to Be 133 Years Old.

George O. Sharpe, of Elyria, O., claims his grandmother, Mrs. Crittenden, who lives with C. H. Sharpe ten miles southeast of Cleveland, is the oldest woman in Ohio. He gives her age as 133, and says she is healthy and cheerful and does not look to be over seventy years old. She is somewhat deaf, but can see well and gets around with comparatively little attention. She does considerable reading, but attempts only light work. Sharpe says her mother, in Scotland, whose home was eight miles from Aberdeen, was 146 years old when she died.—Chicago Tribune.

Woman's Way.

"What is the first thing a woman does when a gentleman caller is announced?"

"Looks in the glass."

"What is the last thing she does before seeing him?"

"Looks in the glass."—New York Press.

A Juicy Subject.

Frogs are mainly juice. If they try to make more than a short journey away from moisture, they will perish for want of water and then their bodies will dry away. The frogs bones are so soft that they scarcely leave any skeleton.