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The English Trading Co.

The Kootenay Mail

Vol. 2. No. 8.

REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., JUNE 1, 1895.

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WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

ABRAHAMSON BROS., PROPRIETORS.

First-class Table. Good Beds. Telephone.

BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS AND STEAMBOATS.

FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

Stockholm House.

JOHN STONE, PROPRIETOR.

The Dining Room is furnished with the best the Market affords.

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

Kootenay Lodge
No. 15 A.P. & A.M.
The regular meeting 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 Wednesday night at eight o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.
G. NEWMAN, N.G. A. STONE, Sec.

Loyal Orange Lodge No. 1688.
Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellows Hall every Wednesday evening at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.
E. ADAMS, G. McKAY, W.M. Rec. Secy.

R. HARRISON,
REVELSTOKE, B.C.
Barrister and Notary Public.

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BARBER SHOP AND BATH ROOM.
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Stopping at LARDEAU, THOMSON'S LANDING and HALCYON HOT SPRINGS during the Season of 1895.

Leaving Revelstoke Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 a.m.
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ROBERT SANDERSON.

The Steamer Arrow LEAVES

TOWN WHARF, REVELSTOKE,

Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9 a.m.

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Hall's Landing, Lardeau, Halcyon and Leon Hot Springs, Nakusp and Barton City.

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CHEAPEST route to the OLD COUNTRY. Proposed Sailings from Montreal.

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Cabin \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80 and upwards. Intermediate \$30. Steerage \$20.

Passengers selected through to all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European continent.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent, to

I. T. BREWSTER, Agent, Revelstoke, or to ROBERT KEIR, Gen. Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

The Kootenay Mail

TAXPAYERS should not forget that on the 30th of June the privilege of paying their taxes at the reduced rate will end, and that on July 1st they will be increased according to notice given by the Government Agent in January last.

WE HEAR from a well informed business man of Rossland under date of May 24th, "Our postmaster informs me that after this week arrangements will be made for forwarding up-river mail direct via Trail Landing, avoiding Nelson. Lately, even American mail (for Rossland) has been sent to Nelson and some to Calgary, from Spokane." We are glad indeed that the P. O. Inspector, Mr. Fletcher, has so promptly made this very necessary change, and that the circumlocutory route by way of Northport and Nelson for northern mail matter, will soon be relegated to the government museum as one of the ancient curiosities of progressive West Kootenay.

THE KOOTENAY MAIL is not a free trade paper, and is, on the contrary, strongly in favor of all the protection for the lead of West Kootenay that is needed to make its mines productive and prosperous, and to stimulate the smelting and refining of ore within our own borders. Much as we regret to make this positive announcement of our adherence to protection for West Kootenay mines and miners, since it deprives the editor of the *Tribune* of any longer congratulating himself that he is the sole defender of the policy for West Kootenay, we have to make it in defence of the truth, and also to say that we have never published in the Mail anything inconsistent with protection. What the MAIL is struggling for and seeking to find is a market for the surplus of Canadian lead beyond home consumption. After we have supplied the market of Canada with the 10,000 tons, more or less, which it absorbs, what is to be done with the 90,000, more or less, annual excess of production over consumption, which the political economists of the *Tribune* will soon see crowding our refineries beyond their capacity? We are in favor of the direct protection which an increase of the tariff will give to the lead producers, if that is decided on by the powers in authority as the method they are willing to try, still the giving of a bonus of so much per ton for the lead refined in British Columbia, would seem to meet the case, and would provoke less opposition in the centres of political strength in eastern Canada. Let us have protection by all means in the most feasible form, and then let us find a market for the surplus. The ports of China are now open to the world of commerce, and that country we believe to be the natural market for British Columbia lead, and that a concerted movement made now by the miners, the C. P. R. and the Government, would have a good prospect of succeeding. But we do not expect to see the *Tribune* take any part in helping it, unless its editor can make use of it as a "political cry" in the coming Dominion election, and thereby further his own personal ends.

KAMLOOPS LETTER

Kamloops has been quiet this week. The cold dull weather we are experiencing is bad for trade, and the ladies of the city, with the English Church bazaar for Monday, and the Hospital bazaar for Tuesday, are so rushed with business of all kinds, that they scarcely have time to think.

A Mrs. Butt has been here and lectured on phrenology in the Methodist church on Monday evening. Her English, which is not exactly "the Queen's," was as amusing as her head studies. Since then by dint of great persuasive powers, and what she calls "stick-to-it-iveness," she has extracted a good many dollars from the treasury in return for telling them in printed form what they knew before but with less florid sentences.

The Oddfellows had quite a time all to themselves. Grand Master Grey from Vancouver honored the Lodge with a visit, and they dutifully took him to see the three Kamloopian Lions, The Old Man's Home, the Industrial School and Tranquille. That being all we have to show, we make the best of it.

Mr. Foster's yacht was duly launched on Wednesday, and Miss McAleese christened it "The Solitaire." "Happy is the nation that has no history," says the philosopher. "The new paper man thinks thiswise. Next week with the assizes, the bazaar, and the ball, there will be something to write about."

BUSH FIRES.

The Government has sent out to the Government Agent a large poster for his bulletin board, containing Section 3 of the "Bush Fire Act, 1890," and it will be wise for the people to read it carefully and make a note of the warnings as well as the penalties which will be incurred by violating its provisions. Already smoke has been choking the atmosphere from bad bush fires along the railway line. How they are started, it is impossible to say, but the army of tramps is a big one this year. The late rains however have mostly extinguished them. The wholesale destruction of the forests of the country should be prevented if possible, and we are glad to see the Government moving in this direction. Section 3 of the Act is as follows:

Any person who shall, during the months of May, June, July, August, September, or October, ignite in the open air, in any forest or woods, being the property of any other person or of the property of the Crown, any inflammable material, and shall leave the same before it be thoroughly extinguished, and any damage shall result therefrom; and any person who shall ignite, or knowingly permit to be ignited, in the open air upon his own land, any inflammable material, and shall by reason of gross carelessness and negligence, permit any fire originating therefrom to escape or to be adjoining or adjacent public or private property, whereby damage shall be done or timber destroyed; and who shall wilfully neglects or refuses to comply with the requirements of this Act in any manner whatsoever, shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay a sum of money not less than fifty dollars and not exceeding one hundred and fifty dollars, with costs of prosecution; to be recovered before two Justices of the peace in a summary manner, and in default of payment thereof shall be imprisoned for any period not exceeding three months.

THOMSON'S LANDING ITEMS.

Mr. Beaton's pack train is up Gairner Creek moving the Badshot Mining Co. up to their claim.

Most of the farmers around here have got through seeding and planting, and are going out to work for a few weeks on the roads and trails.

Messrs. Beaton & Thomson are erecting a new store at the Landing and will have it ready for business in about a week.

Sandy McEneaney has taken a gang of men to make the much needed repairs to the Haley Creek trail. Chas. Holten has charge of a gang of men repairing the trail up Lardeau Creek.

Things are reported booming at Trout Lake City. There were about 60 men there last night. But little mining is being done on the creek now as the water is too high.

Mr. J. D. Graham, Government Agent, has been out to Trout Lake City and let six contracts for the road from Thomson's to Trout Lake City. The contractors have in all cases fairly good figures for the work, but will have to work hard to make good wages. No doubt the Government will save some money by this method. One good feature about the business is that nearly all this work will be done by residents who are staying with the country and trying to build up. The repairs on the part completed will be done by day work.

DUMPED IN THE CANYON.

Two Golden Men Narrowly Escape Drowning in the Columbia.

W. W. Nash and D. C. Shields arrived at Revelstoke Tuesday afternoon, having started from Golden and followed the Columbia all the way round. They are practical miners and prospectors ever creek on their trip, stopping a fortnight on a bench nearly opposite Downie Creek. Coming through the canyon they had a perilous time. Their boat was a small flat-bottomed affair, and was easily overturned. Nash swam ashore, whilst Shields succeeded in getting onto the bottom of the overturned boat with his dog, Roaming the Big Ed, the best made three circuits around, but Shields having no gun could not make the land until he used his coat for a sail. Nash, being on the west side of the river, crossed Jordan Creek by making a raft of some logs, which he tied together with his suspenders. We are glad that we do not, in this case have to record another drowning in the Columbia.

The Big Bend Trail.

Win. Vickers, foreman of the work of putting the Big Bend trail in order from Revelstoke to Carre's Creek, about 30 miles, finished the job on Saturday and came in with his crew in a row boat, arriving Monday morning. At Lardeau's corral, about 10 miles out, a great improvement was made in the grade by going around instead of over the hill at that point. A new bridge had to be put in at a place in the canyon where there had been a rock slide. Corduroy had to be repaired, new trail constructed where sand-slides made it necessary, and the trail generally cleared of fallen timber and any obstructions. The packers who have since passed over it say that the trail is in first-class condition.

Tom Butt has the section of the trail between Carre's Creek and Downie to put in order. He has driven up to the Downie Creek bridge where the high water was liable to cause damage.

Social Presentation at the Methodist Church.

A very large gathering of the friends of Rev. C. A. Provenier, without regard to denominational attachments, assembled at the Methodist Church last Saturday evening as an expression of regard for himself and family and to present him with a substantial evidence of their appreciation of his efforts among them as a minister.

He was to leave on the Monday following for Kaslo, and this was the last opportunity his friends would have of meeting him in a social way on a social evening. A purse of gold, exceeding \$100, had been contributed and this was presented to him, accompanied by the following address, which had been beautifully engrossed:

To the Rev. C. A. Provenier, Ph.D.:
Dear Sir:—As the time of your departure is almost at hand, we, the citizens of Revelstoke, desire in a formal way to express our appreciation of your presence among us during the past two years, and our regrets that we are so soon to part with an inestimable blessing. Though we all adhere to different branches of the many existing Christian societies, we beg to tender our recognition of your influence, not only as a minister of the Gospel in its generally accepted sense, but as an earnest advocate of its broader teaching of development of all the better qualities with which mankind is endowed. We especially esteem you as an uncompromising townsman and daily friend of all.

As a more substantial proof of our regard, we ask you to receive this purse of gold, which we extend our heartfelt good will. Our best wishes go with you, and hope that your new field of labor may be as congenial to yourself as we feel assured it will be beneficial to those among whom you associate.

On behalf of the committee, F. FRASER.

Up River Notes.

In addition to Hyatt's pack train of four horses, which left Friday week for Camp Creek, the first section of Lardeau's train started Saturday with 11 pack mules and 2 saddles, with Joe O'Connor in charge, and on Monday Lardeau himself went out with the balance of the train, composed of 14 pack mules and 3 saddles, and carrying about 7,000 pounds of freight.

C. Richards, for many years a bridge foreman in the employ of the C.P.R., has concluded to try his hand at mining and left on Saturday for Big Bend, going over the trail with Mark Hyatt. Geo. C. Marsh and Dave Cowan arrived from Downie Creek on Monday. They found the trail in good condition, except a few soft spots owing to the late rains. Mr. Marsh has been working on his ranch. He has put in a big lot of seeds, and is sure he will have a "bang-up" good garden this year. Mr. Marsh returned Wednesday morning. He gives a good reason for coming to Revelstoke at this time, that provisions were getting short at Downie owing to the delay of the pack train.

Hon. James Baker and Sir Joseph Trutch came up on the Lytton from Nelson Thursday evening, and went west to Victoria on the train which had been held to await the arrival of the boat. Col. Baker reports that a squatter will be constructed at once at Nelson in connection with the Silver King mine, of which Sir Jos. Trutch is President.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair. MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

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W. A. JOWETT, MINING AND REAL ESTATE BROKER, NELSON, B.C.

Lardeau & Sloan Prospects Wanted.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MEETING.

A GENERAL MEETING of the parishioners of the Church of England in Revelstoke is requested at the Schoolhouse, for Friday, June 7th, at 7.30 o'clock p.m., to discuss the building of a church and other business. All church people are requested to attend.

T. L. HAIG, JOHN D. SHIBALD, Churchwardens. Revelstoke, May 31, 1895.

HALCYON SPRINGS HOTEL, Arrow Lake.

Now open at these Celebrated Hot Springs for the accommodation of guests. Rates \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day. Baths 25 cents each or \$1.00 for \$1. Special rates for families or by the month can be arranged.

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CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to H. W. & CO., who have had twenty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of information concerning patents, how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free. Send special notice in the scientific American, and that are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, clearly illustrates the most successful and latest inventions in the world. Send a year. Sample copies sent free. Building Edition, monthly, \$2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and views of great houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address: MUNN & CO., New York, 363 Broadway.

THE SECRET OF THE TOWER.

CHAPTER VII. CONTINUED.

"Frank Fairfield was mad this night. All his acts showed it from the time, leaving his mother's cottage on the afternoon of Christmas Day till he returned to it before daybreak the next morning, bringing his senseless and apparently lifeless burden with him.

How he accomplished that journey through the snow storm he never rightly knew, but when he was obliged to leave the boat, as the river would have taken him out of his way beyond a certain point, he bribed a homeless tramp whom he found taking shelter in the deserted boat-house to help him carry "his brother, who," he said, "had met with an accident," to the shed where he had left his coat and phetion.

He placed Kate in the carriage, and thus the tramp only saw an inanimate figure wrapped in a brown ulster.

"And the man, when the task was completed, went on his way, glad of the handful of silver given him for his pains, and, as day after day took him farther away from this part of the country, he never heard of the strange disappearance of Kate Lilburne, and even had he done so, he would probably have failed to connect it with the piece of good fortune that had befallen him this bitter night.

The poor animal was almost as much beaten as its driver when they at length reached their destination, and directly the girl was carried into the house and placed on a couch Frank roused his mother to attend to her, then led the horse to the stable, where he hastily supplied him with food, water and clean straw, and left him.

When he returned to the house he found his mother standing by the side of the couch upon which Kate still lay as he had placed her.

"The old woman's face was white and stern, and when her son approached, she turned upon him angrily and asked: "What have you done to her? Is she dead?"

"God only knows," he replied dejectedly; "but I have done her no harm. I have saved her from certain death if she is not already dead. But don't stand like that, mother; I have brought her here that you might nurse her. She has had a terrible fall; get her to bed without delay, and I will go at once for a doctor. I shall call her my sister. Shall I help you to carry her up stairs?"

"Yes, to my room; then go to Mr. Kemble, and don't come back without him."

Her words were brief, but they told her what she wanted to hear. She had already formed her own conclusions, and she mentally resolved that if Kate Lilburne died she would not in any way shield her son from the consequences of this night's work.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

But though Mrs. Fairfield stood calmly by the side of the girl whom she loved, as if she had been her own child, and seemed to show no little emotion, and to be so passionate and so stern, her mind was in truth racked by a thousand nameless fears. It was very still for her son to say that, and Kate no harm, and that he had saved her life, but if his story were true, why had he not taken her to her father's house, instead of bringing her here without leave or license, had compromising her reputation by carrying her so many miles through the dead of night?

What should the daughter of Lord Lilburne do in the cottage of her nurse, brought here by that nurse's son, who made matters worse, had dared to lift his presumptuous eyes to the daughter of his benefactor?

The very fact of Frank's infatuation being so well known, made Kate's presence here a danger to herself and a disgrace to her family, and poor Mrs. Fairfield, despite the control she exercised upon her words and actions, was nearly distracted.

"I am eating the bread of the Lilburnes," she groaned, "and I have eaten it for forty years, and now to think that a son of mine should have brought this shame and pain upon them; the ingratitude and infamy is more than I can bear."

"The tears came into those eyes that rarely shed tears, and she took Kate's limp, cold hand in her own and kissed it passionately as she murmured:

"Whatever harm he has done to you my darling, he shall pay for and pay for it, and until I give you back to your father, I will guard you as the apple of my eye. Though Frank is my own son, I will not spare him."

A low moan from the sufferer recalled the woman to the necessity of putting Kate to bed, and she went about her difficult task gently and tenderly, as though the tall, graceful girl, now lying between life and death were still the pretty baby whom she had nursed from her own breast, and handled upon her knee in the years gone by.

Mrs. Fairfield had often reproached herself with loving her foster-child, Kate Lilburne better than she loved her own son; but that she really did so there could be no doubt, for Kate had filled the place in her heart which had been made void by the death of her youngest child, a baby girl who died when she was but a few weeks old, and the little babies had been given to her to love and cherish, and had clung to her as her own infants might have done.

But the high-born little maiden, with her beauty and grace and her gentle ways, was like a princess to the woman whose previous experience of children had been among the rough and ready boys and girls of her own class, and Nurse Fairfield almost worshipped the child committed to her care.

Her own boy had benefited by his residence at the castle, and his occasional companionship with the pretty little lady, who, as she toddled about after him, likewise tyrannized over him, as it is the habit of small girls to do when the bigger boy is not a brother.

Frank was a boy for any mother to be proud of, Mrs. Fairfield was told on every side, and Lord Lilburne himself had been heard more than once to express the wish that Frank was his own son.

All this was gratifying no doubt, but the woman's heart clung most to her nursing, and when, as the years went by, and Frank's mad infatuation for Kate made his fondling desire to purchase a partnership for him and pension off his mother, the latter resented the well-meant kindness, and blamed her own obsequious for the wrong which she considered he had done her.

So was a little angry with Kate also for flirting with her so readily after so many

years of faithful service and loving devotion and she had in consequence declined more than one invitation to the castle, since she came to live in this out-of-the-way cottage.

But all her resentment vanished at the sight of the fair girl who looked like a broken lily, and whose face were stained with blood which had trickled down from the wound on her head and forehead.

Next to Mrs. Fairfield's love for Kate, however, was her appreciation of all that belonged to a daughter of Lord Lilburne, and no woman, for her rank be what it would, could be more jealous of the honor of her house than was nurse Fairfield of the spotless reputation of the family she had served.

Grace was no favorite of hers, but she would have done much and suffered much to have saved even her from a shadow of shame.

But the very thought was maddening that the honor of the noble name of Lilburne might be smirched and held up to derision and contempt by the act of her own son, a man upon whom the family had heaped benefits innumerable.

The situation, viewed from every point, was agonizing, and but for the anxiety she felt at Kate's still unconscious condition, and the dread she had of making bad matters worse, she would at once have started for Silvertown Castle, and would have entreated its owner to come without a moment's delay to his suffering child.

But she dared not move, dared not take one step until she heard her son's account of this night's terrible work, and even then she would have to judge for herself whether or not there was truth, or even probability, in his story.

It seemed a long time before Frank returned with the surgeon, who found the still unconscious girl undressed and in bed, and giving no sign of life beyond an occasional low, faint moan.

Her white satin dress and everything she had worn that evening had been carefully put out of sight, and there was nothing about her to indicate she was not Mrs. Fairfield's daughter.

The doctor examined her, believing the story told him that she had been thrown from a height.

"There are no bones broken," he said at length; "but I am afraid that her head has been seriously injured. A part of the skull is pressing upon the brain, and though she may regain her bodily health, I very much fear her reason will be permanently affected. But I will come again in the morning."

Frank clasped his hands in despair when Mr. Kemble repeated this opinion to him. Judging by his own feelings he felt that death would be ten thousand times preferable to madness.

He showed the doctor out of the house, and when the front door was closed he did not dare to go near the chamber, in which were his mother and poor Kate.

Something in the face of the former had warned him to keep away until she came to him.

Now the intense strain of excitement was over, the necessity for exertion no longer existed, and nothing but failure and despair stared him in the face, Frank Fairfield's physical and mental strength gave way before the prospect that appalled him.

When his mother at length appeared, she found him nearly unconscious, and she thought for a time that she was going to have two invalids upon her hands instead of one.

Judging that he was suffering as much from exhaustion as anything, she made him swallow an egg beaten up in brandy and milk, and when he had slightly recovered she sedulously.

"You must make an effort to rouse yourself to meet the trouble you have brought upon us. Tell me, in as few words as possible, what has happened, for I mean to send for Lord Lilburne at once."

Her cold, hard words seemed to give him a fitful strength, and he told her the story of his adventure and of the night's work, being careful alike to avoid excuse and exaggeration.

"And what business had you outside Silvertown Castle at such a time?" she demanded sharply.

"I only wanted to catch one glimpse of Kate," he replied, humbly.

"Catch a glimpse of Kate," she repeated with disdain. "Why don't you think of ever seeing the broad of the Lilburnes," she groaned, "and I have eaten it for forty years, and now to think that a son of mine should have brought this shame and pain upon them; the ingratitude and infamy is more than I can bear."

"The tears came into those eyes that rarely shed tears, and she took Kate's limp, cold hand in her own and kissed it passionately as she murmured:

"I suspect no single person," he replied evasively; "but that somebody did try to destroy Kate's life, and that same man or woman believes her to be lying at the bottom of the shaft down which she fell."

His arms fell listlessly by his side, and his hopeless helplessness seemed to infect his mother, for she—having been standing until now—sank down on the nearest chair, and for the moment seemed overpowered by the terrible situation.

She was a woman possessing a great amount of self-control, however, and she soon recovered from her temporary weakness.

"There is another view of the matter which you don't seem to have thought about," she said, severely. "It would have been bad enough for any man to have brought Kate from her father's roof in the middle of the night; but for you to have done so it was only to bring suspicion upon you and disgrace upon her."

"Oh, yes; I have thought of all that," he replied bitterly; "but when life is at stake one forgets what malicious tongues may say about one's actions, and though there is nothing in kinship to us, you are the only mother she has ever known, and when I brought her to you, it was the next best thing to giving her to her own father."

"Aye, if I'd been a lady your argument might be worth something," retorted his mother, severely; "but as it is, you've only worked mischief as far as I can see."

He made no reply. Taunts and reproaches might be levelled against him, but they did not touch his heart, neither could they alter the tragical aspect of the present.

At length Mrs. Fairfield rose to her feet, remarking emphatically:

"Well, if you won't go to Lord Lilburne and tell him what has happened, I will."

"Very well," he returned resignedly; "do as you think best. I am willing to suffer any penalty for what I have done, but the severest judgment could inflict upon me, only woman's mother, that Kate's life is at stake."

"Kate's life!"

"The two words took all the temporary courage out of the nurse, and made her weak and vacillating as her son.

"What would you have me do?" she asked.

"If you have the nerve to go to Silvertown Castle as though nothing had happened, and ask to see Kate, and listen to all they can tell you, and then act upon your own judgment as to what is best for her," he replied, "then I should say to do it."

"No! if what you have told me is true I should break down," was her shuddering reply; "and if it is not true I should question it."

She paused, and he repeated her words questioningly.

"It is not true. Do you doubt me?"

She made no direct reply, but said evasively:

"You had better go to Lord Lilburne; it is your duty, not mine, to do so."

"No," he answered; "I will wait and see if Kate gets better. When her reason returns there will be no more cause for anxiety. No! I won't go, I will wait."

His mother said no more, but left him, as at her heart she was unable to come to any decision as to what to do.

As day after day and week after week went by, however, the doctor's fears became a sad reality.

Kate's body recovered from the shock she had received, and she grew strong, and able to eat and drink and walk about like a person in good health, but she was still better than an idiot; she had no memory, and no intellectual consciousness; her reasoning faculties were dead or dormant, and the doctor who attended her shook his head when Fairfield suggested an operation to remedy the pressure on the brain.

CHAPTER IX.

"Yet it is love, if thoughts of tenderness tried in temptation, strengthened by distress, unmoved by absence, firm in every clime, and yet, oh, more than all, untired by time!"

The anxiety and grief that succeeded Frank's rescue of Kate from the vault to which her sister had consigned her, had blunted the young man's heart and aged him as by the lapse of many years.

Previous to this event he had not lived in his mother's cottage, though when in England he frequently went to see her, but now, though it was torture for him to go there often, he could not keep away for more than a few days at a time.

It was in vain that the local surgeon gave no hope of a change, and held out no prospect for poor Kate's ultimate recovery.

Frank would not accept the advice of the doctor, but declared to his mother that he would call in the aid of a specialist—one who had made the subject of mental disease the study of his life.

But Mrs. Fairfield replied bitterly:

"Your duty is to go to Lord Lilburne, and if your story is true, tell him what you have told me. Then all that wealth can do for poor Kate will be done, and the responsibility of allowing an operation to be performed on her will be with her father, not with me. Indeed, I won't take the responsibility, for if it doesn't cure, it will kill her, and I shall feel as if I had helped to commit a murder."

Frank shuddered.

He felt as though he himself were taking part in some deed of the kind, and yet all he had done or attempted to do had been with the best possible intention.

He had never meant to injure any one, and he felt that all would be willingly have been the cause of any wrong to the woman whom he loved far better than he loved his own life.

New even, if by sacrificing himself he could restore her reason and give her back to comfort and happiness, he would without hesitating have done so; but the sacrifice, so far as a mortal judge, would be in vain; and by giving Kate back to her father in her present condition, he might only be placing her, helpless and defenceless, in the hands of her unscrupulous enemy.

For that Lord Lilburne's eldest daughter had a enemy there could be no doubt, otherwise she would never have been allowed down the lower vault and the trap-door closed upon her as he had heard it closed. Strangely enough, though Frank disliked Grace Lilburne, he never suspected her as the author of her sister's affliction. The bare suggestion seemed unnatural, and he was completely at a loss to understand how he could have any motive for so black a crime.

I am afraid the relief Frank experienced on hearing Lord Lilburne's story was very much modified by the knowledge that Kate was the affianced bride of the young nobleman.

Still, he was reasonable enough to know that this was what he might have expected, and what was sure to happen sooner or later.

Kate's love was not for him, it was never to be his privilege, under any circumstances whatever, to call her his wife; and after the first pang of pain which the news caused him, he had passed her felt that he ought to be glad for her sake that she had given her heart to a man so well worthy of her love and faith.

But Frank was convinced that he must be more than usually cautious.

It was not his own life that was at stake, but Kate's was to be considered, and that he resolved that until he had thought the matter over and taken counsel with his mother it would be best to learn all he could and say as little as possible.

The consequences of this course of conduct we know.

And now we must return to Mrs. Fairfield's cottage, where, it will be remembered, Lord Roland Ayre, was very unwillingly following Kate's former nurse into an inner room, his anxiety to hasten to Silvertown Castle and make Grace confess what she had done with her sister making him impatient of a moment's delay.

This black sitting-room was larger than the one in which he had been received, it was better furnished, too, and the windows looked out upon a large garden thickly planted with fruit trees.

A work basket with pretty, bright pieces of silk and wool and feminine fancy work lay temptingly upon a small table, but its contents were untouched; a bright fire with a guard over it burned in the grate, and near it in a low easy-chair, with her hands clasped, sat Lord Ayre, as Kate Lilburne, listlessly upon her knee, sat Kate Lilburne.

Lord Roland recognized her at an instant, though he was dimly conscious of some great change having taken place in the woman he loved, and he sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Kate, my own darling, I have found you at last!"

He threw the cover over to meet his embrace, she barely glanced at him, but sat motionless with her eyes fixed vacantly upon the fire.

A cold chill seemed to strike Lord Roland to the heart, and he turned and stood in questioning dismay to Mrs. Fairfield, who stood sadly looking on.

JABEZ BALFOUR.

Arrival in London of the Embassador—Before the Police Court and Remanded.

A despatch from London says:—Extraordinary scenes were witnessed and pronounced of an extraordinary nature were taken upon the arrival at Southampton on Monday night on board the steamer Tartar Prince, from Buenos Ayres, of Jabez Spencer Balfour, ex-M.P., whose extradition from the Argentine Republic was obtained after great delay on the charge of fraud in connection with the collapse of the Liberator Building Society. The steamer was met off Calshot castle by a police tug upon which Balfour was taken ashore, surrounded by a crowd of detectives and policemen in uniform. The most elaborate precautions were taken in order to prevent the public from discovering where the prisoner was to be landed, as it was feared that an attempt might be made on his life. The police and Balfour finally reached the railway station at Southampton, where the latter was smuggled into a first-class railway carriage, the shades of which were drawn down. At Wexham railway station here an enormous crowd were in waiting. Balfour and his escort were landed at Vauxhall railway, and were driven to Bow street Police Court. In spite of the precautions of the police the news of the arrival at Vauxhall of the notorious prime mover in the management of the Liberator Society quickly spread, and when he was driven from the station to Bow street the carriage in which he was placed was followed by a big crowd of people, who shouted: "Here's Jabez," etc.

During the voyage from Buenos Ayres Balfour was generally cheerful, and was soon on very friendly terms with the rest of the passengers. But at Las Palmas he broke down completely, and wept bitterly. The proceedings at Bow street were of a character usually upon such occasions. The prisoner was formally charged, the papers in the case were examined, and he was remanded until the 19th inst., in order to enable the prosecution to complete their case against him.

What Salt Can Do.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.
Salt put out a fire in the chimney.
Salt in solution inhaled cures cold in the head.
Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.
Salt as a gargle will cure soreness of the throat.
Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.
Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.
Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored tea-cups.
Salt in water is the best thing to clean willow-ware and matting.
Salt thrown on foot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stain.
Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowl, meat or fish will prevent slipping.
Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will help in removing the spot.
Salt in the oven before baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.
Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.

A Rust-Resisting Wheat.

A new rust-resisting variety of wheat is being eagerly sought for as seed by Australian farmers. It was noticed by a farmer in South Australia several years ago, while reaping a badly rusted field of wheat, that among it were some which were wholly unaffected. He picked up carefully saved them, and sowed the grain the next year. It yielded well and showed no sign of rust. From that beginning the stock was increased until twenty acres were raised last year, the crop of which was taken at a good price.

Wife—"Mrs. Allur has gone abroad to be treated by a Parisian physician." Husband—"So? She always had a predilection for French heels."

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Wanted had an athletic club.

Stores in Fergus close at 7 p.m.

Indians are camping on Orr lake.

The Berlin factories are very busy.

London has 11 lawyers and Chatham 35.

Wyoming sports talk of organizing a gun club.

The Schomberg band has been re-organized.

A Humane Society is to be established in Chatham.

A tennis club is being organized in Owen Sound.

Sixty cyclists have joined the Berlin Bicycle Club.

Arkona Young Conservatives have organized a club.

Winnipeg Masons intend to build a \$10,000 temple.

A movement is afoot to reorganize Orillia's yacht club.

Peach trees in Essex County indicate a large crop this year.

Vertical writing is to be taught in the Hamilton Public schools.

Petrolia will vote on a proposition to build a \$10,000 school.

The new \$7,000 hospital at Woodstock will be completed in June.

The Eganville Lutherans will build a parsonage for their minister.

Amherstburg has furnished three of the mayors of Wyandotte, Mich.

Owen Sound will have a monster Queen's Birthday celebration.

The Guelph City Council refused to reduce the salaries of its officials.

Vandsworth's mill dam at Weston has broken down, at a loss of \$1,000.

A movement is on foot to amalgamate the two Methodist churches of Ingersoll.

The saw and grist mills of Andrew Thompson, Strathroy, have been burned.

Guelph's School Board highly recommends the vertical system of penmanship.

The Stratford Collegiate Institute Board requires \$13,419.77 for the current year.

It is estimated that it will cost \$18,000 to fit Helmut College, London, for a hospital.

Owen Sound will soon have an art exhibition as fine as any ever given in Canada.

An unusual quantity of logs have been taken out this season along the Gull and Brunt rivers.

Mrs. Adam Weir, of Puslinch, who is now in her 85th year, cut a new front tooth last week.

Quadrille is the name of a new village growing up in the township of Lyndoch, in Renfrew county.

Work on the Balsam and Lake Simcoe section of the Trent Valley canal will commence at once.

The corner stone of the new Episcopal church at Milton will be laid by Lord Aberdeen on June 4.

The St. John Macdonald Club of Montreal proposes to banquet Sir Mackenzie Bowell at an early date.

The Woodstock Amateur Athletic Association will have a new track ready for the Queen's Birthday meet.

The late William Peers, of Woodstock, left a legacy of a 107-acre farm near Beachville to Old St. Paul's church.

The corner stone of the Dundas street Methodist church, recently burned in 1890, has been found. It was laid in 1809.

The Montreal building inspector is demolishing the new St. John's French Presbyterian church, as it is regarded as unsafe.

The Quebec Street Railway Company is seeking the privilege from the city to introduce on their lines the storage battery system.

Fruit growers around Hamilton say that the peach buds have all been destroyed and many of the trees severely injured by the cold.

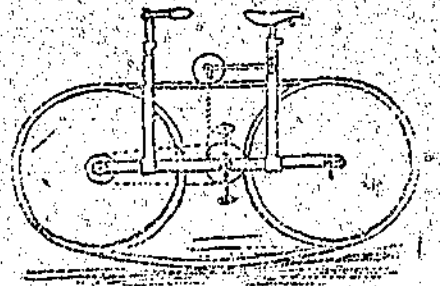
The White Cloud Novelty Company, of Michigan, is asking Woodstock for a bonus of \$10,000 and tax exemption, as an inducement to locate there.

Placing stinking plaster over the mouths of talkative pupils is the latest scheme adopted by a teacher in London to keep the youngsters quiet.

Rev. J. R. Silcox, late of Emmanuel church, Montreal, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Leavitt street Congregational church, Chicago.

A Novelty in Cycles.

The accompanying sketch illustrates a remarkable novelty in cycle construction. There is only one point of contact with the ground, which is maintained by an endless



steel spring band, passing round the two wheels mounted in a rigid frame. A roller acted upon by a spring pressure on the upper part of the band, which may be covered with indiarubber or an inflated air tube.

Not a Bad Idea.

A very curious custom in Seoul, Corea, is the law which makes it obligatory for every man to retire to his home when the huge bronze bell of the city has proclaimed it to be the hour of sunset and the hour of closing the gates. No man is allowed in the streets after that hour under pain of flogging, but the women are allowed to go about and visit their friends. It is not altogether a bad law. The club man can stay at home tonight, if he is obliged to, and have his lady friends call on him.

In The Chinese Customs Service.

Sir Robert Hart, who created the Chinese customs service, employs 3,500 persons, manages an annual foreign trade of £14,000,000, collects £3,000,000 a year, clears 50,000,000 lbs of shipping annually, and lights 1,500 miles of coast.

EDIBLE DOGS.

The Bright Red Cantines Which Are the Greatest Delicacy of the Chinese Court.

Horse meat is being consumed by the poorer classes of Europe more and more each year, but dogs—since the siege of Paris—have not appeared under their own name on the tables of Parisian restaurants. At Peking, on the contrary, no good dinner is complete without a fillet or leg of dog.

This custom, which seems so repugnant to us, is of very ancient origin. In Egypt, as far back as history goes, some people used to piously embalm their dead dogs, while others judged it more economical to kill and eat them. Plutarch tells that the inhabitants of Cynopolis, where these animals were honored, made terrible and relentless war on the people of Oxyrinchis, who had committed a sacrilege of this latter kind. In his book on "Diet," Hippocrates, speaking of ordinary foods, expresses the opinion that the flesh of the dog makes muscle, but that it is

DIFFICULT TO DIGEST.

"Our fathers," says Pliny, the Roman historian, "regarded little dogs as a food so delicate that they were frequently served as an expiatory sacrifice. To-day, even the flesh of young dogs is served in banquets made in honor of the gods." A little further on he says: "This meat was employed in the feast at the installations of the Emperor." According to Apicius, who has left to us as a curious treatise on cooking, the Romans also ate full-grown dogs

FAMOUS SCOTLAND YARD.

SOMETHING ABOUT LONDON'S GREAT POLICE FORCE.

Scotland Yard. Over its fame to Dickens—over 15,000 men who manage to keep the city measurably free from crime—exposure of corruption—salaries and rules of the force.

Scotland Yard, the most famous detective centre in the world, owes its fame to fiction—that is, to novels. Story writers, led by Charles Dickens, have centered detective tales without number about it, and Scotland Yard, as the public knows it, is their creation. Many writers of romance, good and bad, have had a hand in its building, and it is a strange and wonderful structure.

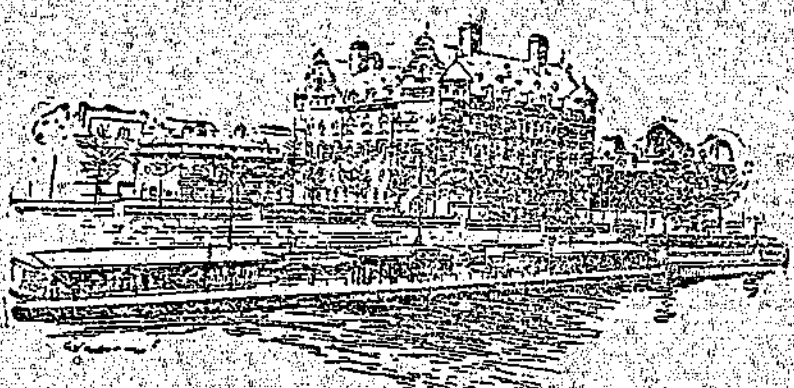
Shrewd sleuths on duty lounge about it, waiting for great crimes which they may clear away, and in their idle moments tell gossamer stories of extraordinary sinners. Shrewd sleuths on duty, clad ever in elaborate disguises, glide from dark doorways out into the highways and the byways to recover stolen necklaces of incredible value, to find abducted maidens, to hunt down Jack-the-Ripper, to solve the dark and bloody puzzles of impossibly mysterious murders.

THE REAL SCOTLAND YARD.

This is the Scotland Yard of fiction. The Scotland Yard of fact is a handsome red brick building, elaborately trimmed with graystone, and facing the Thames. It is one of the highest buildings in London and somewhat resembles the modern American office building.

Its interior is very plain and matter-of-fact, with smooth white walls and tiled corridors. Nowhere within its doors is there any hint of sensationalism. The building was designed especially to afford a headquarters for the vast police business of the British metropolis, and it is business—from its foundation stones to its weather vane.

But the real Scotland Yard is as interesting in its way as the Scotland Yard of the fictionists has been. One reason why most



THE NEW SCOTLAND YARD HEADQUARTERS.

writers have so utterly gone wrong when they approach London detectives, is that their work is that the police here like to shroud their operations in manifold mysteries. Among the officials, excepting Chief Superintendent Shore—as honest and hearty a gentleman as one may meet in a day's journey—there is an intimation that detective work is full of red fire and melodrama.

An ex-inspector, who was with the correspondent in a miserable Whitechapel lodging-house, gravely assured him that there was not a man in the place who would not have cut his throat if the police had not been along to protect him, although an experienced eye could quickly class the inmates of the place as simple paupers, and as far from professional criminality as possible. The ex-inspector well knew that a beefed citizen, with a good, thick club, could have driven the whole unfortunate crew from the Whitechapel to the Highlands if they had strength to run but he liked to pose.

Scotland Yard fronts on the Thames embankment, but it is as easily accessible from Whitehall, the broad thoroughfare which leads from Trafalgar Square to the Houses of Parliament. The big building stands on one side of a great court and towers high above its neighbors. It is surrounded by a jumble of calls for a good part of the day—conveyances in which complaints have come to state their case, or officers to "file their reports." It is the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, made up of two branches—the constabulary (or uniformed men) and the Criminal Investigation Department (or detective force). The word "detective" is rarely used. The private detective offices are known as "Private Inquiry Bureaus."

London, it should be explained, is under control of two municipal governments. The city—the old town, where the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange and most of the great financial institutions are centered—is controlled by the Corporation, headed

by the Lord Mayor. The county, which completely surrounds the city, and which contains the greater part of London's population, is governed by the County Council. The city and the county have police forces which are entirely separate in system and management. The city force is simply an uninteresting constabulary, with no detective branch of importance.

It is the county force—the Metropolitan Police—which centres at Scotland Yard. This force—consists of 15,231 men, of whom 465 are in the criminal investigation or detective department. There is a vast difference in the number of crimes committed

and a habit of emphasizing his conversation by the aid of a corpulent forefinger, which was in constant juxtaposition with his eyes or nose, was, in reality, Inspector Field, whose memory is still green. Field was also the original of Inspector Ducker, in "Black House." Inspector Salkin, one of Dickens's characters, was Inspector Walker in real life.

There are many men still on the force who remember Thornton, the man whom Dickens changed to "Dornton," the Sergeant "famous for pursuing the inductive process, and, from small beginnings, working on from clue to clue till he says, 'his man.' Sergeant Mith, who told the butcher's story at the detective's party in the office of Household Words, is Sergeant Smith, still alive and hearty. To this day he seems qualified to play the part of a butcher's boy in order to spy upon receivers of stolen goods, and one can understand that "even while he spoke he became the greasy, sleepy, shifty, good-natured, unassuming, chuckle-headed, and confiding young butcher. His very hair seemed to have sweat in it, as he made it smooth upon his head, and his fresh complexion to be lubricated with large quantities of animal food."

A tragic story is that of the detective who was celebrated as "Sergeant Wither" in his youth. His true name was "Whicker," and he did for thirty years good and faithful work in Scotland Yard. At last he was assigned to the "Road Murder Case," a crime somewhat similar in its circumstances to the Borden murder in Fall River, Mass. The victim was a young girl. Detective Whicker suspected and arrested her stepfather.

When the case went to court it was found that he had little real evidence, and public sentiment was overwhelmingly opposed to him in London and in American cities, for the sake of population, and some reason for the English balance of virtue will be found in the greater number of policemen there.

AS DICKENS KNEW THEM.

It was these three rooms, which Dickens knew, that detectives and police were then under separate administrations, and detectives were called upon only when the police made a failure of a case. Any one who was willing to pay the "cost anywhere" in the United Kingdom had the right to call for a detective from Scotland Yard, however, and it was by no means unusual for members of this famous group of detectives to be sent outside of the Queen's domain. At present a Scotland Yard detective is not permitted to leave London, except on rare occasions.

It was from this old force that Dickens gathered material for the detective sketches which first made him famous. Inspector

The ranks are these: Constable, sergeant, inspector (analogous to the New York police captain), superintendent (analogous to the New York inspector), chief superintendent (analogous to New York's superintendent). Beyond these there are a commissioner and three assistant commissioners. These, in turn, are subordinate to the Home Secretary—now Mr. Asquith—who is also known as the Secretary of State. Thus the police of London are practically a Government institution, as the Home Secretary is a Queen's Cabinet Minister.

FAVORITISM IMPOSSIBLE.

The safeguards against favoritism in the acceptance of men for the force are many. The candidate is first examined by a district or provincial surgeon, and then by a chief surgeon appointed by the Home Secretary. Then he may be put on probation for four, ten days or longer, during which time he receives a small wage and is drilled on the drill ground at Scotland Yard, residing, meanwhile, in the candidates' barracks. After appointment he is drafted into some district or precinct in which a vacancy exists, and must live, and, if he is married, his family must live, in that district.

Promotions are made every week, and their reasons and results are published in a weekly "Police Order." A constable whose work seems to have merited promotion is recommended to a committee of inspectors for advancement by the sergeant. This committee considers the case and may promote the constable to sergeantship. In a similar way, sergeants are selected by the inspectors and recommended to the superintendent for advancement to inspectorships, and inspectors are recommended by the superintendent to the commissioner for advancement to superintendentships.

No man can hold an important position unless he rises from the ranks, and none but men who have risen from the ranks can pass upon his merits. There is, besides, a Promotion Board, consisting of six superintendents and an assistant commissioner, who must approve every promotion decided upon by any of the committees before it can go into effect. The Home Secretary has summary power of removal, but he has no power of appointment. A man recommended for promotion is carried on a small scale, and the nature of the English bank note makes any thing like our "green goods" impossible.

NOT AS CLEVER AS AMERICANS.

Constables must stop disturbances, prevent thievery by watching property, see to the enforcement of street ordinances, arrest disorderly persons, they are scarcely expected to pursue and capture evil-doers after a crime has been committed, however—that is the work of the detective department. This is not admitted in London, but it is proved by the fact that a constable who distinguishes himself by actually arresting a burglar, a highway robber, a murderer, an important pick-pocket, or other serious offender, is almost invariably and very promptly promoted. It is partly in that way that the detective force is recruited. Many men are chosen for it, also, out of the two hundred or three hundred constables who, during the "season"—the months when royalty and their aristocracy are in town—are detailed to duty in "plain clothes."

CRIME IN LONDON.

Crimes of violence are disappearing from London. Highway robberies—or "garrote robberies," as they are called—amount to only about a year for both the city and county. Burglaries are so infrequent, as to be almost unknown, and even pocket-picking is no longer profitable or popular. Crime of the most serious kind is now a small scale, and the nature of the English bank note makes any thing like our "green goods" impossible.

But there is a class of elaborate swindling going on constantly in London and the Whitechapel district is the resort of hundreds of desperate characters who operate most of the time out of town, and in towns where they can be easily disposed of, and carry away their gains with some of the 30,000 depraved women who inhabit that district alone.

For Hypnotic Criminals.

A good story is told of a judge who lately had the hypnotic plea raised before him by a burglar. The prisoner claimed that he did not know he was "burgling"; that he did it automatically, and unconsciously, under the direction of a hypnotist. The judge said he would give him the full benefit of the law and also of his hypnotic misfortune. He thereupon sentenced the man to ten years in prison, but told him he could, if he chose, leave the prison and have himself made unconscious for the entire term of his imprisonment.

"The same power," said the judge, "which enabled you to commit burglary and not know it ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment with hard labor and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."

Two Hundred Pound Standard.

Only a good cow will pay any profit at all now. Only the wise, skillful farmer can make any profit out of even a good cow now. What, then, is the reasonable conclusion of these facts? Test the cows now if we never did before. Don't lose money needlessly a day longer. Get rid of every cow that by a fair test and calculation will not make at least 200 pounds of butter a year. If we cannot make interest we should certainly stop losing the principal. If we are ever going to invest in a thoroughbred dairy bull we should do it now. If we are ever going to buy good dairy knowledge, do it now. If we are ever going to make a close, hard study of true dairy management, do it now.

A Famous Correspondent.

Dr. William Howard Russell, the English war correspondent, recently celebrated his 74th birthday. He began his work with the London Times in 1853, and represented that paper during the Crimean war, the Indian mutiny, the civil war in the United States, the Austro-Prussian war and the Franco-German war.

She Won't Tell.

McSwatters—I know a woman who can keep a secret.
McSwatters—Who?
McSwatters—My grandmother.
McSwatters—But your grandmother is dead.
McSwatters—Well, that's the only one I know of.

A Spanish, Me, man has nearly finished a robe made wholly of cats' skins.

STORMING OF LUCKNOW.

A STIRRING INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

The Most Famous of Sir Colin Campbell's Many Campaigns—A Remarkable and Romantic Story of Jessie's "Dream"—Impressive Scenes on the Approach of the Highlanders.

Sir Colin Campbell it was who stormed Lucknow in 1857. The dream of the coporal's wife is known wherever the English language is read or spoken, and for this famous march Sir Colin Campbell, son of a Glasgow carpenter, became Lord Clyde, of Clydesdale.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper, of January 16, 1888, gives a true account of the remarkable and romantic story of "Jessie's Dream." It will be read with peculiar interest by the younger generations, and we give it in full as follows, the account being related by one of the rescued party, the lady of an officer at Lucknow, and given in her own words:

On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Oawpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so and they all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had

been assigned to us such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, her father should return from the ploughing.

She fell at last into a profound slumber, motionless and unconscious of her head resting on my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, so I lay down beside her, and, as I did so, I was suddenly aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me forward, and exclaimed: "Dinner! hear it! 'dinner' we heard it! Ay, I'm no dreaming; it's the siren of the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!"

HARK, THE SLOAN.
"Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries; and I heard her cry incessantly to the men—'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan! to the slogan! the grandest of them all! Here's help at last!'"

"To describe the effect of these words on the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot broke across the air like the shriek of a demon. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk to the ground sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—

LISTEN TO THE PIROCH.

"Will ye no' believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are come! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?" "At that moment we seemed, indeed, to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the piroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come from no other source than the enemy's fire from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need.

RELIEF AT LAST.

"Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residence of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and, as they lay, heard but burning souls and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed piroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should Aid Acquaintance Be Forgot, etc.'"

"After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Painfully Introduced.

The happy faculty of smooth, impromptu speaking is not possessed by many. The lack of it often places speaker and subject at a disadvantage. A well-known lecturer, who had been invited to serve as a substitute, felt some nervousness, knowing he was to fill the place of a more noted man. This feeling was not diminished when he heard himself thus announced by the long-limbed, keen-eyed farmer.

"This 'ere's our substitute. I don't know what he can do. Time was short, an' we had to take what we could git."

In law it's good policy never to plead what you need not, test you oblige yourself to prove what you can not.—Lincoln.

GENIUS IN JUGGLING.

Paul Cinquevalli is Amusing All London With His Feats.

There is no greater favorite on the London variety stage than Paul Cinquevalli. The pity of it is that one has to put up with an ordinary music hall entertainment, as a rule, to witness his marvelous and graceful performance. Mr. Cinquevalli was born at Lissa, Poland, on June 30, 1859. He was sent to Berlin when 2 years old, and never returned to his birthplace. His first performance as an athlete was given at a school gymnastic display when he was 13 years of age, on which occasion he carried off five prizes. A professional gymnast who



COMBINING TWO INDUSTRIES.

was present thought he was a "prodigy" hired by the school authorities, and in his endeavors to gratify his curiosity he turned young Cinquevalli's thoughts in quite an unexpected direction. He easily obtained admission to a circus troupe, and after very little preliminary training he made his public appearance at Odesa as a performer on the high wire.

Most of the feats are characterized as much by their novelty of invention as by the dexterity with which they are accomplished; and Mr. Cinquevalli, like every other imaginative artist, finds the contents of his experience the most fruitful source of his inspiration. His "traveler's trick," as it may be called—the juggling with the hat, an umbrella and a portmanteau—occurred to him as he was waiting for a train at an out-of-the-way American station. It did not occur to him that the trick was of any value, but the few onlookers, were so struck by its novelty that he at once saw it would prove a valuable addition to his public repertoire. Mr. Cinquevalli has found, like other public men, that applause is frequently to be obtained by the least difficult accomplishments. His "billiards trick" is, for instance, one of phenomenal difficulty—he is, I believe, the only juggler who has successfully attempted it.

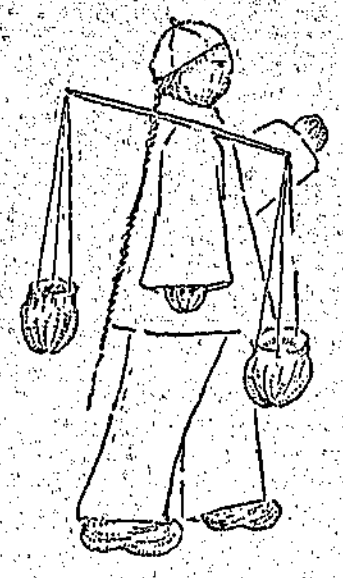
As a certain amount of scientific reasoning power is required to thoroughly understand it, several of his ordinary feats are much better received. To perform it he holds a glass between his teeth. In this glass a billiard ball is wedged. On the balance a second ball, than a billiard cue, on the end of the cue he catches a third ball, jerked upward from his right hand, and on top of this structure he catches a fourth ball. The balls are perfectly spherical, and one may easily comprehend the extraordinary nature of this feat by picturing the difficulty of balancing even one ball upon another.

Although Mr. Cinquevalli abandoned ordinary acrobatic work because of the risk, his performance includes a feat which, if he failed in its accomplishment by a fourth ball, would kill him instantly. This is to throw a cannon ball some twenty feet into the air and allow it to descend in a direct line with his forehead until it is only some eighteen inches distant, when he suddenly ducks his head forward and receives the ball between his shoulders. He also catches it on the edge of a dinner plate. His feat of holding a man in the air while juggling was once a proof of his strength and dexterity.

Mr. Cinquevalli finds it impossible at all times to get through his day's engagements and his daily practice. To meet this difficulty he has devised a curious exercise, which enables him to accomplish both at the same time. While writing his letters with one hand he keeps four billiard balls in the air with the other.

Made With Peanuts.

The "heathen Chinese" popper is capably represented with peanuts, and is as ingenious as anything of its kind. The body,



arms and legs can be made like the old-time rag baby, of rolled cloth; and the head and hands of peanuts, are slipped half into the gathered cloth and secured, but the feet should be sewn on through and through with a fine needle. Make the loose part alone and blouse of dark blue cotton. After the wizen face is outlined with paint, cap and queue should be glued to the head. These men carry their wares in two baskets hung from a pole which rests on one shoulder, looking as they used to in our geographies.

Take a common wooden toothpick and from each end hang with thread the half section of the nutshell, fasten the pole to the shoulder and fill these baskets with tiny wares or leave them empty as you choose.—Toronto Ladies' Journal.

A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere when I see that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—Carlyle.

SPECIFIC FOR GERM DISEASES.

Protonectin Appears to be All That is Claimed for It.

A despatch from New York says:—The experiments that have been made here with protonectin as a cure for cancer appears to bear out all that is claimed for the new treatment. Drs. G. A. Mack and Joseph E. Janviri both speak highly of it. Dr. Walter S. Wells, under whose auspices the recent tests have been made in the skin and cancer hospital, is not the discoverer; nor the inventor of the product, known as protonectin. The man who has actually developed the new remedy and put it into the form in which it is now being used is said to be Professor Schweitzer, a German chemist.

Dr. Wells consented to give a more minute description of the remedy, its properties and its methods of manufacture and use. The active element in this treatment, he said, is the leucocyte, or the white blood corpuscle, spoken of in the account of the experiments of Dr. Louis Waldstein with picocarpine—the leucocyte, long recognized as the natural scavenger and disease destroyer of the system; nature's only real anti-tumor. Our method is to reinforce nature, by the application of the leucocyte to diseased tissues, thereby destroying the favored cell growth, whatever its kind and wherever placed. The morbid growth once destroyed, nature restores the proper equilibrium. It is my own belief that this remedy will prove to be efficacious in any and all diseases which are of microbic origin.

"Leucocytes" watched under the microscope have been observed to take up fine granules of particles to be removed from the system. Metchnikoff, laid special stress upon the activity of leucocytes, and spoke of them as "eating" the parts they were to remove. He called such cells phagocytes. In cold-blooded animals leucocytes have been seen to emerge out of small conglutina in a moist surrounding and move about in the serum. The amoeboid movements are of special interest in connection with the "wandering out" of colorless blood corpuscles through the walls of the blood vessels.

"The leucocytes adhering to the walls of the blood vessels send out a process which penetrates quite through the wall. After passage the leucocyte, in its centre, is constricted, the body having been drawn through the wall of the blood vessel by its own amoeboid movements."

"It is regarded now as not at all far-fetched to assume that Providence should have endowed the polymorphous, or more active and stronger leucocytes, to act as a guard to the well-being of the system at large—to patrol the highways of the system and act as standing armies or scavengers to resist the constant invasions of disease germs at all times seeking admission to the system in the air we breathe, the water we drink and in the food we eat."

Dual Brain Action.

A curious case of dual brain action is described in Brain. An insane patient varied considerably in his mental condition. In one state he was subject to chronic mania, spoke English, was fairly intelligent, and was right-handed; in another state he was subject to dementia, was almost unintelligible, but what could be understood was Welsh; and he was then left-handed. In his English intervals he remembered clearly what had happened in previous English periods, but his memory was a blank to what occurred during the Welsh stages. He preferred to write with his right hand, but if asked to do so, would write with his left hand, and then the writing was from right to left. Mr. Bruce, who observed the case, infers from it that the cerebral hemispheres are capable of individual mental action; that the one mentally active at any time can control the motor functions, and that the patient lives two separate existences; during the two stages through which he passes the mental impressions in each existence being recorded in one cerebral hemisphere only.

Bread Bakers at War.

A despatch from Rochester, N. Y., says:—The bakers are fighting here, while local groceries and the public in general are reaping the benefit. Last Thursday a grocer contracted with one of the bakers for bread at 24 cents a loaf. The next day he began selling loaves at two for 5 cents. Every baker in the city met the cut and before Saturday night bread was sold for 1 cent a loaf. Some grocers advertised five loaves of bread for 5 cents and gave a street car ticket with each loaf. At noon another grocer advertised a loaf free to every customer. The fight will be kept up until the journeyman bakers are preparing to strike, claiming that their pay has been reduced in consequence of the war. The morning papers publish advertisements of several grocers offering free bread. Every baker in the city is taxed to supply the demand.

He Got the Place.

People are not always sure of their own needs; and the boy in this story, doubtless, acted upon the knowledge of that fact. Do you want a boy, he asked of the manager of the office, standing before him in a hand.

Nobody wants a boy, replied the manager.

Do you need a boy? asked the applicant, nowise abashed.

Nobody needs a boy.

The boy would not give up.

Well, my mister, he inquired, do you have to have a boy?

The manager collapsed.

"I'm sorry to say we do," he said, and I guess you're about what we want."

Painted on a Grain of Corn.

It is said that the smallest piece of painting in the world has recently been executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill and a miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it is a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants are shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic fidelity, yet by careful measurement it is shown that the whole painting does not cover a surface of half an inch square.

It is foolish to strive with what we can not avoid; we are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty; but that does this shall be free, safe and quiet; all his notions shall succeed to his wishes.—Seneca.



A LONDON MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

by the Lord Mayor. The county, which completely surrounds the city, and which contains the greater part of London's population, is governed by the County Council. The city and the county have police forces which are entirely separate in system and management. The city force is simply an uninteresting constabulary, with no detective branch of importance.

It is the county force—the Metropolitan Police—which centres at Scotland Yard. This force—consists of 15,231 men, of whom 465 are in the criminal investigation or detective department. There is a vast difference in the number of crimes committed

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