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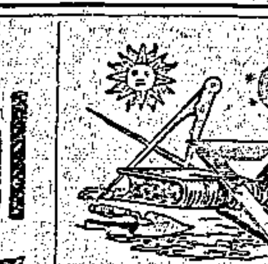

Kootenay Lodge No. 15 A.F. & A.M.

The regular meeting are held in the MasonicTemple, 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.
G. NEWMAN, N.G. A. STONE, SEC.

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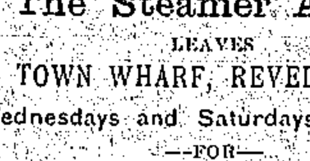

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The Kootenay Mail

THE DOMINION parliament has passed the Red Mountain railway charter and the Trail Creek and Columbia charter. Nothing can now interfere with the immediate construction of these two roads for Rossland, one to Northport and the other to the Columbia at Trail, if the men who got the charters mean business.

THE NELSON TRIBUNE is flattering itself that it and its imitators have "jumped on" Post Office Inspector Fletcher so much and so often, that they have finally made of him an official worthy of being spoken well of. It is rather our opinion that Inspector Fletcher performs his official duty without any regard to the "slugging" of the *Tribune*.

THE QUESTION is often asked as to whether the bills of the Canadian banks are good. We believe that their bank notes or paper currency are perfectly sound, and the best thing in the Canadian banking system. Each bank is required to deposit five per cent. of its average annual circulation with the Minister of Finance at Ottawa, upon which the government pays three per cent. interest, the fund to be used as a *common one* for the redemption of the notes of any failed bank; and this fund is to be replenished on July 1st of each year with the amount of the depletion it may have suffered during the year preceding. In addition, the notes are made a first lein upon all the assets of a bank in case of failure, and are preferred before any amounts that may be due even in trust, either to the Dominion or any Provincial Government, which are second in the order of preference. All these preferences being provided for, "an ordinary depositor may have to submit to delay, awaiting the eventualities of general liquidation. The stockholders are liable to be called on to an amount equal to the par value of their shares, but the bank notes, being a first lein on all assets, are safer than money deposited in the bank.

MR. JOHN S. CLUTE, Inspector of Customs, arrived from New Westminster Tuesday morning, and after spending the day overlooking the business of the local office, went west again the same evening. The Revelstoke customs office having been detached from Nelson, and made an independent outport of New Westminster, the customs officer here, Mr. T.L. Haig, makes his reports directly to Mr. Clute, at New Westminster. The inspector intends to return next week, when arrangements will be made to provide a bonded warehouse for the storage, in bond, of imported goods. A warehouse for this purpose has long been needed, and the increasing necessity for it has at last been recognized by the customs authorities, and marks the importance of Revelstoke as a center from which to distribute goods to mining camps on the Columbia, and near-by points on the railway. All who have this class of business to transact, and especially the merchants, are to be congratulated upon the fact that the customs department of the government is giving them the facilities accorded to the most favored localities.

BONUS FOR SMELTING.

Ottawa, June 21.—Hon. Mr. Foster gave notice of a motion to pay $30,000 a year for five years for aid to silver lead smelting in British Columbia at the rate of fifteen cents per ton on the ore smelted. This is the outcome of the British Columbia members' representations last week.

The above paragraph from the special despatches from Ottawa gives the answer of the government to the proposal of the Kansas City Smelting and Refining Co., supported by all the members of Parliament from British Columbia, to establish a great smelter in West Kootenay "if a small bounty is given on ore treated." If it is a small bounty that will satisfy the Smelting Co., this one of 15 cents per ton should do it. It seems very small, however, as compared with the bonus of $3 per ton—$2 from the Dominion and $1 from the province—now given to the producers of pig iron in Ontario.

The report found in the Manitoba *Free Press* received since the above was copied from the *Colonist*, gives a different version of the action of the Finance Minister. It says:

Foster gives notice of a resolution: "That it is expedient to provide for the payment of a sum not to exceed $150,000 in five years to encourage silver and lead smelting in Canada, the payment for each ton of ore smelted not to exceed fifty cents."

CUSTOMS AFFAIRS AGAIN.

The chronic animosity of the Nelson *Tribune* towards Revelstoke seems to be on the increase, as it was never more plainly manifested than in its last issue. Revelstoke is not a warehousing sub-port, as stated by the *Tribune*, or, if so, it is on paper or in theory only, and has never come to the official knowledge of our customs officer. We extract a sample paragraph:—

"They simply do not import goods at Revelstoke, and have no need of a warehouse. Bonded goods are not dutiable goods, but goods brought through the United States from some point in Canada. If the Canadian Pacific has not got such a warehouse at Revelstoke, it is pretty good evidence that no bonded goods are brought to Revelstoke. Revelstoke was not made a warehousing sub-port because of any hardship worked on its business men through not having a custom-house, as the total collections amount to barely enough to pay the custom officer's salary, and he only gets $300 a year."

The reason why Revelstoke has not imported goods, to any extent, is because it had no facilities for doing so until less than a year ago. It was not a port of entry, had not a bonded warehouse, was not a warehousing subport, and did not even have a customs officer of any degree. Why we did not import, was because it was made impossible for us to do it. What we did import went to swell the receipts of towns more favored by the government.

The editor says:—"Bonded goods are not dutiable goods." We answer—Both ree and dutiable goods from a foreign country are received in bond. Goods passing through the United States from one point in Canada to another, are in bond, but not dutiable; and such goods coming to Revelstoke, say from Toronto, could not be received here unless there was a customs officer to break the seal. Goods passing through Canada from one place in the United States to another are also "in bond."

The Canadian Pacific has no warehouse at Revelstoke for bonded goods, and has in consequence recently suffered an unusual detention of cars containing dutiable goods in bond. In answer to the *Tribune's* last fling that the total collections for customs here amount to barely $300 per year, it is sufficient to say that the receipts for customs from the middle of May to the middle of June, 1895, were $1070.

A SMELTER SITE.

About a mile beyond the railway station, where the C.P.R. track leaves the rocky canyon, and coming west bears to the right along the base of the mountain, is a level bench or plateau broad enough to become the site of extensive smelting and refining works, of capacity sufficient to accommodate the output of West Kootenay's mines for a very many years.

As regards the receiving of ore, it is located on the main line of the C.P.R. which connects with the Arrow Lake railway and the switch track to the steamboat dock, as well as the Illecillewaet and other mines east and west and Big Bend at the north. Iron ore for fluxing can be delivered to it from the Glen Iron mines near Kamloops, and coal and coke either from the east or west. An immense sink hole below and adjoining this bench of land, will receive and absorb the slag of an hundred years run.

OTHER ADVANTAGES.

In addition to the ample site, the unusual facilities for receiving ore supplies, and the dumping ground for slag, the Illecillewaet river will furnish a magnificent water power for all purposes to which power can be directly applied in the smelting and refining of ores, or, through the agency of electrical power, manufactured by dynamo and conducted by cable to the place where used. The volume of water is large and permanent, and an unequalled power can be secured of any desired fall. From the Glacier, where the river starts, to Revelstoke, a distance of 44 miles, the fall is 2647 feet, just seven feet more than half a mile, *and for the entire distance it is continuously and abruptly downward*. The uses to which this immense power can be applied are unlimited. It could be transmitted by cable to all parts of the town for manufacturing, for supplying it with electric lights, for running its cars by electricity; in fact for any and all purposes for which power could be used.

Without any doubt the Illecillewaet river is the most reliable as well as the most available source of water supply for Revelstoke. It has its origin among the glaciers at the summit of the Selkirks, and being added to on its way down by other glaciers, natural fountains and turbulent mountain streams, its volume can be counted on as always sure. Its purity cannot be questioned. Released from its imprisonment of centuries upon these mountain peaks, the glacial water drops in a sharp fall 3,000 to 5,000 feet and tumbling over boulders, dashing against rocks, leaping down precipices, turning all of its many sides and surfaces to the pure air and penetrating sunlight, it becomes aerated and purified of all possible deleterious ingredients. The smelter, securing the right to the water of the Illecillewaet river, would hold the key of the town for all the purposes to which water and power could be devoted.

ROSSLAND NOTES.

Colonel Baker was in Rossland recently. He seemed surprised to find a live camp in British Columbia.

The Columbia Mountain road is now ready for traffic, and it is expected that ore will be shipped from the North Star in a few days.

W. M. Newton, J. P., R. J. Bealey and Robert Hunter have been elected members of the school board, and will proceed to make arrangements to organize the district and erect a school building.

The Butte has been bonded for $10,000.

The St. Mary and the San Juan have been bonded to V. D. Williams for $20,000. The ore on these claims contains a large percentage of copper and is of a very different character from that of the main belt, some of it resembling somewhat the O. K. rock. Town property in Trail is increasing rapidly in value, and is in good demand.

The mail arrangements, although better than formerly, still leave much to be desired. Letters mailed at Rossland occasionally wander all over the province before getting properly started on their journey. No one seems to be responsible for this sort of thing.

Charley Matheson left yesterday to prospect the country to the west of Spokane Mountain.

Lawyer F. M. McLeod of the well known Forty-nine is in town.

The weather last week has been bad for all of us. Prospectors were driven back to camp by the snow on the mountains, and the roads were very deep.

The War Eagle Co. has declared another dividend of ten cents per share being at the rate of forty per cent. per annum. War Eagle shares could have been bought for ten cents a piece a few weeks ago.

The last block of Le Roi's sold the other day at par. Shares are now not to be obtained.

Rossland, June 25.

A Winter Prospecting and Trapping on Tum Tum and Adams Lakes.

Charles Bullard and A. E. Murray, who own the Last Chance mining claim on Sable Creek in the Lardeau district, conceived the idea of making a trip into Adams Lake from Shuswap, thence up the lake and through Adams River into Tum Tum Lake, and on through that lake and up Tum Tum River to its headwaters in the Gold Range, crossing which they would find the sources of Jordan Creek and follow it down to the Columbia a few miles above Gold Stream, expecting to reach Big Bend before snow fell sufficiently to interfere with their plans. Their principal object was to prospect for gold, in placer and hydraulic diggings, on Adams and Tum Tum Lakes and rivers, but fortunately they took a trapping outfit and supplies for nine months.

They left Revelstoke about the first of September, and took horses from Shuswap, following the outlet of Adams Lake about 10 miles to the lake. Making there a canoe or dugout, they proceeded up the lake which is about 50 miles long. Adams Lake is very much like the Arrow Lakes—2 to 4 miles wide, apparently a widening out of the river of which it forms part. It is a beautiful sheet of water containing an abundance of fish. Galena float was found in several places and quite narrow veins of the mineral, but no colors of gold in the creeks of any value.

Snow fell several weeks earlier than expected, and they did not think it prudent to undertake to cross the Gold Range before winter should set in. They therefore made their trapping and winter camp at the upper end of Adams Lake. Early in May, they started up the river for Tum Tum lake, 70 to 80 miles distant, and had good water for 30 miles, then a portage of 12 miles, where they built a new canoe, then good water four miles, but portaged the balance of the river, about 25 miles, to the lake. Adams river, connecting Adams and Tum Tum lakes, is a mile and one-half wide, and rushes through the canyons with turbulent velocity.

There was a snowfall of 3 feet on Adams lake and 4 feet on the Tum Tum which is 25 miles long, and as nearly two feet of this remained on the 9th of May, they did not think best to try crossing the Gold Range, although the Indians reported that from the headwaters of the Tum Tum river, near the summit of the mountains, it is but 27 to 30 miles to the Columbia near Big Bend. Besides they were getting very short of rations, having only tea and flour, and little of these. They turned back on June 15, and were about one week in getting down to Shuswap, *safely* and quickly running in their canoe some of the long canyons in Adams river. They sold their furs for about $300 to James Ross, of Shuswap.

They found a vein of galena ore, 20 *inches wide, on a stream* putting into Tum Tum lake from the direction of Seymour pass, but it is too far away for profitable working. No colors were found on Tum Tum lake or river—it is a granite formation—but there is good quartz on the south end and west side of Adams lake, where is located the Homestake mine.

There is no good land on Adams lake, but on the Tum Tum Mr. Bullard estimated there were about 5000 acres good black soil—1000 acres in one body and 400 in another, beaver meadows.

A tree was found bearing the following names and date: "S. Hodge, J. Glines, Lareau,—July 10th, 1865."

Messrs. Bullard and Murray left on the Marion Wednesday morning for the Lardeau.

The Str. Lytton brought up on its first trip this week 60 tons of Pilot Bay or "Hendryx" bullion, and on Thursday 20 tons. It also had in cargo on Thursday, two carloads, about 31 tons, of Silver King or Toad Mountain ore. The bullion was consigned as usual to Aurora, Ill., but the ore goes to Newark, N.J.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER VI.

Whether it be true or not that, as Shakespeare says, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may," whether it were the result of chance or destiny, in the forging of the link between Rachel and Henry, other persons almost immediately played their part.

Rachel's walk lay occasionally westward-way through the Strand to Westminster Abbey. On the very day following her visit to Joseph's mother, she, accompanied by her faithful Pompey, was passing Somerset House when she was suddenly fascinated, as it were, by a figure within a few yards of her. It was the figures of what is commonly known as a "sandwich-man," one who bears upon his shoulders a board in front and a board at his back, which serve as an advertisement for some special attraction. This figure, at the moment of its presentment, was in Rachel's eyes the oddest of figures. The man was old, and of a medium height, but, with his thin face and his head sunk into his shoulders, he appeared to be older than he really was. The two sandwich-boards coming close up to his chin and to the back of his neck, gave him the appearance of being not only imprisoned, but absolutely flattened, by an absurdly-shaped and egregiously fitting stiff cravat; and his hat was pressed so low down over his forehead as almost to cover his eyes. So that, what with the concealment below and the concealment above, all that could really be said to be distinctly visible in his face was the tip of his nose; but it was the point and character furnished by the legend on the sandwich-boards which imparted its odd distinctiveness to the figure. This legend consisted of three words:

THE POOR GENTLEMAN

It might have been supposed by persons unfamiliar with London sights that the man, in carrying this legend writ in great letters in front and at the back of him, desired to advertise himself and his condition. For, as he shuffled along, shrinking physically and mentally from the shame and degradation of his burden, no more pregnant figure of a poor gentleman could possibly be imagined.

The time was 3 o'clock in the afternoon; and whether it were that the man was hungry, or that his task was beyond his strength, at the moment of Rachel's coming up to him he staggered, strove to catch hold of the lamp-post for support, failed to reach it, and fell to the ground. Odd as was the figure when it stood upon its feet, it became much odder when it lay prone upon the stones; for then its head, in turtle fashion, shrank entirely inward, became quite hidden by the sandwich-boards, the man had borne upon his shoulders.

A crowd instantly gathered around the prostrate form, and comments were freely and loudly made. These comments formed a familiar verdict commonly enough passed with alacrity by such-like London crowds, which, as a rule, are not too mercifully disposed, many of the units among them judging others, maybe, by their own standard. The verdict of the comments was that the man was drunk.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," said one.

"He's old enough to know better," said another.

"Forty shillings, or a month," said another.

Rachel did not know what to think. Her first feeling was one of compassion; but these remarks bewildered her.

"Move on, there—move on!" cried a policeman. And then, he, too, looked down upon the prostrate form, as if in the magic of his gaze there was an elixir sufficiently potent to instantaneously infuse vigor and life into the inanimate body. Such, however, not being the case, the policeman, after some deliberation, stooped to raise the old man; but this was not easily accomplished, because of the boards in which he was imprisoned.

"Lift the top one over his head," suggested a person in the crowd, more logical than his fellows.

This was done, and the man was raised to his feet. The air flowing freely upon his features produced its effect. He opened his eyes and gazed vacantly around. Then it was that Rachel's doubts vanished, and she stepped forward (promptly followed by Pompey, who invariably sympathized with his young mistress), and stood by the old man's side. He, recognizing by some sort of instinct the presence of a friend, stretched out his hand, which Rachel took in hers.

"I thank you, I thank you," he murmured, in a tone singularly sweet and sad.

"Do you know him?" asked the policeman of Rachel.

"No," she replied.

"Does anybody?" inquired the policeman, appealing to the general crowd.

"I don't know much of him," said a woman, pushing her way through; "but I have seen him walking up and down the Strand with these theater-boards over his shoulders for a good many days past. A shilling a day he gets for eight hours' work. Why, it ain't enough to starve upon! That's his complaint—not drink. You seem a kind-hearted lady, it wouldn't hurt you to help the poor chap."

"I will help him," said Rachel, "if it's in my power." And then she asked the old man, in a low tone, "Are you really hungry?"

He was too full of shame to reply. His head sunk down again upon his breast.

"Where do you live?" asked Rachel.

"Rosemary Court, Spitalfields," he answered, almost in a whisper.

Rachel was startled. She knew the locality well. It was in the top room of one of the houses in Rosemary Court that she had heard the pleasant sounds proceeding from Henry Wyatt's pupils.

"Do you think you are strong enough to walk there," asked Rachel, "if I come with you?"

"I will try," murmured the old man.

"You can't leave these things here," said the policeman, pointing to the boards on the ground.

"I'll take them back," said the woman who had spoken in favor of the old man; and then he, clinging to Rachel's arm, walked with her eastward.

They had not walked far before Rachel discovered that the old man's strength was giving out. He paused and said:

"You have been very good to me; I don't know how to thank you. You must have matters of your own to attend to. I cannot think of imposing upon you any longer."

"Nay, you are not imposing upon me," said Rachel; "I shall be glad to assist you. I am young and strong. Indeed, I shall not leave you until I see you safely home, unless you order me away. I see that you are too tired to walk. We will ride."

"I cannot allow it—indeed, indeed, I cannot!" said the old man.

But Rachel was not to be resisted. She called a cab, and, assisting the old man in, told the cabman to drive to Rosemary Court, Spitalfields. Pompey trotted on by the side of the cab, keeping a sharp eye on the driver. It is the privilege of old age to be garrulous, but Rachel's companion was too weak and faint to exercise this privilege. His words were few, but they were sufficient. And their mode of expression was such as to assure Rachel that he was, if not by birth, at least by instinct and self-culture, a gentleman; and as she gazed at him she became gradually impressed by a curious likeness in his face to the face of the young gentleman she had met in the room of Joseph's mother. She hazarded a guess.

"You do not live alone?"

"No," was the reply.

"Your son lives with you?"

"Yes."

"Have you any other family?"

"No. My dear son is the only one I have in the world."

"Is he the gentleman who teaches poor children for nothing?"

"You know him?" exclaimed the old man, in a grateful voice. It was inexpressibly sweet to him to hear his son spoken of as a gentleman.

"I have seen him only once," said Rachel; "but I have heard much of him. Is it true, then?"

"Yes, it is true."

Rachel thought how noble it was of this young man—whose father sought to earn a few pence by means of one of the lowest of human occupations—to devote himself gratuitously to the education of poor children, and to the opening up to them of a higher field of labor than was afforded by the opportunities of their birth.

"You have been in better circumstances?" she said, gently.

"Yes," said the old man; "I had once money, lands and an honored name. There was a time when I was respected."

"You and your son are more than respected," said Rachel; "you are loved; and I am truly glad that it has fallen to me to do you a service, trifling as it is."

If further assurance were needed that her surmise as to the identity of Henry Wyatt's father was correct, she received it presently when they alighted from the cab, and she assisted the old man to the top floor of the house in which he resided. Her first care was to see that his wants were provided for. She bustled about the room as though she had herself lived in it for years. She said to the old man:

"You will not mind my taking off my bonnet and mantle; I can get along so much better without them." And what is more, she did not wait for permission, but immediately divested herself of them, and knelt before the stove to kindle a fire. "I should like to make you a cup of tea," she said; "I am sure it would do you good."

"There is some in the cupboard," said the old man, watching her movements with wonder and admiration.

Rachel had seen the cupboard in which she supposed the food was kept, but she had not opened it for fear that it was empty, and that the exposure might wound the old man's feelings. She opened it now, and brought forward tea, sugar and bread and butter; but first she spread a tablecloth on the deal table, and when she had set the food upon it, she said, in the cheerfulest of voices: "I hope you will not object to my taking a cup of tea with you. I really feel in need of it."

"I shall look upon it as an honor," said the old man, and then, with a feeble, wandering of his hands, added: "but that you, a lady!——"

"And that you," she rejoined, gayly, "a gentleman!"

"I humbly thank you," he said. "This is my brightest hour since I entered London."

Pompey, stretched at full length on the floor, seemed to express approval of all that was done and said. Truly, Rachel might have been born to service, she proved herself so deft and skilful. The housewifely lessons she had learned while she had lived with Aunt Carrie had always been of value to her, and the old man declared, in a tone of childish pleasure, that the cup of tea she had prepared for him was the best he had ever tasted.

"If that is so," said Rachel, "I think I have earned your confidence."

"You have earned whatever it is in my power to bestow," said the old man.

"Well, then, your name?"

"My name is Wyatt; my son's name is Henry."

"Mr. Henry Wyatt," said Rachel, softly.

"The best, the noblest, the most devoted son that father ever had," said Mr. Wyatt. "Never a reproach from his lips, though it is I who have brought him to this sad condition. Nothing but cheerfulness, nothing but hope. And he is loved, you say?"

"Much loved," replied Rachel, "and deservedly."

"Deservedly, indeed," said the old man. "He hasn't a thought for himself, but thinks only of others. The lads who come here would die for him."

"So that, you see," said Rachel, "there is a sweet brightness in your life."

"True, true," said the old man, "and after all, perhaps, better times will come."

"Better times will be sure to come," said Rachel, with a cheerful smile. "You feel stronger, do you not?"

"Much stronger, very much stronger."

"Then I will go," said Rachel, rising and putting on her bonnet and mantle. "I have some things to attend to which must not be neglected. May I visit you again?"

"How can I hope it?" exclaimed the old man, looking mournfully around at the humble apartment. "It is scarcely fit for a lady such as you to enter a room like this."

"Why not?" said Rachel, sweetly. "Am I really so much out of place here? It doesn't appear to me so. I shall esteem it a privilege if you will allow me."

"It is an honor I shall never forget," said the old man.

"So, then, it is settled," said Rachel, "and now, good-by."

She held out her hand, and he took it in his and bowed over it, but he did not immediately relinquish it.

"There is something," he said, "I had almost forgotten."

"Well," she said, "tell me now."

"It is about my son," said the old man. "You say you have seen him?"

"Yes, once, and hope to see him again."

"He doesn't know that I have been engaged in the occupation in which you discovered me to-day. Had he suspected it, he would never have allowed me to do what I was doing; but it was the only means which offered itself of earning a shilling or two to help us on in our hard life. Indeed, I am a weight, an incumbrance, upon him. I am fitted for nothing useful, but I thought it was my duty to help a little; his own earnings are so small. 'I must work for you, father,' he said, when we had lost everything, and came to London to seek our fortune; and he would be humiliated to learn that I was engaged in labor so low, so menial. As I walk along the streets I hold my head down in fear that I might be recognized. It may be false shame, but I cannot, I cannot help it! You will promise me, if you see him, that you will not tell him what I was doing. It would wound his sense of self-respect, and I would die rather than cause him the slightest pang."

"I promise you," said Rachel. "I will not tell him. I am familiar with this neighborhood; indeed, I have often been in the adjoining room on a visit to a friend, and have listened with pleasure to the sounds of happy voices I have heard while your son was conducting his evening class. We will say, then, that I met you by accident, and that I asked to be allowed to come and see you. There is no harm in that, is there?"

"No," replied the old man, "he will be glad to hear it."

"And if I can be of help," said Rachel, earnestly, "in the buying of books for the children, or in some other way, you and your son will be affording me a pleasure greater than I can express. I am not very rich, but I have always a little money to spare, and you will be really doing me a wrong if you shut the door against me."

Then Rachel took her leave, and the old man felt as if the room had been sanctified by her presence.

In the evening, when Henry came home, his father told him of Rachel's visit. Henry questioned him as to her dress and voice and personal appearance, and murmured only, "It is she"; and then said aloud, "Father, the young lady is an angel in disguise."

"No, Henry," replied the old man, "not in disguise."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWALLOW STRANGE THINGS.

The Whistles Lead Off—One Man Gulps Down a Live Turtle.

The doctors of the London hospitals have an incredible number of patients who have swallowed strange things. Of course, children are the most frequent sufferers. The commonest objects that they swallow are small metal whistles and tin "squeakers."

The most dangerous of toys for very young children are the india rubber air balloons which can be inflated by means of a small mouthpiece. These can most readily be drawn in by the breath, and then each succeeding respiration inflates the india rubber bag. These have caused scores of deaths, and so have marbles. A child sees its mother's bright thimble, and there is no worse article to swallow.

Among grown-up people, young women of the domestic and working-girl class are the most frequent patients, this being because they habitually carry small articles in their mouths, and are often prone to what is called "larking." Only a week or two ago a cook in a West End mansion swallowed a small glass vial containing flavoring essence. The doctors have not been able to do anything for her yet.

One of the strangest cases of this kind on record was that of a gentleman who about two years ago was treated at one of the London hospitals, he having swallowed a tiny live tortoise. He had bought several of these creatures and was amusing his children by pretending to eat them alive and so on, when he actually swallowed one. It was several days before the creature was even killed. Scores of these cases come from public bars, where people seem fond of attempting silly tricks with coins, pencil cases and rings.

The present Earl Granville has below his vest a half crown swallowed during the course of a conjuring entertainment when he was a lad. Only the other day a man died at Greenwich through swallowing one of the noisy toys called a siren, and no medical aid could save him.

In 1884 the total production of aluminum was only 150 pounds. It is now 330,000 pounds a year. The price has decreased from $9 to 75 cents a pound.

PRISON DISCIPLINE LAX.

TOO MUCH COMFORT IN PRISONS AN ENGLISHMAN SAYS.

The Rev. D. G. Lewis Has Been Making a Tour of Inspection in this Country—The Central Prison, Toronto, Like a Small World's Fair—A Brussels Prison the Finest He Has Seen—Philadelphia Penitentiary a Fine Home for the Unemployed.

Some interesting information in regard to the English prison system and its contrasts with the systems in vogue in this country has been obtained from a clergyman, Rev. D. Grenville Lewis, Chaplain to her British Majesty's prison at Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, England.

Mr. Lewis came across the Atlantic as Chaplain to the Dominion steamship Labrador three weeks ago, and proposed to return to his regular duties in a short time. He took a flying trip through Ontario, visiting the Central prison in Toronto; went on to Chicago, and saw the Cook County Jail there; then east to New-York by way of Philadelphia, in order to make a personal inspection of the Eastern Penitentiary, and finished up at the Tombs Prison, New York.

The general impression which he has received about prisons in the United States is that discipline is much too lax; that the power intrusted to each individual prison warden is much too great, and that the prisoners, as a rule, are far too comfortable in their confinement to make their punishment serve as a deterrent against future criminal acts.

"When I saw the Eastern Penitentiary, in Philadelphia," said Mr. Lewis to a press representative, "I could not help saying to myself, 'What a grand home for the unemployed!' The prisoners' cells were decorated with clocks and pictures, and even with carpets, if my recollection is correct. Many of the cells had shelves fitted up and rows of books upon them.

"The prisoners in this penitentiary are allowed to communicate with each other without hindrance. In many cases two prisoners occupied the same cell—something which is never permitted in an English prison.

A PERFECT STRANGER,

was allowed to talk freely with prisoners. If this treatment were adopted in England, the prisons would soon be overcrowded."

Mr. Lewis then described the discipline maintained under the English prison system. Prisoners sentenced to two years' hard labor or less had to sleep for the first month on a plank bed. During the second month they had a mattress three or four nights a week, and it was not until the third month that they could enjoy the uninterrupted nightly luxury of even a prison bed.

It was an offense for a prisoner to speak to any one except the Governor of the jail, the prison chaplain, the visiting Justices, or the Government Inspector. Both the Governor and the chaplain paid separate visits to each prisoner every day, the one to hear complaints and the other to give religious instruction. The governor had no power to allow visitors into the prison except on receipt of a written order from his superiors.

The chaplain had power to give the prisoner religious books, such as sermons, "The Pilgrim's Progress," or "The Saints' Rest," during the first month, and after that time books of instruction or recreation. In Shepton Mallet a religious service was held every morning at 8:45, to which all prisoners might come. There were

THREE FORMS OF PUNISHMENT

for refractory or disorderly prisoners. The first was a diet of bread and water on alternate days for any period not exceeding fourteen days; the second was the dark cell for any period not exceeding forty-eight hours; the third was flogging with the cat-of-nine-tails, which was inflicted only after a private trial before the visiting Justices and for no offence less gross than striking a prison guard or another prisoner.

The hard labor punishments were oakum picking, breaking stones, turning the crank, and working the treadmill. There is no stated quantity of work given to prisoners at hard labor, each getting what he is capable of accomplishing without laziness. Old offenders who have become experts always get a share proportionate to their skill.

Shortly after Mr Lewis was appointed a prison chaplain, he said, there was a hanging in the jail, and he made the acquaintance of Billington the public executioner.

"He was a short, thick-set man," said Mr. Lewis, "and very agreeable in conversation. I understand he now lives a very correct life, teaching in Sunday school when not otherwise engaged. He follows the trade of a barber. He told me that he had never had a dream in his life nor a toothache. He must always sleep in a prison the night before an execution takes place, in order that the Governor of the jail may be sure that he has not indulged in intoxicants."

According to English law, a condemned prisoner must have three clear Sundays between the date of his sentence and the day of execution, but the time between sentence and execution must never exceed one calendar month.

Most of the guards in English prisons are men who have served in the army or navy. The Governor is also usually a retired army officer, so that discipline is practiced with the

REGULARITY OF CLOCKWORK.

Mr. Lewis said that the ill treatment of prisoners was a very rare occurrance in his experience. One wholesome check was the Coroner's jury on every death within prison walls, no matter what its cause. The jurors in such cases, being taken from the neighborhood, had the right to ask any questions they thought fit, and, if any rumors of harsh measures with the prisoners had got abroad, the questions put were generally searching.

Speaking of his hurried tour through prisons on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Lewis said:

"The Ontario State Prison, in Toronto, is like a small world's fair. It is filled with machinery adapted for making toys, tennis rackets, baseball bats, and other implements for outdoor games. The prison itself is scrupulously clean. I saw the look-step there for the first time, and I consider it a great humbug. When one prisoner places his hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him he can communicate with him in a whisper without detection.

"Cook County Jail at Chicago, reminded me more of a stable than anything else. It was very dirty, and the discipline seemed to be very lax. I heard the warden call for one of the guards half a dozen times before he answered. If the Governor of an English jail had to call a turnkey twice he would either fine him or have him dismissed.

"The Tombs, in New York, was much cleaner than the Chicago prison, but the discipline did not seem much better. I saw prisoners walking about together, some of them

WITH THEIR COATS OFF,

and many of them spitting lavishly on the floors. Under our system, a man who spat on the floor after being warned that it was an offense against cleanliness would get three days' bread and water forthwith.

"It also surprised me very much to see a man with a basket of cakes in the Tombs selling his wares to prisoners. We take all the money which even untried prisoners have about them, and no prisoner, tried or untried, is allowed to smoke under any circumstances.

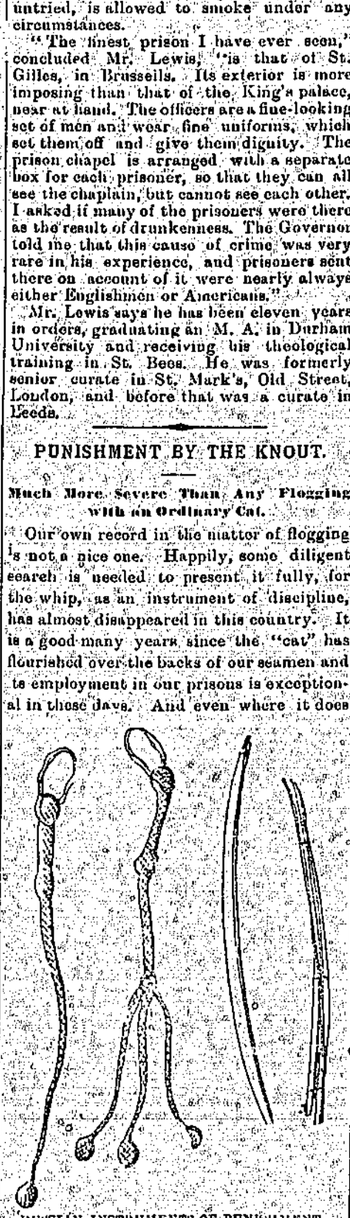
"The finest prison I have ever seen," concluded Mr. Lewis, "is that of St. Gilles, in Brussells. Its exterior is more imposing than that of the King's palace, near at hand. The officers are a fine-looking set of men and wear fine uniforms, which set them off and give them dignity. The prison chapel is arranged with a separate box for each prisoner, so that they can all see the chaplain, but cannot see each other. I asked if many of the prisoners were there as the result of drunkenness. The Governor told me that this cause of crime was very rare in his experience, and prisoners sent there on account of it were nearly always either Englishmen or Americans."

Mr. Lewis says he has been eleven years in orders, graduating as M. A. in Durham University and receiving his theological training in St. Bees. He was formerly senior curate in St. Mark's, Old Street, London, and before that was a curate in Leeds.

PUNISHMENT BY THE KNOUT.

Much More Severe Than Any Flogging with an Ordinary Cat.

Our own record in the matter of flogging is not a nice one. Happily, some diligent search is needed to present it fully, for the whip, as an instrument of discipline, has almost disappeared in this country. It is a good many years since the "cat" has flourished over the backs of our seamen and its employment in our prisons is exceptional in these days. And even where it does



RUSSIAN INSTRUMENTS OF PUNISHMENT.

exist the present day punishment of the "cat," inflicted with an instrument that carries no knots and seldom more than fifteen or twenty strokes, is not to be compared with the savage floggings of the past.

The Russian "knout," however, is a much more terrible instrument of torture than the "cat," as will be seen from the accompanying illustration. And, unfortunately, one never knows for certain how much of the knout is left in modern Russia. The telegraph wire still at times carries the horrid whizz of it from remote Siberia, and only the other day came the news from St. Petersburg of a new imperial ukase "abolishing the use of the knout for the punishment of offenses committed by the peasantry, who have hitherto been, completely at the mercy of the local judges in this respect, because statistics were submitted to the czar, showing that in ten years 3,000 persons, mostly guilty of thefts of produce, had died after punishment with the knout."

Granted the infliction of the knout, the 3,000 deaths are easily believed; the instrument itself, (supposing this report to be true) evidently dies harder than its victims. But even in Russia, where the rod and its equivalents have had a more extended and bloody existence than in any other European state, the humaner spirit of the age has been felt, and one is disposed to regard as exaggerated the statements just quoted. Certainly it had been generally supposed that the knout was abolished for all but the gravest offenses, as long ago as 1866. But Russia has never been governed wholly by its written laws, and there are regions of that empire where a ukase may be slow to reach the "local judges."

Worth's Predecessor.

It has been erroneously assumed by many people that the late M. Worth was the first man milliner of European reputation. This is a mistake, as has been pointed out by a learned writer in the Eclair. The first man milliner of whom history takes notice, says the London Daily News, was Rhomberg, who became famous in Paris in the reign of Louis XV. He was the son of a Bavarian peasant. His manner of advertising in the early part of the eighteenth century was to send out carts, the body of which represented a corset, while the shafts were made in imitation of a pair of tailor's shears. The notion got abroad that he was extremely skillful in hiding little deformities in the figure and the vogue he enjoyed in consequence was immense. Although he was but a few years in business, dying at the early age of 40 years, he left a fortune estimated at £10,000 or £50,000, a large sum for a tradesman to have earned in those days. Under the first empire his successor was Leroy, who dressed the princess of the imperial court. At the period of the restoration he lived in retirement in a splendid mansion in the Rue Richelieu, where he entertained in princely style. Leroy was said to be witty and a model of deportment, and he numbered the most fashionable people among his friends.

Wiggles—"I have just one cigar here. You haven't any objections, have you?" Waggles—"Not if I smoke it."

MERRY MOMENTS.

"Algy and May have tabooed ham mocks." "Why?" "One was the cause of their first falling out."

"Now, Charles, let us make a list of your debts." "One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."

He—"I'd just as lief be hung for a sheep as a lamb." She—"Well, you'll be hung for neither; you'll be hung for a calf or nothing."

Jimmy—"Timmy Grogan is talkin' of gittin' him a bicycle." Mickey—"Him? He ain't got de price for de wind wot goes in de tires."

Johnny—"Mamma, I can count all the way up to twelve." Mamma—"And what comes after twelve, Johnny?" Johnny—"Recess."

Attorney—"You say, when you asked him for the money, he used blasphemous language?" Riley—"I did not, sor. I said he swore at me like a trooper."

Simpson—"How do you know that your rival and her father will fall out and fight?" Jimpson (gleefully)—"They've both joined the same church choir."

Mr. Busy Body—"If you hang those turkeys by the feet you will keep them longer." Mr. Butcher Business—"That ain't what I'm trying to do. I want to sell 'em."

Mr. Droppin—"Is Mr. Baite in to-day?" Mr. Baite's Partner—"No sir; he's down at the Rangleys." Mr. Droppin—"Ah! Catching fish?" Mr. B.'s P.—No, sir; fishing.

"I will work night and day to make you happy," he said. "No," she answered thoughtfully, "don't do that. Just work during the day and stay home at night."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who joys not when the peanuts shed
Their husks, and quaffs beneath the shade
The ruby-tinted lemonade?

Hoax—"What I object to in your boarding house is the lack of tone." Joax—"Huh! I guess you haven't heard the girl in the next room singing 'When Summer Comes Again.'"

"A cat," said Tommy, "has to be killed nine times before it's dead." "That's nothing," said the neighbor's boy, whose father is on the board of trade, "you just ought to hear about the wheat crop."

The doctor—"Queer saying that about truth lying at the bottom of a well." The lawyer—"You wouldn't think so if you knew the amount of pumping we lawyers sometimes have to do to get at it."

"I have kinder had my doubts," said Mr. Jason, as he removed his Sunday best suit after his visit to the city, "I kinder have my doubts whether brother Bill's son tuk me around and showed me the town, or whether he showed the town me."

"You will have to get somebody to identify you," said the paying teller. "But that's impossible!" exclaimed the presenter of the check. "Since I've had this check in my possession I've been so proud that my own mother wouldn't know me."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Why is it, I wonder, that a woman will always turn to the end of a novel and read the last page before reading any other part of it?" Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Her propensity to get the last word, I suppose, leads her to do it."

Tommy—"Paw, what is an egotist?" Mr. Figg—"He is a man who thinks he is smarter than any one else." Mrs. Figg—"My dear, you have that wrong. The egotist is the man who says he is smarter than any one else. All men think that way."

Mr. Ennicott—"There's a lot of steamer trunks piled out conspicuously in front of Mrs. Slimpocket's house waiting for the expressman. What does that mean?" Mrs. Ennicott (with scorn)—"It mean that she's going down to her uncle's farm to spend the summer."

"Daddy," asked little Danny Grogan, "what is this new woman business, anyhow?" "It manes," said Mr. Grogan, after a moment's thought, "that instid av a man an' his wife being wan any moore, thot now he is wan man an' she is another, bedad."

Mr. Billus—"Maria, how does it happen that Fanny isn't going to church with you this morning?" Mrs. Billus—"You know as well as I do, John, that when Bessie and Kate and I go to church somebody has to stay at home. There isn't room for four pairs of sleeves in our pew."

"I heard, sir, that you said my piano playing sounded part of the time as if I were jumping on the keys with both feet." "Exactly, madam. I referred to the pianissimo passages. Anyone who would stop to think would know that such small and delicate feet as yours could only produce the softest effects."

Would Not Cut His Hair.

An Odessa correspondent says:—"An event had happened which has caused quite a consternation among the students attached to the university here. Prince Toumanoff, a member of an old and historical family in this country, has just received an order expelling him from the university here and directing him to leave the town within forty-eight hours. The extraordinary reason for this Draconian decree is that he declined to wear his hair short. He has been refused permission to go to St. Petersburg to present a petition, and now by his expulsion from this university he is not permitted to enter another in Russia; therefore, his bright hopes and his aspirations to employ his talents for his country's benefit are wrecked, and his career in Russia is ruined. The severity with which the university students in south Russia have lately been treated is viewed with dismay. Their grievances are left unredressed and petitions are useless. In these circumstances fresh disorders may be expected to break out at any time."

According to the Viewpoint.

Tommy—Pop, what's the difference 'tween having Spring fever and just being lazy?

Tommy's Pop—Well, if you're an employer it's Spring fever, and if you're an employe it's just being lazy.

A Falling Off.

In order to reduce his weight
He purchased him a wheel;
Before he'd ridden it a week
He fell off a good deal.

Ending a Disscussion.

Mr. Grumpps (hotly)—You must be crazy.

Mrs. Grumpps (icily)—Just what every body said when I married you.

Always in the Market.

Jinks—Why do those millionaires dre so shabbily?

Winks—So folks will take pity on 'em and buy their watered stocks.

OPPORTUNITY IN CHINA.

GREAT CHANCES FOR FOREIGNERS IF VICEROY LI HAS HIS WAY.

The Work that Will Be Called for in Railroad and Telegraph Building and the Reorgantization of the Army and Navy.

The great subject among Europeans in Shanghai is the opportunities that China will offer should the Viceroy Li be able to carry out the projects that he has had in mind for several years. It is known that for ten years the Viceroy has sent frequent memorials to the Throne urging the improvement and reorganization of the army and the navy, the purchase of proper arms, the engagement of competent foreign officers, the placing of all the great departments on the same footing as the customs service, with a foreign officer at its head, the buildings railroads and telegraph lines and many other schemes, which, had they been adopted, would have revolutionized China and would have made the present war impossible.

In all these schemes the Viceroy was antagonized by Wing Tung Ho, the Emperor's tutor, who until recently had boundless influence over his pupil. The Viceroy's memorials were pigeon-holed, and it was only when things came to a head, after the degradation of the Viceroy last year, that Li was able to present the facts to the Emperor and to prove that he was not responsible for the failure of China in the war. The young Emperor then promised that he would put no obstacle in the way of the Viceroy, and when the peace ratified and China has arranged to pay the big indemnity we may expect to see the old Viceroy begin

THE HERCULEAN TASK

of furnishing an honest and efficient administration of the great departments of the Government.

In this work Li will be forced to call upon foreigners, and English and Americans will be those to whom he will first turn. Sir Robert Hart is the best known instance of what an honest and efficient European may do in administering an important branch of the public service in an Oriental country when he is allowed to have a free hand. It is over thirty years since Hart first took hold of the customs service of China. It was then in the same state of corrupt inefficiency as a dozen other departments are now. He organized it on the lines of the English service, and he insisted so strongly upon honest and careful work that he soon had his department as well conducted as any in the world. The great opium revenue would have furnished rich pickings for corrupt Governors, but Sir Robert saw to it that these peculating Chinese officials had no chance to levy on the receipts or to "squeeze" an importer of goods. This work, of course, was not done without frequent attempts at interference on the part of high Chinese officials, but Sir Robert would tolerate no meddling in his department, and the large revenue which he was able to turn over to the Government was the best proof of the value of his system.

No other foreigner has ever enjoyed the privileges accorded to Sir Robert Hart. Whenever a European adviser has reached any prominence he has met the fatal opposition of the palace coterie, and his powers have been so seriously impaired that he could do nothing, and, to preserve his self-respect, he has been

FORCED TO RESIGN.

This has occurred so often that men of genuine ability would have nothing to do with the Chinese service, no matter how large a salary was held out as an inducement. The proof of this was seen in the mere handful of foreigners who were in the Chinese service when the war with Japan broke out.

Major von Hannecken was a fair specimen of those men who, through the favor of some Governor of a province, had been retained as foreign advisers. Von Hennecken actually dreamed that he could reorganize the army in the field and make it stand against the Japs. He accompanied the regiment of Chinese recruits that embarked on the transport Kowshing, and he was one of the small body of foreign officers that tried to induce the Chinese commander of this force to surrender. It was a bit of luck that Von Hannecken's career did not end with the sinking of this transport. He had the good fortune to escape the fate of the 1,000 poor devils who went down with the transport, and soon after he was heard from again in Tientsin, urging more new schemes for the strengthening of China's army and navy. There is no record that he accomplished anything. Last month the Major, evidently sore over his military and naval fiascos, was wedded to a young woman of Tientsin, and gossip says that he will take his liberal fortune and return to Germany. Von Hannecken had a great opportunity, but it is doubtful whether anyone could have made head against the opposition which he encountered. His special associate was Mr. Detring, an ex-customs officer, who is now serving as foreign adviser of the Governor of Tientsin. Detring was selected as a member of the first peace commission which China sent to Japan. He had neglected to secure proper credentials, so he and his Chinese associate returned with a great loss of "face." Yet he secured the position of foreign adviser to the Taotai of Tientsin, a place which must give him a large salary. He knows the customs business thoroughly, and he understands the workings of the Chinese mind, but he seems to lack

TACT AND JUDGEMENT.

and it is doubtful whether he will be able to help foreigners in the way of concessions.

Several English and American promoters have arrived at Shanghai lately, ready to take advantage of any move on the part of the Chinese Government to construct railroads of telegraphs or to adopt any foreign inventions. With legitimate commissions there is a fortune for any foreigner who can get the contract to supply the army with new guns and ammunition or to furnish material for the new navy which China must secure speedily to take the place of that navy which was broken up at the Yalu and at Wei-hai-wei. In the building of railroads and canals there will be even greater profits. China needs railroads and waterways more than anything else, and if the Viceroy is not checked he will see that the main provinces are well supplied with means of communication.

Foreigners who can speak Chinese have an enormous advantage, and any man of ability who can speak and write the language of China ought to get a lucrative post in these days. Certainly the Government service, as well as trade, in China offers great returns to young men who know the Chinese language and who have the business ability to make use of it. There may not be another fee so fat as that $100,000 in silver given to John W. Foster for his few weeks' work in arranging terms of peace for China; but the Chinese are prepared to pay liberally for any foreign expert advice that help them to get even in the race with Japan.

FISHERMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS.

Light on Some of the Mysteries of the Inhabitants of the Deep.

The legends, quaint customs, and superstitions connected with fish and fishing are many and curious. Ask a Scandinavian why salmon are red and have such fine tails. You will be told that the ruddy color of the flesh is due to the fact that when heaven was on fire the gods threw the flames into the water and the salmon swallowed them. The delicacy of the salmon's tail is explained by the story that Loki, when the angry gods pursued him, turned himself into a salmon. He would have escaped of Thor had not caught him by the tail. Salmons have had their tails fine and thin ever since.

Why are soles, plaice, and other flatfish brown on one side and white on the other? The Arabs of upper Egypt give an explanation which no one can hesitate to accept. One day, they tell you, Moses, the Israelitish lawgiver, was frying a fish—we all know the jews are fond of fried fish, and they cook it splendidly. Moses, however, had only cooked his fish on one side, when the fire went out, and so he angrily threw the half-cooked fish into the sea. Although half broiled it came to life again. And its descendants—all the flatfish—have preserved to-day

THE PECULIAR APPEARANCE

of their half-cooked ancestor, being white on one side and brown on the other.

Why do haddocks carry those peculiar black "finger marks" near the head? Some tell us that they are a memento of the pressure of St. Peter's fingers when he went fishing for the tribute money. On the Yorkshire coast they say the devil once determined to build a bridge at Filey. His Satanic Majesty did not start the bridge for the convenience of the people, but for the destruction of ships and sailors, and the annoyance of fishermen in general. In the progress of the work Old Nick dropped his hammer into the sea. Snatching at it hastily he caught a haddock, and all haddocks carry the imprint of his black fingers to this day.

Fishermen have queer customs. A few years ago the fishermen of Preston, Lancashire, used actually to go fishing on Sunday. It seems incredible, but they did. A clergymen of the town used to preach against this Sabbath desecration, and pray that they might catch no fish. And they did not. But they found out how to make his prayers of no avail. The fishermen used to make a little effigy of the parson in rage, and put this small "guy" up their chimneys. When his reverence was slowly smoked and consumed the fish bit—like anything.

The fishermen of the Isle of Man always feel safe from storm and disaster if they have

A DEAD WREN ON BOARD.

They have a tradition that at one time an evil spirit always haunted the herring pack and was always attended by storms. The spirit assumed many forms. At last it took the shape of a wren and flew away. If the fishermen have a dead wren with them they are certain that all will be safe and snug.

On the Norfolk coast they think that fleas and fish come together. An old fisherman near Cromer was heard to say: "Times is that you might look in my flannel shirt and see scarce a flea—and then there ain't but a werry few herrings; but times there are when my shirt's alive with 'em, and then there's sartin to be a sight o' fish." Flannel-shirted anglers, please note.

Shocking it is to be compelled to state that many fishing superstitions are ungallantly directed against the ladies. Over against Ross there is the island of Lewis, sixty miles in length. In this isle there is but one fresh river. "Fish abound there in plenty," but only let a woman wade in the stream, and not a salmon will be seen there for at least twelve months. There is a song about "Eliza's Tootsies," but the immortal lyric does not explain why they should frighten the fish. I believe the ladies deny the allegation in toto. In the south of Ireland an angler proceeding to fish declares he will have no luck if he is asked where he is going to, if he sees a magpie, or "if he is so unfortunate as to meet a woman."

A Parrot's Memory.

Parrots are in many respects, no doubt, wonderful birds, and to the many stories concerning them one has to be added from Mayfair. The particular bird in question was in the habit of calling the footman who fed it "Jacko," and the correspondent of the Manchester Evening News, who tells the story, says that by-and-bye the footman left the establishment. Years passed, and he was forgotten. One afternoon, however, the parrot suddenly startled the inmates of the house by muttering "Jacko" rapidly and excitedly, as it were, in his dreams. Some one had the curiosity to run to the window, and was just in time to see a carriage disappearing in the distance, on whose box sat Jacko the footman, in all the glory of powdered hair. The bird, who had never seen him in the guise before, must, it is alleged, have recognized him at once.

Needed Winding.

Man With Watch (handing it over)—It isn't three weeks since you cleaned and overhauled this watch, and it's out of order again. It won't go.

Watchmaker (examining it, winding it up, and handing it back)—That's all it needed.

Man with watch goes away in a towering age and watchmaker loses a customer.

"This coin you gave me reminds me of some women," said the conductor, throwing the counterfeit nickel over in his hand. "How so?" asked the curious passenger. "Fare, but false," said the other.

"Are these berries just the same at the bottom of the box as they are on top?" asked Mrs. Hunnimune. "Yes, indeed, 'm, replied the vender. And he told the truth. The box was only one layer of berries deep.

MOST TERRIBLE OF GUNS.

WITH THE NEW POWDER WILL SINK SHIPS AT TEN MILES.

Will Hurl Five Hundred Pounds of Explosive with Deadly Accuracy—Horrible Havoc of This New Marvel of Ordnance Which Distances All Other Guns by a Very Simple Improvement.

Maxim, the gunmaker, and Dr. Schupphaus, the gunpowder expert, have just invented a new cannon and torpedo powder which will knock all modern war-vessels to pieces like eggshells. This gun will throw a huge cannon-ball full of explosives ten miles, and where it strikes it will smash into kindling wood everything within hundreds of feet.

In fact, this new terror doesn't even have to hit a warship to do this. If the shot lands in the water near by it will sink the ship and stun everybody on board from the force of the explosion.

The discovery is called "the Maxim-Schupphaus system of throwing aerial torpedoes from guns by means of a special powder which starts the projectile with a low pressure and increases its velocity by keeping the pressures well up throughout the whole length of the gun." Patents on the system have been taken out in the United States and European countries.

The special powder employed is almost pure gun-cotton, compounded with such a small per cent. of nitro glycerine as to possess none of the disadvantages of nitro-glycerine powders, and preserved from decomposition through a slight admixture of urea. It is perfectly safe to handle, and can be beaten with a heavy hammer on an anvil without exploding.

HURLED IT EIGHT MILES.

From a ten-inch gun, loaded with 128 pounds of this powder, a projectile weighing 571 pounds was thrown eight miles out to sea. The pressures on the rods of powder were more uniform than any yet recorded, which is a most important point in deciding the value of a high explosive powder. Without uniform pressures, accuracy of aim is impossible.

In order to observe the effect of the combustion of the powder due to these little holes bits of the powder were examined which having been purposely fired in a gun of too small calibre, had fallen into the sea and subsequently been washed ashore by the waves. The holes in these pieces were about one-quarter of an inch in dismeter, showing that the burning surface in each perforation had already increased eight times.

To test the efficiency of the system in torpedo service the inventors constructed a gun on a new model. The gun was of four inch calibre and threw projectiles weighing fifty pounds, containing nitro-gelatine or Maximite, a new, high explosive invented by Mr. Maxim, nearly as powerful as nitro-glycerine and safer to handle. The damage done was confined to a sandbank in the neighborhood of their works, but even with so small a projectile sand was thrown as high as a church steeple.

To test by a large gun the actual destructive work of this new powder would be impossible in a civilized community. The force of the high explosive thrown would be too great. It would be necessary to withdraw to the Great Sahara Desert, the wilds of Siberia or some equally unfrequented locality in order to see just what would happen if 500 pounds of explosive should hit something. Even in Sahara some wandering caravan or exploring party thirty or forty miles off might be missing after the discharge.

A TERRIBLE GUN.

The big gun which Messrs. Maxim and Schupphaus propose to construct will be a twenty-inch gun especially adapted for coast defense. This gun will show some peculiarities. It will not be built up, that is, composed of many pieces of steel bound together, but will consist of a single thin steel tube about thirty feet long with walls not over two inches in thickness, in marked contrast with the mortars whose walls are made eight or ten inches thick in order to recoil of pressure of the discharge. The recoil of the gun will be offset by hydraulic buffers underneath containing water and oil.

When the gun is fired some of this oil and water will be displaced by the shock and will rise into the side-chambers shown in the illustration. The entrance of the water and oil into the chambers will so compress the air in them that on the cessation of the recoil the air will force the water and oil back into the buffers and the gun will again be in position for firing. On account of the simplicity of its construction and the lightness of its walls this gun will not be expensive to build.

So uniform are the pressures and velocities obtained that a wonderful accuracy of fire is possible. It would only be necessary to train the gun upon any ship sighted by the rangefinder within this radius to insure its complete destruction.

The quantity of explosive thrown would be sufficient to sink a man-of-war if the projectile exploded in the water within fifty feet of its side. At one hundred and fifty feet the concussion of a five hundred-pound projectile would be severe enough to cause dangerous leaks and disable a ship.

Equally fatal consequences would ensue if one of these great projectiles struck any part of the superstructure of a ship and exploded. The energy required to lift a body weighing five hundred pounds, whether solid or gaseous, at the velocity at which the gases of a dynamite explosion are raised, is several million foot pounds, and since an equal pressure is exerted downward to raise the gases it will be seen how tremendous is the force which would be driven downward into the hold of a ship by the explosion of five hundred pounds of nitro-gelatine.

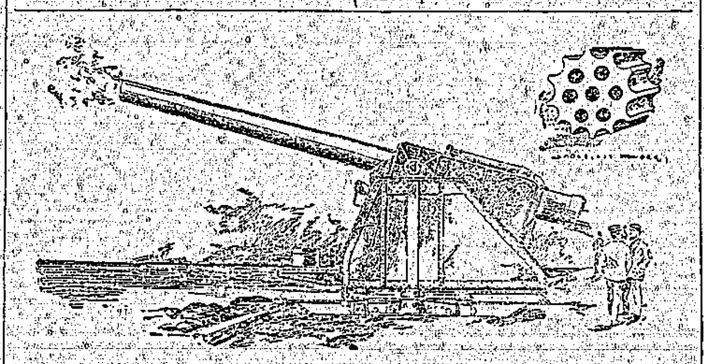
NO VESSEL COULD STAND IT.

No man-of-war ever built could withstand such a shock. Its sides would be instantly disrupted and it would sink a broken mass into the waves. The explosion of one of these huge projectiles under water in proximity to a man-of-war would be equally disastrous, for the water being a uniform body, the force of the concussion would be the same in all directions and would strike the side of the ship like a catapult.

This system of throwing projectiles is just as efficacious on shipboard against coast fortifications or other vessels at sea. It is not hard to predict what would happen. A man-of-war armed with one of these guns would be lord of the sea, for it could sink any ship, wood or steel, almost as soon as sighted, and at any distance beyond the reach of the heaviest guns now afloat. The strongest armoured ships would be crushed like egg shells before the terrific fire, and the sea would fast swallow up the noble steel cruisers that it has cost the nations so much to perfect.

If the time should come when all the navies of the world were armed with these guns and war should be declared they would have such a wholesome dread of each other that the popular running tactics of prize ring would prevail at sea. The best fighter would be the best runner, and this style of battle would be followed until some more powerful engine of destruction was discovered which would give new courage to its possessor. No foundation could be built at the present stage of the military art strong enough to resist the explosive force of five hundred pounds of nitro-gelatine. Every gun would be dismantled, and every man killed by the shock. The history of war, like the history of evolution in nature, shows that attack is always ahead of defense.

Imagine the fearful execution that would be caused by one of these man-made meteors in case of bombardment. The mere thought of the carnage would make a demon shiver. No nation menaced by such a calamity could afford to stand on ceremony in the adjustment of international questions. Wars would consist of one shot, if they were ever entered into at all, and if but one of these earth-shaking projectiles ever fell within a great and populous city war would be banished from the earth as something too frightful, too Satanic to be contemplated.



THE 20-INCH GUN.

Suggestions.

When prices go down manufacturers do their best to reduce cost of production The dairyman must do the same. How can it be done? In many ways.

If the dairy is not composed of special purpose cows, either thoroughbred or grades, do not lose any time in improving it in that direction.

If you are engaged in butter producing then get one of the several kinds of dairy breeds especially adapted to that branch of dairying.

We mean get some cows of such a breed, or get a male of such a breed and grade up your dairy herd in that way.

If you cannot afford to buy a full grown animal, get a calf and wait for him to grow. If you can't do as you would, do as you can. At any rate make a start.

It is not the man who keeps the greatest number of cows, but the man who gets the best results from those he does keep that makes dairying pay.

Study breeds, methods, apparatus, requirements of markets and customers, and above all strive to make a good article, and then put it up in attractive form.

Study the question of food and above all use common sense in the matter of selecting same for your dairy. Raise as much of it as you can instead of buying it.

There are many nice points about dairying, all the way from the selection of the herd to the marketing of the product, yet none so nice or difficult but can be mastered by one who is interested, and anxious to learn to the extent of making thorough application. If you do not like dairying and cannot cultivate a liking for it the sooner you get out of it the better.

The man who makes a study of dairying from beginning to end will be very likely to acquire a liking for the business even if he does not have it at the beginning.

It is the private dairy butter producer that stands the best chance during the present low prices, this provided he makes a good article. If he makes a poor article there is no hope for him.

The man who fits up for it and makes his own butter, not only saves the four cents per pound charged at the factory for making, but he has all the by-products at home and in the best possible condition.

The by-products in butter making are, as every one knows, skim-milk and buttermilk. Neither of these as received from the factory are as a rule satisfactory to the patron.

Remember how very dry it was during the summer of 1894, and how you wished you had put in some kind of a soiling crop? Resolve you will not be caught in the same way the present season. Of course we all hope it will not be such dry weather this year, but we cannot tell. Even if you should have no use for a soiling crop it will be worth all it may cost, to cut and store for winter feeding.

If you did not have such facilities for furnishing your cows with water last summer, as you needed, do not fail to provide them for the coming summer.

It is vigilance, thought, investigation, application, patience, energy and persistent work that makes a success of dairying. Dairying is well worth one's best efforts.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

AN EASTER SCENE DESCRIBED BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

It Was Hideous, Unforgivable, and Unforgettable—Women Hide Their Eyes During the Bloodiest Portions—Scenes in the Bull-Ring.

The scene was an extraordinary realization of the old classic picture dreamed of by every scholar of Roman history—the wide ellipse, the empty arena, the row of expectant faces, the blue sky above. Away to the left, the lovely old Arab tower of the Giralda, with its filigree belfry and the circling hawks and pigeons, soared to heaven—the echo of its chimes, rung at 3 o'clock, having but just died upon the ear. The odour of flowers worn or carried by the women breathed of the south.

Water sellers, crying "Agua, agua, limpiay fria!" vendors of sweets and oranges; newsboys with extras containing the latest news of the performers; sellers of programmes—divided by lines within which were to be registered the thrusts of swords, the blows of spears, the wounds, the falls—lifted their voices above the din of the crowd.

And at last the thrilling moment had arrived when the chief municipal officer having taken his seat where the king sits when there is one, the door opposite him opened. The procession came into the ring. It was a battalion of soldiers, preceded by a band of music. Following came the picadors, mounted spearmen, who wore broad felt hats and leather jackets and trousers, their legs—with a precaution handed down from classic times—being bandaged over iron greaves; their spears, 16 feet in length, wrapped in tow till but an inch of the point was left visible!

The chulos next. These were the light skirmishers of the ring, youngsters in training for higher feats. Glittering with

GOLD AND COLORS,

their mission was to fly everywhere at once to draw of the bull from an endangered toreador. Trailing their gay cloaks, or flaunting them before the bull's horns, or making springs of marvellous agility into the air, they were the most picturesque adjunct of the show.

After the chulos walked the darlings of the populace—the three espadas, or killers of the bull—whose appearance was the signal for shouts and cries of applause, encouragement, individual remark. The hitherto quiet audience took fire at sight of them. And lastly, El Tiro, the mule-team, three abreast, covered with bells, embroidery, and tassels, trailing behind the iron hook to be used in dragging off the slain bulls and horses.

Dazzling in finery, they passed proudly around the ring, and under the president's box stopped to salute. A trumpet sounded. The alguacil, a little policeman smothered beneath his hat and feathers and black velvet cloak, who brought up the procession and was a butt with the crowd, caught the key of the bull's pen, thrown down to him by the president. This was an official permission for the sport to begin. The procession went out again, leaving in the ring the picadors and a few chulos. There was a halt, when every heart beat quick. The doors leading to the bull's quarters flew open. Another pause, more exciting than the first.

A LITTLE JET BLACK FELLOW

with sharp horns, astonished rather than resentful, trotted from his dark cell into the ring, wondering why the sunshine was so bright.

Perhaps this desert of hot golden sand, with the palpitating multitude around it, made him long for his own green pasture, his own cool rivulet, in Uirera, where he was bred. But at once every instinct was merged in a fury of self defence; for he was set upon by the spear of a picador, spurring a wretched horse

BLINDFOLDED TO HIS FATE.

Upon the first act of the national drama of Spain, as now seen at the headquarters of bull-fighting, it were best to let fall a curtain thick and dark. It is hideous, unforgivable, unforgettable. No Anglo-Saxon who loves the horse can look on it without a fierce impulse of championship for helpless brutes, followed by one of shame for himself for being there. The women present, including as a rule, the better grade of Spaniards, hid their eyes behind fans, and sat in sick silence till the cries of the audience and the new sound of the trumpet announced the carnage at an end. The horrors they might have seen during the ten opening minutes of the fight were being dragged away by the jangling muleteam, leaving blood tracks behind them. Men sprinkled fresh sand, the second act was called.

And, at last, play was finished; the bull, gashed, panting, desperate, had done his best to make a Sevillean holiday. His death-trumpet was sounded. The espada, the man of doom, walked into the ring, stopped under the president's box, and, holding his sword upright, dashed his three-cornered plush cap upon the ground, and swore the bull-fighter's oath to do his duty or die.

Then, with magnificent aplomb, smiling amid the frantic applause of the audience, he advanced to meet his victim, his band of chulos keeping back that he might win glory single-handed. Again and again he escaped death by a hair's breadth. Alone, blade aloft, he tempted the now raging bull to charge, striving to get him in the right attitude to receive the death-stroke.

There was an interval of strained silence in the multitude, broken now and then by a gasp of relief or a cry of encouragement. They were not going to waste themselves in expression, those Spaniards, while such good work as that was going on in the arena.

Face to face, man and brute stood, eyeing each other. It seemed impossible that the espada could get away. He was at the mercy of his foe. In vain the chulos rushed forward and tried to divert the bull. The bull's eyes were glazing, he was dying by inches, but he knew what he was about, and meant to avenge himself. His horns were lowered; the crowd uttered a deep, long groan; they were about to lose their pride—their darling—when suddenly the espada's right arm made a quick movement; his true sword plunged to its hilt between the bull's shoulder and shoulder-blade; the bull staggered, fell on his knees, rolled on his side—dead!

"Caution Marks the Guarded Way."

Lady of the House—You can earn your dinner if you will chop that heap of firewood.

Beggar—Um—what is the menu?

WHALING IN HUDSON BAY.

The Yankees May Have to Keep Out o Those Waters.

It looks as if a determined effort was about to be made by the Canadian authorities for excluding American whalers and traders from the hunting and fishing grounds of Hudson Bay, and from carrying on commerce with the Eskimos in the Arctic regions of Canada. Dr. Schultz, who as Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba has the administration of the affairs of Keewatin, the immense district between Ontario and Hudson Bay, has just issued a report calling the attention of the Federal Government co what he calls the depredations of American whalers in Hudson Bay. He alleges that without some control over the slaughter of the whale, the walrus, and the Canadian seal the last of these creatures will be destroyed in Hudson Bay and contiguous waters.

He quotes from Canadian experts that after some years of continuous and almost total absence from their old haunts, which is attributed to the persistence with which they have been hunted, these animals show a disposition to resume their former feeding grounds in the bay. Dr. Schultz suggests that some effort should be made, if the power belongs to Canada, to limit the catch. It is understood that the question of whether Canada has this power is now being considered by the Department of Justice at Ottawa, to which it has been referred by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

In addition to his complaint that Americans lay violent hands on Canadian fisheries Dr. Schultz asserts that in trading with the Eskimos of the far north they carry on a barter with articles upon which no duty is paid, and furnish in trade, magazine rifles, fixed ammunition, and intoxicants, thus violating the laws and defrauding the revenue department, and materially reducing the trading operations carried on by those who transport these goods from Montreal to the Arctic circle and who have observed all the regulations regarding traffic with the Indians, as well as paid duties on these goods.

TO PREVENT COLLISIONS AT SEA.

Electricians Claim to Have Invented a Magnet Which Will do This.

A New York electrician has invented a compass, which, if it will do all he claims for it, will be of value to the mariners of inland waters as well as to those who sail the trackless salt wastes. It will, he says, avert all dangers of collision between ships, and he is trying to interest the navy department in his device. Being an instrument for the good of mankind the inventor will no doubt release all pecuniary claim to it and make it free to the world.

The compass is about two and one-half inches in diameter and three inches high. Underneath the needle is a strip of metal. Underneath the face of the compass is a saucer in which a chemical is placed. The whole is connected electrically with an enlarged horseshoe magnet, ten feet long, made of soft iron bars. The poles of the magnet are connected by wire with the ship's dynamo, thus giving the electrical power. The moment a ship enters the magnetic field of the vessel which carries this compass, which the inventor says he calculates at six miles, the needle of the compass is directed in the direction of the ship. In turning it passes over the metal plate on the face, and as it does so, it closes an electric circuit which sets alarm bells ringing, telling of the approach of the other vessel.

"I was on the steamer La Gascogne six years ago," said he, looking at the compass. "Suddenly I noticed the needle shake and turn half way around. The captain pointed to a steamer four miles off. 'That steamer,' said he, 'is loaded with steel rails or canned goods. It has deflected our needle by magnetic attraction.' That set me to thinking, and my magnet is the result. I experimented in the bay two weeks ago with the magnet and it worked perfectly. I shall soon experiment on some craft furnished by the navy department."

THE LARGEST RIVER.

Canadian Geologists Tell of an Enormous Pre-glacial River.

The largest river of any age of which here is any evidence in the world, according to a remarkable geological discovery reported to the Royal Society of Canada at its late meeting at Ottawa, was a great pre-glacial river in northern Canada. Dr. Robert Bell, who produced scientific evidence of the correctness of his discovery, pointed out that it was generally admitted by geologists that the continent of North America immediately before the glacial period stood at a much higher elevation than at the present time, amounting to, perhaps, between two and three thousand feet. The inevitable result of this must have been to change the river systems from what they now are, and to create in the north a gigantic river draining an area of over one-third of the entire continent of North America and forming a drainage basin seven times as large as that of the St. Lawrence.

The central portion of the great river was in the middle of what is now Hudson Bay, as proved by the existing depressions of land in the north of Canada and the great depth of the centre of Hudson Bay. Its lower part discharged through what is now Hudson Straits into Davis Straits. It is also maintained that the upper half of the St. Lawrence basin, both in pre-glacial times and also at a later geological period, discharged its waters northward by way of what is now Hudson Bay. It is asserted that this constituted one of the main branches of this great northern river. Other large branches were the present Saskatchewan, the Nelson River, which rises west of the Rocky mountains, the Churchill, largely augmented by the reversal of some of the upper rivers of the Mackenzie basin, and great tributary streams that came down the present Churchill inlet, Fox Channel, and Ungava Bay, any one of which must have fully equalled in size the Mississippi of our own day.

A Vengeful Lover.

Friend—Well, your old love has married your rival, I see.

Discarded Suitor (fiendishly)—S'death! I've got even with him! They will quarrel the first week, fight the second, and separate forever in the third.

Friend—Great snakes! What have you done?

Discarded Suitor—I presented the bride with one of those little fluffy, red-eyed snarling, barking pet dogs.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Have you seen those pretty prints at Coursier's.

Angus Beaton left Thursday with his pack train for French Creek.

Mr. John Grant arrived in town yesterday from Illecillewaet and the Maple Leaf mine.

Coroner Manuel returned from the south on the Lytton, and went east to Donald yesterday morning.

Laforme started Thursday morning with his pack train of 15 loads and 3 saddles, for Big Bend.

Mr. J. M. Kellie, M.P.P., left this morning for Illecillewaet and Bear Creek.

Ladies, those $3.00 duck suits at Coursier's are neat, cool and comfortable.

There are seven ranchers now located on Galena Bay, clearing up their lands. They have some crops in, mostly vegetables.

Mr. J. D. Sibbald took steamer for the Slocan district last Saturday, and will spend a week or more among the mining camps.

Service will be held at the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening at 7:30 p.m. by Mr. Guthrie Perry. Sunday school at 2.

Services will be held in the Methodist Church by Rev. J. A. Wood, to-morrow (Sunday) morning and evening, at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday School as usual at 2:30.

A streak of very rich ore has been struck in the Badshot, assaying 4000 ounces silver to the ton. This claim is on the south Fork of the Lardeau, on Gainer Creek, and is owned by the Johnston and Campbell party. The rich streak of ore is 8 inches wide and will average 200 ounces silver. The owners have 5 tons of ore on the dump, and intend shipping a carload, having already arranged for their ore sacks and transportation.

A gang of men has begun development work on a group of claims situated on the North Fork of Lardeau Creek—the White Owl, Plata Prince and Silver Tip—owned by a Revelstoke company.

R. Tapping has presented the MAIL a sample of new potatoes from his own garden, the first in market this season. They are of good growth and fine quality, and he is prepared to supply the market for them.

O. B. Williams, of the Consolation mine on French Creek, returned from his two months vacation last Monday. He went to his native place near Detroit, and greatly enjoyed the visit. He left again for French Creek on Friday.

The Methodist Sunday School Picnic, on Dominion Day, will be held near the Illecillewaet bridge on the Mill road, instead of behind the church as before announced. Busses will run. The grounds have been put in fine order for croquet and other similar games.

The Fire Hall is to be removed from its present site on Benson street to the lot across Front street between the printing office and Wah Chong's China store. Mr. W. Cowan, chairman of the committee, asks for tenders, which were to be opened at noon to-day, too late to announce the result this week.

E. Freemantle, of Donald, and S. Hammond, of Revelstoke, B.C., arrived on the steamer Friday. Mr. Freemantle, who is an intelligent, fine-appearing gentleman, has taken a homestead on Deep creek, just above Mayer's falls, and has already erected a cabin and taken his houshold effects to it.—Northport *News*, 20th.

Mr. Frank C. Loring, Mining Engineer, of Spokane, accompanied by Mrs. Loring and daughter, arrived on the Lytton Sunday evening, going south again on the return trip, Monday evening. They go back by way of Rossland, Mr. Loring being secretary and manager of the Josie Mining Co., in which he and his friends own a controlling interest.

It is reported that J. Kirkup, government official at Rossland, has issued a proclamation against the gambling houses of that town. It is also said that he took two men out of a place, who had committed some offence, one in each hand, and when they began to "chew the rag," he bumped their heads together. The boys down there will discover Kirkup's size before long.

Ben. C. McCord came from the west Thursday morning and left for the Slocan on the next steamer. He will be remembered while the smelter was under construction, as its watchman, and earlier as foreman for the government on the trail up the North Fork of the Illecillewaet from Albert Canyon. He has since been in South Africa.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church will hold a strawberry festival on Wednesday evening, July 3rd, on the baseball grounds. Fresh strawberries and cream, ice cream and other refreshments will be served anytime after seven o'clock p.m. No admission fee. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Rain fell excessively last week, and the Columbia was higher than at any previous time this season, but with the change of the moon came a change in the weather, and it has been extremely hot all the week during the day time, but at night the cool air creeps down from the mountains, giving rest and sleep. Mosquitos are scarcely seen as yet. Those who spend the hot weather here, will find mines of comfort and health, as well as of precious minerals.

Mr. J. D. Sibbald got back from the lower country Thursday evening. He went to Three Forks and crossed to Kaslo by stage. He found the towns rather dull, but the contractors are rushing construction on the Kaslo and Slocan railway. They claim they have a thousand men at work, and that the road will be ready to carry ore in three months. If so, it would seem that the C.P.R. will have to get a "move on" or lose the business.

Messrs. H. W. Nestelle and James McCreary arrived down from French Creek Tuesday noon, and took the train for Fairhaven, Wash., the same evening. Mr. McCreary is part owner of the Consolation mine, and Mr. Nestelle is a stockholder in, and the manager of, the Bellingham Bay Hydraulic Mining Co. Hydraulic machinery has not yet been brought in, and the work so far has been mostly for proving the ground. This shows that there is 20½ feet of pay gravel above bedrock, and last week water [illegible] a day [illegible] men being employed. The owners are confident they have a bonanza.

Slater's boots and shoes for men and women at Coursier's.

The water in the Columbia river has risen fast this week, and it is now within about 4 feet of its extreme hight last year. The Illecillewaet river is very high, and the log jam at the Thirteenth crossing has been swept out. A watchman has been placed on guard at the new wagon road bridge across the Illecillewaet.

We intended giving a full account of the closing exercises of the public school, which took place yesterday, and regret being unable to do so this week, as we are going to press earlier than usual. Mr. F. W. Laing, the teacher, will leave for Ontario on Monday morning's train, but expects to return and resume his position in school after vacation.

Presbyterian Ladies' Sale of Art Work and Entertainment.

The Birthday Party and Sale of Work in Peterson's Hall, on Monday afternoon and evening, by the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church, was in all respects successful. The display of work was good and attractive, the attendance all that could be desired, and the programme varied and interesting.

The orchestra brought back memories of past days, when its appearance was more frequent. The four selections were all well rendered and received with applause. During the intermission, Mr. F. Fraser auctioned off a number of articles in his humorous way, keeping the audience in good spirits, while the young ladies kept them supplied with strawberries—for a consideration.

The closing event of the evening was a laughable pantomine entitled "The Farmer's Daughter," which formed a pleasing wind-up. The participants were Mrs. Coursier, Miss L. Edwards, Messrs. Stead, Shaw, F. Lewis and Laing. With one exception, the singers were those well known to a Revelstoke audience. Mrs. Dent made her first appearance and displayed a rich alto voice, which, it is to be hoped, will be heard on similar occasions in the future. The programme was as follows:

Opening March, Orchestra.—Messrs. Stead, Ahlin and Coursier.
Quartette.—Mrs. Coursier, Mrs. Dent, Messrs. Ahlin and Barber.
Recitation.—Miss Maggie Lewis.
Solo.—Mr. G. Barber.
Recitation.—Miss May Edwards.
Overture.—Orchestra.
Club Swinging.—Misses R. and L. Valentine, E. Lewis, and Messrs. R. P. Lewis and G. Northey.

INTERMISSION.

Orchestra.
Solo and Quartette.—Mrs. Coursier, Mrs. Dent, Messrs. Coursier and Barber.
Reading.—Mr. F. W. Laing.
Recitation.—Miss M. Edwards.
Solo.—Mrs. Coursier.
Orchestra, Pantomime and refreshments.

We Celebrate Dominion Day.

It was at last decided by some of the public spirited citizens of Revelstoke, that Dominion Day should not pass without a celebration that should manifest the patriotism of the town. A committee was appointed and a subscription list circulated, and a liberal amount obtained, which will be distributed in prizes to the winners in the various events. These will consist of

Trap and Rifle Shooting,
Athletic Games,
Horse Racing,
Foot Racing,
Tug of War between the Upper and Lower Town, etc.

Although decided upon at a late hour, we have no doubt that Revelstoke will show its patriotic spirit and proverbial love of manly sport, and that the celebration will be worth staying at home to see, if not to take part in as a contestant for the prizes.

Canada Thistle Pest.

The crop of Canada thistles is a good one this season, the wet weather favoring their growth, and they are just ready to blossom. There is a patch behind the fire hall, one near the steamer landing at the smelter, and another alongside the road from Hume's store to the English Trading Company's store. They ought to be cut down at once, and if there is no law compelling it, how would a little public spirit and local pride do as a substitute for law?

A vigorous patch of Canada thistles growing near Lang's brewery, at the original C.P.R. station, has had its career cut short by some lover of his country.

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40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

They Want Big Bend Placer Ground.

Dougald McEachern and John Letendre have applied to the Gold Commissioner for one-half mile of placer ground, next above the Little Falls claim, to be known as the Boston claim.

Wm. Healey and J. D. White give notice of an application for one-half mile of placer ground on Camp Creek two miles from its mouth, at the upper end of Box Canyon, to be known as the Imperial claim.

D. P. Gillespie, J. Foley, T. L. Haig, J. I. Woodrow and F. B. Wells give notice that they will apply for a lease of one-half mile of placer ground on Smith Creek, next to the Park claim, to be worked as creek diggings and known as the Golden claim.

Private advices received from the Lardeau this week are of the most encouraging character. Mr. Smith, who is superintending the development work on the Sable Creek group, is more than pleased with the outlook. Their latest assay (probably a picked sample) gives $51 in gold, 103 oz. silver, 18½ per cent. copper and bismuth. This group has been acquired by Geo. D. Scott in the interests of a Montreal syndicate. At present they are engaged in cutting a trail up Sable Creek to connect with the Fish Creek trail, which the government has completed that far. The government trail gang, with Mr. Vickers as foreman, are now at work on the Poole Creek trail.

A note from Burton City, dated June 25, states that J. D. McDonald had arrived from Cariboo Creek where he had been prospecting for six weeks, and where he made a location of free milling gold rock. He speaks very highly of the place; says it is much the same as Trail Creek. He started this morning for the Lardeau to do his assessment work.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a sitting of the County Court will be holden at Revelstoke, B.C., on Friday, the 2nd day of August, A.D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

JOS. D. GRAHAM,
Registrar County Court.

Revelstoke, June 28th, 1895. 12-5t

W. A. JOWETT,
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ANYONE WANTING WORK done by team, will have it promptly attended to by leaving their orders at the Stockholm House.
JOHN SANDS.

CAUTION All persons are hereby warned against buying either of two notes against me—one for $101 and the other for $84—given by me to Robert Ochsner, brewer, Vernon, B.C., as they were obtained from me by fraudulent representations.
GEORGE BOURKE.
Trout Lake City, June 13th, 1895.

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