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# The Kootenay Mail.

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Vol. 2.—No. 30. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., NOVEMBER 2, 1895. $2.00 a Year.

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W. F. CRAGE, SECRETARY.

REVELSTOKE LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 25.

Regular meetings are held in Oddfellows' Hall every Thursday night at eight o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

R. S. WILSON, N.G. E. O. LEWIS, SEC.

Loyal Orange Lodge No. 1658.

Regular meetings are held in the Odd Fellows' Hall on the second and fourth Wednesday's of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

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## AN OLD ABUSE CONDEMNED.

### What Judge Cornwall Says About the Iniquitous Order System.

That hoary headed nuisance known as the time cheque received a well-deserved slating from His Honor Judge Cornwall, at Ashcroft, recently, in sentencing J. H. Glover, who was convicted of uttering false documents in the shape of money orders, the face value of which had been raised. Time and again this reprehensible and altogether too common practice of paying wages with cheques or orders has been condemned but it still flourishes. Prior to the last general election the then premier promised legislation to abate the nuisance but as yet the statute book gives no evidence of this ante-election pledge having been redeemed. As the practice is as common in this vicinity as elsewhere we hope that a perusal of His Honor's remarks will in a measure, at least, have the effect of awakening the public conscience to a sense of the wrong inflicted by a continuance of the system not alone upon the laborer but also upon other classes of the community as well. He said:

"I cannot allow the opportunity to pass of animadverting on the system now in vogue with the large mining companies carrying on their operations in the Cariboo and adjoining districts of this upper country of paying their laborers or working men by cheques or orders for money drawn on the headquarters of the companies in Vancouver or the lower country. This method is prejudicial in the extreme to the man receiving the price of his labor and to the merchants, traders and hotel keepers of the country. The issue of these orders for absurdly small sums (some of them for two or three dollars) works harm to the recipient in this way: To cash such orders he necessarily incurs expense; he must either buy something which possibly he may not require, or he must submit to the retention on the part of the party finding the money at a certain percentage as discount. Instead of having in his pocket the few dollars of cash which would enable him without trouble to himself or to those with whom he has dealings to make his way to any locality to which he is bound he has to circulate at a loss to himself and at no profit to any one else these small and usually dirty scraps of paper which although good enough when presented at the place of payment if properly indorsed have yet no legal value in circulation.—Again, the issue of these orders gives opportunity to evil disposed persons just such as has been seized by the prisoner before me. The two orders for money which he has altered were both of them so carelessly drawn that no difficulty attended their alteration. Both of them were originally drawn for $8. In each the word 'eight' was left with a space after it permitting the easy addition of the letter 'y' which made it 'eighty', and in each there was ample space for the addition of the cypher which changed the numeral '8' into '80.'

"With such alterations he cleverly made these orders once indorsed by the payers might without detection well pass through several innocent hands before final presentations for payment to those on whom drawn. One can understand the convenience to the companies of thus paying for the labor they employ, for in this way, at the expense of others, they avoid the expense of carrying up cash with which to meet their indebtedness and also avoid the necessity of keeping comparatively large sums of money by them; but the inconvenience to the public generally has been much felt during the past few months. Banking conveniences to traders and others in a considerable way of business are of the utmost value, but an order for $3 or $30 to laboring men payable at a point 400 miles away is a nuisance to him and a trouble and loss to those called upon to deal with it, and without wishing to say anything prejudicial to the interests of the great, energetic and responsible companies concerned, I do hope that in coming years the laborers will refuse to accept as payment for their services anything but good and lawful coin of the realm."

## Chewed His Ear Off.

The following is from the *Sentinel's* correspondent at Salmon Arm: "One of the most brutal and inhuman acts ever attempted in this locality was that of a man who has since left the settlement. Before going he said he wished to bid goodby to a neighbor here, and reaching out his hand the other took it. Then this individual grasped his other arm around his neighbor and bit off one of his ears. It was a most cowardly act, as neither party was under the influence of liquor. The matter was settled out of court."

The provincial government has appointed Prof. Carlyle, of McGill University, provincial mineralogist.

## Big Bend Winter Mail.

The post office department has signified its willingness to bear a portion of the cost of a monthly mail service to the Big Bend during the winter months. The intimation is to the effect that the department will pay $20 per trip for five monthly trips, an arrangement similar to the one which prevailed last winter. In this connection it might be well to remind the proper authorities that the man who carried mail matter to the Big Bend during the past summer and for a number of summers previously, has never received anything for his labor, not even the thanks of the department, and they are cheap enough. It is about time some compensation was awarded him by the postal department, as he has frequently carried mail to the exclusion of freight that would be more profitable to him.

## Africa is No Garden of Eden.

W. Gordon Cumming writes under date of July 7th from British Central Africa. Mr. Cumming is prospecting for gold and has found plenty of gold bearing quartz, but too far in the interior to be worked profitably. He will return to Edmonton as soon as possible but expects to have to fight his way out as the natives in the vicinity are very hostile. He says the country is no garden of Eden and is fever stricken.—Edmonton *Bulletin*.

## THEY WANT SPECIMENS.

### The Board of Trade Organizing a Permanent Mineral Exhibit.

The Board of Trade is making an effort to fill a "long felt want" by organizing a permanent exhibit of specimens from the various mines of West Kootenay. It is a matter for surprise that an effort in this direction has not been made ere this, as the lack of such an exhibition at this, the principal point in West Kootenay on the main line of the C.P.R., has been noticed and commented upon for years past by travellers over this route. However, it is never too late to make a start and the board's present move is in the right direction. Such an exhibition will likely be productive of much good in arresting the attention of travellers, and the amount of advertising the country will thereby receive will not be inconsiderable. The railway authorities are seconding the board's efforts in this particular and have offered a first-class site for the cabinets in the vicinity of the railway station. They already have the nucleus of an exhibition but in order to make it as complete as possible the secretary is asking mine owners and others who can to furnish him with specimens of their properties accompanied by a few particulars as to location, assays, etc. The receipt of specimens will be duly acknowledged by addressing them to C. E. Shaw, Secretary Board of Trade, Revelstoke, B.C.

## Assessment Appeals Dismissed.

There were only two appeals to be heard at the Court of Revision on Friday when Commissioner Fitzstubbs got ready for business. H. N. Coursier, Revelstoke, and J. E. Poupore, Nakusp, considered their assessment excessive, but the commissioner thought otherwise and confirmed the assessor's figures.

## Change in Boat Time.

A change has been effected in the time schedule of the C. & K. Nav. Co.'s boats to and from the Wigwam. The full particulars of which are as yet unknown. But it is understood that the new arrangement will give three trips a week, instead of two as formerly. The large increase in the volume of freight to and from Southern Kootenay has necessitated the change.

## The Fight is Off at Present.

The big plugging match, which was to have taken place Thursday night between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, did not materialize owing to the interference of the police. It is a pity that the State authorities do not allow the pugs to scrap, in which event they might be successful in breaking each others jaw, and oh what a boon that would be to a public who have had more than a surfeit of their brag, bluff and bluster.

## Bishop Dart's Second Visit.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Dart, Diocese of New Westminster, returned from the South Kootenay district on Thursday's boat, and held service in the evening. After the service a meeting of the parishioners was held, presided over by the Bishop, when various church matters were discussed, especially the building of the new church, and the arrangements for having a resident clergyman.

## LOCAL MINING NEWS.

### Items of Interest From the Camps in the Revelstoke District.

The owners of the Last Chance, on McCulloch creek, are showing their faith in the property by the commendable persistency with which they are prosecuting operations. There have been thousands of dollars sunk in this mine at different times, by different outfits, in efforts to reach bedrock. Tunneling to the extent of 2,300 feet had been done without attaining the desired goal. A change of plan was then decided upon and work was commenced on what is known as the old Yale shaft. This shaft is now down 103 feet and in order to continue the work better appliances were necessary, hence the big pump recently built by the Albion Iron Works. The pump was shipped to the Bend on Thursday by Horne's boat. It weighed 4½ tons. If they ever reach bedrock they expect to strike it exceedingly rich.

The Columbia River Hydraulic Mining Co. have given F. G. Kegler a contract for some $3,000 worth of work, on their property in the Big Bend, which will be done during the winter. The lumber will be cut in the vicinity, and five men employed on the job. Prof. Nason, who has been conducting the operations of the company came down on Sunday and will go east for the winter, returning next May with the necessary machinery. Two hydraulics and 3,400 feet of pipe have already been ordered.

The owners of the American have just completed a rawhide trail from their claim to Trout lake—2½ miles, 12 men were employed on the job. This staff is now at work erecting the necessary buildings. Work will be prosecuted and ore shipments made throughout the winter. There are about 30 tons on the dump already.

The Gold Yam, a placer proposition on Carnes creek, will be worked with eight men this winter. Messrs. Howe, Anderson and Bailey returned from Tacoma this week and are getting their supplies ready.

The Lanark and Isabella people, at Illecillewaet, evidently mean business this winter. Laforme has a pack-train of 23 animals at work packing 14 tons of supplies to their camp.

Encouraging reports were received on Sunday from the Park mine, Smith Creek, where J. D. Sibbald is at present personally superintending operations. They expected to reach bedrock in a few days.

Tom Horne started for the Bend Thursday with his big boat. Besides the pump for the Last Chance he had about four tons of supplies for the different camps.

John Moyle, supt. of the Great Northern, left for Trout Lake to-day. Tom Edwards, one of the owners of the American, also went down and may possibly remain all winter.

Over six tons of supplies were shipped to the Big Bend this week. Several of the camps have begun to get in their winter stores.

Bill Haley, the veteran prospector, is down from Camp creek, where he has been at work all summer.

The trail to the C.P.R. group on Haley creek has been completed.

A party of 17 arrived by boat from the Bend on Sunday last.

Sluicing will be commenced on the Hidden Treasure, Gold Stream.

## The Alaskan Boundary Question.

A Washington despatch announces that the Alaskan boundary question will be forced to a speedy termination by the action of Canada, if not by Secretary Olney. It is announced that the Dominion government intends to direct the Mounted Police to assume control of the frontier along the Canadian boundary of Alaska, with power to collect customs duties, hold courts martial and try criminal cases. The American-Canadian boundary lines conflict is 73 miles of territory along the Yukon river on the east and west line. The disputed territory embraces the mouth of Forty-mile creek through which access is had to valuable placer mines at the headwaters. The Canadian police in carrying out their instructions, will doubtless assume jurisdiction up to the lines of the Canadian survey. Several thousand American miners who will be in that region will shortly be subject to their authority. Olney, it is thought, in view of the serious character of the situation, will make an effort to bring up the dispute at the Behring Sea convention this week. In case of trouble along the frontier of the Yukon mining region the United States district attorney at Sitka has authority to employ deputy marshals to preserve law and order, but it will take several months for news of a disturbance to reach him at Sitka, and his orders will be carried into effect. Officials of the department of justice say he will not have power to place men along the line for police duty or for any other purpose, except on special occasions, such as a riot. If this be the case, prompt action by congress this winter will be necessary to remedy the difficulties, and it is understood a bill will be introduced to provide Alaska with a more perfect form of government.

# THE SHOWMAN'S GHOST.

Sign of the White Horse. A chalky quadruped with very stiff legs, and apparently, if you might judge by the disturbed aspect of his mane and tail, under strong electric influences—that was the White Horse. He was woodenly electrified—if I may be allowed the phrase—on two inches of seagreen grass, and wedged very tightly into a sky of improbable blue. A slight warping of the board, due to climatic influences, had beheaded the White Horse, and the painter, as if in anticipation of that effect, had bestowed upon his countenance a backward look of feeble astonishment. Below the sign a low window, with a comfortable red blind in it. Behind the window a room, with sanded floor and sawdust-stored spittoons, and heavy tables with beery circles on them, and crossed clay pipes. About one of the tables half a dozen men, solemnly drinking and smoking, and telling ghost stories in broad daylight. The gentleman in the battered white hat and belcher tie was the proprietor of that light of nature the six-legged horse, and the employer and exhibitor of the spotted lady. The gentleman in the fur cap, the rabbit-skin waistcoat, and the red handkerchief was the owner of the swing boats on the village green outside, as yet unpacked, and waiting for to-morrow's fair. The seedy man in seedy black, whose skin was so curiously loose about the region of his eyes, was a professional sword-swallower. The gentleman with the red nose and bibulous eye, wherein much beer had left unquenched the light of native humor, was sole owner of Bolko's unparalleled waxwork exhibition. The other two were showmen also, and recognisable anywhere.

Five listened whilst the red-nosed man with the bibulous eye talked.

'Th' only ghost as ever I knowed to haunt a showman was my brother Bill's own private an' particler property,' the red-nosed man was saying; 'he was in the wax-work line afore me, like his father afore him, my brother Bill was, but he had a misforchin as led to his retirement.'

'Ah!' said the man in the rabbit-skin waistcoat, 'what was that?'

'He died,' said the red-nosed man—'scarlet fever. Leicester. Buried in the parish churchyard. Well—afore he died, mind you—he had a ghost of his own, his pardner, Joseph Turk. Reg'lar after business hours, it was Joseph's habit to get as drunk as he knowed how to, and simultaneous, as a man might say, my brother took him home at closin' time. But one night, Bill he doesn't turn up. Joseph he starts alone, an' quite natural he falls into a clay-pit and kills hisself. Well, theer's a inquest, theer's Bill to give evidence, theer's a verdick; theer's a buryin', and you'd ha' thought as it was done with, wouldn't you? My brother Bill he was a soft-'arted feelin' sort o' man, an' he took on a good deal over his pardner's death. Sittin' by hieself on the night arter the buryin', thinkin' about poor Joseph, all of a sudden he feels a creepy sort of a chill come over him, an' his eyes is drored round like to one side, an' there he sees him, in a pair o' cord trousers an' a velvetin jacket an' a billycock 'at, with a yeller handkercher with blue spots on it round his neck, which was his reg'lar wear. Well, you might ha' knocked my brother Bill down with his father, he was that crumpled up at it. 'Willy-um,' says the ghost, a-speakin' holler in his chest, like, 'w'y didn't you fetch me 'ome,' he says, 'that fatal night?' My brother Bill says nothing, he was that knocked over. 'Willy-um,' says the ghost again, 'it's my intent,' he says, 'for to haunt you reg'lar,' he says 'every night at twelve.' And with that he varnishes. Well, he comes next night, an' next night, an' next night, and my brother Bill gets that weak an' skeered he didn't think he'd last long. So he comes to me an' he tells me all about it. 'Why, Bill,' I says, 'it's a forchin for you.' 'What d'ye mean?' he says. 'Why,' I says, 'exhibit him,' I says, 'to any scientific speritualist as wants to see a real boner-fidy ghost,' I says. 'Theer's a mine o' money in it.' Well, Bill he takes my advice, an' he might ha' died a Rothschild if Joseph hadn't took offence at it an' left off visitin' of him.

'I can see, Mr. Bolko,' said the seedy man in seedy black, 'that you're a sceptic.'

'A what?' asked the red-nosed man.

'An unbeliever,' said the other.

'Am I?' said the red-nosed man. 'P'raps I am.' He took up his pot and nodded round, 'My respects, gentlemen.' Then, having emptied the vessel of its contents, he rose, and said with hoarse solemnity, 'Them as doubts my tale can doubt it. Maybe I have my doubts about it. Never mind. But there's a moral in it—which is this: If any showman has a ghost in the family as can at all be relied upon to turn up reg'arl, theer's a pot o' money in it. Good afternoon, gentlemen.'

The sceptic departed and the five believers remained behind.

'Comin' back,' said the man in the rabbit-skin waistcoat, 'to wot we was a-talkin' about—it's my belief, look you, as Sol Varley's haunted.'

The man in seedy black said that it stood to reason.

'Look 'ere,' said the rabbit-skin waistcoat. 'When did poor Sol begin to turn that pale an' queer? When did he begin to sit an' stare at nothin' for a hour at a time,' an' talk when there was nobody to talk to? Why, when his gell died. When else? Why, not at all.'

'Of course not,' said the sword-swallower.

'An' as for them,' said the rabbit-skin waistcoat, 'as talks about a gell like that havin' bolted along of Sol's man Jim, why, it's madness, an' it's? Now, I ards anybody 'ere Would she ha' looked at Sol's man Jim? Would she ha' spoke a civil word to him 'cept as a young lady might? I put it to you, gents. Is it likely?' Nobody thought it likely in the least. 'Very well, then. If you wants wrong talk about a young woman, it's allays cheap enough in the purfession an' out of it. But to talk about a young lady like that boltin' with a cove like Sol's man Jim, and Sol pretendin' of her to be dead, why it's enough to turn a man's drink hacid on his stomach to listen to it, ain't it?'

'Now, I'll tell you something,' said the man in the battered white hat. 'I've sat quiet an' I've heard all sides. I didn't say nothing while Bolko was 'ere, 'cause I don't want none of 'is chaff, which he's too ready with. Gentleman all, I've seen her!'

The four gathered near him with solemn faces.

'Last night, as ever was, I seen her,' he said again. 'I was leadin' out the oss for exercise—near midnight it was—an' I paret round by Sol's waggin. An', strike me dead, but I seen her face, as white as chalk, a-lookin' in at Sol's winder, an' her glides down from it without so much as touchin' a foot on the ground, an' passes me with no more noise than a bat id make. I ain't easy frightened, but I was frightened then. But I looked arter her an' seen her melt—reg'lar melt away.'

The man's face, voice, gesture, were enough to stamp his narrative with strong reality. His hearers looked from one to the other, awe-struck, and, in spite of the broad daylight, gathered closer. Before the word was spoken they drew their heads apart, and resumed their pipes and beer with a transparent effort to seem unconcerned.

Solomon Varley stood at the door looking with haggard eyes from face to face. His countenance was pale and drawn, and, though his lips moved, no sound came from them. He lurched a little, like a drunken man, and set his hand to his forehead. Next, looking vacantly about him, he turned away and sought the street. The five men arose and peered after him through the bow window.

'He an't long for this world,' said one. 'Poor old Sol!'

'No,' said another. 'He's had his call, poor Sol has—evident.'

Solomon Varley crossed the Green slowly, with downward eyes and head, noticing no man, though most looks were turned to him with sympathy or curiosity. He reached the house on wheels, which, like himself, looked less prosperous and tidy than of old, though but two months had gone by since it shone in all the splendour of new paint, and Sol himself went upright and happy. Mrs. Varley sat there in a black dress, sewing, and looked up sadly but kindly as her husband entered. Sol closed the little door, and took down a nautical-looking jacket which hung behind it. From the pocket of this garment he drew a soiled letter, which he bore to the window and read over. It had no date, and was written in a sprawling hand.

'Sir,' it ran, 'this is written with great grief to tell you that your daughter is dead. Before she died she told me to rite to you; but I cannot rite, and a friend rites this for me. She told me to say that she found out befour it was too late that the man she ran away with was a villan, and left him. I am to say again, before it was too late. She would have come home to you, but she was ashaymed. She is dead, and she thought you would like to know it, because it would ease your mind.

'Yours truly,

'MARTHA WOOLLEY.

'P.S. She sent all love and blessings before she died. She praid you to forgive her, and praid for you night and day.'

The letter bore the Bristol post-mark, and had been delivered whilst Solomon was in that town. He had appealed to the police to discover the writer, and Martha Woolley was searched for but in vain. There was some comfort in the ill-spelled letter, bitter as it was, and that comfort Solomon laid to his sore heart every hour of the day, and thanked God for it.

'What is it, Sol dear?' said his wife, rising, and putting her brown arm about his neck. 'Don't brood over it my poor Sol, don't brood over it.'

Her eyes were thick with tears as she spoke, but she controlled them resolutely and would not let them fall.

'She's better off than livin' with a broken heart, Sol; better off,' said the mother.

'You're a good wife, my dear,' said Sol hoarsely and wearily. 'A good wife. Yes, she's better off. But it'd be somthin' if we only knowed where her grave was, my dear, wouldn't it?'

The simple question spoke of such despair to the wife's heart that her tears would have way. She drew his head to her breast and swayed it to and fro as though he were a child.

'Poor Sol, poor dear Sol! Our time ain't long, my dear. We shall soon see the poor broken-hearted thing again, Sol. If she'd come back, she'd never ha' heard a bitter word from us, Sol, would she? Never a bitter word. Never a bitter word. Never a bitter word.'

She went over the phrase again and again, as though there were comfort in it, and still held the bowed head to her wifely breast as though it were a child's.

'Such a child!' said Sol, a minute or two later, seated with heavily dependent arms between his knees, as though his hands bore a weight too great for his strength, and with eyes fixed on the floor. 'Such a child, rosy an' pretty, two months back! An' now as white as snow—as white as snow!'

'Sol!' cried his wife with a ghostly face.

'Ay,' said he, looking at her with lacklustre eyes, 'as white as snow. As white as snow.'

'Sol!' cried his wife again.

'My darling,' said Sol, stretching out one heavy hand nervelessly and laying it on her shoulder, 'I see her poor dear dead face last night at the winder. I've seen it three nights runnin'. It's my call. You'll be lonely when I'm gone. You've been a good wife, Sarah, an' I'm grieved to leave you. But I've had the call.'

His nerveless hand dropped down again as if it held a weight too heavy for his strength. His wife knelt before him, looking in his face. A timid knock came to the door, but neither heard it. It was repeated a little louder, and Mrs. Varley, rising, opened the door with a scream.

'Don't be put out, missis,' said a voice outside. 'Might I come in? Is master theer?'

'Come in,' said Mrs. Varley faintly (and Jim entered, ragged, shoeless, hollow-eyed, pale, hearded with a bristly beard of two months' growth—a man foredone.

'I swore,' said Jim, 'as I'd find her if I followed her to the world's end. I followed her and found her, an' she slipped me, an' I followed her again, and I followed her on, an' on, an' on. The two looked at him with such awful faces that he paused. 'Did ye get any news of her over?' he asked after a while. Solomon still held the letter in his hands.

'That come,' he said, 'a month ago.'

Jim spelled it through, and then, returning it to the broken and crumpled envelope, held it while he spoke.

'No more news than this?'

'Never a word,' said Solomon.

'Did you find where she was buried, master?' Sol shook his head.

'We tried,' said Mrs. Varley, 'everywhere. But the letter didn't even tell us where she died.'

'Master,' said Jim, 'I've walked a matter of a thousand mile. I'm dead beat. If you please, missis, I should like the things I left. I'm very bad off for a change.'

Mrs. Varley poured out a can of water into a washing basin, set out soap and towels and a comb, then produced a bundle of clothes from a locker.

'You can get a wash, James, and a change,' she said, crying silently the while, 'and I'll get you something to eat.'

Saying this, she left the house, and Jim, laying down the letter, began with labored slowness to divest himself of a very tattered shirt. He paused suddenly in the act of drawing it over his head.

'What's this I hears about a ghost, master?' Solomon started and stared at him. 'I meets Tom Hackett twelve mile behind, an' he says you've seen a ghost, he says. That's what he says. "Your master's haunted."'

Solomon rose with outstretched hands.

'Has anybody seen it besides me?'

'Have you seen it, master?' cried Jim, slipping the garment back again.

'Three times,' said Solomon with awe-struck face.

'When?' cried Jim. 'Where?'

'Allays at midnight,' answered Solomon, 'at that little winder,—pale, an' thin, an' white—white as snow.'

'When? when?' cried Jim again. 'Last night?'

'Yes,' said Solomon, 'last night. For the third time. It's my call, Jim. I shan't be here much longer. I shall follor my poor broken hearted child.'

'What?' cried Jim, in a voice which would have been a roar but for his feebleness. 'You've seen her three times, an' never spoke to her?' Solomon could only look at him in grief struck wonder. 'Why, I found out the gell as wrote this letter. Sewed boot uppers for a livin', she did. Her it was what fired the bullet. But who makes it, do you think? Who makes it, master?'

'Jim,' said Solomon, trembling from head to foot, 'Jim!'—warning and entreaty mingled in the tone.

'Master,' says Jim, 'if what I says ain't true, you take a pitchfork out of the waggin outside and run me through with it. I finds the gell as wrote this letter. What makes me find her? 'Cos I'm travellin' to search for Miss Virginia, and 'cos I've swore as sure as Heaven an' earth I'll follor her to the world's end. Miss Virginia had been a livin' with her, an' one day her says to her: "A dear friend o' mine is dead. I can't write." Her says, "You write for me an' I'll tell you what to say." And then her writes this letter. Then Miss Virginia ketches sight o' me, an' livin' very hard, but quite respectable. On I follers—tracks her—finds her—loses her—tracks her again, an' follers on again.'

Solomon was on his knees, and the tears were dripping through his fingers, dripping thickly on the floor.

'Such a face, Jim!' he moaned, 'that wild an' worn an' pale! Oh, Virgie! Virgie!'

'Master,' said Jim, 'I've had word of her all along. Now she's took rail, an' I've had to walk; an' now her's slipped me, but I've took up the track again, an' at last we've found her.'

The tears were coursing down Jim's face too, and washing out brown channels in the gray dust which covered it.

'Not a word to the missis, not a word,' said Jim. 'Her'll come again to-night to look at you. That's it,' said the valiant, tender-hearted scarecrow, shaking with sobs, 'poor bleedin' heart! Just wants to see you, like, as often as her fear'll let her.'

'May I come in?' said Mrs Varley, tapping at the door.

'Not yet, ma'am, if you please,' said Jim, bolting the door with great haste; and, still sobbing and crying, he proceeded to his ablutions, and having conquered his tears and changed his dress, and again and again warned his master to silence, he admitted Mrs. Varley and sat down to a prodigious meal under the shade of the house outside.

Solomon went feverishly to work to help the men who were arranging the vans and putting up the canvas in readiness for the morrow, and Jim kept sedulously out of Mrs. Varley's way. Before nightfall he limped away, unrecognised by any of his ancient comrades, whom he had dodged all afternoon like a stage villain, unintentionally inviting inspection.

The night grew, and Solomon sat with a wildly beating heart in the little house on wheels. Mrs. Varley had retired to the bedroom partitioned off at one end of the structure, and there, by the light of a little lamp, spelled through the Psalms in her Prayer book. Many and many a line she went through half mechanically, and the words had no meaning for her. At length the slow forefinger, rough with the needle, paused at these words, 'As for me, I am poor and in misery: haste Thee unto me, O God.' She bowed her head and wept above the line. And what was that? A cry outside that thrilled her to the soul—an answering voice within which called her child by name—the noise of a door that opened suddenly—the voice again that called her child by name. Hurrying to the main chamber of the house on wheels, she saw Jim beyond the open door with a drooping figure in his arms. But it was her husband's voice which called upon her child—it was her child and his who lay worn and pallid, but alive, in those protecting arms.

Solomon Varley that night retired from business. In the next week's Era his unrivalled zoological collection was advertized and in a week it had passed to other hands.

Little Virgie's chicks are shloom again long since, and little Virgie is a happy wife and mother. I could transport myself by train and coad in four hours and a half to that quiet spot in Worcestershire in which Sol Varley and his wife enjoy the otium cum dignitate of their simple lives. I know a well-to-do jobmaster in a neighboring town who answers to the name of Jim, and has been given up by all the eligible women in his own station of life for four miles round as an incorrigible bachelor; and sometimes in Regent-street or Piccadilly I meet a handsome and distinguished-looking man, who limps a little in his gait from an ill-set broken leg, the result of an encounter with that same jobmaster when the two met together by accident about a year after the events related in this story. Most of Mr. Verschoyle's friends are under the impression that he received this injury whilst out hunting. Jim hearing this once on a time nodded sternly, and remarked, with a look of enigma on him, that it happened a year after the hunt was over; and being pressed for information, he declined to say another word.

[THE END.]

## Management.

First Tramp—You are the first feller that ever got a square meal from that woman. How did yer manage?

Second Tramp—I told her I'd found ten cents, and asked her to direct me to a free lunch saloon.

An action for damages against the British steamer Crathie for the sinking of the Elbe has been heard at Rotterdam. Judgment will be given on November 6.

The two sides of the human face are never alike. In two out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven cases out of ten, and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

# ONLY A MILLION.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE GREAT MR. CAWLEY.

"Let me get a million and I shall be quite happy." That was poor Samuel Cawley's cry. Poor?—yes, you will understand presently; he had the million when he died. He had a moderately comfortable start in the world, thanks to the industry of his father, who left him a small steady-going business and the requisite knowledge to carry it on successfully. Samuel Cawley did carry it on successfully, and various political and commercial events operating in his favour enabled him to transform his moderate business into an extensive one. He was devoted to his work, and having the quickness to use the lucky events of the day advantageously, he found himself in a few years at the head of an establishment into which money seemed to flow of its own sweet will. At first he was humbly grateful, then he became excited, and next the craving to become a millionaire seized him. That craving fairly mastered him; it was the mainspring of his every act and thought; he had no hope, no care—almost no religion, above or outside that desire to possess a million. Everything prospered with him and his ambition was realised. One morning he found that he possessed a million; and, singular as it may seem, he closed his books with a sigh of relief, satisfied!

But he was somewhat puzzled to discover after the first few days, which were occupied in self-congratulations, that he was not quite happy. There was something he wanted still, and what that something was he did not know. He opened his eyes, as it were, for the first time upon life outside his ledger. He had never had any real experience of youth, had never known play as a boy, or sport as a young man: the world of business had so completely absorbed him, that the world of pleasure was unknown to him. Being still young—just turned forty—he determined to explore this strange world in search of that something which he still required to make him happy.

He left his business to take care of itself; that is, he spent a couple of hours daily in his office instead of ten or more as he had done formerly; and the two hours were sufficient to keep everything straight. He took a large house in the West End; he purchased an old mansion in Sussex with about a thousand acres attached, and abundant shooting and fishing also—unfortunately, not having had any training in these sports, they afforded him no enjoyment. However they would please his friends. The appointments of his town and country residences were perfect—that is, as perfect as his servants would permit them to be. The cooking—when the cook was in good humor—was excellent; the wines were the best that money could obtain. Mr. Samuel Cawley was surrounded by troops of friends; he was put up at half a dozen clubs, blackballed by two—much to his astonishment—and accepted by the others; he found himself, in short, courted on all hands as a man of sterling worth—as a man whom it was a privilege to know. He was amazed by his own popularity; he had never suspected that he possessed the qualities requisite to shine in society, until he found himself in society and shining with all the brilliancy of a newly discovered planet.

All this was very agreeable. After he had got over the awkwardness of his first appearance, he began to enjoy himself; he began to think this world of amusement a very good world indeed, and the people in it a kindly and sensible people, with few prejudices comparatively speaking, and most ready to recognize native talent—for had they not recognized him? He was the hero of the hour, and he was highly delighted to recognize himself in that character; ladies admired his taste in art (his portrait by an R. A. was soon in the Academy), and spoke of his sympathetic nature; gentlemen praised his possessions, and professed the most kindly envy of the gifts which Nature and Fortune had bestowed upon him. Cawley was gratified exceedingly; but he never thoroughly understood what a great man he was until at a large dinner party (for which he provided) his health was proposed.

Then he saw himself in his true colours. He was not only a successful man (cheers—why, nobody knew, for there was nothing novel or striking in the observation; probably it was only meant as a sign of the universal worship of success); but he was a man endowed with the sublime philosophy which could recognise that there was something nobler in the world than mere success in money-getting (a bit of humbug cordially appreciated, and therefore cheered); a man who said to himself—'Enough; I shall enjoy life, and I shall help others to enjoy life, as we are doing at this moment, thanks to our generous host (more cheers). To what better, to what nobler purpose could a man devote himself? (hear, hear—quite justifiable this time). He was rendering a great moral service to the world, and the speaker did not doubt that the world looking on—especially the poorer classes, who were not privileged to share in these magnificent hospitalities—would learn a valuable lesson (still more cheers). In the glorious roll of British benefactors of their species, the name of Samuel Cawley would go down to posterity as one of the brightest examples of how a true gentleman should live and help others to live, etc., etc., etc.; and more and more cheers as the champagne circulated. It was quite settled that he was a great man who ought to live for ever in the flesh, but who assuredly would live for ever in the grateful memory of posterity.

Cawley was not a fool; and, tumbling into his bed in the small hours of the morning, he said to himself, 'That is very nice; but of course we must take it all with large propottions of salt.' Nevertheless, he swallowed a large quantity of what was very nice without any salt at all, and he was not in the least aware of the mistake.

He did do good, though; he subscribed liberally to miscellaneous charities; he helped many a poor wretch out of monetary scrapes (i.e. of death to the wretch, but nothing at all to him, beyond the trouble of filling up a cheque); and he did not even turn his back upon poor relations. He had a troop of pensioners. But he had a weakness; he liked his benevolence to be recognised. He professed with becoming frankness that he did not want thanks; he was only too glad when a few pounds could help anybody; at the same time, he liked people to be grateful. He liked to hear his own praises sung, and was inclined to look discontentedly upon those dolts who accepted his disclaimers literally and remained silent. He would even, to particular friends, report what he had been obliged to do for poor So-and-so, lamenting all the time that So-and-so should have been so unfortunate as to require his help, which he gave so cheerfully or rather willingly, as So-and-so was such a deserving fellow, only rather careless and extravagant. So-and-so, in fact, would never 'get on,' unless he altered his ways and acted according to Mr. Cawley's instructions. But, poor fellow, he was a good creature, and the great Mr. Cawley felt obliged to give him the money to help him over his present strait, although Mr. Cawley fully expected that he would have to do the same thing again in a very short time. This confidence was repeated, in confidence of course, to Mr. Cawley's visitors, much to that gentleman's glorification, whilst poor So-and-so found himself presently looked upon with pitying eyes by everybody, heard the goodness of Mr. Cawley hummed in his ears, until he became conscious that people were shrinking from him the more they buzzed round the millionaire, and he felt ready to curse Cawley instead of regarding him with honest gratitude.

That was Cawley's weakness; he had found the flourish of his cheque-book apparently such a potent "open sesame" to people's homes and hearts, that, whilst really desirous of acting kindly, he lost all sense of the necessity for the generous thought which is even more essential in the composition of kindness than the free hand; the one being the product of a good heart, the other of good fortune.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# CRAZE OF SPECULATION.

## SOUTH AFRICAN MINING SHARES CONSTANTLY RISING.

**Great Fortunes Have Been Made on the London Mining Exchange—The Greatest European Bankers Have Become Interested in the Boom—Nothing Like It Has Been Known in Recent Times.**

The craze of speculation which has seized upon three of the greatest capitals of Europe is a spectacle unparalleled in this generation. It has developed into one of those great mental epidemics which once in two or three decades sweep over a nation, or Christendom at large, much as the plague spreads its infection. The collapse of the South Africa boom, inevitable as it is, seems yet to be quite distant. Mining shares are constantly rising, and anything that bears a South African name is marketable. There is a scramble of large and small investors for gold and diamond stocks. Brokers are coining money on commissions, and many great fortunes have been made on the Mining Exchange. Many of the new companies are over-capitalized, and can never yield dividends, but everything is easily floated on the fame of the Kimberley diamond mines or the gold fields of the Rand. Geography is not a special study in the Stock Exchange. "South Africa" are magic words that explain the great fortunes made by diamond kings and circus clowns, who have returned to England to build palaces in Piccadilly, and the mad revel of speculation goes on. A pound sterling share goes up to forty or fifty pounds, and remains there without a dividend being paid. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Minister of Cape Colony, is

THE POLITICAL CONJUROR

who has created a charter company and armed stock promoters with their power. He is the idol of the speculator, but the day must come sometime when his art as a necromancer will be exhausted, and when the great bubble of South African speculation will burst. In the meantime everybody chances fortune. The settlement just concluded was expected to shake out the weak-kneed and check speculation, but nobody was hurt, and the amount of business in what is called the Kaffir circus was more enormous than ever. A number of members of the London Stock Exchange, being satisfied, incredible as it may seem, with the fortunes already realized, have retired from the business. Their retreat, however, has not touched the public confidence in sustained future speculation, and there is no sign of weakening anywhere. The greatest English financiers, including the Rothschilds, French and German banks, and all European Bourse operators, have become interested in the boom. Apart from mere speculation, the solid developments of mining land and other properties in South Africa justify the host of investments. At any rate there will probably be no abatement in the fever of speculation, as the companies formed last spring continue to declare occasional dividends of 500 per cent., as happened in two or three instances last week. Dividends of 30 or 40 or 100 per cent. which other South African and West Australian mines are paying are looked upon as quite modest.

The dealings in mining shares on the London Stock Exchange now far

EXCEED IN AMOUNT

all other transactions daily. The representative South African companies, with a nominal capital value of $25,000,000, have risen in market value during the past thirty days to more than $75,000,000. The increase of the total South African share in the market quotations during the same period exceeds $250,000,000. It is true that there has been a substantial advance in all classes of securities, and speculation is still confined to mines. It is impossible to keep track of all the new ventures publicly and privately put upon the market daily. The popular appetite for these things is simply insatiable. The decision of the Paris Stock Board that no new mining stocks shall be introduced on the Bourse until the end of the year, has attracted much attention here, since it is the first sign of a serious check to the speculation which has already gone to perilous lengths. Whether or not the French brokers can prevent dealings in the new Kaffirs and Africans of every colour which are swamping the long market, it is undeniable that a halt ought to be called and a breathing space allowed. The problem of American finance and trade is unobserved when the South African mining speculation is at its height, and has become something like a mania in both London and Paris. Nothing like it has been known in recent times. Companies have been multiplied week after week for the development of mining tracts from the Cape to the Zambesi.

The Island of Crete is in a state of anarchy.

# YOUNG FOLKS.

## A Bird Festival.

A writer in Our Animal Friends describes a festival that she witnessed in China. She says:

Paak-taoi is, I must explain, one of the most popular Chinese gods. He is supposed once to have lived on earth, to have been fond of birds and very kind to them. Every year, in the month of April, a celebration is held in his honor.

This festival, which I saw in the great southern City of Canton, lasts for three days. Shops are closed, and services held every morning and afternoon in the god's fine temple. On the second evening a curious and brilliant procession passed through the principal streets.

First marched the bearers of huge white lanterns emblazoned with Paak taoi's name and titles. They were followed by about a hundred boys carrying richly embroidered banners. Then came the history trays. These were wooden platforms covered with clay figures arranged to represent different scenes in Paak-taoi's life. He was shown feeding birds, setting their broken legs and teaching them tricks.

The figures were skillfully modeled and beautifully dressed and painted, but the history trays were eclipsed by the next division of the procession. Thousands of lanterns were borne aloft on poles, each being the life size imitation of somebird. There were long-legged storks, stately peacocks, gorgeous golden pheasants, "snow" pheasants, with long jet black tails, great vultures and eagles, then at last glittering kingfishers, tiny tits and reedlings. All the lanterns were lit, many covered with the real feathers of the birds they imitated, and they made a very novel and very pretty show.

After the birds rode boys of all ages, mounted on queer little Chinese ponies. They wore fantastic dresses and had their faces painted black, white and red, with here and there a dash of gold. Some had gilded chins and eyebrows, others gold noses and ears. The older boys were enjoying the fun immensely, vying with each other in puffing out their cheeks and making all sorts of queer faces; but many of the little fellows were more than half asleep and in danger of rolling off the back of their steeds. Then more lanterns, more banners and a dreadful band of (so-called) music ended this amusing pageant.

## A French Board and Its Lesson.

In the country districts in France boards are put up telling people what animals and insects should not be killed and the reason, and also which ones should be exterminated in order to afford protection to the farmer. First on the board is this:

"This board is placed under the protection of the common sense and honesty of the public."

And, of course, after that no boy or man would mar or remove the board. Then follows these instructions:

"Hedgehog lives upon mice, snails and wire worms—animals injurious to agriculture. Don't kill a hedgehog.

"Toad helps agriculture, destroys twenty to thirty insects hourly. Don't kill toads.

"Mole destroys wire worms, larvae and insects injurious to the farmer. No trace of vegetables is ever found in his stomach; does more good than harm. Don't kill moles.

"Cock chafer and its larvae—deadly enemy to farmers; lays seventy to 100 eggs. Kill the cock chafer.

"Birds—Each department of France loses yearly many millions of francs by the injury done by insects. Birds are the only enemy capable of battling with them vigorously; they are great helps to farmers. Children, don't take bird's nests."

And so on the instructions read. Among the animals which need killing on a farm are mice and rats, and the reason they increase in spite of the constant warfare of cats and dogs is because the boys on the farm kill the animals that would destroy the pests if they had a chance.

## A Monkey Fireman.

Jocko and the children of the house where Jocko lives are boon companions, and of a summer afternoon enjoy a frolic together upon the lawn.

One day some one carelessly threw a match down and the grass ignited, making a little blaze.

Jocko saw it and stopped and looked, then glanced all around, and, seeing a piece of plank not far off, ran for it, crept cautiously to the fire, all the time holding the plank as a shield between himself and the fire, then threw the plank on it and pressed it down and extinguished it. What child could have reasoned better and done more?

Although, perhaps, no danger could have come from the fire still no one knows what the result might have been, and the monkey evidently believed that prudence is the better part of valor.

## Solid Shot Abandoned.

The use of solid shot in warfare has been practically given up. The projectile of to-day is a conical shell of steel, hollow, and sometimes loaded with powder so as to explode, or by a time fuse. It is wonderfully different from the shell of twenty-five years ago. In those days one could watch the projectile as it sailed through the air in a graceful curve, at length bursting. There was even time to get out of the way, under favorable circumstances. But the new style of shell moves at the rate of a little over half a mile a second. On striking a metal target its energy being transformed instantaneously into heat, it becomes red-hot, and a flame is actually seen to burst from the point struck. Such a projectile moves, one might say, in a straight line, and its impact at a distance of a mile seems almost simultaneous with the discharge of the gun. Such a shell, passing near a man, would tear his clothes off, merely from the windage. If it comes very near, though without hitting him, it would kill him. He drops dead without a sign of a wound. Whereas, an old-style shell would burst into a few pieces, the modern projectile flies into a myriad of small fragments, each of them moving with tremendous velocity. It may easily be imagined that half a dozen 6-pound Hotchkiss shells finding their way into a vessel would scatter death and destruction in every direction. Protective armour, owing to its great weight, can be placed only over the ship's vitals—that is to say, along the middle part of the hull near the water line, so as to cover the machinery. In future battles gunners will direct their fire against the unarmored ends of an opposing vessel.

## CURRENT NOTES.

A Western philosopher prophesies that the time is rapidly approaching when men will be relieved from all arduous labor by new applications of the inanimate forces of nature, and more especially electricity, which will be put at our service through discovery and invention. Twenty years from now, he says, there will be no more hard manual labor in civilization. The present tendency, unquestionably, looks that way, even if the end he foresees is not reached in so short a time as he fancies. Steam and electricity have already taken off the shoulders of men many of the heaviest burdens once borne by them. They have replaced human strength in lifting building materials, in loading ships, in agricultural operations, and in many other fields where formerly it was put to its severest strain. They have also largely superseded the power of horses, and thus those animals, so long associated with man in the heaviest work of the world, are sharing with him the relief afforded by the use of these inanimate agencies. And yet the Millennium has not made its appearance.

Another advantage enjoyed by this generation will be increased and extended in equal measure during the next few years. A contemporary refers to a report that preparations are making to put on the market next year a large supply of bicycles at greatly reduced prices. It is presumable that before many years their cost will decline like that of the sewing machine and that of clocks and watches, until it is brought within the means of almost everybody. The rich man with the fleetest horses and the grandest equipage will have no advantage over the poor man in possessing the means of travelling rapidly over the roads. Both of them will have their own private vehicles, and each can ride when he is so inclined. Invention and competition, besides reducing the cost of the bicycle, will provide for its propulsion by other motors than muscular strength, so that the rider will enjoy luxurious ease at a trifling expense of money. The burdens men carried on their shoulders or in their hands they can transport with the aid of machinery, and they can extend greatly the area within which it is possible for them to pursue their activities. The nursery rhyme talks of the time when beggars will ride and veritably that day is approaching.

The application of electricity to public transportation will largely reduce its cost to those who provide it and those who use it. The running expense of all machinery will be decreased greatly, so that it will be made available for multitudes of private uses for which the muscles of man and brute are now employed. The main part of the drudgery of civilization will be done by the forces of nature harnessed for human assistance, and the exemption from exhausting physical labor once enjoyed by the few only will be shared by all. As it is, under the present progress of science and mechanics, the poor man has ease and luxuries formerly denied to even the richest and the grandest. The markets of the humblest and most crowded districts now supply in abundance fruits and meats which not many years ago were rarely obtainable even by the most prosperous; and as the cost of production and transportation decreases, these will be still further multiplied and brought within the means of the people universally.

Perhaps the dream of the Socialist of a time when all the material blessings of life shall be extended so that they can be shared by all in their fulness, may yet be realized; but the fulfillment will be brought about by the very means socialism would destroy; by capital, competition, and the impulse which seeks for individual superiority. It will not come from the average ability of the mass, but from the superior ability of the few, whence has come the general advancement of mankind in all ages. It will not come from checking individual faculties, so as not to best your mates, according to the labor union principle, but from the eager striving to best your mates, and to get to the top, no matter if others cannot attain the height until you have shown them how, and have given the means of rising to the summit of advantage. And, after all, misery, sickness, poverty, and the effects of stupidity and vice will remain in the world.

### Take It Easy.

A French doctor's conclusion is that no one should ride a bicycle who has a tendency to excessive tension of the arterial system, for this tendency is a great cause of heart disease. Therefore, no one should take up the use of the wheel without the express authorization of a physician; and the doctor should make an examination not only before the patient begins to use the wheel, but after he has ridden it for a time. Moreover, the amateur should never ride at a high speed. If one's riding is regular and daily, one may go faster and further with safety; but if riding is interrupted even for a few days, one must take it up again with caution and deliberation. The temptation to go fast should be steadily resisted.

A Turk named Calphas, who thinks that the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey owe him large sums of money, has a curious method in Paris of calling attention to his claims. He goes to the Russian church on festival days and pretends to shoot himself. Several times he has been taken from the church to a hospital, where it was found that the pistol he had used was harmless.

Marshal Field, it is reported, made $7,000,000 in the dry goods trade last yea.

## THE FARM.

### The Essentials for Winter Dairying.

"I find that winter dairying is being more generally adopted every season, and in the fall of the year some farmers who have never tried it before are making preparations for the work. Last winter a great many dairymen went into winter dairying on a small scale, and I have yet to hear of one who found the work disappointing," says an exchange. "Despite this annual increase of the ranks, there are still comparatively few engaged in this work, either through ignorance or a fear so attempt anything new.

"I have found that more depends upon the kind of cow one has for winter dairying, than in summer dairying, and the animals destined for this work cannot be selected too carefully. If you intend to ship milk to the city, a good milk-producing cow above all else should be tried. The cows should calve sometime in August, and the heifers can be raised for the winter market with considerable profit. In August the green grass is generally dried up pretty well, and as the cows must have food at this time we must depend upon the green corn. Good fodder corn planted so as to be ready for cutting in August and September, makes the best sort of food for the mother cows. The corn will make the milk flow freely, and this is the greatest sign of success in the undertaking. If the cows do not have green, succulent food at this time they will dry up and never pay much for their winter keeping. The silo should be filled with good corn and grass so that the ensilage can be fed out as soon as frost has put an end to the green corn. The ensilage should be in sufficient quantity to keep the cows in excellent condition until green grass comes again the following spring.

"The rations of the cows engaged in winter dairying should be daily about twenty-five to thirty pounds of ensilage, and two and a half pounds of coarse middlings morning and night, and two or three pounds of clover hay at noon." This ration with plenty of fresh water and salt, will keep the cows in splendid condition, and make them yield a good quantity of rich milk and cream through the whole winter. If one has roots and cabbages on hand to feed to the cows, they will help to make the diet more varied, and the cows will appreciate the change. But generally the above ration is satisfactory, and it is not a difficult one to prepare. The middlings should be bought at the season of the year when the cheapest, and in a large quantity if any reduction can thus be obtained. The water for the cows to drink should average a temperature of about fifty-four degrees, and on cold days it must be warmed to this point. Ice cold water will chill the udder, and check the flow of milk.

"The cows should be put into the barn nights just as soon as cool weather is here. They need this shelter to enable them to do their best. The barn and yard should be kept as clean and sweet as possible. When the weather gets colder the cracks in the barn and stable should be closed up, and winds and draughts kept out just as much as if you intended to sleep in the place yourself. Most of our barns and stables are too windy for any cow to live in through the winter with any degree of comfort. A free use of tarred paper all around the building will make a wonderful change. Then if the stable is an old fashioned one, built right on the ground, fill up the sides a foot or more with sawdust to keep the wind from sweeping up under the boards. The warmth and comfortableness of the stable will make quite a difference in the yield of milk during the cold weather."

### Marketing Hogs.

A correspondent asks us: "When is the best time to market hogs? What is the best kind of hog to feed, and at what age should they be fit for the market?"

In answer, we would say that the best time to market hogs is when they are ready for market, irrespective of the time of year. At the present time, the best demand is for hogs ranging from 150 to 200 pounds, when dressed, and for these weights the packers will give better prices, provided that the pigs are of the long, lean kind, and not too fat. Some of the country buyers and shippers, it is true, do not discriminate between this class of pigs and others, but pay the same price for all they purchase, and they take care that the prices paid are on the basis of those paid by packers for hogs less suited for their business; that is to say, they pay lower prices than they should for the style of pig so much in demand.

Hogs should be ready for market when they are from six to ten months old, if they have been properly fed and pushed on. It is easy to get them to the required weights at those ages if the right kind of pigs are kept. After that time when those weights have been exceeded, more food will be required in order to secure the same amount of increase of flesh that had previously been made on less food, and, therefore, our correspondent will see that there will be more profit made by marketing his hogs before the period of increased feeding required arrives. A few years ago some feeders made a good deal of money by fattening pigs for marketing during the months of July, August and September, when the supply of hogs was light, and when, in consequence, prices were considerably higher than later in the year, when larger supplies come in. Now, however, owing to the increased number of cheese factories and creameries in the country, and the large number of hogs kept by them and by private individuals, in order to consume the whey and skim-milk during the summer, prices do not range as high as formerly in comparison with those paid at other seasons of the year, although considerable money is yet made by those who follow this course. The best advice that we can give to feeders is to market their hogs whenever they are ready for market, and not hold on to them too long after that period, in the hope prices will take an upward turn, as they are oftentimes quite as likely to go down.

### Oats and Colts.

Feed some of the cheap oats to the right kind of colts and rest assured that the dawn of the coming century, in spite of all our modern ingenuity, the world will still be in need of equine motive power, and if the signs point aright it will command a premium, says C. F. Curtiss.

There is no better property on the farm to-day than a good colt and there never was a more opportune time to go into horse raising in earnest. Not in the old way, but with a higher standard of excellence. Let excellence be the sine qua non and let it begin in the brood mare. It is well that the class of brood mares in use a few years since have been discarded.

In starting anew let the man who wants to make money in horses endeavor not to produce horses cheaply, but to raise the the best horse that his surroundings will permit. It will be better to get one good pair of mares and breed only these than to raise a dozen common colts.

What a change could be wrought in the horse stock of the country by 1900 if as the horse business revives every well-to-do farmer would get even one pair of superior pure bred mares of some particular breed and breed them to sires of the highest excellence. There is no avenue in agriculture that offers surer returns or more permanent success.

Oats are an exceptionally valuable feed for horses. Other feeds will produce as much gain in live weight, but there is perhaps no single grain feed so well adapted to grow bone and muscle, and give stamina and endurance in horses, as oats. For this purpose it should be used liberally the coming winter.

## A WAR ON THE WEEVIL.

### HOW TO STAMP OUT THE INSECT GRAIN-DESTROYER.

**Crops Worth Millions of Dollars Destroyed Every Year—The Little Pests Live Unseen in the Grain and Nibble Away the Kernels—New Remedies.**

The pernicious weevils are making themselves so obnoxious that experts are now engaged in making a special study of them. Every year they destroy many millions of dollars' worth of stored cereals in granaries and elevators. In fact, the question how to fight them is one of serious and growing economic importance. Strange to say, very little scientific attention has been directed to these insects up to date, and not much is known about them.

There are about forty species of these insects, some of which are beetles and others moths. Nearly all of them are assisted immigrants, having been imported from abroad in cargoes of grain. In this manner they have been distributed by commerce to all parts of the world.

Three of the species actually live in the kernels, while the others feed on the starchy contents. Grain infested by them is unfit for human consumption, and has been known to cause serious illness. It is poisonous to horses, and is not wholesome even for swine. Poultry, however, find it palatable and nutritious. The moths especially are so prolific that the progeny of a single pair in a twelve month will number many thousands, capable of destroying

SEVERAL TONS OF GRAIN.

Fortunately, the increase of these pests is checked to some extent by natural enemies among which are spiders that inhabit mill, and granaries. In the fields they are preyed upon by birds and bats.

One of the worst of these insects is the familiar "granary weevil," which is mentioned in the Georgics of Virgil. Its ravages made it known long before the Christian era. It is native to the region of the Mediterranean. Having been domesticated for so long a time it has lost the use of its wings. The female punctures the kernel with her snout and inserts an egg from which is hatched a little worm that lives in the hull and feeds on the starchy interior.

Quite as bad as this beetle is a moth that comes from the Mediterranean region also. The larva, which is known as the "fly weevil," does most injury to corn and wheat. In six months grain infested by it loses 40 per cent. in weight and 75 per cent. of its starchy matter. Incidentally, it is rendered totally unfit for food, and bread made from wheat infested by the insect is said to have caused an epidemic recently in France.

Another wicked imported bug is the "rice weevil." It originated in India, whence it has been distributed by commerce all over the world. At present it does as much harm as any other known insect. In the tropics generally it does enormous damage. Formerly, when long voyages were necessary in importing grain from the East, it frequently destroyed whole cargoes, having plenty of time to multiply. The adult beetles of this species cause much trouble in storehouses and groceries by invading boxes of crackers, cakes, yeast cakes and macaroni and barrels and bins of flour and meal. They can subsist for months on sugar, and sometimes they burrow into ripening peaches and grapes.

A new grain-destroyer has recently attracted attention, and has earned for itself the title of "scourge of the flour mill." It is the "Mediterranean flour moth." The caterpillars, spin webs which make the flour

CLOTTED AND LUMPY,

so that the machinery in the mills becomes clogged and has to be stopped for a considerable time. The larvae prefer flour or meal, but they flourish also on bran, prepared cereal foods and crackers.

Farmers are informed that the best remedy for such mischief is bisulphide of carbon, which may be applied in moderately tight bins by simply pouring the liquid into shallow pans or on bits of cotton waste and distributing them about on the surface of the grain. The stuff rapidly evaporates, and the vapor, being heavier than air, descends and permeates the mass of grain, killing all insects as well as rats and mice which it may contain.

In France a number of machines have been devised for the treatment of infested grain. Into these the grain is poured and either revolved while exposed to heat or subjected to a violent agitation, which kills the insects. Frequent handling of grain by shovelling, stirring or transferring from one receptacle to another is destructive to the moths, as they are unable to extricate themselves from the mass and perish in the attempt. The practice of storing grain in large bulk is also recommended, as the surface layers only become infested. Natives in India store their wheat in air-tight pits to preserve it from the rice weevil, and condemn ventilation. In Europe and America, on the other hand, ventilation is practised with decided benefit.

The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul.—Emerson.

## AWFUL TORTURES AT SEA.

### SAILOR MADE TO WEAR A CROSS OF CAPSTAN BARS.

**The Frightful Tortures Suffered by Seamen—Official Devilry in Designing Cruel Punishment—Log of a Floating Hell—Men Turned Adrift in a South American Port.**

The sailors on the American ship Benjamin Sewall, which came so near going to the bottom on the way to San Francisco, tell a vivid story about the brutal treatment of seamen who were forced to leave the vessel at Tame, Chile. When the ship got to that port in distress five sailors were told by the officers to leave. According to the statement of the seamen, the men who were thus discharged intended to have First Mate Smith and Second Mate Ostend arrested, for cruelty on the high seas, but could not do it because there was no American Consul at Tame.

The men turned adrift in Chile were Seamen West, Smith, Rosser, Bismarck and John Graber. Rosser kept a log of the trip to show when the acts of brutality complained of were committed. This log was written at nights in the forecastle, and all the seamen testify the truth of its statements. Hardly a day passed that some seaman was not struck or punished in some peculiar and ingenious fashion. Rosser sent the log to San Francisco by one of the seamen with instructions to turn it over to the authorities, but this was not done.

On March 6, 10 days out of port, Mate Smith struck Frank Smith in the face four times and then made him sit in the lee scuppers four hours scraping paint.

A seaman, called Bob by his mates, resisted the second mate, who was going to beat him. The two mates beat Bob insensible, and after he had returned to consciousness

TIED A CAPSTAN BAR

on his back, and made him work for 12 hours scraping and washing paint. There were two wounds in his head, from which blood flowed. The next day and the day following his punishment continued. Bob was compelled to eat his food in the poop, and was not allowed to go forward. Some of the sailors saw him, and his face was swollen and his eyes were bloody. He was kept on deck all night carrying his cross of capstan bars. The mate made him beat a tune on a tin can with handspikes. On this second day of torture the other sailors were compelled to lower Bob over the side to hook a mousing on the foresheet. The ship kept dipping him in the water, but he was kept there half an hour. The next day (Sunday) the cross was still kept on the seaman's back. Another sailor who had come in for a good share of the beatings, John Graber, was sent to the poop to read the Bible to Bob, while the mates stood by and laughed. Graber was also compelled to pray for the man with the cross on his back.

According to the seaman's log, from that time on Bob was given only about three hours' sleep a day. On March 12 Bob was sent aloft and made to cry, "Yes, sir; all right, sir," for half an hour. On the 17th the cross of capstan bars was removed by the captain's order.

On March 30th, while Frank Smith was at the wheel, he let the ship be taken back. Mate Smith struck him three times in the face, and then compelled him to put up tackle in the main lower rigging, and to hoist and lower himself for half an hour. All the time Smith was

CRYING FOR MERCY.

Mate Smith got after his old friend Bob again on April 1, and the log relates that the mate attacked him while sending down the mizzen royal yard, and, on getting him foul in the main waist, beat him over the naked back with a bight of rope until his back was black and blue, and covered with welts.

On April 23 the second mate, Ostend, knocked Graber down and poked him in the eyes with rope to wipe the tears away. Two days later a shed like a dog kennel was erected on the forward house for Smith to sleep in.

The log relates that on April 27 Mate Smith getting out of patience with Bob because he did not hear one of his commands, compelled him to take off his trousers on deck. The mate took the end of a broom handle, roughened with the carpenter's rasp, dipped it in hot tar and rubbed it over the sailor's legs until he howled with pain.

On May 5 Mate Smith struck Seaman Graber because he wore his coat while pulling in the main brace.

"After the ship was put on the other tack," says the log, "the chief mate lashed Graber's coat to his body and marlin-hitched his coat sleeves from the shoulders to the wrists so tight that it stopped the circulation of the blood in his arms. He did likewise with his trousers from the thighs to the ankles. Then he took a board one foot by two feet and wrote with chalk the words thereon: 'I am not cold; I am not sleepy. Toughey, toughey.' This was lashed to Graber's back. He was sent to the wheel, so the captain could see him, and was kept there until four bells."

The sailors were at times compelled to march two and two about the deck, carrying a flag and beating

A DECK BUCKET

for a drum—this by way of humiliation. When three of the crew fell ill, the mate compelled them to fasten tackle on each side of the main lower rigging and hoist themselves nine feet above the deck. Rosser was too weak to do it and was sent to the poop for punishment. He fell in a fit and Smith threw two buckets of cold water over him and had him dragged back to the forecastle. The mate took to carrying a pistol.

"This ship is a floating hell," is the language of the log. "What surprises all of us is that the Captain allows the mates to carry on this way. The capstan bar that Seaman Bob of the starboard watch carried for 22 days, off and on, weighed about 12 pounds. It was worse than a ball and chain and was never taken off him except when he was sent aloft, which was seldom."

D. T. Lochead, M. A., assistant master of English and modern languages at the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, has been appointed head master of Caledonia High School.

A black serpent six feet nine inches in length was killed in the Otonabee river, at Rosa's bridge, the other day. It was perfectly scaleless and not unlike a common black snake except in size.

### SOMEWHAT CURIOUS.

Tahiti, in the South seas, is now lighted by electric lamps.

Fully 1,000,000 people and over 70,000 vehicles enter and leave London each day.

In the famous Garden of Olives at Jerusalem there are eight flourishing olive trees that are known to be over 1,000 years old.

The largest sheep ranch on the North America continent is one of 400,000 acres lying in the counties of Dimmit and Webb, Texas.

The largest steam shoveler in the world is at work in the phosphate beds of St. John Island, near Charleston, S. C. It weighs 50 tons.

An English firm has built a torpedo catcher which dashes through the water at the rate of 32 knots an hour. She is for the Russian government.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" was first published on the 31st of August, 1678, and on the same date ten years later its great author passed to his rest.

Prof. F. G. Plummer, of Tacoma, Wash., is authority for the statement that there are hundreds of trees in that vicinity upwards of 700 feet in height.

In Norway and Sweden before any couple can be legally married, certificates must be produced showing that both bride and bridegroom have been duly vaccinated.

Lilies of the valley in France are called "virgin's tears," and are said to have sprung up on the road between Calvary and Jerusalem during the night following the crucifixion.

A Chicago man has invented a steel spring tire, which he believes will succeed the pneumatic tire. This great achievement was in response to a demand for a contrivance which cannot be punctured.

Only once in the last fifteen years has the official income of the British attorney general been less than $50,000; in 1893-94 it was over $100,000, though the salary is $35,000 a year. The solicitor-general's salary is $30,000.

It is estimated that a man weighing 150 pounds, riding a bicycle at the rate of seven miles an hour, has a momentum of 1,500 pounds, leaving out of the account the weight of the wheel. This is sufficient to upset a pedestrian with terrible force.

The alphabets of the different nations contain the following number of letters: English 26, French 23, Italian 20, Spanish 27, German 26, Sclavonian 27, Russian 41, Latin 22, Greek 24, Hebrew 22, Arabic 28, Persian 32, Turkish 33, Sanscrit 50, Chinese 214.

One of the most singular peculiarities of the floral world is the evening primrose, which opens about 6 o'clock p.m. with an explosion, not very loud nor formidable, but still quite perceptible to any one who is watching the bud. It remains open all night.

The families of Japanese who fell in the late campaign against China are most anxious to possess some remains of their dead relatives, however mutilated. In one village the friends of a deceased soldier solemnly brought back a paper man fastened to a real leg—the only portion which could be found after the owner was killed by a shell.

About a million complete Bibles, and an equal number of prayer books, are issued by the Clarendon Press every year. There are 78 different editions of the Bible and 90 editions of the prayer book printed. The revised version does not sell one-tenth as well as the older version of 1611, while the revised New Testament, though it sold rapidly when first published, scarcely sells at all now.

### WELL GUARDED.

**The Money in the Bank of England Amply Protected.**

Of the millions of pounds of treasure stored during the year in the banks of London, it is interesting to learn that, so careful and thorough is the system of surveillance that rarely more than a few thousands get into the hands of thieves and burglars. Modern locks, bolts and bars, aided by electricity and other scientific means, have caused hundreds of would-be bank burglars to retire or to spend many weary years under a sentence of penal servitude.

Few great banks in the world are so carefully guarded as the Bank of England. The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" keeps a good watch upon her treasures. One room alone—the specie room—is estimated to contain gold coins of the total value of £5,000,000. It is a large vault, around whose walls are numerous iron safes, containing bags of gold, each representing the value of £2,000. What the total of the Bank of England's contents may be it is difficult to say, but doubtless £20,000,000 would be a fair estimate. Day and night is this wealth rigorously guarded. Even if a burglar were able to pass the bank guards on duty during the night, he would find himself face to face with unexpected and insurmountable obstacles.

The safety of the Bank of England is further insured by a magnificent system of electric wires, all which communicate with the quarters of the bank guard and elsewhere. Once a burglar touched these wires he would set into motion bells whose sound would alarm every one within hearing distance, and the thief would fall an easy prey. The difficulties in the way of opening safes are also Homeric. Many of them made by Chubb, they will stand anything except dynamite.

Every bank and insurance company's office in London has its own strong room and safes, in which may be stored valuables, etc. The strong rooms of Coutts' bank are a sight to see, and if their contents could be revealed it would be found that more crowned heads than the queen deposit their moneys and valuables in that old establishment in the Strand. The newer banks probably possess even safer strong rooms, for in their instruction the latest improvements are incorporated.

The safes and deed boxes used by the safe deposit company are remarkable for their security. Deeds and share certificates representing a value of hundreds of thousands of pounds are stored in them, and most of the boxes are fitted with combination keys so constructed as to prevent anyone picking them or solving the combination puzzle, which is of a most intricate description.

In nearly every case the big banks are chary of speaking of the manner in which they keep their treasures. One bank permits only its managers and an assistant to visit certain strong rooms, while another, to guard against any tendency shown by the watchmen to fall asleep, presents its servants with chairs on which they can sit in a certain position. If one falls asleep and moves in the chair, the piece of furniture closes up and throws him upon the door. The result is that unless the watchmen can sleep standing or walking, the employers of the bank are bound to keep their eyes open.

## THE HOME.

### Their Help.

One would hardly think a family of eight ordinary, rollicking children could be called an ideal one; yet I believe there is a real family of that size which has honestly earned that title, writes a correspondent.

"You have good children," I exclaimed enthusiastically to Mrs. Kent, one day when visiting there.

"Yes," she answered, looking around on her eight hopefuls, "they are good, if I say so myself. I do not believe we have ever raised a hand against them. Love and firmness are always exercised thoroughly, and we find them much more effective than the methods many of our friends employ."

The weather was disagreeable and the children, the youngest but three, were housebound. From the quiet that prevailed one would think only one child was present. If one of them wished to speak to the mother he came quietly up to her and waited until there was a lull in the conversation; then, whispering his request, ran away to his play. The mother always greeted them with, "What is it dear?" and all she answered was "Yes" or "No." They seemed to understand that she meant what she said, and did not even pout when the answer displeased them.

"How do you manage to keep them all so quiet and busy," I asked.

"Well," she replied, "I always depend upon them to help me, even to the baby. They seem to think I could not keep house without their help. I never hire them by pennies because that makes them think work cannot be done without pay; but I sometimes surprise them by a nice treat which they enjoy immensely. I have taught the two oldest to be very careful with my dishes, so now I never have to wash one. I expect them to do it perfectly, and am rarely disappointed. My oldest boy is learning to cook, and you cannot imagine what a help he is. I believe boys should know how as well as girls. He scrubs nicely, so it is seldom I trouble myself about that. For a long time have done without hired help. Of course, it takes time to show and teach them, but I must exercise patience, and it pays in the end. Why even the Baby here runs errands for me, little as he is, and delights in doing it, too."

So that was the secret of her success. Many mothers would be wise to try the same plan and thereby save the many steps that weary her.

Another family I have in mind, not so large by three, is the noisiest of my acquaintance. The busy mother does not care to be bothered by her children's help or questions. They have nothing to employ them, and, as a consequence, quarrels and hard words are frequent. The mother intending to remedy this, promptly boxes their ears and sends them out to play. Next time they are together the same thing happens. Such a thing as performing a task with quiet and ease is utterly foreign to any child in that family, and one feels greatly relieved upon leaving the house. The children are good naturally, but mischievous like most of them, and, having no training and nothing to do, they fall into all sorts of plights, for which they are slapped or cuffed in a haphazard manner, and, of course, consider getting out of the way or dodging the threatening hand as a huge joke.

Contrast the two families. Certainly when respect is shown children they can be little ladies and gentlemen. In one family judgment is used in their training; they are quietly reasoned with when in the wrong, and the whys and wherefores the explained. In the other no more respect is shown them than would be given a lot of little puppies. No doubt one mother loves her children as well as the other, but one has solved the problem of training children properly and the other has not.

Children, like everything else in this world, grow as they are trained. Let them have certain hours for work before and after school, and plenty of play, and teach them in useful lines and they will be interested in what they do.

### About Bread.

Almost all housekeepers find that nothing seems to accumulate so fast as stale bread. This is really no waste if taken care of properly. A splendid way is to gather all the scraps into a pan and place in the oven, when not very hot, to dry. When brown and dry, grate or roll them fine and put in a jar for future use. Crisp crumbs like this can be used for so many delicious dishes, and are always nice to roll patties and croquets in.

German Toast—Cut into slices stale white bread and soak ten or fifteen minutes in a pint of milk, into which are mixed two beaten eggs and a pinch of salt. Fry in equal parts of hot lard and butter until each slice is a golden brown and serve with jelly or sauce. This makes a delicious dish for breakfast.

Saratoga Biscuits.—Heat a pint of milk over the fire, and when hot enough to melt butter remove; add butter the size of a walnut, three well-beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Let them rise in a warm place for two or three hours. Make up into small biscuit or bun-shaped cakes, lay close together on a well-buttered tin, and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Flour Gems.—One and one-half cupfuls of flour, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of butter, one egg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix the flour and baking powder together, stir in the melted butter and the milk, and then the egg, well beaten. Beat the whole until light and foamy and with it nearly fill the gem pans, which should be hot and well buttered. Bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Graham Muffins.—One and one-half cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve the soda in a teaspoonful of cold water; add it to the sour milk, beat the egg light, stir it into the milk, and then the flour and salt. Bake as directed in the preceding recipe.

### Fine Prospect.

Didn't Smithett nearly talk you to death?"

"Yes; but it's ten years since I saw him, and he has to tell me all he knows."

"Well, it will take him another ten years to tell you all he doesn't know."

The wage earners of Rhode Island are 42 per cent. of the whole population.

## Local and Personal Briefs.

J. A. Mara, M.P., left for Southern Kootenay Thursday.

J. O. Piper, of Trout lake, is rusticating in town for a few weeks.

Mrs. Clark, of the Columbia House, who was seriously indisposed early in the week, has quite recovered.

Supts. Abbott and Marpole returned from down river Thursday and went west the same evening.

Rev. James Calvert will conduct the morning and evening services at the Methodist church to-morrow.

WANTED.—Apprentice for dress and mantlemaking department. Apply at H. N. Coursier's.

Mrs. H. A. Brown, who has been unwell for some time, left for Kamloops yesterday.

The pay car met with a slight accident on the branch Monday night. The damage was speedily repaired.

Dan McGillivray has been awarded the contract for track laying on the extension of the Arrow Lake Branch.

The histrionic geniuses of the Dramatic Society are contemplating another assault upon a defenceless public.

Rev. W. J. Stobart, of Bermondsey, England, will conduct English church services in the schoolhouse to-morrow at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Service will be held at the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening at 7:30 p.m. by Mr. Guthrie Perry, Sunday School at 3.

The foot-ball match last Saturday resulted in the discomfiture of the C. P.R. boys and a victory for the scrub eleven from the town.

F. McCarty began clearing ground yesterday for the erection of a new butcher shop. His business having outgrown its present accommodation.

Murray Hume left for Kamloops Hospital on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday the operation of removing an abcess from him was successfully performed. He is doing well.

Louis Nelson was rather seriously injured about the head while engaged in blasting on the branch extension Wednesday. He came to town Thursday night for surgical treatment.

About 25 people in charge of Mr. Richard Farrell, the C.P.R. travelling passenger agent, went through Wednesday bound for the new Norway colony at Bella Coola.

Rev. J. A. Wood returned from the coast on Tuesday and has since been confined to the house with an attack of mountain fever. Two of Mr. Wood's children are also ill. They are all doing well.

The contract for the building of the English church has been awarded to E. Picard and operations will be commenced almost immediately. A volunteer brigade cleared the site on Tuesday last.

W. A. McIntosh and wife arrived down from Downie creek on Sunday. Mrs. McIntosh is one of the two women in the little ranching colony at that point and has been up there for a year. She went east this week to spend the winter with relatives in Ontario. Mr. McIntosh returned to the Bend.

The dog poisoner has renewed operations and as a consequence several representative canines have been gathered to their fathers during the past week, the most distinguished amongst the deceased being F. B. Wells' "Nigger." There will be "wigs on the green" when the perpetrator is discovered.

The civic committee out of deference to a cross-eyed team and its driver, have demolished the evergreen arch which was the one remaining evidence of our reception to Royalty's representatives. They would have liked to retain this memento of a pleasurable occasion, at least until the next instalment of distinguished visitors arrive, but humanitarian motives deterred them.

A very handsome drop is being painted for Bourne's Hall. The work is being executed on the premises by Artist Halton, who has been specially imported for this contract. The suburbs of the scene will be picturesquely decorated with the announcements of the local merchants, who have taken advantage of this opportunity to hand their names down to posterity on the immortal canvas.

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

J. R. HULL & CO.
Wholesale and Retail
BUTCHERS.
Purveyors of High-class Meats.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.
All orders in our line will be promptly attended to.

## Another Railway Fight.

After pursuing a policy of siege for several months past, says the *Colonist*, the Northern Pacific people have decided to again give active battle to the Great Northern for the Victoria and Puget Sound passenger business. The first move in the game will be made to-morrow (Friday) morning when a general reduction of fares by the Schome goes into effect—a rate of $1 to Seattle or 50 cents to Port Townsend being announced. Of late the Rosalie, has had considerably the best of it so far as passengers are concerned, and it remains to be seen if the cut will turn the tide of popularity in the other direction. It is fully expected that the Rosalie's managers will meet the reduction, and perhaps go it one better. In any event travelling between Victoria and the Sound by either of the morning boats will for a time at least be a very inexpensive amusement. The cut does not affect freight rates.

## Red Devils In Washington.

Chief Deputy U.S. Marshal Vinsen returned to Spokane Wednesday from the (U.S.) Okanagan reservation, bringing news of a most horrible crime, perpetrated by two Indians, named Chuckwaski and Poickolpotsy. They stole little Mary, the twelve-year-old daughter of James Poil. Keeping her out in the mountains, they repeatedly assaulted her, and then tied her upon a cayuse and turned her adrift in the wild country to the north. For nearly two days the cayuse wandered aimlessly about the wilderness with the senseless girl firmly strapped to its back. Thus she was found on Monday by a party of searchers. The child was restored to consciousness with great difficulty, when she related her terrible sufferings. The country is being scoured for the Indians; if caught, a terrible revenge is in store for them.

## Ontario's Grand Old Man.

A record without parallel in the history of constitutional government is the incumbency of the Premiership of Ontario, by Sir Oliver Mowat. For 23 years continuously he has been premier of the premier province and on Thursday he entered upon the 24th.

## Paragraphs of General Interest.

Snowstorms on the prairies have delayed trains this week.

Sir Donald A. Smith has been re-elected a director of the Great Northern railway.

The trial of Holmes, the alleged multi-murderer, was begun at Philadelphia on Wednesday.

Premier Bowell and Minister of Justice Tupper are holding a pow-wow this week at Washington over the Behring sea matter.

The gold obtained at the recent clean-up in Cariboo has been safely transferred to the Bank of Montreal, at Montreal. There was $70,000 worth of the yellow metal.

The future city of Trail has already attained to the distinction of having a newspaper published within its limits. The production is a credit to both the publishers and the town.

B. Laurance's spectacles and eye glasses are always in stock, every sight for far and near, at the Revelstoke Pharmacy. Eyes examined free by Dr. McLean.

The body of J. H. Treemer, wharfinger at the Union S.S. Co.'s wharf, was found floating in the inlet at Vancouver Monday morning. Foul play is suspected, as his watch and chain were gone and his pockets rifled.

J. Alden Loring, field naturalist to the U.S. department of agriculture, who has just returned from a trip to the Jasper Pass, says the country shows signs of great mineral wealth which needs only good prospecting to unveil.

The amount of wheat in store at Fort William is now 2,076,489 bushels. Extra fleets of steamers will be put on next month to take some of the grain east. The shipments last week were 720,000 bushels and the receipts nearly a million bushels.

A feature of this town (Trail) especially noticeable to one who has been used to mining camps in the States, is the absence of the "bad man." The gun fighter is unknown here, and when an unusually bitter difference of opinion exists it is settled with nature's weapons.—Trail Creek *News*.

At Sarnia, Ont., on Saturday last, Angus McLeod, class B champion bicycle rider of Canada, rode an unpaced mile to a flying start in the phenomenal time of 1 minute 33 2-5 seconds. This is nearly two seconds faster than the fastest mile ever run by a race horse for the record is 1.35 1-4, done by Salvator. It is also a reduction of the world's bicycle record by 14-5 seconds. The best previous record was made by W. J. Edwards, of California, in 1 minute 34 3-5 seconds.

## Meeting of Shareholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a general meeting of the shareholders of the Revelstoke Printing and Publishing company, limited, will be held to consider the company's affairs in Mr. Haig's office at Revelstoke (old town office) at 7:30 p.m., on the evening of November 13th, 1895.

F. B. WELLS,
Secretary.

## Application for Liquor License.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days from the date hereof, we, the undersigned, will apply to the Stipendiary Magistrate for West Kootenay, at Nelson, for a license to sell spirituous liquors at our hotel, situated at the mouth of the Columbia river, Upper Arrow lake.

J. FOLEY.
P. ARENA.

Revelstoke, October 24, 1895. 29-4t

Mineral Act (Form F).

## Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

BLACK PRINCE MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: six miles up Gainer Creek. Take notice that I, Herbert T. Twigg, agent for William C. Yawkey, free miner's certificate No. 50840, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice, that adverse claims must be sent to the Gold Commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this thirtieth day of September, 1895.

Mineral Act, 1891, "Form F."

## Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

KING WILLIAM MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, free miner's certificate No. 55,141, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice, that adverse claims must be sent to the Gold Commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this seventeenth day of September, 1895.

H. ABBOTT.

## Administrator's Notice.

In the County Court of Kootenay; holden at the East Crossing of the Columbia River;

In the matter of James N. Fowler, deceased, and,

In the matter of the Official Administrator's Act; dated the Fifth day of August, A.D., 1895:

UPON READING the affidavit of Alexander C. McArthur, it is ordered that James Ferguson Armstrong, Official Administrator for the County Court, District of Kootenay, shall be administrator of all and singular the goods, chattels, rights and credits of James N. Fowler, late of Illecillewaet, free miner, deceased, and that this order be published in the KOOTENAY MAIL newspaper, in each issue thereof, for the period of sixty days.

Signed, CLEMENT J. CORNWALL,
C.C.J.

The creditors and persons interested in the estate of the above named James N. Fowler, are requested within 60 days of this date to forward to me, per registered letter, full particulars of their claims, and after the expiration of such 60 days, I shall proceed with the distribution of the estate having regard only to such claims as I shall have notice of.

Dated at Donald, 8th August, 1895.

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Official Administrator.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a sitting of the County Court will be holden at Revelstoke, B.C., on Wednesday, the 13th day of November, A.D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

JOS. D. GRAHAM,
Registrar County Court.

Revelstoke, Oct. 12th, 1895. 27-5t

## TABLE

Showing the Dates and Places of Courts of Assize, Nisi Prius, Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery for the year 1895.

FALL ASSIZES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Clinton | Thursday | 26th September |
| Richfield | Monday | 30th September |
| Kamloops | Monday | 7th October |
| Vernon | Monday | 14th October |
| Lytton | Friday | 11th October |
| New Westminster | Wednesday | 6th November. |
| Vancouver | Monday | 11th November |
| Victoria | Tuesday | 19th November |
| Nanaimo | Tuesday | 26th November |

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GO TO
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GILKER & WELLS.

Mineral Act, "Form F."

## Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

ABBOTT MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: on Hatley Creek. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, of Vancouver, B.C., free miner's certificate No. 55,141, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice, that adverse claims must be sent to the Gold Commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this tenth day of May, 1895.

16-9t H. ABBOTT.

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