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

REVELSTOKE LODGE, I. O. O. F., 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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NEWS FROM YUKON.

What the Mounted Police are Doing in the Disputed Territory.

Many of the papers across the line have been lashing themselves into a perfect frenzy over the presence in the Yukon district of an detachment of Canadian Mounted Police—twenty men, including officers. Much of the news received by them has been unauthentic and from totally irresponsible sources, and is characterized by the inspector as "poppy cock," but upon this slender foundation, some of the jingoes have not hesitate to talk of the possibility of fight. The first official report of the conditions prevailing on the Yukon was received by the Department at Ottawa, on Tuesday, from Inspector Constantine, who is in command of the force there, and from which some idea can be gathered of what the police are doing and the difficulties they have to contend with. The report is dated September 5th, and it has taken exactly two months to reach the capital. Constantine's previous communication was a brief note dated July 27th, or three days after he and his men arrived at Fort Cudahy. In the interval a dozen constables had been up in the wood cutting logs for huts, while the remainder were clearing ground for the proposed barracks. The police post is located at the junction of Forty-Mile creek with the Yukon river. The whole country thereabouts is covered with dense moss, ranging from five to ten feet in thickness, and when this is cleared away ground is struck. The earth where covered is frozen solid the year round. Constantine says the winter quarters will be completed by the end of September. Meantime all stores have been safely housed and protected. American reports about the construction of forts and stockades he characterizes as simply poppy cock. Since the arrival of the police at Fort Cudahy the feeling of mistrust with which the, were greeted had passed away and the police were on friendly terms with the population of the town, which this winter will number about 2,000. The output from the mines around Fort Cudahy this season will be about $300,000, all the result of placer mining. The government's action in sending a force in and asserting British ownership of this district is more than justified by the collection of over $7,000 for customs and other dues; and this amount Inspector Constantine remitted to Ottawa. Last year the commandant brought back with him over $3,000 collected for revenue. Surveyor Ogilvie arrived at the fort the middle of August and at the time the mail left was busily engaged in a survey of the townsite. The Yukon river was expected to freeze up the middle of September.

An Officer of the "Forty Nine."

MR. EDITOR,—J. P. Null, now ranching at Ducks, is probably the only one living of the officers of the old Big Bend steamer "Forty Nine," which run on the Columbia river in the early days of the gold excitement. Mr. White, who was celebrated for skill in navigating swift water, was captain; Al. Pinkston, mate; Wash Eldridge, engineer; Mr. Briggs, purser; and J. P. Null, steward and cook. The steamer run for two years, 1866 and 1867, beginning in May or early June, making three trips every two months for the entire season. She had capacity for 75 tons of freight. In the middle and high stages of water, the boat run without a line, but lined in low water for about five miles through the canyon, a short distance above Revelstoke. Mr. Null never had an accident but once, when the capstan pulled out and flew forty feet into the air.

There was a great crowd of miners in 1866, but the rush was over in 1867, and more were going out than coming in. Capt. White would not take any one to Big Bend unless able to pay his fare, but carried all out if necessary without charge. The steamer in high water run from Little Dalles to LaPorte; in low water, from Old Colville, which is 26 miles below Little Dalles. GOLD RANGE.

November 8, 1895.

Convicted of Murder.

During the past few days three men have been found guilty of murders, the perpetration of which have made them notorious in the criminal annals of America—Durrant, at San Francisco; Holmes, at Philadelphia; and Shortis at Beauharnois, Quebec. Though Durrant still proclaims his innocence the verdict of guilty is generally accepted by press and public as a just one. Holmes, who was convicted of murdering Benjamin Pietzel and who is accused of murdering a number of others in connection with his insurance swindles, has applied for a new trial. Shortis, who was convicted of the Valleyfield murders, was sentenced to be hanged on January 3rd. An effort is being made to secure a reprieve on the ground of insanity.

Fighting for Spokane.

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* is still of the opinion that Spokane must and will remain the supply point for West Kootenay. In referring to the subject it says: "Several contestants in British Columbia are fighting for a part of the trade of the Kootenay, Revelstoke, Vancouver, Victoria and Nelson. The visit of the British Columbia board of trade to the Kootenay was for the express purpose of establishing trade relations. It will be a difficult thing for Victoria or Vancouver to wrest the trade from Spokane. Many articles both in dry goods and groceries must be purchased in the United States, pay a duty, then be shipped to the coast and back again to the Kootenay; while Spokane, right under the border and only a short distance from the scene of the greatest activity in British Columbia, can successfully compete with the Vancouver merchant. Spokane is all right and will continue to sell goods at Rossland, Nelson, Kaslo, Three Forks and other points within easy reach."

A Sale in the Wellington Camp.

J. R. Toole, acting agent for Marcus Daly, purchased from Duncan McIntosh the now famous Winnipeg claim in Wellington camp for the sum of $60,000, says the Midway *Advance*. The terms of purchase are—$1,000 down; $4,000 as soon as the crown grant is obtained, which will be as soon as the claim is surveyed and it can be issued, and $55,000 before the 15th of July next. Between the present and the 15th of July the purchasers are given permission to carry on development work at their own expense, the proceeds from the ore shipped (if any) to revert to the original owner. The claim was located this summer by Duncan McIntosh, and development shows an ore body 15 feet wide assaying from $35 to $40 per ton.

He is Favorably Impressed.

Cecil Slade, who was through the district a few weeks ago as the representative of Mr. Frank Barnard's English syndicate has started back for London laden with specimens from our mines. He expressed himself as very favorably impressed with the mineral prospects of B.C.

The Keeley Motor Again.

John Jacob Astor is reported to have bought a large interest in the celebrated Keely Motor company, and in the inventions of John W. Keely, Philadelphia, whose supposed discoveries in physics have been talked of for twenty years over the civilized world, and which are declared by some engineering experts and scientists to denote a development of a new force, said to be as much more marvellous than electricity as electricity is more wonderful than steam.

Still Locating Gold Claims.

The Eburne gold boom has extended to Westminster, and may soon spread to the south shore of the river. Within the last few days, several claims have been staked on Lulu Island, about a mile and a half below the bridge, within the city limits, and a large area of the northern side of the island, a distance of about ten miles, has been staked out in claims. Some experienced miners believe that if gold is found at Eburne, on further development, the same rich deposit will be found to underlie the whole of the delta lands on both shores of the river.—*Columbian.*

They Sympathize With Us.

Referring to the condition of the smelter here, the *Spokesman-Review* says: "In this particular Spokane can sympathize with Revelstoke. There is a first class smelter here, in which the fires have never been lighted, and it stands a monument to the volubility of Henry B. Clifford. The attempts which have been made to start it, up to the present time, have been futile, still there is a lingering hope in the loyal breast of every Spokanite that the smelter will yet fulfill the mission for which it was erected."

I. O. G. T. Officers Installed.

The following officers were installed at the last regular meeting of Columbia Lodge I.O.G.T.: E. O. Lewis, C.T.; Mrs. Lewis, V.T.; B. R. Campbell, Sec'y.; Miss E. M. Lewis, Asst. Sec'y.; Miss A. Valentine, Fin. Sec'y.; Miss H. Lee, Treas.; Mrs. Howson, Chap.; J. Nolan, Marshal; Miss L. Toombs, Deputy Marshal; G. Boyd, Guard; F. Fretz, Sentinel; P. Mesley, P.C.T. Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the ceremony. A revival of interest in the organization was evidenced by the initiation of several new members.

LOCAL MINING NEWS.

Items of Interest From Camps in the Revelstoke Division.

Capt. John Grant was in town Wednesday. He seems very well pleased with the progress made at the Maple Leaf, Illecillewaet, where he has been superintending operations, and has just let a contract for 200 feet of tunnelling. A force of men will be at work throughout the winter but their efforts will be confined entirely to development work. No effort will be made to ship ore until the proposed tramway and concentrator are put in. The captain has visited the new finds on the north fork of the Illecillewaet recently and is very enthusiastic about them, speaking in the highest terms not only of the mineral but also of the lay of the country which is comparatively level. They had eight horses with the party and packed out over 200 pounds of samples which have been forwarded to Vancouver for a mill test. The assays received heretofore from these finds gave $5.50 in gold and over 100 oz. in silver per ton, besides which there is every indication of very large ore bodies, all of which has helped to convince the captain that the north fork will be a great producer, probably the greatest in the country.

E. L. Kinman came in from Trout Lake Thursday. He has been at work on the American, of which he is one of the owners, and will put in the winter there. They will work six or eight men all winter and expect to have the distinction of being the first to ship ore from the Trout lake district. They will commence shipping as soon as the weather permits of rawhiding over the trail recently completed, and count on delivering from 80 to 100 tons at Tacoma this winter. The ore of the American, at present prices, is worth about $110 per ton. Mr. Kinman disposed of a quarter interest in the American to Abrahamson Bros. yesterday. He will return almost immediately with rawhides, ore sacks and several tons of supplies for the winter's work.

Andy Parks and J. D. Sibbald returned from the Bend Wednesday evening. Bedrock had not been reached when they left the Park mine last Sunday and there is a probability that work will be suspended for the winter as no provision has been made for winter working and the frost is beginning to interfere with the operations. Mr. Parks has followed the fortunes of this claim for two years now and seems just as confident of success as ever. He says enough gold has been taken out of the shaft, which is now down, to convince him that there is something good there if it can be reached, though the depth of the working has been somewhat of a disappointment to him.

Tom Downs and Charlie Holden came up from Trout Lake this week. It is said that they are negotiating a transfer of the Silver Cup. This is one of the highest grade propositions in the Trout Lake district. Wm. Dixon has been examining the claim for the prospective purchaser who is said to be Dan McGillivray.

Every one who comes up from Trout lake is enthusiastic about the prospects of the camp. They look for a rush in there next summer and feel confident it will occur. Claim owners are doing more work on their properties than at any time previously.

Horne's boat returned from the Bend to-day. It will start for Trout lake Monday with six tons of supplies.

Howe and Anderson have got their supplies up and started work on the Gold Yain, Carnes creek.

The Republicans Were Successful.

The elections in thirteen states on Tuesday resulted in what might be termed a Republican sweep. Not only have the Republicans been successful in their old strongholds—Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Iowa—by even increased majorities, but they have captured the Democratic State of Maryland and the doubtful one of Kentucky. In New York State the Republicans have maintained their hold upon the Legislature and have been generally successful throughout the State outside of New York City, where the protest against the strict enforcement of the Sunday closing laws gave Tammany a small but important victory.

Mr. J. A. Susman has been visiting the Boundary creek camps in the interests of the C.P.R. He expressed himself as agreeably surprised at the large ore bodies found there.

J. Burley Smith, the English engineer, who has been inspecting in the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods, telegraphs to Toronto that he has discovered an outcrop of the celebrated Sultana gold lode on two islands and has acquired both islands. Mining operations will commence at once.

ONLY A MILLION.

Surrounded by friends, his society eagerly sought by clever poor people and by dull rich people; the proprietor of an excellent estate and the master of a million, there seemed to be nothing left for Mr. Cawley to desire; and yet Mr. Cawley felt that there was something still wanting to complete his happiness. He began to be cynical and to quote the line, 'Man never is, but always to be blest.' He did not know where the line came from, and he did not care; it looked like a truth, and that was enough for him. He several times thought it would be the best thing for him to return to business, and to apply himself to the accumulation of another million or to the losing of the million he possessed. But that was a very wild idea, and he easily reconciled himself to the theory that his hand was somewhat out of business, and his health would no longer endure hard work. He even thought of marriage. He examined various desirable objects in the marriage market; but being a man accustomed to making a good bargain, he turned away from the numerous available ladies offered for his inspection without making up his mind. Indeed, he felt somewhat dissatisfied; his wealth and position were so clearly the main conditions of his acceptability. Of course it is unnecessary to indicate the absurdity of Mr. Cawley's dissatisfaction. He had some bitter thoughts, though; he felt that he was not in himself the great creature his flatterers would have him believe he was, and whilst the humour lasted he was somewhat disagreeable in his intercourse with the flatterers. But flattery administered in sufficient doses and with proper discretion, is sure to overcome and drown any self-discoveries; and there are always greedy or ambitious persons about who are ready to live by the proper supply of that article, or, at any rate, to help themselves forward by the use of it. Mr. Cawley withdrew from the matrimonial market, a little disgusted and annoyed, perhaps, but without resigning the idea of matrimony.

His friends, however, thought he had made up his mind never to wed, and the most distant relatives found their interest in their dear kinsman suddenly awakened in curious ways. He blossomed out again into the great Mr. Cawley, in his own eyes, as he had been always in the eyes of others, and he decidedly liked the position much better than the one of doubt and bitterness into which his matrimonial speculations had betrayed him. From this time—without definitely deciding to do so—he cast away all doubt of himself; but he suspected everybody who came near him; he was pleased by the sound of his own praises, whilst he was filled with contempt for the persons who uttered them. He did not express that feeling, however, and he gave to those who in his estimation were likely to be influential friends all the regard which he ought to have given to those who loved him.

He, however, had sense enough to make an attempt to escape from the jovialities of such a life, and, having his place in Sussex, he proceeded thither.

His cousin, Ruth Hansford, was there to receive him.

"You have got everything very nice, Ruth," he said, after he had gone over the place.

"Yes, Cawley; I wanted to make everything comfortable for you when you came. I have been so anxious to see you; and I am so glad that you are quite well."

"That's all right," he muttered irritably. "I want something to eat."

Ruth, who was a girl with large blue eyes and fair hair, looked at him with an expression which was so mingled that it would be difficult to describe it; there were regret, laughter and astonishment in it. At one moment she seemed ready to make fun of her friend; and at the next to scoff at him; and again, she had an undefined desire to try and rouse him from his morbid self by dragging him along with her to the wild dissipation of a walk in the moonlight.

"Now, will you leave me alone, Ruth? I will tell you presently what I mean to do."

He drew a long breath. "You know what I mean to do! I am going to have a lot of people down here; I am going to have a lot of fun, and we are going to have all the people in the neighbourhood coming to us, and you must attend to that."

"I am afraid it will be too much," she said with an alarmed expression.

"Nonsense!" he cried peritantly. "You will be married some day; you will have to attend to these things, and the sooner you begin to learn the better. By-and-by you will thank me for being hard upon you—as I seem to be now."

"Very well, I shall do as you tell me," she said, bending her head, and there were tears in her eyes. He saw them, and suddenly caught her in his arms.

"Ruth, Ruth, what is this? Have I been unkind?"

She remained passive whilst he patted her on the head and looked earnestly into her eyes. They remained silent for a moment—she not knowing how to answer; he not knowing how to say more. Then she dashed her hand across her eyes, and tried to draw back from him.

"No, Cawley, you are not unkind," she said meekly, "but I am not well, and should like to go upstairs."

"Certainly. You shall do as you please—I was only anxious to comfort you; but of course, if you think it is better that you should be alone, I shall leave you."

Ruth drew herself away from what was really intended to be only a fatherly embrace; but which had become to her the touch of a lover.

When she had gone, Cawley rose and looked at himself in the mirror; then, with a "humph" not expressive of much admiration of his personal appearance, turned away and paced the floor with hands clasped behind him and head bowed.

"What on earth could she be crying for? I did not say anything to offend—surely she could not object to my embraces!"

He paused there, for a curious thought presented itself to him. Whilst he had been flitting about in London society, seeking a suitable wife, he had never thought of this simple girl who had been living lonely in his country house. How admirably she had arranged everything, and how handsome she was! That had never occurred to him before. Could it be possible that, after all the women he had seen, he should find in his own home the one most suitable to be the companion of his life?

But this was nonsense; he had made up his mind never to marry, and he gave himself credit for being a man of resolution. He went out on the lawn and walked meditatively up and down with Ruth's fair face flashing in his mind's eye.

CHAPTER II.

THE REASON WHY.

Had he known the meaning of Ruth's tears, he would not have been so calm. She had been indeed very lonely in this large house, with few friends to visit or receive except the family of the Vicar, the Rev. John Ware. But his family was a large one, and supplied her with society enough for her modest requirements. There were six young ladies, and a son, the youngest of the family, and about as mischievous a boy as could be found in the country. He was petted by his sisters and still more petted by Ruth, with whom he professed to be desperately in love.

At the quiet evening gatherings at the Vicarage, Ruth met another person who became her friend; that was George Mowbray, a young surgeon, who had recently set up in practice in the village. He was a very calm young fellow, but with a certain amount of humour in his conversation and ways which pleased the Vicar, and therefore he was as frequent a visitor as Ruth herself, and so they often met. His practice was still moderate, and he had plenty of time to talk to her about books and botany. In the latter science she was much interested; and by-and-by it came about that Ruth and the young doctor would occasionally be found walking in the lanes studying the wild-flowers which grew plentifully by the hedgerows.

The meetings were innocent of all thought of love on either side, and their conversation entirely related to the subjects of their study. The nearest approach to an expression of anything beyond friendship was when the Doctor sent her a Christmas card.

He meant nothing by it; and yet when he had written her name on the envelope he lingered over it, and when it was finished eyed it with an expression half critical and more that half tender. He repeated the name to himself, and the sound seemed to please him. He was smiling as he placed that simple card in the envelope. He did not expect that she would send him one, and yet he was disappointed when none came. He did receive a goodly number of letters and cards on Christmas morning, and he hastily turned them over seeking the dainty penmanship which he knew well from the lists of plants and wild-flowers which she had drawn up.

But he was perfectly calm as he proceeded to examine the contents of the envelopes before him. Somehow, his breakfast did not agree with him that morning, and it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to have visited on the previous night an old lady who lived on a distant part of the weald, and who was always comforted by his appearance, although her ailment was one which he knew could not be cured.

When Ruth saw the card which the Doctor had sent her, there was a momentary flush on her cheeks, her eyes brightened, and she examined it with much more attention than she gave to any of the others which she had received. The design was a very simple one, only a forget-me-not resting by the side of a Christmas rose. There was no inscription on the card.

For the first time the thought flashed upon her that her feeling towards George Mowbray was that of very warm friendship indeed; and when she met him at the Vicarage on the following evening, the flush again appeared upon her cheeks, and her bright blue eyes sparkled as she shook hands with him.

Then came the early spring, and the walks in the lanes—botany and new books being still the subject of conversation—and each seeming to the other to have no thought of anything else.

Suddenly Dr. Mowbray was summoned away from the village, and a young college friend of his came to take charge of his small practice during his absence.

Ruth asked the Vicar why Dr. Mowbray had gone away so suddenly.

"Poor fellow!" was the answer; "he has met with severe losses. His mother is dead; she possessed a little money; and that was taken from her by one who was very dear to her. The blow killed her."

Ruth's expression was one of pity and distress.

"But will not Dr. Mowbray find the man and punish him?"

The Vicar shook his head.

"No; he will not seek him even. This man is his brother, and this leaves poor Mowbray without the slender support he had to enable him to work on here until his merits were recognized and secured the reward they deserve."

She went home that evening thinking very much about George Mowbray, and her heart full of pity—pity so intense that it was more than akin to love. In such a mood she had an earnest desire to help him in some way. How could she help him except by sympathy? She could give him that, but if she could have given him practical aid, that would have made the sympathy perfect. She was vaguely conjuring up all sorts of dismal pictures of poverty and hardship; and it occurred to her that she might ask her cousin Cawley to do something for him. She shrank from that idea, however, knowing how Cawley would patronise the young doctor, and how the latter would resent such patronage.

So she pitied him and wondered what he was to do, and by the end of the third day she was anxious to learn when he would return, in order that she might offer him all that she had to give—her sympathy. Her inquiries at the Vicarage about his movements were constant, but always made so simply that the Vicar suspected nothing. The girls, however, began to smile, and at length young Ware, suddenly starting up from a book with which he had been lounging on the couch in the drawing-room, cried out before the whole family:—

"I say, Ruth, look here, I am getting jealous!"

"Jealous of what, you foolish boy?" she said, smiling and blushing.

"Oh, you know," he answered sulkily; "and I know."

Happily, the Vicar was present, and checked the boy.

"What is this rudeness, sir?" he said sternly; "leave the room."

The boy rebelled against the commands of his sisters, but he never dared to disobey his father. As he moved towards the door Ruth took his hand kindly, but he snatched it away and dug his knuckles into his eyes as if to hide his tears.

"Why, Bob is crying, papa," said one of the girls as she hurried after him.

The Vicar was amazed at this singular conduct of his son; but he was an easy-going man in most domestic affairs, and, except when some flagrant wrong was committed, allowed his children to have pretty much their own way.

"I am afraid Bob's stomach is out of order," he said practically; "you had better give him some castor oil, Cissy."

Ruth, who understood what Bob was hinting at, made her excuses and got away as early as possible to the lonely house of her cousin.

Would he come back, or would this distress and shame drive him away from the place altogether? It was not of her cousin she was thinking.

Dr. Mowbray returned, a very pale man, and looking much older than he did when he went away. But there was a steadiness in his eyes and a firmness about the lips which indicated that, if he suffered much, he was determined to keep his pain within doors. He spoke to no one of his loss, or of the bitter degradation which he felt in thinking of his brother and the wrong he had done.

His first meeting with Ruth was as quiet as if he had never left the place; she thought there was a symptom of reserve in his manner when he touched her hand. Formerly he smiled when they shook hands; now he was quite grave, and gave her the conventional salutations in a conventional manner. They did walk through the lane which led towards the Vicarage; and they did speak of plants and flowers; but there was certainly constraint in his manner.

As days passed she became conscious that he was trying to avoid her. At first pride bade her turn away from him and forget him, and for a little while she followed the dictates of her pride. But from her window one day she saw him passing along the road with shoulders bent, as if beneath some burden that was too heavy to bear, and pride was thrown away.

The day was foggy; the afternoon was dark; and the Doctor, sitting in his consulting-room dreaming, whilst apparently engaged in the study of some scientific work, was roused by the announcement of a visitor.

'Show him in,' he said wearidly.

'But it's not a "him," sir, it's a "her,"' said the stout middle-aged lady who acted as his housekeeper and general servant.

'Very well; I can see the lady.'

His visitor was dressed in black, and a thick veil covered her face; but he knew at once who it was, and starting hastily from his seat, exclaimed:—

'Miss Hansford!'

She threw back the veil at once, and replied quickly:—

'Yes, Dr. Mowbray, I have come to ask your advice.'

'Are you ill?' he inquired hastily.

'No; but there is a friend of mine who is ill, and I wish you to tell me what may be done for him.'

The two stood regarding each other—she with a perfectly expressionless face, he with an earnestly inquiring gaze, and even the shadow of a frown upon his brow. But the shadow cleared away, and he placed a chair for his visitor.

'I shall be happy to attend to anything you have to say, Miss Hansford; but it would have been more satisfactory if your friend had come himself. I gather from what you have said that it is a gentleman about whom you wish to speak.'

'Yes, Dr. Mowbray, it would have been better had he spoken for himself; but his chief illness seems to be that he cannot speak for himself; and so, without his leave, I have come to speak for him.'

'Is it a case of melancholia?'

'I think so.'

'Then I had better see him at once,' he said, half rising from his chair.

'First let me tell you the symptoms, sir. He is suffering from great mental distress, and it appears to cause him the greatest pain whenever anyone attempts to win his confidence. Even I do not possess his confidence—although I am here to consult with you as to what may be done to help him. He avoids his friends; he will not enter into any cheerful society; and his whole effort appears to conquer his grief by hard work.'

'An excellent remedy for such a state of mind,' said Mowbray, watching her closely.

'But then the benefit of the hard work is spoilt by his solitary broodings, and out of these no one appears to have power to rouse him. Do you think anything can be done for him?'

There was a pause. The doctor rested his elbow on the table and his brow on his hand; with the fingers of the other hand he beat a monotonous tattoo on the book he had been reading. At length:—

'The case is not an unusual one; there is evidently a greatly disturbed mental condition combined with some power of will—or obstinacy it might be called—which induces your friend to make an effort to fight through his trouble, whatever it may be, without bothering anybody.'

'It is obstinacy, for in the course he is adopting he is causing more pain to those who—those who respect him than he would do if he were to give them the greatest trouble in the world. If he would only speak out he would make us all happy by placing it in our power to do something to comfort him.'

She spoke earnestly, and there was a sweet cadence in her tone which thrilled the man who pretended to be listening to her with professional stoicism. Another pause, and then he turned to her such a white, wearied-looking face that the faint smile upon it seemed to render the expression the more sad.

'You are very kind, Miss Hansford, and your friend is very grateful to you.'

'Do you know him, then?' she inquired with a startled look.

He seemed to fling all reserve, all hesitation, from him in the instant and seizing her hands, he said, in a low passionate tone:—

'Yes, I know him—I am that patient, and you are the physician!'

She had started to her feet, but made no effort to withdraw her hands from him. Her eyes expressed joy mingled with doubt, as if the first impulse had been to throw herself into his arms and cry, for he knew now that he loved her. But she checked herself and drew back a little. He instantly released her—she had not altogether wished him to do that; but she was much agitated, and scarcely knew how to act.

'I have offended you,' he said sadly, as he too rose from his chair; 'please forgive me. It is a kind of madness that possesses me. So many things have pressed hardly upon me, and I have never been able to relieve myself by boring my friends with my affairs. Do not be angry with a piece of absurdity—but you have been like sunlight to me.'

She seemed to make a great effort to speak calmly, and she did look straight into his sad face.

'You must think me very bold in coming here to speak to you of yourself; but I acted as I thought a sincere friend ought to do. I see that I have done no good.'

'A friend, and not do good?' he exclaimed with a slight laugh. 'You have done good: you have banished some wild dreams which haunted me in spite of myself; and you have extinguished a will-o'-the-wisp of a hope which might have ruined me. Allow me to see you home.'

There was no confession; indeed, they were uncomfortably formal on the way to the house. But, when they stood at the door, he held her two hands again, and, gazing into her earnest blue eyes, the temptation to kiss her was so strong that he hurriedly turned away.

That was why her conduct was so strange when Cawley arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOMEWHAT CURIOUS.

An old African chief who followed Livingstone has just died. He leaves 45 widows.

Leather tires will in the future be employed on bicycles made for the French army.

In Trigg county, Kentucky, Mr. J. J. Thomas grew an apple that weighed a pound and ten ounces.

William Ludlam White, of Jamaica, N. Y., who will be 15 years old in October, now weighs 262 pounds.

In 1869 there were in London only 500 miles of underground wires, whereas there are now 13,000 miles.

People in Madison county, Kentucky, who have paid their taxes are entitled to be married free by the sheriff.

The Ural miners were disgusted when they found platinum, and did not at first imagine they could find a use for it.

The bicycle fad has struck Southington, Conn., so hard that the people have named one of the thoroughfares "Safety avenue."

Birmingham is the greatest brass-making town in the world, and it keeps in steady employment an average of 7,000 brass workers. Paris comes in a good second.

The reigning sovereign of Persia is always called by his subjects the Red King, from the color of his turban. A red turban is, in Persia, the distinguishing mark of royalty.

A medical authority on the virtues of various kinds of food declares that the herring gives the muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor, and is not flesh-forming.

The finest private museum in the world is the property of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, the eldest son of Lord Rothschild. It is at Tring, in Hertfordshire. The owner has given up half his life to it.

Linen can be marked by electricity. The fabric is dampened with water containing common salt in solution, and a current is passed for about two seconds from a silver die, carrying silver into the fabric wherever the die touches.

Statistics from the U. S. Railway service show that one passenger is killed for every 2,000,000 passengers carried, or every 44,103,228 miles travelled. One is injured for every 4,799,771 miles traveled, or one out of every 204,248 passengers carried.

Some ingenious rogues in Calcutta and Bombay purchase favorite brands of liquor in the original packages. They remove the good liquor without touching the cork or the capsule and substitute vile stuff. This is done by drilling a hole in the bottom of the bottle.

There is a story told about Gibbon, the historian. He was invited by a friend to join a shooting party. When he wished to return to town he could not find his hat, and it then transpired that for a whole fortnight he had not once used it. He took his shooting in the library among books.

Male elephants are employed, as well as females, in the Indian army, although the latter are preferred. When the former are captured they cannot be liberated again, for in that case the chances of imprisoning other elephants in the same district would be at an end, as they would warn others away.

Baron Hirsch has thus far sent about 4,000 Russian Hebrews to the Argentine Republic, and hopes to have a Hebrew community there of 100,000 within 10 years. He sends them out in companies of 50 families, each provided with a rabbi, and a doctor, and he expects them to settle in villages, giving a special tract for each company.

Living in the open air all summer has improved the Pope's health, which was never better than it is now. He is entirely free from the fainting spells that used to come over him in the spring months and when pressed with business. Dr. Lapponi says: "If nothing unforeseen happens, the holy father's constitution is so sound that he may well attain his hundredth year."

The trial of Wicks, the St. John's, Nfld., smuggler, has brought to light the fact that smuggling has been carried on to a gigantic extent by a well organized syndicate, the members of which, being strong supporters of the Whiteway Government, were given, it is said, a tacit support in their operations.

Mme. Thalberg, widow of the pianist and daughter of the great basso, Lablache, died recently in Thalberg's villa at Posilipo, in Naples, at the age of eighty-four. When her husband died she had the body embalmed with a petrifying preparation that preserved it with some semblance of life, and kept it seated in the room where Thalberg used to work.

The Sonndaza likes Paris very much, but in the midst of the gaieties of that frivolous city he does not neglect his devotional exercises night and morning. For these it is necessary for him, as it was in London, to face Mecca, and in order to find out just where Mecca, when in Paris, happens to be at the time, he consults a pocket compass, which he always carries with him.

M. Vallot, the rich Frenchman who has made a hobby of climbing Mont Blanc, and who has made the ascent twenty times, is a slight little man, not at all a typical climber. In his knickerbocker suit he looks more like the conventional tourist of the seaside than a mountaineer. M. Vallot now has a project for surveying the Mont Blanc range, and with a civil engineer and nearly a dozen assistants he recently passed through Chamounix on his way to the mountain.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

The crew of the E. R. Williams, foundered at Green Bay, Wis., during the great storm, owe their lives to the resourcefulness of Capt. Huntoon, who smoothed a path for the lifeboat through the mighty waves by the liberal use of oil. Without this precaution no boat could have lived out the storm and reached land. The men had given up hope, but the captain ordered them into the boat and then took off a big tank of oil. By dripping this on the windward side the surface of the water was smoothed, and while the waves tossed the lifeboat about as a cork the sea did not break, and to this the men attribute their escape from what must otherwise have been certain and speedy death. In the forenoon of the day after the schooner sank the men drifted on an island and succeeded in getting ashore without injury.

When winds do blow, predicting snow
And all is sere and brown;
The festive tramp breaks summer camp
And ramples back to town.

VALUABLE PAPER MONEY.

WHERE THE PAPER FOR THE BANK OF ENGLAND IS MADE.

Interesting Description of the Process Whereby Linen is Converted Into Crisp and Valuable Paper.

The Sketch, published in London, England, has this interesting account of the Bank of England paper mills. They are located four miles from Micheldever and are called "Laverstoke Mills," erected by Henry Portal in 1719 and re-built by Wyndham Portal in 1881.

In the "first process room" are sacks filled with strips of linen one or two inches long. The finer quality is for the Bank of England notes, the coarser for the rupees, dividend warrants, postal orders, and Bank of Ireland notes. The linen is soaked for three and a half hours, until the fibres separate, and they are then torn into atoms by toothed rollers revolving at enormous speed on a roughed plate. When the proper consistency has been obtained, this mixture flows below to the "vat room. Beneath two men are standing, one at the head, the other at the left-hand side of a vat full of this linen in pulp. The man at the head is called the "vat man," the one on the left the "coacher." The former holds in both hands a frame marvelously wired, outlined in accordance with the famed "water-mark." He clasps the frame in a square wooden band, and dips the whole of it in the pulpy mass. On withdrawing it, he shakes it to and fro to allow the superfluous water to pass away, and to secure equality of distribution. He then lays the frame on the side of the vat, and slides it towards the "coacher," which lays it face downwards on a board flannel sheet; another sheet covers it.

KNITTING THEM TOGETHER.

Layers of these notes and flannels are subjected to extreme pressure, which expels the water and knits the fibre firmly together. Each sheet is then laid upon a broad, endless flannel band revolving slowly under and over hot rollers, at the farther end of which they are collected, tough, crisp and rustling.

At every step of the process each scrap of paper is checked by automatic registers and the total must agree in each room before the notes leave it. After the paper is "sized" it is conveyed to the drying room. In this room the notes are counted, by girls. If correctly done the pay is three-halfpence for 500.

In another room the notes are counted with a rapidity that is bewildering. A corner is cut off each five pound note; in the case of a ten pound note the corners are intact, but there is a notch near the left hand top corner. Notches appear in all remaining values up to the £1,000 notes, appearing lower and lower down the side as the values increase. Thus it is possible to tell by the edge exactly the value of the paper you are dealing with.

THE WATER MARKING.

Held up to the light, the water-marking was a very marvellous sight. On the ordinary note, passing from hand to hand, the water-marking, though plain enough, is yet hidden to some extent by the printing on its face. With the paper absolutely clear, one appreciates the impossibility of attaining even an approximate imitation of the result which one achieves so readily with the coveted frame in one's hands.

Rupee, dividend warrants and bank of Ireland paper are also made here. The curious feature of the latter is the absence of any water-marking. There is the plain announcement, "Bank of Ireland," but beyond that, nothing. The mission of so distinctive a feature, does not seem to encourage forgery. The annals of the bank are, on the contrary, exceptionally free from this form of fraud.

The weight of the Irish note is much heavier than the English type, as is also the rupee. The five-pound note, unprinted, weighs some 16 1-2 grains; when sized, printed and complete, 3 1-2 grains more.

WEIGHING THE NOTES.

The machine by which the notes are weighed is as nearly human as anything can be. The feeder places the note on a winging balance. If the note be of the correct weight, the tray containing it tilts at such an angle as to drop it into a tray beneath. On the passage, the result is registered in a concealed indicator. Should it prove too light or too heavy, it is placed in other compartments. If, by any mischance, the feeder should fail to place a note on the tray, as it swings toward him, a bell rings, to denote that the indicator does not record this omission. The accuracy with which, at the outset of the process, the vatman controls his materials, may be judged from the fact that the number of notes rejected on account of their weight is simply fractional compared with those which satisfy this test.

All around an iron-cased room, some ten feet square, were piled, liked so many packets of stationery, notes labelled up to £1,000, awaiting their call to Threadneedle street. By the side of this safe lies the room in which the notes are packed before their journey to town. Two men, at least, accompany them, and they are, of course, armed. At the bank they are printed and numbered. Three thousand two hundred notes per hour is its output, and a test of thirteen years at the bank has failed to suggest in what more satisfactory way this could otherwise be accomplished. The number of the watermarking does not correspond with the facial number imprinted by the bank, and is merely a memorandum of the vat, date of week and year of its manufacture. Thus, B 6691 would mean that the note was made at vat B in the sixth week of the year 1891.

GUARDING THE TREASURE.

The precautions taken by day must, of course, be equally maintained at night. Throughout the building are notices stating that persons are liable to be searched by the police at any moment. At night the constables who patrol the buildings have six tell-tales to ring every quarter of an hour. If by any chance this duty is omitted, an alarm sounds in the foreman's house, county police station, and other places, at the lapse of a second quarter. Thus, humanly speaking, it would be impossible for any gang, however powerful and adroit, to remain in uncontrolled possession of the building for more than half an hour. In that space of time it would be entirely futile to attempt to force the safe-room, to which place, at night, everything is taken.

In the postal-order room, 72 reams are turned out each working day. In this building, some sixty feet long, the whole process, very similar to that of note-making, is initiated, continued and concluded.

In the cistern which holds the pulp, a moderator controls its flow as it passes along a broad metal bed to the first roller. This revolves just off the metal sheet and compresses the pulp into something like solidity. A second roller impresses the marking and value. It then passes up and over a hot metal cylinder, which halts every few seconds for a small sizing-band to descend and touch the paper. On the far side of the roller it is cut into sheets holding four complete postal orders. These fall, two by two every moment of the day, into compartments fitted for their reception.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Children's Paradise.

Travelers are fond of calling Japan the children's paradise. This perhaps comes from the fact that Japanese children never cry. Maybe this is an exaggeration because crying is the only way in which any kind of a baby can express its feelings. But if it is not an exaggeration, then it seems the country where this happy state of affairs exists should be called a paradise for grown people quite as appropriately as one for children.

The Japanese babies are born with a smile on their faces and really can't help always wearing that same smile, just as they can't help the shape of their faces.

John A. Cockerill has been visiting Japan, and he says, after telling about the many holidays in that country, that there is no rudeness nor boisterousness in the holiday boy of Japan. He is full of life and bounce, but hoodlumism is not known in Japan. He spends his pennies for nuts and mysterious sweetmeats like other boys and takes his fun in the most rational manner.

He is less boisterous and less robust than our Canadian boy, but his amusement resources are apparently as great. There is no prettier sight than a group of joyful Japanese children at play. It is pure sport without the slightest rudeness.

Mr. Cockerill says he never saw an exhibition of viciousness among the children. The deference shown to their elders on all occasions is simply beautiful. Rich and poor children seem to mingle together in amity.

Surely little Canadians might learn a lesson or two of these little Japs!

There are two days in the year which are totally given up to the children in Japan. The first day all the doll shops in all the large cities—Tokio, Kioto, Yokohama—are gayly bedecked with what are called nina sama—tiny models of both people and things, the whole Japanese court in miniature.

Dolls of every conceivable style and variety seem to fill the landscape. This is the great holiday for little girls.

All small feminine children in Japan are entitled to wear as gaudy colors as their parents are able to secure. As they grow older their dress grows more sedate, until by the time the age of 10 is reached they have a costume graded off to sober gray kimaras or pleasing shades of blue and pink. A little girl carrying off a half dozen fiercely bright colors is not an unusual sight, especially on the holiday assigned to their sex. On this day the streets are bright with swarms of girls attired in the gaudiest raiment, with hair dressed in the most fantastic shapes.

On the 5th of May the boys have their holiday. They own the country then. Every house has a gay pole of bamboo, from which floats one or more gaudy fish made of tough paper. The wind blows into the mouths of these fish and inflates them. They float and writhe and wriggle in a most natural way. Some of them are of enormous length. These fish are supposed to represent carp, and the idea is that, as carp swim up the river against the most obstructive currents, so may a sturdy boy swim in life's current and achieve fame and fortune. This lesson is well taught. As is the number of boys in the household so is the number of paper fish on the pole in front thereof.

The boys are great kite flyers, too, about this time. They build them of bamboo sticks and the strong fibered paper for which Japan is celebrated. They are enormous in size and the boys send them up a half a mile or so.

Dainty Play Songs.

For "The Bird Song" half a dozen children are selected to play the part of birds. With the first words of the song away they skip on tiptoes, with outstretched arms in undulation, the light and airy motion imitating the fluttering wings of flying birds.

Thus the children, except those representing the birds, sing:

Fly, little bird, fly 'round the ring:
Fly, little bird, while we all sing:
Then fly down at some child's feet—

And down the birdies flutter, each at the feet of some chosen mate from the circle about.

Who will sing you a song
What is soft and sweet,
Stay, little birdie, stay with me,
And my little birdie be:
If you stay I'll treat you well
And give you a home wherein to dwell.

But the birdies have no intention of staying, and at the intimation of a cage, up they rise and off they go, their wings now in a flutter of fright and seem delighted to have the concluding words of the song:

Fly, little birdie, fly away,
And come back so to one day.

The "Mouse Song" is another dainty little play song.

Two children take their places in the corner of the room, clasping hands so as to imitate a trap. Another child plays the mousie, while the others sing:

Oh, mousey dear, oh, mousey dear,
You'd better leave off stealing here;
We give you warning kindly meant,
So take more care or you'll repent.
Oh, mousey dear: Oh, mousey dear!
What will be your sad end?

But mousie dear continues nibbling cheese at each desk, creeping here and there to get chocolate cake, only stopping occasionally to give his whiskers a twist and smirk a bit—as mousies are supposed to do. At last he unwarily runs into the trap, and then the children sing

Now you have met your sad end—

In tones becomingly sympathetic at the direful fate that has overtaken mousey dear.

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant; and of all tame, from a flatterer.—Ben Jonson.

ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE SOCIETY'S NOBLE WORK IN REWARDING THE BRAVE.

Medals Recently Awarded By It—Deeds of Daring in All Parts of the World by Which Life Has Been Risked to Save Life—How the Testimonials are Awarded.

The Royal Humane Society of England, formed in 1774 by thirty-two persons, has continued to grow and flourish until the present day its medals and honorary awards are as much prized in civil life as is the Victoria Cross in military annals.

No less than 720 awards were made in 1893, viz.: 1 gold medal, 11 silver medals, 190 bronze medals, 6 bronze clasps, 335 testimonials on vellum, 125 testimonials on parchment, and 52 pecuniary rewards with certificates. In addition to these "in memoriam" testimonials were forwarded to the relatives of persons who lost their lives in attempting to save others. Of these 482 occurred in England and Wales, 64 in Ireland, 32 in Scotland, 16 in India, 31 in the British Colonies, and 11 in foreign countries.

Wherever the traveller penetrates throughout the United Kingdom, all along the coasts and river banks and inland canals, and on the shores of every considerable lake, will be found a station and apparatus of the Royal Humane Society, consisting of ladders, ropes, life-buoys, drags and grappling irons, with persons specially instructed in their use and in the reviving of those apparently drowned. There are over three hundred such stations in and around London alone.

Scarcely a day passes without witnessing some deed of heroism in life-saving in some quarter of the world-wide British Empire. Here are a few recent incidents culled at random, the heroes and heroines of which were rewarded with medals.

JUMPED OVERBOARD AT SEA.

The steamship Peshawur was on her voyage from Aden to Suez, steaming eleven and a half knots an hour, in a strong head wind and a moderately high sea, when a Lascar fell overboard. Capt. S. W. Dickens, a passenger, at once jumped overboard to the rescue of the man. After securing a life-buoy, subsequently thrown, he swam with it to the Lascar, and with his help supported the man above water for seventeen minutes until picked up by a boat. They were then one and a half miles from the ship. The silver medal was unanimously voted to Capt. Dickens, to which was added later the Stanhope Gold Medal, awarded by the General Court.

A SKATING RESCUE.

John R. Patchell was skating with a party of ladies on Simmon's Lake, Dungannon, Ireland. The ice gave way and Mr. Patchell became immersed in twenty feet of water 150 yards from shore. He remained under the ice for a short time, and finally succeeded in breaking it above him, but could only keep his head above water, as in every effort he made to assist himself by leaning on the ice it gave way.

Miss Margaret Long courageously skated up to the edge of the hole, threw herself flat on the ice and, after undoing her cloak, handed the end of it to Mr. Patchell. She managed to retain hold of the other end of the garment, and thus kept him above water until help arrived. The silver medal was awarded to Miss Long and bronze medals to Messrs. Smith and Hart, who rendered gallant assistance.

A soldier named Burton was bathing in the River Ravi, at Shahpur, Punjab. He appears to have got into a whirlpool and was being carried under by the current when Private Charles Summerfield plunged in to his assistance and seized hold of him. He, however, failed to rescue him, as the current carried them both under water, and to save his own life he was obliged to relinquish his grasp and Burton was drowned. The river at this place is ten feet deep close to the banks and dangerous. Summerfield risked his own life in the attempt for which he received the silver medal of the society.

IN A SHARK NEIGHBORHOOD.

Two of Her Majesty's ships, the Philomel and the Widgeon, were anchored off Zanzibar. About 8.30 p.m. a boat from the latter came alongside the Philomel having for its occupants two men, one of whom, Patrick Kenny, when standing up in the boat, lost his balance and fell over the stern into the water. Charles J. Perry, who was doing duty as corporal of the gangway, looked over the side and saw something white drifting astern and was told that a man had fallen overboard. Without waiting to divest himself of any clothing he jumped overboard and endeavored to reach the man, who was sinking under the ship's counter.

At the first attempt he was not successful, but on diving a second time he reached the man and brought him to the surface, then swam with him to the gangway, supporting him until a rope was passed, which he fastened around Kenny, who was then hoisted on board. The danger incurred in this rescue was great owing to the presence of sharks. The night was very dark and there was a strong tide running at the time with a choppy sea. Perry got the society's silver medal.

A BRAVE BRITISH TAR.

During the Columbian celebration at New York, H.M.S. Blake was moored in the North River, when a boat capsized alongside the ship and its occupants were thrown into the water. There was a strong tide running, between four and five knots an hour, and there were numerous small steamboats about, all moving ahead in order to keep abreast of the Blake. Seaman Robert Halfyard, seeing a boy drowning, at once jumped overboard from the skid deck, a height of thirty feet, swam to the lad and held him up for a time, but some other person, who had also been an occupant of the capsized boat, caught the leg and pulled him under the surface, causing Halfyard to let go his hold of the boy. He, however, again swam to the boy's assistance, dived and succeeded in saving him. The silver medal was voted.

Two boats were caught in a squall and capsized in the Sound of Vatersay, Scotland, between Barra and Vatersay, and about thirty yards from shore. The occupants, three fishermen, were unable to swim, but they managed to clamber on to one of the upturned boats. Roderick McDougall, a lad of nineteen, stripped, swam out to them, and attempted to tow the boat and men to shore; failing to do this he attempted to get a rope from the boat to his friends on the shore, but found it too short for his purpose. He then returned to the boat with a knife, dived under it, and detached a sufficient length of line, which he brought to the shore, leaving one end at the boat. By his direction each man seized hold of the rope, and supported by McDougall gained the shore, thus all were successfully rescued. A silver medal was awarded.

At Kinnaird Head, Fraserburgh, a lad of nine years of age fell over a perpendicular cliff into the sea. Alexander Park's attention was called to the accident; he descended the face of the rock at great personal risk, clinging to tufts of grass, and getting within ten feet of the water, plunged in with all his clothes on, seized hold of the boy, and attempted to swim with him a distance of forty yards to a landing place; he, however, became exhausted after swimming twenty yards, and was obliged to cling to the foot of the cliff, supporting the boy with one hand. In this position they were helped to the shore by two fishermen.

A LUNATIC SAVED FROM A WELL.

A Sepoy jumped down a well at Saugor, India, probably with a view to committing suicide. Lieut. P. G. Griffin descended by means of the rope a distance of fifty feet, and dropped a distance of six feet into the water. Not finding the man, he dived and brought the man up from the bottom of the water, which was ten feet deep. A lantern was now lowered to the lieutenant, and eventually both men were drawn to the surface. But owing to a jerk being given to the rope securing the insensible Sepoy the man's body slipped from its fastening and again fell into the well. Griffin descended a second time, secured the man's body more effectually, when it was drawn to the surface, but too late for resuscitation. The risk in this case was twofold; there was danger in trusting to the well-rope, which may have been of insufficient strength to sustain a man's weight; and a possible risk from the bite of a cobra, as that snake is known to frequent the spaces between the rough stones forming the sides of a well. So no one grudged Lieut. Griffin the silver medal, which was unanimously awarded.

Henry Arthur Cooke, the British Vice-Consul at Archangel, Russia, was proceeding across the White Sea in a passenger steamer when he saw a man deliberately jump overboard. Without any hesitation Cooke jumped after him and supported him for three-quarters of an hour before a boat came to pick them up. The rescued man was suffering from delirium tremens, which added very much to the personal risk incurred by Mr. Cooke in effecting the rescue. This exploit called forth an award of the silver medal.

The Stanhope gold medal is awarded only by the General Court for the best silver medal case exhibiting the greatest gallantry during the year. Next is the silver medal, awarded for gallantly saving life from drowning or from asphyxia in mines, wells, etc., under circumstances of very great danger and risk to the salvor or salvors. The bronze medal is awarded for courage and promptitude in saving life from drowning or asphyxia under circumstances of danger and personal risk. Testimonials on vellum are bestowed for assisting in saving life from drowning, etc., at some personal risk. Testimonials on parchment for promptitude in saving life from drowning where the risk to the salvor was inconsiderable. Under certain circumstances pecuniary awards are given in lieu of the foregoing.

Unsuccessful attempts in saving life from drowning are considered and awards given on the merits of the case. In cases where the salvor loses his life in attempting to rescue, "in memoriam testimonials" are sent by the committee to the nearest relative of the salvor. A special medal for unsuccessful attempts is sometimes given.

Jail Inspector on a Bicycle.

In the New York State Reformatory the captain of the watch makes his rounds through the main corridors of the prison, a distance of about half a mile, on a bicycle. Being noiseless and swift, he can detect any defection on the part of the warders.

A Delicate Slicer.

Guest—Do you have machines for making these Saratoga chips?

Waiter—No, sah. Th' fust assistant cook shaves 'em off wif er knife.

I don't see how he gets them so uniformly thin.

He uster be dah roas' beef carve in er boardin' house.

Forestalled.

I utterly refuse your proposition of marriage! Do I not make myself plain?

Nature has forestalled you, he said, getting in his work with deadly effect.

One More Victim.

Anything new on hand, Ethel?

Yes; another engagement ring.

No Danger at all.

Mother—Emeline, you kissed that young man last night.

Emeline—Yes, mamma.

Mother—Don't you know that that is wrong?

Emeline—Oh, pshaw, mamma! I applied an antiseptic immediately.

Material Exhausted.

Gates—The only time I ever use whisky is when I am getting a tooth pulled. My wife will not allow me to touch it under any other circumstances.

Barnes—Has any pulled lately?

Gates—No. Haven't any left.

On the Honeymoon.

Eloping Bride—Dearest, do you think that father will ever forgive us?

Groom—Yes, when I figure up and show him the modistes', florists', caterers' and livery bills he escaped he'll be glad to.

The Way to Keep It.

They say that Patti is at last losing her voice.

Too bad. Why doesn't she sing into a phonograph and preserve it?

Faulty Piece of News.

Aw, they say, don't you know, that Cholly Caperway has twain trouble.

Too bad, bah Gawge. Why don't they do something?

They cawn't locate it, you know.

The twain or the trouble?

Bah jove, don't you know, I weally forgot to awsk which.

To an honest man the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives of doing good.—Addison.

SOME NOTABLE PEOPLE.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH KINGS, QUEENS AND EMPERORS.

Lord Mayor of London in Paris—A Costly Robe for the Czarina—The Pope of Rome and the Sultan of Turkey—Mme. Carnot's Grief—The Queen's Trip to Scotland—Engagement of the Princess Maud.

Diplomatically speaking, that potentate of the moment, the Lord Mayor of London, seems to have made a fiasco of his late excursion to Paris. He made a great impression on the Parisians with his golden state coach and powdered footmen, but he overstepped the mark when he went the length of extending an invitation to the French President to visit London. In responding M. Faure intimated that "it was not the like of him to talk to the likes of me" about visiting England, but an invitation coming from the proper source would be duly considered. In commenting on Sir Joseph's little break, a London contemporary suggests that if the French band had played "E Dunno Where'E Are" as the Lord Mayor entered the Gare St. Lazare instead of the national hymn it would have been a far more appropriate anthem.

The work on the coronation robe of the Czarina of Russia has been going on for months; it is to cost the incredible sum of $200,000. Pearls and gold, worked in the most modern scientific manner, are to decorate the dress worn by Her Imperial Majesty, Alexandra Feodorovna, on the occasion of her coronation. The dress is being made in Paris, where the decorations were also prepared. The coronation robe of the last Empress of Russia was white, studded with the most gorgeous and finest jewels. Her Majesty also wore a mantle of burnished silver and ermine and a crown of diamonds. It is customary for the "Holy Czar," as he is known in the ritual of the Russian Church, to be crowned in his army uniform. On this occasion he carries the golden sceptre, ornamented with diamonds. The diamond in the top is one of the finest in the world.

There are but two European potentates who manage to get along without change of residence or outings of any description. These are the Pope of Rome and the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan has never left Constantinople since he ascended the throne under such tragic circumstances, twenty years ago. And His Holiness has remained within the precincts of the Vatican since the triple tiara was placed upon his head in 1878. If the Pontiff will not leave his self-imposed confinement, it is because he feels that in leaving the Vatican his departure would be construed by the world at large as an acquiescence on the part of the Papacy in a state of affairs against which he cannot but protest.

The German Emperor once followed the example of the mad King Ludwig, of Bavaria, and was the solitary listener to an opera. A performance of "Gotterdammerung" was commanded, with Frau Sucher in the role of Brunnhilde, one morning at 11 o'clock. When the curtain went up the singers were so much amazed at what appeared to be a dark and empty house that they could hardly go on. As soon as their eyes became accustomed to the darkness they discovered His Imperial Majesty, the solitary auditor, sitting in one of the boxes. After the opera he decorated Frau Sucher and made her Chamber Singer, at the same time expressing himself delighted at his individual method of hearing the opera.

Mme. Carnot's grief for the late French President is morbid in the extreme. She has set apart a salon in her house to be transferred into a sort of private chapel, the decorations of which are the detached ribbons from the numerous wreaths sent on the occasion of her husband's funeral, the Russian ribbon of Admiral Avellan forming the centrepiece. The different silver wreaths, with the colors of the countries from which they were sent, are placed on easels. Albums in mediaeval bindings are filled with photographs of the late President's visit to Lyons, of his death-chamber there and of the funeral. The telegrams and letters of condolence from the great ones of the earth are also preserved in albums. In this room Mme. Carnot expects to spend a portion of each day.

The Queen's annual trip to Scotland costs her $25,000. The following are a few of the precautions she orders for her safety and comfort in travelling: The official whose sole duty consists in managing the Queen's journeys makes the announcement to the manager of the railroad over which the Queen intends to travel, and with the manager lies the responsibility for the Queen's safe transportation. To this end all traffic is suspended, and the lines kept clear; to every station-master along the line a notice is sent, the receipt of which must be acknowledged by the next train back, and also in the daily returns, and woe betide the individual who fails to do this. In addition to these precautions, plate-layers are stationed the whole distance along the line in sight of each other, and they signal by hand, so that railway accidents are practically impossible. Heads of stations must be in attendance as the royal train passes, and a locomotive inspector accompanies the engine-driver. A speed of forty-five miles an hour is maintained. During the Queen's recent journey to Scotland, she stopped at Perth for breakfast and an hour's rest. The station platform was enlarged, carpeted and hung with crimson cloth; flowers were sent from three palaces and the Duke of Athole and Lord Breadalbane waited to receive her. Her Majesty looking feeble and careworn, walked, with the assistance of two Indian domestics, down the incline leading from the train to the station. She did not even glance at the decorations prepared in her honor as she feebly made her way to the hotel where breakfast was served.

So many circumstances favor the reported engagement of the Princess Maud of Wales to her cousin, Prince Christian, ultimate heir to the throne of Denmark, that the statement does not seem to require the sprinkle of salt that the Wales girl's engagements have heretofore demanded. Apart from the fact that the prince and princess are first cousins, the marriage is in every way desirable; religion and politics, serious considerations in most royal marriages, being thoroughly harmonious in this case. Prince Christian's ultra-democratic, almost Socialistic views have kept his family in a state of anxiety lest he make a mesalliance, and a marriage with one of the Queen's granddaughters would be highly satisfactory to the conservative Danish court. During the last few years the Princess Maud's name had been coupled matrimonially with every marriageable prince in Europe. Even the melancholy eyes of the Shahzada were reported as turning admiring glances in her direction. Several members of the English nobility were also discussed as probable husbands for Princess Maud. The Queen, it is said, is highly opposed to another royalty-commoner marriage, on the ground that the commoner may have all sorts of impossible relations. The Argyll family, into which the Queen's daughter married, has all sorts of queer connections in Scotland, and the same thing is also true of the Duffs. In fact, the Duke of Argyll's daughter, the Lady Victoria, is reported as engaged to the Rev. John McNeill, who was a railway porter before he took holy orders.

THE DEEP WATERWAYS.

New York so Very Anxious to Become the Atlantic Terminus.

The question of a deep waterway to the sea, a channel enabling ocean vessels to penetrate to the upper lake ports, has been thoroughly and ably discussed at the Cleveland conference. One of the results of the discussion is the development of the fact that New York city is exceedingly anxious to become the Atlantic terminus. New York is prepared for a large scheme; its representatives think the project is practicable, and that it ought to be entered into. But the New York proposal means that some $200,000,000 shall be expended in the utilization of the Erie canal and its feeders. The people who are to provide the $200,000,000 are the owners of the Erie namely, the residents of New York State. It is a question whether the Erie could be dredged to the required depth. It is a long canal, and the problem of feeding it with water is one of moment. If rendered navigable, it is doubtful that ocean vessels could use it. Progress would necessarily be slow, and the cost of such navigation would be enormous. In addition to this, it is to be doubted that the relatively small vessels which are using the canal could continue the ocean trade. This is an

ERA OF LARGE VESSELS

and the size is constantly growing. The Liverpool Mercury reports the movements of the steamship Georgic, of the White Star line. Speaking of its cargo, the Mercury says: The shipment of live and dressed stock did not take up all the room that can be allowed for that sort of freight, and there was ample space on board for many tons of manufactured and miscellaneous goods after stowing away the following enormous entries of her freight list. Now note the cargo:—750 head of cattle; 9,000 sheep; 3,900 quarters of beef; 136,000 bushels of wheat; 90,000 bushels of corn; 550 bales of cotton; 2,000 sacks of flour; 1,800 bags of oilcake; 1,800 cases of oatmeal; 1,700 boxes of bacon; 300 barrels and tierces of provisions; 9,000 packages of lard; 3,900 barrels of rosin; 700 barrels of glucose; 1,000 cases of canned goods; 360 packages of soap; 400 barrels of wax; 300 barrels of bark extract; 1,000 barrels of lubricating oil; 100 tons of wood; 3,000 packages of acetate of lime; 150 barrels of oxide of zinc; and 10,000 packages of cooperage stock. This is the type of vessel that is to carry freight in the future and the idea of it navigating the Erie canal is scarcely reasonable. But there may be a chance for the smaller ocean grain-carrying vessels in the lakes provided that the means of approach and exit offer few obstructions, and that progress can be made at

A FAIR RATE OF SPEED.

For such a vessel, the best accommodation that can be procured is by way of the St. Lawrence and the St. Lawrence canals. Here there is a short stretch of canal navigation and a long stretch of river and lake navigation. But the deepening will be a very expensive work, and it is idle to suppose that an enterprise which will be of as much service to the United States as to Canada will be undertaken at the cost and charge of the people of this Dominion. Assuming that it is practical and useful, our neighbours must join in the expense. Mr. Oliver A. Howland, who has given thought to the question, is evidently of the opinion that United States co-operation is essential to success. Hence his advocacy of the system of international arbitration for the settlement of all questions that arise between the two countries as a preliminary step. The subject is a large one, and it requires great care and forethought before anything is done definitely with regard to it. Certainly the pros and cons ought to be considered well in advance of action.

Fine Delicacy.

She—He is a man of the finest delicacy of feeling. I don't care what you say about him.

He—That's so. He only touched me for a quarter when he might have made it a dollar.

Too Suggestive.

I don't eat any more at Snagg's restaurant.

Why not?

I complained of the steak yesterday, and he told me to bridle my appetite.

One Consolation.

Jinks—So poor Pulkem was killed in that railroad accident? He was in the smoker, I believe.

Binks—Yes, that's one consolation we all have. He forgot to take any cigars with him, and if he was smoking one bought of the train boy, death must have come as a welcome relief.

Where He Missed It.

Women, said he, oracularly, to her, are rarely good listeners.

And the prospective mother-in-law in the hallway only applied her ear a little closer to the keyhole and smiled grimly.

What Caused the Trouble.

Doctor, kin yes prescribe fer a sick feller fer nothin'?

What's the matter with you?

Indigestion.

Overeating?

Naw, nothin' in me stumick to digest!

Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition.—Johnson.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Fattening Fowls.

Fowls which are to be fattened for the November market, if not already in the fattening coops, should be placed there at once.

The coops should be clean, well ventilated, and large enough to allow the birds a little exercise; in short, they should be comfortable. Nothing is gained, and there will be a decided loss if the fowls are not comfortable. The coops must not be damp, and the fowls should not be exposed to draughts.

Fresh, pure, clean water should be kept within reach at all times; also plenty of sharp grit. The feeding should be done at the same hours each day. All stock will thrive better if fed regularly.

The fattening process should not be begun abruptly. If gorged with food at first, especially if the food has been given sparingly before this, it has a tendency to derange the digestive organs, and cause lack of appetite, if not more serious difficulties. If the bird has been fed liberally for some time before it is put in the fattening pen there is less danger; but even in that case judgment is required in feeding for the first few days. The quantity of food given should be gradually increased until it has all it will eat at least three times a day and even four times is better.

Food should not be kept constantly before the fowls. They lose the appetite for it almost as quickly as a human being would under the same circumstances. The food should be varied, and should be changed when they seem to tire of any one kind. Ground grains moistened with sweet milk may be given through the day, with whole or cracked corn, or corn and peas at night for the last feed. A little green food helps the digestion and aids as a relish.

If very rapid fattening is required, give ground rice well scalded, or whole rice, cooked and sweetened with coarse sugar; or corn meal scalded with milk and sweetened. Damaged rice may often be bought very cheaply. The moistened food should not be made sloppy; it should be moistened or wetted sufficiently to stick together.

The Littles in Dairying.

If a factory that makes 1,000 pounds of cheese per day, could by some concerted plan of action among its patrons and maker add a half cent a pound to its quality, it would amount to $5 a day, or more than $750 for the summer. No small amount in itself towards paying the expenses of the concern, and leave to the patrons just so much more with which to pay taxes, pew rents and claw-hammer coats.

And yet this is the experience of factories reported, who had demanded that all milk to be delivered, shall, as soon as milked, be aerated and cooled before being sent. In one factory a loss of 2 cents a pound on all cheese made by inferior quality and flavor was recovered, and the cheese sold after with the best, followed the rule of every patron night and morning aerating the milk and cooling to a certain degree before placing on the factory wagon. In quite a number of factories this season where this rule is being mandatory, there has been not only a noticeable improvement in the quality of the butter made, but an increase in amount, i.e., the milk creamed better, and the churn did more perfect work.

In this season, where a little helps, even if but for a little, this matter of improved qualities for dairy produce should not be lost sight of, and it is a time when such education pays, and in coming days of prosperity the lesson will be none the less valuable because learned now and practiced then.

Along this line there is a matter of great improvement that seems to be neglected upon the part of the patrons in another manner. It seems the rule that the cheaper a man can be hired to run a concern the better it suits, and cheap help is too often the rule, and is doubly expensive because of wastes and losses that result every day.

Then again, a large per cent. of these employes do not care a cent how their work is done so that they get their pay. They never try by better ways and improved methods to make themselves indispensable to the patrons. They never try to stop leaks, skim closer, churn more exhaustively, and granulate the butter more perfectly, but rather not know about these things because it makes them more work.

There is a place for the "coming" factory manager, and it is possible that the graduate of the dairy school with tests, scales, aerators, starters and No. 41's may raise the standard of excellence in our dairy produce factories, but the patron must also be a willing student, and work these aerators, coolers and double strainers and keep clean stables and cleaner cows, to enable this fellow to make the finer cheese and more fancy butter.

The lesson is not for one, but for the boy that drives the cows, to the man who stands between the factory and the consumer. It's along the whole line of operation.

Grading About Buildings.

There is no better time to do this work than in the fall, and there are few buildings that would not be the better for more or less work of this kind. At some points, perhaps only a wheelbarrow load or two may be needed, while at others several wagon loads may be required. For the benefit of the foundation walls, the grade should be at least three inches to the foot for at least five or six feet, especially if there is a cellar located under the structure. It not only looks better, but makes the cellar walls firmer, prevents water from soaking into the cellar, and renders it warmer in winter and cooler in summer. The earth used for the surface of the grade should be well enriched, and either sodded over now or grass seed sown and well raked in. About the doors of the barn buildings use stiff clay or gravel, and stones two or three inches in diameter should be placed on the surface and driven into the soil with a sledge and covered with two inches of soil. Every year again cover the stones that become exposed.

Look Out for the Profit.

Watch the cows closely when the hard frosts and cool nights come. After grass has been frozen it loses much nutriment, is less succulent and not so easily digested; hence does not nourish to the full require-ments of a dairy cow which gives a large amount of milk. Do not allow her to shrink in milk from this cause but supplement the failing pasture with more grain, a little clover hay, and whatever will stimulate her to full performance.

When the cold nights come put the cows in the stable, give them a good bed and make them as comfortable as possible. It will pay every time. No animal can be at its best which suffers from cold, a lack of good, nutritious food, or good care generally.

FALL FUN.

He—"I'd kiss you if I dared." She—"What! you don't think I'd strike a man, do you?"

Hoax—"Why do you call your hunting dog Indian?" Joax—"Because he's always on the scent."

Jess—"They say heaven lies about us in our infancy." Jack—"Possibly; anyway, the world does when we grow up."

"Jones has a good deal of money, hasn't he?" "Well he ought to have." "How is that?" "He never pays any out!"

"Darley is in dreadful trouble." "What's the matter—got into debt?" "No; that's just the trouble. Nobody'll trust him, and he can't."

"No," said young Spooner, "I wasn't really mad when her father drove me from the house; but I will admit that I was put out."

He—"Will you be mine—mine until death us do part?" She—"I don't know about that; you look as if you might live a good many years."

He—"Dearest, my whole heart is devoted to you." She—"But how about your pocket-book?" He—"Excuse me, but I was thinking about yours."

"Hello, Jasmun, where are you living now?" "With my wife, of course." "And where is your wife living?" "Oh—er—why—with her father."

"Cleopatra's needle weighs 180 tons—or so I have been told," said Harkaway. "I don't wonder she preferred flirting to sewing," commented Dawson.

Miss Prion (quoting)—"Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them." Miss Smart (musingly)—"Yes; I wonder what wise man made the one you just repeated."

Richard—"Wonder if we can get a drink at this place?" William—"Don't know. We can find out by going in, I suppose." Richard—"Thanks; don't care if I do."

"Hello, are you back?" said Squildig to McSwilligen, as the latter came in after a week's absence. "No; I've just gone," replied McSwilligen, mildly.

Hoax—"I never saw such an impudent policeman as that one." Joax—"That's not surprising. He couldn't be a copper with out a large percentage of brass in his composition.

"There are some cases," said the young man, "in which scientists say that smoking is beneficial." "Um—yes," replied the man of years. "It's a good thing for a ham, for instance."

Speculator—"Is there any money in inventions?" Manufacturer—"Not as much as there used to be. The inventors are getting so smart now that they actually demand a share of the profits."

Softly—"Your trip to the mountains seems to have benefited you." Bilkins—"It has made a different man of me." Softly—"Is that so? Then what has become of the man I loaned $10 to when you left the city."

Dudely—"Do you think Miss Elderkin is serious in her intentions regarding me?" Chumleigh—"You bet I do." Dudely—"Well, say now, honestly, do you think she means matrimony or adoption?"

Lawyer—"Have you formed any opinion on this case?" Juryman—"No, sir." "Do you think, after the evidence on both sides is all in, you would be able to form any opinion?" "No, sir." "You'll do."

Mr. Spinks—"Well, Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me?" Willie—"Yep. She's made up her mind, and she's making up her face now. She'll be down in a minute."

Ellison—"Hello, dear boy, you look sad this morning. What's the trouble?" Green—"I've just undergone a most annoying operation." Ellison—"What was it?" Green—"I had my allowance cut off."

A $50,000,000 Claim.

Mr. W. M. Hill of Dutton, was in St. Thomas the other day en route to Buffalo to take legal proceedings to secure possession of fifty-one acres of the business centre of New York City, of which he and a number of others claim to be the legal heirs. His grandfather, it is claimed, owned fifty-one acres on Manhatten Island, which he leased to a dockage company. Business blocks were afterward erected on this land and the estate is now said to be wort $21,000,000.

A Man of Method.

The President of a large accident company told this story recently: "Some time ago a large policy holder in my company was run over by a trolley car, and his right leg painfully crushed. He remained conscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out his watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just fifteen minutes to 12 o'clock. His policy expired at noon, and his foresight was rewarded by the immediate payment of his weekly idemnity, without controversy or litigation."

A Hopeless Case.

Don't you think it would be possible to bring about a reconciliation between Thompson and Johnson? asked the first mutual friend.

I fear not, sighed the second mutual friend. Those fellows hate each other like two labor leaders.

From which comparison it was easy to deduce the utter hopelessness of the situation.

Unspeakable.

Ethel—What did papa say, Algie, when you asked him for me.

Algie Softe—Your papa, darling, is a very naughty man, and I would not repeat his language in your hearing for anything.

Of the World.

Higgins—Do you think the earth is round?

Wiggins—Blessed if I know. Judging from my experience with the people who live on it, I'm pretty sure that it isn't square.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.—Sou.

Local and Personal Briefs.

Dresses made to fit perfectly and in newest styles at Coursier's.

Sir Joseph Trutch came up from Nelson Thursday and went west.

Evan Johnson, of Evansport, is in town for a few days.

The only place you can get Slater's Boots and Shoes is at Coursier's.

Inspector Gill, of Inland Revenue, went south by Thursday's boat.

Noah Abrahamson, of the Queen's Hotel, Trout Lake City, was in town yesterday.

Sandy McRae and Andy Craig were among the arrivals from down river this week.

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

R. L. Patterson, the Canadian representative of Millar & Richards' type founders, was in town Thursday. He was accompanied by his wife.

The C.P.R. has definitely decided upon "Arrowhead" as the name of the new townsite at the terminus of the Arrow Lake branch.

If you want to know what snaps are, read the advice in the advertisement of H. N. Coursier.

Henry B. Thompson, of Victoria, went down river Thursday to represent Turner, Beeton & Co. of that city.

F. McCarty's new butcher shop and cold storage warehouse is to be 62x70 feet two storeys high and, with its furnishings, will cost about $3000.

J. I. Woodrow has received a black cub from Capt. Grant, Illecillewaet, which he prizes very highly. He will devote his winter evenings to its tuition.

Miss Coleman, of Toronto, has taken charge of Coursier's dressmaking department. Mrs. Carr, the lady previously in charge, left for the coast this week.

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.

Rumor is rife again as to the building of a hotel here by the C.P.R. It is said that President Van Horne, when here, selected a site in the vicinity of the railway station.

Wm. Lee, C.P.R. yardmaster, met with rather a painful accident Thursday. While coupling cars his left hand was so severely jammed as to cause it to burst.

The weekly dance at Bourne's Hall is furnishing amusement to increasing numbers every Friday evening. The public are thus showing their appreciation of Mr. Gordon's efforts on behalf of winter amusements.

Great Mackinaw! Not only large size mackinaws but all wool and good value at Coursier's.

Pete Arena took down carpenters this week who will erect the new Hotel at Arrowhead. It will be two and a half storeys high. Pete expects to have it in running order in less than a month and guarantees that it will be first-class in every particular.

We are in receipt of a communication from Fred Ahlin, organist and choir instructor of the Methodist church, in which he complains of the neglect to attend rehearsals by those taking part in the proposed Thanksgiving Concert. He says the excuses advanced are very petty, and threatens to withhold his assistance from like enterprises in future unless the performers give more attention to the practices.

Paragraphs of General Interest.

Eugene Field, humorist and poet, of Chicago, died at that city on Monday.

Andrew Carnegie is 55 years old. He had less than $100 twenty-six years ago but since that time he has amassed $50,000,000, of which he now holds about $50,000,000 in his own right.

The combined production of thirty stamps, ten at the Sultana, ten at the Gold Hill mines during the last twenty-five days has been $10,000 in gold.—Rat Portage *Record.*

"Bill" Nye was mobbed and pelted with eggs at Plainfield, New Jersey, last week after he had attempted to lecture to a crowded house on the Drink question.

Frank F. Radway, the bicyclist, started in at London, Ont., Tuesday to ride 100 miles unpaced, but gave up after covering 58 miles. He rode 50 miles in 2 hours 31 minutes 25 seconds, the unpaced Canadian record.

The report of U.S. Commissioner-General Stump shows that during the last fiscal year 258,536 immigrants arrived in the United States, 27,095 less than in the preceding year, and the smallest immigration since 1879. Of these 2,491 were debarred and deported at the expense of the various steamship lines transporting them.

One hundred and seventy-four prisoners were received in Kamloops gaol for the year ending Oct. 31st, an increase of 38 over the preceding year. They were received from the following townships: Kamloops 103, Vernon 12, Clinton 12, Lytton 11, Ashcroft 7, Revelstoke 6, Nelson 4, Ducks 4, Nicola 3, Lillooet 3, North Bend 2, Donald, Kaslo, Notch Hill, Hat Creek, Osoyoos, Savonas Ferry and Morrisville contributed one each.

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.

$50 REWARD

$50 Reward will be paid for information which will lead to the apprehension of the party or parties who maliciously damaged my buggy on the night of October 31st, 1895.

F. FRASER

Revelstoke, Nov. 9th, 1895.

Tea Train Wrecked.

Last Saturday morning about six o'clock there occurred an accident near Spatsum on the C.P.R. that occasioned the wreck of five tea laden cars and also considerable damage to the track, etc. Conductor Morrow had charge of the train and Archie Davies was engineer. A flange on one of the wheels broke in some unaccountable manner and the car began to jump off and on the track, additional breaks in the flange occurring as the train sped along. After some distance the train broke in two and the rear car of the forward end lost the hind trucks and was dragged nearly a mile along the track by the engine, to keep the rear portion from catching up with and running into the forward portion. The front cars of the rear portion finally jumped the track and stopped, and five of the cars were pretty badly wrecked, but the tea with which they were loaded was not damaged and was brought on the same evening. Road Master Munroe was quickly on the ground and the wreck was cleaned away in short order and the work of repairing commenced. The wrecked train was dragged nearly a mile by the plucky engineer whose nerve and skill thus prevented a much greater smash-up and one that might have resulted in serious danger, if not loss of life, to the train crew who were in the caboose. Such actions border on the heroic, if not quite so, and we do not know but the action of a man done with coolness and decision is not greater heroism than if performed in the heat of battle when heroic actions are largely the result of frenzy superinduced by excessive excitement. So seldom is it that we see ordinary appreciation exhibited for the brave deeds done by the heroes of the railroad that the public simply expects these cool-headed, greasy-habilitated fellows to do their duty and thinks little about it.—Ashcroft *Journal.*

Local Hallowe'en Deviltries.

Very few communities are entirely free of persons who are criminally disposed, and at least two occurrences on Hallowe'en show that we have some of them here. Under cover of the jollity of the occasion, someone, who is either idiotic or criminal enough to be incarcerated in an asylum or jail, slaughtered a pig belonging to a sawmill employee. The animal had been put up to fatten and its condition was such that it was of little use when killed. The loss is severe to one who can ill afford it. Another instance was the malicious damage done a buggy belonging to F. Fraser, which was almost a total wreck when found by the owner. It had been thrown over the river bank. Mr. Fraser is offering a reward of $50 to discover the perpetrators and promises to make life uncomfortable for them if he succeeds.

Church Services To-morrow.

Rev. Father Peytavin will celebrate mass at 10:30 a.m. in the Catholic church.

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 regular services of the English church will be held in the schoolhouse to-morrow at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by Rev. F. Yolland.

Services will be held in the Methodist church by Rev. J. A. Wood to-morrow morning and evening at 11 and 7:30. Sunday school at 2:30.

Jack Dempsey, the famous Nonpareil and noted pugilist, died at Portland, Ore., on Friday last.

The Mission City Fruit Growers' association have just made an interesting report of its fruit season's experimental shipments for the Territories. There were thus sent this summer, 100,000 pounds of plums, 15,000 pounds of strawberries, 3,000 pounds of cherries and 3,000 pounds of rhubarb. These together realized for the farmers' shipping combination concerned, nearly $6,000. The shipments will therefore be renewed on a larger scale next year.

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A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD

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. 56840, 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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GILKER & WELLS.

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

REVELSTOKE DIVISION.

ALL PLACER CLAIMS and mining leaseholds, legally held in this division, may be laid over from the 15th October, 1895, to the 1st June, 1896.

J. D. GRAHAM,
Gold Commissioner.

Revelstoke, Nov. 9, 1895. 31-5t

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T. L. HAIG,

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