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REVELSTOKE AS A CENTER.

Observer Advocates the Claims of This Burg as a Distributing Point.

SIR,—Considerable discussion is going on as to the location of a wholesale distributing center for West Kootenay, and it is generally conceded that such a point is necessary and is warranted by the ever increasing trade of what, before long will be the most important mining country on the continent. The location of such a center should be made at the most commanding position, a point readily accessible by rail and water routes, and backed up and surrounded by natural resources capable of great and lasting expansion. Many of the towns of Kootenay have laudable aspirations and ambitions in this direction, but few of them possess the necessary advantages.

The Nelson *Tribune* is advocating the claims of Nelson, but if its editor calmly reviewed the situation he could readily convince himself that Nelson's isolated position and being in the extreme southern end of the district makes her unsuitable. To make Nelson a distributing point would require a large railway system specially constructed for the purpose of building up Nelson without reference to the requirements of the country. The Crow's Nest railway would have to make a great detour, crossing the Kootenay river near the boundary line and coming into Nelson either from the south or along the rugged shores of Kootenay lake.

In this connection I wish to lay before your readers some of Revelstoke's good points. That Revelstoke has all the advantages required is readily seen. Situated as she is on the main line of the C.P.R., in quick communication by rail and steamboat with every point on Kootenay lake or Rossland; the only natural outlet for the Lardeau, Fish Creek and Slocan ores; the only point at which the Crow's Nest Pass railway can form a junction with the main line of the C.P.R.; the only point that will have direct access to the Crow's Nest, Canmore and Vancouver Island coal fields, and the gateway of a vast region (nearly a third of the whole of West Kootenay)—the Big Bend—which is already known to be immensely rich in mineral and only requiring the key of labor and capital to unlock its treasure vaults the contents of which would enrich an empire.

That Victoria, Spokane, Hamilton, Toronto or Montreal should remain, for any length of time, the supply point for the West Kootenay mining camps seems incredible. The C.P.R. practically have the matter in their own hands to say whether they and the Canadian people will control the trade of West Kootenay or not. The remedies are low rates and a readiness at all times to serve the interests of the public; the building up of a great distributing center and a rapid opening up of the district by a network of railways and trainways. The inauguration of such a policy would cement a bond of union, disarm hostile critics and pave the way for progress and prosperity. OBSERVER.

"The Kootenay Mines."

The above is the title of a pamphlet edited by Chas. St. Barbe, and issued by the Nelson *Miner*. It purports to give a sketch of the progress and present condition of the mining operations in Kootenay and is expected to circulate "in other countries" to some extent. For this reason it is unfortunate that the title is apt to convey an erroneous impression. The publication is a praiseworthy effort to enlighten its readers upon the subject of the mineral wealth of a *section* of the districts of West Kootenay and Yale, and its editor should hardly, in honesty, claim more for it. East Kootenay is entirely ignored and no mention is made of the mining divisions of Illecillewaet, Lardeau, Trout Lake and Big Bend in West Kootenay—a section in which are located some of the oldest mining properties in the country, and which the government considered of sufficient importance to erect into a separate mining district and appoint a gold commissioner therefor. Apart from these *slight* omissions the pamphlet is a creditable literary and typographical production.

Tramway Nearing Completion.

Superintendent Parsons of the California Wire Works Company states that the tramway from the Silver King mine to Nelson should be completed and in operation in two weeks. The cables are now strung to a point within a mile of Nelson, and the change in the location of the ore-bins at the Nelson end will not cause any great delay. When in operation the ore-buckets will travel at the rate of 180 feet a minute and make the trip down in 2½ hours. Six to seven men will be required to operate it, and the California Wire Works Company, by the terms of its contract, must operate it for the first three months after its completion. Should the tramway work satisfactorily it is not unlikely that several more will be built in Kootenay, as surface tramways are not practicable where snow falls to so great depths as in Kootenay.—*Tribune.*

Carnes Creek Quartz Propositions.

J. M. Kellie, M.P.P., I. T. Brewster and J. A. Sussman left yesterday for Carnes creek, Big Bend. Mr. Sussman goes up to look over the arsenical iron ore propositions of the Revelstoke Mining Co. on Carnes Cseek, in the interest of eastern capital. There is a group of six claims on this creek, three of which are controlled by this company. Recent development shows the Salisbury to have 10 feet of ore. The latest assays gave the Salisbury $14 in gold and the Rosebery $42, and it is claimed that the ore can be treated on the ground, by the cynide process, for $2.50 per ton. This is the property Mr. Sussman has gone up to see, and if a transfer of interests is effected the new owners will spend $5000 in development work immediately.

May Work Big Bend Timber Limits.

Though the timber limits in the Big Bend have never been worked they have netted considerable revenue to the wild land tax of the province. They were purchased years ago, very cheaply with the script issued by the government for the construction of the old wagon road through Eagle Pass. It would seem now that the owners of this wealth of forest are getting tired of paying taxes on unproductive property and propose working these limits. S. B. Hill, of Duluth, and J. M. Barr, of Ann Arbor, went up to see some of them last week and returned on Tuesday, on his return Mr. Barr looked over the ground for a suitable location for sawmill and found it in the vicinity of the Big Eddy, which forms a natural basin for booming logs. If it is decided to commence operations 100 choppers will be at work throughout the winter. Messrs. Hill and Barr left for the west to inspect some limits located along the Thompson river.

ILLECILLEWAET HAPPENINGS.

ILLECILLEWAET, Oct. 3.—F. D. Nowell and A. H. Jose, who were here last week looking over the Dunvegan, left on Sunday. Mr. Nowell was very favorably impressed with the property and it is said will purchase it on his return next week. If so he will put a pack train at work immediately for shipment this fall. It is said there is at least 300 tons in sight. This will surely prove to be the coming camp of this part of West Kootenay.

Mr. Grant has the skins to show for the three bears he killed last week. They are fine ones.

Mr. Henry J. Cleveland, an English gentlemen from Dorsetshire, has made this his shooting headquarters for a couple of weeks. He has a large bear skin as a trophy, shot by himself last Friday in Buff Canyon, about one mile from town.

One of Tommy Richardson's fine pack horses was killed by a freight train last week near the station.

A pack train of eight horses is steadily at work getting in material and supplies for winter operations on the Maple Leaf.

A large bear and two cubs came to the west end of the trestle last Saturday, within a stone's throw of Swan Anderson's hotel. Swan tried to get them but failed, of course, the fault was with the gun.

A Hustler From Alaska.

F. D. Nowell, who recently acquired the Great Northern at Trout Lake, is certainly a hustler and evidently means business. He arrived here three weeks ago from Alaska and went into Trout Lake to see the Great Northern which was bonded a couple of months ago by Mr. Cassels for the company of which Mr. Nowell is the active partner. He was favorably impressed with this property and thinks they have a good thing. The best evidence that this is so is that work is being pushed with renewed energy so that shipments can be made this year, for the rawhiding of which contracts have been let. On his return from Trout lake, Mr. Nowell accompanied by A. H. Jose, of Seattle, visited the Dunvegan which is located at the head of Fish creek and reached from Illecillewaet. The Kootenay Smelting and Trading Co. had a bond on this property in 1890, when it was worked for a short time. Messrs. Bain & Boyd, the original owners, have retained possession, and each assessment has more firmly convinced them of its worth. The smelter tests of the ore gave 87 oz. of silver and 65 per cent. lead. Mr. Nowell took some samples for assay and if the result is satisfactory he will purchase the property and ship 400 tons of ore from it this year. A free milling gold quartz proposition on McCulloch creek, owned by Gus Lund has also attracted his attention, the merits of which he will investigate on his return here next week. It is understood that his company is made up principally of Boston men and that they are not hampered by lack of capital.

RETURN OF THE PREMIER.

Increasing Interest in B.C. Mines—The New Loan—Alaska Boundary.

Hon. J. H. Turner, Premier of B.C., arrived at Montreal Tuesday from England, where he has been sojourning for some months. His principal business was in connection with the new £120,000 loan for 50 years, which was taken at 95, the rate of interest being 3 per cent. He says that, had it not been for parties in B.C. who fomented opposition to the deal, the loan would have been placed at 96 instead of 95.

Speaking of mining prospects the premier expressed himself as delighted in the interest awakened in financial circles, across the water, regarding British Columbia. He says a syndicate has been formed including such names as the Rothchilds and Baron Hirsch, to develop the mining industries of this province. The sum of £500,000 has already been subscribed, and the Premier believes untold good will be done to British Columbia. The craze for South African mines still continues, but Mr. Turner thinks half of the mines will turn out worthless. Much money, however, is now being made, as no less than 200,000 ounces of gold were found in the Randt district alone during the month of August. Half of the orders to invest in these mines, he states, come from France, as the Parisians are doing their African mining business through London.

The Premier also had something to say about the Alask aboundary. The Americans, he said, have issued maps in which this territory which in reality belongs to Canada is represented as forming a part of the district of Alaska and even some of our own maps have taken it for granted that the American claim is a valid one and the disputed territory is placed in Alaska. He adds that there are a great many people now living in B.C. who give most valuable information on the boundary question and there would be very little difficulty in making clear the weakness of the American claim.

Hon. Mr. Turner is spending a few days at Ottawa confering with the Dominion premier on several matters effecting this province.

Kicking at Their Assessments.

Some lively times are promised for the court of revision if several citizens are as good as their words. The tax papers were sent out the other day and several taxpayers got hot and swore strange oaths when they found their assessments raised. The assessor was seen about the matter, and that urbane official remarked that he had merely done his duty under the Act. He had been as lenient as possible; property had been properly classified—a system which had not been pursued in all cases heretofore, and if there were any objections to the result the court would arbitrate the differences.

Chopped His Partner With an Axe.

What may prove to be a fatal affair took place Tuesday evening in a cabin on the Dewdney trail, fifteen miles west of Rossland. Thomas Lanktree and Maurice O'Connor left Rossland on Tuesday to go to Boundary creek, the purpose of Lanktree being to look at some claims belonging to O'Connor, with the view of purchasing them. O'Connor had been drinking heavily for several days, and was in no condition to travel, indeed, he was on the verge of delirium tremens. The two became separated on the trail and Lanktree reached the cabin about supper time, and O'Connor came along without hat or coat about half past eight. He was in a most excited state of mind, seeming to be under the impression that he was pursued by a party of men who wanted to kill him. As soon as he got in the house he seized an axe, and went to guard the door against his imaginary pursuers. He stood with the axe in one hand and a large pocket-knife, with the blade open, in the other. Three men and a boy were in the cabin, besides O'Connor and Lanktree, the latter had gone to bed. O'Connor was persuaded to give the knife up but he refused to surrender the axe. Suddenly, and before anybody could interfere, he wheeled about and struck Lanktree twice in the head with the butt of the axe. The blows were terrific as O'Connor was raving mad. One of the men present, McDonald by name, seized the axe. O'Connor immediately fled to the woods. All supposed Lanktree had been killed but he continued to breathe though he could not speak. McDonald then set out for Rossland on foot and arrived here about 3 o'clock in the morning. He gave the alarm to Recorder Kirkup and Deputy Houson immediately started for the scene of the trouble. He found O'Connor on the trail five miles this side of the cabin and brought him to town where he is now held in confinement. Dr. McAlpin went out and dressed Lanktree's wounds. O'Connor had a preliminary examination before Commissioner Fitzstubs Friday, and was committed for trial. Lanktree formerly lived in Salt Lake and at one time was a man of wealth. O'Connor is said to be a hard character from the Cœur d'Alenes.—Rossland *Miner.*

THE CLEVER WIDOW

CHAPTER XIII.

IN STRANGE WATERS.

When Dr. Walker had departed, the Admiral packed all his possessions back into his sea-chest, with the exception of one little brass-bound desk. This he unlocked, and took from it a dozen or so blue sheets of paper, all mottled over with stamps and seals, with very large V. R.'s printed upon the heads of them. He tied these carefully into a small bundle, and placing them in the inner pocket of his coat, he seized his hat and stick.

"Oh, John, don't do this rash thing," cried Mrs. Denver, laying her hands upon his sleeve. "I have seen so little of you, John. Only three years since you left the service. Don't leave me again. I know it is weak of me, but I cannot bear it."

"There's my own brave lass," said he, smoothing down the gray-shot hair. "We've lived in honor together, mother, and please God in honor we'll die. No matter how debts are made, they have got to be met, and what the boy owes we owe. He has not the money, and how is he to find it? He can't find it. What then? It becomes my business, and there's only one way for it."

"But it may not be so very bad, John. Had we not better wait until after he sees these people to-morrow?"

"They may give him little time, lass. But I'll have a care that I don't go so far that I can't put back again. Now, mother, here's no use holding me. It's got to be done, and there is no sense in shirking it."

He detached her fingers from his sleeve, pushed her gently back into an arm chair, and hurried from the house.

In less than half an hour the Admiral was whirled into Victoria Station and found himself amid a dense, bustling throng, which jostled and pushed in the crowded terminus. His errand, which had seemed feasible enough in his own room, began now to present difficulties in the carrying out, and he puzzled over how he should take the first steps. Amid the stream of business men, each hurrying on his definite way, the old seaman in his gray tweed suit and black, soft hat strode slowly along, his head sunk and his brow wrinkled in perplexity. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He walked back to the railway stall and bought a daily paper. This he turned and turned until a certain column met his eye, when he smoothed it out and carrying it over to a seat, proceeded to read it at his leisure.

And, indeed, as a man read that column it seemed strange to him that there should still remain any one in this world of ours who should be in straits for want of money. Here were whole lines of gentlemen who were burdened with a surplus in their incomes, and who were loudly calling to the poor and needy to come and take it off their hands. Here was the guileless person who was not a professional money lender, but who would be glad to correspond, etc. Here, too, was the accomodating individual who advanced sums from ten to ten thousand pounds without expense, security, or delay. "The money actually paid over in a few hours," ran this fascinating advertisement, conjuring up a vision of swift messengers rushing with bags of gold to the aid of the poor struggler. A third gentleman did all business by personal application, advanced money on anything or nothing; the lightest and airiest promise was enough to content him, according to his circular, and finally, he never asked for more than 5 per cent. This struck the Admiral as far the most promising, and his wrinkles relaxed and his frown softened away as he gazed at it. He folded up the paper, rose from the seat, and found himself face to face with Charles Westmacott.

"Halloo, Admiral!"

"Halloo, Westmacott!" Charles had always been favorite of the seaman's. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I have been doing a little business for my aunt. But I have never seen you in London before."

"I hate the place. It smothers me. There's not a breath of clean air on this side of Greenwich. But maybe you know your way about pretty well in the city?"

"Well, I know something about it. You see, I've never lived very far from it, and I do a good deal of my aunt's business."

"Maybe you know Bread street?"

"It is out of Cheapside."

"Well, then, how do you steer for it from here? You make me out a course and I'll keep to it."

"Why, Admiral, I have nothing to do. I'll take you there with pleasure."

"Will you, though? Well, I'd take it very kindly if you would. I have business there. Smith & Hanbury, financial agents, Bread street."

The pair made their way to the riverside and so down the Thames to St. Paul's landing—a mode of travel which was much more to the Admiral's taste than 'bus or cab. On the way he told his companion his mission and the causes which had led to it. Charles Westmacott knew little enough of city life and the ways of business, but at least he had more experience in both than the Admiral, and he made up his mind not to leave him until the matter was settled.

"These are the people," said the Admiral, twisting round his paper and pointing to the advertisement which had seemed to him the most promising. "It sounds honest and above board, does it not? The personal interview looks as if there were no trickery, and then, no one could object to 5 per cent."

"No, it seems fair enough."

"It is not pleasant to have to go hat in hand borrowing money, but there are times, as you may find before you are my age, Westmacott, when a man must stow away his pride. But here's their number and their plate is on the corner of the door."

A narrow entrance was flanked on either side by a row of brasses, ranging upward from the ship brokers and the solicitors who occupied the ground floors; through a long succession of West Indian agents, architects, surveyors and brokers to the firm of which they were in quest. A winding stone stair, well carpeted and railed at first, but growing shabbier with every landing, brought them past innumerable doors, until, at last, just under the ground-glass roofing, the names of Smith and Hanbury were to be seen painted in large, white letters across a panel, with a laconic invitation to push beneath it. Following out the suggestion, the Admiral and his companion found themselves in a dingy apartment, illlighted from a couple of glazed windows. An ink-stained table, littered with pens, papers and almanacs, an American cloth sofa, three chairs of varying patterns, and a much-worn carpet constituted all the furniture, save only a very large and obtrusive porcelain spittoon and a gaudily framed and very sombre picture which hung above the fireplace. Sitting in front of this picture, and staring gloomily at it, as being the only thing which he could stare at, was a small, sallow-faced boy with a large head, who in the intervals of his art studies munched sedately at an apple.

"Is Mr. Smith or Mr. Hanbury in?" asked the Admiral.

"There aint no such people," said the small boy.

"But you have the names on the door."

"Ah, that is the name of the firm, you see. It's only a name. It's Mr. Reuben Metaxa that you wants."

"Well, then, is he in?"

"No, he's not."

"When will he be back?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure. He's gone to lunch. Sometimes he takes one hour, and sometimes two. It'll be two to-day, I spect for he said he was hungry afore he went."

"Then I suppose that we had better call again," said the Admiral.

"Not a bit," cried Charles. "I know how to manage these little imps. See here, you young varmint, here's a shilling for you. Run off and fetch your master. If you don't bring him here in five minutes I'll clump you on the side of the head when you get back. Shoo! Scat!" He glared at the youth, who bolted from the room and clattered madly down stairs.

"He'll fetch him," said Charles. "Let us make ourselves at home. This sofa does not feel over and above safe. It was not meant for fifteen-stone men. But this doesn't look quite the sort of place where one would expect to pick up money."

"Just what I was thinking," said the Admiral, looking ruefully about him.

"Ah, well! I have heard that the best-furnished offices generally belong to the poorest firms. Let us hope it's the opposite here. They can't spend much on the management, anyhow. That pumpkin-headed boy was the staff, I suppose. Ha, by Jove! that's his voice, and he's got our man, I think."

As he spoke the youth appeared in the doorway with a small, brown, dried-up little chip of a man at his heels. He was clean-shaven and blue-chinned, with bristling black hair and keen brown eyes, which shone out very brightly from between pouched under lids and drooping upper ones. He advanced, glancing keenly from one to the other of the visitors, and slowly rubbing together his thin, blue-veined hands. The small boy closed the door behind him and discreetly vanished.

"I am Mr. Reuben Metaxa," said the money-lender. "Was it about an advance you wished to see me?"

"Yes."

"For you, I presume?" turning to Charles Westmacott."

"No, for this gentleman."

The money-lender looked surprised. "How much did you desire?"

"I thought of £5,000," said the Admiral.

"And on what security?"

"I am a retired Admiral of the British navy. You will find my name in the navy list. There is my card. I have here my pension papers. I get £850 a year. I thought that papers it would be security enough that I should pay you. You could draw my pension and repay yourself at the rate, say, of £500 a year, taking your 5 per cent. interest as well."

"What interest?"

"Five per cent. per annum.

Mr. Metaxa laughed. "Per annum!" he said. "Five per cent. a month."

"A month! That would be 60 per cent. a year."

"Precisely."

"But that is monstrous."

"I don't ask gentlemen to come to me. They come of their own free will. Those are my terms, and you can take it or leave it."

"Then I shall leave it." The Admiral rose angrily from his chair.

"But one moment sir. Just sit down and we shall chat the matter over. Yours is a rather unusual case, and we may find some other way of doing what you wish. Of course the security which you offer is no security at all, and no sane man would advance five thousand pennies on it."

"No security! Why not, sir?"

"You might die to-morrow. You are not a young man. What age are you?"

"Sixty-three."

Mr. Metaxa turned over a long column of figures. "Here is an actuary's table," said he. "At your time of life the average expectancy of life is only a few years, even in a well-preserved man."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am not a well-preserved man?"

"Well, Admiral, it is a trying life at sea. Sailors in their younger days are gay dogs, and take it out of themselves. Then when they grow older they are still hard at it, and have no chance of rest or peace. I do not think a sailor's life a good one."

"I'll tell you what, sir," said the Admiral hotly, "if you have two pairs of gloves, I'll undertake to knock you out under three rounds. Or, I'll race you from here to St. Paul's and my friend here will see fair play. I'll let you see whether I am an old man or not."

"This is beside the question," said the money lender, with a deprecatory shrug. "The point is, that if you died to-morrow where would be the security then?"

"I could insure my life, and make the policy over to you."

"Your premiums for such a sum, if any office would have you, which I very much doubt, would come to close on five hundred a year. That would hardly suit your book."

"Well, sir, what do you intend to propose?" asked the Admiral.

"I might to accomodate you, work it in another way. I should send for a medical man and have an opinion upon your life. Then I might see what could be done."

"That is quite fair. I have no objection to that."

"There is a very clever doctor in the street here. Proudie is his name. John, go and fetch Dr. Proudie." The youth was dispatched upon his errand, while Mr. Metaxa sat at his desk, trimming his nails and shooting out little comments upon the weather. Presently feet were heard upon the stairs, the money lender hurried out, there was a sound of whispering, and he returned with a large, fat, greasy-looking man clad in a much-worn frock coat and a very dilapidated top hat.

"Dr. Proudie, gentlemen," said Mr. Metaxa.

The doctor bowed, smiled, whipped off his hat, and produced his stethoscope from its interior with the air of a conjuror upon the stage. "Which of these gentlemen am I to examine?" he asked, blinking from one to the other of them. "Ah, it is you! Only your waistcoat. You need not undo your collar. Thank you. A full breath. Thank you. Ninety-nine. Thank you. Now hold your breath for a moment. Oh, dear, dear, what is this I hear?"

"What is it then?" asked the Admiral coolly.

"Tut, tut! This is a great pity. Have you had rheumatic fever?"

"Never."

"Have you had some serious illness?"

"Never."

"Ah, you are an Admiral. You have been abroad—tropics, malaria, ague—I know."

"I have never had a day's illness."

"Not to your knowledge; but you have inhaled unhealthy air, and it has left its effect. You have an organic murmur—slight but distinct."

"Is it dangerous?"

"It might at any time become so. You should not take violent exercise."

"Oh, indeed! It would hurt me to run a half mile?"

"It would be very dangerous.

"And a mile?"

"Would be almost certainly fatal."

"Then there is nothing else the matter?"

"No. But if the heart is weak, then everything is weak, and the life is not a sound one."

"You see, Admiral," remarked Mr. Metaxa; as the doctor secreted his stethoscope in his hat, "my remarks were not entirely uncalled for. I am sorry that the doctor's opinion is not more favorable, but this is a matter of business, and certain obvious precautions must be taken."

"Of course. Then the matter is at an end?"

"Well, we might even now do business. I am most anxious to be of use to you. How long do you think, doctor, this gentleman will in all probability live?"

"Well, well, it's rather a delicate question to answer," said Mr. Proudie, with a show of embarrassment.

"Not a bit, sir. Out with it. I have faced death too often to flinch from it now, though I saw it as near me as you are."

"Well, well, we must go by averages, of course. Shall we say two years? I should think that you have a full two years before you."

"In two years your pension would bring you in £1,600. Now, I will do my very best for you, Admiral. I will advance you £2,000, and you can make over to me your pension for your life. It is pure speculation on my part. If you die to-morrow, I lose my money. If the doctor's prophecy is correct, I shall still be out of pocket. If you live a little longer, then I may see my money again. It is the very best I can do for you."

"Then you wish to buy my pension?"

"Yes; for two thousand down."

"And if I live for twenty years?"

"Oh, in that case, of course, my speculation would be more successful. But you have heard the doctor's opinion."

"Would you advance the money instantly?"

"You should have a thousand at once. The other thousand I should expect you to take in furniture."

"In furniture?"

"Yes, Admiral. We shall do you a beautiful housefull at that sum. It is the custom of my clients to take half in furniture."

The Admiral sat in dire perplexity. He had come out to get money, and to go back without any, to be powerless to help when his boy needed every shilling to save him from disaster, that would be very bitter to him. On the other hand, it was so much that he surrendered, and so little that he received. Little, and yet something. Would it not be better than going back empty-handed? He saw the yellow-backed check-book upon the table. The money-lender opened it and dipped his pen into the ink.

"Shall I fill it up?" said he.

"I think, Admiral," remarked Westmacott, "that we had better have a little walk and some luncheon before we settle this matter."

"Oh, we may as well do it at once. It would be absurd to postpone it now." Metaxa spoke with some heat, and his eyes glinted angrily from between his narrow lids at the imperturbable Charles. The Admiral was simple in money matters, but he had seen much of men and had learned to read them. He saw that venomous glance, and saw, too, that intense eagerness was peeping out from beneath the careless air which the agent had assumed.

"You're quite right, Westmacott," said he. "We'll have a little walk before we settle it."

"But I may not be here this afternoon."

"Then we must choose another day."

"But why not settle it now?"

"Because I prefer not," said the Admiral, shortly.

"Very well. But remember that my offer is only for to-day. It is off, unless you take it at once."

"Let it be off, then."

"There's my fee," cried the doctor.

"How much?"

The Admiral threw a pound and a shilling upon the table. "Come, Westmacott," said he, and they walked together from the room.

"I don't like it," said Charles, when they found themselves in the street once more; "I don't profess to be a very sharp chap, but this is a trifle too thin. What did he want to go out and speak to the doctor for? And how very convenient this tale of a weak heart was! I believe they are a couple of rogues, and in league with each other."

"A shark and a pilot fish," said the Admiral.

"I'll tell you what I propose, sir. There's a lawyer named McAdam who does my aunt's business. He is a very honest fellow, and lives at the other side of Poultcny. We'll go over to him together, and have his opinion about the whole matter."

"How far is it to his place?"

"Oh, a mile, at least. We can have a cab."

"A mile? Then we shall see if there is any truth in what that swab of a doctor said. Come, my boy, and clap on all sail, and see who can stay the longest."

Then the sober denizens of the heart of business London saw a singular sight as they returned from their luncheons. Down the roadway, dodging among cabs and carts, ran a weather-stained, elderly man, with wide, flapping, black hat, and homely suit of tweeds. With elbows braced back, hands clinched near his arm pits, and chest protruded, he scuddled along, while close at his heels lumbered a large-limbed, heavy, yellow-moustached young man, who seemed to feel the exercise a good deal more than his senior. On they dashed, helter-skelter until they pulled up panting at the office where the lawyer of the Westmacott's was to be found.

"There now!" cried the Admiral in triumph. "What d'ye think of that? Nothing wrong in the engine room, eh?"

"You seem fit enough, sir."

"Blessed if I believe the swab was a certificated doctor at all. He was flying false colors, or I am mistaken."

They keep the directories and registers in this eating house," said Westmacott. "We'll go and look him up."

They did so, but the medical rolls contained no such name as that of Dr. Proudie, of Bread street.

"Pretty villainy this!" cried the Admiral, thumping his chest. "A dummy doctor and a vamped up disease. Well, we've tried the rogues, Westmacott! Let us see what we can do with your honest man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOLSELEY'S MEDALS.

How the Commander in Chief Won His Decorations in the Crimea.

August is a memorable month for Lord Wolseley says the Boston Herald. That month saw him designated successor to the Duke of Cambridge as commander-in-chief of the British army, and in August, 1855, his gallantry in the trenches before Sebastopol gained for him the Legion of Honor from France and the order of the Medjidie from Turkey. It was on Aug. 31, 1855 that Wolseley, then a captain of the 90th foot, serving as an assistant engineer, performed the feat of arms which won him the two decorations, and very nearly cost him his life, for he was so badly wounded that his body was drawn aside for burial.

The story of the wounding is told by Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood in an article on "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894." It is worth repeating, not only for the interest that attaches to the anniversary, but because it brings out in distinct colors the surprising difference between trained veterans and raw recruits, even in a British army, where bravery is always looked for, and one man is assumed to be about as good as another. The regiments that Lord Raglan carried to the Crimea in September, 1854, were largely composed of old soldiers, of sturdy physique and

DAUNTLESS VALOR.

These were the men whose personal prowess won, against great odds, the "soldiers' battle" of Inkerman. By the summer of 1855 this splendid material had been pretty much expended. The hardy veterans were dead or invalided, and the troops who came out from England to take their place proved too often of very inferior quality. "They were no longer," says Sir Evelyn Wood, "men in the prime of life, but weedy boys, and on the 26th of August when a Russian shell, burating in the fifth parallel, killed a line soldier, his comrades not only retired, but refused to return to retrieve the body."

The same lack of valor was shown by a British working party composed of newly arrived soldiers on the night when Capt. Wolseley got his wound. A small body of Russians had made a sortie against the British advanced works on the extreme right, where Wolseley was stationed. There was no covering party at hand, "and the working party fell back in confusion before one-third of their numbers, in spite of repeated attempts of Capt. Wolseley to rally them." The Russians destroyed some fifty yards of the sap, and then fell back to the Dockyard, ravine, from which they kept up an incessant fire. A Russian battery, known as the Gervais battery, also played on the head of the sap, and in a short time Wolseley's little party had twelve casualties out of sixty-five men.

THE GALLANT CAPTAIN

was at work repairing damages at the head of the sap, under a shower of bullets, round shot and shell, when he received the wound which so nearly brought his career to a premature close. Here is the description of the affair given by Sir Evelyn Wood:

"Wolseley was on his knees holding the front gabion, into which a sergeant, working also in a kneeling position, threw earth over his captain's shoulder. The gabion was half filled, when it was struck in the centre by a round shot from the Gervais battery. Wolseley was terribly wounded, and, indeed, the sergeant pulled his body back without ceremony, intending to bury it in camp when he found the life of his officer was not extinct. Besides grave injuries in the upper face, a large stone from the gabion was driven through the cheek and jaw to the neck, where it lodged; the right wrist was smashed, and a serious wound inflicted on the skin. Strange to say, he did duty, after a rapid temporary recovery, till the armies re-embarked, the skin wound becoming more serious later, when the bone began to exfoliate."

Catherine's Generals.

The soldiers to whom Catherine was indebted for the glory of the Russian arms included Rumiantsof, the conqueror of Kagoul; the savage Kamienski, who would bite pieces of flesh out of his men at the manœuvers, and who stripped his prisoners in 30 degrees of cold and dashed cold water over them until they were literally frozen; the Prince of Nassau-Siegen, who was beaten by Gustavus Sweden at Svenskund; Joseph Ribas, upon whom was written the unusual epitaph, that "by his own wits he became a good general, an excellent diplomat, and even an honest man;" and, most famous of all, Suvorof, or Suwarrow. This celebrated general, who figured inaccurately in Byron's "Don Juan," was never defeated in the field. He was short of stature, being only five feet four inches in height. Suvorof was idolized by his soldiers. He had implicit faith in his star, his conceit was unbounded, and he behaved something like a raving lunatic. He would come out of his tent stark naked and turn somersets on the grass. His other eccentricities were equally amazing. At times apparently humane and averse to the shedding of blood, on other occasions he sanctioned the most awful massacres. It was his deliberate conviction that there were only three great generals in the history of modern warfare—Turenne, Laudon and Suvorof.

Wiped Out By Fire.

A despatch from Liverpool, N.S., says:—This town was almost wiped out by fire, which raged nearly all day on Sunday. The loss will be between $50,000 and $75,000, with about $20,000 insurance. In the house of Mrs. Chisholm, which was visited by death a few days previous, it became necessary to remove the body of Mrs. Cobb twice for safety. All the principal buildings are in ashes.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Cookstown needs horses to let.

Typhoid fever prevails at Canfield.

Mattawa girls want a brass band.

Strathroy is troubled with firebugs.

Black ducks are plentiful on the back lakes.

A brass band is in prospectus at Newbury.

Hepworth will soon have a Masonic lodge.

Kingston has only two Chinese laundries.

Chatham wants an electric all-night service.

Market fees may be done away in Guelph.

The Muskoka hay crop is only an average one.

A Baptist church is being erected at Canboro'.

Welland recently had a fine fireman's competition.

The Alvinston Masons have moved into their new hall.

In St. Thomas a thief steals potatoes from their hills.

James Anderson, an old schoolmaster, of Walpole, is dead.

A fine Presbyterian manse is being built at Hillsburg.

There will be a good crop of oats and peas about Orillia.

A good mine in Madoc has just yielded a very rich strike.

An insane gypsy tried to drown himself in Cameron lake.

The Barber Asphalt Company is doing the paving in London.

A new Baptist church will replace the old one at Schomberg.

Woodstock will have a new patent baby carriage factory.

A German Methodist parsonage is being built at Pelham Centre.

Roome is the new post-office at Caradoc and Adelaide road.

The village of Alexandria will expend $23,000 for water-works.

The new Presbyterian church at Washago has just been opened.

The water in Georgian bay is 18 inches lower than it was last year.

Mr. U. Flach is the new principle of the Sydenham High School.

Berlin's newly found flowing well is attracting great attention.

The bones of a historic animal have been dug up at Ridgetown.

Cornell Switzer, of Blanshard, was butted to death by a vicious ram.

Goderich is contemplating a comprehensive radial railway system.

A fine new union school, Caledon and Mono, has just been completed.

Wallaceburg's population, 2,608, make it the largest village in Canada.

American capitalists propose to erect large salt works at Mooretown.

A number of Brantford merchants have been swindled by the change game.

Crossley and Hunter are holding revival meetings at Guelph this month.

Rev. H. V. Thompson, East Caledon, has been made rector of St. Paul's, Aurora.

An old squaw, Kewacodoqua, died recently at Walpole Island, aged 100 years.

A Sandwich man has a 35-year-old horse that can trot a mile in three minutes.

Sweet corn on a farm in Goderich township, Huron, grows to a height of 12 feet.

Quebec and Ottawa are the only large Canadian cities that have no free libraries.

A new lake barge, to carry 50,000 bushels of grain, is being built at Kingston.

The Guelph Presbytery has ordained Rev. R. A. Mitchell to mission work in China.

On the recent pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre $600 was stolen from a priest.

The Rockwood asylum, Kingston, has 600 patients, and visiting days are abolished.

A London child, bitten by a dog, has been sent to the Pasteur Institute, New York.

Large smelting works will be erected by an American firm at Kakuep, Kootenay.

A man near Newbury has been committed on charge of stealing 13 acres of wheat.

A London lad, Johnnie Reardon, fell from a tree and was unconscious 24 hours.

James W. Lee's farm buildings, at Rodney, have been burned at a loss of $2,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Clouthier, Tilbury North, have just celebrated their golden wedding.

A geological survey of the country between Kingston and Pembroke is to be made.

London's Council has refused the issue of $34,000 in debentures for new school buildings.

A Corn-Husk Door Mat.

A very strong and serviceable door mat may be easily made of corn husks. Select the husks next to the ear, soak in warm water a few hours to soften them, take a few husks, place the larger ends together and tie with a strong cord; then divide into three parts to form a braid. When braiding continue to insert more husks, always inserting the larger ends first, leaving about 1½ inches protruding from the braid. When finished the upper side of braid should be one continuous row of ends. The length of braid depends upon the size of the mat desired. It can be shaped either round or square. Sew together upon the underside with strong cord. The husks may be dyed to suit one's fancy if preferred or allowed to retain their natural color.

Right in Line.

How do you like my new trousers?

Are they custom made?

The creases are.

DESTINED TO BE EMPEROR.

Appearance and Manner of the Crown Son of William II.

Compare the young Crown Prince of Germany with any lad of his age, and it is to be feared that from a physical as well as from an intellectual standpoint, he would make rather a poor showing. He is now in his fourteenth year, and weighs only 72 pounds, which is exceedingly little for a lad of his age, the average being about 100 pounds. The Crown Prince and his brother have just completed a pedestrian tour through Southern Germany. It terminated at Constance, where they spent about a fortnight in the Island hotel, a very stately and picturesque hostelry. They awaited there the arrival of their heavy baggage from Berlin, and its contents afforded some indication as to their tastes. The Crown Prince had his violin and his collection of coins, while his brother, Prince Eitel, was enthusiastically busy with his scrap album. But their favorite amusement seems to be playing with tin soldiers. Close upon a hundred boxes of soldiers were in the baggage. With these they amused themselves the live-long day, building castles, fortresses, and armies, infantry, and cavalry, and artillery all in their proper place.

THE TWO BOYS

are always dressed alike, sometimes in white flannel and white felt hats, and sometimes in navy blue sailor costume with nickerbockers, black stockings, dogskin gloves, and straw hats. They both seemed to dislike being stared at. The Crown Prince showed resentment while at Constance, when too much attention was paid him. Nothing delighted them so much as the devices adopted by their attendants and by the management of the hotel to prevent the future subjects of the Crown Prince from getting even a glimpse of the Imperial boys. Indeed, they seemed to look upon the public almost in the light of an enemy, and to thoroughly enjoy everything done to disgruntle it.

In spite of his diminutive stature and delicate physique, the Crown Prince seems to be a brisk little fellow—fair-haired and thin, the very image of his father, both in feature and manner, copying his father's military wagger and peculiarities of gesture in the most entertaining fashion. Prince Eitel, who, although a year younger, weighs close upon 100 pounds, and is much broader and taller, resembles his mother. His hair is dark, and so are his eyes. Until his locks were clipped he was really a beautiful boy, his eyes being sometimes dreamy, and sometimes lighted up with a sparkle of mischief, of which he is a perfect little demon.

LOQUACITY AND OLD AGE.

Does Much Talk Induce Long Life? Interesting Speculations from Statistics of French Centenarians.

In France a census of centenarians has just been taken, and the tabulation shows 213 persons in that country who are over a hundred years of age. Of this number only sixty-six are men, or less than one third. An amusing comment on this has been going the rounds in Paris to the effect that the reason for this surprising comparative longevity of women is their proneness to talk and gossip at every conceivable opportunity. Constant chattering, it is said, leads to the active circulation of the blood, and thus renews the tissues of the body daily and renders the frame particularly strong.

In all seriousness, however, have several French physicists taken up this matter, and they have come to the conclusion that the reason so many more women have attained a greater length of life than men is because they have passed through less turmoil and trouble, and have had a more calm and less impassioned existence. One case in point is that of an old lady who died recently in the Haute Garonne, having lived 150 years. She is supposed to have been the oldest woman of modern times, and all her life was spent peacefully in a hamlet in this district. The closing decade of her life she was fed on goat's milk and cheese. In the last few years of her existence her body became attenuated to an extraordinary degree and her skin came to resemble parchment.

The French centenarians are, as a rule, of the lowest class of society and extremely poor.

Sable Island Ponies.

The origin of the Sable Island ponies has long been a mystery. Some say Cabot landed the fathers of the race on the island, while others say it was the Vikings of old. Mr. J. Parsons, who has been on the island, writes in the Halifax Herald in favour of the latter view, and he goes on to tell of how the ponies are captured for shipment to Halifax. He says:—"I was roused at dawn with the words: 'They are driving in the first gang;' and in a few minutes I was hastening from the house some two hundred yards to the 'look out,' whence I saw dark objects moving over the easterly hillocks. Soon could be distinguished nine wild ponies, racing hither and yon, but kept well together and treading west by aid of twelve men on horseback (native ponies that seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the men on their backs) behind them with long whips and stentorian voices. A corral, twenty-two yards diameter, strongly enclosed, with a branch fence extending from one side some 75 yards, made it not unlike a fish trap or weir, into which by judicious driving and heading, the gang was safely lodged, and the riders were off for another gang of twelve which the boss had located, and which in an hour, despite most desperate efforts to break away, were all safely corralled with the first gang."

Called a Youngster at 70.

Mr. Gladstone is in the best of health; showing unusual activity, even for him. He spent most of last week visiting Lord Norton at Hams Hall, near Birmingham. A crowd gathered at the station and cheered the "Grand Old Man." He extended his hand to one of the men and gave him a hearty handshake.

"How old are you?" asked Mr. Gladstone.

"I am seventy years old," was the reply.

"Why, you youngster!" replied Mr. Gladstone, laughing heartily.

Kleptophotography.

He—See that nice looking chap over there?

She—Of course I do. Would I miss anything like that?

He—Well, you want to watch him; he'll take anything in sight.

She—Gracious. Is he a kleptomaniac?

He—No; he's an amateur photographer.

CURRENT NOTES.

While there is the grave apprension that the advent of the new woman will not cause any bluish feeling on the matrimonial board of trade, there are multiplying evidences that when the new woman does get married she will want to execute the contract in a businesslike way and will want to look at the abstract of title herself to see that there are no errors in the instrument of conveyance. She will be satisfied with nothing short of a quit claim deed, and there must be no encumbrances on the property.

All this is very commendable. It is pretty generally agreed that marriage contracts have been executed more loosely than all other contracts. A man generally pays more attention to the stipulations in lease of his farm than he does to the connubial negotiations of his daughter. But, after all, there is a delightful sentimentality investing the marital compact that must not be marred or destroyed by the purely commercial phase of the transaction. There must be a certain amount of cooing and billing—although the latter is generally a postnuptial experience Society has some claims upon these candidates for hymeneal ecstacy, and the slippery tongue of Gossip must have something with which to lubricate its oscillations. The relatives must be dined and the friends must be permitted to offer the usual testimonials of esteem in the shape of all sorts of useless bric-a-brac. The newspaper reporters must also be permitted to work off the usual lies about the bride being "beautiful and accomplished" and the customary platitudes about the groom being "a young man of great promise"—although many of his pecuniary promises may yet remain unfulfilled.

A new woman in a Southern State, has just met these demands in a remarkably clever manner. She and her prospective partner in the connubial enterprise appeared before a justice of the peace, where the matrimonial contract was executed with all the cold and business-like formality of a legal transaction. Being a member of a select social circle, however, she realized that society had certain just and reasonable claims, and she met them with all the clever discernment and adaptability of the new woman. She had a fashionable church wedding. Society put on its best clothes, Gossip chewed the sweet cud of more or less silly comment, the immediate relatives covered them with fulsome adulation, the reporters racked their brains for new adjectives, and the nuptial knot was tied for a second time, but this time by a fashionable, high-priced clergyman, accompanied with all the ceremonial trappery of the church. The action of this young lady will have a tendency to dissabuse society of the idea that the new woman is going to destroy all the poetry and sentiment in our life.

The National Society for Women's Suffrage has made a list of the members of parliament who have announced themselves as favorable to the cause. The list comprises 222 men, 130 of whom are conservatives, twenty two liberal-unionists, sixty eight liberals, and two nationalists. Among them are included such men as the two Balfours, Sir John Gorst, Justin McCarthy, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Courtney, Sir F. Lockwood, Sir John Lubbock, Sir A. K. Rollit, Mr. George Wyndham, and many others almost as well known. A bill extending the suffrage will doubtless be offered, as it has been at every session since 1867, when John Stuart Mill championed its and the chance for its passage seems excellent at this distance. The bill introduced by Sir A.K. Rollit in the 1892 parliament was advanced to second reading, when Mr. Gladstone fulminated his celebrated pamphlet against it, causing it to be thrown out by 175 votes to 152. Mr. Gladstone's chivalry was less (or greater) than that of his old rival, for Disraeli voted with the minority in one memorable parliamentary battle with the suffragists.

The *strength of the women in this parliament* will depend largely upon the interest of Mr. A. J. Balfour in their cause. Time has shown that a zealot for reform in opposition may regard the matter with entirely different eyes as minister of the government. At the same time, the standing of the suffragists must be admitted to be better than ever before. The great point in their favor is that a very considerable number of women of high station demand the right to vote.

The Force of a Cyclone.

Careful estimates of the force of a cyclone, and the energy required to keep a full-fledged hurricane in active operation reveal the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of man appear as nothing in comparison. A force fully equal to 473,000,000 horse power was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This is about fifteen times the power that is creatable by all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time. Were strain, water, windmills and the strength of all men and all animals combined, they could not at all approach the tremendous force exerted by this terrible storm.

No Long Visits.

Mrs. Suburb—You don't seem to have many visitors, Mrs. Meadow.

Mrs. Meadow—No. You see, I never keep a girl, and when my relations come, I expect them to help with the housework.

Superior, Wis., has a policeman that stands 6 feet 6 inches in his stockinged feet and weighs 335 pounds.

THE LION'S CLAW.

The naval Lieutenant Julien de Rhe had returned from Cochin-China in a sad state, and when, after three months of illness in the family mansion, he became convalescent and was able to walk up and down the terrace on the banks of the Loire between his mother and sister (how tenderly these dear women had cared for him) the young man felt rather an alarming chill steal over him at the first cool autumn breeze.

"Go and pass the winter at Pau," advised his physician. "The climate is mild, but not too warm, and is extremely soothing in itself. It will agree with you admirably, and in three months you can return to your mother completely cured."

That is how Julien happened in the middle of November to be leaning from his window at the Hotel Gardere gazing at the sublime spectacle of the Pyrenees and smoking the cigarets of convalescence, which have something of the flavor of those first ones we smoked in secret in our youth.

"Truly, truly Pau is full of pretty women," remarked the young man the first time he strolled out on the Place Royal in the sunshine to listen to the military band and look at the statue of good King Henry in his troubadour's costume. Though he was neither a libertine nor a dandy the young sailor resumed life gayly and wore jauntily his new cap and uniform with its three golden bars and the rosette of the Legion of Honor that his mother had brought proudly to his bedside—when it looked as if it would only be placed on his coffin. He was very glad he had come to Pau. How exquisite it all was! The warm rays of the sun, the azure sky, the vast country about, the distant amphitheater of hills, whose snow-covered tops reached to heaven. It was very amusing to circulate in the cosmopolitan crowd among the beautiful strangers and hear the different languages—like the song of many birds in a cage.

There were some sad sights too. A young Englishman, half dead with consumption, whose attendant pushed him around in a wheel chair, and who looked out from his multitude of wrappings with languid eyes, and who wore a black respirator over his mouth, caused a pang of pity. But such is man's egotism that after the first feeling of pain Julien remembered what a sad sight he presented when he landed at Toulon—as thin as a skeleton, with chocolate-brown circles under his eyes—and, behold, here he was almost well!

So, breathing in great mouthsful of the balmy air, the warm sun permeating his being with its radiance, carefully dressed, freshly shaved, proud of his decoration, Julien de Rhe felt the joy of merely living as he strolled along, throwing small bits of silver to the beggars, slackening his pace to look at the pretty women who crossed his path, and finally stopping to watch the rosy little girls with black stockings and flying white skirts who danced around a big tree in the center of the Place Royal to the music of the military band.

Did not everything point to a love affair?

Love struck our happy convalescent like a stroke of lightning the day he beheld Mlle. Olga Babarine, the beautiful Russian alight from her horse in front of the Hotel Gassion, where she lived with her mother.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon and she was returning from the fox hunt. The five or six red-coated admirers who accompanied her crowded eagerly to assist her to alight. She sprang into the arms of the first comer, and instantly striking the table with the handle of her riding whip she ordered a glass of fresh milk, and drawing it in at a single draft she stood, her slack riding habit showing to perfection her finely-molded goddess-like figure, her red gold hair escaping in curls from the man's hat she wore and falling about her shoulders. She laughed, holding the empty glass in both hands—satisfied, almost intoxicated, with the fresh drink, two mustaches of cream in the corners of her rosy lips and the setting sun shedding a golden halo about her lovely head. Then suddenly growing serious she set down her empty glass, bowed lightly, disdainfully, to the group of red coats, and walked into the hotel, striking her riding skirt with her whip. Three days after Julien de Rhe, who had passed the whole time in saying to his acquaintances, "Who is she? I am wild over her! I adore her," etc., was presented—not a very difficult matter—to the Babarine ladies, and formed a part of the crowd of the lovely Russian's admirers.

Had she any family? Her father—Oscar or Christian, to whom Mme. Babarine constantly alluded—had been dead several years and her father according to law, the Russian Count, seldom noticed her. Entirely ruined, he had no other means of existence than his gun afforded, and lived only to gait prizes at pigeon hunts, like a sort of civilzed "Bas de Cuir." As to the Countess, in spite of her periodical maternal attentions that jarred on the nerves and had a false ring to every one of those perfectly selfish, absolutely egotistical people that never think themselves in the wrong, and during a time when Olga had typhoid fever and for eight days lay at the point of death she never once forgot, while watching over the child, to put on her oiled gloves that she wore at night to protect her hands.

Julien de Rhe heard all these things when he was enrolled in the flying squadron that constantly surrounded Miss Olga Babarine, and he began to love madly this *singular and perplexing girl* who looked straight in his eyes the day that a common friend introduced the young naval officer, and said as she lighted an Egyptian cigarette: "Ah! it is you who are in love with me. Good morning, sir." Then she gave him a hearty hand shake—like a man.

This brave and honest sailor had begun to love her very dearly—the more that he had understood and pitied her from the first. He was not deceived. Olga was capricious, badly trained, but she was not a coquette and she had a proud, frank heart. Who knows? Perhaps she felt the vanity of her troubled, pleasure-seeking life. It is certain she judged severely the young people who circled about her at the fox hunts and who crowded around to write their names on her dance programs in the evenings. All admired her, no one respected her, for no one had as yet decided to ask her hand in marriage. So she treated them cavalierly enough, recalling them to their senses by a sudden pull at their bridles—beautiful Amazon that she was—if they held her too closely in the whirlwind of the waltz or pressed too tightly the hand she held frankly out to them.

Julien, the delicacy of whose instincts gave much penetration to his mind, for often the most innocent are the most discerning, discovered the real loyal heart that this unfortunate girl possessed. Doubtless he loved her for her beauty, and his head swam when in a pause in the dance she leaned against him in all the splendor of her beauty, her golden red hair, and her black eyes; her face the tint of the rosy clouds of sunset; intoxicating him with starry eyes, with her breath perfumed with violets. But he also loved her, and, more than all, for her troubles, that she hid so proudly.

Marry her! Yes, and carry her away from her perilous surroundings, bear her away with him to his mother, who was a saint in his eyes, to let her breathe the invigorating pure air of real home life—to save her, in a word. Such was his dream, and his only dream. He even thought sometimes that Olga divined his secret wish, and when, at Mme. Babarine's 5 o'clock teas, when Olga treated her admirer with boyish frankness, she gave the young sailor his cup of Russian tea, he fancied he saw in the depths of the young girl's eyes a sweet, faint light that seemed to respond to his generous pity—his infinite tenderness.

"Yes, mademoiselle, my sick leave expires in eight days. I shall leave Pau tomorrow and go to Toulon, where I shall pass a few days with my sister; then from there I go to Brest, where I am aide-de-camp to the Prefect Maritime, and in a year or eighteen months I go to sea again."

They were alone in a corner of the hotel reading-room near an open window, through which they could see the evening sky palpitating with a million stars.

"Good-by, then, and bon voyage," said Olga in her frank young voice, "but I have a favor to ask M. de Rhe. You know that lion's claw mounted in a circle of gold that you wear on your chain? Well, I want it. It came from a lion that you killed in Africa, didn't it? I am a kind of a wild animal and that just suits me. Give it to me and I will keep it to remember you by." Julien detached the trinket and gave it to the young girl; then suddenly taking her hands in both his he said softly and ardently: "I love you; will you be my wife?"

Olga drew her hand softly away, still keeping the lion's claw, then, folding her arms on her breast, she looked M. de Rhe full in the face with no apparent emotion.

"No," said she at last; "no. You are the first man that has ever told me that frankly and honestly, and for that very reason I refuse."

"Olga!" cried Julien in a changed voice.

"Listen," she said, interrupting him by a gesture, "and understand why I say no. It is because I am not worthy of you, and should only make you unhappy. You know that letter of your sister's that you complained of losing. Well, you dropped it here, and I picked it up and read it. Your sister replied to your confidences about me. I have long divined your feelings. She rejoiced—simple, innocent child that she is—but in terms that made me comprehend how deep, how terrible, is the difference between a real young girl and me. In reading this letter, so full of intimate and touching details, I saw as it were your family, your home, full of honest people, where no one but an honest woman should enter. Thank God, M. Rhe, for giving you a mother of whose gray hair you cannot think without a delicious emotion of love rising in the depths of your heart. I, too, have a mother. I, too—but I am compelled to judge her. You have only seen her ridiculous side, but I know her better. If you should ask my hand of her she would refuse you because your position is too humble—your fortune too small. My mother has decided that I shall make a grand marriage or else—or else—she will find something else for me. Oh! I have had experiences for a girl of 18. It is horrible, is it not, but it is true. That is why we spent last winter at Nice, last summer at Scheveningen, and why we are now at Pau. That is why we roll like pebbles from one part of Europe to the other, why we sleep only on inn beds, and dine only at table d'hotes. My mother has nearly been a royal Princess, you understand, and that is why she has given me to understand since I was 15 that I was destined to be an Archduchess at least, even if it was a left-handed alliance.

"What! marry a simple gentleman—nearly a commoner! In your eyes—I derogate—I inspire you with disgust, and I am so ashamed! Do not protest. No, you cannot wish to take to your mother, as your fiancee, as your wife, one who has so much stain upon her. And then I am only an 'objet de luxe,' costly and worthless, whom you do not need and who would not bring you happiness. Besides, I do not love you. I love no one. Love is one of the things forbidden me. Adieu, Monsieur de Rhe. Rise and go away without a word, I beg you. Only leave me your lion's claw, will you not? It will recall to me an honest man to whom I acted as an honest girl. Say nothing to me, and let us part forever. *Adieu!*"

Three years after the steamship Du Conedic, returning from Senegal, stopped at the Canaries for mail. The baggage-master entered the officers' saloon and laid a package of papers on the table. Julien de Rhe undid the packet of Paris journals nearly three weeks old, and under the head of "Arrivals and Departures" read the following lines: "H. M. the King of Suabia, who is traveling in street incognito as the Count of Augeburgh, has been here since yesterday evening. An unfortunate accident occurred at the station at the time of his arrival. The Baroness of Hall, who, accompanied by her mother, the Countess Babarine, has made the voyage with his Majesty, lost a jewel of little intrinsic value, but to which, it appears, Mme. Hall attaches a great price. It is a simple lion's claw, mounted in a circle of gold. Mme. Hall has promised 2,000 francs reward to the person who brings it to her."

"Julien, take care. You will forget the hour for your watch, my friend."

"Thanks," said Julien de Rhe, arising as from a dream and throwing down his paper.

That night the helmsman, who was alone on deck with the officer on duty, saw him carry his handkerchief to his eyes several times, although the fog and stinging wind that causes the eyes to water had not yet arisen.

Frightened Away.

Is it true that the old Jones place is haunted?

It used to be, but they have a baby there now.

Some men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation they belong to, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind it.—Bar.

LOOKING FOR HER JIMMIE

MRS MAHER IS THE GREATEST WOMAN TRAMP.

For Thirty Years She Has Wandered About the Country, Visiting Important Cities —Touch of Pathos in Her Life.

Mrs. Maher, known to railroad men all over the United States and Canada as the woman tramp, passed through Erie, Pa., a few days ago on her way east. This was her second visit to Erie this season, she having passed through the city last March on her way to Pittsburg.

Mrs. Maher, who is now about 60 years old, is one of the strangest characters living. She has been tramping for the past thirty years, and in that time has traveled a distance more than the equivalent of five times around the world. Winter and summer, good weather and bad, she is continually on the go, and she probably will keep on tramping until she falls dead by the roadside.

There is a pathetic side to the woman's strange life. For the last twenty years she has been searching for her son Jimmie, who was stolen or ran away from her. The boy was 14 years old when he disappeared and had been tramping with his mother for about ten years. Those who knew him say he was a remarkably bright lad, having been taught the common branches of education by his mother as they tramped across the country together.

The employes of nearly every railroad in the country have seen or heard of Mrs Maher. She is well-known to engineers and trainmen on all of the trunk lines, and, as she makes annual trips, her coming is looked for from year to year. She passes over the same roads about the same time every year, and for a week before she puts in her appearance the railroad boys are on the lookout.

Mrs. Maher was born in County Roscommon, Ireland. Her maiden name was Walsh. When she was 20 years old she came to America, and lived for a few years at Buffalo, N. Y., as a servant in a hotel. From there she went to Toronto, where she met James Carey, a plumber.

SOUGHT BY THE BOYS.

"I was what you would call a good-looking girl in those days," said the old woman, "and the young fellows were all crazy about me. I was married to Carey and we lived together until the war broke out. Carey was anxious to be a soldier, and he joined a regiment at Buffalo. He was killed on the field of battle, leaving me with a little boy to care for. He was named James, after his father, but I have always called him Jimmie. I lost him twenty years ago, near Cleveland, but I think I'll find him before I die. He must be a fine young man now, and may be he's married to some farmer's daughter. I could pick him out of a million, he had such lovely brown eyes, and he had his father's nose."

As near as can be learned it was about 1865 that Mrs. Maher started from Buffalo on the tramp with little Jimmie, who was then 4 years old. In the fall of that year she first made her appearance in Erie, and it was noticeable that her mind was affected. She had brooded over the death of her husband in the war until her reason had partially fled. At times she was rational in her talk, but she had that peculiar gleam in her eyes usually found in an insane person. Those who remember Mrs. Maher's first visit to Erie say she was a woman of evident refinement. She was interesting in conversation, and the people marveled at her ability to talk on most any subject.

A year later Mrs. Maher was again seen in Erie. She said she had been so far west as Chicago, and had also visited Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Detroit and other large cities. She carried a basket on her arm, much like the one she had when she first passed through Erie, the year before. In this basket she carried a small teapot and some provisions that kind-hearted people had given her. She still carries a small basket and a teapot, and they look as if they had done service a good many years.

KNEW ALL RAIL MEN.

Mrs. Maher always made it a point to get acquainted with the section men along the different railroads, and it was in this way she met Michael Maher, her second husband. Maher was a section hand on the Lake Shore Road at Conneaut, Ohio. The woman tramp and her boy Jimmy came upon the gang of section men to which Maher belonged one day at noon while they were eating dinner. Mother and son were faint and hungry from a long tramp, and Maher took pity on them. He shared his dinner with them, much to the enjoyment of the other men. The foreman of the gang said in a joke that he thought the woman would make Maher a good wife. The laughter that this remark caused was joined in by Maher and the woman. When the noon hour was up and the men had gone back to their tamping bars and shovels, Maher asked the foreman if he could lay off that afternoon. He said he had decided to marry the tramp woman, and within six hours she was his wife.

After a few weeks the old love of freedom returned to Mrs. Maher, and she again started out with her son Jimmy to tramp the world. With the exception of the short time that she lived with Maher, the woman has been wandering since she started from Buffalo thirty years ago.

James Stinson, who has been station agent for the Lake Shore Railroad Company at Conneaut, Ohio, for the last fifteen years, says he has seen Mrs. Maher at least once a year since he has been there.

"I first saw the woman twenty years ago, when I was operator at Girard, Pa., fifteen miles west of Erie," said Mr. Stinson. "I should say that she was at least 40 years old when I first saw her. She then had the boy Jimmy with her, but I saw him only once. On the next trip she made over the Lake Shore she was alone, and she told me that Jimmy had been stolen from her near Cleveland.

ASHAMED OF HIS LIFE.

"I think the boy was ashamed of the life he was leading, and ran away. I remember him as a very bright lad. His mother had taught him to read and write and figure, as they roamed the country, and he had a better education than many young boys who have had good advantages. On the coldest days in winter I have seen her tramping along the railroad, and every time she passes the station I say to myself that she can't last much longer. I have often talked with her, and the knowledge she has of railroads is something wonderful. I believes he has traveled over every railroad of any importance in the United States and Canada. She has been from Maine to California, and knows the railroads like a book."

When Mrs. Maher was in Erie the other day she wore rubber boots, a small shawl over her head and a large one over her shoulders.

"I am not able to go as far now as I was in my younger days," she said, "but I can make five miles a day yet without any trouble. Years ago I often used to go as much as fifty miles a day. You see, I would get on the passenger trains and make the conductors carry me until they stopped. Yes, I have easily averaged ten miles a day for the last thirty years, and that is about five times the distance around the world. I have been in every city of prominence in the United States and Canada, and can tell you all about the different railroads throughout the country. Some day, when I find Jimmy, I'll settle down to rest, but not before then."

ICYCLES NOW AND NEXT YEAR.

The Wheel of the Future May be of Wood —All Sorts of Prophecies, but Little Beyond Conjecture.

The flood of inventions is being poured into the bicycle market is almost unprecedented. Bicycle tires, gears, lamps, stands and every part of a bicycle have been used as a basis of experiment. A clever Canadian offered to a manufacturer a neat and practicable little device to make bicycles stand. It could, he said, be carried on every wheel, and he wanted a royalty. He was met by the response that bicyclists were stripping their wheels of every ounce of superfluous weight, and that in the struggle for lightness, many men went so far as to leave the tool bags off their wheels, and in case of breakdowns on the road they depended on kindly disposed bicyclists who carry theirs along. Several devices have been invented for facilitating the manufacture of wheels. It it said that the woman's machine is a difficult thing for the maker to produce and keep up to date, for the reason that the improvements are being made at a rapid rate, the needs of the woman bicyclist being better understood. Saddles are turned out at a terrific rate by a new machine. One machine cuts the leather into assorted sizes. These are passed into another machine, and when they appear again they are complete. The hub, washers, spoke nipples and all the other small parts are handled separately by skilled men. One authority maintains that the wheel of the future will be of wood, and believes that the hickory bicycle will lead all others in popular favor. There are all sorts of prophecies as to next year's bicycles, but so far there is little beyond conjecture. What is announced is that the wheel will be heavier by a few pounds and vastly stronger. The tendency is to reaction against the lightness and flimsiness of wheels that can not stand wear and tear. It is also said that the wheels will have a greater diameter, and the tire will be about one-half larger than that now in use. This increase in the size of the tire will be mainly in the thickness of the rubber tubing, which will lessen the liability to puncture; six-ply rubber will not tear as readily as two or three-ply. Makers are looking to expend their skill on lessening friction and increasing speed. Although the coming wheel is to be heavier, it will probably carry a rider much farther upon a like expenditure of physical energy than the wheel of to-day, and more safely. A large Western syndicate is to put wheels on the market next year for $30 each. This cheap wheel will increase the number of riders, for many persons will buy it, and thus become prospective purchasers of a wheel that will last, who would not learn to ride for many years yet if they were compelled to pay standard prices.

Playing With a Python.

Mr. J. Cooper Chadwick, in his "Experiences in South Africa," says, that he was once passing through a Dutch farm in the Transvaal, when he went up to the house to see if he could buy some eggs. In front of the door stood a large barrel.

As I passed I carelessly tilted the barrel up to see what was underneath. I let it down again promptly. A big python was under it.

The Dutchman told me that he had shot at it some months before, and wounded it slightly in the head, whereupon it seemed to become stupified. He dragged it home, extracted its fangs, and little by little it had grown tame.

The python, which measured sixteen feet, was allowed to crawl about the place at night, and never attempted to get away or to do any damage. In fact, the farmer found it useful in killing rats and vermin. By day it was kept under the barrel.

The children fed the snake and played with it. I saw one of the boys drag it out and pour two bottles of milk down its throat, and then give it six eggs. When the children teased it, it made a hissing noise and reared upon its tail. They were not a bit frightened; but would catch hold of it by the head, and drag it along the ground over their shoulders.

Truly Stupid.

The extreme simplicity of the new soldiers in old times in England, when the peasants did not know their right foot from their left, and consequently had to have a wisp of hay tied around one foot and of straw around the other, so that they might answer to the commands, Hay foot, straw foot, seems to be pretty nearly equalled by that of the modern continental recruit.

A French paper says that a new recruit was under instruction from the sergeant as to the points of compass.

If you have the north in front of you, the east at your right, and the west at your left, what have you at your back? asked the sergeant.

My knapsack! promptly answered the soldier.

Mike's Devotion.

Kathleen—It's little ye love me, or ye wud niver stay away from me as ye did last evening, jist because av a wee bit o' rain.

Dudee Mike—Sure it wore a pourin' down floods, mavourneen, but it wor not th' rain thet kep me away from th' loight av y'r hiveniy eyes.

Kathleen—An' wot wor it?

Dudee Mike—It wor th' lack av an umbrella.

Very Likely.

Mistress—Bridget, didn't I hear the policeman kiss you last night?

Bridget—It's loikely, mem. Oi tould him he'd be afther distoorbin' the neighbors, he's that noisy.

HAD HIS SPLEEN REMOVED

UNUSUAL OPERATION PERFORMED ON AN ATHLETE.

Gives Promise of Resulting Successfully Though It Generally Results Fatally —The Romans Practised It.

Unusual interest is attached to the success of a surgical operation, extensively practised by the ancient Romans, and performed at the Charity Hospital, on Blackwell's Island, New York, the other day. It was the removal of the spleen of William Mertons, an English amateur cross-country runner, who recently landed in this country.

He came over to challenge America's non professional cross-country talent, but about a week after his arrival was seized with the most exhausting pains in his left side whenever he attempted to run any distance.

The Englishman remembered reading in an old work on Roman outdoor sports that it was the custom of the Roman runners to have their spleens removed, and that the ancient anatomists and surgeons discredited the organ having any important function in connection with the operation of human mechanism.

It seems to be a fact that the Romans believed the spleen to be the seat of the sudden sharp pains in the left side, now generally supposed to be caused by general over-exertion. Old medical works searched at the different hospital libraries give evidence of the practice in Rome, and say that, so far as is known, there were no ill effects resulting from the loss of the organ.

MODERNS DIFFER.

Modern anatomists differ, however. They seem to have found the office of the spleen, although there is a wide difference of opinion regarding the advisability of removing it when found in such a diseased condition as Mertons's was. Some surgeons refuse to perform the operation, while others still cling to the old idea that the peculiar, spongy, oval-shaped organ's particular mission in life is still a mystery, and that therefore its removal cannot be harmful.

In spite of this reasoning the operation is very seldom performed now, as the records of modern surgery relate few successful cases, though the patients have lived for periods ranging from several weeks to six or eight months. Dr. Charles B. Heith, who operated on Mertons, believes the failures were the result of general abdominal exposure instead of the absence of the organ.

The young English challenger has, however, survived the ordeal of the knife. He has the advantage of having been otherwise in excellent physical condition when laid upon the operating table. The house surgeon reports rapid improvement in his health and the operator is sanguine of the result, even believing Mertons will be enabled to re-enter the field again, as the Romans did.

MANY WATCHED IT.

Many students and physicians attended the operation, and extensive arguments were for and against the practice. The patient was finally brought in on a stretcher, etherized and ready for the scalpel. Mertons lay on his right side, and, with the athlete's back toward him, the surgeon made an incision, just beneath the ribs, about three inches in length, carefully removing the membranes of the abdominal cavity, and separating the spleen from them as he proceeded.

Soon the entire organ was exposed, and it was found to be much darker than its normal tint. When exposed to the air several minutes it began to give out a very unpleasant odor. The operator, perceiving this, announced his opinion regarding the previous open argument on the case, by claiming that had the diseased organ remained much longer in the body mortification would have set in and death been the result. Upon examination the men of science present agreed to this unanimously.

It took but a few delicate strokes of the scalpel to sever all the spleen's connections, and it was promptly withdrawn from the cavity. The wound was then cleansed with an antiseptic solution and sewed up at its opening surface.

The last time spleniotomy was preformed in New York, it was attended with fatal results.

Temperance on the French Plan.

In Paris the first French temperance society has just been founded by Dr. Legrain, physician to the Paris lunatic asylums. The society's pledge, which English abstainers will remark does not eupoin total abstinence is as follows: "I promise, firstly, to abstain entirely except on medical advice from brandy and all liqueurs. Secondly, to make use only in moderation of wine, beer or cider." It will be interesting to see whether the society achieves better success than the society against the abuse of tobacco, whose influence may be asserted to be nil. Certainly all classes in France are fast poisoning themselves not only with spirits, but, what is even worse, with essential oils such as those found in absinthe. Vermouth bitters, and every one of the so-called digestive liqueurs, however sanctimoniously distilled in convents. The whole Academy of Medicine is agreed that all these pick-me-ups are rank poison, which must lead by degrees to the degeneracy of the race, but we think it most doubtful whether a pledge would have much effect on this fickle race. Most people, moreover, would resent the loss of free will it entails. Some remedy will have some day to be found for the increasing drunkenness and criminality through drink in France, but as yet one sees none. Legislation has just made an attempt to diminish absenthe drinking by increasing the excise duty, but the financial circumstances of the country prevent the tax being carried up to prohibition point.

Seals Consume Lots of Fish.

There are on the Pribyloff Islands to the southeast of Alaska probably from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 seals. Considering that each of these will eat at least 10 pounds of fish per day, the herd will consume 6,000,000 tons of fish a year. As some naturalists claim that a seal will eat considerably more than 10 pounds per day, this estimate is doubled by them. How expensive these seals are will be evident from the fact that the amount of fish consumed in England per year is less than 600,000 tons, which supply was valued at about $30,000,000. At this rating the seals of the Northern Pacific get away with more than $300,000,000 worth of fish per year.

MORE CAPITAL FOR B.C.

A Big Syndicate Proposes to Expose Our Mineral Wealth.

F. S. Barnard, M.P., has returned from England, where he went to obtain capital to assist developing a water power at Seymour creek, Vancouver, generating electricity by this means with which to operate the street railways and electric lighting in that city, and the interurban service between the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster. In this he has been successful, $500,000 capital being raised for this purpose. It is proposed to commence operations at once by placing the plant and beginning improvements.

But the most important results of Mr. Barnard's visit to England are detailed in the following interview. He said: "When in England I thought it a good opportunity, after completing my business in connection with the Vancouver street railway, to try and interest the moneyed men there in the possibilities which this province offered as a field for investment in mines. The South African gold fields seemed to engross the attention of the speculative financial world, but finally through the important house of Sperling & Co., who are largely interested in British Columbia and are anxious to see its resources developed, a syndicate comprising the leading financial and banking houses of London, Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, Glasgow and Manchester, was formed, for the purpose of exploiting and developing the gold fields of this Province. I believe this to be one of the strongest financial combination, composed of Europeans, ever arranged for such a purpose. The capital of the company backed by the syndicate is £300,000, of which about £232,500 is now practically available for investment here. The arrangement effected will, however, be the means of introducing, in addition, unlimited capital. This will naturally benefit the Province greatly, for where our mining operations result in proving anyone of our ventures a success, capital for further operations will flow through the same channel. In other words, the company is a parent company, formed for the purpose of exploiting and developing mines and placing them, when justified, on the European market. Within the scope of our operations is the locating, purchasing, developing and working of mines situated anywhere in the Province of British Columbia, selling, disposing and in any way dealing with the same. We are already developing several properties, which show up very well and are prepared to investigate the merits of any brought to our notice, upon which there is some development. As managing director of the company I propose to proceed with the work of exploiting the properties already acquired, and Cecil Slade, of London, a large shareholder, is here for the purpose of satisfying himself and his associates that the field for operating is a good one. I am very much indebted to the Hon. Mr. Vernon, the agent-general in London, for the valuable assistance rendered by him. Mr. Vernon has been the means of inducing many others besides those who are interested in my company to form small syndicates, and send out mining experts to report upon the mineral resources of the Province, and in this respect alone his services as agent-general cannot be over-estimated."

As Others See Us.

The big convention of the Northwest Miners Association is holding its session at Spokane this week. In an explanatory article for the benefit of delegates the *Northwest Mining Review*, of Spokane, has the following regarding British Columbia:

"The name of British Columbia has become the synonym of mineral wealth, and the treasure chests which a wise Providence has endowed our fair neighbor with is alluring many a stalwart American across the border to partake of the liberal heritage. Not complete with the rich gold fields of the Cariboo and Cassiar, nor yet with the coal measures of the Nanaimo district, there have been added the wonderful mineral belts of the Lardeau, Duncan, Slocan, Salmon, Trail, Boundary Creek, Rock Creek, and others; some of them so near the borderline of Washington that Washingtonians would be agreeable to a slight change to the northward, of the international boundary. The development of the Slocan and Trail districts has been rapid and the mineral exposed there is marvelous. The Boundary Creek district, though retarded in its development because no transportation is afforded, has not lain entirely idle, and the ore is both extensive and rich, in gold, silver and copper and coal is present in quantity and quality. All these districts deserve more consideration and encouragement from the local and dominion governments than has yet been shown. It does not require the genius of a prophet to descern that British Columbia will very soon rank first, among all the provinces of Canada, in the production of wealth."

The Ashcroft fair was opened on Tuesday by J. A. Mara, M.P., who addressed the assembled multitude on agriculture and kindred subjects.

A Vancouver despatch, dated Oct. 1, announces that the diocesan synod of New Westminster has been postponed to Nov. 20. So, too, has Bishop Dart's decision as to the suggested division of the archdeaconry and its endowment.

FLOUR, FEED, FRUIT,

Produce and Vegetables,

HUTCHINSON BROS.

Front Street, Revelstoke.

Some of our prices:—

Hay	1c per lb.
Oats	1½c per lb.
Chicken feed	1½c per lb.
Flour	$2.50 per 100 lbs.
Shorts	$25 per ton.
Bran	$20 " "
Chop feed	$30 " "
Potatoes	$17 " "
Onions	2c per lb.

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.

Local and Personal Briefs.

Mrs. John Hector, of Nakusp, is visiting friends in town.

A mule belonging to Laforme's packtrain was killed on the railway track Thursday.

Thos. Steed has gone to Trail to conduct the branch store which H. N. Coursier is opening there.

H. T. Twigg is applying for a certificate of improvements on the Black Prince, in Trout lake.

The steamer Marion, which has been laid up for repairs for a week past, resumed her regular trip yesterday.

The flour and feed store of Hutchinson Bros. is now open and ready for business. They advertise some of their prices in another column.

J. S. Patterson has succeeded Sidney Durham as book-keeper at the sawmill. Mr. Durham goes to the Greely creek shingle mill in which he is financially interested.

Pete Arena launched his Louise M.D. on Wednesday and set sail for Arrow lake the next morning. Pete intends doing something desperate this trip—locate a townsite, kill a bear, or something.

The effects of the late Mrs. Matthaw and the late Pearl Henderson are being sold by public auction to-day, at the house formerly occupied by the latter. The effects consist of furniture, clothing, jewellery, etc.

Ves Howe, of Tacoma, and Gus Lund are applying for a lease of one mile of placer ground on Carnes creek. They went 200 feet on each side of the stream and propose to put in the winter there.

The first of the social assemblies, which Mr. Gordon will conduct throughout the season, was held in Bourne's Hall last night and proved an unqualified success. The music, floor and other appointments left nothing to be desired as far as the management was concerned, the result being that those present thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

A citizen was engaged at prayer in his humble abode Thursday night, and some passing boys, hearing the noise, which to them sounded very unlike the dulcet tones of a religious devotee, added a shower of rocks as an accompaniment. The indignant citizen forgot his devotions long enough to send the contents of a shotgun after his tormentors. The ambulance was not called and no fatality has been reported to the police.

Church Services To-morrow.

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

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.

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

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40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that we intend to apply to the Dominion Government, through its proper officer, for the right to use for motive power the stream running south through the C.P.R. and smelter townsite properties in vicinity of Union Hotel and passing by Sibbald's store—in Revelstoke, B.C., not diverting it from its course.

L. A. FRETZ.
J. C. SQUAREBRIGGS.

Dated Revelstoke, Sept. 18th, 1895.

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. 55,144, 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.

"HEALTH ACT, 1893."

NOTICE is hereby given that "An Act respecting the Public Health" is now in force, and that under the provisions of the said Act Alfred T. Watt, of the City of Victoria, Esquire, M.D., has been appointed Secretary of The Provincial Board of Health.

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary,

Provincial Secretary's Office,
26-4t 27th September, 1895.

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.

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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Mineral Act, "Form F."

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

ABBOTT MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: on Bailey Creek. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, of Vancouver, B.C., free miner's certificate No. 55,144, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this tenth day of May, 1895.

H. ABBOTT.

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T. L. HAIG,

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