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The regular meeting are held in the Masonic Temple, Bourne's Hall, on the third Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.

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

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

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COLUMBIA RIVER BRIDGE.

Board of Trade Asks the Local Government to Interfere.

At the last meeting of the local Board of Trade the question of the construction of the new C.P.R. bridge across the Columbia river at this point was again up for discussion. Some weeks ago the board forwarded a memorial to the Minister of Railways and Canals, at Ottawa, praying that the railway be required to insert a draw or swing section in their new bridge at this point, so as to permit the free navigation of the river above Revelstoke. Mr. Mara's assistance in the matter was also sought. Petitions were forwarded to the various boards of trade at the coast and promises of assistance were received from them. The Minister of Railways replied that he had no knowledge that a bridge was being built at this point as no plans had been filed in his department. The inference from this reply being that the railway was not building a new bridge but merely repairing an old one. That this is only a subterfuge on the part of the railway is clearly shown in the Board's petition to the Lieutenant-Governor, and also in Supt. Abbott's reply to the Vancouver Board. When that body interviewed him on this subject he said that a bridge was being built of which one span would be constructed so as to allow 28 feet clear above high water.

In this matter the railway has, as has often been the case elsewhere, treated the interests of the people which they are supposed to serve, with that want of consideration which has become almost characteristic of the management. But the question is not going to rest here. Besides the petition to the Lieutenant-Governor, the Board has decided to petition the Boards of Trade of the eastern centres to assist those of the coast, and, no doubt, will be successful in enlisting their active co-operation in compelling the railway to comply with the requirements of the case. The following *communication to the Lieutenant-Governor in council may have the effect of interesting the provincial government in the matter. It is to be hoped that it will:*

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia in council:

Sir,—I have the honor to forward herewith a copy of the memorial addressed to the Minister of Railways and Canals by the Revelstoke Board of Trade, and a copy of the correspondence which has passed between the Railway committee of the House of Commons and said Board, and also copies of letters from the Victoria and Vancouver Boards of Trade.

The timbers for the construction of this bridge are being framed and this Board is credibly informed that the whole of the superstructure of this bridge will be new—only the masonry of the old piers will be left. The plans of the new bridge are somewhat different to the present bridge, inasmuch as twenty-eight feet clear headroom will be left at highest water mark recorded, which, although a slight concession to the needs of navigation, would be a totally inadequate provision for a steamer of sufficient size and power to navigate the upper river.

The development of the country to the north of Revelstoke has undoubtedly been retarded by the obstruction to navigation caused by the present bridge, and it is felt by this Board that if the C.P.R. are allowed to reconstruct the bridge according to their present plans a precedent would be established which would be extremely dangerous to the interests of the country at large. This Board ventures to address your Honor upon this matter, confident that you will do all in your power to protect the rights of those whom it represents, and to whom the free navigation of the Columbia river above Revelstoke is of vital importance.

(Signed). C. E. Shaw,
Secretary Revelstoke Board of Trade.

The Kettle River Camps.

The Kettle river country is just now receiving considerable attention from investors. A few weeks ago the sale of the Winnipeg, for $60,000, to Marcus Daly, was announced, then followed the big transfer in the Boundary creek camp, effected by S. S. Fowler, and this week the Midway *Advance* contains notice of some more, among which are the following: Option on the Calumet, in the Wellington camp, to the parties who bought the Winnipeg, the amount being $10,000. The Wolverine, Volcanic and Iron Cap, located on the north fork of Kettle river, have been leased by the owners, for a term of 15 years, to N. Larsen, of Denver, Col., and E. Blewett, of Nebraska, parties representing large smelting interests. The lessees are to work the properties continuously for the period of the lease and pay to the lessors one-fourth of the net profits derived from the said mines. The lessees are not allowed to accumulate debt against the mines and must commence work before the first of March next.

Trout Lake Mail.

Complaints are again heard regarding the inefficiency of the mail service to Trout Lake City. It appears that the steamer which has been carrying the mails to and from that district during the summer months has been tied up for some time and for the past three weeks the service has been demoralized, and further that no provision has, as yet, been made for the winter months. The post office department should act promptly in the matter and remedy the defect, especially as they have established an office at that point. There will be at least 150 men in the Trout lake camp this winter and they will have good grounds for complaint if the service is irregular or inadequate, especially as the construction of the railway to the head of the lake removes the only serious obstacles to the same service throughout the winter as they have enjoyed during the summer months.

Body Found at Bannock Point.

Word was received yesterday that the body of a man, badly decomposed, had been found at Bannock Point, near the mouth of the river. He had evidently been in the water for a long time, too long to render recognition possible, but from the few particulars obtained the police think it is the body of Alex Simms, who was drowned in the river on Nov. 28, 1894. The coroner will go down Monday to investigate the matter when the true identity of the corpse may be disclosed. The body was found by David Johnson.

He Never Came Back.

Several theories have been advanced to account for the sudden disappearance of a Chinese cook who has been employed at the C.P.R. hotel. The Chinaman left the hotel at the usual hour Monday evening and called on some of his countrymen on the way to his home. He left his friends about ten o'clock and started for home since which time all trace of him has been lost. When his absence was first discovered his compatriots attributed it to the machination of one of the many devils which the celestials suppose to be lying in wait for them after dark, and proceeding upon this theory several Chinamen, armed with a quantity of firecrackers and a gun, paraded the vicinity for some time, but failed to induce this particular devil to give up his secret. The other theories are that John has been "removed" by members of the celestials' secret organization or else he took too large a dose of his favorite drug and in his delirium has wandered off. The police incline to the latter theory.

Rossland's First Shooting Scrape.

Rossland had its first shooting scrape one day last week, when John Langford, undertook, with the assistance of his gun, to settle a dispute with Thos. Thomas. The cause of the row is said to be a woman and the trouble started on the street. They adjourned to the hotel, where, it is said, Thomas attempted to kick Langford, when the latter drew a colts revolver and, after striking Thomas over the head with it, blazed away, inflicting a slight scalp wound on his antagonist and narrowly missing the neck of a bystander. Langford, who is a man with no particular occupation, was arrested and received a preliminary hearing, when he was committed for trial on a charge of shooting with intent to kill. Officer Hooson passed through Monday with the prisoner, who will be confined in Kamloops jail until tried.

The Lumber Combine.

The details of the final organization of the great lumber trust of the coast have been made public. It is the largest and most formidable combine ever organized on the Pacific coast and includes every mill of importance west of the Cascades between Vancouver and San Francisco. The capital represented amounts to $45,000,000, making it in this particular one of the largest combinations in America. It is proposed to advance prices considerably on January 1st. Among those who compose the trust are the Oregon Pine Lumber Co.; The Pacific Empire Lumber Co., of Gray's Harbor, St. Paul; Tacoma Lumber Co.; the Stimson Mill Co., of Seattle; and the Hastings mill, of Vancouver.

A lay off of 47 men occurred at the Silver King last week. No reason was given by the management and it is not likely that the men will be put back until the smelter is started up, which will likely be in January.

The Grand Trunk has inaugurated an important change over its entire system by adopting what is called the block system, long used in England and practically rendering impossible accidents by collision or telescoping.

LOCAL MINING NEWS.

Items of Interest From Camps in the Revelstoke District.

The high water caused by the recent heavy rains did not do as much damage to the Hidden Treasure, on Gold Stream, as was at first expected. Only a small portion of the wing-dam was damaged.

O. D. Hoar has six or eight men at work on the C. P. R. group, Trout Lake. Development work on this property will be continued throughout the winter.

George Laforme arrived from the Bend yesterday with his pack train. He has made his last trip and will put the animals into winter quarters.

About 150 men will be employed around the Trout Lake camp this winter, the majority of whom will be engaged on development work.

McPherson and Beatlis will work all winter on the Great Northern and the Hillside, Trout Lake.

The Consolation in Pay.

The Consolation, Big Bend, is again a producer, and after months spent in dead work the boys are again handling the yellow metal. Five months ago they were shut off from pay by a slide of mud and boulders, and have been pegging away ever since, one rock in the slide was 60 feet in diameter, and this they had to tunnel. This has been a severe financial strain on the owners, who are all workers, but as they have already had handsome returns from their property and expect to get thousands more out of it, they stuck to the work, until successful.

The Pump Did not Arrive.

The pump for the Last Chance, will not be put in place this winter. It was carried to Downie Creek by Horne's boat. Laforme's pack train was to take it from there to the mine. The train made one trip with half the pump and returned, but the trail was in such a bad condition that it was impossible to make another journey, and after waiting a day or two to see if it would not improve, the pack train was brought back to town. This unlooked-for delay will somewhat disarrange the plans of the winter's work at the Last Chance. The force are at present engaged in clearing out the shaft.

Working the Silver Cup.

That the Trout lake camp is beginning to receive the attention it deserves is evidenced by the fact that it is to have another shipping property this winter. The Silver Cup, which was recently bonded by Dan McGillivray, will supplement the shipments to be made by the American and, it is confidently expected, will be a considerable factor in demonstrating the possibilities of this camp. Mr. McGillivray proposed to work the property on a liberal scale and as a start the Illecillewaet took in ten tons of supplies this week and six men have commenced work on the claim, the force to be increased as soon as practicable. The shaft, which is now down 42 feet, will be sunk to a depth of 100 feet and shipments will commence as soon as it is possible to rawhide the ore, which is valued at $100 a ton.

Silver Discovery on the North Shore.

A discovery of silver has been made on the north shore of Lake Superior near the mouth of the Paysplat river not far from the Indian reservation. The vein is said to be ten feet wide and where stripped it is as rich as ever the Silver Islet's Beaver or Badgar were in their palmiest days. The peculiar feature is that the lead is located where no precious metals were supposed to be found, the geological formation being granite. It is said to be owned by the Messrs. Allan, of Ottawa, Donnely, of Port Arthur, and King, of Fort William.

From Kamloops to Barkerville.

The proposed railway from Kamloops to Barkerville is again on the carpet. A. D. Whittier, agent and manager for the Cariboo Goldfields Co., at Barkerville, is given as authority for the statement that the construction of the road is practically assured and that work will be begun next season. It is to be about 350 miles long, the estimated cost being $22,000 a mile. Mr. Whittier says that such a road would be a long step toward rail connection with Alaska. A branch of the British Pacific, for which a party of surveyors was in Barkerville during the present season, will reach out to the mouth of the Skeena, and form part of a short line to the Orient. With the construction of the British Pacific and its connecting lines, a way will be opened into the vast agricultural region of the Peace River valley, and will tap a lumber region like that of Puget Sound. The new road will do a great deal toward the development of one of the richest mining countries in the world.

ONLY A MILLION.

CHAPTER IV.

The sudden appearance of Ruth at the Vicarage in a state of much agitation created great commotion in that quiet establishment. Mrs. Ware took her upstairs, and in a little while learned the whole story of her love for Dr. Mowbray and of her cousin's conduct.

Mrs. Ware was a sensible woman, and, whilst making excuses for Mr. Cawley, contrived to soothe her guest by those delicate suggestions of compromises which might lead to future happiness only perceptible by the keen eyes of a woman. She persuaded her that the best thing she could do was to take a long rest, and in the morning she would be able to discuss the affairs of the future. Ruth was so weary and distressed by all that happened within such a short period that she yielded to all her kind hostess suggested.

Then Mrs. Ware rejoined her husband, and after a long conversation with him he put on his hat and proceeded to Cedar Lodge. He had not been able to accomplish all that he had intended to do, but he resolved on the on the following morning he would tell Mr. Cawley very plainly that he had been most unkind to his cousin. Up to a late hour that evening the good-natured Vicar half expected, or hoped, that Mr. Cawley would come to him for some information about Ruth, if not to ask her to return to the house which had been so long her home.

But he put out his lights and went to bed without having received the visit he had looked for.

Dr. Mowbray made an early call at the Vicarage next day to see one of the young ladies who was suffering from a slight cold which she had magnified into a severe attack of bronchitis. Then he heard something about the rupture between Ruth and her cousin—not much, certainly, for the girls had been told nothing more than that Miss Hansford was to stay with them for a few days. But this was enough to make the young Doctor seek a full explanation from the Vicar. To the latter, the position was an awkward one; he did not know how much of his information he was at liberty to repeat—especially to Mowbray. He discovered an excellent way out of the difficulty.

"Ahem! I think, Mowbray, you should see Miss Hansford in your professional capacity. She is really very ill and requires advice. Then, as her friend, I have no doubt she will give you all the particulars which you require, and which—well, in fact—which I feel some reluctance to give without her sanction. I will ask Mrs. Ware to inform her that you are here."

"Thank you. I am anxious to see her, whether she is willing to make me her confidant or not."

The Vicar went in search of his wife. In a few minutes Mrs. Ware appeared, and, after a formal greeting, conducted the Doctor to a parlor overlooking the garden; she was brisk in manner, and her expression distinctly suggested that she was very sanguine as to the result of this visit. There are few women, whatever may be their age, who do not take an interest in a love affair.

Ruth was seated in a large easy-chair beside a comfortable fire. She was dressed in black, and this rendered the pallor of her face the more noticeable; but a slight flush for a moment suffused it when Mowbray advanced to her. She rose, extending her hand, which he seized with more eagerness than would be requisite if he only intended to feel her pulse.

"Pray be seated, Miss Hansford. I see that you are very weak, and you must not task your strength."

Smiling faintly, she resumed her seat. He arranged the cushion behind her with the tenderness of a mother nursing a loved child; then he drew back and knew that his own pulse quickened with pleasure at sight of the expression of gratitude on the pale face.

"You must not think that I am very ill, Dr. Mowbray. It is only—only a little weakness due to much excitement last night. Will you not be seated?" she added abruptly.

The Doctor took a chair, and his earnest eyes examined her closely. Although no word had yet been spoken to suggest anything between them more than the ordinary relationship of doctor and patient, both were conscious that an important crisis in their lives was at hand. He saw that she hesitated to explain to him fully the nature of her trouble; and he hesitated to attempt to win the secret from her. But that the cause of the breach between her and her cousin was a serious one, he could easily divine from the effect it had had upon her.

"I may tell you," he said gently, "that I know something of what has happened. You have left Mr. Cawley's house owing to some misunderstanding between you; but surely it can be explained away? Mr. Cawley is a gentleman of sound sense, and would not I am sure, cause you unnecessary distress."

She turned her head aside, and her lips trembled slightly; she could not tell him why Mr. Cawley had acted as if he had very little sound sense indeed.

"I am afraid that reconciliation is impossible," she answered, without looking round. "Even if Mr. Cawley were to ask me, I could not return to his house."

"Then, what are your plans for the future? Have you any relatives to protect you?"

"None" (this with a sob.)

"Any friends, then?"

"None save the Vicar and his wife. You know that I have scarcely stirred beyond the village since I was sixteen, and have, therefore, had few opportunities of making such friends as I might ask to help me in my present position."

The Doctor himself grew pale now; and it was evident by his blanched lips and the slight tremor of his hands that he was greatly agitated. At length he bent towards her, and his voice was very low and earnest as he spoke.

"Miss Hansford, I am going to say something that will startle you, and perhaps add to your distress. Shall I risk doing so? Do you think you are strong enough to hear me?"

"Go on," she faltered.

"It is very little that I have to say. Some three years ago I met a lady whose face and character roused sentiments which had long lain dormant under the pressure of severe work and much privation. I was poor then, and I am not much richer now. I understood the lady to be the probable heiress of a large fortune, and I resolved to stifle these feelings which had so suddenly sprung into life. We frequently met, however, and I was too weak to deny myself the happiness of speaking to her and being near her. The thought of her helped me through many severe trials. You know that lady is yourself, Miss Hansford; your position is altered now, and I may therefore tell you that I love you.—Have I offended you?"

She had started at the sound of those words which always thrill the hearts of men and women. For answer she placed her hand in his. He bent over her and kissed her.

The Vicar and his wife were not at all surprised when the engagement of Ruth and Dr. Mowbray was made known to them, for they had long seen what the lovers had been afraid to own to themselves. The Vicar decided that Mr. Cawley should at once be informed of the matter; and again hurried to Cedar Lodge, to find for a second time that he could not fulfil his mission.

At the door was a brougham, and in the hall he found Dr. Walpole (the most popular physician of the district) drawing on his gloves and giving instructions to two servants who were listening with an expression of terror on their faces.

"Good morning, Mr. Ware," said the great physician condescendingly. "I am afraid we have a bad case here. Our friend Mr. Cawley has passed a very restless night, and is now in a state of delirium. The indications are those of small-pox. I have left one of my men with him, and have telegraphed to London for properly qualified nurses. Hope you are all well at home. Excuse me, I am very busy—good morning." And the pompous gentleman entered his carriage and drove away.

The diagnosis proved to be correct; an epidemic of small-pox had been for some time raging in the country, and it had seized Mr. Cawley in its most virulent form. Nurses came and went; the servants fled in terror from the plague, and the millionaire was left almost alone. As the delirium slowly subsided, he was vaguely conscious of shadows flitting around his bed; when the crisis had passed, and he awakened as from a long and horrible dream, he saw a slender figure, dressed in black, standing beside him, and tenderly moistening his feverish lips with some liquid. Behind this figure was that of a tall man was watching him intently.

"Ruth—Mowbray," said the invalid feebly. And then, after a long pause, "What does it all mean?"

"You may speak," whispered Mowbray to Ruth; "I believe he is saved."

"You have been very ill, Cawley," said the gentle voice which he had thought he would never hear again; "but you will soon be well now."

He closed his swollen eyes, and tried to puzzle out the meaning of this strange dream; then he fell into a natural sleep. His attendants were no shadows now; and as he slowly recovered, he learned bit by bit how when he had been deserted by nearly every one else, Ruth and Mowbray had nursed him through his terrible illness.

On a bright June morning, when the air was perfumed with roses, the bells in the tower of the old parish church rang out a merry wedding peal, and Ruth, in bride's attire, advanced to the altar where Dr. Mowbray waited. The Vicar was in his place ready to make his two friends man and wife. A gentleman whose face was deeply pitted by small-pox was brought up to the altar in a wheel-chair, and gave away the bride. When the bride and bridegroom were stepping into the carriage, he shook hands with the man; he kissed the lady, muttering, "God bless you, my child! May your life be long and happy! I am happy now."

And it was the first time that Mr. Cawley had been really happy. His illness had proved a blessing to himself, to Ruth, and to George Mowbray.

CHARLES GIBBON.

(The End.)

Electric Rapid Transit.

The substitution of the electric motor and special devices for fast travel may be delayed by the managers of steam railways, whose business will be injured thereby, but the change has got to come. Present methods are not in keeping with the progressive science of the age. The steam roads carry a ton of car weight for every passenger they transport, where only 400 pounds are required with the new system. The slaughter of people by crossing roads built at grade on the surface must be stopped, and this is one way to avoid it. Why should passengers be bothered with sleeping-car accommodations to make a journey that can be accomplished within the short hours that now constitute a legal working day? In the Brott system locomotives are dispensed with. The motors are on the axles, under the cars. Hence, it is possible to dispense with the mighty locomotive, that has to be made nearly as heavy as the whole train in order to secure a proper hold upon the track. Now that ocean steamers have so closely approached railroad speed it is high time that the land roads forged ahead before designers of water craft catch up.

Edison Nowhere.

Thinkem—Talk about Edison; Edison is nowhere. I've invented something now that will set folks wild. Bound to sell like hot cakes. It's a great big church clock, to be fastened to the wall right where the minister can see it all the time he's preaching.

Pinkem—Nothing new about that.

Thinkem—Just wait. Every clock is to have a monster alarm attachment, and at half-past twelve precisely the thing will go off with a noise like forty fog-horns and a boiler factory rolled into one. He'll never wait for that more 'n once.

In a Hurry.

Guest—Gee Whittaker! You've spilled that coffee all over me.

Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but I was hurryin' to get through.

Guest—I'm in no hurry.

Waiter—No, sir, but it's most time for a gentleman to come in wot always fees me, sir.

Doing No Harm.

Mrs. Mulcahy—Doesn't it not worry yez to know that y'r son is in th' liquor business, a leadin' min ter drink, Mrs. Mulhooly?

Mrs. Mulhooly— Oh, no. The men he sells to does not nade any ladin'. They're all polyticians.

Sorry He Spoke.

Come to think of it, said the observant boarder, I never have seen anyone smile on a bicycle.

But we all smile on the bicycle girl, said a Cheerful Idiot, and the observant boarder was sorry he spoke.

The Family Diamonds.

CHAPTER I.

'They are worth several lacs of rupees.'

I had no very clear idea what was the exact value of a lac of rupees, when I answered Cousin Martha as to the supposed value of Auntie Purpose's diamonds. I knew, however, that it represented a large sum; and then, I did not care to confess an absolute ignorance on the subject, especially to Martha, who is quite two years my junior, although a good many say that she looks the older of the two. We were sitting in my little four-roomed cottage before the open casement, and with my small brown delf teapot between us, were refreshing ourselves with an early cup of tea. Although we are both unmarried, yet we prefer occupying separate tenements, the Missles being too captious and domineering in disposition to agree well together. We are decidedly non-gregarious. Hence, we live apart, and have everything to ourselves. There were but three born Missles living—Aunt Purpose being one marriage only—Patience (that is, myself); Martha; and Robert, a grasping, avaricious old bachelor. I know that it is not nice to detract one's relative; but Martha perfectly agrees with me in my estimate of our mutual cousin's character; therefore I think I may be allowed to record it. The last generation of Missles consisted of four brothers, the eldest of whom was Robert's father; the next, mine; the third, Martha's; while the fourth, who died childless, had been the husband of Aunt Purpose.

We of the younger generation had long been settled in our parents' native village of Nettlethrope, happy, to a certain extent, in our mutual carpings and bickerings; when a great excitement was imported into the even tenor of our lives by the news that Thomson—the local house-agent—had been written to by Aunt Purpose, authorising him to take, in her name, a moderately sized house in our primitive little hamlet.

Now one word about Aunt Purpose. Uncle Job, her husband, had held an official appointment in the East Indies, where he had met and married her. Nothing was heard of them for some years; and then news arrived of his death. Again an interval of silence occurred, to be broken by the intelligence that our widowed relative whom we had never seen, was about to come and live in the midst of us, actuated thereto by a wish to end her days amongst her husband's kindred, as she had none of her own. The fact of her being a stranger to us, would have been sufficent to have awakened a certain amount of interest in her arrival; therefore, our unusual excitement may well be understood when Robert discovered, by some means or other—he is such a terrible one for sifting and prying into things, but there I men always are so curious—that she was the owner of a most wonderful and almost priceless set of brilliants, that had been presented to her by a great Maharajah, to whose children she had been governess. Again, it was said that she was penurious and miserly in her habits, as we knew our uncle had been. He had left her everything at his death; therefore, she must be, we argued, at least comfortably rich. East Indians are never really poor. Their wealth is proverbial. Kithless and kinless, save for ourselves, her approach filled us with joyful anticipations; and already in imagination each one of us saw himself, or herself, the owner of her matchless jewels and sole inheritor of her wealth. Martha and I were just discussing our second cup, and speculating as to the time of the old lady's arrival, then daily expected, when suddenly my little maid-of-all-work, whom I had despatched to the village on a marketing expedition, dashed into the room with her arms full of packages, and her tongue charged to its extreme tip with gossip.

'Well, Mary, what is it?' asked Martha, who saw that the child was bursting with news.

'Oh, if you please, m'm, she's come, and druv all the way in 'obson's one-'orse shay, with a great screaming green poll-parrot in a brass cage beside the driver, and a black woman all in white, and a red silk pocket-handkercher tied over 'er 'air, and su'thing just like a lot o' little gold pimples agrowin' out o' one side of 'er nose.—I should not have bin so long, m'm, she added, turning apologetically to me, as she at length paused in her lengthly harangue to get back her breath, 'but I stopped to see 'em take in the luggage and things.'

There was no need for any name to be mentioned. We both knew that she could only be referring to Aunt Purpose. A rigid cross-examination followed; but all that we could elicit from our informant was, that Mrs. Missle was a little, shrivelled-looking old woman, with a very yellow face, and a pair of bright black eyes just like a bird.

'Did you see Mr. Robert there?' I asked uneasily.

'No, m'm; though, if you please, m'm, I seed at the post-office as Muster Robert had gone to Southampton to meet 'his aunt.'

'Just like him! Sly and mean in all that he does!' was Martha's indignant comment as she rose and began to put on her shawl and gloves.

I wanted to be by myself to think over matters, and decide as to my Aunt Purpose, so I did not press her to stay; and I could easily see that she was quite as eager to leave me.

'Ought we to call to-night?' I asked her, resolving that, whatever underhand means Robert might have taken to forestall us in her favour, we two would be loyal to each other.

'I don't think so,' she answered in her usual doubting, hesitating manner. 'You see, she has chosen to come quietly and without telling the time of her arrival; so I think it would be much better if we were to leave it now till the morning. She is certain to be tired after her journey. You might, however, send Mary round a little later to inquire after her, and with your love.'

After Martha had left me, I sat cogitating and considering. To wait till the morrow seemed a long time, when we knew that Robert was already laying siege to Aunt Purpose's affections. I felt uncomfortable at the idea of letting him have the field all to himself. At anyrate—I argued to myself—there could be no harm in just going to see how matters were. 'Fair-play is a jewel all the world over,' I could easily explain everything to Martha, afterwards.

The determination was speedily put into execution; and I was soon equipped for my visit. As I passed out by the larder, my eyes fell upon a small corn-flour blanc-mange that I had made that morning. 'Poor thing!' I said to myself as I took up the dish on which it stood, and covering it with a small napkin, placed it in a basket; 'I daresay her appetite is not of the best; and then those East Indians always have bad digestions. I will take it to her. I am sure it will do her good. There's a whole pint of milk in it.'

Rose Cottage, whither I was bound, was about ten minutes' walk from my abode; but as I walked very fast, it could not have taken me more than eight, at the outside, to reach it. A strange servant-girl opened the door to me—one of that stupid, interfering Thomson, the house-agent's importations. As if he could not have found a good honest girl in Nettlethrope—one that we all knew—instead of bringing a stranger into the family!

'Aunt Purpose—Mrs. Job Missle, I mean—has arrived, I believe?' I began, as the girl stood filling up the doorway, as if to bar my entrance.

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Will you give her this, with my love? Say, her niece, Miss Patience Missle, brought it. It is a little blanc-mange, and is made quite plain, without any flavouring.'

She took it from me, and would have left me standing on the doorstep—no Nettlethrope girl would have dared to treat me thus—but I pushed by her. 'I will wait here,' I said, as I walked straight into the little sitting-room at the back and seated myself on a very hard-bottomed chair.

A door on one side led into the kitchen. Peeping through it, for it was half-opened, I saw the black attendant. She was dressed just as described by Mary; but she was holding something in her hand that, at that moment, excited in me a great deal more curiosity than either her colour or her costume. It was a small fancy basket of a peculiar pattern, that seemed very familiar to me. The sight of it awoke a sad misgiving at my heart, more especially as it was filled with eggs of that peculiar dark hue common to the poultry of Brahma and Cochin-China. Now, Martha possessed a basket the exact counterpart of the one held by the black woman; and when I add that she owned half-a-dozen pets of the second-mentioned breed of fowls, my misgivings will be readily understood. To relieve my doubts, I crept into the kitchen, and overcoming my repugnance to people of colour, peeped over the black woman's shoulder. She gave a start, and rolling the whites of her black eyes at me, muttered something in her own language.—Yes; I was right! Martha had deceived me! There, on each egg, in her large skewery handwriting, was the name of the hen by which it had been laid, and the date of the interesting event. It is indeed disgraceful, when one's own flesh and blood turns against one! I returned to the little sitting-room, and then the servant came down.

'Missus is very much obliged to you, ma'am, for the blanc-mange; and she hopes that you'll excuse her, as she's too tired to see any one to-night.'

'How long is it since Miss Martha called?' I asked, taking the bull by the horns at once.

'She has only just left, ma'am.'

'Did she see your mistress?'

'Oh, dear no, ma'am. She had a message just like yours. Nothing more, ma'am.'

We had now reached the porch; and I was about to put a number of questions to her about her mistress, when a rough, hoarse voice called out; 'Get out, get out! Mind your own business!'

It so startled me—I thought it was the black woman—that I allowed the girl to close the door upon me before I recollected that it was only the parrot, whose cage had been hung just within the lobby. Vexed at my foolish conduct, I hastened homewards. As I neared Laurestinus Villa—Robert's residence—I met him. He was looking very hot and tired.

'What do you think, Patience?' he asked in a mysterious voice as I stopped, to speak to him. 'She hasn't arrived. That fellow Thomson sent me a wild-goose chase to Southampton by telling me that she was coming over in the Ruby. Well, the Ruby is in; but she has brought no Purpose Missle in her.'

'No,' I answered with a quiet triumph, for I was glad that he had been done; 'of course not, because she came in the Stella. I read the name on her luggage. I have just come from the Cottage, where I was received most kindly. If you had come back by the express instead of waiting for the parliamentary, you would have had the pleasure of travelling with her.'

'Then, you've seen her?' he groaned in an anxious tone, as he mopped the perspiration from his dusty face, for it is a good five miles' walk from the station.

'Well, no—not exactly. The fact is, she is too tired to see any one to-night; but she sent me such a kind message. With this I left him.

I knew, however, that he would never rest without going to the Cottage; so, as soon as I got home, I planted myself at my bedroom window to watch his movements. In a short time I saw him come out into his garden. His face had been washed and his coat changed. First, he picked two or three large sycamore leaves, with which he lined a small flat punnet basket that he held in his other hand; then he advanced to the south wall, and stopped before the nectarine tree about which he makes such a fuss. One, two, three. Oh, how carefully and reluctantly he picked the ripe fruit! I could not help smiling as I watched him. I knew the action must have gone to his heart. He says that he sends the produce of his garden to his friends; but I know better. They are paying friends, and their address is not a hundred miles from Covent Garden Market. Robert is too genuine a Missle to give a quid without receiving a quo. The fruit was carefully arranged in the basket, and covered with more leaves; and then I saw him start off down the road to—I was as positive about it as if I had followed him every step of the way—Rose Cottage. Martha was right in stigmatising him as both mean and sly. It was too bad of him. His income must have been nearly double ours, which could well have stood an increase. His gallantry as a man should have made him remember that we were of the weaker sex, and he should have given way accordingly. But there—man again!—it is never anything else with them but self and number one, while we poor women may go to the wall or do the best we can.

(To be Continued.)

Equipment.

Commander—Your troops need better arms, General.

Brigadier—I cannot say as to that, sir. Their legs are excellent.

Cool.

Marlow—Isn't it rather embarrassing to be engaged to three or four young men at the same time?

Miss Flirt—I believe they do find it so at times, poor fellows.

ITS LAKES ARE DRYING UP

MINNESOTA'S WATERS ARE FAST DISAPPEARING.

Dakota Experiencing the Same Phenomenon—Diminished Rainfall Supposed to be the Cause of the Drying Up.

A remarkable physical change has been going on in Minnesota within the last ten years, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press, of the extent or significance of which few people are aware. Minnesota has long been known as "the Lake state." It was famous as containing a greater number and variety of beautiful lakes than any other section of country. In an official report of Surveyor General J. H. Baker, published some eleven years ago, it was stated that there were over 7,000 lakes within the surveyed limits of the state. But the last ten years have wrought wonderful changes in this characteristic feature of our landscapes. A large proportion of these lakes have dried up entirely, and in many cases cultivated fields now occupy their rich bottoms formerly covered by from ten to twenty feet of water. Nearly all of the rest have greatly shrunken in volume, and are slowly disappearing. There are a few exceptions, but this is the general rule. The Pioneer Press publishes in reply to its enquiries, a large number of letters from correspondents on the subject, and they bear startling testimony to the melancholy fact that, as a rule the lakes of Minnesota

ARE GRADUALLY DRYING UP.

There seems to be no instance in which even the largest and deepest lakes, though nourished by spring fed streams, have not considerably diminished in volume. The same story comes from every section of the state from Nicollet's undine region, which embraced the counties of La Sueur, Blue Earth and the adjacent districts, and which was so-called from the multitude of lakes which dotted it like a constellation to the far more pronounced lake region, which has its seat chiefly in the counties of Becker, Otter Tail and Douglas. There is hardly to be found in the world in the same area a more numerous or more extensive cluster of lakes than is comprised in these counties. They form the natural reservoirs that supply the headwaters of the Red river and of the northeastern affluents of the Mississippi. These lakes seem to have felt the causes which have operated to reduce their old volume less severely than elsewhere. But our reports from that district are as yet too partial to be able to name the list of exceptions, if there be any to the general rule. It is

EVEN WORSE IN THE DAKOTAS

than in Minnesota. There were many large lakes in those states ten years ago, some of them miles in extent. But nearly all of them have now disappeared, their ancient beds turned into fields, and such as remain are shrunk to sloughs or pools in great wastes of reedy mud. Lake Madison in South Dakota, one of the largest and finest lakes in that state, was equipped some years ago with steamboats and hotels and all the arrangements for a Western Chautauqua assembly. It had a reach of five miles for steamboat excursions and in great part was from twenty to thirty feet deep. It has suffered the fate of all the rest, and the waters have so far retreated, that at the present rate of decrease it will not be long before they disappear entirely. What is the cause of this drying up of the lakes of Minnesota and the Dakotas? Our correspondents are generally agreed that it is due, first, to the diminished rainfall of the last ten years, and especially of the last six or seven years, and, second, in

THE CULTIVATION OF THE SOIL

in their neighborhood, which has absorbed the rainfall that would otherwise have been drained into the lakes. There is no doubt that this is the true explanation. Before the soil was broken up for farming purposes the native sod formed a thatched roof from which within the limits of the drainage area the water from rain to snow flowed freely into the streams and lakes. But when the plowman broke up this roof every furrow cut off the natural drainage, and it was absorbed in the sandy loam, which forms the prevailing soil of both Minnesota and Dakota. The diminished drainage basin and the diminished rainfall together are sufficient to account for the gradual drying up of the lakes. "Is their disappearance permanent? For the smaller and shallower lakes, yes. The diminished supply is sufficient alone to account for their disappearance. The evaporation in the hot summers is too rapid to be overcome by the relatively small supply of rain water received from their diminished basins. As to the larger lakes fed by streams or by adequate drainage areas it may be confidently predicted that they will be gradually filled up again, nearly, if not quite to their old level. For there is no reason to suppose that the diminished rainfall of Minnesota and Dokota during the last eight or nine years, indicates

A PERMANENT CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

Every old Minnesotian has seen several years of drouth in succession, in consequences of which the lakes in the Red River valley and other districts affected by it either dried up or lost much of their water. Subsequent years of increased rain and snowfall filled them up again. To the cycle of dry years we have recently been passing through is sure to succeed a cycle of wet years. The Pioneer Press, therefore, agrees with those of its correspondents who believe that eventually a few seasons of heavier precipitation will replenish the wasted waters of many of these vanished or shrunken lakes. They will probably never again reach their maximum levels in the past, for the reason already stated—the encroachment of agriculture on their basins of water supply. Of the 7,000 lakes of Minnesota in 1885, it is quite probable that as the result of the cultivation of the soil perhaps a third or more of them will permanently disappear. The remainder will fluctuate in volume with the average rainfall, shrinking materially during successive dry seasons and reappearing in all their ancient beauty when the rain comes back to fill their empty bowls.

Double Duty.

Manager—Great snakes! What's this? You, a temperance lecturer, drinking! and, worse than that, drunk?

Lecturer—Ish all (hic) right m' friend. Our horrible 'xample has struck for higher wages, and I've gotter play bo—(hic) both parts t'night.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Speaking a Piece.

I'll tell you how I speak a piece;
First I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next I throw my hands up so!
Then I lift my eyes—
That's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next I grin and show my teeth,
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides;
That's the sign of fun.

Next I start and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect;
Something's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe;
That's the sign of fear.

Soon I scowl, and with a leap
Seize an airy dagger.
"Wretch!" I cry. That's tragedy.
Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow faint,
Gasp and hold my breath;
Tumble down and plunge about;
That's a villain's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
Perfectly restored;
With a bow my speech is done.
Now you'll please applaud.

Silken Tents.

It had rained five days in a steady drizzle, and out on the terrace the spiders had crept into tiny holes in the ground, where they sullenly remained all day long, not even venturing forth in quest of a stray fly for a meal. At dusk on the fifth day the rain ceased, leaving the earth and its atmosphere full of moisture.

The wise little spiders came out then, worked in the mystic silence of the night a wondrous spell, and lo, when the morning sun began to dispel the dense mist, there, in the grass, numberless white silken tents were spread. They had been pitched one above each hole in the ground. At first one received the impression that some trespasser had scattered sheets of white paper over the terrace, but it took but a second glance to reveal the truth about the silken webs.

Had the spiders gone into camp during the night?

What Paper is Made Of.

Paper is one of the most lavishly used articles of modern times. The materials of which it can be made are almost as numerous and common as the uses to which the finished article is put. There are something over two thousand patents covering the making of paper. It may be manufactured, under some of them, from the leaves of trees; from hop plants, bean stalks, pea vines, from the trunks and stems of Indian corn and every variety of grain; from moss, clover, and timothy hay, and more than 100 kinds of grasses; from straw and cocoanut fibre; from fresh-water weeds and sea weeds; from sawdust, shavings, and asbestos; from thistles and thistle down; from banana skins, tobacco stalks, and tan bark; from hair, wool, fur, old sacking, or bagging, and from almost any other imaginable refuse.

A Dip in a Japs Pocket.

Japanese folks have six or eight pockets cunningly inserted in the cuffs of their wide sleeves. These pockets are always filled with a curious miscellany peculiar to the droll little people.

As common as twine in the British boy's pocket is the prayer amulet, written on delicate sheets of rice paper and composed by the priests. These prayers are swallowed, paper and all, like a pill, in all cases of physical and mental distress.

Another essential, never missing, is a number of small squares of silky paper, which are put to the most unexpected purposes—to hold the stem of a lotus or lily, to dry a teacup, wipe away a tear, or blow the absurd little nose of the doll-like little woman. The most aristocratic people of Japan use this kind of handkerchief for practical purposes. After one of the papers has been used it is thrown away.

Prince Oscar's Birthday Gift.

The little German princes, as is well known, have an English governess, to whom they are warmly attached. The governess' birthday occurred recently, and not only the emperor and empress made her presents but the young princes also tried to afford their teacher some special pleasure. The governess noticed among the gifts a plain little paper box.

"What is this? she asked, in surprise, taking it in her hand.

Seven-year-old Prince [illegible] drew himself up proudly.

"That's from me!" he replied.

"But it is empty," said the teacher.

"Yes, it's empty now," answered the prince, "but to-morrow papa is going to pull out my first tooth, and the box is meant for that; I'm going to give it to you."

The next day the little fellow, beaming with joy, really did bring the tooth to the governess, and she now wears it as a charm on her bracelet.

Cattle Trade of Western Canada.

In considering the prospects of the cattle trade in Manitoba and the North-West, the Manitoba Free Press says:—"Last year the North-West sent out 30,000 head of cattle. A few weeks ago it was estimated that the number this year would reach 40,000. One of the largest dealers, Mr. Ironsides, is authority for the statement that no less than 45,000 head will be shipped out by the end of the present season, an increase over last year of fifty per cent. At this rate it will not be long before the cattle trade of the North-West completely overshadows the wheat crop. We may not have been expecting it, but it looks more and more as if our much-worshipped No. 1 Hard will have to abdicate in favour of King Bullock." The prospect is a pleasant one, and it is to be hoped that there will be sufficient room for King Bullock and No. 1 Hard to flourish together.

Might Explain It.

What is the reason that the top drawer of a boarding house beureau will never either open or shut? asked the newly-arrived guest.

Possibly, answered her friend, it's due to the quality of the liquor.

CURRENT NOTES.

Mr. Gladstone's not very hopeful letter concerning liquor legislation recalls an experiment in licensing made in England, which is now almost forgotten, but which served to keep the country in a state of agitation for forty years. It was entered upon in 1830, and initiated what was then described as an era of free trade in beer. From the middle of the sixteenth century alehouses could be established only with the sanction of the magistrates. In 1830, however, a series of causes led the government of the Duke of Wellington to make a bold experiment in the way of licensing and to discard a system of magesterial control which had existed from 1552.

The reasons for this departure were fiscal, economic and social. In the first place, the government was about to remit taxation to the amount of three millions sterling. In doing this, it was desirous of relieving the poorer classes and to this end determined to abolish the duty on beer. The members were afraid, however, that under the then existing system the benefit of this remission would go into the pockets of the great brewers who had a monopoly of the public houses in London and for thirty miles around. They were also anxious to discourage the drinking of gin, and they conceived the idea that the free sale of beer would afford a wholesome substitute. With these ends in view, a law was passed under which any one could open a beer house on the payment of a small fee to the excise collector. No questions were asked as to the character of the applicant, and no restrictions were placed on him as to hours of closing or the orderly conduct of his house. There was great opposition to the measure, but the Duke of Wellington and his colleagues overrode it, and would not heed a suggestion that these new houses should sell beer, but not to be drunk on the premises.

In less than four years thirty-three thousand of these excise licenses had been issued, and in some of the country towns and villages, almost every other laborer's house was a beer shop. Instead of the brewer's monopoly being broken up, it was greatly extended through these houses. The brewers furnished poor people with the ready money to pay the excise fee, and supplied the beer. The social results of the experiment soon filled the country with alarm. The government was besought to repeal the act of 1830; but it declined to do so and urged that as yet the experiment had not had a fair trial. When the squalor resulting from the unchecked multiplication of the beer houses was brought to its attention, the answer was made that it was all due to the old poor laws, and would come to an end when the new poor law was well established. When that plea for continuing the beer houses could no longer be urged, the government took up the position that the squalid disorder was due to the lack of an adequate police system, and that the trouble would be remedied when the towns and rural districts.

From 1834 to 1869 continuous appeals were made to successive governments to repeal the act of 1830. The governthe new police forces were organized in ments paid no hsed to them. On two occasions they permitted private members to carry bills through Parliament slightly restricting the multiplication of the beer houses. But no government, Liberal or Tory, would identify itself with any of these measures, and in this attitude they were supported by the old school of radicals which upheld free trade in beer as a logical consequence of its free trade principles. When badly pressed the government appointed a Parliamentary committee of inquiry, but no government ever acted upon the reports of these committees, and when in 1869, an end was put to free trade in beer, it was done by means of a private member's bill. More than forty-five thousand of these wretched beer houses were then in existence. More than thirty-three thousand of them remain to-day, and the position these houses hold before the law is such that the magistrates have no power to close any of them simply because they do not fill a public need.

England can show an instructive record of licensing systems. From the beginnings of town life until 1550, local option was the rule. From 1550 to 1830 there was a system of magisterial restriction. From 1830 to 1870 there was the squalid period of free trade which has been described. From 1870 up to the present time another system of restriction rigidly enforced has been on trial. This system is not a success and the drink trade and its regulation is a problem which is once more forcing itself on the attention of Parliament. In view of this long and varied record and of the fact that no system has proved satisfactory, there is small wonder that Mr. Gladstone's letter to the recent Temperance Congress at Chester was tinged with pessimism.

The Time for Romance.

Groom—Well, that umbrella is gone, and I'll have to get another one. We'll stop into Bigg, Store & Co's.

Bride—Horrors! no. Go to some little shop on a side street.

Dear me! Why.

My darling, let's not spend our honeymoon waiting for change.

Five persons were killed in a collision on the Great Northern railway at Melby, Minn.

THE FARM.

Breeding for Butter.

There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip, and many a miscue in breeding up a dairy herd. Granting the truth of what has been taught as to the value of intelligent breeding, it is also true that the laws of heredity do not overpower all other laws. The most efficient rule in improving a breed of hogs is the "sled stake rule." That is, use a stake on all pigs not filling the requirements, and the others will all fill the requirements. In a milder form this same rule sends to the packing house all of one class and reserves as breeders the others. This sorting out is a positive necessity in all kinds of farming, saving seed grain, raising hogs, growing a beef herd, or growing a dairy herd. Progress is possible only by selection. The rule that "like produces like" is not true when cut down to absolute limits. If it were, progress would be impossible. Retrogression and progression would both be unknown were the rule of "like produces like" absolute. We could only average things by mixing, and could not improve a breed nor even make a new one. But like produces like with a variation. Some will be beter than the parents, some poorer. The sled stake rule will keep the herd up to the highest excellence, or selecting the best for keeping and discarding all others.

Sometines a man finds his dairy actually inferior after breeding for butter than it was before. He may have milked a few excellent cows of mixed ancestry and graded up with a dairy sire. Some of the offsprings may be better than the mothers, some poorer, and if he keeps them all he has an inferior herd; if he disposes of the inferior ones and keeps only the best he should find the herd improving. This will be the result without buying any improved blood. Selection is the main thing, but the number that must be discarded from a herd not bred in dairy lines must be greater. Therein and only there lies the advantage of breeding for butter or for any other purpose. The number that must be rejected is lessened by breeding in the direction desired. Suppose a farmer breeds to a Guernsey or a Jersey bull. The half bloods will almost surely please him. He goes on "grading up" and in some instances finds the higher he grades the poorer his herd as a whole. This is discouraging, but if a fact we should face it honestly. Why may this be? It may be for the following reason: In grading up the breeds from all of the half bloods and a portion of the offspring inclines toward milk giving and a portion away from it. The law of variation gets in its work and some of the higher grades are inferior to the lower grades, and the farmer is slower to sacrifice them. Hence his herd may as a whole actually retrograde.

Selection stands first of all as a means for securing a good dairy herd. Raise many, save few, feed well, and success is sure. But, as said before, blood is helpful, for training in the desired line and selection for many generations in that line measurably fixes traints and in fewer individual animals have to be discarded.

The Small Flock.

Regarding the house for a small flock and the care they should have a successful poultry keeper, in a small way has found the square house most convenient, with the roosting perches, drop-boards, and nest-boxes all placed in the middle, the drop-board so arranged above the nest-boxes as to prevent soiling the latter. The caretaker by this method, having ample space and light, can easily attend to the daily cleaning and other routine of the fowl-house, which, it is well to say just here, will be neither trying nor laborious if one does it methodically and at a certain hour.

The equipments for the fowl-house, in addition to nests and roosting perches, are wide, moveable, smoothly finished "drop-boards," hung two or three feet beneath the perches to catch the droppings and keep the floor or whatever is directly under them clean. These boards should be removed every morning and thoroughly cleaned. Pure water is a vital necessity to insure which the stoneware poultry fountains, so constructed that nothing can get into the water to defile it, are the best; the largest size, holding two gallons of water, cost fifty cents, smaller ones in proportion; they can be found at any poultry supply house.

For feeding soft mashes and other wet food, the very best thing for its purpose is a galvanized iron tray, because it is easily kept clean, and is so formed that the fowls cannot get in and soil their food or plumage. Such trays come in two sizes, the smaller costing twenty-five cents each, or $2.50 per dozen, and the larger, thirty-five cents apiece, or $3.50 per dozen.

Dry grain needs no dish or tray of any sort, for it should always be scattered as widely as possible among dry litter, so the fowls will have to hunt for it, and the deeper they will have to scratch the beter, as it gives them exercise.

Early Maturity of Hogs.

There is not so much call now for hogs that will keep on growing three or four years before they reach maturity. The large hog has always coarser meat than the young pig, and the difference, we suspect, is because there is always some check to growth in cold weather. Spring pigs, fattened in fall, will always make better pork than they will if kept later. In these times, too, the hog that weighs 200 to 250 pounds sells for higher price per hundred-weight than one that is heavier. Hence the early-maturing breeds that reach their full weight when one or two years old are now the favorites with farmers. But there is something to be said in favor of the heavy weights. If not allowed to get too fat the late-maturing hogs are better breeders, especially for dams. A cross of an early-maturing boar with a large, long-bodied sow brings pigs that for fattening are better than either breed alone. They will be larger at birth, and at ten to eleven months will weigh thirty to fifty pounds more than the full bloods of either early or late maturing varieties. One reason why late-maturing sows are beter breeders is because they keep on growing until three or four years old and therefore their food does not go to fat so much as that of the early-maturing breeds which never attain large size.

The Right Kind of Steers.

A writer has this to say as to the best quality for feeding steers: "It appears to us it would be profitable to farmers having damaged wheat, to put up as many steers as could be properly handled, and feed them for next spring's market. And we might just add a word here: Great care should be taken in selecting steers to feed; don't select old oxen or big, raw-boned, slab-sided three-year-olds, with the hope of having something big. Of course, such stock would be a big granary for damaged wheat, but it is not the animal that can put most wheat out of sight that will return most profit. Select nice, smooth, uniform, two-year-olds, with good backs and quarters, whose appearance shows they have some breeding in them. Such steers will make far better use of the food given them, and will return more profit, even if they cost more money at first."

MRS. "BARNEY" BARNATO.

Wife of the World's Richest Man and Her Interesting Husband.

Much as current interest now centers in Barney Barnato, the multi-millionaire magnate of the South African mining region, a more tender sentiment will be entertained toward his beautiful wife and their two interesting children, Primrose and Jack.

Mrs. Barnato was born in Africa, and she is both beautiful and charming. A devoted wife and mother, she nevertheless finds time for such social obligations as her position in life demands, and to those who come within her favor, she is a most lovable woman. The fabulous wealth of her husband puts within her reach every luxury that even the feminine mind can conceive, and she wears the distinction which such wealth confers with an unostentatious grace that makes her a queen among women. It is not surprising, therefore, that her husband escapes from the exciting turmoil of money-making whenever the opportunity presents itself, or that he is happiest and appears at his best when, having cast aside the cares of business, he enters upon the pleasant enjoyment of home life which he shares with his wife and children.

These favored parents are as blessed in their family surroundings as they are opulent in material interests. They have two lovely children, a 3-year-old daughter named "Leah Primrose," and a baby boy aged 2 years christened "Ladas Rosebery," but always called "Jack." Primrose is a pretty child, and a great favorite. The first gold mine her fortunate father owned, and the one from which was taken, partly by his own hands, the foundation of his colossal fortune, was called "The Primrose." In honor of that pit in African soil the girl baby was named, and her joyous prattle gives as much pleasure to her father's heart now as the jingle of the gold did when the product of the mine minted in coin of the realm was then dropped into his coffers.

ONTARIO'S IRON ORES

Beginning to Attract the Attention of Foreign Capitalists.

The hematite iron deposits in the Mattawin range, in North-western Ontario, are commencing to attract the attention of foreign capitalists, and their development will be carried on in the future with considerable vigour. The first indication of increased activity has already been shown. The Bethlehem Iron Company, of South Bethlehem, Pa., has secured an option on several properties from Messrs. Folger, of Kingston, Hammond, of Port Arthur, and the other parties interested, and a party of miners with an expert will be sent out immediately to explore the locations and report upon them, with a view to a purchase, in which case work will be vigorously prosecuted. The Bethlehem Company is one of the strongest in its business in the United States. Its works were enlarged a few years ago in order to enable it to carry on the manufacture of nickel steel armour plate for the navy battleships. Heretofore it has brought its hematite ore from Cuba and elsewhere, but the proprietors have now turned their attention to the Ontario fields. The range crosses the Mattawin river in the vicinity of the Three Falls, and it is possible that electric power may be obtained from this source, not only for working the mines, but to operate the railway branch which will have to be built. The iron locations of the Mattawin range are situated from twelve to twenty miles off the lines of the C.P.R., and the Port Arthur, Duluth, and Western road. The range was inspected by Mr. Archibald Blue, Director of Mines, during his recent trip, and he expresses himself as confident that development will show a great amount of mineral which will prove of much value to the country.

Efforts to Abolish a Superstition.

The French cutlers established in the town of Langres are determined to call attention by every means in their power to the absurdity of the superstition about presents of knives. "cutting friendship." The belief, they allege, no doubt with some show of reason, is injurious to their trade. Among the wedding gifts presented to a newly married couple, for instance, one never sees any knives, although metal articles of other kinds are never wanting. The Langres cutlers have therefore begged the French Minister of Public Works, M. Dupuy-Dutemps, to accept a little present of two fancy knives and a pocket knife of fine workmanship. M. Dupuy-Dutemps has graciously accepted the gifts without sending the traditional penny or halfpenny in exchange with which the superstitious ordinarily seek to disguise the nature of such a transaction.

Her Opinion.

Mr. Bashful (after years of steady calling)—If—if I should pro—propose to—to—to any one, what would you think?

Miss Longwait—I'd think the world was coming to an end.

What She Gave Up.

Husband— I have made all sorts of sacrifices for you. Now what did you ever give up for me!

Wife—What did I ever give up for you! Well, I never! Why, I gave up half a dozen of the nicest young men in town.

The Distinction.

Jess—What is the difference between the religious and civil marriage?

Bess—At one you promise to "love, honor and obey," at the other to be only "civil."

THE BICYCLE IN WARFARE

AN INGENIOUS FRENCHMAN HAS HIT UPON ITS RIGHT USE.

Folded up and Swung Over the Back When Not in use for Riding—Been Successfully Tried and Found to be as Firm and Rigid as the Best Safety.

By the best military experts the bicycle has come to be recognized as an important aid in warfare, once its powers are properly applied. In exactly what manner it shall play a part has not been quite plain until now. The ingenious Frenchman has hit upon its right use for soldiers, and that is as a machine that may be folded up, strapped to the back and carried across country until a good ground enables the wheelmen to race with the wind. The French General, Morant, not long ago said:

"The infantry is the army itself. It must and should take precedence of the cavalry for its own safety. How can this be done? By means of the bicycle."

Some one objected that the bicycle, as now built, is too heavy. This objection has been successfully answered by a wheel invented by Capt. Gerard, of the Eighty-seventh Regiment of the Line, stationed at Saint Quentin.

It consists of a wheel which folds up so as to bring

BOTH WHEELS FLAT

against each other. It can be carried in the hand like a valise, or on the back like a haversack. The machine has been successfully tried and found to be as firm and rigid as the best safety, notwithstanding its system of folding up. The rider's weight is supported entirely on the axle of the rear wheel; the frame is practically useless. It can be run at a speed of twelve miles an hour and in an instant can be folded up and slung over the back.

By its usage in war it will enable the infantry to reconnoitre the enemy's position and to send mounted scouts and patrols to a great distance. These divisions of bicycle-mounted infantry can cover their tracks, choosing wooded territory, avoiding frequented roads and following stealthily in the tracks of the enemy's cavalry; can overlook their camps and bring back a faithful report of the hostile regiments.

Well remembered is the story of the German officer, a lieutenant in the Sixteenth Hussars, who during the Franco-Prussian war was sent to reconnoitre from Tahure to Vouziers on the evening of Aug. 26. He reached the heights of Savigny about 5 o'clock in the evening, obtained a good idea of the strength of MacMahon's army camped around Vouziers, reported his discovery, and the next day Von Moltke, who had accidentally discovered confirmation of the officer's report in a confiscated French newspaper, executed the move which finally brought about Sedan's disastrous defeat. It is such work, which with the bicycle, it is proposed to make a part of an infantryman's duty.

Says a French writer: "Cavalrymen, who until now have been so justly proud of their ability to execute these delicate missions, are naturally opposed to the introduction of the wheel; but it has been proved that an infantry officer, mounted on a folding bicycle and followed by three or four picked cyclers carrying their guns, can accomplish such a mission in less time and with

MORE CERTAIN RESULTS.

"In less than five hours the mounted infantryman can be twenty miles ahead of the advance guard of an army, and without any excessive fatigue he can return the same day. What horse is capable of accomplishing such a journey, burdened as he would necessarily be with his military accoutrements?

"After pedalling for four or five hours, they would finally reach dangerous territory; the outposts and scouts of the enemy's cavalry would be seen in the distance. Folding their machines and strapping them on their backs, guns in hand, they would plunge into the woods, hide behind hedges and lie in ditches. In this way these infantrymen could pursue their tour of investigation undiscovered, where cavalrymen would certainly be seen by the watching scouts. Should they accidentally be discovered by a patrol or be surrounded by three, six or even a company of the enemy's men, they would not be seriously menaced, as they could easily outstrip any horse, especially by their facility to plunge into places where no horse could penetrate.

"This marvellous innovation has contributed more than any other to belittle the role of the cavalry; it has robbed it of its importance on the field of battle. No horse can compete with it, and the swiftness with which news can be carried back to headquarters enables the general in command to alter his tactics if necessary, or to prepare for an unlooked for attack by the enemy.

"Gen. Duchesne, reading the report of the French Bicycle Convention, exclaimed: 'Ah, if Napoleon had only had those bicycles!'

An English Gunpowder Factory.

The royal gunpowder factory at Waltham, England, bears more the appearance of a pleasure resort than of the prosaic plant that such a purpose involves. The factory covers in all its branches a beautiful stretch of wooded land, some 400 acres in extent, intersected by four miles of running streams. Electric launches ply between the different buildings, while cargoes of explosives are conveyed by sail barges, so as to reduce the liability to danger to a minimum. The threshold of the "danger building" is barred with a board, which not even the inspector may step over without having a special pair of large overboots put on his feet, to keep his shoes from taking dirt from outside upon the felt carpet. Once every week there is an explosion within the grounds, which is heard for many miles along the country side. In one part of the grounds is a pond into which the water from the nitro-glycerine factory is drained. This extraordinary lake is exploded every Saturday afternoon with a dynamite cartridge to prevent too great an accumulation of waste nitro-glycerine. Some times there is already so much in the water that holes 20 feet deep are made, and the water is all blown away.

Knew From Experience.

Hungerford—Do you believe, doctor, that the use of tobacco tends to shorten a man's days?

Dr. Powell—I know that it does. I tried to stop once, and the days were about 90 hours long.

HEALTH.

Bed-Sores.

The danger of bed-sores is not always in proportion to the carelessness of the nurse; the condition of the patient often has more to do with it.

Bed-sores attack first the skin over the hard prominences at the end of the spine, the hip-bones, the knees, elbows and heels.

As has been hinted, the predisposing cause is debility, either from continued fever, as typhoid, or from paralysis and old age; but continued pressure, unclean bedding and the untidy habits of the nurse is sometimes the immediate occasion of the difficulty.

The first appearance of a bed-sore is to be noticed in the increased redness of the skin at some point in the places mentioned. Soon a blister forms and the skin breaks away, leaving the surface raw and moist. Decomposition sets in very quickly if these symptoms are neglected, and the blister becomes a rancid, open sore.

The outcome of the disease depends upon the condition of the patient, and the removal or non-removal of the cause of the trouble.

If there is much debility, tonic treatment should be begun at once, while the various points on the surface of the body which are likely to become involved should be rubbed twice a day at least, say five or ten minutes, with some stimulating, hardening mixture like spirits of camphor, or a mixture of equal parts of olive oil and brandy.

A good liniment is simple alcohol or bay rum weakened, if necessary, with water. The skin should not be irritated by the application, but simply cleansed and hardened. The prominence of bone may be covered with surgeon-plaster, provided there is no excessive sweating of the body.

When a blister forms, the part should be immediately relieved of pressure by air-cushions or hair pillows. Collodion should be applied, and the parts kept absolutely dry.

If the blister goes on to an open sore, use poultices until an opening is made and the matter is all discharged. Afterward use stimulating, cleansing washes like borax-water or carbolic acid. Peruvian balsam on a bit of cotton wool is an excellent remedy at this stage.

Preventive measures, which should always be taken in cases of threatened bed-sores, comprise careful nursing, dry, smooth draw-sheets, water-beds or cushions, and frequent change of position. In particular, the under sheet and night-robe should be kept dry, clean and smooth.

Insomnia.

An expert in nervous disorders in Paris, recommended to an American gentleman a cure for insomnia which was tried with such success that the patient has prescribed it to many of his friends. It is simply to keep your eyes open when you want to go to sleep and cannot. A person whose brain is too active will sometimes close the eyes and vainly endeavour to sleep. The very closing of the eye seems to concentrate the mental faculties on business affairs and other distractions. The theory of the French physician is that if the victim of insomnia will fix his eyes upon some gleam of light, some shadow, or even on the darkness itself, he can relieve his mind from thoughts that perplex it and divert attention from himself.

Try the experiment when you are sleepless and see how unconsciously your eyes will close and your thoughts begin to take posession of you. Struggle to keep them open and fixed upon an object, either real or imaginary, and before you are aware of it the struggle will have ended and sleep will be victorious.

Hot Water.

Hot water is one of our best remedial agents.

A hot bath on going to bed, even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliever of insomnia than many drugs.

Inflamed parts will subside under the continual poulticing of real hot water.

Very hot water, as we all know, is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, and it should be, it aids us in sterilizing our wound.

A riotous or rotten stomach will nearly always receive gratefully a glass or more of hot water.—Medical Mirror.

Training Bees to Carry Letters.

An apiculturist in England has commenced training bees for letter-carrying purposes. After a few preliminary trials, he says, he took a hive of them to the house of a friend four miles distant. After some days, after the bees had become familiar with their new surroundings, some of them were liberated in a room, where they soon settled on a plate of honey which had been specially prepared for them. While they were busy eating it their trainer placed on their backs the tiniest of dispatches, fastened with the thinnest of thread, and so arranged them as to leave the head and wings absolutely free. They were then thrown into the air, and soon arrived at their own home with the letters on their backs. The writing was magnified and quite legible. Here, then, is an opening for a new industry. In time of war bees would have the advantage over pigeons of invisibility, and might go through the enemy's lines with impunity.

Spain's Great Army in Cuba.

Spain now has in Cuba an army of 80,000 men. This is a force greater by 10,000 than the whole British army in India. The entire population, white and black, is only four times as great and its proportion to the number of whites capable of bearing arms is about that of one to two. Rarely does history record an instance where a country so small has been invaded by an army so great, and when it is remembered that the Spaniards control the whole administrative and industrial machinery of Cuba, and that they have the more or less effective sympathy of a not inconsiderable local party, their lack of success is a startling commentary both on the military skill of Spain's Generals and soldiers and on the merits of the cause for which they are supposed to be fighting.

Clear Down to the Minimum.

You do love me a little, Nora, don't you? anxiously pleaded the young man, as he knelt in suppliant awkwardness before her.

I couldn't love you less, she answered coldly, and he rushed out despairingly into the gloaming, and sensibly went and spent the evening with a girl three streets below.

IN A SOUTH SEA PRISON.

STRANGE STORY OF CAPT. MOORE OF THE BARK ARKWRIGHT.

Description of the French Penal Colony of New Caledonia—A Forest of Factory Chimneys—Homes Tunneled Out of the Solid Rock—Splendid Brass Band of Convicts—A Dangerous Lot of Men.

The heroes of the tales of the "Arabian Nights" had no more wonderful experiences than Capt. W. H. Moore, of the bark Arkwright. One day, weary with weeks of unceasing labor, he was facing death in a sinking ship on a distant and lonely sea. The next morning he was in a veritable modern fairyland, with fifty men to do his bidding and a band of 150 pieces playing all the latest tunes for his entertainment. He was in the modern land of miracles, in the great penal station of New Caledonia, where the industries of Europe are reproduced in the midst of the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics.

"I can never forget my first view of New Caledonia," said the captain. "I had been with hardly a single wink of sleep for nearly eleven days. The Arkwright was leaking all the time, and there was more than eight feet of water in her hold. The donkey engine, which was doing most of the pumping had twice broken down and I had fixed up the tubes, repaired the valves and even built a new bottom on the boiler with cement to keep it going. The men were almost in mutiny, declaring they would abandon the ship. We were running before the wind, because we did not dare to go in any other direction, and because I thought it best to abandon the ship, if it had to be done, in the smooth sea of the south than in the stormy part of the ocean near Norfolk. We were heading for Noumea, a place where no one on board had ever been, and a place that few people had ever heard of. I chose that as a port of safety because the wind was carrying us there and because I thought that if it was a convict station there was certainly water enough for ships. I cannot describe my surprise when the island loomed up before me with high mountains

CLOTHED WITH VERDURE,

and beneath them green fields as pretty as the fields of England, and, to make it seem more like a vision, a forest of factory chimneys in the foreground. I had not looked for such a sight in the South Seas, and could hardly believe my ears when I heard the sounds of music and found through my glasses that a great band, like the bands of Paris, was playing in the center of an esplanade in the town. I sailed the Arkwright through the reef into the still harbor. I found the Governor of the great French penal station, and he treated me like a prince. Fifty of the convicts were placed at my disposal, and I took them on board the Arkwright to pump ship while I used the wheezy old donkey engine to get some of the cargo out before she went to pieces or sank. The warders came on the ships with the convicts and went off with them in the evening. We were not allowed to give the prisoners who were working to keep the bark floating even a bite to eat. The French Government would not allow it."

The Governor told Capt. Moore that there had not been half a dozen strangers on New Caledonia since he could remember. All persons are forbidden to visit the island, and if it had not been that the Arkwright was sinking, she would not have been allowed in the harbor. Once that Capt. Moore and his wife were there, however, they were splendidly entertained. They were guests of the Admiral and invited to a ball given at Noumea in honor of the naval officer. They were given a privilege heretofore refused to all but French officers, that of visiting thr fortifications of Noumea and looking over the quarters of the convicts. Capt. Moore says that Gibraltar is not to be compared with Noumea. The homes for the convicts have been tunneled out of the solid rock. At the top of the cliff, facing the sea, are the barracks, where the prison officers live with their families. There are fortifications there upon which France has spent millions. They are bristling with guns. Beneath these barracks are tunnel after tunnel, as in the catacombs, and along these tunnels are the rooms for the convicts. Only long-term prisoners are sent by the French Government to New Caledonia. There are more than 5000 convicts there. Escape is almost hopeless for the island is 600 miles from

THE NEAREST LAND,

and that a South Sea island. Good prisoners are given much liberty on the island. All are drilled and drilled until the discipline is perfect. In the band, to which Capt. Moore was often permitted to listen, were many murderers. The first trombone player had been sent to the island for five years for spitting in the face of a French officer. When he was released he went back to France and killed the officer, being again sentenced to New Caledonia. Twenty of the best musicians in the wonderful band are wife murders. The leader of the band killed his pretty little wife because she did not properly get his breakfast for him one morning.

At the factories on the island the convicts manufacture everything they use and much for export. The great penal station is self-supporting. The island itself is rich. There are fine nickel and chrome mines, and other mineral deposits are to be developed. Roads run for more than 100 miles around the island.

"Shortly before I was there two convicts escaped the first in years," said Capt. Moore. "They got away by stowing themselves in the hold of a French man-of-war that had brought convicts to the island. The matter created much excitement and the rules were made all the more strict. Even an English Admiral who was allowed there was not given permission to go about the fortifications and to see the underground cells. Wonderful as was the sight, I never want to go through that prison again, for I saw two raving maniacs there confined in cells like the refractory convicts. The imprisonment had driven them insane."

The natives who were on the island when it was seized by the French are still there, but Capt. Moore found that they were virtually slaves, it being the custom to sell them as servants by the year. Outside of the convicts and officers, only the natives and a few Frenchman are permitted to live on New Caledonia. It is one spot on the globe entirely off the travelled routes and unknown to tourists and almost unknown to sailors.

BORN.

ANDERSON.—At Revelstoke, Monday, Nov. 18, the wife of N. Anderson of a son.

Local and Personal Briefs.

A surveyor is at work at Thomson's Landing laying out land for a townsite.

Arrowhead is to have another hotel. Charles Bluhm is making application for a liquor license.

F. C. Cummins, of the Bank of Montreal, Vancouver, was in town this week visiting his brother.

WANTED.—Men to cut 20 cords of wood. Apply to O. H. Allen, Revelstoke Brewery.

Owing to his recent illness the Rev. J. A. Wood has deferred preaching his Thanksgiving sermon until Sunday, Dec. 1st.

Peter Bessette, an old timer in the province, who has been ranching at Lumby, near Vernon, for some years, died there on Saturday last.

M. Matheson and Tom Maloney will endeavor to enjoy life this winter. They went west Wednesday to locate a trapping ground.

The official administrator, J. F. Armstrong, has a notice regarding the disposition of the estate of the late Pearl Henderson, in another column.

Rev. Father Peytavin went down to New Denver Monday to officiate at the wedding of Mr. Wolff and Miss Thompson, residents of that town.

One of the largest engines on the road, No. 401, with eight driving wheels, was taken down river this week for the Nakusp & Slocan branch.

The proposed Thanksgiving concert in the Methodist church has been postponed until Monday evening, Dec. 2nd. The programme will be found in another column.

Primrose Lodge No. 20 K. of P., of Kamloops, intend holding their anniversary ball on Thursday, November 28. It promises to be the event of the season at the inland city.

A parlor social will be given on Monday evening, 25th inst., at the residence of Mrs. Thomas Lewis, in connection with the Presbyterian church. Music and games. All welcome. Admission 25c.

Dr. Lambert, of Kamloops, and Dr. Power, of Donald, arrived in town yesterday, and with Dr. McLean, will perform an operation on Fred. Mesley, a C. P. R. fireman, who is suffering with apendicitus.

Messrs. Vickers, Walker and Ferguson are building a hotel at the forks of the Lardeau, which is about 4 miles from Trout Lake City. The boys think they have a good location as the trade of the camp will have to pass their doors.

The Northern Lights and the Rovers are in furious combat to-day for the local football championship. The Lights are resplendent in the blue stockings, white breeches and blue jerseys—their new costumes—which arrived from the east this week.

Sheriff Redgrave passed through on Monday with an East Kootenay brave, named Stanslaus, who was convicted at Golden of shooting cattle belonging to some ranchers in that district. The prisoner will put in six months at Kamloops jail for his offence.

The largest train load ever shipped across the continent passed through one day this week for Victoria. It consisted of 17 carloads of canned goods from Boulter & Co., Toronto, and was consigned to several merchants at Victoria. The shipment was made via Owen Sound and Fort William. This firm sent the first car of canned goods that ever passed over the C.P.R. in September, 1886.

John Cranston, an inmate of the Pioneers' Home, who came from Revelstoke, has been for some time troubled with cataracts on both eyes. He had some property which was turned over to the Provincial government upon his going to the home, but the government has very generously consented to have the proceeds of this go toward the expense of having an operation performed. Dr. Wade operated on one last week, with the result that his sight with it is much improved.—*Sentinel.*

News from Circle City.

Benjamin P. Moore, collector of customs at Sitka, Alaska, has forwarded to the treasury department a report from Deputy Collector McNair, at Circle City, Alaska, which is situated on the Yukon river, about eight miles above Birch Creek, in which he states that after talking with almost every miner who has come in from the Birch Creek mining district, he is of opinion that the amount of gold dust and nuggets taken out this summer will reach $400,000. The land, he says, flows with whiskey and as many claim owners and most of the laborers are aliens, he thinks a company of United States troops should be stationed at Circle City. The town now has 325 dwellings, 15 saloons, 3 stores, an opera house, etc.

The proposal to build a narrow gauge railway from Trail to Rossland is said to be causing the C.P.R. authorities some uneasiness. Supt. Abbott is reported to have gone to Spokane to confer with F. A. Heinze, one of the promoters, about it.

A Terrible Drop.

A heavy electric motor car, containing between 20 and 30 passengers, went through the draw of the Central Viaduct, at Cleveland, Ohio, last Saturday night, and dropped 101 feet to the river below. Every passenger in the car was killed. The Central Viaduct is a huge stilt bridge, 3,000 feet long, made of iron. Directly over the river is a draw-bridge, of the pivot swinging pattern, and this is 101 feet above the surface of the water. The South Side Street Railway passes over the bridge. On either side of the draw there is a safety switch, which, unless the conductor alights and holds up a handle will send a car into the hunter instead of allowing it to go on the draw. The ill-fated motor car approached the draw just as a vessel was nearing it, and the bridge attendants had closed the big iron gates and were preparing to swing the draw. As is the rule, the car stopped, and the conductor went forward to release the switch in case the way was clear. He must have been blinded by the electric lights, for an eye-witness declares that although the gates were closed and the draw was already in motion, the conductor raised the switch handle. The motorman applied the current and the car shot forward and struck the gates with a crash. There was only a moments pause and then the heavy car ground its way through the wreckage and plunged over the brink into the black abyss.

C.P.R. Building Into Chicago.

Construction work has already commenced on a new line of railroad that will give Chicago another connection with the Pacific coast. The road is to be built into that city from the Northwest and will connect with the Soo line at Lake Superior. The Chicago *Post* asserts that the C.P.R. is back of the enterprise, and will furnish all the means necessary to build it, which cannot be obtained in other directions. The work, it says, is being done apparently under other auspices than those of the Canadian Pacific, and in such a way as to permit the management of that line to deny diplomatically all connection with the new enterprise until it is ready for operation. So far as the road has gone, it is being built with local capital and by the sale of bonds which are eagerly being bought up by the leading interests in the towns desirous of having the new road run through them. A number of these have not any railroad facilities at present, but lying as they do between the Northwestern and the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroads, the people have to drive for several miles over the country before they can secure railroad accommodations. The corporate name of the company which is constructing the new road is the Chicago & Lake Superior railroad company, of which E. J. Foster, of Madison, is president, and J. O'Connor of the same city, secretary.

Church Services To-morrow.

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

Services will be held in the Methodist church by Rev. J. A. Wood to-morrow morning and evening at 11 and 7.30. Sunday school at 2.30.

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

Paragraphs of General Interest.

It is said that George Olds, general traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific railway will retire from active service at the end of the present year.

The Horsefly Hydraulic mine, Cariboo, has been closed down for the season. The output for the present year totals $50,000.

Wm. Farr, the ex C.P.R. engineer, who was convicted of arson and attempted murder, at Winnipeg last week, was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary Tuesday.

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

D. D. Mann of the North Star, in East Kootenay, arrived at Golden, this week, from the east with two carloads of horses which will be used for packing ore from the mine to the river landing. They are mining, hoisting and sorting 25 tons a day and have a force of 25 men at work. The ore, which is silver-lead, is valued at about $70 a ton.

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

Concert to be held
in the Methodist Church,
DECEMBER 2nd, at 8 o'clock p.m.

PART I.
1. Organ Solo—March Religioso ..... F. AHLIN
2. Anthem—Oh! God my heart is fixed ..... CHURCH CHOIR
3. Recitation—The Pilgrim's Father ..... MISS M. SQUAREBRIGGS
4. Soldiers' Chorus ..... LARGE CHOIR
5. Reading ..... F. W. LAING
6. Solo—Baby and I ..... MISS H. LEE
7. Recitation—Stone Breaker and his Son ..... MISS V. O. NORTHEY
8. Anthem—Praise the Lord, oh! Jerusalem ..... CHURCH CHOIR

INTERMISSION.

PART II.
9. Organ Solo—National Airs ..... F. AHLIN
10. Reading ..... G. NORTHEY
11. Solo—Fallen by the Wayside ..... MISS A. NORTHEY
12. Recitation—Mother's Boy ..... MISS M. EDWARDS
13. Solo—Laddie ..... G. BARBIER
14. Hallelujah to the Cross—Chorus ..... LARGE CHOIR
15. Chairman—Remarks ..... REV. J. A. WOOD
16. Anthem—Oh! be Joyful in the Lord ..... LARGE CHOIR

Refreshments will be served. Admission 25 cents.
Organist ..... J. F. AHLIN.
Choir Instructor ..... J. CROWLE.

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Administrator's Notice.

In the County Court of Kootenay, holden at the East Crossing of the Columbia River;
In the matter of Pearl Henderson, otherwise known as Marie Nierman, and,
In the matter of the Official Administrator's Act; dated the Fourteenth day of November, 1895:

UPON READING the affidavits of Joseph Dee Graham and Peter Rasmus Peterson, 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, and credits of Pearl Henderson, otherwise known as Marie Nierman, deceased, and that this order be published in the KOOTENAY MAIL newspaper, for the period of sixty days.

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

The creditors of Pearl Henderson, otherwise known as Marie Nierman, late of Revelstoke, in the District of Kootenay, are required within sixty days from this date to send to me, by registered letter addressed to me, at Donald, British Columbia, particulars of their claims and of the securities held by them (if any). After the expiration of the said sixty days I shall proceed to distribute the said estate, having regard to those claims only of which I shall have had notice.

Dated at Donald, in the district of Kootenay, British Columbia, this 18th day of November, 1895. 33-9t

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Official Administrator.

Application for Liquor License.

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

CHARLES BLUHM.
Revelstoke, November 20, 1895. 33-4t

Mineral Act (Form F).

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

BLACK PRINCE MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: six miles up Gainer Creek. Take notice that I, Herbert T. Twigg, agent for William C. Yawkey, free miner's certificate No. 56840, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this thirtieth day of September, 1895.

Mineral Act, 1891, "Form F."

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

KING WILLIAM MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, free miner's certificate No. 55311, 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.

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	12th November
Nanaimo	Tuesday	26th November

DON'T DO IT!

Don't buy goods where you have to pay for other people's bad debts. I am going out of the credit business and am AFTER THE CASH, so bring your purse and get 60c. Cashmere for 40c. Double width Dressgoods for 30c. 70 inch Flannel for 75c. Men's All Wool Under Suits at $1.25. These are only some of our SNAPS so call and see our goods and prices.

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CREAMERY BUTTER
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1 lb. Prints, 5 lb. and 10 lb.
Tins, and Tubs.

Our advice to those about to marry, is:—
-- DONT --
But if you MUST marry; why
GO TO
the Post Office store and buy your outfit there. A complete stock of Gents Furnishings always on hand. Shirts, Shoes and Suits a specialty.
GILKER & WELLS.

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.
REVELSTOKE DIVISION.
ALL PLACER CLAIMS and mining leaseholds, legally held in this division, may be laid over from the 15th November, 1895, to the 1st June, 1896.
J. D. GRAHAM,
Gold Commissioner.
Revelstoke, Nov. 9, 1895. 31-5t

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T. L. HAIG,
NOTARY PUBLIC - - REVELSTOKE, B.C.
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