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The Kootenay Mail

PROF. DAWSON is reported as saying to one of the English parties who called upon him at Ottawa for information in regard to mining investments in B.C., that the whole of West Kootenay District is of the same formation, and that the mineral discoveries in the north were likely to be quite as important as those at the south, and that Revelstoke would doubtless be a central point for the mining industry of West Kootenay as it would develop in the future.

THE Dominion Government has caused a survey of Duncan river to ascertain if it can be made navigable for a distance of forty miles above Kootenay Lake, and finds that an expenditure of fifty thousand dollars or even less will make the improvement. We sincerely hope the Government will improve the Duncan along the course of which are some of the best mineral ledges in West Kootenay. But these are recent discoveries, whereas the long-known and very valuable placer and hydraulic mines and mineral ledges of Big Bend, which have been producing gold for thirty years, should have equal consideration from the Ottawa Government. An improvement of the Columbia costing far less than the large sum required for the Duncan, would make navigation to Big Bend entirely safe for steamers, and would cheapen the cost of mining in that district so that the profits would not be so nearly consumed by packing over a seventy-five mile trail.

THE MINING OUTLOOK.

There seems now good reason to believe that the mines of British Columbia are attracting the attention of English men of capital. In addition to the syndicate in which the Rothschilds have taken stock, which has $2,500,000 subscribed, as reported by Hon. J. H. Turner, there is the company promoted by F. S. Barnard, M.P. during his late visit to London, named the "Lillooet, Fraser River and Cariboo Gold Fields," which has a subscribed capital of $1,100,000, of which $875,000 is now ready for investment in B. C. mines. These gentlemen are persons of the highest character, and their statements can be accepted without question.

Mr. Barnard is Managing Director of one company, and mining properties have been secured by it on which operations will be commenced immediately. It is not stated where these properties are located, but from the title of the company it may be judged that they are among the placer and hydraulic fields of Cariboo. Wherever they are, a pronounced success in working them will give credit to mining of all kinds in British Columbia, and encourage the formation of other companies and increased investment of capital. Both of these gentlemen met at Revelstoke this week, Mr. Turner on his way to Victoria from London, and Mr. Barnard accompanied by several English capitalists—all going down the river to the towns and mining camps of West Kootenay. Should the operations of the company among the gold-gravels of Cariboo and Fraser river not prove profitable, their attention and money will undoubtedly revert to the mineral ledges of Kootenay.

The prospectors and mine owners have a duty to perform to themselves and to the district. They should treat these representatives of British capital with the utmost good faith. No salted Alaska "Bear's Nests" should be offered to them, nor any fraudulent scheme worked from which they are to suffer. Sell them something good, and get as good a price for it as you can, but certainly it should be something that will make a fair profit on the capital invested. They will not move blindly, but will doubtless wait and test the value of their purchase. Should it prove to be satisfactory, there will then come forth many millions of English capital now laying idle in the banks of London. And within two years—but to be entirely within the mark, certainly in three years—we shall see resurrected in West Kootenay that marvellous Kaffir Circus which is now dying in South Africa.

Moving to Rossland.

The Kamloops Mining and Development Company, which some time ago established and maintained an office at Kamloops for assaying, have decided to transfer their plant to Rossland. Mr. C. C. Woodhouse, Jr., secretary and assayer for the company, arrived Monday morning and left Thursday evening for the new destination, taking the entire outfit for a complete chemical laboratory and assay office. Mining engineering and examining and reporting on mines will be a branch of their business.

Mr. J. A. Smith, of the MAIL'S staff, left on No. 2 Wednesday evening for the coast cities.

A Description of Canoe River Valley.

The policy pursued by the Provincial Government in sending out exploring parties into the unsettled and even quite unknown sections of the province, and publishing the results among its public documents for the information and direction of land seekers, has this season borne fruit in West Kootenay and that portion of Cariboo lying to the north of Revelstoke. An exploratory party in charge of R. H. Lee, P.L.S., (present Mayor of Kamloops) who was assisted by R. A. Blackmore, J. W. Jackson, Fred. Kilpatrick and John Shaw, left Revelstoke early in August, outfitted for a trip of two months, and returned the last of September. At the time of starting the water in the Columbia was very high, and slow progress was made. They had to make four portages before reaching Goldstream—in Steamboat Canyon, at Priest Rapids, Death Rapids and Rock Slide, but had clear water the balance of the trip.

The general object of the trip was to note agricultural lands especially, and also the timber and minerals, and general character as inviting settlement.

A few miles before getting to the outlet of the Canoe river, in the bend of the Columbia, on the south side, there is a stretch of bottom land eight to nine miles in length and from two to three miles wide having a good clay soil and some scattered timber. It is estimated that about 500 farmers can find places where the Canoe and Wood rivers join the Columbia. From the mouth of the Canoe for about 25 miles the bottom land is narrow, then widens out from two to four miles. Small meadows of 100 to 200 acres are frequently found covered with a luxuriant growth of good wild hay, which could be cut with a mowing machine. Wild fares, wild peavines and mountain bunch grass are growing among the timber and on the open bottoms and would make excellent feed for stock. This continues to the end of the trip about 85 miles from the Columbia. About 80 miles from the mouth of the Canoe the trail from the North Thompson crosses the river leading to Tete Jeune Cache which is 20 miles beyond. The distance from Revelstoke to this trail is 167 miles, and from Kamloops 220 miles by the North Thompson to the Canoe river crossing. There is not much timber along the Canoe. It is naturally a brushy country. In places, blackened stumps give evidence of forest fires. On the benches and mountain sides, a few miles back from the river, good timber is growing, sufficient for the needs of the country.

A few miles up the Canoe and again near the crossing the gravel was panned and gold colors were seen, but not enough to pay. Had they gone five miles farther up the Canoe, they would have reached the base of the mountains in which the mica mines have been discovered—a great deposit supposed to extend from the Canoe to the Fraser. At the crossing were signs of camping, tracks of horses, etc., made by the party from Kamloops on the way out to the mica mines on the Fraser.

On the westerly side of the river, about 50 miles up, were found two large hot springs, 150 feet above the river level. They were very strongly impregnated with sulphur, much more so than the springs on Arrow Lake. The water was extremely hot—so hot that the hand could not bear it. Numerous bears were seen, several caribou, and a few goats on the mountain sides.

The party were five weeks ascending, being delayed by high water, and were one week descending. They went as far as there was any canoeing on the river. The river beyond appeared to be flowing through rocky canyons with steep mountains closing in on either side.

Mineral Ledges One Hundred Yards in Width.

Hugh Ross, who left here in May for Cassiar, in company with A. H. Harrison and E. Barchard, returned last Sunday morning. He will spend the winter on his ranch near the mouth of the river, having left here Monday evening. His partners, Harrison and Barchard, did not return, but will remain in that celebrated mineral district all winter. They will fit up an assaying establishment and would have had it already in operation if some parts of the outfit had not been delayed. It had to be packed a long distance after ascending the Stikene as far as it is navigable—nearly 50 miles. A train of 65 animals is packing from the Stikene to McDame and Dease rivers, which latter are tributaries of the Laird flowing to the Mackenzie river and Arctic Sea. Mr. Ross speaks of wonderful ledges of ore, one of which is 100 yards wide. It is the expectation of Mr. Harrison that some of his English friends will become interested in the mines of that country.

A Distinguished Visitor.

It is reported that the Earl of Aberdeen will arrive on Monday from the west, and take the steamer the same evening for a visit to southern Kootenay.

Improvements Along the River Bank.

The improvements made by the Government on the river banks to protect them from further destruction by high water, has proved effective so far for the purpose intended, and thus has given confidence to the owners of property abutting on the river. This is manifested in the erection of buildings and various necessary structures by those whose places of business face Front street and extend to the river.

The first one to move in this direction was Capt. Edwards, of the Victoria Hotel, who quite early in the season constructed what might be termed a pleasure resort for his guests, overlooking the river, fitted with seats, tables, and a movable canopy of cloth. This was much enjoyed during hot weather, and by those who from that outlook had an unobstructed view of the splendid river and mountain scenery. In addition to this the tasteful flower garden and native evergreens and shrubs, arranged by Mrs. Edwards, added beauty to the scene.

We have heretofore given a partial description of the river bank improvements abreast of the Provincial Government property; sodding the river bank, erection of necessary and desirable buildings, etc., but Mr. Graham has continued the work of re-modeling and beautifying until nothing more can be desired and scarcely more is possible, to the old Government grounds.

Mr. Stone, of the Stockholm House, has buttressed the river bank with logs picked up on the townsite, which have passed through fire, and on these has erected a woodhouse and storehouse, the full width of his lot, but none too large to accommodate his hotel.

Mr. Brown, of the Columbia House, is now engaged in erecting a substantial building fifty feet in length, which will be used as a receptacle and place of storage for wood, and other hotel conveniences.

On the upper side of the bridge, notice should be taken of the improvement of the river bank by O. H. Allen, who protected his entire river front with buttresses of brush, timber and stone, without any assistance from the Government.

On the opposite side of Front street, Messrs. Field & Burke are constructing an outbuilding in the rear of the Senate Hotel, for general storage purposes.

OTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

The two-storey front extension, to the residence of T. J. Graham on Mackenzie Avenue is very nearly completed.

The new residence of Tom Kilpatrick on the C. P. R. townsite is almost ready for occupation. It is a handsome structure, and is receiving the finishing touches of the painter's brush.

R. Howson has enlarged the capacity of his furniture establishment by adding a new building and raising the roof of the rear section, besides other improvements.

R. Tapping has laid the foundation of a building 30 by 50 feet, convenient to a street to be opened, and near the smelter switch track. It is on the C. P.R. townsite, and will be a handy location for receiving and shipping by railway and the storage of goods in bond.

Yardmaster Lee moved into his new residence on Mackenzie Avenue on Thursday. His son returned to Winnipeg on the urgent persuasion of his uncle, and gave up the idea of starting here for himself.

In view of the improvements described, it cannot be said that the property owners of Revelstoke do not have confidence in the future of the town.

On the Light Fantastic.

One of the most enjoyable dances that has taken place this season, was that held on Wednesday evening in Peterson's Hall. The party was given by Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Northey and Miss Walker, to whom the thanks of all who were present are due for the handsome manner in which all the arrangements were carried out. The music was in the efficient hands of Messrs. Brown, Poole and Anlin and left nothing to be desired. Refreshments were provided during the whole evening and shortly after midnight a capital supper was served, to which ample justice was done by the guests, who numbered considerably over fifty. The dance, which lasted till a late hour, was pronounced a great success by all who were fortunate enough to be present. The programme was interspersed with songs by some of our local amateur talent. There being a large quantity of good things left over, these were taken up to the school house next afternoon and formed a treat to the children, which was greatly appreciated.

THE CLEVER WIDOW.

CHAPTER XIV.

EASTWOOD NO 1

Mr. McAdam, of the firm of McAdam & Squire, was a highly polished man who dwelt behind a highly polished table in the neatest and snuggest of offices. He was white-haired and amiable, with a deep-lined aquiline face, was addicted to low bows, and, indeed, always seemed to carry himself at half-cock, as though just descending into one or just recovering himself. He wore a high-bucked stock, took snuff and adorned his conversation with little scraps from the classics.

"My dear sir," said he when he had listened to their story, "any friend of Mrs. Westmacott is a friend of mine. Try a pinch. I wonder that you should have gone to this man Metaxa. His advertisement is enough to condemn him. 'Habet foenum in cornu.' They are all rogues.

"The doctor was a rogue, too. I didn't like the look of him at the time."

"'Arcades ambo.' But now we must see what we can do for you. Of course, what Metaxa said was perfectly right. The edusion is in itself no security at all, unless it were accompanied by a life assurance which would be an income in itself. It is no good whatever."

His clients' faces fell.

"But there is the second alternative. You might sell the pension outright. Speculative investors occasionally deal in such things. I have one client—a sporting man—who would be very likely to take it up if we could agree upon terms. Of course, I must follow Metaxa's example by sending for a doctor."

For the second time was the Admiral punched and tapped and listened to. This time however, there could be no question of the qualifications of the doctor—a well-known Fellow of the College of Surgeons—and his report was as favorable as the other's had been adverse.

"He has the heart and chest of a man of forty," said he. "I can recommend his life as one of the best of his age that I have ever examined."

"That's well," said Mr. McAdam making a note of the doctor's remarks, while the Admiral disbursed a second guinea. "Your price, I understand, is £5,000. I can communicate with Mr. Elberry, my client, and let you know whether he cares to touch the matter. Meanwhile you can leave your pension papers here, and I will give you a receipt for them."

"Very well. I should like the money soon."

"That is why I am retaining the papers. If I can see Mr. Elberry to-day we may let you have a check to-morrow. Try another pinch. No? Well, good-by. I am very happy to have been of service." Mr. McAdam bowed them out, for he was a very busy man, and they found themselves in the street once more with lighter hearts than when they had entered it.

"Well, Westmacott, I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said the Admiral. "You have stood by me when I was the better for a little help, for I'm clean out of my surroundings among these city sharks. But I've something to do now which is more in my own line, and I need not trouble you any more."

"Oh, it is no trouble. I have nothing to do. I never have anything to do. I don't suppose I could do it if I had. I should be delighted to come with you, sir, if I can be of any use."

"No, no, my lad. You go home again. It would be kind of you, though if you would look in at number one when you get back and tell my wife that all's well with me, and that I'll be back in an hour or so."

"All right, sir, I'll tell her." And Westmacott raised his hat and strode away to the westward, while the Admiral, after a hurried lunch, bent his steps toward the east.

It was a long walk, but the old seaman swung along at a rousing pace, leaving street after street behind him. The great business places dwindled down into commonplace shops and dwellings, which decreased and became more stunted, even as the folk who filled them did, until he was deep in the evil places of the eastern end. It was a land of huge, dark houses and of garish gin shops—a land, too, where life moves irregularly and where adventures are to be gained, as the Admiral was to learn to his cost.

He was hurrying down one of the long, narrow, stone-flagged lanes between the double lines of crouching, dishevelled women and of dirty children who sat on the hollowed steps of the houses and basked in the Autumn sun. At one side was a barrowman with a load of walnut, and beside the barrow a bedraggled woman with a black fringe and a checkered shawl thrown over her head. She was cracking walnuts and picking them out of the shells, throwing out a remark occasionally to a rough man in a rabbitskin cap, with straps under the knees of his corduroy trousers, who stood puffing a black clay pipe, with his back against the wall. What the cause of the quarrel was, or what sharp sarcasm from the woman's lips pricked suddenly through that thick skin, may never be known, but suddenly the man took his pipe in his left hand leaned forward, and deliberately struck her across the face with his right. It was a slap rather than a blow, but the woman gave a sharp cry and cowered up against the barrow with her hand to her cheek.

"You infernal villain!" cried the Admiral, raising his stick. "You brute and blackguard!"

"Garn!" growled the rough, with the deep, rasping intonation of a savage. "Garn out o' this or I'll—". He took a step forward with uplifted hand, but in an instant down came out number three upon his wrist, and cut number five across his thigh, and cut number one full in the centre of his rabbit-skin cap. It was not a heavy stick, but it was strong enough to leave a good red weal wherever it fell. The rough yelled with pain and rushed in, hitting with both hands and kicking with his iron-shod boots; but the Admiral had still a quick foot and a true eye, so that he bounded backward and sideways, still raining a shower of blows upon his savage antagonist. Suddenly, however, a pair of arms closed round his neck, and, glancing backward, he caught a glimpse of the black, coarse fringe of the woman whom he had befriended. "I've got him!" she shrieked. "I'll 'old him. Now, Bill, knife the tripe out of him!" Her grip was as strong as a man's and her wrist pressed like an iron bar upon the Admiral's throat. He made a desperate effort to disengage himself, but the most that he could do was to swing her round, so as to place her between his adversary and himself. As it proved, it was the best thing that he could have done. The rough, half-blinded and maddened by the blows which he received, struck out with all his ungainly strength just as his partner's head swung round in front of him. There was a noise like that of a stone hitting a wall, a deep groan, her grasp relaxed, and she dropped, a dead weight, upon the pavement, while the Admiral sprung back and raised his stick once more, ready either for attack or defence. Neither was needed, however, for at that moment there was a scattering of the crowd, and two police constables, burly and helmeted, pushed their way through the rabble. At the sight of them the rough took to his heels and was instantly screened from view by a veil of his friends and neighbors.

"I have been assaulted," panted the Admiral. "This woman was attacked and I had to defend her."

"This is Bermondsey Sal," said one police officer, bending over the bedraggled heap of tattered shawl and dirty skirt. "She's got it hot this time."

"He was a shortish man, thick, with a beard."

"Ah, that's Black Davie. He's been up four times for beating her. He's about done the job now. If I were you I would let that sort settle their own little affairs, sir."

"Do you think that a man who holds the Queen's commission will stand by and see a woman struck!" cried the Admiral indignantly.

"Well, just as you like, sir. But you've lost your watch, I see."

"My watch!" He clapped his hand to his waistcoat. The chain was hanging down in front and the watch gone.

He passed his hand over his forehead. "I would not have lost that watch for anything," said he. "No money could replace it. It was given me by the ship's company after our African cruise. It has an inscription."

The policeman shrugged his shoulders. "It comes from meddling," said he.

"What'll you give me if I tell you where it is?" said a sharp-faced boy among the crowd. "Will you gimme a quid?"

"Certainly."

"Well, where's the quid?"

The Admiral took a sovereign from his pocket. "Here it is."

"Then 'ere's the ticker!" The boy pointed to the clinched hand of the senseless woman. A glimer of gold shone out from between the fingers, and on opening them up there was the Admiral's chronometer. This interesting victim had throttled her protector with one hand while she had robbed him with the other.

The Admiral left his address with the policeman, satisfied that the woman was only stunned, not dead, and then set off upon his way once more, the poorer perhaps in his faith in human nature, but in very good spirits nevertheless. He walked with dilated nostrils and clinched hands, all glowing and tingling with the excitement of the combat, and warmed with the thought that he could still, when there was need, take his own part in a street brawl in spite of his three-score and odd years.

His way now led toward the riverside regions, and a cleansing whiff of tar was to be detected in the stagnant Autumn air. Men with the blue jersey and peaked cap of the boatman or the white ducks of the dockers began to replace the corduroys and fustian of the laborers. Shops with nautical instruments in the windows, rope and paint sellers and slop shops with long rows of oilskins dangling from hooks, all proclaimed the neighborhood of the docks. The Admiral quickened his pace and straightened his figure as his surroundings became more nautical, until at last, peeping between two high, dingy wharfs, he caught a glimpse of the mud-colored waters of the Thames, and of the bristle of masts and funnels which rose from its bread bosom. To the right day a quiet, street, with many brass plates upon either side and wire blinds in all of the windows. The Admiral walked slowly down it until "The St. Lawrence Shipping Company" caught his eye. He crossed the road pushed open the door and found himself in a low-ceilinged office, with a long counter, at one end and a great number of wooden sections of ships stuck upon boards and plastered all over the wall.

"Is Mr. Henry in?" asked the Admiral.

"No, sir," answered an elderly man from a high seat in the corner. "He has not come into town to-day. I can manage any business you may wish seen to."

"You don't happen to have a first or second officer's place vacant, do you?"

The manager looked with a dubious eye at his singular applicant.

"Do you hold certificates?" he asked.

"I hold every nautical certificate there is."

"Then you won't do for us."

"Your age, sir."

"I give you my word that I can see as well as ever, and am as good a man in every way."

"I don't doubt it."

"Why should my age be a bar, then?"

"Well, I must put it plainly. If a man of your age, holding certificates, has not got past a second officer's berth, there must be a black mark against him somewhere. I don't know what it is, drink or temper or want of judgment, but something there must be."

"I assure you there is nothing; but I find myself stranded, and so have to turn to the old business again."

"Oh, that's it," said the manager, with suspicion in his eye. "How long were you in your last billet?"

"Fifty-one years."

"What!"

"Yes, sir, one-and-fifty years."

"In the same employ?"

"Yes."

"Why, you must have begun as a child."

"I was twelve when I joined."

"It must be a strangely managed business," said the manager, "which allows men to leave it, who have served for fifty years, and who are still as good as ever. Whom did you serve?"

"The Queen. Heaven bless her!"

"Oh, you were in the Royal Navy? What rating did you hold?"

"I am Admiral of the fleet."

The manager started, and sprung down from his high stool.

"My name is Admiral Hay Denver. There is my card. And here are the records of my service. I don't, you understand, want to push another man from his billet, but if you should chance to have a berth open, I should be very glad of it. I know the navigation from the Cod Banks right up to Montreal a great deal better than I know the streets of London."

The astonished manager glanced over the blue papers which his visitor had handed him. "Won't you take a chair, Admiral?" he said.

"Thank you. But I should be obliged if you would drop my title now. I told you because you asked me, but I've left the quarter deck, and I am plain Mr. Hay Denver now."

"May I ask," said the manager, "are you the same Denver who commanded at one time on the North American station?"

"I am."

"Then it was you who got one of our boats, the Comus, off the rocks in the Bay of Fundy? The directors voted you three hundred guineas as salvage, and you refused it."

"It was an offer which should not have been made," said the Admiral, sternly.

"Well, it reflects credit upon you that you should think so. If Mr. Henry were here I am sure that he would arrange this matter for you at once. As it is, I shall lay it before the directors to-day, and I am sure that they will be proud to have you in their employment, and, I hope, in some more suitable position than that which you suggest."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the Admiral, and started off again, well pleased, upon his homeward journey.

CHAPTER XV.

STILL AMONG SHOALS.

The next day brought the Admiral a check for £5,000 from Mr. McAdam, and a stamped agreement by which he made over his pension papers to the speculative investor. It was not until he had signed and sent it off that the full significance of all that he had done broke upon him. He had nothing save only what he could earn. But the stout old heart never quailed. He waited eagerly for a letter from the Saint Lawrence Shipping company, and in the meanwhile he gave his landlord a quarter's notice. Hundred pounds a year houses would in future be a luxury which he could not aspire to. A small lodging house in some inexpensive part of London must be the substitute for his breezy Norwood villa. So be it then. Better that a thousand fold than that his name should be associated with failure and disgrace.

On that morning Harold Denver was to meet the creditors of the firm and to explain the situation to them. It was a hateful task, a degrading task, but he set himself to do it with quiet resolution. At home they waited in intense anxiety to learn the result of the meeting. It was late before he returned, haggard and pale, like a man who has done and suffered much.

"What's this board in front of the house?" he asked.

"We are going to try a little change of scene," said the Admiral. "This place is neither town nor country. But never mind that, boy. Tell us what happened in the city."

"God help me! My wretched business is driving you out of house and home!" cried Harold, broken down by this fresh evidence of the effects of his misfortunes.

"It is easier for me to meet my creditors than to see you two suffering so patiently for my sake."

"Tut, tut!" cried the Admiral. "There's no suffering in the matter. Mother would rather be near the theatres. That's at the bottom of it, isn't it, mother? You come and sit down here between us and tell us all about it."

Harold sat down with a loving hand in each of his.

"It's not so bad as we thought," said he, "and yet it is bad enough. I have about ten days to find the money, but I don't know which way to turn for it. Pearson, however, lied as usual, when he spoke of £13,000. The amount is not quite £7,000."

The admiral clapped his hands. "I knew we should weather it after all! Hurrah, my boy! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

Harold gazed at him in surprise while the old seaman waved his hand above his head and bellowed out three stentorian cheers. "Where am I to get seven thousand pounds from, dad?" he asked.

"Never mind. You spin your yarn."

"Well, they were very good and very kind, but of course they must have either their money or their money's worth. They passed a vote of sympathy for me, and agreed to wait ten days before they took any proceedings. Three of them, whose claim came to 3,500 pounds, told me that if I would give them my personal I. O. U. and pay interest at the rate of five per cent., their amounts might stand over as long as I wished. That would be a charge of £175 upon my income, but with economy I could meet it, and it diminishes the debt by one-half.

Again the Admiral burst out cheering.

"There remains, therefore, about £3,200, which has to be found within ten days. No man shall lose by me. I gave them my word in the room that if I worked my soul out of my body every one of them should be paid. I shall not spend a penny upon myself until it is done. But some of them can't wait. They are poor men themselves, and must have their money. They have issued a warrant for Pearson's arrest. But they think that he has got away to the States."

"These men shall have their money," said the admiral.

"Dad?"

"Yes, my boy, you don't know the resources of the family. One never does know until one tries. What have you yourself now?"

"I have about a thousand pounds invested."

"All right. And I have about as much more. There's a good start. Now, mother, it is your turn. What is that little bit of paper of yours?"

Mrs. Denver unfolded it and placed it upon Harold's knee.

"Five thousand pounds!" he gasped.

"Ah, but mother is not the only rich one. Look at this!" And the Admiral unfolded his check and placed it upon the other knee. Harold gazed from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Ten thousand pounds!" he cried. "Good heavens! where did this come from?"

"You will not worry any longer, dear," murmured his mother, slipping her arm round him.

But his quick eye had caught the signature upon one of the checks. "Dr. Walker!" he cried, flushing. "This is Clara's doing. Oh, dad, we cannot take this money! It would not be right nor honorable."

"No, boy; I am glad you think so. It is something, however, to have proved one's friend, for a real good friend he is. It was he who brought it in, though Clara sent him. But this other money will be enough to cover everything, and it is all my own."

"Your own? Where did you get it, dad?"

"Tut, tut! See what it is to have a city man to deal with. It is my own, and fairly earned, and that is enough."

"Dear old dad!" Harold squeezed his gnarled hand. "And you, mother! You have lifted the trouble from my heart. I feel like another man. You have saved my honor, my good name, everything. I cannot owe you more, for I owe you everything already."

So, while the Autumn sunset shone ruddily through the broad window, these three sat together hand in hand, with hearts, which were too full to speak. Suddenly the soft thudding of tennis balls was heard, and Mrs. Westmacott bounded into view upon the lawn, with brandished raquet and short skirts fluttering in the breeze. The sight came as a relief to their strained nerves, and they burst all three into a hearty fit of laughter.

"She is playing with her nephew," said Harold at last. "The Walkers have not come out yet. I think that it would be well if you were to give me that check, mother, and I were to return it in person."

"Certainly, Harold, I think it would be very nice."

He went in through the garden. Clara and the doctor were sitting together in the dining-room. She sprung to her feet at the sight of him.

"Oh, Harold, I have been waiting for you so impatiently," she cried. "I saw you pass the front windows half an hour ago. I would have come in if I dared. Do tell us what has happened."

"I have come in to thank you both. How can I repay you for your kindness? Here is your check, doctor. I have not needed it. I find that I can lay my hands on enough to pay my creditors."

"Thank God!" said Clara, fervently.

"The sum is less than I thought, and our resources considerably more. We have been able to do it with ease."

"With ease! The doctor's brow clouded and his manner grew cold. "I think, Harold, that you would do better to take this money of mine than to use that which seems to you to be gained with ease."

"Thank you, sir. If I borowed from any one it would be from you. But my father has this very sum, £5,000, and, as I tell him, I owe him so much that I have no compunction about owing him more."

"No compunction! Surely there are some sacrifices which a son should not allow his parents to make."

"Sacrifices! What do you mean?"

"Is it possible that you do not know how this money has been obtained?"

"I give you my word, Dr. Walker, that I have no idea. I asked my father, but he refused to tell me."

"I thought not," said the doctor, the gloom clearing from his brow. "I was sure that you were not a man who, to clear yourself from a little money difficulty, would sacrifice the happiness of your mother and the health of your father."

"Good gracious! What do you mean?"

"It is only right that you should know. That money represents the commutation of your father's pension. He has reduced himself to poverty and intends to go to sea again to earn a living."

"To sea again! Impossible!"

"It is the truth. Charles Westmacott has told Ida. He was with him in the city when he took his poor pension about from dealer to dealer, trying to sell it. He succeeded at last, and hence the money."

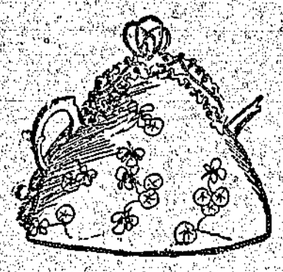
"He has sold his pension!" cried Harold, with his hands to his face. "My dear old dad has sold his pension!" He rushed from the room and burst wildly into the presence of his parents once more. "I cannot take it, father," he cried. "Better bankruptcy than that. Oh, if I had only known your plan! We must have back the pension. Oh, mother, mother, how could you think me capable of such selfishness? Give me the check, dad, and I will see this man tonight, for I would sooner die like a dog in the ditch than touch a penny of this money."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Tea Cosey.

This is a more useful article than its dainty appearance would suggest, and now that the five o'clock tea-tables are set up in so many homes, it is one of the necessary accompaniments of the table.

To make one, as shown by the sketch, cut from olive-tinted chamois skin two triangular pieces, slightly curving the sides.



Cut from satin of a deeper shade of olive two corresponding pieces for lining. Put a piece of chamois and its lining together, with a layer of cotton wadding between, and finish the edges with an olive silk cord.

Paint nasturtiums with their leaves on the chamois skin in oil paints, and fasten the two pieces together with loopings of the cord, leaving openings for the handle and the spout. Place a ruching of the olive satin across the top, with loopings of the cord for a handle.

Did Things Up Brown.

The Brockville Recorder has a notice of the marriage of Charles W. Brown and Ida Brown, at the residence of the bride's father, J. Brown, Brownsville, by the Rev. George Brown; the best man was Fred Brown and the bridesmaids were Lottie Brown and Edith Brown. The bride wore a brown gown, and the happy couple will live in a brown stone front.

One of the wedding presents was a volume of Browning, which will be placed in the brown study, where the future little Brownies can read it.

Both Good Shots.

My wife is an expert in handling a rifle. Put up a coin for a target and she'll hit it in the center every time.

That's nothing my wife rifles my pockets of all the coin in them and never misses a dime.

Don't Know.

When Jones went home the other night
His wife her wrath exploded,
Said he, to excuse his sorry plight;
I didn't know she was loaded.

A captive balloon used in the German army manoeuvres at Stettin burst at a height of 600 metres. An officer fell with the balloon and was seriously injured.

HEALTH.

Ringworm.

The affection of the skin known as ringworm is of three kinds: ringworm of the scalp, ringworm of the body, and honeycombed ringworm. All three forms are caused by a vegetable parasite, and all are of course contagious.

Ringworm of the body is characterized by the development at any point on the surface of the body of one or more inflamed patches. These may be variously sized, but are usually about an inch in diameter.

The disease begins as a small, reddish, scaly cluster of spots, which in a few days at the most assumes characteristic appearance by the healing of the centre of the patch while the eruption spreads at the periphery.

In ringworm of the scalp there is present the same characteristic inflammation of the skin, except that in scalp infections the appearance of the eruption is somewhat changed by the ends of the broken hair-shafts which cover its surface. The gem invades the hair and hair roots, as well as the skin of the scalp, and in a comparatively short time the hair is destroyed; but the baldness thus caused is temporary.

When ringworm of the scalp occurs in the beard, it is commonly known as barber's itch.

Honeycombed ringworm is what is sometimes known as favus. It may have its seat either in the hair and hair roots, or upon the surface of the skin and nails. It is purely a local affection, and is due to a special germ.

Favus makes its appearance by the development of one or more minute pale yellow crusts situated around the roots of the hairs. In about a fortnight these separate crusts run together into one large crust, which is cupped in places, giving it the name of honeycombed.

In all forms of ringworm we should apply at once to the family physician for a suitable germicide, as it is only by removing the cause of the trouble that we may expect a cure. Meanwhile we should keep the eruption clean by frequent soppings with soap and warm water. In ringworm of the scalp and beard we may remove a large amount of the germ matter by pulling out the hairs involved in the eruption.

Tobacco Insomnia.

Many brain-workers suffer from inability to sleep. This is frequently met with among those who work late at night. The sufferers complain that they feel most lively just when the time for retiring has come, and that a long period of restlessness precedes a troubled slumber from which the slightest noise awakens them. This is very often caused almost entirely by over-indulgence in tobacco. They smoke just before going to bed, ignorant of the fact that not only may tobacco prevent sleep temporarily, but that it may render it less deep, and consequently less refreshing. A grave responsibility attaches to those who lightly seek to relieve a symptom which is really a warning by recourse to a dangerous palliative. The inability to sleep is often merely the outcome of an unnatural mode of life, and if this be corrected the disability disappears of itself. Men who work late are commonly addicted to the tobacco habit. To them tobacco is not a relaxation after a day's work, but a nerve stimulant which enables them to accomplish tasks which would otherwise be difficult of accomplishment. When the mouth becomes dry, alcohol in some form or other is resorted to, as a fillip to enable the smoker to tolerate still another cigar or two. Under these circumstances tobacco acts as a cerebral irritant, and interferes with the vaso motor centers of the brain to such an extent that the vessels are unable to adjust themselves forthwith to the condition required for healthy and untroubled sleep. Discretion in tobacco use would save many from this distressing condition of chronic insomnia. Smoking early in the day should be discountenanced and it is equally undesirable within an hour or so of retiring to rest. The best remedy for the tobacco habit, short of total abstention, is to take a short walk in the open air after the last pipe. Under no circumstances should drugs be used for this form of nocturnal restlessness.

Rapid Eating.

There is not that virtue in eating slowly that has long supposed to exist, because this function can be done so incompletely that the end supposed to be subserved is entirely overlooked. Nor is rapid swallowing of food to be commended for practically a like reason. What is necessary is that the food be judiciously masticated—reduced to such hashy consistency that the stomach may the more easily digest it and so pass on to the formation of blood with least delay. Eating should be quite as intelligent and business-like an operation as any we engage in. The glutton simply eats to tickle his palate with the various mouthfuls he gorges down, oblivious of the real benefit and necessity to his mental and bodily requirement.

Baggagemen's Bicycle Troubles.

Railway men have come to the conclusion that so great is the number of wheels consigned to railways by passengers that special cars will have to be provided, separate and distinct from baggage cars, for the transportation of the machines. An idea of the number of wheels that are now carried is conveyed in the report of the baggage department of the Rio Grande Railway, which shows that in the month of July, 1661 wheels were checked by the company over their line—an average of over 53 daily for the month. In many baggage cars racks have already been fitted up for the reception of wheels, but the accommodation is daily becoming more inadequate. This rush of wheels has given a great deal of anxiety to the baggagemen, who often find themselves without the proper means of providing for their custody. The consequence is that a compromise is effected, and if the baggageman keeps a careful eye on a wheel a fee is in order. Some companies are considering the question of charging a small rate on all wheels carried on their trains on the ground that they can not be packed together like trunks or ordinary baggage; but there is no doubt that such a charge would be grudgingly paid.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.—Bacon.

LIVING IN A TOMB.

A Widower Whose Home Is In a Vault With His Wife's Remains.

In a vault in the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery at Brooklyn, N. Y., there sits daily by the side of the casket containing the remains of his beloved wife, and surrounded by a strange collection of articles associated with her daily life, an aged man who has become known to the numerous visitors to the cemetery as "the man who lives in the tomb." Since the body of his wife was deposited in the vault, two weeks ago, he has spent all his days beside her coffin and he has declared that he will continue to do so until he is summoned to join her.

The vault, an imposing structure of granite, is built into a gentle slope in that part of the cemetery known as "Whispering Grove," on the shore of the lake. Over the entrance is engraved in large letters, "Jonathan and Mary E. Reed," and on one of the stone posts supporting a heavy iron railing that incloses a small plot are found the words "Husband and wife."

A massive iron-barred door gives a full view of the interior of the vault, the plan of which is unique. A little vestibule, 8 or 10 feet square, occupies the front of the tomb, giving access to the inner chamber, which consists merely of a narrow passageway about 8 feet long, with a shelf, or recess, on either side. In one of these recesses rests the body of Mrs. Reed, the other being reserved for that of her husband. At the further end of the little passage is a quaint, old-fashioned dressing-table and mirror, covered with various small articles of feminine use, and in front of this a chair, on which the watcher could sit beside the casket. The casket itself rested on the right-hand shelf, inclosed in a double case over which was thrown a piece of cheap Japanese matting gaudily painted with flowers, which had evidently once served for a window shade.

The opposite shelf was littered with an extraordinary collection of objects, including articles of clothing, china vases, withered bunches of flowers, boxes, old gloves, balls of yarn and pieces of unfinished knitting. The walls of the inner vault are covered with photographs in cheap and tarnished frames.

On the left-hand wall of the vestibule is a large portrait of an elderly man, with long white side whiskers, and below this a battered camp stool, held together with pieces of twine. On a shelf near the picture was piled a woman's reticule, an old card rack, spoons and more pieces of unfinished knitting work. In a corner was piled an old broom and several feather dusters. Like the inner vault, the walls of the vestibules are covered with photographs, some being even suspended from the ceiling.

Probably the most singular object in the collection was a pack of cards which had evidently never been used, hanging by a string from the upper part of the grated door.

Mr. Reed is a wealthy retired merchant, living in Brooklyn. His wife died two years ago, and her body was placed in the vault by her father, Mr. Gould in the cemetery. It was said that Mr. Reed was not on good terms with his father-in-law, who objected to his frequent visits to the vault.

Mr. Gould died recently, and Mr. Reed then had a tomb built on his own plans, at a cost of $3000 and had the body removed to it two weeks ago. He then filled the vault with mementos of his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Reed traveled together extensively and had collected many relics of the places they visited in the shape of pieces of stone, all of which he deposited in the vault. Since the completion of the tomb Mr. Reed had visited it regularly, every morning remaining until the closing of the cemetery gates at 7 o'clock.

TREE-CLIMBING RABBITS.

Parrots That Eat Sheep, Sheep That Love Snails and Insectivorous Birds That Feed on Grain.

It seems almost a stretch of the imagination to think of rabbits climbing trees. Yet in Australia many rabbits have somehow acquired the tree-climbing habit, having been forced, on account of the persecutions of dogs and other animals, to drop burrowing and imitate squirrels. An Australian sent on to England recently the two front feet of a rabbit that had been killed on an acacia, three yards from the ground, and he wrote in his letter that this was not at all a remarkable thing, and he had often found them, or at least the traces of their claws, on the bark of trees four, five and six yards high.

For a parrot to eat sheep is another remarkable thing, and yet the kea of New Zealand has become a sheep eater, having changed to this article of food from a purely vegetable diet. The kea has proved a serious source of annoyance to the New Zealand herdsmen, and methods have been taken for the destruction of the species. These gay colored little birds will eat almost any kind of meat, but it is sheep that they prefer.

They have been known to kill as many as two hundred in a single night, and have done serious harm to the flocks. The tradition of the island is that at one time these parrots were unable to obtain their usual supply of vegetable food and that in desperation they invaded the "drying rooms" and ate whatever came to hand, finding sheep meat agreeable. In Iceland almost all the horses are fish eaters, for the reason that grain is source there and fish is plentiful. In England sheep are known who delight in snails. The observation of this fact is not new; it dates back 150 years.

It is well known that a large number of insectivorous birds become grain eaters whenever they find that they cannot procure their ordinary diet of insects.

A peculiar sect is taking root in Vancouver, B. C. The members make it their rule to pray to Satan to preserve them from harm. They argue that God is all good and will not hurt them. The devil, they claim, does all the injury and therefore they pray to him not to carry out his evil intentions.

When the German Consul at Odessa undertook to celebrate Sedan the other day by a garden party he applied to the prefect of the Government for permission. The Prefect wrote the Minister of the Interior, who, after consultation with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, answered that he considered the celebration inopportune, and permission was consequently refused.

THE FARM.

Apples All the Year.

In setting an orchard for market use there should not be too many varieties, still we would select several varieties of winter apples, and a few choice varieties of early apples, as these often sell well in the local markets, says a correspondent.

Among the best of very early apples may be mentioned Early Colton. This ripens about ten days in advance of Red Astracan, color a rich golden yellow, fruit of good size and of pleasant flavor for eating. This is also an excellent variety for cooking; no orchard is complete without at least one tree of this variety, which we believe has only in recent years been introduced. It has fruited several seasons with us, and thus far seems to be an annual bearer. This season the tree was heavily laden with bloom, but like other varieties the fruit was killed by the severe freezes of early May.

While the Baldwin apple is, perhaps, the best market apple grown, it is not an annual bearer and can hardly be depended upon to produce more than one crop in two seasons, so if several varieties of winter apples are planted some of these varieties may produce a crop in the "off year" when apples are scarce and high in price, and thus prove more profitable than a crop would produced in a year of abundance.

A few trees of Grimes' Golden should be found in the orchard. The fruit is of fair size and rich golden color, good keeper and good to cook, while in our opinion it takes a better apple than we have yet seen to excel it in quality.

In planting a young orchard several years ago we selected about forty Baldwin trees, twelve Mann, twelve Ben Davis, and a few other varieties. The trees are now old enough to produce fruit. The Baldwin we know can be depended upon, as we have grown that variety before. The Mann apple has not yet fruited, and we cannot say how satisfactory that variety will prove. The Ben Davis has already produced several crops and has proven to be an annual bearer, this being the first season it has failed, and that was owing to the freeze, as the trees at that time were full of bloom.

A tree that will produce fruit every year like the Ben Davis has much to commend it. Though the fruit is of good size and appearance as far as color goes, so many of the apples are inclined to be rough and knotty in shape that of the fruit from some trees we have seen probably not more than 10 per cent. would be fit for market, and we are told that this variety has the same fault when grown in other localities. The great value of the Ben Davis would seem to be that it is an annual bearer and also one of the best keeping apples to be found. At this writing, August 10th, we still have in our cellar good sound apples of this variety, crop of 1894. While this is the "off year" for apples the Ben Davis has kept us supplied thus far, and the end is not yet. There was no extra care taken to make these apples keep; they were simply put in bins in the cellar.

Some will say, "The Ben Davis is of only ordinary quality." When they are thoroughly ripened along in March they are of very good flavor. No apple is at its best until ripe, and along in midsummer when there are no other apples to be had and the Ben Davis is present we say the quality is not to be despised.

There is another good apple of which we have a single tree growing in our orchard. This is said to excel the Ben Davis in keeping qualities. This variety is Heyd's King of the West. The fruit of this is said to keep from one season until the crop of the next season is ripened. However, we have not yet fruited this variety and cannot say in regard to that.

In planting an orchard for house use too many varieties can hardly be selected, provided they are good ones. The aim should be to keep a succession of good apples the year round. If orchard space is limited and only a few of the different varieties are wanted, two or more varieties may be grafted on the same tree. In this way thirty or forty varieties of apples may be grown successfully on perhaps a dozen trees.

Of course there are many good varieties of apples well worth planting, but we will not take space to mention them here. Varieties that succeed well in your locality are as a rule the ones to plant. We have mentioned a few varieties, some of which we believe are not yet in general cultivation, our object being to show that apples can be had the year round.

Building a Root House.

This is the time of year to think about building a substantial house for the storage of the root crops now growing so luxuriantly. I invariably try to avoid the necessity of carrying vegetables, such as onions, that are ready for market in the fall, into or through the winter, writes a correspondent. This would involve risks and sure losses by freezing, rotting, shrinkage, etc., and I find it more profitable to sell what I have to sell as soon as I can find sale for it than to try to hold it for a rise in prices. But we have to store celery, cabbage and potatoes, and roots of all sorts, and perhaps apples and pears, even if mostly for home use only. Usually it is not advisable to fill the cellar under the living rooms ful of vegetables and fruits. There is more or less decay and a consequent poisoning of the atmosphere.

But when a portion of the cellar is used as a furnace room, and entirely unsuitable for a storage room, and even the other part of the cellar is too dry and warm to keep vegetables and fruits in good condition, we have very little chance to store what stuff we wish to have on hand during the winter and spring in the cellar. This is our situation. The possession of a conveniently located regular root house will help us out of all these difficulties. For ordinary use it need not be large, either. But a serviceable structure of this kind can be easily and cheaply put up on any place. Pits or root houses are largely employed by professional celery growers in various parts of the country for winter storage of celery, and they are indeed admirably adapted for this purpose.

The pit is sunk only two or two and a half feet into the ground. The ridge pole is seven feet from the bottom, more or less, and is held by stout posts. The lower end of the roof rests on plates or planks laid on the surface of the ground alongside the pit, and two rows of posts with stringers support the center of each side. This framework should be made very strong and solid, as it will have to support considerable weight. Strong rails or poles, old planks, etc., may be placed close together, rafter-like, from ground plates to the ridge pole, then covered with straw, corn stalks, hay, or any kind of litter to the depth of a foot or so, when the final covering of soil dug out of the pit is to be put on. A door is left in the south gable end and a double window with a chance of ventilation in the opposite end.

This description, incomplete as it may be, will show plainly enough what little expense is really necessary for the construction of a root house, and also how safe it can be made against danger from freezing, even in the coldest weather. When properly closed, or ventilated, as circumstances may require, the inside temperature can be easily maintained within a minimum of variation, and roots and other vegetables may be kept in good order all winter, while celery grows and bleaches splendidly. Of course there must be drainage underneath. Without storage facilities of this kind, and a heating furnace in the cellar under the house, we have to fall back on the expedient of keeping roots in barrels sunk into the ground to near the brim, covering with boards and litter enough to exclude frost, or by using the hot-bed pits for the storage of cabbage, roots, etc.

A NEW DIET FOR CATS AND DOGS.

Thousands of Horses Slaughtered in London Nowadays to Feed Household Pets.

One of the strangest and most profitable trades of London is the wholesale and retail business of horsemeat for cat and dog food. In barrows, pony traps and hand carts the hawkers of horseflesh cry their wares throughout the city and find a ready and constant sale for them. There is hardly a householder that fails to buy of the "cat's meat man."

Actually 26,000 horses, played out, maimed and aged, are killed and cut up in the English metropolis every year for this purpose. All day long and all night long the slaying of these beasts goes on, and the three or four establishments that cater to the trade continually have their hands full. Each horse means, on an average, 275 pounds of meat, and as 26,000 horses a year mean 500 horses a week, it follows that the cats and dogs of London whose masters and mistresses patronize the "horse food" man manage to dispose of over ten tons a day. The hawkers sell this meat in half-penny-worths, a pound cutting up into six of these portions, each being properly skewered. An interesting fact in relation to the skewers is that half a ton of them are used each day, or 182 1-2 tons of dead wood a year. The ten tons a day of dead horse are cut up into 134,400 meals. The magnitude of the trade can be seen from the fact that it keeps constantly employed thirty wholesale salesmen.

TWO WEEKS' VACATION IN BED.

A Pleasurable Holiday Thus Spent By Two Hospital Nurses Who Were Short of Sleep.

J. M. Barrie suggested in one of his skits that the best way to spend a holiday was to spend it in bed, but until quite recently this theory was never put into actual practice. Two hospital nurses of London tried it the other day, however, with the most pronounced success. They each had a fortnight's vacation and they hired a cottage in the country and engaged an old woman to attend on them. The inhabitants of the little community were not informed regarding this novel project, and as the days went by and the newcomers were never seen the neighbors naturally were astonished.

Some suggested that there was some terrible mystery about these women and that their strange and unnatural behavior should immediately be probed. It was even thought advisable to have a consultation with the police of the district. The little cottage was not molested nor its secrets pried into, and the story did not come out until the two ladies, their vacation over, made a call upon the vicar, and after giving him some small sum for charity, explained the matter.

It appears that they had practically spent their whole time in bed. For a year past they had got their sleep in such short snatches and subject to so many interruptions that their one idea of a blissful holiday was a season of absolute and undisturbed repose.

The Coal Output.

Some idea of the enormous riches garnered up of old in the chambers of the earth is afforded by the single item of coal, for instance. It appears that the greatest producer in this line is the kingdom of Great Britain, which is stated to have an output of 180,000,000 tons annually, employing 640,000 persons; the United States is credited with an output of 163,000,000 tons in 1893, bituminous and anthracite; the output of Germany equals 73,000,000 tons, lignites not included, and there are employed in its extraction 290,000 persons; about 19,000,000 tons are annually mined in Belgium, and 117,000 persons employed; France has an annual product of some 25,000,000 tons, employing 130,000 persons; apart from lignite, Austria-Hungary shows a total of 10,700,000 tons of coal annually; Spain's output is 1,300,000 tons a year; Italy, 300,000 tons; Sweden, 200,000 tons; Japan, 3,250,000 tons; Russia's annual output is 6,250,000 tons, with an estimated force of 42,000 persons; Australasia is put down as having an annual production of about 4,000,000 tons, with 11,000 persons employed, the output of Nova Scotia is set down at 2,250,000 tons, while British Columbia puts out some 1,200,000 tons.

Bigger Nuisance.

Cumso—I detest Jayasmith. He tells all he knows!

Cawker—It is not the chap who tells all he knows that annoys me most.

No?

No; it is the one whe tells all he doesn't know.

Doctor—"I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns." Husband (an hour later)—"What did the doctor say?" Wife—"He said I ought to go to a watering place, and afterwards to the mountains and to get some new light gowns at once."

A MILITARY INVENTOR.

CHAT WITH CAPT. WOODGATE OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Fond of Soldiering—A Wonderful Magazine Rifle—His Entrenching Tools Pattern Purchased by the Government—The Most Powerful Electric Signaling Light in the World—Remarkable Strength of Capt. Woodgate.

A writer in the Sketch, London, recently had an interesting interview with a noted officer of the British army, which is here reproduced:

"What! playwriting, Capt. Woodgate?" I exclaimed, on entering the pleasant quarters of this smart young officer, late of South Wales Borderers, and catching sight of a tell-tale brown-paper covered roll of type-written sheets which he threw down as he rose to greet me.

"Yes, I'm afraid I must plead guilty. It is a three-act play," he replied as he offered me his cigaret case, "which I have evolved from a little skit I wrote when we were stationed at Cairo. It rather 'caught on' indeed, people very kindly said it attracted a 'bumper' house. So I have been persuaded to develop it into a three-act comedy. There is this to be said for it, that one manager here would have accepted it at once had not a recent cause celebre rendered him shy—though, as a matter of fact, the subject of my play has not the remotest relation to that case. However, to suit the hypersensitive, I am tinkering up the play so as to take it a thousand miles away from any such idea.

"Is this your first attempt at turning the sword into the pen, Capt. Woodgate?"

"No; I've perpetrated another play, and I have strong hopes of it. Besides, I've written several others, and for the best manager in the world for an ambitious playwright—the waste paper basket," airily remarked my vis-a-vis, as he pulled at his fair mustache.

"And you are still suffering from the fever commonly known as the cacoethes scribendi?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. I'm off almost directly to the frontier of Egypt. I shall there have leisure enough to spoil any amount of foolscap, I expect."

"You have liked soldiering, I suppose?"

"O, certainly! I cannot say that I particularly cared for sharing in the suppression of the Belfast riots in 1886, when we were frequently thirty-six out of forty consecutive hours under arms in the streets. No, I was not in the regiment when the Isandula massacre took place."

"Well, no, of course, I should have remembered that that episode was rather before my time. However, it suggests my asking you about your patented magazine rifle and how you came to invent it."

"It was seeing the quick-firing gun that Maxim brought to such perfection, utilizing the recoil as an automatic action in the discharge of the following shot, which turned my thoughts in the direction of designing an automatic magazine-rifle. My rifle is very similar to the Mansur in the way of loading it. I employ two clips, or bundles, of five cartridges made up of 'rifleite,' a smokeless powder much less damaging to the rifling of a barrel than cordite. My rifle is capable of firing ten shots in three seconds. You can easily calculate, then, what the fire of a regiment armed with this weapon would mean. My automatic rifle has been taken up by a syndicate, and finishing touches of improvement are now being given to it. It is at present under trial by the French and Italian Governments."

"Could the same principal be applied to the revolver?"

"O, certainly. I have already so applied it, only I should prefer to use the term 'repeater' instead of revolver. In this pistol the well-known drawback to all revolvers—namely, the escape of gas between the chamber and barrel—is obviated. The weapon is so constructed as to hold ten cartridges, with one in the chamber."

"Did you not also invent some intrenching tools?" I asked, lighting up another cigaret.

"Yes, and the pattern was purchased by the government and adopted by the service in 1892. No, I made nothing from the transaction—quite the other way, as I was paid £100 less than I had expended in perfecting the tools. However, I had the satisfaction of knowing that they superseded the Wallace pattern. Mine consisted of distinct tools—a spade and a pickaxe, carried handle upwards—as against the Wallace, which was a combination of spade and grubber and not much better than a toy. I was four years bringing mine to perfection."

"I am told that many of our volunteer regiments use your patented equipment?"

"Quite right, and it might have been adopted by the regulars, only there was no competition. Besides, my pattern was sent in too late—indeed the Slade equipment had already been practically selected. However, I don't think that equipment is as popular as the Glenny-Woodgate; at any rate, I know that the authorities found that in many volunteer regiments the men refused to come to parade rather than wear the Slade, and one volunteer regiment paid as much as three shillings a head to have that pattern converted to mine. The truth was that science had been sacrificed to appearance, the men complaining that Slade dragged the belt distressingly inwards and upwards.

"Into what other paths of science have you wandered?"

"I suppose you want to draw me out respecting my electric signaling light. Well, I venture to say, it is the lightest in weight, and the most powerful for its size, in the world. It is a cube of about six inches, and weighs only a few pounds. By means of powerful magnifying glasses its eight-candle-power light can be seen twenty miles away. It would be especially useful in India, where limelight is impracable through the climate disintegrating the lime pencils. However, the government would not take it on. At first they said the acids employed in the battery would not do in a liquid state, so we solidified them. Then they said there must be no acids at all! Indeed, the inventor finds it very heart-breaking work to do anything for the government; and as to its being very ruinous to the pocket, there is not the slightest doubt."

"Now, before I go I want you to tell me about your weight lifting. How did you manage to acquire the strength I have heard you possess?"

"O, well, I don't know, unless it was that I went through the six month's gymnastic course at Aldershot, and from '91 to '93 was Superintendent of Gymnasia at Woolwich. While there I adopted the 'Sandow system' of using light five-pound dumbbells, which practice, I have found, develops the muscles marvelously, enabling one to tackle tremendous weights. Here's a photo for you of my bust, executed by my friend, the well-known sculptor, Percy Wood of Queen Anne street. The upper arm is 15 inches in circumference and the deltoid 19½ inches."

"I should think you must have possessed the finest physique of any amateur?"

"Yes, as far as the deltoid muscles are concerned. But there are, I think, two other amateurs who can raise the same weight that I could—viz.: 170 pounds from the floor to arm's length over the head. Perhaps my best feat was supporting on my shoulders five men on a bar, the gross weight being 800 pounds. Another effort of strength was cutting a bar of lead 2½ inches thick in two; and turning a somerset with a ten-pound dumbbell in each hand represented agility and strength combined. But I have given all that up now, and want to go in for curtain-lifting instead."

POULTRY RAISING IN FRANCE.

Dainty Fowls That Parisian Gourmands Pay From $5 to $8 For.

A visit to the Halles Centrales, or great market place of Paris, n the early morning, is very interesting, and reveals something of that marve ous organization which is essential to the feeding of a great city. Here we find almost every form of animal and vegetable food, dealers and buyers alike characterized by great activity, and together providing for the needs of consumers, who, a few hours later, will find on their tables delicacies of all kinds. Among poultry, all of which is dead, many kinds may be noted—some of an ordinary type for common needs and common pockets, while others are of a higher class and command bigger prices. The latter embrace birds of the Faverolles type, from Seine-et-Oise, large and fleshy, together with the dainty petits, poussins, choice morsels of gourmands, exquisite La Fleche, Le Mans, and Cortes Pattes, from Southern Normandy, and La Bresse, from the departments or Ain and Saone-et-Loire. Probably the latter will first command attention by reason of

THEIR PECULIAR SHAPE,

their marvellous quality of flesh, and fineness of bone. But, if we think of purchasing, our breath will be taken away, the demand being from 25 to 40 francs for the finer specimens. And if we visit the south and south-east of France, sojourn on the Reviera for health or pleasure, we shall find great quantities of fowls partaking of the same shape, of which more anon—though, happily, they do not make quite the same demand on our pockets as at Paris.

Recently a correspondent spent a week in the La Bresse country, returning with wilder ideas as to the possibilities of poultry keeping when properly carried on, and the desirability of seeking to produce the best qualities.

In the first place, it may be explained that the La Bresse country lies at the west of the Jura mountains, north of the Rhone, and to the southeast of Burgundy. The country is undulating, with high hills and mountains both east and west. It is very fertile, producing, in addition, to the usual cereals, maize, buckwheat, roots, grapes, and firstclass qualities of fruit. There is all that intensity of cultivation which is characteristic of French agriculture, and in driving about the country one is struck by the fact that scarcely an inch of room is wasted. Small farms prevail, a place of fifty acres being regarded as large, and most of the farmers are owners as well as occupiers, though there are many tenants under the chief's "proprietaires."

As will be gathered from what has already been stated, poultry form an important part of the live stock. I saw in Louhans market on one day upward of 10,000 live fowls on sale, and at Bourg several hundred women and men principally the former, were offering their dead poultry. As one drives about, chickens seem to be ubiquitous. They are

UNDER NO RESTRICTION,

but allowed to wander over the fields, both arable and pasture, and amongst the vines and fruit trees wherever they like. But from this it must not be imagined that great numbers are kept on each farm. Many of the smaller people only rear fifty or sixty per annum, ranging up to 500 on the larger places. This latter number being quite exceptional. But on a moderate sized farm of rather more than twenty acres I was told that the sale of eggs and poultry amounts to over 80f. in the twelve months. Probably not one penny has been spent on food, but everything required had been produced there—corn, meal, and milk.

The La Bresse fowls are very distinctive in type, and great attention is paid to purity of race. Again and again I was assured that no fowls equalled the La Bresse fowls in quality of flesh, in rapidity of growth, and in other economic properties. Even, apparently, small external points are regarded carefully, and I think these people are right in so doing. These points are simply signs or marks indicating purity of race. The La Bresse fowls are light and active in habit, but with remarkable length of body, very light bone, longish neck and legs, and a single comb. The hens very rarely sit, but they can scarcely be termed non-sitters. The length of body, or keel, combined with flesh-forming qualities, explains why it is that they prove such magnificent table fowls.

A Fish Story.

Bluegrass—I caught a sucker the other day that weighed a hundred and eighty pounds.

Burbin—Oh, come off. You fellows that fish can't tell the truth.

Bluegrass—But I'll swear to it. I sold him that old hoss I got from you for $150 or $200.

Avoiding Danger.

She—Why did you ask me to marry you when you knew I was engaged?

He—I'm making a record for refusals; there is less risk than in acceptances.

"So you took your family to the sea shore!" said the facetious man. "I did," was the melancholy reply. "Where there is such grandeur in the breaking of the waves—" "Yes and the breaking of the engagements—" "Yes, and of the $20 bills."

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

In Buying Canned Goods.

In these days of universal canning—and they are not by any means mentioned in a disparaging sense—there is more or less danger that imperfect goods may be purchased. Unfortunately, there are cheap, poor, unreliable articles put into cans, as well as offered in other ways. An eminent physician, who has carefully studied the matter, lays down some rules for the guidance of housekeepers, based upon his investigations, which are well worth bearing in mind and observing in the selection of canned food material. His instructions are to "reject every article that does not show the line of rosin round the edge of the solder of the cap, the same as is seen on the seam on the side of the can. Reject every can that does not have the name of the manufacturer or firm upon it as well as the name of the company or town where manufactured. Standards have all this. When the wholesale dealer is ashamed to have his name on the goods, fight shy of him. Press up the bottom of the can. If decomposition is beginning, the tin will rattle the same as the bottom of the oiler of your sewing machine will do. If the goods are sound, it will be solid, and there will be no rattle in the tin. Reject every tin that shows any sign of rust around the cap on the inside of the head of the can. If housekeepers are educated on these points, then the muriate of zinc amalgam will become a thing of the past."

A Home-Made Book Case.

If a person would but exercise his ingenuity and also a little thought so many neat pieces of furniture could be made at a very slight expense. A book case, for instance, can be fashioned from a box in which shoes, soap, or canned goods have been packed, and with some paint and putty, a brass rod and some light curtains be made quite an attractive piece of furniture.

Take, or make a box any size or shape you choose. With sand paper make it smooth and fill up all cervices and holes with putty. Put in as many shelves as the size will permit, and do not have them more than seven-eights of an inch in thickness. A strip of cornice moulding should cap the cabinet all around the top. Stain or paint it to correspond with the other furniture or wood-work in the room. A brass rod placed across the case, near the top, from which curtains of silk or any other pretty soft material may be suspended will complete the cabinet. Two curtains will be prettier than one, for when one is drawn the other may be pushed back, giving it a more graceful appearance. When all is ready place on the shelves a good encyclopedia of English literature, a good history of our own country, and some copies of our best poets and authors.

Hints and Helps.

A housekeeper declares against screens, and in favor of lavender, to mitigate the fly nuisance. She throws her windows wide open to the air, and relies, as her mother and grandmother did before her, according to her testimony, solely on lavender for protection. Five cents' worth of oil of lavender, mixed with an equal amount of water, and used in a common atomizer, about the table and wherever flies are annoying, will banish these small tormentors, and shed beside a delightful aroma of cleanliness.

Apply sweet spirits of nitre to mosquito bites, and it will draw out all soreness and itching, if the skin is not broken by scratching it.

If the seams of a new tin pail or pan are well greased with fresh lard or sweet oil, and the pail set on a stove shelf or other warm place for twenty-four hours before it is washed, it will not rust afterward.

A simple way to remove grease spots from wall paper caused by the head resting against the wall is to hold a piece of clean blotting paper over the spot and press a moderately warm flat iron over it. Repeat the operation until all the grease is out.

When a ham or a large piece of meat is boiled for slicing cold, use plenty of water and let the meat stand in it until cold, for by so doing the meat will reabsorb much of the nutriment which has been drawn out during the boiling process.

A cleaning fluid for men's clothes that the housewife will find valuable consists of one pint of deodorized benzine, one-half drachm sulphuric ether, one-half drachm chloroform, one drachm alcohol, and a very little good cologne. If it is used for cleansing coat collars and outside garments, apply with an old piece of soft black silk. For neckties—and it can be used on those of light colors as well as black—apply with a piece of white silk. In washing soiled black goods put a tablespoonful in a gallon of warm water. Twenty or twenty-five cents will pay the druggist for a quart bottle of the mixture.

Purify by Agitation.

Our cistern water got to smelling bad. I heard that agitation would help the trouble, and tried pumping out of and back into the cistern through a hose attached to a pump nozzle. A few minutes work made a very noticeable improvement. It is simple, easy and effective; every one so troubled should try it.—H. C. B.

Unfermented Grape Juice.

Pick over grapes, place in a porcelain or granite kettle, water to barely cover, boil until the skins burst, strain. Add half as much sugar as juice; boil 10 minutes. Can and seal closely. Keep in a cool, dry, dark place.

Covers that Stick.

A fruit jar cover which will not readily come off should be inverted and the top put in hot water for a minute or two. Then the cover yields to a very slight effort.

A September Straw.

September grins at the man in the straw,
Of the Alpine style or flat,
And she softly murmurs into his ear:
Where did you get that hat?

To ascend Mont Blanc costs about $50, as there must by law be two guides and a porter to each person.

FALL FUN.

Mollie—"Do you like trolley parties?" Dollie—"I just love 'em. You know I'm engaged to one; he's a moterman."

"Miss Octave is a beautiful player." "You mean she plays beautifully." "No, that's exactly what I don't mean!"

"Couldn't your husband be induced to try the faith cure?" "I think he could. He's tried dozens of things he didn't believe in."

"Emma, I just saw the lieutenant kissing you. Don't let me see that again." "Certainly, mamma. We shall be more cautious hereafter."

Dora—"Mr. Spooner says he always feels like a fish out of water when he is with me." Cora—"Then you've hooked him, have you?"

Van Jay—"Miss Meeks called me a fool. Do I look like a fool?" Millicent—"No, you do not. I don't think she judged you by your looks."

Jack Potts—"Making love is a good deal like playing cards." Miss Pipkin—"How so?" Jack Potts—"There's a lot in knowing what a hand is worth."

Bookkeeper—"I see by the paper that our customer, Scudskins, is married." Fashionable tailor—"Indeed? I shall be sorry to lose him."

First wisp fiend at a hotel—"He's a mean cuss; didn't give me a cent." Second wisp fiend—"That fool I was truckin' give me a quarter."

Uncle—"You only write me once every month, when you want money." Nephew (a student)—"I beg your pardon, uncle; last month I had to write twice."

"You say he is a promoter? What is his line, do you know?" "I couldn't say positively, but I have a suspicion that he deals mostly in filling pneumatic tires."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunnimune, "I learned to cook without any difficulty at all. There was only one trouble about it." "What was that?" "Educating my husband's appetite."

"'A word is enough for the wise'
Is a proverb that tells us no lies;
Which is why to a jury, they say,
A lawyer must talk half a day."

"Did you have any trouble with your French when you were in Paris?" "No; I understood my French well enough, but those measly Parisians didn't. They had all the trouble."

Blevins—"I am delighted to see you! But what a stormy night for a call!" Bostick (hanging up his dripping coat)—"I know it is bad; but it is an ideal night for finding people at home."

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him. "If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"

Hoax—"How is it you're not married yet?" Joax—"This amateur photographic craze is responsible for it." "How so?" "All the girls I know have taken to developing negatives."

If my cook could ride a cycle
She would make a record neat,
For, to judge her by her dinners,
She's a scorcher hard to beat.

Cholly—"Thought you were going to marry Miss Kostique?" Gussie—"Going to awsk her to-night. My chawnces are about even." "How so, deah boy?" "She must say either 'yes' or 'no.'"

Dozber—"Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald?" Jazlin—"No; but when a man is bald I've noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear a hat."

"I don't see any use in getting blue over it, old man. She isn't the only girl in the world." "That's just what I'm blue about. Think of the chances I have of making the same kind of a fool of myself again."

Miss Innersent—"You say, you object to Charles because he is too much in the swim?" Her father—"Most decidedly." Miss Innersent—"But papa, I am sure he would give up bathing altogether if he knew."

Grocer (to new boy)—"See, now, if you can lift this fifty-pound bag of flour." New boy—"No, sir, I can't." Grocer—"Thought you said you could carry fifty pounds?" New boy—"But this wasn't weighed on your scales."

The grammer class was on the floor. "In the sentence 'I love you,' what is the mood of the verb?" asked the teacher. "Sentimental mood," replied one of the larger girls, who had spent most of the summer at the sea shore.

That surly sign: "Keep off the grass!"
From sight of man will shortly pass;
Soon shall we see, as oft before,
Its rude successor: "Shut the door!"

"Of course" said the practical girl, "there is such a thing as love at sight." "I'm so glad to hear you say that," replied her romantic friend. "Yes—but I'd always advise giving it at least thirty days to settle just the same."

"For the life of me I cannot see why people think it so comical a thing for a man to get married," complained the young man who was on his bridal tour. "Nor me, neither," remarked the passenger with the white whiskers. "An' I may state furder that I been marrit twelve years."

NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

An Italian's Alleged Discovery—Ravages of the Disease in France.

A new cure for consumption has been reported by Consul Chancellor, at Havre. He says the cure was first brought to the attention of the world at a congress of physicians and scientists at Bordeaux to consider the question of combatting consumption by vaccination. Prof. Marigliano, an Italian, read a paper which attracted much attention, claiming to have discovered an efficacious process for the treatment of consumption by the injection of tubercular serum, which he says renders the subjects of disease immune. The Consul recalls the comparative failure of other attempts to treat consumption successfully, and says this particular process is still in the experimental stage. The paper is open to several suggestions, for Prof. Marigliano gives no precise information as to his process for obtaining the serum, which can be had only from himself; his statistics are incomplete and lacking confirmation, and his infallible remedy can not be yet regarded as an accomplished fact.

Incidentally the Consul gives some startling figures of the ravages of consumption in Paris. He shows that it causes thirty-eight times more death than smallpox and scarlet fever combined, sixteen times more than typhoid fever and eight times more than diphtheria, and is five times more fatal than those maladies combined. In five years in all France there were 409 deaths from consumption per 100,000 people, a greater mortality than that caused by the most malignant epidemic of cholera.

MARRIED.

GRAHAME-McDOWELL.—At the Methodist parsonage, by Rev. J. A. Wood, on October 9th, Thomas Wallbridge Grahame to Martha Jane McDowell, both of Vancouver, B.C.

Local and Personal Briefs.

Mrs. T. L. Haig returned last evening from her summer's visit to her home in England.

Fred. T. Kegler arrived from Sloean Thursday evening, and started next morning for Smith creek.

O. D. Hoar came in from New Denver last Sunday, and went to Illecillewaet on Tuesday.

Four cars of ore, the product of the Alamo mine, Sloean district, were forwarded to Omaha this week.

Mr. J. Foley has been sick this week from a severe attack of pneumonia, but last accounts report him somewhat better.

Woodrow has a lot of new planed and matched boards exposed to the sun, with which he says he will lay a new floor in the barber shop.

MILLINERY OPENING. A full display of Millinery and Fancy Goods commencing Tuesday next at Coursier's. Come and see our latest styles.

P. Arena has returned from his trip to the mouth of the river. He thinks favorably of that locality, and will build a hotel and restaurant there as soon as he can get the lumber.

The steamer Marion went out on her regular time this morning, the second trip since she was repaired. She will keep running as long as the river remains open.

Premier Turner met his partner, Mr. Beeton, at Revelstoke, on Monday, and went into South Kootenay with him. The Premier returned on Thursday going west immediately.

Construction material and machinery for the smelters both at Trail Creek and Nelson are regularly moving from the works of Fraser & Chalmers, Chicago, to their destinations.

It is rumored that a steel barge will be built by the Steamboat Company as soon as possible for service on the river, and that ice will be no impediment to navigation either on the lakes or in the narrows.

All are invited to attend the Epworth League at the Methodist Church on Monday evening. The subject is "Missionary Work in B.C." by Rev. J. A. Wood. An interesting meeting is assured.

Mr. J. M. Barr, of Ann Arbor, who visited the timber limits north of Revelstoke, as mentioned last week, went east Tuesday morning, recalled by a telegram. It is not yet decided when the lumbering operations will be commenced.

Mr. J. R. Anderson, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and Mrs. Anderson, returned from the Kootenay lake country Thursday and went to East Kootenay Friday morning. Mr. Anderson will extend his trip to Fort Steele in pursuit of the official work of his department.

The party that went up to Carne's Creek early last week, composed of Messrs. J. M. Kellie, M.P.P., J. H. Susmann and I. T. Brewster, returned on Monday, after spending a portion of two days examining the Rosebery and others of the arsenical group of gold claims. Mr. Susmann took the train west on Tuesday evening, under orders from the C.P.R.

Ves. Howe, an experienced miner, and Gus Lund have taken leases as partners on placer ground on Carne's creek. They will work eight men during the winter, and part of the force has already gone up the river. They will not build a wing dam, which is the unsuccessful method usually adopted on the creek, but will sink to bedrock, and are confident of success.

Capt. Alex. Lindquist, who has had charge of the Str. Aberdeen, on Okanagan lake, since she was put in commission, has been transferred to the Columbia river, and will command the Str. Kootenai on the route between the Wigwam and Nakusp while transporting rails and other railway material for the extension of the Nakusp and Sloean railway from Three Forks to Sandon. Capt. Lindquist left Thursday evening for Nakusp.

Prof. F. Nason, returned last Sunday evening from New Brunswick, N.J., and left Wednesday for Smith Creek to overlook the work on the Columbia Hydraulic Mining Co.'s mine, of which he has charge. A gang of men will be employed during the coming winter in making flumes and other construction required for laying the piping and placing the hydraulic machinery, which will be brought to Revelstoke for early shipment to the mine. Next season will witness a vigorous prosecution of work on this property.

Mr. Snowden, of Victoria, representing the Lanark Mining Co., met Mr. Grant, of the Maple Leaf, at Revelstoke, on Tuesday morning, when they went on together to Illecillewaet where the mines are located. It is well-known that the Lanark and Maple Leaf are adjoining properties, and that there has been a clashing and litigation between them. It is a hopeful indication to see these gentlemen meet in a friendly interview which will probably result in harmonizing conflicting interests.

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.

At the regular meeting of the Fire Brigade, held on Friday evening last, a committee consisting of W. Cowan, J. Abrahamson and H. N. Coursier was appointed to make repairs to Hall so as to render it frost proof and thus prevent the engine tank from freezing up. The engine is also to be placed on runners that it may be portable during the snow season. In the election for chief, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Jas. Woodrow, R. Green headed the poll. Now boys, obey the orders of your superior officer.

Trapping Notes.

Messrs Blackmore and Jackson started this morning for their winter trapping grounds, about forty miles up the Columbia from Revelstoke.

Joe M. Dunn will spend the winter trapping at some point on the Columbia yet to be selected, and will be off in a few days.

Sam Hill and George Roach have been several days in Eagle Pass, near Three Valley Lakes, and are prospecting and getting ready for trapping.

Frisby and Reighly, who were very successful last year catching furs in Jordan Pass, have selected grounds on the west side of the creek, and already set their traps for the expected game.

Church Services To-morrow.

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

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

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

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.

WANTED—Position as lady clerk or book-keeper.
Apply to P.H.,
Office of this paper.

Go to the new flour and feed store for all kinds of feed, fruit and vegetables. Reduced Prices. Just imagine:

Potatoes ..... $14 per ton.
Flour ..... $2.50 per 100 lbs.
Onions ..... 2½ per lb.

HUTCHISON BROS.
Revelstoke.
All orders promptly attended to.

J. R. HULL & CO.

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

NOTICE.

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

JOS. H. GRAHAM,
Registrar County Court.
Revelstoke, Oct. 2 1895. 27-3t

NOTICE.

OFFICIAL MAP OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

COPIES of the new official map of British Columbia, 1895, issued under authority of the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, can be obtained on application to the undersigned, at the following prices, viz: [illegible] each, [illegible] dozen, [illegible] per dozen.

E. G. CORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 8th October, 1895. 27-2t

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: Kootenay Gainer Creek. Take notice that I, Herbert T. Twigg, agent for William C. Yawkey, free miner's certificate No. 56830, 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.

JUNG WILLIAM MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, free miner's certificate No. 55,111, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this seventeenth day of September, 1895.

H. ABBOTT.

HEALTH ACT, 1893.

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

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.
Provincial Secretary's Office,
25-4t 27th September, 1895.

Administrator's Notice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dated at Donald, 8th August, 1895.

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Official Administrator.

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

REVELSTOKE DIVISION.

A COURT OF REVISION and Appeal under the "Assessment Act, 1893 and Amendments," will be held in the Government Office, Revelstoke, on Friday, 1st November, A. D., 1895.

N. FITZSTUBBS,
Judge of Court of Revision and Appeal.
27-2t Revelstoke, B. C., 12th October, 1895.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint:

2nd October, 1895.

THOMAS LIVINGSTONE HAIG, of the town of Revelstoke, Esquire, to be a Justice of the Peace within and for the County of Kootenay. 27-1t

TABLE

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

EAST ASSIZES.

Clinton	Thursday	26th September
Richfield	Monday	7th September
Kamloops	Monday	7th October
Vernon	Monday	14th October
Lytton	Friday	18th October
New Westminster	Wednesday	6th November
Vancouver	Monday	11th November
Victoria	Tuesday	19th November
Nanaimo	Tuesday	26th November

WEST ASSIZES.

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Mineral Act, "Form F."

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

ABBOTT MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: on Halley Creek. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, of Vancouver, B.C., free miner's certificate No. 55,111, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this tenth day of May, 1895.

H. ABBOTT.

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T. L. HAIG,

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