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

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

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

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A Gold Find at Lulu Island.

Vancouverites are considerably excited over a gold strike on Lulu Island this week. The municipality of Richmond started a man to bore for water, says the *World*. He bored to a considerable depth, but he did not get any liquid. The last day or so the people in the vicinity noticed that there was some suppressed excitement about the hole. No one could get at what it was until Mr. McLeod, the gentleman who had the contract for the boring, was observed out with mallet and stakes marking off the ground. Asked what he was doing he said that he was staking off a mineral claim. The announcement created a vast deal of astonishment and no little excitement. It was finally learned that Mr. McLeod had gone into New Westminster on Tuesday and had taken out a free miner's license, on the strength of which the claim was staked. It appears that for some time the rods of the boring apparatus, which became magnetic from the friction, have been cumbered with accumulations of metal, necessitating frequent cleaning. This first was considered a nuisance, until a happy thought struck someone that as there was no water to be had they had better see if the mineral was worth anything. Some of the gold secured was brought to this city and pronounced to be of the finest quality. Some of the sand and other refuse from the boring was washed out and it assayed 50 cents to the pan. It was found that the deposit was at a depth of 260 feet. Mr. McLeod, on the strength of these facts, took out the license referred to. Before to-morrow it is likely that all the land in the vicinity will be planted thick with miner's stakes. The place where Mr. McLeod has been boring is on municipal property, a short distance from the municipal hall and just across from the city hall. Lulu Island is an accumulation of river washings and of necessity lies over the old river bed, which may very reasonably be supposed to be rich in deposits of the yellow metal.

The Durrant Trial.

After a bitter legal struggle lasting three months the testimony in the trial of Theo. Durrant, at San Francisco, for the Emanuel church murders, was concluded on Wednesday and all that remains is the argument of counsel. The *Evening Post* commenting on close of the case says: "Now that the evidence in behalf of the man charged with the Emanuel church murders is all in, it is fair to compare what has been proved with the promises made in the opening statement to the jury. Where the attorney for the defence has failed is a matter of record. The promised alibi has not been established. The roll call kept by Dr. Cheney is all that stands between the prisoner and the scaffold. If there is one of the twelve jurors who believes it correct, his life will be saved. Speculation has shown, however, that it is a mere copy and an erroneous one at that. The effort of the defence to impeach the testimony of the leading witnesses for the prosecution amounted to nothing. The attempt to prove Durrant innocent fell flat as not a vestige of evidence that was presented points to such a conclusion. In fact the case of the prisoner was stronger at the close of the people's case. So far as Rev. Mr. Gibson is concerned not a fact has been proved to connect him with the case in any manner."

Tried to Capture the Convention.

A correspondent of the *Advance*, writing from Spokane, has the following to say regarding the mining convention recently held in that city: "The Miners' convention was called ostensibly for the purpose of forming a permanent organization, and also talking over any changes necessary in the mining laws. Everything went along smoothly until the matter of the Northern Pacific's attempt to get possession of the mineral lands along its line was brought up, when as usual, John L. Wilson, the U.S. senator from this state, appeared as counsel for the railway and took up the time of the meeting to further the interests of the Northern Pacific and incidentally to call attention to the political greatness of the great John L. When this political clap-trap ceased, the meeting adjourned sine die, the leading mining men feeling that nothing of importance could be accomplished if the meeting were to be turned into a political convention.

Gold Excitement in Montana.

A despatch from Great Falls says that a stampede is being made for the gold fields on Harley Creek, and the hills are teeming with prospectors, who have staked out every foot of ground in the vicinity. The first claim owners are out with a brand new town christened Johannesburg. The rock is of dull, terra cotta color, and crushes easily between the fingers, and bears gold in large quantities. Johannesburg is in a belt of mountains easily accessible.

River Freight Movement.

The Nakusp had for her cargo on her downward trip Monday four carloads of merchandise for sundry consignees, and a car of flour for Nelson from Enderby. She also had three cars of fire brick from Puget Sound for Trail Creek. On Thursday the Nakusp again carried four carloads of merchandise for various destinations, one car of cattle for Three Forks and one for Nelson.

The Str. Kootenai has also made two trips this week. On Tuesday she took down one car of flour, one of potatoes, two cars of hay and a scow load of rails, all for Three Forks. On Wednesday she was loaded with one car of oats for Nelson and two cars of flour for Kaslo. Altogether for the week, 21 carloads of stuff were shipped to Southern Kootenay besides the scow-load of rails.

The Railway Magnates.

President Van Horne, Assistant General Manager Tait and Chief Engineer Peterson returned from the coast on Wednesday and proceeded east. Sir William was not talking much this time. He was merely making his annual trip of inspection, and would not have time to visit the mining camps of Kootenay. With possibly some branch work no new building was contemplated by the C.P.R. in this province at present. The prospects for railway business were brighter than for some time back. E. S. Clouston, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, was one of the party. He is taking a general look over the bank's branches throughout the west. Supts. Abbott and Marpole accompanied their chief as far as the Glacier.

Messrs. Abbott and Marpole went down the branch on Thursday to observe the progress of construction, returning the same evening. They left again yesterday morning and will spend a week in the lower country, visiting the Sandon extension before the return.

Local Mining Notes.

Robt. Henry is applying for a half mile of placer ground on Carnes creek.

J. M. Keile returned on Tuesday from a flying trip to Carnes creek.

The transfer of the Dunvegan is still unclosed awaiting the return of Mr. Nowell.

H. N. Coursier left for Smith Creek, Big Bend, Wednesday. He will visit several of the camps before returning.

C. H. Lambkin has recorded the Beaver, a free-milling gold ore proposition on the Columbia near Seven-Mile Bar.

The big pump for the Last Chance, on McCulloch creek, has arrived from Victoria and will be taken up in a few days by Tom Horne's boat.

John Moyle, superintendent at the Great Northern, returned yesterday from Hecillewaet. He went up to see the Dunvegan.

J. D. Sibbald and A. Park are asking the gold commissioner for 1000 feet of placer ground—an extension of the Park mine on Smith creek.

Beaton and Vandall came in this week from the Gold Hill with considerable gold dust, and left again with supplies for their camp. This is the last trip their pack train will make. The train will winter at Deer Park.

It is reported that a new bond has been given on the Great Northern, which will give the holders a breathing spell until next year. Contrary to expectations no ore will be shipped during the winter, but development work will be continued.

New Road for Boundary Creek.

An exchange says it is within the range of possibility that before many months the C.P.R. may build a road from some point in the Boundary creek district to Penticton, at the foot of Okanagan lake, in order to secure and hold the shipments of ore which in the near future will be made from that district. The distance from the center of this district to Penticton is about the same as to Marcus. Steamers now run from Penticton to Vernon, and from that point there is a road to the main line at Sicamous. Engineers have been looking over the route and they found no serious engineering difficulties in the way.

Faulding Gets Eighteen Months.

W. W. Faulding, committed for trial some weeks ago on the charge of stealing certain sums of money, the property of the Government of British Columbia, while acting in the capacity of Registrar of the Supreme Court at New Westminster, came before Mr. Justice Crease Wednesday morning, in the Speedy Trials Court, per election. He pleaded guilty to the three charges against him and was sentenced to a term of 18 months in the provincial gaol.

Tried to Knife the Officer.

Officer Burr had an experience about three miles down the Thompson last week with a Chinaman that will cause him to beware in future how he turns his back to one of that kind of people, especially when a sheath knife lies within reach of the oriental. While on one of his collecting trips he espied the Chinaman at work on the river bank and asked him for his license. The Chinaman did not have one and refused to pay the tax. Mr. Burr went into a cabin near by, which he supposed was owned by the Chinaman. He saw a knife lying on the bunk, but paid little attention to it. While looking around the cabin he noticed the Chinaman steal towards the bed and quickly turning he discovered the rascal with the knife nearly out of the scabbard and realized that he was face to face with a desperate villain. After a scuffle, he secured the knife and brought the Chinaman to town and had him taken to Kamloops Monday where he now languishes in jail.—Ashcroft Ex.

Buried Alive in a Mine.

A fatal accident occurred last Sunday afternoon at the Cariboo mine, Quesnelle Forks, whereby A. Budden lost his life by a cave-in in pit No. 2. The men were expecting the cave-in for twenty minutes, and had got their tools all out of the pit; Budden and McLeod were in the sluice, and all hands were out of danger. Just before the fall, Budden, for some inexplained reason, started back up the sluice, and when it fell he ran ahead of it in the sluice and was caught and covered up. All the other men escaped without a scratch. The monitor was carried in the dump and the sluices that stood out over the dump were smashed and broken down into the dump. Repairs will be made in a few days.

Returns From the Cariboo and Horsefly

The clean-up at both the Cariboo and Horsefly mines, just completed, produced the most gratifying results. The result of the clean-up on the Cariboo after twenty-nine days' run, with 2,500 inches of water, is a cone of gold weighing 2,435 ounces, valued at $41,857.

The Horsefly clean-up, after forty days' run with 2,700 inches of water, is a gold bar weighing 1,514¼ ounces, valued at $26,150. Bed-rock was not cleaned, and the clean-up of the cuts was not completed. A strike of rich gravel west of No. 1 pit prospects $1 to $8 per pan. Both mines will be run till frost closes the season.

Surprised at Our Mineral Development.

After spending a couple of weeks touring West Kootenay, Leo Norman, of L. Norman & Co., London, has returned to the coast. Mr. Norman represents a group of London capitalists who have turned their attention towards the mines of B.C. as a field for investment and the purpose of his visit is to find out whether there were mines here which his syndicate would find it profitable to take hold of and develop. He says his people are not "making experiments" but want properties sufficiently developed to show that they will be profitable for working. He expressed himself as being favorably impressed with what he had seen, and surprised at the degree of development attained in the mining industry, which was much greater than he had expected when he left England. Mr. Norman was accompanied by J. H. Clemes, an English expert, and J. Wulffsohn, of Vancouver, who is the syndicate's representative in B.C.

Rescued but Died.

On Monday night a week ago while the steamer Lytton was tied up at Trail, a cook from the War Eagle mine fell overboard into the Columbia. Chief Engineer Sproat jumped into the river, at a time when the unfortunate man was well out in the current. It was very dark. The search light was turned in the direction. When Sproat reached the man, who was nearly gone, they both went down. They went down a second time and could be seen by the electric light. All thought both would be lost, but through the heroic efforts of Sproat they were got ashore. Even Sproat then had to be carried up the bank. The cook's name was Rodney W. Robinson. He died at 2 o'clock next morning.

According to official advices the total sealing catch for the Canadian fleet this season amounts to 72,000, against 24,547 last year. The falling off was in the catch on the Asiatic side of the Pacific, owing to bad weather in the spring. The number of skins taken in Behring Sea was 36,750, as against 26,341 last season. This is the largest catch in Behring Sea on record. There were 42 Canadian vessels there.

THE SHOWMAN'S GHOST.

Away tripped Virginia, and Mrs. Varley, leisurely descending, followed her husband to the platform of the show, where she ensconced herself, at the seat of custom, whilst Solomon assumed the active directorship of the band. The band, comprising thirty-five instruments, groaned, wheezed, banged, and blared in a gig box, obedient to a rotary handle. The crowd flowed in, and the sound of copper and silver tinkled pleasantly through the tunes played by the mechanical orchestra, whose strains had long ceased to charm the musical ear of its proprietor. Solomon, indeed, was wont to relate a story to the discredit of the orchestra.

'One day,' said Sol, 'I takes a pitch right oppisyte a chemis' an' druggis's place, an' in doo time I toons up. Well, he stands it regular an' plucky for about half a hour or so, an' then he walks over. "Mister," he says—quite the polite gentleman—"I ain't a complainin' party as a rule," he says, "but your orgin is too much for me." "Well, governor," I ups an' says, "you ought to have more human natur' than complain," I says: "I know it's hard on you," I says, "to have to listen to it, but you'll think o' me sometimes," I says, "with a tear o' pity on account o' my havin' to play it regular, won't you?" It closed him up, if you'll believe me,' Solomon would add, 'as sudden as a clasp-knife.'

On the present occasion Mr. Varley ground away mechanically, and was more bent upon observing the faces of the crowd than even on the pleasant tinkle which made its way through the wheeze and blare of his own music. There were straw hats in plenty before him, but the particular straw hat of whose owner Jim had warned him was not there, and the showman was not sorry for its absence. The common interest in zoology was not strong enough to induce young men of gentlemanly exterior to follow his unrivalled collection from village to village, and Solomon had needed no warning as to the object which caused the wearer of the straw hat to follow the show with a persistence so unusual.

Perhaps Solomon was mentally short-sighted. Perhaps, notwithstanding two-and-twenty years of matrimonial experience, he was little versed in the ways of women. Possibly his own open-hearted nature and sterling honesty and straightforwardness helped to blindfold him. Virginia had gone into the village to buy floss silk—quite the most innocent of errands. And the young gentleman in the straw hat was not anywhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the show. Quite a satisfactory matter. It never occurred to him that the young gentleman might meet Virginia. He would have been ready to knock down anybody who had told him that Virginia had gone to meet the young gentleman.

The showman's daughter went along the shady side of the street swinging a dainty little basket in her hand. She bought the floss silk to satisfy conscience and answer possible inquiries, and then strolled on under the shade of pleasant boughs into a leafy lane. She blushed and trembled as she went, and was many a time half inclined to turn back again, but by-and-by a young man wearing a straw hat heaved in sight, and throwing away a half smoked cigar, turned his lounging walk into a quick one, and approached her smiling, hat in hand.

'So you are here after all!' he said gently.

'I shouldn't have come,' fluttered Virginia, 'if I had dreamt that you would be here.'

'Don't,' said the wearer of the straw hat pleadingly,—'don't be so cruel as to say so.'

'Don't think I came to meet you,' said the little coquette. 'As if I should think of such a thing!'

'I hope you will think of it sometimes,' said her companion softly. 'If you knew how lonely it is to wait! If you knew how hard it is to go away without having seen you!'

'I can't always be strolling about country lanes,' said Virginia pertly; 'I come as often as I can.'

'Do you do try to come, then?' he asked.

'Now you do try to trap one, Mr. Verschoyle!' said Virginia.

'Say "George,"' said Mr. Verschoyle, ignoring the charge.

'No, I shan't!'

'Say "George,"' said Mr. Verschoyle again, stealing an arm about her waist.

'Well,' she said, half tremulously defiant of her own tremors, and half tender, 'George.'

She only whispered it, and blushed like a peony. He stooped down and kissed her. She made a movement of resistance, and another, as if she would free herself of his encircling arm. But he knew his power by this time, and kept his place, and took his kiss and strolled on by her side under the shadow of the leafy trees. The foolish captive little heart fluttered beneath his hand so that he could count its beatings. He never thought or cared to think how sadly and sorely it would beat in days to come because of him. He was a well looking youngster, with nothing of the traditional villain about him. A fair face, a tall and lithe figure, with a good breadth across the chest and shoulders, a drooping blonde moustache, frank eyes enough, a gentle voice, a handsome hand—a little too much bejewelled—but no cloven hoof, no sinister aspect to affright or warn. Faust had no need of Mephistopheles to teach him how to woo this silly Marguerite. He had trapped wiser women in his time unaided.

And little Virginia was in love with him. Her head was full of foolish visions of fine things to wear, and a noble house to live in, and imposing servants to wait on her, and a carriage with fine horses, with footmen holding on behind. To be honest with her, these visions made no part of her love, but were only part of what his love would dower her with. So they walked along the leafy lane beneath the shadow of the pleasant boughs, and he lied to her and she believed him.

CHAPTER II.

It rained on an August night in an English seaport town. As English summer skies know how to rain. The tempest had gathered suddenly after weeks of sultry weather, and the clouds burst in a deluge. The great drops fell with a sound of continuous thunder on the canvas roof of Solomon Varley's show, but the proprietor of that establishment was filled with satisfaction. The sudden storm although it had dispersed the crowd in front, had hastened one half of the people inside, and Solomon had such a house as he had rarely seen. It was feeding time, and, double prices being charged at that hour, Mrs. Varley at the seat of custom had reaped a four-fold silver harvest. The tent was well illuminated, but every now and again the lightning glared through the canvas, and some of the kinglier sort of beasts answered the following thunder thunderously. There was a certain sort of majesty in being proprietor of a wild-beast show under such circumstances, and Solomon was in his glory.

Suddenly his wife came in with a shawl over her head and forced her way through the crowd. Solomon, seeing that she made towards him, went easily to meet her. She was pale and breathing hard, and clutching him by the arm with both hands she gasped out two words:—

'Jennie's gone!'

'On a night like this!' said Solomon. 'She'll catch her death.'

'She's gone, Sol, she's gone!' cried the mother, almost screaming.

'What d'ye mean?' asked Solomon. People began to stare at them. 'Come out o' this,' he said, and seizing her by the arm, he forced his way through the crowd to the outer platform. The rain came down in straight-ruled glittering lines, blurring the lights in the shop opposite. One blinding flash of lightning fell as Solomon and his wife came upon the platform, and a tremendous roar of thunder followed.

'Now, what's the matter?' he asked, when the awful sound had rolled itself away.

The woman wrung her hands and moaned.

'She's gone, Sol, she's gone!' was all the answer she could make.

'What d'ye mean?' cried the showman, refusing to recognise a meaning.

'Oh, Sol, dear Sol!' she cried, clinging to him and breaking into tears.

'Come along!' cried Solomon, shaking himself free and seizing her arm again. 'Come along!' He hurried her through the pelting rain to the house on wheels. 'Now, what's the matter?'

'Sol,' cried his wife, waving her hands up and down like a mad woman, 'she's run away.'

Solomon's face was white beneath its bronze already, but at that cruel stab he turned ghastly, and his hands dropped to his sides like lead.

'Here's a note,' cried the distracted mother, now fumbling at her dress, and now waving her hands wildly. 'Here's a note she left behind. Oh, Sol! oh, my poor Sol, as loved her dear! Oh, Sol! bear up like a dear good soul! Don't break your heart, don't break your heart!' And saying this she cast her arms about him, and swooned and lost all knowledge of her agony for a little while. Solomon laid her gently down and stood above her like a statue.

A step came up the ladder, but he did not hear it. A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he turned. There stood Jim, wild-eyed, dripping wet, and as pale as death.

'She knows?' said the man, half recoiling at sight of the prostrate figure.

'Yes,' said Solomon, 'she knows.'

'I see her go,' panted Jim, for he was out of breath with running. 'I follered, thinking somethin' was the matter to take her out on such a night as this.' A flash of lightning heralded a peal of thunder overhead, and the showman could only see his moving lips, but heard nothing more until the noise had rolled away again. 'They got into a cab an' drove away. I could see as they was a-makin' for the King's Dock or else for the South Pier, an' I run like mad, but I lost sight of 'em.'

Solomon heard this, but returned no word. When it was all spoken he moved slowly away, and, taking up a glass, poured water into it from a brown pitcher, and then sat down beside his wife and moistened her lips and temples.

'Ain't you a goin' to do nothing?' cried Jim. 'Ain't you a goin' to foller her to the world's end? Ain't you a goin' to catch that feller, if you travel till you're grey afore you do it, and twist his wicked neck for him? That's what I'm a goin' to do, master.'

Solomon did not answer, but looked slowly round with a drawn and ashen countenance like that of a man in mortal pain.

'Be a man, master,' said Jim, laying a rough hand gently on his shoulder, and changing utterly in voice and manner. 'Be a man, an' take it fightin.' For the Lord's sake, master, don't lay down and let it kick you.'

'Jim,' said Solomon, speaking hoarsely, 'don't think I take it easy, an' un like a father, because I don't say nothin.'

'God forbid!' said Jim.

'But my place,' said the showman, as if unconscious of the interruption, 'is nowhere else but here. Leastways, not now.' He waved his hand, as though to dismiss the other from the place, and went back to his task.

'There was a mornin' paper here to-day,' said Jim: 'wheer is it?' After a moment's search he laid his hand upon it, and running a clumsy finger down column after column, came at last upon the shipping list, and then upon 'This Day's Departurea.'

'One at nine for Rotterdam, one at half-past nine for Blown' (meaning Boulogne), 'one at ten for Queenstown, an' nothin' from the pier. There's time to catch 'em yet.'

He was gone, through the storm, before Solomon could find a word. The streets were cleared of people by the rain. Lightning and thunder were almost continuous, and the storm raged with a tropic fierceness. The man tore through it breathless, and never stopped until the dock was reached. He was so spent on getting there, and his own mad hurry had so foiled his purpose, that he could not speak for a minute or two. When he asked for the boat to Rotterdam, it was pointed out to him. 'There. Cleared the dock this minute.' The blinding lightning showed the boat for a fragment of a second, and the darkness ate her up again bodily, and vomited her into hideous light again, and once more shrouded her. 'The boat for Boulogne, then?' 'Here,' lying close at hand,' said the oilclothed dock policeman, and, as Jim turned to get aboard, the official laid a hand upon the rain-soaked sack which covered his shoulders and detained him.

'You're in a hurry to leave your native land, young man,' said the policeman.

'I'm in a hurry to stop somebody else from leavin' it,' panted Jim. 'Don't stop me, for the Lord's sake. It's like life an' death.'

'Robbery?' asked the policeman, still keeping that detaining hand on Jim's shoulder.

'Yes, an' worse,' said Jim.

'It ain't murder, is it?'

'I ain't so sure o' that either,' Jim replied. Even in all the agitation of his spirit he was loyal to the reputation of Sol Varley and his household, and would not, if he could help it, betray Virginia by a word. 'There's a cove a-goin' off by one of those here boats—I don' want no givin' in charge—not at present, leastways. He may have gone a'ready. Don't stop me no longer, master. It's like life an' death.'

The policeman released him and he climbed on board the boat. The lightning was still unrolling swift sheet on sheet of flame, but the thunder was crashing and rumbling to the northwards, and no longer spoke at the flash, but growled sullenly seconds later, and the rain had ceased as suddenly as it came. Jim thought himself alone on deck, when the dock, and the shipping, and the warehouses, and the water, and the very heavens all seemed to make a sudden leap at him in the vivid lightning, and to rush back with an awful swiftness as darkness struck light dead. The twinkling yellow lamps were nothing in the pause. With the next flash an oilclothed figure sprang into being and went out again, and came along the deck as if each flash that followed drove it forward with a fiery wind. Then there was darkness for a second or two, and the twinkling lamps recovered light a little, and Jim saw the oilclothed figure near.

'What is it, mate?'

'Do you carry passengers?' demanded Jim, still breathing hard, and speaking like a man foredone with haste.

'Yes,' said the other.

'Is there a young man among 'em, a gentleman, with blue eyes an' light moustachios, with a lady, a young lady, veyr pretty, in a dark frock?'

His hurry was so passionate, he could scarcely speak.

'I don't know,' said the seaman. 'What about 'em' if there is?'

'I've come to stop 'em,' said Jim. 'They must be stopped; it's life an' death.'

'Have you got any authority to stop 'em?' asked the seaman, 'If you have, an' they're abroad, I'm captain of this boat, an' I'll see it acted on.'

'See if they're here, master,' said Jim beseechingly. 'It's life an' death to more than one.'

'Young woman bolted?' asked the Captain.

'Yes,' said Jim, with wild reluctance, as though the answer were plucked out of him. 'For the Lord's sake, master, see if they're here. It' life an' death.'

'I can't say whether they're aboard or not,' said the Captain, 'but there is a pair as seems to answer your description. Passage booked yesterday. They're all the passengers I have to-night—and likely to be, by the look o' things. Come this way.'

The bows of the boat having been warped already from the wall, Jim had climbed aboard at the after-end, and the deck he stood on formed the roof of the saloon. He followed the Captain to the main deck, and peered into the saloon from the side of the steward's pantry.

'Is that the pair?' asked the Captain, with a tight grip on Jim's shoulder.

'That's the pair,' said Jim in a hoarse whisper, drawing back on deck again.

Verschoyle was leaning over little Virginia, who was crying behind her veil.

'Have you any authority to stop 'em?' asked the Captain.

'No,' said Jim. 'But, master, look here.' He waved his hands abroad pleadingly, and his voice was thick with hurry and despair. 'I've been a servant of her father's ever since I was a kid. I've left her mother swounded dead off, an' her father a-settin' by her that broken-hearted it'd melt a stone.'

'D'ye think they're married?' asked the Captain, speaking into his brown hand lest he should be overheard.

Jim shook his head with a negative so decided that the Captain was convinced at once, and said, 'Eh, dear!' in a tone of pity. At that tone Jim took heart.

'Master,' he said, 'maybe you've got a daughter o' your own. Have a heart, master—do, for the Lord's sake, have a heart.'

'Wait here a bit,' returned the Captain. 'Here, stand there.'

All the time they talked together the lightning rolled on its sheets of flame with less and less rapidity and brilliance, and the thunder rumbled farther and farther away. And Jim, who had perhaps as much right to associate his own emotions with the elemental disturbance as the feeble gentlemen who make verses on that topic personal to themselves, felt in a vague way that with the passing of the storm and the coming of the stars hope came. He waited in silence with a beating heart.

Verschoyle and the Captain came from the saloon together.

'What have you to say to me?' asked Verschoyle in a constrained and haughty tone.

The Captain cleared his husky throat and squared his oilskinned shoulder.

'I'm a family man, sir,' he said, 'and a plain dealin' man, and I'll come to the p'int at once. Is that young lady your wife, sir?'

'You should know better than to get drunk,' said Verschoyle, angrily amazed, 'when you have a journey before you and a ship in charge.'

'That's no answer to my question,' said the Captain. 'Are you married to that young lady?'

'What in the name of heaven is that to you?' demanded Verschoyle, with a curse thrown in.

'Well, here's a man who says you're not, and if you are—you know—you can say you are, and there's an end of it.'

'Show me the man,' said Verschoyle.

'Come here,' said the Captain aloud; and Jim stepped forward. He was still labouring for breath, and having striven to breathe softly to listen, he was breathing all the harder now. Verschoyle knew him. 'This is the man,' said the Captain. 'He says you're not. Now, I say, are you? Answer a plain question straight if you please, sir.'

'Suppose I decline to answer?'

'Then,' said the Captain bluntly, 'I refuse to carry you.'

'You are legally compelled to carry me.'

'Am I?' said the Captain, with a short laugh. 'Then I'll take the legal responsibility, and you can take your legal remedy. That's all. Get your traps together. For I am damned,' said the Captain with a mighty emphasis, 'if you travel in my boat, wherever else you travel.'

'Very good,' said Verschoyle with savage hauteur. 'You will repent this.'

'Not me,' said the master-mariner cheerfully. 'I hope you will, you——' There followed a sentence of descriptive phrases which shall rest unrecorded. The Captain had as rich and racy a vocabulary as any man who ever trod the boards of a Channel steamer, and, glowing with a comfortable glow of righteous and triumphant wrath, he flung its treasures at the retreating Verschoyle by the mouthful. All on a sudden he checked the current of his anger, and entered the saloon. Verschoyle, pale and disturbed, was speaking to Virginia. The Captain put him on one side and sat down by the girl, who was crying bitterly. Verschoyle began to rage at this, and the Captain turned upon him in grave reproof.

'What do you mean by using language like that afore a lady? I'll give you three minutes to be off my boat, young man, and if you're not off it in that time you'll leave it a good deal more swift and sudden than you'll care to.' Then ignoring Verschoyle's presence, he took Virginia's hand between his two big palms, and addressed her very gently: 'My pretty dear, I'm a father, and I've seen a deal of life in my time. I ain't speaking angry to you, am I? Now, you go home, and be a good gell, and a blessing to your father and mother. And don't you listen any more to that blackguard as wants to lead you astray into a foreign land, and then throw you over and leave you broken-hearted. Go home, my pretty. That's the place for you.'

'We are going to be married in Boulogne,' sobbed Virginia.

'That's your lying game, is it?' said the Captain, rising and turning upon Verschoyle. 'Now tell her that poor yarn before a man of the world, will you? Eh? Will you? You miserable liar!'

'How dare you?' cried the girl, sobbing. 'How dare you speak so?'

'Come, Virginia,' said Verschoyle; and she arose, crying bitterly.

'I speak so,' said the Captain, 'because it's true. He won't tell me a lie like that. And if he does, I'll see him stick to it. I'll appeal to the Consul on the other side and see things square.' This the captain delivered with the air of a man who clinches the nail of proof; and, turning again upon Verschoyle, demanded to know whether that would suit him. Virginia had raised her veil, and was looking from one to the other. 'My poor dear,' said the Captain, softening as he turned to her, 'he doesn't mean to marry you. Ask him if he does. I'm game to take you to Boulogne'—the Captain was warlike again, and directed this statement at Verschoyle—'and put you under the Consul's care till this nice young man acts fair by you. Ask him if he means it, my poor dear.'

The Captain was quite a study for an actor in the rapidity with which he changed his face and voice and manner when he looked from Verschoyle to Virginia, or from her to him.

'Ask him if he means it!' cried the Captain, thrusting his hand almost in Verschoyle's face.

The handsome rascal's face, with the lowering frown upon it, said 'No' without a word, or need of one. She read the base denial there, and burst into renewed tears, and wrung her hands, and murmured that it was cruel. Oh, it was cruel, cruel!

Moved by the sight of youth and beauty brought to such distress, the Captain turned upon Verschoyle for the last time.

'Now then! Sharp there! One minute more, and I'll have you chucked overboard. Hi! you there!' Jim entered. 'Collar them two portmanteaus and chuck 'em ashore.' Jim seized the luggage, and would have been rejoiced to extend the order to its owner. 'Now, get out.' Verschoyle retired before the indignant Captain, mounted the ladder, crossed the saloon deck, and went ashore. Jim threw the luggage unceremoniously after him, and then, following the Captain, returned to the saloon, and, taking Virginia's hand, led her unresisting, from the vessel.

'God bless you, master, for what you've done this night,' said Jim in taking leave of the Captain. The men were moving about the deck by this time, the mate was ordering here and there, ropes were tugging across the darkness, and the ship was quivering with the short urgent stroke of the engines.

'Take her home, and good luck to you,' said the Captain in reply and went back to duty, and treated sea-going virtue to a stiff glass by the way.

Verschoyle summoned a hansom and drove to an hotel, feeling mean, as our trans-Atlantic cousins say. The writer feels an unfeigned joy in kicking him out of the story.

For a while poor Virginia suffered Jim to lead her, being, indeed, so broken that she scarcely knew him, or knew of anything but Verschoyle's baseness. But after a time she turned and spoke.

'Good-bye, James. Be kind to father and mother.'

'Miss Virginia,' said James, 'if you knowed how broken-harted they are, an' how glad an' willin' they'll take you home again, you'd never dream of leavin' 'em. You couldn't.'

She twined her hands together with an action which bespoke pain and shame and anger and remorse. A hundred other things were in the gesture too, and Jim, without being anything of a psychologist, read and understood it em all.

'Oh, Miss Virginia,' cried honest Jim, half crying, 'have a heart. For the Lord's sake, have a heart.'

She stamped her foot, and made a downward gesture with both clenched hands.

'I won't go home,' she cried distractedly. 'I can't go home. How can you be so cruel?'

'Cruel, Miss?' said Jim. 'What ever can I say for to persuade you? Such a head as mine,' said Jim with a distraction of aspect more than equal to her own, 'ain't fit to be trusted with a human body. It's me, Miss—Jim. Why, you've laughed at me hundreds of times, you have. Don't you know me? Lord, I don't believe she knows me!'

Whilst he spoke she walked on rapidly and Jim followed.

'Miss Virginia,' he appealed again, 'come home to your poor father. Think of the missis, swounded dead away.'

She quickened her footsteps to a run, and Jim held on behind her appealingly all the way. Suddenly she stopped and turned upon him panting.

'I won't go home,' she said, with a sullen resolution unlike anything he had ever known of her. 'Thrown away!' she cried, breaking into sobs and tears again, 'deserted! Go home to be an eyesore to them! To be pitied, and scolded, and forgiven! Then suddenly once more, 'I won't go home!'

Jim's agitation and uncertainty were pitiful. He stood and looked upon her sorrowfully, but could not find a word. Looking about her once, she faced round and walked swiftly. He followed. She stopped again.

'I am going away,' she said 'I shall never go home.'

'Very well, Miss,' said Jim in downright helpless desperation. 'Where you goes I goes, an I'll foller you to the world's end.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Neglect.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones conversed at the table so earnestly that they forgot to serve Adele, their four-year-old. At last in a break of the dialogue, she said.

Mamma, please pass me the salt.

The salt, child? What for?

Oh, I might need it in case papa should give me any meat.

Eleven thousand children have been turned away from the public schools in Chicago owing to lack of adequate accommodations.

LOBSTERS AND COD GALORE

NEWFOUNDLAND HAS A VERY PROMISING INDUSTRY.

A Description of the Hatchery at Trinity Bay—Supported by the Government and Yielding Enormous Catches—The Methods of Fishing—Salmon Fishing Bids Fair to Take an Important Place

All the news that came from Newfoundland not long ago was of a discouraging sort, dealing as it did with financial reverses of the Government banks and private individuals and the prostration of the province's trade. Now there is to be chronicled another item of a very different nature, the unbounded success of the cod and lobster hatchery in Trinity Bay, and with it a catch that promises to be a remarkably good one.

Four years ago this hatchery was started at the instance of a merchant of St. John's, and carried on for a while at his own expense. Then the Government took it up and made it a province affair, placing it on a most liberal basis and sparing no expense in stocking the sea with fish.

Trinity Bay was chosen as the location of the hatchery on account of its sheltered position and its many little inlets and shallow bays. As the fry are sent out to shift for themselves a few weeks after they are hatched, shallow waters and sheltered shores are by far the best places for them to thrive in (so the hatchery managers argued), for there they run little risk of being devoured by larger fish, or of being swept out into very deep water, and there also they have much less difficulty in obtaining their daily supply of food.

ON MILDO ISLAND

the hatchery was placed and was put under the management of a Norwegian named Nelson. The Government provided a yearly appropriation of some $16,000, and this proved ample for every purpose. So well did Nelson manage the affairs of the hatchery that when the scientists and men of affairs interested in fisheries met at the World's Fair in a sort of small convention, the hatchery at Newfoundland, it was agreed by all, had proved itself one of the best in the world. In lobsters actually hatched and sent out the records showed that the most remarkable achievements in artificial hatching anywhere in the world's history had been performed; while in cod hardly less had been accomplished.

In the four years since the establishment of the hatchery 2,500,000,000 young lobsters have been hatched out and 65,000,000 young cod. The main result accomplished has been to more than entirely nullify the reckless slaughter of cod with spawn during recent years. This destruction was not wanton, but the fishermen were driven to it through competition.

Last year just about this time, several months before the disclosures of the financial weakness, the Newfoundland Legislative Assembly, then sitting had a hot debate over the hatchery question, the point disputed being the annual appropriation. It had resolved itself into a strictly political matter, the parties of the island being divided upon the question strictly on party lines.

THE APPROPRIATION

was in doubt, when reports began to come in from Trinty Bay. It should be premised that cod must be three years old to be worth the catching, and it was then just three years from the time of the establishment of the hatchery.

The Trinity Bay reports were most favorable. In their detail they astounded every member of the then sitting house, for they showed that the catch, in proportion to that of former years in this bay, was of unprecedented size. The hatchery had proved itself an unqualified success. Party lines were at once broken, and in a burst of enthusiasm the appropriation bill for the futher continuance of the hatchery was carried.

This year there seems no doubt that the catch will be fully up to last year's. The lobster catch is particularly good, too, though the hatchery people have experienced much difficulty in increasing the supply of them in the waters of Newfoundland as fast as the number they have hatched would seem to warrant. For the young lobsters are not only subject to all the dangers of the deep, but for a few weeks after they are hatched fight villainously and kill each other by the hundreds and devour one another cannibalistically at a great rate.

The fishermen are a very prosperous set of men. The fishing season for cod begins in June and ends in October. All sorts of methods are practised in catching the fish. Traps, nets and seines are used and there is also more or less hand-line fishing. The fashion varies, and the fishermen constantly change their ways of securing their game. Several years ago traps—set and baited very much as are lobster traps, and similar in construct on—were used. Now traps in most districts are considered a trifle out of date and

NETS AND SEINES

are more in favor. Many of the nets are "set." There is comparatively little fishing nowadays by hand-line, except in the small boats manned by three or four men that go out only a little distance from shore.

Enormous are the catches made in a single day and by a single boat. Some of the larger crafts have no trouble at all in securing 200 quintails of fish for a single day's work. That is 20,000 pounds or 5,000 to 6,000 cod. One man often finds it possible to pull in 400 to 500 cod a day.

Few fish are as prolific as the cod. A single female is said to contain 9,000,000 eggs. Comparatively few of these are ever hatched, of course, and the fry that actually do appear are still further reduced in numbers by all sorts of contingencies. Very few of them in proportion actually live to be three-year-old fish. Like the young lobsters, the fry frequently eat each other, and besides they are, even in shallow waters, constantly at the mercy of larger fish. Trinity Bay should be within a few years the finest codfishing point on the northern coast.

The real idea of the hatchery, as it has been well put, is "to conserve rather than to preserve." That is, the project is to secure definitely for the Newfoundland fisheries now and for all time a constantly increasing supply of cod and lobsters, for it is almost solely upon these two things that the propensity of the island rests.

In salmon, too, there has been considerable done with the hatchery, and salmon fishing bids fair in a few years to take an important place in Newfoundland fisheries.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Her Answer.

I studied my tables over and over and backwards and forwards, too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do.
Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head.
"If you call her "Fifty-four for a while you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till, I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine are fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud;
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can;"
For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive! I answered, "Mary Ann!"

A Nation of Stilt-Walkers.

A boy's idea of using stilts is to find a method of walking that is difficult and requires skill. That a community of people should be compelled to use stilts, in order to do their work and get about the country, is almost unknown. It is not singular that these people become so expert that they can knit while walking on stilts.

The stilt-walkers live in the south of France, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay and near the borders of Spain—so near that they have acquired many habits of the Spanish people. The country of the stilt-walkers is Landes. Very many years ago the people were driven to stilt-walking. The wind from the Bay of Biscay blew the fine, white sand far inland, making what we call dunes, which are waves of sand that remind you of the motion of high waves. They look like waves, suddenly turned to sand. It was impossible to walk over this sand, and all the grass and other vegetation suffered and was choked by it. The people were shepherds, but it became harder and harder to find feeding-ground for the sheep. Then the government made the experiment of planting pine forests. These grew, and prevented the sand drifting in as before. Still, walking is very difficult and almost impossible for women, except by the use of stilts. When the people walk on the ground, they walk in their bare feet. The leg is covered with a footless stocking. The foot-rest of the stilt is covered with sheepskin, with the wool uppermost, making a soft rest for the foot. The pine forests not only saved the land from utter desolation, but it gave the people employment. The collection of rosin is the most profitable industry in this section. The wool of the sheep is of such a poor quality that it brings a very poor price in the market.

The people are a happy people and have an interest in sports. They have stiltraces, and some racers have national reputations. One, recently, was a long-distance race from Paris to Bordeaux, which aroused interest among scientists. The distance was three hundred miles, and it was covered in seventy-six hours and fifty-five minutes. The stilts used in this race were sixty-five inches in length, but the ordinary walking-stilt is forty-five inches. The stilts weigh about five or six pounds; the pole, which is always carried and used for balancing weighs about five pounds.

A Big Playfellow.

A man who has traveled in India a great deal says that an elephant is a better playfellow for a boy than a dog. The native boys make the elephants take them in swimming. They climb on the elephant's back and ride in triumph to the best swimming hole. The elephant walks into deep water, and keeps right on walking until there's nothing to be seen of him except his trunk and a good level island of back. The boy stands on the island and yells like—well, just about a good, healthy American boy, and he dives off the island, and the elephant grabs him, with his trunk and puts him up onto "dry land," and answers his yell with a cry that's half snort and half whoop, and altogether he gives that boy just as good a time "in swimming" as if he had lived in America and never dreamed of using an elephant's back for a spring board. Queer country India, isn't it?

Looked Like Reason.

A robin's nest and a kingbird's nest were situated in adjoining trees, each containing young birds. When the kingbirds saw the robin bringing a worm to feed its young they would attack it and make it give up the food intended for the young robins. After being robbed a few times the robin appeared with a worm, accompanied by two other robins, and when the kingbird made his appearance the two extra robins pitched in and gave him a sound thashing, while the one with the worm fed its young and seemed to be laughing all the while. The game was played until the kingbird gave it up, and now the robin feeds its young without help.

Tallest Men In the British Army.

The Scots Guards have succeeded in obtaining a recruit who measures 6 feet 5½ inches in height, and is only 21 years of age. It is supposed that the British army contains only one man who is taller—a gunner in one of the mountain batteries of the Royal Artillery who is six feet 6½ inches. When the guardsman is straightened out by drill and military exercise he may rival the artilleryman.

Indentical with the Bible.

A Babylonian tablet in the British Museum which has just been deciphered has an account of the death of King Sennacherib, almost identical with that in the Bible (II. Kings, xix. 37).

Postponed.

Rollins—Why don't you buy a wheel and stop borrowing.

Bangem—I can't ride well enough yet.

"Is that performer familiar with your music?" she asked at the concert. "He must be," replied the composer, who was writhing; "he takes such liberties with it."

Cheerup (to Tom Hardup, who has a lot of bad debts and no money, but who is the only heir of a very old, very healthy and very wealthy aunt)—"Now don't get discouraged, Tommy; there is your Aunt Maria." Tom Hardup—"Yes, there she is; that's the trouble."

CURRENT NOTES.

There are now in Africa so many white men, English, Dutch, Portuguese, Italian, French, Belgian, and German, that the slave trade can never again flourish there. More than a million people who are not black can now say that they are Africans, and a good many of them can boast that they are natives of Africa. The whites, who for a long time did not venture beyond the coast regions, are advancing inland, where there are large areas which they find to be inviting. Millions of black people were brought from Africa in slave ships last century to North and South America, where their descendants now live. Large numbers of white Europeans have in this century gone to Africa, and there established homes for their descendants. The blacks multiply in Brazil and the United States; the whites thrive in Egypt and Algeria, in Cape Colony, and the South African republic. As for the Asiatic races, they prefer to stay in the countries which they have inhabited from time immemorial.

The Japanese resent the efforts of the Christian missionaries sent to convert them, but not in the savage and malignant spirit displayed in China. They think that now, at least, they are entitled to be regarded and treated as civilized and enlightened people, and not as benighted heathen requiring religious instruction and guidance from foreigners and at foreign expense. Accordingly the Japanese Christians are showing a disposition to cut loose from the foreign missionary societies which are supporting missions in their country. They do not wish to remain longer under such tutelage, as if they were an inferior people. They contend that Christianity cannot grow in Japan as an exotic kept alive by foreign nurture, but must develop naturally under purely Japanese influences. The Japanese Christians wish to manage their own churches and conduct their own missions. This feeling has been manifested by them so decidedly that a committee has lately gone thither to represent the American Board, with a view to adjust the complication to which it has given rise.

It seems very remarkable that any missionary association should offer resistance to a disposition so natural and so creditable to the Japanese. Unquestionably the chances of the spread of Christianity in Japan would be greatly increased if all prejudice against the religion as a foreign system, forced on the people by purely foreign agencies, could be removed. Originally, doubtless, it was necessary that it should be planted by European and American effort; but now that it has gained root, why should it not be left to the cultivation of the Japanese themselves? They have been quick to adopt other advantages and to follow other practices of Western civilization, remodelling their own in the process; and, with like emulation, they are hospitably disposed toward Christianity. But their pride as a self-sufficient people is offended by the implication that religiously they cannot be left without foreign missionary guardianship. The consequence is that Christianity suffers in Japanese popular sentiment as an alien religion supported by alien means and agencies. It does not possess the vitality of a native growth.

Even the violent Chinese prejudice against the foreign missionaries, of which the recent outrages at the mission stations are the terrible fruit, it is not at all surprising. It is natural and inevitable. It is no bitterer than the animosity which has been exhibited by our own people against Chinamen in this country; and it is very remarkable that the atrocities charged against the Christian missionaries in China by the ignorant and superstitious natives, closely resemble those which have been brought against Chinamen here. Suppose Chinamen established a regular system of missionary agencies for the propagation of their religion here, would they be any better treated by Christian mobs than the Christian missionaries have been treated by Chinese mobs?

A great disadvantage through which Christianity has suffered in the East is that it has been introduced and propagated by foreigners, so that the natural resentment against outside interference has extended to include hatred of the religion itself. If, therefore, the Japanese desire that these foreign evangelizing agencies shall be removed, to be replaced by others conducted by themselves, would not the gratification of their desire tend to the removal of one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of Christianity in that country and in the East generally?

He Came First.

Miss Findesiecle—The selfishness of you sex is apparent. We are constantly hearing of prehistoric man, but nobody ever mentions prehistoric woman.

Mr. Meanitall—Yes they do. Prehistoric woman was man, anyway.

What She Meant.

He—I wonder what she meant by telling me she could never marry a man.

She—Perhaps she said it to encourage you.

Miss Townsend—"Do you find much difficulty in keeping help here?" Mrs. Suburb—"Indeed, yes. It is next to impossible to keep a girl more than a week." Miss Townsend—"Why is that—too far from the city?" Mrs. Suburb—"Oh, no, I think not; but you see we have only one policeman in the town, and he's married."

Bixby—"What idiots girls are when they imitate men!" Marie (flattered)—"Do you think so? Then proves how excellent the imitation is."

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA

FORTY-ONE YEARS SINCE THE GREAT BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.

The First Decisive Blow Struck in the Crimean War—Numbers of the Troops Taking Part in the Battle—Hardships Undergone by British Troops.

On the 20th day of September, 1854, was fought one of the historic battles of the world. The English, French and Turkish armies moved out of their first encampment in the Crimea on 19th September, and bivouacked for the night on the left bank of the Bulganac. The Russians (commanded by Prince Menschikoff), mustering 40,000 infantry, had 180 field pieces on the heights, and on the morning of the 20th of September were joined by 6,000 cavalry from Kaffa. The English forces, under Lord Raglar, consisted of 26,000 men; the French of 24,000, under Marshal St. Arnaud. At 12 o'clock the signal to advance was made; the River Alma was crossed, while Prince Napoleon took possession of the village under the fire of the Russian batteries. At 4 o'clock after a sanguinary fight, the allies were completely victorious. The enemy, utterly routed, threw away their arms and knapsacks, in their flight, having lost about 5,000 men, of whom 900 were made prisoners. The loss of the British was 26 officers and 327 men killed, and 73 officers and 1,539 men wounded; that of the French, 3 officers and 233 men killed, and 54 officers and 1,633 men wounded. Total loss of the allies about 3,400.

STORY BY VETERANS.

There are in Toronto at least two veterans who were through the Crimean war from first to last. One of them served in the the ranks of the 42nd Highlanders—the celebrated "Black Watch." The other was in the 93rd Highlanders. Both said that the return of the anniversary brought

VIVID MEMORIES TO THEIR MINDS,

and they tell the following story:—We served throughout the Crimean war from 14th September, 1854, till June, 1856, in the Highland Brigade, under that dashing officer, Sir Colin Campbell. We have to say that that brigade had the respect of the whole allied army, and of the Russians, too, after peace was signed, when a number of the men got passes, and went into the Russian lines, besides having our huts full of Russians, who came to see us.

We landed at Old Fort at about one o'clock, and formed line along with the brigade of guards, marched about a mile inland from the beach, and were ordered to lie down with our knapsacks on our backs, and great coats rolled across our shoulders. We were told not to light a fire, or match, or light a pipe. We were in the front line. About dusk a storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents and of course we got wet through to the skin. In the morning you could wring the water out of our kilts by bucket fulls. The sun came out about eight o'clock, and we got the order, after it was seen that there was no Russian army in sight, to strip, and get bonnets, coats and kilts dried. It was a sight to see the men cutting about in all directions like maniacs, with the speed of racehorses, and nothing but their shirts on, but ultimately we felt fairly warm and dry." There was no wood to be got to light a fire, and the water was brackish and unpalatable. In the afternoon of that day they brought ashore three tents—bell-shaped. The men of each company tossed up as to who should go into the tents, but they only held eighteen to twenty men each, and most of us spent another night in the open. About midnight the picquets began firing. The shouts and bugles sounded,

"STAND TO YOUR ARMS!"

and all over the British and French camps we began to fall in. All the men who were lying outside were up like a shot, but some of those in the tents were in a bad fix, for the heavy dew had shrunk the tents up so tight that they could not get the flaps opened, and one of the tents was lifted up bodily, pole and all, and out came the occupants; scrambling over each other in their eagerness to get to their places in their company. Nothing came of the scurry on this occasion, as a mistake had been made by some of the French sentries. We lay in that place until the 18th September, wondering where the tents had got to. A number of us fell sick, on account of the brackish water, but there was a wonderful reluctance on the part of the men to going on the sick list; they would go with their comrades at all hazards or die in the attempt. On the morning of the 19th we all fell in by regiments, and all of us looked with confidence to our brigadier, with all his medals on his breast. "Condie" we called him. Then the Highland brigade consisting of the 42nd, 93rd, 79th regiments, got the order to fix bayonets, shoulder arms, and quick march. We went about a quarter of a mile, and took up our position alongside of the brigade of guards, with two batteries of artillery between us. The other sections of the army came up, and to the sound of our numerous bands, that seemed to fill the air with martial noise, the whole column moved forward. One of the things that remains on our memory is that before us, riding on horseback by the side of her husband was Lady Errol, the wife of Captain Lord Errol. About four o'clock we came in sight of the Russian outposts at a small river (the Bulganac). The artillery opened fire in front, with the light cavalry supporting them. The allied armies halted, and this went on for some time, and then the Russians retired, and we all lay down for the night, with a strong line of picquets out front and rear.

THE DAY OF ALMA.

On the morning of the 20th we stood to our arms just before daybreak. When the daylight revealed nothing but the Russian outposts we lighted fires with withered grass and cowdung, and made tea and coffee. This with buscuits and boiled pork was our breakfast—the last for many of us, as it turned out. The colour-sergeants called the rolls of their companies, and by the way the same thing was done on the heights of the Alma, after the fighting. About 9 o'clock the armies began the march with the Russian outposts retiring before us in front of the Rifle brigade. The day was bright and warm; you could see the Alma hills in the distance, with the Russians marching to take up their positions. When we were within about three miles from the hills both armies halted, and we got the order "Load with ball." (A good many of us had only been used to "blank.") Then we got the left turns by brigades. Our brigade marched a good mile to the left before we formed line on the Guards.

By this time on the right, next the sea under cover of the small cruisers, the French were ascending the heights. The whole of the British army were lying down in line in the following order:—Rifle Brigade, skirmishing order; first line, light division in line; second line, second division in line next to French first division, next second division, all one line about three miles in length, third and fourth divisions, behind in columns. The light division left brigade was in front of our brigade. Then we all got the order by divisions to advance, and going over the plain we could see our posts stuck in the ground for the different

RANGES OF THEIR GUNS.

When the rifle brigade got under fire we could see Lady Errol shaking hands with her husband, Capt. Lord Errol and retiring by herself, looking around every short time to see him advancing nearer the Russians. She came back and passed through our brigade going to the rear, we saw her bow to our men when she passed. She could not have passed long before the word passed along from some of the Rifle brigade who were lying wounded that her husband was shot. The descent to the river was a dreadful hot place, all kind of shot we got, but as luck happened it all went over our heads, and our brigadier seemed to be in his glory. He was flying about with his sword in his hand saying "Keep up your heads there," for it was on this side of the river that a number of the light division threw away their shakos, knapsacks, and camp kettles. However, with the exception of one of our men who got the straps of his knapsack shot off, we lost nothing at this point. We advanced up the Alma hill nearly at double. Half way up we passed through the ranks of one brigade of the light division. On the top of the hill our brigadier's horse was shot under him, but he was soon up again, swung his sword round his head and said "Men, I am all right." The rapid way he took the brigade up the heights was the means of carrying it. Next day the sight of the wounded was something awful. The surgeons were going about the field with their knives in their hands, cutting off arms and legs, and as no chloroform was used the resolution of the men in not crying out was very remarkable. We spent three days at the Alma burying the dead.

FALL FUN.

Passenger—"That fellow back there is raising a great row because he has to stand."

Conductor—"Yes; he's riding on a pass!"

"Why, Mr. Councillor, you are trying to open the front door with your cigar." "Really, now! I wonder if I've been smoking the latch key?"

"Miss Passe indulged in somewhat withering sarcasm when she was talking of you." "It is her privilege, poor thing. She is somewhat withering herself."

"Papa, where are the most diamonds found?" asked Willie. "In somebody else's hand when they are trumps," growled papa, who'd been having hard luck at whist.

"Oh would I were a glove upon that hand!"

He quoted softly, as her face he scanned,
"I wish you were," she answered, "for you see,
You'd be of some real value, then, to me!"

"Yes," said the business man to the clergyman, 'I've lost a good deal of time in my life.' 'By frittering it away, I suppose?' 'No, by being punctual to my appointments.'"

"If dere's any invention dat I have a profound respeck for," said Movealong Mike, it's de lounting-pen." "Whut's de reason?" inquired Plodding Pete. "Dey never works."

Put away the bity the straw hat-let
And the trouseroons of duck.
Soon we'll don our winter ulster—
That is, if we are in luck.

"What was the most confusing case you ever had?" asked the doctor of the lawyer. "Case o'champagne," returned the lawyer. "I hadn't got half through it before I was all muddled up."

"Ah, but it's his good record that stands in his way." "How?" He has foolishly always made it a point to pay cash for everything, and consequently he hasn't the least bit of credit."

Hazel—"I have one of the nicest dentists you ever saw." Nutte—"In what way?" Hazel—"Why, he pulled out the wrong tooth the other day and wouldn't charge me a cent for it."

Maud—at the ball game—"Now, tell me. How is that man out?" Ned—an expert—"He struck out. That's what they call it." Maud—"How stupid to call it that! Why he never struck the ball once."

"If you have anything to say, why don't you say it, and be done with it?" "I never cast my pearls before swine," "Well, I don't know as I can blame you; it would be an insult to the swine."

"Johnny is learning to be a stationary engineer." "Is he learning fast?" "I should say so; when he quit work last night his face was grimy as a stovepipe and he had machine oil all over his clothes!"

"I wonder," said Tommy, who had been reading the poem about the Arab who refused a purse of gold for his beloved steed, "I wonder what he would have did if they had offered to trade 'im a bysickle."

"There's money in stocks," said the man who is young and enthusiastic. "Yes," replied his seasoned friend, "I'm sure there is. I have been putting half my salary there for the last four years, and it's all there yet."

In the Alps—On reaching a certain spot the driver turned round on his seat and observed to the passengers: "From this point the road is only accessible to mules and donkeys; I must therefore ask the gentlemen to get out and proceed on foot."

Too Busy for Civility.

Pleasant Citizen—Good morning, doctor; how's your health?

Dr. Capsule (very busy)—Do you want a professional opinion?

Er—I don't under—

I'd have to charge you for it if you do.

Whipsawing a Bore.

Man—I want your opinion in a matter. Would you advise me to borrow ten dollars to help me out of a tight place?

Lawyer—By all means.

Man—Very good. Lend me ten.

Lawyer—That's all right. My fee for legal advice is ten dollars and we'll just call it square.

AGRICULTURAL.

About Milking.

If there is any one thing that requires the dairyman's personal attention more than any other it is milking writes O. J. Vine. More good cows are spoiled every year by careless milking than any other way. A very little milk left in the udder at each milking will cause the best cow to decrease, and eventually to cease milking entirely.

The milking should not only be done thoroughly, but it should be done quickly, and, unless the operator sings, should be done quietly. In Switzerland it is said they pay an extra price to a milker who sings. No loud, boisterous language should be permitted. The cow is a nervous animal, and any undue excitement affects the quantity and quality of the milk unfavorably.

Do not allow persons or dogs to worry the cows. Heifers that have been carefully and kindly handled from calfhood to maturity seldom develop into kickers, but occasionally there is one that does. It is always best to determine the cause, if possible, and remove it. The teats may be sore and tender. An application of vaseline, French mixture, or lard, will bring relief. If the udder is inflamed and swollen frequent fomentations of hot water and an application of either of the above named remedies will usually prove effectual.

Another very simple and effectual remedy is to mix enough of the cow's milk with a few handfuls of salt to make a thin paste and anoint the udder four or five times per day. That is our usual remedy. We have had but one case in five years that it did not cure.

With the first calf there is perhaps more danger of the udder being inflamed and tender than at any later period, and will demand closer attention and the greatest care in milking. A cow suffering from any disease of the udder should be milked thoroughly three or four times per day; under no circumstances should the udder be full and distended any length of time.

Kindness, firmness and fearlessness are necessary qualifications in a good milker. One who cannot control his temper or who is afraid of a cow, need not expect to become a successful milker. Kindness is not thrown away, even to an animal. I know it sometimes requires a great deal of patience to milk a kicking cow, but if a person is determined he can control himself under almost any circumstances. Occasionally a cow will persist in kicking in spite of all precautions. For such I use a light rope, with a hook at one end and a short chain at the other. Put it around the cow just in front of the udder; draw real tight, and hook in the chain. She can scarcely lift her feet, and it causes her no pain unless she tries to kick. Sometimes the difficulty is caused by a change of surroundings, from one farm to another, or a change of milkers. Never change milkers if it can be avoided. With some cows it makes little difference; others will not stand at all for a strange person.

Last fall I purchased a fine Guernsey heifer for $20 that had become spoiled in milking. When she freshened she stood well until she found the hired man was afraid of her, when she kicked so terribly that we were obliged to put the calf to her again. The calf had been allowed to do the milking until four or five days which I knew was a mistake, but it occurred while I was away from home. I always despaired of "reclaiming" that cow for the dairy, but at the end of six months weaned the calf, and strange to say, had very little difficulty in training her. She is as quiet and gentle now as any in the herd and bids fair to be an extra butter cow. She is giving now, eight months after freshening, about 2½ gallons of 7 per cent. milk per day. On account of the difficulty in milking her, the former owner allowed her to go dry about April 15, '95. She will not freshen until January 15, '96. Her performance has disproved the old theory that if a heifer does not continue long in milk she will be of little value to the dairy

The best time to wean a calf is when only one day old; then there is little difficulty in teaching it to drink, and the cow will not fret and worry as much then as later. If the calf is intended for the butcher at four weeks old it should not be allowed to run with its dam continually. A cow should be milked at regular intervals, which would not be the case if the calf was with her at all times. I am satisfied it would be better for the cow to milk her and feed the whole milk to the calf. A calf will persist in butting, and it is certainly is injurious to the cow.

Selecting the Best.

Looks do not comprise all that is desirable in a domestic animal. The successful breeder does not always select the model creature for his breeding foundation, especially in case of the females.

A heifer or a gilt by a very compact sire, but of a less compact composition, possessing length of body, width and depth in a good degree, is, though not so symmetrical in form usually a more practical breeding animal, than the one that is more than ordinarily compact in build.

So in selecting the best for service, it is desirable to take into account expected results, as well as the ancestry of both sides in the mating of a pair. However, if both animals to be mated are compact and blocky in an unusual degree, there is reasonable expectation from the produce if the parentage in the first and second generation exhibit less of the compact form.

The tendency to "breed back" is usually sufficient to guard against lack of due length and ill proportions in form from the intensified tendency following the crossing of block upon block.

Few breeders, however, have enough of length in their herds combined with level backs and straight lines. With an uneven lot of broken lines and ill shapes in the brood sows, the problem of length in the sire to be crossed upon them is uncertain of solution.

The buyer ordering by mail should always advise the breeder of whom he expects to purchase as to the style of his stock to be mated with a sire, and should insist on a description of the sire and dam of the animal to be bought, whether male or female.

Where one has as many as a dozen females be they cows, sows or ewes, either more than one sire is desirable as a rule, or else great care should attend the selection of the one sire for a herd. No mail order is likely to be satisfactory in obtaining such an animal as would prove the good average sire for a whole herd.

The paternity of a dozen calves, of fifty lambs or pigs deserves thought, and involves expense if attended to aright. There is cost to count and to be incurred in all enterprises where results are of worth.

The cost of the right way of breeding is best a title of the damage resulting from a mistaken course. A few days' time and a few dollars in travelling expenses are often a judicious investment.

When a breeder fails to get, by mail order, the desired sire for his herd it is the worst folly to proceed to use such an "ill-match" in his requirements. All things considered one must be vigilant in the breeding business every month in the year, in thought as well as in action.

BLIND LYSANDER WRIGHT

HIS WONDERFUL SKILL IN FANCY WOODWORK.

Toys, Frames, Boat Models, and Ornaments Turned Off by a Hand Not Guarded by Sight—The Builder of the First Propeller Steam Launch in the Country.

One of the most remarkable men in Newark, N. J., is Lysander Wright, Sr. He is 70 years old and has been totally blind for eight or ten years. Now his only diversion is fancy woodwork, and a part of it includes the running of a small circular saw with which he rips, cross-cuts, mitres, and realits the light lumber that he uses in making boxes, toy houses and picture frames. If it was merely a foot power buzz saw his operation of it would be remarkable enough, but it is run by steam power at a speed of 2,500 revolutions a minute. The power comes from the machine shop of his son, Lysander Wright, Jr., and the saw is connected with a variable speed attachment controlled by a lever.

The workshop of the old man is decorated with hundreds of ingenious specimens of his craft in the form of boat models fancy workboxes, little log cabins, cigar sets, ash receivers, and odds and ends. Everything he makes is as accurately balanced as if constructed by a skilled mechanic having full use of his eyes. Of necessity he adopts novel methods of decoration in his fancy woodwork, but he

SELDOM MAKES AN ERROR

of a thirty-second of an inch in spacing. He fits hinges, locks, and handles to his boxes as neatly as could be done by a cabinet-maker. It puzzles everybody to understand how he is able to drive the small screws used in the work. Laboring entirely in the dark, the old man glues, nails, or screws as the case may require, making his fingers take the place of eyes. Sandpaper is one of the most faithful servants, and he uses it with marvellous skill.

Wright's use of the buzz saw is the most astounding thing, and people who know about it wonder that his son has not interfered. The old man is extremely careful and methodical, however, and there is less danger than one would imagine. The saw runs noiselessly, and Mr. Wright invariably feels for it with an old walking stick which he keeps in his den and uses in moving about the place. He is constantly tapping with his cane as he goes around, although he knows within an inch the location of everything in the room. When he approaches the saw table, and is in doubt about the condition of the saw, he has his safe way of ascertaining instantly whether it is running or not. If it is in motion, he loses perhaps a quarter of an inch from the end of his cane. If it is still, he knows how to start it; furthermore, he knows its exact position to the fraction of an inch. He changes saws on the mandrel quite deftly, and if one is dull, takes it to a vise of his own construction and files the teeth with accuracy. In all the time he has been using this saw table he has not lost so much as

A BIT OF SKIN

or the tip of a finger nail. In constructing a box, he puts it all together, nailing and screwing the bottom and top to the sides. Then he sets his saw and cuts all around the box, making a close fitting lid. He makes neatly fitted trays to go inside and embellishes the outside with fancy brass or woodwork.

The saw plays an important part in getting out the details of ornamentation from bits of moulding, strips of wood of various kinds and colors, and turned rods. Small panels of mahogany are fitted into black walnut, and Mr. Wright seems to have an extraordinary sense of feeling by which he can distinguish one wood from another, although usually he is guided by the shape and size of the pieces. His finger measurements are exact when he spaces the ornaments, although in some cases he resorts to the use of a steel rule and dividers or one ordinary compasses. He uses chisels, planes, squares, and bevels, and other wood working tools with nicety, keeping them always in good condition.

Mr. Wright did not do much wood work when he had the use of his eyes. He was a machinist, one of the pioneers in his trade in Newark. He took great interest in boats and built and owned the first steam launch with a screw propellor in the country. He also made many improvements in yacht engines and screws. His pride was the steam yacht Duplex, which is still on the Passaic. It was the first boat built with two boilers and engines and a single screw. His two sons have made reputations as builders of yacht engines and special machinery for boats.

Tit for Tat.

In a Parisian omnibus, an ill-bred male passenger made a grimace when a very stout old lady got in.

Hippopotamus! he exclaimed under his breath, but so loud that the old lady heard him.

Sir, she said, you know an omnibus is like Noah's ark; it takes in all the animals—even donkeys!

Biblical Piano Playing.

Miss Fosdick—Blanche Trivvet plays the piano on the scriptural plan.

Miss Gaskett—I never heard of the scriptural plan of piano-playing. What do you mean?

Miss Fosdick—She never lets her left hand know what her right hand is doing.

Last year the deposits in the saving banks of Massachusetts increased by nearly $17,000,000 over the previous year. This was in a time of depression.

QUEER THINGS IN EUROPE.

ODD HAPPENINGS THAT HAVE RECENTLY OCCURRED.

A Mahometan Temple in Paris—Switzerland's Suicides—Householder and Organ Grinder—King Humbert's Private Fortune—Emperor William and the Reporter—Dynamite Scare in Europe—Another Russian Famine, etc., etc.

The State tobacco monopoly puts $75,000,000 into the French Treasury annually.

The Sultan of Turkey has contributed $100,000 towards the erection of a mosque, a Mahometan temple, at Paris.

The English press calls the trashy cheap novels which pervert and inflame the minds of so many boys, "penny sneekers."

Switzerland, with a population of 3,000,000, averages 650 suicides annually. Only Denmark and Saxony make a more extensive use of what is supposed to be the right to die.

A London magistrate has decreed that a householder cannot interfere with an organ grinder unless he is disturbed in his business, has sickness in his house, or is affected in his health by the sounds of the organ.

The Duke of York has sold his collection of postage stamps to one of the Rothschilds. The price is not known, but must be considerable, since the Duke had $300,000 insurance on the collection.

At Rosenweller, Alsace, a young girl was sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment for mailing a letter bearing a cancelled postage stamp. She appealed and finally obtained a verdict in her favor—because she proved that she had not written the letter.

A red-polled cow at Whittlingham, Eng., has yielded milk continuously since she ceased calving, five years ago, her record being 13,734 quarts of milk of the first quality. No other case like this is known.

Every soldier knows that a horse will not step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the British cavalry if a trooper becomes dismounted he must lie still. If he does this the whole squadron will pass over him without doing him injury.

The Velo makes announcement of an important tricycle race shortly to be held in the velodrome at Lyons, France, between Baroness Emma von Sattender and Miss Amy Ewer. The victorious maiden will win the hand of a German millionaire, Albert Meller.

Bordeaux wine is very cheap in Europe, sometimes. At present the owner of a large vineyard near Bordeaux is sending out circulars in which he offers to send cases of 300 bottles of two-year-old wine, freight paid to any town, even in Switzerland, for 130 francs. That means Bordeaux at about eight cents a bottle.

King Humbert of Italy has a private fortune of $30,000,000. The whole of this snug sum is deposited with the Rothschilds at London. The King is a very sensible man, sensible also to the tottering of his throne, and he evidently means to save, if not his kingdom, at least his cash.

The Vossische Zeitung says that at least ten women in Paris have official permission to wear male garb. One of these is Rosa Bonheur, the well-known painter; another is the proprietor of a printing office; another is a bearded woman; the rest are painters and women afflicted with bodily ailments or malformations.

According to the Zeuricher Post, hydrophobia is sometimes introduced into Switzerland by foxes and wolves coming down, in severe winters, from the mountains of eastern France, attacking dogs and other animals, and infecting them with the venom of the terrible disease.

Russian philanthropists purpose that fresh blood from the abattoirs be used in the preparation of bread, crackers, sausages, &c. Fresh blood contains much bitumen and can be obtained at nominal cost.

Emperor William II. of Germany is the foe of the reporter. Lately, during the manœuvres near Lippe, he espied a reporter, rode up to him, demanded to see his permit, and then ordered him off the field, remarking that he "will not permit criticism."

The deaths always outnumber the births in France. Since the beginning of this century the percentage of childless couples has increased from 5 to 10. The doctors seem agreed that this is generally due to gout, maybe the gout of ancestors living too well one hundred and more years ago.

There is just cause for a dynamite scare in Europe just now. Bombs are found in various localities. A most devilish attempt was made to wreck a steamer ready to leave Fiume, Austria, for Ancona. One of the stokers happened to find among the coal a large bundle of dynamite cartridges, and thereby prevented the total annihilation of the vessel.

The frog hunt is now prohibited by law in Belgium. The Belgian hunters, however, continue their amphibious occupation in near by Holland, and from Sas-van-Gent have sent in one half day as many as 20,000 frogs' legs to Paris lately. These delicacies bring four to five cents apiece, and some of the hunters find the calling very remunerative.

At Penkuhl, a small village in Prussia, a farmer died last March. Since then one of his sons has been sickly, and somehow a rumor was started that the dead man would not rest until he had drawn nine members of the family also into the grave. To "conjure" the spell a near relative must open the grave and decapitate the corpse. Accordingly the sick son, armed with a spade, went to the cemetery, exhumed his father's body and cut off his head.

Immense Terrestrial Globe.

Four leading French scientists—Villard, Cotard, Seyrig and Tissandier—have succeeded in making a wonderful model of the earth. It is a huge sphere, 42 feet in diameter, and has painted upon its outside all details of the earth's geography. At Paris, where the pygmy world is being exhibited, an iron and glass dome has been erected over the globe. The building is eight-sided, and is well provided with elevators and stairways, which make it an easy task for the visitor to examine "all parts of the world." The globe weighs eighteen tons, but is so nicely balanced that it can easily be rotated by a small hand wheel. The entire surface area is 525 feet, which is sufficient to exhibit all the mountains, rivers, islands and cities, even to the principal thoroughfares of the latter.

Homeless.

Judge—Where do you live when at home young man?

Culprit—I have no home, your honor.

Judge—Then where did you sleep last night?

Culprit—At my boarding house.

BIRTHS.

FRASER.—At Revelstoke, on Sunday, Oct. 20, the wife of Fred. Fraser, J.P., of a son.

MCKAY.—At Revelstoke, on Monday, Oct. 21, the wife of M. McKay, of a son.

Local and Personal Briefs.

Sheriff Redgrave and wife spent a couple of days in town this week.

J. T. Wilkinson, of the *World*, left for Southern Kootenay Thursday.

Paymaster Wilgress is distributing the "needful" on the Sandon extension.

Hutchison Bros. have removed to the premises formerly occupied by Wm. Kirkup.

Percy Geddes, Mr. Abbott's secretary, left for Vancouver yesterday and will return next week to meet his chief.

A Court of Revision will be held here next Friday. Only two appeals have been made against assessments.

FOUND.—A gold locket, owner can have property by applying at Coursier's store and paying expenses.

Mr. B. Tompkins, the popular steward of the Nakusp, is now purser on the Lytton. Fred Whitney takes the vacant stewardship.

The fire hall is being got into shape for the winter. A new floor and cedar lining have been put in during the week.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Eber C. Smith arrived from the west on Monday and took the boat the same evening for their home at Rossland.

Frank Lewis, recently in the employ of J. D. Sibbald, has pulled up stakes and gone to join his father at Edmonton.

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.

Miss Livingstone, of Vancouver, the lady selected to take charge of New Denver's principal educational institution, arrived from the coast on Monday.

Pete Arena has disposed of his restaurant here at a good figure, and proposes opening a similar establishment at the branch terminus at the head of the lake.

Owing to a disagreement between Capt. Price and Engineer Sheppard the latter has severed his connection with the steamer Marion and will leave for the coast to-day.

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

The C.P.R. townsite at the Arrow lake terminus has been surveyed but the lots have not yet been placed on the market. It is said the location will be known as Columbia City.

E. Maunsel arrived from Alaska Thursday, where he has been prospecting during the past summer for the Hall Mines Co. He left for Nelson Thursday evening and will be employed at the Silver King throughout the winter.

Rev. J. A. Wood started for Victoria on Monday to attend the annual meeting of the Methodist Conference Board of Missions. Mr. G. Perry will take the service at the Methodist church at 11 a.m. to-morrow, and John Crowle at 7:30 in the evening.

Capts. Ramsdell and Milner and three privates of the Salvation Army held three very successful meetings here last Saturday and Sunday. Large audiences and fair collections rewarded the lassies on each occasion. The devil fighters left on Monday for Spokane.

Grand Trunk Gets a New Manager.

The visit of Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, the new president of the Grand Trunk railway, to this country has resulted in some important changes in the management of that road. The present general manager, Mr. Seargeant, is to go to London as adviser to the board of directors and the position of general manager will be filled by Chas. M. Hays, at present vice-president and general manager of the Wabash, who, it is said, has accepted the position for five years at a salary of $25,000 a year. Great things are expected of the new management, as Mr. Hays is a young man with wide experience and has been given unlimited powers within the lines of the declared policy of the C.P.R.

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Highest Honors—World's Fair.

ROYAL
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

General News Notes.

Rossland's new opera house was opened last week with a big ball.

Daniel O'Dea, an old pensioner, died in the waiting room of the Kamloops depot last Saturday.

Chas. D. Rose has cabled the New York yacht club withdrawing his challenge for America's cup.

A Chinese leper, named Ah Sam, was removed from Kamloops to the Darcey Island Lazaretto this week.

An old miner named Tom Cross, went crazy at Mission City a few days ago.

B. H. T. Drake has been appointed to succeed Prevost, the defaulting Supreme Court Registrar at Victoria.

It is now announced that the big slugging bout between Corbett and Fitzsimmons has been declared off owing to a disagreement about dates.

W. B. Scarth, M.P., of Winnipeg, has been rewarded with the position of Deputy Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa. The present incumbent has been superannuated.

A report comes from Portland that Jack Dempsey the pugilist is dying. His friends say it is consumption but Dempsey thinks his condition is due to a blow received from Fitzsimmons four years ago.

An immense turnover occurred in the provincial by-election for Montreal center on Tuesday when the liberal candidate was elected by a majority of 1,254. The conservative majority at the general election was 461.

It is officially announced that since the beginning of the campaign against the insurgents in Cuba the Spanish forces have lost one brigadier general twenty-six superior officers, who have either died of disease or been killed by the enemy.

The R. A. Booth packing Co., of St. Paul, propose erecting the largest freezing plant on the continent at West Selkirk. Its capacity will be six million pounds and the building is to cost about $300,000. The C.P.R. are affording the firm special facilities.

At the end of last week there were over 2,500,000 bushels of grain at the C.P.R. stations and elevators west of Winnipeg. The amount of wheat shipped from the 1st to the 20th of this month on the C.P.R. was greater by one million bushels than during the same period last year.

The record for railroad speed over a great distance was broken Thursday by a special train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad, which ran from Chicago to Buffalo, a distance of 510 miles, in 481 minutes and 7 seconds, an average speed of 63.60 miles an hour; this time includes stops. Exclusive of stops the run was made in 470 minutes and 10 seconds, an average speed of 64.98 miles an hour.

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

Potatoes ..... $14 per ton
Flour ..... $2.50 per 100 lbs.
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All orders in our line will be promptly attended to.

Application for Liquor License.

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

J. FOLEY,
P. ARENA.

Revelstoke, October 21, 1895. 29-4t

Mineral Act, 1891, "Form F."

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

BLACK PRINCE MINERAL CLAIM, situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: six miles up Gainer Creek. Take notice that I, Herbert T. Twigg, agent for William C. Yawkey, free miner's certificate No. 7840, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this thirtieth day of September, 1895.

Mineral Act, 1891, "Form F."

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

KING WILLIAM MINERAL CLAIM, situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, free miner's certificate No. 5,111, 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 claimants to send to the Gold Commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this [illegible] day of September, 1895.

H. ABBOTT.

Administrator's Notice.

In the County Court of Kootenay, holden at the East Crossing of the Columbia River;
In the matter of James N. Fowler, deceased, and,
In the matter of the Official Administrator's Act; dated the Fifth day of August, A.D., 1895:

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

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

The creditors and persons intrusted 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.

"HEALTH ACT, 1893."

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

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
26-1t 27th September, 1895.

NOTICE.

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

JOS. D. GRAHAM,
Registrar County Court.

Revelstoke, Oct. 12th, 1895. 27-3t

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 at the office of the undersigned by booksellers, stationers and others who may desire to place them for sale in their establishments, upon payment at the rate of $6 per dozen.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 8th October, 1895. 27-2t

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

REVELSTOKE DIVISION.

A COURT OF REVISION and Appeal under the "Assessment Act 1888 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.

27-3t Revelstoke, B.C., 12th October, 1895.

TABLE

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

FALL ASSIZES.

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

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But if you MUST marry; why

GO TO

the Post Office store and buy your outfit there. A complete stock of Gents Furnishings always on hand. Shirts, Shoes and Suits a specialty.

GILKER & WELLS.

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 Hadley Creek. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, of Vancouver, B.C., free miner's certificate No. 5,111, 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 claims.

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

Dated this tenth day of May, 1895.

16-9t H. ABBOTT.

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T. L. HAIG,

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