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

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NEWS FROM THE SLOCAN.

The Doings of West Kootenay's Big Mining Camp Paragraphed.

This camp is at present in a very satisfactory condition. It is especially lively in the Washington basin and around Cody and Sandon in fact the last named place may fairly claim to be "booming."

The Nakusp & Slocan and the Kaslo & Slocan railways, generally regarded as rivals, have met at Sandon and have already had several lively encounters in the way of pulling up tracks and knocking down warehouses, but it is expected the matters will shortly be settled and both roads kept busy hauling out ore and bringing in machinery and supplies.

Mining men, who are competent to judge say that at least 15,000 tons of ore will be shipped from the Slocan this winter.

Three Forks, although practically sidetracked by both railways, still possesses considerable vitality, and permanent residents claim that there is enough mineral on the North Fork of Carpenter creek to ensure the permanency of their town.

The residents of New Denver are wintering very quietly but are now more confident about the future of their town than at any period for two years back. Properties on the lake shore are now being bonded or sold and several hundred promising dry ore prospects near the lake are to be opened up by assessment and development work next summer.

At the head of the lake Hill Bros. are cutting, sawing and piling some very fine lumber, evidently preparing for more lively times.

"Judge" Wilson presides at Rosebery and is pretty sure that Rosebery will remain as now—the shipping port of the Slocan lake.

Silverton is at present "dead" but may soon be alive again if there is truth in the rumor that the Kaslo & Slocan railway is to be extended and will touch the Slocan lake at that point.

On Four Mile creek eight men are working on the "Alpha," and Popham & Webb are about to ship two carloads of high grade dry ore from the "Fishermaiden" claim. The "Currie," on the "Galena Farm" bench below Silverton, is now opened up in good shape and is for sale or bond. The "Currie," at a depth of 65 feet, shows eight feet of concentrating galena ore and being a crown-granted property would be suitable for a company able to put up a concentrator.

On Eight Mile creek, several fine properties are, unfortunately, lying idle, the owners being either unable to work them for want of means, or are "waiting for semething to turn up."

The "Enterprise" group, on Ten Mile creek, under bond to Mr. J. A. Finch, is showing up well, therefore, it is almost certain the bond will be taken up and ore shipped before spring.

The "Kalispel" claim, also on Ten Mile creek, was recently sold for $3,000, cash down, to an American company represented by Mr. Lardner, who proposes to put in several thousand dollars worth of development work hoping to make it one of the big mines of this camp. The ledge matter on the surface is 24 feet across and contains scattered bunches of high grade ruby silver ore.

Sam Whittaker, Tom Mulvey and several others are living at the south end of the lake and report that duck shooting in the Slocan valley is good as usual but that the deer are being chased south by the wolves.

On Springer creek, seventeen men are working on claims located last fall, and a twelve ton shipment of dry ore has been made to the Pilot Bay smelter. Five tons from the "Exchange" and seven tons from the "Howard Fraction" claims. The ore is expected to average at least $150 per ton.

Mr. H. P. Heacock, a general cotractor and mining man from Helena, Montana, inspected this district last week and took away with him terms of sale on the "Arlington," "Tamarack" and "Currie" claims.

The C.P.R. is quoting the rate of $11 per ton on ore from Rosebery to the Tacoma smelter. This rate applies to small shipments and will induce many of the claim owners to make trial shipments next season.

It is reported here that Mr. Kellie, M.P.P., will, at the next session of the Provincial Legislature, endeavor to have a clause inserted into the Mineral Act that will, it is hoped, entirely ruin the business of claim jumping.

If the members of our Provincial Government will give Mr. Kellie their hearty support and secure the enactment of law to effectually stop claim jumping they will earn the approbation of ninety-five per cent. of the free miners of West Kootenay.

The Slocan, like many other camps in this province, contains dozens of promising claims which need capital for development, but men with money are dubious about investing in any camp where claim jumping flourishes and unscrupulous lawyers grow fat.

The action taken by the authorities to stop claim jumping at Rossland has been heartily endorsed in the Slocan, and it is hoped that the good work may go on till we are all assured of more justice and less law.

STEAMER ARROW WRECKED.

Lying in the Northeast Arm of Upper Arrow Lake.

A report was received late this afternoon, via Arrowhead, that the steamer Arrow had been seen on the north shore of the Northeast Arm lying partially submerged with bottom up. The Arrow is a small screw steamer plying on Upper Arrow Lake. She left Arrowhead Thursday afternoon with a cargo which she discharged safely at Thomson's Landing. No particulars have been received but it is supposed that she was endeavoring to put out into the lake again in the face of the fierce gale which was blowing at the time and was capsized. Her crew consisted of two men—Capt. Vanderburgh and an engineer, who are supposed to be drowned, as nothing has been heard of them.

Christmas Tree Entertainments.

The annual Christmas Tree Entertainment at the Methodist church attracted an audience sufficient to crowd that edifice Tuesday evening. R. S. Wilson was the "Santa Claus" of the occasion and old and young participated in the distribution of gifts. The balance of the programme was made up of music, readings and recitations, and proved very acceptable to the audience.

A similar entertainment will be given in the Presbyterian church New Year's night.

First Snow Blockade of the Season.

A snow blockade, which resulted in disarranging the Christmas programme of several travellers, occurred at Ross Peak—37 miles east of Revelstoke—on Monday and caused the first delay of the season on the main line. The slide occurred sometime after the passing of No. 2, from the west, Monday and a large force of men were immediately put to work to clear the obstruction. The passengers on Monday and Tuesday's trains, which were held at Glacier, were made as comfortable as possible at the Glacier House until Wednesday morning, by which time the track had been cleared and regular traffic resumed.

LARDEAU NOTES.

The Fish Creek Camp—A New Boat for the N.E. Arm.

The winter weather has caused a general cessation of mining operations in the Fish creek district, but work of the past summer amply demonstrates the great mineral possibilities of the camp, and with such showings as are made by the Glengarry, Sable creek and Pool creek properties, there is no doubt as to its future.

Trails are badly wanted here. In fact little can be done until trunk trails are constructed. This want could be supplied at a comparatively small outlay on the part of the government, and it is to be hoped that an adequate appropriation will be made for this purpose. Those interested here feel that they are not asking too much, as no district in West Kootenay has received so little assistance in this particular as Fish creek. The prospects of the camp will warrant liberal expenditure for roads and trails.

Besides operations on its well known groups of claims, 31 new locations have been made in this camp during the season.

The latest assay from the Agnes, one of the claims of the Sable creek group, gives 15 per cent. copper, 94 oz. silver, 14 ozs. gold.

The Menhinick brothers are constructing a steam launch which they intend operating between Arrowhead and the various points on the northeast arm, next season. This will ensure a regular service, the lack of which has caused considerable inconvenience in the past.

Patent Processes.

Now that the mining industry has revived and is getting on a satisfactory basis, the "patent process" man is being heard of in many quarters, with his machine that is going to revolutionize the mining industry. This machine has many forms, sometimes it is going to save an unheard of percentage of flour and rusty gold from the placer deposits, sometimes it is going to smelt rebellious ores for a dollar a ton, and sometimes it is a "solution" that will enable the mill man to amalgamate raw sulphides and save 98 per cent of their value. It is always something that is going to attain the unattainable. The west is strewn with the wrecks of similar machines, furnaces and mills and those who have pinned their faith to them. Progress in metallurgy does not come in this way, it comes through small improvements on known and proved devices, and gradual modifications of well tried methods. There seems to be a certain attraction to many minds in the mysterious, and anything that is supposed to embody a new principle in chemistry or mechanics and is sure to find someone to put money in it. There are those who make a business of exploiting patents. Let them prove them, but managers and owners would do well to let anything severely alone in the way of ore treatment that has not stood the test for years. Experimentation is very risky and expensive. —*Miner and Electrician.*

MANITOBA'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

Premier Greenway Presents the Prairie Province With a General Election.

Premier Greenway's Christmas box to the people of Manitoba is a general election and, while it caused general surprise, it did not give universal satisfaction to the people of the prairie province. This is especially the case with the adherents of the conservative opposition who are ill prepared for an appeal to the country. The nominations will be held on January 8th and the voting takes place on the 15th. The writs are returnable on the 23rd and the legislature is called to assemble for the despatch of business on the 24th. This is pretty quick work, but the business interests, which are always more or less disturbed by a general election, will be thankful that the inevitable excitement will be of so short duration. The people will be again asked to pronounce upon the school question and in his address to the electors Premier Greenway gives the keynote of the campaign. He says: "The menacing attitude assumed by the Dominion government with reference to the educational legislation of the province has made it necessary to take the sense of the electors upon the question thus forced upon them."

It is a matter for regret that this whole question of education in Manitoba was not settled without all this strife and acrimony. No doubt this could have been done and the whole affair amicably settled had there been more statesmen and fewer "politicians" in public life in both Provincial and Dominion affairs—politicians who do not hesitate to appeal to the prejudices of one and the passions of another section of the electors for the purpose of gaining a party advantage.

Nakusp & Slocan Railway Company

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a plan, profile and book of reference of the branch line of this railway from Three Forks to Sandon, examined and certified under section 125 of the Railway Act of 1888 by the Deputy of the Minister of Railways and Canals, on 11th December, 1895, was deposited at the Land Registry Office at Victoria on the 20th day of December instant.

A. J. WEAVER BRIDJMAN,
Victoria, B.C., Secretary.
December 20th, 1895. 37-4t

Nakusp & Slocan Railway Company

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a revised location plan, profile and book of reference of a portion of the branch line of this Railway from Three Forks to Sandon, examined and certified under section 130 of the Railway Act of 1888 by the Deputy of the Minister of Railways and Canals on the 12th December, 1895, was deposited in the Land Registry office at Victoria on the 21st December, inst.

A. J. WEAVER BRIDJMAN,
Victoria, B.C., Secretary.
December 21st, 1895. 37-4t

Private Bill Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an act to incorporate a company for the purpose of constructing, operating and working deep tunnels, drifts, or shafts for the purpose of exploring for, discovering, working, getting, acquiring and recovering minerals situate in blind veins, ledges or lodes in the Districts of East and west Kootenay, Yale and Cariboo, in the Province of British Columbia, and for entering upon and acquiring lands for such purposes, and for collecting tolls for the use of such tunnels or workings by any other persons or companies engaged in mining and for acquiring such water powers or privileges as may be necessary or convenient therefor, together with such other powers or privileges, rights or incidents, as may be necessary for or incidental or conducive to the attainment of the foregoing objects or any of them.

A. E. HUMPHREYS,
37-6t Applicant.

THE CLEVER WIDOW.

CHAPTER XV.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

Now, all this time, while the tragi-medy of life was being played in these suburban villas, while on a commonplace stage love and humor and fears and lights and shadows were so swiftly succeeding one another, and while these three families, drifted together by fate, were shaping one another's destinies and working out in their own fashion the strange, intricate ends of human life, there were human eyes which watched over every stage of the performance, and which were keenly critical of every actor on it. Across the road, beyond the green palings and the close-cropped lawn, behind the curtains of their creeper-framed windows, sat the two old ladies, Miss Bertha and Miss Monica Williams, looking out as from a private box at all that was being enacted before them. The growing friendship of the three families, the engagement of Harold Denver with Clara Walker, the engagement of Charles Westmacott with her sister, the dangerous fascination which the widow exercised over the doctor, the preposterous behavior of the Walker girls, and the unhappiness which they had caused their father, not one of these incidents escaped the notice of the two maiden ladies. Bertha, the younger, had a smile or a sigh for the lovers; Monica, the elder, a frown or a shrug for the elders. Every night they talked over what they had seen, and their own dull, uneventful life took a warmth and a coloring from their neighbors' as a blank wall reflects a beacon fire.

And now it was destined that they should experience the one keen sensation of their later years, the one memorable incident from which all future incidents should be dated.

It was on the very night which succeeded the events which have just been narrated, when suddenly into Monica Williams' head, as she tossed upon her sleepless bed, there shot a thought which made her sit up with a thrill and a gasp.

"Bertha," said she, plucking at the shoulder of her sister, "I have left the front window open."

"No, Monica, surely not." Bertha sat up also and thrilled in sympathy.

"I am sure of it. You remember I had forgotten to water the pots, and then I opened the window, and Jane called me about the jam, and I have never been in the room since."

"Good gracious, Monica, it is a mercy that we have not been murdered in our beds! There was a house broken into at Forest Hill last week. Shall we go down and shut it?"

"I dare not go down alone, dear; but if you will come with me. Put on your slippers and dressing-gown. We do not need a candle. Now, Bertha, we will go down together."

Two little white patches moved vaguely through the darkness, the stairs creaked, the door whined, and they were at the front-room window. Monica closed it gently down and fastened the snib.

"What a beautiful moon!" said she, looking out. "We can see as clearly as if it were day. How peaceful and quiet the three homes are over yonder! It seems quite sad to see that 'To Let' card upon number one. I wonder how number two will like their going. For my part, I could better spare that dreadful woman at number three, with her short skirts and her snake. But, oh, Bertha, look! look!! look!!!" Her voice had fallen suddenly to a quivering whisper, and she was pointing to the Westmacott's house. Her sister gave a gasp of horror and stood, with a clutch on Monica's arm, staring in the same direction.

"Good heavens!" gasped Bertha. "It is a burglar!"

But her sister set her mouth grimly and shook her head. "We shall see," she whispered. "It may be something worse."

Swiftly and furtively the man stood suddenly erect and began to push the window slowly up. Then he put one knee upon the sash, glanced around to see that all was safe and climbed over into the room. As he did so he had to push the blind aside. Then the two spectators saw where the light came from. Mrs. Westmacott was standing as rigid as a statue, in the centre of the room, with the lighted taper in her right hand. For an instant they caught a glimpse of her stern face and her white collar. Then the blind fell back in position, and the two figures disappeared from their view.

"Oh that dreadful woman!" cried Monica. "That dreadful, dreadful woman! She was waiting for him. You saw it with your own eyes, sister Bertha!"

"Hush, dear; hush and listen;" said her more charitable companion. They pushed their own window up once more and watched from behind the curtains.

For a long time all was silent within the house. The light still stood motionless, as though Mrs. Westmacott remained rigidly in the one position, while from time to time a shadow passed in front of it to show that her midnight visitor was pacing up and down in front of her. Once they saw his outline clearly, with his hands outstretched, as if in appeal or entreaty. Then suddenly there was a dull sound, a cry, the noise of a fall, the taper was extinguished and a dark figure fled in the moonlight, rushed across the garden and vanished amid the shrubs at the further side.

Then only did the two old ladies understand that they had looked on while a tragedy had been enacted. "Help!" they cried, and "Help!" in their high, thin voices timidly at first, but gathering volume as they went on, until The Wilderness rang out with their shrieks. Lights shone in all the windows opposite, chains rattled, bars were unshot, doors opened and out rushed friends to the rescue. Harold, with a stick, the Admiral, with his sword, his gray head and bare feet protruding from either end of a long brown ulster; finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the help of the Westmacotts. Their door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor, supporting his aunt's head upon his knee. She lay outstretched, dressed in her ordinary clothes, the extinguished taper still grasped in her hand, no mark or wound upon her—pale, placid and sensele ss.

"Thank God, you are come, doctor," said Charles, looking up. "Do tell me how she is and what I should do."

Dr. Walker knelt beside her, and passed his left hand over her head, while he grasped her pulse with the right.

"She has had a terrible blow," said he. "It must have been with some blunt weapon. Here is the place behind the ear. But she is a woman of extraordinary physical powers. Her pulse is full and slow. There is no stertor. It is my belief that she is merely stunned, and that she is in no danger at all."

"Thank God for that!"

"We must get her to bed. We shall carry her upstairs, and then I shall send my girls into her. But who has done this?"

"Some robber," said Charles. "You see that the window is open. She must have heard him and come down, for she was always perfectly fearless. I wish to goodness she had called me."

"But she was dressed."

"Sometimes she sits up very late."

"I did sit up very late," said a voice. She had opened her eyes and was blinking at them in the lamplight. "A villain came in through the window and struck me with a life-preserver. You can tell the police so when they come. Also that he was a little fat man. Now, Charles, give me your arm and I shall go upstairs."

But her spirit was greater than her strength, for as she staggered to her feet her head swam around, and she would have fallen again had her nephew not thrown his arms around her. They carried her upstairs among them and laid her upon the bed, where the doctor watched beside her, while Charles went off to the police station and the Denvers mounted guard over the frightened maids.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN PORT AT LAST.

Day had broken before the several denizens of The Wilderness had all returned to their homes, the police finished their inquiries, and all come back to its normal quiet. Mrs. Westmacott had been left sleeping peacefully with a small chloral draught to steady her nerves, and a handkerchief soaked in arnica bound round her head. It was with some surprise, therefore, that the Admiral received a note from her about 10 o'clock asking him to be good enough to step in to her. He hurried in, fearing that she might have taken some turn for the worse, but he was reassured to find her sitting up in her bed, with Clara and Ida Walker in attendance upon her. She had removed the handkerchief and had put on a little cap with pink ribbons and a marcon dressing-jacket daintily tulled at the neck and sleeves.

"My dear friend," said she, as he entered, "I wish to make a last few remarks to you. No, no," she continued, laughing as she saw a look of dismay upon his face. "I shall not dream of dying for at least another thirty years. A woman should be ashamed to die before she is seventy. I wish, Clara, that you would ask your father to step up. And you, Ida, just pass me my cigarettes, and open me a bottle of stout."

"Now, then," she continued, as the doctor joined the party. "I don't quite know what I ought to say to you, Admiral. You want some very plain speaking to."

"Pon my word, ma'am, I don't know what you are talking about."

"The idea of you at your age talking about going to sea, and leaving that dear, patient little wife of yours at home, who has seen nothing of you all her life? It's all very well for you. You have the life, the change and the excitement, but you don't think of her eating her heart out in a dreary London lodging. You men are all the same."

"Well, ma'am, since you know so much, you probably know also that I have sold my pension. How am I to live if I do not turn my hand to work?"

Mrs. Westmacott produced a large registered envelope from beneath the sheets and tossed it over to the old seaman.

"That excuse won't do. There are your pension papers. Just see if they are right."

He broke the seal and out tumbled the very papers which he had made over to McAdam two days before.

"But what am I to do with these now?" he cried, in bewilderment.

"You will put them in a safe place, or get a friend to do so, and, if you do your duty, you will go to your wife and beg her pardon for having even for an instant thought of leaving her."

The Admiral passed his hand over his rugged forehead. "This is very good of you, ma'am," said he, "very good and kind, and I know you are a staunch friend, but for all that, these papers mean money, and, though we may have been in broken water lately, we are not quite in such straits as to have to signal to our friends. When we do, ma'am, there's no one we would look to sooner than to you."

"Don't be ridiculous," said the widow. "You know nothing whatever about it and yet you stand there laying down the law. I'll have my way in the matter, and you shall take the papers, for it is no favor that I am doing you, but simply a restoration of stolen property."

"How's that, ma'am?"

"I am just going to explain, though you might take a lady's word for it without asking any questions. Now, what I am going to say is just between you four, and must go no further. I have my own reasons for wishing to keep it from the police. Whom do you think it was who struck me last night, Admiral?"

"Some villain, ma'am. I don't know his name."

"But I do. It was the same man who ruined or tried to ruin your son. It was my only brother, Jeremiah."

"Ah!"

"I will tell you about him—or a little about him, for he has done much which I would not care to talk of nor you to listen to. He was always a villain, smooth-spoken and plausible, but a dangerous subtle villain all the same. If I had some hard thoughts about mankind I can trace them back to the childhood which I spent with my brother. He is my only living relative, for my other brother, Charles's father, was killed in the Indian mutiny.

"Our father was rich, and when he died he made a good provision both for Jeremiah and for me. He knew Jeremiah, and he mistrusted him, however; so instead of giving him all that he had meant him to have, he handed me over a part of it, telling me, with what was almost his dying breath, to hold it in trust for my brother, and to use it in his behalf when he should have squandered or lost all that he had. This arrangement was meant to be a secret between my father and myself, but unfortunately his words were overheard by the nurse, and she repeated them afterward to my brother, so that he came to know that I held some money in trust for him. I suppose tobacco will not harm my head, doctor? Thank you; then I shall trouble you for the matches, Ida." She lighted a cigarette and leaned back upon the pillow, with the blue wreaths curling from her lips.

"I cannot tell you how often he has attempted to get that money from me. He has bullied, cajoled, threatened, coaxed, done all that a man could do. I still held it, with the presentiment that a need for it would come. When I heard of this villainous business, his flight, and his leaving his partner to face the storm, above all, that my old friend had been driven to surrender his pension in order to make up for my brother's defalcations, I felt that now indeed I had a need for it. I sent Charles yesterday to Mr. McAdam, and his client, upon hearing the facts of the case, very graciously consented to give back the papers and to take the money which he had advanced. Not a word of thanks to me, Admiral. I tell you that it was very cheap benevolence, for it was all done with his own money, and how could I use it better?

"I thought that I should probably hear from him soon, and I did. Last evening there was handed in a note of the usual whining, cringing tone. He had come back from abroad at the risk of his life and liberty, just in order that he might say good-by to the only sister he ever had, and to entreat my forgiveness for any pain which he had caused me. He would never trouble me again, and he begged only that I would hand over to him the sum which I held in trust for him. That, with what he had already, would be enough to start him as an honest man in the new world, when he would ever remember and pray for the dear sister who had been his savior. That was the style of the letter, and it ended by imploring me to leave the window-latch open, and to be in the front room at three in the morning, when he would come to receive my last kiss and bid me farewell.

"Bad as he was, I could not when he trusted me, betray him. I said nothing, but I was there at the hour. He entered through the window, and implored me to give him the money. He was terribly changed, gaunt, wolfish, and spoke like a madman. I told him that I had spent the money. He gnashed his teeth at me, and swore it was his money. I told him that I had spent it on him. He asked me how. I said in trying to make him an honest man and in repairing the results of his villainy. He shrieked out a curse, and pulling something out of the breast of his coat—a loaded stick, I think—he struck me with it, and I remembered nothing more."

"The blackguard!" cried the doctor; "but the police must be hot upon his track."

"I fancy not," Mrs. Westmacott answered, calmly. "As my brother is a particularly tall, thin man, and as the police are looking for a short, fat one, I do not think it is very probable that they will catch him. It is best, I think, that these little family matters should be adjusted in private."

"My dear ma'am," said the Admiral, "if it is indeed this man's money that has brought back my pension, then I can have no scruple about taking it. You have brought sunshine upon us, ma'am when the clouds were at their darkest, for here is my boy who insists upon returning the money which I got. He can keep it now to pay his debts. For what you have done I can only ask God to bless you, ma'am, and as to thanking you, I can't even"—

"Then pray don't try" said the widow. "Now run away. Admiral, and make your peace with Mrs. Denver. I am sure if I were she it would be a long time before I should forgive you. As for me, I am going to America when Charley goes. You will take me so far won't you, Ida? There is a college being built in Denver which is to equip the woman of the future for the struggle of life, and especially for her battle against man. Some months ago the committee offered me a responsible situation upon the staff, and I have decided now to accept it, for Charles' marriage removes the last tie which binds me to England. You will write to me sometimes, my friends, and you will address your letters to Professor Westmacott, Emancipation College, Denver. From there I shall watch how the glorious struggle goes in conservative old England, and if I am needed, you will find me here again fighting in the forefront of the fray. Good-by—but not you, girls; I have still a word I wish to say to you.

"Give me your hand, Ida, and yours, Clara," said she, when they were alone. "Oh, you naughty little pusses, aren't you ashamed to look me in the face? Did you think—did you really think that I was so very blind, and could not see your little plot! You did it very well, I must say that, and really I think that I like you better as you are. But you had all your pains for nothing, you little conspirators, for I give you my word that I had quite made up my mind not to have him."

And so within a few weeks our little ladies from their observatory saw a mighty bustle in The Wilderness, when two-horse carriages came, and coachmen with favors, to bear away the twos who were destined to come back one. And they themselves, in their crackling silk dresses, went across, as invited, to the big double-wedding breakfast, which was held in the house of Dr. Walker. Then there was health-drinking and laughter, and changing of dresses, and rice-throwing when the carriages drove up again, and two more couples started on that journey which ends only with life itself.

Charles Westmacott is now a flourishing ranchman in the western part of Texas, where he and his sweet little wife are the two most popular persons in all that State. Of their aunt they see little, but from time to time they see notices in the papers that there is a focus of light in Denver, where mighty thunderbolts are being forged which will one day bring the nominant sex upon their knees. The Admiral and his wife still live at number one, while Harold and Clara have taken number two, where Dr. Walker continues to reside. As to the business, it has been reconstructed and the energy and ability of the junior partner had soon made up for all the ill that had been done by his senior. Yet with his sweet and refined home atmosphere he is able to realize his wish, and to keep himself free from the sordid aims and base ambition which drag down the man whose business lies too exclusively in the money market of the vast Babylon. As he goes back every evening from the crowds of Throgmorton street to the tree lined peaceful avenues of Norwood, so he has found it possible, in spirit also, to do his duties amid the babel of the city, and yet to live beyond it.

[THE END.]

The best rules to form a young man are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.—Sir W. Temple.

The Showman's Ghost.

CHAPTER. I.

The blue-faced Tasmanian Devil slumbered peacefully; the great aboriginal ape of the Andes pursued the aboriginal flea; the fretful porcupine, like a literary man out of harness, had laid down his quills, and dozed at ease; the lordly lion yawned lazily, mindful, possibly, in the sultry heat, of the African desert in which he roamed in infant days; the polar bear alone was disquieted, and he went up and down in his den like a professional walker against time. It was nearly noon on a roasting English summer day, and Mr. Solomon Varley's unrivalled peripatetic zoological exhibition was pitched upon an English village green. The village was the centre of a scattered group of sleepy little places, and Solomon had done fairly good business yesterday, and looked to-day for better business still. On the morrow he and his unrivalled exhibition would be away again, in search of fresh halting-places and a public new.

Solomon sate with his wife and daughter in a house on wheels. The house was painted a golden yellow, and the panels on its walls were picked out in red. It had snowy muslin curtains to its little windows, and the brass knocker on the door glistened like gold. Within, everything was snug and in miniature, as in a state-room aboard ship. At any breath of air the canvas roof of the show made a flapping noise like a sail, and kept up the aboard-ship illusion. Solomon himself was nautical in aspect, being brown of complexion, through much contact with all sorts of weather, and attired in a suit of blue pilot cloth and a low black shiny hat of seagoing pattern. Mrs. Solomon, whose name was Sarah, was also of a nautical pattern, looking generally cleared for action, in a dress which displayed her shapely ankles and her plump brown arms. This dress was cut away a little below the neck, showing something very like a shirt-front, from which rose an undeniable stand-up collar, surrounded by a red scarf tied in a sailor's knot. Her hat was identical in pattern with Solomon's, but was worn rakishly at the back of her head, where it rested on a coil of tidy black hair, giving its wearer a clear look-out aloft.

"This is about as 'ot as they make 'em, ain't it, missis?" said Solomon, alluding to the weather, and blowing an idle cloud. His voice was a trifle hoarse with constant open-air oratory.

"I hope Jim's a-keeping Jack pretty cool," said Mrs. Solomon Varley.

"Ah!" said Solomon, rubbing his pilot-cloth knees with his brown hands; and then, rising slowly. "I'll take a look round, missis."

Jim was one of the human staff, and Jack was the polar bear. Jack was apt to grow delicate in hot weather, and it was Jim's business to douche him. Solomon took the promised look round, and watched Jim as he splashed the grizzly Jack.

"That's right, Jim," said Solomon, "keep him cool. This weather tells on him, poor creetur."

"Ah!" said Jim, with an air half-mournful, half-resentful. "I don't find nobody to dowk me, master. A cove gets dry inside an' out on a day like this."

"Theer's a spot or two o' mysture in the bucket yet," returned Solomon; and Jim, whose predilection ran in favour of other liquids, growled, and splashed Jack with savage energy. "Well," said Salomon, who in Mrs. Varley's absence was always inclined to be sympathetic with the thirsty, "it is a brilin' day. Theer's a tanner for you. Don's make a beast o' yourself."

Jim, the tight-trousered and loose-shirted dexterously caught the coin, spat upon it, pocketed it, jerked out a 'Thanky, master," and took up his buckets, but lingered.

"See the bloke in the stror 'at 'ere again yesterday, master?" he inquired, with a transparent pretence of having asked the question casually.

Solomon nodded.

"Uncommon fond o' wild beasts he is, ain't he, master?"

Solomon nodded again.

"What's he arter?" inquired Jim, dropping the buckets on the sawdusted turf. "What's he mean by comin' prowlin' around wherever we pitches? What's his little game? Come now, master, out with it. What's his little game?"

"James," said Solomon, "I worn't born yesterday, nor yet my missis. We know what's what, if you'll allow us. I've seen coves in all sorts of 'ats in my time—white 'ats and stovepipe 'ats as well as stror 'ats took the same way for a day or two, an' what's it come to? I knowed a feller attached to a wild beast establishment once," said Solomon, with a look of undefined humour before which James hung his head, "as was took the same way. But he 'ad the good sense to hold his jor about it, an' smother his secret in his own buzzum. That's what he had the good sense to do, James."

James sullenly, and with an air of discomfiture, took up his buckets, and made as if he would retire; but, dropping them once more, he turned, blushing confusedly.

"Pre'aps," he said, "that party got used to keepin' a pretty sharp look-out, and pre'aps, howsummever his feelins is despised, he'll go on a-keepin' of it."

With that Parthian shot James retired, bearing his buckets with him, and Solomon leisurely walking round the establishment, took a look at his properties.

"Maybe Jim's right," he said when he had completed the circuit. Balancing himself on one foot he lifted the other and knocked the ashes from his pipe, tapping gently and thoughtfully on the sole. "Maybe Jim's right. I'll tell the missis to keep her weather eye open."

He strolled back to the house on wheels, consulting a fat watch by the way.

"Time, missis, time," he said, standing on the lowest step of the ladder and looking through the door. "Wheer are you off to, Virgie?"

Mr. Varley's daughter bore the name of Virginia, indifferently shortened to Vergie or Jennie, according to fancy. She had enjoyed the advantage of a finishing school and was very shy and pretty. She was shy even with her parents, to whose wandering home she had returned a year before with her pretty head stuffed with the lifelike romances of the feminine writers of this favoured age.

"I am going into the village to buy some floss silk," said Virgie, blushing, as she nearly always did when spoken to.

"All right, my darlin'," said Solomon, patting her cheek with his big brown fingers as she came down the steps. "Don't walk too fast. It's a roaster to-day. Time, missis."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SMALL FARMS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Some Instructive Facts Brought Out at a Recent Meeting of the Labourers' League.

At the recent meeting of the Rural Labourers' League in London, England, some instructive facts were elucidated. Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., who has devoted his life to improving the condition of the working classes, and more especially of that of the agricultural labourers, is the president of the League. The Marquis of Lansdowne—a member of the Cabinet—presided, and there were many M.P.'s and other persons of note present. He explained that the object of the League is to establish a close connection between the labourers and the land, with respect to renting or owning it. It appears that the total number of persons in England and Scotland holding allotments of a quarter of an acre or more exceeds 200,000. This means apart from the dwelling and its appurtenant land. The general opinion in rural districts appears to be that if a man follows some steady avocation he cannot do justice to more than one-quarter of an acre of land in his spare time; but that this, if properly utilized results in a notable addition to the modest incomes of farm laborers, besides keeping them out of possible mischief.

There has been a great discussion upon the subject of small farms, with the result that the leading authorities agree that

IN CERTAIN LOCALITIES,

in some branches of farming, and also in market-gardening, it pays; but that in other cases large farms are the best. There is no hard-and-fast rule. The County Councils have the legal power to buy land where landlords are willing to sell, and then either to resell the same in lesser lots or to let it in small holdings. One great difficulty in the latter case is the cost of putting up extra farm buildings; this is the stumbling block with great landowners anxious to benefit workingmen, for after going to that cost—if things go wrong—their outlay may be wasted. The Marquis, as a member of the Cabinet, spoke guardedly, but his reference to the Government advances to Irish tenants to enable them to purchase their farms—a scheme inaugurated by the Conservatives—evidently points to the likelihood that some endeavour will be made in a similar direction for the benefit of English tenants and farm laborers. The main difficulty [illegible] Great Britain is concerned is that in England there is no unavowed organization—as in Ireland—to practically prevent the land-owner from selling at the full value. In law-abiding England rented land will fetch 25 years' purchase, but in Ireland—owing to insecurity—only 17 years, and practically Government is the only buyer. But, the first Home Rule leader, before the era of lawlessness, estimated Irish land at 22½ years' purchase; so since his valuation it has diminished one-fourth in number of years, and also about one-fourth in actual rent. If Home Rule had been granted both would have fallen still further. But in exceptional cases—with small holdings in England—the Government could safely imitate what has been

DONE IN IRELAND.

The Marquis pointed out that since 1881 £10,000,000 has been advanced to the Irish farmers to enable them to buy their farms, and that the total arrears only amount to £7,000. The following instance illustrates what can be done: In 1888 Sir Robert Edgcumbe bought a farm of 343 acres in Dorsetshire for £5,050. He then outlaid an additional sum of £1,092 in improvements, making the total outlay £6,142. He cut it up into twenty-five holdings, ranging in size from two to thirty-three acres, and offered them for sale, the purchasers to pay one-tenth down in cash, and the balance with interest by nine instalments. To the general surprise all the lots were immediately purchased, eight of the buyers being agricultural labourers; and now out of the £6,142 there is only a balance of £500 owing. Under the old state of things there were—including the farmer—only four families employed on the farm; evidently originally it was mainly pasturage; now there are twenty-five families, and the letting value has almost doubled. This shows that there are vast possibilities for agriculture in England. Bearing in mind that on the average of years its soil produces about one-third more per acre than is the case in France or the rest of continental Europe, and that the farmers have the best market in the world, there is no reason for despair.

Variety in Diet.

A number of facts conspire to throw a somewhat new light on questions of dietetics, or at least to show that these problems are more complex than they have been by some supposed. It has been usual to speak of a "mixed diet," meaning thereby one composed in part of animal and in part of vegetable food, one containing proteids, fats, and carbohydrates, approximately in such proportions as they are required by the organism; but when we see the effect upon disease produced by very small quantities of certain selected portions of animals commonly used as food, such as thyroid gland, suprarenal gland, and bone marrow, the suspicion arises that these are but the more pronounced expressions of a wide-spread principle, and that such marked differences in therapeutic effect between certain organs may be associated with similar differences in nutritional value between the various portions and kinds of meat which we consume. We may surmise, too, that the modes of preparation may have a considerable influence, and that while good cooking may be, as it should be, a preparation for and an aid to digestion, certain processes in cooking may do much more harm to the nutritional value of our food than is explained by the mere change in its physical properties, "the hardness, toughness, etc., which they produce. The destruction of the anti-scorbutic properties of milk by condensing, overcooking, and sterilization is a case in point, and we commend to the British farmer the interesting question whether and how far the prolonged freezing of meat may interfere with its finer nutritional value. Healthy men, who have a great reserve of digestive power, can derive nutriment from almost any food, but for people of feebler frame a mixed diet must mean one in which variety of substance exists of whose differences inter se we as yet know nothing. The healthy man, by taking plenty, finds among it what he wants, but until we know much more than we do of the value of different foods and different modes of cooking, we must at least afford variety to our invalids, and protect them from a monotony in diet which may perchance be debarring them from the one thing needful for their nutrition.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

Connecticut's peach crop this year is estimated at something more than 50,000 baskets.

The blueberry crop in Maine is phenomenally large this year. Michigan, too, has a big crop.

The authorities of Elizabeth, N. J., are arresting people who have neglected to pay their personal taxes.

The weather this summer on the Maine coast in the vicinity of Portland has been the foggiest in nine years.

A fisherman at Clinton, Mo., last week caught a 13-foot water moccasin snake on a hook baited with a frog.

Large quantities of American carriage wood stock are exported annually, and the trade is steadily increasing.

In the opinion of Andrew Lang, Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, the Shakespearean scholar, is the greatest American.

Pauline Randall, 17 years old, of Chicago, who took poison to frighten a friend, died from the effects of the drug.

Brother Reginald, a Trappist monk and principal of the Gethsamane College in Kentucky, has been appointed a colonel on Gov. Brown's staff.

Ex-Senator Conger, of Michigan, who fifteen years ago was one of the leaders of the Republican party, is now a poor man, living in Washington.

During the thirty years Ainsworth R. Spofford has been librarian of Congress, the number of books in his charge has increased from 70,000 to 700,000.

The two newest and oldest converts to bicycling in Maine are a 75-year-old citizen of Topsham and another gentleman of about the same age in Brunswick.

Mrs. Wentworth, a Philadelphia widow, surprised her friends by decorating her bicycle with crape [illegible] she went cycling a few days after the death of her husband.

An odd monument, in the shape of a Roxbury pudding stone, weighing 13,000 pounds, has just been placed over the grave of Samuel Jones, at Kennebunkport, Maine.

A lineal descendant of the famous Scottish chieftain, Rob Roy MacGregor, lives in Washington. His house contains many relics of the great warrior whose name he bears.

A bust of Charles Summer, made by the coloured woman sculptor, Elmondia Lewis, will be one of the attractive exhibits of the Negro Building at the Atlantic Exposition.

D. W. Stevens, the American secretary of the Japanese legation at Washington is a baseball crank, and has persuaded the Japanese Minister to accompany him to several ball games.

Dr. Paul Pasquin, of St Louis, discoverer of the consumptive serum, is breeding guinea pigs on which to experiment the demand, having exhausted the supply in that city.

Rev. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., has been pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in that city for fifty years. His congregation includes grandchildren of former members of his flock.

Five years ago if swordfishmen got five of the fish on a cruise they thought they had done well. The other day a boat came into Hartford which had 63 on board, ranging in weight from 250 to 500 pounds.

The peanut crop is likely to be a little short this year. Tennessee will probably produce an average crop, but in both Virginia and North Carolina the acreage in peanuts is ten to fifteen per cent. less than last year.

A claimant for the honour of being the youngest grandmother in America is Mrs. John W. Pierce, of Boston, whose age is twenty-eight. She was married at the age of fourteen years, and her daughter became a wife when only twelve years old.

From Chicago comes the announcement of the formation of a company, with a capital of no less than $150,000,000, for the purpose of floating an electric motor, which, it is claimed, will send a steamship across the Atlantic at a cost of only $200.

A wounded sea lion on the beach at Bear Harbour, Cal., which a hunter had shot and then lassoed, dragged the hunter and his horse into the surf, and got the rope so entangled about the horse that the hunter had to abandon his animal and swim for his life.

Croquet is rather an old-fashioned game now, and to a great extent out of fashion in the East. In some Western States it is still very popular, notably in Michigan. Connecticut clings to the game more, perhaps than any other eastern region, and Norwich is the centre of the sport.

The Pemaquid, Me., Messenger celebrated its tenth anniversary in a novel way last week. Instead of getting out a "monster" special edition it suspended publication for two weeks, "in order to allow everyone connected with the paper to celebrate the event by taking a vacation."

The Big Muddy, as the Missouri was called by the Indians, justified its name the other day when it was filled with what was graphically described as "fifty miles of dead fishes," which it is supposed were washed out of the smaller streams by the floods and were unable to live in the soup-like waters of the Missouri.

While walking across lots near Sebree, Ky., a few days ago, a man named Walker struck his foot against something sticking out of the ground, which he found to be an old ramrod. He suspected that it might mark a treasure, buried perhaps in war times, and began digging. At a depth of six feet he found a jug which contained almost $500 in gold coins.

A number of bright college girls of Hillsdale, Mich., are earning money this summer to pay for next winter's tuition by serving as waitresses in a summer hotel at Little Traverse Bay. A few days ago they all went on strike because beefsteak was cut out of their breakfast bill of fare. It only took the landlord one day to realize their value, when he capitulated, and offered them the best the house afforded at every meal.

A new process for the preservation of green fruit during railway transit has been invented by a Californian. It consists in sterilizing the air in the car containing the fruit, and is said to be more economical than the present refrigerating system, and much more successful. Ordinary cars can be fitted with the apparatus for the process at small expense, while the expense of the process itself is said to be comparatively nothing compared with the refrigerating process.

AGRICULTURAL

Clover Sowing in the Fall.

Fall sowing of clover should be practised, says the American Agriculturist, where spring seeding failed, otherwise the crop rotation will be thrown out of joint, the supply of hay and pasture out short next year, and soil fertility may be lost through leaving the ground bare. If the work is well done at the proper time a good catch of clover and grass seed may be secured. (1) Burn the stubble to destroy all rubbish that would interfere with the perfect preparation of the seed bed. (2) Harrow repeatedly, with a disk or spading harrow, until the soil is thoroughly loosened to the depth of two or three inches. (3) Pulverize the soil very finely with a fine tooth harrow. (4) As soon as the soil becomes thoroughly moistened, sow the clover seed, harrow in lightly, and heavily roll the ground. The timothy or other grass seed may be sown at the same time or later. Of course, the soil must be rich to obtain a permanently good stand.

Feeding for Butter.

The question whether or not the quality of milk is influenced by the food fed the cows, has again been renewed by some dairymen, or rather milk peddlers, who claim that they are not at all responsible for the poor quality of milk, as it is in exactly the same condition as when taken from the cow. If a cow gives poor, watery milk, as is often claimed, she should be turned over to the butcher at the earliest moment possible, and the excuse should not be a valid one nor accepted by authorities who look after the milk supply of cities. Upon the question of the food supply, Prof. Freer Thronger commits himself as follows: "The results of numerous experiments, accurately carried out, seem to lead to the conclusion that the richness or poorness of milk is a characteristic of the individual, and has nothing whatever to do with the food, and that, however you feed a cow, provided, of course, all the rations are liberal in quantity and healthy, the usual result is uniformity of quality. If a cow naturally gives a milk that is of poor quality [illegible] in butter-fat, the best and [illegible] feeding [illegible] cannot improve her position."

A well-known writer [illegible] this statement and says: "I have looked with curiosity and interest for the evidence in support of this opinion, because it seemed to upset all my preconceived notions as to the effects of food on milk, and it must have come as a shock to those who fondly believed they were 'feeding for butter,' as the saying goes. We have often been given formulas for feeding stock—rations for butter, for milk, for meat—and it has seemed one of the fundamental principles of the dairyman's creed that he could get out of a cow what he put into her, or in other words, that he would find in the pail what he laid out in extra food for the cow." Failing any further note on the subject, I have looked up the question for myself, and, as a result, am surprised at the confusion that appears to exist on the point. From time to time we hear of cows that give milk already watered, i. e., below the very low standard of fat and solids that the analyst has decided milk ought to contain to warrant its being pure. In the police courts, when people have been summoned for selling milk deprived of a proportion of its cream, or containing a percentage of added water, it has been pleaded that the milk was the genuine product of the cow and sold just as she yielded up to the milker. In fact, this is a common plea. Sometimes it does not work, but at others the cow has been accepted as a final court of appeal, and milk has been drawn, analyzed, and found to be of much the same poor quality as that forming the subject of the charge.

Generally this poor quality is attributed to the keep. In 1893 several cases of this kind occurred. They were put down to the drought, to the shortness of water, or to the scantiness of succulence in the herbage. These are points that one would expect to influence quantity rather than quality; especially when we find that in some dairies, where milk is produced especially for sale as milk, large quantities of brewer's grain and similar succulent materials are deliberately given with a view to increasing the quantity of the yield. Milk being milk if it comes up to the low standard fixed, quality is of no particular importance. Similarly it has been proposed to give dairy cows large quantities of salt to make them thirsty and cause them to drink freely, the idea being to water the milk through the cow so as to avoid pouring into the bucket. According to Dr. Voelcker, feeding does influence quality. He would not have sold as milk any product of the cow because it came straight from her udder, but says that it should be the normal healthy secretion of the mammary glands of a properly-fed cow. He would not accept "drawn from the cow" as a test of purity, and says, if we have a man feeding cows on nothing but straw and roots, giving no cake, no meal, etc., we shall get milk that, in his opinion, is of a quality that should not be supplied to the public. This looks as though Dr. Voelcker believed that feeding influences quality, and is more in accordance with the old-world notion that we can feed for butter, i. e., for richness of milk, that is the opinion that the best and most abundant feeding in the world will not improve the composition of milk of a cow with a natural tendency to produce milk low in butter fat. On the other hand, it is difficult to square these notions of feeding affecting quality with what experience has taught us about the characteristics of breeds. We find Dutch cows giving a larger quantity of milk, generally of low quality; and we find Channel Island cattle representing characteristics quite the reverse—taking, not the gross yield, but the percentage of fat. In considering the relative merits of dairy cows, we class them as milk, butter, and cheese cows—Shorthorns, Jerseys, Aryshires, etc., and if breeds have an influence on quality, why not individuals? It is certainly difficult to throw overboard these cherished notions that by feeding well we can influence quality, and instead, connect it mainly with the individuality of the cow. That careful observer, Mr. Spair, of Newton, has also emphatically declared that his experience quite controverts the old idea that the richness of milk is in any way dependent upon the richness of the food, and although we may water the milk through the cow, it seems that the analogy between this means of increasing the quantity and increasing the quality of the product does not hold good. We have often been assured that cod liver oil fed to cows is capable of increasing the fat of the milk. I have thought so myself. Similarly cake and other foods rich in fat have been vaunted as butter-producing foods. Some time ago a dairyman declared that by feeding two pounds of pure tallow per day, he could secure a gain of butter fat ranging from 30 to 90 per cent. on the week. Professor Wing has knocked this on the head, and after a ten weeks' trial of the tallow ration, says, "There has been no increase in the fat in the milk of feeding tallow to the cows, in addition to a liberal grain ration."

THE PRINCE GEORGE.

Description of the Latest Cruiser in the British Fleet.

A London cable says:—The first class cruiser Prince George was launched recently at Portsmouth. As announced the christening ceremony was performed by the Duchess of York, and naturally the proceedings were watched by an enormous concourse of people. The usual service having been read by the dockyard chaplain, the Rev. T. E. Morton, Her Royal Highness broke a bottle of champagne over the vessel and a cord having been severed the cruiser glided gracefully off the slips into the water, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators.

The Duchess said: "I name this ship the Prince George and wish success to all who sail in her."

Afterward Her Royal Highness was presented with an oak casket containing the mallet and chisel used in cutting the rope. She wore a lovely dress of green velvet, veiled with cream muslin and brocaded with tiny rosebuds. Her Royal Highness was presented with a bouquet by Miss Yates, daughter of the chief constructor of the yard. After the ceremony the Duke and Duchess drove to Admiralty house for luncheon.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL.

The principal dimensions of the Prince George are as follows:—Length between perpendiculars, 370 feet; breadth, extreme, 75 feet; mean draught of water, 27 feet 6 inches; displacement when fully equipped, about 15,000 tons. The vessel will be fitted with [illegible] screws, each of which will be driven by an independent set of engines, of the three vertical cylinders, and of [illegible] horse power giving a total horse power of 12,000 for both sets of engines, with a working pressure in the boilers of 150 pounds per square inch. The amount of coal usually carried is 900 tons, but the Prince George has a total stowage of 2,220 tons.

The disposition of her protective armor is similar to that of the Majestic, the arrangements combining the advantages of the turtle back deck of the cruisers with those of the citadel armor of former battle ships. The ship will be fitted with two masts, with two fighting tops on each. Each top will carry three 3-pounder quick firing guns, and each mast will carry on a platform at its head a powerful electric light for signalling and searching purposes.

The Prince George will be fitted with two new 12-inch breech-loading steel and wire guns, fitted in pairs, in two armored redoubts, one at each end of the ship, and be mounted on revolving turntables; the whole will be worked either by hydraulic or hand power, and will be protected by an armor shield 10 inches thick, as in the Majestic, an advantage not possessed by previous battle ships of this size. The vessel will also carry 12 six-inch quick-firing guns, mounted in casemates, protected by six-inch Harvey armor, eight of which are on the main deck and four on the upper deck.

Sixteen 12-pounder quick firing guns will be also mounted on the main and upper decks, and the vessel's armament will be completed by the twelve 3-pounder quick firing guns in the military tops, by two 12-pounder boat and field guns, and by eight 45-inch Maxim guns, mounted in suitable positions. Twenty-two torpedos will be carried, which can be fired from four submerged tubes, two forward and two aft, and one above water tube at the stern. Six search light projectors, worked by three dynamos, each of 600 amperes, will also be carried.

Falling Leaves.

The brown leaves of autumn are falling.
The winds are restless in dismal cheer;
The voice of King Winter is calling—
Proclaiming death to the worn out year.
I listen to sad and dying sound,
Of brown leaves turning and falling down.

The voice of fall in silence is hushed,
As the winds stirs the locks of the sage;
While spring and summertime hopes are crushed
With growing weight of the year's old age.
Dead leaves are scattered o'er the ground,
While others are falling gently down.

They grow so carefree on limbs so high,
And kissed the sweet breath of night and morn;
A picture grand, against the blue sky.
Now the forest of verdure is shorn
And graves for the leaves are being found,
As, quitting their home, they flutter down.

The green leaves of spring, the brown in fall,
Are emblems of hope in human life.
We journey on at the Master's call,
Leaving behind us the world's mad strife.
Thus life like leaves and seasons, goes round,
While fears and hopes keep fluttering down.

Hopes of springtime are dying and dead,
Unfinished work is kissed with a sigh,
A stalk of marigold bows its head,
As the shapely leaves turn brown and die;
And still I listen to dying sound
Of brown leaves turning and falling down.

Eternity.

Because the rose must fade,
Shall I not love the rose?
Because the summer shade
Passes when winter blows,
Shall I not rest me there
In the cool air?

Because the sunset sky
Makes music in my soul,
Only to fall and die,
Shall I not take the whole
Of beauty that it gives
While yet it lives?

Because the sweet of youth
Doth vanish all too soon,
Shall I forget, forsooth,
To learn its lingering tune—
My joy to memorize
In those young eyes?

If like the summer flower
That blooms,—a fragrant death—
Keen music hath no power
To live beyond its breath
Then of this flood of song
Let me drink long!

Ah, yes, because the rose
Fades, and the summer skies
Darken, and winter blows
All bare, and music dies—
Therefore, now is to me
Eternity!

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

How To Be a Good Guest.

Do not stay too long. It is much to break into the life of any family, even for a few days. Pay no attention to urgings to stay longer, however sincere they seem. Set a time to go when you arrive, and stick to it.

Conform absolutely to the household arrangements, especially as to time of rising, going to meals, and retiring. Be ready in ample time for all drives or other excursions.

Carry with you all needed toilet supplies that you may not be obliged to mortify your host by pointing out possible deficiencies in the guest-room, such as a clothes-brush—the article most commonly lacking.

It is almost always wise in the middle of your visit to go off somewhere by yourself for a day, to rest your entertainers.

Enter heartily into all their plans for entertaining you, but make it plain that you do not care to be entertained all the time, or to have every minute filled with amusement.

Be ready to suggest little plans for pleasure when you see your host at a loss to entertain you. Try how well you can entertain, for a change. Turn about is fair play in visiting, as well as in everything else.

Be pleased with all things. If you ever were brisk and sprightly, be so now. Your high spirits and evident enjoyment are the only thanks your host wants.

Take some work with you, so that when your host has to work you may keep him in countenance by working also. More good times are to be had over work than over play, anyway.

Do not argue, or discuss debatable matters. Few things have a worse taste in the mouth.

Offer to pay the little incidental expenses that will be caused now and then by your visit; but merely offer,—do not insist upon it, which would be very rude.

Take special pains to do credit to your host among his friends. Remember that he is judged largely by you.

In fine, to sum up all possible precepts, observe the Golden Rule, and you will be a golden guest, and many and hearty will be your invitations.

Two Favorite Pickles.

Pickled Walnuts.—The walnuts must be gathered when they can be pierced with a pin. When the shell can be felt, they have ceased to be in a proper state for pickling. Steep them in a strong brine for 12 days, changing the brine every three days. Take them out, and expose to the air until they turn black, which may be two days, often less. Make a pickle, using to every hundred nuts about ½ gallon of vinegar, 2 oz black pepper, 3 oz bruised ginger, 1 dram of mace, ¼ oz cloves, 4 oz mustard seeds and 2 oz eschalots or garlic. Boil the vinegar and spices for about 4 minutes, and pour boiling hot over the walnuts. When quite cold, place in small jars and seal. Most pickle vinegar, when the vegetables are used, may be utilized again, walnut pickle in particular. Boil it up with a few eschalots chopped fine. Let it stand until clear, then pour off and bottle. It is an excellent sauce for hashes, fish, or stews, and nice for flavoring soups or salads.

Chowchow.—Use in the following proportions: One dozen small cucumbers, 2 heads of cauliflower, ½ peck of string beans, ½ peck green tomatoes, 6 green peppers, 1 quart of very small white onions, 1 pint nasturtiums, 2 gallons vinegar, ¼ lb ground mustard, ½ lb mustard seed, ½ oz ground cloves, 1 oz allspice and two oz of turmeric. Peel the onions, remove the strings from beans, break the cauliflower into flakes; if the tomatoes are large cut in quarters. Sprinkle all the vegetables with salt, let stand for 24 hours and drain. Mix the spices and mustard into a paste with some of the vinegar; put the remainder of vinegar over the fire. When boiling stir in the spices, and when it has boiled up once, the vegetables. Let them cook about twenty minutes, until they look yellow and are tender. Place in jars and seal.

Household Hints.

Apple sauce should always be eaten with roast pork, sausages, goose and all rich dishes, for the malic acid neutralizes any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat.

Eggs can be prepared in so many ways that they are possible few-minute dishes, but so easily and commonly served most people tire of them, therefore they should not be served on consecutive days unless one has the digestion and appetite of an ostrich.

Nearly every woman is troubled by apple pies "boiling over." This can be remedied by sprinkling more than half the sugar to be used on the under crust, then place the sliced apples above it, sprinkling the remainder of the sugar, spice, salt and a bit of butter on the top. By this means the sugar boils up into the apple instead of running out.

A physician makes the suggestion that green corn should be eaten from the cob and not cut off, or if cut off at all, to be cut with a dull knife. If the knife be sharp enough to make a clean cut of the grain it will also cut with it the ligneous substance in which the grain is embedded and this substance is as indigestible as sawdust and is quite as irritating to the lining of the stomach and bowels. In biting the grain from the cob, the woody substance is left on the cob, the teeth pressing the grain from its bed rather than taking a part of the bed with it.

Two cooks, one bad and the other good, can make of the same dishes something quite different, therefore it doesn't follow that because one has only "the same old things" she cannot get up something quite new if she only goes the right way about it. For instance, toast can be, and usually is, served a dried-up, cold slab. It may be, and occasionally is, served so that it is a toothsome morsel. Bread should be at least twenty-four hours old to make good toast, and then it should be sliced freshly and laid on the toaster and have each side seared a bit with the heat before either side is browned; this keeps the inside of the slice fresh and moist and good. Whether the toast is served dry or buttered, the slices should be stood up and not laid down for the escaping steam to spoil the slice above and below it. A toast rack is the only proper thing to serve toast in, but where one is not at hand the slices can be at least stood up in card-tent fashion.

Measures.

A teaspoonful is sixty drops. Three teaspoonfuls make a tablespoonful just half an ounce of liquid measure. Sixteen tablespoonfuls make half a pint liquid measure. A solid tablespoonful of butter is an ounce. Salt, soda and spice are measured level; sugar, butter and flour are measured rounding with all lumps crushed.

A VERY TOUCHING STORY.

FATHER WAS GUILTY, BUT THE DAUGHTER LOVED HIM STILL.

Fading From Earth, She Prayed to See Her Father, Saw Him, Died, and He Goes Back to Jail—A Sad Death-Bed Scene.

A correspondent at Lockport, N. Y., relates the following sad story:—There was no happier child in the whole world, than was Millicent Arnold just at this time two years ago. It was impossible not to feel cheerful when she was about. She was very pretty, with her big, laughing eyes and rosy cheeks and lips, that would smile whenever there was half a chance. The sun never set in her heart, and the flowers bloomed there winter and summer. The whole town knew her and loved her, and envied her father and mother. She and her father were always together. He was a young man, handsome, popular, rising in politics, successful in business. And when he and little Millicent walked together, as they did almost every evening after business and school were over for the day, they smiled happily at every one they met, and every one smiled happily back at them, especially at the little girl, who was so evidently

PROUD OF HER FATHER.

He was John Jacob Arnold, the county treasurer, and the cashier of the Merchants' National Bank, and his home was one of the most comfortable as well as of the happiest in Lockport. One day in the fall of 1893 they sent for Millicent to come home from school. The bank had closed, an examination of the books of the county was in progress, and her father was in jail. Millicent went to the jail with her mother. It was a horrible shock, and her mother, who knew the truth, had broken down. But little Millicent faced her father with a brave smile.

"I know that you are innocent, father," she said, putting her arms around his neck.

It was not until weeks afterwards, when he had begun to serve his twelve years' sentence, that a child taunted her with her father's disgrace and thus opened her eyes to the truth.

Presently she began to droop. The doctors came and said she was threatened with consumption. The Arnolds had no money to take her away. The pretty home was gone, and even the humblest house was too expensive for them. But even if they had taken her away, it is doubtful if it would have done her any good. Within six months the disease had fastened upon her. Week by week,

SHE WASTED AWAY.

She tried to be cheerful, and she was so grateful to the people of the town who were always coming to see her. And her beauty, instead of growing less, grew greater. By last spring she was so fragile that they were almost afraid to touch her. And one look at her great sad eyes was enough to bring the tears to the eyes of those who called.

Two weeks ago it became certain that her death was only a matter of a few days. The child seemed to know it, and began to ask to see her father. She talked to every one about it, and refused to believe that law could be so cruel as to prevent him from seeing his little girl before she died. It seemed to be so, however, and, although every lawyer in town was interested and was trying to devise some plan by which it could be done, not one of them could think of anything.

Richard Crowley, who had been her father's lawyer, set to work to get the trial of another official of the Merchants' Bank fixed for as early a date as possible. When he had made some progress with this he went before Judge Miller and applied for a writ of habeas corpus for Arnold so that he could testify.

IT WAS A FLIMSY EXCUSE

but the judge, sitting in a court of mercy and not in a court of justice, promptly granted the writ. This was Saturday afternoon. Sunday morning Arnold, in citizen's clothes, started for home.

In the evening he was with his daughter. When the door opened and he came in and caught her in his arms, she threw her arms about his neck and put her cheek against his and gave a long sigh. "I knew he would bring you," she said. Arnold was crying, the keeper was wiping his eyes. The little girl was quite calm.

"Now lay me in the bed, father," she said. "I am so tired. It was so long waiting for you."

She lay there, her face as white as the pillow, her big eyes, bright as they had not been for two years, fixed upon her father. Her tiny hand was nestled in his. She was perfectly quiet, as the hours passed, except that now and then she would give a faint sigh and say "Oh, I am so happy."

When life was so weak in her that she could not speak above a whisper, she murmured that she

WISHED HIM TO PRAY.

When her mother had prayed, her father still holding the little girl's hand as he knelt beside her bed, the child whispered: "And oh, God, you were very, very good to bring me my dear father." The doctor leaned over her presently, because her eyes had shut and her breath was fluttering. "She is dying," he said in a low voice.

Arnold threw himself upon the bed and began to sob. The child opened her eyes and let her long, slender, almost transparent fingers rest upon his cheek. "Good-by, father," she whispered, "I am going. Good-by. I shall see you some day."

Then she died, and the smile that was on her lips then was fastened there by death. Arnold will be permitted to stay here until the funeral is over. He will then in all probability go back to prison, and return when the third trial of J. S. Helmer, president of the bank, comes on. Arnold will testify against him.

A PICTURE OF SIBERIA.

RUSSIA'S GREAT RAILWAY ACROSS THE EMPIRE.

Something About the Passengers, Restaurants, and Stations—Emigration Has Been Very Fast—A Hundred Thousand Colonists Cross the Urals.

The great Siberia railway, properly speaking, begins at Cheliabinsk, nearly 1,400 miles beyond Moscow writes a correspondent. This preliminary journey can be made in three days and four nights, on the whole not uncomfortably, at the exceedingly cheap rate of about thirty-seven and a half rubles, or some twenty dollars, for a first-class ticket. The fare all the way from St. Petersburg is proportionately even cheaper, as the Russian Government a few months ago introduced the system of a rapidly decreasing rate of mileage for long distances. The trip is only moderately interesting. The country passed through is flat, and seems fertile and prosperous. The crowds at the stations are the usual picturesque red-shirted muhiks, with a sprinkling of the original native inhabitants as one goes to the eastward. The Volga is crossed on an iron bridge 1,484 metres long a few hours before the train reaches Samara. What one sees of the passage through the Urals is decidedly pretty, but to a foreigner hardly more, though the Russian, accustomed to level or rolling plains, is moved to much enthusiasm by mountains and valleys.

Cheliabinsk is beyond the mountains, and already in Asia, but not in Siberia, is it lies in the Government of Orenburg.

THE POPULATION,

which is somewhere between fifteen and twenty-five thousand, is rapidly increasing, thanks to the railway, and is likely to continue to do so, as from here a branch line is being built to the Perm-Tiumen road, which crosses the Urals further north. The station, in true Russian fashion, is a good mile and a half from the city, and about it a suburb is quickly growing up. The place itself is in some ways not unlike some of our own western ones of the same size, with its unfinished buildings and general air of untidy newness; but there is less bustle, and the colour is different, for instead of our prevailing white, most of the houses are unpainted and weather-stained, giving a generally dark effect. Very different, too, is the population, with its soldiers and officials in uniform, its peasants (for the lower classes in the Russian towns still are peasants, long bearded, red-shirted), its Tarters and Kirghiz, the latter of whom are apt to live in the surrounding country, from which they come in to market. The streets are broad and shadeless, with the low houses, often of logs, straggling along loosely on either side; and carriages for hire abound, as the distances are considerable, and the Russians are not fond of walking. Besides the churches, most of the chief buildings are public ones, such as official residences, schools, the offices of the railway, etc. The shops are small, but apparently not ill supplied. Here and there one may see the omnipresent bicycle.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN

itself is at present finished and open from Cheliabinsk to Onsk, a distance of 741 versts, or about 500 miles. It takes nearly 48 hours to traverse this, not so much on account of the easy slowness of the train as because at only one station does it stop for less than twenty minutes, while an hour or more is not infrequent. Our train was a very long one and packed, many of the upper-class passengers being on Government service; among them half-a-dozen engineers who were going two or three thousand miles further to work on another section of the road. Besides several baggage-cars, etc., there were three classes for travellers. There were no first-class cars, and the two seconds were borrowed from elsewhere, and so old, bad, and overcrowded were they that, like many of the old unfortunates with second-class tickets, I preferred to ride third. These things were the best I have ever seen, new, built expressly for this line, and capable at night of being turned into sleepers with three tiers of beds, thus insuring each of us a whole one, if it was only a board. The five fourth class cars were like freight cars plus a few windows, and were provided with benches filled with men, women and children, a sturdy cheerful crowd, not at all miserable in appearance, bound for the broad vacant lands in the East. Emigration to Siberia has increased very fast in the last few years. For a long time it was unwisely discouraged by the Government, which made futile efforts to check or limit it. This policy has now been abandoned, and last year well over

A HUNDRED THOUSAND

colonists crossed the Urals, the majority of them by the north to Tomsk. There are various causes for this movement, such as exhaustion of the soil or growth of the population till the lands of the Mir or commune are overcrowded; but perhaps the chief one is the restless, wandering spirit so characteristic of the Russian peasant. The extension of railways must stimulate this emigration.

Such of the stations as were finished were satisfactory brick buildings, with granite water-towers near by, and each with its embryo garden. At each the sight was the same. Knowing that the wait would be a long one, the passengers streamed out for air, exercise, and refreshments. Three times a day we came to a buffet with very tolerable food, and more than ample leisure was allowed for a meal, while at every stopping-place there was a great samovar filled with boiling water from which anyone could fill his precious tea-kettle gratis. A little way off, kept at this respectful distance by the orders of the gendarme who paced the platform, stood a crowd of peasants with wild strawberries, or fish, or vegetables, or kumiss, for sale, and from them the emigrants seemed to get most of their food, which they eked out with much tea. The town or village that the station represented was frequently not in sight, and in no case very close. Instead, there stood nondescript vehicles to carry any possible visitor to it.

AMONG THE LOAFERS

about were good-natured-looking Kirghiz; men of a marked Mongolian type, and clad in sheepskins, with the wool inside. They are largely still in a pastoral state, and own much of the land in this region, to the discontent of the more pushing western intruder.

There are but two towns of any importance along the route—Kurgan and Petropavlovsk—each with some ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants. The whole way lies through a prairie broken by continual patches of woods, or now and then a salt lake. The soil seemed to be a layer of black earth over sand, the degree of fertility varying with the thickness of the layer and its intermixture with sand. It can be fearfully cold here in winter, and must often be equally hot and dusty in summer; but, thanks to cloudy weather and occasional showers, we, at least, had nothing to complain of in this respect. Thus for two days and nights we jogged along until, on the third morning, we saw before us, rolling northward, the great river Irtysh, partly spanned by a fine half-finished railway bridge. By us were some wooden barracks for a temporary station, and in the distance four or five miles off, the roofs and domes of the capital of this region, the city of Omsk.

LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY.

Forty Gallons of Carefully Purified Water Allowed Each Person Daily.

The whole of Greater London, covering an area of about 630 miles, is supplied by these organizations, whose powers and districts are defined by law. The six Thames companies are allowed to draw a maximum supply of 120,000,000 gallons a day; the East London is allowed to take 33,000,000 gallons, and the New River 22,500,000 gallons a day from the Lea: the rest comes from the chalk wells; there is also, however, a supplementary supply drawn by several companies from the gravel beds by the side of the Thames, and in time of flood or drought this natural store is very useful. In March, last year, 180,000,000 gallons of filtered water were required every day for the supply of London, which gave an average of about 33 gallons to each person in the area.

But in March last the consumption had increased so greatly that the daily total was 220,000,000 gallons, or 40 gallons per head. Every drop of the water had been

CAREFULLY PURIFIED,

with the exception of that from the wells. For this purpose, the companies have 114 filter beds, covering 117 1-4 acres. Every company except the Kent has storage reservoirs, in which water is kept in readiness for emergencies. There are storage reservoirs for unfiltered water covering 474 1-2 acres, and holding about 1,280,000,000 gallons, and sixty filtered water reservoirs holding 217,000,000 gallons. That is to say, if every source of supply were cut off, London would have enough water in store for a little more than a week.

The pumping operations represent an enormous expenditure of force. The Southwark Company, for instance, pumps 12,000,000 gallons every day a distance of eighteen miles to Nunhead, with a rise of 215 feet, for distribution thence to the other parts of the district. The pipes, too, are often enormous in size, some of the tunnels being nine feet in diameter. As for the length, there are in all London 5,000 miles of water pipes, on which there are some 27,625 hydrants. It is hard to gain from mere figures an adequate conception of the extent of London's water supply, but the enormous stream of water flows steadily into the houses—over 800,000 of them—day by day, carefully filtered and purified; and the system contrasts curiously with the old New River water carts and Chelsea's wooden pipes.

"Grave Signal."

The chances of being interred alive by mistake while in a state of catalepsy are probably one in 10,000,000, but nevertheless, a man has patented a novel contrivance—the "grave signal." It comprises a tube in addition to an alarm. The tube is fitted with air valves. Upon the slightest revival, it is contended—although no one apparently has tried it six feet under ground—the signal is raised and relief is afforded.

The stage exhibitions work very well, it is said, but undertakers have come forward to oppose the plan. They think the fairest test would be if the inventor would submit to a bona fide burial. The patentee admits that his invention is antagonized by the undertakers, because, as he says, it is destined soon to revolutionize inhumation and check, in a measure embalming.

An American Melnotte.

Mrs. Melnotte—And is this the home you have prepared for me?

Claude—Calm yourself my dear. Your safety and well-being have been my only thought.

Huh! My safety and well-being! How can either be insured by this miserable shanty?

Here, my dear, you need have no fear of burglars.

How Horses Walk On Ice.

Although a rubber horseshoe has been invented for use on icy pavements, nothing satisfactory seems to have been found for horses compelled to travel upon wet asphalt. It is noticeable that horses accustomed to asphalt learn the trick of stepping carefully as men learn to walk with stiffened ankles on ice.

Temptation.

Tom—You don't mean to say that you paid $100 a week board at Fashion Beach this summer? You never earn half that."

Dick—No, but I had the money saved up, you know.

Tom—I wouldn't have spent it that way.

Dick—Yes, you would, if you'd been in my place. Two hundred pretty girls and I the only man there.

A Puzzled Beauty.

Mother (suspiciously)—Didn't I see that young man kissing you as I passed the parlor-door last night?

Pretty Daughter (innocently)—I don't see how you could. Your glasses were on the parlor mantel.

William Likes Cigars.

The Emperor of Germany has a fancy for Havana cigars about seven inches in length. Each is enclosed in a glass tube hermetically sealed, so that the delicate tobacco, remaining in one temperature, never gets out of condition.

Mrs. Lois Eames Wood, of Worcester, Mass., celebrated her 101st birthday last week. She is still active and vigorous.

BIRTHS.

TOOMBS.—At Revelstoke, on Sunday, Dec. 22, the wife of E. Toombs of a son.

LINDMARK.—At Revelstoke, on Tuesday, Dec. 24, the wife of C. Lindmark of a daughter.

Local and Personal Briefs.

The public school here will reopen on Monday, January 6th.

The Misses Gibbon, of Port Moody, are visiting friends in town.

J. M. Kellie, M.P.P., has gone to Victoria and will not return until after the session of the Legislature.

Miss Adair arrived from New Denver Wednesday and is spending the Christmas holidays at her home here.

W. Tomlinson, manager of Bourne Bros. New Denver branch, was in town for a few days last week on a business trip.

Miss Livingstone, of New Denver, is spending her Christmas vacation in town. She is the guest of Mrs. C. H. Temple.

Wm. Vickers, Pete Walker, Dave Ferguson and Dave Cowan, denizens of Trout Lake, are spending their Christmas in town.

Fred Allen has postponed his visit to England and has taken the contract for carrying the Trout Lake mail. He left on his first trip last Monday.

The roof of the new skating rink, which was demolished by the weight of snow last week, has been repaired and the proprietor has everything in readiness for the advent of the ice king who seems somewhat tardy in making his appearance.

A. McRastie, who has been opening here since his arrival from Honolulu, a few weeks ago, started for his home, at Ottawa, Ont., yesterday morning. Mr. McRastie will come west again next spring and intends to again visit Honolulu as he anticipates a great revival in all branches of trade there in the near future.

The owners of teams who showed enough public spirit to break a double track on our streets and keep it open during the past two weeks deserve commendation for their good work. It is an innovation which will be appreciated by pedestrians who, during past winters, have been compelled to wade through snow several feet deep every time they had occasion to pass a team on the streets.

Christmas, as a season of big dinners and good cheer generally was duly observed at the various hotels in town. The proprietors of the Central, Stockholm and Victoria hotels each made special provision for the festive occasion and there was no scarcity of guests to partake of their hospitality. The decorations of the dining hall at the Victoria were particularly elaborate.

The Masquerade.

The worshipers of Terpsichore, who were also subjects of King Carnival, held undisputed sway at Bourne's Hall last night, when the much-talked-of masquerade ball eventuated. The Muse of the dance had no reason to complain of the number or assiduity of her devotees and Carnival never ruled over a merrier crowd of merry-makers. The costumes were varied and included a wide range of characters, historical and otherwise—from the king to the clown. Most of them were pretty, some of them grotesque, and a few unique; while the incongruousness displayed in an odd one here and there showed that the wearer had only a very slight acquaintance with the character assumed. Amongst the unique characters probably the most noticeable were the "Two little girls in blue." Their makeup was beyond reproach, as was their deportment, except for a slight tendency to boidenishness at times. The "Algerian dancing girl" was another well made up character. "Rosalind's" costume probably surpassed all the others in elegance but was marred by inaccuracy in design. The get-up of "Charles II" was very good, save for the hair, which was decidedly too short. "Hamlet" was decidedly off color in a white blouse. "The child of the Regiment" made a pretty figure in her scarlet tunic. "Airy Fairy Lillian" was a noticeable figure, and in her own sphere "Topsy" had no equal. Amongst the grotesque, Sir Somebody Something-or-other, with the unpronounceable name was unrivaled.

The following ladies and gentlemen were noticed amongst the throng of masqueraders: O H Johnsen, Nana Sahib; C E Shaw, Charles II; A Cummins, Cosmopolitan; W Lawrence, 5th Century Monk; Miss Walker, evening dress; Mrs Sibbald, Lady Teetzel; H Hanbury, Sailor; H M Martin, Up-to-date; Miss B Gibbon, Topsy; Mrs H J Bourne, Airy Fairy Lillian; J Kendall, Clown; I T Brewster, Page; Miss May Adair, Sister of Charity; Miss Temple, Child of the Regiment; H J Bourne, Sir Jamolkee Jeejhebhoi; W Morton, Russian Peasant; Miss M Adair, Flower Girl; Mrs Temple, Sunflower; T Duggan, Flying Dutchman; W Thompson, Page; Miss G Hamilton, School Girl; Mrs H A Brown, Midsummer Roses; Mrs Northey, Queen of Diamonds; Burt Campbell, Grecian Peasant; Bert Temple, Chimney Sweep; Mrs Coursier, Algerian Dancing Girl; Guy Barber, Royal Engineer; Miss Toombs, Negress; F Syder, Hamlet; Miss McLean, Kathleen Mavourneen; Miss Edwards, Rosalind; Alfred Cluse, Uncle Sam; J Foster, French Count; J Shaw, Jack the Piper; Mrs C E Shaw, Swedish Peasant; Mrs G Burton, May Queen; Miss Coleman, Black Diamond; Mrs W F Crage, Kate Greenaway; Miss Hopgood, Little Girl; Miss T Campbell, Salvation Army Lassie; Miss Livingstone, Poudre; W F Crage and F G Cotton, Two Little Girls in Blue; Jas Reighley, Trapper.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the Revelstoke Orchestra and proved very acceptable.

The ball of last night was a fitting finale for the first series of the social assemblies, organized by Mr. R. Gordon, which have proved such a success during the past three months. Mr. Gordon proposes to hold one more assembly, next Friday evening, when the members will decide whether another series will be commenced.

Church Services To-morrow.

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

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

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

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PROVINCIAL SERETARY'S OFFICE.

6th December, 1895.

THE following definition of the Trout Lake and Ainsworth Mining Divisions of the West Kootenay District is substituted for the description of the said divisions published in the British Columbia Gazette of the 15th March, 1894:—

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

3. TROUT LAKE MINING DIVISION.—Commencing at a point on the eastern boundary of West Kootenay District; thence west along the southern boundary of the Illecillewaet Mining Division to the eastern boundary of the Lardeau Mining Division; thence southerly along the eastern boundary of the Lardeau Mining Division to its junction with the Slocan Division; thence easterly along the northern boundary of the Ainsworth Mining Division to the Lardeau River; thence northeasterly to the eastern boundary of West Kootenay District (crossing the Duncan River at a point to include the southern water-sheds of the Cameron or Hall Creek, and East Creek); thence following the eastern boundary of West Kootenay District to the point of commencement.

8. AINSWORTH MINING DIVISION.—To include all the country on the rivers, streams and tributaries thereof flowing into Kootenay Lake north of Goat River Mining Division, except those portions of the Lardeau and Duncan Rivers included in the Trout Lake Mining Division.

By Command.
JAMES BAKER,
36-2t *Provincial Secretary.*

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[L.S.] E. DEWDNEY.
CANADA.
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VICTORIA, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, QUEEN, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.

To Our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of Our Province of British Columbia at Our City of Victoria—GREETING:

A PROCLAMATION.

D. M. EBERTS, *Attorney-General.* } WHEREAS We are desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet Our people of Our Province of British Columbia, and to have their advice in Our Legislature:

NOW KNOW YE, that for divers causes and considerations, and, taking into consideration the ease and convenience of Our loving subjects, We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Executive Council of the Province of British Columbia, to hereby convoke, and by these presents enjoin you, and each of you, that on Thursday, the Twenty-third day of the month of January, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, you meet Us in Our said Legislature or Parliament of Our said Province, at Our City of Victoria, FOR THE DISPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, by the Common Council of Our said Province may, by the favour of God, be ordained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of the said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable EDGAR DEWDNEY, Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this fifth day of December, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, and in the fifty-ninth year of Our Reign.

By Command.
JAMES BAKER,
35-4t Provincial Secretary.

Administrator's Notice.

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

In the matter of Pearl Henderson, otherwise known as Marie Nierman, and,

In the matter of the Official Administrator's Act; dated the Fourteenth day of November, 1895:

UPON READING the affidavits of Joseph Dee Graham and Peter Rasmus Peterson, it is ordered that James Ferguson Armstrong, Official Administrator for the County Court, District of Kootenay, shall be administrator of all and singular the goods, chattels, and credits of Pearl Henderson, otherwise known as Marie Nierman, deceased, and that this order be published in the KOOTENAY MAIL newspaper, for the period of sixty days.

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

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

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

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Official Administrator.

Application for Liquor License.

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

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

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. 76840, 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 thirteenth day of September, 1895.

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. 56,111, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this seventeenth day of September, 1895.

H. ABBOTT.

DON'T DO IT!

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

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GILKER & WELLS.

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.
REVELSTOKE DIVISION.

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

J. D. GRAHAM,
Gold Commissioner.
Revelstoke, Nov. 9, 1895. 31-5t

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