

RESOURCES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A WILLING WITNESS.—"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney. "Never known him sick," replied the witness. "No levity," said the lawyer, sternly. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?" "Took many a drink with him at the bar." "Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?" "From two feet up to five feet ten inches." "Will the court make the—?" "I have Judge," said the witness, anticipating the lawyer. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten." "Your honour—" "It's a fact, Judge, I'm under oath," persisted the witness. The lawyer rose, placed his hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table and said, "Will you tell the court what you know about this case?" "That ain't his name," replied the witness. "What ain't his name?" "Case." "Who said it was?" "You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case. His name's Smith." "Your honour," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?" "Witness," said the Judge, "you must answer the questions put to you." "Land o' Goshen, Judge, hain't I been doin' it? Let him fire away. I'm all ready." "Then," said the lawyer, don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?" "Never!" promptly responded the prisoner. "What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?" "No, sir, I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends. he's an old-time Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him." "Stand down," yelled the lawyer, in disgust. "Hey?" "Stand down." Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up. "Sheriff remove the man from the box." Witness retires, muttering, "Well if he ain't the thick headeddest lawyer I ever laid eyes on."

It was in a Minnesota log-cabin that I first learned a lesson, which has been of service to me more than once, when time was scarce.

I was slowly and laboriously picking some prairie chickens, which were to be cooked for dinner, when a man came in who knew more of border life and its necessities than I did.

"Let me show you how to do that," he said, coming over and taking a chair beside me. He cut the skin over the breast bone, and in an instant stripped it off, taking all the feathers with it of course. I drew a long breath of relief, and I have had occasion to thank him since. A chicken can be skinned and so prepared for cooking in a few moments, and if it is to be cut in pieces and fried or stewed, it is just as good a way as the other. I am tempted to give this hint to any over-worked woman, because a friend who was with me on a washing day thought it such a bright idea, and one she had never heard of before.

The process will not do for a fowl to be roasted or boiled whole, but is worth trying under the circumstances mentioned above. *Rapid Press.*

The bread now baked at Naples is of precisely the same shape as the loaves found at Pompeii that were put in the oven 2,000 years ago.

ELECTRICITY IN FRUIT GROWING.—The efforts of fruit growers to guard against danger from frost may be greatly assisted by a device lately suggested by the French scientist, M. Lestelle. A thermometer, placed in a battery circuit, is so arranged as to close the circuit when the external temperature approaches the point of danger. A commutator, moved by clockwork, transmits the current of a small Ruhmkorff coil into a series of circuits. An ingenious lighter carries a match, which is kindled by the induced current, and a fuse of gun-cotton, which lights several fires almost at the same instant. These fires are provided with materials which produce clouds of smoke and ward off the frost.

SALT AND LIME.—The addition of salt to lime while slaking, which is then properly thinned with skim-milk from which all the cream has been taken makes, it is said, a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving wood and for all farm purposes.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE can be made by soaking plaster of Paris in a solution of alum; bake it in an oven and then grind it to a powder. In using, mix it with water, and to produce the clouds and veins stir in any dry color you wish. This will become very hard and susceptible of a high polish.

HE DIDN'T LOOK IT.—*Vanity Fair* says at the wedding of the Marquis of Stafford only those tickets were admitted. The Marquis was married in a kind of shooting suit, with a cutaway coat. Bumble: "Have you got a ticket?" Spooner: "A ticket! No. Er. What should I want with a ticket?" Bumble: "Then you can't come in." Spooner: "Not come in. But I'm the bridegroom!"

REGULAR HABITS.—"For ten years," said the new boarder at an American boarding-house, "my habits were as regular as clock work. I rose on the stroke of six; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; seven I was at work, dined at twelve, ate supper at six, and was in bed at nine-thirty; ate only heart food, and hadn't a sick day in all that time." "De me?" said the deacon, in sympathetic tones. "At what were you in for?" An awful silence ensued.

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