

VICTORIANS IN KOOTENAY.

Arrival of the Party at Nakusp—Interesting Experiences—Visits to Different Mines.

Sunrise Seen at an Altitude of Eight Thousand Feet—Warmly Welcomed Everywhere.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NAKUSP, B. C., Sept. 18.—The party arrived this evening homeward bound after a most enjoyable trip. Eight of the excursionists spent two days in the saddle visiting the mines, leaving Seventeen-Mile House on Monday and going up to Jackson Basin. Heavy rain made the trip somewhat unpleasant, but the novelty of travelling on a steep mountain trail and the hospitality everywhere met the trip one never to be forgotten. The party followed the route of your correspondent, some weeks ago, calling at the Northern Bell, in Jackson Basin, crossing the divide at eight thousand feet high and coming down the Noble Five mountain. On Monday night the party divided, half stopping at the Noble Five mine and the rest at the Deadman mine. On Tuesday the party visited several mines, receiving the greatest of courtesies. They rode down the mountain to Sandon and visited the famous Sloan Star in the afternoon, arriving at Three Forks in the evening. There they met the party that came by stage from Seventeen-Mile House. A special train conveyed the party to New Denver. On Wednesday they inspected ores from the Sloan Star district and took an excursion down Sloan lake and caught the train at Roseburg for Nakusp. They may be expected home on Friday evening.

THE EXCURSION TO KOOTENAY.

(From the Nelson Tribune.)

The banquet given the visiting members of the British Columbia Board of Trade at the Pheasant hotel on Friday night was an event that marks the beginning of a new order of business activity in Kootenay; may result in transferring large business and homes from old trade centres to new ones; may result in influencing Canadian capital to embark in mining ventures and may result in substituting gold and silver for paper as money. At the banquet were some of the brightest business men of Canada, who for a first time are in Kootenay, and will leave it with but one opinion: an opinion that Canada has in the mines of Kootenay wealth that will make her people the most prosperous people on earth, if they have but the energy and nerve to take advantage of opportunities, the like of which are seldom presented to the people of any country.

These men see that energetic and nerve people from the republic to the south have already got a foothold in Kootenay, and through their energy and nerve are not only diverting trade that Canadians should handle, but are searching for and finding the mineral wealth that is hidden away in the beds and along the banks of our streams and in the ledges that traverse our hills and mountains. These men know that there is little sentiment in business, however much there may be in politics, and before leaving Kootenay they will be convinced that the people of Kootenay are just as patriotic, just as law-abiding, just as hospitable, and just as good citizens as those of any other section of the Dominion; but they will also know that the people of Kootenay, while willing to bear their share of the burdens of government, are unwilling to be made bearers of wood and drawers of water for the people of any one section of Canada, or for any one corporate interest.

VATICAN AND QUIRINAL.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—Discussing the revival of the rumor that Italy may be induced to sell a small territory to the Pope, a Paris correspondent telegraphs that the project for "the ransom by the Catholic world," which is described as "a noble American conceit," is no secret in the cabinets of Europe, which have been for some time in possession of the details of the plan. It embodies, in addition to the establishment of the Papacy in a principality with its own seaport, certain naval privileges, any other restoration of confiscated church property. Negotiations are said to be progressing between the Vatican and the Quirinal.

NOT COMING TO CANADA.

MONTREAL, Sept. 17.—(Special)—The Star's London cable says: "Lord Rosebery writes me from Dalmeny Park, Edinburgh, that the only foundation for the report that I am going to visit Canada must be that Lord Aberdeen has invited me." His letter His Lordship further states: "That I wish with all my heart that I could go, but my doing so is very problematic." Lord Rosebery has a special engagement at Scarborough, October 18.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 18.—At this morning's session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Grand Sir announced that the resignation of Sovereign Grand Treasurer Isaac E. Shepard had been received. It was accepted by a standing vote. Mr. Richard Mikel, of Philadelphia, was nominated for the vacancy. There was no opposition and he will be installed on Friday.

PACIFIC CABLE.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—The news that an American sugar planter has obtained the exclusive right to land a submarine telegraph cable in Hawaii, is the source of much discussion here among the advocates of a British cable to the island.

Hills—Do the waiters wear full dress here the same as the gentlemen guests?
Mills—Yes.
Hills—But how can you tell them apart?
Mills—Oh, the waiters are obliged to keep sober.—New York World.

"What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the Arctic regions?" asked the inquisitive man.
"Getting back home," was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.—Washington Star.

Hicks—"The new girl doesn't seem possessed of ordinary intelligence."
Mrs. Hicks—"That's strange; I got her from an ordinary intelligence office."—New York World.

OFFICIAL WHIPPING.

How Boy Criminals Are Punished by Threshing in England.

Boys who are found guilty of minor offenses in England are sentenced by the judges to a sound thrashing at the hands of the policeman.

There is a description of it taken from an English paper: The birch is a very different instrument of torture from the cat. The former is made up of a number of long birch twigs, while the latter is really a whip with nine knotted small cord lashes. When the cat is administered, the prison doctor must be present, but when the birch is put on it is only necessary for the inspector or superintendent of police to witness it, although the parents or near relatives of a boy sentenced to be flogged may be present at the castigation. When a dose of the cat is dealt out, none but those connected with the prison are allowed to be there.

Like the cat the birch may be made a very severe punishment or a comparatively trivial affair, not merely according to the number of strokes, but from the instructions given the constable who is told off to do the flogging. I have seen a boy after six strokes resemble nothing so much as a piece of raw beef and bleeding fearfully, while I have also seen a boy after six strokes merely a trifle red.

Some policemen dread the duty of flogging, and after the first two strokes get a sharp order to "hit the boy and not play with him." Other constables delight in the work and boast of their ability to draw blood at the first stroke.

Various modes of administering the punishment obtain in different parts of the country. In some places boys are placed face downward on a form. One constable holds his arms and head firmly, while another does him the same service with his legs, and the third administers the punishment.

In other prisons the culprit is placed on a constable's back, and as he sits there with his arms around the officer's neck, awaiting "the event," his attitude strikes a spectator more as one of affection than discomfort. Another way is to compel a boy to lean over a chair as if he were praying, then run a strap right around his legs and the legs of the chair, a constable holding his head and arms from the other side.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THROUGH OTHER EYES.

Life at Harvard College From the English Point of View.

The student life of America is eminently an American institution. It has grown up in an odd compound of native manners and foreign influences, which form an essentially new product. It is a good deal more complex in its organization than anything known on the Isle or the Cam. There is more details in it, and consequently less breadth of effect.

The university organizations are innumerable. Men are banded together in college clubs for every conceivable purpose of study or amusement. Their bond of union may be their attempt to talk Greek with the accent of modern Attica, or it may be only a passion for dominoes, but it has all the notes of institution in its machinery of committee, president and secretaries. Great variety of life comes from the differences in fortune among the students, but of late years there has been a laudable attempt on the part of the university and college authorities to introduce a more uniform simplicity. Plain living is the cry, and with this secured it is believed the thinking will take care of itself.

At Harvard some time ago Professor Palmer tried to discover how far the living had departed from the philosophic standard by asking some hundreds of students for a return of their annual expenditure. The answers showed that Harvard at least had nothing to be ashamed of. Many of the students, less than a fourth, spent less than £180 a year; some less than £100. The average probably did not amount to the £200 a year which the professor regards as an entirely adequate allowance for both case and refinement. Yale is less costly than Harvard, so these institutions at least are not open to the reproach that they have introduced the millionaire into American university life.—London News.

The Duke of York's Baby.

There is a report that the Duke of York's baby is deaf and dumb, but everybody will hope that it is not true, and that the royal suckling will talk and hear as well as anybody when the time comes. If not, the disability will not be without its alleviations. Only a few of his line have said anything good or heard anything good of themselves in six generations. One of his successors earned this epithet, which he may deserve whether he talks or not:

Here lies Prince Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father
I had much rather
Had it been his brother
Sooner than the other.
Had it been his sister
There's no one would have missed her.
Had it been his whole generation
All the better for the nation.
But as it's only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There is nothing to be said.
—New York Tribune.

A Trick of the Huntsman.

During a visit to Montana a prominent Chicago gentleman went with a party just starting for a grand "hunt for big game in the Yellowstone region." He remarked to the leader, "You cannot hunt in Yellowstone park." "Oh, no," said the leader. "We go outside the limits of the park, and if the game won't come to use we know how to manage to make it come." Such excursions are not uncommon, and it will not be strange if hungry Indians should occasionally imitate their white brethren.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Too Dense For Him.

Stage Villain—Aha! The plot thickens.
Disgraced Auditor—Then I'm off! Can't make head or tail of it now, and I'll never see through it if it gets any thicker.—London Tit-Bits.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Magic Wineglass.

Pour water into a wineglass until it is nearly full and place the palm of your hand squarely over the mouth of



the glass, taking care to bend your fingers at a right angle, as shown in the lower illustration.

Still holding your hand firmly upon the glass, stretch out your fingers suddenly in a horizontal position, and this will produce a partial vacuum under the palm, which will permit you to lift the glass from the table.

Boy and Robin.

During the extremely severe weather of February, 1895, myriads of birds perished from cold and starvation both in Europe and the United States. In England this destruction was the more sorrowful perhaps, as the country where the birds winter is more thickly settled than with us, and there were more to see their sufferings. But occasionally the British birds found friendly shelter.

The London Times published during the cold weather this note from Rodolph Walther, a boy of 12 years, who lives at Tunbridge Wells:

"I thought perhaps you would allow a schoolboy to tell you how very tame and fearless the cold and hunger have made the wild birds around our house."

"Of course we feed them with bread and all sorts of odds and ends, and the ground is simply black with our hungry visitors. Even the suspicious rooks are quite close to the house for their share."

"A little blue tit passes its days in our basement, heedless of sleepy pussy basking herself before the stove."

"Most of all I wish to tell you about my strange bedroom companion, a little robin which has taken up its residence in my bedroom, and though I leave the window open he never goes out except to take a short fly. We pass the night together, and he makes his bed in one of my football boots."

"The other morning he woke me up by singing on a chair at the side of my bed. I suppose he thought I ought to be at his lessons."

What German Boys Celebrate.

In a military country like Germany what glorious times the youth must have! They not only celebrate the emperor's birthday, but many military victories besides. Apart from his imperial majesty's anniversary, when all German turns out in holiday attire, are the festivities in commemoration of the great battle of Sedan, called Sedansfeiertag. This battle, you know, is the last victory the Germans gained over the French. Sept. 2, 1895, will be the twenty-fifth anniversary, the preparations for which are already being made.

In every city, village and hamlet military parades, fireworks, picnics and concerts will be the order of the day. Then will the little German children be sent with helmet, wooden sword and drum, and many a father will present his young son with a whole suit of regiments.

It is very odd to see a hero of 6 march with conscious dignity or touch his cap with martial salute. In one of the heights that surround a principal town in Germany stands a fort of rude construction that has been made by boys in remote years and has been used by generations of boys ever since upon national holidays. Here the flag is hoisted, the boys divide into two parties, one party mounts the fort and defends the flag, the other endeavors to cross the moat and storm the position. Of course there is plenty of noise and the blast of the new-fangled horn.—New York Mail and Express.

Quite Surprising.

Lulu looked bright and rosy when she came into the dining room, but she said as she poured the cream on her oatmeal: "I guess mamma was right about two pieces of chocolate cake being too much for tea. Anyway I haven't slept very well. Why, I believe I turned over a thousand times."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed papa, looking very serious. "Let's see! How long were you abed? Ten hours? That would be 100 times an hour, or once every 36 seconds. A thousand times! Why, how tired you must be!" Youth's Companion.

An Animal Game.

A game called "The Language of Animals" is so well liked by a family of small children of my acquaintance that it is recommended to those who seek to entertain other small children. Each child in turn chooses the name of an animal, and in turn describes its feelings and actions, the others guessing the name from the description. For instance, "I live in a hill; I sometimes get into sugar and cake, and sometimes taste very bad." The one says, "I wash my face many times a day, and I like cream and catch mice."—New York Post.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Its Recent and Rapid Development Upon the Continent.

Before a recent meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers Mr. H. Ward Leonard delivered an interesting address upon electrical engineering developments in France and England as contrasted with those in America. In its commercial development of electricity America is placed first—in fact, far in advance of the old world countries—but considered from an engineering standpoint Mr. Leonard thinks the United States is losing the lead it has thus far held. He lays the responsibility for this condition of affairs almost entirely at the door of the great electrical monopolies, which have stood in the way of progress, and particularly in preventing the trial of devices and systems of which Europe presents varieties unknown to us. He questions what has been done in this country in the way of electrical engineering development since Edison started his three wire lighting distribution at Sunbury, Pa., in 1883, and Westinghouse established his alternating system with 1,000 volt primary and 50 volt secondary a few years later, and Sprague started the Richmond electric railroad in 1887. There has of course been great extension of installation along these lines.

We have, Mr. Leonard says, the best three wire central station plants in the world. Also the best alternating system, converting from 1,000 to 50 volts, but we have practically no other kind of central station to point to. We are operating 500 volt continuous current electric railways at distances for which 2,000 volts should be used instead of 500, and after investing more money in copper per car than the entire cost of the electrical equipment we still lose twice as much energy as is commercial in the line. In England in alternating systems a three wire secondary is used with 100 volts on each side, and according to Mr. Leonard's view, there was no excuse except patents for a 50 volt two wire secondary originally, and none save the inertia and prejudice of a large corporation for continuing to put in the two wire secondary today.

Rotary transformers are used in several stations in England for a continuous current, high potential multiple arc distribution, the secondary being a three wire system, and some American inventions not patented in England are found to have been utilized in central stations there, while they have been neglected in the land of their inception.—Providence Journal.

A Frog With Four Wings.

The curiosity of tropical Africa is the wonderful flying frog, first described by Bishoff of the equatorial African expedition, which returned to Europe in the fall of 1894. This oddity of the reptile family is about the size of a common bullfrog and resembles other members of the order of batrachians in every thing but its feet, each of which is webbed and enormously enlarged, so much so as to form splendid substitutes for true wings. The creature has five toes on each of the other two, which makes four separate membranes on each of its hind feet and three on each fore foot, or 14 in all. In its description of it Bishoff says, "Each leg terminates in a sort of fan, and with these the little reptile paddles the air like a loon, or like a partially fledged bird testing its pinions for the first time."

Although somewhat awkward in its flight, the winged frog can dart through the air at a speed of about ten yards per second and can keep itself going forward at that rate for from 10 to 15 seconds. The average distance covered by these sports of grasshopperlike flight is from 75 to 125 yards, but Bishoff mentions instances where the flying frog cleared sandy stretches 200 yards in width.—St. Louis Republic.

He Denied the Call.

An English army officer tells an amusing story of an incident that occurred at Maidstone many years ago in the time of the old cavalry depot. On a certain very foggy night there was a complete silence, broken only by the voices of the sentries who, at regular intervals, passed the usual word down the line. The officer woke up just as the usual watch was passing, and this was what he heard: First sentry, "No. 1, and all's well!" Then there was silence for a moment, and a voice called into the darkness, "No. 3, and all's well, and No. 2's asleep!" Before No. 4 could take up the thread of the proceedings a voice in which more than a suspicion of slumber remained cried hurriedly, "No. 2, and all's well, and No. 3's a liar!"

Tresclee.

The word tresclee has undergone an odd modification. At first it was applied to such decoctions of roots or other substances as were deemed beneficial in medical practice. Then, as these were frequently sweetened, it came to mean any sweet concoction or confection, and lastly, as molasses was the sweetest of all, this name was exclusively applied to strap.

The Small Brother Again.

Mr. Courtney (flatteringly)—I had the blues when I came here tonight, Miss Fisher, but they are all gone now. You are as good as medicine.
Miss Fisher's Little Brother—Yes; father himself says she'll be a drug in the market if she doesn't catch on to some fellow soon.—Philadelphia Times.

An Irishman, quarreling with an Englishman, told him if he didn't hold his tongue he would "break his impetragable head and let the brains out of his surly skull."

The sun throws vertical rays on the earth's surface only upon an area equal to about 35 square miles at any one time.

In 1870 the Thames froze solid, and was held on the ice. It was kept open for nine weeks.

DRESSING TABLE CATCHALL.

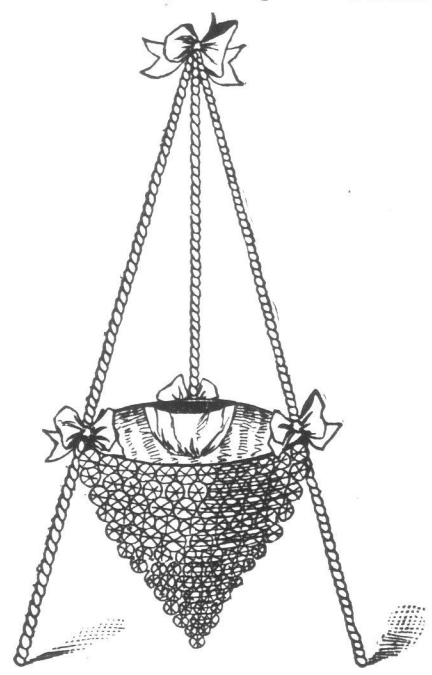
A Convenient Trifle Easily Made and Often Used.

Every woman knows the convenience of a box or basket into which she may drop her rings, pins and the like when she is either too sleepy or too lazy to put each in its proper place.

The receptacle shown in the illustration is easy to make and becomes a pretty addition to the dressing table, besides providing a place for the little trifles that often litter it.

To make it, buy a small round basket of Japanese make, or, if you prefer it, of sweet grass, and three pieces of lightweight brass rod, long enough to make a stand proportionate in size. Line the basket with soft silk and make two fall pockets, one to be attached to each side.

At the hardware shop buy a quantity of inch brass rings and crochet them over with heavy knitting silk the shade



of the lining selected. Arrange these last in rows one below the other to form other at the points of joining. Let each lambrquin end in a point, and to do so make each succeeding row of rings two less than the last. Sew the two fast, one to each side of the basket at the rim, and then proceed to arrange the stand.

Tie the three ends firmly together with a bit of fine cord wound round and round, then tie over it a bow of handsome ribbon. Stand the tripod upon a table and hold the basket in place while the point where each rod falls is marked. Tie the basket firmly at each of the three points and attach the three ribbon bows.

Rational Dress in Bicycling.

Ladies who ride cycles appear to be pretty evenly divided on the question whether a short skirt or knickerbocker is the most rational dress for their pastime, but an incident which occurred last night outside a newspaper office points to the suitability of the latter. There is a custom which is general here of carrying at night a paper Venetian lantern within the spokes of the wheel, instead of a regulation lamp. One young woman has found that the plan may be pretty but it is dangerous. She came into contact with the curb, upset the machine, and the candle in the lantern set her skirts alight, and there was a rush on the part of gallant pedestrians to put the flames out, which were happily extinguished before much damage was done, except to the lady's knees. "Had I worn knickerbockers," she said, "I should have come to no harm."—London Telegraph.

Woman and the Bible.

If the ladies who are engaged in compiling the proposed Woman's Bible will send for a copy of Mrs. Louise Mannheimer's translation of Nahida Remy's "Jewish Woman," they will secure a lot of valuable material toward proving that injustice has been done their sisters of Biblical times. For instance, in one place where the word "obey" is used the correct translation would be "be alike unto." The author also shows that frequently where the women in the Bible are made to appear in an inferior or dependent position a full knowledge of the circumstances places them upon an equality with the men.—Chicago Israelite.

Chain Maidens.

At a recent wedding a very pretty feature was the "chain maidens." Four attractive young ladies with chains of roses preceded the bridal party up the broad central aisle of the church, tying all guests in their pews and stationing themselves at equal distances, holding the ends of the chains, until after the ceremony and until the bridal party and immediate friends had left the church. Then they gracefully twined the chains about themselves and followed the party to the carriages, thus releasing the guests from their pews and preventing the crowding of the bridal party, which so generally occurs.—Philadelphia Press.

A Spirited Old Lady.

Mrs. Mary Ann Smith of East Lyme, Conn., lately celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday. Four days before this event she led forth a party of women to mend the roads she had vainly petitioned the selectmen to repair. One petition after another had been presented to the town fathers, without avail, but the women and children, with old Mrs. Smith at their head, cleared the loose stones from the road and made a safe passage of what had for weeks been a perilous track.

Pauline de Grandpre.

Mile. Pauline de Grandpre probably knows more of the prison life of French women than any one else in France. She lived in the St. Lazare prison as the housekeeper of her uncle, who was chaplain there during the empire. In the 34 years that have elapsed since he died she has devoted herself entirely to visiting female prisoners and obtaining situations for them when they have undergone their sentences.

ANOTHER SENSATION DEVELOPED.

One of the Long Lost "Mary Brown's" Boats Found in Good Condition.

Theory That Her Well Known Skipper and a Passenger Have Been Murdered.

On October 3, 1893, the schooner Mary Brown started south from Sand Point, Alaska, and what became of her is as yet unknown. The latest developments in the matter have recently been published in the San Francisco Chronicle.

On starting out from Sand Point the schooner had besides her master and crew, James L. O'Brien and six of his men, who had been conducting a commercial station at Sand Point for the Lynde-Hough company. Nothing was heard of the vessel or crew until the latter part of March, 1894, when her hull was found on the shores of Banks island, Alaska, by a searching party headed by Mrs. R. H. Hazleton, a sister of James O'Brien. The only evidence of the fate of the crew was supplied by some Indians living near where the wreck was discovered. It consisted of a vest which had been washed three times with a knife and which was stained with blood on the inner side, and a torn coat with blood stains upon the collar and a bullet hole in the back. Mrs. Hazleton recognized the vest as one her brother wore when she last saw him alive. The coat was identified as belonging to Captain Marzavia Brown, who commanded the schooner Mary Brown.

Mrs. Hazleton concluded that her brother as well as Captain Brown had been murdered either to enable the crew to gain possession of the vessel and her cargo, or make room for themselves in the schooner's long boat when leaving the wreck. Since then both theories have been exploded, and another has been advanced, which implicates Louis Sharp, an ex-convict, who had served two years in San Quentin for a murderous assault upon James O'Brien at Sand Point, and who is supposed to have returned to Alaska after his release. A few days ago a letter was received by Mrs. Hazleton which conveys the news of the finding of the Mary Brown's long boat in apparently good condition at a point many miles from the scene of the wreck. The letter is from the wife of T. C. Moyer, superintendent of the Unga mine, at Unga, Alaska.

From this it would appear that the boat from the Mary Brown was picked up last winter in good condition on Montague island, south of Princes William's sound, and a long distance from Banks island, where the schooner was found, it being incredible that such a little boat could drift such an enormous distance.

The question now is: What has become of the crew of the Mary Brown? Did they murder Marzavia Brown and James O'Brien, wreck the schooner and escape safely in the long boat, or did they suffer a common death with Brown and O'Brien in the wreck of the schooner by stress of weather? The great object of Mrs. Hazleton's life is to find the cause of her brother's death. She has satisfied herself that he is dead, and that belief is the result of the investigations she made in the waters of the North Pacific ocean for some slow to her brother's fate.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

New York, Sept. 18.—Upon a moderate falling off, as compared with yesterday's volume of business, speculation to-day was much more erratic in its course, the movement of prices changing about every hour. London prices for Americans showing advances ranging from 2 to 3 per cent., and some buying for foreign account was executed here. The opening was strong. The feverish tone of the general market was largely due to the continued apprehension relative to the gold situation. The actual engagements of gold for shipments to-morrow were only \$250,000; a considerable less amount than had been expected to go out. The sub-treasury was a gainer of \$150,000 in gold as a result of to-day's operations. The withdrawals for the shipment of currency for crop movement purposes to the interior from and including last Friday up to date, were \$150,000. Bar silver sold at 66 1/2; Mexican dollars, 53 1/2; silver certificates, 67 to 67 1/2.

CUBA'S FUTURE.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—The Times this morning has a column editorial discussing the results for Cuba of a successful insurrection or a voluntary grant of home rule. The article says: "Of course, if either led to ultimate annexation by the United States, the good government and progress of the country might be expected. But difficulties of more than one kind might stand in the way of such a solution. Even if the United States were prepared to admit the island, with its large colored population to the Union, the negro problem is one of the most serious which the great republic has to face. She is not likely to aggravate it by a voluntary action, save for very exceptional reasons."

BIRTH.

McNEILL—In this city on Monday, the 18th inst., the wife of L. McNeill, of a daughter.

YATES—At Orange Lea, Gorge Road, on the 18th inst., the wife of J. Stuart Yates, of a son.

MARRIED.

MACRAE-BROWN—On the 11th September, at St. Peter's Church, Tacoma, W. Washington, U.S., by the Rev. J. R. Alexander, H. M. S. Vice Consul, and the Rev. Jas. C. Neal, James F. Macrae, of Victoria, and Martha Stobo Brown, eldest daughter of Gavin Brown, Glasgow, Scotland.

DEED.

McDONALD—At 311 Figgard street, Ross D. McNeil son of Mr. M. McDonald, aged 4 years.

TURNER—At the family residence, No. 62 Fernwood Road, on the 14th inst., Mary, beloved wife of Alexander Turner, aged 58 years, a native of Scotland.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thirty Days after date I intend applying to the Honorable the Commission of Lands and Works for permission to lease a site for a fishing station the following described land, situated on the South Western shore of Victoria Harbor, in all One Hundred and Sixty Acres, more or less, viz: Commencing at a post marked R. V. Winch, South Eastern corner of the shore of the Metchosin Arm; thence North Forty Chains; thence West Forty Chains to the Beach on Gold River; thence following the shore line in a South Western direction back to place of commencement, including an island situated at the Mouth of Gold River, and lying on the West side of the above mentioned land. Victoria, B. C. September 14th, 1895. R. V. WINCH.