

As to the climate of the Kootenay district, Mr. Sproat declares it to be healthful and less severe than its mountainous surface and surroundings would lead one to expect. Varying, of course, with the interior surface, the climate may be described in general terms as one of extremes, similar in this respect to the southern interior of British Columbia. The summer heat in the valleys probably ranges from 80 to 100 deg., and the mean winter temperature is about fifteen degrees. The first and main requirement in the development of Kootenay seems to Mr. Sproat to be suitable means of communication down the whole eastern valley, from the Canadian Pacific Railway to the boundary at the 49th parallel, and he suggests that a steamboat should be placed on that stretch of the Columbia River, "in order to rescue the district from isolation. The report goes on to treat of the mineral wealth of the region, the extensive tracts of timber land, which the through construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway must make of great value to the settlers of the North-West Territories; and also speaks of the present trade carried on in the district. The bulk of the imports will, he anticipates, be brought by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and distributed from Eagle Pass. Not only does he think that little can be brought north from the United States, but he hazards the suggestion that Canadian manufacturers and the Canadian Pacific Railway might push the commercial war home, and use the great Columbia water-way to supply the Colville (United States) territory to the south—at least while it is connected with the Northern Pacific trunk line only by long wagon roads. The region of which the report tells us so much, is unquestionably one of great value, and we can only wish that other portions of the Dominion, as yet but vaguely understood, had such careful and observant investigators as Mr. Sproat appears to be.—*Canadian Gazette*.

AN interesting and comprehensive report on the district of Kootenay, in British Columbia, has recently been submitted to the Hon. John Robson, the Provincial Minister of Agriculture, by the Hon. Gilbert M. Sproat, of Victoria. Basing his remarks upon explorations undertaken during the season of 1883, Mr. Sproat treats in detail of the surface, climate, productions, and natural capabilities of this vast region, which has for its natural western boundary the "western leg of the Columbia and the Arrow Lakes," and on the eastern side the Rocky Mountains. The eastern valley of the district, regarded as Kootenay proper, is he tells us, one of the most remarkable topographical features in North America. It contains mining, arable, and grazing areas; and, of its adjuncts, the valley of the western leg of the Columbia has large woods of commercial value, and the secluded Kootenay Lake region comprises promising silver mines and periodically submerged fertile lands. The mother-lakes of the Columbia occupy the real centre of the whole Kootenay district, and from them are opened up, both north and south, a far larger mining, arable, and grazing area than from any other point.

A certain clergyman who left a notice in the pulpit to be read by the preacher who exchanged with him neglected to denote carefully a private postscript, and the congregation were astonished to hear him wind up by saying, "You will please come to dine with me in the parsonage."

Wine loosens a man's tongue. marriage loosens a woman's.

All men are created free and equal. It is only after their creation that the fun begins.

Generally the party who sings "I would not live always" the loudest is the one who gets between the feather beds during a thunder storm.

Solemn question with city people about to go to the country: "What shall we do with the bird and cat?" One good way is to let the cat have the bird and then kill the cat.

A girl who has married a young man by the name of William says that she intends no treason in affirming that hereafter she will follow the dictates of her own sweet will.

Two Glasgow chappies were once enjoying a bask at the seaside. One looking at the other says, "Emon Jock, yer skin's awfu' black!" "Ay," replies Jock, "I wisna at the coast last year!"

"Why did you run away from your first wife?" "Because she poisoned my very existence." "If your first wife poisoned your existence, why did you get married a second time?" "Well, you see, I took the second one as a sort of an antidote."

Men should not become insensible to female charms. No. He who admires not a beautiful woman is like one who has no music in his soul as of whom the immortal dramatist presents the very worst account. But there is a beauty inward as well as external; a plain form may enshrine a loving heart.

A lazy dyspeptic was bemoaning his own misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make yourself so strong and healthy?" "Live on fruit alone." "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of indigestion; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

Angus—"They'll pe tellin' me, Tuncan, that mester's got a tutor frae Glaisca for the poor Tuncan—" "Yess! he's got a tutor." Angus—"What'll he pe getting a year?" Tuncan—"Twunty pouns an' his meat." Angus, (with astonishment)—"Twunty pouns an' his meat! Gosh h'll pe peeter peyad than a plew' man. Och! och!"

A Frenchman being troubled with the gout, was asked what was the difference between gout and rheumatism. "One very great difference," replied Monsieur. "Suppose you take one vice, put your finger in, and turn the screw till you can bear him no longer—dat is de rheumatism; den s'pose you give him one more—dat is de gout."

A married couple were out promenading in the suburbs. Presently the wife said:—"Think Allice if the brigands should come now, and take me away from you!" "Impossible, my dear." "But suppose they did come and carry me away, what would you say?" "I should say," replied the husband, "that the brigands were new at the business. That's all."

An Aberdeen landlady was in the habit of having herrings for every meal during the season while they were cheap. She kept a young man as a lad who was not a particular lover of herring. One morning he asked her what she had for breakfast. "Oh, said the landlady, "just the same as usual—fine fresh herrin'." "Ay, ay," returned the affable youth, a herrin's gude enough in its ain place." "Whaur's that," inquired his landlady. "Just a mile beyond the lighthouse!"