#### PART IV WATER CLAUSES CONSOLIDATION ACT, 1897"

This is to certify that the "Vanspecially incorporated pursuant to Part V. of the above mentioned Act, on the fit day of January, 1907), for the pursose of exercising the rights, powers, rivileges and priorities in and by Part V. of the said Act created, granted and onferred, has applied under section \$7 of the above mentioned Act, to the Lieuenant-Governor in Council, for approval of the proposed undertakings and vorks of the said Company; and that he said Company has filed with the Clerk of the Executive Council the documents as required by section \$5 of the situation of the proposed undertakings and works; and that the said undertakings and works; and that the said undertakings and works, as shown by the said occuments and plans, have been approved, and that the same are as folows:

ings and works, as shown by the said documents and plans, have been approved, and that the same are as follows:

(a.) The construction of a dam and storage reservoir on, respectively; Bear Creek and Alligator Creek, tributaries of the Jordan River; the construction of main diverting works at a point on the Jordan River about 2.1-4 miles northeast from the southwesterly boundary of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Land Grant; the construction of a storage reservoir at the headwaters of the Jordan River, known as the Jordan Meadows; the construction of a storage reservoir on Y Creek, a tributary of the said Jordan River, and the construction of diverting works on the said "Y" creek, as also the construction of a flume or ditch from the said diverting works on Y Creek to the main diverting works on Y Creek to the main diverting works hereinbefore mentioned; the construction of a regulating reservoir at some point upon the land held under timber license number 38,639, and to be known as Forebay Reservoir; the construction of a flume and ditch from said main diverting works to the said Forebay Reservoir; the construction of a flume and ditch from said main diverting works to the said Forebay Reservoir; the construction of a power-house; the construction of a power-house; the construction of a power-house; the construction of a transmission of power; the said Forebay Reservoir to the said power-house; the construction of a transmission of power to the said power-house; the construction of a transmission of power to the said City of Victoria, and throughout the area as defined in the Memorandum of Association of the Company; the construction of power to the said City of Victoria, and throughout the surrounding districts, and in and throughout the area as defined in the Memorandum of Association of the Company; the construction of power to the said city of the power so the said company as hereinbefore set out; the erection of poles for the transmission of power, as also telephone pole lines and telephones when and whe

other works as may be necessary for the complete carrying on of the aforesaid undertakings,

(b.) The water power so to be generated, and the electricity and power so generated will be utilized to supply power chiefly to the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, Limited, which operates the street railway system of the City of Victoria and adjoining and surrounding municipalities and districts, and also supplies public and private lighting, and all necessary and contemplated extensions to this system; it is also proposed to furnish power, heat and light for manufacturing, industrial and traction purposes throughout Saanich Peninsula, and throughout the area authorized in the Memorandum of Association of the Company. The power will be developed by the use of Pelton Water Wheels, or by the best and most modern machinery, and converted into electrical energy, and transmitted by copper or other wires to the required points of user.

copper or other wires to the required points of user.

2. Provided, however that the Company shall not proceed to construct the dams and reservoirs for the retention of water until the plans and specifications for the said works shall have been first filed in the office of the Chief Engineer of the Public Works Department, and the said plans and specifications have received the approval of the said Chief Engineer.

3. And this is further to certify that the "Vancouver Island Power Company. Limited," shall at least have duly sub-

the said Chief Engineer.

3. And this is further to certify that the "Vancouver Island Power Company. Limited," shall at least have duly subscribed, before it commences the construction of its undertaking and works or exercises any of the powers in that behalf conferred by the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act. 1897," Part IV., ten thousand shares of one dollar each. The further amount of capital required to fully complete the undertaking and works to be provided by the Issue of first mortgage bonds or debentures of the "Vancouver Island Power Company. Limited," up to the amount of the the share of the power of the power of the power of the the share of the power of the power of the the share of the shall be of the share of the shall be share of the shall be in operation is fixed at three years from the date hereof, and the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of November, 1909.

Dated this 4th day of November, 1909.
A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
Deputy Clerk of the Executive Council.

# COAL PROSPECTING NOTICE.

Rupert District. NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands a license to prospect for coal and coleum on the following described petroleum on the following descri foreshore lands covered with water: foreshore lands covered with water:

Commencing at a post pranted on or
near the northwest corner of Section
Seventeen (17), Township Five (5), and
marked "M. Mc., N.W. corner," thence
40 chains north, thence 80 chains east,
wast ce 120 chains south, thence llowing foreshore of Section ) to point of commencement and in inded to contain 640 acres.

MAURICE MCARDLE.

Joseph Renaldi, Agent.
June 22nd, 1909.

"LIQUOR LICENCE ACT, 1900."

I, Mrs. F. D. Stetson, hereby give will apply to the Superintender ial Police, at Victoria, for a re newal of my licence to sell intoxicating iquors at the premises known as the ship Hotel situated at Esquimalt in the trict of Esquimalt, to commence of signed) MRS. F. D. STETSON.

Dated this 9th day of November, 1909. ter date, I intend to apply to the nief Commissioner of Lands f cense to prospect for coal and per the following describe lands, situated on Graham Island, in Skidegate Inlet: Commencing at a pos Skidegate liniet: Commencing as a splanted 40 chains east from the north-planted 40 chains east from the north-west corner of Lot 1; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains the place of commencement; contain

pg 640 acres.

Dated this 3rd day of November, 1909.

W. B. MONTEITH.

Wm. Woods, Agent.

OST-From Cowichan Bay, row boat painted white outside, slate in, with blue rim, clinker built, square stern, Reward. Communicate, Brownjohn. Cowichan Bay.

Agent. Subscribe for THE COLONIST

# HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

#### HUNTING THE STONE SHEEP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By Hon. W. E. Humphrey, in Recreation) When I set out in company with Josiah Collins, of Seattle, to hunt in the Cassiar ountry, I imagined all of northern British Columbia to be a free hunting ground, open o everyone. But I was mistaken. When we arrived at the crossing of the Chesley river here was a Scotsman camped on the other ade who forbade us to cross, because he himself had come to hunt in the Cassiar country.

In the first place, the Scot was in his tent. His Indians, who were from Telegraph Creek and well acquainted with our Jimmy Jonathan and our Little Ned, whom we had engaged at Wrangell, came across in their boat, and I returned with them to ask permission to use the boat in crossing, as otherwise we would have to build a raft.

We could not have it! Our Indians had agreed with his Indians that we should go somewhere else. It was an outrage! Yes, sir!

An outrage! Meanwhile the first boatload of our stuff was on the way across, our Indians, as I afterward learned, knowing they had as good a right to the boat as anyone, since it belonged the Hudson's Bay Company.

"It's a big country," said I, "a tremendous big country. Just look at that mountain! Will you be hunting on that mountain, sir?"

"Naw. "And that one, there?" "Naw.

"And that one, yonder?"

"Naw. "It's a big country, isn't it?"

"We'll probably not see much of youafter we have crossed; I suppose you'll be going into the mountains much farther, where the best hunting is."

"That will be too bad. I am sure we should enjoy your company. You'll join us tonight anyway, won't you? We'll be delighted to have you. I want my friend to meet you-

'A-weel-"We have a Jap cook who is a wonder." He melted. "Wull ye come in th' tent?" he asked. "Come in and have somethin"."

I went in with him and we had "somethin'" from a bottle of old Scotch, and the

incident was closed. Having won the privilege, the next thing was to make use of it. We started right in next day to show our Scottish benefactor how grateful we could be. It was September 6, and at noon we reached the top of the mountain on the top of which we intended to hunt for the Stone, or what is more commonly called, the black mountain sheep. After our tents were pitched and we had eaten our lunch, we grew restless and decided not to wait until morning, but to go on top of the mountain that evening. Mr. Collins, Ned, Jimmy and I started. It took us an hour and a half to reach the summit. The mountain, aside from its steepness, was not hard climbing, but the last third as we went up was so steep and comparatively free from bushes that it was hard work to keep from slipping back. The top was an almost level plain about a mile circular bench. Here they stood still for some and a half wide and five or six miles long. We had come up at the east end, and along the edge of this level top started many deep canons running in all directions. It was in the heading of these gorges that we expected

to find our game.

Once on top Mr. Collins and Ned started around the southern rim, while Jimmy and I turned to the north. Although the time was short, the traveling was easy and we covered considerable territory. We saw many ptarmigan and a few fresh sheep tracks, but noth-Returning we reached the point where we had come up the mountain just about sunset and decided not to wait longer for Mr. Collins and Ned. But we had hardly started down the mountain side when we saw them outlined against the horizon as they appeared upon the edge of the mountain. We saw at once that Ned had something on his shoulder and Jimmy declared that it was the heads of two sheep, and he was right. Mr. Collins had found a flock of five in a small canon and had killed two young rams. Unfortunately no old rams were in the bunch. The heads, while small, were very pretty. We were disappointed at our luck but rejoiced in their success, for Ned not only had the skulls and horns, but a good sppply of meat as well. This was very gratifying to us all, but especially were the Indians made happy by it, for we had been short of fresh meat, except a small, tough, black bear that Mr. Collins had

killed the day before. I never saw so much meat eaten by three numan beings at one time as those three Indians devoured that night. Frank, I observed, was watching them closely as he served them with chunk after chunk. Finally they reached their limit and went over to their own tent. As they passed out of ear shot Frank turned to me and laconically remarked, "Siwash eat meat like hell." I asked him how much they had eaten and he replied "five to seven pounds apiece," and his long experience in handling meat made him fully competent to qualify as

an expert on that question. I was suffering quite severely from an injured knee and the pain awoke me that night along about twelve o'clock. In the direction of the Indians' tent I heard a slight noise. Looking in that direction I could see the old Siwash, Wilson, chewing vigorously on a piece of sheep as large as his head that he had just finished cooking before the fire. How long this seance lasted I do not know, but as

dropped to sleep again he was still at his feast. have tasted of the flesh of many animals, birds and fishes, but the finest of all meats that I have ever eaten is the mountain sheep. At six o'clock the next morning Jimmy,

Ned and I were on top of the mountain again. We first went to the canon where Mr. Collins had killed his sheep the day before, but found We then went westward until we nothing. came to the edge of a tremendous canon that must have been more than twelve hundred feet deep. As it was a most beautiful day, I lay on the ground for about an hour while the Indians were hunting in the various smaller canons and valleys running out from this large one. Jimmy returned, saying that he had seen three sheep in the valley about a mile to the westward. Ned also joined us about this time and we started for the valley where Jimmy had seen them. We stopped on the edge of the canon, and some five hundred feet below lay a little circular valley about a half mile in circumference. We lay on the grass searching this valley with our glasses. Finally, almost on the opposite side, Jimmy discovered six sheep feeding along the steep mountain slope. Even after they were located, so perfectly did they blend with the light gray rocks spotted with black lichens that it was almost impossible to make them out. At this distance, through the glasses, they looked like small gray flies crawling along a window pane. Leaving Ned to keep a lookout, as from this position he could command the entire valley, Jimmy and I climbed up over the rim of the canon and started after the sheep.

When we reached the place directly above where we supposed they were located, we worked cautiously up to the edge and looked over into the valley below, but they were gone. So we walked on slowly along the edge of the mountain toward the head of the canon, keeping all the time in a position where we could see into the valley. We were naturally looking ahead in the direction in which we felt certain the sheep had gone. I happened to look directly below us and there in the open, about seven hundred yards away, in plain view, stood nine sheep watching us. In this flock was a magnificent old ram that even at that distance was clearly distinguishable through the glasses by his size, color and large horns. We were caught in the very act, as it were, for they had seen us first. immediately dropped to the grass and took counsel as to what we should do. The distance was too great to chance a shot, although I suggested it, but Jimmy strongly advised

against this course. After watching us for about ten minutes, this flock started to walk on across and up the valley, and we soon saw them go out of the valley on to the top of the mountain and disappear. Close after these came three more; a short time afterward, three more; then followed two, and then a bunch of five. None of them seemed much alarmed, but all had evidently been disturbed by the action of the nine that had seen us. These had now crossed the valley and were slowly climbing up the opposite side. We could do nothing but lie still watching them and cursing our luck. When they were about half way up the side of the canon they came to a little level time. Suddenly Jimmy declared with great joy that they were going to lie down. I asked him why he thought so. He replied "because, don't you see the old ram looking around?" Then the old fellow walked out to the edge of the little bench on which they were standing, made a careful survey in every direction and walked back to the flock and almost immediately they all lay down except the old ram. After standing for a few minutes longer, apparently satisfying himself that there was no danger, he followed the example of the

We lost no time in trying to retrieve our misfortune and to overcome the blunder that we had made. It was necessary for us to crawl to the top of the mountain and go entirely around the head of the canon to get well beyond the sheep, for the wind was down the canon and we dare not attempt to approach from that side. On the other hand, if we approached from below, we would be brought n plain sight for a long distance. It took us about an hour to climb to the top of the canon and work around its head and back down the opopsite side above the place where we had last seen them. Here I sat down to rest and view the grand panorama of mountain scenery stretching before me.

The altitude, as shown by the barometer, at this point was five thousand, five hundred feet. On the south side was a mighty canon probably two thousand feet deep, and into this ran the one on the verge of which I was sitting. To the north was the great top of level mountain; to the west and southwest were giant peaks covered with the eternal snows, dazzling white in the brilliant morning sun; and far to the eastward, four thousand feet below, could be seen the narrow green valley of the Chesley with the river winding through it like a broken silver thread. The scene was worth climbing a thousand feet

Jimmy soon returned from a reconnoitering trip and awoke me from my enraptured spell by announcing that he had crawled to the edge of the cliff and could see the sheep far below where we had last viewed them. We worked a little farther down the canon so as to get the wind entirely favorable. We soon found a place where we could climb down entirely out of sight of the sheep, and as the traveling was fairly good and the sheep so far away that no caution was necessary, it took a great star. Half an hour more of sliding us only a few minutes to descend the five and tumbling down the steep mountain side borhood of Nishangara for gond (swamp deer),

on which they were. When we reached this buoyed by the enthusiasm of success. And point, most fortunately there was a low ridge of broken rock running between us and the place where the sheep lay. We crawled on our hands and knees up to these rocks and cautiously looking over, we found the sheep in full view. They were on the farther side of the little basin about one hundred and fifty yards away. Eight of them were close together, but the great ram was about twenty yards beyond and a little above the others.

As I took the glasses and studied the old fellow, it was evident that Jimmy was not mistaken as to the size and the beauty of his horns. His enthusiasm was so great that it was with some difficulty that I satisfied his impatience at my not firing immediately. But was in no hurry, as there was danger of alarming them and I was slightly shaky from climbing down the mountains and from crawl-

ing over the rough and broken stones. As watched them my enthusiasm waned. It had been most exciting while following and getting up to them, but as they lay there in the sun, unsuspecting, apparently as tame as sheep in a barnyard, and knowing that they were entirely at my mercy, I realized that the greatest pleasure of the hunt was over. I fired at the big fellow-the first shot from my new rifle. It was slightly down hill, and I saw the bullet strike the dust so close above his shoulders that it must have touched the hair. He was up instantly, but the others did not move. By the time he was well on his feet fired again and he dropped in his tracks. immy was noisy with delight, declaring that he knew it was one of the largest heads that had ever been secured in the country. We then stepped out upon the top of the rocks in full view of the eight that remained. When the old ram fell, the rest got up and looked at him for a few moments in stupid wonder, then their curiosity soon caused all their attention to be fixed upon us... After gazing at us for a few seconds, all of them began walking slowly toward us. We looked at them with almost as much curiosity as that with which they seemed to regard us. Jimmy then assured me that there was another good head in the bunch and urged that I shoot the "white one." I argued the question with him, saying that I did not care to kill any but old rams. He insisted that I would be lucky to ever find a larger head than one of the remaining rams had. All this time the sheep were walking slowly toward us and were now not more than eighty yards away. I shot, and the second ram dropped and died without a struggle. Still the other seven continued walking slowly toward us, paying no attention to the shot or to their

fallen comrade. On they came, showing not the slightest alarm, seemingly moved only by an uncontrollable curiosity to get a closer look at us. They came on until they were within a few feet of us-certainly within twenty yards-and then stopped-with heads up, and gazed in wideeyed wonder until Jimmy took off his cap and waved it and yelled at them. Even then they did not run, but walked slowly, circling past us. It will always be one of the regrets of my hunting trip that I did not have my camera at that time. After the sheep had passed around us, we went down to the last one I had shot and found that it was a very old ram. Its horns were slightly worn at the points, and it was almost white. I had shot it directly through the shoulders. As it was the first that I had ever killed, I examined it somewhat carefully and then sat down to rest. On looking around, I was astonished to see that the other seven had come back, walking along over the tracks that we had just made, and stood in a line about fifty yards distant watching us. Not only had they followed our tracks, but the wind was blowing directly from us to them. Jimmy threw a stone at them and they slowly

walked away. We then went over to the first ram. He was indeed a magnificent specimen and almost black. His horns were large and absolutely perfect, and although he was not as old as the other ram he was much larger. All that Jimmy had said about him was fully justified, and of my many hunting trophies I think that the head of this giant ram is, perhaps, the finest.

I was astonished at the size and the heavy bodies and comparatively short legs of these sheep. I believe that the largest one would weigh close to three hundred and fifty pounds. There was a marked contrast between these two big rams of the same flock; one was easily distinguished because he was the blackest in the flock, and the other because he was the whitest of the bunch.

Ned had by this time arrived, and Jimmy decided to go to the camp for the camera. While he was gone Ned and I moved the rams and amused ourselves in posing them ready for the camera, trying to get them so they would look as nearly life-like as possible. After getting this done to our satisfaction, I lay down on the flat of my back to enjoy the luxury of a nap and rest in the warm sunshine. Looking up at a ledge about one hundred and fifty feet above I saw the heads of the other seven sheep, still watching us with unsatisfied curi-

About the middle of the afternoon Jimmy returned. I took some snap-shots and the Indians than proceeded to skin and dress the carcasses. The quickness and skill shown by them in this work was wonderful, and occupied only a few minutes.

Then we started for camp. Late in the evening, when the mountain had thrown its dark shadows across the valley, far below, in the little grassy spot in the green woods we saw our camp fire glowing and twinkling like

hundred feet down to a level with the bench and we were at the tent, hungry and tired, but who do you suppose was there to applaud and admire? The Scotsman-he with a tale of success of his own to tell.

"Wull ye come i' the tent?" said he. And we went in, all of us; for he was a bully good fellow, really.

#### BEATING FOR LARGE GAME IN OUDH FORESTS

About a quarter of a mile from the bungalow, where a party will find it most convenient to stay, a long strip of jungle, not exceeding 200 yards at its widest part, runs almost due north and south, and can easily be beaten by a posse of fifty villagers, whom the shikaris can collect from the villages of Sujauli and Chapparia, five miles or so distant from Nishangara. Surrounded on all sides by a plain covered with grass and the tall reeds (called narkhol), this piece of jungle is a favorite resort for tiger, bear, and leopards, who find it a convenient point d'appui for stalking the big herds of cattle that graze on the open tract adjoining. One can always beat Bhainsa Lot (buffaloes' wallow, as the place is called), in hopes of having a shot at some or other of the big carnivora, including bear, though bruin cannot be properly classed among the eaters of flesh. On one occasion a lucky subaltern bagged a tiger during the first beat, and when the line worked back in reverse direction followed up that feat by bowling over a fine leopard. Of course, such good fortune seldom occurs; still, there is always the chance of something big being in this beat, and of Bhainsa Lot it may be correctly said that it is the unexpected that happens. There are two places in that jungle where mechans can be put up, that towards the middle of the wood being the best, since the sportsmen need not shift position for the beats-one from the north end down to the machans, another from the Sujauli road, on the south, back to them-but merely turn round, so as to face in the required direction. Four or five machans can be used, but only three of these command likely spots, the others lying on the edge of the jungle, and best employed as stops, should a wounded beast try to break out to the outside plain and escape through the high cover to the main forest and safety.

This form of sport is preferable to the trying work of sitting over a kill, which was described in the former letter. From the time when the first shout tells expectant sahibs that the beat has begun, till the line of natives appear in front of the machans, one is on the alert and ready to put in a shot as soon as the prey comes in sight. The strain is perhaps as great as when engaged in the other method, but does not last so long. The noise of the beat, men yelling in various keys, some beating little drums of primitive manufacture, and the occasional increased volume of cries when a big animal is disturbed by the beating line, all tend to quicken the pulse and render a wellmanaged hunt of this sort a delightful experience, the accompanying spice of danger adding a zest not found in the best arranged battue

or drive for grouse. It is a mistake to think that shooting from a machan is all beer and skittles, and an unfair way of bagging the game. Apart from the necessity of keeping absolutely still in one pose from the commencement of a beat to its finthe shooter must guard (especially if a novice at the game) against his attention being diverted from intent watch over the jungle directly in front of the machan he is in. Usualy these coigns of vantage are placed by the shikari in trees near which there is a path, or run, along which animals generally move, and it is wonderful how conservative most of the felidae are in such matters.

After a year's sport in the Bahraich forest an observant man knows to within a few yards where to erect his machan, also the likeliest places for tying up for kills. As before pointed out, jungle fowl or peacock are most irritating in their ways, scratching about in the undergrowth—one's range of vision is usually not more than a few feet to the front-and giving a false alarm of something bigger being on the move. Pig, too, dash through the bushes in disconcerting fashion, and make the watcher fancy that a much larger quadruped is coming in his direction. As a rule tiger and leopard approach very quietly (the latter suddenly appears on the scene without the least intimation of his approach), usually halting for an instant before crossing a bit of open ground, and that brief pause gives the sportsman his chance

of a shot. Personally, I have never been out when a tiger has seen and charged at a machan, yet ve read of cases of this occurring. Twelve feet is recommended as a safe height to rig up those perches, but it is more difficult to aim at that elevation, and one gets a wider field by sitting eight or nine feet above terra firma. Unsuspecting danger from above,, neither tiger nor leopard look up, unless some noise attracts their attention, albeit it often seems as if their gaze met that of their enemy, the sportsman. In the volume of "Badminton" on oig game shooting rather a quaint reason in favor of low machans is given-to wit, that a tiger, should he "spot" one, and spring at the tree, would probably go too high and pass over the machan and its occupant. The sensations of a man with a huge apparition of teeth and claws flying through space just above his head can better be imagined than described. By preserving perfect stillness of body, however, there is scant fear of roles being changed, and the attacker finding himself the attacked.

In the winter months a pleasant day's sport may be obtained by throwing out a line of elephants and beating the swamps in the neigh-

sportsmen firing from howdahs or pads, the former giving one a better chance of a decent aim, if less comfortable for a long day's outing, than sitting on a pad elephant. Unless one is very "nippy" in movement it is well-nigh impossible to shoot from the pad to both sides, hence one risks losing the chance of aiming that is obtained by standing in a howdah. Hog deer are also forthcoming, and require the quickness of aim demanded in rabbit shooting, while, abandoning rifle for shotgun, on the ourney back to camp one gets capital fun from black partridge, large numbers of those handsome birds dwelling on the plains round Nishangara. It is rarely any good to beat in the actual forest blocks, as the result does not repay the trouble and expense, a large number of beaters being necessary for that task. An exception must be made where certain cases of grass and undergrowth occur, clearing in the midst of the woods of sal and other kinds of timber.

Here tiger frequently lie up after killing, but more so during the hot than the cold weather; still, there is always hope of disturbing a bear or leopard, failing which one might do worse than bowl over a wild boar, whose tusks are a nice trophy and whose flesh will be highly relished by the low-caste camp followers, Pasis and the like. The patches of cover just described do not demand the services of many elephants for beating, as they are rarely more than eighty yards in width, though of considerable length, winding in tortuous fashion between two belts of forest.

If general shooting is the order of the day, eacock, and perhaps a stray porcupine, may igure in the bag, and on the way back to camp of an afternoon graceful cheetal are to be met with crossing the narrow drives that are maintained by the forest department for working purposes. Unfortunately for the cold-weather visitor, most of the stags are in velvet during that season, and consequently one is forbidden to shoot them; but this not a universal rule, and one may be lucky enough to come across an animal in good conidtion, and add a fine head to other trophies. Wild dog, those pests of the jungle, are sometimes found, but more by chance than design, and each of their skins, tawny in color, with bushy, black tails, means a reward of 10 rupees at the nearest government treasury. Even should the bag prove disappointing, the free life under the greenwood tree, in a perfect climate and amid beautiful scenery, ought to recompense the stranger from distant Europe for the expense and trouble of a sojourn in the forests of Oudh.-

# UPHELD THE STANDARD

In speaking of his mother's unswerving discipline, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, in "Random Reminiscences," says she upheld the standard of the family with a birch switch when it showed a tendency to deteriorate, and excuses were not encouraged. On one occasion, when he was being punished for some unfortunate doings which had taken place in the village school, he felt called upon he says, to explain after the whipping had begun that was innocent of the charge.

"Never mind," said my mother, "we have started in on this whipping, and it will do for the next time." This attitude was maintained to its final conclusion in many ways.

One night, I remember, we boys could not resist the temptation to go skating in the moonlight, notwithstanding the fact that we had been expressly forbidden to skate at night. Almost before we got fairly started we heard a cry for help, and found a neighbour, who had broken through the ice, was in danger of drowning. By pushing a pole to him we succeeded in fishing him out, and restored him safe and sound to his grateful family.

As we were not generally expected to save a man's life every time we skated, my brother William and I felt that there were mitigating circumstances connected with this particular disobedience which might be taken into account in our mother's judgment, but this idea proved to be erroneous.

# MEYERBEER LIQUIFIES

When the stringed band, hidden behind the rose and carnation screen in Mrs. Poole's dining-room, began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas, the daughter of the house turned hopefully to the young and apparently dumb stranger who had been told off to take

Here was a promising opening for conver-"Do you like Meyerbeer?" she asked.

"I never drank a glass of one of those lagers in my life," the young man replied, coldly.

# THE MINER HAD SPOKEN

At present, writes Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart in the Boston Transcript, the winter highways in the Yukon valley are mere trails, traversed only by dog-sledges. Bishop Rowe, of Alaska, who is very fond of that kind of travel, one day met a miner coming out with his dog-team, and stopped to ask him what kind of a road he had come over.

The miner replied with a stream of forcible words, winding up with, "And what kind of a trail have you had?" "Same as yours," replied the bishop, feel-

Mistress-"Now, remember, Bridget, the Jonses are coming to dinner tonight." Cook-"Leave it to me, mum, I'll do my worst! They'll never trouble you again."