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THE CASCADE RECORD

Published in the Interests of the Boundary and Christina Lake Mining Districts

VOL. II. CASCADE, B. C., JULY 14, 1900. No. 36.

A LETTER FROM BUTTE.

Pouring Acid on the Troubled Oil---A Scathing Arraignment of the Monopolists.

One of the most scathing communications on the Standard Oil people, that we have seen on any subject for some time is just published by P. A. O'Farrell, in the Rossland Miner. He does not mince matters one iota. Speaking of the Standard Oil official in Montana he says: "When she made him, nature placed no mask upon the countenance of G. M. Hyams, Eye, nose, mouth, stature and countenance bespeak him a cross between Shylock and Iago, and this is the man that the Standard Oil people have chosen as their representative in Montana, to play tyrant, knave and pirate." Dealing with Hyam's employers he says": "There is no crime in the calender at which these men hesitated to crush rivals in business, or to absorb other people's wealth. Assassins and incendaries were in their pay and service, and they have defied the State and Federal governments for, alas judges were venal, and juries could be bought They told F. A. Heinze that they wanted his mines and smelters, and that if he would not accept a mere pittance for his Butte properties, they would drive him a bankrupt and a beggar from Montana. Heinze laughed them to scorn, and told them when they were all dead and gone, and the devil had got his due, he would be mining copper in Montana. He told them they could play pirate, knave and thief in Ohio and in other States, but that the people of Montana would never allow them to play pirate and knave with impunity. Then began their fierce relentless war on Heinze; every corrupt and perjured parasite whose presence cursed Montana, was summoned to their aid. The courts were stormed with volumes of perjured affidavits. Independent judges were offered bribes sufficient for a King's ransom, if they would but twist the law so as to enable the Rockefellers to rob Heinze. But they failed to corrupt Montana judges, and they failed to corrupt Montana juries. In the war with Heinze they have been whipped and humiliated as never before in their career of piracy in any State of the Union. They are ready to squander millions of money to achieve their vile ends. These Standard Oil folks have neither principle nor honor nor truth. Their gods are greed and gold, and their object in life the plunder of the wage earner, and the piracy of other people's property. This is strong language. But the time for compliment and flattery is past. I know the history of these Standard Oil people well, and a more notorious agglomeration of pirates were never grouped together on land or sea." Just so! But the worst of it all is that coal oil costs about $5 a case in B. C.,

And after the above we can readily understand the following from the Spokane Chronicle:

J. F. Reddy, the well known mining broker, was arrested this afternoon by Detective McFee, charged with assault, on a warrant sworn out by P. A. O'Farrell, the noted newspaper correspondent.

"Yes, I struck him," said Mr. Reddy. "He is a bad man and has a bad tongue. While I was away last week he made some remarks about me that were not as nice as they might be and I heard of them. This is partly what led to the trouble. To tell it complete it dates back two or three years, when we were interested in some property together."

Christina Mines--Cannonball, Victoria and Dykehead.

The confidence which the proprietors of the Cannonball group in Christina Lake district are manifesting in their property by the installment of machinery and the engagement of numerous hands, is one of the most cheering signs in the locality. In wishing the enterprise every possible success, we do not pretend to be free from selfish motives.

We firmly believe that when the Messrs. Beach's Victoria property and Mr. Kelly's Dykehead claims also get the attention they undoubtedly deserve, the mineral worth of the lake district will be established forever.

A Willing Member.

We have received a letter from the Hon. Smith Curtis stating that he will be pleased if his constituents will at the earliest possible moment make him acquainted with such of the needs of the locality as are under the control of the Legislative Assembly. He promises to do his utmost to advance the interests of the community fn any way in his power. Communications should be addressed to Victoria.

Mr. S. D. Schulz has written and composed a sprightly and full-blooded military march entitled, "The Charge at Dawn." It is adapted to the piano or to the full regimental band, and in some of its movements is as extravagant and suggestive as the bill presented next morning by some of the Florida hotelkeepers.

NOME PROVING A MISERABLE FAILURE.

The Rich and Inexhaustable Mineral Deposits of British Columbia Worth Ten of It.

A Frisco paper says: Five vessels, the Hunter, Eclipse, Alaska, Jane A. Falkinburg and Catherine Sudden, lost in the rush for gold is the history of disaster thus far at Nome. Thousands of dollars worth of property has been destroyed and hundreds of prospectors are without means of pursuing fortune. The gold diggings are in a state of anarchy, and property in and about Nome is held only at the muzzle of a gun. Three steamers—the Roanoke, Santa Ana and Ohio—have reached the diggings from Seattle with small pox on board and two are quarantined with their passengers at Egg Island. The Roanoke ran back to Dutch Harbor and landed her sick passengers to evade the quarantine. Tents are staked out on every foot of the beach, and no room is left for the handling of freight. The Pacific Steam Whaling company alone has succeeded in getting its lighters into operation and has been doing all the work of freighting. The place is over-crowded and hundreds of people were walking the streets with no place to sleep. This, in brief, is the story brought down by the steamer Zealandia, which arrived yesterday from Nome.

H. L. Byrne, a capitalist of San Francisco, was a passenger on the Zealandia. He made the round trip on the vessel, and his short experience will last him. He has no use for the gold diggings. "It is a great fake," said Mr. Byrne. "Dishonest men may thrive, and the lawless will make money. Everything within 100 miles of Nome has been taken up, and claims are being sold and re-sold by the so-called real estate agents. If a man has a house he must stay home and take care of it; otherwise he will lose it. There may be lots of gold there, but I fail to see how the newcomer is going to get it."

Another speculator, W. H. Sprout, the one passenger on the Portland, has no use for Nome and gives the country a bad name. "Nome is in a bad way. Everything has been staked out for months. The lawless element is unchecked, claim-jumping is going on all the time, and there will be endless trouble there this year. Miners who left their claims and came out last winter returned and found squatters on their property. Town lots in Nome were jumped, and when the original owners returned they could not get possession. Seven to ten thousand men are waiting at Nome for something to turn up. Gambling is the only diversion. For several weeks fuel was $17 a sack, and none could be had at that price. The hotels and lodging houses are not doing the big business they expected when the rush came. All the newcomers brought tents and supplies and they camped on the beach. Above Nome everything is taken, and Sinrock is the only district I heard was paying. A few days before we left Nome a real estate agent named Campbell shot a man named Henry. They occupied adjoining claims and quarreled over titles. Campbell fired both barrels of a shotgun and tore Henry's arm off.

Additional Judges Wanted.

The Press, the public, and finally the politicians, are at last paying attention to the crying need for a re-arrangement of the provisions for administering justice and applying law in the growing districts of British Columbia. The Greenwood Times asks most appropriately in this juncture, how it can be considered possible for one man to try seventy-five cases in one day as his Honor Judge Spinks was recently expected to do at Greenwood. And yet, no sooner was his Honor away from Greenwood than Grand Forks placed a somewhat similar proposition before him.

The Transvaal.

The scarcity of news from South Africa is in no way accounted for by scarcity of events. Things are transpiring all the time, as is evidenced by the fact that during the month of June alone 3,000 casualties occurred among British troops, resulting in 1,200 deaths. Meanwhile Buller has forced his way to the front and joined Lord Roberts at Pretoria. That the Boers are not possessed of their old grip and grit is evidenced plainly enough in the releasing of 800 of their prisoners. If President Kruger retains much longer his railroad car government and shifts his scene of operations so frequently he will qualify for two positions, either of which might become him---tram-car conductor in St. Louis, or a new sort of Flying Dutchman.

Just at present the British public is paying more attention to the complaints of hospital inefficiencies than to fighting in the Transvaal. And it is somewhat unfortunate for the Conservative government, that many of its own supporters—Mr. Burdett-Coutts, for instance, are among the bitterest of complainants in this matter.

The damming progresses, the blasting proceeds and Ole Oleson's hole elongates with monotonous regularity.

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CASCADE CURRY,

A LOCAL HASH WITH FOREIGN SEASONING,

DISHED UP BY STANLEY MAYALL.

Although daily observation has made me well familiar with the outlines and many of the details of that magnificient building the *Palais de Justice* at Brussels. I quite forget its actual cost. I think it was $10,000,000, I mention this because it might occur to some that if all the justice therein dispensed, were on a par with that administered in the Sipido matter, about $9,999,999.90 has been clear thrown away. It is a pity to spend $10,000,000 to get ten cent justice. There's the architecture of course, but law in a civilized community, is supposed to be equal everywhere for all, whether administered in a wooden shack or a palace.

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I completely fail to understand the verdict on any evidence hitherto published. Perhaps when my usual Belgian papers arrive, sufficient and satisfactory explanations may be forthcoming, and probably the reason is either that Sipido was insane, or that H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, who is a frequent and acceptable guest *in cognita* in the Belgian capital, has, out of the kindness of heart, well known to be one of his best characteristics, brought to bear his great influence in the direction of leniency to his would be assassin. Besides, H. R. H. is almost an expert in knowledge of firearms, and being withal a humorist, doubtless felt more amused than hurt, at a boy's attempt to slay him with a Lefaucheux revolver—price 5 francs, retail, and guaranteed to miss a house at six yards.

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That Belgium has been guilty of willful perversion of justice on account of any Boer sympathy, I will not believe. I knew the Belgian and his country well. For good reasons it ranks with Italy, as one of Britain's most loyal friends, and though its Flemish and Dutch constituents have latterly, as is natural, betrayed much sympathy for the Transvaal, there is a wide difference between that and conniving at an act which would, at the same time, be both an insult to a good friend, and a debasement of the honor, principles and history of a worthy nation.

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But some funny things do happen in that *Palais de Justice* all the same. I remember when the noted Baron von B—'s divorce case was going on, and half the leading legal talent of Brussels was arrayed on the side of the erring husband, how his charming and much injured and apparently grief-smitten young spouse was not only gradually winning the long weary case hands down, but was all the while sending almost hourly, in the form of a bulletin, a charming *billet doux* to her and my mutual friend Mr. D. C. B.——one of the best known journalists in Europe. Sometimes now I wonder whether my connivance in the matter brought its own retribution, for I subsequently got landed with the whole of the expenses of a divorce suit, (some £500) myself, and yet "had nothing to do with the case"

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A Canadian in South Africa, hearing a scotch name, recently made the acquaintance of Rudyard Kipling, and to him, said the great writer, "Yes, I am partly Scotch myself, and---my mother always taught me to beware of the Campbells." Well, I wish my maternal ancestors had used a club to knock that teaching into my family.

When my father was 30, and almost an automatic business success, he had the temerity to try dealings with one Campbell, the result was that the Campbell did come it over him to the extent of £40,000 in just about no time at all. Then when I was 30, I also ran up against one Campbell, and before I knew what was happening, the Campbell had run up a deficiency of nearly £500. On threatening suit, I found he had *utilized the funds to divorce his wife*, which was a horrible waste of my money, for she went and died shortly afterwards, besides if I pay for any divorce proceedings, I want to be an accessory before the fact and not after. Any how if I catch any of my children monkeying with any Campbells, I will apply the teaching of the wisest and most married of all parents.

Solomon said in accents mild,
"Spare the rod and spoil the child,"
"Be it boy or be it maid,
Whip it and wallop it," Solomon said.

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And you were saying dear departed editor, that the express rates charged by the C. P. R. were and are an extortion, and an abortion; figuratively that six bits for a mouse trap from Grand Forks, makes mouse meat high. Ain't it anything to be thankful for if you get the mouse trap at all? Don't you remember how on one occasion when an itinerant parson after fervid wrestling with the devil, sent round his hat and received it back coinless, he there and then went down on his knees, and instead of calling upon the Almighty to cast out and damn through all eternity his penurious audience, he simply gave praise for the blessed consolation that he got his hat back?

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F'rinstans. One firm in Cascade after a weary wait for a reply to an inquiry as to the whereabouts of some goods routed from Nelson by the C. P. R., *cost and freight both paid in advance*, was calmly informed on June 3d, "in reply to your communication of Dec. 5, that the shipment had been received by their people, and ought not to have been forwarded, but that the road was then in the hands of the destruction compartment, or words to that effect, and anyhow the C. P. R. would not pay for the missing shipment. Just so; there's one place that butter is always safe in.

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Then the merchant waxed wroth and said unto his C. P. R. correspondent, "Now verily may thou and thine go to, for I say unto thee that at the time these dearly bought goods were delivered unto thy measly outfit and lost in the wilderness, yet were the Philistines in thy master's service, obtaining special consideration and advancement, even so that any Celestial or other mortal might betake himself to the Commissary store, or the private institution of a minion thereof, and procure therein whatever seemed fit in his eyes; it being known unto all men that the contractors' opportunity of buying special goods at special rates, with a free haul to help was being used to the detriment not only of the C. P. R., but of the merchants who supported it.

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To which the being did make reply, with a promptitude which must remain for ever a record in the annals of his office. "You and your house are the only ones who have ever kicked about the firm in question." Whereat the merchant girded up his loins and said: "Now may the devil guard his own!" and forthwith wrote he in answer. "The statement that we only have objected to the trading of the firm mentioned is astounding, and must be taken either as a deliberate untruth, or a token of utter ignorance as to what goes on in your own office; to be more precise we refer you to your own correspondence with Messrs——on this matter."

Perhaps some months hence, the Being will have sorted out to which of the two classes above mentioned he most fitly belongs. What the Boundary country most needs, is a Second advent, with Jim Hill as the Redeemer.

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Many years ago whilst travelling in the East Indies, I remember being impressed with the remarks of a skilled writer, "The vagabond," on the subject of missionaries. I interpreted his utterances in the light of my own experiences, and fully agreed with the author in his dictum that the inflection of an ill-fitting foreign religion upon the mind of an untutored or otherwise taught heathen might, under easily conceived circumstances, prove the greatest curse that man could bestow upon his fellow. The religion of Kung Foo Tszee; the doctrines of Budda, and the teachings of Mohammed, have in them so much that is admirable, that 95 per cent of all the foreign missionary work ever achieved (outside the teaching that nakedness is an indecency, and the wearing of Manchester goods the highest of all virtues,) has been worse than wasted.

For twenty years I have preached that doctrine *ad nauseam*, and now it does one's soul good to find Lord Salisbury, Eljah Skidmore and a host of others crying "halt" to the stupid policy of the missionary mongers. Even Raratonga, in the South Pacific, is beginning to kick, and W. A. Irwin waxes sarcastic thusly on the Chinese trouble:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands.
From Yellow River's shallows
And Tien-Tsin's muddy wall,
They do not want deliverance
From "Error's chain at all!

And late events are telling,
In no uncertain sound,
That e'en the sightless heathen has
Convictions of his own;
And on his native river,
And on his native plain,
He's seeking to deliver
"His land from Error's chain."

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Which hits the spot exactly. Besides there are other ways of belling the cat. You know that, when the Jew and the Gentile went out boating together, and the Jew fell overboard, the Gentile grabbed him by his curly locks, and said in response to his cry of "save me!" "Declare that you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved." "I won't" said the Jew, so down he went. Once more the Gentile grabbed him. Now do you believe in the Lord? "N—No," said the Jew, and again he disappeared. "For the third and last time, do you believe in Christ as your Savior?" "Ye—Yes," shivered the Jew, "*well die in the Faith*," replied the Gentile, and he sent him to a watery grave.

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Also, when you are going out to convert anybody, on any subject whatever, it is just as well to really learn before hand whether the change sought, or the thing that is, be really preferable. Ninety per cent of the missionaries now at large, are just comparable in their breadth of mind, with that little English child who, hearing her tiny French guest say her prayers in her own language, exclaimed, "Mama, isn't that child silly? God doesn't understand *French*."

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I hear one missionary in China says that hundreds of Mauser rifles had been imported in coffins. Does not that teach the nations something of humor, economy, philanthropy and forethought utterly unwotted of in their own preparations for the glorious future?

The local bank at Kamloops, somehow got its Red Ensign reversed on Dominion day. Two of the Cascade celebrators likewise achieved the same brilliant result. Who fell out of bed?

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BY H. S. TURNER.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.

If there is a blue mark in this square, your subscription is due, and you are invited to remit.

The editor of this progressive organ having been called away to the hills to superintend the requirements of his lumber ranch, it has fallen to the lot of the man who usually only prepares the entrees to provide the whole repast. Years ago the axiom was laid down that any idiot can poke a fire and edit a newspaper. May be, but we begin to have misgivings. Fortunately for us the loss or blame consequent upon unavoidable incapacity or premeditated villainy will revert to the party usually responsible. So that in giving us the reins, he has established himself as a man of infinite courage—whatever may hereafter be said of his sagacity. He will make his own apologies and take the kicks for our short comings in due course.

We know a man who watched and waited fifteen years for just such an opportunity as this. Unfortunately he lacked our inate purity, and moral restraint, and righteous upbringing, and consequently no sooner had the editor evaded his rent like the Arab and silently stole away, than his substitute commenced to deal out retribution and insult to everybody who had at any time conferred any real or fancied injury upon him. He headed the next issue "*Magna est Veritas et Prevalebit*, Just For Once In a Blooming While Anyway." Then he forthwith proceeded to "roast" everyone he objected to. He said the local banker, who had had once refused him a loan of fifty dollars on the security of a spring poem, was a bald-headed old buccaneer beyond burying, likewise a peevish pawnbroker past praying for. Then he called the parson a sin-steeped sycophant and servant of satan, and lower-cased at that; whilst as for Miss Sophonisba Snowdrop, instead of being the auburn-haired angel she believed herself, she was a flabby, flat-footed, fiery-haired, frog-backed, freckled-faced, frowsy old frump, and more besides. Then he misappropriated all the diamonds and jewelry, bank notes and railway stocks he could find in the printing office and fled, and for a month afterwards the editorial sanctum was merrier than a *Mardi Gras* masquerade, and more whine than champagne in it, too.

But we would scorn any such antics. Instead of that, we would hold out our hand like a Christian to every one who came in sight—and ask for a year's subscription, $2.00, payable in advance. Besides, there are only about $1900 in the till just now, and we could not think of adding Barabbas to our name under at least $2,000. Eh! what's that? "More 'pi' than 'dough' round here since *we* began monkeying with the cases." Well, well; what would you? Editors are not type-setters.

But inasmuch as the "Sorrows of Satan" aren't to be compared with those of the average Boundary newspaper proprietor, so we particularly desire that any errors or faults of description in this issue shall not be specifically fathered upon the absent proprietor. Subsequent editions will come out all right. You see, dear reader, we remind ourself, figuratively, on this occasion of one certain Hebrew old-clothes dealer. A customer was trying on a somewhat frowsy frock-coat. "It seems to be a bit nifty," said the buyer; "smells, in fact." "Nein, nein, nein," returned the Jew, "*Dese goots is all right, it's me dot sdinks.*" 'Nuff said.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned, and the powers are debating whilst their diplomatic representatives, together with their families, guests and dependencies die. Procrastination has proved chief of all nations. What should we think of the captains of various life boats who, with a vessel in distress ahead, haggled among themselves as to pay or precedency, whilst the crew drowned before their eyes. Yet with Japan both ready and willing to incur the expense and risk of sending troops to China, she has nevertheless been delayed seriously if not actually fatally retarded by the cupidity and jealousy of the Powers, more particularly so by Russia.

To the man in the street, it may be a light matter that his nation has dishonored both itself and him; but what must be the feelings of the relatives of the fifty representatives of the various legations immured, if not actually long since immolated in Pekin?

Knowledge of death is better than the horrid uncertainty of doubt, but uncertainty coupled with feelings of betrayal, neglect and supineness on the part of those who, instead of leaving no stone unturned to pave the road to succor, actually place obstacles in the path of others, must amount to prolonged agony of a hyper natural type. The crime has been committed, whether, owing to unexpected internal strengh, or outside loyalty to the legations, the beleaguered foreigners escape death or not.

Even the Japanese themselves feel this. But their share of the blame is slight compared with that of Britain, who ought to have unhesitatingly supported her; whilst it is as less than naught judged along side that of Russia, who has unquestionably offered opposition to her advance.

The crime of Khartoum is being re-enacted, and this time more nations than one are to blame; and maybe if the foreign ministers of great nations have souls, and possess consciences, or store up memories, some day in the future wraiths of this horrid present may arise, and reverting in awe-struck tones agonised with despair to their shameless abandonment, cry as the dying braves cried long ago, "*Ave Caesar, Morituri te Salutant.*"

"I had to buy a slicker from the government for 16s 6d or $4, as the ones they served out in Ottawa all fell to pieces as soon as we put them on. The weather is wet and nasty." So writes trooper Mayne Daly in a modest letter from the front to his father, the Hon. T. Mayne Daly, Q. C., of Rossland. "Their's not to reason why, their's not to make reply, their's but to do and die," and trooper Mayne Daly utters no word of complaint but simply mentions the fact casually, and privately, possibly. Personally we do not regard it as a private matter at all, but one of serious public importance, and whilst we recognize the magnificent liberality and splendid loyalty which influenced Lord Strathcona in the assembling and dispatch of his excellent body of horse, and freely admit that no blame can attach to him in the matter; we would like to ask, as pointedly as may be, *why* the inspecting officer passed that faulty portion of the kit, and *who* was the contractor who supplied the worthless things?

This is an old story, and somehow it sounds worse every time of telling, until one's gorge rises, one's veins swell, and the words of the telling stand out hot and red, until they swim in a mist of blood and tears. It is the story of the Crimea, it is the story of Sedan, it is the story of the Civil war and it is ever the story of greedy and unscrupulous men seeking to batten on the money and honor of their country, and the blood and misery of their fellow beings.

Out upon all such, now and through all eternity, as traitors, knaves and scoundrels, and may the God of Justice give them all the justice due.

The necessity for the construction of a trail from the head of Christina lake to Franklin camp, is just as great as ever, and daily growing more so. The necessary dollar is gradually getting scarcer though. The Wisdom Works open up Victoria a few days hence, and the estimates will certainly not be over burdened with Cascade and district requirements up to date. The appointed hour to put up a petition is always the present one. We call the attention of our Member to this as a matter of a great importance to this locality.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The loss of the North German Lloyd S. S. Co., through the New York fire, is 5,000,000 marks.

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The profit on the Canadian government's revenue and expenditure transactions is over $14,000,000. The C. P. R. also benefits annually by just about the same amount, and yet it won't build a wheelbarrow track without a subsidy.

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"Fallen is thy throne O Israel," In other words Mr. J. I. Tarte, as you are likely to hear more truth than poetry whenever you return to Canada, why not show your intense patriotism to France—a country which, by the way, is much to good for you—by remaining on exhibition in Paris, along with the other curiosities?

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The convention went frantic over opposition to expansion across the seas. But an hour later, when a delegate from Hawaii said his delegation had "come 4000 miles to attend this convention," a loud cheer went up. So says the Spokesman Review. Well, there is nothing on this funny earth more funny than platform politics and popular applause, not even the excuses of an erring husband at 4 a. m.

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A short while since the Burlington used to advertise "The Finest Train on Earth." So last week a bold, bad bandit took it into his head to see if it was what it was cracked up to be. He just simply "held up" the whole train, robbed every passenger he saw, including a Missoula sheriff, and decamped safely with about $500. We fear he was disappointed with his turnover. The sheriff alone ought to have had that much, and a few watches besides.

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If some of those political people who are debating so mighty much on the emergency rations would quit chattering and use their inferior maxilliaries feeding on the stuff for a while, the results of their efforts might be the achievement of the truth, and perhaps stomachache, also. It is infinitely better that politicians should suffer intestinal cramps than Tommy Atkins should. If some good people who never smelt powder or saw blood, had their own way, they would treat Tommy like Nebuchadnezzar and feed him on grass.

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The Kootenay Valley railroad extending from Kuskonook to its connecting place with the Great Northern at Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, will be open for traffic in a week. This is a switch that will cut both ways, for it will not only provide an outlet for Crow's Nest coal, but another inlet for eastern goods routed per Great Northern.

Anyhow, British Columbia should benefit, so here's more power to your elbow, Mr. Hill, and may your arms ever grow longer.

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BRIEF LOCAL MENTION.

Ferguson & Ritchie, of the Dominion Supply Store, are laying in a line of popular patent medicines.

Where *is* that local constable, and which bright particular burglar is going to be the next man shot?

Contractor Olaf Oleson returned Tuesday night from a visit of a week at Seattle, in which locality he has property interests.

Mr. Rowland Machin of the Bennett Fuse Co. was in town on Wednesday. What a fine sub-editor of the Pink Un he would make.

Mr. Starkey, of Spokane, is in town making arrangements with regard to the future of the Victoria property in which he is heavily interested.

Mrs. Horace Kimball and Miss Kathlene, her daughter, of Spokane, are taking a summer outing at Laurel Ridge as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Stocker.

The Hon. Mr. Smith Curtis, late Minister of mines, passed through Cascade last Tuesday. He does not seem quite so pleased to meet us as formerly. Mr. Curtis says that after the session he proposes to recommence work on the Elmore claim.

Messrs Carden, Scott and Bunting took train to Grand Forks last Saturday night, and fished the Kettle down to Cascade the next day. They walked about twenty miles, and landed back wet and weary. We stayed home and ate the fish.

Contractor Quinlivan who suffered so heavily in the Cascade fire, did yeoman service when the Chinese laundry burst into flames the other day. Unfortunately he got one hand severely burnt, and has had to carry it in a sling ever since.

Constable Dinsmore is in town this week collecting taxes and the like. Poll tax $3, traders license $5, Poetical license $50 That's why we are keeping our poetic department quiet, because if Dinsmore takes it into his head to garnishee anybody, there's only us or the Y. M. C. A. for it.

The largest trout we have ever heard of being caught in Okanagan lake, was captured a few days ago by Leon Gillard, at Kelowna. It weighed just a trifle over 29 lbs. So says the Vernon News. We have just as big fish in Christina, as any up Okanagan way. But we do badly lack the lovely rainbow liars they have up in that country.

Mrs. Wm. Brown, knowing the staff of The Record to be composed of pronounced vegetarians—owing to the scarcity of beef—sent in a nice pail of fresh vegetables, grown on the family homestead across the river. The products attest the wealth of the soil hereabouts when agitated with the tiller's implements.

A meeting, called at short notice, to discuss the ways and means of constructing a satisfactory route of travel between Christina lake and Franklin camp, was held on Thursday evening. A committee was appointed to take the necessary steps.

Special efforts are being made to ensure the success of a concert to be given in the church on the evening of Saturday next, the 21st inst. Instrumental and vocal music by visitors of professional ability, assisted by the best local talent, should ensure the gratification of all attending. A trifling charge will be made for admission, and it is fully expected that the attendance will be considerable and the entertainment a great success.

NEWS OF PEKIN STILL HARASSING.

Tientsin in Grave Jeopardy---Conflicting Reports---The Worst Feared---The Bear with the "Cloven Hoof."

The Chinese situation again bears a most ominous aspect. Eighteen days ago Sir Robert Hart dispatched his last message, declaring that the situation was desperate, and since then no word has come from the Europeans at Pekin. Prince Tuan's edict leaves little hope that the foreign legations are safe in spite of cheering reports from other quarters. The Allies in Tientsin have lost possession of the arsenal. Unless reinforcements speedily reach Tientsin, another disaster may be expected. The Daily Mail's correspondent, says: "The situation is about as bad as it can be. I only trust that we shall not soon want relieving ourselves. From 30,000 to 40,000 troops are wanted, and there are only 10,000 here. The foreign troops are working well together. But it is inconvenient that there is no supreme commander. In some quarters the feeling is to rescue Pekin and then clear out in favor of Russia."

Japan will possibly send large forces to the front. It is stated Germany intends to send 10,000 to 15,000 men well equipped, and reports, which however lack credibility, aver that 100,000 native troops will be sent forward from India.

The governor of Port Arthur telegraphs that 40,000 Manchu troops were, on July 7th, within nine miles of Newchwang and had destroyed the Russian mines.

The Russian papers reassert that the Boxers are ravaging Manchuria, and have damaged 60 miles of railway, threatening Telein and Kuirin, while Port Arthur and Newchwang are said to be endangered. Russia, therefore, has notified the powers of her intention to dispatch a large military force to Manchuria. It appears that the Russian censorship is suppressing all reference to this matter, and it transpires that 6,000 regular troops have already arrived from Port Arthur and Amur, and the other troops are now on their way to Manchuria.

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Watch repairing a specialty.
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We carry an up-to-date and complete stock.
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FOR FURNITURE
Johnson Block,
GRAND FORKS.

DR. H. S. SIMMONS,
Dentist,
GRAND FORKS.
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GRAND FORKS,
Sell Everything Men Wear

W. R. Megaw,
General Merchant
Makes a Specialty Fine
DRY GOODS,
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AND GROCERIES,
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GOODS OF ALL KINDS
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City Barbershop
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Everything neat, clean and convenient, and workmanship the best.
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Rooms 50c and up.

Your Feet Or rather, your old boots and shoes, do they need repairing; or would you prefer something new—made to order? Anyhow, call on
Wm. Dinsmore,
BRIDGE STREET, GRAND FORKS.

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The Grand Forks Drug Company
Druggists and Stationers.

Spokane Falls & Northern Railway Co.
Nelson & Ft. Sheppard Railway Co.
Red Mountain Railway Co.

The only all-rail route between all points east, west and south to Rossland, Nelson and intermediate points; connecting at Spokane with the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and O. R. & N. Co.

Connects at Nelson with steamer for Kaslo and all Kootenai lake points.

Connects at Meyers Falls with stage daily for Republic, and connects at Bossberg with stage daily for Grand Forks and Greenwood.

LEAVE	DAY TRAIN	ARRIVE
10:35 a m	Spokane	7:10 p m
12:05 p m	Rossland	5:30 p m
9:30 a m	Nelson	8:00 p m
	NIGHT TRAIN	
9:45 p m	Spokane	7:05 a m
11:00 p m	Rossland	6:30 a m

H. A. JACKSON,
General Passenger Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

"Imperial Limited"

Service for the year 1900 will be commenced JUNE 10th. The "Imperial Limited" takes you across the Continent in four days without change. It is a solid vestibule train, luxuriously equipped with every possible essential for the comfort and convenience of Passengers. Ask your friends who have travelled on it, or address

W.F. ANDERSON, Trav. Pass. Agent, Nelson, B.C.
E.J. COYLE, A.G.P.Agt. Vancouver, B.C.

MINERAL ACT.

Certificate of Improvements.

"Wren" and "Rix" Mineral Claims situate in the Grand Forks mining division of Yale district.

Where located:—In Summit Camp.

Take Notice that I, Isaac H. Hallett, as agent for Albert E. Keough, Free Miner's Certificate No. B6719, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining crown grants of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated this 30th day of April, A.D., 1900.

I. H. HALLETT.

MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements.

"Alexandria" Mineral claim situate in the Grand Forks Mining Division of Yale District.

Where located, in Summit camp.

Take notice that I, Albert E. Ashcroft, Free Miner's Certificate No. B29423, for myself, and as agent for E.D. Olmsted, Free Miner's Certificate 34606a, and James M. Fitzpatrick, Free Miner's Certificate No. 34685a, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 1st day of June, A. D. 1900.

ALBERT E. ASHCROFT, P. L. S.

FERGUSON & RITCHIE,

SUCCESSORS TO THE

Dominion Supply Company

A Full Assortment OF Staple and Fancy

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STAGE
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Between
CASCADE
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SPOKANE
In
ONE
DAY.

Five
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SAVED.

Cascade to Bossburg !

Local Office at Hotel Cascade.

BELL & DUNCAN, Props.

MINERAL ACT.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

"Effie" Mineral claim situate in the Grand Forks Mining Division of Yale District.

Where located, on Texas cseek, two miles east of Christina lake.

Take notice that I, Albert E. Ashcroft, as agent for Mary Louise Teall, Free Miner's Certificate No. B30790, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated this 1st day of June, A. D., 1900.

ALBERT E. ASHCROFT, P. L. S.

Spokane Falls & Northern Railway Company Change of Time.

Effective Sunday, June 3d. The Spokane Falls & Northern Railway will change time and inaugurate new service as follows:

Day Train will leave Spokane 10:35 a. m., arrive Nelson 8:00 p.m., arrive Rossland 5:30 p. m.; will leave Nelson 9:30 a. m., leave Rossland 12:05 p. m., arrive Spokane 7:10 p. m.

Night train (new service) will leave Spokane 9:45 p. m., arrive Rossland 6:30 a. m.; will leave Rossland 11:00 p. m., arrive Spokane 7:05 a. m.

Great Northern standard sleeper will be attached to night trains.

H. A. JACKSON.
General Passenger Agent

We notice a gentleman named McInnes is writing to the papers considerably lately. The communications are somewhat lengthy. Does anyone know what he is talking about?

Two poor little children were recently drowned in the Murray canal whilst washing their hands. And yet we had been taught to believe that all the big hands and feet came from Boston.

The crop of berries this year is, and has been, something phenomenal, and the nuts are following suit. We have had strawberries without stint, then came the sarvis (we aren't a Siwash and don't know how to spell it) berries, huckleberries, blueberries, black and red raspberries, red currants and gooseberries. And by and bye the chokecherries and Oregon grapes will be ready. What else could a boy want, or a bear either.

Mr. Thomas Skinner thinks that a Fast Atlantic service for Canada, would pay from the start, *with a subsidy*. Every Liverpudlian and most Montreal men know full well what the present Canadian-going boats are thought of. There is one man however, whose attitude on this matter cannot be overlooked, and that is Mr. Alfred Jones, of the world-renowned firm of Elder, Dempster & Co.

110

HERE'S A POINTER.

If You Wish

To keep thoroughly posted on the fast moving events in the growing Boundary and Christina Lake sctions, there is only one way to accomplish it, viz:

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Staple and Fancy Groceries,
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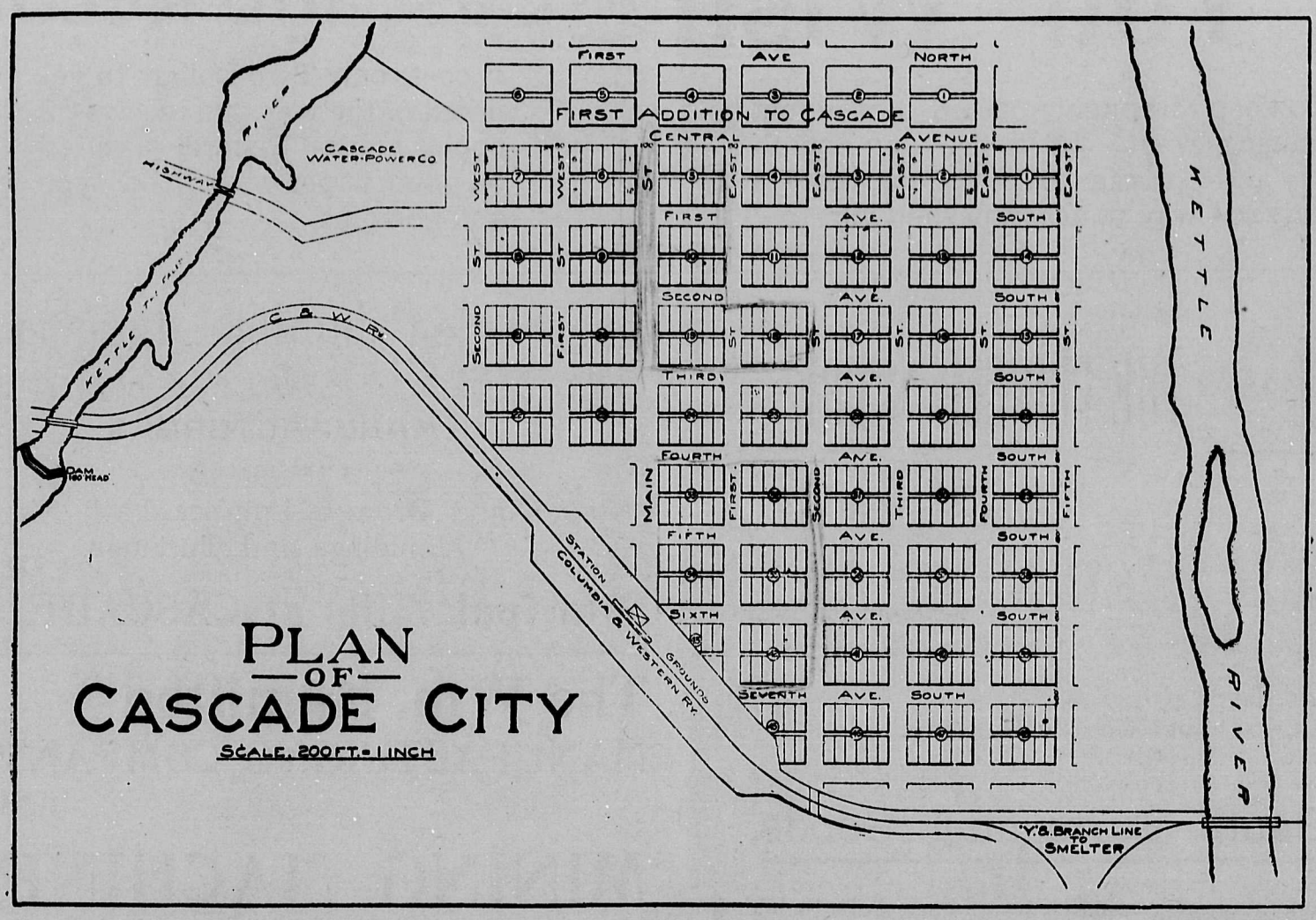

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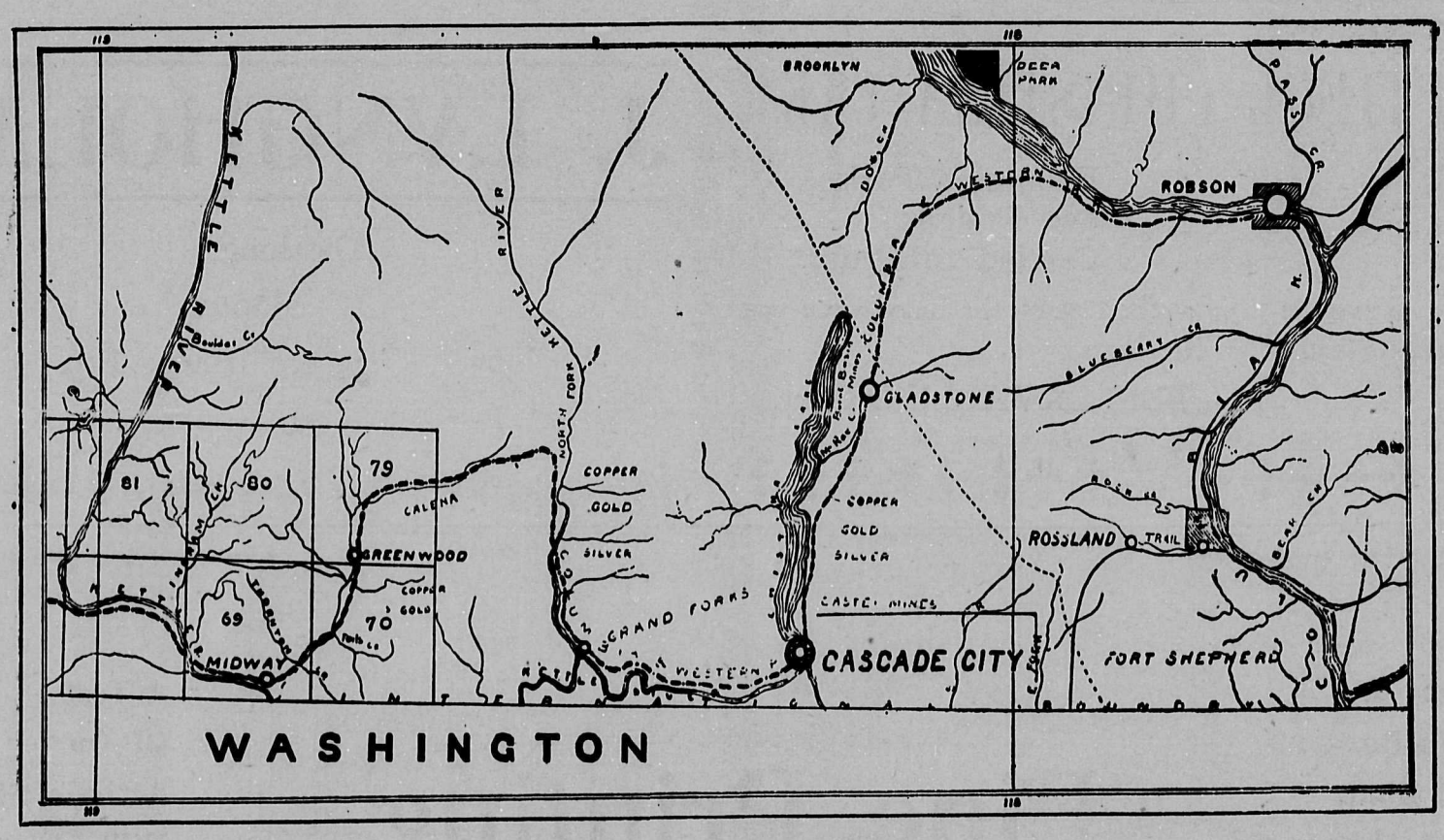

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