THE CASCADE RECORD

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

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CHINA VS. THE WORLD

Murder of Minister Baron von Ketteler at Peking June 18th.

CHINESE ALLEGE RUSSIAN BARBARITIES

The Chinese Embroglio a Cosmopolitan Mix-up the End Whereof No One Knoweth--- The Beginning of the End With China.

Shanghai, July 1.—The British consul at Chefoo, telegraphs that Baron von Ketteler, German minister at Peking, was murdered by native troops June 18. Three legations—it is not stated which—were still undestroyed June 23.

London, July 2.—Official dispatches confirm in the fullest manner the butchery of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, on July 18. The ambassador was riding in Legation street, when he was attacked by Chinese troops and Boxers, dragged from his horse and killed. His body was hacked to pieces with swords. The German legation and six other buildings were burned, and a number of servants of the legations killed, and their bodies thrown into the flames. Official confirmation of this ghastly business has created the utmost consternation among the consuls general of the powers, who expressed fears that war would be declared against the Peking government. The consuls entertain little hope that any foreigners are left alive in the capital. There were 100 foreigners connected with the legations—50 in the customs house, English and American tourists, and others to the number of 150, and nearly 100 legation guards. The British foreign office, the Daily Mail learns, has received news from the British consul at Chefoo, that Baron von Ketteler has been killed, but no other information.

A dispatch to the Express from Nankin, June 30, says: "Priests here have received report from Peking that the public executions of foreigners have been in progress since June 20. The news comes from French runners at Peking, who state that they administered the last rites to the condemned men."

Outbreaks of the Boxers appear to be imminent at Canton. The feeling of unrest steadily increases. Boxers from Hing Tu were marching Sunday on Chefoo. The governor feared for the town, and sent to the warships for forces.

A small riot occurred at Chefoo, on Saturday.

Fifty-two refugees who have arrived from New Chwang, aver that the Boxers have destroyed the railway north of Fort Arthur, and that all the American and English residents are leaving.

General Yuanshi Hikan, commanding the best foreign drilled troops in China, has notified the German governor of Kiao Chau that he will not permit the German's proposed expedition to Weihsien to rescue Chalfont and the Misses Bowden and Hawes, the American missionaries in the hands of the Boxers. The missionaries at Pao Ting Fu were reported safe. A correspondent in Shanghai learns from official sources that the Chinese are laying torpedoes between the Kaing Nan arsenal and Shanghai. Nothing has been heard of the coulmn which relieved Admiral Seymour and then proceed toward Peking, but there is nothing extraordinary in this Troops are going forward from Taku to Tienssin daily, though some reports from Taku allege that it will be three weeks before a large force can be sent to Peking.

A dispacth says it is improper to any longer conceal the harm done to the cause of the allies by the barbarities and the pillage of the Russians on the day after the bombardment. They wantonly shot natives and looted everything, including the Eupropean houses in Taku. The natives for miles around were looted of supplies.

The killing of the German minister Baron von Ketteler is accepted as a certainty, and there is grave apprehension as to whether any of the members of the legation at Peking are safe.

The murder of Ketteler has stirred all Germany, and the Emperor has declared that he will raise his flag over Peking and dictate the terms of peace.

Sir Henri Gustave Joly de Lotbiniere.

Our new Lieut.-Governor, Sir Henri Gustave Joly de Lôthiniere, has sufficient nomenclature to enable him to overawe the local legislative straplings and command respect due titled dignitaries. His Honor is a Parisian by birth. He entered Canadian Politics in 1861, was decorated a K. C. M. G. in 1895. In religious belief he is a member of the Church of England and has served as a delegate to the dioceasan and provincial synods of the church. He is known all over the continent for his interest in agriculture, horticulture and forestry, having written and spoken frequently on those subjects. In 1893 he was entrusted with the preparation of the provincial forestry exhibits sent to the Chicago world's fair, and throughout the Mercier regime he assisted in the administration of the department of agriculture. Sir Henri has a beautiful country residence at Pointe Platon, on the St. Lawrence river, a few miles from Quebec on the opposite bank.

Rev, D. McG. Gandier Married.

Rev. D. McG. Gandier, the popular pastor of the First Presbyterian church, returned from Los Angeles, Cal., and with him came his bride. The wedding occurred a few days since in Los Angeles. The bride was Miss Helena M. Burnette, of Kingston, Ont. She was visiting relations in Los Angeles for some time past. Mr. and Mrs. Gandier have known each other since college days, and have been engaged for a long time. Mrs. Gandier is a charming young woman, and will be a valuable addition to the population of Rossland. As for Mr. Gandier, every one here knows what a sterling man he is, and to praise him would be like painting the lily.—Rossland Miner.

A SHOCKING TROLLY CAR ACCIDENT

Between 50 and 60 Men, Women and Children Suddenly Dashed to Death.

The most appalling accident ever known in the history of Tacoma, occured Wednesday morning, when the 8 o'clock Edison car, loaded with excursionists coming down to see the parade, was dashed down 160 feet over the bridge at Dolin street gulch, burying the passengers, among whom were many women and children, under the wreck of the car. The car turned completely over, and mangled the unfortunate victims into unrecognizable shapes. To this hour 40 dead and 50 injured have been found. The mangled remains of the victims were brought up out of the gulch in blankets and gunny sacks, and those not killed were borne to waiting vehicles to carry them to their homes or hospitals. Between 50 and 60 lives were lost, and many were injured and crippled for life.

Postoffice and Daily Mail at "Fife," or Sutherland Siding.

A postoffice has been located at Sutherland siding, and Thos. Price has been commissioned a P. M. A daily service has been granted and the postoffice name of the station is Fife, as it appears on the railway maps. This will convenience many in that section engaged in mining and farming. Several pre-emption claims near Fife have recently been record, and the community is expected to grow rapidly.

HORROR UPON HORROR!

200 Lives and $10,000,000 Worth of Property Lost by Fire

AT HOBOKEN, N. J. LAST SATURDAY

Surface of Water Covered With Bodies and Blazing Masses of Freight Thrown from Doomed Vessels in the Harbor.

Nearly if not quite $10,000,000 worth of property and 200 lives were lost, and hundreds injured, and thousands of lives imperiled by a fire that started among cotton bales under Pier No. 3 of the North German Lloyd Steamship company in Hoboken, N. J., about 4 o'clock last Saturday afternoon. In less than 15 minutes the flames had spread over an area of a quarter of a mile, extending outward from the shore line from the bulkheads from 600 to 1000 feet away, and had caught four great ocean liners and a dozen or more smaller harbor craft in its grasp.

The greatest loss of life appears to have been on the Saale. She carried 450 people, and was to have sailed for Bremen in the afternoon. When the police-boat captain went aboard of her with his rescue party he saw bodies lying all about the deck. The ship Bremen carried a crew of 300, the Maine 250, and if as many lives were lost on the Saale, the number of lives lost will be very great. Then, also, many perished on the piers, the canal boats and lighters. The burning or smouldering remain of canal boats, lighters and barges are scattered all the way down the river and bay, to Staten island and Governor's island. Each of these craft will add something to the list of dead.

Cannonball Machinery Now On the Ground.

Thomas & Handy were engaged this week hauling in lumber and heavy machinery for the Cannonball mine near Baker creek in Christina Lake district. The lumber is for shaft and bunk houses, and the machinery consists of an engine, boiler pump, hoist-reel, cable, gearing, bucket, etc. Mr. Bell, the foreman, says the machinery will be placed and the work of sinking the shaft re-commenced during coming week.

The U. S. battleship Oregon, which ran on a rock in the Gulf of Pechili, this week, has been floated and taken to Port Arthur. The damage was serious, and for a time it was feared the great warship would be a total loss.

THE B. C. MERCANTILE -AND- MINING SYNDICATE LIMITED
CASCADE.

Our Stock Taking has Revealed Various Remnants and Slightly Shop-soiled Goods which we will Sell

AT COST !

WE CAN ALSO SUPPLY

Hardware, Boots, Clothing, Drugs, Stationery, Groceries, and all Miners' Requirements, at the

Lowest Rates in Town !

The Biggest Selections and Cheapest Prices are to be had at the

B. C. Mercantile and Mining Syndicate's Store.

Branches at Gladstone, English Point (Christina lake) and at Eagle City on North Fork.
Assay office and Long Distance Telephone at CASCADE.

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CASCADE CURRY,

A LOCAL HASH WITH FOREIGN SEASONING,

DISHED UP BY STANLEY MAYALL.

I am glad somehow that the retaining fee of the Poet Laureate of Great Britain is not quite equal to that of the Lord High Chancellor, otherwise the former would have to be "run in" for obtaining money by means of false pretenses.

Take that sample of the divine afflatus, "Mafeking," to witness, and compare it if you can with, say, Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," or Gordon's "Sick Stock-rider," and Alfred Austin's effusion sounds, by contrast, like a blind and spavined horse dancing a *can-can* over a damaged corduroy swamp track. Rythm, metre and sense, rhyme and reason are enough to make the late Lord Tennyson turn in his grave and thank Heaven that he died. I remember once the tenor in a small church choir visiting Manchester to hear Sims Reeves sing. On returning a friend asked how he liked the *maestro's* rendering of "Tom Bowling." "Oh, fair," he replied, "fair, but aw could sing 'is yed off in "'Ohly, 'oly, 'oly.'" And so it is here. I don't happen to know the name of the poetic contributor to last week's Record, but he could sing Austin's head off at a "Muffin struggle."

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Somebody had better be careful. The Nelson Daily Miner and the Colonist are egging the public, and each other, on to possible mischief, and suggesting that the Minister of Agriculture should aid and abet. Their intentions are of the very best; they merely desire to import, propagate and perpetuate the song birds of other countries. In endeavoring to achieve that worthy desire, however, someone will have to make haste slowly. The old cry, "No song, no supper," won't apply. Song instead of supper might. The history of all pests had just such a simple beginning. Some kindly disposed philanthropist, a lover of the "pretty little rabbit, so engaging in its habit," that rabbit which, according to the poet, "fondles its own harmless face," once exported a pair of the rodents to Australia. To-day that "harmless face" costs Australia $5,000,000 per annum, and four governments are offering total rewards of $175,000 for a cure of the pest. Private persons are put to endless trouble and expense and often ruined on its account. Indeed, I know hundreds of square miles of land that have been absolutely stolen from squatters by the tireless and prolific intruder, leaving proud man songless, supperless, homeless and bankrupt. A rabbit isn't a song-bird, eh? No, perhaps not. It's the "harmless face" I'm thinking of.

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Then when the rabbits got thicker than the autumn leaves in Vallambrosia, some other philanthropists imported weazels and foxes to "down" the rabbits, and presently the atmosphere became mephitic with the scent of the lazy and surfeited vermin. A fatherly "shire council" fined us, whenever its agent discovered our rabbits were not being killed off sufficiently, and rewarded us to the extent of half a crown for every fox's brush brought in; whilst an adjoining shire council, being possessed of one of those "wise guys" who adorn all such local communities, decided that a fox could live tailless but could hardly do mischief without its head, so they paid bounty on the head. Consequently my cousins and I used to take the tails to one shire and the heads to the other and receive the reward due to our intelligence and application. Then another considerate gentleman, a Scotchman, I suppose, hankering after his favorite flower, introduced the thistle, and before next season's wool was on the market the landscape was white with thistle-down and the air blue with oaths. Well, well; weazels and foxes and thistles are n't song birds, neither are sparrows, nor Doukhobors, nor Japs, but all the same "you can't be too careful" what you take off its native heath and put on to your own.

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And talking of thistles reminds me of the hottest and hardest and most ill-paid day's work I ever had in my life. The indefatigable inspector had been his rounds and, as usual, his report was adverse. "Thin off your thistles before they seed, or come up and be fined." My cousin fumed. He was proud of "his station," proud of his wool, proud of his racers, and needed no inducement to protect his own, but the inspectors drove him crazy. Moreover, he was short-handed, and consequently helpless. Temporarily his eyes rested on me, then turned away. I was a "new chum;" probably didn't know a thistle from a cabbage, and might stumble on the pine apple patch and destroy that by mistake. But there was no help for it. "Say, Stan," he said, "*you'll* have to tackle this job. Get up at daybreak, take a thistle-hoe, a can of tea and some damper and go four miles southeast near White Gum gully and you'll find more thistles than enough."

I set off at dawn, I walked four miles south of the rising sun, I found a gully, I found a white gum tree and I found sufficient thistles to satisfy the biggest other donkey that ever lived.

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I started work and soon became aware of the presence of a big red-shirted villain mounted on a "blood-weed" of surpassing beauty. "Ahem" he ejaculated, and looking at me from top to toe, added, "S'pose you're the new-chum from Tootallup Station," "I am," I replied, "Hum, 'ow long yer bin 'ere?" "Three weeks" I answered. He colored and thought I was chaffing him. "I mean *here*," he said. "Half an hour" I answered, and knocked over some more thistles. A diabolical grin illuminated his countenance. "Yer like all new-chums—a bit fresh," he retorted. "I s'pose you think you can keep up that speed all day?" "I do," I answered. "Well now, I want to bet you two bob you can't," he returned; "least ways you can't clear this patch before night." "Done." I said, and he went away chuckling whilst I went on with my work. At 7 p. m. I had finished, not a thistle remained. I was stiff, sore and tired but happy. At 8 I joined the family at supper, and recounted my experiences.

"Where *was* this?" Ted said. I told him again, south of the road, east of a gully, near a dead and bleached gum tree. Then I thought he would have a fit; his face went purple. "Suffering Lazarus!" he almost yelled, "you haven't been on our place at all, you dithering imbecile, you've been working for Bill Harvey, 'Red Bill,' the biggest thief in the country, and he's got twenty shillings' worth of work out of you for two, if he ever pays at all."

He never did, and somehow, even to-day the mention of thistles does not bring to my mind the joy that transfigures most other donkeys when they hear the beastly weed mentioned

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But a retributive justice later overtook Red Bill, using me as its humble instrument.

"Thistles," he said to me one day as I met him gun in hand, "If you cross my place and see my old black mare—nice looking beast with white off-hind fetlock joint and a white star on her forehead—I'll give you half a quid to shoot her for me. She's clean done all except her good looks, but I can't kill her myself." I hesitated; I was afraid of a trick, and did not understand his humanity. "It's right. I mean biz," he said. "*You can't make any mistake this time.*" "He means it," Jim Hall, a bystander, added, "she's getting vicious and past her days anyhow." "All right; when I see her," I answered.

Three days later, whilst crossing Harvey's, I heard a shout, saw a drafting gate thrown open and a fine black mare, head erect, tail carried high, coat agleam, come cantering across at a distance of forty yards. The star was there, and the white off-hind stocking—I hated the task, but old age is often misery, and I fired. The poor brute dropped with a Winchester ball through her brain. Then, shuddering, I went home. It felt like murder.

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That night Ted came to me looking very serious; he placed his hand on my shoulder and said quietly, "Stan, if you don't leave the country, you'll get shot." "Why?" I asked. "Simply because you have *killed the first favorite for the Roonambit Cup.* You've put me in a bad light, too, as my horse, Mephistopheles, was next in the betting. Harvey is looking for you with a gun." This was bad. I knew Red Bill well enough to feel certain that if he got first shot, my own practice was not likely to be up to Wimbledon form. "But," I said, "this is rank idiocy. He begged me to kill his mare. Described her fully; said mistake was impossible. Offered me ten shillings to do it, and Jim Hall heard him. I won't go." "Yes," Ted replied, "he asked you to kill old Mazeppa. You killed Messalina, her daughter." "Then what in the name of goodness was a horse in training doing down the grass paddock?" I inquired. "That's just it," he answered. "He'll think *I* let her out."

Well, things simmered down in time, but I wore out two jackets packing a pistol around.

Mephistopheles won the cup, and I noticed with interest that Jim Hall immediately afterwards blossomed out into a capitalist of the first water. The inference is obvious.

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One duty at least stands out sharp and clear for the Boundary delegates to perform at the approaching Nelson Board of Trade conference, and that is determined insistence on the promptest possible redistribution in the so-called Rossland Riding of West Kootenay. No one can look up past and present suffrage, existing conditions and future prospects, without admitting the grave injustice that is being done to the Boundary by inadequate representation. Nor must the future be judged by the present. What may suffice for to-day will probably be totally inadequate a year hence. Lop off Rossland and the Boundary itself even now is infinitely better entitled to two seats than the two Lillooets, Cassiar, Carriboo, or even Esquimalt. The task will not be easy. The co-operation of Rossland and the compliance and possible concession of its honorable member may be needed; constitutional usage may have to be strained, but there is no insurmountable, logical or just reason why the best, brightest, most promising and least unprogressive part of British Columbia should not have its full say in the council chamber of the country.

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One paper I formerly knew used to set up all its exchange clippings in one page under the caption,

"Stolen from thieves." Another I know now, sets up nearly two pages of clippings without any acknowledgement whatever, and disarms criticism by styling itself *"The Economist."* And it isn't "wrote sarkastik" either.

"How is it Jones" asked Brown the manufacturer, "that neither you nor I can compete with Smith? I engage the best brokers to procure my raw material, and pay best prices for labor" "And I," said Jones, "buy my own material and employ scab labor." Just then Smith came along, "Yah" he exclaimed, "I *steal* the *stuff*, and *do the work myself*." He was an economist too.

Nice state of affairs! No butcher in town, and a monied monopolist, a crafty carrier and a sultry sun dead in the way of getting meat at Grand Forks. The close season too, deer and grouse unobtainable, and bear "out of sight." We will all have to become vegetarians or fish eaters, and personally I don't like the prospect. I tried it once. I felt dyspeptic, a friend of mine also felt dyspeptic. A certain restaurateur named "Bigchild" was booming the whole town in favor of vegetarianism. It would reduce crime, imbrove your complexion, cure corns, warts, and bunions, restore gray hair to its natural color, and make you healthy, wealthy and wise. It was two o'clock, and we went and had some. I must say there was plenty for the money. About 4 p. m. I began to "feel peckish" again, I met my friend and he felt the same only more so, towards five we nearly fainted for lack of internal support, at six, we gave in and went to the best hotel in town for a fifteen course "table d'hote." Seated at the next table was Bigchild, the vegetarian, eating meat enough to keep a crocodile in form. Such is life!

THE CASCADE RECORD

Published on Saturdays at Cascade, B. C.,
BY H. S. TURNER.

The rate payers of Nelson will be asked on the 18th, to endorse the issue of debentures to the amount of $15,000, to be used in extending the waterworks system of the city.

The Chinese situation is most grave. The forces of the allies combined were not sufficient to force entrance to Peking, where all is anarchy and mob fury. Latest advices portend the massacre of thousands of foreigners.

While the banks in the states are full to overflow with McKinley's gold-standard prosperity, reduction of wages, and strikes and lockouts are numerous. Expansion, the gold standard and a prohibitive tariff is rapidly making the rich richer, and the poor poorer in the states as it is here.

The presidential campaign is in full swing in the states. Its McKinley, the Gold Standard Monoply and Trusts, vs. Bryan, The People and Silver. Shall the Almighty Yellow Dollar be crowned King of the Universe? We shall see what we shall see. The expansion idea, or avarice, is the cause of all wars. They say that if Bryan succeeds in gaining the presidency, he will be assassinated as was Goebel. Hannaism must be Supreme.

The employees in the Brooklyn navy yard in New York state are about to have their wages cut down. Strikes are chronic in all parts of the union, owing to efforts to reduce the wage rate. Yet, "Mac The Wonst" is to be re-elected that the prosperity of the banks and trusts may be continued.

MRS. D. McLEOD'S FATHER AND MOTHER

Killed in the Trolly Car Horror at Tacoma on the 4th.

Word was received here Thursday by Ferguson & Ritchie that Mr. and Mrs. Saugher, father and mother of Mrs. D. McLeod, were among the victims of the trolly-car horror at Tacoma on Wednesday last.

Swelled Heads in Town.

If Cascade City forges ahead in the same proportion as the Record newspaper published there, it will, in a very short time, be the leading city in the Boundary country. The Record is without exception, the best paper, produced by the best staff of writers, of any that comes to this office. It is a leader, an instructor and a champion—for the right.—Bossburg Journal.

Now, brother Anderson. This is cruel of you. It has swelled our editorial heads so that we have been obliged to purchase new hats two or three sizes larger than formerly worn, which puts our staff writers to needless expense of from $15 to $20. But Cascade is forging ahead all right.

Mr. Frank Asprey now utilizes a sailboat on Christina lake.

Rev. Mr. McKay of Eholt, has been visiting in Cascade the past few days, the guest of Rev. Barton.

F. E. Tebo, C. P. R. agent here, spent Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in Nelson, witnessing and participating in the pleasures of the two-day Dominion day celebration in that city.

Inadvertently mention of the burning of a small unoccupied building adjoining Sam Sing's wash house, Thursday of last week, failed to find its place in the columns of The Record.

A stabbing affray occurred in the Miners' hotel, Greenwood, last Saturday. Roe is the name of the man who used the knife, and Moran the name of his victim. Roe was arrested after a lively chase and taken to the lockup, from which he escaped at night. Moran's wound is not necessarily fatal.

Another big discovery is reported in Franklin camp by Alex. Omon and Alex. Dorias, who have recorded five new claims on the east fork of the north fork of the Kettle river near that lively camp. The specimens brought down are marvelously rich in copper, and the body said to be immense. Let us have that pack-trail in to Franklin camp, quick.

Chas. Sandner was in town again this week Since a former visit he has been over the route of the proposed pack-trail from the head of Christina lake to Franklin camp, and says the cost of construction of such a trail will not exceed $200. He says the task does not appear to be near so difficult as generally supposed, the grades are easy, and much of the route through an open country.

Most of the timbers for the large sawmill to be erected here by the Yale-Columbia Lumber company have been prepared. There is now some intention of fitting up the mill so that either steam or electrical power can be utilized. As soon as the work at the Rossland mill is cleaned up the machinery will be moved over here, and when combined with that of the Earle mill, will constituted a lumber manufacturing plant surpassed by none in the province.

The Legislature meets July 19.

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

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.

The Old Reliable Store,

THE PIONEER STORE

W. M. WOLVERTON, Manager.

The Store for Best Goods
Lowest Prices . . . . .

Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Canned Goods a Specialty.

Gents Furnishing Goods,

And everything else usually found in a well-stocked store.

Fresh Supplies Constantly Arriving.

STEAMER "MYRTLE B."

PLYING ON

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTINA LAKE

Excursion Parties
and Freight
Carried to Order.

Wave the Flag at the foot of the Lake when you desire either Steamer or Rowboats.

BEN. LAVALLEY, Capt.

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FERGUSON & RITCHIE,

SUCCESSORS TO THE

Dominion Supply Company

A Full Assortment OF Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES

Miners' Supplies, Hay, Oats, Coal, Etc

HOTEL CASCADE

C. H. THOMAS, Proprietor.

The Original and Oldest Hotel in this part of the district. Headquarters for Cascade and Bossberg Stage Line; also for Contractors, Mining Men and Travellers.

Well Stocked Bar in Connection.

SECOND AVENUE, CASCADE CITY, B. C.

TWICE TOLD TALES (OF CASCADE CITY).

THE SECOND.

I said that, perchance, I might tell of the lunch
That the minister, Kelman and Ritchie prepared,
To honor the ladies, who came to our town
To grace our lawn social, and how they there fared.
Last week I told how the schoolmaster surpassed
Himself, and all others. This week I must tell
Of the labors of Kelman, to win his sweet way
Deep into their favor by cooking so well.
O the minister, Kelman and Ritchie are "batching,"
And Kelman he's cook, and poor Ritchie's "cookee;"
But the two of them "put on" the minister sadly,
For his feet they are soft, and there's green in his eye,
And Kelman he'll borrow from every neighbor,
Every dish that he can, to make work for the others;
And Ritchie insists that the minister help him
Wash dishes, as well as he washed his own mother's.
And Kelman "permits" him to gather the fruit,
Preserve it, and bake it in pies and such things,
The other inmate of the house, too's, a "brute,"
He's a doggie, and "Doctor's" his name. Ritchie "brings
Up" on every occasion, his sweetheart to make
His companions feel bad that they are not as he,
For neither has got a "best girl" anywhere;
In this thing he's quite mean as he can well be.
And this is the home where the Stockers, their guests,
The sweet ladies from Gladstone, the Turners, and, too,
Gay young Tebo, the "gallant," who "handles" the wires
At Cascade, then sat down. Course first was a stew—
No,—I hear 'twas a soup, made of oysters;
And strangely and wonderfully made was a salad,
Concocted of cabbage, and several things;
The ladies declared 'twas a dream, poem, ballad,
But Ritchie quick tells them how Kelman has practised
On himself, and the minister, to get such results;
And claims that without such strong stomachs to work on,
'Tis vainly that Kelman the cook book consults.
O Kelman is famed for his strawberry shortcake,
And it won him the praise that he'd set out to win.
In his apron he served it, and ate it, and listened
To the words that his quick ears drank eagerly in.
His pastor and Ritchie forgave him just then,
For the taste of his short cake even mollifies them.
"Pa" Stocker and Madame declared it was good,
And Editor Turner, as he wiped with the hem
Of his napkin of paper his dripping mustache,
Declared by his eating so large an amount,
He had praised it almost as it ought to be praised.
But Miss Grant's praise with Kelman did most of all count.
The minister visits at Gladstone each week.
As he ate his short cake he saw, with a sad heart,
That Kelman had "side tracked" him. Kelman saw, too;
And he cooly said, making the minister start,
"Pass the fruit now, and don't keep it hid behind you,"
—And other things,—(making the unhappy man blush,)
That I as his friend do not care to write down;
And the poor man reached out the fruit with a quick rush.
So this is the story of how Kelman won
The welcome he gets when he goes to Gladstone,
Of course, he'll deny it, and so will the ladies.
Believe him or not, the lunch story is done.

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:

Just get in line, follow the crowd and subscribe to . .

The Cascade Record.

It costs only Two Dollars to get in out of the wet, and receive 52 copies of the Record. Printed on good paper with good type and good ink.

"I'd like to take your paper, but I'm too poor," said the farmer. "Go home," said the editor, "pick out a hen and call her mine, let her set, and next fall bring me the product of that hen. I'll send the paper." The printer got $4 instead of $2 from the farmer.

The Toronto World, which has gone in for phonetic spelling of certain words, is said to have lately received a post-card from an old subscriber in the country which read as follows: "I hev tuk your paper for leven yeers, but if you kant spel enny better than you hav bean dooin fur the las to month you may jes stoppit."

The sun is 93,000,000 miles from the earth. Its diameter is 866,000 miles. Its bulk is 1,300,000 times more than the earths. If all the coal on earth were set on fire, it would supply the heat given out by the sun for only the tenth part of a second. Icebergs tossed into the sun would be melted instantly, at the rate of 300,000,000 cupic miles of ice a second. At earth's railroad rates, a journey to the sun would cost you $3,000,000.—Philadelphia Press.

The biggest man in the world, lives in Minnesota. He is now arousing great interest in the scientific circles of Europe, where he has gone on a trip. Wilkins was born on a farm near St. Paul in 1874. When he was but 10 years of age, he measured six feet in height, and now has grown to the tremendous height of 107¼ inches, just three-quarters of an inch less than nine feet, and weighs 364 pounds.

In Giant powder over a year old, says the Seattle Mining Record, the glycerine is liable to crystalize after that time, and the presence of crystal in a stick of powder makes its handling dangerous. A scratching of that crystal, a jar of the stick, or the ruhbing of one stick against another is likely to produce an explosion. The best powder is that about six months old. Before that time the glycerine is liable to be soft. There is also danger of getting new powder too warm and melting the glycerine. A drop falling an almost imperceptible distance will at once explode. Giant powder will sometimes burn without exploding, but the starting of a single drop of the glycerine it contains, either by exciting the crystal when it is too old, or the melting drop when it is too new, is what does the mischief.

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THE ASIATIC MUDDLE.

By Stanley Mayall.

He would be a writer of some temerity, or a diplomatist of remarkable assurance who could regard the present Chinese imbroglio with indifference, or treat its possible outcome with complacency. The situation is serious, extraordinarily so. The outcome impossible to divine. The complexities and ramifications beyond measure. No seeming settlement need delude the weary or anxious onlooker one moment. The beginning was not yesterday, and the end is not yet.

As of yore, one finds the hand of the wily Slav writ large on this page of Asiatic history. "The mill of God grinds slowly, but it grinds exceedingly small," but the devil and all his works could not run with more deliberate application and consummate craft, than the noiseless, tireless machinery of Russian diplomacy. And it is because Russia, and secondarily her ally France, had not fully completed the weaving of the net, designed, that France today speaks against the dismemberment of China; and Russia is apparently in unison with her rivals, albeit to unsought ends.

But what of to-morrow? The whole situation is fraught with horrible difficulties and ghastly possibilities. The aptitude of Russia, and the precision of her tool—France, are momentarily discounted by the clumsy bungling of the unskilled Chinaman. Can any student of the Asiatic railroad scheme of Russia with its outlets as far asunder as the Persian gulf and the Sea of Japan, backed as it is by tens of thousands of soldiers on the trans-Caspian frontier, and scores of thousands in Manchuria, and sustained by forts made impregnable by the labor of hordes of semi-military workmen, doubt for one moment the object of such wide-spread machinations? Russia has not built across those sand-strewn deserts for nothing. Nor is her army of 175,000 men sojourning almost within striking distance of Peking there without cause. These are grim realities, and the reason is grimmer still; for, considering France's army of over 25,000 wedged up into Tonking, it must be seen that Russia's steadfast, relentless, soldier-supported advance southward through one vassalage after another right to the barriers of Afghanistan and the gateway of India, her grip on China, Turkey and Persia, has but one aim, the conquest of Asia. And yet and now the massacre by Chinese of native Christians, the slaughter of a missionary, the murder and mutilation of a minister, the resulting clash with the war forces of Europe and Japan, the consequences and necessity of restitution and recompense, with the grave danger of international complications among the interested parties, may upset and even end the whole scheme. For, in this game, the stakes are unfortunately too high, and the players too strong.

Russia cannot afford to lose that for which she has so long worked, and watched and waited. France will not forego the reward of her complicity and the price of her possessions. The blood debt due to Germany will be exacted in full or collected in kind. America's new and boundless market will need to be preserved to her. Japan, progressive, militant, expectant, and crowded out by her forty million population, looking upon Corea as her due and her salvation, possessed of a tried army of nearly 200,000, supported by a fleet of proved capacity, is in such temper as chafes at delay, and will brook no undue interference. And Britain can least of all afford to be quiescent, whilst Russia leads the way, or others scramble for the spoil. Fortunately looked at in its worst light, and admitting that all nations are unprepared for the *contre temps* that has arisen, it may almost safely be urged that Britain and her natural ally Japan, are most ready for emergencies, if the exigencies of the near future, or the realization of the almost inevitable results of delay be fully considered. The widespread destruction of Russian railways in Manchuria, and the absence of necessary transports, would affect detrimentally Russia's capacity for immediate operations.

Germany and France are preparing, but as yet, unprepared. America is possibly not disposed to make the trouble a *casus belli*, whereas Japan with her army and navy ready, and almost on the spot, and England with her half million Indian troops, her spare South African veterans, or on-coming reliefs to draw from, assisted by her waiting transports, and backed by portions of her Australian and China squadron, are in a position to take, and to have, and to hold that which, in the future, may not only prove priceless in itself, but an everlasting stumbling block to the cupidity and ambition of others.

Russian aggression must be met some day, why not now, when the time is not of the bear's own choosing? In a crisis like this the *laissez faire* policy of a weak-kneed diplomatist is a crime beyond punishment. And "war," which "is hell" at any time, is preferable to war which is hell and ruin and disgrace combined. The events possible during the next few weeks are beyond computation—the least likely is a settlement that can be considered either satisfactory or final. Under any circumstances, the occasion ought to be made one for Japan and Britain to say to Russia, "Your next forward step in Asia shall be your last unopposed." And even to-day, in spite of South African troubles, and in the face of Chinese, I would hail with delight the action of the statesman who would show his manhood, his faith in his country and his foresight, by sending the requisite ships and men up the sand-bound, rock-strewn, heat-basted Persian gulf to sieze, fortify and hold forever, a second Gibraltar, the lofty and harbor-surrounded heights of Cape Musendom as a protest against Russian aggression, a sentinel on her Bandar Abbas terminus, a factor of the future, and a standing menace on the flank of the White Czar's persistent promenade towards the jewel of the British crown.

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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.

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.

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MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements.

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

Where located, in Summit camp.

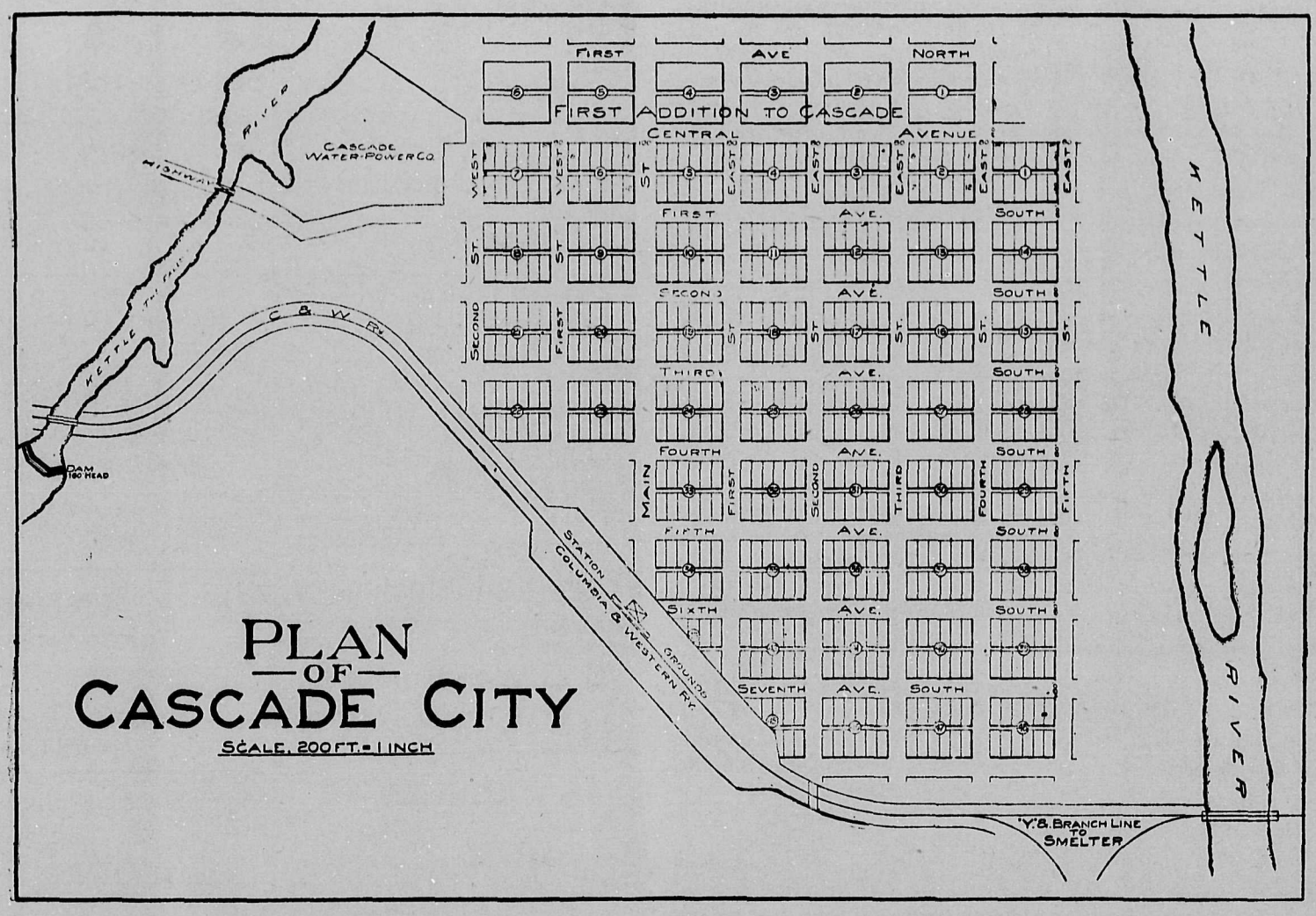
Take notice that I, Albert E. Ashcroft, Free Miner's Certificate No. B20423, for myself, and as agent for E.D. Olmsted, Free Miner's Certificate 34606a, and James M. Fitzpatrick, Free Miner's Certificate No. 34685a, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate 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.

CASCADE,



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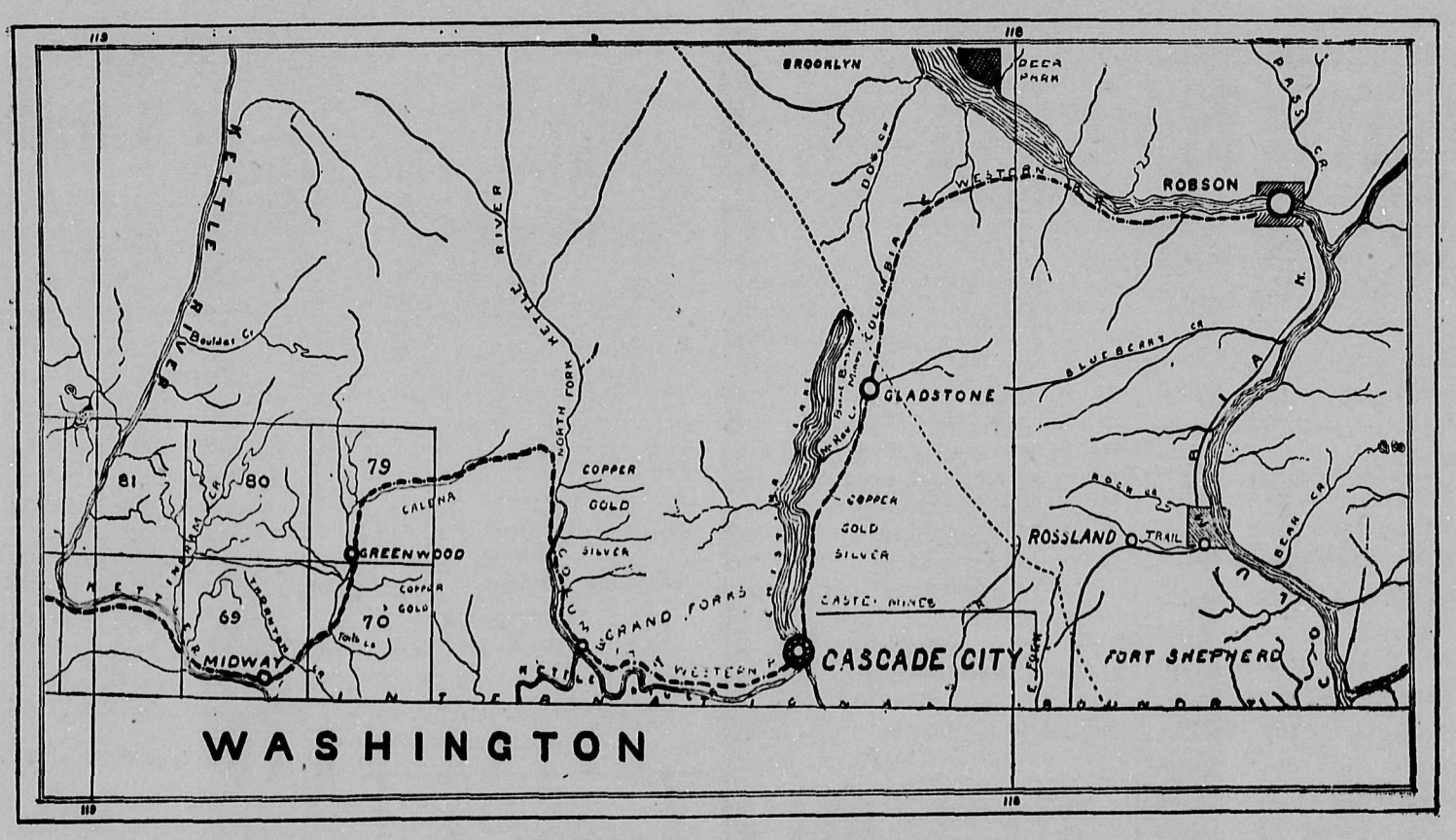

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