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Lardeau Mining Review

The representative of the rich Lardeau country. Sent to any address for $2 per an. in advance.

VOL. 2 TROUT LAKE CITY, B.C., May 10, 1906 No. 28.

PROFESSIONAL.

O. B. N. WILKIE, P.L.S.,
Provincial Land Surveyor,
Mineral Claims Surveyed and Crown Grants Obtained
Residence—Next Record Office, Trout Lake, B. C.

Geo. S. McCarter. J. A. Harvey A. M. PINKHAM.
HARVEY McCARTER & PINKHAM
SOLICITORS, ETC.
REVELSTOKE B. C
Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.

FRED C. ELLIOTT,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.,
Trout Lake, B. C. and Ferguson.

= Assaying =

Gold or Silver	$1 50
Gold and Silver	$2 00
Silver and Lead	2 50
Copper	1 00
Zinc	$1 50

S. SHANNON, Assayer
Trout Lake. B. C.

FRATERNAL.

TUSCAN LODGE, No. 39.
A.F. & A.M.
3rd Thursday each month.
Sojourning Brethren cordially invited.
G. Ferdinand, Sec. F.C. Campbell, W.M.

TROUT LAKE LODGE I. O. O. F NO. 41
Regular meetings held in Oddfellow's Hall every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially welcome.
O. Jackson, N. G.; P. M. Shepherd, Sec.

P. Burns & Co
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Meat Merchants
Dealers in all kinds of Fresh Meat
TROUT LAKE, B.C

F. B. Wells
REVELSTOKE, B. C.
RAW FURS BOUGHT
CASH PRICES PAID.

Notice is hereby given that within two months from the first publication hereof in the British Columbia Gazette, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in West Kootenay.

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Trout Lake, about 1 mile from Trout Lake City, marked "J. C. Rady's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Trout Lake, about 2 miles from Trout Lake City, marked "J. C. Rady's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement. J. C. RADY,
per O. W. Abrahamson, agent.
Dated April 17th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that within two months from the first publication hereof in the British Columbia Gazette, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in West Kootenay.

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Trout Lake, about 3 miles from Trout Lake City, marked "A. McLean's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Trout Lake, about 4 miles from Trout Lake City, marked "A. McLean's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, to point of commencement. A. McLEAN.
per O. W. Abrahamson, agent.
Dated April 17th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that within two months from the first publication hereof in the British Columbia Gazette, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in West Kootenay:

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Trout Lake, about 5 miles from Trout Lake City, marked "J. C. Murray's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Trout Lake, about 6 miles from Trout Lake City, marked "J. C. Murray's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement. J. C. MURRAY.
per O. W. Abrahamson, agent.
Dated April 17th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that within two months from the first publication hereof in the British Columbia Gazette, I intend to apply to the Hon Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in West Kootenay:

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Trout Lake, about 7 miles from Trout Lake City, marked "A. G. Fraser's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Trout Lake about 8 miles from Trout Lake City, marked "A. G. Fraser's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement. A. G. FRASER,
per O. W. Abrahamson, agent.
Dated April 17th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that within two months from the first publication hereof in the British Columbia Gazette, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in West Kootenay:

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Trout Lake, about 9 miles from Trout Lake City, marked "A. Abrahamson's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the north shore of Trout Lake, about 4½ miles from Trout Lake City, marked "A. Abrahamson's south-west corner post," thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the point of commencement. A. ABRAHAMSON,
per O. W. Abrahamson, agent.
Dated April 17th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that within two months from the first publication hereof in the British Columbia Gazette, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in West Kootenay:

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted about 400 feet north of the Lucky Boy trail, about 2½ miles west of Trout Lake, marked "O. W. Abrahamson's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted about 400 feet north of the Lucky Boy trail, about 2½ miles of Trout Lake, marked "O. W. Abrahamson's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 3. Commencing at a post planted about 400 feet north of the Lucky Boy trail, about 1½ miles west of Trout Lake, marked "O. W. Abrahamson's south east corner post," thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, to the point of commencement.
O. W. ABRAHAMSON,
Dated April 17th, 1906.

JNO. KEEN ON THE FUTURE OF THE DISTRICT.

Jno. Keen, of Poplar and Kaslo, was a visitor this week. He speaks very hopefully concerning the mining situation throughout the Lardeau and Slocan. The lowering of the smelter rates will be a big factor in the opening of many mines. Mr. Keen, who has made a thorough study of mining in its different branches, and has kept conversant with all the different elements which affect its interest, says, "We will see silver at 70 cents, and have it stay at that point or above it. There is room," he said, "for 10,000 men in the country from the Kootenay to Arrow Lakes to develop its timber and mineral resources, and those who stay with the country for a short time will see it."

The Review has every confidence in Mr. Keen's opinion.

Searching For Wealth.

LARDEAU MAN PROSPECTING IN NEW FIELDS WRITES HOME.

IMPRESSIONS OF PORT SIMPSON, WINDY ARM AND KAIEN ISLAND.

Will Shannon, who left for the north early in the spring, has written a lengthy epistle to his brother here, in which are conveyed his impressions of that tract of country. The writer is a competent miner and prospector, and in view of a large number of his colleagues heading for the new regions, the following should prove interesting reading:

Port Essington, B.C., April 17.

"I have been knocking around up here now for about a week. I have been at Port Simpson, Kaien Island, and up the Portland Canal, and now I have got in here and expect to start for Hazelton tomorrow. I find it quite a bit too early for this country along the coast yet; there is fully 6 feet of snow all along the Portland Canal yet, and I tell you it is a hard country to prospect in at any time of the year. It rains all the time for one thing, and it is almost impossible to get back from the beach any distance, as the country is little better than a bog hole. At Maple Bay, about 70 miles up the Portland Canal, they have what looks to be a good prospect, although they have only got about 300 feet on it yet. It is copper pyrites carrying little gold. They have not shipped any yet, but are making big preparations to work on a large scale next summer; there will be very little doing though until the snow goes off. It is a true fissure lead in porphyry and certainly looks good as far as they have gone.

"Then up at the head of the canal they have a few galena showings. One property is bonded at the present time for $250,000. It is a dry ore, carrying a little over 100 ozs silver and 1 oz gold. But most of the other properties are low grade, and lay along diorite dykes cutting the formation at right angles. It is a hard looking country at the head of the canal—about one mile of tide flats along the beach, and then where the claims are is just up on a bare mountain, with nothing but snowslides and glaciers. In short, it don't look good to me. Everybody wears rubber clothes and rubber boots all the time. I am heading for the Bulkeley Valley—that is where all the excitement is now. You hear nothing but Bulkeley Valley or the "Tanana" (up Dawson way).

The Windy Arm is never mentioned. I have been talking to several who came from there this spring; they all say there is no excitement there whatever. A great number are coming from the north and heading for the Bulkeley. They certainly have some nice copper ore up there, mostly bornite, and I think that there will be a lot of work going on up there this summer, although Heintze has done nothing yet, but is expected to spend quite a bit of money on development work on the different properties he has bonded. The first boat to go up the river this spring starts to morrow, and from all reports will have quite a time getting up as the water is very low yet.

I will tell you one thing that is a cinch, and that is that Port Essington will never be the terminus of any railway or of anything else. The only time it is possible to get near the dock is at high tide. We were dumped off the steamer about half a mile out into a small boat and landed on a rock, the only dry spot at Port Essington. There are more business places here than at Port Simpson on account of the Bulkeley trade. But I think myself that Port Simpson has the advantage over all others in regard to a harbor and they have a good townsite. But there is nothing doing there other than the Indians fishing.

Kaien Island looks poor. I think the Government made a h— of a good deal when they got any money at all out of it. I would'nt give 25 cents for the whole island. They have no harbor to speak of there, and my opinion is that if there is ever a terminus of any railroad around here Port Simpson will be the place."

MOUNTAIN FOOTBALL.

The football season opened here last Tuesday, and Ferguson and Trout Lake mixed it in good shape. The teams lined up a motley crowd. There was not an orthodox costume in the whole bunch, and the players peeled as if for an impromptu scrap. Jim Murray was the referee, his only qualification being that he doesn't know the first thing about the game. Jim had a cigar in his mouth most of the time. 'Spose he thought it added to his dignity. Once or twice he got rattled and tried to whistle through the twofer. Game starts after Scottie Wilson has had words with the printer re a 4-bit piece which the latter had borrowed for the toss. Potlache ensued. [If it comes off once in a thousand years it pays] Ball starts. Woods punts to Underwood, who mul'ed and looked like 30 cents. Barber secured and to the accompaniment of plaudits from the pay-roll rooters drove the ball into Simpson's henhouse. Murray looked wise and gave offside. Barber scowls and says something about suicide. The outfit then went at it like hell-tooters, and a sort of attack on Spion Kop prevailed. Sid Basket invariably floored three at a time, while Billy Crawford was always good for two. The star player was Groffman—he maimed at least six but he was put out of business himself a little later. He will play again—when he comes out of the hospital. It was a great game. Half-time arrives. Nothing fatal so far. Did the players want to quit?—not on your tintype. At it again for another spasm, no goals to record; nothing but blood and swear words. When Ferguson and Trout Lake meet tis the whole hog or nit. Darkness comes on, and Murray, who by this time has a strictly first-class thirst, calls the game off. No goals. Return match next Monday. Up, up, who's coming to Ferguson?

South Fork Properties

WHICH WILL BE WORKED TO FULLEST EXTENT THIS SUMMER.

FERGUSON'S HIGH-GRADE SHIPPING MINES ARE ON SOUTH FORK.

The scribe took a wander recently up the South Fork of the Lardeau, and in an endeavour to size up the possibilities of that part of the district, interviewed several who know the country like a book. Tributary to this creek are many well known and valuable properties, among whom are the Nettie L. with its tram to 5-Mile point, the Silver Cup with trams to 9-Mile and 5-Mile. the Reward Company at 8-Mile driving a long tunnel cutting through the formation at depth several well-known leads opened up on the surface, the rich Triune with its road terminal at 10-Mile, Jim Livingston's Rambler and Gold Bug at 7-Mile, with splendid ore showings, and the Free Coinage under lease to A. J. Gordon and associates, all indicate that an era of prosperity is at hand from which the town of Ferguson will reap large and lasting benefits.

These properties are all getting past the embryo stage. For years work by individuals and companies have been pushed under the most embarrassing circumstances and unfavorable conditions.

Up Gainer Creek, which is tributary to the South Fork, the Mohican has been working steadily and under the new organization will be able to push work with greater speed and under more favorable auspices. The Badshot, which was under lease some time ago, and from which some high-grade ore was shipped, only needs the continuance of work to make it a good producer.

Up to the present time the smelter and freight rate from Trout Lake on all ores shipped from this particular part of the Lardeau has been $17.50 ton, now, however, the rate is reduced to $13 per ton, which in itself will be a great factor in the opening up of the properties.

Here are some of the opinions given by men who have toiled there for years and are competent to speak.

"My work speaks for itself. If I did not think the ore was there I certainly would not have spent my time and money on my claim."
JIM LIVINGSTON.

"The ore is there. It has been demonstrated wherever systematic development work has been done. The country looks good to me."
PETE CULKEEN.

"My mining experience has covered nearly every part of the world, and for good legitimate work I have not seen its equal."
W. WALLER.

"I've got a good ranch near Calgary, but this part of the country is good enough for my money."
ASA HILLMAN.

"The South Fork of the Lardeau is in my opinion one of the best fields for mining investment in British Columbia."
A. J. GORDON.

"In my capacity as assayer I have had thousands of samples of diversified minerals pass through my hands, and I am convinced this is the richest section of the Province. We have large bodies of ore at depth; we have surface indications of hundreds of miles. Capital will not fail to become interested when our resources are more widely known."
S. SHANNON, B.A

Frank Abey has returned to his duties at the C.P.R., after a trip east. Mr. Hicks, who has relieved him, has accepted a position with the Dominion Express at Revelstoke.

Local and General.

WATCH TROUT LAKE GROW.

BORN.—On Sunday, the 6th inst. at Trout Lake, to the wife of John Parisian—a daughter.
We congratulate the happy parents and wish the little one a long and happy life.

FERGUSON WON'T BE BEAT.

BORN.—On Wednesday, 9th inst., at Ferguson, to the wife of Seldon A. Danev—a son.
We extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Daney on the birth of an heir, and wish him all kinds of luck in his journey through life.

Mrs. O'Brien received on Wednesday's boat a new Karn piano.

Craig and Crawford sold a team of horses to the Silver Dollar people on Wednesday. This enterprising firm has anything in the line of rigs, harness and horses to suit all purposes on hand all the time either for hire or for sale.

Jim Comerford, one of the old-timers, returned Wednesday to resume work on his claims.

O. W. Abrahamson has a crew of men clearing of the lots adjoining the school house.

Louis Levesque and family, Mrs. Madden and son, Miss Cummins and Mrs. O'Brien spent a day picnicing and fishing at Gerrard on Monday.

A special meeting of the License Commissioners was held at Lardo on Monday. S. A. Sutherland and Hugh McPherson, represented the north end of the riding.

Judge Miller writes that he will be in early in June.

PIANOS.—The famous Gourlay is the one to buy. It is not a cheap piano when you buy, but you find you have practised economy when you have tested and tried it. When you want an instrument see the local agent, Murray. He can fit you out with any style and at any price and terms. J. C. Murray, local agent.

Jack Stauber left for a trip to Revelstoke during the week.

Leslie Hill was at Gerard this week looking over the work of the new mill being built there. The company has secured a large tract of timber along the A. & K. road. A second logging camp will be put in by Contractor Gowing early next week.

J. W. Murray of the P.O. Dept., Vancouver, has been inspecting offices in the district this week.

Ruby Silver Group Work.

Just as soon as the trail is open up Canyon Creek, P. A. Lindgren and associates will commence work on the Ruby Silver group. There are five claims in the group, and about 150 feet of development tunnel work has been done as well as open cuts and stripping.

There are two veins exposed on the property, both carrying good ore. On the No. 1 35 feet of work has been done, exposing 25 inches of ore on the footwall, and on the No 2 vein a tunnel has been driven for about 115 feet, exposing an ore shute of 25 inches, carrying galena and grey copper. The ore in both of these veins give good shipping values.

On another claim of the group an open-cut of 10 feet shows a vein of very rich grey copper ore, from which values of 11 per cent copper and 1000 ozs. in silver were obtained. We look to see this property develop into a shipper with more development.

Martin Nelson, Gus Berg and N. Bodine are Mr. Lindgren's associates.

Watch this space. Something you will profit by will appear shortly.

You will be greatly Interested and Pleased.

THE FROZEN ROSE

By M. J. PHILLIPS

Copyright, 1905, by P. C. Eastment

Marcia Gordon was sixteen years old when the Spanish-American war broke out, and a more ardent little patriot did not live in Huntersville. It was natural that she should love her country. Her father and grandfather had fought for the Union in the civil war, and on the bright April morning in 1898, when the Huntersville rifles marched away to join the balance of the regiment at the state rendezvous, her brother, scarce three years her senior, was in its ranks. Furthermore, Boyd McCarron also wore the blue and as first duty sergeant stepped off blithely at the head of the sturdy column of fours.

McCarron and Marcia had been friends and comrades all their lives. Their mutual liking was trembling on the verge of something deeper and more enduring when the declaration of war swept the young man away to the camp where the state troops were fitted for the coming campaign.

McCarron, who had been clerk in Brown's clothing store, was a fine, manly young fellow and a natural soldier. He liked the pomp and circumstance of war, the drilling, the music, the thrilling pause at "retreat," when every head was bared in reverence while the colors were slowly lowered and the band swung into "The Star Spangled Banner." He liked the stirring notes of "reveille" and the unconscious pathos of "taps," which made one think of home and of his prayers. He rejoiced that he was in this brave, gay world of tents and of it. He thought of Marcia often, with a tilting of the pulses. The air castles which he sometimes constructed were always built for two, and the cornerstone of the edifice was always "after the war."

But McCarron was destined never to see Cuba. The rifles had been at the rendezvous two months, arming, equipping and drilling for actual service. The day the regiment was to take the oath as soldiers of the United States, "to serve for two years unless sooner discharged," he received a telegram announcing that his father, a railway conductor, had been killed in a wreck.

The hour which followed was filled with keenest agony. Grief for his father's death was mingled with sorrow scarcely less poignant that he must give up his place in the ranks.

SAW HIM BRUSH THE LITTLE FIGURE CLEAR OF THE RAILS.

His mother and himself were now absolutely alone in the world. Her health was not strong. Their little home was mortgaged. Inclination pointed one way, duty the other, and duty won. At the very hour the Huntersville rifles took the oath McCarron, though with them in spirit, stepped from the train at his home city a civilian.

A few persons understood and admired him for the course, so eloquent of moral courage, which he had adopted. Their approbation did not counterbalance the sneers of many who regarded the young man as a coward. Brown, proprietor of the store, was a sensible man. Hysteria did not pass as patriotism with him. Despite the clamoring of those who insisted that McCarron for running away from the enemy's bullets should be driven from town he gave the boy his old place.

The cloud in time passed. Saner judgment convinced most persons they were wrong in branding McCarron as a poltroon. When the company, sadly decimated, returned from Cuba after the war the soldiers had nothing but good words for the man who had been their comrade. Gradually he won back his old place in the affection and esteem of his townsmen. He had withal two comforting remembrances—his mother appreciated with a gratitude that was pitiful the depth of his sacrifice and the mortgage had been lifted from their home.

Marcia Gordon found in her erstwhile playmate a puzzle which time did not solve. The high spirited girl abhorred cowardice and could not believe that the boy who had been her companion could be base. Over and over again she convinced herself that he was straightforward, brave and manly; that he had come home because his conscience had shown him it was the only thing to do. And, while she hated herself for it, a doubt always crept into her reasoning, a doubt she could not dispel.

The love for McCarron which had been on the verge of disclosing itself to her maiden soul was arrested by the persistent distrust. It was like a rosebud—frozen as it was about to unfold in glorious bloom and fragrance. It did not decay, and it could not develop. The icy grip checked one as it prevented the other. The girl had admirers in plenty, for she was light hearted and good to look upon. Yet none made any impression, for the steadfast heart could love but once; the stem hold but a single rose.

She knew that McCarron's love was hers, hers alone, and that with him, too, there never would be any one else. They met frequently as friends, but ever in his eyes was the dumb, unconscious hope she dared not encourage; in her eyes the query he could not answer.

She sat by the window of her home one afternoon in early winter watching the first snowfall of the season. Little drifts were forming here and there on the dusty pavement. The boys of the neighborhood, radiant with health and animal spirits, welcomed the snow with wild rejoicing.

They were dancing in a circle on the tracks of the electric line. Her heart gave a little throb as McCarron appeared, striding along homeward. He seemed to enjoy breasting the wind. His head was up and his broad shoulders back.

A smile on his fine face, he stopped a moment to watch the boys at their play. The early darkness of winter, already beginning to thicken, and the shouts of joyous young America prevented sight or sound of a heavy car until it was almost upon the merry circle.

Then the boys fled in panic, all but one little lad, who slipped on the smooth wet bricks and sprawled helpless across the rail. The motorman banged the gong and twisted the brake frantically, but the momentum of the car still carried it forward at cruel speed.

With a sudden sick horror and yet with a thrill of joy, too, Marcia, straining her eyes through the gloom, saw McCarron dart from the walk into the street, saw him brush the little figure clear of the rails and then go down himself beneath the rush of the car.

She must have fainted in her chair, for the next she remembered the room was full of men and McCarron, dusty, bruised and senseless, lay on the couch beside her. Old Dr. Giddings in tones of professional cheerfulness was speaking to her father. "Unconscious just now, of course, but he's not dangerously hurt. A broken leg is the worst of his injuries. I never saw a nobler act, and I'm more than happy it isn't going to cost him his life."

The frozen rose of love in Marcia's heart had burst its icy bonds of doubt at McCarron's brave deed and bloomed in splendor on the instant. She dropped on her knees by the couch and kissed McCarron's blood stained lips.

Quickened into life by the caress, his eyelids fluttered, opened. He fixed a glance of wonder, then comprehension, on the girl. "This has given me your pity, Maury, at last," he whispered.

The feeble tones expressing so much of contentment and affection and the old dear name of childhood caused the ready tears to overflow. "Not pity, Boyd," she answered, "not pity, dear heart, but love!"

The Fur Trade.

The fur trade of North America has always been largely conducted on the principle of barter, writes Duncan MacArthur in the New England Magazine. The transactions with the Indians are carried on in a very simple manner. When a hunter brings in his collection of furs to any trading post, which he usually does twice a year, in October and March, he is taken to the trading room, where the official in charge carefully examines, classifies and values each skin, and when the whole pack is gone over he hands the Indian a number of tallies, or small pieces of wood or metal, each representing the value of a "made beaver," and the whole representing the value of the entire catch. The Indian then proceeds to the storeroom and selects such articles as he requires—blankets, capots, guns, knives, tea, tobacco, etc.—in payment for which he hands back his tallies until they are all gone and his purchasing powers are exhausted. He then departs, another hunter takes his place and is dealt with in a similar manner, and so on until all the furs in possession of the whole band of Indians have passed into the hands of the trader. Formerly it was customary to give a good hunter a "dram" and some small presents in appreciation of his industry.

Vast Store of Wealth Emptied From New World Into Old.

It has never been told how vast was the treasure that was emptied from the new world into the old in the glorious days of the Spanish dominion. We can only judge of how great it was by collateral evidence. The booties of Cortes and Pizarro are famous in annals of new world history. In them we have read how the soldiers of the former carried away only a small part of the treasures looted at Mexico, yet were so loaded down with stolen gold that when they fell from the causeway into the lake in the memorable retreat from Mexico they sank and drowned as weighted with plummets of lead; also we read how Pizarro exacted as a tribute for the liberation of the Inca Atabulpa gold that filled to the depth of several feet a room seventeen feet wide by twenty-two feet long and that was valued at 1,300,000 pesos d'or, the equivalent of nearly $15,500 of our money.

When Drake sailed the south sea in the Golden Hind upon his piratical voyage of circumnavigation in the years 1577-79 and when he captured the Nuestra Senora della Concepcion—surnamed the Cacafue or Spitfire—of Cape San Francisco, it took three days to transfer the treasure from the captured ship to his own. In that single haul there was realized a "purchase," as it was called, of over twenty-six tons of silver, besides eighty pounds of virgin gold, thirteen chests of pieces of eight containing over $1,000,000 in money and an enormous amount of jewels and plate.

Upon the evidence of John Drake we read that when the Golden Hind laid her course for England, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, she was so heavily "ballasted" with pure silver that she "rode exceeding deep in the water."

An Ancient Irish Tune.

It is authenticated that the music of the song of "The Blackbird," played at Major Andre's execution, was written by Dr. G. W. Walter, organist of George Washington university. The tune is an ancient Irish one.

Sugar Sirup.

Sugar sirup is made by boiling granulated sugar with half the quantity—measured by cupfuls—of cold water for ten minutes, cooling before it is used.

THE DAIRYMAN

The points in the operation of a cream separator by the farm dairyman, given in their order of importance as bearing on the quality of the work, are summarized as follows by an authority on buttermaking:

First.—The speed of the separator must be uniform and up to the standard required by the makers of that particular machine.

Second.—The temperature of the milk should be such as will make it flow readily; the warmer it is the more perfect will be the separation.

Third.—The amount of milk that is run through the machine should remain constant and should not be increased over that which is intended for the machine.

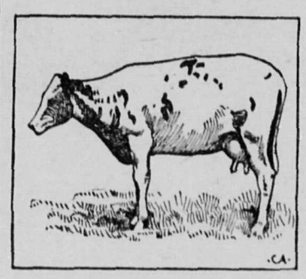
Fourth.—The machine should be set on a solid base or foundation, so that there will be no jar or shaking about as it is turned, such as would tend to interfere with the even flow of the milk through the bowl and thus destroy its efficiency in skimming.

Fifth.—The separator must be kept thoroughly and scrupulously clean, particular care being taken that none of the tubes through which the milk flow becomes obstructed in any way.

Sixth.—The test of the cream can be readily changed by changing either the cream outlet or the skim milk outlet.

Record For Continuous Milking.

Hoard's Dairyman gives the portrait and some details about this Holstein cow, Carren Wase De Kol, seen in the



CARREN WASE DE KOL.

fine herd of R. M. Hotaling of San Francisco. Her owner claims for her the world's record, April, 1905, for continuous milking. She has made 20.13 pounds of butter fat in seven days and 16.96 pounds of butter fat in seven days after 270 days' continuous milking.

The Cost of Milk Production.

The New Jersey experiment station demonstrates that with cows yielding 6,500 pounds of milk per head per year the cost per quart is about 2.4 cents. What must be the cost of the quart in the case of the 5,000 pound cow, the 4,000 pound cow, the 3,000 pound cow and the 2,500 pound cow? Will not the cost range higher as the yield ranges lower?

If the 6,500 pound cows put 2.4 cents into a quart of milk the 5,000 pound cows will put 2.7 cents, the 4,000 pound cow over 3 cents, the 3,000 pound cow close to 3.5 cents and the 2,500 pound cow nearly 4 cents into the quart.

On the other hand, if the 6,500 pound cow makes milk at a cost of 2.4 cents a quart a 7,500 pound cow will put only about 2 cents into the quart, the 8,000 pound cow only 1.9 cents, and the 9,000 pound and 10,000 pound cows would put proportionately less cost into the quart.—New York Farmer.

When the Cow Freshens.

It is generally advisable to have a cow go dry before she freshens. From four to six weeks is none too long a rest. Many good cows have their milking habits so firmly established that they must be forced dry. The simplest and safest way to stop the milk flow is to cut the feed down to a small allowance of hay and milk but once a day, or empty but half the udder at one milking and the other half at the next, thus alternating till the milk flow ceases. Then more generous feeding should be resumed, but the feeds used should be of a laxative character. A freshening cow is a sick cow and should be treated as such. She should not be exposed to violence, to cold or to storms. Her feed should be limited in quantity and be easily digested. As she fully recovers gradually increase her feed to a full varied ration.

Graded Milk.

It is estimated by C. E. Marshall of Michigan that 12 cents per quart is not too high a retail price for milk when all the conditions under which it is produced and handled are ideal. He argues for the production and sale of milk of different grades on a business basis. Such specifications as seem fair for the production of 5 cent milk, 6 cent milk, and so on, should be agreed upon by contract between producer and consumer. The producer should decide upon what grade of milk he is willing to produce. The consumer should understand clearly the difference between, say, 5 cent milk and 10 cent milk and should decide what grade he wants.

Dairy Form.

The type of the cow has just as much to do with milk giving capacity in proportion to feed consumed as the form of the horse does in making of him a wasteful or an economical feeder. We have all seen slab sided, leggy horses that required a barnful of hay and fifty ears of corn a day to fill up. There is the same difference in cows. It pays the farmer to be able to judge of the value of cows by the animal's form—dairy form.—Farm and Ranch.

Stove 150 Years Old.

The London Sphere prints a letter from a farmer in the Canadian Northwest, which will interest the curious: "I was on a business trip this fall in the northeast part of Saskatchewan," he says, "and saw a box-stove of what I thought a new design. On inquiring where the man got it, he said it was his great-grandfather's, and that it was made by the Carron Co. 150 years ago. It belongs to the family that came out with Lord Selkirk."

There wouldn't be so many breach of promise suits if Cupid didn't get cold feet.

STRANGE HEIRLOOMS.

They Have Come Down Through Long Ages—Bruce's Sword and the "Brooch of Lorn."

If the heirlooms that are so jealously treasured in the stately homes of Britain could only be brought together they would make one of the most fascinating museums in the whole world, says Tit-Bits.

Lord Elgin has among his many ancestral treasures at Broomhall the very helmet which the valiant Robert Bruce once wore and the huge two-handed sword which he wielded with such deadly effect in many a hard-fought fray; while the Douglas banner which floated in the thickest of the fight at Otterburn has come down to our times through nearly twenty generations of the descendants of Archibald Douglas, who bore it so gallantly.

The brooch of Lorn, too, which was taken from Robert Bruce at the battle of Dalrigh, has been preserved ever since at Donelly Castle by the family of McDougall. Another most interesting relic of Bruce days is the famous Lee penny, which was the inspiration of Scott's "Talisman." This magical coin, which is a silver groat of Edward III's time, with a cornelian set in it, was brought from the east by Sir Simon Lockhart and is credited with wonderful powers of healing the sick and curing those who have been bitten by mad dogs.

Among the many memorials of Sir Francis Drake to be seen in private houses is the very sword which was presented to him by the burgesses of Plymouth, and which now belongs to Sir Francis Eliott Drake of Buckland Abbey. At Buckland Abbey, also, are the drum which accompanied the great naval hero on his voyage in the Pelican; a cocoanut cup mounted in silver gilt, given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis, and also a silver gilt standing dish and cover. At Kimberley Hall, the Norfolk seat of Lord Kimberley, are many valuable memorials of old days, notably the silver hilt of the sword which his lordship's ancestor, Sir John Wodehouse, wielded at Agincourt, and a rosary of coral and gold presented to Sir Philip's wife by Queen Catherine of Valois.

At Lyme Hall, in Cheshire, is a very ancient bed, with a canopy of carved black wood, at which the Black Prince used to sleep; at Oxburgh Hall one may look on the bed in which Henry VII. was wont to take his rest; at Nappa Hall, the ancestral Yorkshire seat of the Metcalfes, there is, or was within recent years, a massive four-poster which the beautiful and ill-fated Queen of Scots occupied for a few nights; and at Sizergh Castle the Stricklands proudly exhibit a magnificent counterpane and toilet cover of the richest white satin embroidered by the hands of Queen Catharine Parr during a visit she paid to the castle as a young girl.

The centre of the pattern on both counterpane and toilet cover is a medallion surrounded by a wreath of natural flowers wrought in twisted silks and bullion; a spread eagle in bold relief, gorged with the Imperial Crown, forms the middle, and at each corner is a dragon glowing with purple, crimson and gold. The colors are almost as fresh and vivid to-day as when they left the hands of Catharine centuries ago.

At Rug, near Bala, are preserved a knife, fork and dagger, once the property of Owen Glendower, the famous Welsh chieftain; Lord De L'Isle and Dudley has a magnificent two-handed sword, which was once worn by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; and the Earl of Pembroke is very proud of the suit of russet and gilt armor which his remote predecessor, William, Earl of Pembroke, wore when commanding the English army at the battle of St. Quentin.

Better known, and of exceptional interest, is the ancient glass goblet known the world over as the "Luck of Edenhall," which bears the legend: "When this cup shall break and fall, farewell the luck of Edenhall," and which has been so long treasured by the Musgraves. A similar heirloom is the "Luck of Muncaster," a quaint enameled glass vase, presented by Henry VI. to Sir John Pennington when he sheltered the King at Muncaster, after the battle of Hexham in 1463; while in the drawing-room of Worthington Hall, the seat of the Curwens, is a small drinking cup of Scotch agate given by Mary Queen of Scots as a parting gift to her friend and host, Sir Henry Curwen.

At Hesleyside, Durham, is a very remarkable memorial of past centuries in the form of a formidable spur, six inches long, which, we are told, the "lady of the family used to serve upon a dish to her husband and sons, as a hint that the domestic larder needed replenishing." At Coleshill House is a wax image of an infant, the last hope of the Pleydells, which is credited with remarkable influence over the fortunes of the Bouveries; and at Matfen one may see the Sockburne falchion, the identical sword with which Conyers of Sockburne is said to have slain the Serpent.

Queer Theory of the Universe.

The natives of Australia have a queer theory of the universe. The sky is said to be inhabited by three persons—a gigantic man with an immense foot shaped like that of an emu, a woman and a child who never develops beyond childhood. The man is called Uithaana, meaning "spirit." When a native dies his spirit is said to ascend to the home of the great Uithaana, where it remains for a short time. The Uithaana then throws it into the salt water, from which it is rescued by two benevolent but lesser Uithaana, who perpetually reside on the seashore, apparently merely for the purpose of rescuing spirits who have been subject to the inhospitable treatment of the great Uithaana of the heavens (Alkirra). Henceforth the rescued spirit of the dead man lives with the lesser Uithaana.

Largest Land-Owner.

Sir Charles Ross is undoubtedly the largest land-owner in the United Kingdom under the rank of a peer. He owns between 300,000 and 400,000 acres in Rossshire. Sir Charles rowed in the Cambridge eight in 1894, and later entered the Seaforth Highlanders, and for the South African war raised a corps of his own. He has since invented a service rifle, which is being used in Canada, manufactured in a big factory at Quebec, of which he is the head.

His Noble Title.

Lord Leighton when asked by what title he would be called to the upper House at once replied, "I am a workingman and cannot afford to change my name, which is my trade-mark." There result many minor social confusions when the alteration in status is accompanied by an alteration of the patronymic. When, for instance, Sir James McGarel-Hogg, raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Magheramorne, first dined out with his new dignity the footman, unable to master the sound, but refusing to be beaten, announced, "The late Sir James McGarel-Horse"

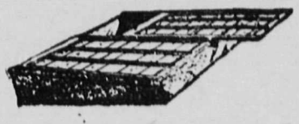
HOTBEDS.

Their Season Is Now On—General Methods of Their Construction—A Common Hotbed Illustrated.

The date at which the hotbed may be started with safety depends almost entirely on the means at command for heating it and upon the skill of the operator. Hotbeds are sometimes started as early as January, or they may be delayed until in March.

There are various methods of construction, from the excavation or pit, two or more feet in depth, walled up with brick or planks, to the simple box set above ground and tilted on one side for the slant to the sash.

Where hotbed frames are set on top of a pile of fermenting manure the manure should extend beyond the edges



A COMMON HOTBED.

of the frame, otherwise the frame may become too cold about the outside and the plants suffer. It is generally preferable to have a pit beneath the frame, in which the manure is placed.

Baily advises to first put in a layer of an inch or two of any coarse material and upon this from twelve to thirty inches of manure. The earlier the bed is made the larger should be the amount of manure. Hotbeds intended to hold for two months should have about two feet of manure as a rule. The manure should be put into the pit in layers four to eight inches thick, each layer being thoroughly trodden down before another is put in.

Manure that has just the right amount of straw in it will give a springy feel to the feet as a person walks over it, but it will not fluff up when the pressure is removed. Above the manure may be a thin layer of leaf mold or some porous material that will serve to distribute the heat, and above this are four or five inches of soft garden loam, in which the plants are to be grown.

THINNING AN ORCHARD.

Plan For Removing Apple Trees By a Gradual Process.

An orchardist submits in Rural New Yorker the following plan for orchard thinning: The trees are mostly Rhode Island Greenings and consequently great spreaders. The limbs began to meet twenty years from planting. They are set 30 by 32 feet.

We determined to take out every other row diagonally, but by a gradual process. In this age of spraying, with

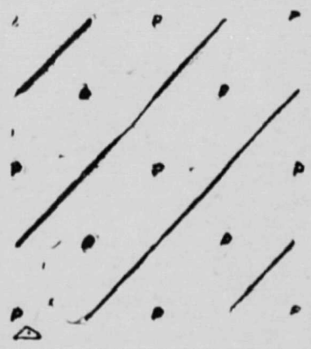


DIAGRAM FOR TAKING TREES OUT OF AN ORCHARD.

trestle rigs to be drawn through the orchard, room must be had to get around. As fast as the trees crowd we keep cutting from the trees to be eventually taken out and let the permanent trees spread at will. Now, after thirty-two years from setting, all the large lower branches are off some of the trees, and it is only a question of time when the trees will be taken out entirely. As will be seen by the diagram, this will leave the permanent trees (P) about forty-five feet apart each way.

The Cause of Bad Butter.

A writer in the Cheese and Dairy Journal says as follows:

"I have been making butter for the last fifteen years and have not been able to get a score higher than 93½, and my convention tubs were not few. I read articles on buttermaking written by men who had made their mark in their profession. I followed the methods outlined by them exactly, but failed to produce a tub of butter which, when scored, would score high.

"My cream was of a fairly good quality and sweet when delivered. I instructed my patrons to aerate their milk, cool it well and keep it cool until delivered at the creamery. I exercised great care with the machinery, having everything clean which came in contact with the milk or cream, but still the old trouble continued. My butter had a low, flat taste, inclined to be fishy even when comparatively fresh, and the flavor would 'go off' very quickly. I could not rest at this stage. My instructions to the patrons seemed to have been followed, with the exception of a few cases, and I felt that I had done all possible in the manufacturing of butter to secure a good article. However the butter still continued poor and I 'racked my brain' for a solution of the matter. One morning after a sleepless night I examined my patrons' cans very carefully and to my surprise found that a great number of them were rusty from the bottom half way up; I also found a few dirty cans; these looked as though they had not been thoroughly cleaned for half a year at least. I felt that I had found the real reason of my trouble, and since the rusty cans have been replaced by new ones and the dirty cans cleaned and kept clean my trouble with poor flavored butter has disappeared."

Water the Hens.

Fresh water warmed slightly should be supplied two or three times daily to the laying hens, says L. B. Gardner in Iowa State Register and Farmer. The fact that it is cold is no indication that the fowls do not want water to drink. When it is taken into consideration that an egg is composed largely of water it can be readily seen that unless a generous supply is provided no great number of eggs will be forthcoming.

The Lake Dried Up.

Lake Chrissie is a small body of water in the eastern Transvaal, in connection with which there is an interesting legend. The Boers held the belief that not until the lake in question became dry would they lose their independence. For the first time within human memory the lake, one of the very few fresh water lakes in South Africa, was perfectly dry during the latter stages of the war. After the declaration of peace the lake resumed its normal appearance, though the water was shallower than before. Twice since then—in 1904 and 1905—the bed of the lake has been quite dry.

SOME FAMOUS BARBERS.

Wielders of the Scissors Have Become Great Lawyers, Inventors and Writers of Fame.

It has been the delight of the biographers to show how the printer's devil, the poor farm lad, the street waif and the mechanic's lad, have struggled onward and upward to distinction.

Apparently they have ignored the barber boy's achievements.

Nevertheless, there are numerous instances of barbers who have become celebrities in various fields of human endeavor.

In former times the barber's craft was dignified with the title of profession, be it known. It was conjoined with the art of surgery. In the time of Henry VIII. of England it was enacted that the barbers should confine themselves to the minor operations of blood letting and drawing teeth, while the surgeons were prohibited from barbery or shaving. Later on—about the middle of the eighteenth century—the two callings were entirely separate.

The striped pole in front of shops today is symbolic of former times, suggesting the period when the barber was also a surgeon, and indicating the ribbon for bandaging the arm in bleeding.

It was long after the vocations became distinct that Edward Burtenshaw Sugden rose to eminence. Sugden was the son of a hairdresser in Duke street, Westminster, and was assistant in the shop. When he was 41 years old he was made King's Counsel, and was chosen a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. Under the first administration of Lord Derby he was raised to the peerage as Lord St. Leonards.

It goes without saying that there were not lacking envious persons to twit him with his former occupation, and this story is told: Once, when addressing a crowd in the interest of his own candidacy to Parliament, a man called out to know what soap was worth and how lather was made.

"I am particularly obliged to that gentleman for reminding me of my humble origin," said Sir Edward. "It is true that I am a barber's son, and was once myself a barber. If the gentleman who so politely reminded me of these facts had been a barber he shows here that he would have remained one to the end of his life."

Then there was Charles Abbott, a barber's son, "a scrubby little lad who used to wait on his father with razors and a pewter bowl." Abbott was also made a peer of England.

An English writer has said of a certain inventive Englishman: "While his inventions have conferred infinitely more real benefit on his own country than she could have derived from absolute dominion of Mexico and Peru, they have been universally productive of wealth and enjoyment."

This genius was Sir Richard Arkwright, and his inventions were in the cotton spinning industry. He was born in 1792, turned from wig-making when the trade fell off, became enormously wealthy, was made a peer and died in the sixtieth year of his age.

English literature has been made richer by at least three barbers.

Jeremy Taylor was brought up in his father's shop at Cambridge, Eng. He is perhaps the most famous of all the barbers, his books remaining popular after 250 years. A critic says truthfully that his work is especially literary. Weighty with argument, his sermons and books of devotion are still read among us for their sweet and deep devotion and their rapidly flowing and poetic eloquence. His most important work is "The Liberty of Prophesying."

The greatest English naval poet—Charles Dibdin taking rank as second—was William Falconer. He was a barber in Edinburgh until his poem, "The Shipwreck," not only made him famous, but won him a career in the Royal Navy. This poem, by the way, was based on his own experience. When yet young he had a chance to take a voyage on an English vessel bound for Venice. The ship was overtaken by a dreadful storm off Cape Colonna, and was wrecked, only three of the crew being saved. One of these was Falconer, and the incidents of the voyage and its disastrous termination formed the subject of his poem. Strangely enough, the terrors of the sea, which he so eloquently describes, did not deter him from following it, and he was lost in the wreck of another ship a few years later.

Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, who died the year before the birth of Burns, is justly celebrated in the literature of England. "The Gentle Shepherd" is especially worthy of remembrance, being a pure, tender and genuine picture of Scottish life and love among the poor in the country. He carried on the song of rural life and love and humor which Burns perfected. Allan Ramsay was at one time a prosperous wig-maker.

Oddest Patrol Wagon.

Writing of the local patrol wagon, the Penang correspondent of the Straits Times, Singapore, says: "It forcibly calls to mind at first sight a four-wheeled baker's cart, bar the fact it is drawn by about the slowest pair of bullocks in the settlements. There is nothing grim at all about it, for it is commanded by a sleepy Malay constable perched on the box, its roof and sides are formed of white canvas, and it has no door to close at the back, but merely an opening in which another Malay constable half slumbers. Two or three other constables ride inside sitting on the benches with the prisoners, who seem to be too struck with novelty at the ride to make any attempt at escape. I should say that an escape from this prison van would be as easy as falling off a log."

Politeness Overdone.

The thanks of every tired woman are due to the gallant strap-hanger who gives her his seat in the crowded District Railway carriage when he sees her making desperate attempts to keep her balance on her feet. But his gallantry is sometimes a little overdone, or it may be that his apparent politeness covers a hidden sense of bitterness at having to stand when he has paid for a seat. In any case the lady who remonstrated with the young man when he courteously offered her his seat felt that his reply should have been left unsaid. "Pray take it," he begged her, impressively; "my legs are younger than yours."—London Chronicle.

Badly Mixed.

The following extracts from speeches made by vestrymen are given in a local English paper:

Mr. H. D.—If I paid a man to do a job and he did not do it, I would not pay him.

Mr. O'C.—Is Mr. St. C. in order in introducing fresh matter that has already been decided?

Mr. D.—I move that we have a survey on this day (Thursday) fortnight, on a Saturday.

Mr. P.—I am proud of my ancestors, and I hope to be proud of my posterity.

Mr. B.—If this proposal is carried the parish will stink in the eyes of the ratepayers.

TUBERCULOSIS AGAIN.

The Cow a Source of Health and Strength to Mankind.

At a recent meeting of a city organization an instructor in bacteriology delivered an address on tuberculosis in which the impression was left that milk is a dangerous food, though he declared that germs of tuberculosis are everywhere and that probably every man in the audience had them in his body, perhaps in sufficient quantity to say that he had tuberculosis in passive form. And here is the danger that lies in the discussion of this question from one side only. The public gets wrong impressions because it has not complete information. Bovine and human tuberculosis may be identical, and an occasional cow may put some germs of tuberculosis in milk, but there is far less danger from milk than from air, not only because there are fewer such germs in milk than in air, but because in milk they do not directly reach the part of the human body most liable to infection, as they do in air. Besides, city milk is very largely sterilized and so made safer than air. But supposing things were even between milk and air two parallel questions would arise: Are we to stop breathing? Are we to stop using milk? We may state as a general truth that the cow is a great source of health and strength to humanity and a minor source of trouble. The public should be impressed with the fact that dairy products are generally health giving and always so when properly handled.—National Stockman.

McSparran on General Purpose.

In the general purpose animal idea "the wish is father to the thought." Men want the general purpose cow because she would be so handy and profitable. I will admit it would be a very attractive addition to the herd, at one barn at least, if I could have half a hundred Jerseys displaced by cows that would eat no more per capita and give as much or more milk that would test as much or more at the creamery. Each year or oftener each would give me a big calf that could be started right off on a short cut to a profitable market as baby beef, and when each one's own life milking fever was over or going into a decline she would offer up her carcass on the altar of her final general purposeness, as prime, market topping beef.

I guess Byron was thinking of the dairyman with the general purpose hope in his heart when he said:

"There comes forever something between us and what we deem our happiness."

The general purpose cow as a fine, breedible fact would make us happy, with a gospel measure of dairy happiness. But the thing that comes between is the fact that we can't get her. That's the fly in the ointment. That's the beam in the dual cow man's eye—the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick and the other fellow tired.—W. F. McSparran in Hoard's Dairyman.

Dairy Wisdom In Brief

It was a great invention that was given to the dairy world when the Babcock tester was discovered. The influence which it has exercised upon the dairy industry would not be easy to estimate. There is another tester wanted, however, that has not been invented yet. It is some instrument that will readily tell the amount of filth in the milk. Is it impossible to invent such an instrument? — Orange Judd Farmer.

Solder Is Cheap and Clean.

Plug up the holes in your milk pails, but don't do it with old rags. Solder is cheap and clean.

No Corners In Model Barn.

Rev. Mr. Detrich, the "model farmer," has no "corners" in his dairy barns—at least no square corners. All right angle joints are made slightly concave, so that dirt and germs will find no lodging place, and, as Mr. Detrich says, "it is far easier to clean a round than a square corner."

Bedding For Cows.

While bedding material for cows should be as free as possible from dust and dirt that might get into the milk and should not irritate the skin of the animals, two other important requirements are the keeping of animals clean and the power of absorbing liquid manure.

The Best Milking Machine.

They say they have a milking machine at last that will do the work, but, like the flying machine, it will be some time before it is in common use. The farm boy or girl growing up without knowing how to milk is missing a valuable part of his education. Milking is not disagreeable work when all the conditions are right. Have the conditions right and start the boys and girls early. No milking machine can ever come up to a good, faithful boy, and a good girl is just a little better, says Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Care of the Youngsters.

Give the calves the sunniest, warmest corner in the barn.

It is best to keep the youngsters in loose boxes, so they will have plenty of exercise. They should be handled and taught to lead.

If calves are dropped and the stables are not very warm a small blanket should be fitted to each one. These may be made from pieces of old wool blankets, and the straps or strings can be let out as the youngster grows.

The young stock should be given plenty of good bright hay and some bran and middlings to keep them growing and make good bone.—Farm Journal.

The Clothes Hanger.

An ordinary clothes hanger may be made most ornamental by a few deft touches and a little taste. First cover the wooden rim with muslin, placing between a padding of soft wadding with a plentiful scattering of sachet powder. Cover each side of the rim with a piece of inch and a half wide ribbon, gathering both top and bottom to form a sheering. At the top, on to the crook to suspend by, tie a graceful loop bow. This proves a most decorative fixture, relieving the unattractiveness of a most everyday article of utility.—New Orleans Times-

"Unto One of the Least of These"

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

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Van Ruyven followed the butler up the wide stairs, inwardly amused at his own trepidation. It was most absurd, he told himself, for a man to feel as he did under these circumstances. There were certainly no logical grounds for his vague fears. Still there was the haunting possibility that the bishop might raise objections. Remote this possibility was, to be sure, but none the less potent. Van Ruyven remembered the time there had been a case pending against him in the courts. It was a silly case, trumped up by an ambulance chaser. His lawyer had told him from the first it was nothing to worry about. And yet he had been more or less disturbed until the jury had brought in its verdict in his favor. His position now as he mounted the stairs in the wake of the solemn butler seemed analogous.

At the head of the stairs the butler drew aside the leather portiere, and Van Ruyven entered the big, dim study. A fire crackled cheerfully upon the hearth and sent flickering shadows dancing up and down the rows upon rows of books. Near by a green shaded lamp threw a soft light upon a table littered with books and papers.

As Van Ruyven crossed the threshold a fine figure of a man rose from his seat by the table and came forward with outstretched hand.

"Arthur, I'm glad to see you," said the bishop, with a smile that left no doubt as to the sincerity of his words. "Sit down here by the fire and give an account of yourself. I count myself in luck that you take the trouble to come up here to see me when Edith is in the house."

He drew two comfortable chairs before the fire and motioned Van Ruyven to one of them.

"Now, then, what sort of absolution do you want this time?" the bishop went on lightly, "or perhaps you came up here because you knew I'd let you smoke."

Van Ruyven smiled. "Thanks, I will smoke if you don't mind," he said, drawing out his cigar case. He selected a cigar with as much care as if the fate of an empire hung upon his choice, clipped the end and slowly lighted it. He smoked abstractedly for a moment or two before he turned to the bishop.

"The fact is," Van Ruyven began, "I have come to you tonight with a very delicate mission."

"Ah, I see." The bishop's words were formal, noncommittal, but his clean shaven, kindly face lighted up with a smile of understanding, and there was a hint of mischief in the gray eyes. Van Ruyven was looking into the fire again. He puffed nervously at the cigar.

"And this delicate mission?" the bishop suggested mildly.

"I came, sir," said Van Ruyven, speaking very slowly, "to ask you if you would have any objections to me as—as Edith's husband—that is," he amended quickly, "if Edith herself has no objections. You see, I haven't ascertained that as yet."

The bishop straightened himself in his chair. With his broad shoulders and his iron gray hair he was a decidedly imposing man. Just now he regarded his guest with an odd expression, half of affection, half of amusement.

"So you came to me first," he said quietly. "Rather a rare procedure in these degenerate days. You show a delicate deference, sir, to certain ideas that I inherit from my ancestry on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line. I think I shall have to index you as a master tactician," he ended playfully.

"Then you have no objections in the matter?" asked Van Ruyven.

"Bless my soul, no," laughed the bishop, "and if I read Edith rightly she has none either."

He leaned forward in his chair and regarded the younger man intently. His face became suddenly grave.

"There is something about Edith, however, that I must confide to you," he said, "something that no one alive knows save I, myself. Under the circumstances, Arthur, you should know it too. I disclose it under the seal of the confessional as something you must never mention at any time nor under any stress."

Van Ruyven bent his head slowly in acknowledgment of his obligation.

"Edith," said the bishop very gently, as if even the confession of it cost him a pang, "is not my own child."

Van Ruyven sat up in surprise. "Not your child?" he repeated incredulously.

"No," said the bishop. "Years ago, when I was in charge of a very humble country parish, she was left on the steps of the rectory one night, a tiny mite, wrapped in an old horse blanket. We intended at first to send her to an asylum, but there was something about those big dark eyes and those tiny arms even then that cried out to us. You know there were never any children of our own, and she came to fill the vacant niche in our lives." He paused a moment and smiled reminiscently. "I thought you ought to know of this, even if"—

"My dear bishop," Van Ruyven interrupted, "I doubt if she could have been really more yours had she been born to you. Why, she has your ideas and your traits. She even has your penetrating way of looking at one."

"I don't think the accident of her birth has made very much difference with her or with me," the bishop said. "My own daughter could not have been more to me, Arthur." The bishop's eyes were moist in his earnestness. "She has never once disappointed me. Even her intentions seem to be mine."

* * * * * * *

There was a commotion downstairs, then the sound of footsteps on the polished stairs and a vigorous knock on the lintel. The portiere was whisked aside, and an excited maid came into the room—so excited that she gave no heed to the bishop's frown of mild reproof at her unseemly entrance.

"Plaze, sor," she gasped, "Miss Edith do be wantin' yer downstairs at wance, sor. They's been a baby lift on the doorstip."

The bishop almost sprang from his chair. "A what?" he said.

"A baby, sor, lift on the doorstip, sor."

"There seems something almost ominous in this coincidence, Arthur," he said nervously. "Pardon me a moment. I'll be back directly."

After the bishop had left the room Van Ruyven tiptoed cautiously into the hall and peered over the banisters. It was indeed a strange group that stood in the hall below—Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, with the much swathed foundling in her arms; Edith, tall and stately, standing near by, her arms and neck showing like ivory against the dark tapestry on the wall; the bishop peering into the depths of the old shawl that wrapped the child; two maids craning over his shoulder and the statuesque Higgins explaining to such as cared to listen how he had come to find the bundle when he had answered the bell.

"And what'll we do with it?" asked Mrs. Briggs when Higgins' tale of woe had come to an end.

"Do?" said Edith. "Why, we'll take it to the home, of course."

"My dear," the bishop remonstrated mildly, "why not keep it here with us? To take it to the home seems to me to be very much like casting it into outer darkness. Of course we can't look after all the waifs, but suppose we take this one, who has been left at our very door, and give it a chance in the world."

Edith laughed unsympathetically. "Why, father, dear, what a silly idea," she began. "Of course we can't keep it."

"'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,'" quoted the bishop.

"A very pretty sentiment," said the girl, "but most unpractical. You haven't the least idea what instincts this child may have. You would probably give it every advantage in the world only to have it disappoint you at every turn. It would probably grow up a most ungrateful little wretch. They always do."

Van Ruyven tiptoed back into the study and sat down before the fire. He heard the group below go into the reception room, and their voices came up to him inarticulately. For a time he sat there, smoking in a preoccupied manner. Then he heard Edith's voice in the hall below giving orders to the servants.

"Higgins, telephone for the carriage, and Mrs. Briggs get on your things, please, and be ready when it comes. We'll take the child to the home. I'll go with you. I can't conceive why father had such absurd notions about keeping it here."

A little later the front door slammed, there was a rumble of carriage wheels without, and then Van Ruyven heard the bishop's steps slowly ascending the stairs. He came into the study and stood for awhile looking silently into the fire.

"Did you hear it?" he asked at length, turning abruptly to Van Ruyven. The younger man nodded. The bishop sank rather heavily into his chair.

"She's not mine! I was mistaken!" he burst out. "She is no daughter of mine, after all!"

Van Ruyven rose. "I think I'd best go now," he said simply. "Please don't tell Edith that I have been here nor why I came."

The bishop looked at him narrowly. "It will be hard for her," he said, "but I think you are justified."

Suddenly the bishop's head drooped. There was a stifled sound very like a sob.

"She said it would grow up an ungrateful little wretch, and she was right, Arthur; she was right."

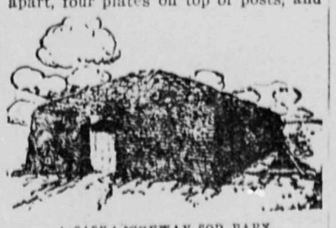
Salt.

The other day the writer saw a young girl upset some salt at the table and then pick up a pinch and throw it over her left shoulder. She said that if she didn't she would quarrel with her best friend. It seemed silly to think that the spilling of the salt was going to make the quarrel, and it seemed just as silly to think that the tossing of some of it in a certain direction was going to help matters. But, like most old superstitions, there is some reason back of it.

Salt, as you know, is a great purifier. It prevents decay, is a tonic and strengthener and is necessary to the health and even to the life of men and animals. The ancients looked upon it as always pure and lasting and made it the token of friendship. Out of this undoubtedly grew the idea that when salt is spilled friendship is broken. The Arabs regard salt as sacred, and a Bedouin in the desert, who would rob and kill you perhaps otherwise, becomes your friend and protector against all enemies if he eats salt with you, his way of offering hospitality.—New York Times.

A Sod Barn In Canada.

My stable, for horses and cattle, was built in 1903, writes S. W. Prescott of Saskatchewan. The sod is jokingly called northwestern brick. My barn is 24x28 feet inside and 6 feet to eaves. The walls are 3 feet thick at bottom and 2 at top. The barn has three 8-foot stalls, a cottage roof made by setting four 10 1-2-foot posts in ground 8 feet apart, four plates on top of posts, and



A SASKATCHEWAN SOD BARN.

a stringer from each corner of stable to plates. The rafters are poplar poles covered with flax straw and this with tough sod and loose clay to fill cracks. Poplar posts are used in making partitions between stalls. No floor is provided and there is only one window. There should be more. The cost, actual money paid out, was about $5. Such stables are much in use here and when well built will stand for a number of years.

A Damp Detector.

In England they have what is called a "damp detector," a silver trinket not unlike a compass in appearance. At the back are small holes in the silver, through which the damp passes and moves the needle until it points to the word "damp." By the aid of this contrivance unsired sheets can be detected.

A MIRACLE OF NATURE.

The Wonderful Growth of the Antlers of the Wapiti.

Wapiti antler growth is one of the miracles of nature that we never cease to consider a miracle. About the end of winter—that is in mid-March—the antlers of the year before break off flush with their base an inch or more above the skull. Usually they are found close together, showing that they fell nearly at the same time.

At first the place of each antler is a broad raw spot. In a few days it shows a thick rounded pad or blood gorged skin. This swells rapidly, and in a fortnight the great bulbous fuzzy horn beginning has shot up to a height of several inches. At exactly the right time, place and in just the right direction a bump comes forth to be the foundation of the brow tine. In a few more days the bez tine is projected by the invisible architect. In a month the structure is nearly a foot high and all enveloped in a turgid mass of feverish throbbing blood vessels—the scaffolding and workmen of this surprising structure. Night and day the work is pushed with astounding speed, and in four months this skyscraper is finished, a wonderful structure indeed, for a score of nature's forces have toiled, a myriad of invisible workmen have done their part, and an edifice that, according to ordinary rules, should have taken a lifetime is here rushed through in a summer and all in absolute silence.

August sees the building done, but it is still cluttered with scaffolding. The supplies of blood at the base are reduced and finally discontinued. The antler is no longer in vital touch with the animal. It begins to die. The sensitiveness leaves each part, the velvet covering soon dies, cracks and peels, and the stag assists the process of clearing off the skin by scraping his horns on the brushwood. September sees him fully armed in his spears of dead bone, strong in body, glorying in his weapons and his strength and ready to battle with all comers.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Scribner's.

HONEY AS A FOOD.

It Is Nourishing and Saves Work For the Digestive Organs.

Honey, which is described as "one of nature's best foods," is the subject of a report by the Ontario department of agriculture. In this it is pointed out that it is only within the past few centuries that sugar has become known and only within the last generation that refined sugars have become so low in price that they may be commonly used in the poorest families. Formerly honey was the principal sweet, and it was highly valued 3,000 years before the first sugar refinery was built. "It would add greatly to the health of the present generation," it is declared, "if honey could be at least partially restored to its former place as a common article of diet."

Excessive use of sugar brings in its train a long list of ills. When sugar is taken into the stomach it cannot be assimilated until first changed by digestion into grape sugar. Only too often the overtaxed stomach fails properly to perform this digestion, and then come sour stomach and various phases of indigestion and dyspepsia. In the laboratory of the hive the honey has been fully prepared by the bees for prompt assimilation without taxing either stomach or the kidneys, so that in eating honey the digestive machinery is saved work and health is maintained.

Moreover, the same report says that "in many cases it will be a real economy to lessen the butter bill by letting honey in part take its place. One pound of honey will go as far as a pound of butter, and if both articles be of the same quality the honey will cost the less. Honey is strongly recommended for children, while for persons of all ages a pleasant and wholesome drink is called 'German honey tea.' This is made by pouring a teacupful of hot water on from one to two teaspoonfuls of honey."

Curious Wedding Customs In Turkey.

The dowry of a Turkish bride is fixed both by law and custom and must not exceed a sum equal to $1.70 in United States currency. On no pretext can this amount be made greater or less, even though the parents be extremely poor or immensely wealthy. The wedding is invariably set for Thursday, the festivities beginning on the previous Monday and lasting four days. The merrymaking is carried on by the men and women separately, and each day is distinguished by a change in ceremonies. On no account will Turks allow spoons, forks, knives or wine on the table when celebrating a wedding.

AN AFRICAN FOREST.

Peculiar Effects Produced by Wind, Sunlight and Shadow.

An explorer describes a central Africa forest: "Ten miles west of the lake begins the only piece of real virgin forest met with. It is throughout a dense virgin forest and almost impenetrable. It consists of very large trees of many varieties. The upper parts are festooned with a light grayish green moss hanging in long streamers and giving to the forest a very fantastic appearance. When these long streamers are agitated by a storm they make the whole forest, seen from one of the hills near, look like a rough sea. Again, when the sun is vertical the whole forest appears dark, but when the sun is low the general effect on the sunny side is curiously light.

"All the trees are bound together with innumerable lianas and creeping plants. Between the stems is a dense tangled mass of lesser vegetation. The forest stands to a great extent in the water and mud of the swamp. A singular feature of it is the abruptness with which it begins and ceases on the plain. The grassy swamp or open country reaches to the mighty wall of trees, which continue in the same density from one side to the other. There is no smaller wood or scrub outside forming a transition from the open plain to the forest.

"Inside, the silence and gloom are accentuated by the apparent absence of animal or bird life. There are some herds of buffaloes that make it a headquarters, elephants visit it occasionally, monkeys and parrots are sometimes seen, and a harnessed antelope now and then appears at the edge, but the general impression left is one of lifelessness."

HOW TO DRESS A SHEEP

INSTRUCTIONS FROM U. S. FARMERS' BULLETIN NO. 183.

Best Method of Killing the Animal—How to Insure a Clean Carcass—The Process of Skinning—Hanging of the Carcass and When It Should Be Done—Cutting the Mutton Into Proper Sizes For the Table.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 183, United States Department of Agriculture, gives the following explicit directions regarding the killing and dressing of a sheep on the farm:

Much of the sheepy flavor of mutton comes from the generation of

FIG. 1—MANNER OF STICKING A SHEEP.

gases in the stomach after the sheep is killed. For this reason they should be dressed as rapidly as possible. A platform six or eight inches high is a convenient thing to work on, and aids in keeping the blood away from the body, insuring a cleaner carcass. A clean dry place is necessary for neat work. Water or blood on the wool makes it very difficult to dress the animal nicely.

Killing.—If the sheep is an old one it may be stunned before bleeding. If a young one the same purpose is served by dislocating the neck after cutting the throat. This is accomplish-

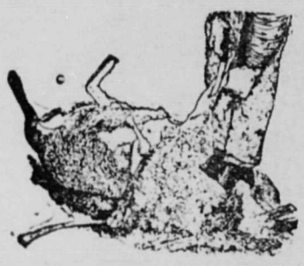


FIG. 2—"LEGGING OUT" A SHEEP.

ed by putting one hand on the poll or top of the head and the other hand under the chin giving a sharp twist upward. Lay the sheep on its side on the platform, with its head hanging over the end. Grasp the chin in the left hand and stick a knife through the neck, just back of the jaw (fig. 1). The cutting edge of the knife should be turned toward the spinal column and the flesh cut to the bone. In this way it is possible to avoid cutting the wind-pipe.

Skinning.—Split the skin over the back of the front legs from the dew claws to a little above the knees (fig.

FIG. 3—FISTING OFF THE PELT.

2). Open the skin over the wind-pipe from brisket to chin, starting it slightly on the sides of the neck. Split the skin over the back of the hind legs to the middle line and skin the buttock. The skin should also be raised over the cod and flanks. Skin around the hocks and down to the hoofs, cutting off the hind feet at the toe joints. Run the knife between the cords and bone on the back of the skins and tie the legs together just above the pastern joints. No attempt should be made to skin the legs above the hock until after the carcass is hung up. Hang the sheep up by the hind legs and split the skin over the middle

FIG. 4—REMOVING THE INTESTINES.

line. Start at the brisket to "fist off" the skin. This is done by grasping the edge of the pelt firmly in one hand, pulling it up tight and working the other with fist closed between the pelt and the body (fig. 3). The "fisting off" should be downward over the fore quarters and upward and backward over the hind quarters and legs. It is unwise to pull down on the skin over the hind legs as the membrane covering the flesh is sure to be ruptured and an unsightly appearance given to the carcass. The wool should always be held away from the flesh for the sake of cleanliness. The skin on the legs should be pulled away from the body rather than toward it, in order to preserve the covering of the meat. When the pelt has been loosened over the sides and back it should be stripped down over the neck and cut off close to the ears. The head may then be removed without being skinned by cutting through the atlas joints.

Gutting.—Begin removing the entrails (fig. 4) by cutting around the rectum and allowing it to drop down inside. Do not split the pelvis. Open down the belly line from the cod to the breastbone and take out the paunch and intestines, leaving the liver attached to the diaphragm. If

FIG. 5—FINISHED CARCASS OF MUTTON.

the mutton is for home use split the breastbone and remove the heart, lungs and diaphragm together. For marketing it is best not to split the breast. Reach up into the pelvis and pull out the bladder. Wipe all the blood and dirt from the carcass with a coarse cloth wrung nearly dry from hot water. Double up the front legs and slip the little cord, found by cutting into the fleshy part of the forearm, over the ankle joints.

Cutting Mutton.—First split the carcass (fig 5) into halves, then cut off the flanks and breast, following the line to A B C D (fig. 6). Cut off the leg at the top of the round, A to K, just touching the hip joint. Remove the shank below the fleshy part of the leg. Cut off the shoulder between the third and fourth ribs and the neck at the shoulder vein. Remove the front shank at the elbow joint. Where a

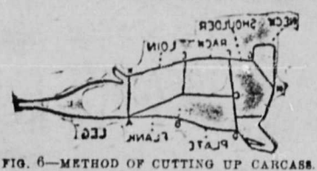


FIG. 6—METHOD OF CUTTING UP CARCASS.

"saddle of mutton" is wanted, one must deviate from this method of cutting and cut the saddle in one piece before the carcass is split into halves.

The leg of mtuton is sometimes cut into steak, but is usually roasted whole or boiled. The loin may be used for chops, the slices being cut parallel to the rib, or it may be roasted if desired. The chops should be cut "one rib" thick. If used as an oven roast the joints in the backbone should be be cracked with a cleaver to admit of easy carving at the table. The rack is used in the same way as the loin. The joints in the back of the shoulder should be cracked and the ribs broken across the middle on the inside, when it may be used as an oven roast from a young mutton, or as a boiling piece if from an old one. The breast and flank when trimmed are used for stews; the neck and shank for soup stock.

Forcing Twigs In Water.

From Feb. 20 to March 20 is the time to bring in twigs of flowering shrubs and trees and put them in a vase of water in a sunny window sill, where they will open during the dreariest month of the year—the month before spring comes. Among the showiest and most interesting are the flowering dogwood, forsythia, apple, peach, pear, red maple, elm, beech and horse chestnut. Magnolias have the largest flowers of all, but it is doubtful if any one has succeeded with them. Change the water every day or two.—Garden Magazine.

Pruning Dewberries.

The most common way of managing dewberry plants is to drive a stake three or four feet high between two hills and tie the young canes from each hill to the top of the stake, cutting their loose ends back to about one foot above the stake. The fruit is then borne above the new growth, kept clean and can be easily picked. The young canes are allowed to run over the ground at will during the growing season and the next year are tied to the top of the stake, while the old fruiting ones are cut away.—Rural New Yorker.

Cheap Hotbed.

A cheap and easily made hotbed much in use by extensive growers may be made as follows: Cut all the posts twelve inches long and nail the side boards on, allowing them to project an inch over the end posts; then nail in the end boards, which give a level top when set up. When the bed is set up ready to fill, one side is tilted, resting the posts on blocks or bricks, which gives the necessary slant to carry off the water when the sashes are placed on. This bed gives very satisfactory results, but of course is not a "thing of beauty."

Fall Pigs.

Generally speaking, many farmers fail to make money out of fall pigs because they do not handle them rightly. They put them in a pen and feed them on corn to the exclusion of all other diet unless it may be a little milk or a pail of kitchen refuse once or twice a day and then wonder how anybody can make money out of winter pigs. We wonder too.—Farm Progress.

Pruning Grape Vines.

Prune grape vines on warm, pleasant days. If you have some grape vines which have not been pruned for several years, cut out one-third of the old wood this season, one-third next season, and the remaining third the following season. This gives three years to entirely renew the old plant.

Watering Horses.

Horses should be watered at least three times every day. The man who goes to the stable, waters his horses and gives them a light feed the last thing every night before he retires always has round, sleek, good looking animals.

Taking Care of Medicines.

You can't be too careful about placing poison bottles so that there's no danger of some one getting hold of them by mistake. If you have many such bottles—and some families have a hundred and one liniments, each carefully marked with its poison label—it is a good plan to set one small shelf aside in your medicine closet. If space is too valuable a thing to do this or your bottles too few, put everything of a poisonous nature in a box, marking the box as "Poison" in big letters. Being shut away from every other medicine makes you safe, especially if every member of the family is forbidden to touch that box. You're safer still if you can have it locked up.

Perfumed Bath.

If you want to take a bath in something that is very sweet smelling, prepare some sea salt after this fashion: Buy the salt at the drug store; take a big handful of it; lay it in a bottle and add some violet perfume; let it stand three days, and it is ready for the bath.

Another plan is to add to the sea salt a grain of musk, a little essence of violet and finally about a teaspoonful of alcohol; set the bottle away for three days, turning it twice a day.

When you are ready to take your bath throw a handful of the sea salt into the water. It will perfume the water without making it too salty.—Washington Post.

BUYING ON CREDIT.

The Evils That, as a Rule, Come With the Account Habit.

It is a well known principle that the buying power of any given sum is greatly increased by the distance between the would be buyer and the sum. The October allowance viewed from September looks large and magnificent. Having an account, the woman who sees an allowance in the near future orders with a prodigality to fit her impressions. It requires the allowance of November and December to meet the indebtedness.

Of course the account habit fosters extravagance. A woman would hesitate to buy a green silk waist or to order the nectarines which she could live contentedly enough without did she have to take the last coin or bill in her purse to pay for them. But they are to be charged. Happy thought. She can have them and keep the money in her purse—and next month have none.

"If I had daughters," said a capitalist, "I should never permit them to have an account with any shop. The account habit is productive of more pecuniary trouble than any other, and no woman should be brought up in this country of feather blown fortunes on any plan which would not be a good one for the poor."

"But an account is so convenient. One needn't wait for change," said one woman.

"You can get what you need in May and pay for it in June and have a month's happiness out of it. Is that worth nothing?" asks the second.

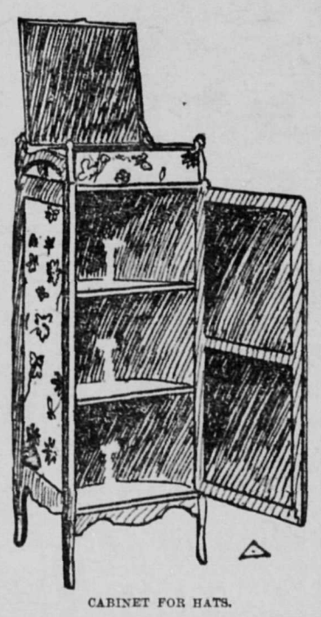
"It's all the same in the end," said a third. "You have so much money; you always spend it. What's the difference if you spend it before or after receiving it?"

The account habit makes debt seem natural and not in the least disgraceful. It utterly destroys the habit of self denial in little luxuries. And there are very few women whose financial position and whose moral natures are sufficiently high to be entirely impervious to these things.

HAT CABINET.

An Artistic Storage Place For Millinery Creations.

The multiplicity of hats required by the woman who lays claim to being modishly dressed has called forth a demand for suitable places in which to store these expensive and precious creations of the milliner's art when they are not in commission. Boxes of various sorts have been ingeniously contrived and special compartments have



CABINET FOR HATS.

been assigned in the handy chiffonier, not to mention the regulation hat trunk, the mission of the latter, however, being mainly to prove of assistance to the traveler. Now comes a dainty cabinet intended to hold millinery and, if desired, with a box at the top for laces. The pegs are removable and the panels cretonne covered. The cabinet as illustrated is little less than four feet high and a foot and one-half wide, with inside measurements of fourteen inches. The framework is of white enamel, though any preferred wood might be substituted to suit the general furnishings of the room.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Perfect Home.

A perfect home is never created all at once and by one person. Let the anxious house mistress take comfort in the thought. She should also remember that it is in the nature of beauty to grow and that a well rounded and beautiful family life adds its quota day by day. Every book, every sketch or picture, every carefully selected or characteristic object brought into the home adds to and makes a part of a beautiful whole, and no house can be absolutely perfect without all these evidences of family life. It can be made ready for them, completely ready and perfectly ready, by professional skill and knowledge, but if it remained just where the interior artist or decorator left it it would have no more of the sentiment of domesticity than a statue.

For Blackheads.

As a cure for blackheads one of the leading skin specialists has recommended the following treatment: Mix equal parts of rose water, pure alcohol and glycerin and add borax to measure half the quantity of the rose water; mix thoroughly and label "Lotion No. 1." Now mix eight parts of strong spirits of wine, one part of spirits of lavender and four parts of soft soap. Label this "Lotion No. 2." Every morning rub over the parts a small quantity of lotion No. 1, then apply lotion No. 2 and after some minutes rinse.

A Cautious Scot.

A Scotsman went to an English race meeting and boldly staked a sovereign. Strangely enough, the horse he backed proved a winner, and he went to the "bookie" to claim his winnings. The sporting man begrudgingly handed him 5 sovereigns. He looked at each one very carefully before placing it in his pocketbook. "Weel," said the "bookie," with a snarl, "are you afraid they're bad?"

"Oh, no," said the Scotsman, "but I was just lookin' to mak' sure the bad win I gie'd ye wisna among them!"

MILKING THE COW.

Things to Think About—The Milker In the White Suit.

An important thing in connection with milking is the condition of the hands and clothes of the milker. The milker should be clean personally and should be required to go about his work in clean clothes. The milking should be done with dry hands. The habit of some milkers of wetting their hands with milk just as they begin is a filthy practice and the cause of much bad milk and poor butter. There is something in the presence of a milker in a white suit that calls for clean work, particularly if he is required to keep the suit clean while about his work. Many dairymen require their milkers to be dressed in white.

The same principle is true in regard to whitewash on the interior of the barn. A carefully whitewashed wall shows off cobwebs to their disadvantage, and they will usually be removed. There is something out of place if part of a building is kept clean and fresh—as a whitewashed wall, for instance—and other parts are a mire of filth. Whitewashed walls go with clean floors, and the two with a white clad milker.—Edwin H. Webster.

Butter Eaters.

Nothing eats up butter faster than discomfort and fear, because they shrink the butter fat and so make their milk, which is steering the butter into the manure pile instead of into the churn, says J. V. Van Nott in Rural New Yorker. Therefore have warm floors and warm stables. A cow cannot run a furnace and a churn with the one feed. Another butter eater is the stanchion. Farmers are very careful to have for themselves warm floors and feather beds, but leave their dutiful cows hanging by the necks in the cruel stocks named stanchions and to get what sleep they can on a frost carpeted floor. Both should be abolished by law as cruelty to animals.

We can also class the horns with butter eaters, and the boss cow eats more butter than the farmer's family, for every time she spears the other cow "shrink" goes the butter fat. Her ally is the dog.

Cause of Cow Failure.

Don't let your cow eat her head off. A few cows give 400 pounds of butter fat in a year. A great many give 300 pounds or more, and yet it is a deplorable fact that the average cow does not produce much over 100 pounds in a year. But in a great many instances this failure of the cow to reach a point where she may be considered as a profitable investment is due to the care, or rather to the lack of care, which she receives.—Michigan Farmer.

Raw Milk For Infants.

German clinical evidence indicates that cows' milk used raw is much better than boiled milk for feeding infants affected with gastric or intestinal catarrh.

Feeding the Milk Maker

I cannot understand how any dairyman can get along without a silo. I recently heard one successful dairyman say that if he had built a silo five years earlier he would have easily saved $1,000. I figure that when you get twenty tons of silage to the acre it is equal to seven tons of the best hay. That ought to settle the question, says a Connecticut dairyman in American Agriculturist.

Wonderful Forage Crops Possible.

It is difficult to understand why the southern dairymen do not raise their feed. The system of dairying that is carried on in the north, if adopted, could not fail to be more profitable to the producer and more healthful for the consumer, affirms C. F. Doane in an exchange. The amount of forage that can be raised on an acre of land in most of the southern states is beyond the conception of the northern farmer.

The Pasture a Back Number.

"Nobody but a billionaire can afford a pasture," states Mr. Detrich, as quoted in Farm Journal. "Soiling is the correct idea. Grow the feed and bring it to the cows. Rye, oats and peas, sweet corn, ensilage, hay, etc., are the keynotes of modern farming. The pasture is a back number."

At Calving Time.

At calving time many breeders feed warm bran mashes, and some give tepid water for drinking purposes until the cow has regained her normal condition.

Serving the Dairy Cow's Feed.

In England a great deal of attention is given to the preparation of feed for dairy cows. Grain is usually crushed or ground. Chaffing or cutting straw and hay is a very general practice. Roots are usually pulped or sliced.

More Roots to Be Used?

An increased use of roots is being advocated in this country. In Great Britain they are fed to dairy cattle as well as to beef animals, but when feeding them to milk cows the best dairymen take pains to avoid tainting the milk by their use.

Dairy Feeding Well Understood.

I suppose no other question has received more consideration among our farmers in the past twenty-five years than this question of feeding, and the result is the general principles of feeding today are pretty well understood. It has been said, and I think with a good deal of force, that the dairy of the average farmer is better fed than the family of the same farmer.—H. Wing.

Skill In Buying Feed.

Skill in buying a food adapted to your use that is relatively cheap in your own locality is a question of great importance.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When a man is loaded you always know it, but it's different with a gun.

Keep telling a boy he never will amount to anything, and he generally won't.

A six weeks' engagement will put a lot of conceit into a man, but six minutes of married life are sufficient to take it out.

It is wonderful how many have watches considering how few there are in the world to whom time really seems to be of any value.

THE LARDEAU MINING REVIEW.

Is Printed at Trout Lake City, and Published at Ferguson and Trout Lake every Thursday

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of correspondents expressed in its columns

All locals will be charged at the rate of [illegible] cents per line, first insertion, and [illegible] per line each subsequent insertion.

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CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTRATION OF AN EXTRA PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

Companies Act, 1897.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that "The Reward Gold and Silver Mining Company, Limited," "No Personal Liability," has this day been registered as an Extra-Provincial Company under the "Companies Act, 1897," to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the company is situate at the City of Watertown, in the County of Codington, and State of South Dakota.

The amount of capital of the Company is nine hundred thousand dollars, divided into nine hundred thousand shares of one dollar each.

The head office of the Company in this Province is situate at Ferguson, and John Morton, mine manager, whose address is Ferguson, is the attorney for the Company.

The time of the existence of the Company is twenty years from the 11th day of April, 1905.

The company is specially limited under section 56 of the said Act.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this 21st day of April, one thousand nine hundred and six. S. Y. WOOTTON.

Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The objects for which this Company has been established and registered are :—

The acquiring, managing, developing working and selling mines, mineral claims and mining properties, and the winning, getting, treating, refining and marketing of minerals therefrom.

IN the County Court of West Kootenay holden at Trout Lake. To Ernest Augustus Baker, of Arrowhead, B. C.

Take notice, that a plaint has been entered and a summons issued against you in the above County Court by Ogden Clemens, of Nakusp, B. C., for the sum of $307.87, for cash lent, and for money paid by the plaintiff for the defendant, and an order has been made that the publication of a notice of the entry of such plaint in the Lardeau Mining Review, a newspaper published at Trout Lake, B. C. once a week for four consecutive weeks, shall be deemed to be good and sufficient service of the summons upon you.

You are required to enter a dispute note within eight days from the 27th day of April, 1906, being the date of the last publication of this notice, at the Registrar's Office at Trout Lake, B. C., and if you do not so enter such dispute note, judgment may be signed against you and the plaintiff may proceed to execution.

Dated this 29th day of March, 1906. F. C. CAMPBELL, Registrar.

Approved, T.M.B., Asst. Registrar, Nelson, B. C.

The B. C. ASSAY and CHEMICAL SUPPLY Co., Ltd.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Headquarters for Assayers, Mining and Mill Supplies. Sole agents in B. C. for Morgan Crucible Co., Battersea, England; F. W. Braun & Co.'s Patent Cary Furnaces, Burners, etc. : Wm. Ainsworth & Co.'s Fine Balances, etc., etc.

When looking for a place to spend your holidays, bear in mind that Trout Lake is an ideal summer resort. The scenery and climate are magnificent

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Legal Notices.

CERTIFICATES OF IMPROVEMENT.

NOTICE.

J.C., Ulia'i, Lone Star mineral claims situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay district.

Where located: Head of Lake creek

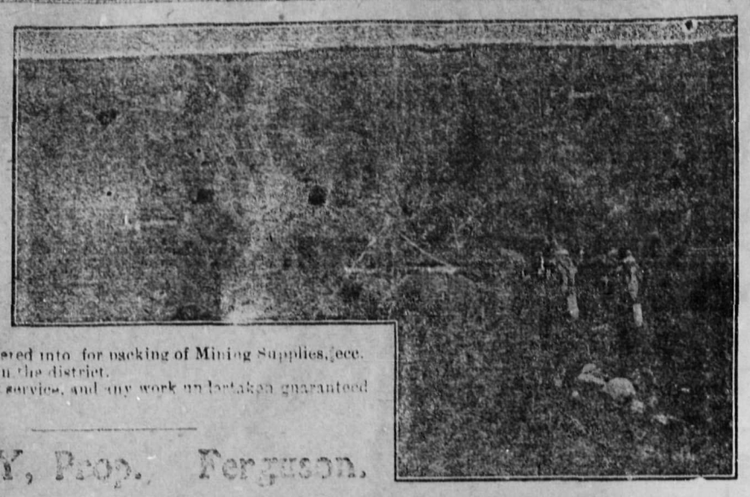
Take notice that I, J. W. Chism, free miner's certificate No. 88,815, for myself and as agent for S. A. Sutherland, f.m.c. No B87966, Bruce White, f.m.c. No 77978, A. Dodds, f.m.c. No 83187, intend 60 days after date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements for the purpose 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 certificate of Improvements. Dated the 4th day of May, A. D., 1906.

J. W. CHISM

Subscribe for The Review.

Ferguson Freighting and Packing Outfit.



Contracts entered into for packing of Mining Supplies, &c. To any point in the district. Quick prompt service, and any work undertaken guaranteed satisfactory.

S. DANEY, Prop. Ferguson.

W. Abrahamson

Contractor And Builder.

Owner of the Abrahamson Addition to the Townsite.

Get a Home For Yourself.

Don't Pay Rent.

Easy Terms.

VIPOND'S PACK TRAIN.

E. R. VIPOND

Trout Lake Livery

Freighting Packing Rawhiding A SPECIALTY.

Stables at Trout Lake.

LAKEVIEW HOTEL

TROUT LAKE B.C.

Bar well Supplied with Liquors & Cigars

Large Comfortable Rooms. Excellent Cuisine and Attendance.

Madden & Levesque - - Props.

Trout Lake Water Supply Co. Ltd.

By using Water supplied by the Company you are assured of absolute purity. Government Analysis to back up statements.

Hugh McPherson - - Supt.

Trout Lake City Transfer and Stage Line.

Ferguson — Trout Lake — AND — Beaton

Daily Stage will leave Ferguson 7 a.m. Trout Lake at 8

WOOD YARD in connection.

A. M. Craig Wm. Crawford

TROUT LAKE HOTEL

Excellent Accommodation
Best Liquors
And Very finest Cigars

John Simpson, Proprietor.

MASTERSON and GRIFFITH

General Merchants.

Trout Lake - - B. C.

Imperial Bank of Canada.

CAPITAL PAID UP, $3,000,000.00
RESERVE FUND 3,000,000.00
TOTAL ASSETS 39,000,000.00

Head Office: TORONTO, ONTARIO.

D. R. WILKIE, President. ROBERT JAFFRAY, Vice-Pres.

BRANCHES in the Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.—Deposits received and interest allowed at highest current rate from date of opening of account.

Drafts Sold available in all parts of Canada, United States and Europe.

Special attention given to collections and Mining Bonds.

TROUT LAKE BRANCH— T. B. BAKER, Manager.

WINDSOR HOTEL

TROUT LAKE, B.C.

Best Hotel in Town,

Headquarters for Mining and Commercial Men.

ACCOMMODATIONS ARE FIRST CLASS

D. R. McLENNAN, PROP

W. H. Jones,

Loose Leaf Binders, Fine Job Printing.

NELSON, B. C.

WOOD VALLANCE HARDWARE CO. LTD.

Hardware, Miners' Supplies, Stove and Ranges.

NELSON, B.C.

Starkey & Co.

WHOLESALE DEALERS in Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Produce and Fruit

Houston Blk., Josephine St. Nelson, B.C.

It pays to use the Telephone. A lengthy trip can often be saved. Offices at Ferguson: Cummins' Store; Trout Lake, Post Office; also at Beaton, Comaplix and Arrowhead.

Review Job Dept.

For High-Class Work.

O K Barber Shop

— FOR A — Good Shave or Hair Cut — CALL ON — William Schnell, FERGUSON.

Hot and Cold Baths.

Imperial Barber Shop.

For Good Haircutting and Shaving go to G. A. CHEESEMAN TROUT LAKE CITY

Hot and Cold Baths.

Lardeau Hotel

Sandy Laughton Proprietor.

WHEN visiting Ferguson you should stay at the Lardeau Hotel. Here the visitor will be surrounded with home comforts. Excellent cuisine, well ventilated and warm rooms, well stocked bar, and everything which tends towards making your visit a pleasant and memorable one.

Rates from $1 day upwards.

We strive to please our patrons.

FERGUSON.

Lennoxville Hotel,

E. MOBBS. PROP.

Hotel and General Store

GERARD - B. C

G. M. YUILL

JEWELLER,

Watch-repairing, etc. All work Guaranteed.

Oddfellows Block, Trout Lake, B.C

Accountant. - - - - Auditor.

J. C. MURRAY,

TROUT LAKE, B. C.

Outside companys' interests carefully looked after.

Agent for Gourlay's Pianos

... The Hotel Beaton ...

BEATON, B. C.

VISITORS arriving at Beaton (the threshold of the Lardeau) via Arrowhead, will find this Hotel to be fully equipped for high-class trade. Excellent accommodation. A well appointed and spacious dining hall. The best of Wines, Spirits and Cigars. Personal supervision is given to the requirements of patrons. Visitors to the Lardeau can rely on comfort at this hotel.

W. BOYD -:- -:- Prop

THE BEAUTIFUL LARDEAU

IT is approaching the time to start out on your summer vacation, and we want you to consider the

LARDEAU

It is the place where nature can be seen in all its grandeur and magnificence. Its lakes, rivers, and mountain streams are filled with the finny tribe, and disciples of Ike Walton are in their glory. It is a resort entirely free from the mosquito pest. For information, write to the Secretary of Trades Committee or to the REVIEW.

THE BEAUTIFUL LARDEAU

TROUT LAKE CITY

THERE have been fortunes made by judicious investment in Real Estate, and more fortunes will be made than ever the next two or three years. The one who reaps the harvest is the original investor, for he has his money on a certainty.

Now let us point out to you that there is no better spot on the Continent to buy Real Estate than TROUT LAKE.

Trout Lake is the prettiest spot in the Kootenays; as a pleasure resort it has no equal. Boating and fishing may be indulged in the year round; while big game in abundance is to the found on the hills. Its climate is superb, there being no great extremes, it being mild in winter and cool in summer. It can boast of some of the finest hotels and residences in British Columbia. Its streets are well laid out and graded. There are two excellent general stores, and a glance at the advertisements in this journal will show that all trades are fairly well represented. Write with confidence to Agents.

H. McPherson Agent Trout Lake, B.C.

Lots can be obtained on EASY TERMS. Make your selection at once. :: ::

Then call on or write to

IT has never had a "boom"—its growth has been steady. It is the head of navigation, and the terminal of the Lardo branch of the C.P.R. All roads (in the Lardeau) lead to Trout Lake. It is the commercial centre of the richest mineral district on the continent, and has banking facilities provided by the Imperial Bank of Canada; first class school accommodation under the direction of S. Shannon, B.A.; a good water system; government offices; County Court sittings; Methodist Episcopal and Anglican churches and cottage hospital.

There are valuable ranch lands on the outskirts awaiting settlers. Its lumber resources are magnificent, and a band saw mill with a capacity of 60,000 ft. per day is at the head of the lake. The mines tributary are proving out bigger producers every year, with new prospects opening up rich bodies of ore.

There will be a big rush this year, so if you would know more, write at once to either of the agents at the addresses below.

F. B. Wells General Agent Revelstoke, B. C.

Gourlay Pianos J. C. MURRAY Local Agent.