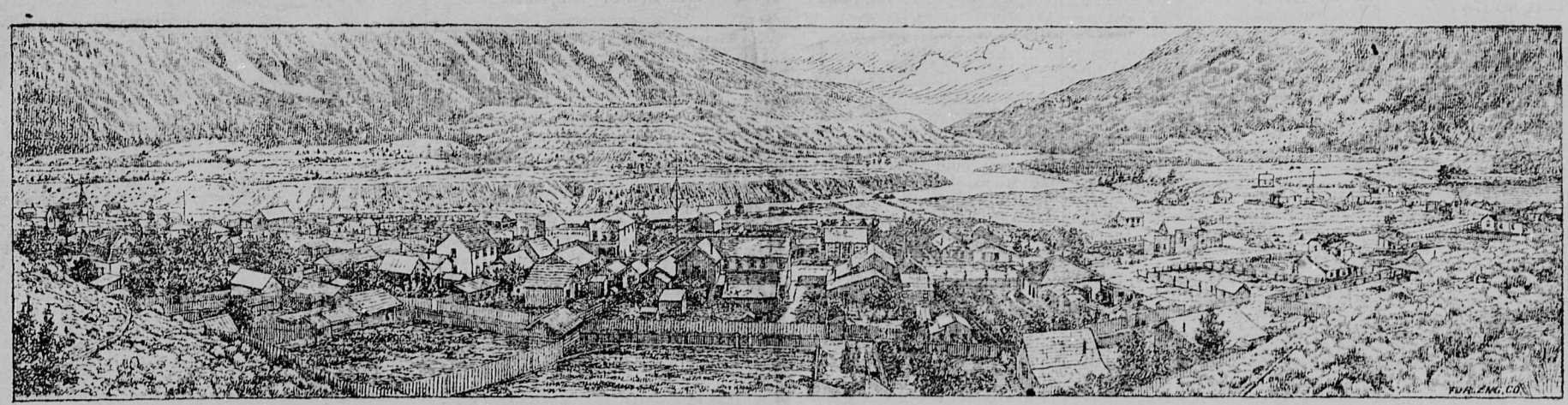
Legislature Reading Room



THE PROSPECTOR.

Vol.4, No.14. LILLOOET, B. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1901. $2.00 a year.

LILLOOET AND BRIDGE RIVER STORES.

J. DUNLOP.

GENERAL MERCHANT

Miners Supplies.

LILLOOET, B.C.

Branch Store at Bridge River where a full stock of General Merchandise and Miners Outfits are on hand.

J. Dunlop, General Merchant, Lillooet, B.C

Paul Santini,

GENERAL MERCHANT, LILLOOET, B. C.

Carries a full stock of all kinds of Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, etc.

MINERS' OUTFITS A SPECIALTY.

Pioneer Hotel

Lillooet, B. C.

W. F. Allen, Proprietor.

This Hotel is capable of accomodating 80 Guests. Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers. Everything First-Class.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOR B X. STAGE.

Hotel Victoria.

LILLOOET B. C.

This hotel being new and thoroughly finished throughout is the only first class hotel in Lillooet. Persons calling at Lillooet will receive every attention by stopping at the Hotel Victoria. Good stabling in connection with the hotel. Headquarters for the Lillooet-Lytton stage.

CHARGES MODERATE.

M. R. EAGLESON, - - - Proprietor.

LYTTON STAGE LINE.

Stage leaves Lytton every Tuesday and Saturday morning for Lillooet, returning next day. Special trips made.

If you contemplate a trip into Lillooet district, write us for information.

CAMERON & HURLEY -:- Lytton and Lillooet, B. C.

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN

MINING ENGINEERS AND ASSAYERS,

Vancouver, B.C.

Established, 1890.

Assay work of all descriptions undertaken. Tests made up to 2000 lbs. A specialty made of checking smelter pulps. Samples from the Interior by Mail or Express promptly attended to. Correspondence solicited.

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NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER AND MINING BROKER,

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LILLOOET-LYTTON ROAD.

Headquarters for all Stages.

CHARLES McGILLIVRAY, Proprietor.

THE PROSPECTOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT LILLOOET, B.C.

BY THE PROSPECTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

BRIDGE RIVER.

Our attention has been called to the Bridge River News column of October 14th in which we published statements which, we said, had come from Dr. A. S. Brackett, who, until recently, worked in connection with the Alhambra Group, Bridge River.

In order to throw further light on the subject, we would say that the first and last paragraphs of said article were the outcome of a conversation which the editors had with the Dr. at Lillooet. The second paragraph was given in to the office by a correspondent who maintains that what he communicated to us was the purport of the talk he had with the Doctor; but evidently there has been some misunderstanding, for Dr. Brackett now writes that while he told us that Mr. Rathbun intends to go ahead next Spring with development work on the Alhambra group, he did not give any information to any one respecting the Lorne group, for he simply knew nothing more than the above.

Public Library.

At last a definite move is on foot, and the inauguration of the proposed free circulating library will be an accomplished fact. The following citizens are on the committee:—A. W. Smith, M. P. P. chairman, Rev. J. H. Wright, Jas. Bell, S. Gibbs, W. M. Brandon.

The committee has arranged to hold a Grand Entertainment in the Santini Hall about the end of this month, the profits of which will be devoted to meeting freight charges. The stage management will be under the supervision of J. H. S. Rowbottom and A. E. Orchard, whose past professional experience will enable them to stage a thoroughly novel, interesting and amusing programme.

Roughly the entertainment will consist of Instrumental solos, banjo and guitar solos and duets, comic and sentimental songs, character songs, negro comedy sketches, a screaming, farcical comedy in three acts, and other highly amusing items, the whole of which will occupy the evening and will repay the generous attendance of those who contribute to the above laudable enterprise by their presence. Further particulars of the entertainment will be given.

PREMIER DUNSMUIR SEES NO REASON WHY HE SHOULD RESIGN.

The Ladysmith Leader reports an interview with Premier Dunsmuir, part of which we here reproduce. Mr. Dunsmuir said: "I will have 21 supporters when the House meets. Why should I resign just because Mr. Brown was defeated? That makes no difference; we have the support of the majority of the House, and I have not the least intention of resigning until the opening of the House is tested. Of course, if I find that I have no longer that support I should at once resign. But that has to be shown yet. I tell you that with one solitary exception every pledge and promise made by me at that time has been faithfully carried out. And nobody knows that fact better than Mr. McBride. I did not want the premiership, it was actually thrust upon me with the strongest pressure to take it. Mr. McBride was strongly in favor of it. And what is more, Cabinet positions were offered to Vancouver representatives and rejected for good reasons. Vancouver was not slighted."

When asked what was the exception referred to above, Mr. Dunsmuir replied that it was Mr. Helmcken. It was understood that Mr. Helmcken was to have the offer of a cabinet position. But his extraordinary position in bringing in or attempting to bring in resolutions of want of confidence in the government, destroyed confidence in him.

NEWS OF THE MINES.

B. C. Mining Laws.

The Engineering and Mining Journal of New York, in its Canadian Supplement, gives a summary of the Mining laws of this province, extracts from which may be of use.

A mineral claim, prior to being Crown-granted, is held practically on a yearly lease, an essential requirement of which is the doing of assessment work on the claim annually of the value of $100, or, in lieu thereof, payment of that amount to the mining recorder. Each assessment must be recorded before the expiration of the year to which it belongs, or the claim is deemed abandoned. Should the claim meanwhile not have been relocated by another free-miner, record of the assessment work may be made within 30 days immediately following the expiry of the year, upon payment of a fee of $10.

A survey of a mineral claim may be recorded as an assessment at its actual value to the extent of $100. If during any year work be done to a greater ex than the required $100, any additional sums of $100 each—but not less than $100—may be recorded and counted as assessments for the following years.

When assessment work to the value of $500 has been recorded the owner of a mineral claim is, upon payment of a fee of $25,, and giving certain notices, entitled to a crown-grant, after obtainment of which further work on claim is not compulsory.

The act includes liberal provisions for obtaining mill and tunnel sites and other facilities for the better working of claims.

There are various classes of placer claims severally defined in the 'Placer Mining Act' under the heads of creek, bar, dry, bench, hill and precious-stone diggings. Placer claims are 250 feet square, but a little variation is provided for under certain conditions. They are located by placing a legal post at each corner and marking on the initial post certain required information. Locations must be recorded within three days if within 10 miles of a recorder's office; but if farther away another day is allowed for each additional 10 miles. Re-record before the close of the year is requisite for the retention of placer claims. Continuous work, as far as practicable, during working hours, is necessary, otherwise a cessation of work for 72 hours, except for reasons satisfactory to the gold commissioner, is regarded as an abandonment.

RAILWAY TO LILLOOET.

The following is copied from the Victoria Colonist of October 10th, and emphasizes what was told by the Prospector a few weeks ago: "It has been definitely announced, that the V. W. Y. & N. railway will have their seaboard station at the Hastings mill, and after an entrance to the city is made by way of false creek, the line will run to the Royal city mills, where a city station will be built, Ample funds are in the bank at Westminster to complete the road. A survey of the route to Lillooet has been completed. The road will pass Moodyville, Britannia Landing, Daisy, Green, and Anderson and Seaton Lake into Lillooet.

Prospectors will do well by patronising Pellew-Harvey, Bryant and Gilman, assayers, whose advertisement appears in this issue. Addressed tags can be got at this office, or bring your samples here and we will forward them free of charge.

Brief Despatches.

Clinton Assizes.

At the recent assizes held in Clinton two criminal cases were tried, in each of which the defendants were acquitted.

An Indian was arraigned on the charge of horse-stealing, but the jury after a ten minute period of deliberation, declared him innocent.

The second case attracted great attention. Two Chinamen were charged with murdering a fellow countryman. They were defended by Mr. Stuart Henderson of Ashcroft, who conducted his case in an extremely able manner.

Counsel for the crown were Messrs. A. D. McIntyre of Kamloops, Dennis Murphy of Ashcroft, and R. L. Reed of New Westminster.

The testimony of the Chinese witnesses was a marvel of contradictions, nearly every one being shown by the opposing counsel to have a striking want of regard for the truth.

Mr. Henderson's address to the jury occupied about forty-five minutes and Mr. McIntyre's about twenty. His Lordship presented his summary of the case in one hour and fifteen minutes.

Considerable excitement was caused when, just as Mr. Henderson was commencing his address to the jury, one of the prisoners arose and asked to be allowed to speak to the judge, saying that he wished to speak the truth. The judge ruled, however, that as the case had already progressed to such a point, he should not be heard. It is surmised that he wished to clear himself by incriminating his fellow-prisoner.

The jury, after being out an hour and a half, returned a verdict of not guilty. The jury consisted of:—W. Fearn, foreman, W. Cameron, G. Couvrette, P. R. Howison, W. McDonald, John Murphy Ashcroft; James Rowbottom, Donald Fraser, Jos. Russell, L. Hoffman, John Colvern, L. Mandeville, Lillooet.

THE BOER WAR.

Lord Kitchener reports to the war office from Pretoria that General French has captured Commandant Scheeper. The British have been in pursuit for a couple of weeks. Scheeper himself was so ill that he was obliged to travel in a buggy.

Commandant Lotter, the Cape rebel whose commando consisted of rebels who was captured south of Petersburg, in September, and was sentenced to death, was executed on October 11th.

A local newspaper reflects the business of the town. A business man looking for a location always examines newspapers to see how his particular line is represented. If he be a druggist, and there is no druggist's advertisement he concludes that there is no druggist in town or that he is dead. If he is a doctor or lawyer he looks over the professional cards to see if his profession is represented. So also prospective buyers like an invitation to come and trade with the merchants. An advertisement in your paper is just as essential as the sign above the store door or the plate in front of your office.

Clarke & Co., Lillooet, have a complete stock of Drugs, Medicines and sundries. Letter orders promptly attended to. Just tell them what you want or what the trouble is, enclosing money and they will do the rest.

Wise and otherwise.

Here is an advertisement that deserves response. It reads: "If John Smith, who deserted his poor wife and babe thirty years ago, will return, the said babe will knock the stuffing out of him.

Best Welsh coal gives 61 per cent of coke; best French from Marseilles only 41 per cent.

Nine thousand men and 41,000 women work at British lace-making. They produce six million pounds' worth every year.

Progress of the O.

When I was turning thirty years
I used to comb my hair
And heave a heavy sigh to note
The thinness growing there.
I held my mirror up to view
As you have done, I know
The spot appearing in the back
Just like
A little o.

And as the years progressed, in vain
I strived to blot it out
And tried all sorts of patent stuffs
As you have tried, no doubt;
But naught, alas! could stop it for
Its mission was to grow,
And now, at thirty-five, I have
A somewhat
Larger—O

I contemplate with sinking heart
The work of future years,
For Time with his relentless scythe,
Is mowing towards my ears.
All hope is lost, there's naught to do
But sit and let it go,
O, time, reverse your steps and give
Me back
My little o.

But what's the use of worrying,
We're many, hand in hand,
And hairs are like the hour-glass and
Its ever falling sand,
And, sooth, of all my jolly friends
The jolliest I know
Are those who have the roundest and
The largest
Kind of— O

George Stevens

Sale of personal and real Property for Taxes

Notice is hereby given, that under the Assessment Act and amendments thereto, there is due and unpaid for Mineral Tax the sum of $897.92, by the Bend Or Mines, Limited, the owner of the Little Joe and White Crow Mineral Claims, being Lots 539 and 540, Group 1, Lillooet District, situate at Cadwallader Creek in the Lillooet District, and in the Lillooet Assessment District.

In accordance with the provisions and requirements of the Assesment Act and Amendments thereto, I have distrained the goods and chattels (including a ten stamp mill and tools) of the said Bend Or Mines, Limited, in the said District for the payment of the said Mineral Tax and shall expose the same for sale, by public auction, at the Court House, Lillooet on Tuesday the twenty sixth day of November, 1901, at two o'clock in the afternoon, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said amount of Mineral Tax and costs.

In default of sufficient distress upon said personal property, the goods and chattels of the said Company, or the amount realized from the public sale thereof, being insufficient to meet said Mineral Tax, and costs, I shall at the time and place above mentioned, expose for sale by public auction, the lands of the said Company, consisting of, the Little Joe, White Crow, Bend Or Fraction, Jim Crow Fraction, and Delighted Mineral Claims, in said Lillooet District, or so much of the said lands of the said Company, situate in Lillooet Assessment District as may be sufficient to pay the said Mineral tax and costs.

Given under my hand at Lillooet this 18th day of October, 1901.

Caspar Phair,
Assessor and Collector for the Lillooet Assessment District.

OBLIVION ATTACKED

ARMED WITH GOD'S STRENGTH REV. DR. TALMAGE ROUTS IT.

FAMILIES RISE AND DISAPPEAR.

How the Domain of Forgetfulness, the Cemetery of the Human Race, May Be Swallowed Up in Victory by the Christian—Cheer for Despondent Christian Workers Everywhere.

Washington, Sept. 29.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can be widely and forever recollected and cheers despondent Christian workers; texts, Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxii, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Of oblivion and its defeats I speak to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of eons, That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It ie the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

Why just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by marriage going to establish their homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walter Scott's Old Mortality may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while Old Mortality is cutting one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of bookworms or unread of the rising generations. All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands to-day, but dig down deep enough, and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther, and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands to-day, but dig down deep enough, and you will find a Jerusalem underneath and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria, Egypt, on the top of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of a third. Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep or fifty feet deep or 100 feet deep. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and gravediggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Washington and New York and London will have on top of them other Washingtons and New Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archaeologists of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I. or of Charles Martel or of Marlborough or of Mithridates or of Prince Frederick or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Oblivion! Are the feet of the dancers who at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are the ears that heard the guns of Bunker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George III. all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name and from the faded ink with great effort find that some person by our name was born somewhere in the nineteenth century, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a piece of that granite.

Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axletree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar, mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow everything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the state and national libraries today are only morgues, in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3,000 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon. This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the eighteenth century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts.

Now, I have told you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man swamped by the stringency of the money market that times would after awhile be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide that for him was near by a laver in which he might wash and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "house of many mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting or preach a sermon and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is no sublimer art on earth than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass the architect sits down alone and in silence and evolves from his own brain a cathedral or a national capitol or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished he walks around the vast structure and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some corner of the building the architect's name may be chiseled. But the storms do their work, and time, that takes down everything, will yet take down that structure until there shall not be one stone left upon another. But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought into its every fiber and energy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. There are no storms in that land, and there is no water. Will time wear out the inscription which shows your fidelity? No. Time is past, and it is an everlasting now. Built into the foundation of that imperishable structure, built into its pillars, built into its capstone is your name, either the name you have on earth or the name by which celestials shall call you. I know the Bible says in one place that God is a jealous God, but that refers to the work of those who worship some other god.

A true father is not jealous of his child. With what glee you show the picture your child penciled or a toy ship your child hewed out or recite the noble deed your child accomplished, and God never was jealous of a Joshua, never was jealous of a Paul, never was jealous of a Frances Havergal, never was jealous of a man or woman who tried to heal wounds and wipe away tears and lift burdens and save souls, and while all is of grace and your self abnegating utterance will be, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, give glory!" you shall always feel a heavenly satisfaction in every good thing you did on earth, and if iconoclasm, borne from beneath, should break through the gates of heaven and efface one record of your earthly fidelity methinks Christ would take one of the nails of his own cross and write somewhere on the crystal or the amethyst or the jacinth or the chrysoprasus your name and just under it the inscription of my text, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship, perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed, You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of a dead general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that he has tattooed us upon his hands. There can be no other meaning of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!" It was as much as to say: "I cannot open my hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad my hands to bless, but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with me. They are so inwrought into my being that I cannot lose them. As long as my hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of my hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of my hands for myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in my fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of my hand its billows shall not wash out the record of my remembrance. 'Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!'"

What joy, what honor, can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and most affectionate being in the universe? Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God! The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build a palace as grand as he can and then you enter this palace of archangelic construction and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God and into which all the music and all the prayers and all the sermonic considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of the slain Lamb.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchered. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds, half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion. So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne; not into the graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all a-bloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

Lobsters Afraid of Thunder.

Lobsters dread the sound of thunder, and during electric storms they seek deep water.

PRANKS OF SOLDIERS

INCIDENTS THAT LENT VARIETY TO THE LIFE OF THE FIGHTERS.

Times During the War Between the States When Discipline Was Forgotten and the Generals Found It Wise to Ignore the Fact.

"Discipline didn't count," said the sergeant, "in the matter of pranks. There were not better soldiers in the army than the boys of the Eighty-fifth Illinois, and none yielded more readily to discipline or ripened more rapidly in the rough school of experience. But the men of the Eighty-fifth were, after Stone River, Chickamauga, Kenesaw, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta and the march to the sea, as much given to pranks as they were in their first march in Kentucky in the summer of 1862. We arrived at Richmond on the long march from the Carolinas early in May, 1865. Our brigade was made up of seasoned soldiers, if there were any in the army, but they came north in the belief that General Halleck or Secretary Stanton had put a slight on General Sherman, and they were looking for trouble.

"The march from North Carolina after the surrender of Johnston had been a sort of picnic for the boys, but discipline was as strict as it was in front of Atlanta, and it was needed when we came to Richmond. Halleck, then in command of the department of the James, directed that Sherman's army pass in review before him as it marched through Richmond. Sherman forbade the review, and Halleck refused to permit any of Sherman's men to enter the city. Ex-Confederates and citizens came and went at will, but when Sherman's men attempted to visit the city they were met at the pontoon bridge by a provost guard and turned back.

"Sherman's men resented all this, and they were furious over the intimation that they were kept out of the city in the interests of good order and because they could not be trusted. The boys talked only among themselves and organized to carry out a plan to see the city. One day a large crowd of unarmed soldiers assembled at the south end of the bridge and at a given signal rushed upon the guards, pushing many of them into the river and overwhelming the others by sheer weight of numbers. In short, Sherman's men, acting without orders and without officers, seized the bridge and held it while the boys went over and looked about the fallen Confederate capital. So far as I know, Halleck made no complaint of this irregular proceeding, and Sherman did not notice it.

"After the grand review at Washington the Eighty-fifth Illinois, with the other regiments of the brigade, went into camp near the Soldiers' home, and the men were permitted to roam at will over the city. One morning some of the boys discovered a soldier at Fort Slemmer walking up and down in front of an officer's tent carrying a log on his shoulder. One of the boys was sent over to investigate, and when he reported that the soldier at the fort was carrying the log as punishment for a very trivial offense the men decided to interfere. They went in force, but without arms, over to the fort, took charge, dismissed the log carrier to his quarters and jovially informed the officer in command that the punishment was contrary to the regulations and Sherman's men didn't want him to let it occur again.

"At the close of the interview they picked up the log and brought it at the head of an orderly column into our camp. At the beginning of the war such a proceeding would have thrown army headquarters into a panic. But then the war was over, and Sherman's men were in great favor, and the case was not even reported."

"I remember a case," said the major, "in which soldiers who came to frolic remained to work. One night our brigade camped at Tullahoma, and a fire called the men to the crossing of the principal streets. The boys were at first greatly amused at the efforts made by home talent to put out the fire and were free with the most absurd suggestions. But when the matter became serious and the few citizens were bewildered and helpless the soldiers fell into ranks, organized quickly a dozen fire brigades and, under the direction of men who had fought big fires at home, worked half the night to save the property of their enemies. They checked and after a time mastered the fire, but from first to last they bore themselves like soldiers on a frolic, except that they made a business of putting out the fire.

"That same brigade after the terrific battle of Jan. 2, 1863, at Stone river, returned from the last charge against Breckinridge's corps to their bivouac of the morning to find Negley's men carrying off the rails out of which they had built rude shelters the night before. Palmer's men hurriedly stacked arms and by common impulse surrounded, at a full run, the rail experts of the other division. Both divisions had participated in the charge, and had marched back in the dusk of evening with the battle spirit on them. Palmer's men came on the scene at the swinging, exultant step of victory, marching like regiments on review. But no sooner did they see Negley's men carrying off their rails than they dropped the soldier and bore down on the raiders like football players in a rush. The movement was so spontaneous and the numbers were so great that Negley's men were overwhelmed, and Palmer's men carried back the rails frolicking like mad.

"The scene was as tumultuous as a hundred football struggles compressed into one and the uproar was terrific. Negley's men were forming for a counter rush when Generals Palmer and Negley came on the scene, the one bareheaded and the other disheveled. Negley complained jocularly that it was a pretty howdy do when he couldn't confiscate rails enough to shelter his headquarters from the rain without Palmer turning out from 5,000 to 10,000 men to prevent the confiscation. Palmer replied that he had no rails himself to lend, but his men might have if they were approached in the right way, but, by the great horn spoon, nobody could steal the rails which his men had stolen with infinite trouble two days before. In this spirit the affair was settled, each general ordering his men to quarters if they could find them."

Danger In Flies.

There can be little doubt that infections of various kinds may be more or less readily conveyed by flies. Wherever they alight they must bring with them traces of the objectionable matter they may have been assisting to remove. The window open for fresh air may admit flies which have come straight from some fever stricken dwelling.

A PLAYFUL BADGER.

HE WAS FULL OF LIFE, BUT REFUSED TO BE TRAINED.

Brief History of an Attempt to Make a Pet of Him In a Colorado Camp. Conclusion of the Crank Who Tried to Do the Training.

"I have often wondered," said a man who is fond of animals, "why people don't give more attention to the badger. He has lots of character.

"Once when I was younger I was a bookkeeper for a few months at a grading camp a few miles south of Pueblo, Colo. One day the contractor appeared in camp, bringing a badger which he had caught on his farm.

"'You boys can put in your time training him,' said he.

"We were pleased enough, but the badger gave us to understand from the first that he wanted none of us, emphasizing his decision by a snap at Gleason's hand. We managed to get a collar and chain attached to him, and tumbled him into a big box.

"There he was on his guard every moment and ready to charge any one or anything that crowded him in the least. He snarled and roared, and when he tired of that he grunted like a pig. He was absolutely without fear of anything that walked or crawled. He tackled an immense St. Bernard owned by one of our subcontractors. Poor Rex had never seen a badger before, and he was greatly astonished. First he smelt of the badger's hind leg. Then he sat down and gently waved one paw over the creature's head. This the badger took as direct insult, and the next minute he was hanging on to the dog's nose. When freed, Rex was not seen for two days.

"Jim Gleason was the commissary man. He had followed camp life for 20 years, and had developed into the worst crank I ever ran up against. But for some reason he was quite tickled over the badger. Maybe he recognized a kindred spirit. He said:

"'I'll have that badger tame in two days. He's only scared a little; that's all.'

"He told us of a coon he once caught in Arizona and tamed so it followed him about like a dog. Just before I dropped off to sleep the first night he informed me in an offhand way that he'd teach the badger to shake hands before 10 o'clock the next day.

"But when morning came the badger was missing. The chain was in the box all right, but the badger and the collar were gone. Gleason felt bad.

"'It's a confounded shame,' he said. 'I took a liking to that cuss, and was going to give him a nice, easy time. Let's look for him. Maybe he is around camp yet.'

"He spent two or three hours hunting for the badger, and when he finally gave it up he said mournfully, 'It's a shame; the poor little thing may starve.'

"When he turned in that night, he left a piece of fresh beef outside the commissary door 'in hopes,' he said, 'that the hungry little beast may find it.' The next morning I was awakened by Gleason's voice raised in loud and picturesque cuss words. He was an artist at the business when he set out to do a good job.

"'Look at that,' he said, and pointed at a hole in the ground just outside the tent. Then he dragged me into the tent, and showed me another hole just under his desk.

"'The nerve of him,' roared Jim, 'after I put meat out for him and done everything for him I could! He's in that hole, and there's a five pound piece of bacon in there with him. I come in just in time, and seen him get away with it.'

"The cold ingratitude of the badger seemed to strike Gleason to the heart, and turn all his kindness to gall. I asked him when he was going to give the badger his first lesson in shaking hands, but he didn't seem to see the point. He hunted up two pails and spent most of the forenoon lugging water from the ditch and pouring it into the holes. Every time he emptied a pail he picked up a club and watched the hole, ready for the badger when he dashed out. But the badger didn't dash, and finally Gleason threw the pails at the holes in disgust and passed it up as a bad job.

"After dinner I started across the commissary tent to the sleeping tent, and my foot went through up to my knee. Gleason started toward me, and he went through too. Then we noticed little round holes in different parts of the dirt floor. The badger was at work undermining us.

"Next morning a big piece of beef had disappeared. We gravely asked Gleason to please put out a good lunch for the poor little beast that night. Jim said nothing all day. He appeared to be thinking. When night came, he opened his mouth long enough to tell me that he'd show me the badger's skin when I turned out next morning.

"Some time in the middle of the night I was awakened by an unearthly racket. My first thought was that the men were hanging the cook, a proceeding frequently threatened. I leaped out to save the cook, but instead of a hanging bee I found Jim and the badger enjoying a tete a tete in the commissary tent. The badger was in his hole, all except his head. Jim was on his knees, and between the two was a full side of salt pork which must have weighed 20 pounds. Both Jim and the badger had firm hold at opposite corners. They were putting forth their full strength and talking to each other. Their remarks were so loud that the whole camp was roused. How long the show would have continued I can't say if Jim hadn't forgotten that he was barefoot and aimed a tremendous kick straight at the badger's flat head. He remembered just too late, and tried to kick both ways at the same time. The badger snapped at that bare foot. Jim yelled and jerked. The pork came easy, and Jim turned a new kind of somersault.

"We were holding ourselves in all kinds of positions, too weak to say a single word. Jim saw us for the first time, but he said nothing; just hiked back to bed. The next morning he moved all the meat down to the cook shack.

"'I know when I'm licked,' he said. 'I'll let the cook have part of the fun.'"

One Case and Exceptions.

An Irish judge of the old school in a recent summing up at the Four Courts, Dublin, created a great effect. The plaintiff was even more beautiful than her beautiful daughter, who was a witness. "Gentlemen of the jury," his lordship began, "everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

Our Daughters.

The household blessed with noble daughters ought to be a happy one. Ruskin says that most parents forget, however, to imbue them with a love of nature which is so invigorating and healthful.

"Give them," says he, "not only noble teachings, but noble teachers, and give them the help which alone has sometimes done more than all other influences—the help of wild and fair nature. You cannot baptize them rightly in inch deep church fonts unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Law Giver strikes forth from the rocks of your native land. You cannot lead them faithfully to those narrow, ax hewn church altars while the azure altars in heaven remain, for you, without inscription; altars built not to, but by, an unknown God."

The Japan Plum.

The loquat, or Japan plum, sometimes erroneously called "medlar," belongs to the family rosacæ. Its botanical name is Eriobotrya japonica. The Cyclopedia of American Horticulture says of it: "The loquat is native to China and Japan, but is much planted in the gulf states and westward. It blooms from August until the approach of winter and ripens its clustered fruit in very early spring. It is a profuse bearer in congenial climates. It may be grown from seed. The fruit is often seen in northern markets."

The Bowery Beats the World.

In a small two story building with a basement on the Bowery are three aspiring occupants, although the space occupied by each is not much larger than health requires. Over the entrance to the store is this sign:

"Cheapest hardware store on earth." Over the entrance to the basement is this sign: "Cheapest barber shop in the world." Over the entrance leading to the second story is this: "Cheapest restaurant on the planet."

An Apple Pie Bed.

An "apple pie bed" is one in which the sheets are so folded that a person cannot get his legs down, the foot end of the sheet being brought up to the head end of the bed. This "head to foot" arrangement being implied, the expression may have sprung from a corruption of cap-a-pied, or cap-a-pie, as it is frequently written.

Court Logic.

Lawyer—My client, your honor, has confessed that he committed the burglary. You will admit this an eloquent proof of my client's love of truth and of his upright conscience, and, your honor, a man with such delicate conscience should not be accused of having broken into a house to steal. Never!

OVERWORKED WAGE-EARNERS

What hosts of poor, weak and debilitated men and women are sapping the vitality from their bodies by plodding long hours in poorly ventilated shops and factories. The blood gets thin and vitiated, digestion is bad, the nerves become shattered and exhausted, there are headaches, backaches and weariness that is not overcome by the night's rest. Despondent and despairing of having strength and vigor restored, life becomes a burden to the wage-earner who cannot afford the rest he so much needs.

The system demands unusual assistance. It requires just such aid as is best afforded by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great tissue builder and nerve restorative. Thousands of exhausted and weak men and women have gone to work with new strength and a current of fresh new life flowing through their veins after using this treatment. Their minds act more clearly, their nerves are more reposeful, their digestion is better and their work more easily accomplished.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Fifty cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50; at all dealers, or post paid from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE PROSPECTOR

LILLOOET, B. C.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter From a Lady Whose Husband Was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him With a Secret Remedy.

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

SENT FREE TO ALL.—A sample package of Tasteless Samaria Prescription SENT FREE with full particulars in plain sealed envelope. All letters considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 30 Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

Solomon gained his reputation for wisdom by refusing to umpire a ball game.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.
Port Mulgrave.

Small favors are as thankfully received as large ones are unthankfully remembered.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine and one that will sell well."

How the shades of the ancient prophets must sneer at the man who grinds out our weather predictions.

A man's declaration that a woman is his first love should be read like a Chinese book—the last page first.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Refining Petroleum.

The refining of petroleum is a process of distillation in which it is separated into several marketable products. There are two methods of distillation, known technically as "in vacuo" and "cracking." In the first the petroleum is distilled in a partial vacuum and in the second with superheated steam. This process receives its name from the cracking sound of the steam as it enters the undistilled petroleum.

Hard Hit.

Lord Fitzfoodle, casting himself on his knees before Araminta, gave utterance to the following: "Oh, that I could snatch a pine from some primeval forest! I would sharpen the end with my penknife, dip it in the molten crater of Vesuvius and write upon the azure wall of heaven in letters of living fire, 'Araminta, I love thee!'"

$100 Reward, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that Science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The man who courts an heiress usually figures on drawing a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

An Irishman was sitting in front of his house, puffing heroically at his pipe. He would light a match and pull and pull, then throw the match away and light another. He continued the performance until the ground around him was strewn with burnt matches. "Come to dinner, Pat," said his wife. "Faith an' I will in a minit, Biddy," said he. "Mike was tellin' me that if Oi wud schmoke a bit uv glass Oi cud see the spots on the sun. Oi dun know whether Mike's been foolin' me, or whether Oi'm schmokin' the wrong kind uv glass!"

Love, like lightning, seldom strikes twice in the same place. That's why widows usually marry for money the second time.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Every time a man is too sick to go down town his wife begins to wonder how she will look in mourning.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of Consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Modern airships are a success—as dime museum attractions.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excresences, as many have testified who have tried it.

A HIGHLAND DEAL.

"Dit you wass bocht a coo, Tugal?"

"Yiss, I wass bocht him, Rory."

"And what dit you'll pay for the coo, Tugal?"

"I wass pey for her to Maister M'Parritch, sree punds serteen shillin' and sree pence, Rory, but Maister M'Parriatch gif me back ten shillin' and tounty pence and sree farthings, and ten pecks of barley meal and five pecks of oatmeal, and I gif him eight days of wark in the tatties and fower days' wark in the neeps, and he carted my peats for two days, and I wass kill his pig and salt her, and he was gif me straw to thatch my hoos, and I was mend his sreshing mill and break in his colt, and he——. That's what I wass pey for the coo, Tugal, whatceffer, forbye."

BENUMBED LIMBS

A TROUBLE RESEMBLING PARALYSIS IN ITS EFFECT.

The Victim Loses Strength in His Limbs and Is Usually Unable to Do Any Work—The Story of a Former Sufferer, Showing How This Numbness Can be Overcome.

From "The Whig," Kingston, Ont.

There are few men in the city of Kingston better known than Mr. H. S. Johnson, the genial proprietor of the "Bon Ton" barber parlor, on Brock street. For several years he had been in failing health, being obliged to give over the entire work of his busy shop to his assistants. But this spring his health is so wonderfully improved that his many friends have been congratulating him on his restoration. In conversing with a reporter of The Whig recently, Mr. Johnson had the following to say concerning his illness and cure: "For many months I was practically paralyzed. Numbness took possession of my limbs, especially of my hands. From my hips down my body was without strength, and despite all that I could do, I was unable to prevent my hands and feet from becoming icy cold. My appetite left me, and soon I had to give up work. My general health was of course failing, and I lost flesh. As you know, I am 65 years of age, and when a man loses strength at that age, it is a hard thing to build him up again. I tried several kinds of medicines, but they all failed to benefit me. The doctors whom I consulted were also unable to help me. I was growing discouraged when some of my old customers advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I refused, for I did not believe any medicine on earth could help me, but at last friendly persuasion had its effect, and I bought a supply of the pills and began taking them. I soon found that they were benefiting me, and so continued their use until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made me a new man. I feel stronger and better day by day; I am gaining in weight, and once again I am able to attend to my old customers without the least trouble. I consider the pills my best friend and would not be without them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The diver has a practical way of getting at things.

Unless a man has true faith he never calls for a second plate of hash

TRY IT.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent, DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. The Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

ELEVEN YEARS A CLOSE PRISONER

STORY OF A QUEBEC MAN'S TRIAL AND HIS LONG UNEARNED PUNISHMENT.

His Recent Marvellous Escape by the Aid of Dodd's Kidney Pills—His Gratitude to the Help that Saved Him—Six Boxes Completely Restored Him to Health.

St. Patrice, Lotbiniere, Que., Sept. 30.—(Special)—A sad story of unjust imprisonment is that told by Phillipe Boissonneault of this place. His case was worse than that of the ordinary prisoner, for his bonds were those of pain and disease. For 11 years they held him, a hopeless victim, chained, tortured, a slave to Kidney Disease.

Who is there in the world that thinks man was intended to suffer, that he merits his fate, that he deserves the afflictions disease put on him? Surely, no one thinks that. We were put here to be happy, to be healthy and free from pain. Nobody will say that Phillippe Boissonneault of St. Patrice deserved his long punishment, and nobody but will rejoice to learn that through the aid of a wonderful medicine—Dodd's Kidney Pills—he has escaped.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, the remedy that proved such a boon, have made a reputation all over the world in curing of diseases of and arising from the Kidneys. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Women's Disorders, Dropsy, Nervousness and Blood Impurities all come within the scope of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have testimonials for the cure of all of them. Phillippe Boissonneault's case was the common form of Kidney Disease.

"For eleven years I have suffered untold agony with Backache which crippled me as though I were barred and shackled. I dwindled in weight to a mere shadow. I have taken all sorts of remedies, nothing doing me any good. I read in Dodd's Almanac what was recommended for the Kidneys. I decided to try them and sent for six boxes, though without confidence, but today I am completely cured and thank Dodd's Kidney Pills alone for it."

FOR AN ENEMY'S SHOT.

Careful observations have been made in order to find out which colors for uniforms present the best marks for the enemy's shot, and it has been found that the most fatal color is red, rifle green coming next, brown third, while Austrian bluish-grey is the least fatal.

No wonder the up-to-date girl limps after being vaccinated.

CANADIAN NORTHERN TIME TABLE

Canadian Northern Depot, Water Street

Leave Winnipeg For	Stations	Arrive Winnipeg From
13.45	Morris, Emerson, St. Paul, etc., daily	13.30
10.45	Roland, Miami, Belmont Hartney and Brandon, Monday, Wednesday and Friday	
	Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday	6.30
8.00	Portage la Prairie and intermediate stations, Daily except Sunday	20.45
8.00	Beaver, Delta and intermediate Stations, Tuesday & Thursday	20.45
8.00	Macdonald, Westbourne, Gladstone, Dauphin and intermediate points, Monday, Wednesday, Friday.	
	Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday	20.45
8.00	Winnipegosis, Mon., Wednesday	
	Tuesday and Thursday	20.45
8.00	Grand View, Monday, Friday	
	Tuesday and Saturday	20.45
8.00	Swan River, Erwood and intermediate points, Wednesday	
14.10	Saturday	20.45
	Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette and intermediate stations, Monday, Wednesday, Friday	
	Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday	12.20

D. B HANNA, Gen. Supt. GEO. H. SHAW, Traf. Mgr

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	LV	AR.
S.S. Maria, Owen Sound, Toronto and East Via Lakes, Mon., Thurs and Sat	21.50	6.30
Tues., Fri. and Sun. Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	21.50	6.30
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. & Fri.	7.00	18.00
Tues., Thurs. & Sat		
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs, and Sat.	14.00	12.30
Mon., Wed. and Fri.		
Morson, Lake Bapponet and intermediate Points, Thurs only	7.30	18.15
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary Nelson and all Kootenay and Coast points, daily	7.15	21.20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun.	19.10	12.15
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosejaw and intermediate points daily ex Sunday	8.30	19.10
Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa and intermediate points, daily ex Sun.	8.30	19.10
Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. and Fri.	8.30	19.10
Tues. Thurs, and Saturday		
Rapid City, Brandon, Minota, Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	8.30	19.10
Mon., Wed and Fri.		
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points daily ex Sun	7.40	19.20
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat	7.40	19.20
Mon., Tues., Thurs. and Fri		
Glenboro, Souris, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun.	7.30	18.45
Napinka, Melita, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.	7.30	18.45
Tues., Thurs. and Sat.		
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points. Mon. Wed., Fri.	7.30	18.45
Tues., Thurs. and Sat.		
Frobyshire, Hirsh, Bienfait, Estevan, Sat.	7.30	17.45
Mon.		
Grafton, St. Paul, Chicago daily	11.10	13.[illegible]
Stonewall, Tuelon, Tues. Thurs. Sat	12.20	18.30
West Selkirk Mon, Wed, Fri	18.30	
West Selkirk Tues. Thurs. Sat		10.0[illegible]
Emerson Mon, Wed and Fri	7.50	17.10

J. W. LEONARD, Gen. Supt. O. E. McPHERSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

The Act of Dying.

The popular idea that the act of dying is a painful process often causes a fear of death. But death from even the most painful mortal diseases is usually preceded by a period of cessation from suffering and partial or complete insensibility resembling falling asleep or the pleasant gradual unconsciousness caused by an anæsthetic.

The common phrase "death agony" is not warranted by what occurs in natural death, which is a complete relief from all pain. When death is owing to heart failure or syncope, it is sudden and painless—perhaps pleasant. Death by hanging, there is reason to believe, is attended by a voluptuous spasm. Death by decapitation or electricity is only a momentary shock, hardly felt.

Death by poisoning varies in painfulness according to the poison employed. Opium and other narcotics probably give a painless, perhaps a pleasant, dreamful death. Hemlock, as we know from the account of the death of Socrates, causes gradual insensibility from below upward. On the other hand, arsenic, strychnine, carbolic and mineral acids, corrosive sublimate, tartar emetic and other metallic poisons inflict slow and torturing death. Prussic acid and cyanide of potassium cause quick and painful death.

Willing to Oblige.

The young man was from town and was spending a Sunday in the suburbs. He knew far more about horses and carriages than the local livery salesman, and so his interview with the latter when he sought to hire a "rig" for the afternoon was tinged with a gentle air of patronage on his part. "Oh, have you a trap you can let me have?"

"Yes; certainly."

"One that will hold two?"

"Yes, or 20," from the obliging countryman.

"Oh, really! Have you a stylish road wagon?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you have a spider or a Brewster buggy, or on second thought I might prefer a rubber tired hansom. You can accommodate me?"

"Yes; all kinds cheerfully furnished."

"Can you give me a lash whip?"

"Yes; with a fancy tassel."

"Oh, well, what kind of a horse can you turn out—a short tailed one?"

"I think so," came gently from the wearied proprietor; then in stentorian tones to his man: "Jake, can you give this gentleman a short tailed horse? If not, cut one at once."

The Human Ear.

The human ear is an organ the true inwardness of which the physicians have never been able to get at. They can examine the interior of the eye with ease by throwing into its dark chamber a ray of light reflected from a little mirror, and they found it possible even to see the gray matter of the brain by looking through the little canal by which the optic nerve enters. The cavity behind the nose they inspect with the aid of a light placed far back in the mouth.

They have no difficulty in seeing into the stomach by an electric apparatus; the intestines likewise are readily enough investigated, and the bladder also. But the ear as to its internal arrangements is unapproachable. It is impossible to dissect it satisfactorily after death, for the reason that the parts collapse at once when the vital spark leaves the body.

Wonderful Contrast.

Brevity may be the "soul of wit," but the laughable effect is sometimes the very thing the speaker doesn't mean. In the following case a word or two more would have made a clearer description, but it would not have been half so funny.

The head master of an English girl's high school is describing to the class the beauty of the Alps, which he has visited during his vacation, and ends his lecture in these words:

"And there, with one foot I stood on the ice of the glacier, while with the other I was plucking the most beautiful flowers."

In his VEGETABLE PILLS Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For DELICATE AND DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Elevators lift many a discouraged mortal up in the world.

Paradoxically speaking, fast colors are those that refuse to run when washed.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

FOR THE DEAF.

In a Bailarat (Australia) church special accommodation is provided for deaf worshippers, a diaphragm having been rigged up in the vicinity of the pulpit, from which the sound of the clergyman's voice is carried in tubes to the ears of such of his flock as may be afflicted with a hardness of hearing.

SOMEWHAT ANTICIPATORY.

"A man is going to try to cross the Niagara river gorge on a bicycle with grooved wheels."

"Is he? Wonder if he'd like grooved wheels on his hearse?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A fool man keeps quiet when he ought to talk and a fool woman talks when she ought to keep quiet.

A man's heart may be in the right place, but it doesn't cut any congealed water with some women if his fortune's missing.

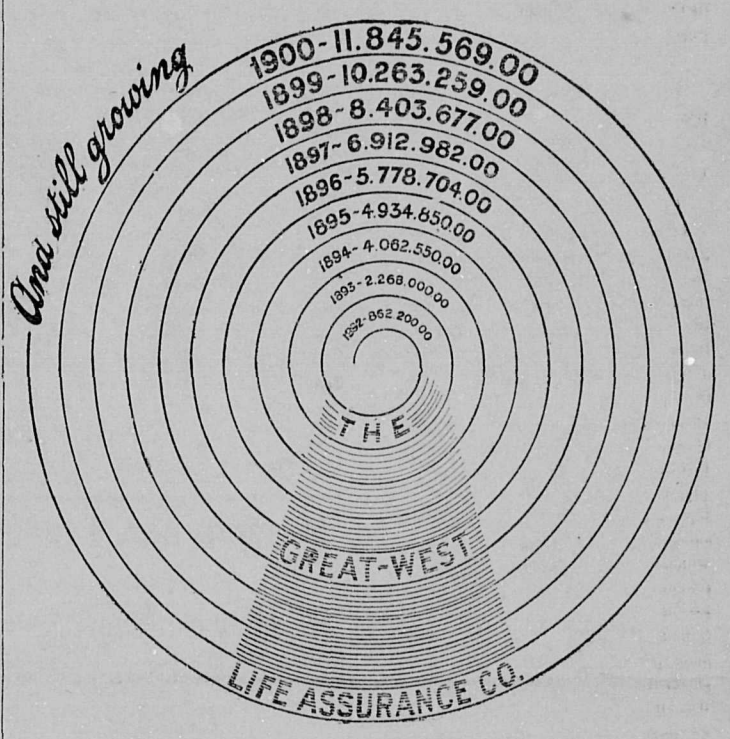
The Most Direct Route

To the hearts of music lovers is through good music well played on a WILLIAMS PIANO There is sympathy in its tone though its volume is remarkable. The case is of exquisite design and finish so that it is an ornament as well as a musical delight. Also organs and phonographs and Eldredge "B" Sewing Machines. Easy terms. Your credit is good.

FORRESTER & HATCHER
Y. M. C. A. Bldg, Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

If you wish to enjoy a cup of really delicious tea try Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

An Ever-Widening Circle



O	O	O	T	T	R	N
	E	E	Q	C	B	U
S	T	N	O	S	H	J

$200 IN CASH, —FREE—

We will give the above reward to any person who will correctly arrange the above letters to spell the names of three Canadian cities. Use each letter but once. Try it. We will positively give the money away, and you may be the fortunate person. Should there be more than 1 set of correct answers, the money will be divided equally. For instance should 5 persons send in correct answers, each will receive $40; should 10 persons send in correct answers, each will receive $20; twenty persons, $10 each. We do this to introduce our firm and goods we handle as quickly as possible. SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ANSWER. This is a FREE contest. A post card will do.
Those who have not received anything from other contests, try this one.
EMPIRE SUPPLY CO., ORILLIA, CANADA.

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for postage 3c.
HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

More Laughter, Less Suicides.

The physiological benefits of laughter cannot be overestimated. It shakes up the diaphragm, sets the pulses beating to a lively measure, stimulates the blood corpuscles, enlivens the brain and sometimes produces dislocation of the jaw when indulged in too heartily by a man with a large mouth. Used with discretion, laughter is as inspiring as a sea breeze, as refreshing as an August shower. Its moral effect is beyond computation. It has killed more ridiculous superstitions by its rollicking roars of unbelief than any other agency. What can be more derisive than a laugh? The man who laughs never kills himself. This is the reason so few Irishmen commit suicide.—Literary Era.

An old bachelor says if marriages are really made in Heaven, Providence must have a grudge against a lot of people here on earth.

Occasionally a man is so great that he is missed for nearly a week after his death.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

The saloonkeeper has one great advantage over the undertaker: a man knows when he wants a drink, but he doesn't know when he wants a coffin.

"DIAMOND HALL" PLATFORM

THE rules upon which all "Diamond Hall" mail order business is conducted are as follows:

All goods marked in plain figures. Positively only one price to all alike. All charges for carriage, etc., paid by us. Money cheerfully refunded in full upon return of goods if desired.

This makes it possible for the most distant point in Canada to have the very best stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware at its very door. Try it, no matter how small the order, and be convinced.

RYRIE BROS.,
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets,
TORONTO.

RICHARDSON & BISHOP
Dealers in PAPER WINNIPEG
Printers' Supplies
Billheads, Envelopes, Stationery

A man is not wholly bad if his dog has confidence in him.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Kileen, government road inspector, and Arch. McDonald, road superintendent for this district, returned this week from a trip to Bridge River and McGillivray Creek.

Mr. Jos. Letalien was seriously ill this week, but is now greatly improved.

A. Labourdais, of Clinton, visited Lillooet this week.

Major Burnet has gone on a surveying trip to Deadman's Creek, near Kamloops.

Gib. Ward shot five grizzlies recently near his home.

Mrs. McKivor returned on Friday from a visit to Bridge River.

Miss Brackett, with her brother Roy, came down from Cadwallader on Friday.

Mrs. J. B. Uren's sister, and friend, of Barkerville, are visiting in Lillooet.

Harry Brett and Chas. Place came in this week with the Bridge River and Pemberton mails.

W. Johnson is down from Bridge River.

THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

These are the titles of the three great premium pictures which we see announced in the Family Herald and Weekly Star for their readers this season. The pictures of the King and Queen are acknowledged by those who have seen them to be the most delightful ever before the public. Both are from photos taken since the accession to the throne, and are therefore as our King and Queen are today, and therefore have an historical value hard to compute. Each picture is 18 x 24 inches, ready for framing, and bearing the King's and Queen's autographs. The third picture is one of which all our readers have heard. It is the renouned Gainsborough picture, the Duchess of Devonshire, and today the most talked of picture in the world. This famous painting was stolen 25 years ago by clever thieves, brought to America and hidden all that time, and only lately given up on payment of twenty-five thousand dollars reward. It is now owned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who purchased it for $75,000. The Family Herald's copy is 22 x 28, an exact reproduction of the famous original, in ten beautiful, rich colours. Copies like the Family Herald's sell today in the larger cities at twelve dollars each. With the improvements in the Family Herald and these three valuable pictures, the publishers of that great paper will surely do a larger business than ever this season, and they deserve it, for they certainly give a wonderful dollar's worth.

Arthur Noel returned from Bridge River on Monday.

W. E. Brett has rented from Paul Santini the house formerly occupied by J. B. Cherry, in which he and Miss Brett will take up house.

The brown bear which became the property of the Lillooet baseball team by virtue of its recent victory, proved too intractable for transportation, and had to be left behind.

Most of the Lillooetonians who had been serving their King at the Clinton Assizes, returned on Sunday. M. Eagle on came in via Ashcroft on Monday.

Mrs. W. Cumming returned on Monday from a visit to Pavilion Mill.

Miss Abercrombie and Miss McKivor returned on Tuesday from a three weeks' sojourn in the coast cities.

Messrs. Miller and Duguid have finished the jailer's residence, the building being quite a pretentious one.

Miss Brett returned last Saturday from a visit to the coast cities.

Stanley Nelson, the little son of F Nelson, Duncan's Station, had his arm badly fractured recently; the injured limb will probably remain stiff for life.

Mrs. D. Hurley returned on last Saturday's stage from the coast.

Clarke & Co., at the Pioneer Drug Store, have the best stock of Fishing Tackle ever brought into Lillooet. Lovers of the gentle art will find the best of everything, and can obtain full information as to local conditions and requirements.

Mr. J. N. Jensen came to town on Friday from the North Fork.

Jas. Brett came down from McGillivray Creek on Wednesday.

Mineral Act, 1896.

[Form F.]

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

St. Joseph and St. John Mineral Claims situate in the Lillooet Mining Division of Lillooet District. Where located: On Anderson Lake and both sides of McGillivray Creek

Take notice that I, Peter Burnet, acting as agent for A. St. George Hammersley, Free Miner's certificate No. B. 46231, Free Miner's certificate No. 18200, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

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

Dated this eighteenth day of October, 1901.

PETER BURNET,
F. M. C. No. 18,200.

Duncan's Station Hotel

F. H. Nelson, Prop.

Boats for use of guests.

Mining Property for sale. In British Columbia.

Tenders are invited for the whole of the property, including Crown Granted claims, mill site, Cyanide mill, (capacity 45 to 50 tons daily), tramway, assay office, laboratory and full equipment, of the Toronto Lillooet Gold Reefs Company Limited, situate in the Lillooet district of British Columbia; including the Ample, Whale, Monarch and Welland Vale mines which are Crown granted, also the North Star, Golden stripe, Golden Eagle, Ruby and jumbo mineral claim, in the same district, together with a ten stamp mill, machine drills and other equipments. Cash tenders for the whole property are requested but offers for working options or for portions of the property will be considered From the former group 950 tons of ore has been milled, with an assay value approximating $10.00 to $11.00 Wagon road from Railroad to mill. The whole of the above will bear looking into and investigation and are an exceptionally important and valuable group of claims with full working equipment. Full particulars may be had on application to Edgar Bloomfield Liquidator, P. O. Box 742, Vancouver B C.

NOTICE

To Delinquent Co-Owner.

To ALEXANDER McDONALD, or to any person or persons to Whom he may have transferred his interests in the Centennial and Banshee mineral claims situate on McGillivray Creek, in the Lillooet Mining Division of Lillooet district.

You are hereby notified that I have expended the sum of $44 for labour and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claims, in order to hold said Mineral claims under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within ninety days from this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenditure together with all cost of advertising, your interests in said claims will become the property of the subscriber, under section 4 of an act entitled the Mineral Act Amendment Act, 1900.

Dated at Lillooet this 21st day of September, 1901.

GEORGE SANSON.

West Lillooet Liberal Association.

Membership in the above association is open to all Liberals in Lillooet and adjacent districts. The objects of the association are to secure a more thorough organization, and to advance the principles of Liberalism.

W. A. Galliher, M. P., Hon. Pr.
S. Clarke, M.D., President.
Samuel Gibbs, Secretary.

JNO. WAWN

LILLOOET, B. C.

Shoemaker.

Repairs neatly executed. Harness made and repaired.

Inland Cigar Manufacturing Co. OF B.C., LTD.

Our Specialties:

INTERIOR
LA MORENA

KAMLOOPS, B C.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Daily service to and from
VANCOUVER,
VICTORIA,
MONTREAL,
TORONTO,
ST. PAUL
and all points East and West.

Fast steamer service from Vancouver to
CHINA,
JAPAN,
AUSTRALIA,
ALASKA,
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Passengers booked to and from Old Country points.

Full information and illustrated pamphlets will be furnished on application to any C. P. R. agent, or to

E. J. COYLE,
A. G. P. A.,
Vancouver, B. C.

Fireside Cobblers' Outfits

will fill the bill if you want a complete and up-to-date set.

It contains Lasts, Cement, Awls, Nails, Knife, etc., etc.,

We also carry a large stock of Half Soles, Heels, Brass and Iron Shoe Rivets etc.

Correspondence invited, Mail orders receive prompt attention.

McLennan, McFeely & Co. Ltd.
122 Cordova Street, Vancouver, B. C.

THE PROSPECTORS' EXCHANGE

NO. 4 K.-W.-C. BLOCK, NELSON, B. C.

Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper Mines wanted at the EXCHANGE.

FREE MILLING GOLD properties wanted at once for Eastern Investors.

Parties having mining property for sale are requested to send sample of their ore to the EXCHANGE for exhibition.

We desire to hear from prospectors who have promising mineral claims in British Columbia.

Prospectors and mining men are requested to make the EXCHANGE their headquarters when in Nelson.

All samples should be sent by express PREPAID.

Correspondence solicited. Address all communications to

ANDREW F. ROSENBERGER,
Telephone No. 104. P. O. Box 700. NELSON, B. C.

THE WM. HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CO. Limited

MINING MACHINERY

PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO.
CANADA.

J. M. Mackinnon

Mining Properties
Handled
Properties Bonded

Vancouver B. C

NOW BOYS

Don't Forget the Ashcroft Tailor

WHEN YOU WANT A NEW SUIT.

I have just received direct from Scotland the best selection of Tweeds, Worsteds, Serges Pantings in the Interior. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THOMAS McCOSH, Merchant Tailor, Ashcroft, B. C.

Lytton Stage

The new stage line leaves Lytton every Monday and Friday for Lillooet, returning next day. Special trips made. Write us for information.

Peter Rebagliati & Co., Lytton B. C.

R. J. ATKIN

Lillooet. B. C.

DEALER IN,
Hardware
Stoves
Tinware
Miners Supplies
Farm Implements
Harness & Saddlery
Furniture, etc.,

All orders promptly attended to.

J. H. ANTHONY.

General Merchant, LYTTON.

Storage and Forwarding Agent

FOR

Lillooet and Bridge River.

Have goods consigned to my care: railway charges are settled, goods stored and forwarded with despatch.

Royal Hotel,

Sucker Creek, B.C.

JOHN COLLUM, Prop.

Central point for Bridge River Miners and Prospectors. Good accommodation. - - - -

Stable in connection.

R.F.Anderson&Co

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

General Hardware,

Paints, Oils and Varnishes, Stoves, Enameled Iron and Tinware.

Miners Steel, Picks, Shovels, etc., Wire Cable and Russel Wire Fencing.

LILLOOET LIVERY STABLES.

H. S. DOXAT, PROP.

Bus meets all steamers. Teaming by day or contract. Rigs and horses for hire at moderate rates.

HAY AND GRAIN FOR SALE.

FURNITURE.

A full stock of all kinds of

UP-TO-DATE FURNITURE

is now for sale by

H. C. PARKER,

LILLOOET, B. C.

Store and Repair Shop in Uren Block.

Call and examine stock. No trouble to show goods

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state, one in this county required, to represent and advertise old established wealthy business houses of Solid financial standing. Salary $18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriages furnished when necessary. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

J. CLARKE,

LILLOOET, B. C.

Watchmaker.

All work warranted.

SPECIAL OFFER TO ALL.

Do you want a bargain? We offer the

FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR; Photos of the DUKE and DUCHESS of YORK; and the Prospector; all for 50 cents.

The subscriptions to both papers will be good for the remainder of this year. Those who have already renewed can, upon payment of the above, have their subscription extended.

The photos will each be about 14x20 inches in size and will be suitable for framing. No better opportunity can be given for obtaining photos of our future King and Queen.

TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave $10,000 to his Institute, so that the deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 1523 The Nicholson Institute, 780, Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

JAS. B. UREN

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING AND HORSESHOEING.

LILLOOET, B. C.

Manufacturer of all kind of

MINER'S SUPPLIES, PICKS, DRILLS, Etc.

None but the best material used. Miners or prospectors sending in orders will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed

TO Whom It May Concern.

YOUR PIANO IS RUN DOWN. Its system wants toning up Do not ruin a good instrument by delay. I shall be glad to tune, fix or clean all pianos organs & etc. that are in need of it and at most moderate rates. Address Tuner, in care of Prospector Office.

Home Grown

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Vines, Bulbs, Hedge Plants, Seeds.

Extra choice stock of Peach, Apricot, Plum, Cherry and Prune Trees. New importation of first-class Rhododendrens, Roses, Clematis, Bay Trees, Hollies, etc.

80,000 to chose from. No agents nor commission to pay: Orders dug in one day you get it the next. No fumigating nor inspection charges. Greenhouse plants, agricultural implements, fertilizers, bee supplies, etc. Largest and most complete stock in the province. Send for catalogue or call and make your selections before placing your orders. Address

M. J. HENRY, Vancouver

WHITE LABOR ONLY.

Cariboo and Lillooet Stage Lines.

BRITISH COLUMBIA EXPRESS COMPANY.

ASHCROFT, B. C.

Clinton and way points, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

All points in Cariboo, Monday's and Friday.

Lillooet direct, Monday and Friday,

Forks of Quesnelle, and way points, Monday.

Stages connect with steamer Charlotte at Soda creek.

Special Conveyances Furnished.

Advertise in The Prospector.

BAILEY HOTEL.

J. MacMillan, Proprietor.

LYTTON, - - B. C

This well known hotel is First-class in every respect. Sample room free.

Read The Prospector $2 a year.