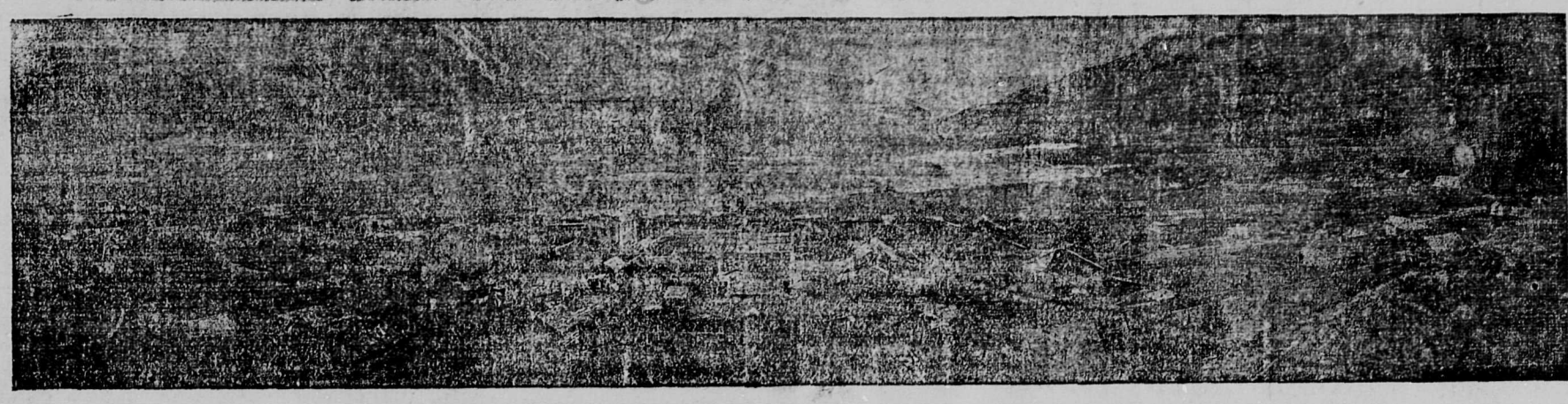
Legislative Reading Room



THE PROSPECTOR.

Vol. 4, No. 8 LILLOOET, B. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 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

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GENERAL MERCHANT, LILLOOET, B. C.

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

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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.

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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.

Bridge River Travel

Steamer leaves the Mill wharf every morning (except Sunday) at 9 a. m., for lake points.

Returning leaves the Mission at 2 p.m.

For information concerning rates, special trips &c., write the company or call at the Mill wharf.

Seaton Lake Steamboat Company.

S. GIBBS,

Lillooet, B. C.

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER AND MINING BROKER.

COLLECTIONS MADE.

Half-Way House,

LILLOOET--LYTTON ROAD.

Headquarters for all Stages.

CHARLES McGILLIVRAY, Proprietor.

THE PROSPECTOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT LILLOOET, B.C.

BY THE PROSPECTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

We are presenting our readers with several new features in this week's issue of the Prospector.

On the inside page we give a discourse by the world-famed De Witt Talmage. The desire of some of our subscribers for a little Sunday reading is thus met in the best way possible to us at present.

In order to supply more reading matter we have increased the outside pages from five to six columns.

The most conspicuous improvement of all is the engraving of our town on the front page. If a clear reproduction can be secured it will present to the view a scene of which we are justly proud. It will also be of interest to readers of the Prospector who, having visited Lillooet in past years, now wish to renew acquaintance with the place, and to note the improvements of recent months.

It was found impossible to secure a good portrait of the Fraser valley, with a front view of the town, so the latter suffers somewhat in consequence, but the advantage is gained of having the river for a background, while the mountains on each side serve as frames for the picturesque scene.

We are sorry that the engraving cannot include the extreme east and west portions of the town, together with the ranches of Dr. Sanson and Mr. Brett. However, as we give it, the scene is quite comprehensive, and the effort to produce it, will we believe, be appreciated.

We are determined to make each number of this paper worth the four cents paid for it. If the subscriptions continue to come in as they have recently we shall be able to turn out a good paper. Read the offer we make in this issue, and you will see that we mean to keep our word.

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

FURNITURE.

A full stock of all kinds of

UP-TO-DATE FURNITURE

is now for sale by

H. C. PARKER,

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Store and Repair Shop in Uren Block.

Call and examine stock. No trouble to show goods

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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. 14523 The Nicholson Institute, 780, Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

NEWS OF THE MINES.

BRIDGE RIVER NOTES.

We have copied the following from an exchange. It may serve as an eye-opener to some of our readers:

The Mines Exploration, Limited, has closed down all work under its bonds on the Lorne and Woodchuck groups, situated on Cadwallader Creek. This Company has driven 954 feet of tunnels since commencing work last December, but the veins in the lower levels do not carry the values shown in the old workings, and, therefore, the Company will not take up its bond.

Mr. Mutton Rathbun has also closed down all work on the Alhambra group, next to the Lorne and Woodchuck. This *he purchased last year.* Mr. Rathbun has done a large amount of development work on his property, including the driving of a tunnel 300 feet on the principal vein, but the work has failed to show pay ore.

If the mines had not been closed for other reasons they would have had to be shut down because a saloon, situated on an adjoining fraction, has been granted a licence, and a saloon in such an out of the way place practically renders it impossible to carry on work. The Licence Laws of this Province sadly need amending.

Fountain Mine

A very serious mishap occurred last week at this mine. The cable bridge across the Fraser suddenly gave way, and fell into the river, carrying with it *about 700 feet of piping.* It is supposed that the clips which fastened the cable to the rocks loosened. Luckily the ends of the cable caught close to the river's edge, thus preventing the structure from rushing down stream. Mr. Southard at once set to work, and had the bridge pulled back into position. He has enough 7 inch pipe to continue work, but has had to order another shipment of 11 inch, which will take some time in arriving.

This delay is particularly unfortunate, coming as it does just at the time when Mr. Southard had commenced active work in good ground. However as Mr. Southard has an inexhaustible supply of perseverance, it will not be long before things are in first class shape again.

A Montreal magnate recently at Rossland was making a lament to a local bank manager. The Montreal magnate said:—

"Capitalists like myself have lost millions in mining in British Columbia."

The bank manager replied:—

"O, come off the perch; you people make me dead tired. The whole outfit of you from Montreal and Toronto have dug up less than three millions for mining in British Columbia. You have purchased shares in mining companies from each other and lost money, but you have not lost a dollar through purchasing and working mines. You have allowed sharp American mining men to cold deck you at a game you did not understand, and *now* you come out here whining about the millions that the mines of British Columbia cost you when, as a matter of fact, you haven't the nerve to take hold of a piece of property and take chances of making a mine of it.

It is not reported what the magnate said in reply.

J. CLARKE,

LILLOOET, B. C.

Watchmaker.

All work warranted.

Brief Despatches.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SCULLER TO BE AGAIN TESTED.

Jacob Gaudaur, who has been the champion oarsman of the world since 1898, has been challenged by George Towns, champion of England. The race will take place at Rat Portage on the fourth of September.

THE BOER WAR.

The reports of Lord Kitchener have lately caused deep sorrow threughout the Province. Among the latest casualities are those of Trooper Sproule of Fort Steele, Trooper Begg, of Revelstoke killed, and Trooper McIntyre of Revelstoke, Troopers Curtis and Gravely, of Nelson, and Trooper Herchmer, of Rossland.

Piet Delarey brother of General Delarey, has been captured by the British.

The Boers have blown up a train near Watervaal. Lieut-Colonel Vandaleur, a promising young Irish officer was among the killed.

TRACKMENS' STRIKE ENDED.

The general manager of the C. P. R. confirms the report of an understanding having been secured with the Track men. So far as is known no advance in wages is to be granted.

After a certain church conference, held not long ago, two brother ministers had a friendly tilt, regarding one of Shakespeare's plays. They could not settle the point, and one of them remarked jokingly, "Oh, well brother, I will ask Shakespeare when I meet him in heaven." "But supposing Shakespeare did not get to heaven?" retorted the other. "Then you can ask him about it," was the quick reply.

There are organists and organists. The organist of the church was little Margie's guest, and at dinner she said to him. "Do you play the organ?" "Yes, my dear," was the reply. Then gravely inquired the little miss, "where is your monkey?"

Correspondence.

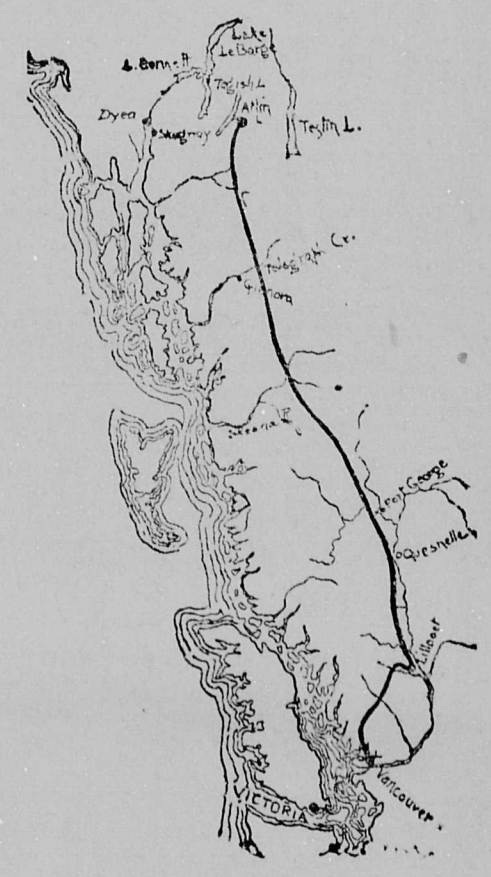
[The Prospector publishes communications from all Parties who write on matters of pudlic interest for publication, but disclaims any responsibiliy for opinions expressed].

To the Editor of the Prospector.

Dear Sir—If 'Inquirer' requires any information respecting the piece of land belonging to the crown, at present fenced in by Mr. Hoey, all that he has to do is to call in at the Government office and see the survey of the town, made by Major Burnet in 1897. It is there plain for all folks to see. To my mind it will be an admirable site for the hospital.

Yours truly,
Citizen.

Mr. S. Gibbs, notary public, has an ad. in this issue.



Proposed New Railroad.

When built it will pass through Lillooet.

Three surveyers, with their assistants, are now going over the ground where the Vancouver, Westminster, Northern & Yukon Railway is proposed to be built. Mr. A. J. McMillan commenced a week ago to survey the Westminster section, Mr. E B. Herman is working by way of Seymour Creek, over Pemberton Meadows and on to Lillooet, while Mr. T.S. Gore, C. E., is exploring the country between this town and Hazleton.

We give above, a map showing the course the railway will take when constructed.

LOWERED BY A ROPE

St. Paul's Remarkable Escape From Damascus.

PATIENT, UNCOMPLAINING WORK

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows on What a Slender Tenure Great Results Hung—All the Ages of Time and Eternity Affected by the Simple Incident on the Wall of Damascus.

Washington, Aug. 25.—A Bible incident not often noticed is here used by Dr. Talmage to set forth practical and beautiful truth; text, II Corinthians xi, 33, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Sermons on Paul in jail, Paul on Mars hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the sanhedrin, Paul before Felix, are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the east," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material, called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damask. A horseman of the name of Saul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterwards speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as 50 incidents in his life demonstrate, but he feels his work is not done yet and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a cloud of clinched fists and sometimes he secretes himself on the house top.

At last the infuriate populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospelizer and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

I observe first on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend upon the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All the magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean Eurocydon, under flagellation, and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of 10,000 martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on slender circumstances.

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one awakes and, finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For 50 years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstances depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in life. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals; great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope, make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat, let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be remembered in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the storm of the centuries.

There are said to be about a hundred and fifty thousand ministers of religion in this country. About 80,000, I warrant, came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon, thinking to himself, "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that, as others do, and the mother says "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you will have more luxuries, but we must see that boy through."

The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall, and then, all alone, father and mother talk over the glorious influences of the day and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father, we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father. "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going to do, he has begun so well."

O men and women, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach you from among the New England hills or from the western prairie or from southern plantation or from English or Scottish or Irish home a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as 30 years or 500 miles long or 3,000 miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck and to give a shout to the racer if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in six days can't sail away from that. A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it? The most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven, the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on 19 centuries, and yet the world has not recognized the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian, "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those who got him out of the Damascene peril.

We go into long sermons to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences! If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first 24 hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthy celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not reach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on the circle of heavenly thrones. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaint all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for 20 years." Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for 30 years a Christian invalid and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in awhile I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward for all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the Kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival." But who are thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking into my house and I could no longer keep him safely I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said: "Is that all?" And he answered: "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures, and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A six-penny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three naughts placed on the right side of the figure one makes a thousand, and six naughts on the right side of the figure one a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

Pure Romance.

Mrs. Henpeck—I saw a book today I thought of getting you. It was entitled: "How to Be Happy Though Married."

Henpeck—Why, my dear, you know I never read fiction.—Judge.

CARD PLAYERS' CRAMP.

What Once Happened to an Old Faro Dealer's Hand.

"Were you ever paralyzed?" said the old timer.

"No, and may the"— began the other.

"Well, you see that right hand? It looks pretty good and strong and it is, but for about three days once it was deader than a frostbitten tomato plant.

"You know of course that I used to make my living playing cards, chiefly dealing bank. There wasn't a day I didn't deal bank or in other games six to eight hours a day. Many a time I have dealt or played longer.

"One night I was dealing bank. It was a good, big game. All at once when I went to slip a card this old right refused to work. I looked at it and the fingers were kind of twisted inward and the hand from the wrist was bent downward.

"This stopped the deal for me, and I told the lookout 'to get busy,' for the players were getting a little 'queered.' He took my place, and I watched the bets.

"I rubbed my right, but it wouldn't straighten out and it kept this way until the next day, and then I went to a doctor. He didn't know me as well as you do, but the first question he asked was:

"'Deal cards a great deal, don't you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do you deal with an elbow movement or with finger and wrist movement?'

"'Why, I don't work my elbow.'

"'That explains it. You have card players' paralysis.'

"This hit me center, and I showed it, but the doctor was good and said:

"'Now, don't get flurried. I'll straighten you up. Just quit dealing awhile, and I'll give your hand a few doses of electricity, and you'll be all right.'

"He did it, and in about three days my hand was straight as a string. But I haven't dealt so much since. There's many an old timer whose dealing hand has quit him. And you say you were never paralyzed?"

"No."

"Well, you ain't played cards much."

Military Pyrotechnics.

"Under cover of darkness the enemy advanced." Not any more, if French military experiments prove what they promise. The war department is now firing an illuminating shell that bursts in the air and emits a fiery body of globular shape which vividly lights up a large area for a considerable time.

The experiments are for the purpose of improving and perfecting bombs that are now made for the purpose of exposing the position of an enemy at night and to reveal the character of defenses to be attacked. These projectiles explode on impact, liberating a flaming compound. One compound, consisting of sulphur, saltpeter and a hydrocarbon, is a blue light mixture. The illumination lasts as long as the saltpeter supplies the oxygen to maintain combustion.

Experiments are also under way for a reverse sort of bomb which in bursting liberates dense clouds of smoke for the purpose of concealing the movements of troops in the field. This is to be an antidote to the former bane.

Tiger's Make Believe Eyes.

Mr. Beddard of the London Zoological society calls attention to a peculiarity of the ears of tigers which he thinks may be classed under the head of "protective markings." On the back of each ear is a very bright white spot, and when the ears are directed forward these spots are conspicuous from the front. Mr. Beddard suggests that when the tiger is sleeping in the dim light of a cave or thicket the spots on its ears may appear to an enemy, looking in, as the gleam of its watchful eyes, and thus save the sleeper from an unexpected attack.

Taxation In Italy.

What annoyances Italians are subjected to by the taxgatherers is shown by a recent scandalous case in the courts. General Cosenz, one of the heroes of the liberation of Italy, Garibaldi's chief of staff in the conquest of the two Sicilies and later chief of the general staff of the Italian army, died some time ago, leaving the military decorations he had won to his heirs. The treasury department demanded death duties on these and fixed the amount of the tax at $16.80. The heirs refused to pay, and the civil court at Rome has just decided that "decorations and medals are part of the historical and patriotic patrimony of the country and are therefore not subject to the inheritance tax."

A Substitute For Wool.

Artificial wool made from turf fibers is now employed at Dusseldorf, Germany, for manufacturing cloth, bandages, hats, rugs, etc. Ten years have elapsed since the first attempts to make turf wool, and it is averred that recent improvements in the processes have resulted in the production of a soft fibrous material which can be spun as readily as sheep's wool and which, besides possessing excellent absorbent properties, is capable of being bleached and colored for use in various textile industries.

Savings In Belgium.

Official statistics concerning the Belgium savings banks show that on Dec. 31, 1900, the number of books was 1,762,434 against 1,647,263 in the previous year and the amount of deposits $127,428,143.38, an increase during the year of $7,200,144. The capitalized interest amounted to $3,462,840.43, which, added to the amount represented in depositors' books, made a grand total of $130,890,983.81, belonging almost exclusively to the working class.

A Happy Hour.

You are wrong; you should not accuse the churches because the usher showed you to a back seat, because you could not understand the choir, because the minister was prodigious rather than religious. There are good churches, there are good ministers, there are good choirs in Toronto.

My friend was right.

On Sunday morning, acting on his advice, I went to church. Twice before I had been seated in the rear, once a pillar reared its stately head and eclipsed the parson; again, a large hat reared its forest of feathers and fashion, and I gazed through it, and beneath it, but above it never.

On this occasion the usher was good to me, took me on and on and led me a merry hundred yards' dash to the front. I thought he was going to the pulpit, but he stopped at the best seat in the church, and handed me a smile and a hymn book. The organist touched the organ, and it preached in soft tremulous tones. The choir joined it, and there was harmony, melody, joy, gladness, and hope in their singing. No step ladder was needed to follow them, nor did they sing in hieroglyphics: they told the old, old story, and not one word was lost in the telling. As the minister prayed I watched that choir. The soprano was not rattling her music and chatting with the contralto; from the base to the tiniest treble the singers were silent. The minister was dressed like an ordinary devil-tempted mortal, wore short hair, and parted it on the side. He told the story of life as it should be, of the brotherhood of man, of the blessedness of toil. He took a millionaire with soft hands and a hard heart and hung him over the pulpit. He held an honest, earnest laborer, with hard hands and a soft heart, and deified labor by the sweat of the brow till I envied the laborer. The sermon was running over with unadorned simplicity, with sanctified common sense, chuck full of the old Genesis to Revelation Gospel that makes sinners squirm and saints sing. After the collection, after a good, old-fashioned hymn, a soloist preached another sermon in the same sweet way, singing from the heart, which she reached. Some one came up and shook my hand, told me they were glad to see me, and left me with a smile. That smile came from a good soul. It was a benediction that shone from those eyes. That was two smiles and a hymn book, besides several sermons.

Day by Day.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One has got to overcome so much and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them. Of course there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our oblibations to God, and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us, but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood—little by little.

Every day we should ask God for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes ask again. He will give all we ask for, and as we need it. By doing a little to-day, a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way, we accomplish great things. Look at life in its little by little aspect, rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it.

An Old Matrimonial Ad.

That matrimonial advertisements are by no means a modern idea is shown by the following which appeared in the London Times in its issue of January, 1780:

MATRIMONY — A gentleman of small fortune, and have been brought up very gently, and of a good character, and of a respectable family, and about thirty, and have been brought up in the country, and never been in any trade whatever, and very agreeable company; his fortune being small, taking this of some lady that has got a good fortune in her own hands to the amount of £4,000 or £5,000 or more, that wish for domestik happiness, and to be united to a gentleman of strict honor.

Sunday and Satterday excepted for an interview, but letters postpaid taken in. Direct to Mr. Hibbert, No. 5, Barron Street, Panton Vile, Islington.

Ships That Sail the Seas.

Of 3,767 ships calling at Malta last year, 3,325 were British.

The fastest boat plying between England and India makes only 14½ knots on the whole passage.

No British ship may carry a deck load of timber into a British port between the last day of October and April 16.

In the course of a year 334,000 vessels of a combined tonnage of 56,000,000 of tons enter British ports and 298,000 clear.

An ordinary lead for casting at sea weighs seven to fourteen pounds, and has at the bottom of it a hole filled with tallow to bring up samples of the sea bottom.

Must Pay Their Church Dues.

Several members of a church in Kutztown, Pa., having fallen far behind with their fair dues, the board of trustees has decided that in future the bell shall not be tolled for a funeral in any family which has not paid up its indebtedness and a year in advance besides.

SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEERS.

The Part They Played In the War Between the States.

It is odd to think that the southern mountaineer was not discovered until the outbreak of the civil war, although he was nearly a century old then, and it is really startling to realize that when one speaks of the southern mountaineers he speaks of nearly 3,000,000 people who live in eight southern states—Virginia and Alabama and the southern states between—and occupy a region equal in area to the combined areas of Ohio and Pennsylvania, as big, say, as the German empire, and richer, perhaps, in timber and mineral deposits than any other region of similar extent in the world. This region was and is an unknown land. It has been aptly called Appalachian America, and the work of discovery is yet going on.

The American mountaineer was discovered, I say, at the beginning of the war, when the Confederate leaders were counting on the presumption that Mason and Dixon's line was the dividing line between the north and south and formed, therefore, the plan of marching an army from Wheeling to some point on the lakes and thus dissevering the north at one blow. The plan seemed so feasible that it is said to have materially aided the sale of Confederate bonds in England, but when Captain Garnett, a West Point graduate, started to carry it out he got no farther than Harpers Ferry. When he struck the mountains, he struck enemies who shot at his men from ambush, cut down bridges before him, carried the news of his march to the Federals, and Garnett himself fell with a bullet from a mountaineer's squirrel rifle at Harpers Ferry.—Scribner's Magazine.

The Honorable Board.

Sam Rawson occasionally said a good thing, and one of these occasions chanced to be the town meeting. The people of Sam's village could not understand how the money appropriated for the roads had vanished with such poor results.

A stretch of road running past Sam's house was in notoriously poor condition, although Sam declared that he had paid liberally to have it put in good order, and there was general interest when Sam rose to make his statement before the selectmen.

"I'd just like to say one thing," he drawled, heedless of the fact that he had interrupted an indignant neighbor. "I don't want to make any fuss, but I'd just like to ask the honorable board of highwaymen"—

That was as far as he could get. A roar of laughter swept over the town meeting and showed its effects in the red faces of the "highwaymen."—Youth's Companion.

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 an' 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.

MOBILIZING THE HARVESTERS.

The Toronto Mail and Empire says: On the harvest excursion trains already despatched for the Canadian Northwest upwards of 9,000 men have taken passage. There are more to follow. By the end of August it is expected that 20,000 Canadians from this side of the great lakes will be working in our prairie wheat fields. This speedy mobilization of so great an industrial force collected from all parts of Ontario upon a point 1,500 miles away is highly creditable to the Canadian Pacific Railway company. Upon its preparedness to handle the men promptly in such large bodies, as well as upon its direct efforts to muster them, depended largely the chances of getting the whole crop to the threshing floor. Had the company been dilatory in taking measures to enlist men, had its track, motive power, or rolling stock been found wanting, or had its enterprise in any respect been backward at this moment, a great part of the crop might have been lost, notwithstanding the readiness of thousands of hands to assist in taking it off. Had the railway company even asked a few dollars more for its harvest excursion tickets, the difference might have been unfortunate for the Western farmers. It might have cut off a large proportion of the men now going forward, and have thus reduced the army of workers to numbers too small for the magnitude of the operations. As a connector of the labor demand and labor supply, separated by about 1,500 miles, the railway was not less essential than either of them. Had farm labor been in demand here at wages equal to the best Manitoba could afford to pay, and had there been no other motive but tempting wages to draw men from Ontario, it is probable that the railway company would have been willing to transport harvest hands to the Northwest for nothing. It could better afford to do so than to stand idly by and let the crop rot in the ground. It has an interest in the wheat scarcely less proprietary than that of the growers themselves. For its own profit it is bound to bestir itself to get the grain all brought in. Manitoba wheat furnishes the main tonnage of the road's freight, and is the chief source of its earnings. At this particular time of year—after the Ontario grain is housed—Eastern Canada has men to spare. Combined with their desire to make some money in a second harvest, there is often a wish to become acquainted with the country before deciding to cast in one's lot there. Such being the circumstances, the railway company's rate is not found to be too high. While, no doubt, many of the harvesters from the east will decide to remain in the country or to move back to it after returning home, the majority will quit the west when the harvest is over. They will come back expecting to find steady work in the manufacturing and building industries during the season of autumn activity. Nor is the money they bring back with them to be despised. Twenty thousand men working six weeks for $40 a month and their board would receive $1,200,000 in wages. Deducting from this the cost of transportation—$10 up and $18 back for each of the 20,000 men—we have left $640,000, which should be brought back to the east. Ontario is as ready to send contingents of stalwart toilers to assist Manitoba in the peaceful work of harvesting its crop as she was to send regiments of first-class fighting men to serve the Mother Country on the battlefields of South Africa.

HIS OWN FREE WILL.

Dear Sirs.—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

Lots of men who preach charity wait for other men to practice it.

The tree that bears the most fruit to market is said to be the axle-tree.

Persuasion indicates a strong will and obstinacy a strong won't.

Flattery is a mask assumed for a purpose.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

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.

Three uncomforts of a man's home: A smoky chimney, a leaky roof and a scolding wife.

The use of the mosquito is to show us that troubles are not always in proportion to their size.

"General Dewet," says an American acquaintance of the Boer soldier, "is the finest horseman in South Africa. He sits on his horse as gracefully as a prince and sticks on like a cowboy.

No man ever enjoys kissing a girl who owns a pug dog.

HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

A Plucky Young Lady Takes on Herself to Cure Her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.

A portion of her letter reads as follows:—"My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time, but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day, after a terrible spree, he said to us: 'It's no use. I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also won His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

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

THE

Woman's Christian Temperance Union

ADOPT THE

"SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION"

FOR the CURE of DRUNKENNESS

Letter from Mrs. George Grant, of Paisley, Ont., giving particulars of a cure effected by "Samaria Prescription," resulting in its use and adoption by the Paisley Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

(Copy)

Paisley, Ont., December 11th, 1900.

The Samaria Remedy Co.,

30 Jordan Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I penned a few lines to you some time ago,—as a member of the temperance cause, I wrote for information; at that time I had in my mind friends whose son was a great cause of anxiety and trouble on account of his drunken habits. I strongly urged the friends to try the remedy I saw advertised in the Toronto Globe. They did so. It was the Samaria Remedy that was administered and I am pleased to inform the company the medicine was helpful; the young man has not drank a drop since, breaking off from old companions and special prayers on his behalf, an aided in breaking the chains.

At the last meeting of the W. C. T. U. here, I introduced your medicine for the cure of the liquor habit, and a resolution was passed, "That inasmuch as it is the aim of this organization to help the poor inebriate, we should recommend this remedy in homes where persons are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors." Now, sirs, wishing you a successful career in your noble work, and feeling that assistance can be given in the precincts of home by the hand of mother or wife, trusting God may open up useful avenues for your labors, Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) MRS. GEORGE GRANT,

On behalf of Paisley W. C. T. U.

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full information, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose 2c stamp. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 30 Jordan St. TORONTO, Ontario

The population of the United Kingdom passed that of France for the first time in 1892.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A 999-year lease expired in London the other day, and the property reverted to the original possessor, the Chapter of Westminster parish.

Cardiff has grown more quickly than any other British town of late years. From 1881 to 1891 its population rose from 83,000 to 129,000.

$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.

A UNIQUE SENTENCE.

THE NOVEL PENALTY A JUDGE IMPOSED UPON TWO MEN.

Both Prisoners Were Condemned to Jail Until One of Them, a College Graduate, Taught the Other How to Read and Write.

Along in the seventies the late Judge Arnold Krekel was holding court at Jefferson City, relates an old timer, when there appeared before him two men charged and indicted for a violation of the United States laws, one of whom will be called Brown. He was charged with cutting timber on the public domain. Brown was about 40 years old and had been reared on the border in Arkansas and never had any opportunities for schooling, hence was unable to read or write. In his endeavors to get a living he had cut timber suitable for making ax handles on United States lands, which led to his arrest and imprisonment. The other man will be called Jones, for the real name of both men are not known in the memory of any one who witnessed the incident.

Jones was charged with and indicted for having sold liquor to the Indians. Mr. Jones was a native of New York, a graduate of Union college and was educated for a lawyer. He possessed a highly cultured mind, a good Latinist and thoroughly scholarly in all sorts of books. Not succeeding in his profession in his native state, more from lack of application than otherwise, he left that country and plunged into the great west and located nobody knew where, but he drifted into the lower strata of society, and to obtain the necessaries of life he resorted to "bootlegging" among the red men of the Indian Territory border. His arrest and imprisonment followed.

The two men were arraigned before Judge Krekel and the indictments read. They both pleaded guilty and threw themselves upon the mercy of the court. The court questioned both prisoners at length and drew from each his history. He recounted the wrongs they had been guilty of against society. He did this in a kindly tone and manner, suggesting in a mild form that both might have been useful members of some community had they sought honorable means and methods to secure a livelihood.

The court seemed puzzled how to assess a punishment that would meet the ends of justice and protect the government, its lands, its wards and society. Finally, sitting upright in his chair, looking over his glasses as both men stood before him, in a voice little louder and more positive than usual he said:

"Mr. Brown, it is the sentence of the court that you be confined in the Cole county jail until you are educated to read and write." The judge then turned his eyes upon the other prisoner at the bar and, possibly in a louder voice, said, "Mr. Jones, it is the sentence of the court that you be confined in the Cole county jail until you have taught Mr. Brown to read and write, and I enjoin upon the keeper of the jail to afford you every facility possible with the safe keeping of his prisoners."

The lawyers and spectators in court looked with astonishment at each other as the sentence was concluded, and the marshal led the prisoners out of the courtroom.

It was the second term of the court after this incident when the marshal conducted Brown and Jones into court, and it was announced by the court that Brown had completed his education—ready to graduate—able to read and write. Judge Krekel looked over his glasses and asked that the prisoner give him an evidence of his being able to read. Brown stood up and read a few paragraphs from a newspaper to the satisfaction of the court, when he said, "Mr. Clerk, will you let him sit at a table and write me a letter?"

Paper, pen, ink and a seat were furnished Brown, who went to work to write a letter to the court. For some time the poor fellow struggled with the task, and in the meantime Jones was very nervous, fearing he would be compelled to go back to jail and "take up school" again. Finally the clerk said, "May it please your honor, the prisoner can write, but cannot form sentences to make it intelligible."

"Mr. Clerk," said the court, not taking his eyes from the court docket he was looking at, "you will dictate a letter for him and see what headway he makes with that." The clerk dictated a letter that the prisoner wrote quite readily, which subsequently was passed up to the court, who read the same, and after giving the prisoners a short lecture both were discharged and walked from the courtroom free men

Why Flowers Bloom and Birds Sing.

The old comfortable belief of our forefathers that the flowers and fruits and all the good things of the earth were created for their benefit has been completely shattered by science. The shining gold of April celandine, the scent of white violets, are not for us at all, says science, not even for the insects that come to them for honey, but just for the sake of the flowers themselves, which must get cross fertilized or die out. Self, self only, is the bedrock of it all. So the violets are not fragrant for us, and the thrush was not made to sing on our account, but to charm his mate, and the stars do not shine so as to light our way through the wood and across the wild on moonless nights.

Fortunately this discovery need not take away our appetite for the feast which is spread out. We need have no more compunction in coming to it uninvited than has the bee or the moth in sipping the nectar of the blossom It may even be that we, like they, do render unconsciously some return for benefits received.—Saturday Review.

A RUN DOWN SYSTEM

SHOWS THAT THE BLOOD AND NERVES NEED TONING UP.

This Condition Causes More Genuine Suffering Than One Can Imagine—How a Well Known Exeter Lady Obtained a Cure After She Had Begun to Regard Her Condition as Hopeless.

From the Advocate, Exeter, Ont.

"A run down system!" What a world of misery those few words imply and yet there are thousands throughout this country who are suffering from this condition. Their blood is poor and watery; they suffer almost continuously from headaches; are unable to obtain restful sleep and the least exertion greatly fatigues them. What is needed to put the system right is a tonic, and experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be the only never-failing tonic and health restorer.

Mrs. Henry Parsons, a respected resident of Exeter, Ont., is one of the many who have tested and proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For many months she was a great sufferer from what is commonly termed "a run down system." To a reporter of the Advocate she gave the following story in the hope that other sufferers might benefit from her experience:—"For many months my health was in a bad state, my constitution being greatly run down. I was troubled with continual headaches, my appetite was poor and the least exertion greatly fatigued me. I consulted a physician, but his treatment did not appear to benefit me and I gradually became worse, so that I could hardly attend to my household duties. I then tried several advertised remedies, but without result, and I began to regard my condition as hopeless. A neighbor called to see me one day and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having tried so many medicines without receiving benefit, I was not easily persuaded, but finally I consented to give the pills a trial. To my surprise and great joy I noticed an improvement in my condition before I had finished the first box, and by the time I had taken four boxes of the pills I was fully restored to health. I no longer suffer from those severe headaches, my appetite is good, I can go about my household duties without the least trouble; in fact I feel like a new woman. All this I owe to that best of all medicines, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge other sufferers to give them a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized the world over as the best blood and nerve tonic, and it is this power of acting directly on the blood and nerves which enables these pills to cure such diseases as locomotor ataxia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or can be had by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Cincinnati Traction company has introduced excursion street cars to carry visitors to all parts of the city.

The specialist doesn't care to use his X-rays on a patient who can't raise an X.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lefargeville, N.Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." 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.

Denmark is to have a fine exhibit at the St. Louis fair in 1903. A dairy farm, showing the Danish process of making cheese and butter, will be a feature.

The new Italian coinage, bearing the head of Victor Emmanuel III. is ready and it will shortly be issued. Most of the coins bear the head of the king on one side and the Savoy eagle on the other.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

King Oscar of Sweden has everything that goes to make a king popular. He is a man of supremely aristocratic appearance. The royal houses who profess to speak of him as a royal parvenu, referring to his descent from the notary of Pau, may well envy his personal prestige. He is a very handsome man, tall, broad and straight, with wonderfully blue eyes.

MONEY SAVED and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

Some men work all night long,
And some from sun to sun;
But the bill collector has a snap—
His work is always dun.

Patron—See here! I don't want this. This is condensed milk.

Waiter—Yes, sah. Did yo' want de odder kind?

Patron—Exactly. I want the udder kind.

Woman poses while waiting for a man to propose.

Everyone wants the best value for his money. Buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea and you will certainly get it.

VERY EXPLICIT.

Tommy—Willie, what is a mushroom, anyway?

Willie—Why, a mushroom is one of those things you think you eat, but you don't, and it kills you.

Fond Mother—Tommy, you don't seem very well.

Tommy—No, maw, I ain't; I wish I had let sister eat that third piece uv pie

"This is not fare to me," remarked the conductor as he handed back the plugged nickel.

He Needed a Bath.

A young man who has a fine bird dog was overheard bragging to his best girl the other day about the wonderfully keen scent of the animal. "Why," he said, "I wanted to go to the northwestern part of the county on business, and fearing that the dog would follow me I chained him up. I had been gone two hours and was 15 miles from home when he broke loose and tracked me and found me merely by scent. What do you think of that?" "Well, I think you ought to take a bath," replied the young lady. And then he went home and licked the dog.—Tit-Bits.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION—O. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., write: Please send us ten gross of pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Charles A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."

She calls herself Cathryn Mae,
And yet there are gossips who sae
Catherine Mary's her name,
Yn supportyng whych claym
They ynsyst she was chrystened
that wae.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	LV	AR.
S. S. Marie, Owen Sound, Toronto and East, Via Lakes, Mon., Thurs and Sat	21.50	
Tues., Fri. and Sun		6.30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	21.50	6.3
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. & Fri.	7.00	
Tues., Thurs. & Sat		18.00
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs, and Sat.	14.00	
Mon., Wed. and Fri.		12.3
Molson, Lac Du Bonnet and intermediate Points, Thurs only	7.30	18.15
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary Nelson and all Kootenay and Coast points, daily	7.15	21.2
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	13.10	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.	8.20	19.1
Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. and Fri	8.30	
Tues. Thurs., and Saturday		19.10
Rapid City, Hamiota, Minota, Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	8.3	
Mon., Wed. and Fri.		19.10
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	8.40	19.2
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.	7.40	
Mon., Tues., Thurs. and Fri		19.20
Glenboro, Souris, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	7.30	18.45
Napinka, Melita, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed, Fri.	7.3	
Tues., Thurs. and Sat.		18.45
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points. Mon. Wed., Fri.	7.30	
Tues., Thurs. and Sat.		8.45
Frobyshire, Hirsh, Bienfait, Estevan, Sat.	7.30	
Mon.		17.45
Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	14.10	13. 5
Stonewall, Tueion, Tues, Thurs, Sat	12.2	18.30
West Selkirk, Mon, Wed, Fri	18.30	
West Selkirk, Tues, Thurs, Sat		10.0
Emerson, Mon, Wed and Fri	7.50	17.10

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

THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RY. CO.

STATIONS AND DAYS.	Leave Going South.	Leave Going North.	Arrive.
Leave from Canadian Northern depot—Winnipeg to Morris Emerson, St. Paul, daily	13.45		7.15
St Paul to Emerson Morris, Winnipeg, daily		20.00	18.30
Winnipeg to Roland, Miami, Belmont Hartney & Brandon, Mon., Wed and Fri.	13.45		18.15
Brandon, Hartney, Belmont, Miami, Roland, to Winnipeg, Tues., Thurs and Sat.		6.30	16.30
Winnipeg to Portage la P. and intermediate stations, daily ex Sun.		8.00	10.25
Portage la P. and intermediate stations to Winnipeg daily ex Sun.	18.30		20.45
Winnipeg to stations on Beaver and Delta branches, Tues, and Thurs		8.00	14.20
Beaver and Delta branch stations, to Winnipeg Tues. and Thurs.	11.55		
Winnipeg to Portage la P., Gladstone.	16.30		20.45
Dauphin, etc., Mon Wed. and Fri.		8.00	16.00
Dauphin, Gladstone, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg Tues., Thurs. & Sat.	13 00		20.45
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Tues and Thurs.	9.45	8.00	20.45
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg Mon. and Fri.	9.45		20.45
Winnipeg to Grand View, Mon. and Fri.		8.00	19.15
Grand View to Winnipeg Tues. and Sat.	9.15		19.15
Dauphin to Winnipegosis and return, Sat	9.45	6.00	12.00
Dauphin to Swan River & Elwood, Wed.		16.45	6.00
Elwood to Swan River & Dauphin, Fri.	5.00		18.00
Leave from C. P. depot Winnipeg to Warroad Beaudette and intermediate stations, Mon, Wed., and Fri.	14 10		21.35
Beaudette, Warroad, etc. to Winnipeg, Tues., Thurs. and Sat.		5.00	12.20

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

PRECIOUS STONES.

The Methods by Which They Are Tested by Experts.

In a lecture on precious stones recently delivered before the Industrial association of Berlin, Dr. Immanuel Friedlaender said that the testing of diamonds is comparatively simple. The common test for hardness suffices. If the stone resists strong attacks, it is certain to be genuine; if it does not, the damage is insignificant, as only an imitation has been destroyed. This test, however, is doubtful with rubies. If a ruby can be affected by a steel file or by quartz, it is surely not genuine, but such a test with a topaz is liable to injure a valuable stone.

The test for hardness is of no avail with emeralds, as this stone is not much harder than quartz and in addition possesses the quality of cracking easily.

For examining rubies and emeralds the optical test is best. A glass magnifying about 100 times suffices. Every expert knows that almost all precious stones have little flaws. Nearly every ruby and all emeralds have many defects, which are so characteristic that the genuineness of the stones is readily established. Such a test is very necessary with rubies, because the imitations are very deceiving. Their color is absolutely durable and often much finer than that of the genuine, although it may be stated that a somewhat yellowish tint is always suspicious.

The only reliable way in which genuine rubies can be told from imitations is by the minute air bubbles of the latter, which become clearly visible under the magnifying glass. These are not to be found in the natural gem. On the other hand, the imitations lack certain defects characteristic of genuine rubies—certain vacuums, whose outlines are much more indistinct than those of the air bubbles in imitations.

True emeralds have similar characteristic defects, such as inclosures of liquids and curious dendrites. Sapphires also show peculiar netlike formations.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

If not, begin at once, and the next time you feel disheartened or discontented, instead of getting irritable and complaining, just look long and gratefully on your blessings, and put all grievances behind your back.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Death is the most solemn moment of our existence. It is then that the devil has the last battle with us. It is as if he were playing a game of chess with us and was watching the moment of death to give us checkmate. He who gets the better of him then has won the battle of life.

HE KNEW.

She—Tell me, Mr. Spatts, what is the difference between a ready-made tie and one you tie yourself.

He—Oh, about an hour.

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Everything for the Printer.

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175 OWEN ST., WINNIPEG

LOCAL NEWS.

R. Yorston has secured a position with the B. X. at the 150, and will consequently be leaving Lillooet soon. Mr. Yorston will be very much missed by his many friends here.

Messrs. W. Miller, W. Duguid, Paul Santini and Duncan Fraser enjoyed a few days hunting this week on Pavilion Mountain.

Thomas Goss, who had the contract of sawing lumber for Mr Brown at the North Fork, finished his contract last week, and has returned to Ashcroft. Mr. Goss sawed 155,000 feet in 30 days, which, under the circumstances, is a phenomenal piece of work.

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.

The Hon. Judge Cornwall held court on Wednesday, but no cases were on hand for trial. The new jail is having the desired effect already.

W. M. Brewer, of Vancouver, and Messrs. D. F. Davies and E Wilcox of Carbonado, arrived on Monday's special, and left next day for Cadwallader.

C. O'Halloran spent a day in town this week.

Morning service will be held in the Church of England by the Venerable Archdeacon Small, on Sunday next 8th inst, at 11 A. M.

W. Seton is in town from Bridge River.

J. B. Cherry and family left last Sunday for Vancouver, where Mr. Cherry will open an office.

Mrs. J. Dunlop is very much improved, being able to be around again.

Ric. A. Fraser, formerly editor of the Prospector, has accepted the position of managing editor of the Trade Budget, Vancouver.

T. S. Brett came down on Monday from the Big Horn ranch.

F. H. Nelson is taking over an hotel at Duncan's, on the E. & N. Railway.

W. McDonald came down this week from Bridge River.

W. E. Brett, manager of the Anderson Lake Mines, came down on Monday.

Mr. C. Phair, Government agent, returned on Tuesday from his annual collecting trip.

Geo. Tinker paid Lillooet a visit this week.

The new jail has been completed by contractor Miller, and is a very pretentious building, being a credit both to the town and its builder. As there are four new cells, the citizens of Lillooet had better be good.

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.

LABOR DAY.

The day set apart by the Governments of the United States and Canada, for the well-being of the laboring classes, was embraced in hearty fashion by all classes last Monday. News from the Coast cities shows that the E. & N. Railway were taxed to the utmost in handling the crowds from Nanaimo, Extension, Ladysmith and other places going to Victoria to celebrate. We understand that Vancouver, Victoria and Nanaimo have agreed to celebrate the day in turn each year. This is Victoria's year, and in right earnest they have observed it.

The first Labor Day parade took place on September 5th, 1882, in 1884 Congress declared the first Monday in September to be a public holiday known as Labor Day, and in 1886 the Dominion Government issued a similar proclamation. From the outset this holiday has been popular as a special opportunity for Labor Unions to fraternize. Few now deny the right of workmen to organize. That day has passed. We beleve that Trades Unionism is a necessity, and although as in war and politics, incompetent leaders sometimes bring disaster to those they represent, yet the end sought is good and will eventually be secured.

CAYOOSH CREEK.

Oh, for the rush of the Roaring Creek,
And its smash and its dash and its thunder,
As it rumbles and rolls and its water all boils,
Over the rocks and the stones and the boulders.
Oh, for the dash and the flash and the crash
Of the waters that whirl in a bluster,
When its waves are quite black
With the red salmon track,
Or are lit with their fishy eyes' lustre,
And the waves spit froth
In the salmon's black path,
And the wind down the canyon comes roaring.
Then unto this scene two tourists appear,
The sight was most strange and bewitching,
And to catch those big fish, so easy and near,
Set their brains and their limbs all a-twitching.
Then one Briton, the smallest, bares himself to the buff,
His epidermis and cheek must be uncommonly tough,
And into the creek, so icy and cold,
Tumbling he wades and tries to look bold.
He thinks he can catch the salmon a napping,
His shirt tails the while keep a flapping and flapping.
But, fearless of waves that resemble small seas,
In he advances not quite to his knees.
Then the word is passed down all through fish society,
That a Briton is breaking the rules of propriety
And eager to see and take in such fun,
All the fish from the Fraser come up with a run.
Behold! Ye gods and great and small fishes,
Here's a little Britisher without any breeches.
Then one old salmon he up and he speaks
And says "Young Briton we're ashamed of such freaks,
Never, never before has a man without breeks
Outraged society on Lillooet creeks.
Then hey diddle diddle, the man with the fiddle
A cloud came over the moon,
The people all laughed to see such fun
And the fish got away with his spoon.

Tennyson Longfellow,
Lillooet.

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.

RELIGIOUS DRIFT.

There is an impression in some minds that the religious world is to an alarming extent, drifting away from the old established faith of the gospel; and that the cultured thought of the age is trending towards scepticism and infidelity. We think there is no ground for such conclusion, but strong grounds for a conclusion the very opposite. It is the exceptional that excites remark. The regular sweep of the planets in their orbits, age after age, awakens no special interest; but should one of these break away from its orbit, or let a comet flash athwart the sky, and all the world is agaze. One erratic Professor one blaspheming Ingersoll, sets all the papers on the continent buzzing. But the twenty thousand preachers, who stand in the old ways and preach the grand old doctrines that have subdued the world, excite no remark.

There is now more devoted effort to train children for God, to rescue the perishing, to evangelize the masses, to raise the criminal classes, to send the gospel to the heathen, than the world ever saw before. If a blundering magistrate interferes (even) with the services of the Salvation Army, a powerful organisation is formed for its defence.

The colleges at the beginning of the century were hot-beds of infidelity. At Yale only four or five professed Christianity. Princeton was no better. At Bowdoin only one was willing to avow himself a christian. It was confidently predicted that Christianity could not survive two generations.

Now what are the facts? During ten years, of 1400 graduates of Harvard only two were sceptics, and never were there so many church members among the students as now.

Blind old Milton wrote "Who ever knew truth put to the worse?" Let us after two hundred years of added demonstrations of its invincible might, emulate his serene and lofty faith.

World Wide.

Say! Have you paid your subscription to the Prospector?

NOTICE.

The Seaton Lake Saw Mill will be closed down for the time being.

Mr. E. S. Peters is in charge of the yard and will attend to all orders.

All accounts will be paid to Mr. Peters, who is authorized to collect the same.

DUGUID & SANSON.

Mineral Act, 1896.

[Form F.]

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Alhambra, Night Hawk, Metropolitan, Lurgan Fraction No. 1 and Largan Fraction No. 2 Mineral Claims situate in the Lillooet Mining Division of Lillooet District. Where located: Cadwallader Creek.

Take notice that I, A. S. Brackett, Free Miner's certificate No. B 18157, Agent for Milton Rathbun, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 18155, 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 sixteenth day of July, 1901.

A. S. BRACKETT.

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.

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 "IMPERIAL LIMITED"

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Four Days Across the Continent

This is the fastest and best equipped train crossing the continent. If you are going East there are some facts regarding this service, and the scenery along the CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. which you should know.

The time is arranged to pass the greatest scenic features of the line during daylight.

Pamphlets furnished free on application to any C. P. R. Agent or to

E. J. COYLE, A. G. P. A., Vancouver, B. C.
THOS. CLARK, Agent, Lytton, B.C.

R. J. ATKIN
Lillooet, B. C.
DEALER IN,
Hardware
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Tinware
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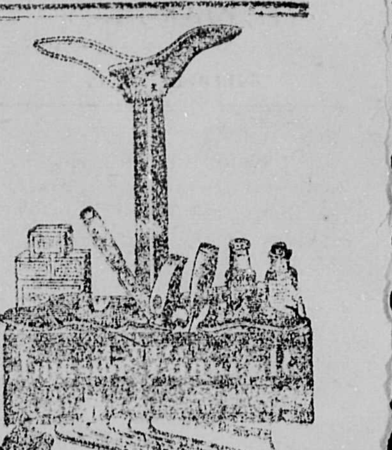
Harness & Saddlery
Furniture, etc..
All orders promptly attendedto.

Royal Hotel,
Sucker Creek, B.C.
JOHN COLLUM, Prop.
Central point for Bridge River Miners and Prospectors. Good accommodation. - - - -
Stable in connection.

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 pharges. 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.

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.



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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, NELSON, B. C.
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PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO.
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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.

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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.

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.

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Bus meets all steamers. Teaming by day or contract. Rigs and horses for hire at moderate rates.
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This well known hotel is First-class in every respect. Sample room free.

Read The Prospector $2 a year.

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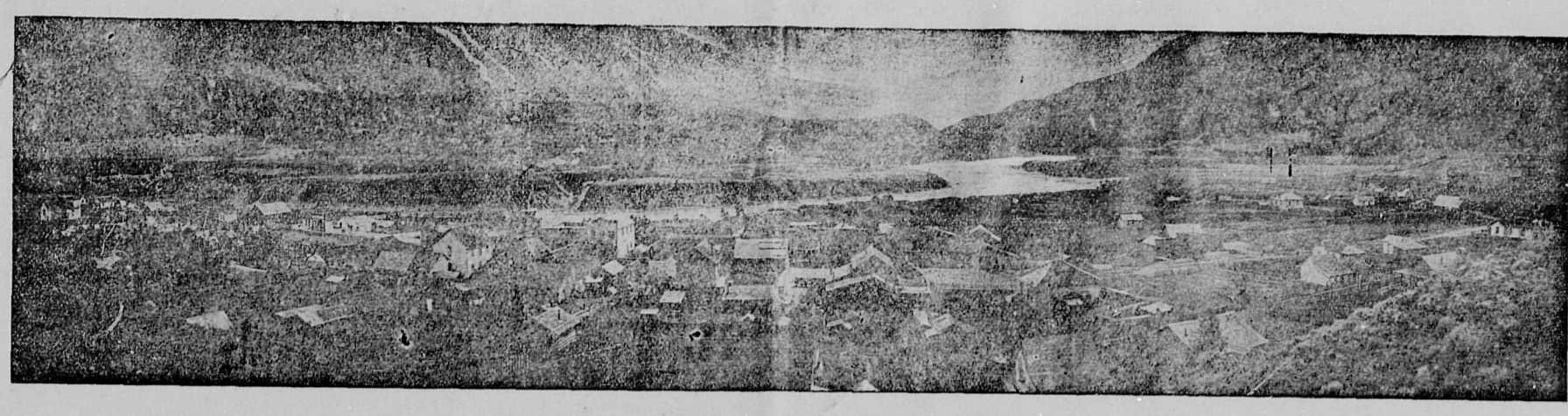

THE PROSPECTOR.

Vol. 4, No. 9 10 LILLOOET, B. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901 $2.00 a year.

LILLOOET AND BRIDGE RIVER STORES.

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Miners Supplies.

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

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Paul Santini,

GENERAL MERCHANT, LILLOOET, B. C.

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

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Pioneer Hotel

Lillooet, B. C.

W. F. Allen, Proprietor.

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

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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.

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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.

Bridge River Travel

Steamer leaves the Mill wharf every morning (except Sunday) at 9 a. m., for lake points.

Returning leaves the Mission at 2 p.m.

For information concerning rates, special trips &c., write the company or call at the Mill wharf.

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CHARLES McGILLIVRAY, Proprietor.

THE PROSPECTOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT LILLOOET, B.C.

BY THE PROSPECTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE OUTLOOK.

Affairs in Provincial politics have reached a critical stage by the government appointment of Mr. J. C. Brown of Westminster, to the position recently vacated by Hon. J. Turner.

During the session of 1901, there were periods when the Dunsmuir government would have suffered defeat had not some members of the opposition voted in favor of the government. The Premier now seeks to reward those who were friends in his time of need. One of the chief of these friends is Mr. Brown.

Regarding his coalition with Jos. Martin, the Premier, so far, has been silent, and it is against this coalition that the country seems to object. The Hon. Jas. Mc. Bride has resigned his seat in the Cabinet, Mr. Hunter, of Cariboo, has expressed a preference to resign rather than to accept any responsibility for the recent actions of the Premier. Other members are expressing themselves in a similar strain. Meanwhile Mr. Brown seeks re-election by his Westminster.

We have not yet heard any declaration from our Lillooet member in regard to his present attitude towards Mr. Martin. Some are curious on this point. We have not reached that stage. There are graver matters. We believe that credit is due to Mr. Smith for recent jail improvements, but we do sincerely trust that our care for the dissolute, profligate, and profane, will not exceed our practical sympathy for law-abiding citizens who have sustained injuries. So far this has been the case and it seems as if we are rather unwilling to change.

We would urge the matter of the erection of the hospital in this town. It is doubtful whether the government will be sustained when the house meets, and in the much-to-be-regretted case of an appeal to the people, our member, if re-elected, may be on the opposition side of the house, and unable to again secure what has been offered for hospital purposes. This one question seems to need a speedy settlement.

JAS. B. UREN

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING AND HORSESHOEING.

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Manufacturer of all kind of

MINER'S SUPPLIES, PICKS, DRILLS Etc.

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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.

NEWS OF THE MINES.

Fountain Mine

The serious mishap at this mine which occurred two weeks ago, evidently was not enough to get the best of Mr. Southard's great staying powers, as gold washing is now being proceeded with as if nothing had happened, only seven days being lost by the accident. Both pipe lines have been epaired with everything running very satisfactorily.

Bridge River.

Dr. A. S. Brackett, who has been superintending the work on the Alhambra, owned by Mr. Milton Rathbun, for the past season, arrived in town last week from Cadwallader, accompanied by Prof. Rifenburg and Dr. Wilcox. In conversation with Dr. Brackett, that gentleman expressed great confidence in the Bridge River section. He stated that he had every reason to be pleased with the showing on the Alhambra. As an evidence of this, he is now gone to California, whence he will probably go to London, to purchase a complete plant, consisting of a stamp mill, steam-pumps, air-compressors, for work next year.

Concerning the other claims on Bridge River, Dr. Brackett was extremely hopeful. He ventured to make the assertion that there were $50,000 in gold in the dump on the Lorne, waiting to be crusned. He also gave it as his opinion that financial matters alone were the cause of the present flatness on Bridge River.

The above statements, coming from a man who knows what he is talking about, mean much to Lillooet. Their full meaning will be comprehended without any comment. Suffice it to say that it is now an assured fact that investors have not lost confidence in Bridge River properties, and the impression that the bottom has fallen out of Bridge River is entirely false.

BEND OR.

Messrs. D. F. Davies, E. Wilcox and W. M. Brewer returned on Monday from Cadwallader where they had been viewing the Bend Or property. The former gentlemen expressed themselves as highly pleased with the property, but definite results of the visit are not yet known.

In the MINING RECORD for September Mr. Leslie Hill discusses the condition of the Mining Industry in this Province. For the benefit of those of our readers who do not take the abovenamed journal, we publish part of Mr. Hill's article.

"To the Editor B. C. Mining Record.

Sir,—You ask me to express my opinion as to the causes which have led to the present unsatisfactory position of the mining industry in B.C. and particularly in reference to the difficulty in obtaining British and Eastern Canadian Capital for development work. This is a very large order and I do not know that I am at all competent to express an opinion on the subject, but I may perhaps offer some suggestions which will help the discussion of this question and which, at any rate, can be taken for whatever they are worth.

The prospector will have to learn to make reasonable terms such as will justify capital being spent upon the development of prospects and then there will not be so much difficulty in inducing capital to put money into development work. At present the prospector practically says: "I have a prospect with a certain surface showing but I have no confidence in its proving a mine, and will take no risks whatever." I am however, willing that a capitalist should spend a large sum of money on developing and proving my prospect on condition that he pay me at the end of the bond the full value of my prospect when proved to be a mine; and for this privilege he shall pay me 10 per cent. of its ultimate value, together with sundry other payments which he shall make from time to time, and before he can prove whether the prospect is of any value or not."

J. CLARKE,

LILLOOET, B. C.

Watchmaker.

All work warranted.

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. 14528 The Nicholson Institute, 780, Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

See our special offer on back page.

Brief Despatches.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S CASE.

Just as we were issuing last week's paper there came the news of the assassination of President McKinley.

The assassin Csolgesz declares himself an anarchist. As he approached the President he had the revolver covered with a handkerchief, and as he reached to the President's hand, he fired.

The President is daily improving, and if no unexpected complications develop his recovery may be hoped for.

Later—The President has passed away.

TOWNS IS NOW CHAMPION OARSMAN.

Jake Gaudaur was easily distanced by George Towns, at Rat Portage last Saturday. Towns won by three lengths, and had he wished he could have made the distance greater.

THE STEEL STRIKE.

Pittsburg, Pa.—It is learned that Pres. Schaffer and other members of the Amalgamated Association board have left for New York to confer personally with President Schwab. So far however, there has been no settlement.

THE BOER WAR.

Lotter's entire commando has been captured by Major Scobel. One hundred and fourteen prisoners were captured nineteen Boers were killed, and fifty two were wounded.

The British casualities were ten killed and eight wounded.

NEW WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

Nomination Day at New Westminster has been fixed for Monday September 16 h. The election will take place two days later.

A MODERN FABLE.

By David Dalziel.

Once upon a time there was a Prospector who struck a good claim away out on the mountains. The ledge was ten feet wide and extended as far as the eye could see along the mountain side. As he could not hold it all in his own name, he staked out claims for all his relations clear back to the time of Noah, and to the third and fourth generations of the same family. He had a hundred claims staked out, and he was the acknowledged leader of them all. The price he put on the entire group was ten hundred million dollars, and not a cent less. So he hung back and waited for a buyer. In the meantime he built a mansion on the prospects, which cost thousands of dollars. Everybody trusted him; the railways, the hotels, the stages, the storekeepers, etc, etc. He purchased a carriage and a pair of dapple grey horses and put on enough dog in a week to last a man a lifetime. He furnished his house with organs, pianos, side boards and electric lights, and had everything up-to-date and luxuriantly comfortable. But it all went down on the books; his prospects were good. The whole world suddenly realized that it loved him immensely. Moreover he married a lady who had been waiting for such a catch and she boasted that she would be the richest lady in the land before many weeks. They made weekly trips to the capital and put up at the best hotel in town and enjoyed life thoroughly; but it all went down on the books. Anon he was induced to bond his claims for a trifle of cash down and the balance in time payments if the property proved good. The syndicate went to work and found nothing but a faint prospect on the surface which would not justify the expense necessary for the construction of mills. So the confident prospector was in the mud in a few weeks with a mountain of debt upon his shoulders instead of a mountain of rich quartz at his back. And his young wife had fled.

Moral—Never be too sure.

Mrs. Wm. Cumming Junr. left for the coast last Wednesbay morning. Mr. Cumming will follow shortly with the intention of residing permanently in Vancouver.

Correspondence.

[The Prospector publishes communications from all Parties who write on matters of public interest for publication, but disclaims any responsibility for opinions expressed].

To the Editor of the Prospector.

Sir—I have heard many reasond stated why the Mines Exploration Co. intend throwing up their bond on the Lorne group. One was financial; another was that the rock did not come up to their expectations; another was that by making a bluff of this kind they could induce the Lorne Company to take a lesser sum for their properties.

None of these reasons are correct.

The real reason, as given in the News Advertiser, and reproduced by you last week, is that a liquor license has been granted to a stopping house some half mile from their workings.

Did any one ever hear of such ridiculous nonsense.

If this reason emanated from the Mines Exploration Company they will certainly make themselves the laughing stock of the province.

Who ever heard of a prohibition mining camp. A licensed house on Cadwallader was wanted for the convenience of the travelling public long before the Mines Exploration Company ever came into this section of the province.

Yours truly,

Cadwallader.

QUEEN OF THE HOME

Eloquent Discourse on Woman's Privileges.

INFLUENCE OF A GOOD MOTHER

Dr. Talmage Draws a Beautiful Picture of Home Life as It Should Be—Women's Position at the Present Time Is Not One of Commiseration, But One of Congratulation.

Washington, Aug. 18.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage extols home as a field of usefulness, and especially encourages wives and mothers; text, Genesis i, 27, "Male and female created he them."

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to reignant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare th m than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron typed, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it the hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm and when a woman is in her realm and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition or to say, "This is the line, and that is the line."

My theory is that if woman wants to vote she ought to vote and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women, and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown thrasher should fly or how deep a trout should plunge as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overflow any barrier that politicians may set up and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of capacity.

I know there are women of most undesirable nature who wander up and down the country, having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes, talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I will show you that the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the congressional assemblage and the legislative hall.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box, and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot, the offscouring of the street, and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while, but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

There are abodes in the city — humble, two stories, four plain, unpapered rooms, undesirable neighborhood, and yet there is a man here to-day who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to this house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that sounded over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence, but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof under which their father rested and their mother sang and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes and trembling voice and agitated hand, write it out in these four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English Empire, but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne pursued by the nation's anathema, but she who is a queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Maria Theresa of Austria, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway, sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together — soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God, whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah, she was the queen — she was the queen.

Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents. To make one such good woman as I have described how many thousand would you want of these good people who go in the round of godlessness and fashion and dissipation, distorting their body and going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go so as not to be arrested of the police, their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal destruction. Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart, give to God your best energies, give to God all your culture, give to God all your refinement, give yourself to Him for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth; father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no, Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and he will say, "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand and the storm will drop, and another wave of His hand and midnight shall break into midnoon, and another wave of His hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of heaven with robes lustrous, blood washed and heaven glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red Sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal peace.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest, and, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it sit again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on workingman's garb again and delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! Welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

Neal Dow and His Son.

Col. Fred N. Dow tells the following story to illustrate how the son of a father devoted to a great principle is likely to follow in his father's footsteps.

Col. Dow once visited friends at Quebec, and, while seeing the sights of the city and its surroundings, he took a public carriage to visit the Falls of Montmorency. At a halfway house on the road the driver pulled up his horse and remarked: "The carriage always stops here."

"For what purpose?" asked the colonel.

"For the passengers to treat," was the reply.

"But none of us drink, and we don't intend to treat."

The driver had dismounted, and was waiting by the roadside. Drawing himself up to his full height, he said impressively: "I have driven this carriage now more than thirty years, and this happened but once before. Some time ago I had for a fare a crank from Portland, Me., by the name of Neal Dow, who said he wouldn't drink; and what was more to the point, he said he wouldn't pay for anybody else to drink."

The son found himself occupying the same ground as that on which his father had stood.

Reminder of Quantrell Raid.

Out in Kansas they are still paying claims for damages sustained in the celebrated Quantrell raid. Up to the present time $391,045 has been paid.

The World's Largest Prison.

France's new prison at Fresnes, some eight miles from Paris, is the largest in the world.

STAGE BANQUETS.

One That Caused a Performance to End In a Riot.

Stage banquets are not invariably merry, as witness a very old one—that in "Macbeth," where Banquo is a guest unseen by all but the host, whose ravings at the sight throw everything into disorder and cause the hostess to dismiss the company. There is also an outdoor dinner going on in "As You Like It" when Orlando interrupts. In Shakespeare's time at these stage feasts the performers used as food marchpane, a sort of biscuit, to which one of the servants makes allusion in "Romeo and Juliet," "Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane." The actors grumbled at the constant use of marchpane and would have preferred something substantial.

In the eighteenth century, when the strolling players went more or less merrily on foot and were much of the time half starved, real food in the plays was more than welcome. There was a British manager who, whenever salaries were considerably in arrears and dissatisfaction prevalent, soothed everybody into good humor again by putting up the nautical drama, "The Cramond Brig," which calls for a dinner of boiled mutton and turnips. In "The Gentle Shepherd," which used to be given in Scotland, real haggis was introduced. There was also a very elaborate meal in the old farce "No Song, No Supper."

Persons in the audience are not aware, perhaps, that it is difficult to eat on the stage and carry on the dialogue at the same time. Not a little practice is required. The experienced players, however, do it gracefully and well. Before an audience one must eat very daintily, else well bred people in front will criticise. An actress must also know something about cooking, or at least about the preparation of food. Making bread on the stage is common, and in Robertson's "Ours" there is a charming scene where Mary Netley runs about in the hut in the Crimea with sleeves rolled up and in her hand the well dusted rolling pin. She also works out the dough.

Occasionally there is too much drinking. In a play entitled "The Wary Widow," which was acted in 1693, it is said that there was so much whisky punch consumed that all the performers became intoxicated.

Mr. Clement Scott, in his memoirs, relates the disastrous experience some years ago in London of Miss Nita Nicotina, a young woman who made her debut in a play called "Ecarte." The Australian tragedian, Boothroyd Fairclough, was in the cast. The picnic scene was of highly realistic character—genuine hampers from Fortnum & Mason's, Perigord pies, chicken, truffles and champagne. The repast was of sumptuous character, and the actors and actresses ate and drank heartily. The gallery, after awhile, becoming weary of so much feasting without being able to join in it, began to jeer. The champagne continued to flow, and Miss Nicotina displayed the effects of overindulgence. The jeers turned into yells, and presently, when she entered with a green boot on one foot and a yellow boot on the other, the yells became howls, and the lady unwisely attempted a speech. The piece ended in a riot, and the lights were put out.

Most Tattooed Man In France.

Languishing in a prison cell in Paris, to which he was relegated the other day for assault and battery, is one Auguste Formin, an ex-soldier, who claims to be the most tattooed man in France. His body presents an illustrated version of the Dreyfus case, in which the most dramatic episodes in that world famous drama are reproduced with great skill.

His right arm bears the portraits of the officers who testified at the Zola trial, together with a picture of the novelist. On his left arm is the portrait of the late president of the republic, Felix Faure, and other celebrities who figured in connection with the case of the prisoner of Devil's island. Then, beginning with the tragical incident of Dreyfus' degradation in the presence of the troops, scene after scene is unrolled. The spaces between are filled in with flags and allegorical devices, such as a bleeding heart pierced by a dagger and a boa constrictor crushing a man. In all there are 120 scenes, portraits and devices.

This remarkable example of tattooing was performed while Formin was serving in a disciplinary battalion at Biribi, in Tunis. He claims that the surgeon of his regiment offered him 400 francs for the illustrations on his back, promising to remove the skin without pain and guaranteeing that he would speedily recover and suffer no ill effects from the operation. Formin, however, preferred to keep his pictures.

Bananas the Breadfruit of the World.

Bananas, probably the first fruit ever cultivated, possess all the essentials to the sustenance of life. More people live on bananas than live on wheat. When taken as a steady diet, they are cooked, either baked, boiled or fried. The fruit is very nourishing, as it contains so much starch and sugar.

Banana flour is highly nutritious and very valuable. The farinaceous food is so prone to undergo malfermentation in the stomach when the normal digestion is disordered that it becomes very important to seek some variety of starchy food which can be easily assimilated without the production of acid eructations of flatulence or heartburn. Therefore the flour has a decided advantage as a food for invalids. Thompson states that he has found that the finest banana flour, called "bananose," at the end of 1½ hours of pancreatic digestion was capable of developing twice as much sugar as the same quantity of oatmeal or farina and nearly 1½ times as much sugar as cornstarch.

Qualifications of Sea Captains.

On some of the foreign steamship lines the captains are naval officers and in case of war would retain their commands. On the German steamers the officers must serve a year or so in the naval reserve. On the French line each member of the crew must serve for a time on a vessel of war. On the majority of ships, however, the officers are men of the sea who have fought their way up, step by step, entirely by merit and not at all by favor. On the American line even after a man has reached the rank of captain he must pass a rigid examination every five years.

Easily Compromised.

She—And actually there was a lion in your path? What did you do?

He—Oh, I merely said to the lion, "You seem to have got here first, so it belongs to you! Then I took another path!"

AUSTRALIA'S GROWTH.

Likely to Be Rapid Now the Commonwealth Is a Fact.

Now that Confederation is accomplished, Australia will go ahead like a bonfire, is the enthusiastic view of Mr. G. I. Doyle, a young Australian from Sydney, New South Wales. Mr. Doyle states that previous to Confederation the colonies were kept back by constant differences and comparatively petty jealousies. Now Australia is all one country, and enterprises will be planned and carried out on a national and continental scale, and in consequence development will be unprecedented. The Boer war, unfortunate as it was in itself, was the great force which welded the Australian colonies together. The Boer war found Australasia a disconnected series of colonies; it left them a compact, enthusiastic commonwealth.

The new capital city, Mr. Doyle thinks, will likely be in the Young district, about 400 miles from Sydney, 250 miles from the seacoast, a site very central to the three great colonies. He has been away from Australia now about five months.

In Japan Mr. Doyle spent a couple of months, and was struck most of all by the fact that the English language had distanced all other foreign tongues, so that it was impossible for a German or a Frenchman to get along with the natives without learning some English, whereas an Englishman could make himself understood, practically, everywhere.

In Australia Mr. Doyle is connected with the sheep-raising industry, or, as Canadians would say, ranching. He stopped off and visited the ranches about Calgary, and found a considerable difference between Canadian and Australian methods. In Canada, apparently, the rancher buys a homestead of 320 or 640 acres, and rents 10,000 or 20,000 from the Government to range his herds upon. He seems to go into it with the idea that he will make money as rapidly as he can, and then retire; and in consequence there is a temporary air about all his buildings and surroundings, and he submits to many personal discomforts while he is building up his fortune. In Australia the rancher buys outright a homestead of ten, twenty, or thirty thousand acres and proceeds to improve it, so that he and his children after him will live there in comfort and amid pleasant surroundings, and look upon it as their permanent home. The result is that he puts up a fine house, surrounds it with trees and vines, and proceeds to make himself as comfortable as if he lived in a city. In Manitoba Mr. Doyle noticed that the houses had a more homelike character, as if the people intended to live there their natural lives, and he had no doubt as time went on the homes in the Far West would take on that more permanent and pleasant character which they now lack.

An Ambassador's Unique Experience.

To be a prisoner closely guarded in a huge wooden cage, with a fair prospect of losing one's head in the morning, writes M. A. P., and to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary is an experience different in kind but fully as interesting. Baron Hayashi has had both experiences. At present he is the Mikado's representative at the Court of St. James', and is accounted one of the most competent officials of the government that once had him behind bolts and bars in the queer old prison of feudal times in Hakodate. The later experience is more conducive to peace of mind than the earlier, though the Baron says that the Japanese Minister abroad meets with many customs and social usages of which the significance is not at once apparent, and about which he can do little but guess at first. Baron Hayashi is quite at home in London. He began his studies there thirty-three years ago, and remained three years, when the Satsuma rebellion called him home. He has been in London four times since. As Governor of the Province of Kanagawa, which includes Japan's chief seaport, Yokohama; as Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs before and during the war with China, and as Minister afterwards to Pekin, and then to St. Petersburg, Baron Hayashi has seen much of official functions. His English is easy and natural, and without a suggestion of foreign accent. But still, he says laughingly that a State ball is not absolute joy to the newcomer from the far east, where such a thing as ladies and gentlemen dancing together is unheard of, or was, until some few years ago, when Japan sought to establish a training school for the officials she intended to send abroad. The Government against which he had been fighting took him from prison to send him over the second time he came. The Mikado had determined to send an embassy round the world to find out things. Men who spoke English were rare in Japan in those days, so the young rebel had a high market value in the new Government's eyes. Of course he had not rebelled against the Mikado — no Japanese ever did that — and he had not been really a bad rebel, so the Son of Heaven ordered him forth, and away he went on a grand tour of the world, acting as interpreter in many courts and seeing what it had fallen to the lot of very few young men, indeed, to see.

Bushmen's Language.

The Bushmen, or low-grade Hottentots, on the plains of South Africa, have a language which has been proved by Garner to be a close approximation to that of the higher apes. It consists of hissing, clicking and grunting sounds.

Live Stock in United Kingdom.

The value of live stock of the United Kingdom is £104,000,000 sterling, which puts her fifth among European powers. Russia leads with £223,000,000 worth.

Miss Alsopp's 100th Birthday.

Miss Alsopp, who has just celebrated her 100th birthday at Bramley, England, was in the service of one family for seventy-four years.

Getting Acquainted.

When the Murkleys moved from the country they expected to find their new neighbors reserved and distant. Not all of them proved so. The family had occupied the strange dwelling about a day and a half, says The Chicago Tribune, and the mistress thereof was laying a carpet in the sitting-room, when there came a ring at the door bell.

She hastened to the front door and opened it. A smiling woman greeted her.

"Good morning," said the caller. "This is Mrs. Murkley, I presume."

"Yes."

"I am Mrs. Pergslup, your next-door neighbor."

"Glad to see you. Will you come in?"

"Thanks, I believe I will step in for a little while."

"You will find us all torn up, of course. We haven't begun to get things in shape yet."

"Now, don't you apologize, Mrs. Murkley. I know all about this thing of moving."

"It's an awful job, isn't it?"

"Terrible. I sometimes tell Mr. Pergslup I'd almost rather have a spell of sickness than to move. Two moves are about as bad as a fire. Well, I thought I'd drop in and get acquainted. Could you lend me a cupful of coffee?"

The Fruits of War.

Not long ago I visited the town of Novara, in northern Italy. There in a wheatfield the farmers have plowed up skulls of men until they have piled up a pyramid 10 or 12 feet high. Over this pyramid some one has built a canopy to keep off the rain. These were the skulls of young men of Savoy, Sardinia and Austria—men of 18 to 35 years of age, peasants from the farms and workmen from the shops—who met at Novara to kill each other over a matter in which they had very little concern.

Further on Frenchmen, Austrians and Italians fell together at Magenta, the hue of the blood that flowed out under the olive trees. Go over Italy as you will there is scarcely a spot not crimsoned by the blood of France, scarcely a railway station without its pile of French skulls. You can trace them across to Egypt, to the foot of the pyramids. You will find them in Germany—at Jena and Leipsic, at Lutzen and Bautzen and Austerlitz. You will find them in Russia at Moscow, in Belgium at Waterloo. "A boy can stop a bullet as well as a man," said Napoleon. And with the rest are the skulls and bones of boys "ere evening to be trodden like the grass."

The Doctor's Treat.

Visitor—Say, are you de guy wot treats fellers as gits jagged?

Dr. Glitter—I treat inebriates.

Visitor—Well, I'm one o' dem fellers, an seein it's your treat, you kin gimme a little whisky.—Chicago News.

PALE, ANÆMIC YOUNG WOMEN

Anæmia, or thin, watery blood, is increasing to an alarming extent among the school girls and young women of our land. Pale gums, tongue and eyelids, muscular weakness, inability for exertion, deficient appetite, impaired digestion, short breath, palpitation of the heart, attacks of vomiting, swooning, hysteria and irregularities of the feminine organs are among the unmistakable symptoms of anæmia or poor quality of blood.

Anæmic persons are frequently said to be going into a decline, and as a fact do usually contract consumption or some fatal constitutional disease if they neglect to restore normal vigor. Fresh air, sunlight, moderate exercise and the regular use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food after each meal will restore new vitality to the body and new color to the cheek of any anæmic person. Gradually and thoroughly it forms new red corpuscles in the blood and wins back perfect health and strength.

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.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady Who Cures Her Husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save Her Home.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whisky was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was all gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

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.

THE

Woman's Christian Temperance Union

ADOPT THE

"SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION"

FOR the CURE of DRUNKENNESS

Letter from Mrs. George Grant, of Paisley, Ont., giving particulars of a cure effected by "Samaria Prescription," resulting in its use and adoption by the Paisley Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

(Copy)

Paisley, Ont., December 11th, 1900.

The Samaria Remedy Co.,

30 Jordan Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I penned a few lines to you some time ago,—as a member of the temperance cause, I wrote for information; at that time I had in my mind friends whose son was a great cause of anxiety and trouble on account of his drunken habits. I strongly urged the friends to try the remedy I saw advertised in the Toronto Globe. They did so. It was the Samaria Remedy that was administered and I am pleased to inform the company the medicine was helpful; the young man has not drank a drop since, breaking off from old companions; and special prayers on his behalf, all aided in breaking the chains.

At the last meeting of the W. C. T. U. here, I introduced your medicine for the cure of the liquor habit, and a resolution was passed, "That inasmuch as it is the aim of this organization to help the poor inebriate, we should recommend this remedy in homes where persons are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors." Now, sirs, wishing you a successful career in your noble work, and feeling that assistance can be given in the precincts of home by the hand of mother or wife, trusting God may open up useful avenues for your labors, Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) MRS. GEORGE GRANT,
On behalf of Paisley W. C. T. U.

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full information, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose 2c stamp. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 30 Jordan St. TORONTO, Ontario

When a girl calls a rich old codger a silly boy he forgets that he ever had the rheumatism.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

"Many a man who has a small spark of genius imagines he possesses a large conflagration."

THE AMATEUR REFORMER.

Justly Rebukes a Hog In Human Form.

"If you don't mind my mentioning it," mildly suggested the tall passenger sitting opposite, "it is a rather dangerous practice to spit out through the window of a train on an elevated railway."

"I don't see any danger," said the other passenger, a light complexioned man with a dyed chin beard and a short black pipe.

"No danger to you, perhaps," rejoined the first speaker, "but decidedly dangerous and unpleasant to anybody who might happen to be walking on the sidewalk below."

"That's his lookout and not mine."

"Just so. But if you had looked out perhaps you wouldn't have done it."

"Maybe I wouldn't and maybe I would."

"It's more comforting to believe you wouldn't. I hate to think a man will knowingly and intentionally make a hog or worse than a hog of himself, even if he does ride in a smoking car."

"What difference does it make to you? If you don't like it, you know, you don't have to stay here."

"I have to stay here or stand up. The other cars are all full. I don't consider you entitled to any explanation of my being here, but in the interests of historical accuracy I thought I'd tell you."

"That's all right, but you'd better be a bit careful how you call people hogs, just the same."

"It was a thoughtless comparison, I confess. A hog wouldn't do such a thing."

"You blank old rubberneck, I've the greatest notion in the world to"—

"But wait a minute, my good sir. There's plenty of time yet. I was going to say that a man never ought to allow himself to become angry and excited over trifles. Bless your soul, I don't. If I see a fellow making a disgusting spectacle of himself, I may take the liberty sometimes of telling him so, but I do it calmly and without any excitement, while at the same time—what! Are you doing it again, you infernal beast? Haven't you the first instincts of a gentleman?"

"I'm doing it again, and I'll do it all I please, you blank old idiot. We'll see if"—

The other passenger swiftly unlimbered himself. He pulled the window down with a jerk. Then he stood over the man with the dyed chin beard and short black pipe.

"As I took occasion to observe a moment ago," he said, "a man should never allow himself to become angry or excited when he is discussing things with a fellow man, but if you raise that window again while I am in this car I'll take the greatest pleasure in throwing you through it, you hideous reptile! You haven't the decency of a hyena! You are a loathsome, repulsive thing in human shape! Now, don't you open your mouth at me or I'll smash it! Don't you look at me or I shall forget myself and put a different aspect on your face, you nasty, abominable beast!"

Then the other passengers, seeing that the man with the pipe was thoroughly subdued, hastened to crowd around his subduer and pat him on the back and tell him he had done just right and that it was what they had often thought of doing themselves.—Chicago Tribune.

Dear Sirs,—Within the past year I know of three fatty tumors on the head having been removed by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT without any surgical operation and there is no indication of a return.

CAPT. W. A. PITT.
Clifton, N.B. Gondola Ferry.

At Poughkeepsie, N. J., the other day a tramp broke into a house and took a bath. It is thought his mind was affected by the heat.

The salt method of curing typhoid fever wouldn't have much effect on some extremely fresh people we know

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion, Mr. Finley, Wark. Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

One way of making the waterworks self-sustaining would be to turn it into a distillery.

The man who elbows past women for the purpose of getting a seat in the car never crowds a lady out of her pew in church.

Brevity is the soul of wit; wit is the levity of the soul.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The woman may look at a wicked man with horror, but there are a lot of good men that they never look at at all.

It is unwise to judge a man's intellect by the size of his mouth.

The more we study, the more we discover our ignorance.—Shelly.

When a man goes without his dinner to do you a favor, place his name at the top of your list of friends.

No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue.

$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.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

One of the Tricks Performed by the Fakirs of India.

The fakirs of India perform some remarkable tricks. The following one was witnessed by an Englishman who was himself an excellent prestidigitateur:

The apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illuminated by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body.

She then began to move around and around, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this, and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillarlike form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned and began to mold the light with her hand, and, though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs all molded and finally the face and headgear. She next called for a light, and, the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seemingly, evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand. His hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit.

After he had talked and drunk a glass of arrack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about. The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few minutes the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time before the eyes of at least 50 people and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward.

It is sometimes easier to take things as they come than it is to induce them to come.

It seems that almost everybody asphalt to find with the material used in the pavements.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	LV	AR.
S. S. Marie, Owen Sound, Toronto and East, Via Lakes, Mon., Thurs and Sat	21.50	
Tues, Fri. and Sun		6.30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	21.50	6.30
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. & Fri.	7.00	
Tues., Thurs. & Sat		18 00
Rat Portage and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs. and Sat	14.00	
Mon., Wed. and Fri		12.30
Morson, Lac Du Bonnet 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	
Tues. Thurs., and Saturday		19.10
Rapid City, Hamiota, Minota, Tues., Thurs. and Sat	8.30	
Mon., Wed. and Fri		19.10
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	7.40	19.20
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat	7.40	
Mon., Tues., Thurs. and Fri		19.20
Glenboro, Souris, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	7.30	18.45
Napinka, Melita, Alameda and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs. and Sat	7.30	18.45
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points, Mon. Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs. and Sat	7.30	18.45
Frobyshire, Hirsh, Bienfait, Estevan, Sat	7.30	
Mon		12.45
Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	14.10	13.5
Stonewall, Tuelon, Tues. Thurs, Sat	12 20	18.30
West Selkirk, Mon, Wed, Fri	18 30	
West Selkirk, Tues. Thurs. Sat		10.0
Emerson, Mon, Wed and Fri	7.50	17.10

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

THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RY. CO

STATIONS AND DAYS.	Leave Going South.	Leave Going North.	Arrive
Leave from Canadian Northern depot—Winnipeg to Morris, Emerson, St. Paul etc, daily	13.45		7.15
St Paul to Emerson Morris, Winnipeg, daily		20.00	13.30
Winnipeg to Roland Miami, Belmont, Hartney & Brandon, Mon., Wed and Fri.	10.45		18.15
Brandon, Hartney, Belmont, Miami, Roland, to Winnipeg, Tues., Thurs and Sat.		9.00	16.30
Winnipeg to Portage la P. and intermediate stations, daily ex Sun.		8.00	10.55
Portage la P. and intermediate stations to Winnipeg daily ex Sun	18.30		20.45
Winnipeg to stations on Beaver and Delta branches, Tues. and Thurs		8.0	14.20
Beaver and Delta branch stations, to Winnipeg Tues. and Thurs.	11.55		
Winnipeg to Portage la P., Gladstone.	16.30		20.45
Dauphin, etc., Mon. Wed. and Fri.		8.00	16.00
Dauphin, Gladstone, P. la Prairie, Winnipeg Tues., Thurs. & Sat.	13.00		20.45
Winnipeg to W'p'gosis, Tues. and Thurs.	9.45	8.00	20.45
Winnipegosis to Wpg Mon. and Fri.	9.45		20.45
Winnipeg to Grand View, Mon. and Fri.		8.00	19.15
Grand View to Wpg Tues. and Sat	9.15		19.15
Dauphin to W'p'gosis and return, Sat	9.45	6.00	12.00
Dauphin to Swan River & Elwood, Wed.		16.45	6.00
Elwood to Swan River & Dauphin, Fri.	5.00		18.30
Leave from C. P. depot Winnipeg to Warroad Beaudette and intermediate stations, Mon, Wed., and Fri.	14 10		21.35
Beaudette, Warroad, etc. to Winnipeg Tues, Thurs. and Sat.		5.00	12.20

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

SARCASM IN SIGNS.

ADVERTISEMENTS THAT AT TIMES BECOME A MOCKERY.

Reminiscences of Men Who Had Seen Worse Days and Irritating Announcements When They Were Hard Up and Out of Employment.

The advance agent met the leading man of another show the other night, and, as they had not seen each other in seven years, there was a warmness about their greeting that was refreshing.

"Dear old Tom!" said the leading man. "I was thinking of you not five minutes ago. Sit down, you dear old fellow! I passed a bakery not five minutes ago, and I thought of you. Why, here's Willis! I was just saying to Tom that I never see a baker's that I don't think of him. Tom and I were poor once! Mighty poor too. I remember that we had been turned out of different homes on the same cold night and met each other for the first time by chance. We shared the comforts of a butcher's wagon that night and went upon a rummaging expedition the next day. We halted in front of a German bakery, half starved and disgusted with life generally. There was a huge sign in the window which said, 'There Is No Cake Like Ours.' We hadn't a penny between us, but Tom stepped in and asked for a sample of the cake. The Dutchman didn't appreciate the humor of the request, so Tom said, 'You may keep your cake, boss; but, say, give me a chunk of bread, quick, or I'll cut out your gizzard.' I'll never forget that cake sign because it took us hours to get away from the police who were attracted to the scene by the baker's cries for help."

"But that was not my only experience with a peculiar sign," remarked the advance agent after a hearty laugh. "The year before I went on the road for the first time I was in as hard luck as ever man was. I had pawned everything in sight and was almost starved. I found an umbrella in the hallway of a down town building, and the janitor told me to keep it. It was a fairly good rain shield, and I immediately carried it to mine uncle. I didn't know this particular relative, although I had formed the acquaintance of hundreds of his people. His place was on Sixth avenue, and he gave me 75 cents on it, which I gladly accepted. As he was making out the ticket he said:

"'Do you want to save it from the moths?'

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'That will cost you 12 cents. Perhaps you would like to have it insured? It is always advisable, but it will cost you 12 cents more,' replied my friend.

"'All right,' I said. 'Take good care of it.' He could have eaten it for all I cared, for I never intended to redeem it. I was about to leave the place when I saw a big sign on the far wall. It said:

"'No extra charge for putting watches and jewelry in the safe in the office.'

"Watches and jewelry! It brought the tears to my eyes, and as I crawled into my 10 cent bed that night I thought of diamond necklaces, pearls and rubies of priceless value and—cake. Oh, the curse of some signs! How they mock the poor!"

They were all silent a moment, but the one addressed as Willis was the first to resume conversation, and he said:

"There's my friend, Big John Smith. Let me introduce him. Since you chaps are talking of signs and hard luck, let me tell you of the time that I had to leave my trunk at the old Stevens House, on lower Broadway, and light out by the shades of midnight to get away from a hotel bill that I couldn't pay. Everything I had in the world was locked up in that trunk, and as I could not remove anything without exciting suspicion I thought it best to keep out of jail by leaving everything behind me. I must have walked the streets at least a week famished and penniless. One afternoon I was passing along an up town street, hoping to die, when I happened to look up and saw a sign as big as my hopes were small. This sign read:

"'We Are Not Daylight Robbers. Trunks! Trunks! From the Battery to the Harlem Bridge to Your Room For 25 Cents.'

"If that sign was not the irony of fate in my case, I do not know what to call it."

"Oh, that's a small affair alongside of my experience," said Smith. "It is only a few years ago too. I had been unemployed for several months, and as I had six little shavers to take care of I did not have much trouble spending the little money I had saved. I didn't seem to have a friend in the wide world to turn to, and I spent my last copper for a paper to examine the employment column. It was about Christmas time, and I dreaded going back home to face the scolding landlord. I recall that I stopped in front of the Harlem office of a newspaper to see the holiday crowd go by, and as I did so I saw a sign that made my blood run cold. It said:

"'There Is No Reason Why You Should Be Idle. Insert a Want Ad. Four Cents a Line.'

"The pronoun was printed in immense letters, and I had the greatest trouble dissuading myself that it was not intended for me, and me alone. Of course it wasn't, but that sign burned into my memory, and I have thought of it innumerable times since."

"Oh, pshaw!" rejoined the leading man after a pause. "I suppose it is impossible to please everybody with public signs. I saw one in Buffalo once which said: 'Attention, blind men. Read this and be cured,' which referred to a new treatment for the blind. All signs cannot be expected to satisfy the ideas of everybody."—New York Mail and Express.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
and
"Transplanted Mocha and Java Coffee"
should be in every home where there is a good housekeeper.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Some Bright Things Culled From the Talk of Youngsters.

"What can I offer that will induce you to go to bed?" asked a fond mother of her precocious 4-year-old son.

"Well," replied the youngster, "you might offer to let me sit up a little longer."

A visitor asked 3-year-old Mabel which she loved best, her kitten or her doll.

After a moment's hesitation Mabel whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I think I love my kitty best, but please don't tell dolly."

After the Sunday school teacher had finished reading the lesson which told of Pharaoh making Joseph's brothers rulers over many cattle she said, "Now, Johnny, can you tell me what Pharaoh did for Joseph's brothers?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny; "he made cowboys of 'em."

A 6-year-old schoolgirl submitted the following composition on "People:"

"People are composed of girls and boys; also men and women. Boys are no good till they grow up and get married. Men who don't get married are no good either. Girls are young women who will be ladies when they graduate. Woman was made after man, and my Uncle Bob says 'she has been after him ever since.'

"The Lord looked disappointed after he had made Adam, and he said to himself, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' So he tried again and made Eve. Then he was satisfied. Boys are an awful bother. They want everything they see, except soap. If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be girls and the other half dolls.

"My ma is a woman, and my pa is a man. A woman is a grown up girl with children. My pa is such a nice man that I guess he must have been a girl when he was a little boy. That's all I know about people at the present writing."—Chicago News.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

The Captain of an Ocean Liner.

Nowadays the captain is the host of the ship. He is no longer the gruff, rough seadog in a pea jacket of years gone by. He must observe some of the social amenities; he must talk to the passengers now and then when the weather is fine; he must take his seat at table when he may; he must be a kind of diplomat also and possess wit and tact and a patience sublime; he must see that no jealousies develop among the passengers. I have been told of the very obliging captain who, to please the lady who asked to be shown the equator while the ship was in southern seas, pasted a hair across the large end of a spyglass and told the lady to look. And the lady through the glass declared she could see the equator "as plainly as A B C." One other polite captain I have heard of—one who directed an officer on the bridge to "do as the lady wishes," when the lady requested that the captain steer the ship over to the horizon so she could see what the horizon was like.

THEY NEVER FAIL—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of the Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

A Slight Deficit.

A weather stained, creaking wagon drew up in front of a photographer's establishment in a Georgia town. Beneath its body a lean hound came to a standstill. A man clad in jeans trousers, homespun shirt and guiltless of coat or vest emerged from the vehicle's anterior extremity. Settling his soft slouch hat on the back of his head, he adjusted his lone gallus and gave the lines to the wife and baby within. Behind these, from the dome of canvas beyond, peered, big eyed and solemn, numerous editions of the lord and master.

Entering the shop, the stranger paused before a case of sample photographs and, pointing to one, said, "Mister, what d'yer charge fer takin picters like that?"

"Three dollars a dozen," replied the clerk.

Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he turned thoughtfully toward the wagonful of offspring. "Waal, I reckon I'll have ter wait a bit," he said softly to himself. "I ain't got but 'leven."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Self-respect is the corner-stone of all virtue.—John Herschel.

British lifeboats save, on an average, 550 lives a year.

Every fisherman thinks he is the reel thing.

With some men it is either a case of get married or go to work.

A NEAT SCHEME.

How It Worked to the Disadvantage of Jones' Wife.

"If you want to see the maddest woman that ever drew breath, go up and see my wife," said Jones. "What is the matter? Well, it is the hired girl question again. We have had an excellent girl, although she was inclined to be 'sassy' at times and take advantage of the fact that we did not dare discharge her for fear that we could not get another. The other day, while Mrs. Brown, who is one of our neighbors, was calling, the hired girl question came up, and she said that her girl, while a good one, often imposed upon her, knowing full well that she would stand a good deal rather than part with her.

"'One reason for my calling today,' said Mrs. Brown, 'was to unfold an idea that occurred to me. One great trouble with all good girls is that they know that they can be 'sassy' and still hold their situations. Now, we both have good girls, and what I propose is this: That we both read the riot act tomorrow and discharge them on the spot. Then you can step in and secure my girl and I will hire yours. Discharging them will do them both a world of good and teach them a lesson, and we will secure the moral effect by merely exchanging girls.'

"It struck my wife as being a good idea, and she agreed to the plan. She carried out her end of the bargain, and she said she never had so much satisfaction in her life as when she gave the girl a chance to 'sass' her and then discharged her on the spot. She was promptly snapped up by Mrs. Brown. But when my wife tried to secure the girl that her neighbor had discharged she said that she was to be married in a week and didn't care to go out to service for that length of time.

"My wife says that Mrs. Brown knew it at the time and that it was a contemptible scheme to get her girl away from her, and I must admit that it does look that way. Meanwhile she is doing her own cooking, and the pepper that she served out is not confined solely to the pepper box."—Detroit Free Press.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

The amount of water flowing out of the Nile is 16 times that of the Thames.

A strong-minded woman is one who insists upon wearing shoes large enough for her.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Many a mother's actions keep her out of the mother-in-law class.

When a man poses as a cynic it is a reflection on his wife's ability as a cook.

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinloss, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Physicians say that swinging is healthful exercise—yet many a poor fellow has met his death thereby.

Repentance is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—Milton.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gets a pension of £1,200 a year when out of office.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Thirty-eight in every 1,000 Englishmen who marry are 50 years of age.

Ill-gotten gains—doctor's fees.

Every restaurant is a sort of waiting room.

I Recommend

BABY'S OWN SOAP

to all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin.

Made of the finest materials. No soap, wherever made, is better.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL
Manufacturers of the Celebrated
ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. D. W. Rowlands, of the B. X. office, Ashcroft, acting deputy sheriff, paid Lillooet a hurried visit this week.

Dan. Hurley drove a special to Lytton last Sunday.

E. O. Delong came down from Bridge River last Sunday.

The engraving on our front page is from a photograph by W. Cumming, Jr., Lillooet, who has won a very enviable reputation in the realm of amateur photography.

Mr. Stewart, Inspector of Schools, arrived by special on Thursday, and inspected the school on Friday.

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.

Two of the hunting parties have returned from the mountains. The party which went out with Jim Lake came back over a week ago, while the one with W. Manson returned on Wednesday. The members of both parties expressed themselves as delighted with the excellent sport provided by the guides, and evinced a strong desire to return to the Queen of the Interior.

C. Noel returned on Monday from the Bend Or.

Mrs. W. Cumming, Jr., left on Monday's stage for Vancouver.

Archdeacon Small paid a visit to Tyaughton this week.

W. E. Brett, manager of the Anderson Lake Mines, spent a few days in town this week.

Miss Brett and R. H. Brett came down last Saturday from the Big Horn Ranch.

Mr. S. Gibbs has rented the office adjoining the Excelsior Hotel.

A concert in aid of St. Mary's Church will be given on Tuesday evening, September 24th. As a very choice program is being prepared, the people of Lillooet can look forward to a rare treat. The proceeds will go towards a carpet for the church altar.

R. A. Lucas, of the firm of Lucas, Steele and Bristol, wholesale grocers, Hamilton Ontario, came in on Tuesday's stage, leaving again next morning. Mr. Lucas is interested in the North Fork Co.

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.

MR. DOOLEY AGAIN.

First they was Hobson. He kissed a girl an' ivrybody says: 'Hang him. Kill the coal-scuttler.'

'Thin they was Dewey. He got married and th' people was f'r making matrimony a penal offense.

'An' now it's Schley's turn. I knew it was coming to Schley and here it comes. Ye used to think he was a gran' man that whipped old Cerveera comin' out of the harbor at Santiago called out 'Come on, boys,' and plunged into the old Spanish fleet and reduced it to scrap iron.

'That's what ye thought an' that's what I thought, an' we were wrong. We were wrong, Hinnissey. I've been reading a three histhry iv th' campaign by wan iv th' greatest historyans now employed in th' supply stores of the Brooklyn navy-yard. Like myself he's a fireside veteran of the war and says th' historyan: "The conduct iv Schley durin' th' campaign was such as to bring th' bright blush iv shame to ivry man on th' pay roll of our beloved counthry. It is well known that whin ordered be th' gallant Jawn D. Long, he tried to jump overboard and swim ashore. He was chloryformed and kept under hatches till the ship was off th' coast iv Floridy.

When he come to he fainted at the sight iv a Spanish d tchmry, and when a mid-hipman wint by with a box iv Castile soap, he fell on the deck raving in fear, an' exclaimed "th' war is over. I'm shot."

"Off Cyenfoogoose he see a starvin reconcentrado on th' shore an' crie out There's Cerveera. Tell him to com on boord and accept my soord."

"whin the caitiff wretch see brave Cerveera comin' out iv the harbor iv Santiago he r-run up th' signal: 'Cease firin'. I'm a prisoner.'

"His face was red with fear an' he cried in a voice that cud be herd th' length iv the ship: 'He dont see th' signal. I've surrendered, Cerveera. I'm done. I've quit. I'm all in. Com' an' take off me buttons. Great nivins we're lost. He's sinkin' before we can surrinder. Oh, war is a terribl thing.

"I have attimpted to be fair to Admiral Schley. If I am not it is his own fault an' mine. I can only add that it's th' opinion of all th' boys in th' store that he ought to be hanged, drawn quartered, burnt at th' stake, biled in oil as a caitiff, cow'rd an' th raitor.

'I should think Schley'd try an' prove an alibi,' Mr. Hennessy suggested pleasantly.

'He can't,' said Dooley. 'His friend Sampson got that.'

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.

The Tale of a Stamp.

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp,
A two center:
Don't want to brag,
But I was never
Licked
Except once;
By a gentleman, too.
He put me on
To a good thing;
It was an envelope,
Perfumed, pink, square;
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since:
He dropped us
The envelope and me
Through a slot in a dark box;
But we were rescued
By a mail clerk,
More's the pity;
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer;
It left my face
Black and blue;
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days;
And when we arrived,
The pink envelope and me
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl;
With the stunningest pair
Of blue eyes
That ever blinked;
Say! she's a dream;
Well, she mutilated
The pink envelope
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hair pin;
Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully!
I would be stuck
On her if I could.
Well, she placed
The writing back
In the pink envelope.
Then she kissed me.
Oh, you little godlets!
Her lips were ripe
As cherries
And warm
As the summer sun,
We,
The pink envelope and me,
Are now nestling
Snugly in her bosom;
We can hear
Her heart throb;
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
Oh, say
This is great
I'm glad I'm a stamp.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state, one in this county required, to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house 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.

It's a pity some men can't draw checks as well as they can inferences.

Lots of men know how to cure hams but not to pro-cure them.

Mineral Act, 1896.

[Form F.]

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Alhambra, Night Hawk, Metropolitan, Lurgan Fraction No. 1 and Lurgan Fraction No. 2 Mineral Claims situate in the Lillooet Mining Division of Lillooet District. Where located: Cadwallader Creek.

Take notice that I, A. S. Brackett, Free Miner's certificate No. B 18157, Agent for Milton Rathbun, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 18158, 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 sixteenth day of July, 1901.

A. S. BRACKETT.

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.

NOTICE.

The Seaton Lake Saw Mill will be closed down for the time being.

Mr. E. S. Peters is in charge of the yard and will attend to all orders.

All accounts will be paid to Mr. Peters, who is authorized to collect the same.

DUGUID & SANSON.

JNO. WAWN

LILLOOET, B. C.

Shoemaker.

Repairs neatly executed. Harness made and repaired.

Inland Cigar Manufacturing Co.

OF B.C., LTD.

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LA MORENA

KAMLOOPS, B.C.

Canadian Pacific

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Service for 1901 commencing June 10th, 1901

Four Days Across the Continent

This is the fastest and best equipped train crossing the continent. If you are going East there are some facts regarding this service, and the scenery along the CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. which you should know.

The time is arranged to pass the greatest scenic features of the line during daylight.

Pamphlets furnished free on application to any C. P. R. Agent or to

E. J. COYLE, A. G. P. A., Vancouver, B. C. — THOS. CLARK, Agent, Lytton, B.C.

R. J. ATKIN

Lillooet, B. C.

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Hardware
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Miners Supplies
Farm Implements
Harness & Saddlery
Furniture, etc..

All orders promptly attended to.

Royal Hotel,

Sucker Creek, B.C.

JOHN COLLUM, Prop.

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

Stable in connection.

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.

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WHITE LABOR ONLY.

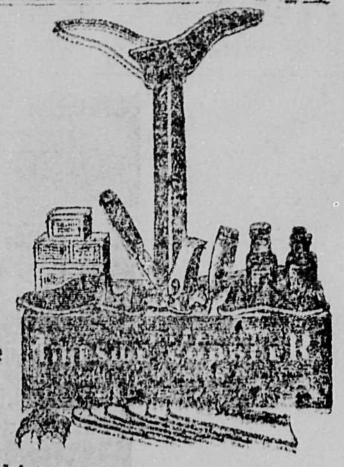
Fireside Cobblers' Outfits

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.



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122 Cordova Street, Vancouver, B. C.

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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

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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 McCORH, 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.

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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.

Cariboo and Lillooet Stage Lines.

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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 C... at Soda creek.

Special ...

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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.

BAILEY HOTEL.

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

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