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THE SLOCAN DRILL.

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MEETING OF COUNCIL

NEW COMMISSIONERS HAVE BEEN APPOINTED.

W. A. Harvey Makes Charges Against the Chief of Police, but They Excite no Comment—Tax Rate Bylaw Given [illegible] reading.

The regular meeting of the city council was held on Monday night, those present being Mayor McNeish, Ald. Worden, Madden and Teeter.

Correspondence read: From the provincial secretary, Victoria, stating that Ald. Smith and Geo. Nichol had been appointed police and license commissioners. Filed.

From W. A. Harvey, making certain charges against the chief of police. It excited no comment and, on the suggestion of Ald. Worden, was referred to the newly appointed police commissioners.

Bills presented: Payroll for March, $76. 6. Ordered paid.

Three bills were sent in from David Arnot, for $4.90, 40 cents, and $2.50 respectively, the first two being for goods supplied last year. Referred to finance committee.

Bylaw No. 22, being the tax rate bylaw, was taken up and given its third reading. Ordered reconsidered and finally passed at the next meeting of council.

Ald. Teeter advised that the drift wood and brush lodged beneath the first bridge over the river be removed, so as to avoid danger when the high water comes.

Ald. Worden suggested writing the government agent, Kaslo, for the provincial authorities putting up their share of the expense. He then moved that the clerk do so, seconded by Ald. Madden, and the motion carried.

Ald. Madden, for the health committee, reported that C. Liebel was able to be around.

Council adjourned.

Fishing for Suckers.

Wily stockbrokers are ever on the alert to capture the unsuspecting sucker. A smooth, polished game to that end is being worked by P. C. Kullman & Co., fiscal agents, of Wall street, New York, circulars from whom have been received here offering stock in the Imperial Corona Gold Mining Co., of Idaho. Fifty thousand shares are offered to the public at 10 cents a share, a 30 per cent commission being given to agents. One dollar invested will, according to all their experts, bring $40 return. The ore assays $720 to the ton in gold; milling average $100, besides concentrates; and the engineers would not be surprised if it would average $200 with depth. Thousands of tons of ore are in sight and the cost to mine and mill is only $2.50 a ton. Shares in this veritable mint may be had for only 10 cents! What a snap! And yet the gold-bricked suckers will afterwards say mining is not a paying investment.

Death of J. H. Cavanah.

Old-timers here were painfully surprised on Saturday to learn of the death of J. H. Cavanah at Lethbridge. He was at one time a resident of Slocan, having been engaged in the mercantile business in the building now occupied by the Victoria Hotel. Deceased was manager for the Hudson Bay Co. at Lethbridge, and death resulted from an operation for an internal ailment. He was a man widely known and respected. A widow and six children survive.

Catholics Will Build.

The Catholic congregation here purpose erecting a new church this summer. They own two lots on the west side of Harold street, close to Fletcher avenue, having purchased them a year ago. Father Jeannotte states his people have money in the treasury, and have considerable church fixtures, so it will take but little more to pay for construction. The new building will be in keeping with the needs of the congregation.

Appointed at Last.

Slocan's dignity as a city has been saved, but only by a mighty close margin. The government has at last supplied the burg with police and license commissioners, last week's Gazette containing the momentous announcement. The honor has fallen upon Ald. Smith and George Nichol, Mayor McNeish making the third. Both appointees have been there before.

Removed to Edmonton.

Rev. Wm. Simons, pastor of Knox church, with his wife and family, are leaving this week for their new home in Edmonton, he having secured a mission near that town. Mr. Simons, in the 18 months he has been here, has had no snap, but has done well. All the floating liabilities he found on the congregation when he arrived have been practically wiped out, and the list of members has been increased. Mr. and Mrs. Simons take with them the respect and esteem of the populace.

ARE LOYAL TO PARTY.

Nelson Conservative Association Place Themselves on Record.

In Nelson there has always existed a bunch of disgruntled and dissatisfied men who claimed to be Conservatives, and who, unless things came their way, raised a fuss and endeavored to make trouble for their fellows of the true ilk. In the last provincial campaign they abstained from assisting the party nominee, but he nevertheless triumphed at the polls, having been backed by the full weight of the stalwarts of the Conservative Association. Lately this disgruntled faction sought to form a new association, at the same time seeking to impugn the motives of the parent body as hostile to the cause of the party and the government of the province.

To offset the mischievous machinations of the combination, the executive of the regular association met on Monday and drafted the appended statements, which were ordered sent to Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Hon. Richard McBride, A. H. MacNeill, J. Schofield, Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, and the member for Nelson:

In view of the false statements recently made as to the loyalty of the Nelson Liberal-Conservative Association, and especially the attempt of the dissentient minority at a public meeting held in the board of trade rooms on the 5th inst., to misrepresent the attitude of the association, the executive hereby declares:

1. That this association did at the last provincial election faithfully support and work for the success of the Liberal-Conservative government:

2. That in consequence of what was considered by the constituency as a whole the unfair treatment of the member for Nelson by the lieutenant-governor and the premier in connection with a cabinet appointment, this association did, on Nov. 21st, 1903, refuse to support a resolution of confidence in the government, the reason being its desire to show its disapproval of the action of the leader of the government in that one particular, but without any intention of placing itself in avowed opposition to the government. Further, the motion referred to was introduced against the advice of the president as being inopportune whilst public feeling was excited at the incident, and in addition the introducer of the motion had not himself been a supporter of the party and did not work or vote to place the government in power.

3. This executive declares that the association is in all party matters a loyal supporter of the party and government, both in provincial and dominion politics, notwithstanding any statements to the contrary. F. J. Starkey, president; D. M. Macdonald, secretary; W. Blakemore, A. J. Marks, R. Weir, W. E. McCandlish, J. Hepburn, W. Irvine, J. A. Irving, W. J. Macnab, J. J. Malone, J. W. Holmes, S. M. Brydges.

Must Pay Up Today.

Pre-emptors of crown lands must have their back payments and taxes, with interest, paid up by today, otherwise their records will be cancelled. During the week a number of settlers in this locality have made good their delinquencies and will save their properties. The government is taking energetic action to collect all monies due them from every source.

Creek Work Commenced.

Harvey Fife got the piledriver into shape this week and made a start on the protective works to Springer creek. He has been delayed owing to the snow and even yet has to slush round in it. The contract is to be completed by May 1, and unless something unforeseen occurs will be finished on time. The creek is rising rapidly.

Shingle Mill Starts Up.

On Monday men went to work at the local shingle mill overhauling the machinery and getting things in shape for starting up. Steam was got up yesterday and the machinery started. Several of the old hands are at work and the balance of the crew come from Salmo. Orders for 2,000,000 shingles are on hand.

County Court.

A number of cases from here came before Judge Forin in county court at Nelson, on Monday. Provost cases—C.P.R. garnishees; stands to the next court by consent. Norcross vs Koch, settled out of court. Johnston vs Murphy, adjourned until the next court.

Ore Body Widened Out.

Manager McPhee of the Ottawa reported on Wednesday that the ore body in the No. 4 workings had widened out to two feet. It is immediately below the big chute struck in the No. 3. The ore is very high grade. About 20 men are employed at the mine.

ZINC SMELTER FOR FERNIE.

Large Works to be Built, also a Lead Smelter.

The Fernie Free Press states the indications point to a zinc smelter being built at that place. As has been known for some time the choice of the location lay between Frank and Fernie. The latter, Mr. Fernau admits, possesses every advantage, excepting in the price demanded for fuel.

To understand the matter correctly it must be remembered that a zinc smelter uses only slack coal. The slack is used in the by-product ovens, where it is converted into coke and the coke is afterwards used in the furnaces. The zinc smelter would use 100 tons of slack a day throughout the year, and that amount would probably be increased to 300 tons a day by the third year. At Frank the slack is not valued as highly as it is at Fernie, for the reason that the coke plant is not built at Frank, while in Fernie the plant is in operation and the slack is estimated at coke valuation, less the cost of labor. Therefore a considerable difference exists in the two rates quoted Mr. Fernau. Every other detail has been arranged between Mr. Fernau and the Crow's Nest Coal Co., and the latter is now considering an offer from the former, in which a compromise in the price of slack is suggested. Mr. Fernau does not ask as low a price as quoted by Frank, for the reason that Fernie possesses a material advantage in transportation rates.

It is believed the coal company will agree to the compromise suggested, even if they do not realize so much from the slack as they would otherwise by converting it into coke. The company is anxious for the location of the industry at Fernie, for the indirect benefit that will spring from it and from the impetus it will have in bringing kindred industries to the place.

The announcement made some time ago that Mr. Fernau had given up his project of interesting Belgian capital in a lead smelter for the Kootenays was made prematurely. He has not given up the idea, but on the other hand he is working steadily with that object in view. More than that, the site for the smelter if the plans materialize will be at Fernie.

The whole matter resolves itself into a question of transportation rates on lead ores. The C.P.R. is asked to haul ore to Fernie at half the present rate on fuel for western points. It is believed the C.P.R. can afford to do this, as the traffic from Fernie is nearly all westward and the cars return empty.

This smelter will mean the initial expenditure of one million dollars for plant, etc., and a steady and increasing payroll for the staff of employees. It is stated the smelter will on the start treat 600 tons of lead ore per day.

A Bad Mudslide.

A bad mudslide took place on the Slocan river branch road, close to Winlaw, on Tuesday night, and played havoc with the track. Upwards of 300 feet of the roadbed was taken out and carried into the river, the rails being twisted or broken. Wednesday's train from Nelson was cancelled, no mail coming up for the Slocan, and several local people were detained in the county town. A number of through passengers arrived in here Wednesday and had to remain over till next day.

Yesterday word was brought up of a still larger slide nearer this place, so there is no telling when the train will arrive here.

Had to Hoof It.

Wednesday's Nelson train got as far as the Junction and then went back to the city, taking the mail and most of the passengers. Five local men, Messrs. Smith, Anderson, Allen, Savage and Rogers, came up to the slide on the work train and then walked home. They were refused the use of a handcar, and deemed themselves fortunate in being permitted to use the track.

A Disastrous Slide.

A disastrous slide occurred east of Revelstoke on Monday, wrecking the private car of Supt. Kilpatrick. Trainmaster T. Downie and another man were killed and Kilpatrick seriously injured. The latter was one of the original owners of the Speculator, in this camp.

Silver Quotations.

Following are the quotations for bar silver on the various days during the week since last issue:

Thursday	54¼ cents
Friday	54¼ "
Saturday	53¾ "
Monday	53⅝ "

OUR ORE SHIPMENTS

SUBSTANTIAL SHOWING MADE BY THIS DIVISION.

Last Year's Shipments Were 1339 Tons—A Healthy Evidence of the Life and Wealth of the Camp—Ottawa is the Biggest Shipper.

The Ottawa succeeded in loading a car of ore this week, being the only shipment from the division. Any attempt at handling ore over the roads now is a heartbreaking job. Nothing has commenced to move from the Enterprise. To date shipments total 452 tons.

For 1903 the ore shipments from the local division amounted to 1339 tons, made up from 17 properties. Following is a full list of the shipments this year to date:

MINE.	WEEK.	TOTAL
Enterprise		160
Ottawa	22	195
Neepawa		16
Port Hope		7
Republic		32
Black Prince		35
Sapphire		2
Argentite		5
Black Fel		2
	22	452

MINES AND MINING.

The Highlander, at Ainsworth, is to start up.

The Texas lost its cabins by a slide this week.

Rossland mines last week exported 6143 tons of ore.

Shipments of ore have been resumed from the Le Roi.

The Fisher Maiden, Four Mile, has reduced its force.

Operations are shortly to be resumed at the Jackson concentrator.

A settlement is in sight between the Last Chance and American Boy.

The mines of the Boundary camp last week handled 15,480 tons of ore.

It is on the cards for zinc reduction works to be established on the Bosun.

The lessees of the Cinderella-Medford have shipped their seventh carload of ore.

Sandon mines last week shipped 288 tons of ore, 96 tons of which was zinc from the Payne.

The Ottawa got out a carload of ore this week and a second is being handled as far as the transfer.

The crosscut on the Myrtle has passed the 300 foot mark, and will reach the ledge next month.

The breaking up of rawhiding has caused the Blue Bird to shut down and the Sunset to cut its force.

R. I. Kirkwood took a couple of men up this week to work on a claim he owns at the mouth of Ten Mile.

The small force at the Howard Fraction came down on Friday, the bad trails preventing supplies going in.

The ore streak being followed in the No. 4 tunnel on the Ottawa is extra high grade, containing much native silver.

The O. S. Lumber Co.'s mill at the head of the lake commenced cutting material last week for the new Monitor concentrator.

Poplar citizens are excited over the find of a pocket of gold nuggets in the ledge of the Lucky Jack, the value of the yellow stuff being set at $1000.

The Spokesman-Review reports the Legal, on Lemon, bonded for upwards of $250,000. An extra 0 has been used, causing a mistake which other papers in the country have readily copied, and it has set the "mouths" of the camp a-clacking.

CULLINGS.

R. J. McPhee has not got the gout.

The K & S. road has been damaged in three or four places by slides.

A slide near Alamo put the Nakusp road out of business for the greater part of the week.

Ald. Smith left on Thursday for a week's trip to Crow's Nest and adjacent prairie points.

A slide took out the K. & S. trestle at the Payne on Tuesday, and did a lot of other damage.

Dr. Gomm and J. R. Cameron have been gazetted police and license commissioners for Sandon.

H. M. Walker lost his residence at New Denver by fire on Tuesday morning, the blaze catching from the stovepipe. He and his father saved a few things.

J. J. Humphrey, one of the first capitalists to exploit the Slocan, died in Portland last Friday, aged 46. He was a director of the Rambler-Cariboo company.

Little Sister

... By ...
F. B. WRIGHT

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"Aren't you going to answer my question? Won't you take me with you?"

Clifford Vane turned with surprise as he heard the voice. A girl with deep brown eyes and hair in which there was a tint of gold was standing beside the boat, her skirts blown out against her slender figure. The fluttering sail had made so much noise that Vane had not heard the girl before. He frowned unconsciously, for he was in no humor for company.

"It's too rough today. There's a nasty sea running, and you'll get wet through," he answered.

"As if I cared for that! And if it's so rough why do you venture out?"

"Because I want to. Because it suits my mood."

The words sounded rude, but Marjorie Winthrop knew from the intent expression on Vane's face as he gazed out on the black clouds, the sullen green water of the bay and the wind blown whitecaps that he was speaking more to himself than to her.

"And if it suits my mood?"

"You with moods, child?" Vane said wonderingly. "What can you know of thoughts black enough to suit with such a day. Go back to your dolls or read your pretty fairy love stories and believe in their truth as long as you can," he added bitterly.

"You think because I'm only seventeen I'm not to feel and think."

"Think only of pleasant things."

"But if the day suits me it is pleasant. Please take me."

"What will your mother say?"

"She won't care. She only thinks of Edith. If it was Edith, now, it would be different, but I'm not such a valuable cargo. No one will bother about me."

There was a quaver in the girl's voice that made Vane look at her. She was looking out over the yeasty water with misty eyes and set mouth.

"All right," said Vane after a moment's hesitation. "I'm in a reckless mood. Let fate take care of us. What will be will be. Jump in."

* * * * * * *

It was a gusty day, and the Dot, too light for such weather, her lee rail almost under water, staggered under the flaws, every now and then burying her nose into the rollers and sending a shower of spray into the boat. Vane had all he could do to manage her and for a time forgot his companion and almost his gloomy thoughts in the grim pleasure of his contest with wind and storm lashed sea. It was Edith Winthrop he was thinking of, the woman who had led him on to love her and then thrown him over for another man. Edith did not care. Every one must be sacrificed for her amusement—yes, even this child, her sister. At the thought he glanced at the girl where she sat poised out to windward, like some spirit of the sea, her hair blowing in the wind, her cheeks aglow with excitement, her eyes fixed with a far-away look on the horizon. Vane had never noticed how pretty she was before. He had always thought of her as a mere child, and, lo, she was a woman. What was she thinking of? he wondered.

As if in answer to the question, Marjorie turned and met his eyes for an instant and then looked away.

"You've heard of Edith's engagement?" she said.

"Yes," answered Vane, setting his teeth hard. "I only found it out today."

"I knew it weeks ago. You thought she cared for you?"

"Yes."

"You might have known she didn't. Van Allstyne is a richer man than you—in money. It's wealth and power she wants, and attention and admiration. Love! She doesn't know what it means. And you thought she had a heart!" cried the girl. "This sea has more."

"I know it now," said Vane, "when it's too late."

"And you—can you care for her still?" asked Marjorie after a silence.

"Yes—at least I care for the ideal I thought her."

"What did you think her?"

"Brave, courageous, noble hearted, with a soul as beautiful as her body, a comrade for a man, to face with him the storms of life, a woman tender and true, to fight for and dare for. I would have tried to give her everything she wanted. No man can love her as I do—and now"— Vane laughed bitterly as an ending to his sentence.

"Why did you come out today in this gale?" said Marjorie. "Is your life so worthless to you that you would risk it because a thoughtless woman has wounded you?"

"My life! What does it matter? I don't care."

"I thought you didn't," returned the girl gravely. "I knew you didn't. That's why I came. I couldn't let you come alone."

"And you came because you thought"—

"You would be reckless? Yes."

"And you were not afraid?"

"No. Why should I be? I knew you would take care of me—if not of yourself." The girl smiled at him confidently. "I am perfectly safe with you," she added.

So Marjorie had risked her life for him, so that in his desperate humor he should not go alone. But how came she, a mere child, to understand? She, at least, had a heart to make some man happy. And here he was putting her life at the mercy of the sea to gratify his selfish mood of bitterness. Well, he must get her home at once—then—Van thought he did not much care what happened afterward.

It was blowing harder as Vane came about and slacked the sheet for the run to the far distant boathouse and the hotel on the hill. They were going before the wind now, the boat rolling dangerously in the clutch of the sea, the waves behind following with hungry jaws and threatening every moment to engulf them.

With braced body and strained muscles, every sense alert, Vane gripped the tiller, striving to hold the boat against the swirling buffets of the waves, his one thought to get her safe to land. Every moment the wind increased, every moment the bay became more tumultuous. Would they make it? he wondered.

They were nearly opposite the boathouse when there came a sudden whirl of wind from between the hills ahead. Vane had but time to cry a warning when the sail jibed, the boom came swinging over with an angry snarl, the boat was flung upon her beam ends, and the next moment he found himself entangled in cordage and battling for his life beneath the waves. With desperate fingers he cleared himself and came to the surface. And Marjorie—where was she? Good God! Had she been struck by the boom and made unconscious or killed, or had she, too, been carried down by the sinking boat?

For an agonized moment Vane could see no sign of her, and then he spied her just coming to the surface. She was going down again when he caught her and started for the shore. It was a long swim against a tide that seemed to drag him down as if with clutching hands, but Vane swore he would save this girl who had risked her life for him or lose her own. He could see people running to the boathouse now and getting out the boat. How slow they were! Would they never come? His muscles were giving out, his breath came heavily, his limbs felt like lead. Could he hold out? They were wearing fast now. He tried to revive his failing strength, to overmaster his weakness. The world grew black before him, and then a strong arm gripped his shoulder, and he and Marjorie were lifted into the boat and rowed toward shore.

* * * * * * *

In those days afterward, while Marjorie hovered between life and death, Clifford Vane learned how much he could do for this girl, this girl he thought was a child and now knew to be the woman in all the world for him. Gone was his love for Edith Winthrop. He knew now that he had in her sister all that Edith had seemed and more. And there came a day when he was permitted to see her.

He found her on an upper piazza of the hotel clad in a soft blue wrapper, her soft hair loose on her shoulders, and the smile her pale face held for him gave him hope that in saving her he had found happiness.

He Didn't Forget.

Many years ago, writes Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Ponkapog Papers," a noted Boston publisher used to keep a large memorandum book on a table in his private office. The volume always lay open, being the receptacle of nothing more important than hastily scrawled reminders to attend to this thing or the other.

It chanced one day that a very young, unfledged author, passing through the city, looked in upon the publisher, who was also the editor of a famous magazine. The unfledged had a copy of verses secreted about his person. The publisher was absent, and young Milton sat down and waited.

Presently his eye fell upon the memorandum book, lying there spread out like a morning newspaper, and almost in spite of himself he read: "Don't forget to see the binder," "Don't forget to mail E. his contract," "Don't forget H.'s proofs," and so forth.

An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote, "Don't forget to accept A.'s poem."

He left his manuscript on the table and disappeared. That afternoon, when the publisher glanced over his memoranda, he was not a little astonished at the last item, but his sense of humor was so strong that he did accept the poem—it required a strong sense of humor to do that—and sent the lad a check for it, although the verses remain to this day unprinted.

Still Wanting.

Old Simon, as we will call him, is quite a character in his way. He believes in asking for a thing until he gets it, and then—well, he is immediately in need of something else. He has lived on the same estate all his life and until quite recently he was paying a merely nominal rent—£1 a year—for the small cottage he occupied.

Simon, however, wasn't quite satisfied. Whenever he paid an installment of his rent he called his master's attention to the fact that this thing wanted doing and that thing wanted doing to the property. At length Simon's master decided on a bold move. The next time Simon turned up with the quarter's rent and the usual list of suggested repairs the owner was prepared to meet him.

"Look here, Simon," he remarked. "I've been thinking the matter over, and in recognition of your long and faithful service I'm going to make you a free gift of the cottage you live in. From this moment it's yours to do as you like with. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Thank 'e, sir—thank 'e," returned the old fellow. "An' now, sir, what about that bit o' paint for the back door? Ye'll throw that in, o' course?"—London Answers.

Modern Pandora

By Luellen Peters

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Janet Allston quickly seized her suit case and started out as the train thundered into the station at the little resort, eager to make her escape before Carrington, who sat in the back of the car, should espy her. In his party she recognized a supercilious beauty whose name had lately been significantly linked with his, and several comfortable looking dowagers who had come down, as she, to either stay with friends or at the big hotel over the regular Saturday night hop.

She felt ashamed of her innumerable bundles, each breathing its own secret of chocolates, early hothouse peaches for dear Aunt Caroline, and some magazines.

Cousin Tom's happy, ruddy face was not visible among the crowd of people on the platform. She glanced around in desperation, anxious to secure the services of a hackman to carry her at once to her destination, but beyond a few private vehicles there was nothing available.

Over her shoulder sounded Carrington's deep voice and Lilian Royer's silvery, airy laughter. She started nervously, dropping the telltale parcel of peaches, which scattered compromisingly in all directions through the throng.

"Let me help you!" Carrington jumped with alacrity to her aid, restoring the downy, pink cheeked fruit to her arms.

An icy "Thank you" rewarded him. Womanlike, angry at the innocent offender, she felt like venting her displeasure on him.

"I suppose your cousin meets you?" he inquired, pausing for a second as the ladies accompanying him moved on.

"Oh, yes," she replied lightly, hoping that he would not detect the delinquent's absence.

She squared her back on the group as the Carrington trap, in the hands of a trim groom, rolled noiselessly up, and the ladies were helped in. There was a whir of rushing wheels, and a cloud of dust indicated its flight down the country road. Tears of mortification and anger welled up in her eyes. Were it not so far she would walk the distance, bundles, suit case and all. A black speck was coming rapidly toward her far up the highway. It finally revealed red and black wheels. A sensation of mingled annoyance, pride and timidity swept over her as she saw that, after all, it was not her cousin, but Carrington, who had evidently lost no time in returning from his stables.

"I suppose your relatives didn't expect you until the 5:30," he said pleasantly as he drove up. "I was afraid you would attempt to walk the distance. Won't you let me drive you over?"

"Thank you—I will wait for Tom," she said, blushing at the falsity of her position.

"I came back purposely to get you," he went on, ignoring her discouraging glance. "It's hard on the peaches. They'll be overripe if you keep them in this hot sun much longer. Come, please."

She hesitated visibly. "For the sake of the peaches, then," she assented, reaching him her parcels.

"I will not question the conditions," he replied.

"It would be of no use," she answered in his vein, "for I never argue."

They drove smoothly over the white, threadlike road, under the canopy of trees, talking indifferently on superficial subjects, the man not insensible to the charm of her laughing eyes and nut brown face, the girl responsive to every flash of his blue eyes and inwardly delighting in his slightest mannerism. Between them lay the unconfessed joy of a past summer time, when he had been her constant attendant at this same place, until golden haired Lilian Royer arrived one day as a guest of his mother. Involuntarily she sighed, and the man, finding its echo in his own heart, repeated it.

"You will be at the hop tonight?" he asked as he deposited her at her destination.

"My frock is here." She pointed to her suit case.

"Your cousin said Egerton was coming down too." He watched her face narrowly as he spoke.

"A later train," she said evenly. "I decided to come on the 3 o'clock special."

He could make nothing of her explanation, however, as he thought her words over after leaving her. Surely, if report were true that the two were in love and to be married, it looked odd that they did not plan to arrive on the same train. His mind revolved on Janet's speech in spite of his attempts to dismiss it.

Janet promptly thought no more about him, unable long ago to find an excuse for his changed behavior. Opening her suit case, she began to draw out her small wardrobe. The articles seemed peculiarly unfamiliar. She shut it hastily, intently scanning the modest initials, "J. A." on the side. It surely was hers, but how could it be when before her was a vision of fluffy, lace trimmed pink crepe de chine, with a low cut bodice bordered with dainty wild roses; pink silk stockings, a pink fan, a rose spray for the hair and down in one corner a pair of high heeled pink slippers? What hallucination of the brain was this, or was it the triumph of an aggregation of the day's annoyances?

She laughed and cried hysterically. They belonged to somebody else, but she either had to wear them or remain at home. The ample dimensions of Aunt Caroline's dresses forbade any further consideration of them.

Like her prototype, Pandora, when she opened the case she let the witches out. The woman who hesitates meets the proverbial fate. By the aid of pins the waist was adjusted trimly to her more slender figure, the toes of the frivolous slippers were stuffed out with tissue paper, and the balance of the toilet was made to her complete satisfaction.

The hop progressed as all similar affairs do where there is a sprinkling of black coats and pretty girls. Janet, promenading the room on Egerton's arm, recognized a familiar white frock coming toward her. With sickening dread of an impending scene she saw that its wearer was Lilian Royer, and Carrington walked beside her.

"I am afraid there has been some mistake in our suit cases," Miss Royer cried sharply. "I don't see how it could possibly have happened. You must have taken mine—by mistake."

Janet drew herself up ominously, indignant at the insinuation.

"The initials were the same as mine," she explained, with very red cheeks. "To all outward appearance it looked like my suit case. Since I came down here for the dance I had no alternative but to wear this dress or stay at home. It was no fault of mine that the mistake was made, I assure you."

Miss Royer glanced contemptuously at the white dress she wore. "I was forced to wear yours," she said, "not having any other with me. I took my sister's suit case, Mrs. Adams—Julia's. She used mine, for it held more. I am sure you will not object to coming with me now to the dressing room and exchanging."

"Certainly not," Janet said proudly.

There was a frown settling on Carrington's brow. He was conscious of a strong desire to take Janet in his arms and anathematize Miss Royer in forcible terms. But the sting of a broken half promise and forgotten vows held him aloof.

"What a little hypocrite she is!" Miss Royer exclaimed to him as she took her across the floor. "She knew all along it was mine." Carrington made no comment.

Half an hour later, after a solitary smoke in a retired corner of the piazza, he came upon a little white figure crying all alone.

"Janet," he whispered anxiously, bending tenderly over her, "don't cry. Where is that confounded Egerton? He shouldn't leave you here alone."

She raised her head proudly, her tear clouded eyes flashing. "Why always that man?" she cried childishly. "I hate him. I only want to be alone. Please go away."

"You're not engaged to him? You don't like him?" He could hardly accredit what his ears heard. "They told me the day was set and"—

Janet put a soft little hand over his mouth.

"You did not seem to care sufficiently to find out—the truth," she said.

"I was afraid of hearing the deathblow to my own hopes," he answered her. "Janet"—he grasped her hands boldly in his—"tell me now—I want my fate settled at once—can't we go back to that last sweet summer time and start all over again, you and I? Can't we, dear? And we'll let the world know it tonight, so that they will leave us alone hereafter. Will you, Janet?"

The throb of the orchestra drowned the silence. Carrington put his arms around her, and she did not protest against it.

She Was Grateful.

Mr. Brown's business kept him so occupied during the daytime that he had little opportunity to enjoy the society of his own children. When some national holiday gave him a day of leisure his young son was usually his chosen companion. One day, however, Mr. Brown, reproached by the wistful eyes of his seven-year-old daughter, reversed the order of things and invited the little girl to go with him for a long walk.

She was a shy, silent, small person, and during the two hours' stroll not a single word could Mr. Brown induce the little maid to speak, but her shining eyes attested that she appreciated his efforts to amuse her—indeed, she fairly glowed with suppressed happiness.

Just before they reached home, however, the child managed, but only after a tremendous struggle with her inherent timidity, to find words to express her gratitude.

"Papa, what flower do you like best?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know, my dear—sunflowers, I guess."

"Then," cried the little girl, beaming with gratitude, "that's what I'll plant on your grave!"—Woman's Home Companion.

No Green Cheese Moon For Her.

The little girl was on a visit to her grandfather, a clergyman who is celebrated in the city for his logical powers.

"Oh, my! Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Open the Bible on the table and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she was half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and animals she turned to her grandfather, her eyes bright with the excitement of discovery, and said:

"I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

FINDING OF "HER"

By LOUISE J. STRONG

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The stagecoach slowly emptied itself as the travelers reached their various destinations, until only three were left to be stranded by a breakdown at a cluster of houses called a town. Two of them were residents of the country, neighbors returning from a business trip necessitated by the bogus sales of a bogus land agent, which had involved their property.

The third traveler was a woman from a far New England town, whose whole life, up to her comely middle age, had been spent in the rush and turmoil of a monster factory. To her the wide, illimitable plain was a revelation of the vastness of God's domain, and she brooded over it in silent, dreamy contemplation. She smiled and answered pleasantly when spoken to, but had volunteered no information concerning herself, and Lee and Bainbridge felt some curiosity as to her destination.

They knew nobody in the sparsely settled region beyond who was expecting company, and such an event would be news for fifty miles around.

She had accepted the detaining accident without worry or impatience and after supper sat on the porch of the small hotel, her eyes fixed in wondering awe upon the distant mountains, beyond whose peaks streamed the glory of the setting sun.

"She looks like home," Bainbridge said, indicating her with a nod.

"She's that kind," Lee returned, with the assurance of knowledge gained by experience. He was a married man.

They lounged out and took a bench near her.

"Going on with the coach, ma'am?" Lee ventured after awhile.

"Why, yes," she replied pleasantly, rousing. "I'm going out near Wallace."

"Why, that's our postoffice! Just a shack, you know—store and postoffice together. Are you locating in that neighborhood?"

"Yes, quite near. And you are some of our neighbors? That's good! I seem to almost know you. I'm Almira Burton." She laughed like a pleased child and put out her hand as she introduced herself.

The men exchanged startled glances at the name, but they shook hands cordially.

"I am Bob Lee; have a wife (best in the world) and four towheads. This is Wilsie Bainbridge, the old bachelor who 'lived by himself,'" Lee went on loquaciously.

"I'm glad there are children near. I am going to miss ours at home so dreadfully," she said.

"Maybe they won't be what you'd call near," he laughed. "Anything's 'near' out here inside of twenty miles."

"Our quarter section is two miles south of Wallace, and the agent said there'd be a railroad soon. I hope you're not far away."

"You bought, I reckon," Bainbridge said. "Land's all been taken up round here ever so long."

"Yes, that's what the agent said; though it doesn't seem possible. Why, it's just one great ocean of land out here. I didn't realize there was so much—and all taken. But some folks own miles, don't they?"

Bainbridge nodded, and she went on with a deprecatory smile at her former ignorance. "Our place seemed so big—a hundred and sixty acres—and that is big when you've never had even a garden spot—just rooms and a tiny mite of a dooryard!"

"It does," Lee assented. "I came from that kind of a home myself—hardware clerk and wife a teacher back in Ohio. Tell you, we stretched out here!"

He did not say that their "stretch" covered several miles, as he might.

"We're going to raise cattle as soon as we get started." She seemed suddenly to feel herself among friends and neighbors, who had a right to know the prospects and intentions of the newcomers. "We think it will be easier for Tom, and we've heard it was more profitable than ordinary farming."

"Tom is, maybe, your husband?" Lee insinuated.

"Land, no!" she laughed, her plump face rosy. "He's my brother—all the folks I've got. I raised him, and, like me, he's been a factory worker all his life. He's married and has two little tots, so smart."

"Thomas H. and A. Burton—that the names you bought under?" Bainbridge queried, with a warning glance at Lee.

"Why, yes; how did you know? Oh, I expect you saw it in the agents' list of sales."

"Yes, ma'am, and I noticed particularly because that quarter is right next to me; in fact, just into mine. Of course I felt an interest in such near neighbors."

"Why, I'm real glad!" she said heartily; "real glad. I don't feel at all as if I was going among strangers, meeting my neighbors this way."

"Are you going to live there alone?" Lee inquired boldly.

Her face clouded. "I must for awhile. I am going to hire a dugout or some kind of shelter put up, and I want to start things as soon as I can. Tom's sickly, and he's dreadfully run down. He couldn't be alone out here." A glow of confidence lighted her eyes, and she continued: "We've been saving a long time to get a home out in the country somewhere. Tom was never strong and the last year or two has developed consumptive tendencies, and the doctors advised him to come out in this part of the west and live. They say he'll get well and be stronger than ever. We got this land real cheap through the agent, and it's all paid for and enough over to bring me out and get some sort of shelter and a start in cattle. I thought I could buy some calves cheap, and I'll hire some breaking done and raise some grain and get chickens. They'll come out as soon as we get enough to bring them. I hope it won't be long, I'm so anxious about Tom." There was a thrill of apprehension in her voice. "He coughs bad at times and some days can hardly get to his work. Annie, his wife, goes in his place part of the time and makes him rest off and stay with the children. I must get them here as soon as possible."

"Yes, he needs to come," Lee said, regarding her with a sort of amazement.

"And look here," Bainbridge put in, "we'll put up your shanty and do your breaking, and it shan't cost you anything. We always do that for our new neighbors, and I guess we can rustle up some calves for you, and you return them when you're all here and your herd grows."

The tears rushed to her eyes, and she exclaimed: "Oh, what big hearts you have out here in this big country! I'll be the best neighbor you ever had. There's lots I can do for you if you are alone."

"Yes, ma'am; I reckon there is," he said awkwardly, a wistful pity mingling with the embarrassment in his face.

He strolled away presently, and Lee followed in obedience to a sly sign, and she relapsed into dreamy contemplation, her heart warm with the kindness of these new neighbors.

"Look here," Bainbridge said savagely when they were out of sight, "if you let it out I'll kill you!"

"That's right," Lee assured him. "What's a beggarly quarter section anyway? I'd cut 'em off that much and welcome."

"But it's already cut off of mine," Bainbridge bristled jealously. "That rascally blackguard! This is only one of the many pitiful cases of his thieving. But they've dropped right on to their feet! I'll fix it so they'll never know."

Lee gravely shook his hand, then burst out: "But Lordy, Lordy, the innocence of it! Cattle raising on a quarter section, and all the rest of it—them's the kind that fatten the rascals. But she's good! I've got a good woman. I know one when I see her."

"Yes, she's good," Bainbridge asserted absently. "Makes you feel like Sunday morning, and all the bells ringing."

"Ho, ho! I must tell Ellen that. She says you're a born poet and only need a good woman to bring it out."

"Reckon I've found her," Bainbridge grinned sheepishly, turning away.

The moon was diffusing a mellow daylight when he returned from a long walk in communion with himself. He found her still on the porch and sat down in awkward silence. Then he began abruptly: "Don't be frightened, Miss Burton, at what I'm going to say. My head's level; anybody round here'll tell you that. I always know what I want, and we do things quick out here. Once when I was young I was going to be married, but she died." He paused an instant. "Since that I never found any one I wanted till right now, and—and—I'm waiting to be married any minute you say so. If it's too quick I'll keep on waiting, but I'm not going to let anybody else have you."

"Mercy!" she gasped in helpless surprise, but with appreciation of his sturdy manhood gleaming in her eyes.

"I mean anybody out here," he amended. "Of course if there's one back there I'm out!"

She shook her head, her face one vivid flame.

"Well, then, I think you can trust me." He leaned toward her coaxingly, his strong hand swallowing hers. "Tom and Annie and the kids 'll be our next door neighbors, and if you get tired of me you can go back to them." His eyes twinkled.

She was still silent, and he went on: "We've been together several days and have a pretty good notion of each other—and I'll feel like the bottom had dropped out of everything if it isn't a go."

"I—I guess it's a 'go,'" she stammered.

"Glory!" he exclaimed, taking possession of her. "And see here—I'm going to telegraph money to fetch my brother-in-law out immediately! Give me a kiss, little woman."

Soil Wet and Dry.

Wet soil assumes a darker color than dry because its particles thus become semitransparent, as is the case also with a piece of wetted tissue paper or ground glass.

This change of color is due to the fact that the interstices between the grains of soil are filled with water, so that the number of reflecting surfaces, which in a dry condition scatter and break up the light, are greatly reduced in number. It follows that the total amount of light reflected to the eye is correspondingly diminished.

In short, as the color shade of an object depends upon the proportion of light that is reflected for all the light that falls upon it, dry soil is lighter in shade than wet, which reflects less light. That portion of incident light which wet soil fails to reflect penetrates below the surface, where it is lost or absorbed.

Flower of the Air.

There is a plant in Chile and a similar one in Japan called the "flower of the air." It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 to 700 miles and vegetates as it travels suspended on a twig.

THE DRILL

SLOCAN, B. C.

Use of Both Hands.

There are comparatively few people who can use both hands indifferently, yet this is a most sensible accomplishment. When one hand grows tired, the other should be able to take up the work, for thus more can be accomplished without undue fatigue. In the mechanical departments of German schools the boys are obliged to do much of the work with their left hands. They are taught to saw, plane and hammer equally well with both hands and to make large circles on the blackboard first with one hand and then with the other, says Home Notes.

Man, said to be the highest of animals, is the only one which cannot use all his limbs with equal ease. Man uses his eyes equally well and his legs, but how few people can make their left hands do even half of the things accomplished easily by the right. And this state of affairs is simply because the left hand is not trained. The child is generally not allowed to let it do its share of work, but is made to keep it idle while the right hand does the greater part of the work of the two.

Odd Cat Facts.

A good cat—the kind you want to have in the house, if any—will have a round, stubby pug nose, full, fat cheeks and upper lip and a well developed bump on the top of the head between the ears, betokening good nature. A sleepy cat that purs a good deal is apt to be playful and good natured. By all means to be avoided is a cat with thin, sharp nose and twitching ears. It must be remembered also that a good mouser is not necessarily a gentle or desirable pet. Although any good cat will catch mice if she is not overfed, quick, full, expressive eyes generally betoken a good mouser. The great mistake and probably the most common one in the care of domestic cats is overfeeding, particularly too much meat. In wild life the cat has exercise which enables her to digest her food. In the lazy house life the same full feeding leads to stomach troubles and to fits.

A Paradox.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" writes a correspondent to the editor of a leading daily paper. "I make bold to ask it because I know the deceased had many friends who'd be glad to hear of his death."—London Tit-Bits.

Should Russians still find it disagreeably cold at Port Arthur, it is not because Togo is not doing his best to make it hot for them.

At Blackburn Sarah Evans, a girl of 11, was found drowned in a canal, and the only explanation given of the sad affair is that the child had been scolded for playing truant.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Thomas Gilbert, aged 45, the Essex magistrate who suicided lately at Birkenhead after an ineffectual effort to shoot an actress, was looked upon as considerable of a mystery in the Colchester district, near which he at one time resided.

Too Many People Daily With Catarrh.—It strikes one like a thunderclap, develops with a rapidity that no other disease does. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the radical, quick, safe and pleasant cure that the disease demands. Use the means—prevent its deep-seating and years of distress. Don't dally with Catarrh. Agnew's gives relief in ten minutes. 50 cents.—97

Holbeach, Lincolnshire, Board of Guardians have admitted into the workhouse an old man named Robert Black, who has saved nine lives from drowning, but who from ill-health was unable to work, and was obliged to seek shelter. He was in possession of a medal and a watch presented to him for saving life.

The thousands of people who write to me, saying that

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cured them of chronic coughs, cannot all be mistaken. There must be some truth in it.

Try a bottle for that cough of yours.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. $10

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness, and regulate your bowels. You need Ayer's Pills. Vegetable; gently laxative. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

NFFY ONT. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

RESULT ALL THAT COULD BE ASKED

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Strain Caused by Heavy Lifting.

William Sharam Tells of His Precarious Condition, and His Happy Release From It.

Murray Harbor South, P.E.I., Apr. 4.—(Special.)—William Sharam, who keeps a general store here, is one of many hundreds in Prince Edward Island who have been rescued from chronic sickness, and made sound and well by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Sharam, who is always glad to say a word for the remedy that did so much for him, relates his experience as follows:

"I strained my back with heavy lifting, and the result was urinary and Kidney trouble, that left me in a very weak state, and at times I got so weak that I almost fainted, and could scarcely hold up.

"After trying several other medicines without relief, I concluded that it was a Kidney Disease I had, and would find the cure in a Kidney remedy, and decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The result was all that could be asked. I used ten boxes all told, and can now enjoy sweet sleep without being disturbed as heretofore, and my old troubles were banished."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease.

The Marquis of Tullibardine is helping to raise a troop of the Scottish Horse in Tiree, and already a score of men have given in their names. A smart recruiting party caught the eye of the impressionable Gael, but there's no blytheness among the girls over the new departure.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs rom viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammatio of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

From gay to usefulness—One of a pair of chestnuts that pulled King Edward through the streets of Swansea twenty years ago now hauls coal about the streets.

The Warminster guardians, thanvs to newspaper publicity, have received many applications from the unemployed of London, and have handed them over to the farmers in want of hands.

Dew baths are a fad in New York, which always did like cheap pleasure notwithstanding its desire to create the impression that it never has to think about the money end of its fun.

Raising Slaves For Market.

"No slaves, no slaves," says the Atlas Moor impatiently, "and in the town they are slow to raise them." I want an explanation of this strange complaint.

"What do you mean when you say they are slow to raise them?" I ask.

"In Marrakesh, now," he explains, "dealers buy the healthiest slaves they can find and raise as many children as is possible. Then so soon as the children are old enough to sell they are sold, and when the mothers grow old and have no more children they, too, are sold, but they do not fetch much then."

The infamy underlying this statement takes all words from me, but my informant sees nothing startling in the case and continues gravely:

"From six years old they are sold to be companions, and from twelve they go to the harems. Prices are good, too high indeed; $54 I must have paid this afternoon to purchase one, and when Mulai Mohammed reigned the price would have been $20, perhaps less, and for that one would have bought fat slaves. Where there is one caravan now there were ten of old times."—From "The Slave Market at Marrakesh," in Harper's.

Mary Magdalene's Grave.

Fifteen thousand pilgrims annually visit St. Baume, in Provence, not far from Marseilles, where Mary Magdalene is said to have spent the last thirty years of her life.

The legend, according to the Nouvelle Revue, runs that Mary Magdalene came from Judæa in a small boat with Lazarus, Martha, the two Marys and Salome, bringing with them the body of St. Anne, the head of St. James the Less and a few wee bones of the innocents massacred by King Herod. But from early ages this story has been disputed, and the Abbe Duchesne, one of the most erudite writers on the early Christian saints and martyrs, considers that the relics of Mary Magdelene were probably sent from Constantinople about the seventh century. A Greek breviary, however, speaks of the saint as having died at Ephesus.

Nature's Sweet Refrain.

A former assistant secretary of the interior who lives in Washington bears the same name as a poet who hails from Pennsylvania. The ex-official received a letter which he considers a remarkable epistle. The writer confounded him with the poet and wrote:

Dear friend and statesman: I rite you the earliest dait to be so cind as to do me a fafor. I haf trid all cinds of paten medisin for hart decease an no avail. I read your little pome on Hart deces beginin

"The hart which sad tumultus beats,
with throbs of keenest pain
wil oft recover its defects
Thro' naturs sweat refrane."

I haf never trid an injun doc but haf took all cinds of erbs. I now ask you to send me by return male 2 bottles of your medsin naturs sweat refrane. Send to ——, —— Postoffice, Pa.

P. S.—I will sen prise by return male.

A Drunken Man's Wit.

A drunken man who sought to buy a ticket at a theater box office was denied the privilege. "What's matter?" demanded the applicant. "What's matter with me?" "Well, if you really want to know," responded the keeper of the box office, "you're drunk." The frankness of this reply had rather a sobering influence upon the playgoer. He gathered up his money with dignity. "Of course I'm drunk," he said cheerfully as he turned to go. "I wouldn't come to see this play if I were sober, would I?"

A Japanese Legend.

Japanese deities are as kindly and gentle hearted as the people themselves. Their story of the creation is quaint. Two gods (whose very lengthy names may be shortened to Izanagi and Izanami), standing upon the bridge of heaven, cast grains of rice abroad to dispel the darkness. They then pushed a spear down into the green plain of the sea and stirred it around. This spear became the axis of the earth, started it revolving and thus brought about the dry land.

Quieted Them.

There is an old story of Arthur Roberts, an English actor, which illustrates how a little presence of mind may save lives. There had been an alarm of fire in the theater, and a panic seemed imminent. The actor walked to the footlights and addressed the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "if there was any danger do you think I should be here?"

He Could Hear.

Grandfather (to granddaughter)—I think, dear, my hearing is returning. I fancy I can hear John snoring on the sofa over there. Granddaughter (shrieking through an ear trumpet)—That's not John snoring, grandpa. That's a German band playing in the street. Grandfather (savagely)—Send 'em away. I can't bear the noise.

Mommsen's Peculiarity.

On his eightieth birthday Theodor Mommsen, the historian, received a visit from a great delegation of students, who marched out to his home, but he could not be induced to leave his work to greet them. "They see me every day at the university," he said. "Why do they want to disturb me now?"

Love may intoxicate a man, but marriage sobers him.

A woman isn't necessarily a thief because she hooks a dress.

In Utah they do not appear to see anything singular about plural wives.

No, Cordelia, the relict of a man who died from hay fever isn't a grass widow.

If this strain keeps up the Czar may feel inclined to raise his own salary.

A woman is almost as much afraid of a mouse as a man is of a millinery bill.

What a jolly old world this would be if all men practiced what they preach.

Some men have a keen sense of humor, judging by the pointless stories they tell.

China isn't particularly interested, but it would like to dump Russia into the wash and run it through the wringer.

In pronouncing General Pflug the P is silent, but unless he makes good we may transform F into the silent letter.

It is said that the Japanese have no swear-words, but the Russians probably more than make up for the deficiency.

While the Dreyfus case remains unsettled France does not mean to be entirely overshadowed even if there is a big war in progress. 6

A MEDICINE CHEST IN ITSELF.—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs catarrh, asthma, and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

Burglars have stolen the plate used in the Holy Communion service from the Priory Church of SS. Peter and Paul at Dunstable, Bedfordshire. Nothing is sacred in the eyes of the bold, bad burglars.

How Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets Give Instant Relief.

They're handy to carry—take one after eating—or whenever you feel stomach distress coming on—sufferers have proved it the only remedy known that will give instant relief and permanent cure—no long tedious treatments with questionable results—best for all kinds of stomach troubles. 35 cents.—96

The coroner of Hackney says that when an inquest is necessary on a very old person there it is found that they have been in a workhouse or the infirmary. There are here suggestions about the ordinary life at Hackney that are no gilt-edged testimonial.

Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 85

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It is the fence that has stood the test of time—stands the heaviest strain—never sags—the standard the world over. Order through our local agent or direct from us. 201

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IT MEANS OSTRACISM.

Foul Breath and Disgusting Discharges, Due to Catarrh, Make Thousands of People Objects of Aversion. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 Minutes and Cures.

Hon. George James, of Scrantan, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking and dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. Sold by all druggists.

Use Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure For Heart Stomach and Nerves. 30

The government has decided to fortify the Island of Foronsay, at the extravagant price of £6,000, and when the work is completed the safety of the West Highlands will be assured.

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 disease 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 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, course through 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 opinions of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The Arctic expedition ship Windward, which brought Nansen back to Europe some years ago, has now joined the Dundee fleet as a whaler. It is useful at any rate this time.

Port Arthur does not appreciate those little favors that Japan is sending on the half-shell.

If a woman has a pretty face no man on earth can tell you what kind of clothes she has on.

The Hon. Talbot Rice, the vicar of Swansea, says that if he had more money he could preach sermons, as begging letters for church work now occupy a lot of his time.

THEY ADVERTISE THEMSELVES.—Immediately they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown, and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

In 228 trades unions in England, with a membership of 560,000, 0.7 per cent. were unemployed at the end of last year, as compared with 5.5 per cent. of 224 trades unions with a membership of 552,415 at the end of 1902.

KNOWN TO THOUSANDS.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

It is now the turn of Braintree, Essex, to be overrun with rats. It is common experience to have to get up of nights and beat them off the bed. Cheerful exercise!

Warrior Woes—Through damp, cold and exposure many a brave soldier who left his native hearth as "fit" as man could be to fight for country's honor, has been "invalided home" because of the vulture of the battle ground—Rheumatism. South American Rheumatic Cure will absolutely cure every case of Rheumatism in existence. Relief in six hours.—98

Mrs. Hannah Coleman, of Cleeve, near Yatton, Somersteshire, has just celebrated her 103rd birthday. The old lady, who retains her faculties and keeps wonderfully well, is attended by her widowed daughter, who is herself nearly 80. Seems a very nice, healthy place, does Cleeve.

Ayer's

You know the medicine that makes pure, rich blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your mother, grandmother, all your folks, used it. They trusted

Sarsaparilla

it. Their doctors trusted it. Your doctor trusts it. Then trust it yourself. There is health and strength in it.

"I suffered terribly from indigestion and thin blood. I found no relief until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles permanently cured me."

MRS. F. R. HART, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Rich Blood

Ayer's Pills are gently laxative. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

'Just The Loveliest Bread'

"I had just the loveliest bread from my baking with your ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR; it couldn't have been nicer— as white and light and sweet as anyone could wish for."

The above is an excerpt from a letter received from a user of—

OGILVIE'S

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

FLOUR

We've got lots of somewhat similar communications—we'd like very much to have you try this Flour, and write su yourself stating what YOU think of it.

Every user becomes a most valuable advertiser in some manner, perhaps only by telling friends of the results obtained.

Your Grocer keeps it or will get it for you.

Are You Building? If so, use

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

The Best Building Paper Made.

It is very much stronger and thicker than any other (tarred or building) paper. It is impervious to wind, keeps out cold, keeps in heat, carries no smell or odor, absorbs no moisture, imparts no taste or flavor to anything with which it comes in contact. It is largely used not only for sheeting houses, but for lining cold storage buildings, refrigerators, dairies, creameries, and all places where the object is to keep an even and uniform temperature, and at the same time avoiding dampness.

Write our Agents, TEES & PERSSE, Winnipeg, for samples.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL.

A Strange Explosion.

A celebrated doctor in Reims, while visiting a patient and listening to his troubles, put his hand in his pocket and mechanically rubbed together some pastils which were there. Suddenly a slight explosion took place, and at the same time the doctor experienced a sharp pain in his hand. Upon examination he found that the bottom of his pocket was burned out and that his under linen was much scorched, while one of his fingers was also injured.

He remembered that he had carried in his pocket for some days two pastils containing chlorate of potash and one pastil containing chlorate of sugar. The last named was broken into little pieces, while of the potash pastils one was intact, but no trace could be found of the other. It seems that the doctor had rubbed the chlorate of potash pastil against the chlorate of sugar pastil and that at the point of contact a small quantity of explosive powder had been formed. This had ignited, with the result that the chlorate of potash pastil had been instantly decomposed.

For Those Who Read.

In one of Mr. Mabie's literary talks he submitted the six following admonitions for those who read:

Do not read at random. Select your books in advance.

Read intelligently and with foresight. Make a scheme for the season, not too large to be worked out.

Read books that interest you. Follow the line of your taste unless your taste is wholly untrained. If it is, read good books in different fields until you find out what you care for most.

Have a book always within reach and make the most of your spare minutes.

Read only good books and put your mind on them. To get the best out of books you must be able to remember them.

Do not make a task of reading. Read for enjoyment.

A Turkish Serpent Superstition.

The people of all serpent ridden countries have many charms, spells and incantations which they repeat or perform for the purpose of exorcising such obnoxious visitors. In Turkey everybody from the sultan to the gamin appeals to the serpent king, Chah-Miran. When they come in contact with a serpent, the first exclamation is "In the name of Chah-Miran, go away and hide thyself." Of course Chah-Miran has been dead for centuries, but the Turk argues that the serpents do not know this. If they knew that they were no longer under his influence, they would destroy the whole human race.

Both.

Little Willie—Pa. Pa—Well, what is it, Willie? Little Willie—Is writing a profession or a disease?—Illustrated Bits.

His Mistake.

He—She doesn't like me. I attempted to kiss her once.

She—How foolish of you! Why didn't you attempt to kiss her twice?—Philadelphia Ledger.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

TESTIMONIAL from the Late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer:—

"Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sirs—I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

"For ten years I had suffered acutely from Gout and life had lost its attraction owing to the uncertainty of health and the sudden visitations of the enemy, which prostrated me for months, or weeks, according to the virulence of the attacks.

"Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service, as I no longer fear an attack of Gout.

"For the last twenty months I have been comparatively free, as one or two attempted visitations have been immediately stamped out by the assistance of Blair's Pills.

"Truly yours, (Signed) SAML. W. BAKER."

Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal and Toronto
The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.
The Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg.

When Danger Signals

your liver out of order, constipation, or your stomach not working right, it's a sign of distress which, unheeded, will lead to trouble—it is time to take

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

B & C

LONG HIP

A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904

STYLE

253

NO BRASS EYELETS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

BRUSH & Co.,

TORONTO, - ONT.

The man who manages to keep out of debt, out of jail and out of politics is a little above the average.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 84

In a London court recently a young gentleman of 19 admitted kissing a girl of 14 while they were catching moths in the garden after dark, and now every girl in that district who knows enough to come in when it rains is hard at work studying rapid method moth cultivation.

W N U No 475

THE SLOCAN DRILL

C. E. SMITHERINGALE, Editor and Prop.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

SLOCAN, - - - - B. C.

Legal Advertising 10 cents a line for the first insertion and 5 cents a line each subsequent insertion.

Certificates of Improvement, $7 each.

Transient advertisements at same rates as legal advertising.

Locals will be charged 10 cents a line for each insertion.

Commercial Rates made known upon application.

The Subscription is $2 per year, strictly in advance; $2.50 a year if not so paid.

Address all letters to—

THE SLOCAN DRILL,
Slocan, B. C.

UNION LABEL

FRIDAY, APRIL 15th, 1904.

EDITORIAL CROPPINGS.

Capital evidences a disposition to again invest in the camp. The knocker should be violently suppressed, for the district has suffered more than enough from his deviltries. Encourage investment; no man here has any too much money.

No man has a right to stake out a timber limit over previously existing mineral claims. In so doing a cloud may temporarily be placed on the title to a prospector's property, perhaps interfering with a deal. Timber stakers in a mining camp are apt to cause mischief.

The resumption of operations at the local shingle mill and a commencement on the protective works to Springer creek are among the activities of the week. THE DRILL is hopeful of making other pleasing announcements shortly. Now the ball has begun to roll, keep it going.

Population is pouring into Manitoba and the Northwest Territories at a truly surprising, but nevertheless gratifying, rate, the influx being of much greater proportions than anticipated. The settlers are of the very best class, requiring no state aid to establish their homes. Thousands are coming from the British Isles, and these may be depended on to give a strong foundation of loyalty and patriotism to Canada and the Empire. None the less acceptable is the still larger immigration under way from the United States. Railroad officials at St. Paul specify them as the best class of homeseekers ever seen passing that point. All have money and are well equipped with household effects and stock. These, too, will become loyal and sturdy citizens, finding under the Union Jack a fuller enjoyment of those liberties so dearly prized beneath the Stars and Stripes. From the many thousands of Americans now domiciled in Canada no complaints arise, and their love for their new home is demonstrated by the increasing number of their fellow-countrymen coming over to join them.

Ontario the Good has another political scandal of substantial proportions, while even yet the aroma of the Gamey stinkpot permeates the air. Party government in that province as practised by the Liberals has developed into one continual orgy of corruption and questionable manipulation. The latest exhibition of Grit rule comes from Sault Ste. Marie, and the more the matter is sifted the worse it gets. It will be remembered that last year the Clergue syndicate suddenly suspended operations at the Soo, owing to financial difficulties, so throwing hundreds of men out of employment. Wages were not paid and disaster came upon the business interests of the town. At the same time there was a bye-election for the legislature pending in the riding, Andy Miscampbell, the Conservative member, having been unseated. The Grits thought out a scheme that safely landed their man at the head of the polls. Seeing that the discharged workmen could not collect their wages, the government considerately stepped in and offered to advance the sum required—ostensibly to assist the poor employees, but really to capture their votes. And the scheme worked. Now it appears the opportunity was too good to be overlooked by the heelers and they worked their graft in great shape. The payrolls of the syndicate were padded by fictitious names, minor officials had their salaries increased, head of departments drew fat allowances and had their overdrafts met, outside contractors and lawyers, and many others with a pull, for the first time found themselves on the wage-earning list—all bountifully provided for by a generous government. Thousands of dollars of public money was thus perverted to the purpose of electing a much-needed party follower. The Ross government is surely the limit, they having developed machine politics to a fine art.

DRILL POINTS.

Pay up your subscription.

Bob Allen took a run down to Nelson this week.

Sneak thieves were in evidence here last week.

A shoemaker will find a fairly good opening here.

F. Hawkins has re-opened his assay office in Sandon.

Dr. Brouse, New Denver, was a visitor here Monday.

A daily mail service is to be given the Lardeau country.

La grippe and severe colds are afflicting the populace.

An increasing number of drummers are coming through the Slocan.

Monday's train was delayed several hours by a mudslide near Winlaw.

All kinds of talk of impending business changes is to be heard in town.

Mrs. Jorand returned on Saturday evening from a lengthened visit to the coast.

Express money orders are payable everywhere. They are cheapest and safest.

Mrs. A. H. Bluemenauer, of New Denver, was visiting friends here on Monday.

John Keen is spoken of as the mining representative of Canada at the St. Louis fair.

Mudslides have been interfering a great deal with railway traffic through the mountains.

McCallum & Co. sold two tons of drill steel this week to the Payne mine, Sandon.

Beautiful weather prevailed this week, enabling a start to be made with gardening.

Fred Tattersall came down from the Myrtle last week, nursing a broken and smashed finger.

Capt. McLennan is carrying his right arm in a sling, having fallen off a box car at Rosebery.

Several carloads of lumber from W. Koch's mill, Ten Mile, was sent out this week to Manitoba.

This year's immigration to Canada from England will total 60,000 people—the largest ever known.

Coast and eastern mails have been much delayed, owing to slides and washouts on the main line.

The new steel railway bridge over Slocan river, near the Junction, was opened for traffic this week.

C. B. Taylor and wife returned on Tuesday, after spending the winter in Boston and other eastern points.

Coppers are in circulation in Vancouver. The Terminal City looks cheap to the rest of the province.

The C.P.R. will spend $135,000 in improving its Kootenay branches, the most of it between Nelson and Robson.

The C.P.R. is anxious to see a celebration here on the 24th and would be very accommodating as to rates and service.

J. C. Wilks, Revelstoke, is the new manager for the Scranton International Correspondence Schools in this district.

A carload of anthracite coal, from the new C.P.R. mine, near Banff, passed through on Thursday to Nelson, where it will be tested.

T. Abriel, Nakusp's only millionaire, was here on Friday, renewing old acquaintanceships. Luck has met him lately and he is resting easy.

A. E. Mallett, Vancouver, representing Dun's mercantile agency, was here on Monday, inquiring into the financial standing of local business men.

Henry Schuler, a teamster, aged 26, walked off the city dock at Nelson, on Thursday morning, and was drowned. It is supposed to be a case of suicide.

Miss Hattie Yates, eldest daughter of Rev. C. F. Yates, of Golden, formerly of this mission, was married on Tuesday, to George I. Bell, of Winnipeg.

H. A. Cleve, the tailor, has the finest selection of fancy, black, and grey worsteds ever shown in the town. They have just been opened up. Drop in and see them.

Mrs. O'Neil, sister of Mrs. Blumenauer, New Denver, who has been spending the winter in the Slocan, passed through on Monday for her home in Spokane, with her son.

The railway section hands are changing the mouth of the creek so as to make it run out straight. The current was cutting a new channel right in front of where the tug Sandon is moored.

Several householders have been cutting down the trees surrounding their homes. Pity a lot more, with the underbrush growing up, were not removed and the burg would look somewhat civilized.

Freight rates have been arranged between the Mountain Lumbermen's Association and the C.P.R. The former reduce prices from 50 cents to $1 per thousand, and the latter reduce rates two cents per hundred pounds.

An examination for assayers will be held at Nelson on May 9.

Father Jeannotte held service in the Catholic church on Sunday.

H. M. Walker, late of the Ledge, is starting a paper at Enderby.

On June 8th the Anglican synod of Kootenay will meet at Revelstoke.

Sandon's council has granted its mayor and health officer $100 each a year.

A new Anglican mission has been formed, with Nakusp, Arrowhead and Comaplix.

The government is seeking tenders for timber leases on Fry and Howser creeks and Lardo river.

Large numbers of wild geese and ducks have been passing up and down the river during the week.

A number of Nelson people have been chasing themselves up and down Lemon creek of late staking timber limits.

By government order the time for mailing delinquent tax notices, under the Assessment Act, 1903, has been extended from April 1 to May 1.

Timber Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described land:—Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia river, on the east boundary of C.P.R. block No. 373, West Kootenay, running thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to Columbia river; thence 80 chains west following Columbia river to point of commencement. T. C. MAKINSON

Dated, March 25, 1904.

M. U. GENERAL HOSPITAL

SLOCAN, B.C.

Med. Supt., J. P. CADE, M.D.

RATES: Regular subscribers, $1 per month or $10 a year: non-subscribers (exclusive of medical attendance) $2 per day. Private wards $1 per day extra. Special facilities for maternity cases.

For further particulars apply to.

D. B. O'Neail, Sec

H. D. Curtis

Financial Agent

Accountant & Auditor

Notary Public

Fire and Accident Insurance

Abstracts of Mineral Claims.

SLOCAN, - B.C

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. HEATED BY HOT AIR.

The Queen's Hotel

E. C. CLARKE, PROPRIETOR

RATES: $2.00 PER DAY

First-class Dining Room
Large and Comfortable Bedrooms
Sample rooms for Commercial Men

Nelson, B. C.

Slocan Bakery

J. Pinchbeck, Proprietor

Fresh Fruits of Every Kind Arriving Daily.

A full stock of the best lines of cigars and tobaccos always kept on hand.

12 Loaves of Bread for $1. Full Weight and Quality Guaranteed.

Slocan, B. C.

SEEDS

Flower Seeds
Garden Seeds
Clover Seed
Grass Seed
Seeds in Packages
Seeds in Bulk

Onion sets have arrived; get your order in at once.

EASTERN PRICES

J. A. ANDERSON

DRUGGIST & STATIONER,

SLOCAN, B.C.

Business is far from flourishing at the local record office.

Those interested in a celebration here on May 24 should get a move on.

The local express office has been doing a rushing business this month in money orders, due largely to remittances for land to the government.

MINING RECORDS.

Appended is a complete list of the various records registered at the local registry office, H. P. Christie being mining recorder:

ASSESSMENTS.

April 5—Wavertree.

$250

Will buy a comfortable Cottage and two corner lots in New Denver. House contains four large rooms, hall and wardrobe. For other particulars write

DRAWER 54, SLOCAN.

Notice to delinquent Co-owners

To Robt. Lake and M. L. Grimmett, or to any person or persons to whom they may have transferred their several interests, in whole or in part, in the Bonnie Doon mineral claim, situated on the south side of Springer creek, in the Slocan City mining division of West Kootenay district:

You are hereby notified that I have expended the sum of two hundred and five dollars in labor and general improvements upon the above mentioned claim, in order to hold said mineral claim under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within 90 days from the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure, together with all costs of advertising, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber, under section four of an act entitled "An Act to amend the Mineral Act, 1900."

Dated this 1st day of February, 1904.

5-2-04 GEO. McLEAN

Certificate of Improvements.

Black Prince & Clipper Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan City Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located:—Black Prince on north fork of Lemon creek; Clipper, on south fork of Lemon creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Ernest Harrop, free miner's certificate No B58458; and acting as agent for Robert C. Andrews, free miner's certificate No. B71611, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder or certificates of improvements for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

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

Dated this st day of April, 1904.

8-4-04 ERNEST HARROP

Steel Ranges for $18.25.

Why be without a range when you can get one so cheap? They are preferrable to stoves and give better satisfaction. These ranges burn wood or coal and will be set up free.

H. J. ROBERTSON,

TINSMITH AND PLUMBER.

Don't Overlook This Snap

THE DRILL has made an arrangement with the Toronto Mail-Empire, so that its weekly edition may be clubbed with the former. New subscribers, therefore, may obtain the Weekly Mail-Empire—acknowledged to be one of the best papers in the Dominion—and Slocan's leading journal, THE DRILL, from now till Jan. 1, 1905, for the sum of $2.50. With this exceptional offer will be given as a premium, a beautiful artogravure, entitled "The Victoria Cross." The picture depicts a scene in the late Boer war, done in ten colors, and well worth framing. Send in your orders at once to

The Drill, Slocan.

Patent and Enamelled Leather Shoes The Slater Guarantee

No shoe manufacturer would have the temerity to guarantee ordinary Patent or Enamelled leather—certainly the makers of the famous "Slater Shoe" would not guarantee ordinary Patent or Enamelled leathers because with them a guarantee is a guarantee, not a pleasant sounding but meaningless play of words.

But the "Slater Shoe" makers use a standard of Enamelled leather which they can and do guarantee—every Enamelled shoe which bears the "Slater Shoe" trademark is guaranteed—The "Slater Shoe" makers use no Enamelled leather which they cannot guarantee.

And the "Slater Shoe" people have a patent leather made of Colt skin, pliable, flexible, as brilliant as the best patent leather and tough and durable enough to carry with it the responsible guarantee of the "Slater Shoe" makers.

Every pair of "Slater Shoes" bearing their guarantee has with it a Guarantee Bond Scrip lithographed like a bank note and as good a guarantee as one.

It says:—

"We (the makers) warrant the leather in this pair of shoes not to break through within three months from date of purchase."

The bond also bears the registered factory number of the pair of shoes to which it belongs.

The Slater Shoe

Made in Canada 40 years. Goodyear welted.
For men $4.00 and $5.50.
For women $3.50 and $5.00.

SOLE AGENT:

David Arnot, Slocan.

Advertise your Business

in these days of progress and competition no man in business should neglect an opportunity to keep his goods before the people. Modern usages proclaim advertising the one road to success; neglect of it invariably ends in disaster. A merchant's standing in a community may be judged from the advertisement he carries in a local paper. To sell goods a man must advertise. All live men seek the aid of the printer

The Drill offers a reward to all persistent and liberal advertisers: it is read by everyone. It guarantees satisfaction to all who advertise

At All Times

Subscribe for and support your local paper: THE DRILL, $2 per year