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# THE SLOCAN DRILL.

VOL. II., No. 51. SLOCAN, B. C., MARCH 21, 1902. $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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**The Royal Hotel,**

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Slocan, B. C., is under the

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Is reached by any trail or road that runs into the Town.

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Quickly Attended to:

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## MEETING OF COUNCIL.

REVISED ASSESSMENT ROLL FOR CITY ASSESSMENT.

Objections Raised to the "Famous 34" Going on the List—Notice of Appointment of Police and License Commissioners—Other Matters.

All the aldermen were present at last Monday's meeting of the city council.

Communications read: From Illinois Manufacturing Co., Macomb, Illinois, offering sewer material for sale; from A. Campbell Reddie, deputy provincial secretary, announcing that Geo. Nichol and Ald. Robertson had been appointed as police and license commissioners for Slocan; from Provincial Board of Health, Victoria, enclosing instructions for treating tuberculosis; from Deputy Attorney-General Maclean, asking for copy of resolution accepting R. A. Bradshaw's resignation as mayor, and asking if council were proceeding with election; letter from city clerk, Rossland, enclosing report on that city's several departments.

The latter was ordered filed, as also the letters from the Illinois Man. Co. and the deputy provincial secretary.

The communication from the Provincial Board of Health was ordered referred to the health committee.

Letter from deputy attorney-general gave rise to a discussion upon the point of informing the department, Ald. McCallum and Barber believing that word had been sent to the lieutenant governor.

Ald. McCallum moved that a communication be sent, acquainting the government with the vacancy existing on the aldermanic board, and asking them to notify the clerk to select a day for the nomination and election.

Ald. Barber would like to hear expression of council as to the advisability of citizens holding a meeting to arrange matters for a new mayor.

Ald. McCallum said that an appeal to the lieutenant governor was the only redress.

Ald. Barber thought the citizens should be consulted in the matter and steps taken to harmonize the existing feelings in the city, and avoid all future trouble and lawsuits.

Ald. McCallum held to his former opinion that the only legal course was through the lieutenant-governor, and that would avoid any lawsuit.

After more discussion, Ald. Smith seconded Ald. McCallum's motion.

Before the motion was put, Ald. Barber wanted to have a public meeting held and the people given a chance to pass their opinion in the matter

Ald. Worden, Smith and McCallum voted yea, and Ald. Barber, Nichol and Robertson nay. Motion declared negatived.

Ald. Smith then wanted to know what the council was going to do with the letter.

The chairman said an answer would be sent stating no action was taken by the council and asking the government to move in the matter.

Tony Long and others petitioned to have Delaney avenue opened up from Slocan street eastwards. Ordered referred to board of works.

New bills: Auditing treasurer's books, $3. Referred to finance committee.

The chairman asked all the committees to report at the next meeting, bringing in their estimates for the year. The finance committee could then frame the estimates and strike a rate of taxation.

All the aldermen agreed that strict economy would have to be practiced, and there would be very little money for improvements.

Ald. McCallum and Nichol moved that the clerk procure a collector's roll at once. Carried.

Ald. McCallum and Nichol moved that the assessment roll be turned over by the court of revision to the council complete as revised by them. Carried.

Ald. McCallum asked if the "famous 34" were on the roll, and was told yes. He then registered his kick against the proceeding and went into details on the question. He characterized the affair as being ridiculous and the aldermen and assessor were censured for permitting the affair to occur.

To this the chairman dissented, but was held to the point by Ald. McCallum, who protested against the assessor taking the floor and answering. After a few heated remarks on the matter, the assessor was permitted to explain his reasons for putting the "34" on the list, he claiming he had no legal right to do otherwise.

Ald. Smith wanted to know if the assessor had sent notices to each of the "34." The latter replied that he had sent notices to five of the co-owners, that being sufficient notice according to the law.

Ald. Barber said he was satisfied that the law was on the side of the assessor as to what he had done, in which the chairman concurred.

Remarks were bandied from one to another a little further on the question, until the available supply of ammunition became exhausted, and then the council adjourned.

BIG AMALGAMATION.

Chapleau and Camp Mansfield Properties in One Company.

Repeated rumors have been heard in the camp for some time regarding an amalgamation scheme under way in Europe, in which the Chapleau group, on Lemon creek, figured. It turns out now that the Chapleau and what is known as the Camp Mansfield properties at the head of Ten Mile creek, have been united under one management. To this end a company has been formed in England, with a capital of £500,000, which will purchase the several claims, and place a large amount of money in the treasury for development purposes Ernest Mansfield and his associates will again come to the front and a new impetus given to operations in this division during the summer. The particulars of the company flotation appeared in the English papers of the 27th ult., viz:

Kaslo Slocan Mining and Financial Corporation, Ltd.—Registered February 19th, by Tyrell, Lewis & Co., 1 3, Albany-court-yard, W. Capital £500,000, in £1 shares. Objects: To acquire and deal in and with options, grants, concessions, leases, claims, licenses or authorities in any part of the world, in particular, to acquire, work and turn to account certain mineral claims in the district of West Kootenay, British Columbia, specified in two agreements (1) with R. Laudi; and (2) with the Chapleau Consolidated Gold Mining company, Ltd, (1901), and to carry on the business of prospectors, explorers, miners, metallurgists, contractors, financial agents, bankers, etc. The signatories are: P. S. Browning, 52 Gresham House, Old Broad street, E. C., 1 share; F. R. Scriven, 3, Dawlish-road, Leyton, 1 share; T. D. Simmins, 153, Church-road, Cannonbury, 1 share; C. E. White, 45, Highgate-hill, N., 1 share; F. Oesterly, Belgrave, Manor-road, Romford, 1 share; C. R. B. Browne, Burnham, Essex, J. P., 1 share; St. John V. B. Molyneux, Fernleigh, Beaconsfield-road, St. Margaret's-on-Thames, 1 share. No initial public issue. The number of directors is not to be less than three nor more than fourteen; the subscribers to appoint the first. Qualification, £100. Remuneration, £800 per annum and 10 per cent of the net profits in excess of £8,000, divisible. Registered office, Gresham House, Old Broad-street, E. C.

RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING.

Last Thurday evening the annual meeting of the Slocan Rifle Association was held in the office of McVannel & Fife. The attendance, though not large, was enthusiastic, and the business was quickly disposed of. The financial statement of the treasurer was presented and accepted. In the election of officers, W. S. Johnson was re-elected captain, Frank Dick treasurer, H. D. Curtis secretary, D. S. McVannel and Geo. Nichol on the executive committee, and Lorne York and R. I. Kirkwood auditors. An 800 and 1000 yard range is to be established and a new site chosen, one that will be more convenient to the city. Following is a copy of the financial statement submitted:

| CASH RECEIPTS. | |
|---|---|
| Annual fees from 52 members @ $2 | $104.00 |
| Ammunition sold | 127.40 |
| Entries at matches, 25th and 26th Oct., 1901 | 56.50 |
| Entries, extra series | 7.00 |
| Cash donations to prize list 25th and 26th Oct., 1901 | 50.00 |
| Entries to matches, 9th Nov. | 18.75 |
| Entries, extra series | 6.50 |
| Donations to prize list, 9th Nov., 1901 | 4.75 |
| Government grant to range | 40.00 |
| Total | 414.90 |
| EXPENDITURES. | |
| Range construction | $ 64.72 |
| Ammunition | 108.60 |
| Marking | 48.25 |
| Target supplies | 16.60 |
| Prizes (cost) | 105,000 |
| Miscellaneous | 6.30 |
| Balance in bank | 65.43 |
| Total | $414.90 |
| Cash paid in prizes as per above | $105 00 |
| Donations in kind to prize lists | 127.50 |
| Total value of prizes distributed | $232.75 |

Iron Horse Closed Down.

All the men came down from the Iron Horse, Ten Mile, on Friday and the property is closed down tight. The wages of the men have been allowed to run behind, so Manager McLean deemed it advisable to cease operations till funds were received from the American shareholders. Supplies for the mine are also behind in payment. It is not thought the shut down will be of long duration, as the mine is looking first-class just now.

COURT OF REVISION.

Slocan's Assessment Roll Suffers Very Little Change.

The municipal court of revision, composed of Ald. Robertson, Nichol, Barber, Smith and Worden, met on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Very little interest was centered in the sitting, as there were but few objections entered, and the number of spectators was small. The list of objections was gone through and scarcely any changes were made in the assessor's figures. One result of the revision is that the "famous 34" find lodgment on the assessment roll just the same as any other property holders. At the adjourned meeting of the court on Monday evening, Ald. Worden objected to the 34 going on the roll, but he was outvoted. As revised, the assessment shows the land values to be $114,997, improvements, $60,130; total, $175,127.

Following is an outline of the business done:

James Tattersall, lots 7 and 8, block 27, $200; improvements, $1,400. Claims over valuation on improvements. Assessment confirmed.

Alex. Stewart, 65 feet of lot 1 in block 1, $450; improvements, $1000. Assessment confirmed.

R. T. Riley, 47 feet of lots 19 and 20, block 12, $185 and $250. Non-owner, and assessor ordered to find owner and change assessment.

Ben Robertson, lot 6 in block 23, $150; improvements, $500. Assessment changed to lot 5 and confirmed.

H. D. Curtis, 1, 2, 3, 19 and 20 in block 21, assessed at $640. Assessment confirmed.

W. E. Worden, improvements on C. P. R. lands, $175. Being proven to be only a coal shed, the assessment was reduced to $75.

Twenty feet on west end of lot 11, block 3, was assessed to M. E. O'Neail.

Lot 7 in block 31, valued at $30, was placed on list, as also lot 19 in block 41, valued at $35.

Slocan Co-Operative Association.

Last week's Gazette contained the registration of the Slocan Co-operative Association, under the Co-operative Associations Act of 1896. The temporary trustees are Geo. Nichol, D. B. O'Neail, H. L. Fife, D. D. Robertson, J. A. Foley, Tony Long and James Nixon. The number of shares in the association is unlimited, the value of each being $10. Slocan is named as the headquarters of the concern. The objects for which the association is formed are: To carry on a general mercantile business, wholesale and retail, also to engage in and carry on manufacturing, lumbering, ranching, transferring, take over and operate mines, construct and operate mills and smelters; to apply for and take over water rights, own and operate water power and light, buy and sell real estate and all other incidentals to the above business or businesses of the association.

Death of Conrad Bill.

Conrad Bill, of Silverton, died in the M. U. General Hospital here on Tuesday morning, of enlargement of the liver. He had been ailing some time, and was sent here three weeks ago by the Miners' Union, of Silverton. Wednesday morning a service was held in the Union Hall, Rev. A. E. Roberts officiating. The body was afterwards escorted to the boat by members of the Silverton and local Unions. The remains were interred at New Denver by the Knights of Pythias and Miners' Union, in both of which organizations deceased was a member. Conrad was about 40 years of age, and formerly ran Burns' butcher shops at Denver and Silverton.

Harry Howson in Horsefly.

Harry Howson, who left here a month ago, at Harper's Camp in the Cariboo district, at present. He has been up to the new discoveries in the Horsefly country, and considers it one of the best fields in British Columbia in which to prospect for quartz. He says there is more float quartz than he has seen anywhere, and he found float in the creeks that he considers good, but the ground was covered with four feet of snow and he could not look for ledges, but intends going in as soon as conditions permit.

## OUR ORE SHIPMENTS

SUBSTANTIAL SHOWING MADE BY THIS DIVISION.

Last Year's Shipments Were 6514 Tons—A Healthy Evidence of the Life and Wealth of the Camp—Arlington the Biggest Shipper.

Ore shipments for the week showed a respectable total, 100 tons being exported. Eighty tons was sent out by the Arlington and 20 tons of concentrates by the Enterprise. More would have been sent out but for the wretched condition of the roads. At the upper ends fresh snow is falling almost daily, last Monday's fall being particularly heavy, while at the lower ends the roads are swimming in mud. Next week's shipments will embrace 7 tons from the Duplex, on Lemon creek.

For 1900 the exports from this division amounted to 2847 tons, made up from 10 properties. Last year the exports totalled 6529 tons, from 14 properties. Following is a full list of the shipments this year to date:

| MINE. | WEEK. | TOTAL. |
|---|---|---|
| Arlington | 80 | 851 |
| Enterprise | 20 | 200 |
| Ottawa | | 7 |
| Neepawa | | 60 |
| May | | 5 |
| Paystreak | | 5 |
| | 100 | 1128 |

MINES AND MINING.

Bar silver 54½ cents,

Another crosscut to tap the vein is being run on the Neepawa.

Operations have ceased on the Hartney group, New Denver.

Ore shipments from the entire Slocan are in excess of 5000 tons.

Assays from the rock on the Combination give $6 in gold and 134 oz in silver.

R. I. Kirkwood has a couple of men employed on a claim at Enterprise Landing.

Neil Gething has been doing assessment on a claim near the Wonderful, below Sandon.

Work has ceased for the present on the Prescott, Four Mile. It was worked under lease by parties from this burg.

Chas. Dempster says he will return to Slocan in April, to open up development on the Sapphire group, Twelve Mile creek.

Malcolm Cameron has been given the contract to pack supplies to the Ottawa this summer. There will be considerable lumber to take up, also, for new buidings.

The full face of the breast of the drift on the Silversmith, one of the Slocan Star group, is in ore. A tram is to be built between the Silversmith and the Star mill.

During the week M. Cameron's packtrain has been busy bringing down ore from the Duplex to the railway at Lemon siding. There will be between seven and eight tons in the shipment.

The drift on the Combination claim, east of the town, is in 30 feet, and has mineral sprinkled across the breast. Some shipping ore is coming in. When the frost comes out of the ground, the owners will ground sluice the lead close to the creek.

Convention of Independents.

The various labor organizations and reform bodies throughout the province are entering heartily into the idea of holding a convention of independent thinking men at Kamloops on April 14th. There will be a large attendance of delegates, as the C.P.R. has granted liberal rates—half fare to 50 or more attending. The Miners' Union of this city, which numbers 250 members in good standing, will send a full quota of delegates, and the Socialist League will doubtless also be represented. Independent political action is the rallying cry.

Returns of Paystreak Shipment.

Returns have been received on the five tons of ore recently shipped by S. Cooper and J. Aitchison from the Paystreak claim, on Twelve Mile creek. The figures were better than expected, yielding $30 in gold and 85 oz. silver per ton. The lessees express their intention of returning to the property and continuing development, as the above returns give excellent wages.

The band boys wish to thank Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. Adcock for music; W. Hicks for calling-off, and all who assisted in making their dance a success.

# AN HUMBLE HERO

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT

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### CHAPTER XXII.

SIM RETURNS.

Pap Sampson, older by four years, a trifle grayer perhaps, but as active and alert as ever, sat on a fence at the side of the road leading into Beckett's Mill from the south. His attitude was such as to denote that he was absorbed in earnest thought, which he was. He was recalling scenes and events of past days and was so lost to the present as to be totally oblivious of everything about him. So unconscious of his surroundings was he that he was not even aware of the approach of two men, dusty and travel stained, who wearily plodded their way along the hard, white road.

Pap's thoughts were of Sim Banks and of the events attending Sim's de-

*"Why, howdy, Pap Sampson!"*

parture from Beckett's Mill. Though four years had passed since that time, Sim had never returned, and the people of Possum Ridge were no wiser as to his whereabouts than they had been the day he left. A large reward had been offered for his arrest, and the officials, stimulated by the hope of earning the money, had made strenuous efforts to locate him. But it had been all in vain. Now and then there had come reports to Beckett's Mill to the effect that Sim had been captured; but, as is usual with such reports, it always turned out a case of mistaken identity.

Pap was wondering where Sim could have gone to hide himself so completely and whether he was still among the living. He was wondering, too, whether if Sim still lived he would ever return to Possum Ridge and if he returned what would be his fate. It was with such thoughts as these the old man was busy when he was suddenly aroused and shocked by some one close to him saying quietly:

"Why, howdy, Pap Sampson?"

Pap started and looked quickly around, and, his eyes falling on a bearded, sun tanned face, his mouth fell open and he stared in stupid amazement for almost a minute. Then he rubbed his eyes and stared again.

"Lord a-massy!" he exclaimed at last. "Am I dreamin, or is that r'ally Sim Banks?"

"It is r'ally Sim Banks, Pap," the other replied; "what's left of him anyway."

Pap was down off the fence in the twinkling of an eye, and the next moment he had Sim by the hand, shaking it with a heartiness that was almost painful.

"Great land of Goshen!" he cried. "Who'd 'a' thought it? Lord a-massy! It's shore old Sim, ain't it?"

"I guess it is, Pap. Are you surprised to see me?"

"Surprised to see you! Why, Lord, I wouldn't be no more surprised if the sky was to drop. But think of the devil an he's shore to make his appearance, as the old sayin goes."

"Were you thinkin of me?"

"Jest been a-sittin thar on the fence a-wonderin whar you'd gone an what had 'come of you an if I was ever a-gwine to git to see you any more. I was jest a-gwine over them thoughts when you moughty nigh skeered the life out of me by speakin to me that a-way. Land, don't hardly seem like it can be you, Sim."

"Don't it?"

"Shore it don't. But whar you been all these years?"

"I've been to the war, Pap."

"Great day in the mornin! You ain't been fightin into the army, have you?"

"Yes, I've done some fightin."

"But you wasn't killed, bless the Lord."

"Not quite."

"He came next thing to it, though," Sim's companion volunteered.

"Is that so?" Pap cried. "Waal, I'll be smitched! You come moughty nigh gittin killed?"

"Yes, I had a pretty close call once."

"Great land! Tell me all 'bout it, won't you, Sim?"

"Yes, but first you must tell me somethin, Pap. How is Loueesy?"

"Lord, ain't I a great old fool, a-runnin on here that a-way, never a-thinkin 'bout what you'd nat'rally be jest a-dyin to know? Loueesy's well."

"Where is she—up at the old place?"

"La, no! She ain't lived thar sence you went away. She's down at town."

"What is she doin down there?"

"She's workin in a store to earn her livin."

Sim was surprised.

"To earn her livin?" he repeated.

Pap nodded his head.

"What's become of all the land I left her?" Sim asked.

"It's thar jest as it was. She ain't never teched a foot of it."

"Why?"

"Said it was your'n an she didn't deserve it."

Sim paused a moment, then said:

"An Melvin?"

"Lord!" Pap exclaimed. "Don't you know?"

"No. Did he an Loueesy"—

"No. He was killed the day you left."

A queer expression came to Sim's face, an expression in which surprise and relief were blended.

"Didn't you know 'bout him bein killed?" Pap asked.

"No. I have never heard a word from home sence I went away, an I don't know anything that has happened. Who killed him?"

The man who came with Sim looked quickly up and appeared to wait eagerly for Pap's reply. It was then Pap noticed for the first time how pale and emaciated that man was.

"Who killed Melvin?" Sim repeated presently.

"I don't know," Pap answered. "The next mornin after you left Jim Thorn found the dead body in your woods with a bullet hole through it. He had been killed several hours then."

"And nobody knows who done it?"

Pap shook his head.

"Was nobody suspected?"

The old man turned away and began to thump his cane against the ground, but he made no reply. Sim saw that Pap's action meant something, and he began to put a few things together. He remembered that he had gone into those woods with his gun about the time the killing must have occurred and then had disappeared. He remembered also the threat he had made that day in Mrs. Maun's wheatfield. Recalling these things and noting Pap's behavior, he was quick enough to suspect the truth. Pale, but firm, he said:

"Pap, was anybody suspected of killin Melvin?".

The old man hesitated still, but finally he replied:

"Thar mought 'a' been, Sim; yes, I'm afeard thar mought 'a' been. But, Sim, I ain't never suspected nobody."

"I know, Pap. But who did the others suspect?"

Again Sim's companion leaned eagerly forward and seemed to await Pap's reply. After a short pause the old man said slowly:

"You know, Sim, thar's allus some people ready to suspect anything bad of a body if they've got a ghost of a reason. I—le's go on home, Sim. I guess you must be tired an hungry."

"No, Pap, not now. You must tell me the truth."

"Oh, Lord, Sim, I can't tell you no more."

"Yes, you can tell me who was suspected."

"I'd ruther not."

"Then it's true, Pap. It is me?"

Pap remained silent.

"Tell me," Sim insisted, "Is it me?"

"I'm afeard so, Sim; yes, I'm afeard thar's some as thinks it was you. But I don't think it."

Sim had known what was coming, but Pap's admission was a hard blow for all that. His head drooped, and an expression of bitter pain came over his features. Pap saw and understood and, placing his hand on Sim's shoulder, said consolingly:

"But I don't b'lieve it, Sim, an nobody'll ever make me b'lieve it for a minute if they sw'ar to it on a stack of Bibles—never."

The old man's act and words did Sim good. It was a great comfort to know that he had one true friend at least.

"I know, Pap," he said, "that I can always trust you. You'll stand by me to the last."

"That's what I will, Sim, 'cause I know you're not guilty."

"An thar's others," Sim said. "Thar's Sam Morgan an Jason Roberts. They'll never b'lieve me guilty either, will they, Pap?"

Pap was seriously troubled, and he showed it.

"Sim," he said, "I know you uns must be tired an hungry. Le's go on home an talk afterwards."

"No," Sim replied; "I want to know the truth, the whole bitter truth. So Sam an Jason b'lieve me guilty of such a terrible crime as that?"

"I dunno," Pap answered. "They don't want to b'lieve it, Sim. I know they don't want to b'lieve it."

"But they do," Sim said, with a sigh of resignation. "Waal, so be it. An Loueesy"—

Pap raised his hand instantly, and a beam of pleasure lighted his face.

"No, Sim," he interrupted, "don't you say that. Loueesy don't b'lieve it an never has b'lieved it. When she first heard you accused, she said it was a lie, an she's stuck to it from that day to this."

"Thank God!" Sim cried fervently. "If she don't b'lieve it, I don't care what anybody else thinks."

"She don't, Sim. I'm tellin you the God's truth. She don't. An now we've said enough for this time, so le's go on home."

But Sim did not move, and he had become deeply thoughtful. After a little he said:

"I don't know what I had best do. This is all so new an unexpected to me that I can't jest see my way clear. If I stop here, I'll be arrested."

In his excitement Pap Sampson had forgotten this, but he knew it was true. If Sim's presence in the village became known, he would certainly be arrested, and then the gallows, or at least the state prison, would no doubt await him.

"You had better hide somewhere until night," he said anxiously, "then go away again. That is the best you can do now."

But Sim deliberated a long time, then said slowly:

"Maybe you're right, Pap, but I don't know. A body may as well be dead or in prison as to be a wanderer on the earth, with neither home nor friends an always in dread of somethin. No matter what anybody says or thinks, I'm innocent."

"I know it, Sim; I know it," Pap said assuringly. "But, then, courts mebby won't see as we do."

"Maybe not, Pap," Sim replied after a pause, "but I'm innocent, an I'm goin to stay."

"But think, Sim, of" —

"I have thought of it all, Pap. I'm goin to stay an face it out."

Then Sim's companion, who had listened intently all this while, spoke up again. Laying his hand on Sim's arm, he said earnestly:

"And you'll never be hurt, Sim. Never so much as a hair of your head shall be touched."

Pap Sampson looked at the speaker doubtfully.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"It doesn't matter how I know it," the other answered. "I know it, and that is enough."

"Who are you, an what do you know 'bout this affair?" Pap questioned.

"My name is Thompson, and I am Sim Banks' friend. I have been his friend since that day he saved my life at the risk of his own."

"That was nothin," Sim said. "Anybody would have done all I did."

"Anybody would have rushed into that hail of shot and shell after our men had retreated and carried a wounded comrade off the battlefield to save him from the enemy? You'll never make me believe any such thing. Nobody can ever make me believe that there's another man in the world besides Sim Banks who was brave enough to have done it."

"My Lord, Joe, I'd been a brute if I hadn't done it," Sim protested, "a plumb cowardly brute. You make too much over a little no 'count thing like that."

"It may seem of no account to you, but it doesn't to me, I can tell you. I guess it didn't seem so to the men who saw it either, judging from the way they cheered you. Why, even the enemy cheered."

"I didn't hear it," Sim said.

"No, you were too busy trying to get me out of that awful place. I guess you didn't even hear the bullets whizzing round your head like a swarm of bees?"

"I didn't."

"Well, I heard them, you can just bet. It was just like a hailstorm broken loose. I know I thought every second we'd both be killed, and I can't understand why we weren't. I begged you to leave me and save yourself if you could, and you wouldn't do it."

"Oh, waal, Joe, le's let that alone. I'm plumb tired of hearin of that fool thing. It ain't worth kickin up so much fuss about."

"Well, that's just your opinion, Sim. Other people see it differently. Ther there is the way you looked after me for weeks while I was in hospital. No father, no brother, my own mother even, could not have been more careful of me. I remember it all, Sim, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

"Waal, that's all right, Joe," Sim said, "but I'm tired an hungry, so le's not say no more, but go along of Pap. I'll go to his house an rest a bit. Then I'll go an give myself up."

"You'll not give yourself up this day nor this night, Sim," Pap announced flatly. "You'll have one good rest first if I know myself, an I'm most shore I do, for if they git you into jail you won't have no rest thar."

"No, but it's all right, Pap. I'm resigned to take whatever comes, an I reckon it don't matter much what it is. I ain't got anything to live for no more nohow, an I'd jest as well be dead as not."

"But you'll never be hurt, Sim," the other said. "Don't you think it. Not a hair of your head shall be touched."

Pap Sampson looked wonderingly at the speaker, saw something he had not observed before and in his astonishment unthoughtedly cried:

"My Lord, stranger, you're not goin to live long."

Thompson smiled.

"I know it," he said, "but it is best. I only want to do one thing more, and then I'm done, and I'll live to do it; yes, I'll live to do it."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

SIM'S ARREST.

Sim Banks secured one good night's rest, as Pap Sampson had said, or at least if he didn't it was not the fault of Pap and Mirandy. The two old people did everything in their power to add to the comfort of their guests.

"It's been a long time," Pap remarked, "sence Sim's had any comfort, an he may never have any ag'in in this world, so we'll give him all we can while we have the chanst."

"Pore Sim!" Mrs. Sampson said, with a sigh.

"Pore Sim!" Pap repeated, sighing too.

"I wish he'd go away," Mrs. Sampson said, "whar they couldn't never find him."

"I wish so, too," Pap agreed, "but he won't. Lord, he won't budge a inch. I've argyed an reasoned an begged, but it ain't done no good. He's got his pegs sot to stay, an stay he will."

"Yes, an I'm afeard, Pap, that they'll hang him."

"I dunno, I'm shore. They may not do so bad as that, but they'll send him to prison anyhow."

"That other man 'lows he can save him. But, Lord, Pap, he can't do it."

"Co'se he can't. Lord a-massy, that feller can't do nothin for Sim. Guess he'd like to well enough, but likin to do a thing an doin it are two different things. No, sir-ee! He can't lift a finger to save Sim."

(To be Continued.)

# The Follower

A Weird Story of One Wrapped In a Black Cloak.

Two men, John and David, walked side by side along a dusty road. They were returning from the great town in the valley to their homes in the hamlet hanging high above them against the mountain.

As they walked they chatted of the sights in the town, of the good wives and little ones to whom they were coming after three days' absence, joking, joyous, happy in remembrance of their town jollity and in the anticipation of their welcome home. Occasionally they stopped under the overhanging branches of an orchard and ate apples, or they kneeled by a spring, making a cup of their hands to drink from, then passed on again.

The sun struck down fiercely upon their backs and shimmered on the dust of the road.

"Ah, the heat! Let us go more slowly, John."

"No," replied the other; "it will be cooler higher up. Let us make haste and reach the shade of the woods, and beyond there will be a breeze blowing."

Suddenly as they walked David felt that they were not alone and, turning his head, saw a third person following a few paces behind them, an extremely tall man, wrapped in a black cloak. As David turned the man's eyes looked into his with a steady, unflinching gaze. The black robed figure was only a short distance behind him, walking with a long, even stride, without sound, his cloak drawn up to his ears, covering his mouth and chin.

As David looked he shivered; then, turning his head quickly, he walked rapidly on, urging his companion to hasten.

"But just now you were calling to me to go slower, and now you want to hurry."

"Yes; let us hurry—the heat!" And they passed on, the ardent sun beating on their backs.

As they went forward David turned over in his thoughts the strange sight he had seen behind him, that was behind them now, he felt certain, though not daring to look again, a shiver coursing the length of his spine at the thought of the muffled figure in that fierce heat. And John—had he also seen it? Did he know what came swiftly, without sound, at their heels? He looked cautiously from the corner of his eye at his friend without turning his head even slightly. John plodded on, his eyes on the ground and his big shoes white with the dust, grumbling at the heat, his face dull and expressionless.

At length they reached the cooler air where the road climbed between the arching trees of the forest, and John halted to rest in the shadow. He was older than his friend and tired more easily.

"Now," thought David, "he will look back and see." And he watched the other's face narrowly.

They sat on the edge of the road, their legs hanging down the bank. John's gaze wandered back down the long stretch over which they had come, and David waited.

But the old man only looked out from the shadow with a half smile of satisfaction that so much of the long journey was over, his simple countenance placid with the thought. "How white the road is!" he said.

"And not many travelers on it," said David in half question, still looking earnestly at his comrade's face.

"Not a creature in sight," answered John quietly. "We have the road to ourselves. Others are not such fools to come out in this sun!"

David, reassured by this, turned slowly and looked back. Just below, by the first tree, in full view, silent, motionless, stood the tall figure, a little nearer than before.

David leaped to his feet and ran along the steep road, stumbling, terrified. John saw nothing, and this creature so close, in plain view. "Hurry, hurry!" he called back and ran on.

"What has come to you? Are you crazy?" cried the old man. "One can't pause to rest but you jump and run!"

"I—I am not—well. I want to get home," panted David. "We have yet far to go. We must not waste time resting."

"You are sick. Yes, you are pale. Your teeth chatter. We will stop at old Andrew's and get you something. It is this scorching day."

"Yes, yes, we will stop at old Andrew's. He will cure me. It is not far; only beyond the next turn where the trees end."

"And we can take the short way home from there, the path from the back of his house up 'The Rocks.'"

Again they walked rapidly onward, the old man full of concern for his friend, the young man looking straight ahead.

At the border of the forest the small brown house stood on the edge of old Andrew's scanty farmland, the poor half barren land of these mountain farms. Beyond the few fields that stretched up gradually from the back of the house rose abruptly "The Rocks," a high cliff, reaching far along the side of the mountain, sheer, forbidding, its bald face crossed by a rough, narrow pathway. By using this steep way the journey to the cluster of houses above the cliff was made much shorter than by following the gradual, winding ascent of the road.

The two friends turned in at old Andrew's little gate. At the door they were met by the farmer's wife, her sleeves rolled up to the elbows.

"Ah, John Martin and Dave! Back from the fair? Come in."

"Yes, Mary, on the way home. Where is Andrew? David here had a turn on the road coming along below, and we want Andrew to mix him something. The sun was too strong for him, I think."

"Yes, yes. Andrew! Andrew!" She raised her voice and called into the house over her shoulder. "Come in, both of you! He is somewhere about. It is cool in the house at the shady side, and Dave can lie down there."

David cast one brief glance backward as he followed the others into the house. In the road just beyond the gate and looking over it stood the one that followed.

Old Andrew was held in high esteem among the mountain people as half doctor, half wizard, with his knowledge of the use of roots and herbs. He brewed a muddy, pungent tea, which David drank, and Mary, the wife, placed extra plates at the table and insisted on the travelers taking supper.

"Let David rest," she said, "and if he is better after supper you can go home in the evening by the short cut. There will be a moon, or he may stay the night if not strong enough to go home."

So it was arranged. Old Andrew and John talked together of the simple, worn subjects of their rude lives—the poverty of the soil, the long season without rain, the many hardships that befall the farmer.

The wife plied David with questions about the town. "Was there a big crowd at the fair? And the weather—was it fine every day? Did you see the cows from the Duncan farm?" and so on. David answered absently, thinking of the waiting stranger outside the gate.

When the twilight fell, the young man felt able to go on and was anxious to reach his family, so the two men set out along the path through the rocky fields. As they reached the base of "The Rocks" and began the steep ascent the moon rose.

John led the way, stepping cautiously, calling back to the other to avoid the uncertain footholds.

But David, climbing after, thought of nothing but the somber shape that had waited outside and had followed close across the fields after them and which he felt climbed up and up behind him, step for step.

There was no sound except when at intervals a loose stone rolled down, dislodged by their feet. The night was beautiful. The broad face of the cliff shone in the moonlight. Here and there along the edge of the path, where there was danger, rude railings had been placed to protect the traveler. These were silvered by the moon. At some places a rock jutting out cast below it a dense shadow amid the surrounding whiteness.

As they climbed David tried to force himself to turn and face the man in the black cloak and question him, his name, his mission, why he followed, gaining steadily step by step, but he lacked courage. Once he had met that cold, steady gaze. He could not brave it again. He watched his comrade climb above him slowly. Slowly he climbed after and, glancing down, saw the edge of the black cloak blown upward against his legs.

He stopped and put his hands over his eyes. "Who are you?" he said in a low, broken voice. "Why do you follow, pressing nearer and nearer?"

And a voice answered at his ear, while the folds of the cloak, blown upward, flapped about him, "You shall know my name when you are at the end of your journey."

"No, now!" whispered David hoarsely. "Now, your name!"

"Farther on!" came the voice. "When you reach the next railing."

And they climbed on again in the moonlight. John had gone round a turn of the path out of sight. David advanced feebly, rising laboriously from step to step, pausing often. He could feel the other pressing up behind him, ever nearer.

When they reached the railing above, David stopped, with his hand upon it. "Now, your name?"

"Do you not know?"

The moonlight fell with tender beauty over the broad valley below, upon the white road, upon the forest trees, upon the small brown house at the foot of the cliff. The black cloak floated about his head, before his eyes, coming between them and the fair picture. A hand fell upon his, grasping the railing.

"Your name! Your name!"

David's hand closed firmly on the wooden rail, and he leaned heavily against it for support. An arm closed round him.

"I am so near—so near. Do you not know?"

There was a sharp sound of breaking wood as the rotten timber parted in two, and David fell outward, his struggling feet scraping along the rock. As he fell the folds of black swept round him, the arm embraced him more closely, and they went down together. And David knew that the one that followed was Death.

### Rebuking a Greedy Client.

A Philadelphia lawyer, long dead, who had a national reputation, having been honored with high positions of trust both at Washington and Harrisburg, was famous for his tremendous charges. One day a client for whom he had collected $1,500 called at his office to receive the money, and the lawyer handed him a check for $100. The client looked at it and remarked that the lawyer must have made a mistake and had given him the check which he meant to keep for his fee. "Let me look at the check," said the attorney, and, glancing over it, he declared that it was all right and no mistake had been made. The client kicked against a fee of $1,400 for collecting $1,500.

"Oh, well, if you want to be a hog about it take that," said the man of laws impatiently, and he wrote out another check. It was for $150, and with that the client had to be content, the lawyer pocketing $1,350.

### The Bear Was at Home.

A woman traveling abroad narrates the following experience: She had occasion to go to the British embassy at a certain spot, which shall be nameless, to see the embassador, who, however, proved to be away with his wife at a neighboring health resort. The visitor asked for the first secretary, who, unfortunately, was on leave in England. The woman said that the second secretary would do as well, but he happened to be in attendance upon his wife, who was in a hospital.

Was the third secretary there? No. He was on leave too. The bottle washer might be in, perchance? No. He was shooting in England. The second bottle washer? He, unfortunately, was an invalid and rarely came to the embassy. The military attache? He was on leave. The archivist? He was fishing in Scotland.

The visitor had heard of two junior secretaries, whose custom it was to transact their duties in company with a pet bear. Did they happen to be in? Unfortunately, they were away playing polo. And the bear? Yes, the bear was at home. The visitor, however, did not feel equal to interviewing the bear single handed and left.

### Make No Pretenses.

Be natural. If you are not what you would like to seem, endeavor to come as nearly to your ideals as you can, but do not affect a manner or character that is not your own, that is not sincere. Affectation betrays weakness of character. It deceives no one. One may imagine he is making a great impression. People are too polite to let him know their thoughts, but they see through him. He makes himself less in their estimation. It is of no use to assume to know that of which one is ignorant.

There is a certain strength in honesty that carries weight and influence. Integrity will make itself felt. By making no pretenses one is on the right road to advance. There is no fool like the one who thinks he knows it all, or, worse, thinks he can make others think so. Pretenses are despised by all sensible persons. Be true, be genuine, and you retain your self respect and gain that of others.—Milwaukee Journal.

### A Good Case.

Dismal Dawson—I wanter prefer charges on this here cop for robbery.

His Honor—How much did you lose?

"Million dollars. An I didn't have a chance to spend a cent of it when he come along an soaked me on the feet an woke me up."


# CHOSEN FROM A MULTITUDE.

**The Preference Shown By Thinking People for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine—Record Sales in October.**

Considering the large number of remedies for coughs and colds that are now offered to the public, and in view of the fact that nearly every druggist has a preparation of his own which he makes an effort to substitute for the medicine asked for, it seems truly remarkable that the demand for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should increase by such leaps and bounds.

During October the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exceeded by several hundred bottles the record of any previous month in its history. When it is remembered that this preparation received very little newspaper advertising the evidence seems to be conclusive that it makes its way by sheer force of merit.

Thinking people recognize the harmfulness and danger of using strong drugs which are said to cure a cold in a few hours. They prefer to cling to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which they know beyond a doubt to be a thorough and effective treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, asthma, and even consumption itself.

The combination of Linseed and Turpentine, with half a dozen other ingredients of equal value for treating colds, in such proportions as they are found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has proven to be a perfect protection against such developments as pneumonia, consumption and serious lung troubles. You can with certainty rely on this preparation to afford prompt relief and permanent cure.

Do you suppose that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine would be more than three times that of any similar preparation if it was not the most effective remedy that money can buy? It has stood the test and proven itself worthy of the confidence that is placed in it. People recommend it one to another, and so the good news spreads. Be sure you get the genuine, with Dr. Chase's portrait and signature on the wrapper; 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

# THE DRILL.

SLOCAN, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

**Visiting Cards In Sweden.**

An old Swedish custom is for people to indicate their business upon their visiting cards. One will receive the card of Lawyer Jones or Banker Smith or Notary Johnson or Music Professor Brown or Grosserer (which means wholesale merchant) Ferguson or Geologist Thompson, and if a man ever held an office it is customary to indicate that fact upon his card. A burgomaster is always a burgomaster, a consul is always a consul and an alderman always an alderman. The prefixes "Hon." and "Mr." are seldom used, and the title, whether commercial or professional, is observed in conversation in the same way.

It is customary also for ladies to print their maiden names upon their visiting cards in smaller type under their married names, particularly if they have a pride of family and want people to know their ancestry.

**Arthur's Mistake.**

She—Well, Arthur, did you tell dad the little fib about the prospective large salary you confidently anticipated you would soon be earning?

He (gloomily)—M'yes.

She—Well?

He—He borrowed a couple of pounds on the spot!—Punch.

**Ask for Minard's and take no other.**

There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.—T. Carlyle.

The Publisher of the Best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitations.

People never improve unless they look to some standard or example higher and better than themselves.—Tyron Edwards.

## A TRYING SEASON.

### Little Ones Are Subject to Colds and the Result is Dangerous Unless Prompt Remedial Steps are Taken

The little ones are apt to take cold, no matter how carefully a mother may try to prevent it. While colds may affect children in different ways, the main symptoms usually are that the child grows cross, the skin hot, the appetite fickle and the child quite feverish. Unless something is done at once to relieve a simple cold, the result is often very serious—so serious, that many a childs life has been lost. There is no remedy that can equal Baby's Own Tablets in cases of this kind. These Tablets promptly break up colds and carry off the poisonous matter that has been retained in the system. By doing this they reduce the fever; the pulse becomes normal; the appetite is restored, and the child is again well and happy.

Mrs. O. E. Earle, Brockville, Ont., says:—"I always use Baby's Own Tablets for both my children, aged three and five years, when they are at all unwell. When my little girl was a few months old, she had a bad attack of whooping cough, and I found the Tablets very beneficial. Since that time I always keep them in the house ready for use. When the children are troubled with biliousness, any derangement of the stomach, are peevish or fretful, or when they have a cold, I always use the tablets, and am always pleased with the results."

These tablets are a certain cure for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, constipation, simple fevers and colds. They prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. May be had from druggists or will be sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Some people while on earth try to live on the interest of their imaginary treasures in heaven.

**MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.**

A man is supposed to be landed when he owns real estate, or when he invests in a marriage license.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.**

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.


Haste to get rich keeps many a man poor.

**The Horse**—noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

The wisdom of nature is proverbial. But why she gave to man a jaw and teeth that enables him to bite off more than he can chew is a mystery.


**Your Faith**

will be as strong as ours if you try

**Shiloh's Consumption Cure**

and ours is so strong we guarantee a cure or refund money, and we send you free trial bottle if you write for it. SHILOH'S costs 25 cents, and will cure Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and all Lung Troubles. Will cure a Cough or Cold in a day, and thus prevent serious results. It has been doing these things for 50 years.

S. C. WELLS & Co., Toronto, Can.

**Karl's Clover Root Tea cures Indigestion**


Little, vicious minds abound with anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the pleasure of forgiving their enemies.—Chesterfield.

**No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D Kellog's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as a change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering, and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a wide spread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.**

Nothing jars a man so much as the discovery that he has married a woman who delights in coming down to his office and putting things in order.

Every time care drives a nail in your wooden overcoat laugh heartily and draw it out.

When a wise man reaches the top of the ladder he immediately proceeds to make himself secure in the position.

An Irish philosopher says zero weather is due to the fact that the heat of the sun is colder in winter than it is in summer.

Nothing can constitute good breeding which has not good nature for its foundation.—Bulwer.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—George Eliot.

That which is given with pride and ostentation is rather an ambition than a bounty.—Seneca.

Childhood may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.—J. G. Holland.

Despatch is the soul of business.—Lord Chesterfield.

Give a man half a chance and he will tell of a grudge he has against some other man.

**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.**

Lawyers occasionally make mistakes, but they seldom bring suit against one another.

**In washing woollens and flannels, the soft soap made from Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.**

No man has a moral right to disclose a cloven breath during the honeymoon.

**DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION** is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. W. F. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes I have in stock"

It is but natural that a man should get hot when others "roast" him.

**Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.**

A duck of a man is apt to make a goose of a husband.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

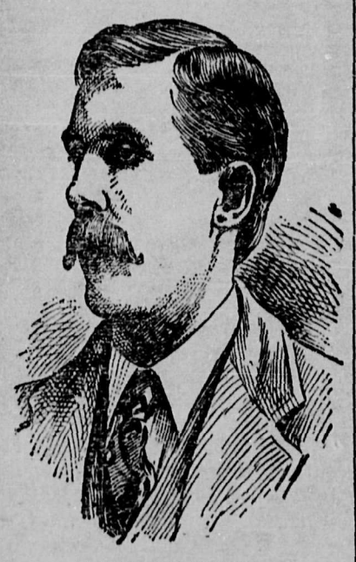
Weak men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.

# OSHAWA MIRACLE IS EXPLAINED.

## How a Remarkable Case of Paralysis Was Cured.

## THE MOST INTERESTING MAN IN CANADA.

## Joseph Brown Attracts Attention of Physicians, Scientists and Sick People.



JOSEPH BROWN.

From the Mail and Empire.

Oshawa, Ont., March 3.—Joseph Brown, whose case was fully reported in the Mail and Empire some time ago, seems to be the most talked-of and written about man in Canada. He is in receipt daily of many letters from all over the Dominion. Physicians and scientists, as well as sick people, write him, and many and often amusing questions are asked. To all Mr. Brown answers: "I have given my sworn statement, and it tells my story. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, and that after I had been partially paralyzed and unable to move for over four months, and given up by many doctors."

Many people have been puzzled as to how a kidney medicine can cure paralysis. This is easily understood when it is remembered that the kidney poison, which is the direct result of kidney weakness, is most destructive to all healthy tissue and nerve.

Seventy-five per cent of all nervous diseases, paralysis and brain troubles, is directly caused by weak kidneys, allowing violent poisons to escape through the system to derange and destroy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, by correcting the action of the kidneys, encourage these natural filters of the blood to extract and expel the poisons, thus removing the cause of many of these dangerous ailments, which are not generally spoken of as kidney diseases.

We must conform, to a certain extent, to the conventionalities of society, for they are the ripened results of a varied and long experience.—A. A. Hodge.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm. Nothing great was ever achieved without it.—Emerson.


**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than Two ounces of impure soap.

**REDUCES EXPENSE**

Ask for the Octagon Bar If your grocer cannot supply, write to LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free of cost.

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

**PAGE WIRE FENCE**

This is the Page Standard II Bar Fence, made of "Page" wire which is twice as strong as common wire. The continuous coil, note wavy appearance, allows for expansion and contraction which is important owing to Canadian climate. Our upright wires are in one piece and have strength of about 800 pounds. If made of pieces spliced at each horizontal, they would have a strength of only about 300 pounds. We also make gates, ornamental fences, poultry netting, nails and staples. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

ROSS & ROSS, General Agents, Box 632, Winnipeg, Man

**THE HASLAM LAND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY**

Winnipeg and St. Paul

DURING THE LAST FOUR MONTHS we have sold between $400,000 and $500,000 worth of property in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and we expect to sell a very much larger amount than this during the next four months.

WE HAVE A CONNECTION COVING the whole of the Northwestern States, and are in communication with a large proportion of the prospective buyers of Canadian farm lands and other real estate in Manitoba and the Territories. We are advertising extensively in the daily and weekly papers and have about 100 local agents. We have a demand for improved farms in Manitoba and for business property in the towns and villages in Manitoba and the Territories. We have continual inquiries from parties who wish to rent improved farms. We are in a position to advise prospective buyers (if unable to sell them) as to where they will be able to make the best selections of land, as we have a system of inspection covering all the desirable localities in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories

IF YOU WANT TO BUY ANYthing in the way of farm lands or city property, communicate with us; and if you want to sell anything have it listed with us. If possible, give us thirty days' option at your price, as we will then make a much more active effort to sell than if it was left in our hands in common with other agents. We own and have for sale 200,000 acres of land south of Indian Head in the best wheat and flax growing country of Canada, which we are offering at from $5 to $7 per acre; land that we expect to have sold within the next three months. It is an opportunity to get into this choice district which will not occur again; and the lands which will grow 35 to 40 bushels of sound wheat to the acre are very limited.

THE HASLAM LAND AND INVESTment Co., 1019 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul and Forum Bldg, Winnipeg Man.


Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—Philip Brooks.

**OUT OF SORTS.**—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

"Let me take your check," is the most popular after-dinner speech.

**MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumbermen's Friend.**

A very young man is apt to lose his heart and head simultaneously.

Actions speak louder than words. Some men never say die, yet they all have to do it.

**Passing of Sailing Barks.**

Not many years ago the East river water front was a "forest of masts." Today a dozen smokestacks take their place. Poetry has given place to the dullest and driest of prose. An illustration of the sorrowful pass to which sailing vessels in the merchant marine have come was related last week by the son of a once wealthy shipowner, now dead.

"I was present in my youth," said he, "at the christening of one of my father's barks, a quarter of a century ago. The vessel cost about $32,000. In its maiden voyage to Australia it cleared a net profit of more than $35,000—more than paid for itself, in fact.

"Not long since, while settling up my father's estate, $50 was offered to me for an eighth interest in another bark which he had owned. It cost him $4,000. I took the offer. It was a question of taking $50 or paying an assessment of $200, and, as I was not empowered to spend money of the estate and saw no probable profit if I did, I took the cash."

**A Plucky Queen.**

While the queen of the Belgians was driving the other day in a pony chaise in the environs of Spa she met a ragpicker's cart drawn by a dog, which was being cruelly beaten by the two occupants. The queen drew her carriage across the road and requested the ragpickers to cease ill treating the dog. Their only reply was a volley of insulting language, while they thrashed the unfortunate animal more brutally than before.

Her majesty thereupon turned her carriage round and followed the men to Theux, where she had them arrested for cruelty. On the police authorities wishing to add the charge of insulting the queen, her majesty asked them to strike it out, as she made her complaint solely in her capacity as a member of the Society For the Protection of Animals.

**Responsibilities of Riches.**

Speaking of the responsibilities that riches bring, no sooner have our wealthy classes learned to pronounce "chef" with confidence than "chauffeur" begins to come in.

Evasion is unworthy of us, and is always the intimate of equivocation. Balzac.

Cleanse the fountain if you would purify the streams.—A Bronson Alcott.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.—Geothe.

To find fault is easy; to do better may be difficult.—Plutarch.

Let thy discontents be thy secrets. Benjamin Franklin.

Purpose is what gives a meaning.

Knowledge is the root, will the stem, and results the grain.

# Hope For Consumptives

## HOW THE RAVAGES OF THIS SCOURGE MAY BE STAYED.

### Statistics Prove That More Deaths Occur From Consumption Than From All Other Contagious Diseases Combined—How Best to Combat the Disease.

The ravages of consumption throughout Canada is something appalling. In the province of Ontario, where statistics of deaths from all diseases are carefully kept, it is shown that 2,286 of the deaths occurring during the year 1901 were due to consumption, or about 40 per cent more than the number of deaths occurring from all other contagious diseases combined. These figures are startling and show the urgent necessity of taking every available means for combatting a disease that yearly claims so many victims. The time to cure consumption is not after the lungs are hopelessly involved and the doctors have given up hope. Taken in its early stages, consumption is curable. Consumption is a wasting disease of the lungs and at the earliest symptom of lung trouble steps should be taken to arrest the waste and thus stop the disease. Consumption preys upon weakness. Strength is the best measure of safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and strength builder known to medical science. The record of this medicine speaks for itself and proves conclusively that taken when the symptoms of consumption develop they build up, strengthen and invigorate the patient to a point where disease disappears. In proof of this take the case of Ildege St. George, of St. Jerome, Que., who says:—

"About a year ago I became greatly run down. I lost color, suffered constantly from headaches and pains in the sides; my appetite left me, and I became very weak. Then I was attacked by a cough, and was told that I was in consumption. The doctor ordered me to the Laurentian Mountains, in the hope that the change of air would benefit me. I remained there for some time, but did not improve, and returned home feeling that I had not much longer to live. I then decided to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using several boxes my appetite began to return, and this seemed to mark the change which brought about my recovery, for with the improved appetite came gradual but surely increasing strength. I continued the use of the pills, and daily felt the weakness disappear, until finally I was again enjoying good health, and now, as those who know me can see, I show no trace of the illness I passed through. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I hope my statement will induce similar sufferers to try them."

These pills are also a certain cure for the after effects of la grippe and pneumonia, which frequently develops into consumption. Through their blood-renewing, strengthening qualities they also cure anaemia, heart troubles, neuralgia, rheumatism, stomach troubles, kidney and liver ailments and the functional weaknesses that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. There are many imitations of this medicine and the health seeker should protect himself by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The lie that flatters I abhor the most.—Cowper.

Genius is infinite painstaking.—Longfellow.


**SALZER'S SEEDS**

**Beardless Barley** is prodigally prolific, yielding in 1901 for Mr. Wells, Orleans Co., New York, 100 bushels per acre. Does well everywhere. **That pays.**

**20th Century Oats.** The oat marvel, producing from 200 to 300 bus. per acre. Salzer's Oats are warranted to produce great yields. The U. S. Ag. Dept. calls them the very best! **That pays.**

**Three Eared Corn.** 200 to 250 bus. per acre, is extremely profitable at present prices of corn. Salzer's seeds produce everywhere.

**Marvel Wheat** yielded in 30 States last year over 40 bus. per acre. We also have the celebrated Macaroni Wheat, which yielded on our farms 63 bus. per acre. **That pays.**

**Spelts** Greatest cereal food on earth—80 bus. grain and 4 tons magnificent hay per acre. **That pays.**

**Victoria Rape** makes it possible to grow hogs, sheep and cattle at a cost of but 1c a lb. Marvelously prolific, does well everywhere. **That pays.**

**Bromus inermis.** Most wonderful grass of the century. Produces 6 tons of hay and lots and lots of pasturage besides per acre. Grows wherever soil is found. Salzer's seed is warranted. **That pays.**

**$10.00 for 15c.** We wish you to try our great farm seeds, hence offer to send 10 farm seed samples, containing Thousand Headed Kale, Teosinte, Rape, Alfalfa, Spelts, etc. (fully worth $10.00 to get a start) together with our great catalog, for 15c postage.

John A Salzer Seed Co. LA CROSSE WIS.


YOUNG WOMAN—AGED 21—Just come into possession of $14,000—wishes to correspond with honest, intelligent man, who would appreciate a good wife. Box 2,538, Toronto, Ont.

## TAME FISH IN A RIVER.

### A Traveler's Story of What He Saw in Upper Burma.

When in camp the other day, I was riding through a village when the village headman asked me if I would like to see "the fish." I, not knowing what the headman meant, at once went with him down to the banks of the stream, followed by several villagers with baskets of sessanum and paddy mixed together. Then the thuggi called "Lay, lay, lay, lay," for a few moments, when, lo and behold, a large herd of ngatwe, or big, short, flattish fish, came up just under our feet and were promptly fed by the Burmans.

The fish were amazingly tame and tolerated being stroked and petted even by me. There were in all about thirty-three of them, varying in size from eighteen inches to three and a half feet long, the larger ones having a girth at the gills of about thirty inches. They would go away and come back whenever they were called.

The villagers told me—and I see no reason to doubt what they say—that these same fish come up against the monsoon flood at the end of June and go away about October every year. They can recognize individual fish by marks, scars, etc., which they pointed out to me.

The Mon is nearly dry in the cold and end of the hot weather, and the fact that these fish return to this one village landing stage every year regularly and never go to any other is quite worthy of remark. A villager who kills any of them has to undergo a penalty of 10 shillings by common consent, and great care is in consequence taken of them.

The ngatwe of upper Burma is a very short, thick fish, tapering rapidly from behind the gills to the tail, has long feelers on both upper and lower lip and has no noticeable teeth. He makes very good eating and has but few bones. I have often heard of tame fish in tanks, but a herd of tame fish in a monsoon river connected with the great Irawadi is a very bizarre phenomenon.

**Anæsthetics In China.**

A Chinese manuscript in the Paris library proves that anæsthetics for surgical purposes were used in China 1,700 years ago. It states that when a surgeon conducted a serious operation he gave a decoction to the patient, who after a few moments became as insensible as if he were dead. Then, as the case required, the surgeon performed the operation—incision or amputation—and removed the cause of the malady. Then he brought together and secured the tissues and applied liniments. "After a certain number of days the patient recovered without having experienced the slightest pain during the operation."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175 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg.

# THE SLOCAN DRILL

C. E. SMITHERINGALE, Editor and Prop.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

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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.

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Address all letters to—

THE SLOCAN DRILL,
Slocan, B. C.

UNION LABEL

FRIDAY, MARCH 21st, 1902.


A pencil mark in the space opposite will be an indication to you that ye editor considers there is something coming to him on your subscription. Kindly acknowledge in cash and oblige.

## EDITORIAL CROPPINGS.

Smith. Curtis has made definite charges against Premier Dunsmuir and his fellow-members in the cabinet in connection with the Canada Northern Railway deal. The charges embrace grave misconduct and gross and wilful neglect of duty. Curtis has asked for a committee of enquiry.

The Canada Northern Railway project, with its bonus of $4500 and 20,000 acres of land per mile, has somewhat dropped out of sight, being conveniently laid away for another trying time. It served its purpose and Col. Prior was elected, thereby saving the government and ensuring himself a nice billet.

If one could place any reliance upon the reported amalgamation of the Chapleau and Camp Mansfield properties, there would be just grounds for anticipating a pretty lively summer in the camp. As it is the outlook is cheerful, and ore shipments continue steady, being now well above the 1000-ton mark.

Up to the present the government's promise to introduce a redistribution bill has not been fulfilled, but inklings of its scope have leaked out. According to the press reports, the bill will follow very closely John Houston's scheme of redistribution, as published in the Nelson Tribune two months ago. The representation in the house will be increased by possibly five new members, which will be given to the Mainland. The Island would lose one or two members and the Lillooets one, while the Kootenays and Yale, with Vancouver, would secure the additional members. The Slocan riding will likely be divided, and a member given to Sandon and the Slocan lake country. However, the bill is likely to undergo considerable change before being adopted.

That bombastic body of commercial curé alls, known as the Associated Boards of Trade, have come in for some rough handling because of the fool proposition they made in their resolution on the mineral tax, passed recently at Kaslo. Not only has the press jumped on them severely, but the boards of trade at Nelson and Kaslo have hastened to disclaim any part or parcel in the scheme advanced, of further increasing the financial burdens of the prospector. The two burgs named have repudiated the actions of their delegates to the Kaslo convention and have sought to undo the evil work there done. A stirring lesson has been taught the over-zealous disciples of trade, and in future they will be more guarded in their actions. The prospector may be poor, but he has hosts of friends.

Acting upon the representations of the subordinate unions, the district association of the Western Federation of Miners has called a provincial convention of all labor organizations, single tax associations, Socialist bodies and other reform movements, to be held at Kamloops, on Monday, April 14th. The objects of the convention are: To unite and harmonize all labor organizations and reform bodies in the province for purposes of political action; to adopt a provincial platform and promulgate a policy for the guidance of organized labor and other reform bodies in future political campaigns; to do any or all other things which in the judgment of the convention will in any way protect or promote the interests of those represented. The call for the convention is signed by James Wilks, president; Rupert Bulmer, vice-president, Rossland; and Alfred Parr, secretary-treasurer, Ymir.

## DRILL POINTS.

Wm. Brasch is in the Jubilee hospital, at Victoria.

The wearing of the green was not much in vogue Monday.

A vast quantity of new snow has fallen in the hills of late.

Bennett & Co. had a very successful millinery opening on Tuesday.

Rev. J. S. Pye, Sandon, preached in the Methodist church last Sunday.

The Cranbrook Herald has entered its fifth year. Like wine, it improves with age.

Born.—In Nelson, on March 16, the wife of James Wilks, of a daughter.

Geo. Smith, freight clerk at the depot, has gone to Victoria for medical treatment.

Easter Sunday and the spring exhibition of new hats and costumes occurs on the 30th.

W. H. Sandiford, manager of the Bosun, New Denver, will return from England about May 1.

The kids have been running the skating rink during the week, and have been having a huge time.

Service will be held in St. Paul's church next Sunday, morning and evening. W. H. Hedley, vicar.

W. A. Alexander, late of the International hotel, has gone to the Thunder Mountain camp, Idaho.

Chas. Dempster was in Rossland last week, owing to the illness of his wife. He has gone east again.

A great deal of sickness is prevailing in the city, whooping cough being prevalent among the juveniles.

The names of Ald. Robertson and Geo. Nichol appeared in last week's Gazette as license commissioners for Slocan.

James E. Orr has assigned to John Bull for the benefit of his creditors. The latter are to meet here on the 26th inst.

The Lardeau Eagle, published at Ferguson, is offered for sale. Editor Pettipiece is going to Victoria to edit a Socialist paper.

Clerk Foley has been notified of the appointment of Ald. Robertson and Geo. Nichol to the board of police commissioners for the city.

Prospectors must pay freight on their outfits when traveling on the Slocan, and the bills must be made out by the C. P. R. agent.

Tenders are being invited by the Imperial Bank, Nelson, for the purchase of the Nelson Miner newspaper plant, stock, debts and good will.

The Sandon Miners' Union hospital held its annual ball on Monday evening. Dr. Forin went up from here to represent the local institution.

THE DRILL hereby amends its statement of last week, to the effect that ping pong has broken out here, the mania claiming several victims.

Inspector Wilson visited the public school on Thursday and put the youngsters through their paces. It was the first inspection made in two years.

Orders have been issued for hotels to safeguard the front doors of their upper stories where no verandahs exist, so that no accidents may occur.

Easter holiday rates on C. P. R. are announced at one fare and one-third. Tickets will be on sale March 27th and 28th, good to return till April 2d.

The Alabama Warblers got a bumper house Saturday night, a favor they were far from meriting. McKanlass himself is good, but the others decidedly on the rough. Colored were the performers and colored was the show.

One of the colored damsels belonging to the Alabama Warblers got a bad tumble after the show Saturday night. She stepped out of the front door of the second story of the Royal hotel and fell to the sidewalk. Her memory was jarred.

There was a large attendance at the masquerade ball given by the band boys in the Music Hall, Monday night. The number in costume was greater than last year and the effect was most pleasing. As everything was donated, the boys cleaned up a tidy sum.

W. J. Twiss, of Kaslo, general agent for the Mutual Life of Canada, was in town this week. He stated his old, popular and reliable company was in a most prosperous condition, having had one of the best twelve months in all departments ever experienced in its history of over thirty years. The Mutual leads all other companies in dividends to policy holders, a fact which is now known throughout the length and breadth of Canada. In selling a "model policy in a model company," security absolute and beyond question is given

## A TOURIST ASSOCIATION.

EDITOR DRILL:

Sir,—At a public meeting held here on the 4th inst. it was decided to form a tourist associatian, covering, if possible, the whole of southwest Kootenay. As we feel that in order to make it a success and obtain important results by advertising our country and placing its attractions before the public at a distance, it is absolutely necessary for all sections to join hands.

Our desire is to obtain the opinions of the merchants and business men of each section, and, if the project meets with general approval, to organize local boards at each point, and all matters pertaining to each section to be under their supervision and in that way to get up an attractive pamphlet, well illustrated, and obtain the co-operation of the railways in its distribution; and also to appoint a good live man as secretary who could visit each section when necessary.

We have already started an association here. The membership fee is fixed at $1, and so far we have met with great success, having obtained a membership of about 150, with the probability of getting from 50 to 100 more.

We shall be glad if you will take this matter up with friends in your neighborhood and let us have your views as to the assistance we might expect from each section. We shall be pleased to get this information at as early a date as possible.

Yours respectfully,
J. FRED HUME, President
MELVILLE PARRY, Sec'y pro tem.
Nelson, B C.

## MINING RECORDS.

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

ASSESSMENTS.

Mar 11—Quien Sabe, Morning Star fr for 3 years, Morning Star for 3 years, Evening Star for 3 years, Pretoria for 3 years, Bruce for 3 years, Calumet for 3 years, Hecla for 3 years.

TRANSFERS.

Mar 10—Bonnie Doon ¼, J Fleming to G McLean.

Independence ½, J Skinner to W T Shatford.

Great Northorn ¼, affidavit re notice of delinquent co-owner to A E Hillman.

11—Gerty R fraction ⅛, W Adams to J Frank Collom.

12—Oregon ½, N F McNaught to R W Malloy.

14—Champion fraction, R E Allen to Marie E Dempster.


**The Murcutt Branch**

OF THE W.C.T.U., SLOCAN,

Meets the second Thursday in each month at 3 p.m. Next meeting in the Presbyterian church. All meetings open to those wishing to join.

MISS E. STOUGHTON, President. MRS. M. D. MCKEE Cor. Secretary.

**Alex. Rogers,**

Tonsorial Artist.

The Leading Parlors:
MAIN STREET, SLOCAN


## Dissolution Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned, carrying on business as Druggists, at Slocan, in West Kootenay, under the firm name of J. L. White & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts due to the said firm are to be paid to the undersigned, John A. Anderson, who will pay all the debts of the said firm.

Dated the 1st day of January, A.D. 1902.

Witness:
R. C. G. WHITE, A. YORK. — J. L. WHITE, J. A. ANDERSON.


**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.


## NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

Pursuant to the "Creditors' Trust Deeds Act," 1901.

NOTICE is hereby given that James E. Orr, of Slocan, British Columbia, Retail Merchant, has by deed of assignment, bearing date the 5th day of March instant, assigned all his personal property, real estate, credits and effects, which may be seized and sold under execution, to John Bull, of Slocan aforesaid, Merchant, for the purpose of paying and satisfying rateably and proportionately, without preference or priority, all the creditors of the assignor their just debts.

NOTICE is also hereby given that a meeting of the creditors is called for Wednesday, the 26th day of March, 1902, at the place of business of the said assignee, in Slocan aforesaid, at the hour of 12.30 o'clock in the afternoon, in pursuance of the said Act for the giving of directions with reference to the disposal of the said estate.

Dated at Slocan, B. C., this 13th day of March, A.D. 1902.

JOHN BULL, Assignee

ELLIOT & LENNIE, Solicitors for the Assignee.


**Gwillim & Johnson,**

MINING ENGINEERS AND ASSAYERS.

Slocan, - - - B. C

**J. M. McGREGOR,** B. A. Sc.

Provincial Land Surveyor & Mining Engineer,

SLOCAN, - - B. C.

**Pioneer Livery and Feed Stables,**

Slocan, B. C.

General Packing and Forwarding attended to at the shortest Notice.

Saddle and Pack Horses for hire at reasonable rates.

R. E. ALLEN, - Manager

**H. D. CURTIS,**

Notary Public.

Mines, Real Estate, Insurance, Accountant.

Abstracts of Titles Furnished.

Slocan, - - B. C.

**To the Ladies of Slocan . .**

The season for Wallpaper is here, and we have received a fine line of papers from one of the best firms in Canada. The prices will be found very reasonable, especially as all customs duties will be saved. Splendid assortment and first class goods. We represent no trust but trust solely to the judgment of the people.

D. D. ROBERTSON


**Slocan City Miners' Union,**

No. 62, W. F. of M.

Meets every Wednesday evening in the Union Hall, Slocan City, at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

GEO. NICHOL, President.
BERT O'NEAIL, Financial Secretary


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Our Potato Onions and Dutch Sets will be in in a few weeks. Leave your order and ensure an early supply.

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Do not send East for your

**Furniture !**

We can supply you in High Grade Furniture. Carpets, Oilcloths, and Linoleums, at lowest prices.

Parlor Suites,
Pendesote Couches,
Wicker Chairs,
Iron and Brass Beds,
Bedroom Suites,
Rockers of all kinds; etc.

We handle everything to make a home comfortable. Write to us for prices.

D. McARTHUR & Co.
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**You are Invited**

To examine the best line of Scotch Tweeds, English Worsteds and Irish Worsteds ever shown in Slocan; also all the latest designs in Pantings. Remember,

**We are Custom Union Tailors**

and the Union Label is a guarantee of the best workmanship. We guarantee satisfaction and a perfect fit.

We have added a select line of

**Gents' Furnishings.**

Compare our reasonable prices—Fine White Shirts, $1; Collars, 15c; Regatta Shirts, in fancy stripes, with collars and cuffs attached, 75c each; Underwear, from $2 a suit; California flannel underwear, $4 a suit, this line being imported direct by ourselves; the best quality Black Felt Hat, Union label $3.50, equal to the Stetson Hat in every way.

A. DAVID, Slocan

Store: Opposite THE DRILL Office.

Store also at Sandon.

**Do You Want a Home?**

Then come to Slocan, for it is one of the fairest spots on this earth of ours. Levelness, Room, Scenery, Health, Fishing, Hunting, Roads, Railway Steamboats, Churches, School Hospital, Public Halls and enterprising citizens are some of the advantages enjoyed by this City, backed up by Unsurpassed and Proven Mineral Resources. Nature and Man hath decreed that

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Come and be convinced that this tale is no mere idle dream, but a stern reality.

**Subscribe for The Slocan Drill; $2.00 per annum.**

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Easter Holiday Return Rates,

Fare and one-third on sale March 27, 28, 29. good to return till April 2nd.

For rates and full information apply to local agents.

J. S. CARTER, D.P.A., Nelson. E. J. COYLE, A.G.P.A., Vancouver

GEO. T. MOIR, Agent, Slocan City