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THE SLOCAN DRILL.

VOL. I., No. 49. SLOCAN, B. C., MARCH 8, 1901. $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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Offers up-to-date accommodation for the Public. It is the home of Travelling, Commercial, and Mining Men.

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Skilled and Personal Management of Jeff Baty,

Who is ever ready to make life pleasant for those who tarry within a while with him.

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BOXER GROUP BONDED

FIVE CLAIMS TIED UP FOR FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Group Adjoins the Smuggler and Molly Gibson—Three Leads on the Property—Bond Runs 18 Months—L. A. Thurston is the Bonder for Outsiders.

A deal, involving one of the best groups at the head of Ten Mile creek, has been signed up during the week. The property is the Boxer group, owned by W. S. Thompson, J. H. Wereley, W. L. Jeffrey, of New Denver; Charley Faas and Billy Crawford, of Creston, but formerly of this town. L. A. Thurston, of this place, acting for outside parties, secured the property.

In the group are the Boxer, Ophir, Monodonack fraction, Neglected and St. Alice claims. They are located close to the big glacier and cover the ground between the well known Molly Gibson and Smuggler properties. There are known to be three leads running through the claims, one of which is the Smuggler ledge. A parallel lead cuts through above and is six feet wide, while the third vein is 28 feet in width and runs in under the glacier. This one is believed to be the mother lode of that section of country. All these veins show more or less clean galena ore and give excellent values. Very little work has been done on the claims beyond a number of open cuts on the veins.

The deal is for $40,000 and is in the nature of an option and bond, covering eighteen months. Five per cent is to be paid down on August 1st. and the balance spread over in equal payments. By August the snow will be sufficiently gone for a thorough examination to be made of the group by the company's engineer. Mr. Thurston is much impressed with the Boxer and believes it to be one of the best propositions in the camp. He has sent in his report and is firmly convinced of the success of the deal. Mr. Thurston, who has figured in a number of mining transactions of late in various parts of the country, predicts a lively camp here this summer. He has numerous inquiries for likely prospects.

GOVERNMENT SMELTERS.

R. F. Green, M.L.A., in his speech in reply to that from the throne, commended the avowed purpose of the government to encourage the industries of the province. The railway portion of the speech had been referred to as dealing with the most important matter before the country. He did not think the government was well informed on this matter. Two of these railways served districts which had already been partially served by transportation. The smelting of our lead ores, the refining of those ores, and the disposition of them after refining, was a more important matter than these. In one year the lead industry of East Kootenay had advanced to 38,000,000 pounds; while that of the Slocan had advanced 4,000,000 pounds. On January 1, 1901, the United States refineries refused to take Canadian lead, presumably for the purpose of forcing up the price. This had caused the practical closing down of these industries. A measure of relief would be afforded if the government would bonus a lead smelter and refinery. He cared not where in the province it was established, so long as this wealth could be made available. The government might go further and establish a government smelter. Such a policy would be wise and progressive.

He protested against certain gentlemen's disposition to ride the party horse. If the actions of the government in his riding were taken as any criterion, they might be charged with being Liberals. Out of four appointments in his district three were Liberals, and they were recommended by himself, a Conservative. He hoped when these matters were laid before the members of the opposition they would admit they were mistaken. Mr. Green paid a compliment to the administration of the department of crown lands by Hon. Mr. Wells. He also asked for a sitting of the supreme court at either Sandon or Kaslo.

Phoenix Has Lots of Ore.

Manager Dunbar of the Phoenix is one of the happiest men in the camp, as his property is turning out one of the big things in the division. He has ore showing in abundance and the dumps are piled high with it. In the No. 1 drift, which is in 150 feet, there is 2½ feet of ore exposed, giving values in excess of $100 to the ton. Two carloads of the ore is piled up on the dump. Lower down the hill a new drift has been commenced, with ore showing right from the surface. A cut of 20 feet was first run in and the face had a three foot ledge. Ore is being piled on the dump there also. The Phoenix is turning out a bonanza for its bonders and it will greatly assist the town. W. S. Drewry, of New Denver, completed the survey of the group this week.

RIFLE CLUB ORGANIZED.

Slocan Sportsmen Get Into Shape for a Season's Fun.

Saturday evening a fairly well attended meeting was held in THE DRILL office for the purpose of organizing a rifle club here. Dr. Bentley was appointed chairman and H. D. Curtis secretary. W. S. Johnson read a number of communications on the subject from Nelson, Vancouver and Ottawa, as well as a copy of the bylaws governing the provincial association. Promises have been received from these places to assist and encourage any organization formed here.

After discussion, it was resolved to formally organize a club in this place, to be called the Slocan Rifle Association. The election of officers resulted thus: Hon. presidents, W. A Galliher, M.P., and R. F. Green, M.L.A.; hon. vice presidents, J. G. McCallum and R. I. Bentley, M.D.; president, W. S. Johnson; vice, D.S. McVannel; sec.-trea., H. D. Curtis; executive committee, Geo. Nichol, Frank Dick, R. I. Kirkwood, H. R, Jorand and C. E. Smitheringale. The executive were instructed to draft a set of bylaws for the club, which are to be submitted for ratification at a general meeting. Messrs Johnson, Curtis and McVannel were appointed a committee to select a suitable site.

It is purposed to obtain the rifles from the militia department at Ottawa, while the ammunition can be secured at a low rate from Victoria. A membership list has been opened and is being freely signed, and there will be no difficulty in securing 40 or 50 names. The club will hold a big meet here next summer, and get all the crack shots of Kootenay to attend. They intend also to scoop in some of the prizes at the Nelson gathering.

READING ROOM COMPLAINT.

EDITOR DRILL:

Sir,—We wish to draw attention to a grave injustice that is being done the W.C.T.U. reading room by, apparently, thoughtless frequenters. For some time past there has been a regular disappearance of the papers and current magazines, these having been taken from the room and not returned. It is working a hardship upon the reading room and is militating strongly against its usefulness. That the institution is appreciated, we feel certain, and we would take it as a great favor if, in the future, the papers and magazines are left in the room for the edification of those who may seek to peruse them.

READING ROOM COMMITTEE

Chapleau Entanglement.

Messrs. York, Andrews and McCallum returned from Nelson Tuesday, having been down on business connected with the entanglement at the Chapleau. Previous offers of settlement of the Chapleau debts having been refused, the solicitors of the various creditors pressed suit, and on Monday the matter came before Judge Forin in the county court. Mr. York's account was at first disputed, but upon it becoming known that the defendants had admitted judgment in other cases, his honor at once ordered judgment in it. The counsel for the defendants sparred for time so as to allow a mortgage given in Europe on the mine to be registered here. It is freely admitted that the aggregate claims against the company are in excess of $20,000. It is thought highly probable that the Chapleau will resume operations under new and experienced management, as it is evident the ore has lost none of its values.

Neepawa Thrown Up.

A. McGillivray and E. Shannon, of New Denver, were here Monday in connection with the Neepawa. After getting an extension of time on their bond on the property, the Warner Miller people threw up the sponge. They had spent $5000 on development, but had not struck the ore chute shown above. The owners will now take hold and push the drift ahead, and the indications are that they will not have far to go to catch the ore. The Neepawa is the natural key to the huge mineral zone extending from Springer to Ten Mile creek.

Young Ladies' Concert.

If anything, the concert given by the young ladies of the town in the Music Hall, last Thursday evening, in aid of Knox Church, was even more of a success than that given by the bachelors for the same purpose. The hall was crowded to the doors and the audience went away well satisfied with the evening's entertainment. An excellent programme was given, one of the most pleasing features being the selections given by the young ladies' brass band. They proved expert manipulators on the horns. Refreshments were served during the evening. The next of the series of entertainments will be given by the married folk this month.

DEPARTMENT OF MINES.

Annual Report Shows a Large Increase in the Output.

On Tuesday the annual report of the minister of mines was presented to the legislature for the year 1900. He announced that the output of ore almost doubled over the preceding year. Lead mining especially has made great strides. The total mineral production in 1899, $12,393,131; 1900, $16,407,645; increase, $4,014,514, or 25 per cent. Total metal production, $8,096,504 and $11,340,756, equal to an increase of $3,244,252, or 40 per cent. Total lead mines production, $6,751,604 and $10,006,032, an increase of $3,310,428, or 49 per cent. Total lode gold production, $2,857,573 and $3,461,067, increase $603,514, or 21 per cent. Silver, $1,663,708 and $2,295,099, increase $601,309, or 36 per cent. Copper, $1,351,453 and $1,615,289, increase $263,836 or 19.5 per cent. Lead, $878,870 and $2,690,507, increase $1,811,687, or 20 per cent. Coal and coke, $4,053,651 and $5,066,899, increase $1,013,238, or 25 per cent. Placer gold, $1,344,900 and $1,278,724, decrease $66,176, or 5 per cent. Tons of ore mined in 1899, 287,343; in 1900, 554,796; increase, 267,453, or 93 per cent. There are now 99 shipping mines in the province, 60 of which are shipping over 100 tons per year. Two thousand four hundred and twenty-six men are employed underground and 1305 above, a total of 3731.

SCHOOL REPORT.

Following is the standing of the pupils in the various divisions of the public school for last month:

FIRST DIVISION.—Third Junior—Fannie Robertson, Alice Bull, Effie McVicar.

Third Senior—Nettie Bull, C. Foley Herman Lindow.

Fourth—Wonetta Tipping, Edna McVicar, Hazel Wichmann.

Fifth—Russell Robertson, F. Lavell, Josie Tipping.

JUNIOR DIVISION.—Second Reader, senior—Mary Benish, Emma Tutcher J. Stevenson.

Second, junior—Louise Remillard, E. Tipping, H. Hall,

First Reader—A. Beck, Inez Rackliff and H. Ross, C. Tipping.

Second Primer—May Bull, Freda Wichmann. W. Smith.

First Primer—Cassie Long, Lizzie Rae, R. Payne.

Methodist Missionary Meeting.

Rev. R. Whittington, president of the British Columbia conference of the Methodist church, and Rev. J. A. Wood, of Kaslo, chairman of the Kootenay district, will visit Slocan on Thursday next, March 14, and hold a missionary meeting in the Methodist church. Meeting commences at eight o'clock, and the usual collection will be taken up. Rev. Mr. Wood will stay over and preach on Sunday, March 17, morning and evening.

Speculator Looking Better.

An improvement is noticeable this week in the appearance of things at the Speculator. In the shaft some fine ore has been struck, being more or less flaked with native silver. The shaft is down over 60 feet. From the No. 2 drift high grade ore is also being taken out. Some of it goes over 200 oz to the ton. Good progress is being made at each working.

Incorporation Bill.

Up to the hour of going to press, no definite word had been received from Victoria regarding the bill for the incorporation of the town. It has been delayed longer than expected, but will be off the slate this week. On Wednesday it passed through committee and was to have been up for its third reading in the House yesterday.

Miners' Union Officers.

At the regular meeting of the Miners' Union Wednesday night, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—President, J. V. Purviance; vice, R. D. Kennedy; fin.-sec., John Foley; rec. secretary, S. B. Clement; conductor, Charles O'Brien; warden, R. M. Webster.

OUR ORE SHIPMENTS

SUBSTANTIAL SHOWING MADE BY THIS DIVISION.

Last Year's Shipments Were 2847 Tons—A Healthy Evidence of the Life and Wealth of the Camp—Arlington the Biggest Shipper.

Ore shipments for the week dropped to 63 tons, from two properties. Three tons was from the Bondholder, being the last of the ore taken out under lease by Paul Hauck and his partners. The remaining 60 tons was made up from the Arlington, which has been maintaining this average for several weeks. The roads breaking up at the lower end is having its effect and will stop any big tonnage going forward for some time to come. The total exports for the year is just under 1000 tons.

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

MINE.	WEEK.	TOTAL.
Arlington	60	720
Enterprise		120
Two Friends		40
Black Prince		60
Bondholder	3	23
Chapleau		15
Speculator		10
	63	988

MINES AND MINING.

The Slocan Star concentrator will start up on April 1.

The ledge on the Iron Horse has widened out to two feet.

The Neepawa closed down Saturday and the men came down the hill.

An arrangement has been made by the Last Chance to market its ore at Trail.

March will be an important month in the history of a number of properties in the camp.

The zinc is disappearing from the ore in the Iron Horse, and is turning into clean galena.

Dan Harrington was up at Sandon during the week, hiring more men for the Arlington.

The short piece of sleigh road from Aylwin to the Enterprise millsite is practically completed.

P. McVicar has assumed the lease on the Bondholder, recently relinquished by Paul Hauck.

It is reported that P. W. George has bonded the Creole group, Lemon creek, to Colorado parties.

Mismanagement has caused the winding up of the Florida company, operating in the Jackson basin.

Acting on instructions from the Old Country, the Bosun mine, New Denver, was closed down this week.

There are 75 men employed at the Payne, and there will be no shut down because of the smelter trouble.

Last week's ore shipments from the entire Slocan amounted to 515 tons, raising the total for the year to 5405 tons.

Word comes from Nelson that the construction of the new mill at the Enterprise will commence so soon as the snow is off the ground.

The Arlington Mines management requests as a favor that no more underbrush be cut along either side of the wagon road, as it allows the sun to break up the sleighing.

R. C. Campbell-Johnston came up from Nelson, Thursday, on business connected with the Bondholder. He says no company with less than $100,000 in the treasury, need apply for the group.

MINING RECORDS.

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

LOCATIONS.

Feb 23—Viking fr, Springer creek, G Henderson.

ASSESSMENTS.

Feb 25—Kokomo.

Mar 2—Creole.

TRANSFERS.

Feb 25—Black Prince ¼, J Elliot to D Arnot.

Same 1-16, D Arnot to J C Shook.

26—Golden West, J P Driscoll gives notice of claim to one-half interest, owing to E C Graham's license expiring.

Truro—J McKinnon claims A Behne's interest as a delinquent.

Republic, Bonanza, American Eagle and Bell, T Montgomery and D Sutherland to H. Lake, of Detroit, option to purchase to May 1.

27—Golden Belt ¼, J B Thompson to Jane Wolf.

Bennett & Co. will have their millinery opening in about two weeks.

DANDELIONS.

Oh, mute, wild prophets, what of life know ye,
Of eager breath?
E'en as I pray, ye molt your living gold
And, gray and hopeless on the morning breeze,
Drop into death.

Oh, wayworn brethren, what of earth know ye,
What end of strife?
Lo, as I grieve, ye bound from chilling sleep,
Breaking the firmament of the somber glebe
With beaming life!

—Philip Gerry in Lippincott's.

THE OUTWITTING OF SORROWFUL JIM.

Allyn rode across the prairie joyously and looked longingly toward the east, where the sun was scarce an hour high. The fresh, bracing air seemed to permeate every fiber of his being, and he drew in great breaths of it, feeling a wild sort of pleasure in the mere fact of being alive.

For once in three years he was happy, and he had been in that beatific state for two whole days. The rest of the cowboys of the outfit did not know what to make of it. Cayuse Ike swore he had been "locoed," for Allyn had been nicknamed by the camp Sorrowful Jim, and to see him boyishly exuberant and in a gay humor was an unheard of thing until the last day or so.

Allyn had once made the mistake of considering life a very serious matter indeed, and then, after trying for a year to practice law and not getting any one to practice upon he had given it up in disgust and migrated to the home of opportunity in hope of getting rich.

During his idle hours Allyn had fallen in love, and he took that very seriously also. It went hard with him, for he had nothing on earth except a few bonds an old aunt had left him, and the revenue from them did not amount to $300 a year. At the rate his practice was not increasing Methuselah would have been a youngster compared with Allyn if he waited for the revenue from his profession to enable him to marry.

"Jim," she said, "you are acting very foolishly. What does it matter if you haven't any money? I don't want money. I've got enough, or will have when I am 24, when I get control of it. That would keep us very nicely and would hold us up until you could establish a paying practice. Now don't be silly."

"Nelly," he said solemnly, "I cannot afford to marry now. People would say that I married you for you money, and I don't intend to put myself in a position where such a motive could be imputed to me. It would be unjust to me and to you."

"Well, Jim," and there were tears in her voice, "I don't think you are acting fairly toward me. Here I am an orphan, with nobody on the earth to love except an old guardian, and I despise him. You've made me love you so that life without you will be worse than no life at all, and now you say you cannot marry me until you make what it took my father a lifetime to accumulate. Why, by that time I'll have wrinkles and maybe false teeth and glasses and be a horrid, snuffy, fussy old woman."

"No, Nell, I don't want to make $200,000. If I had $100,000 it would be all right. And it will not take long. Out west I will make it quickly. Just you stand fast and wait for me."

"Oh, I'll wait, but I think you are hateful and pigheaded just the same. Would you marry me if I hadn't any money at all?"

"Yes, gladly, and we would be happy too. You would manage somehow. But now my self respect will not allow me."

So it was that he went to make his fortune and at the same time peace with his unduly active conscience. To his utter disgust he found, after a year's prospecting, that gold mines were not at all plentiful, and that every foot of the mountains had been prospected over time and again. A year in Mexico assured him that the business of finding silver mines lying around loose had also played out long ago, and that it took lots of capital to start ranching on a paying basis. Funds were getting low, so he secured a place as one of the herdsmen of the XXX outfit and on account of his grave demeanor was promptly named by the other cowpunchers Sorrowful Jim. And the name stuck to him.

During all his wanderings he had written to Nell as regularly as possible and had begun to regret in a measure his Puritanical conscience. At $40 a month and grub he did not see that a fortune was in immediate prospect. Absence had indeed made his heart grow fonder, and he longed for a sight of Nell's laughing eyes and dimpled face.

Yet he would not acknowledge himself beaten or that he would give in. Much against his inclination he remained consumed with a desire to see her, yet impelled to remain in stiff necked pride, acting as avant courier and escort for a lot of wild eyed, long horned steers, all the while cursing himself for a fool. So he and the rest of the outfit did not have very much in common together, and he grew more and more unsociable and lonely.

Small wonder was it, then, that when he received a letter from her he felt that his voluntary exile was broken. His penance was done, and he was free to return to civilization and Nelly.

"You come on, Jim, dear," the letter said—"that is, of course, if you care to take an almost doweriess bride. I have now only enough left to bring me in $300 a year—exactly what you had. I do not own another thing on earth. I had concluded that the money without you is not worth having, and as long as you are so stubborn about it I saw that I must give in, so I have done so gladly. I have got to be 24, as you know, and have absolute control over my property. So, in order to get you, I have given away my fortune.

"You have cost me nearly $100,000, so I'm of the opinion that you had better come on and deliver yourself up as a victim. I don't propose to tell you another thing about it, as you have no right to know now. After—after—oh, well, some time I will tell you what I did with the rest of the money, but just now it is no affair of yours. You will simply have to take my word for it. Come on, Jim. I am anxious to see you."

So it was that Jim was so happy. He had only two more days to wait; then he would get his month's wages. He had $400 saved up, and he reflected that he and Nelly would manage to get along nicely on that for awhile. His pride was riding rampant, also, and his conscience was very self satisfied, indeed, for had he not held out against the allurements of beauty, wealth, position, ease—everything? It was a victory well worth rejoicing over.

* * * * * * *

The ceremony was over, the few intimate friends had taken their departure, and Jim and Nell looked at each other in a bewildered sort of way.

"I think we ought to take a trip, Jim. I'm so deadly tired of this place. I don't know what to do. Let's go to Europe. I've always wanted to go there."

"Nelly, are you daft? I can't afford a trip to Europe, and you know it. And you haven't any money either, so how are we to go?"

"I think it is very unkind of a person of your wealth to be taunting me with my poverty. For a man as rich as you, I think you are undoubtedly 'close.'" Her eyes twinkled merrily. "I want to go to Europe, and now I've got you to go with me you ought to be glad of the opportunity."

"Nell, dear, if I could afford it you know I would be delighted to take you."

"Well, you can afford it."

"I tell you I cannot."

"I know better—you can. Why, just look at these," and she handed him a bundle of books and papers. He picked up the first one and read the inside page: "First National Bank, in account with James M. Allyn. Deposited May 1, $35,000; May 9, $12,000; May 12, $12,000.

"What does this mean, Nell?" he asked wonderingly as he looked at another book and read: "Received May 9, bonds, mortgages, stocks and securities duly transferred and assigned to James M. Allyn, and aggregating $130,000, and more particularly described as follows: The Trust and Safe Deposit company." Nell was hugely enjoying the situation. She seated herself on the arm of the chair and said:

"You dear old stupid, mulish, stubborn thing, I told you the truth, for I gave everything I owed to you before I wrote that letter. I told the truth, for I reserved just enough to bring me in $300 a year."

"Well, I'll be"— She kissed him and stopped the word.

"Are you going to Europe?" she asked.

"Yes. I think I would enjoy the trip myself, but don't you think you paid too much for me?"

"Oh, I don't know. Not as long as you are nice as you are now. Come on. Let's get ready and catch the steamer leaving tomorrow evening."—St. Louis Star.

An Irishman's Ruse.

In the pioneer days of Victoria, B. C., a Hibernian drayman, whose property abutted on to that of a merchant, was very much disgusted to find that the merchant's chickens were constantly in his little garden patch and would root up his flowers and vegetables.

Appeals to the merchant, who was a patron of the drayman, were of no avail, so the following ruse was adopted:

Our friend from the Emerald Isle purchased some eggs and placed them here and there in his garden. He then awaited the merchant's wife, who would call the chickens to feed them, and in full view of the lady picked up the eggs and put them in his hat.

The lady asked Mike what he was doing.

"Oh, getting a few eggs for my breakfast," said he.

"Well," said the lady, "you have no chickens. The eggs are mine."

"Oh, sure are they, mum. Then what do they do in my garden? Anything on my premises is my own."

After this the fence was made chicken proof, and Mike had no more trouble.—London Tit-Bits.

A Story of Dumas.

One day Alexandre Dumas visited Marseilles and made a trip to the Chateau d'If to visit the palace he had helped to make famous. The guide showed him everything; also the subterranean passage by which Edmond Dantes and Abbe Faria used to visit each other. "This passage was dug by Abbe Faria by the aid of a fish bone," the guide explained. "M. Dumas tells about it in his story of 'Monte-Christo.'"

"Indeed," replied the author. "Alexandre Dumas must be familiar with all the surroundings here. Perhaps you know him?"

"I should think so. He is one of my best friends."

"And you are one of his," replied the impulsive scribe, letting 2 louis d'or slip into the hand of the astonished guide.

Scientific Research.

Jester—Old Squeezit has agreed that after his death his body shall be turned over to the university in the interests of science.

Jimson—Interests of science?

Jester—Yes; all Squeezit's relatives have insisted that he has no heart; the doctors are going to find out.—Ohio State Journal.

A GEY AULD WIFE.

A little old woman with soundless shoon
And a heart as hard as flint;
In the light of the sun and the glint of the moon
Her locks are as white as lint.

She mocketh youth, and she flouteth love,
For a gey auld wife is she,
And the sands beneath and the stars above
Were new in her memory.

She toucheth the rose, and it falls apart;
The stone, and it crumbles away,
But never a tear to her eye shall start
This spirit of yesterday.

For this little old woman the sphinx beheld
When the dawn of the world was bright—
This little old woman who came from eld
Ere the Lord made day and night.

She creepeth about in her soundless shoon,
She singeth a dreary rhyme,
And the nations drowse to her eerie rune,
For the gey auld wife is Time.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

How a Husband and Wife Forgave One Another For Mutual Indiscretion.

"It simply won't do," observed Mrs. Portland-Rhodes, with emphasis.

"May I ask what you are talking about?"

"I am talking about your extravagance," said her husband. "If it continues, you will simply burst up the show," he added, relapsing into slang.

"I'm afraid your theatrical friends are demoralizing your English."

"The English language has nothing to do with the conversation," he snapped.

"Not with your conversation, dear," said his wife sweetly.

"And I'm tired of these dark allusions to my theatrical friends. It's absurd to imagine that because I take a girl to supper that—that there's anything in it. She was an old friend."

"I should hardly call her old," said Mrs. Portland-Rhodes critically. "Suppose we say middle aged?"

"Anyway, we are drifting from the point."

"What is the point of this dialogue?" inquired his wife, with extreme affability.

"Your extravagance. I cannot stand the pace. What's to be done with these things?" indicating a little pile of bills.

"I'm afraid I have no head for business," said his wife, looking tired.

"But how are we going to meet them?"

Mrs. Rhodes sniffed her smelling bottle with an air of extreme patience.

"Why not write out a check?" she murmured.

"Write out a check?" he gasped. "What the"—

"If you wish the servants to know all our private affairs, I'll ring the bell," said his wife. "But don't shout, dear, because it makes my head ache."

There was only one reply for an independent husband. Mr. Portland-Rhodes gathered up the pile of bills, housekeeping and otherwise, placed them by his wife's plate and stalked to the door.

"You've made a very poor breakfast, Charles," said his wife sympathetically.

"And you'll make me a very poor man," he muttered.

"I'm sorry, dear. I forgot how many calls you have upon your private purse."

This was the last straw. The husband banged out of the room, muttering expressions which would not be permitted even at a religious demonstration.

It was a pretty piece of acting on her part—the airiness, the nonchalance, the magnificent contempt for debt. It was all put on. She was in a complicated frame of mind. She was jealous of her husband on account of an innocent "spree" of his, which green glasses had made hideous. She was uncomfortably conscious that she was on the high road to making a fool of herself. She was up to her pretty little ears in debt, and, above all, she was in a funk about it.

In short, Mrs. Portland-Rhodes had cast herself for an unsuitable role. At the bottom of her heart she was a romantic little creature, ridiculously in love with her husband, with philanthropic tendencies and a reasonable weakness for "dressing decently."

There is no more pitiable sight than that of a scrupulous person trying to be unscrupulous. She hated to owe money, but to keep level with the times she ran headlong into debt and suffered agonies. She adored her husband and quarreled with him. She despised married flirts and was carrying on three open flirtations, to say nothing of a mysterious one, at the mere thought of which she trembled. In short, she was a poor, worried little woman who was walking in slippery places and expecting to come a cropper every minute.

A week before she had attended a fancy dress masked ball given at the Ambidextrous. Mrs. Rhodes was robed as the Morning Star and paired off with the man in the moon. She believed her partner to be a certain Percy Ladbroke, whom she counted among her admirers. They became quietly confidential, and Mrs. Rhodes rather let the cat out of the bag with regard to her financial scrapes. The man in the moon was sympathetic. He had had a "straight tip." Should he put a bit on for her? Mrs. Rhodes hesitated for a variety of reasons, one being that she had no spare cash to lose, and was already out of her depth.

"I'll tell you what I shall do," said the man in the moon. "I shall have a flutter myself, and I'll buy a few shares for you too. If it turns out badly, I'll get it back for you some other time. But it's too good to miss. You must be in it."

This arrangement sounded very comfortable and Mrs. Rhodes assented.

Her first shock was received next day when she learned that the man in the moon was not by any means Percy Ladbroke, as that young gentleman was away in the country. The next shock was a polite letter of congratulation from the man in the moon, inclosing a note for $1,000. The dabble in Angelicos had succeeded beyond her expectations.

It was a curious position for a married woman. What was she to do? A man she did not know, for he had not even signed his name, probably thinking she already knew it, had sent her a round sum of money. He might be mad, but who would believe the story? Would any sane person, specially a mere husband, believe that a stranger would hand her a share of a speculation in which she had not staked a farthing?

On the other hand, she gave a sigh of relief when she recollected that, not knowing who he was, she could not return it. That fact, combined with the pile of bills and her husband's irritation on financial subjects, decided her, and she cashed the note, and utilized it to stop the mouths of her hungriest creditors. But it seemed as if she was doomed to face the unexpected. It happened that night that, for a wonder, she and her husband dined tete-a-tete. He was gloomy and silent; she as airy and flippant as usual.

"I have had a lucky speculation in Angelicos," he said quietly when the servants had left the room.

"You don't look as if you had," she said, cracking a nut.

"And I hoped to give you a pleasant surprise," he added, "so I drove around to some of your people this afternoon to pay your bills."

She went white and nearly pinched a finger instead of a nut.

"I was rather surprised to learn that you yourself had been around this morning and paid them money on account."

There was an uncomfortable silence while his wife restrained a desire to use unladylike language on the subject of Angelicos and pleasant surprises generally.

"That was very kind of you," she said at last.

"May I ask where the money came from?" he asked.

"I never knew anybody to talk so much about money as you do," she said evasively. "Suppose you try another subject?"

"You have been telling me for several days that you are hard up," he continued in the same dry voice. "I should really like to know how you contrived to pay away the best part of a couple of hundred in cash when you are without funds."

"I had a little flutter in Angelicos, too," she said easily.

"Who put you on to it?" he asked sharply. "There were not a dozen men in town who knew anything about it."

"I—I met somebody at a dance, and—and somehow it leaked out that I was rather hard up, and—and he said he'd put something on for me," she replied. "Of course I didn't know he meant it, but I heard from him this morning."

Her husband whistled softly.

"This is a funny sort of story, Violet, for a woman to tell her husband," he said gravely, but not unkindly. "Who was the man?"

There was something in the tone of his voice which told her that further evasion would be worse than useless, so defiantly she told the whole story.

"May I see the letter which accompanied the note?" said her husband.

She produced it. It was written on club note paper.

"I shall have no great difficulty in finding out who this is," he said. "I shall send a check. I don't want you to take anybody's money except mine."

"Is that all?" she said coldly. "Have you anything else to say?"

"It's not much good for me to say anything."

"I thought you might like to preach one of your lay sermons," she said.

"Not at all," he answered, with a provoking smile. "I'm not like somebody I know. I'm not going to make a mountain out of a molehill. But, really, a masked ball at the Ambidextrous and a check from a stranger is almost as naughty as my taking an actress to supper. We seem to be both going to the bad."

This was humiliating. Mrs. Rhodes expected a lecture and was only being chaffed. Moreover, the chaff was kindly, and she found it rather a struggle to keep the tears back. But when he sat down to his desk and wrote out a check and said, "There; now, will that help you out of your pickle?" she broke down altogether and wept like an ordinary woman.

"Shall we cry quits?" he said. "You forget the supper, and I forget the man in the moon."

"Suppose we say a little goose?" he corrected.

After she had left the room he looked at himself in the glass and nodded at his own reflection.

"It's all right now," he muttered, "but she must never find out who the man in the moon really was."

And the reflection in the glass winked.—Modern Society.

He Lost the Credit.

Justice Garoutte related an amusing incident which occurred to him while crossing the Atlantic. "The band played every night in the second cabin," he says, "and one evening I invited my family and a few friends to visit the second cabin and listen to the music. After a few pieces had been played I called a kellner to me and told him to give the band a glass of beer at my expense. I paid him the charges, the beer was brought to the band, they stood up, rattled their glasses, seemed greatly delighted, and said 'good luck' to a big red faced German who was sitting on the opposite side of the room, and then drank their beer. He then arose and made a speech, after which the band played 'Hail to the Chief,' amid great applause.

"I asked a gentleman who sat near me, and who understood German, what all the fuss was about, and he said the fellow who had just made the speech had treated the band to beer. It came over me like a shot that I did not tip the kellner, and that he had put up the job with the red faced German."—Argonaut.

"Hello, Cush!" "Hello, Bill!"

The late Senator Davis left his house on Massachusetts avenue one morning and started to walk to the cars. Suddenly, as if sprung from the ground, a man approached him. He was an old member of Davis' company in the war, and he looked seedy.

"Hello, Cush!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Bill!" said the senator. "Where did you come from?"

For a few moments the senator and the old soldier chatted together. Finally came the expected "touch."

"Can you change $20, Cush?" asked the dilapidated veteran.

"Yes," answered Davis.

"Then lend me ten."

Davis laughed. "That is a little too steep," he said. "Won't you take $2 and call it square?"

It is hardly necessary to add that Senator Davis parted with his money.—Washington Post.

Security Too Big to Store.

One of the big speculators in the street recently went to a banker and said that he wished to borrow $1,000,000.

"All right," was the response. "What is your security?"

"My check," was the airy and surprising reply.

"Well," responded the banker thoughtfully, "your security is good enough, but I shall have to decline the loan, as our vaults aren't large enough to hold it."—New York Tribune.

A SPECTACLE OF WAR

HOW A GREAT ARMY APPEARS WHEN ON THE MARCH.

Description of the Order In Which a British Column Advances When It Is Preparing to Attack the Stronghold of an Enemy.

A British column advancing in time of war through an enemy's country is at once a magnificent and a remarkable spectacle; or rather, to be quite correct, it would be, provided the eye could take in all the details at a single glance.

But that is just precisely what the eye cannot do. A column of even moderate strength, when on the move, lengthens itself out abnormally, so much so indeed that a body of troops which in review order could be packed within a moderate sized parade ground will occupy ribbonwise eight, ten or even more miles of country.

We will, therefore, take up a position on an eminence and watch in imagination a column of British regulars marching on an enemy's stronghold.

First there will come in sight, riding at a walking pace, a solitary pair of horsemen. These are the advance points, as they are termed, and are thrown forward perhaps a mile ahead of the vanguard. They are on the lookout for the enemy, and on the first hint of danger it is their duty to ride back to left and right and alarm the flankers.

These latter are thrown out fanwise from the cavalry which screens the infantry vanguard, and they in turn pass the word back along the trailing, snakelike ribbon of armed men, till within half an hour, say, of the enemy's being first sighted the entire command knows of the threatened danger and is prepared to deal with it.

The two advanced points have been well likened to a couple of electric buttons, which, on being touched, thrill the alarm down both flanks throughout the entire length of the column with which they are in communication. The simile is not quite perfect, however, for the alarm is sounded by these living electric buttons while yet the danger is remote. Some hundreds of yards in the rear of the cavalry screen comes the advanced guard, subdivided into a vanguard and a main guard. This latter constitutes the first fighting unit of the advancing column, and its strength is of course proportionate to the strength of the force it is covering. With it are field and machine guns, sappers, miners, engineers, ambulances, reserve ammunition wagons and so forth. In fact, the advance guard of a large column constitutes in itself a fighting force—a miniature army, so to speak, complete in practically all essential details. After the advanced guard has passed we shall probably see, emerging from the clouds of dust which always except in wet weather envelops as with a mantle a column on the march, another solitary pair of horsemen and then at intervals another and yet another. These are the connecting links. A half troop, or perhaps, if the force is a large one, a whole troop of cavalry will come next, then more connecting links and lastly the officer commanding, surrounded and accompanied by his staff. The uninitiated in matters military will now probably expect to see the main body of the army, but no. A single infantry battalion, or maybe two, will perhaps pass, marching strictly "to attention," bayonets fixed and officers' swords carried naked at the slope, after which there will heave slowly into sight an apparently endless train of field artillery, machine guns, ammunition wagons, ambulances, tool carts, forage and store wagons and numbers of led horses. It is only when this heterogeneous procession has come to an end that the thickening of the dust cloud and the measured tramp, tramp, tramp, herald the approach of the infantry brigades. On they come, rifles at the slope or at the trail, talking, laughing, joking, singing, smoking, as though war and its attendant horrors were a thousand miles away. On they come—and still on! Battalion after battalion, brigade after brigade.

It becomes almost monotonous after awhile, for the mighty fighting machines, each composed of 1,000 or more individual fighting units, swing past with mechanical precision of gigantic automata. Everything moves as if by clockwork. Thirty paces interval is the regulation distance between battalions and brigades, and 30 paces interval it is—no more, no less. There is no slackening, no hesitancy, for all the apparent free and easiness. A company lags but a foot or two. It is spurred sharply forward by a biting phrase—half expostulation, half command—uttered by its captain. A battalion does likewise, and a wave from the hand of its ever watchful chief sends the adjutant galloping down the right flank, exploding as he goes. So is the force kept "strung up." And a very necessary process is this same stringing up. The loss of a few yards at the head means hundreds at the tail. Trivial check to the front of a long column is a serious delay to the men in the rear of it, and continual stepping out or rapid closing tends to exhaust troops.

With the passing of the rearmost brigade the interest to the average spectator largely vanishes. True, there follow more machine guns, more tool carts, ammunition wagons, led horses, etc., but all these have been seen before. The bearer companies, with their trim stretchers and the Red Cross of Geneva showing conspicuously on their tunic sleeves, arouse a brief curiosity, but they are out of sight, swallowed up in the dust cloud almost ere we realize their presence. If, however, we care to occupy our position for another hour or so we shall see yet another cloud of dust advancing toward us. This is formed by the baggage train which follows all armies. Lastly comes the rear guard, followed by a small detachment of military police, whose duty it is to look after stragglers.—London Express.

They Object to "Japs."

With regard to the objectionable abbreviation "Jap," the Japanese newspaper Yorodzu Choho says: "To us the word 'Japs' always sounds like an insult. Whenever we see it used in American papers, we are tempted to return the insult in the fashion a witty Japanese did to an impolite American. The American said to him, 'Which nese are you, Japanese or Chinese?' Without making any reply to the question, the Japanese said curtly, 'Which kee are you, monkey or Yankee?'"

Transferred Responsibility.

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby! Everybody will blame me if you misbehave."

"Well, ma, you can blame it all back on your pa and ma."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Professional Statistician.

"How did you come to be a professional beggar?"

"I ain't no professional beggar. I'm employed to git up statistics on how many heartless people they is in this town."—Chicago Record.

Change Is Rest.

Employer (to Pat, who has come with two pails of water from the barn)—What made you so long, Pat?

Pat—Sure, sur, Oi had to stop an change pails once in awhile to rist myself.

Gutter Snipe.

The word snipe, as expressive of contempt with an intimation of priggishness or pettiness, especially impertinence, was very common in Philadelphia as far back as 1835, as I can well recall my indignation when called by it. There can be no question that it came into use from the German schnipp or schnippisch—snappish, pert, saucy. "Gutter snipe" began to appear in newspapers some years later. It would, however, be curious to ascertain whether the term does not exist in some form in old provincial English. "Gutter" was very naturally added from its association with mud. It was generally believed in New England, and I dare say elsewhere, that the snipe lived by sucking mud.

A Water of Special Value.

While Sir William Harcourt was traveling in the highlands with Lord John Russell and other friends they were one day crossing a Scotch loch, and in course of some conversation with a boatman, from whom they were trying to elicit information as to his views on the beauty of the surrounding landscape, the man assured them that the water of the loch had a special value. When asked to explain what it was, he remarked that it had the reputation of making the finest toddy in Scotland.—Chambers' Journal.

In the Interest of Accuracy.

At a meeting of the Mansfield House settlement Mr. Percy Alden, the warden, told a story of the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson. The widow of the novelist was telling how, in the island of Samoa, the old lady had taken walks with a native chieftain "who had killed thousands and eaten hundreds." "Oh, Fanny!" exclaimed the novelist's mother in horror, "you know it was only 11!"—London Chronicle.

The Point of View.

The squire (sympathetically)—I'm very sorry to hear that your husband is at the point of death, Mrs. Hodge, but you must try and be cheerful, as you know it will be all for the best.

Mrs. Hodge—Ah, yes, indeed, sir; it'll be a blessing when 'e's gone. I'll be able to live in comfort then, as I 'ave 'im in four different clubs.—Judy.

'TWAS DR. CHASE WHO SAVED OUR BABY

Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Severe Chest Coughs Cannot Withstand the Soothing, Healing Effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: "'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby."

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says:—"Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing coughs and croup. My little girl has been subject to croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states:—"My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

Mrs. F. Dwyer of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right to-day after seven weeks' sickness.'

Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkelet St., Fire Hall, Toronto, says: "I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other medicine."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold everywhere and is used in more homes than any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 25 cents a bottle. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE DRILL.

SLOCAN, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

He Jokes No More.

"Jake," inquired one of the younger of the knights of the road of an old drummer, "what made you lame?"

"Overexertion at practical joking."

"Tell that to the lambs."

"That's dead right, sonny. Cracked one too many, and it left me lame for life. Ask any of the old boys. That game of cinche came in when I was traveling to what were then the new silver mining districts in Colorado. You call it pedro in this state, I guess.

"Well, I had a reputation for joking those days—sort of an advertisement, you know. There was a good deal of shouting and shooting through the ceiling that night, but everybody was good natured and jolly until five hands were played without a pedro being caught. The bidders did nothing but go in the hole and were getting uglier every deal.

"At last I could contain myself no longer, and announced with an uproarious laugh that I had abstracted the five spots. The general storekeeper was a friend of mine and promptly threw me from the second story window. But they are great wing shots out there, and two of them got me. You'll notice that the lobe of my left ear is gone. The other bullet was extracted from my leg under the supervision of the vigilance committee. I have been an ex-joker ever since."

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best.

Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont.

Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.

Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.

Chas. Wootten, Mulgrave, N.S.

Pierre Landry, senr., Pokemouche, N. B.

Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N.B.

The Address He Got.

A Russian gentleman tells a funny story of his first encounter with the English language.

The day after his arrival in London he made a call on a friend in Park lane, and on leaving the premises inscribed in his notebook what he supposed to be the correct address.

The next day, desiring to go to the same place again, he called a cabman and pointed to the address that he had written down. The cabman looked him over, laughed, cracked the whip, and drove away without him.

This experience being repeated with two or three other cabmen, the Russian turned indignantly to the police, with no better results. One officer would laugh, another would tap his head and make a motion imitating the revolution of a wheel.

Finally the poor foreigner gave it up, and, with a great deal of difficulty, recalling the landmarks which he had observed the day before, found his way to his friend's house. Once there, and in company with one who could understand him, he delivered himself of a hot condemnation of the cabmen and the police of London for their impertinence and discourtesy.

His friend asked for a look at the mirth provoking address, and the mystery was solved. This was the entry:

"Ring the bell."

The Russian had with great care copied, character for character, the legend of the gatepost, supposing that it indicated the house and street.—Pearson's.

Her Conclusion.

Herr Almquist—The paper tells about a girl who has slept for six weeks.

His Wife—It must be one of our former housemaids.—Sondags Nisse.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

DOCTORS BAFFLED.

A CASE OF SCIATICA WHICH REFUSED TO YIELD TO THEIR TREATMENT.

The Patient Spent Nearly Three Months in a Hospital Without Getting Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restores Him to Health and Strength.

For upwards of a quarter of a century, Mr. Geo. McLean has been a resident of the town of Thorold. He is foreman in the lumber yards of McCleary & McLean, and is known not only to the citizens of the town, but by most af the inhabitants of the adjoining region as well. Many of Mr. McLean's friends know that he was afflicted with a severe type of sciatica, and know also that he has been released from the pangs of that excruciating trouble. Believing that his story would be of public interest, a reporter called on him and asked him to what agency he attributed his fortunate release from pain. Mr. McLean's unhesitating reply was: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never hesitate to say so either." Mr. McLean continued: "I was afflicted with sciatica for a number of years. The most severe attack occurred several years ago, when I was confined to my bed for several months. I suffered horribly with the trouble, and the only relief I could get was from morphine, either in tablets or hypodermically injected. I could not put my left foot on the ground without undergoing intense agony. I was treated by physicians, and at the hospital in St. Catharines, to which institution I had to be taken on a stretcher. I was in the hospital nearly three months, but without being cured. Then I returned home very much discouraged. I next tried electricity, but it had no perceptible effect. I also tried a number of advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to try anything that seemed to offer hope of a cure, I got several boxes. I had been using the pills nearly a month before I found much relief, but from that day on my recovery was rapid, and in the course of a few months I was as well as ever I had been. I am now a strong, healthy man, and although I have since endured much exposure I have had no return of the trouble, and feel that my cure is permanent. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly proved a blessing in my case, and I shall praise them when opportunity offers."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

BRIER AND BUR.

I hear our folks a-talkin 'bout the weather an the crops,
Er politics an issues of the day;
So when the knowin clatter kind of dies away an stops
I think it's time fer me to have my say.

I ain't got much to offer, but it's common sense an sound,
Although my views don't often make a stir,
But I say when you're buyin of a piece of farmin ground
You've got to take the brier an the bur.

The world hez got to spinnin out its theories so fa—
We mostly seem to live up in the air;
We want to give perfection jest a little extry shine
An rout the very devil with a dare.

We're goin to make men equil by the passage of good laws;
We're goin to make 'em happy, free an rich;
We're refinin of religion an a-fightin fer the "cause,"
So the world kin run along without a hitch!

But the Lord he made the waters an the dry land to appear;
He made the gentle sunshine an the rain;
He made the law of labor an the heart of man to fear;
He made the sense of pleasure an of pain.

An we've got to keep a-workin 'spite of learnin an of creed,
Always savin fer the comin rainy day;
We've got to help a brother in his time of tryin need,
An there never can be any other way.

The crops'll keep a-failin till winds are laid to rest,
A man must go accordin to his will;
We're bound to cross each other, though we do our level best,
An win er lose the prize we covet still.

An so there'll be misfortune under any kind of rule,
An things'll be unequil to the end,
But ef we look at livin ez a kind of trainin school
The worst of times'll somehow seem to mend.

An after all your talkin an your tryin this an that
You've got to take the bitter with the sweet,
The road of life is up an down an dreary when its flat;
You've got to fight the battle er retreat.

So when your troubles thicken an you're seekin fer the right,
Jest be the happy worker that you were;
Go on about your farmin till the quiet of the night,
Regardless of the brier an the bur.

—Charles W. Stevenson in Boston Transcript.

An Unforeseen Contingency.

Captain Staysail—Yes, madam, the needle of the compass always points to the north.

Miss Sweetthing—How interesting! But suppose you wanted to go south?—Brooklyn Life.

Brilliant Henry.

Economical Wife—Henry, we must cut down our expenses this month. Can you think of anything we can do without?

Henry—Well, there's your mother, for instance.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE WHIRL OF FASHION.

Gowns made entirely of panne velvet are among the winter fancies.

Winter turbans are wide, as a rule, the brim rolling up some inches away from the crown.

It is quite a fad of the winter to have turbans or English walking hats made of velvet, with fur trimmings to match the costume or redingote.

The beautiful crepes de chine in cream, ivory or pearl white or any of the lovely evening tints are greatly favored among fabrics for full dress uses.

Combinations of cloth and corduroy are seen upon a number of the latest Parisian models, designed for walking, traveling and skating costumes.

Velvet costumes made by French ateliers with regular tailor finished skirts are the smartest and most elegant gowns that have appeared this season.

New hats for bridesmaids' wear are formed of white chiffon and ermine fur, with a bunch of shaded roses and a soft white aigret set at one side toward the front of the hat.

So many Russian blouses of baby lamb have been made to wear with skirts of cloth the furriers declare that the tailors and dressmakers have already nearly exhausted their winter supply of the uncut pelts.

Lace as a garniture is still greatly favored, but more in the form of beautiful half yokes at the edge of the low necked bodice or as oddly arranged appliques and insertions, jacket fronts, flat epaulets and revers rather than in full jabots, cascades or gathered ruffles.

Among other elegant creations of French dressmakers are long coats in empire style, formed of the leading shades of finest kid finished cloth, lined with white or very delicate mauve, blue or old rose satin, with standing and cape collars of panne, edged variously with sable ermine, otter, mink or chinchilla fur.

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 gets 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 can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Educational Note.

Visitor—Well, Cyrus, what part of your school life do you like the best?

Little Cyrus—The recesses and the vacations.—Chicago News.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

Effectually Rebuked.

Representative Clayton of Alabama recently told this story: "I was government revenue official down in my state, and when I started in I wanted to make a record. I haled an old fellow into court for selling moonshine whisky. When I got him on the stand, I asked him plump out:

"'Did you ever make any moonshine whisky?'

"The old man looked at me with tears in his eyes. 'Henry,' he said, 'I knowed your father, and he never would have asked me no such question as that.'

"I let him go."—Baltimore News.

The Little Boy and the Inevitable Man.

Once upon a time a little boy went fishing of a Sunday and met the inevitable man in the white choker.

"Why," asked the inevitable man, "do you fish upon the Sabbath day?"

"Oh, sir," protested the little boy earnestly, "it is because I have thought of something quite original to say if anybody shall ask me what becomes of little boys who fish on Sunday!"

The inevitable man did not rise to the occasion, but went his way much dazed.—Detroit Journal

No man was ever so much in love that it interfered with his appetite.

For 50 Years mothers have been giving their children for croup, coughs and colds.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Mothers—have *you* SHILOH in the house at all times? Do you know just where you can find it if you need it quickly—if your little one is gasping and choking with croup? If you haven't it get a bottle. It will save your child's life.

"Shiloh always cured my baby of croup, coughs and colds. I would not be without it." MRS. ROBINSON, Fort Erie.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists in Canada and United States at 25c, 50c, $1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain at 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back.

Write for illustrated book on Consumption. Sent without cost to you. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

NO CURE--NO PAY

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt is Sold on This Basis to Men and Women Everywhere. Not a Cent to be Paid Until the Cure is Complete.

The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt is the only remedy in the world which can be sold on such a plan. It is the only never-failing cure for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Nervousness, General Debility, Loss of Power in young, Middle-aged, and Old Men, Varicocele, Weak Back, and Kidneys, Drains of Vitality, Wasted Energy, Sleeplessness, Pains in Head, Back, Chest, Shoulders and Limbs, Female Weakness, Bearing Down Pains and all those ailments from which women suffer. It cures after all other remedies have failed. Why? Because it restores nerve life animal vitality, warmth and vigor to all weak parts. It makes them strong, it restores them to what nature intended them, health, vitality; and you know, dear reader, if each organ of the body is strong and acts vigorously you will be in perfect health.

Any man or Woman who will secure me can have my appliance and

PAY WHEN CURED.

Are you sick? Are you in pain? Are you tired of doctoring without result? Then come to me or write to me. I am the only man in the world who has confidence enough in his remedy to wait for his pay until you are cured. I know what I can do, and as you do not you can try it first, and I will wait for my pay until you are cured. I have cured 50,000 people in the last twenty years, and though I can't cure every case, I am willing to stand the loss where I fail. So come and try it now. You have nothing to lose.

I give a free test to all who call. If you can't call I will send you my beautiful illustrated book with full information free. Call or write now. Don't dealy.

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., TORONTO, Ont. OFFICE HOURS—9 a.m. to 8:30 p.m

A one-sided quarrel never lasts long.

Some people ask questions for the sake of information, and some for sake of starting an argument.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

A daughter of Roland Reed, it is said, is to appear soon upon the stage.

Yvette Guilbert is so far recovered that her reappearance is announced.

Melbourne MacDowell is to lead a St. Louis stock company during a season of Sardou plays.

Ellen Terry denies once more the rumor that she is about to retire from the stage because of growing ill health.

In the days of their greatest prosperity Gilbert and Sullivan are said to have divided between them $200,000 a year.

Mary E. Wilkins' novel, "Jerome, a Poor Man," is being dramatized and will be given an early presentation in New York.

Nance O'Neill, who continues a great favorite in Australia, is reported to be arranging for her early appearance there as Lady Macbeth.

"The Mormon Wife" is the name of a play which is to take advantage of the prominence which the sect of Utah has recently enjoyed and will shortly be produced.

William A. Brady has under consideration an offer for the right to translate "Way Down East" into French and German and adapt the play to the stages of those countries.

At the time of her death in Rome a few weeks ago Abby Sage Richardson, one of the adapters of "The Pride of Jennico," Mr. Hackett's play, was writing a play for Bertha Galland.

Jobyna Howland is perhaps the most photographed actress on the American stage. She was one of the most famous of the Gibson girls and posed for many of his notable works in recent years.

Julia Morrison, who shot Joseph Patterson, stage manager of the "Mr. Plaster of Paris" company about a year ago, filed papers for divorce from her husband, Fred James, in New York recently.

He Understood.

"It must be a great responsibility," said the young man, "to undertake to direct the movements of the ship of state through all the tempests and currents of the years."

Senator Sorghum looked dazed for an instant and then responded, "Oh, yes, I understand you—you mean that when a man once embarks in politics there's no telling where he is going to land."—Washington Star.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES

Rapidity. Save about one day in three. Quietness and durability without noise or wear. General utility. Best for all kinds of work. 243 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

A NEW CREAM SEPARATOR.

Not an out-of-date article, but absolutely the most serviceable, durable, light running and perfect skimmer. 116 page Catalogue mailed free on application. Agents wanted in every district. Apply at once.

Shipments of Fresh Butter wanted.

Wm. Scott, 206 Pacific Avenue, WINNIPEG.

WANTED! Dealers and others to send at once for our printed price list of second-hand Bicycles. All kinds; all in good condition. Prices away down. Special discount to dealers. Must clear at once. Hurry! Andre Arms & Cycle Co., 19_ Thistle St., Winnipeg. Successors to Hyslop Brothers.

BIG STRAWBERRIES

150 Plants post paid for $1. Send for list N. E. MALLORY, BLENHEIM, ONT.

W. N. U 313

'TWAS EARLY MORNING.

"When I leave you tonight," said Mr. Borem, "I hope you——"

"Gracious! Are you coming again tonight?" exclaimed Miss Tiredout.

Then, for the first time, the proximity of the morrow's dawn dawned on him, and he lit out.

Duty very often lingers and permits curiosity to get there ahead of it.

The head should be educated to think, the heart to feel and the body to act.

BAD HABITS.

I have a lot of habits bad,
I'm ready to confess;
To banish them I would be glad;
They give me much distress.
To some of these I meant to say
In firmest accents "Scat!"
But, ah, to drive them all away,
I couldn't promise that.

I like to smoke a mild cigar;
I fear I smoke a lot.
To claim my liking goes too far
Would be a center shot.
But though I very freely say
A swear off might be pat
Or just a cut to twelve a day,
I couldn't promise that.

I like a seat within a car;
I always hate to stand.
I hate the swaying and the jar;
I don't know where I'll land
To dames who stand I ought to yield
The place where I have sat,
But, ah, my heart is firmly steeled;
I couldn't promise that.

Sometimes I say a naughty word
About the "busy" line.
Such things, you know, are often heard;
They come without design.
Of course it is an awful bore
Just when I want to chat;
But, ah, to darn it nevermore,
I couldn't promise that.

I really ought to make a list
And set my follies down,
Though some of them might ne'er be missed
And some should make me frown.
To pick them o'er would be no fun;
The job would tumble flat;
To really squelch a single one,
I couldn't promise that.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The world deals good naturedly with the good-natured person.

You can't always tell what's in a bottle by reading the label.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The man who never looks up is a rank failure when it comes to lifting up.

What the average man needs is somebody who will make him do the best he can.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Charitable persons speak one to another; uncharitable persons speak one of another.

If loss of sleep means loss of beauty the average man must be troubled with insomnia.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The pursuit of happiness is peculiar. For instance, the pursuer on foot is more likely to catch up than the pursuer in an automobile.

Motives do not make men; men make motives.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

It is a case of milk-shake when the milkman fails to call.

The average woman's ideal man is but a creature of the imagination.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA

GREEN OR BLACK.

IS PURE TEA.

"Pure tea calms, restores and cheers those in distress."

DRINK IT.

A free sample of delicious SALADA Tea sent on receipt of postal mentioning which you drink—Black, Mixed or Green Tea. Address "SALADA," Toronto or Montreal.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone

Price $15.00 including a 16 inch horn, 3 records and concert sound box.

The Talking machine that talks—sings—plays every instrument—reproduces Sousa's Band—Negro Minstrels—string orchestras or church choirs.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone is louder, clearer, sweeter and simpler than any other Talking Machine at any price—it plays cake walks, waltzes, marches and operatic selections, it sings (words and music) of all the popular songs of the day as well as Coon songs, patriotic and sacred selections—it tells funny stories or repeats a prayer.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone is made in Canada, every instrument is sold with a five year's written guarantee.

The records are not wax—they are hard, flat and indestructible. Will last 10 years. Write to us for Catalogue and record lists free.

FACTORY: 347-371 Aqueduct St., Montreal. EMANUEL BLOUT, General Manager for Canada.

E. BERLINER, 2351 ST. CATHARINE STREET, - - MONTREAL

For sale also at Hudson's Bay stores, price $16.50 to cover express from Montreal

Did you ever compare Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea with other much advertised brands?

Don't you think they owe an apology to the public?

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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.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8th, 1901.

EDITORIAL CROPPINGS.

An eight-hour law for miners has just passed the British House of Commons.

The provincial immigration act, commonly known as the Natal Act, is to be disallowed by the Dominion authorities.

Apart from John Houston and one or two others, the C.P.R. does not seem to have a friend on earth at the present juncture. Its sins have come home to roost.

The various boards of trade of the province, which met recently at Greenwood, have declared in favor of Jim Hill's railway into the Crow's Nest coal fields.

Sir Wilfred Laurier has recognized the importance of the Alien Labor Act, and its bearing upon the labor interests, and has promised to look into the matter, upon the representations of Ralph Smith.

Canada's trade continues to expand and her revenues to increase. Last month the customs receipts for the Dominion were $2,325,000, an increase of $150,000 over February, 1900.. Internally also there is a great industrial development, denoting a healthy national spirit.

W. A. Galliher, member for Yale-Cariboo, has made his maiden speech in the Dominion House. He confined himself principally to abusing the Canadian Pacific railway, because of excessive freight rates on the Crow's Nest branch. First thing Bill knows, he'll get his pass cancelled, and then will have to hit the ties to Nelson.

A hoary-headed professor at Harvard, has pronounced in favor of silver becoming the most valuable monetary metal. Gold, he says, is rapidly becoming as common as dirt, while silver, not being found in placers, will always be costly to mine. Billy Bryan can take fresh courage from the pedagogue's remarks and renew his struggle for the emancipation of the white metal.

E. P. Bremner and E. Williams, Dominion labor commissioners, have deported a number of American railway graders from Rossland. They have intimated that in future the alien labor law, which imposes a fine of $1000 for each offense, would be rigidly enforced for the future in the province. There is an indication on the part of the Liberal government to make the law a reality rather than a farce. Better late than never.

A day or so ago, Sir Richard Cartwright stated in the Dominion House that last year no less than 4220 Chinese and 10,516 Japanese came into Canada. These numbers constitute a most serious menace to the laboring interests of the country, which have of late years been in a precarious position. British Columbia will be the chief sufferer from this horde of undesirables, as it is here the vast majority of them have made their homes. It keeps a workingman guessing these times which way to turn for safety.

Tuesday Hon. Mr. McBride, minister of mines, presented his report for last year to the legislature, the members of which received it with every mark of satisfaction. By it it will be seen that the total mineral output of the province increased 25 per cent, total metal production 40 per cent, lead 49 per cent, lode gold 21 per cent, silver 36 per cent, copper 19.5 per cent, coal and coke 25 per cent, and in tonnage of ore 93 per cent. There are 99 shipping mines in the province, 35 of which are in the Slocan. The total number of men engaged in mining is set at 3731. In value the mineral output for 1900 stands at $16,407,645.

DRILL POINTS.

Bar silver hangs around the 61 figure.

The Slocan had to run again last Sunday.

Rosebery rhubarb is selling at New Denver.

The K. & S. has reduced rates from Nelson to Sandon.

Harvey Aitchison will build a new residence in Slocan.

Hugh Sutherland, of the Evening Star group, is in Victoria.

A switching engine and crew have been stationed at Robson.

The subscription list for the new hospital amounts to $1400.

American and eastern mail has again been very irregular.

Wagons put in their first appearance for the season Tuesday.

There has been excellent skating at the rink during the week.

Fred Wright is again in charge of the purser's berth on the Slocan.

The Catholic church at Silverton will hold a St. Patrick's concert.

A. L. Campbell, late of the Minto, is now freight clerk on the Slocan.

The Ledge does not approve of the name Slocan for this festive burg.

Spring millinery, all the very latest ideas, just arrived. Bennett & Co.

A freight train went through a trestle near Nelson, Sunday morn.

The first bikes for the year were hustled out on the sidewalks on Tuesday.

The new land registry office at Nelson opened for business on Saturday.

Sandon is still without electric light on its streets or water for fire protection.

Railroad travel has been demoralized this week by snow and mud slides.

Misses McKechnie and Murter, of Revelstoke, are visiting relatives in town.

M. Bennison, late acting purser on Slocan, has gone back to the str. Nelson.

See our stock of spring and summer goods. All new material. Bennett & Co.

R. F. Green, M.L.A., has been appointed a member of the committee on mining.

Rev. Mr. McKee exchanged pulpits last Sunday with Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of Sandon.

Madame Albani, the great Canadian songstress, is to sing at Nelson on April 15.

Apparently half of the transient travel in Nelson hails from this enterprising burg.

John Taylor, of New Denver, the pioneer milkman of the Slocan, was here Monday.

A newly repaired passenger coach and baggage car came down on the barge Sunday.

A. David, of Sandon, the miners' tailor, inspected his local establishment on Monday.

R. D. Kennedy has purchased the dwelling house of Harvey Aitchison, in West Slocan.

McKinnon & Driscoll were granted their license for the Arlington-basin hotel, on Saturday.

H. G. Kingsbury has resigned his position as engineer with the Warner-Miller syndicate.

Mrs. John Kent, Vancouver, came in Saturday, on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Hiram Robertson.

G. H. Miller, formerly on the Slocan, is now freight clerk on the str. Minto, on the Arrow lakes.

J. Croft has put on an opposition watercart at New Denver, and aqua lakua has dropped in price.

There is more litigation in this camp over mining property than any other section of the province.

Koch's sawmill, on Ten Mile, is running steadily, getting out material for the new Enterprise mill.

The Miners' Union have purchased the Gillis building, on Main street, and will fix it up for a hospital.

Nurse. Open for engagements. Charges moderate. Address, Mrs. J. F. Delaney, New Denver, B.C.

Service will be held in St. Paul's church next Sunday, morning and evening. C. Arthur Mount, vicar.

Fred Smith, the popular representative of Gage & Co., Toronto, was here on Tuesday drumming up business.

M. H. Dobie, of Sandon, is on his way to South Africa as a B.-P. policeman. He went with the Nelson contingent.

The Miners' Union has fixed up a temporary hospital in the building formerly occupied by J. C. Shook, in Brandon.

Smallpox has broken out in Movie and Fernie. Dr. Forin, of this town, is Dominion quarantine officer for the Kootenays.

Capt. Troup has been appointed managing director of the C. P. Navigation Co., with headquarters at Vancouver.

J. Nixon is laid up with a sprained ankle and knee. He was coming down from the Arlington Saturday night on a hand sleigh and got his foot tangled up with a protruding root.

C. Snider is laid up at the Arlington mine with a battered leg, the result of a coasting spill.

A subscription list was circulated during the week for the benefit of the sufferers in the mining disaster at Cumberland.

Sheriff Tuck came up from Nelson Wednesday and went up to the Chapleau, to post notices of attachment on the property.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nichol, with the younger children, have arrived here from Manitoba to reside. Mr. Nichol will go into the milk business.

The committee of the young ladies' concert desire to thank those young gentlemen who so kindly assisted at their entertainment on Feb. 28.

Dr. Forin arrived here on Thursday, entering upon his duties with the Union next day. He has his office for this month in the Arlington hotel.

The first patient in the Union hospital was E. Gallagher, who is suffering from a sprained ankle, the result of falling down a manhole at the Arlington.

One of the main sources of revenue in sight for the new city will be the dog tax. A poundkeeper and sausage mill could work a strong combination here.

Sympathizing friends subscribed $1000 for the benefit of Mrs. Rod Cameron, of Three Forks, whose husband was killed on the Alamo tram some weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Whiteley, of St. John's, Newfoundland, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Hiram Robertson. They have been touring in California and the west.

Miss Milne, a graduated nurse of Toronto, and lately employed in the Kootenay General Hospital, Nelson, arrived here on Saturday, to accept a position in the Union hospital.

The gross earnings of the C.P.R. for January were $2,054,015; working expenses $1,805,819; net profits $648,196. There was a decrease over the same month last year of $43,473.

Grand masquerade ball, under the auspices of the Slocan Brass Band, will be held in the Music Hall, on March 15. Admission, including supper, $2. Those desiring suits will leave name with any bandsman.

Alex. Rogers,
Tonsorial Artist.
The Leading Parlors:
MAIN STREET, SLOCAN

J. M. McGREGOR, B. A. Sc.
Provincial Land Surveyor & Mining Engineer,
SLOCAN, - - B. C.

Blaud's Dyspepsia Tablets

speedily relieve and cure acute and chronic Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Distress after Eating, Sour Stomach, Gas in the Stomach, Nervous, Sick and Bilious Headache. 50 cents a box. For sale at—

J. L. WHITE & Co.
DRUGGISTS, SLOCAN, B. C.

Subscribe for The Slocan Drill; $2.00 per annum.

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All the Latest Works.
Full Stock of Stationery, Toys and Novelties.
A. R. BOLDERSTON

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Abstracts of Titles Furnished.
Slocan, - - B. C.

Pioneer Livery and Feed Stables,
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General Packing and Forwarding attended to at the shortest Notice.
Saddle and Pack Horses for hire at reasonable rates.
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Agency for the Galt Coal Co., Lethbridge.
Orders for Coal to be accompanied by cash and left at the Office:
MAIN STREET, SLOCAN.

New Carpets and Oilcloths . .
Just Arrived.
Furniture, Crockery, Glassware, etc., etc.
D. D. ROBERTSON

Certificate of Improvements.

Ottawa Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan City Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located:—On the north side of Springer creek, about five miles from Slocan City.

TAKE NOTICE that we, William R. Clement, free miner's certificate B26886; Christian F. Wichmann, free miner's certificate B26764, and Winslow E. Worden, Free Miner's Certificate No. B26794, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 5th day of February, 1901.

8-2-01. W. R. CLEMENT, C. F. WICHMANN, W. E. WORDEN.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
AND SOO LINE.

FIRST-CLASS SLEEPERS!
on all trains from Revelstoke and Kootenay Landing.

TOURIST CARS
pass Dunmore Junction for St. Paul on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays; Toronto on Mondays and Wednesdays; Montreal and Boston on Saturdays. Same cars pass Revelstoke one day earlier.

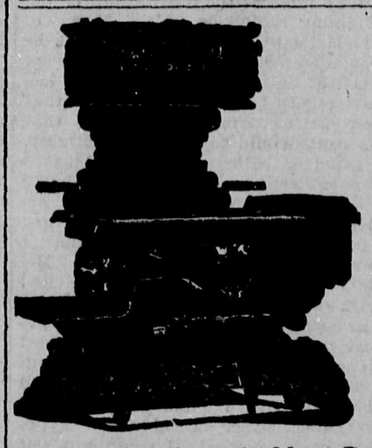
For time-tables, rates, and full information call on or address nearest local agent, or—

GEO. T. MOIR,
Agent, Slocan City

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

Tobacconists' Supplies
of every description can be had at ocan's Leading Store. Tobaccos, chewing and smoking, of the best brands kept in stock; also Cigars and Cigarettes. Fruits of all kinds kept in their season. The most toothsome Confectionery always on sale. Stationery also handled.
A. C. SMITH, SLOCAN

A. DAVID,
the Miner's Tailor, is the place,
For a Nice Winter Suit. Perfect Fit Guaranteed. We use only A1. Trimmings and the Finish is First Class.
MAIN STREET, SLOCAN. Three Doors South of Postoffice.



Just Arrived
Half a carload of Steel Ranges and Heating Stoves. Call and see our display before purchasing elsewhere.
McCallum & Co
Dealers in General Hardware,
MAIN STREET, - SLOCAN
Agents for Crow's Nest Domestic and Blacksmith Coal.

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 Town, backed up by Unsurpassed and Proven Mineral Resources. Nature and Man hath decreed that

Slocan is the Town

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

Gwillim & Johnson,
MINING ENGINEERS AND ASSAYERS.
Slocan, - - - B. C

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.
MRS. W. J. ANDREWS, President. MRS. M. D. MCKEE, Cor. Secretary.

No More Swearing.
Have installed a new machine for manufacturing Stovepipes and Airpipes. They go together like a charm. Patronize home industry and have an unruffled temper.
H. J. ROBERTSON,
TINSMITH AND PLUMBER.

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.
JAS. A. BAKER, President.
W. J. ADCOCK, Financial Secretary

Removed..
We have moved into our handsome new store, on cor. Baker and Stanley Streets. Call on us.
Repairing a specialty and all work left at THE DRILL office will be forwarded. Mail orders promptly attended to. All Union workmen employed.
J. J. WALKER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.
Nelson, B.C