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MEETING OF COUNCIL

CONTRACTORS STOP WORK ON THE CREEK.

Council Adjourns to Discuss the Matter as Advisory to the Board of Works—Decide to Abide by Contract and Advice of City Solicitor.

Ald. Henderson was the only absentee from the regular meeting of the city council on Monday night.

Bills presented: Shatford & Co., supplies to health committee, $2.50. Referred to the finance, who reported favorably and the bill was ordered paid.

Finance committee also reported in favor of former bills, amounting to $7.80. Ordered paid.

Bylaw No. 22, for levying a tax rate, was brought up, reconsidered and finally adopted. It was then duly signed and sealed and ordered to be registered.

Ald. Worden, for the board of works, reported that work on Springer creek was not progressing satisfactory, and the city would have to give the contractors notice to proceed

Mayor McNeish said the matter was in the hands of the committee and the council had no right to interfere.

Ald. Teeter thought the council should act as an advisory board, as the affair was a ticklish matter.

The mayor held it was in the hands of the committee and the council had no jurisdiction. If they wanted to sit as an advisory board, they should adjourn the council.

Ald. Teeter didn't see how the board of works or council could proceed unless by serving notice on the contractors, or changing the plans and giving an extension of time. It was impossible to do the work within the time limit.

Council adjourned.

The council then met as an enlarged board of works, with Ald. Worden in the chair. The latter stated he did not know what to do.

Ald. Teeter said the contractors had all the piles on the ground and a piledriver, but the city could not take them over under the circumstances. Besides there was no time left to do anything before high water. The work was still in the hands of the contractors, unless they abandon same by writing. They had already stopped work.

The mayor considered it was up to the bondsmen to complete the job.

Ald. Teeter said the time of the contract would be up on May 1. High water was liable to come before then and the work should be proceeded with. The city should endeavor to make some amicable arrangement with the contractor by changing the plans.

Ald. Worden, as chairman, had received no writings from the contractor that the work had been abandoned.

The mayor said the contract called for the board of works to step in and finish the work and charge it up to the contractor. It was a peculiar position for the council to interfere. They had a city solicitor, and the board should be guided by his advice and the contract.

Ald. Teeter inquired, how about a voluntary surrender of the contract by mutual agreement without serving notice.

The mayor replied it could not be done under the law.

Ald. Madden held the work could not be done now for the money.

The mayor said the work could be done if a proper driver were used. Two competent men had examined the ground and so reported.

In the desultory talk that followed it was contended the piledriver was of little account, as it did not have sufficient drop. None of the piles driven had been broken. The driver was not even on the perpendicular so as to give a straight drop. When building it the contractor had been informed the machine would not do the work. Piles had been driven in similar ground elsewhere and they could be driven here.

Ald. Worden favored living up to the contract as signed.

Ald. Teeter and Madden believed it would cost the city a good deal more if they were to live up to the contract, and then to make the contractor responsible should damage result from floods.

Ald. Worden and Smith thought the least the contractor could have done was to have sent the board of works a letter on the subject..

Ald. Teeter held that under the contract the city could not appropriate any of the material on the ground without paying for it.

The mayor had had a party from Nelson looking over the material, and there were very few piles there that were worth the name. They needed a piledriver, too, at least 45 feet high.

Others of the aldermen held that the material was good, and that piles would not broom up with horse driving.

The mayor thought the ground should have been dug and the piles planted, as was done with the New Denver bridge, and it would be less costly. Apparently the contractor had not made much effort to drive. Why did he not dig the trench first or sheath the piles. The contract laid out a course for the board of works to pursue and they should follow it, so avoiding difficulty.

Ald. Teeter urged some mutual agreement and modifying the contract.

Ald. Smith said the contractor had thrown up the job and the city should get others.

The mayor said the contractor had stated, according to street talk, that he would not touch the work again, so why try to make a new agreement with him. The board had better consult the city solicitor and act accordingly.

This the board agree to do and send the necessary notice to the contractor in the morning.

Adjournment,

NEW VOTERS.

Names of Those Going on the List for the Slocan Riding.

The court of revision for the voters' list of the Slocan riding will be held here on May 2, before H. P. Christie, collector. No objections have been filed against any name on the list, nor will any be struck off. Quite a bunch of new applications have been received as follows:

Belanger, Joseph, Nakusp
Brown, W. G., New Denver
Burns, R., Nakusp
Cade, J. P., Slocan
Cleverley, A. J., Slocan
Forrest, Alex., Sandon
Guere, Louis, Sandon
Garson, J. A., Sandon
Gustafson, G. A. Nakusp
Hodgan, E., Nakusp
Hendrickson, E., Three Forks
Kelleher, Dan, Sandon
Lowe, Harry, Three Forks
McAskell, Ken, Slocan
McNeill, Rod, McGuigan
McMillan, J. F., Slocan
McVicar, Angus, Slocan
Morrison, N., New Denver
May, C. C., Three Forks
Macdonald, W. J., Sandon
Smith, John, Silverton
Strickland, A.W., New Denver
Taylor, A. E., New Denver

The following have applied for a transfer from the Slocan list:

McLachlan, J., Sandon
Weir, D. J., New Denver

Almost Destroyed.

Thursday night the machine shop belonging to the O. S. Lumber Co. had a close shave from being destroyed by the creek. Early in the day the section men belonging to the railway had constructed a dam to divert the current from emptying near the transfer wharf. The stream then worked over to the east side and rapidly cut out the bank under the shop, and when noticed in the evening one corner was completely undermined. An alarm was given and part of the machinery taken out and the building secured by cables. Supports were placed under the shop next day and since then the creek has been diverted to the old channel straight down to the lake. It now transpires that the city owns no street running to the lake, consequently the mill and railway companies will have to handle the creek themselves north from Lake avenue. The railway will endeavor to crib their portion this summer.

Little Slocan Timber.

Messrs. Croteau and Duchesne, of Rossland, arrived in on Saturday and next day headed a party for an eight-day trip to the Little Slocan country. Their object was to cruise the timber limits staked in that region a year ago and to size up the chances of getting the material out. It is reported a big sawmill is to be built at the mouth of the Little Slocan river, where it empties into the main Slocan, the logs being driven down the former. Slocan folk were sleeping when they allowed the Rossland people to steal a march on them and acquire that timber.

Blockade Raised.

A train from Nelson finally managed to get here on Saturday afternoon, after four days' delay. A succession of mudslides had occurred near Winlaw and it required a big gang of men to clear the track. A few passengers arrived, but a number of others, with express, had gone around the day before by the Robson and Nakusp route. Trains have been running regularly since, much to the satisfaction of the populace.

Damaged Enterprise Flume.

Last Friday afternoon a slide came down off the hill above the Iron Horse, on Ten Mile, and carried out about 200 feet of the flume leading to the Enterprise mill. As a consequence the compressor plant at the latter mine had to close down. A fresh supply of lumber was obtained from the sawmill below, and a gang of men put to work to repair the damage.

SLOCAN TOO SLOW.

So New Denver Will Have the Celebration on May 24.

Slocan has fallen into a rut and it seems impossible to get the burg out of it. Last year several opportunities to hold celebrations were allowed to slip by the board, and it would seem a similar experience is to be recorded this year. At one time it was thought a celebration could be put on for May 24, especially as the other towns in the camp were willing to assist. But, alas! there was no one to take the initiative and the scheme has died in its infancy.

New Denver now purposes to do the celebrating. On Tuesday evening Messrs. Brown and Taylor came down from the Lucerne to coax the Slocan folk to emigrate in a body on the 24th to their town. They want the band to go up, as well as the rifle club. A football game is also to be arranged between Slocan and Silverton, and an attractive programme of general sport mapped out. The day's fun will wind up with a ball in the evening. An effort will be made to get special rates and train service from all the neighboring towns.

Slocan's various attractions will all likely be under contract next week to go to the Lucerne.

First Lead Bounty Check.

G. O. Buchanan, administrator of the lead bounty, last week disbursed the first checks to mineowners paid out under the act. The mines paid were: Sovereign, Highland, Whitewater, Enterprise, Sullivan, Rambler-Cariboo, Black Prince, Wilcox, Silver Cup, Bluebird, Red Fox, Neepawa, Mercury, Idaho, Alamo, Ymir, Payne, North Star, Province, Bosun, Pontiac, and Marion. It is thought the distribution of the money will stimulate the mining industry and increase the output. Already the mines have earned over $100,000 under the bounty. The amounts earned run from a few cents up to $18,000.

Mark Manley in California.

Mark Manley, a former resident of the camp, seems to be prospering in California. On his Enterprise group, in Trinity county, they are preparing for a busy season. They have struck and opened up the vein, ensuring a heavy output of ore. Mark has recently bonded the Yellowstone group, in the same vicinity. It is a promising gold property, embracing 16 claims, and is equipped with a ten stamp mill. Mark will make a winning.

Quit the Job.

Harvey Fife and his associates, who had the contract for the protective works on Springer creek, quit the job on Friday. They had all the piles on the ground and had operated the driver for a couple of days. Half a dozen piles had been driven after a fashion, but seeing they could make no headway owing to the character of the ground, the men threw up the sponge. The next move in the matter is awaited with interest.

Another Business Change.

Another business change has taken place in town, R. E. Allen having purchased the butcher business from the syndicate which has been running it for the past year. He will remove the stock to the shop originally fitted up for it in the Burns block, and he will also carry a line of dairy products and vegetables. Possession will be had next month.

I. O. O. F. Anniversary.

The anniversary of the I.O.O.F. falls due on Tuesday, April 26, and the event will be fittingly celebrated by the various lodges. Locally the brethren will hold open session to all visiting members of the order and friends, providing a musical entertainment and friends. The affair will be given in the lodge hall on Delaney avenue.

Silver Quotations.

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

Thursday	53⅜	cents
Friday	52⅞	"
Saturday	53⅛	"
Monday	53⅛	"
Tuesday	53⅜	"
Wednesday	53⅞	"

Clara Mathes and her capable company, prime favorites here, are billed for the Music Hall next Tuesday evening. She will appear in Tennessee's Partner.

Wm. Koch had his stables at the Queen Bess destroyed by a slide last week.

OUR ORE SHIPMENTS

SUBSTANTIAL SHOWING MADE BY THIS DIVISION.

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

No ore shipments are to be recorded for the week, owing to the bad roads. When they get into shape the lessees of the Neepawa, Enterprise and Alberta will send out consignments and the Ottawa will resume.

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

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

MINES AND MINING.

The Ruth has 900 tons of zinc ready to ship.

Rossland mines had an export last week of 2953 tons of ore.

Work starts next week on the Mabou group, above the Enterprise.

Slides damaged a number of the buildings at the Slocan Star last week.

Last week the Sandon mines shipped 106 tons of ore, or 3738 tons to date.

The Oyster-Criterion's cleanup, at Camborne, for March was in excess of $5000.

The Pilot Gold Mining Co. have ordered a stamp mill for their property at Ymir.

Silver touched rock bottom last week and has again commenced to go up in price.

For last week Boundary mines handled 12,882 tons of ore, making 245,516 tons to date.

A slide carried away the powder house and some other buildings at the Rambler last week.

Many of the men in the Sandon mines took refuge in the town last week to avoid the slides.

Last month's cleanup of the Calumet & B. C. Co.'s stamp mill, at Camborne, amounted to $6000.

Manager Cronin gave out at Moyie that the St. Eugene mine would start up this week, after a shutdown of three years.

Fred Carlisle took up a packtrain of supplies on Wednesday to the Baby Royal, to commence the season's development.

The Reliance Gold Mining & Milling Co. will instal a Hendryx process mill, of 50 tons capacity, on their property, near Nelson.

J. Wafer and J. Tinling starts work next week on the Club group, adjoining the Republic. Their first task is to erect a cabin.

Tenders are being asked by S. S. Fowler, Nelson, for the framework and housing of a concentrator plant at the Alice mine, Creston.

The force at the Ottawa was temporarily reduced last week, owing to the filling of all available space with ore. The condition of the road prevents hauling.

Manager Moffatt, of the Bank of England, came down Friday and went to Nelson next day. There was 10 feet of snow on the level then, the original layer having been reduced 3½ feet.

A disastrous slide occurred at the Silver Cup mine, near Ferguson, last Friday, when a miner named Marrable was killed. Several buildings and the tramway were also destroyed and considerable ore lost, the company suffering a loss of $75,000.

CULLINGS.

R. McNeill died at New Denver on Friday, aged 21.

The ground for the Rosebery zinc works is being surveyed.

The Cory ranch and hotel, Twelve Mile, has been rented to A. McDonald, Silverton.

J. Greenfield, assistant inspector of postoffices at Vancouver, is to be appointed inspector in place of the W. H. Dorman.

Angus McLean, who went from here a year or so ago to California, to run some mining property for Mark Manley, has gone to Australia to locate claims.

CUPID AND THE COMET

By ANNA S. RICHARDSON

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It had been bad enough, said the cowboys, to have Buena Vista county turned into a rendezvous for invalids in various stages of hay fever, bronchitis and consumption. It was an outrage to have one's favorite barroom remodeled into a sanitarium, but it was heaping insult upon injury to have a twenty-five horsepower French racer flashing over roads—and good roads, too—long sacred to the festive cow pony.

With Harvey Thatcher, owner of said racer, the good roads surrounding Fort Norton, the county seat of Buena Vista county, had been the main attraction. When his physicians had ordered Colorado air, Thatcher had stipulated that section of eastern Colorado where the roads would permit him to break the already brilliant record of the Comet. And so it happened that he and his machine, his valet and his chauffeur, were thorns in the flesh of the cowboy element, even as the latter had worried the respectable faction among the early citizens of Fort Norton.

The cowboys had barely become accustomed to the presence of the Comet in their midst and had decided that it might prove dangerous to shoot up a gasoline engine when there arose fresh cause for dissatisfaction. Nan Bearce took to riding in the Comet. And Nan was the prettiest girl in Buena Vista county, or all the adjoining counties, for that matter. She had been the toast of every camp on the range, the belle at every ball, the queen of every county fair tournament in which the cowboys had fought for honors after their own peculiar fashion. Her favors had been evenly distributed, and her devotion had gone to her worthless father, who ran the one shoe shop of which Fort Norton could boast. A dilapidated, evil smelling den he kept at the end of the street leading north from the postoffice, but the three rooms behind the shop were as fresh and sweet as Nan's stout arms and sunshiny nature could keep them.

There were men, dozens of them, in Buena Vista county who would have

THE MOB CAME UPON THE COMET TWO MILES FROM HETH'S RANCH.

been willing to overlook the father, miserable, drunken wretch that he was, for love of the girl, but she seemed too proud to foist the old man on any of her anxious suitors. The only favor she had ever been known to accept was at the hands of Ben Heth, a stolid, almost morose young ranchman, who had started into the stock raising business in a small way and who held himself aloof from the rollicking, roistering element which had terrorized Fort Norton at regular intervals. When old Bearce had been smitten with smallpox Heth, under cover of darkness, had removed him to his own ranch because of Nan's horror of the pesthouse, and the three had endured the relentless quarantine together. Then the intimacy had apparently been broken off, old Bearce going back to his bench, Nan to her poverty stricken life and Heth to his lonely existence on the cattle range.

All this was before Thatcher and the Comet came to Fort Norton. After old Bearce had skillfully mended some rents in Thatcher's leather robes the friendship between the dashing young automobilist from New York and the humble and beautiful daughter of the village shoemaker became town gossip. Women discussed it over their back fences and at the sewing circle of the Union church. Men shook their heads around the stove at Gilbert's general store, and the news spread out on the range. Thatcher was making a fool of Nan Bearce, and there were mutterings that boded ill for the owner of the Comet. The only man who declined to discuss the situation was Ben Heth and that even after Nan and young Thatcher had ridden out to his ranch twice in the devil's wagon, as one old woman called it. To be sure, the chauffeur was in attendance, but what was a chauffeur perched up in the back seat with Nan—enticing, alluring Nan—her soft, brown hair tossed by the wind, her eyes dancing with the excitement of the run, urging the young New Yorker on to higher speed?

Once they had been seen coming back to town at a slow pace, with Ben trying to keep his astonished pony within talking distance of the machine. Parties who had witnessed the scene reported it variously. Some said that Ben appeared to enjoy the proceeding, more fool he, while others maintained that he was berating Nan for unfaithfulness, even in the presence of his rival.

But Ben's love affair was utterly forgotten in the face of more momentous events which came with the roundup. The H. O. Cattle company, with which Ben had worked before branching out for himself, discovered what it chose to designate as a shortage in H. O. calves and a corresponding and suspicious increase in calves with the Heth brand. The H. O. brand was a bar with an O on the end. The Heth brand was a dumbbell. Rumor—and rumor in Buena Vista county is an ugly customer—declared that it was easy to change the bar-O to the dumbbell. The air around Fort Norton became rife with things other than mere rumors, including some very bad whisky. And justice, as drink crazed cow punchers sometimes see it, works with appalling suddenness.

Rumors travel faster than half drunken cow punchers who stop at each saloon to drown their threats in bad whisky, and a twenty-five horsepower machine will travel faster than either. That was why the mob that had started out to hang Ben Heth as a sort of climax for the annual roundup came upon the Comet, its owner, his valet and his chauffeur two miles beyond Heth's ranch. They were still hunting for Heth, after having razed his ranch cabin. The Comet was piled high with luggage, a couple of dress suit cases showing above the boxes, and rubber blankets, which filled in the body of the machine. Thatcher explained in a casual way that he was trying some new roads and might be gone a week or more. The cowboys sent him on his way with a volley of shots. They were bent on more serious work.

The Comet shot along the country road, through the soft twilight and the limpid moonlight, straight across the state line into Nebraska. At precisely the same time the Overland limited was carrying a white faced but determined girl over the same state line.

Thatcher insisted upon giving away the bride and receiving the first kiss after the ceremony. He said it was due for excess baggage on the best run the Comet had ever made. Then the great red machine, its owner, his chauffeur and his valet rolled back to Fort Norton without the impressive array of luggage, and Harvey Thatcher, tenderfoot, from New York, announced that when a certain bunch of unmitigated fools had finished their annual spree and had recounted their blankety blank calves the bride and groom would come back to Fort Norton, at which time the damages claimed by said groom for injury done his property and his reputation would be paid or the sheriff of Buena Vista county and one Harvey Thatcher, Esq., would know the reason why, whereupon said Harvey Thatcher promptly rose in the estimation of the cowboy element, and his horseless vehicle was forgiven him.

What We Find In Old Schoolbooks.

Along with the writing in old schoolbooks there is more or less drawing. The very early books sometimes have fly leaf sketches of Indians and log houses. The later books, says Leslie's Monthly, have houses of more modern sort, and you find rude drawings of steamboats, horses, birds, flowers, faces and the like. Often a penny or other coin was slipped under the fly leaf and the surface of the paper covering the coin was rubbed with a piece of lead from the schoolboy's pocket or the blunt end of a pencil.

The children had numerous methods for defacing their schoolbooks, and they also had certain devices for keeping them in good order. Many of the older books are protected by an outer cover of sheepskin neatly folded in at the edges and sewed in place with homespun tow. After 1825 this outer covering was apt to be calico, and sometimes there were tie strings attached to the sides. The girls were addicted to the use of a "thumb paper" folded and slipped in where the thumb rested when the book was in use.

Her Opinion.

He was very badly gone in love indeed, as may be judged by the fact that he sat up till the wee sma' hours and nibbled two inches off a pen in composing the following epic:

Beautiful one with eyes so blue,
Oh, how my fond heart sighs for you!
Sweet spirit, listen to me now,
Hear once again my ardent vow!

There was about two feet six inches of this soul inspiring verse, and he sent it to the object of his adoration, with a request that she would express an opinion on its merits. He got it.

Dear Mr. Theodore Hopkins—You ask me for my opinion of your verses. I do not like to hurt your feelings, but if you will read the initial letters of the first four lines downward I may say that you express my sentiments exactly. Yours very truly, MABEL BROWNE.

And when Theodore strung the first four letters together he pondered bitterly.—London Telegraph.

The Harm Noise Does.

Noise is an undoubted factor in impairing the tone of the nerve centers. Whether we are conscious of it or not, it hurts the brain and has a deafening, dazing, bewildering effect on the mental processes. It tires the brain and tends to produce cerebral hyperemia. To live in a noisy atmosphere is to shorten one's day. Irritability, neurasthenia, insomnia, are common effects. The tympanum, or drum membrane, of the ear is injured, the circulation of the cerebro spinal fluid is disturbed and the nerve cells themselves suffer as though subjected to mechanical violence.—Family Doctor.

SMASHING AN IDOL

By CYRUS DERICKSON

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While visiting her aunt in the city in the late spring Miss Hattie Saunders, daughter of Farmer Saunders of Redfield county, attended the theater several times, and for a special reason she attended one particular play three different times. The special reason was because the hero captivated her heart within fifteen minutes after the curtain went up. In the four acts of the play he rescued his love, killed three men, rode a bucking broncho, got the best of a land shark and found a million dollars in gold in a cave. He was a man to do and to dare, and when he shouted "Zounds!" and "S'death!" whole tribes of hostile Indians had to flee before him.

While the country maiden fell in love with Colonel Bings and adored his her-

HE DREW HIMSELF UP INTO AN APPLE TREE.

oism, she had to depart for home without having told him anything about it. Other girls who also loved and adored may have sent him notes and bouquets, but Hattie would have been frightened at the idea. She departed for home, hiding her feelings from everybody, and her brother Bill and her father's hired man never looked so common to her before. The idea of one of them pulling out a revolver and crying "Zounds!" seemed like the rankest burlesque to her.

Providence brought things around in a queer way two months later—that is, it brought Colonel Bings, as he had been named on the programme, to the farm of Abel Saunders as a boarder. Farmer Saunders didn't hanker for boarders, and his wife agreed that it wouldn't be worth the bother, but Hattie settled it as soon as she set eyes on the stranger. Here was the hero of the play standing before her, hat in hand, and she would have given five years of her life rather than that he should go elsewhere. He was out for a fortnight's vacation and was willing to sleep on a straw bed and eat potatoes with the jackets on, and after a bit he was taken in. Hattie was a little disappointed that he didn't throw her father over the well curb and her brother Bill over the fence in the first fifteen minutes, but she was a girl of patience, and she gave him time. She also realized that it must be hard work on the voice and muscles for a man to be a hero all the time. He must have a day off now and then to recuperate.

Supper was the first meal Colonel Bings sat down to. He didn't have any eagle feathers in his hair or buckskin fringe on his jacket or trousers, and he didn't mince his food like a hero. On the contrary, as brother Bill took occasion to remark, he "just shoveled it in" and put the hired man to the blush. It was a disappointment, but Hattie was not discouraged. She sat down with her hero that evening to draw him out. He was ready to be drawn. He said he got a salary of $30 per week for playing the part of Colonel Bings, or would have had if the manager hadn't cut sticks and left him in the lurch. The girl had made up her mind that nothing less than $1,000 per week could command such talent as that and that hundred dollar bills were as common as matches to him, and he took something of a drop in her estimation.

In the play he had saved a sweet faced heroine whose tears had captured Miss Hattie's sympathies at an early stage, although at the same time she had been made a little jealous by her being carried around in the hero's arms when she could just as well have walked. She was now to learn that the heroine was a woman of forty who had been married and divorced three or four times and whose sweet face was made so by grease and paint. The hero also further mentioned that the heroine's trunk was being held by her landlady for six weeks' board.

There was no posing on his part as he walked about under the apple trees. When he was bitten by a mosquito Hattie expected to hear him call out "Zounds!" or "S'death!" but he didn't. He called out "Thunder!" instead. When the hour grew late and bedtime came he didn't bend over her little brown hand and kick out one foot, as in the play, but bade her a brusque good night and said it looked as if there might be rain before morning.

The hero worshiper went to bed with a heartache, and the more she thought things over the more disappointed she was. She almost cried over it, but after awhile she found several excuses for Colonel Bings. He was probably tired out, perhaps he had a headache, maybe the heroine had tried to borrow money of him. At any rate, she would not believe that he was only common clay till he had been further tried.

The next morning brought hope to her heart. He was heard shouting "Egad!" and "Thou varlet!" to himself in his room before breakfast, and his manners were courtly as he sat down to tackle the fried pork and hard boiled eggs. After the breakfast things had been cleared away the girl invited him to walk across the field to the gooseberry bushes with her, and it did her soul good to see him assume his heroic stride as he walked beside her. In her mind's eye she was picturing the scene where he slew three villains and cried "Ha, ha!" in triumph, when he suddenly sprang from her side and drew himself up into an apple tree. A yearling calf was coming across the field on a run, and the hero didn't mean to take any chances.

It took five minutes to assure him that he was in no danger and to coax him down, but the gooseberries were not yet at hand when a mother goose showed a disposition to attack him, and he climbed a fence and left poor Hattie to save her own life or perish by inches. The matter did not end there. He had almost recovered his equanimity and was seeking after a pose when a bumblebee bobbed up and did business. Colonel Bings was lifted a foot high, but instead of coming down to conquer or die he descended to utter half a dozen cuss words and reprove Hattie for the grin on her face.

Most girls would have made up their minds then and there that Colonel Bings was no hero, but Hattie Saunders did not want to do him injustice. She gave him more rope. That evening as she swung in her hammock she remarked that she had always thought she would make a great actress and asked him for an honest opinion.

"It's all bosh," he replied as he dodged a wandering horsefly seeking a night's lodging. "You haven't got the face or the form, and you'd make a dead failure of it in a week. Better stick right here till you can marry some lusty fellow."

Miss Hattie closed her eyes for a moment to blush, and when she opened them again her idol lay shattered on the grass. She had admired and worshiped and was ready to love, but the veneer had peeled off, and her mahogany hero was only plain pine. He remained ten or twelve days more, and there were days when he stretched out his arm and cried, "Back, you sons of Satan, or die!" But the girl could not recall her reverence and enthusiasm. When his fortnight was up he went, and Hattie queried of her father:

"Papa, do you think Colonel Bings is a hero?"

"I guess he is," replied the old man. "He went away owing me for the last week's board."

A Jewish View of Inspiration.

The question of revelation is always involved in discussion concerning the contents of the Bible. The ambiguity of this term would be removed if the idea of the supernatural were detached from it. The old theology must certainly count with the indisputable fact that the personal characteristics, the temper and disposition and the variable range of intellectual culture and spiritual insight are the inseparable conditions controlling every manifestation of human intelligence. When it is conceded that the Bible speaks in the language of man the idea of a miraculous revelation is abandoned.

In the case of the Hebrew prophets the nature of the psychological process inciting their oracular messages is not difficult to understand. The intensity and clearness of their moral and religious convictions and the irresistible urgency to proclaim them they felt as an impelling force not their own, but coming from a higher source. Jeremiah and Ezekiel in a less enthusiastic state of mind acknowledge that the divine law is written upon the heart. In fact, every liberation of thought is a revelation. Spiritual experience can be nothing else than the best and noblest thoughts that the wise and good in every age have felt and taught.—Menorah.

Milesian Mendicants.

Here are some characteristic stories anent Milesian mendicants:

"Could yez help a poor fellow today and the Lord save yez?" said a beggar to a Dublin publican. "Get away!" cried the landlord. "I've had a dozen of your kind here today already." "Shure, and it's meself that sadly knows how the professhion is overrun," replied the beggar.

Quite recently the following conversation was overheard between two old crones: "Good morra to ye, Mrs. Fogarty," said one. "Good morra, kindly, Judy," replied the other. "I hope I see you well this mornin'?" "Oh, very well, entirely! So, Mrs. Fogarty, ye married yer daughter Kate. Did she get a good match?" "A splendid man, praise be to heaven! She got Blind Darby Driscal on the Dyke, that makes more money than any three beggars in Cork." "Ah, thin, but it's me that's glad to hear yer news! And did ye give her anything?" "Faix, I did, then! Didn't I give her the best side of Patrick street, which if well begged is worth siven and sixpence a week?" "Upon me word, but 'tis ye that was generous!" exclaimed the other.—London Family Herald.

ELSIE'S GRAY HAT

By Maravene Kennedy

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"The gray hats aren't a very pretty shade this year," said the saleslady. "Brown would look well with your hair. Here's a beauty."

"I'll take this gray one," said Elsie, unheeding.

In her own room she put the hat on and studied herself intently in the mirror. Brown would have been more becoming, she decided. She was too pale for gray now.

It had been six years since she had made that promise. It was just as she bade him goodby. "You look like a pink rose in that gray hat, darling," he had said. "I shall expect to see your dear face under just such a hat when I come home." So for six years, summer and winter, she had worn a gray hat—six years in which she had heard from him but twice and that shortly after he left.

But she believed in him, loved, excused him. Aweary sometimes, but never despairing, she remained steadfast. He had gone to Africa; that was so far away and offered so many fine excuses. She feared always for his safety, but never his constancy.

It was a pretty face the mirror held, a sweet, womanly face, with a happy girlish smile. She turned away with a little sigh and went lightly down the steps into the street. It was a holiday, and school teaching was serious work with conscientious Elsie Wentworth. She was glad of the rest, the day outdoors, the sunshine and pure air.

"Where are you going, Elsie?"

It was a man's voice and a man's eyes that gazed into hers, both telling their love for the slender creature in the gray hat.

A rich glow came to her pale cheeks. So stalwart and determined, she felt afraid of him, afraid he would make her love him, make her faithless to poor, absent Dave.

"I'm going to see Mrs. Young," she faltered.

He laughed. "It's too bad, dear. Go on to the woods, Elsie. I won't insist

THE NEXT ONE CAME IN SLOWLY, A SLENDER, GRACEFUL CREATURE.

on going. I was on my way to your place. I had hoped for this day with you."

She laughed tremulously. "I wish you wouldn't hope, Jack. I'd like to have you—for—for a friend if only"—

"I'd be content with that. Well, I won't. I want you for my wife, want to have a home with you in it, want to have you to go home to, want to work, plan, save, spend, for you. It's all you, Elsie. Are you really going to Mrs. Young's, dear?"

"Jack," she said firmly, "I don't love you. I will never marry you. This talk of yours makes me unhappy. Will you please not repeat it?"

"Not till I see you again," he said good humoredly. "Another gray hat, by Jove!" his eye catching its freshness. "I believe those gray hats are my hoodoo. Something is. You love me all right, my darling. Get a white hat, Elsie; white, trimmed with blue cornflowers, just the color of your eyes. I think you'd say 'Yes' then."

"I should—then." The strangeness of her voice held him. "Goodby," she said lightly and hurried away.

Her eyes grew troubled, piteous. She did so want to see Dave. It came over her with a rush just how unhappy she was, how lonesome. Her heart ached almost to bursting. The woods no longer attracted her. She turned toward Mrs. Young's listlessly.

"You're all worn out," said that lady, with concern. "That gray hat takes the color out of your face too. Gray's not becoming, Elsie. Get a blue one next time."

"Or a green one," said Elsie irritably. Brown, white, blue, had been recommended. Why not green, red, purple? she thought desperately.

"You are worn out, that's sure," said Mrs. Young.

Elsie took off the despised gray hat and held it lovingly in her slim hands. It comforted her. She was soon chatting away gayly, but her head ached, and there was a strange heaviness weighing her down. She wanted to cry instead of laugh.

"Wait," said her friend as she was leaving. "I got a picture yesterday of Frank and Annie and a friend of theirs and her husband."

She handed Elsie the picture. There sure enough were Frank and Annie Young and—Elsie clutched wildly at the little cardboard—Dave Brady, with a woman sitting archly on his knee, his eyes gazing at her adoringly.

"They had them taken that way just for fun," explained Mrs. Young. "Annie and Emma were friends years ago, and they came across each other last month at Manila. They've both been married the same length of time—three years—and there's not a month's difference in the ages of the children. Emma's is a girl, though."

Elsie rushed blindly out of the house. Dazed, she made her way home, the pretty head sadly drooping under the faithful gray hat. She laid it off and sat down beside it and gave way to tears, tears that pride had held back till she was away from prying eyes.

Three years! And she waiting, watching, hoping, loving. Wife and baby, home, love, everything to fill his life! And she? An orphan, living alone, no one to care whether she came or went, was glad or sorrowful. She sobbed on pitifully. All night long she lay awake, going over, year by year, the time between.

It was almost morning before she could believe that Dave was actually out of her life and—and—

She sat up in bed and laughed and cried all in a breath. It was most wonderful. She climbed out of bed, found the little gray hat and bit by bit tore it into shreds. She laughed again, then cried again and, all flushed and rosy, lay down and slept peacefully till long past sunup.

John Stewart sat in his office listening gravely to his patient recount his ills. He gave him a prescription, smiled, asked him about the children, bowed him out, smiled again and sat down to wait the next patient. They came oftener now. A few years before they had been few and far between.

The next one came in slowly, a slender, graceful creature, with fair, flushed face peering out shyly from under a soft white hat covered with blue cornflowers, the color of her eyes.

"Jack!"

He turned quickly, gave one swift look and caught her in his arms.

"Elsie, my darling!"

Dr. Stewart was certainly not slow witted.

"When—how?" he questioned, kissing her all in a breath.

She put her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly.

"Ever since I knew you," she whispered. "I've wanted you—you—you! Oh, Jack, I can never love you enough to make up for what I've missed."

He laughed, puzzled, but blissful.

"Then why?" he asked.

She answered his kiss first, smiling and dimpled, then a frightened look flashed over the happy face. What—oh, what if Dave had been true, had come back! She hugged the doctor again frantically.

"It was the gray hat," she cried. "It was a hoodoo. I tore it up last night. I was never so happy as while pulling it to pieces."

And that was all the explanation she ever gave him, but he had the woman he loved and was as happy as is good for mortal to be.

As for Elsie, she wrote Dave a nice, friendly letter after she was married and sent his baby a present. She was so afraid he might have fleeting moments of remorse, and she felt that would hardly be fair. Which goes to show that a woman's reasoning is rather complex.

All Ready to Mourn.

Lucy is a smart young colored woman who officiates as maid of all work in a Brooklyn family. She is much esteemed by her mistress and the rest of the family, and all take a very friendly interest in Lucy and her affairs. When, on a recent "afternoon out," she appeared in a complete suit of mourning, several inquiries were made with regard to her bereavement, as she had said nothing about the recent death of any relative.

"How long have you been wearing mourning, Lucy?" asked her mistress.

"Well, 'm, this is just about the fust time Ah's worn this yere suit, and it ain't egzectly mohnin'."

"Not mourning!" was the reply. "Unless you were swathed in crape you couldn't wear much deeper mourning."

"Yass'm, Ah know de color's all right black enough, but Ah isn't really in mohnin' yet 'cause he isn't daid yet. You see, Ah's engaged to marry Clarence Jones, an' he's daown right low with an oncurable disease. No'm; cahn't possibly git better. An' seein' as Ah had to hev a new dress Ah reckoned Ah might as well git mohnin' right now, then Ah'd be sure to hev it when Ah needed it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Meaning of "Mews."

Pennant, the naturalist and antiquary, in his "Account of London" (1790) says that "on the north side of Charing Cross stood the royal mews, where the king's falcons had been kept since the time of Richard III."

"Mews" is thought to be derived from the French muer, Latin mutare, to change or molt, and to have been used of a cage for molting birds, as muette is used in France for a place in which horns shed by stags in the forest are kept by officials of the chase.

As time went on horses were kept in the inclosures used at first for hawks, and the old name was retained.

In this connection we may quote Dryden's line,

Nine times the moon hath mew'd her horns,

and Milton, who speaks of the eagle as "mewing its mighty youth"—i. e., fresher from its molting, and Shakespeare, who adopts the secondary meaning, "More pity that the eagle should be mew'd."

THE DRILL

SLOCAN, B. C.

A NEW VERSION.

oldier of the Russians
ay jammed at Tschrtzvkjskivitch,
e was a lack of woman's nursing
nd other comforts which
ht add to his last moments
d soothe the final way;
a comrade stood beside him
hear what he might say.
Japanned Russian faltered
s he took that comrade's hand,
he said, "I never more shall see
y own, my native land;
e a message and a token,
some distant friends of mine,
I was born at Smnixzrskqrxzski,
ir Smnixzrskqzski on the Irktvz-
kimnov."

wful Experience with Heart ease.—Mr. L. J. Law, Toronto, Can., es: "I was so sorely troubled with t disease that I was unable for 18 ths to lie down in bed lest I smoth- After taking one dose of Dr. Agnew's rt Cure, I retired and slept soundly. sed one bottle and the trouble has returned."—99

ankets were first made by Blan- Brothers at Bristol about the dle of the thirteenth century.

ere is more Catarrh in this section of the try than all other diseases put together, until the last few years was supposed to be able. For a great many years doctors pro- nced it a local disease and prescribed local dies, and by constantly failing to cure with treatment, pronounced it incurable. Sci- has proven catarrh to be a constitutional se and therefore requires constitutional ment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only titutional cure on the market. It is taken rnally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoon- It acts directly on the blood and mucous ces of the system. They offer One Hund- Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. all's Family Pills are the best.

dge Phelan, of Detroit, ordered ttorney to jail for abusing a wit- s, suspending sentence only when apology was made. The late ge Gresham and others were not- for their stern handling of attor- s who abused witnesses in court. people owe such judges a vote of nks.

ly Physicians Told Me I Must e, but South American Kidney Cure d me of that awful Bright's Disease." s is a sentence from a letter of a well- wn business man in a western town through overwork and worry had tracted this kidney pestilence. It will ve instantly and cure all kidney dis- es.—102

estern raisers of cattle are still plaining bitterly that they are ting less per pound for their cattle n they received a few years ago. stern buyers are still wailing be- se their steaks and chops are ex- vagant in cost. And the beef st still smiles.

ard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

r. Mary Walker recently impro- d a tourniquet with a handker- f, stopped the flow of blood, and ved the life of a glazier in Washing- n who had cut an artery. They both still single.

"I believe it to be the most fective remedy for the Stom- h and Nerves in the market,' what Annie Patterson, of Sackville, B., says of South American Nervine, she says, La Grippe and the compli- ions which followed it left her next to d with Indigestion, Dyspepsia and eral Nervous Shattering. It cured .—100

The Russian minister of finance has ered a prize of $25,750 to the per- n or persons who will invent some y of making alcohol undrinkable. re is a chance for a cold water mist.

nard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

The Grecian Bend is said to be ning. If you don't know what G. is, ask any of the old timers.

sh greasy dishes, pots or pans with r's Dry Soap—a powder. It will re- e the grease with the greatest e. 36

When the Russians get to the Yalu, y will cry to the Japs, "We're n."

Rossway, Jan. 28, 1901.
C. RICHARDS & CO.
Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown a lence and hurt my chest very d so I could not work and it hurt to breathe. I tried all kinds of ments and they did me no good. bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT rned on flannels and applied on breast cured me completely.
C. H. COSSEBOOM.
Rossway, Digby Co., N.S.

Berlin is now the healthiest city in rope, with an annual mortality of per thousand. In London the rtality is 18.6, in Paris 18.4, in Vi- na 19.4, in Rome 21.9.

Port Arthur has the cat-like char- teristic of landing on its feet when falls.

The chin music of the politician w floats out on the balmy atmo- here.

Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

when the first sign of a cough or cold appears. It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.

Prices, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. 311

HONEYBEE QUEENS.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY ARE FED BY THE WORKERS.

There Are Numerous Safeguards In the Hive to Provide Against the Administration of Poison Honey—It Is Different With Wasps.

The safeguards provided against the administration of poison to the despotic oriental rulers are rudimentary compared with those which stand between queens of the honeybee and such a risk. Curiously enough, this is a phase of the internal economy of the beehive which appears to have escaped observation.

In the British isles no poisonous honey is collected. If it exists the bees have learned to avoid it. Probably there is none, as the honey from at least one dangerous plant, the deadly nightshade, is harmless. Ivy honey would be the most suspicious of any gathered on a large scale, and it only exerts, so far as observation goes, a slightly laxative effect on the digestive organs. Although in this country no poisonous honey is known, it is met with in other places, notably in Asiatic Turkey. It was in this region that Xenophon's soldiers were poisoned 2,300 years ago by honey from the Azelia pontica, a plant which still flourishes in Armenia. Some centuries later a Roman army suffered similarly, but less severely, there being no deaths.

The precaution of compelling the cook to eat a portion of every dish, which is the usual safeguard of despotic rulers, or the still more primitive plan of giving the first helping to a little dog, can be eluded by a clever Borgia by having only one-half of a bird or pastry poisoned. In a wasps' nest each forager on returning proceeds directly to the queen and offers refreshment. Consequently the queen is sometimes destroyed by slowly acting poison. Further as regards wasps, it is observed that when any larvæ not recently fed perceive the queen receiving food they become restless. If nearly grown they wag their heads in a suggestive way, which plainly conveys a demand for a share. Each forager after feeding the queen gives the balance of his load direct to the nurses.

In the case of the honeybee one possible reason why no virulently poisonous honey reaches the hive may be that the insect foolish enough to collect any would probably die, as the so called honey sack is really a stomach in which a preliminary digestive process proceeds. This is proved by the polariscope, which shows that, while the nectar of the flowers is pure cane sugar, or levulose, the substance in the hive cells is sacrometrically half dextrose and half cane sugar. Dextrose is invert sugar, a coarse variety of which is the glucose of commerce. Forager bees returning to the beehive place the half digested product known as honey in their storeroom with other honey. This mixing would have the effect of attenuating a poisoned load should such be brought in.

Foraging bees never feed the queen or young larvæ, but they give a mouthful or two to drones in passing. Just before sealing for the metamorphosis workers and drones are fed with honey mixed with pollen. Not so the young queens, who only get a further supply of the redigested milky substance known as chyle, which is the sustenance of all larvæ indiscriminately during the first three days of their existence. During the chrysalis stage there is no feeding. It is the business of a gang, distinct for the time being, to cater for the queen and young. They bring the food from the stores and submit it to the digestive process referred to, after which it is regurgitated to supply the needs of the queen and young larvæ. The attendants are numerous, and each supplies only a minute quantity. The queen bee is so constituted that her digestive system is capable of assimilating only the prepared food of chyle. She will die in a few hours on a comb containing honey, although kept at the temperature of the hive.

Thus it would appear that the safeguards are:

First.—A bee collecting poisonous honey would probably die before reaching the hive.

Second.—If one succeeded in depositing poisoned honey, the circumstance that it did so would prove the poison to be not virulent, and its mixture with other honey in the storeroom would still further attenuate the poison and render it harmless. This is the stage at which the product becomes human food. It has, as stated above, occurred that poisoned honey has passed both these lines of defense.

Third.—Should the honey be still deleterious the alimentary attendants of the queen would first suffer, and only those bringing wholesome food would reach her, as a struggle for the privilege of feeding her majesty is continually in progress.

Fourth.—Should the stores pass the three safeguards before mentioned there is still another—viz, that each one of the queen's attendants feeds her only for a second at a time, and thus she would never get a sufficient quantity to affect her seriously. The queen is always on the move and the competition to feed her so great that she is continually bringing fresh bees in front of her, from which position alone food can be administered. No worker bee would think of jostling; every one gives way to the queen.

Uneasy monarchs and others may find some suggestions in these arrangements for securing their safety. Probably they will decide to take their chances rather than avoid risk by living on food which has previously been digested by subjects, however loyal.—Scientific American.

SHAKE OFF THAT SPRING FEELING

Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Do It Naturally and Well.

Cause and Cure of the "Tired Feeling That is Epidemic" at This Season of the Year.

The spring is here. You can feel it in every part of your body. Your clothes are too heavy and though you are not sick, you are too tired to walk, too tired to work, yes, even too tired to eat.

It's that "spring feeling."

Do you know the cause of it? No, all you want to know is how to get rid of it. Well, the explanation and the cure are alike simple.

In the winter you "get used" to the cold, you think. As a matter of fact it is the body that gets prepared. It puts on a fortification of extra tissue that keeps the cold out. In the spring time this tissue is thrown off by the body and if the system is all in good working order, the blood carries away the cast-off tissue, which is in turn filtered out of the blood by the Kidneys, and expelled from the body.

This means extra work for the Kidneys, and if they are at all tired or worn they fail in their work. The result is clogged circulation and that tired spring feeling.

The cure is to tone up the Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys quickly cleanse the blood of all impurities and the "spring feeling" is replaced with a vigor of body and buoyancy of spirit that makes work a pleasure.

Missouri boodlers would certainly be justified in gnashing their teeth. There is said to be a surplus of $5,000,000 in the state treasury.

Admiral Togo hangs on like a terrier.

No man is ready for his work until he has learned to wait.

Heaven has no smiles for the man who never smiles on men.

English Testimony

Colds, Headache, Influenza and Catarrh relieved in 10 minutes by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Prominent people throughout England, the United States and Canada praise Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It will cure you.

Miss Blanche Sloan, London, Eng., the only sister of Tod Sloan, the World famous jockey, says: "I have suffered for years from Catarrh and Colds. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave me relief in 10 minutes. Is worth all other remedies combined."

Claude G. Wood, Palace Theater, London, Eng., writes: "One puff of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure any headache."

Miss Bijou Russell, 10 Keppe St., London, Eng., says: "One bottle Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured me of chronic colds or catarrh. It relieves in 10 minutes. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure relieves heart disease in 30 minutes. 81

The managers of the St. Louis Fair have spent about seventeen million dollars up to date, much of which will never come back.

A SOUND STOMACH MEANS A CLEAR HEAD.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings; many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

Time and tide wait for no man—or woman either. Neither do floods.

He who has an eye to the fleece has no heart for the flock.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The elevated bottom of the strawberry boxes is about due.

The best preparation for death is the perfecting of life.

MILD IN THEIR ACTION.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause griping in the stomach or cause disturbances there as so many pills do. Therefore, the most delicate can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penalties which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared.

Doubt should be but the vestibule to decision.

Happiness is simply a stray chunk of heaven.

Conversion is a starting point and not a terminus in true religion.

The kind-hearted have no trouble in finding a purse that does not wear out.

The more puppy-like a man's disposition the more dogmatic his opinion.

What shrunk your woolens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

WANTED

Girl to assist with children and housework, in Winnipeg. Good home for faithful, trustworty and willing person. Wages $10.00 per month. Apply P.O. Box 766, Winnipeg, Man.

AN INDIAN DUEL.

The Famous Fight Between Chief Carpenter and Price.

"The methods of fighting duels among the Indians," said an old frontiersman, "were varied, each tribe having its own peculiar custom. Some of the tribes learned to fight according to the code of the white man, however, among these the Choctaws or Cherokees, which reminds me of the famous duel in July of 1883, when the celebrated Choctaw chief, Carpenter, fought near the Pine Creek Indian agency with a white man named Price. Chief Carpenter was a splendid type of Indian, tall and straight and comely, and he had been well educated and had natural talents and natural instincts that put him head and shoulders over his Indian associates.

"As usual, this trouble was started by a disagreement over some trivial matter, which caused a dispute and ended in the white man calling his red brother a liar. Throughout the trouble the big Indian had remained perfectly calm, although considerably angered, and as the insult fell he gazed coldly into the eyes of Price and said:

"'Your blood shall wash out that word.'

"'Whenever you're ready, say the word,' cried Price. 'You can do your washing right here and now if you please.'

"'Not now, sir, but tomorrow morning, when the sun peeps over the top of that wild plum tree, you must be here and without fail.'

"The report of the duel spread far and wide, and at an hour considerably before sunrise a large crowd had gathered on the dueling ground to witness the encounter. Price was the first on the field, and for a time it looked as if there would be no Carpenter. But, true to his Indian blood, the chief disdained coming too soon at the appointed place as much as he would have feared coming too late, and it was just as the first rays of the sun stole over the soft green of the tree that the red man stood in place. Not a word was spoken by either man. Both drew their pistols, and, raising the weapons, they fired almost simultaneously. Carpenter reeled, but with a mighty effort checked a tendency to spin round, and, staggering, fired as the crack of his opponent's pistol sounded for the second time. This time Price jumped high in the air and landed on his face stone dead.

"With a wild shout the crowd pressed forward to surround the lucky chief, but before aid could reach him he fell senseless. Price had been shot through the heart, clean as a whistle, a remarkable shot considering the condition of the Indian when he made it, and a shot Carpenter could have made in the first place without a doubt had he been as determined to kill as Price proved himself when his bullet buried itself in the Indian's breast."

The Vice of Nagging.

Nagging may or may not be a vice of the thin, as a famous physician suggests, but that there is some truth in his theory that there is a scientific basis for this ugly habit seems likely. "Perfect health," he says, "has as one of its factors content of mind. A nervous man or woman who is anxious, discontented, gloomy, dissatisfied, worried from any cause, cannot enjoy good health. This mental turmoil produces as one of its primary effects on the body an inability to digest food properly. The blood which should supply the force necessary for the function of digestion is continually drawn away from the stomach by excitement in the brain, and the woman who nags suffers. While there be those whose tendency to lay on fat is so great that nothing will stop it a nagging man or woman is generally thin. Their habit of mind has partially starved their bodies."

Accommodating.

The buzzards enjoy the same "sacredness" in the New river district of West Virginia as they do in tropical countries. A breaker boy was brought before a squire in a coal mining town on the charge of having killed one of the only scavengers of that country. After severely reprimanding the boy the old squire, who was a German said: "I fine you $10!"

"I hain't got thet much," replied the boy.

"Den I fine you $5!"

"I hain't got $5."

"Vell, how much haf you got?"

"Three dollars and seventy-five cents."

"All right; den I fine you $3.75!"

Brain Growth.

Brain development is found by Professor Seggel of Munich to have two periods of acceleration, from ten to eleven and from seventeen to eighteen in girls and from twelve to thirteen and nineteen to twenty in boys. At the period of most rapid increase in height, from twelve to fourteen years, the growth of the brain is less than one-hundredth that of the body, but at seventeen to nineteen it grows one-thirtieth as fast and at twenty reaches one-seventh of the body growth.

Proof of Adam's Existence.

Dennis—This hathen noospaper says there was no such man as Adam. Mike—Are you sure there was? Dennis—I'm surprised at a man o' your sinse talkin' so. Where did your Adam's apple come from?

Survived Many Attacks.

"What do you consider the most remarkable characteristic of Shakespeare's plays?"

After a moment's thought Mr. Stormington Barnes replied:

"Endurance."

Your conscientious men are oftener conscientious in withholding than bestowing.—Landor.

To Build Robust Health

start at the foundation of life and health. Assist your organs to do their work properly. Food and drink cannot nourish if your liver is not working right. Dyspepsia and Indigestion follow if your digestive organs are out of order. Constipation cannot exist if your bowels are free. A short course of Beecham's Pills will soon put you right and an occasional one will keep you so.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will do more to build up robust health and maintain it than any other medicine. They have done this, and are continually doing it for thousands all over the world. If you start now and take BEECHAM'S PILLS occasionally you will certainly benefit to a remarkable degree.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, England.
Sold Everywhere in Canada and U. S. America.
In boxes, 25 cents.

CHAMBERLAIN

IS THE PREFERENTIAL 10¢ CIGAR
You'll Enjoy Every Bit Of It.

MADE BY J. M. FORTIER LTD., MONTREAL

The Manchester restaurants are suffering from the tramways. Persons who work in the city are now able to reach their homes in the middle of the day expeditiously and at a small cost.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

Sermons would be shorter if they had to be practiced before they were preached.

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

Many things are cured by being endured.

No prayer can rise on wings of pretence.

Doctor, feeling Sandy's pulse in bed—"What do you drink?" Sandy, with brightening face—"Oh, I'm no particular, doctor! Onything ye've got wi' ye."

Too much of the milk of human kindness savors of the pump.

Ayer's

Impure blood always shows somewhere. If the skin, then boils, pimples, rashes. If the nerves, then neuralgia, nervousness, depression. If the

Sarsaparilla

stomach, then dyspepsia, biliousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years.

"Returning from the Cuban war, I was a perfect wreck. My blood was bad, and my health was gone. But a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me."
H. C. DOEHLER, Scranton, Pa.

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

for **Impure Blood**

Aid the Sarsaparilla by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

B & C

LONG HIP
A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904
STYLE
253
NO BRASS EYELETS
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
BRUSH & CO.,
TORONTO, - ONT.

Handcuffs do not make honesty.

Faith cannot be fed on furniture.

The Japanese bottling works are still working overtime.

IT WILL PROLONG LIFE.—De Sota, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whither he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

The preaching that meets human needs will never need to drum up a meeting.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Japanese Traits.

In no country is William Morris' golden rule, "Have nothing about you but what you know to be useful and believe to be beautiful," so scrupulously followed as in Japan. The politeness of the Japanese—a sign of "equality"—the politeness of this hierarchical east, is in surprising contrast with the aggressive rudeness of our democratic communities. Gentleness and cordiality are the Japanese rule; no scenes of violence. The readiness with which Europeans fly into a passion stupefies the Japanese, appears to them to be a sign of innate coarseness. In his consideration for others a Japanese habitually refrains from making any show of his personal sorrows. Only her vanity has led Europe to fancy that the Japanese regard western civilization as superior to their own and that therefore they are "Europeanizing" themselves purposely. The western diplomatist who described modern Japan as a "bad translation" of Europe merely shared the delusion and conceit of foreigners generally.—F. Challaye in Revue de Paris.

"The Dog Will Have His Day."

In "Hamlet," act 4, scene 1, we read:

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

The latter line has become a popular saying, but we are naturally inclined to ask what it means. Why should a dog have a day all to himself any more than any other four footed creature? Is not the passage a piece of silly slang, and ought it not to be suppressed, like any other cant phrase that is born in the streets? To harmonize the verse with sense and Shakespeare a friend has suggested that the last word ought to be changed to bay. We should then read, "The cat will mew, the dog will have his bay." I have no doubt that Shakespeare wrote it so and that the word day is a misprint and nonsense. The analogy between the cat's mewing and dog's baying is self evident and intelligible.

Albino Birds and Beasts Sacred.

It is noteworthy that albino animals are regarded by the Japanese in a superstitious light. The appearance of one is considered a good omen for the reigning mikado, and occasionally signalizes a reign. For example, one reign is called "hakuchi nenkan," or period of the white pheasant, another, the "haku hoo nenkan," or period of the white phenix.—London Globe.

THE SLOCAN DRILL

C. E. SMITHERINGALE, Editor and Prop.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

SLOCAN, - - - - B. C.

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

Certificates of Improvement, $7 each.

Transient advertisements at same rates as legal advertising.

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

Commercial Rates made known upon application.

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

Address all letters to—

THE SLOCAN DRILL,
Slocan, B. C.

UNION LABEL

FRIDAY, APRIL 22nd, 1904.

EDITORIAL CROPPINGS.

Canada's growing time still continues, not only in population but in trade, indicating internal prosperity. For the nine months ending March, trade returns were $14,000,000 greater than a year ago.

Newspaper men in the Nelson camp are hurling "hobo," "maggot," and other approbrious terms at each other. Cut it out, boys, cut it out. It disgusts your fellows and nauseates the public. The profesh is too good to be dragged in the mud.

The fire fiend is having rare sport with the large cities this year. After devastating several burgs in the States fire is turning its attention to the metropolitan towns in Canada. On Tuesday the wholesale section of Toronto was wiped out, causing a loss of four millions. Slocan may be next.

A semi-inspired feeler in the Vancouver News-Advertiser is thrown out for a dropping of the protests against various provincial members. There are three lodged by the Liberals and four by the Conservatives. The News-Ad. hopes to see the Lillooet bye-election pass off by acclamation.

The famous provincial bill, No. 16, No. 16, disallowing the C.P.R.'s claim to blocks 4593 and 4594, East Kootenay, will not be knifed by the dominion government, consequently it becomes operative on May 1. There will ensue a grand rush for coal and oil locations in the Flathead country.

The Republicans of Massachusetts in convention assembled have turned down a resolution favoring reciprocity with Canada. Well, Canucks are not doing any worrying over the matter. Canada is not looking for reciprocity: she prefers to absorb the Yanks in wholesale doses for the Northwest.

Some men allege they can't afford a yearly subscription to their local paper, yet they have no hesitation in rubbering their neighbor's copy, absorbing its contents with the greatest relish. Don't be a mouse, but pay your own way, and incidentally increase the printer's subscription list.

Out of 240 surveyors employed on the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, all are Americans save 10. Americans are pushing the scheme and Americans are getting the plums, while Canadians are granting the charter and Canadians are supplying the money. A little more patriotism and consistency on the part of the Laurier government, as sponsors for the road, would reconcile Canadians the more easily to the undertaking.

The Canadian system of manipulating postal matters is of the free-and-easy variety, and mail is not to be expected till it arrives. Certain routes are laid out for the despatch of mail and go those routes it will, no matter how long it may take. In case of accidents there may be alternative routes, but that cuts no ice—the law of the Medes and Persians cannot be changed. Last week there was a brilliant example of the system in vogue. Four days' mail for Slocan points was allowed to accumulate at Nelson, because of the Slocan branch railway being blocked by mud, when it could quite easily have been sent round by Nakusp, or a transfer to handcars effected at the slide. The railroad people didn't care, for there was no one to order it through. A postal inspector should be located at Nelson for Kootenay and Boundary, with some backbone to him, and then the antiquated system at present prevailing could be revised, to the lasting benefit of business circles and the general public.

Subscribe for THE DRILL.

DRILL POINTS.

Pay up your subscription.

Slocan is without an assayer.

The lake has risen about two feet of late.

Mrs. Marks and child, Phoenix, are visiting Mrs. Thos. Wilson.

Mrs. D. Arnot has been visiting friends in Nelson all week.

C. Holden, advance man for Clara Mathes, was here on Wednesday.

The snow has been settling fast in the hills, as the nights have been mild.

A shoemaker looking for an opening should examine into the merits of this burg.

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

Oscar Hammer was accidentally killed at the Greenwood smelter on Friday.

Joe Dearin picked up a fine timber limit this week, close to the mouth of Evans creek.

The old Beattie hotel, Main street, will be used as a boarding house for the mill hands.

Climax creek misbehaved itself last week and flooded some of the residences in Brandon.

Major Megraw, formerly of the Vernon News, will establish a Conservative paper at Hedley.

W. J. Adcock has moved into his new block at Coleman and opened up his boot and shoe shop.

Archie Currie came up from Nelson Monday, to look after his timber claims on Evans creek.

W. Dawkins was killed near Ferguson last week by a rock thrown from a surface blast of powder.

A fire, caused by a live coal from an engine, almost destroyed the C.P.R. wharf at Nelson on Friday.

No service was held in Knox church on Sunday last, Rev. Mr. McCord, the new parson, not having arrived.

The New Denver rifle team will likely be down here next week, to shoot a match with the local club.

Miss Winnie McMillan, who has been ill for the past two months, was down town for a short time on Saturday.

The big slide near Alamo was cleaned out on Friday, enabling the Nakusp road to resume traffic to Sandon.

Mrs. Capt. McLennan was admitted to the New Denver hospital on Thursday, suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

McCallum & Co. have been packing up their stock of hardware during the past few days and next week will ship it to Cranbrook.

You haven't seen my latest stock of grey and black suitings for this spring, at the tailor shop. Come and have a look at them; they are real beauties.

Orange Hamilton, a noted character around here some years ago, died last week in Calgary, after a short illness. He made a raise last fall in Poplar.

All of the big slides in the upper camp came down last week, some of them having been out of business for years. Many new ones also made their appearance.

Reginald and Jerry Christie, sons of H. P. Christie, mining recorder, who have been attending school in England for the past four years, arrived home on Monday.

Mrs. Mason announces to the public that she will have her lodging rooms and dining room open for business on Monday. Best table in town. The Royal, Arthur street.

A consignment of beef and pork for the local meat market billed from Nelson had to be buried by the railroad people on Saturday. It was mortified at the slowness of the journey.

On Wednesday the remainder of the mill hands got in from Salmo, enabling operations to be commenced with a full force. They had been held up a week for lack of train service.

Byron N. White Co. have won their suit against the Sandon Water & Light Co., before the full court. The latter have six months in which to move their plant off the former's ground.

Rev. Wm. Simons, wife and family got away on Friday, going out by way of Nakusp and Robson. Just before leaving word was received that Mrs. Simons' mother was seriously ill at Edmonton.

F. J. Finucane, formerly manager of the Bank of Montreal at New Denver, is to be married to Miss M. G. Sweeny, at Brooklyn, N.Y., on June 10. The couple will tour Europe for three months.

Wanted.—A good, reliable lady to take orders for our stylish custom-made dress skirts and walking skirts; also skirt supporters. Write quickly. Dominion Garment Co., P.O. box 209, Guelph, Ont.

The C.P.R. main line and branch lines through the mountains have all had their troubles throughout the week with mudslides, snowslides and washouts. The Spokane & Northern has been completely knocked out.

W. S. Johnson, wife and family removed on Friday to Montreal. Mr. Johnson will return here in three weeks on business and will afterwards spend the summer in the Territories, surveying for the dominion government.

The local mill people are being deluged with orders for lumber and shingles.

Practically no mail arrived all last week until Saturday, when a big budget was received.

Wednesday several days' delayed mail from the States, the east and the coast was received.

Russell Nichol and Charley Brett are matched to run a 100-yard dash here on May 24 for $100.

Mrs. Mason, late cook at the Arlington, has rented the Royal building and will run a boarding house.

J. Taylor, Vancouver, provincial manager of the New York Life, was here on Thursday for a first time.

An Italian section hand from down the line had a smashed finger dressed at the hospital, Friday, having had it caught in the gearing of a speeder,

THE DRILL will print you, on short notice and in any amount, shipping tags, billheads, statements, letterheads, noteheads, memos, receipts, envelopes, visiting cards, business cards, bills of fare, dodgers, posters, etc., etc. Will meet any price or quality.

Timber Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described land:—Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia river, on the east boundary of C.P.R. block No. 573, West Kootenay, running thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to Columbia river; thence 80 chains west following Columbia river to point of commencement.

T. C. MAKINSON

Dated, March 25, 1904.

M. U. GENERAL HOSPITAL

SLOCAN, B.C.

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

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

For further particulars apply to.

D. B. O'Neail, Sec

H. D. Curtis

Financial Agent

Accountant & Auditor

Notary Public

Fire and Accident Insurance

Abstracts of Mineral Claims.

SLOCAN, - B.C

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. HEATED BY HOT AIR.

The Queen's Hotel

E. C. CLARKE, PROPRIETOR

RATES: $2.00 PER DAY

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

Nelson, B. C.

Slocan Bakery

J. Pinchbeck, Proprietor

Fresh Fruits of Every Kind Arriving Daily.

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

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

Slocan, B. C.

SEEDS

Flower Seeds

Garden Seeds

Clover Seed

Grass Seed

Seeds in Packages

Seeds in Bulk

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

EASTERN PRICES

J. A. ANDERSON

DRUGGIST & STATIONER,

SLOCAN, B.C.

The O. S. Co. is establishing a retail lumber yard here, a barge load of assorted stuff being unloaded Sunday.

Trail creek carried the biggest flood known last week, and destroyed several buildings and damaged all the bridges in Trail.

Nelson wholesalers are after the C. P.R. and are determined to get freight rates adjusted, even if they have to apply to the railway commission.

MINING RECORDS.

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

ASSESSMENTS.

Apl 9—Quien Sabe.

13—Hoodoo for two years.

TRANSFERS.

Apl 12—Matrice ½ and Premier ¼, W H Wall to D H Gibson.

Timber Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works, at Victoria, for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Evans creek, about one-half mile from the west shore of Slocan lake; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains, to place of commencement.

Dated, April 18, 1904.

JOSEPH DEARIN

Notice to delinquent Co-owners

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

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

Dated this 1st day of February, 1904.

5-2-04 GEO. McLEAN

Certificate of Improvements.

Black Prince & Clipper Mineral Claims.

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

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

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

Dated this st day of April, 1904.

8-4-04 ERNEST HARROP

Steel Ranges for $18.25.

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

H. J. ROBERTSON,

TINSMITH AND PLUMBER.

Don't Overlook This Snap

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

The Drill, Slocan.

P.O. BOX 36 PHONE 2

COLIN J. CAMPBELL,

Licensed Provincial Assayer,

NEW DENVER, B.C.

All Samples Receive Prompt Attention. Rates on Application
Special Quotations to Mines and Mills.

WILSON HOUSE,

SLOCAN, B. C.

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

Do not go past its door when you are dry, weary or hungry.

A. E. TEETER, - Proprietor.

JOB PRINTING

A FIRST-CLASS STOCK. . .
HIGH GRADE WORK
REASONABLE PRICES. . .

DRILL OFFICE

$250

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

DRAWER 54, SLOCAN.

Advertise your Business

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

The Drill offers a reward to all who advertise

to all persistent and liberal advertisers: it is read by everyone. It guarantees satisfaction

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