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Slocan Mining Review.

Sent to any address for $2.00 per ann. If you see it in the "Review," it's so.

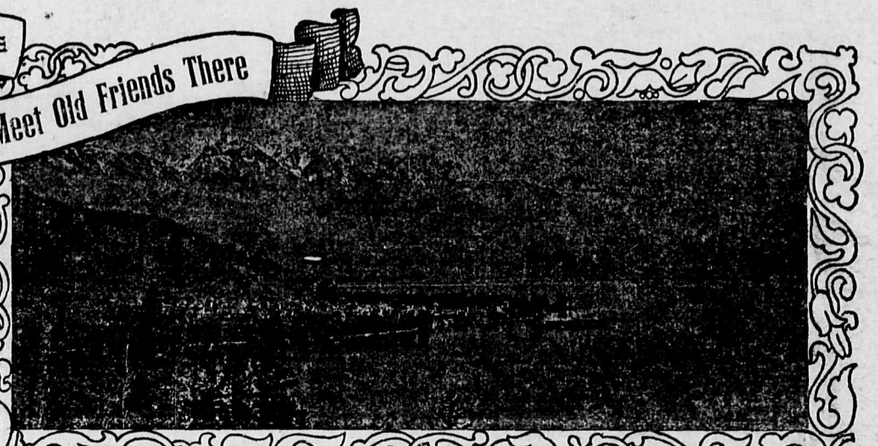
No. 38. Vol. I. SANDON, British Columbia, Thursday, May 16, 1907. Single Copies 10c.

COME TO THE CELEBRATION AT NEW DENVER Empire Day

AMERICA'S LUCERNE

You will Meet Old Friends There

New Denver is recognized by men who have traveled as the Lucerne of North America. Situated on the shore of Lake Slocan, with rugged, majestic mountains towering skyward on all sides, and deep, thickly-timbered canyons where big game is abundant, it affords an ideal place for tourists to spend the summer. Glacier climbing, bear hunting, and mountain trout fishing or deep-water trolling. Grand mountain and lake scenery; and, with all its wild beauty, the richest silver-lead-zinc mining camp in Canada.



PROGRAMME

9.30 a.m. LAUNCH RACE HANDICAP. (Fisher Challenge Cup)
DOUBLE SCULL BOAT RACE (Lady Cox)
CANOE RACE
To be held while Launches are away

10.45 a.m. LAUNCH RACE, Standing scratch start (Lady Cox)
SINGLE SCULL RACE
To be held while Launch Race is in progress

Interval for Lunch.

1.30 to 2 p.m. CHILDREN'S RACES.

2 to 2.30 " HOSE REEL CONTEST New Denver v. Sandon—Challenge Cup.

2.30 to 4 " FOOTBALL MATCH New Denver v. Sandon
MORE CHILDREN'S SPORTS during half time of Football Match

4 to 5.15 " LAUNCH RACE HANDICAP Gintzberger Cup
100 YARDS DASH LADIES RACE
AND THREE-LEGGED RACE

5.15 to 6 " LOG-CHOPPING CONTEST
LOG SAWING (Double)

7 " BALANCE OF CHILDREN'S SPORTS

9.30 GRAND BALL in CLEVER'S HALL.
Tickets. including Supper, $2.00

Arrangements have been made for Special Train from Sandon in the morning.

Boat and Train will not leave New Denver before Midnight.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Notes and Comment

By JAY-JAY

The Light Which Failed.

And it came to pass, that a certain aggregation of swindlers, modern gardeners and hold-up men, taking unto themselves the high falutin title of the Continental Biusup Skinemoutograft Moving Fixture entertainment, wandered high into the mountains to pursue brigandage and easy money; and having set up their punk contraption in the hall of the proletariats, they accordingly issued a persistent invitation to all and sundry with many pence in their jeans to come and view the Moving Fixtures. And lo, from far and near came big suckers and little suckers, big gobblers and smaller fry, and verily much pushing and squeedging was encountered to obtain place wherein to view the Skinemoutograft views. But behold, after absorbing for one hour yards of wheezy damthephone "music," the lights were lowered nigh unto darkness, and the agony began. Shades of Petrus Paulus Rubens, Edison, and Sousa, it was a holy terror! Preserve us from the depths of such torture, Amen. For twenty minutes the multitude bravely bore the penance, and then spontaneously screamed aloud for mercy. Faint multi-colored objects were projected upon the screen. "The Tower of London" cried one of the brigands. "By night," ventured one of the suckers in a loud whisper. "Lakes of Killarney," continued the robber chief, as another object bobbed up. "Hell," whined a wriggling victim, "that's the Black Hole of Calcutta." "Melrose Abbey," continued the bandit in a tremulous voice. "Ah, G'wan," retorted a sufferer, light a bug and let's have a look at it. And so on, and so on, until the sharks proclaimed the show was ended. Verily, loud and long did the juvenile element wail for the return of their pennies, but it availed not. Stern and with rapid motion the male units of the assemblage hied to the nearest grocery store and took unto themselves—eggs. The sequel is not for us to relate. We love peace and quiet. Here endeth the first lesson.

Col. Lowery has wiped the dust of the Kootenay country from his feet and is now en route to Alaska or maybe somewhere else. Thousands of readers will miss "old Bob's" weekly literary gems.

We are NOT Receding.

And now another injustice has been meted out to the district which is a crying shame at this stage of local history. We allude to the determination of the C.P.R. to discontinue the daily service of the boat between Rosebery and Slocan City and the Nakusp and Sandon railway run in favor of a tri-weekly service. We do not care two whoops in Halifax for the bum old, antedeluvian, moss-wheeled, mile-an-hour, grunter crawling in more than three times a week, but the consequent demoralization of the mail service is like a backward step toward the middle ages and oblivion. Coming at such a time when the Slocan is awakening from seven long years of lethargic inactivity, when all men and women and all the old stand-bys are hopeful and optimistic beyond the conception of dwellers on the outside, it floors the aspirations and crushes ambition from the hearts of the old timers. No country can stand still. It must either go forward or retrocede, and consequently this anomalous and high-handed proceeding of the C.P.R. will strengthen the belief that the Slocan is still on the down grade. We wish in as strong a manner as possible to disillusion all who think thus, and also those who may have any misgivings as to the awakening of the Slocan. It requires but a puerile brain to observe the change for the better and take cognizance of the revival of our staple industry and the amount of capital now being invested in the lumber industry at our doors. It would be foolish for the C.P.R. or any individual to assert that the impetus given to trade by the arrival of new settlers, land seekers, and prospective fruit growers is imaginary. There is too much substance in it for that. And yet at this epoch, the glutonous corporation tightens its cinch on a country which has been instrumental hitherto in pouring thousands of dollars into the coffers of the Company, for no reason other than to them the commercial one that the line is at present not paying.

We look for pressure being brought to bear on the C.P.R. to make them live up to the terms of the charter, and the Post Office authorities to yield nothing which stands for the progress of a district which is at present just merging from a long struggle against adversity.

Billy McClurg has a tooth for seasonable delicacies which makes considerable inroads into his pocket book. Last Monday his mouth watered for asparagus, so he made known his wants to Rancher McIntosh, of Kaslo, as follows. "Send me up a feed of asparagus; failing that, the best you can get in the shape of cucumbers." A dozen bananas arrived the same day. Billy didn't take a tumble for several hours, but when he did he made good by forwarding per return a poker chip—the best he had in the shape of money.

While we were all pleased to learn of the termination of the coal strike, we cannot help feeling that a few more strikes will have the effect of forcing the government to assume control of the coal mines. That is a desideratum we in common with the Socialists dream of, but it certainly will not be attained so long as the Crow's Nest Company have the dead immortal cinch on the public, and are subsidizing a certain newspaper not a hundred miles from Nelson.

There are some mining companies ostensibly pursuing their operations in the Slocan whose real and existing activity exists only on paper and is prosecuted on street corners and in society parlors. We have in mind an outfit who, owning a group of claims in the vicinity of Sandon, prefer to do nothing of a development nature themselves, had emissaries sitting through the Star-White case taking notes for material to assist them in their dog-in-the-manger policy with which they hope to win out in a somewhat similar case. Such tactics bring mining in ill repute besides jeopardizing the coming of the long awaited good times for the district.

John Houston is company promoting in Goldfields, Nevada. His first effort is to hand in a prospectus of the Florence Fast Mail Mining Co., a 10 cent share outfit which is capitalized for a million dollars. Like all companies of similar calibre, it is quite close to a big dividend payer.

So the Spanish throne has a real live heir. We could have sold them a brand new one—never been used. Here's where we did not have to bow and remark. "After you my dear Alphonso."

Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain) will sail for England shortly to receive the degree of Bachelor of Letters which is to be conferred upon him by Oxford University. Editors on this side of the herring pond will from now on wear clean collars and conduct themselves accordingly.

Ho! For New Denver.

New Denver's mighty effort to celebrate the glorious 24th will surely be crowned with success if the elements are at all propitious. Never since the good old El Dorado days has the fairest spot in the bosom of the Kootenays looked so charming; and never has the community as a whole been so hopeful of early prosperity. Quiet, undeniably the fair Lucerne has been for the past seven years, but such conditions have an ending, and that change has been hastened by the whole hearted confidence of the people who have stood pat by the smiling lakeside hamlet.

And now for the glorious May celebration, when thrice-welcome summer in its early gladness lavishes full bounty upon the fertile valley, and New Denver rises proudly to the occasion to celebrate the natal day of Queen Victoria of blessed memory. Bedecked in her glad clothes, visitors will see much to wonder at, and many pleasant remembrances will be carried away. To celebrate the day in a befitting manner, much labor has been expended by the zealous committee. The programme appearing elsewhere in this issue is so prodigious and enterprising a one that visitors would indeed be hard to please who failed to find entertainment therein.

To make the effort of the committee a financial success, all her sister towns must co-operate and do their part. Sandon will be there to a man, brought thither by a special train leaving at 8 a.m., and returning at 12 p.m. Three Forks will join the merry party en route. Silverton will send its quota of pleasure seekers by a special boat, and Slocan City will do the same. From Nakusp will come crowds, the occasion providing a glad reunion of hundreds of old timers. Forward, New Denver! May Queen's weather adorn the day, and may the occasion be the advent of the prosperity that is knocking at your doors, which you so spiritedly invite to enter.

Believing that the end of the world would come within ten days, a prominent stock man of Great Falls, Mont., sold all his property on May 3rd., valued at several thousand dollars, to the first bidder for $150. Buggy! That fellow wasn't aware that the end would not come until the C.P.R. gives Canada a fair shake, the Socialists have had their innings and the Japs have conquered the world.

INDIGNATION IS EXPRESSED.

Mass Meetings Throughout Riding Demand Daily Mail Service.

On Wednesday evening last, mass meetings were held in Sandon, New Denver, Silverton, Three Forks, and Slocan City, at eight o'clock, when the pent-up indignation of the riding was given full vent in a protest against the action of the Canadian Pacific Railway in changing the daily run of the boat and train to a tri-weekly service and thus depriving the entire district of the privileges of daily mail. The meetings were unanimous in their condemnation and determination to appeal to the Postmaster-General for a speedy change.

At the Sandon meeting some citizens spoke very strongly. Several anomalies were cited, for instance: By the new schedule mail leaving here on Friday night for the bank at New Denver would not reach its destination until the following Monday night, too late even for business that day. Passengers en route to Nakusp and the main line would have to hang up at Rosebery Friday night, Saturday day and night and Sunday day and night. Although Rosebery is but ten miles from Sandon intending passengers have no choice but to follow out this arrangement, as there is no wagon road. The decision to foist such an inadequate service upon the district goes to show the length of selfishness to which the giant monopoly will go.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Sandon meeting and telegraphed to the Postmaster-General at Ottawa:

"Resolved at a mass meeting of citizens of Sandon, that the present is a most inopportune time to discontinue the daily mail service hitherto existing, owing to the Slocan now being on the eve of a long-awaited revival in Lumbering, Mining and Ranching, and that by foisting a tri-weekly service upon us our commercial interests will be so seriously injured that the progress of the district is jeopardised. We demand a speedy adjustment."

Local and General.

Picked up by Butting in Everywhere.

Don't kick about the country. If you don't like it, get out.

Towgood Brothers are augmenting their packing string with a view of meeting the demand by the mine owners and leasers. Some sturdy looking horses arrived this week.

Spring at Slocan Lake towns is so far in advance of the prairie that you can almost hear the grass calling for the lawn mower.

James Hovey, a well-known old timer in this district writes from Centreville, N.B. that he is still on top and making good in mining in that district. This will be pleasant news to his many friends in this district, as he was deservedly popular here. He informs us that he has recently bought into a group of copper claims which will prove a big paying investment for him and his partners. Development has been done which proves that the 4 foot lead is widening out as depth is attained. Mr. Hovey is so well-known in this district as a competent mining man, that it is superfluous to add that if the ore is there he will find it and make a big success of the mine. We congratulate him in unison with his many friends on having secured so valuable a property.

We apologise to the lady editors of the New Denver "Silver Glade" for inserting an item in our last issue to the effect that lack of advertising had killed the venture. Another number bobbed up again this week which contained in its pages an awful good poem, immortalizing Eddie Angrignon, by the dear girl scribes. We read between the lines, perhaps, deeper than the ordinary individual, and suggest that the young ladies are on the matrimonial market for all there is in it. Why do the dear girls worry so much over the departure of Mr. Lindsay for his vacation when there are so many bachelors in the Silver City?

The latest sensation sprung is to the effect that Hector MacDonald "Fighting Mac," is very much alive and is organizing a powerful army for China. The famous general was reported four years ago to have suicided himself in a Paris hotel, but no response was made to a $1,000 reward offered at the time by a well known London paper to any person who would come forward and prove satisfactorily that Sir Hector's remains were interred.

All the flotsam and jetsam which has adorned (?) the front of the old Filbert hotel since the big blaze, was cleaned away this week, for which, many thanks.

The Dominion Postmaster-General has announced that the minimum salaries of country postmasters has been raised from $25 to $50 per annum. We sound a note of warning at such extravagance.

A barber resident not 50 miles from the hub of New Denver, sends out postal cards to his customers when it is time for them to get a hair-cut. Sort of taking time by the forelock. A postal card would make no impression on several of our citizens. The barber would have to resort to kidnapping.

Set out some fruit trees this spring. You will soon have a bearing orchard if you follow the plan a few years.

Prizes aggregating $1,250 will be awarded for two rock drilling contests at the fair in Spokane, Sept. 23rd to Oct. 5.

Louis Pratt, manager of the Last Chance mine, has returned from Victoria where he has been endeavouring to arrange an amicable settlement with Lieut. Governor Dunsmuir, virtual owner of the Noble Five group, in the matter of the injunction recently executed against the Last Chance Company. His mission to the coast was unsuccessful as the Lieut.-Governor was out of town. It is to be hoped that His Excellency will enquire fully into the merits of his proposed plea before embarking into a costly lawsuit which will have the the effect of tying up another of Sandon's big mines.

Geo. N. Alexander came up from Kaslo on Tuesday to inspect the Ruth. Fifteen men are now employed.

J. M. Harris is at Spokane on business.

J. C. Carruthers, representing Lenz & Leizer, of Victoria, was among our merchants on Tuesday with a fine line of men's furnishings and dry goods.

F. R. Barker, drumming soap on behalf of the John Taylor Co., of Toronto, was in and out on Tuesday.

W. Dower left for Yale on Wednesday.

W. Parham, who has been gazetted as deputy mining recorder vice F. M. Sandilands, for some time, was duly put in possession of all records on Friday last. Angus McInnes, mining recorder at New Denver, came up and conducted the installation ceremony. The present is an opportune time to remind prospectors and others that licenses expire on the 31st inst., and that there might be something doing if renewals are neglected.

The people of Sandon and Three Forks should appreciate in a substantial manner the effort put forth by the committee of the New Denver celebration to secure their presence on the 24th. At a cost of $75 a special train will leave Sandon at 8 a.m., and returning will leave New Denver at 12 (midnight) after the Ball. Such enterprise merits most fruitful results.

Now, 'Brer Clark, what dope were you taking when you read the prefix to the poem by Geo. Lovatt last week. We deny the allegation in the "Canadian" that the lines were the product of our own Poet Laureate. A funeral would have been chronicled ere this had such been the case.

Sometime or other the postmaster general of Canada must have run foul of a newspaper man and received an awful rubbing up the back,—for this brilliant functionary is forever venting his spleen upon the members of the fourth estate. It was only recently he gave out the autocratic edict that newspapers should be folded in a certain manner, but such petty tyranny apparently not causing the editors much loss of sleep, he cast around for some move in which he could make them squeal without the slightest chance of any redress. And so the fiat has gone forth that all newspapers crossing the border either ways shall be taxed 1 cent per copy. What a glorious consummation to his triumphant program of diplomacy! The howl, however, does not come from the press, for the American public alone will bear the brunt of the increased taxation. In the future new subscribers to this paper on the American side will pay $2.50 per annum. This also is applicable to all renewals on the other side. Two dollars for the paper and four bits for the privilege of reading it.

One of our nimrods caught a 13lb. char at Bear Lake this week, which when opened was found to contain eight good sized red fish.

So keen is the indignation felt in the district at the alteration in the mail service that meetings have been held in Silverton, Slocan City, New Denver Three Forks and Sandon, and telegrams containing strongly worded resolutions from all these points have been sent to the Postmaster General.

Wm. Brennan, Alex Forest and Wm. McLanders, who have a lease of all the ground at the Payne, from and including No. 5 level to the top of the hill, came down this week pending a dispute in the terms of the lease being rectified.

Surt. Towgood is nursing a sprained ankle, sustained whilst stepping from a rig. Our football enthusiast will therefor be unable to show New Denver how battles are won and lost without being on the water wagon.

Fax's Sarsaparilla is the best spring tonic.

The C.P.R. advertise, on account of Victoria Day, they will sell round trip tickets at a fare and a third, to and from all points west of Port Arthur, including Kootenay rail and water lines. Tickets on sale 22nd to 24th, inclusive, good to return till 27th May.

THE MISSING MAN TURNS UP.

Philip King Wanders in Bush For Twelve Days in a Demented Condition.

An incident which has caused the residents of Nakusp some uneasiness for the past twelve days has been brought to a satisfactory ending. A young man named Philip King who was employed by the C.P.R. there, appears as the centre figure, and his troubles began when he fell from the roof of the round-house three months ago and fractured his leg and sustained other injuries. Taken to the hospital at New Denver and put under the surgical care of Dr. Brouse, he made rapid advance to recovery; but as he convalesced he appeared to engender symptoms of mental aberration, which although not of a nature for the man to be thought incapable of controlling himself, yet enough to cause his friends anxiety. Taking his discharge from the hospital he returned to Nakusp, but he eluded the vigilance of his friends and all search for him proved futile.

It was generally supposed that the young fellow's mind had given out and he had thrown himself into the lake, but after given up as dead for twelve days he has returned to Nakusp in a pitiable and demented condition. Wandering aimlessly around in the bush for that time it is little short of marvellous how he in his weakened condition existed so long. Friends have now taken him in charge, and the doctors who have examined him say he is recovering and is quite sane again.

Properties To Be Operated.

Just as soon as the snow disappears from the Chicago ground a large force of men will be put to work breaking down the ore which was blocked out last summer and fall. The company has two camps ready to accommodate the required number of men, and the storehouses are now being provisioned. A big order of steel is now on its way from Nelson to the mine. We are informed by a well advised Cody man that the Chicago has one of the best looking ore bodies in the Slocan, and that they have it in several drifts. The Chicago is singularly fortunate in its locatian and surroundings, there being a fine tract of good mining timber and necessary water. The opening up of the Chicago is another link in the chain of prosperity which is now being welded for this end of the division.

Another crown-granted property to be operated in the near future is the Legal Tender on the Noble V. mountain above Cody. Mr. C. Freeman has been instructed by his partners to open up the mine, and with this end in view he will arrive in a few days and put a gang of men to work.

Mudslide Wrecks Cottages.

Owing to the Ruth flume bursting, a mudslide came down this morning carrying away the cottage owned by P. W Johnston and several untenanted shacks. Falling into the creek the mud and debris blocked the waterway and the rushing water damaged the rear of Jalland Bros. store, sweeping a fowl house and contents away. A large crew of men with a liberal quantity of dynamite eventually cleared the creek, and what at one time looked like a disastrous flood was circumvented.

C. F. Nelson of New Denver has in stock a distinctly Slocan souvenier pin, showing the colors of the Yacht Club and lettered in white. You should get one to wear on the 24th.

The Sandon Football club is practising assiduously on the recreation ground nightly for the great struggle billed for the 24th at New Denver. Captain Forrest is whipping his men into such fine shape that the team are confident of skinning the Lucerne bunch. Several alterations are being made this week in the team owing to a couple of players leaving the country and the enforced absence through an accident of S. J. Towgood. If reports are correct as to the fine aggregation to be put in the field by New Denver, a hot old game will be worth walking miles to see.

Nakusp Notes.

Mrs. L. J. Edwards entertained a number of her friends at a pleasant little evening on Friday last.

Mrs. John Bourne, an old resident of Nakusp spent a few days in town visiting friends.

June, the month of roses and weddings will soon be here, and Dame Rumor says we will have one in Nakusp. Our best wishes.—O. A.

After a long siege of towing barges and bucking ice, the crew of the str. Kootenay have donned their biled shirts and 3 inch collars for the passenger run.

Mr. A. C. Yoder has returned from Spokane, and is now in charge of Lindsley Bros. office.

Miss Rose Williams, of Edgewood, who has been spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. F. W. Jordan, returned to her home last week.

SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES
by MARION HARLAND

Different Ways of Preparing Asparagus

Tie the Asparagus in a neat Bunch.

Place the Bunch in the Steamer

Serve on One of the New Asparagus Dishes

Asparagus Makes a Good Luncheon Dish

THE high rank of "Asparagus officinalis" awarded to this child of the early springtime justifies us in making it the subject of a paper entirely given up to its nature, works and ways. It was in high favor in imperial Rome. The epicurean patrician—when the modern master would say, "Be quick about it!" and the city conductor would growl, "Step lively!"—enjoined his slave to "do it in less time than is needed to cook asparagus!"

Most of us are familiar with the tale of the two French gourmands who quarreled over the rival merits of oil and butter in cooking asparagus, finally compromising by sending word to the cook to prepare half of the vegetable with butter and half with oil. The friends chatted amicably for awhile after the point was settled. Suddenly the advocate of butter, who was the guest of the other, fell down in a fit. The host raised him and saw that he was dead. Whereupon he laid down the lifeless body, ran to the head of the kitchen stairs and shouted to the chef: "Do it all in oil! The butter-man is dead!"

An American lover of the table avers that Asparagus officinalis "is an aristocrat from tip to stalk." All of which goes to prove that the owner of the high-sounding title differs utterly from human upstarts. He is an upstart, nevertheless, and the further he gets away from his native soil the less worthy is he.

AT ITS BEST IN VIRGINIA

In Virginia, where our aristocrat of the kitchen-garden is at his best, he is systematically kept under the surface of the ground. Asparagus is planted in rows, and as it peeps above the earth it is banked out of sight, the long lines of rich mould rising steadily to keep pace with its growth. As a result, when the asparagus is cut for the table it is bleached from root to tip and tender throughout. It took me a long time to learn to accept the spindling green stalks offered in Northern markets as asparagus. Sometimes German green-grocers and market-women called it "grass." This was said to be a perversion of the stately name. Indeed, country folk often spoke of it as "sparrow-grass." A half century ago Frederic Cozzens, genial and loving humorist, made us laugh with him at the bucolic ambitions of Mr. Sparrowgrass and his spouse. We quote him to this day.

PREJUDICE AGAINST "GRASS"

I own, frankly, to a rooted prejudice against the "grass," which time and usage have not overcome. My heart still turns fondly to the plump and pale columnettes grown in Southern market-gardens. Yet I am told that what medicinal virtues are inherent in asparagus are more potent in the green spindles than in the bleached larger stalks. I am quite ready to believe the further assertion that these virtues are eliminated from canned asparagus and that the delicate straw-color of the closely packed stalks is due to chemical agents. We all know how flavorless the canned imitation is by comparison with the fresh vegetable.

Like other succulent growths, asparagus depreciates quickly when drawn from the earth. If cooked within an hour or two after it is cut, the twenty minutes' boil recommended by cook-books will send it to table tender and good. It has long been my custom to cut off half an inch from the lower part of asparagus bought in the markets and to set the stalks upright in water as I do with cut flowers. It responds gratefully to the treatment, growing crisp and plump in a few hours. A damp cloth should be thrown over it and the vessel in which it stands.

ASPARAGUS RECIPES

Boiled Asparagus (English Style).

Cut off an inch from the lower part of the stalks and scrape them from end to end with a sharp knife, taking off the thin outer skin alone, without bruising the rest. All *the stalks must be of equal length.* Bind them into a bunch and set upright in a saucepan of boiling water slightly salted, just deep enough to leave over an inch of the tips out of water. Lay clean stones about the base of the stalks to prevent them from tipping over. Fit a close cover on the saucepan to keep in the steam, and after you feel that the boil has begun, cook twenty minutes.

Take up the asparagus, drain off all the water, untie the threads and lay the stalks, alternately tip to base, on a hot dish. Cover with a good drawn butter and serve.

This might be called a "steamed" rather than boiled asparagus, the distinctive feature of the process being that the tips are steamed and thus left plumper and less sodden than if immersed with the stalks in the boiling water. If the asparagus be withered and stale, cook for twenty-five minutes.

Boiled Asparagus (German Style).

Cut two inches from the lower part of the stalks. (The thrifty German housewife never throws these away. They go into the stockpot, adding pleasantly to the flavor).

Scrape off the woody skin and tie into bunches of a dozen stalks each. Lay at length in a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Put on a cover and cook fast for *ten minutes; then add an even teaspoonful* of salt and a heaping teaspoonful of butter. Cook for fifteen minutes more; drain, lay on buttered toast and pour over it a cupful of drawn butter based on milk, into which a beaten egg has been stirred and heated for one minute. Season the white sauce with salt and pepper.

Baked Asparagus (Italian Style).

Cut the stalks short, as directed in the last recipe, and cook tender in salted boiling water. Drain and cover the bottom of a buttered bakedish with a layer, arranging in alternate rows of tips to the ends of the stalks. Have ready this sauce: Drawn butter, based upon a cup of hot milk thickened with a roux of a tablespoonful of flour cooked smooth with a scant tablespoonful of butter; the yolks of two eggs beaten light and two heaping tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese. Cover the layer of asparagus with this, dust lightly with cayenne, put in the rest of the asparagus, arranged as before; pour the remainder of the sauce on this, and sift fine crumbs that have been dried in the oven on the top of all. Bake, covered, for ten minutes, then brown delicately.

This is a savory entree, and much liked by those who have eaten it in Italy. Parmesan cheese must be used in the manufacture. No other kind will give the right flavor.

Asparagus Cups.

With a cake-cutter cut rounds of stale French bread an inch and a half thick. With a cutter a size smaller mark a circle in the centre of each round to the depth of an inch. Carefully take out the crumb defined by this circle, leaving a well-rounded well, with a thin layer of bread at the bottom. Fry these to a light, even brown in salted fat, and fill with the following mixture:

FILLING.

Cook the tips of a bunch of asparagus tender in water to which you have added a little salt and a teaspoonful of butter. Drain, pepper; mix with a rich drawn butter; return to the fire, and when it simmers stir into it (carefully, not to break the tips) a beaten egg. Simmer for a minute; arrange the hot "cups" on a heated platter and fill them with the mixture.

Serve very hot. You *may improve* the entree by sifting Parmesan cheese over the filled cups and setting in the oven for a minute. It is very good, prepared in either way.

A Scallop of Asparagus (Swiss Style).

Leave but an inch of the stalk below the tender part of the tips. Cook tender in boiling water, salted, adding a bit of butter at the end of ten minutes. Drain and dispose a layer in a well-buttered bakedish. Have ready six eggs boiled hard. Rub the yolks to powder, season with pepper and salt and strew thickly over the asparagus. Dot with butter and put in the rest of the asparagus. Pour over the top a cupful of *milk heated to scalding, then thickened with* a roux made by stirring together in a pan over the fire a great spoonful of butter with a tablespoonful of flour. Cover this sauce with very fine, dry crumbs, stick bits of butter in it, pepper and sift Parmesan cheese over all. Bake for fifteen minutes, covered, in a brisk oven, then uncover and brown lightly.

Curried Asparagus.

The tips are used for this dish.

Make a roux by frying a sliced onion in three tablespoonfuls of butter, until the onion is slightly colored. Strain it out, then return the butter to the fire and stir into it a heaping tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a dash of paprika and a tablespoonful of curry powder. Have ready heated in another saucepan a cupful of milk (adding a pinch of soda), and stir it gradually into the roux, removing it from the fire to do this. Set again on the range, stir for a few seconds and pour over the asparagus tips, which have been cooked tender in salted boiling water, drained and arranged in a deep dish.

A delightful side dish when cold lamb or cold chicken is the piece de resistance.

Marion Harland

The Housemothers' Exchange

I READ the letter in yesterday's paper from "Stenographer," and your answer, and your ideas so entirely coincided with mine that I want to write and tell you so, and thank you for the answer you gave her, and in a way to others who hold her views.

I suppose she is not to blame because she never had a chance to learn how to take care of a house, but how does she know she does not like it when she has never tried it? Of course, there are things about *housework not entirely pleasant,* but so there are about office work. I don't like to clean my typewriter and get my hands all stained, but I have it to do just the same. Neither do I love to scrub floors and wash up a lot of kitchen dishes, but I think the enjoyable parts of housework more than compensate for these unenjoyable things.

I am not like her. I love housework, and *all that pertains to it,* and for a girl who has worked in an office for four years after completing a high school course I think I have a pretty good idea of what housework means. My mother was not taught housework when a girl—that is, to make a study of it—and has never liked it, and she determined that her daughters should be taught housework clear through, and I *know I have been,* and my little sister is making a good start.

It seems to me that no boarding-house life can make up for a home life. It may be a little more aristocratic, as she seems to think, but no boarding house would satisfy me, and I know whereof I speak, for I, too, am going to be married before many months, and nothing but a home, even *though it be only a small flat,* would satisfy me, and I know from things my fiance has said that is what he wants, too. He has never had a home, being an orphan, and he looks forward to our having a home with a great deal of pleasure. I don't see what she can be thinking of deliberately to put aside home life and be content with a boarding house. I don't believe she would be, *either, after giving it a trial.*

What is more pleasant than the washing and wiping of dainty china and glassware, the cooking and serving of a good meal that is just enough for two, or the arranging and cleaning of a house? Maybe I am a little too far the other way, but it seems to me that when I am through office work and am in my own home my joy will be *full.*

Her fiance has the higher ideals of the two in wanting a home. Even granting that while there are just the two of them they might be contented in a boarding house, probably some time there will be *one* more, and maybe more, and surely then they would want a home. I think it is a girl's highest privilege, being queen of a home, no matter how small it is.

Your good letter confirms me in the belief I love to cherish—namely, that the heart of American womanhood is still true to the "real things." With the discouraged prophet of Israel, I may say sometimes, when weary with bruising myself against the stone wall of prejudice and fighting away the vapors of frivolity:

"I have been very jealous for the truth, and the women of this generation have forsaken right ideals and thrown down the family altars which their mothers served, and I, even I only, am left."

With the return of strength and the power to reason aright comes the confident faith that there are seventy times seven thousand in the land which is our goodly heritage that have not bowed their knees to the Baal of worldliners nor kissed him with their lips. I shake my head at but one line of your protest. I do not think a boarding-house life in the least "aristocratic." Nor do I think it is so rated by people who know the best side of social life. I am sure that I have never felt myself to be so low in the social scale as during the few months when a pending change of residence made boarding expedient. It was at the end of this penitential period that my especial "John," who has a mind of his own and a fair command of nervous English, declared that he "would rather live upon beefsteak and boiled potatoes in his own house than sit down, day after day, to a ten-course dinner in the finest hotel in the land." I have never yet seen a sane man who did not hold kindred opinions.

Women and Ideas

I insert as much of our next letter as I can make room for, not because I agree with the writer in her contention, but that other women, and particularly mothers, may ponder upon her ideas and express their individual views. For myself, I own, without a blush, that I cried out "Yes!" at dear Peter Pan's appeal: "Don't you believe in fairies?" Nor have I ever found that my children confounded the true and the false in everyday life and working hours for having been fed, as a dessert after lessons and real tasks, with the blessed old fairy tales. Jean Jacques Rousseau (of whose private life we will say nothing in a family paper) considered that the parent who told his child that birds and beasts talk and have dramas, etc., after the manner of humankind, did his offspring great harm.

I am sorry that I cannot recall the author of a *rhyming* reply to the French theorist that I once knew by heart. It began:

"I will not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no,
Of all things old and some things new.
The child who reads and takes for true
The story of a cock and bull
Must have a most uncommon skull."

But now for our thoughtful correspondent's well-written essay:

Many children annoy their parents by lying. I have wondered if reading fairy tales to the little ones and making up stories to entertain them had anything to do with this untruthfulness. Children cannot understand why they may not make up stories, too, without being called wicked and being punished.

For my part, I see no sense in telling children about the cow who

"Jumped over the moon,
While the dish ran away with the spoon."

It would be far better to read something sensible to them; something that will help them to grow up with noble thoughts and make them kind to their fellows.

Some fairy tales frighten children. I know of a child who is afraid to go into the garden because some one read to him of a little girl who was turned into a butterfly. Some people think fairy stories better for children than Bible histories. I do not agree with them, if one is wise in one's selection of Scripture stories.

C. E. W. (Providence, R. I.).

Packing Eggs

If a little flour be mixed with the salt used in packing eggs, it will prevent the hardening of the salt about the shells. Sift the flour.

May I come again?

G. H. P. (Holland, Mich.).

Brief and to the point! The suggestion is sensible. Salt absorbs moisture with marvelous readiness and holds it. In drying, it cakes and hardens. I have seen eggs that were packed in salt break when the lump of salt was detached from them. Upon the same principle the canny housewife mixes cornstarch with the salt in the cellars prepared for table use.

Yes; come again and often, if you are always as pertinent and sententious as you have been today.

A Bit of Encouragement

I have always thought yours a difficult task, but I have more sympathy with you now than ever.

About three months ago I wrote asking you for two recipes. I gave up looking for an answer long ago. I believed my request had found a resting place in the waste basket. Nor did I wonder at this, for really the matter was not important after all. Imagine my surprise and pleasure at seeing my letter and one of the desired recipes in a late issue of the Exchange!

Since I have realized that you must actually keep track of all letters, and that you really do answer each in turn, I think your patience must exceed that of Job. The *task seems tremendous to me,* and I write this to encourage those who wait long for replies, and to bespeak for you their sympathy.

Here is the recipe I promised:

Sour Cream Chocolate Cake.

Melt two squares of chocolate in one-half cup of sour cream. Beat together the yolks of three eggs, one and a half cups of sugar and another half cup of sour cream. Add the melted chocolate, a pinch of salt, one large cup of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and one of vanilla. Finally, the beaten whites of the three eggs.

Bake in a square tin, and when cool pour a boiled icing over it.

To make this last: Boil a cupful of sugar with one of water until it "threads." Beat the white of an egg light and add a quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar; pour the syrup over this slowly, and whip all light. When the right consistency is gained, spread upon the cake. *The cream of tartar* makes the icing light and thick.

C. E. S. (River Forest, Ill.).

Your patient consideration for an overweighted editor is *as soothing* as it is unexpected. The veriest dullard in figures can guess at the impossibility of crowding 150 letters per day into a corner that would hold but twenty at most. I am so used to tart queries as to the reason that letters demanding replies within two or three days do not appear under that number of weeks and why others never see the light, that your gentle appreciation of my difficulties, and my honest desire to mete out justice to all, is like a poultice to an *inflamed surface.* Not that I lay unreason and intemperate reproaches to heart. The inflammation is but skin deep, yet briars annoy and *mud is unsightly until it is* dry enough to rub off.

A Suggestion

(Contributed.)

I have tried the recipe for the "Marion Harland Compote" sent in by a constituent. We pronounce it "very good." But may I suggest that half the quantity of water (or none at all) be put into the bake dish with the apples, as the water draws the flavor from the apples?

There is enough juice from the apples when they are baked, covered, to keep them from burning, and when it is retained by the apples it brings the compote to perfection.

A READER (Berwyn, Ill.)

Recipes (Contributed)

Crackerjack.

Pour over unsalted popcorn the molasses taffy given herewith, and crackerjack far superior to the ordinary variety will be the result:

One cup of New Orleans molasses; four cups of sugar (granulated for light taffy, brown for dark); butter, the size of an egg; one cup of vinegar.

Boil hard until it threads, or drops brittle in cold water. Remove from the stove and stir in as much soda as will lie on a dime.

Chop-a-Corn.

Pour hot chocolate fudge over unsalted popped corn. J. M. (Manistee, Mich.).

Apple Tapioca.

Pare, wash and core carefully tart apples. Sweet apples will not do. Arrange in a deep dish. Fill the interstices with a half-cupful of sugar; stick a bit of butter in each apple; squeeze half a lemon over the apples, then pour in gradually a cupful of cold water. Cover the dish and bake until the apples are soft.

Have ready a cupful of tapioca that has been soaked for four hours in enough water to cover it well. Drain the syrup from the apples upon the soaked tapioca and set over the fire in a double boiler until it is boiling hot. Pour, then, upon the apples in the dish; cover again and bake slowly for twenty minutes.

You may serve hot in the dish, eating it with hard sauce, or transfer to a glass dish while warm, and eat ice-cold with sugar and cream.

A. D. F. (Buffalo, N. Y.).

Pork Tenderloin and Apples.

(A nice breakfast dish.)

Broil the tenderloins thoroughly over a clear fire. Do this slowly, turning them several times to keep in the juices and to get them cooked evenly. When done, lay *upon a hot platter and lubricate with a* mixture of butter and tomato catsup. Treat both sides in this way and set the dish, closely covered, in a hot, open oven for five minutes.

Then lay about the pork, tart apples, sliced, but not cored or pared, and fried to a delicate brown in butter or in the fat of salt pork.

Mrs. H. A. R. (Columbus, Ohio).

A Ginger Jar's Transformation

LUCKY, indeed, is the woman who owns one of those fascinating old ginger jars from China that were so popular half a century ago. Many a seafaring captain, caught by the rich color and glaze of the blue and white jars, picked them up for a few cents just to show his womenkind at home what pretty wares "the heathen furriner" could turn out. And the wife or mother, after due wonder, would probably utilize the rare vase to hold her pickles or even to the prosaic mixing of her "sets" for bread.

Little did either realize that their grandchildren would value those vases among their greatest treasures, which to buy would cost almost their weight in gold.

These old Canton ginger jars, not content with masquerading in their old age as flower holders, are now being put to a new and interesting use as a base for a lamp.

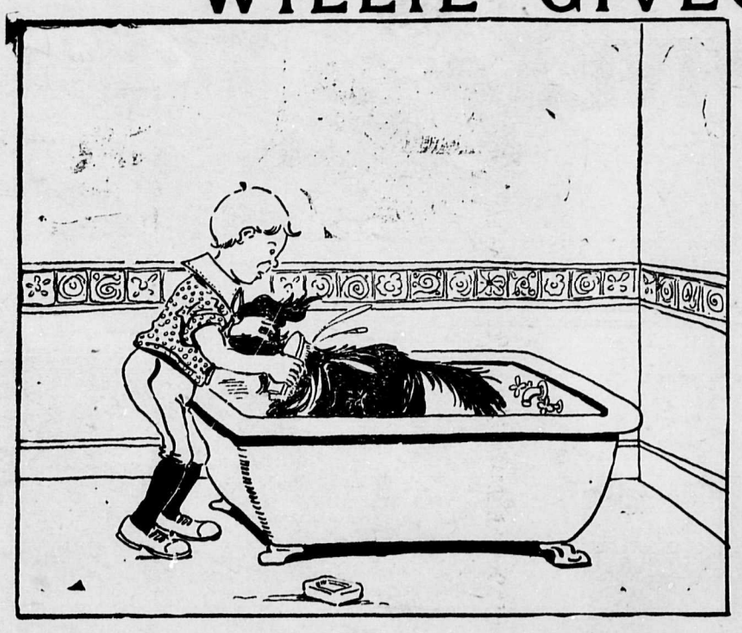
A clever young bride, whose grandfather was a mate on a Chinese trading ship back in the forties, recently found three of these charming blue and white jars in her grandmother's attic. Rapturously she displayed her find, to the old lady's vast amusement at the queer taste of girls nowadays in wanting to own those "old Chinee crocks."

Two were at once put to use as flower jars for the dining table. The third was filled with a brass tank and burner. After a somewhat lengthy search a blue and white shade that toned in beautifully with the rich colors of the base was found in a junk shop, and a remarkably handsome lamp was given a place of honor in the drawing room.

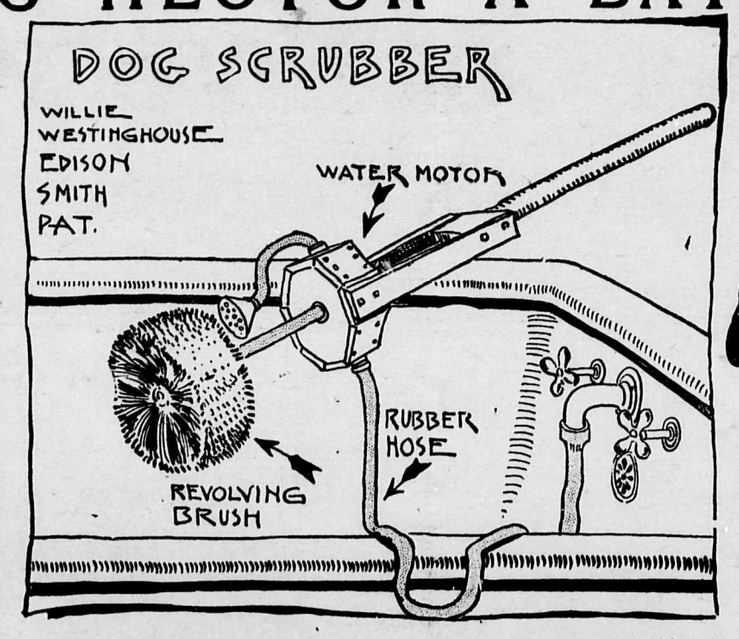
So much admired was this lamp that one of the other jars was converted to the same use. As a second lucky find of a suitable porcelain shade did not materialize, a queer hammered brass shade of Oriental design was substituted with equally good effect.

Any one owning such a jar would have no difficulty in turning it into a lamp after the lighting apparatus is added, by buying one of the pretty Japanese paper and bamboo shades in harmonizing tones that may be so easily picked up. Indeed, a shade could be home-made at a trifling expense if a cheap wire frame is covered with one of the quaint dragon papers in queer Oriental blue tones that are now to be found in most large cities.

WILLIE GIVES HECTOR A BATH---ALSO PAPA



Dear Tommy—Papa says if I keep a dog I must give him a bath every week.



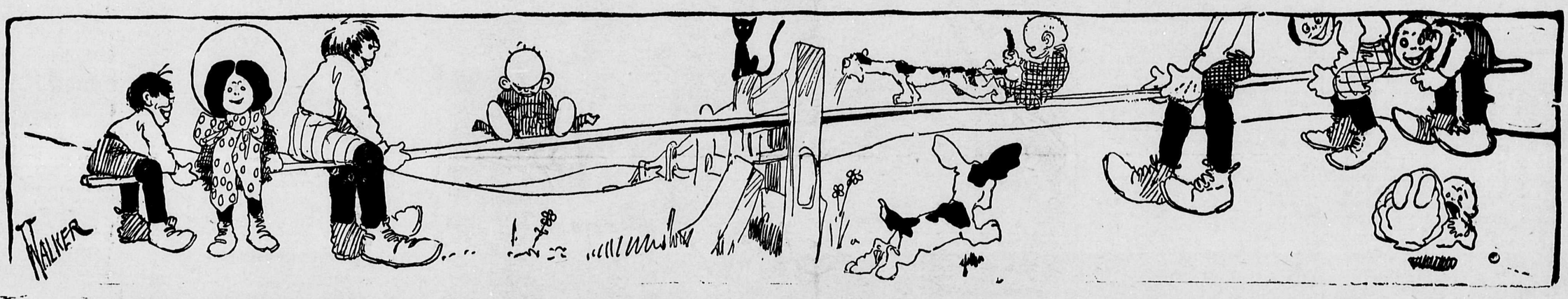
It's hard work scrubbing Hector, so I made a revolving brush like this diagram.

The water revolves the motor and keeps the brush wet.

I was getting along finely when Papa came in and volunteered to hold Hector.

I was just bearing down hard on the brush when Papa got nervous and let go!

Then Hector made a flying leap over Papa and escaped. Yours, Willie.
P. S.—Papa had to change all his clothes.



THE ALMOST FAMILY---THEY HAVE NOTHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR

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Hugh Niven, Proprietor

LAND NOTICES.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, at Victoria, for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in West Kootenay District. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of N. & S. Ry. Near east end of Box Lake, marked L. G., S. W. C. Initial post, thence north 40 chains along the eastern boundary line of Joseph Prestley's location, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, to point of commencement. Containing 160 acres more or less.

Dated April 11th, 1907
L. GALLAGHFR,
Je 20. P. J. Gallagher, agent.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commisioner of Lands and Works, at Victoria for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in West Kootenay District. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of the N, & S. Ry., marked "N, S. F., S. W. C. Initial post," thence north 20 chains along the eastern boundary line of L. Gallagher's location, near Box Lake, thence east 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, to point of commencement. Containing 80 acres more ar less.

Dated April 11th, 1907.
N. S. FRASER.
Je20 P. Gallagher, agent.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, at Victoria, for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in West Kootenay District. Commencing at a post planted on the north side of the N. & S. Ry. about 200 feet from the track about one half-mile east of Box Lake water tank, marked J. P., S. E. C. Initial post, thence west 40 chains, thence north 40 chains thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement. Containing 160 acres more or less.

Dated April 11th, 1907.
Je20 JOSEPH PRESLEY

Certificate of Improvements.

"Independence" Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan City Mining Division of West Kootenay district. Where located:—On Lemon Creek adjoining the Crusader Mineral Claim.

Take notice that I, H. R. Jorand, Free Miner's Certificate No. B78,300 acting for myself and as agent for W. J. Shatford Free Miner's Certificate No B4,685, intend, 60 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 2nd day of May, A.D. 1907
H. R. JORAND

Notice is hereby given that 60 days from date, I intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, at Victoria, B.C., for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in the West Kootenay District about 1½ miles N.E. of Rosebery station. Commencing at a post marked P.J.G. S.W C, initial post planted on the north side of the first east fork of Wilson creek and on the east side of the main Wilson creek, thence north 10 chains, thence east 5 chains, thence north 10 chains, thence east 5 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 50 chains to point of commencement. Containing 175 acres of land more or less.

Dated this 13th day of April, 1907.
Je20 P. J. GALLAGHER.

"Tailholt" mineral claim, situate in the Slocan City Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located:—About 2,000 feet in a westerly direction from Howard Fraction, about one mile north of North Fork of Lemon Creek.

Take notice that I, Henri Robert Jorand, Free Miners Certificate No. B78,300, as agent for Anna Ferguson, Executrix of the last will and testament of William Henry Ferguson deceased, Free Miners Certificate No. B4719, intend, 60 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 25th day of April, A.D.1907.
Je 27 H. R. JORAND.

TIMBER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in the Slocan mining district of West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the second east Fork of Wilson creek and about 3 miles from main Wilson creek, marked D. Toumey's N.W. corner post thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Located April 12, 1907.
M23 D. TUOMEY, locator.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the chief Commisioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land situated on the west shore of Slocan lake about ½ mile in a southerly direction. Commencing at a post morked A. O.'s S.E. corner post, thence 20 chains west, thence 40 chains north, thence 20 chains east, thence 40 chains south to place of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

Dated May 6th 1907.
A. OWENS
Jy. 18 locator.

Jalland Bros.

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TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNERS.

NOTICE.

To Michael Penrose, or to whomsoever he may have transferred his interest in the "Young Rambler" mineral claim, situated near McGuigan, located the 3rd day of October, 1900, recorded the 17th day of October, 1900, in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

You are hereby notified that I have expended $102.50 in labor and improvements on the above-mentioned 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 the above-mentioned sum, together with all costs of advertising, your interest in the said claim will become the property of the undersigned, under section 4 of the Mineral Act Amendment Act, 1900.

Dated at Sandon, this 3rd day of April, 1907.
FRED ERICKSON.

LAND NOTICE.

Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commisioner of Lands and Works at Victoria, B.C., for permission to purchase the following land, situated in West Kootenay District, commencing at a post 20 chains north of J. S. Morrison's S.E. corner, thence 60 chains North, thence 20 chains east, thence 60 chains south, thence 20 chains west to point of commencement, containing 120 acres.

Located March 20, 1907.
WM. SUTHERLAND.
Mar 28 60d

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in West Kootenay.

Commencing at a post marked S. Y. Brockman's N.W. corner, planted at the N.E. corner of W. Schulyke's pre-emption; thence 80 chains east, thence 40 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 40 chains north to point of commencement, following boundaries of crown granted mineral claims, if any, overlapping.

Dated April 4th, 1907.
S. Y. BROCKMAN.
Apl 11 60

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described land in the West Kootenay District: On the west side of the Arrow Lake. Commencing at a post about 40 chains from said shore marked G.B.S. N.E. corner, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to N.W. cor. of John Feeny's pre-emption claim, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated April 30th, 1907.
G. B. SANDERS,
Je. 13 Per R. H. Smith, Agent.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of LSnds and Works at Victoria, B. C. for permission to purchase the following described lands situate in West Kootenay District; Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of lot 7547 and marked J. St. D. S.W. corner, thence north along the east line of lot 7547 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 20 chains to the north-east corner ot lot 8127, thence following along the line of lot 8127, 20 chains to the point of commencement and containing 40 acres.

Dated at Slocan, B.C. April 30th, 1907.
JOHN ST. DENIS.
Per D. St. Denis, Agent.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands in West Kootenay District: Commencing at a post marked "H. Ringrose's N.W. corner post," said post being at N.E. corner of Lot 7, Block 382, Group 1, West Kootenay District, thence south 40 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

Dated April 20th, 1907.
Jy. 4 H. RINGROSE.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands in West Kootenay District: Commencing at a post marked "A. J. Watson's N.W. Corner post," said post being at south-east corner of lot 7 Block 382, Group I, West Kootenay District, thence south 80 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence West 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

Dated April 20th, 1907.
7-4 A. J. WATSON.

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J. J. Fingland

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Gold, Silver, Zinc, Lead and Iron, $4.00
Special Rates for Mine and Mill Work.

Application to purchase Lands.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days from date, I intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, at Victoria, B. C., for permission to purchase the following described lands, situated in the Slocan Division of West Kootenay District, between Ten Mile and Twelve Mile creeks and about one half mile from Slocan Lake commencing at a post marked J. T. Kelly's S.E. corner post, thence west 20 chains along the line of Lot No. 1024, G 1, thence north 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

Located the 11th day of March, 1907.
JOHN T. KELLY,
Mar 4 2m J. H. Cory, Agent.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works at Victoria, B.C., for permission to purchase the following described lands situated in the Slocan Division of West Kootenay District between Ten and Twelve Mile Creeks and about one half mile from Slocan Lake, commencing at a post marked J. H. Cory's N.W. corner post, thence 20 chains east along the line of Lot 1023, G1, thence 40 chains south, thence 20 chains west, thence 40 chains north, to point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

Located March 11th, 1907.
J. H. CORY,
Mar 14 2m Locator.

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Fresh Groceries AND CANNED GOODS.

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No. 81, W. F. M.

Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Brothers are cordially invited to attend.

10-1v A. Shilland, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commisioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate near Slocan Lake in West Kootenay District. Commencing at a post on the South bank of Ten Mile creek, about 2 miles from its mouth and marked A. W's N. W. corner post, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated April 22nd 1907.
5-30 A. WALLACE.

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LAND NOTICE.

Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works at Victoria, B.C., for permission to purchase the following described lands, situate in West Kootenay District: Commencing at a post on the north side of right of way of N. & S. Railway, thence 23.258 chains north along west boundary of lot 7634, thence east along north boundary of lot 7634 20 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains more or less to S.E. corner of lot 7547, thence along south boundary of lot 7547 10 chains more or less, thence north 20 chains, thence west 30 chains, thence north 20 chains thence west 30 chains more or less to East side of right of way of N. & S. Railway, thence along East boundary of N. & S. Railway right of way to a point 40 chains south, thence west 28.64 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 10 chains, thence south 10 chains, thence east 26.809 chains to intersect with N. & S. Railway right of way, thence southerly along east side of N. & S. Railway right of way to point of commencement, and containing 402.78 acres more or less.

Located March 23rd, 1907.
ETTA ST. DENIS,
Je 27 Per D. St. Denis, agent.

TIMBER NOTICES.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situate in West Kootenay District:

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the side of Wilson creek, about 2½ miles below falls of main Wilson creek, and 2 miles in on the 2nd east fork, marked D. Tuomey's S.E. corner post, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on south side of Wilson creek, and about 7 chains from location post No. 1 and marked D. Tuomey's S.W. corner post, thence north 80 chains, along the same line, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Located March 13, 1907.
D. TUOMEY
Mar. 21, 30 D. Locator.

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