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Local and General.

At a meeting on Saturday last it was decided to enter a district exhibit of fruit at the Nelson Fair. Particulars will be found in another column.

Mrs. Atherton, of Calgary, who has been visiting her relatives in New Denver, left on Tuesday. Her granddaughter, Marjorie Atherton, accompanied her.

Wm. Thominson and A. Owens have gone to work at the Tiger mine, a property owned by Hermann Clever.

Rev. W. M. Chalmers will hold service in New Denver next Sunday at 11 a.m.

Jack Holden returned from a trip to Spokane on Wednesday. He has now taken charge of the bar at the St. James' hotel.

Mrs. Aylwin has this week been visiting friends at Slocan.

The Union Prayer Meeting will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Friday evening at 8 p.m. Revs. Chalmers and Gifford will be present to outline the object of the meeting. Members of all churches are cordially invited.

The Town Improvement Society are putting two men at work this week on making a trail to the glacier.

The C. P. R. barge No. 80 was successfully launched at Rosebery shipyard on Thursday morning, amid much cheering of the shipyard boys.

The new road to the Westmont mine is expected to be finished in another week and they will again start shipping ore. Two cars are already waiting to come down the hill.

As Rev. W. M. Chalmers intends leaving town at the end of the month, there will be some articles of furniture for sale at the "Manse."

There is a fine show of preserving and jelly crab apples in Aylwin's garden and intending purchasers should send in their orders at once.

W. J. Macdonald, of Sandon, was a visitor to town, Friday.

NEW DENVER, British Columbia, Thursday, September 10, 1908.

Printed in New Denver, the
Beauty Spot of the Continent
and the Hub of the richest
Silver-Lead District on Earth.

CLIMBING THE NEW DENVER GLACIER.

(By a Correspondent).

The fact that two ladies, Mrs. Rankine and Miss Cue, have accomplished the trip to and from New Denver glacier might seem to some to point to the conclusion that no difficulties of much account are met with on the journey. To those, however, who know what is to be done, the fact would rather point out the stamina possessed by these ladies and by no one is this quality more appreciated than by the gentlemen of the party.

The party consisting of Messrs. Herbert Cue, Colin Harris, T. T. Rankine, and the ladies mentioned above, set off on Friday and with no difficulty whatever made camp the first night at the top of the first, or Thomson Falls. The way across the flat to these falls is not yet opened by a trail and the method of progression is largely by utilising the numerous fallen trees as a pathway. On the level this is no greatfeat, provided head and spikes are good, but anyone will admit that the same method of progression on a steep slope where many logs lie at an acute angle, demands a fair amount of coolness and nerve. Luckily this was a possession of all present and progress thereby rendered rapid.

As only one night was to be spent in the open it was agreed that the packing up a tent was unnecessary, but were anyone to ask if they should follow the same plan, I am sure, with one voice, all would give Punch's advice to the prospective Benedict—"Don't." It was cold, but I believe that even that would not have prevented sleep, had not an inquisitive porcupine, a few minutes after us settling down, attempted a meal off Mr. Cue's boots. These at the time being on duty, the possessor awoke with a remark which drove Morpheus away from Cimmerian realms, for he certainly did not reappear that night. Incidentally, the porcupine got a "dand on the nob" and the only damage he did was the leaving a few quills on the butt of a rifle.

Little credit perhaps is due to the climbers for the early start made on Saturday, for it was after all, the warmest thing to do. Progress was made in leisurely fashion to the permanent camp—a hut situated on the flat above the second, or Blumenauer Falls. This hut has recently been built by Mr. Mathieson, to whose kindness all are indebted for the shelter it provided. Saturday afternoon and evening were spent in "loafing" and a slight exploration of the basin in which we were. This has been described already in your paper and nothing further need be said of it than that those who saw it for the first time fully endorsed what has been said regarding its beauty.

Bert Hilton, an old-timer in this district, came in on Thursday to renew old acquaintances.

H. F. W. Behnken, M.P.P. for Victoria, came into town on Thursday, after visiting the boundary country.

Geo. Bruder, Sandon, came into town Thursday, on business.

Public worship will be conducted in the Methodist church in Silverton and New Denver next Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. respectively. Mr. Gifford will deliver the first of a series of addresses on public questions. The theme will be "The Church and the Social Crisis." Miss Coulthard and Mr. Gifford will sing at the evening service.

Heard at Slocan Ball on Monday— That Smith had some difficulty in making the "turns."

That Baker has many lady admirers in Slocan.

That Clair Woods always finds a cosy place for a nap.

That Johnny McDonald thought he was in Glengarry.

That Jack Cavan is learning to two step.

That Dan Brandon is a wonder-age considered.

That Charlie Plant may have overpowered the doorkeeper.

That Dunc. McVannel danced the "Home Sweet Home" waltz.

That "Bobbie" Allen has been appointed permanent doorkeeper.

That Kenny McLean says he will learn to walz.

Saturday night was a night of sleep—a condition brought about by the experience of the night before—and by the generous warmth of a fire which one of the party was deputed to keep alight. Unlike the soldier of Pompeii he neglected his duty and the first intimation received thereof was the appearance of our friend the porcupine coming down the chimney. He went out the same way, and the maledictions his visit called forth kept the fireman alive to a conscientious fulfilment of his duty.

Next morning bright and early (credit is due this time) we set off for the Glacier and its base we reached at 11 a.m., exactly a year after Messrs. Harris, Nelson and Thominson made the trip. The view into Mill Creek Basin with its lake, its creek, its waterfalls and noble peaks was much enjoyed.

Roping together we started our final lap. The lower part of the glacier is entirely free from snow, but the ice was comparatively soft and the footold firm and secure. Soon however we were on snow pure and simple and we climbed to the peak between Brouse and Hunter peaks for two reasons: firstly, that was the highest point the snow reached, secondly, it was virgin soil to prospective peak conquerors.

Crevasses of enormous depth were passed, but as these were defined with the utmost regularity, little danger was anticipated and none was met with.

From the summit of the snow a gorgeous panorama revealed itself. Peak after peak in all directions challenged the sky. Glacier on all sides sent their contributions to their contributions to the creeks running to swell our beautiful lake. At our feet the six-mile basin was a perfect dream of beauty and the present writer has no intention of even attempting dimly to depict it in mere words.

As it would never have done to have come home without being on the peak, two of the party ascended the portion rearing itself beyond the snow. The climb was short but arduous and the attitudes adopted by the climbers best left to the imagination. To Mrs. Rankine belongs the honor scaling the topmost pinnacle.

The return journey to the camp was without incident and the homeward journey next morning was started to the accompaniment of rain and the strains of "Marching Through Georgia" sung by four lusty throats. Four? Yes, for the fifth was speechless with indignation. He was looking for deer.

Rain favoured the devoted band all the way home and so wet did they become, that though it cleared while they snatched a bite of lunch they sat not down. Gentle reader, did you ever sit down or bend with wet jeans on? If so you can understand their attitude.

The lake shore was reached about five, and when Mr. Ed. Angrignon appeared with his launch he looked to the dripping being a perfect angel of light. Our appearance can be best understood from the first remark he made which was, "What hotel do you want to go to?" But like Mark Tapley, we were still jolly.

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION AT SLOAN CITY.

A SUCCESSFUL DAY'S PROGRAM.
NEW DENVER FOOTBALLERS WIN THE MEDALS.

The sports committee who had the arrangements in hand for the Labor Day celebration at Slocan City are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts, for despite a heavy thunderstorm which broke over the district early on Monday morning and continued until the time for the departure of visitors from New Denver and Silverton, a good number from the two latter places made the journey down the lake and were rewarded by witnessing a splendid day's sport. The New Denverites also had the satisfaction of seeing their pets win the medals by defeating their rivals in the football match against Slocan, by two goals to one, thus avenging the defeat which was inflicted on them by the latter team on Empire Day.

The first item on the program, the rifle match between Slocan and New Denver, did not materialize, owing to the latter team failing to put in an appearance, therefore there was nothing doing in the morning other than making general preparations for the afternoon events.

The str. Slocan reached Slocan about one o'clock with a fair representation from New Denver and Silverton and was met by the different committees, together with a large number of the citizens. The Slocan brass band was also on hand and rendered some good music while the boat was being landed.

The first event of the afternoon was the football match—New Denver vs. Slocan, and when the teams lined up it was seen that both sides included a number of heavyweights. The score sheet at half-time remained blank, but in the second half New Denver notched two goals to their opponents one, and so ran out winners.

The following was the line-up:— Slocan—Hicks, goal; Knechtel and Morrison, full backs; Anderson, Plant, Graham, half-backs; Parker, St. Denis, Pinchbeck, McMillan, Tipping, forwards.

New Denver—Williams, goal; Baker and Lowe, full backs; Pester, Stevenson, A. N. Other, half backs; Walker, Jarrett, Smith, McDonald, Sutherland, forward.

After the cheering was over the crowd left the ground and went to Main Street where the other events were pulled off.

100 yards dash—E. Jarrett, 1st; W. Hicks, 2nd.

220 yards dash—E. Jarrett, 1st; W. Hicks, 2nd.

Prospectors' Race—McMillan, Slocan, 1st; Jarrett, Rosebery, 2nd.

The last event was the tug of war—Slocan City vs. All Comers. The challenge was taken up by a team of eleven men from the Westmont mine, but Slocan took them over the line with comparative ease.

Thus came to a close a very enjoyable afternoon.

The judges in all events were Wm. Hunter, M.P.P. and Mayor McNeish.

During the greater part of the afternoon the weather was damp, but those interested did not apparently notice it.

The Slocan Brass Band under the leadership of "Bert" Northey and with the assistance of "Jockey" Thominson of New Denver, rendered "all kinds of music" during the games. The band stand was very appropriately decorated for the occasion, as also was a number of business houses, and particularly the Westmont hotel.

For the convenience of the ladies and children, the Slocan "Ladies Aid" opened up an ice-cream, tea, coffee and cake parlour and did considerable business in those lines.

In the evening a grand ball was given under the auspices of Slocan Lodge I.O.O.F. and was well attended, about thirty-five couples being present.

The hall was not quite large enough for the number present, but all managed to find sufficient room to dance to the splendid music played by Northey's Orchestra. Lunch was served at 12.30. The hall broke up at 4 a.m., and those fortunate enough to be living in Slocan City repaired home to rest after the eventful day while those belonging to the sister towns awaited the leaving of the steamer "Slocan" to convey them to their homes.

The different committees all hope that each and every one of the visitors enjoyed themselves thoroughly and that when Slocan City again celebrates they will not fail to visit us.

There was a slight fall of snow in Sandon on Wednesday.

DISTRICT EXHIBIT OF FRUIT FOR THE NELSON FAIR.

In times past the fruit growers of the Slocan have sent many an exhibit to the Nelson Fair and have won many prizes there, but however satisfactory to the exhibitor this has been, the district has been very little benefited by these successes as there was nothing to show that the giant squash or magnificent apples came from this locality, and the glory and honor fell to Nelson.

This year the fruit growers of the Slocan have decided to enter an exhibit for the district so that the general public may know what sort of fruit, etc., we can raise here, and we shall get due credit for our display.

The Kootenay division has been divided up into eight districts by the managers of the Fair. Our district comprises the Slocan river and Slocan lake sections; it is called number five, whilst the Arrow lake district, of which T. Abriel, of Nakusp, and C. B. McAllister of Burton City, is in charge, is called No. 8.

Our plan for No. 5 district is to collect the best possible display of fruit from this neighbourhood at the Bosun Hall, New Denver, on Monday, September 21st, and from this display select the best specimens to be sent to Nelson.

The district exhibit will be open to the public free of charge during Monday afternoon, and we hope that a great number will make a point of seeing the display, which will be a very beautiful one if we do our best.

Many of our friends down the Slocan river will probably find it inconvenient to bring or send their fruit to New Denver. We ask them to bring their fruit carefully packed, to the train for Nelson, on Tuesday, September 22nd, when I shall be happy to take charge of it, and if suitable, include it in the exhibit.

I shall also be able to take charge of other exhibits if necessary. It must be understood that the district competition is for fruit only, other exhibits, such as vegetables, must go in their respective classes.

The district exhibits will be judged according to the following score card:

Color 20 points
Size 10 "

Uniformity of Size 10 "

Uniformity of Color 10 "

Freedom from blemish 20 "

Greatest number of varieties 20 "

Decoration and arrangement 10 "

Please send a good plateful of what ever you intend to exhibit so that we can select fine, even, well-shaped specimens, free from blemish. Have them at New Denver by mid-day Monday, or else packed ready for the train on Tuesday.

Try and see the display in the Bosun Hall and help to make it a success.

Mrs. Harris will give a book as a prize for the best bouquet of wild flowers arranged by any of the school children in the district.

If those who intend to send fruit to the exhibition but who do not intend to show it at New Denver, will write to me, telling me what they have, it will be of great assistance.

J. C. HARRIS.

The following are shipments from the Slocan mines for the week ending Sept. 5th, 1908:

Whitewater 72

Whitewater (milled) 280

Richmond 56

Standard, Silverton 24

Rambler-Cariboo, Sandon 40

Reco 24

Ruth 60

Hewitt 28

Ottawa 11

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Billville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke jail; likewise the widder woman yer wuz a-goin' to marry has runned off with a book agent. Outside of these hear things we air all a-doing well."—Atlanta Constitution.

The new compressor for the Vancouver mine is expected to be completed by the end of the month.

The REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

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(Continued)

CHAPTER XV.

AND thus it was that Amory de Catnat and Amos Green saw from their dungeon window the midnight carriage which discharged its prisoners before their eyes; hence, too, came that ominous planking and that strange procession in the early morning. And thus it also happened that they found themselves looking down at François de Montespan as she was led to her death, and that they heard that last piteous cry for aid at the instant when the heavy hand of the ruffian with the ax fell upon her shoulder, and she was forced down upon her knees beside the block. She shrank screaming from the dreadful red stained, greasy billet of wood, but the butcher leaped up on his weapon and the seigneur had taken a step forward with hand outstretched to seize the long amber hair and to drag the fainting head down with it when suddenly he was struck motionless with astonishment and stood with his foot advanced and his hand still out, his mouth half open and his eyes fixed in front of him.

And, indeed, what he had seen was enough to fill any man with amazement. Out of the small square window which faced him a man had suddenly shot headlong, pitching on to his outstretched hands and then bounding to his feet. Within a foot of his heels came the head of a second one, who fell more heavily than the first, and yet recovered himself as quickly. The one wore the blue coat and silver facings of the king's guard; the second had the dark coat and clean shaven face of a man of peace, but each carried a short rusty iron bar in his hand. Not a word did either of them say, but the soldier took two quick steps forward and struck at the headsman while he was still posing himself for a blow at the victim. There was a thud, with a crack like a breaking egg, and the bar flew into pieces. The headsman gave a dreadful cry, dropped his ax, clapped his two hands to his head and, running zigzag across the scaffold, fell over a dead man, into the courtyard beneath.

Quick as a flash De Catnat had caught up the ax and faced De Montespan.

"Now!" said he.

The seigneur had for the instant been too astounded to speak. Now he understood at least that these strangers had come between him and his prey.

"Seize these men!" he shrieked, turning to his followers.

"One moment!" cried De Catnat, with a voice and manner which commanded attention. "You see by my coat what I am. I am the body servant of the king. Who touches me touches him."

"On, you cowards!" roared De Montespan.

But the men at arms hesitated, for the fear of the king was as a great shadow which hung over all France. De Catnat saw their indecision.

"This woman," he cried, "is the king's own favorite, and if any harm come to a lock of her hair I tell you that there is not a living soul within this portcullis who will not die a death of torture."

"Who are these men, Marceau?" cried the seigneur furiously.

"They are prisoners, your excellency."

"Who ordered you to detain them?"

"You did. The escort brought your signed ring."

"I never saw the men. There is devilry in this. But they shall not bear me in my own castle, nor stand between me and my own wife. No, par dieu! They shall not and live! You men, Marceau, Etienne, Gilbert, Jean, Pierre, all you who have eaten my bread, on to them, I say!"

He glanced round with furious eyes, but they fell only upon haggard heads and averted faces. With a hideous curse he flashed out his sword and rushed at his wife, who still knelt half insensible beside the block. De Catnat sprang between them to protect her but Marceau, the bearded seneschal, had already seized his master round the waist. With the strength of a maniac, his teeth clinched and the foam churning from the corners of his lips, De Montespan writhed round in the man's grasp, and, shortening his sword, he thrust it through the brown beard and deep into the throat behind it. Marceau fell back with a choking cry, the blood bubbling from his mouth and his wound; but before his mur-

derer could disengage his weapon De Catnat and the American, aided by a dozen of the retainers, had dragged him down on to the scaffold, and Amos Green had pinioned him so securely that he could but move his eyes and his lips, with which he lay glaring and spitting at them. So savage were his

own followers against him—or Marceau was well loved among them—that, with ax and block so ready, justice might very swiftly have had her way had not a long, clear bugle call, rising and falling in a thousand little twirls and flourishes, clangled out suddenly in the still morning air. De Catnat pricked up his ears at the sound of it like a hound at the hunting man's call.

"Did you hear, Amos?"

"It was a trumpet."

"It was the guards' bugle call. You, there, hasten to the gate! Throw up the portcullis and drop the drawbridge! Stir yourselves, or even now may suffer for your master's sins! It has been a narrow escape, Amos."

"You may say, friend, I saw him put out his hand to her hair even as you sprang from the window. Another instant and he would have had her scuppered. But she is a fair woman—the fairest that ever my eyes rested upon, and it is not fit that she should kneel here upon these boards." He dragged her husband's long black cloak from him and made a pillow for the senseless woman with a tenderness and delicacy which came strangely from a man of his build and bearing.

He was still stooping over her when there came the clang of the falling bridge, and an instant later the clatter of the hoofs of a troop of cavalry, who swept, with wave of plumes, toss of manes and jingle of steel, into the courtyard. At the head was a tall horseman in the full dress of the guards, with a curling feather in his hat, high buff gloves and his sword gleaming in the sunlight. De Catnat's face brightened at the sight of him, and he was down in an instant beside his stirrup.

"De Brissac!" he cried.

"De Catnat! Now where in the name of wonder did you come from?"

"I have been a prisoner. Tell me, De Brissac, did you leave the message in Paris? And the archbishop came? And the marriage?"

"Took place as arranged. That is instant from his long ride, and leaving Amos Green with the horses, he had come on at once, all dusty and travel stained, to carry his message to the king. He entered now and stood with the quiet ease of a man who is used to such scenes.

"What news, captain?"

"Major de Brissac bade me tell you, sire, that he held the castle of Portlanc, that the lady is safe and that her husband is a prisoner."

"Louis and his wife exchanged a quick glance of relief.

"That is well," said he. "By the way, captain, you have served me in many ways of late and always with success. I hear Louvois, that De La Salle is dead of the smallpox."

"No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wort may be, it must yield to Holloway's Cure if used as directed."

"He died yesterday, sire."

"Then I desire that you make out the vacant commission of major to M. de Catnat. Let me be the first to congratulate you, major, upon your promotion."

De Catnat kissed the hand which instant from his long ride, and leaving Amos Green with the horses, he had come on at once, all dusty and travel stained, to carry his message to the king. He entered now and stood with the quiet ease of a man who is used to such scenes.

"May I be worthy of your kindness, sire?"

"You would do what you could to serve me, would you not? Then I shall put your fidelity to the proof."

"I am ready for any proof."

"It is not a very severe one. You set this paper upon the table. It is in order that all the Huguenots in my dominions shall give up their errors, under pain of banishment or captivity. Now I have hopes that there are many of my faithful subjects who are at fault in this matter, but who will abide it when they learn that it is my clearly expressed wish that they should do so. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, sire." The young man had turned deadly pale, and he shifted his feet and opened and clasped his hands.

"You are yourself a Huguenot, I understand. I would gladly have you, then, as a first fruit of this great measure. Let us bear from your own lips that you, for one, are ready to follow the lead of your king."

The young guardsman still hesitated, though his doubts were rather as to what his substance should be. He felt that in an instant Fortune had wiped out all the good truths which she had done him during his past life and that now, far from being in her debt, he held a heavy score against her. The king arched his eyebrows and drummed his fingers impatiently as he gazed at the downcast face and dejected bearing.

"Ah, that sweet little cousin of thine! By my soul, I do not wonder that the folk know you well in the Rue St. Martin. Well, I have carried a message for you once, and you shall do as much for me now."

"With all my heart. And whither?"

"To Versailles. The king will be on fire to know how we have fared. You have the best right to tell him, since without you and your friend yonder it would have been but a sorry tale."

"I will be there in two hours."

"Have you horses?"

"Ours were slain."

"You will find some in the stables here. Pick the best, since you have lost your own in the king's service."

The advice was too good to be overlooked. De Catnat, beckoning to Amos Green, hurried away with him to the stables, while De Brissac, with a few short, sharp orders, dismissed the retainers, stationed his guardsmen all over the castle and arranged for the removal of the lady and for the custody of her husband. An hour later the two friends were riding swiftly down the country road, inhaling the sweet air, which seemed the fresher for their late experience of the dank, foul vapors of their dungeon.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO days after Mme. de Maintenon's marriage to the king there was held within the humble walls of her little room a meeting which was destined to cause untold misery to many hundreds of thousands of people.

The time had come when the church was to claim her promise from madame and her pale cheeks and sad eyes showed how vain it had been for her to try to drown the pleadings of her tender heart by the arguments of the bigots around her. She knew the Huguenots of France. Who could know them better, seeing that she was herself from their stock and had been brought up in their faith? She knew their patience, their nobility, their independence, their tenacity. What chance was there that they would conform to the king's wish? A few great nobles might, but the others would laugh at the galley, the jail, or even the gallows, when the faith of their fathers was at stake. If their creed were no longer tolerated, then, and if they remained true to it, they must either fly from the country or spend a living death tugging at an oar or working in a chain gang upon the roads.

The eloquent Bishop Bossuet was there, with Louvois, the minister of war, and the thin, pale Jesuit, Father

la Chaise, each putting argument upon argument to overcome the reluctance of the king. Madame bent over her tapestry and weaved her colored silks in silence, while the king leaned upon his hand and listened with the face of a man who knows that he is driven and yet can hardly turn against the gods. On the low table lay a paper, with pen and ink beside it. It was the order for the revocation, and it only needed the king's signature to make it law.

"Did you hear, Amos?"

"It was a trumpet."

"It was the guards' bugle call. You, there, hasten to the gate! Throw up the portcullis and drop the drawbridge! Stir yourselves, or even now may suffer for your master's sins! It has been a narrow escape, Amos."

"You will have merited a reward."

"And you think so, too, M. Bishop?"

"Assuredly, sire."

"Besides, sire," said Pere la Chaise softly, "there would be little need for stronger measures. As I have already remarked to you, you are so beloved in your kingdom that the mere assurance that you had expressed your will upon the subject would be enough to turn them all to the true faith."

"I wish that I could think so, father; I wish that I could think so. But what is this?"

It was his valet who had half opened the door.

"Captain de Catnat is here, sire."

"Ask the captain to enter. Ah!"

A happy thought seemed to have struck him. "We shall see what love for me will do in such a matter, for if it is anywhere to be found it must be among my own body servants."

The guardman had arrived that instant from his long ride, and leaving Amos Green with the horses, he had come on at once, all dusty and travel stained, to carry his message to the king. He entered now and stood with the quiet ease of a man who is used to such scenes.

"Can you spare me an extra pound of butter this week?" asked the housekeeper.

"No, I can't," replied the dealer.

"I could have spared you a pound yesterday, but not to-day."

This reminded a man in the crowd of what his little girl had said about some candy which was given her by an uncle, and showed that the produce dealer was not the only coiner of words. Her mother said to her:

"Louise, go crack that stick of candy and bring some of it in here."

"It's already broke," replied the youngster.—Louisville Courier-Journal

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"Can you spare me an extra pound of butter this week?" asked the housekeeper.

"No, I can't," replied the dealer.

"I could have spared you a pound yesterday, but not to-day."

This reminded a man in the crowd of what his little girl had said about some candy which was given her by an uncle, and showed that the produce dealer was not the only coiner of words. Her mother said to her:

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MRS. FRANK STROEBE**A Remarkable Recovery.**

Mrs. Frank Stroebel, R.F.D. 1, Apleton, Wis., writes: "I began using Peruna a few months ago, when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a nervous wreck, could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live. Peruna made me look at life in a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength."

"I certainly think Peruna is without a rival as a tonic and strength builder."

"In de Natchal Way."

A rich Northerner, walking about in a Southern negro settlement, came upon a house around which several children were playing. Seeing that the family was destitute, he called the oldest negro boy and gave him a dollar, telling him to spend it for a Christmas turkey. As soon as the generous man had gone, the negro woman called her boy and said: "Thomas, yo' gime dat dollah and go git dat turkey in de natchal way."

—Success Magazine.

The Tender Thought.

Harry is six years old. "Pa," he asked one day, "if I get married will I have a wife like ma?"

"Very likely," replied his father. "And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old bachelor like Uncle Tom?"

"Very likely."

"Well, pa," he said after a moment of deep thought, "it's a mighty tough world for men, ain't it?" —Success Magazine.

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind. — The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore health and action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

Stella. — There is to be a porch campagna.

Bella. — Well, the secretary will need a mighty strong hammock. — New York Sun.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, — Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLARS for each and every case of a tariff that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY. — Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON (Seal.) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Farmer Hayes. — You advertised shady woods.

Farmer Cortmassel. — Wal, there's one tree for 'em to cut their initials on, and that's enough. — New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Ouch!" blurted the busy dentist, as he injured his hand with one of his instruments.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old farmer in the chair. "That's good!"

The dentist was furious.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," he snapped, "I am in pain."

"And that's why I am laughing. Thought you was one of these here 'painless dentists,' mister."

Forearmed.

A Louisville man who was entering the tobacco business wanted a name for a new brand that he was to put on the market. He finally decided on "Anti-Trust" and forwarded it, along with the necessary papers, to the patent office at Washington. A few days later he received the following message:

"Brand 'Anti-Trust' registered by the American Tobacco Company."

—Success Magazine.

TREATMENT OF BARBER'S ITCH

IS SIMPLE—DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT CURES IT.

It matters not where you get barber's itch, Dr. Chase's Ointment cures. No one need to be afraid of this unpleasant skin disease if Dr. Chase's Ointment is rubbed in well after shaving, because it stops the itching, heals and cures the small sores and pimples, which are the places where it commences. The experience of Mr. Chas. A. Durbury, engineer in Perry's tannery, Menford, Ont., with Dr. Chase's Ointment is convincing. He states: "While out in the Northwest I caught barber's itch, and though probably not a dangerous disease anyone who has had it will admit that it is not at all pleasant. It began on my neck below the skin, and spread until I became alarmed. It itched so bad that I had to scratch it, and that only made it worse. A friend of mine told me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment and I did so. The application of this ointment gave prompt relief to the itching and it was not many weeks until I was entirely free of this annoying ailment. I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment."

A Decorative Accomplishment. — "So you are going to teach your daughter music?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Thinglit, "just enough to give us an excuse for having a piano lamp and a mahogany music rack." —Washington Star.

The Warm Reception.

"I hear she found the audience rather cold last night?"

"They were at first, but when they remembered they had paid good money to see the show they got very hot." — Harper's Weekly.

SOCIAL CALLS IN CHINA.

Start by Telling Names and Ages and End With Tea Drinking.

In our ordinary social life acquaintances commences through personal introduction by friends or by letters of introduction, in official life almost always in the latter way. With you a fresh comer arriving at your neighborhood to dwell is called upon by the older residents if the newcomer be considered entitled to that courtesy and you think the friendship is worth cultivating.

This is not the custom with us. With us the newcomer makes the first call on the old residents. The gentleman calls alone, and after the acquaintance has been formed the newly arrived lady will send her maid with the message that she proposes to call on the neighboring lady, and the latter names the day and hour at which she will receive her visitor. Leaving cards, with us, is an act of courtesy which also occupies a very prominent part in the daily routine of a gentleman's life, especially when he is moving in official circles.

When the visitor is ushered into the presence of the visited the visitor bows to his host or on more formal occasions makes courtesy to him. Handshaking, not being the custom, is dispensed with. The making of a courtesy is called "ching ngan" in China. If any one does that to you, you must return it, although you can return it in a more or less formal way. This having been done, the host will assign his visitor to the place of honor, which may be in the right or left, according to circumstances.

When both the visitor and his host are seated the conversation is generally opened, it meeting for the first time, by asking each other's surname, then their other names, age, district whence they come and all sorts of such meaningless generalities as you are accustomed to hear in high society. But it is always customary with us to prefix the word "honorable"—e.g., instead of saying, as you do, "Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?" we say, "What is your honorable name?" Other questions are asked by us in the same complimentary strain. With you your custom is quite different, as for you to ask the age of any of your visitors would be considered very rude, especially if meeting for the first time. But in China you may have no misgivings as to shocking any one's tender susceptibilities by so doing.

Our official calls are principally business ones, and as soon as the business is terminated the host raises his teacup to his lips, which cup is always there, whether wanted or not, for in China there is no such custom as 5 o'clock tea. As soon as the visitor sees that his attendant will cry out in a very loud voice, "Ngan chiao"—that is, "Get the sedan chair in readiness"—or "Tao chuan"—that is, "Put the horse to the carriage"—as the case may be. When either of these conveyances is ready, which is shown by the return of the servant and by his collecting his master's appurtenances, such as his smoking pipe, etc., he will rise and give his host a deep bow, at the same time folding his two hands, which both his hosts returns in similar way.—Shanghai Times.

A Miraculous Escape.

It happened that in the last month of the reign of Charles I, a certain ship chandler of London was foolish enough to busy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted candle in his hand. He paid the price of his folly. A spark fell into the gunpowder and the place was blown up. The trouble was that the man who did the mischief was not the only one to perish. Fifty houses were wrecked, and the number of people who were killed was not known. In one house among the fifty a mother had put her baby into its cradle to sleep before the explosion occurred. What became of the mother no one ever knew, but what became of the baby was very widely known. The next morning there was found upon the leads of the Church of Allhalows a young child in a cradle, baby and cradle being entirely uninjured by the explosion that had lifted both to such a giddy height. It was never learned who the child was, but she was adopted by a gentleman of the parish and grew to womanhood. She must surely all her life have had a peculiar interest in that church.—Sir Walter Besant's "London."

Crimean Veterans' Deaths.

Colonel Lewis Mansbridge Buchanan, C.B., who died at Edenvale, Ormskirk, County Tyrone, was born in 1838, and after graduating at Dungannon, joined the Royal Tyrone Fusilier Militia in 1855. He served in the Crimea in 1856, and through the Indian Mutiny campaign. He was at Cawnpore in November and December, 1857, at Lucknow in 1858, also at the capture of Calpe. In 1859 he took part in the campaigns in Central India and Oude, receiving the medals and clasps. His services extended over 42 years and were rewarded in 1897 with a C.B. Mr. Thomas Leyland of Preston, who held the Crimean medal with bars for Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol, is also dead, and was buried with military honors. At the age of 17 he was sent out with the 55th Foot Regiment to the Crimea. He was in the charge of the Light Brigade and at Inkerman was wounded by a shell. He also wore the Turkish medal.

Brook Trout.

The brook trout wants cold, swift water and wherever it exists will be found under such conditions. The best trout streams are those with gravel bottom, clear shallow water, with occasional rapids, deep pools and eddies, where natural food is abundant. The best time for fly fishing is after a rain, just as the water is clearing and when the stones begin to show in the bed of the stream. The best time for bait fishing is when the rain commences and the water begins to get colored. It is useless to fish with flies in colored water, and trout seldom take the fly when the rain is coming. They then appear to cease feeding, but with the first drop of rain they take a worm ready.

A Decorative Accomplishment.

"So you are going to teach your daughter music?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Thinglit, "just enough to give us an excuse for having a piano lamp and a mahogany music rack." —Washington Star.

The Warm Reception.

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AS LANDLORD AND HOST.

King Edward Is Thoughtful and Tries to Make Everybody Happy.

King Edward is a model landlord, says a writer, and when at Sandringham he spends some time every day with his agent and takes an active personal interest in the estate and in the well-being of the people. Most affectionate relations exist between the older landlord and his tenants and employees. There is a cottage hospital on the estate for sick indoor and outdoor servants, and it contains all sorts of nursing quarters as well as sick wards. Each village on the estate has its club for workingmen, and in these institutions the King takes the closest interest. It is the King's custom on Sundays to walk to church, while the Queen and other ladies drive. His Majesty joins in the hymns, his deep, powerful voice being very plainly heard, and, as everyone knows, a sermon delivered before the King must not last more than 10 minutes.

The King is an ideal host, and both the Queen and himself bestow much thought on the individual tastes of their guests, and all their fads and fancies are remembered, and as far as possible administered to. It is the King's habit to accompany the guests to their room, where he will stir the fire and himself look about to see that they have all that they want.

When entertainments such as theatricals take place the King and Queen and the house party enter the ballroom in procession and sit on either side the gangway. Plain evening dress is de rigueur at Sandringham, where the frock dress is never worn. The King wears the ribbon of the Garter on festive occasions, however. At the conclusion of the entertainment the royal procession is again formed, and the way is led to the supper room, where no formality is observed. The King goes about among the guests, seeing that they are having supper and enjoying themselves. A few specially favored ones he takes up to the Queen, who chats for a minute or two with each. His Majesty is the life and soul of the party on these occasions, and nothing can exceed his amiability and good spirits.

All the cups, pieces of plates and such trophies won at races and regattas by the King are at Sandringham, and the King takes great pride in exhibiting them. Sandringham is quite a modern house, and was built by the King when Prince of Wales 37 years ago. Above the entrance is carved: "This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife, in the year of our Lord 1870." It is in the modern Elizabethan style, with no particular pretensions architecturally. The grounds are well laid out, and there is a model dairy, where the Queen and Princess Victoria often take tea.

Lessons For Mothers.

"There are mothers in all classes of the community who should be educated to look tabby cat in the face."

This sweeping statement was made by Dr. C. W. Sibley, speaking recently on the subject of "The Human Mother" at the conference on infantile mortality, resumed at Caxton Hall, Westminster.

The human mother, he said, had the maternal instinct only in its essence, but of all details she was bereft. Instead she had intelligence—an immeasurably greater thing—but, whilst intelligence could learn everything, it had everything to learn.

The mother cat not merely had a far less helpless infant to succor. Dr. Sibley went on, but she had a far superior instinctive equipment. She knew the best food for her kitten and did not give it "the same as we had ourselves."

He advocated a school for mothers for a more potent influence towards the decrease of infantile mortality than such devices as the creche and the pure milk diet.

Mrs. Edwin Grey of York said she would like men to raise their ideal of what they wanted of a wife. A man should ask his fiancee to attend a four-months' course at a domestic economy school.

Commenting on a man's want of care in choosing a wife, Mrs. Carl Meyer remarked that it compared unfavorably with the care he exercised in selecting a chauffeur or a stud groom.

Just to Punish Him.

Not very long ago there lived near Halifax, Eng., an old man who always rode on a donkey to his daily work, and tethered him while he labored on the roads or wherever else he might be. It had been pretty plainly hinted to him by one of the local landowners that he was suspected of putting it in the fields to graze at other people's expense.

"Eh, eque," said the old man, "I understand you to say your donkey would eat nothing but nettles and thistles?"

"Aye," said John, "but he's bin misbehavin' hisen, sir. He nearly kille me i' the chest just now, so Aw put him ther to punish him!"

Crimes Veterans' Deaths.

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SEVERELY INJURED.

Winnipeg.—During a football match Collin Taylor sustained a double fracture of the leg. He is under the surgical care of Dr. Burnham.

Alligator.

"Alligator" is merely another form of the Spanish "el lagarto," the lizard. Shakespeare called the alligator as a fish to judge from Romeo's description of the contents of the apothecary's shop: "An alligator studd'd and other skins of ill shaped fishes."

Taliaferro.

Taliaferro is the Spanish equivalent of Smith.

What the Greeks Say.

The Greeks say love is blind, but marriage is clear sighted enough, and they add that after three days the most troublesome things in the world are rain, a guest and a wife.

Shrewd Advice.

The virtues of a keen business man are often negative rather than positive. It is said that a great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financial success.

"And what are those, papa?" the son asked.

"Honesty and sagacity."

"But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?"

"Always to keep your word."

"And the mark of sagacity?"

"Never to give your word."

Potato Bread.

Potato bread is used by the natives of Thuringia to feed their horses, especially when they are worked hard in very cold weather. The animals thrive on it, and their health and strength are excellent.

Wisdom Comes Slowly.

Towne—I believe it's a fact that a man must get to be at least thirty before he really knows anything.

Browne—Yes, and he must be at least forty before he quits telling what he knows.—Catholic Standard and Harper's Weekly.

Black Watch

A new sensation.

Bank of Montreal,

CAPITAL ALL PAID UP, \$14,400,000. REST, \$11,000,000

UNDIVIDED PROFITS, \$903,530.20

President—LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.
Vice-President—HON. GEORGE A. DRUMMOND.
General Manager—E. S. CLOUTON.Branches in All The Principal Cities in Canada
LONDON, ENGL., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SPOKANE.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

NEW DENVER BRANCH, - H. G. FISHER, Manager.

The Slocan Mining Review.PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AT NEW DENVER, B.C.Subscription \$2.00 per annum, strictly
in advance. No pay, no paper.ADVERTISING RATES:
Notices to Delinquent Owners - \$12.00
" for Crown Grants - 7.50
" " Purchase of Land - 7.50
" " License to Cut Timber 5.00All locals will be charged for at the rate
of 15c. per line each issue.Transient rates made known on applica-
tion. No room for Quacks.Address all Communications and make
Cheques payable toJNO. J. ATHERTON,
Editor and Publisher.Make yourself familiar with the
above rates and Save Trouble.Two of our fruit ranchers have, dur-
ing the past week, been the victims of
the thieving proclivities of some individual
who annexed the apples off two
trees—one in each orchard—which the
owners were cultivating with the special
intention of exhibiting them at Nelson
Fair. It is not thought to be the work
of mischievous youngsters, but rather of
some evil-disposed person with covetous
eyes. It is to be hoped the offender
will be quickly found out and a smart
punishment inflicted. It is hardly cred-
ible that one of our own citizens would
be guilty of such a theft, but should
such prove to be the case, his position
in the town should be made so hot for
him to stay, as we have no use for
such swine.It is reported that it is positively
asserted that the government has definitely
decided on Tuesday, November
3rd, as the day of the general elections.While giving expression to high ideals
one instant, Mr. Smith Curtis the next
descends to the veriest kind of ward
politics. On Monday evening for example, he told the Young Liberals that
if the Laurier Government were re-
turned it would punish the people of
the constituency to have a supporter of
that government in the house of Com-
mon, the inference being that Sir Wil-
frid would punish the people of the con-
stituency by withholding the grants to
which they are justly entitled. If they
elected an opposition member. ButMr. Curtis did not say what would be
the position of affairs should Mr. Borden
be returned to power. If Mr. Curtis
applied the same standard of states-
manship to Mr. Borden that he does to
his own leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he
would expect the constituency to be
punished for electing him, if the con-
servative leader is returned to power,
which is quite as likely as that the peo-
ple should trust the present government
with another term of office. —Nelson
News.For the Canadian National Exhibition
to be held at Toronto, August 29th to
September 14th, the Canadian Pacific
Railway will have in effect special
round trip rates. For full information
as to rates, dates of sale, limits, etc.,
apply to the nearest C.P.R. ticket agent.

Dont Fail To See
The REAL AIR SHIP
SPOKANE
Interstate
All prices increased
\$1500 Race Program
LARGE LIVE STOCK SHOW
SENSATIONAL CIRCUS & FIREWORKS
FOR COMPETITIVE PRIZES, OPEN TO THE WORLD.
FAIR OCT 5-6-7 8-9-10
DISTRICT FAIR DISPLAYS FROM ENTIRE
INLAND EMPIRE.
MINIATURE RAILROAD RACE \$1.25.
Bouley and Dog Shows.
PAINS
FAMOUS SPECTACLE
CARNIVAL OF NAPLES AND SIX DAY KELLY
ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS
CONCLUDING WITH \$1500 FIRE WORKS DISPLAY
EVERY NIGHT. 3,000 PEOPLE 500 FT SCENERY
WRITE TO RONALD COSGROVE, Secy.—210 HUTTON BLOCK, SPOKANE.
REDUCED RAILROAD RATES

Nelson Land District—District
of West Kootenay.Take notice that A. E. Haigh, of
Nelson, local fireman, intends to apply
for permission to purchase the following
described lands: Commencing at a post
planted on the west side of Lot 8205
about five chains from Box Lake's, thence
north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains,
thence south 20 chains, thence east 20
chains, to the point of commencement,
containing 40 acres more or less.

Dated June 17th, 1908.

Aug 14 A. E. HAIGH.

LAND ACT.

Slocan Land District—District of West
Kootenay.Take notice that Christians C. Brouse
of New Denver, married woman, intends
to apply for permission to purchase the
following described lands: Commencing
at a post planted on the south east corner
of lot 8202, thence west 20 chains
along the west line of lot 8202, thence
20 chains south, thence 30 chains east
thence 20 chains north to the place of
commencement.CHRISTIANA C. BROUSE, 015
A. L. McCulloch, Agent

August 11th, 1908.

Slocan Land District—District of West
Kootenay.Take notice that Joseph Sciala, of
New Denver, lumberman, intends to apply
for permission to purchase the following
described lands: Commencing at the south east corner
of lot 8202, thence west 20 chains
thence south 40 chains, thence east 40
chains to point of commencement, contain-
ing 160 acres more or less.

JOSEPH SCAIA 02

August 18th, 1908.

Slocan Land District—District of West
Kootenay.Take notice that Captain Denton Crow and Benjamin
Hayes. The soldiers will arrive on the
ground in the forenoon and from that
time until late in the evening will carry
out in detail duties that would fall to
their lot in war time, so that all visitors
on the grounds may see for themselves
what the life of a National Guardsman
in active service is.The feature of the work of the troops
will be a competitive drill between the
two companies for the trophy flag which
the management of the fair will present
to the winning contingent. The other
exercises will include the setting-up
drills, when the soldiers will pitch their
canvass abodes and cook their own dinner
in the mess tent. The afternoon
will be taken up with company man-
oeuvres comprising the extended order
and battle formations. At the conclusion
of the afternoon drill, the troopers
will march back to their shelter tents
and draw their supper rations from the
company mess.In the evening the militia will con-
clude their exhibition with a novel and
spectacular searchlight drill, during
which they will perform company man-
oeuvres by the rays of a powerful search-
light such as is used in war times,
playing upon the blue and white of their
uniforms."If the city will declare a holiday on
October 5th, I believe we shall be able to
to muster the full quota of troops be-
longing to the two companies of the
National Guard," said Captain Crow, in
commenting on the plans that are being
made for the participation of the militia
at the fair. "At present, we are taking
a rest of a month following the hard
drilling we had at the army encamp-
ment at American Lake. The only
work the men are doing now is target
practice, but about the middle of Sep-
tember we shall begin our regulation
drilling again in the armoury."

WESTWARD HO!

The September number of "Westward
Ho!" is not only up to the expectations
which the sanguine publishers have
created, but far exceeds them. Its short,
crisp and pointed romances are all that
could be desired. Not one of them but
gives us a new insight into human life
and conduct. "The Remittance Man,"
a tale of Medicine Hat; "The Mission
of Roses," and an "Old-Fashioned
Colonel" are, with several others, fasci-
nating, and best of all, elevating and
calculated to draw out and inspire all
that is best in the reader. This is the
kind of fiction needed in the home.The September articles are lucid and
concern present problems, industrial
developments, and the future potentialities
of Western Canada, to which the
publishers seem intensely devoted.Those on "Prince Rupert in the Mak-
ing," "The West as a Field of Immi-
gration," "An Appreciation of Sir
Thomas Shaughnessy," and many others
are all most interesting and instructive;while art is gracefully touched by John
Kyle in "Sketching from Nature;" the
romantic-historical in "Ruined Cities of
Ceylon," and the domestic in "Country
and Suburban Home."**Kootenay Hotel**

Sandon, B.C.

MCLEOD & WALMSLEY, Props.

Should your business or pleasure take
you to Sandon at any time, call at
the Kootenay and let Ed. or
George mix you the famous
Sandon Cocktail or your
own favorite lotion.

No frost here. Two shifts always.

Sixth Annual . :

**NELSON . . .
FRUIT FAIR**

Nelson, B.C.

4 DAYS 4

Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday,
Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26, 1908.LARGER AND BETTER THAN EVER
Free Entertainments Daily

THREE HORSE RACES DAILY

FOUR-DAY RELAY HORSE RACE

Eagles Day, Thursday, September
24th. Children's Day, Friday,
September 25th.Excursion Rates on all Transporta-
tion Lines.For further information or Prize
List, write—
D. C. McMorris, Secy.,
Box 95, Nelson, B.C.Take notice that John Thomas Black
of New Denver, B.C., provincial constable,
intends to apply for permission to purchase
the following described land:Commencing at a post planted on the
north boundary of Lot 485, thence north
30 chains, thence west 30 chains more
or less to the shore of Slocan Lake,
thence south along the said lake, 80
chains more or less, to the north-west corner
of Lot 485, thence east 20 chains
more or less to point of commencement,
containing 50 acres more or less.

Dated the 14th day of July, 1908.

817 JOHN THOMAS BLACK.

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more or less to point of commencement,
containing 50 acres more or less.

Dated the 14th day of July, 1908.

817 JOHN THOMAS BLACK.

Slocan Land District—District of West
Kootenay.Take notice that John Thomas Black
of New Denver, B.C., provincial constable,
intends to apply for permission to purchase
the following described land:Commencing at a post planted on the
north boundary of Lot 485, thence north
30 chains, thence west 30 chains more
or less to the shore of Slocan Lake,
thence south along the said lake, 80
chains more or less, to the north-west corner
of Lot 485, thence east 20 chains
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