THE NUGGET.

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COAL DUST AS FUEL

At the World's Fair in St. Louis is a coal-testing plant erected and maintained by the United States government for determining the composition and testing the fuel value of American coals. The plant includes machinery for the manufacture of briquettes. The government made an appropriation of sixty thousand dollars to cover the cost of erecting and maintaining this plant, though some of the machinery was contributed by manufacturers, and the railroads made no freight charges on the equipment. The object of the tests is to put on record a mass of careful compiled data that shall have all the weight that comes from government supervision and shall serve to establish certain standards for comparison of chemical composition and fuel value. A prominent manufacturer pertinently suggests that the tests be further elaborated by testing the practicability of burning coal in the form of dust as well as in the form of briquettes. This suggestion is so reasonable that we gladly call attention to the matter. The manufacture of briquettes, while an attractive possibility in this country, is at present practically confident to the State of California, and its growth is scarcely likely to be of importance, except in certain localities where low grade coal can be briquetted at a profit, owing to the high price of good coal. No doubt the process will be utilized some day for making good fuel from dirty and friable lignite deposits in the west, or for utilizing mine wastes at some of the great coal-burning centres of the east.

As a fuel pulverized coal is an actuality, not a possibility. In the manufacture of portland cement, it has been of high value in reducing the cost of burning clinker; indeed, it is perhaps the one factor that has done most for the rapid advance of the American portland cement industry to its present commanding position. As a boiler fuel it offers these special advantages: Thorough combustion, small amount of ash to be handled, and reduction of manual labor. Special devices for burning coal dust have been installed at a number of manufacturing plants and the results reported show a large percentage of saving. It would seem, therefore, that official tests of coal dust as boiler fuel should form part of the work now under way at St. Louis. The wastefulness of boiler firing by shovel as ordinarily practiced needs no reminder. Hence the utilization of the highest possible percentage of the heat units in a pound of coal should appeal not only to the man who pays for the coal, but to every man who thinks of the importance of conserving the fuel resources of this country.

B. C. Tobacco

The last issue of the Kelowna Clarion contains a most interesting account of the tobacco industry in that fertile section. Kelowna tobacco is of superior quality and has been pronounced by experts almost equal to the Havana leaf in quality and flavor. Although hampered at present by revenue and customs regulations which actually discriminate against the domestic product, the industry is bound to grow, and it is expected that the manufacturing of cigars on a large scale will soon be resumed. The improved variety of leaf now being grown has attracted the attention of manufacturers in the east and it is expected that there will be no difficulty in finding a ready market for all the tobacco that can be grown. There are at least 10,000 acres in the vicinity of Kelowna, capable of producing tobacco, and it is estimated that eight million pounds of high grade cigar tobacco might be annually grown.

Wedding Bells

A very happy event took place in Lardo on Wednesday, October 26th when two of Lardo's most popular young people were united in matrimony. The contracting parties were George A. Proulx, a prominent young mining man, and Miss Catharine Fletcher. This being the first wedding to take place in Lardo made it a most interesting and pleasing event. The ceremony took place in the dining room of the Commercial Hotel, in the presence of about forty invited guests--Kaslo, Argenta and Howser being represented. Rev. Father Jeannotte oficiated. The bride was assisted by her sister Miss Rhoda Fletcher, who were both prettily attired for the occasion and F. S. McDonald ably formed the duties of best man. After the ceremony the guests sat down to a well spread table, to which ample justice was done. Songs, speeches and dancing was indulged in until a late hour. The music was furnished by C. MacDonald of this town and A. Anderson of Argenta. Frank McQuiston ably filled the position of master of ceremonies. The gathering finally dispersed, all joining in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Proulx a long and prosperous married life. The bride was the recipient of many useful and handsome presents, denoting the high esteem in which she was held by her many friends. The happy couple left on the boat for Nelson and other places where they will spend their honeymoon after which they will reside in Lardo.

LOVE OF GOLD.

Ira Wetherbee, 70 years of age, and famous among mining annals as one of the discoverers of the second largest nugget ever found in the golden state, winner and loser of half a dozen fortunes, is working night and day in the wilds of Trinity county, California, to strike pay dirt This old man, who has endured with stoicism reverses of the sort which either make or break a character, became aware long ago of the significance of worldly riches. He now wants only what he needs, and luxury has become a thing unwholesome to the man who of old earned royally and spent without care.

Wetherbee came to California from Massachusetts in 1854 at the age of 19, going from San Francisco to Marysville by boat, thence by freight wagon to Pentz ranch, and from there to Dogtown on foot. After two months of working for wages at $8 a day he bought one-fourth interest in a claim on the east bank of Feather river. After three years of steady labor, which just made expenses for the four partners, about one hundred feet of the mountain side slid into the claim, where all were at work, covering their sluices and allowing a bare escape. Indomitably they renewed work.

While working through the slide they discovered that the soil was of a different character and also the gold. The ground up the ravine where the claim was located had been washed gravel, but the material in the slide was a mixture of broken red rock, quartz and red dirt and the gold in much greater quantity than before was unwashed and ragged.

Following this indication they worked up to the origin of the slide, and the pay kept getting better, the nuggets running from $5 to $1,500. They hired 11 men to work the new pay and continued in the prosperity of the lucky slide about two years.

"One morning I walked up to Dogtown," says Wetherbee, "and while sitting on the hotel porch suddenly noticed all but two of the men coming up from the claim. Without saying a word to me they picked me up and carried me in, sat me on the bar, and ordered the drinks for the crowd, inviting me to drink with them, and then they ordered me to pay the bill, which I promptly did When finished at that place, they carried me to the next bar, where they put me through the same ordeal, and so on until I had become an unwilling customer of every saloon in town.

"After all this was over they took me back to the hotel porch and sat me down.

"Well, boys, now that you have packed me all over town and got your stomachs full of whiskey at my expense, tell me what all this is about.

"One of them said: 'We have found the daddy of all nuggets, weighing 54 pounds, and worth $10,640.'

"The devil you have!" said I. "Then let us take another drink.

"We went down to the claim early next morning, and arriving at the cabin I saw the nugget just as the boys said. It looked as large as a house,"

Ten days more of work under the impetus of the wonderful strike and the partners had gathered a little more than a hundred pounds of gold. the biggest load they had ever brought to San Francisco in their monthly trips with the treasure.

Soon after the pay dirt gave out, and Wetherbee gave away his interests and established himself in the hotel business at Chico. He made money for sixteen years, when his hotel burned to to the ground.

Another hotel, which he put up at a cost of $65,000, suffered a similar fate after nearly five years of prosperity. Hampered by debt, he faced the world again, penniless, at the age of 48.

He took to the mines again, prospecting on Butte creek and winning fortune back until the enactment of the debris law shut him down. Then he worked through Butte county and Pulmas with indifferent success. He found conditions changed from those of the early 50s. Mining had become a science and men were delving deep into the bowels of the mountains with machinery

For ten years he toiled with a partner, whom he lost by leath. Since then he has been prospecting with his present partner, Jack Drenan, in Butte, Shasta and Trinity counties, in the last of which he is now at work.

That he will make another fortune may be inferred from his words:

'We have worked up this ravine now, 400 feet, taking out pay all the way Here is a specimen of the gold we are getting. That piece weighs $8 and one $3.50. The roughness of the gold shows that it has not traveled far, and we hope soon to work up to the ledge that it comes from and there find a bonanza."

Rubbed the Prescription.

It happened in one of the large hospitals in a big city, where it has been found necessary to introduce certain time-saving devices in the dispensary. The patient gets a printed prescription that calls for a preparation that has been already made up. At the same time he gets directions for its use. One morning in November a patient, a man, came in and described the symptoms of rheumatism.

The interne gave him one of the printed slips and said, "Now, Pat, when you go home have your wife rub this on your back."

"Thank you, doctor," and off he went.

A few minutes later the Irishman reappeared, seeming rather embarrassed, and in his hand was the prescription.

"Well," asked the interne.

"Shure, doctor, and which side of the paper must I rub on me back?'

Unequally Endowed.

The animals in the ark were having their first tussle with seasickness.

It will pass away, said the tortoise. Keep a stiff upper lip.

That may be easy enough for you, groaned the tepir, but what's the use of giving that kind of advice to me, you lunkhead!

Just a Mere Incident.

Manager—Well, I've engaged all the specialties for our new musical comedy, the scenery is done and the music is about finished.

Author—All right. I'll drop you a postal with the libretto on it tomorrow.--Philadelphia Bulletin.

Plodder—My wife told me today she wished I took after my brother.

Newitt—Oh, yes; your brother became rich. That's what she meant, eh?

Plodder—Well, she's got me guessing. He died rich, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

Have you practiced on the piano?

Yes, mother.

And read Professor Simson's lecture on Greek art?

Yes, mother.

And studied your calculus?

Yes, mother

Then you may go out and play for ten minutes.—Life.

THE NUGGET

Is published every Friday at Poplar, B. C. and is sent to any address for $2 00 a year.

Commercial advertising is $1.50 an inch for four insertions. Reading notices 15 cents a line each insertion. Legal advertising 10 cents a line first insertion, and 5 cents a line each subsequent insertion, Certificate of Improvemen notices, $7; Delinquent co-owners notices, $1 .

Address all letters to R. T. LOWERY, Fernie, B. C.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 4, 1904.

THERE is but a thin partition between jealousy and insanity.

IT IS unlawful to bet or hold stakes on an election in Canada. Remember this tomorrow.

BAILED hay is advertised in a Medicine Hat paper. The paper does not say what it was bailed for.

A WEEK from today most of the Grits and Tories in Canada will again be on speaking terms, and the hatchet buried in the backyard.

IN the U. S. presidential election on Friday there will be 15,000,000 votes cast, several people killed and the ozone split with shouts of both parties.

IT has been proven that alfalfa can be grown around Medicine Hat. Little by little does tradition fade away to the minimum end of nothing.

ACCORDING to many authorities this is the age of graft, but according to our experience for many moons it looks entirely to us like the age of draft.

LA PRESSE, the great French newspaper of Montreal, has been sold for over a million dollars. THE LEEGE is for sale at the same price, one-half cash, and the balance of payments on easy terms.

BEWARE of the newspaper habit. Once formed it is almost impossible to cure, and will lead a man often along trails full of thorns and into deep swamps that do not assay a trace of gold to the mile.

A CALGARY paper boasts that its city has trebled its population within the past seven years. This looks small besides Fernie's record. In the past seven years the Coal City has increased its population a hundred fold, and still the good work goes on.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN said that those who deny freedom for others deserve it not themselves, and under a just government cannot long retain it Abraham merely repeated what had been known by wise men for centuries. In the human race selfishness makes us want others to act and think as we do. If they do not, our first impulse is to knock them off the earth.

Wales wants a capital, but though the search has been going on for years, no city has yet been found pre-eminently suited for the honor.

A number of towns on the northern coast of France are now connected with London by telephone. The charge is $2 for three minutes.

OLDEST LIVING THING.

The statement recently made that there are yews in England which are the oldest living on this earth, is not correct, says Thomas C. Ireland.

These yews are old, very old; there is no doubt about that; some of of them were stalwart trees even before Caesar landed in Britain. There is one now standing in the church yard at Fortingal, in Perthshire, which Decandole. nearly a century ago proved to the satisfaction of botanists to be over twenty-five centuries old. How Decandole arrived at an apparently correct estimate of the enormous age of these living trees is a simple thing, and the principle is doubtless well known today to all. The yew, like most other trees, adds one line, about the tenth of an inch, to its circumference each year. He proved this after an investigation extending over several years. and we know now, a hundred years later, that his deductions were correct The old yew at Hedsor has has a trunk 27 feet in diameter, proving its great age, and it is in a flourishing healthy condition now, like its brother at Fortingal.

Their years are few, though, compared with those of the trees I had in mind when I made my first assertion that the statement printed about them in a scientific journal is incorrect. In one chapter of his writings Humboldt refers to the gigantic boabab tree in Central Africa as the oldest gigantic monument in the world. This tree has a trunk 29 feet in diameter and Adanson, by a series of careful measurements, demonstrated conclusively that it had lived for not less than 5,150 years.

Still it is not the oldest organic monument in the world, as Humboldt declared, for now Mexican scientists have proved that a huge cypress tree standing in Chopultepec, with a trunk 117 feet and 10 inches in circumference, is older than it--older, too, by more than a thousand years—for it has been shown, as conclusively as these things can be shown, that its age is about 6 300 years To become impressed with wonder over this one has only to dwell on that duration for a little while in thought.

Yet it is not so remarkable when one stops for a moment to remember that, given favorable conditions for its growth and sustenance, the average tree will never die of old age--its death is merely anaccident. Other younger and more vigorous trees may spring up near and perhaps rob its roots of their proper nourishment; insects may kill it, floods or winds may sweep it away, or its roots may come in contact with rock and become gnarled and twisted, because they have not room to expand in their growth, that they literally throttle the avenues of its sustenance; but these are accidents. If such things do not happen, a tree may live on for century after century still robust, flourishing, sheltering with its wide-spreading branches the men and women of age after age.—St. Louis Globe-Demacrat.

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E. L. MASTERTON, POPLAR, B.C

Poplar Townsite

See Future Ads.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

I wandered to the grogshop, Tom. I stood beside the bar,
And drank a bowl of lemonade and smoked a bad cigar;
The same old kegs and jugs were there, the ones we used to know
When we were on the round top, Tom, some fifteen years ago.

I asked about our old-time friends, those cherished sporty men,
And some were in the poor-house, Tom, and some were in the pen,
And one, the one we liked the best, the hangman laid him low
The world is much the same, dear Tom, as fifteen years ago.

New crowds line up against the bar, and call for crimson ink;
New hands are trembling as they pour the stuff they should'nt drink;
But still the same old watchword rings, "This round's on me, you know!"
The same old cry of doom we heard some fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom, and there I saw the graves
Of those who used to drown themselves in red, fermented waves;
And there were women sleeping there, where grass and daisies grow,
Who wept and died of broken hearts some fifteen years ago.

And there were graves where children slept, have slept for many a year,
Forgetful of the woes that marked their fitful sojourn here;
And 'neath a tall, white monument, in death there lieth low,
The man who used to sell the booze some fifteen years ago.

JAP PENSIONERS.

For twelve years two Japanese, belonging to a very humble class of workers, have been drawing a pension from the Russian exchequer, says the London Answers. The payment has been suspended on account of the actual state of war between Russia and Japan, but it will certainly be resumed when peace is proclaimed, when also the accumulated arrears will be handed over. Twelve years ago these two men, Kitagaichi and Makobata, were jinrikisha men, making their living by running between the shafts of those light-wheeled chairs which are the hansoms of Japanese cities. In May, 1902, the present czar, then heir to the Russian crown, was making a tour of Japan, and the two men were selected to pull his imperial highness through the streets of Otsu, near Kioto. The two men relieved each other in running between the shafts of the carriage.

Elaborate precautions had been taken to protect the imperial guest of Japan during the tour, but at Otsu he had a narrow escape. Among the police on duty was one Sanzo Tsuda, a fanatical hater of the foreigner, perhaps a little insane on this point. It was a danger against which no ordinary precautions could avail. Tsuda suddenly drew his short sword and rushed at the prince. He had wounded him slightly, and would have killed him but for the two jinrikisha men, one of whom grappled with the assassin, while the other, by a swift movement, turned the little carriage aside.

In grateful recogni ion of their services the Russian government gives a yearly pension of 1,000 yen (about $500) to the two men. It was paid regularly to them through the Japanese local authorities. Japan is a country where wages and prices are both much lower than in America. For a Japanese workman a yen goes as far or farther that $5 goes with a man of the same class in this country. So Kitagaichi and Makobata found themselves suddenly comparatively rich men and promptly retired.

They are still living, but the contrast between the present position of the two old comrades is one more proof that money counts for less than character as an element of a successful life. Kitagaichi has managed to live comfortably in retirement on about 200 yen per annum, banking the remainder with the pension office, so he is now worth 10,000 yen, a small fortune. He tells his neighbors that he does not complain of his pension being stopped, for "war is war," and he has enough to live on in his investments. He has even sent 500 yen as his contribution to the war fund. His comrade Mukobata has always been a poor man. He has spent his money as quickly as he received it

An Ingenious Captain.

Many have read Mr. Hopkinson Smith's story of "Cap'n Bob," who stopped up a hole in his ferry-boat with his arm, and thus saved many lives. The London Daily Express describes a method of stopping a leak in a no less novel and ingenious way, and not so trying to physical well-being as that adopted by the heoric pilot. The Norwegian bark Flora, bound for Cape Town, experienced in the Bay of Biscay such terrific weather that she was obliged to lie to for six days.

In the buffeting that the vessel received she sprang a leak and began to take in water at the rate of six inches an hour. All hands were kept at the pumps day and night without intermission. As the gale abated the bark drove before it into calmer seas

Captain Mattson found the leak was getting worse and set his brains to work. He constructed a great waterproof canvas bag, sixteen feet long and six feet in circumference. This he kept distended by the means of hoops. A window of glass was let into the side, five feet from the bottom. The captain stepped into the bag and by means of tackle was drawn under water so that he could see the leak. The other end of the bag being open and above water, he had plenty of air and could communicate with his men. Two sleeves had been made in the bag and were tied tightly about his wrists so that he could work freely.

In this way, looking at the leak through the inserted window, the captain worked steadily while the ship was hove to. The vessel rolled in a heavy swell, and sometimes Captain Mattson found himself from seven to ten feet below the surface. At one time the chaffing of his feet against the vessel's side wore a hole in the bag and the water entered and covered him. But he was drawn up in good time, the bag was repaired, the work continued and the leak stopped.

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FERGUSON, B. C.

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THE STRENUOUS LADY.

A few days ago a lady in St Louis, while walking down one of the streets of that city was attacked by a bold highwayman who attempted to rob her of her belongings. Did she faint or scream or beg for mercy, or do any of the other things novelists delight in ascribing to their heroines? Certainly not. She calmly and deliberately drew her rapier-like hat pin and proceeded to do business. The footpad struck a gait that Major Delmar might envy, and according to late accounts is running yet. And the lady still possesses her goods and chattels.

Another story from Morristown, N. J., is to the effect that a Mrs. Stephen Haines, by a terrific fight with a mad bull, saved her husband's life. It seems the animal had attacked Mr. Haines and trampled upon him, when the good lady rushed out, and with a few telling jabs with a handy pitchfork put the enraged animal out of business.

Still another story, illus rating the strenuosity of the modern woman is told in the dispatches from Omaha. Louis J. Piatti, a prominent lawyer and Democratic politician of that place, filed suit for divorce against his wife, alleging that his better half assaulted him with an ice pick and a revolver. Shades of our grand mothers! Talk not of man's superiority over woman. That is a happy delusion enjoyed by our grand sires.

But the average man of today must speak soft while the wife of his bosom carries the big stick—and uses it when occasion demands.—Commercial Appeal.

SPIRIT OF THE JAPANESE

Lieutenant Yoshichiyo Sato arrived at the Fukushima station on his way to the front, where his old mother was waiting to see him off. As soon as she caught a glimpse of her son, she approached him, and gave him a drink of sake which she had brought with her. It is a proper thing for a Japanese woman to offer the cup on such an occasion. And then she gave him a potato thrust through with a bamboo chopstick, and said: "Stab the enemy through like this, my son, when you arrive on the battlefield."

It was at Kokura garrison that some of the train-corps men were being sent to the front, while others were to be left behind. A first class private suddenly went to his officer, dragging a comrade, and said: "I am a bachelor and can go without any anxiety: but my friend has a wife and three children Let me go in his stead."

The other would not hear of it, and said: "It is true that Nakoa is a bachelor, but he is an only son, and his old mother has no one except him to care for her. Let me go, pray, rather than let him leave his mother." The officer hardly knew how to decide.

A first recruit was in his sick bed, murmuring all the time, "My sickness grows worse and my strength is disappearing. And this is only one chance of a thousand years to fight Russia. I am enlisted in the military reserve, and am not able to respond to the call. What a misfortune!" And he began to grow worse, and presently all hope was gone.

Suddenly he stood up in his bed, changed his clothes for a uniform and ran toward the door. He tumbled down at the entrance, and uttered his last words, "Now let me go to the war."

One captain, who seemed gloomy and troubled, was asked by his friend, "Are you ill?" He answered, "Not a bit, my friend. I am awfully afraid that I will soon be promoted. That's my cause of trouble."

"Why so? I should say that it ought to cause rejoicing," the friend said.

The officer replied, "Don't you know, my friend, that if one becomes a major he will be moved to an idle post and deprived of the great chance of going to the front?"

The Most Beautiful

Love of country may grow at home like the sturdy plant, but in a foreign land it blossoms into glory. A writer in the New York Sun says that some months ago hundreds of Swedes were turned away from Carnegie Hall, where the Swedish students were giving a concert. Every seat was filled, but the unfortunate late comers lingered for hours, hoping that there might be returned tickets, which they could purchase at the last moment

One woman, with tears in her eyes and voice, declared that she had come twenty-five miles to hear the Swedish national hymn.

For more than two hours a lovely blue-eyed girl stood with her pale face almost pressed against the glass door. Finally some one said to her, "Come down here by the open center door, and you will hear better"

"No, thank you," said she, in the softest voice. "I can see the flag here."

Then, toward the end of the program, came the national hymn. Every woman's head was bowed in reverence; every man's hat came off. A Swedish listener, to test one of the bystanders, a young girl, said to her, indifferently, "I don't think that tune is very wonderful."

Instantly the eyes flashed, sparks of fire, and the low, soft voices returned, "Everyone loves his own country best Its own dear song is to him the most beautiful in all the world"

RIOTOUS DAY AT MADRID

Madrid, Nov. 2.—Prolonged and tumultuous scenes have occured in the chamber of deputies during the course of debate on proposals of certain deputies.

When the discussion was resumed Saturday the disorder consequent on the opposition's obstructive tactics compelled a suspension of the sitting and the appointment of a secret committee to give judgment concerning the insults exchanged during the debates. The sitting was subsequently renewed. The opposition obstinately demanded roll calls on votes, and the proceedings were heated and disorderly.

The president, being threatened with personal violence, had to be protected by the clerks and attendants. The crucifix behind the president's chair was overturned by blows of stocks; all the writing material on adjacent desks was swept to the floor, and inkstands were flung at the vice-president.

Premier Maura was present in the ministerial bench. It is reported that Premier Maura will suspend the sittings and ask the chamber for a vote of confidence.

CREMATED IN COKE OVEN

Masontown, Nov. 2.—Steve Borok, employed at the Bessemer coke plant, reported today that late last night he saw a man thrown into a coke oven and cremated. Corok says he saw three men scuffling on top of an oven and a moment later saw two of them jump to the ground and disappear in the darkness. Just then flames issued from the oven as though fuel had been tossed into it. Boroner Hagan today ordered the oven drawn when blackened human bones and teeth were found. The murdered man and his assailants were unknown.

CRANBROOK

(From The Herald)

ork is progressing in a most satisfactory manner on the waterworks plant and the water will be turned on in a few days. It is going to prove a great convenience to the people and as rapidly as the work can be done connections are being made for the many applicants.

For the benefit of those who do not happen to know, it might be stated that any person whose name is on the list will be entitled to vote at any place within the legislative district in which he is registered. That is to say, if a person living in the Fernie district was registered in that district he might vote any place in that district from Crow's Nest to Elko, but he would not be allowed to vote at Wardner or any place in the Cranbrook district.

SADDLE and PACK ANIMALS

Supplies delivered to any part of the district at reasonable rates. Prospectors outfits moved and Saddle Horses furnished

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Ar 10:45 a.m.–Kaslo–Lv 2:00 p.m.

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Lv 1:30 p.m.–Kaslo–Ar 11:00 a.m.
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For further particular call on or address

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Exchange Hotel

IN KASLO

Keeps a line of Nerve Bracers that are not surpassed in the Golden West, and there is not a cigar in the house needs a windy day to smoke it. Furnished rooms always ready for the needy. Poplar prospectors always welcome and given the best

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A. R. Heyland, Provincial Land Surveyor, Kaslo

E. Ferguson & Co. Nelson, B.C.

Wholesale Dealers in Wines Liquors and Cigars. Agents for Pabst Beer.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.

TO WILLIAM SCHNELL, GEORGE HAGERMAN, or to any person or persons to whom they may have transferred their interest in the Cornell mineral claim, situate on the north-west side of Rapid creek, in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

YOU are hereby notified that I have expended the sum of $100.00 in assessment work on the above claim, together with $2.50 for recording the same such work being required and necessary to the said claim for the years 1903-4, ending August 11th, 1904, under the provisions of the Mineral Act and Amending Acts; and if, at the expiration of ninety days from the date of the first publication of this notice in the Nugget you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure, namely $31.25, together with all costs of advertising your interest in said mineral claim shall become vested in me, (your co-owner) upon filing in the proper office in that behalf the affidavit required by section 4 of the Mineral Act Assessment Act, 1900.

Dated this 12th day of August A. D. 1904.

HENRY MAGNUSSON.
Kaiser House, Poplar, B. C.,
Attorney in fact for Minnie Munz.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE

TO N P. ROMAN, or to any person or persons to whom he may have transferred his interest in the Klondike mineral claim situated on Tenderfoot creek, in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

YOU are hereby notified that we have expended the sum of $100 in assessment work on the above claim, together with $2.50 for recording the same such work being required and necessary to the said claim for the years 1903-4 and ending September 2nd, 1904, under the provisions of the Mineral Act and Amending Acts; and if at the expiration of ninety days from the expiration of the first public tion of this notice in The Nugget, you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenditure, namely, $17.81 1-4, together with all costs of advertising your interest in said mineral claim shall become vested in us (your co-owners) upon filling in the proper office in that behalf the affidavits required by section 4 of the Mineral Act Assessment Act, 1900.

Dated this 2nd day of September A. D. 1904.

HENRY MAGNUSSON.
BEN LAWSON.
Eric Strand.