THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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1903 FREIGHT

Rates Over the W. P. & Y. To Be Reduced

New Tariff Being Prepared—The Redistribution Bill—A Political Plum.

The new freight schedule of the White Pass & Yukon Rly., it is expected, will be published very shortly. Although not authoritatively, it is stated that material reduction will be made on through shipments on the rates hitherto prevailing. The classification of freight has been considerably altered so that shippers will be greatly benefitted, while the scale of rates which will apply on general staples has been reduced to a very appreciable extent. Only the through rates from B. C. and Puget Sound ports are affected by the new tariff, the rates between local points on the White Pass remaining the same as last year.

Increased Representation.

The Redistribution Bill has been laid before the Dominion House. It is likely that ten members will be given to the Northwest, which is now represented by four. An effort will also be made to increase the representation in the Senate for the West. It is considered that Manitoba, the Northwest and Britis Columbia should have 24 Senators, the same number as the Maritime Provinces.

Home Rule for Ireland.

St. Patrick's Day, 1903, is liable to be a memorable one for the Emerald Isle, on account of the introduction of a Local Self-government or Home Rule Bill into the Imperial House. The leaders of the Nationalists and Irish Unionists claim that they can carry the measure this session.

For Services Rendered.

Mr. G. W. Morrow, of Vancouver, has been appointed Indian Agent at Methlakahtla, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Mr. Charles Todd. Mr. Morrow recently managed the Macpherson campaign.

Provincial Politics.

The question of party politics in future Provincial administrations is still agitating the political atmosphere of the coast cities, the latest feature of the case being that Ralph Smith, M.P., purposes withdrawing from the Dominion House to lead the Proviucial Liberal-Labor parly.

Slate Creek to Be Exploited.

Four leases have recently been taken up on Slate creek, a tributary of Dixie, and a gang of men is now making preparations to exploit the ground. A series of shafts will be sunk to bedrock with the view of cross-cutting the channel. A small local syndicate is at the back of the enterprise. Slate, in the early days, was staked from source to mouth, but, apart from scraping up the grass roots, no actual prospect work was done. The creek is one of the likeliest in the district, and we should not be at all surprised to learn that the enterprise of this syndicate has been amply rewarded in the near future.

An Official's Opinion.

The Atlin Camp Second to None in the North — Great Developments the Order of the Day.

We are always pleased to hear of our well-wishers putting in a good word for the district, more especially when it is a gentleman of Mr. E. S. Busby's standing who expresses himself. The Collector of Customs, in a recent interview in Vancouver, said:

"Atlin is very prosperous. There are fully 400 men now employed on the mining claims there and there is not an idle man in the camp. The owners are all doing well and are contented. The placer mines are showing up well and are permanent. The future of the camp is assured. The gold and copper propositions being opened up are adding to the resources of the place. Atlin never was in better shape, and I would advise any person thinking of going North to look for work to try Atlin."

Mr. Busby visited Atlin last month on his tour of inspection to the different ports under his supervision as Canadian Collector of Customs, and was impressed with the advancement and stability of no other place in the North as he was with that of Atlin.

A Mining Partnership.

Our suggestion of some week ago regarding the exploitation of Ruby creek by the new claim owners, we note has been taken up. A partnership has just been formed which will include some 3000 feet of the creek bed. This partnership has been entered into by and between the following owners: Messrs. Kirkland and Brown—the discoverers,—Coutts, Lumsden, McLeod, McKay, Williams, Blackett, Pilling and Wheeling. The first regular meeting of the partnership—which, by the way, is to be known as The Ruby Creek Partnership, Ltd.,—will be held in Atlin on Monday, 13th inst.

It is the present intention of the partnership to commence active development of the creek about the first of June. Alec. Brown has been appointed Manager, and from what we know of him as a thorough miner, if there is any gold in Ruby creek he will find it. If the expectations of creek are realized the Partnership stands a good chance of being a big winner. We hope to hear satisfactory reports in the near future.

The ground owned by the partnership includes the discovery, and from No. 3 above to No. 5 below, inclusive.

Apropos to individual exploitation, we notice that the mouth of Ruby creek and the benches each side of the individual claims, have been taken up as hydraulic leaseholds by several well known local miners.

Once the presence of gold in paying quantities is established there is no creek in the district possesses finer natural advantages of water, grade and dump for hydraulicing than Ruby.

In Rich Pay.

From a report received of the drifting work on Pine creek, below discovery, on the south side of the creek, the most satisfactory condition of affairs exists.

The drifts in this vicinity vary in length from fifty to 150 feet, and so far no blanks have been struck. A general average of the pay for the winter's work is reckoned at $15 to the set, although pans of from $1 to $3 on bedrock are not uncommon. Already some large and valuable dumps are awaiting the advent of spring—for the wash-up. It is interesting to note that at 130 feet in, bedrock is still dipping into the bench.

Forty-two ounces, with seven men for six days, is not a bad return at this time of year. Such is the last report of the Societie Miniere on Boulder creek.

Good as that is, Tim Rayl's output, with the same number of men, during the past few weeks, is even higher.

Blaikie & Downie are making preparations to commence a prospect drift on the bench at No. 2 below on Boulder.

STRIKES

Settlement of the Anthracite Coal Strike Accomplished.

The Conciliation Committee of the B. C. Miners' Association Has Made a Record for Itself.

The Commission, appointed by President Roosevelt last October, to investigate the anthracite coal strike has completed its arduous labors, and has handed in its report. In brief, the Commission recommends a general increase of wages, amounting, in most instances to ten per cent; some decrease of time; the settlement of all disputes by arbitration; fixes a minimum wage and a sliding scale; provides against discrimination of persons by either the mine owners or the miners on account of membership or non-membership in a labor union, and provides that the awards made shall continue in force until March 31st, 1906. The Commission discussed to some extent the matter of recognition or non-recognition of the miners' union, but declined to make any award in this matter.

The coal strike at Fernie, B. C., has been brought to an amicable conclusion, through the efforts of the Conciliation Committee sent by the Miners' Convention. The exact terms of the agreement have not yet been made public, but it is thought that the wages at Michel and Morrisey will be increased and lowered a trifle at the Coal Creek mines. The representatives of the Western Federation Uuion are satisfied with the terms of settlement.

As showing the losses occasioned by strikes, it is interesting to give the estimate of the Anthracite Strike Commission as to the cost of that trouble:

To the mine owners, $46,100,000; to the mine employees, in wages, $25,000,000; to the transportation companies, $28,000,000.

Financially Solid.

When the financial metropolis of the world is recommending Canadian 3 per cent bonds they must be pretty good. The following despatch is taken from one of our exchanges: "Canadian 3 per cents are now selling at 103. They are the only Colonial bonds that have advanced in price during the last three years. Three per cents of New South Wales and Natal are quoted at 91. Canadians are now better value than English Consols, which now sell for 90, the lowest for 35 years. No 3 per cent stock on the English market is now considered equal to Canadians. There has been shrinkage in other stocks.

THE FIRST CONDITION OF REPENTANCE.

John P. Peters, Rector St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven.—Matt., vii., 21.

A man cannot live a life which he knows to be wrong and make his peace with God by penance, or prayers, or gifts.

The man who makes his money in an improper way, and then seeks to win himself a place in the Kingdom of God by building churches and endowing universities and other charities may succeed in getting the very best pew in the richest and most pious church; he may become the sworn friend of godly pastors; he may figure as a director of a dozen charitable institutions; he may sit on many platforms and denounce vice very loudly at public meetings, but never in any such way can he enter into the Kingdom of God.

God does not condone fraud, and the frauds which the imperfect laws of man cannot touch are tried in the Court of God Almighty, exactly as though they were midnight burglary or highway robbery. The man who has amassed his millions by railroad wrecking and stock watering, by controlling Councils and Legislatures, by ingenious deals through which the money in equity belonging to others has by no process punishable by human law passed into his possession, is tried and convicted in the Court of God, on the vulgar charge of theft.

There is no use there in giving enormous retainers for the very best counsel to defend him on his trial. The most pious priests and eloquent preachers cannot save him from the clutches of the law of God, no, nor even win delay. Neither can he bribe the jurors, and the Sheriff that receives him will not allow him to escape on any pretext nor for any sum. He must serve his turn with safe-burglars, pickpockets, footpads, train robbers, sneak thieves, confidence men and the like. With them is his portion in the hereafter. God knows no difference between them. He classes them all together, enemies of society, enemies of the State, enemies of righteousness, enemies of God. He has the same condemnation for the man who robs you of your purse and the man who contrives to relieve the public of $50,000,000. They are in His sight equally loathsome, equally vulgar, equally criminal.

No character that priests or pastors can give the big thief is going to make him any less hideous in God's sight than the common burglar; no retainer which he may give them to plead his plea in the shape of churches and charities is going to help him to get free from the awful condemnation of God, his judge. Every one who reads our Lord's words must see that He was speaking of just such pious scamps when He said: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Those churches, hospitals, asylums, universities, libraries, missions, and the like, are their cry of "Lord, Lord," and when they utter that cry in that particular manner there are plenty of really pious men who will tumble over one another in the attempt to take them by the hand and smile lovingly upon them, and raise their eyes heavenward, and say: "Oh, my dear sir, you are doing a noble work for the Lord. The Lord has, indeed, blessed the whole community in giving you this blessing of wealth. You are preaching the Lord's name like a prophet; you are casting out legions of devils and working very miracles by your benevolence."

By and by this man comes to the gates of heaven. He is very sure of admittance. He says: "Here are my testimonials from the Lord's representatives. They show how I have prophesied, cast out devils, and worked miracles." But the Lord says to him: "I never knew you; depart from me ye workers of iniquity."

It is astonishing how men will blind themselves to the very nature of God and to the character of His dealings with men; and it has been the same through all the ages of the world's history. People will keep thinking of God as some being outside of us, who can be propitiated and made to give us a reward by means of something which we do or say. That is heathenism, unbelief, devil worship—whether it calls itself Buddhism or Mohammedanism or Christianity, or by whatever name it calls itself. God is love; God is truth; the law of virtue and integrity and loving kindness is His will, and unless a man set his heart to do that will he cannot know God and the eternal life which is in the knowledge of God. Neither is the law of God in any way an arbitrary or an accidental thing, so that some other condition of our eternal happiness could or can be given to man than the acceptance for the aim and rule of our lives of this divine law. It is essential because it is the fundamental law of the being of God and of all that is divine, and our eternal happiness lies in our becoming like God, developing the divine in us, being united with Him and pervaded by His Spirit. That, and that only, is heaven and eternal life.

But a man may say:—"Is it not a noble and glorious use of wealth to build hospitals, churches, colleges and asylums? Supposing a man to have gotten his wealth in a doubtful or wrong manner, what better amends can he make than to use it in such a manner? And can he not even do more good by this means than he has done harm in acquiring it? And do you not believe that a man who does such a good work as that will be accepted of God and forgiven?"

Supposing that a man had picked another man's pocket of five dollars. If he came to you and gave you five cents of that toward building churches, and ten cents toward sending out missionaries, and five cents toward educating men for the ministry, and ten cents toward erecting a hospital, would you shake him by the hand and assure him that he was doing more good than he had ever done harm, and that he was a noble Christian, who would surely be accepted of God? You certainly would say that the very first condition of repentance must be restitution; that he must be thoroughly sorry for what he had done and must turn about, lead a new life and give up theft altogether.

The conditions are the same whether a man has taken much or little, and whether he has taken it in a way punishable by human law, or in an ungodly manner which yet is not punishable by human law. The first condition of repentance is restitution, and no man can draw near to God until he repent him of his sin.

"The Dhrink Again."

While Dr. Temple, whose recent death has shocked all England, was Bishop of London, he was entertaining at his house one evening some young men who were about to be ordained by him. To make the time pass after dinner the Bishop invented a new parlor game.

"I will go into my study and lie down," he explained, "and then you must come in, one by one, and address me as you intend to do your future parishioners when making a sick call."

Thereupon he disappeared, leaving his guests considerably perturbed. Soon his voice was heard, saying, "Are you going to keep me here all night?"

The young men knew someone must go, so lots were cast, and the die fell on a young Irishman from Ulster. He entered the study with an air of assurance and, advancing to the lounge where the Bishop was lying, shook his head sadly, and observed:—

"Ah, Frederick, Frederick! So it's the dhrink again—the dhrink again!"

The Bishop about that time found that he felt like adjourning the game for some other recreation.

White and Black Assassins.

When John Thomas, a negro, shot the Sheriff of St. Charles' Parish this week, the inhabitants of the parish instantly dropped whatever they were doing and proceeded to hunt the murderer down. They caught him, The New York Times says, filled his body with bullets, and then threw it into his blazing cabin to be consumed by the flames. That was a bad business, but understandable, and not entirely undeserving the name of "rude justice." But when Tillman shot Gonzales, with much less excuse than the ignorant negro had for shooting the Sheriff, nobody seemed to be at all excited, no little army gathered to inflict justice of any kind, and the present indications are that even the law will fail to punish the white assassin. The difference is most remarkable and explanations of it are lacking. If either incident stood alone it would not be particularly mysterious, but the two together baffle comprehension. How can people be at once so passionate and so cool-headed, so bloodthirsty and so mild-tempered?

Colds in the Head.

Max Nassauer asserts that an incipient cold in the head can be checked at any time if the nose is thoroughly rinsed out with a weak solution of potassium permanganate, which seems to have a specific action upon the germs causing the trouble. He checks colds in the first hour or so, and thus escapes all the catarrhal and bronchial annoyance that follows in their train. He has a strong solution of potassium permanganate on hand. A few drops of this are added to warm water until it is colored a pale pink. After blowing the nose vigorously, both nostrils are rinsed out well with this weak solution, allowing the fluid to run out through the other nostril and through the mouth. Each nostril is then wiped out with cotton on the finger to remove all remaining germs. A small dry plug of cotton is then pushed well up into each nostril and the nostrils filled with the weak solution, with the head held back, allowing the cotton to soak it up. The cotton is left undisturbed for about an hour, for the warmth and moisture to produce their effects, when the plugs are expelled by blowing the nose.

Be Careful of Your Knee.

Danger lurks now in so many quarters that nobody will be surprised to learn that there is a certain peril even in as harmless an institution as a bureau drawer. Unless it is carefully used, this institution is capable of causing all kinds of trouble. Listen to the testimony of a physician on the subject.

"Women who get into the habit of closing a bureau drawer by a pressure of the knee," he said, "do not realize the harm that may result from this practice. I have known many serious cases of water on the knee that were caused in this way.

"The force required to shut a drawer in this way is slight, and one scarcely notices the contact of the knee with the drawer. But the knee joint is a delicate structure and a bruise may easily be caused that will lead ultimately to very serious consequences. I have had many patients who, from indulging in this habit, have brought on illnesses that lasted from one month to six. So my advice to all women is to lean over and shut the drawer.

"It is better, although it may seem more troublesome at the minute. The leaning over, instead of being a disadvantage, is really an excellent means of exercise, and no way of closing a drawer is so dangerous as to push it with the knee."

BEES AND POULTRY.

Immunity to Bee Stings.

That a person who has been stung by bees becomes in time immune to the poison of the sting is asserted by Dr. H. F. Parker. He reports that when he first began to keep bees he was frequently stung, and that each sting was attended with acute pain; but that as time went on the pain and swelling became less. In the following year, while transferring a hive of bees, he had an experience which he thus relates:—

"Sting followed sting in succession, in legs, arms, fingers, neck and face. I imagined what a picture I would present, closed eyes and swollen hands and feet. I worked on, and so did the bees. I could feel the needle-like thrust, but then it did not seem to pain as much, and at last I finished the task. With aching head, slight nausea and vertigo slowing coming on, I left my task with a sigh of relief for what was accomplished, and filled with wonderment as to what my personal appearance would be.

"Imagine my astonishment to find merely slightly raised red spots like little pimples, with the red sting in the centre, as the result of each and every sting. I must have had something like forty of them on various parts of my body. My clothes were full of them, but they, being so thick, did not allow the stings to penetrate. The dizziness, nausea and headache left me, and 'Richard was himself again.'

"When I again visited my bees I did not dread the stinging properties any longer, at least not as much so as formerly, and then, and ever since, I have found that when a bee does sting me the pain is only sharp for an instant, and there is an absence of the after swelling.

"I have since been stung many more times than I was at that time, and yet none of the symptoms above referred to have been reproduced. Am I not, therefore, immune to the poison of the honey bee, at least to a certain extent?

Profit in Pure-bred Poultry.

Many farmers have discovered that there is money in poultry-raising, but the greater majority still believe that it is a branch of farming too insignificant to demand attention, and turn this department over to the women. Quite often the women of the family discover in their reading that there are possibilities in poultry-keeping, and astonish the superior man with the financial return. As a matter of fact, although he would not admit it, many a farmer has found the poultry money very handy to meet some obligation. If any farmer who has no faith in poultry as profitable stock, should turn what he has over to his wife or daughter, on the understanding that she may have for her own use what money she can make out of the venture, he would, in the majority of cases, be very anxious to be taken into partnership in a short time, for his wife or daughter would demonstrate to his satisfaction that poultry-raising means more money than mere pin money.

But keep only pure stock. The mongrel breeds are entirely too plentiful in many sections; this is due to the crossing nuisance. The idea seems to be prevalent that by crossing the breeds, the fowls will be better and the layers more vigorous, combining the good qualities of two or more breeds. This is not the case. Indiscriminate crossing will destroy many of the good qualities of the breed, and the sooner it is done away with the better for the farmers and poultrymen. The best results are obtained by sticking to pure breeds, and crossing should be done only along certain lines. A mongrel or barnyard fowl is one that has resulted from haphazard mating for years. Each year these birds, become more mixed, until finally there is no telling to what breed their ancestors belonged.

Why is the pure-bred fowl better than the mongrel? The reasons are many. For one, you can always depend on the pure-bred for uniform growth. Take a mongrel hen, and her chickens will vary. They never grow fast, and one or two in the bunch will be ready for market two months before the others. Not only that; the pure-bred are uniform in looks after dressing, and sell higher on this account for breeding and hatching purposes. Their eggs and themselves always sell higher than the market price for either. Persons raising the pure-breds exclusively in this country must keep all their eggs from early spring until the hatching season is over to supply the demand for the eggs; and now, since incubators are so useful and common, those who want eggs often order many weeks ahead, to get all they need. Another reason is that the mongrel hen averages at the best about 40 eggs per year. The pure-bred laying breeds with worst care given will lay over a hundred eggs, and, with moderate attention, I have known them to lay very close to two hundred eggs per year.

What is needed is to bring our pure breeds up to the highest type of hardiness, utility and beauty, and then for the poultry farmer to use only fowls that are strictly pure in blood. Until then poultry-raising will be more or less an uncertainty. When good blood is used, we see success in all branches of live stock. Blood is the foundation of success. In all the established businesses the best is what must be secured for foundation. Mongrel hens may answer some owners, but the best is the cheapest in the long run, and those who would prosper in the future poultry business must produce the best for breeding. As a rule, you cannot buy a breeder's best birds, unless he raises them in large numbers and has more good birds than he needs for his own breeding pens—birds fully as good as he has selected for his own use. If he is an honest breeder, you can buy eggs for hatching from his best pens, and the chances are you can raise birds just as good as his best at a small cost. Start right by saving only the best eggs from the selected hens for incubation, the most prolific layers. The cost of pure bred fowls to commence with will be but little, and they will prove more profitable than the common or cross-bred kinds.—Charles Ainge, in The Country Gentleman.

DEMAND FOR VALENTINES.

The following from an article in The New York Tribune is quite apropos:—

Roses are not always blooming, but the winter comes anon;
Sunbeams are not ever shining, yet the clouds oft make day wan;
And if love can give us pleasure, its existence we should know;
So through cloudy days and sunny, if you love me, tell me so.

"When a man gets that far," said a valentine dealer the other day, as he threw a couple of dimes in the cash drawer and spread before a friend a duplicate of the burning message hidden away in the depths of the huge heart-shaped valentine just sold to a young man with blue eyes and blonde hair, "when one gets that far," commented the valentine man, as he tested one of the dimes, "there's little hope for him."

St. Valentine's Day falls on February 14th, and the man who insists that sentiment is dead, that the world is a cold, prosaic, mathematical sort of place, must this week at least take his place among the other croakers. There are facts and figures at hand to prove that, measured by the valentine scale, the world is becoming more and more sentimental with each succeeding year. For instance, in Worcester, Mass., where the shops of the George C. Whitney Company, one of the largest makers of valentines in the country, are located, nearly three hundred women and girls and about two hundred men and boys have been working from early in the morning until 10 o'clock at night, printing, embossing, coloring, pasting, mounting, packing and shipping valentines at the rate of many thousand daily. What is said to be the largest single order for valentines ever filled in the world was recently sent out from these shops. It was sent to Chicago, and included 1,362,000 valentines of all kinds and styles, from the two-for-a-cent variety up to some of the highest priced affairs, done on satin, with lace paper and hand painted designs. To send this big shipment required four freight cars, the valentines being packed into two thousand cases.

"There is a constantly increasing demand for valentines," said a prominent manufacturer recently. "Why, our shops are running day and night, and still we cannot fill the orders pouring in upon us. They began to come in as early as last August, and now the demand has reached its height."

A NEW HEART FOR YOU

means renewed health, for on the heart depends all health.

Doctors will tell you that any diseased organ can be put in good working vigor by pumping plenty of blood into it to make new tissues.

First set the heart right—with most people it is wrong.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure Will Do It.

It strengthens the heart, rebuilds its weak parts, and enables it to feed the nerves, and through them all organs of the body. It cures at once.

Relief to weak hearts in thirty minutes by a simple dose is the sign and proof of what **Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure** will do permanently for them and for you.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets work their cure through digesting the food and letting the stomach rest. A piece of pineapple will digest instantly an equal size of beef at a temperature of 103°. Don't take pills and powders that weaken the stomach. Price, 35 cents.

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The Late M. de Blowitz.

The London Times devotes six columns to a biographical article of M. de Blowitz, its late correspondent at Paris, and without exception the most famous correspondent in the world. In the course of the article The Times says:—

Anyone who hoped to detect the secret of Blowitz's success by observing his manner of life would have been grievously disappointed. No man was ever less ostentatious in his work. He read few books, asked few questions, and took no notes, and for all the work he seemed to do you might have thought that he took life easily. But he possessed the power of thought and a stupendous imagination. As an anatomist reconstructs a skeleton from a solitary bone, so Blowitz could reconstruct a speech from a sentence or a situation from a single fact. He never began an article till he had the whole of it clearly in his mind, and then he would dictate it deliberately but fluently in French to his shorthand writer, who would then translate and despatch it without alteration of a single word. He had an unmistakable style of his own, and his articles had the rare quality of being almost literally translatable into English. His talent for invective never led him into personal abuse; he could narrate with simplicity and clearness, but he was also capable of profound generalization and had an extraordinary power of describing an intricate situation. In spite of the fact that Blowitz spent the best part of his life in writing for the most critical classes of the British public, his acquaintance with England was curiously limited. A few days spent every year or so at the Savoy Hotel in London, where he fell an easy prey to photographers and members of Parliament, a dinner party or two, and a few days at Bear Wood made up the sum of his experiences of this country. He never really mastered the English language, and accordingly few Englishmen were to be numbered among his friends. Blowitz for his part found it rather hard to understand the English on occasions. During the Congress of Berlin he happened to find himself at a reception standing next to Mr. Disraeli, who, by way of opening the conversation pleasantly, asked him how long he had been studying politics. "Mais, depuis que je suis ne!" replied Blowitz in amazement. Always impatient of platitudes he never ceased to marvel that one of the first statesmen in Europe could be guilty of such an inane question. Nor could he quite comprehend the type of Englishman who scours the continent full of zeal and loaded with introductions in the hope of becoming within the short space of three months an authority on foreign politics. But where England was concerned he was content not to understand everything. He wept tears of grief over Colenso and tears of joy two months later over Paardeberg. Nobody was more delighted to see the welding of the British Empire under the pressure of adversity, nor had anybody a greater admiration on the whole for the English national character and institutions.

Our Vulnerable Spot.

The northwest frontier of India is regarded as the one vulnerable spot in the British Empire. It is the only door through which a powerful and envious rival might enter the King's dominions. Russia has long had her eye on that door—Afghanistan. During the past few months she has massed enormous numbers of troops at Kushk, on the very border of Afghanistan.

The Balkan "menace" is growing more serious, and the country is liable to a conflagration at any time.

Practically a deadlock has been reached in the dispute between Canada and the United States over the Alaskan boundary. If the former's claim is sustained, it will give Canada a free port to the great gold-mining district of the Klondike.

If a woman were to cast her first batch of bread upon the waters it would be pretty tough on the innocent little fishes.

The Druggist—Have you done much sleighing this winter, doctor?

The Doctor (absently)—No. Have lost only one patient so far.

Sherlock Holmes—"And then," continued the great detective, as he shot a load of dope into his arm. "I was awakened by hearing the Knickerbocker special passing in the distance."

"But how do you know," dutifully asked Dr. Watson, "that it was the Knickerbocker special?"

"I recognized it by the locomotive's loud, short pants."—Baltimore American.

Such a Simple Way.—The Pilgrim tells the story of a woman property holder in New York whose agent brought her an insurance policy on her house. "You'd better give me a check for the premium now," he said.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"A little more than $100. Wait a minute, and I will get the exact amount."

"Oh, how tiresome!" said the woman. "And I am in such a hurry! Tell the company to let it stand, and deduct it from what they will owe me when the house burns down."—Youth's Companion.

Mamma—Johnny, did you wipe your feet on the mat when you came in?

Johnny—I couldn't get my shoestrings untied; they were in hard knot.

Mamma—But what have shoestrings to do with it?

Johnny—I couldn't wipe my feet without taking off my shoes, could I?"—Boston Transcript.

He (at the piano)—And what air do you prefer?

She—Well, if you give me my choice, I'll take a millionaire.—Baltimore News.

(Continued.)

tain you could be no connection or theirs."

"And did you know then that they were—were——"

Her lip trembled, and she could not complete the sentence.

"No; I cannot say that I did—not at that time. They had managed to scrape a bowing acquaintance with some of the people round about—myself among them; but I had a suspicion they were not quite what they represented themselves to be, and so I held aloof; and very sorry I was, I can tell you, to see you with that impudent young fellow, who called himself Charles Hyde, and who, I have heard, is the cleverest scoundrel of the lot."

Marjorie sighed faintly.

Sir Edward, perhaps guessing something of the painful truth, said no more of Charles Hyde; but, instead, reverted to the invitation his sisters had charged him with.

"Will you come," he pleaded, "at once? This is no place for you now."

Marjorie shook her head.

"Don't think me ungrateful, Sir Edward, but I cannot come. I cannot leave here yet."

He looked at her in amazement.

"No," she went on more firmly, though with exceeding gentleness and sweetness. "I cannot leave my friend, Madeline, who is in such terrible sorrow and distress. You have heard of her, no doubt, and if you have heard the truth, will know how greatly she is to be pitied.

"The daughter of one of those men—the wife of another, and she herself quite innocent of wrong, excepting that they forced her to keep the secret of their crimes. She has been the truest friend to me. She saved my life when I was all but drowned in the lake. She is ill, and her heart is broken. I cannot leave her—I would not leave her now for all the world.

"Tell your sisters I thank them with a full heart. Though I don't know them, I shall never forget their kindness—never, never! And please believe I thank you, too. I couldn't have dreamed anyone could be so kind as you have been to me. But I can't leave my friend. Oh, please forgive me, and don't think me ungrateful for saying so."

She rose, and put both her hands into his as she spoke, in her warm, impulsive gratitude.

And she looked so sweetly lovely, with her face lighted up with generous feeling, that he pressed those little hands, and held them for several moments in his own.

However, he did not seek to change her resolution—perhaps he saw all efforts would be in vain.

"I shall send my sisters to you as soon as ever they can get out," he said.

And then, feeling he had no right to intrude upon her longer, he took his leave.

Marjorie resumed her seat by the fire, and, leaning her cheek upon her hand, suffered her tears to flow without restraint.

Five minutes had passed thus when she heard a quick, firm step outside the door—the handle was turned by a hasty hand.

She thought it was Sir Edward come back for something, and turned a flushed, embarassed face towards the door.

A faint shriek rose to her lips as she saw, not Sir Edward, but him on whom her thoughts were dwelling—the man whom she had seen handcuffed by the police a few hours ago.

She sprang to her feet.

Her first thought was that he had escaped.

She looked at him wildly, and then stood motionless, as though rooted to the floor.

He came towards her, swiftly, eagerly, his arms outstretched, his face glow.

"Marjorie, darling! my precious, precious love! Have you been very frightened all this while?"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she shrank back, shuddering, though still without a word.

He saw the horror in her eyes. He saw she shuddered at his touch.

"Darling, you mustn't shrink from me," he cried, reproachfully. "It is time for you to hear the whole truth now. I am no thief. I have been here under false pretences all this time. I am simply the detective who has run to earth the cleverest set of thieves in England. Now, Marjorie do you understand?"

The shock was too great. Her nerves were already too sadly unstrung.

She gave a little half-hysterical shriek of joy, and sank, almost fainting, into his arms.

When she had grown calmer she found herself seated at his side on the couch, his strong arm round her, his frank, sunny eyes smiling love and reassurance into hers.

And then, very rapidly and eagerly, he told her his little story.

He was a private detective—his real name Fred Trevor.

By birth a gentleman, he had been compelled, by a sudden change of fortune, to look about for the means of getting his own living, and he had elected to become a private detective.

One of his clients, who had been not only robbed but maltreated by the Hyde gang, had set him on their track.

But so amazingly clever were they, that they might never have been brought to justice had not an accident delivered them into his hands.

A young man named Charles Manship, one of the cleverest cracksmen in England, had been about to join the Hyde gang, when he was run over in London, and, as Fate would have it, was taken to the hospital by young Trevor.

He was badly injured, and died in a few hours.

But before his death he had said enough to convince the detective that here was a chance of capturing the entire gang.

Letters found on the dead man made it clear that, although he was to proceed at once to Denelands to assist in the meditated attack on Mortimer House, not one of the gang had ever seen him.

Trevor took the risk, and went; and, moreover, managed so cleverly, that no shadow of suspicion was excited as to his being other than he seemed.

It was his intention to arrest the whole gang the night the first attack was made on Mortimer House; but, through some accident, it was impossible.

The second time, he professed to have hurt his foot, so that he could not accompany them.

"And wasn't your foot really hurt?" questioned Marjorie, wonderingly.

"Not a bit of it. I was too old a hand not to know how to paint a bruise; and they, with all their cleverness, were, in some things, as green as grass. As soon as they had set out, I went after them, and, joining the police, whom had got in readiness, followed them here. The whole lot were netted as nicely as possible. I arranged with the police that they should pretend to arrest me, too—we thought we might as well save unnecessary violence, and there's no knowing what they might have done if they'd found out how they'd been deceived. So I went to the police-station along with them, and, of course, have had a lot of business to attend to; but I've come back as soon as I could, my darling, to you."

"I'm so happy now," whispered Marjorie, nestling more closely to him. "Forgive me, will you, for ever doubting you?"

And she looked into his face with such sweetly imploring eyes, that he could easily have forgiven her a great deal more than that.

"I've longed to tell you the truth many a time, Marjorie, but I was afraid of frightening you. If you'd known I was a detective, you'd have had to know they were thieves. And I daren't burden my little girl with such a secret as that. I've laughed, many a time though.

"You remember how largely they used to talk about inviting Sir Edward here, and the rest of the county gentry. Of course, that was to make you fancy they were on visiting terms with them, and finely they used to chuckle over it to me in private.

"But I had the laugh on them all the time. Do you remember, one night I told you a lot of stories of my college days? Well, they thought it was all 'make up,' and hugely it tickled them. Little did they dream that all those tales were true, and that it was Trevor, the detective, who was telling them."

Marjorie pressed his hand.

"I'm glad you are—what you are," she whispered, gently. "It almost broke my heart when——"

"I know, dearest, I know. And, Marjorie I've got something else to ask your pardon for. Although I'm not a thief, in the main, I've stolen something away from you."

"My bit of blue enamel!" she exclaimed, with an eager look.

"Yes. Will you forgive me? You see, dearest, when you told me about that, I saw it was necessary for me to get it into my own possession at once. They'd have soon got it if I hadn't. I can tell you I didn't half like 'burgling' at my little girl's boxes and drawers; but I knew it would be all right in the end, and that she'd forgive me."

"Of course," said Marjorie, with another tender pressure of his hand.

After a moment or two she added, gravely:

"I am so grieved for Madeline."

"So am I. At first I took it for granted that she was as bad as they; but afterwards I decided differently; and when you told me of her kindness to you, I was deeply sorry for her.

"She knew I abstracted the bit of enamel from your drawer. I wanted to get some information from her, and so took her, or pretended to take her, into my confidence. She wanted the bit of enamel, but, of course, I didn't let her have it. She wanted to screen the murderer; I wanted to bring him to justice. Everything's fair in hunting such vermin down; but I can tell you I didn't like deceiving her."

"Poor Madeline," sighed Marjorie. "We must do all we can for her, dear."

"We will," said Trevor, firmly.

"And it was really Edgar who killed my father?"

"Yes. He made a full confession before he died. It appears he knew your father had the notes in the house that night, and determined to rob him.

"He was prowling about the window of your father's room, for he meant to get an entrance through that as soon as the light was turned down. But your father, no doubt, moved by some memory of that mysterious dream you told me of, went to the window, unfastened it, and stood for a moment looking out. The robber, who was trying to hide behind a tree close by, felt sure he was discovered, and in his desperation, he stepped forward and stabbed your father to the heart. He fell where he had stood, just inside the room, against the window. Edgar secured the notes and the locket, and made good his escape, just as you came back to the room."

"It is just nine years ago today," said Marjorie, in a low, awe-struck voice, "and he was traced by my valentine. Oh, how mysterious it is!"

And she shivered a little as she spoke.

Her lover put his arm round her, and drew her fondly to the shelter of his strong young breast.

"Let us forget the sin and the misery, darling," he whispered. "We have brighter things to think about. This is St. Valentine's Day, sweet, and I think you know I want you for my valentine!"

(To be Continued.)

Nature seems to have a grudge against the average man. The things he prefers to eat usually disagree with him.

Sunday School Teacher—Now we have Daniel in the fiery furnace. What happened then?

Bright Boy—Then, I guess, he wished there was a fuel famine.

Janitor—You can't occupy this flat. Would-be Tenant—Why not? We have only nine dogs. Janitor—Oh, all right. I thought you had children.—"Life."

"John," said the retired lawyer to his coachman, "aren't the horses trying to run away?" "They be, sir!" "Then drive into something cheap."—"Electrical Review."

An ancient New Yorker named Pratt
Once went on a terrible batt.
Whomever he saw
He would paste with his paw
And gleefully gurgle, "Take thatt!"
—New York "Sun."

The late Thomas Brackett Reed was fond of telling the following story regarding the bright little office boy whom he kept in his employ in Washington, and for whom he prophesied a brilliant financial career:

A gentleman calling on Mr. Reed one day, while waiting in the reception-room, was attracted by the manner of the small attendant and started a random conversation.

"And how much do you earn a week, my boy?" he inquired.

"Fifty dollars," said the youngster with avidity.

Being shown into the Senator's private office just then the visitor's surprise found vent in words.

"Mighty bright boy you have there, Mr. Reed, to be getting $50 a week," he remarked.

"Fifty nothing," said Mr. Reed; "he gets $5.50."

"But he told me just now you were giving him $50 a week," persisted the gentleman.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Reed, and touched the bell. "Billy," he said, "did you tell this gentleman I was paying you $50 a week?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't? Well, what did you say?"

"I said I earned it," was the prompt and stout rejoinder.—New York Mail and Express.

Mrs. Snitcher—Oh, you scoundrel! Wasn't it bad enough that my poor dear mother should be adjudged insane without your testifying that in your opinion she was just as sane as she ever was!—New York Sun.

Interesting Items.

Speaker Reed's most famous lampoon on the Democratic party was this: "I have known the Democratic party for thirty years, and I have never known a moment in which it could be photographed in any attitude except that of 'It can't be done.'"

A minister who met a policeman on the street the other day said: "What a number of burglars there are about. Why don't you officers arrest them?" The policeman regarded the minister solemnly. "Sir," he replied, "there are thousands of people going to hell every day. Why don't you ministers stop them?"

The "Publishers' Circular" tells the following anecdote about the late G. A. Henty: "With reference to his boys' books he said, in answer to a question put to him by an interviewer: 'No, I never touch on the love interest. Once I ventured to make a boy of twelve kiss a little girl of eleven, and I received a very indignant letter from a dissenting minister.'"

An important party measure was about to be voted on by the Fifty-first Congress, and the Republicans needed every vote. "Come at once," Speaker Reed telegraphed to Congressman Lansing of the Watertown (N.Y.) district. "Impossible," the Congressman wired back; "washout on line." Reed's reply to this was promptly wired, and was as follows: "Never mind little thing like that; buy another shirt and come on."

Mark Twain, since he advertised for editorial obituaries of himself, has received some very amusing contributions. A Baltimore admirer writes: "Some people think you are immortal, but if you really ever do intend to die it is certainly your duty to go to Hades. Funny men are needed there, but they are very small potatoes up in heaven. You have always preached philanthropy, and now you have the chance of your lifetime to demonstrate your consistency."

Judge S—— of Boston, who is a great fisherman, for some years past had been in the habit of bringing back from Newfoundland, the scene of his piscatorial labors, such marvelous stories of his catches that his friends grew more and more skeptical. The judge, in order to remove all doubts about his honesty, finally procured a set of special scales and triumphantly weighed all the fish he caught, and for his friends' inspection kept the record thus accurately made. Recently, while the judge was away from home, there was an addition to his family. The judge's scales were used, and they recorded the baby's weight as forty-eight pounds.

One day the late Thomas Brackett Reed was browsing in Guild's dingy bookshop. He took up a number of books and finally the novel "Scruples." "What is the price of this?" asked Mr. Reed. "A dollar, sir," replied the old man rather tartly. "Too much," said Reed laconically, and laid the book down. "Well, sir," retorted Guild, who has a sharp tongue of his own, "I don't know of any law you have passed that compels you to buy if you don't want to. Besides, I don't see what a member of Congress wants of a book with that title, anyway." Reed broke into a hearty laugh, and as he rolled on down the avenue he was still smiling at the old man's reply.

Senator Quay, while dining at a country hotel, noticed among the signs on the wall one reading "Ici on parle Francais." The senator was somewhat amused and surprised, because the necessity of being able to speak French in that particular section of rural Pennsylvania had never before appealed to him. Therefore he called the proprietor to him, and said, "Do you speak French?" "Not much," was the answer. "United States will do for me." "Then why do you have that sign stuck up here? It means that French is spoken here." "Ye don't say so!" replied the astonished publican. "I'll be hanged if I didn't buy that from a young feller who told me that it meant 'God Bless Our Home!'"

In the middle of the third act of a recent first night in Australia, a gentleman arose in the front row of the gallery and remarked: "This is a bad play, and the acting is even worse than the play." The leading actor came to the footlights and retorted: "You've no right to interrupt. If you don't like it, go outside." "Excuse me," rejoined the malcontent, "I have the right to criticize what I have paid for. If I buy a pound of butter and find it is bad, I say so. I have bought a shilling's worth of this show, and it is an imposition. I want my money back." At this point a stalwart attendant interposed, and smashing of furniture ensued. Eventually the champion of playgoers' rights emerged triumphant from the fray. Holding a shilling on high, he exclaimed: "It's all right! I've got my money back! The play can now proceed!"

"Hallwood's wife has such a sour disposition." "Yes, and he used to say she was the apple of his eye." "H'm! He must have meant a crabapple."—Chicago "Daily News."

He (who is just writing out cheque for dressmaker's bill)—These decollete dresses are disgraceful; they only reveal the depravity of the human heart. She—Come, now, you never saw me cut so low as all that!

"I don't think that women have always been vain; you know women were made before mirrors."

"And they've been before them ever since."—Baltimore "Herald."

A wonderful instance of presence of mind, which has caused considerable annoyance to Mr. Sousa, is reported from Chicago. A fire broke out at Lincoln School in that city. Upon seeing the flames one of the pupils coolly sat down at the piano and started playing a Sousa march, whereupon her fellow-schoolgirls at once marched out of the building.

Curious Bits of News.

At an inquest on a case of a suicide recently held in England, the foreman returned this remarkable verdict: "The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."

An Omaha woman has sued for divorce because her husband refused to put on dress clothes for dinner. He worked in a pork-packing house and his clothes "hummed" when he came home, but he said he was too tired to change. In Dakota divorces have been granted for wearing long toenails and eating biscuits in bed.

"Drink ruins many a home" was the maxim—together with the even more unpleasant "Nine out of every ten consumptives become so through drink"—that a Paris hatter found on labels stuck inside all his stock of hats. He had dismissed an assistant who was a very strong teetotaler. Hence the labels. A lawsuit is to follow.

The decline of man! Here is an advertisement in the "Age" (Melbourne), wherein a man wants a woman's billet, and is willing to accept a girl's wages to keep it: "Man respectable, steady, elderly, seeks home, town or country; pay 5s week; do housework, mind children; open till Wednesday next. Domestic, G.P.O."

Commandant Booth-Tucker reports (in "Social Service," New York) that the Salvation Army has made remarkable progress in the United States during the last six years. The number of officers, cadets and employees has grown from 2,034 to 3,048, and the money expended in charities from $200,000 to $480,000. Four years ago a Christmas dinner was provided for about 100,000; this year provision was made for no less than 250,000 persons.

A New York parson has rebuked the women of his congregation for wearing too large hats. He complained that some of the brims were so extended that he could not see the wearer's mouth to administer communion and narrowly missed pouring it into the side balcony of the hat. In Switzerland an unrepealed law forbids the wearing of hats more than 18 inches in diameter under a heavy penalty.

A placard reading, "Will not return until December 3," placed upon the door of a residence in West Philadelphia, was so informing to burglars that when the family did return at the date fixed they found the house ransacked, and silverware, jewelry and much clothing missing. The police were notified, but the thieves had not been so accommodating, and left no hints on their part.

At a beef-eating tournament at New York the other night Charles Obram defeated Patrick Divver, the former champion, by devouring seven pounds of steak at a short sitting. Divver was not in good condition. At the former contest he consumed fourteen pounds. At the present time the American gourmandizing championships in other edibles are held by the following: Oysters—Frederick Mackey of Kansas City, who devoured 100 in nine minutes. Pies—Samuel Jackson Suffern of New Jersey, who ate fourteen mince pies in nineteen minutes. Apples—Charles Haning Westwood of New Jersey, who consumed a barrel in one week. Apricots—Fink of New York, who ate ninety in seven minutes. Eggs—Franz Frederick of Williamsburg, who ate fifty in one hour.

Not the One.

A policeman picked up a lost boy in the street the other day, and after much coaxing the little lad remembered that he lived in a thoroughfare about a mile away. The constable took him to the number given, and as the door-bell was answered he said to the woman:

"I've brought your lost child home."

"I haven't lost any child," she answered.

"Isn't this your boy?"

"No."

"But he said he lived here."

"Well, he doesn't. I never saw him before."

"Are you sure? I have been to some trouble to bring him up here."

"Look here, sir!" she exclaimed, as she made a motion as if to spit on her hands, "don't you suppose I know my own kids."

"Why, yes, you ought to, but I've walked a mile to restore him to you, and—well, never mind. If you should change your mind and conclude he belongs to you, please send along to the station."—"Pick-Me-Up."

"Many a True Word Spoken in Jest."

Scene—The Club Smoking-room.

Old Hummerburg (with much gravity, between the puffs of his pipe)—Ach, I haf done a ferry derrible ting to-day.

Friend (startled)—Indeed! What's that?

Old Hummerburg (still more gravely)—I haf peen der means of many hondreds of beoples losing dere lifes.

Friend (more startled)—Bless my soul! What have you been doing—dealing in dynamite?

Old Hummerburg—No—vorser dan dat. I vas shtarting my son Carl in der medical profession.

"I say, ma, you know dat dose of codliver oil you said I had to take?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on an' gimme it. De fellers have made up a purse of a nickel ter watch me take it."—St. Louis Star.

A friend met Congressman Ruppert of New York and said: "Jake, I came away from home without any money this morning. Let me have a couple of dollars, will you? I want to get shaved." "Say," observed the Congressman as he handed over the money, "who shaves you—Pierpont Morgan?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Atlin Claim.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1903.

THE Miners' Champion, C. W. Sawers, Barrister and Solicitor, of Atlin, B.C., ever alert on behalf of the poor, down-trodden miner of Atlin, sees a chance to add another jewel to his crown of glory!

Some of Mr. Sawers local satellites have weaved a web over the recent Ruby creek stampede and domiciled Lawyer Sawers within its meshes, instructing him to find the miscreant who pirated the secrets of that august assembly, the British Columbia Government, whereby the discoverer got "a six-hours' start in a sleigh, before the appearance on the Official Notice Board of the 'notice,' apprising the public that Ruby creek was thrown open, and naturally got in on the ground floor first."

This "bug-a-boo" was used in the fight at the recent election, as against the Dominion Government, with what result is well known—nil. Now the seekers after righteousness have passed the moribund spectre over to Lawyer Sawers to try its shadowgraph effect upon the Provincial Legislature. Poor old Ruby creek, it is very sad that these scheming geniuses must drag you from your restful bed to make you play the injured innocence before the country's tribunal, and equally sad that such an easy cats-paw should be found to do the work.

ONTARIO is nothing if not a "Gamey" Province, and now its Legislature takes a rest to hunt down its big game. Too bad that Lawyer Sawers withdrew from Ontario to cast in his lot with western tombstones and sepulchers where there is nothing now but faded glory. What a chance he would have had to prove his ability to run to earth the "gamey" things that haunt the fields of Ontario politics. Like others of us, however, he failed to grasp the opportunity while he had it, so he must need hunt for rubies in British Columbia.

THE British Columbia Miners' Association has another feather in its cap, and has clearly shown that among its members there are men with brains and tact. The Conciliation Committee, which the Convention sent to Fernie, B.C., has completed its labors with honor to its members and credit to the Association. The strike is ended and work resumed.

William Dalby, of Victoria, has been appointed to succeed T. D. DesBrisay, resigned, as Mining Recorder, etc., at Bennett. The appointment has been gazetted.

MACHINERY.

Description of the Dredge to Be Used on Pine Creek

By the British-American Dredging Company. It will be one of the Most Complete Made.

To the Engineering & Mining Journal, of New York, we are indebted for the first authentic information concerning the dredge now being built for the British-American Co., for use on that Company's property in Atlin. The following account is from the last issue of that Journal:

"The dredge, which will be built by the Western Engineering & Construction Co., of San Francisco, will have all of the latest improvements, and will be operated entirely by electricity. The power will be generated by water, at point some two miles from the dredging ground, and will be transmitted there by wire. The dredging machine proper will be very similar to those in use in the Oroville district in California. The machinery includes buckets to take the mineral from the bottom, a steel hopper into which the gravel is emptied, revolving screens, a separate chute for carrying off large stones and boulders, and a sluice-box for saving the gold. The stone-chute will be of sufficient height and inclination to discharge the material clear of one side of the boat so that no obstruction can take place on account of the accumulation of tailings. The fine material will be carried off at first by sluices extending over the stern of the dredge. A tailings elevator will be provided when it becomes necessary to stack the tailings at a greater distance from the dredge. The Atlin gold is generally coarse and easy to save, but the dredge will be provided with finer screens and gold-saving tables, to be used if it should be found necessary.

The electric equipment, which is being supplied by the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., includes two 180 kw. belted alternators, which are to be driven by waterwheels; two type F., variable-speed induction motors, with controllers; two standard type C induction motors for driving the pump, one of 20 h-p and the other of 50 h-p, and a 15 h-p type C motor for operating screens.

Slowly But Surely.

J. P. Pearson, one of the shareholders of the Engineer Mining Company, recently returned to Skagway from the mine. He reports that the 3-compartment shaft is now down 20 feet and that it will only be a short time before the gallows may be raised and the trap set over the mouth. Mr. Pearson says that Supt. Moisan is doing the work with extreme care and that all the machinery and buildings are being placed with a view to thorough effectiveness and permanence.

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RAILROADING.

Vancouver Syndicate and the Coast-Yukon.

Benefit From Such a Road Into This District Will Be Very Great—A Mono-Railway.

Active arrangements are being made by a syndicate of prominent Vancouver business men, says the Vancouver Province, looking to the building of a railroad from Kitimat Inlet through the northern part of British Columbia and the Yukon to Dawson.

The Coast-Yukon is the name of the proposed line of railway, which is to start from the British Columbia coast, 400 miles north of Vancouver, and form an all-Canadian route to the Klondike. It is under this title that the Vancouver syndicate is applying for a charter and subsidy at the present session of Parliament.

By this proposed route, Kitimat is reached, by steamer, entirely through British waters, and the road, passing a narrow strip of the coast range, goes through 150 miles of the Bulkley and other valleys of the best agricultural lands in the Province. The whole distance to Teslin lake is about 400 miles, and it is claimed to be much easier than that over which Mackenzie & Mann planned to go at the first of the Klondike rush. The country contains not only big mining districts, but large wheat areas, and the promoters declare that as a Provincial proposition alone their plans promise successful returns.

The plan is one for the especial benefit of Vancouver and its business to the north. The promoters will ask for a subsidy to assist in financing the building of the line, or else that the Government take it over as a public utility—action in either case of great value to Vancouver and to Canadian trade in general.

"The building of the proposed line would not only be of the greatest possible benefit to the business of the west," said a Dawson business man, "but the undertaking is of national interest and importance. This line once built, the Alaska boundary question would be disposed of absolutely. The northern territory in dispute amounts to comparatively nothing in itself—the fight for possession along the disputed boundary is important because the result will show which country controls the gateway to the Yukon. With this railway built, everything would then be in the hands of Canadians, and instead of doing only 75 per cent of the Klondike trade as the merchants got last year, the entire trade will remain on the Canadian side where it belongs. Canadian coasting laws provide that American vessels cannot carry goods between two Canadian ports, and, shifting trade from Skagway to Kitimat as entry port, would mean that United States vessels would either go out of business or change their register."

According to statistics, 44,000 tons of freight were shipped into the Klondike last year, and an annual business to that extent would easily support such a line, pay interest and leave a 4 per cent dividend, all at a low freight rate. Today their is a much larger population in the Yukon than there was on the coast when the C. P. R. was built through from the east. There is absolutely no question as to the permanence of the Klondike, Whitehorse and the Atlin camps, to say nothing of the valuable districts which will be opened up when such transportation facilities are afforded as will be by the Coast-Yukon road.

Still another railroad, having designs on this part of the country, is about to seek incorporation at the present Parliamentary session. This will be known as the Mono-Railway & Electric Co. of Canada.

This is out of the way of the ordinary railway, being a "mono" or one rail railroad, and its principal claim for public suffrage is the fact that it can be constructed and operated under circumstances and conditions which would preclude the ordinary narrow or broad gauge steam railroad.

We have been favored with a copy of this company's prospectus, from which we take the following:

"The metalliferous area in British Columbia is very extensive, but owing to the mountainous character of the country the development of its mineral resources has been greatly retarded and in many instances made impossible by lack of transportation facilities. Many of these mineral districts are of low grade ores, and their development depends entirely upon a reasonably cheap transportation.

"The vast majority of these propositions are situated where they cannot at all be reached by standard steam railways, or where the construction and maintenance of such railways would be altogether too costly, which renders their application prohibitive.

"Our system of Mono-railways will cost on an average less than 50 per cent of the figure that the ordinary railroad would, and its maintenance and operating expenses are in no comparison at all with those of a regular railway.

"The Mono-railway will be constructed OVER snow-lines in places where the snowfall is liable to obstruct regular railways, thereby avoiding all interruption or blockades of traffic.

"Already many districts are available, and in fact waiting, in B. C. for the construction of our Mono-railway, and as soon as any one of these lines is finished and in operation a great demand for similar lines would be developed. The standard railway people, we feel assured, would not only be friendly to this enterprise, but in fact would hail with delight the advent of Mono-railways as in most instances they would act as feeders for their lines.

"No line of railway would be specifically mentioned in the Act of Incorporation, but power would be asked to build lines between any points—the approval of the Government, of course, being first obtained."

The motive power proposed to be used by this company is electricity, which can be generated by water power in almost any section of the Province. Roads of a similar construction, but operated by steam, have been in successful operation between Ballybanion and Listowel in Ireland for many years.

Provided there is sufficient encouragement there is a strong possibility of one of these Mono-railways being built in the near future into this district, by way of the Taku river, thence by Atlin lake to Atlin. Such a line, it is said, would be able to land freight in Atlin at from $30 to $40 cheaper than by the present route.

A Coast Cable.

The U. S. War Department has let a contract to the Safety Insulated Wire & Cable Co. of New York, to manufacture 1100 statute miles of submarine cable, to be delivered at Seattle at the earliest possible moment, in order to commence the work of laying the Seattle-Juneau cable. It is the desire of General Greely, Chief of the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army, to lay the cable during the coming season.

The cable ship, Burnside, which is now repairing at Hongkong, China, is being fitted out to lay the cable between Puget Sound and Port Lawton and other points in Alaska.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next Session for an Act authorizing the British American Dredging Company, Ltd., to divert and appropriate the waters of Pine Creek, in the District of Atlin, in the Province of British Columbia, at a Point above Pine Creek Falls about 300 feet, for the purpose of generating electric power, for the purpose of supplying the same to the mines and dredging operations along Pine Creek and the neighborhood thereof, and to charge tolls therefor.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN DREDGING COMPANY LIMITED.

mh21-8

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land for agricultural purposes: That parcel or tract of land situated in the Atlin Lake Mining Division, commencing at a post planted at the N.W. corner of Atlin Townsite, thence East 40 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.

E. P. QUEEN.

Dated at Atlin, B.C., this 6th day of March, 1903. mar7-8t

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described parcel or tract of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Atlinto River, thence 20 chains in a northerly direction along the shore of Taku Arm; thence 20 chains in an easterly direction; thence 20 chains in a southerly direction; thence 20 chains in a westerly direction, to the point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

T. Hinchcliffe.

Taku City, B. C., December 18th, 1902.

mr5-8t

Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.
SPECIALTIES IN
FANCY CAKES & PASTRY.
Fresh Bread, Rye Bread, etc.
CHAS. MYER, Proprietor.
Good Rooms to Rent—By the Day, Week or Month at reasonable rates.

LOUIS SCHULZ,
Wholesale and Retail Butcher
FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

C. DOELKER,
FRESH MEATS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Fish, Game in season and home made Sausage.
FIRST STREET, Atlin.

THE GRAND HOTEL
FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE NORTH. EVERYTHING CONDUCTED IN FIRST-CLASS MANNER.
French Restaurant in Connection.
A. R. McDONALD, PROPRIETOR.
Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

The Cardiff Giant.

Hon. Andrew D. White retells in the Century Magazine the story of the "Cardiff Giant," the most extraordinary hoax that ever showed the depth of human credulity. The external facts are that in the autumn of 1869 people were hastening from all over the country to a farm in central New York, to see the stone figure of a man of enormous size, lying at the bottom of a hole where it had apparently been found.

The facts in human nature that made the hoax possible were the surprising readiness of the public to be astonished and swindled; the nonsense of the pseudo-scientific, who pretended to fix the age of this stone man and surrounded him with all kinds of fictitious archæology; and the misguided religious zeal of people who thought this discovery confirmed the Biblical text, "There were giants in the earth in those days."

A syndicate was formed to exhibit the giant. This meant a careful organization of all the lies that tended to support the genuineness of the "discovery," and to defeat the sensible incredulity that began to set in as a reaction. The giant had been "found" in the course of sinking a well. People discovered that it was an unfavorable place for a well, and began to question why any man should have started to dig there. Then it was found that the owner of the farm had sent to a man in the West several thousand dollars of the money received for admission fees to the booth where the figure was exhibited. How came a small farmer to owe so much money?

Real science uttered its protest. Professor Marsh of Yale pronounced the giant a humbug. It was not an ancient statue, certainly not a petrified body. "The giant must have been recently buried," he said. "I am surprised that any scientific observers should not have detected at once the unmistakable evidence against its antiquity."

Meanwhile Mr. Barnum tried to purchase the "giant," but in vain. So he had a copy made so like the original that only an expert could tell them apart. The new statue was also exhibited as the Cardiff Giant, and the matter had begun to be a comedy with Barnum's eyes twinkling behind it.

Finally the truth came out. A man with a love of humor and a desire to test the extent of human credulity had deliberately set to work to dupe the public. He had chiseled this giant from a piece of stone that had blue veins in it—a great aid to the "petrified man" delusion—had pricked little pores all over his strange work of art, and had made grooves in it which looked like ruts worn by running water. Then he had shipped it to his brother-in-law, the New York farmer, who had sent his family away at the time, so they could swear they had first seen the giant resting in his "grave."

Although this celebrated hoax had long passed out of the public mind until Mr. White's article recalled it, the man who perpetrated the hoax was living until very recently. His death occurred only a few weeks ago.

Wanted Her Hat.

Not long ago a lady was choosing a winter hat, with the usual uncertainty of mind as to the kind of hat she wanted, or whether, indeed, she wanted a hat at all. After trying on nearly every model in the shop, she pounced with glee on one she had overlooked. "Here's something pretty!" she said; "why did you not show me this before?" Without waiting for an answer, she appealed to her patient friend. "There's some style about this, isn't there? How do I look?" The friend distinctly sniffed. "It makes you look a hundred, and it's very dowdy," she said. The other tried the hat at another angle. "It is rather dowdy," she admitted, at this juncture; "perhaps I won't risk it after all." A voice from behind her made its third attempt to gain a hearing. "If you've quite done with my hat," it said, very bitterly, "I should rather like to put it on."

A Strange Wooing.

The conductor of a train on a North Dakota railroad had just sat down to make up a fourth hand in a game of cards, when a widow who was complacently smoking her clay pipe moved down upon the quartette and said:

"Conductor, I don't want to disturb you, but I'm livin' just beyand Skinnersville."

"I'll see that you get off all right," he replied.

"But I ain't worryin' about that. I've got one hundred and sixty acres of land and a good cabin up thar'."

"I see."

"My ole man got drowned in B'ar River last y'ar, and I'm all alone."

"Yes'm."

"I'm powerfully busy when I'm home, but as it'll be three hours before I get thar' you might jest do me a favor."

"I will, ma'am. I understand what you want. I think the right sort of man is up at the front end of the car, and I'll speak to him."

Five minutes later he came back, followed by a man about forty years old, who looked like a farmer, and pausing beside the woman the conductor said:

"This is the man I was speaking about."

"Stranger, what mought be your name?" asked the woman as she moved along to make room.

"Judson, ma'am," he replied.

"And mine is Wolcott. Hev you ever be jined?"

"Yes; but I lost her two y'ars ago. She was bit by a snake."

"And my ole man was drowned. Would you jine agin?"

"Mebbe. Would you?"

"I kinder think I would. What's your age?"

"Forty-two. What's yours?"

"Jist forty-one yisterday. Ar' you a hard-workin', good-tempered man?"

"That's what they calls me. Guess you can run a house?"

"Fur shore. Ain't that ole reptile up thar' a preacher?"

"Looks to be. Shall we be jined?"

"You say so."

The "old reptile" turned out to be a preacher, and with the train running at thirty miles an hour and the passengers standing up in their seats to witness the ceremony, the twain were duly and lawfully made one, and every man kissed the happy bride.

This apology appears in a German newspaper: "I hereby retract the libel uttered by me against Frau Meyer, to the effect that she was wearing the same bonnet this year as she was last year, offer her my apologies. (Signed) Frau Henning."

When England is Swamped.

The geologist was entertaining the habitues of Mulcahey's with an interesting story about the gradual encroachment of the ocean upon the coast of Great Britain, says the New York "Tribune." Among other things, he told them that Father Neptune annually bit out and swallowed a tract of land off the east coast of the country named equal in extent to Gibraltar; that between Cornwall and the Scilly Isles a tract of 227 square miles has been gradually covered with the waters of the Atlantic; that in Yorkshire there are twelve towns which have been submerged within the memory of man, in Suffolk at least five; that visitors to Cromer, in Norfolk, are shown a rock far out in the ocean on which once stood a church which was then in the center of the village. So great, he said, has been this gradual, but steady, encroachment of the sea that the total area of England, which in 1807 was 32,590,307 acres, had in 1900 shrunk to 32,549,019 acres, a loss in that period of more than 40,000 acres. Thus, he explained, England is being swallowed up by the Atlantic at the rate of about 2,000 acres annually.

"How long will it take to swally up the hull dom country?" asked Mulcahey, who had been an intensely interested listener.

"Let me see," replied the geologist. "At the rate mentioned it will take about five hundred years to engulf a million acres, and in about sixteen billion years the whole of England will be under water."

"Bully for that," fervently exclaimed Mulcahey. "It serves 'em good an' right, bad cess to 'em. I only hope I'll live to see the day it comes to pass," and he went behind the bar to fill an order for the drinks.

"And is he married yet?"

"No, bedad—and a mighty good thing it is for his wife."—From "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

Criticism Disarmed.

A good instance of the truth of the saying that "a smart answer turneth away wrath" was heard, the other day, in a French painter's studio. The painter in question had a fixed rule that none of his pupils were to be allowed to smoke in his atelier. One day, however, he came into the room, and distinctly saw that one of the pupils had a lighted cigarette in his fingers, which he was endeavoring ineffectually to conceal. With a style of somewhat heavy banter the painter went up to him and remarked: "That is a curious kind of pencil that you have got there, my young friend. May I ask what you propose to draw with it?" "Clouds," was the ready answer, and the roar that went up from the other students plainly showed the artist that the sense of the house was against him.

The Pope's Life.

If the Pope should live until February, 1903, he will not merely have reigned longer than any other occupant of the Pontifical chair excepting St. Peter and Pius IX., but also have reached an age surpassed by only two of his predecessors, who exceeded ninety-three years: St. Agatho and St. Gregory. The Pope is almost a vegetarian. His early breakfast consists of a cup of chocolate or of cafe au lait, the milk being furnished by some goats presented to the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee. Two o'clock is the dinner hour, when the Pope partakes of a bouillon and a couple of eggs cooked in Bordeaux wine. The Pope rarely takes meat, but is very fond of salad—a dish which does not agree with him, but in which he indulges now and then, notwithstanding medical orders. Supper is served at ten, after which his Holiness retires, often working until the early hours in the morning.

"Belle said the other day when she saw you trying to get up such a desperate flirtation with Youngrox she could hardly keep her countenance. "She wouldn't if she could help herself."—Baltimore "American."

SHUBENACADIE'S FAMOUS CURE

STORY OF ALICE M. PARKER

How Bright's Disease was Vanquished by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mother of the Girl Tells the Story in Full

Terrible Struggle With Most Deadly of Kidney Diseases

Step by Step the Monster was Driven Back Till Medical Science Triumphed

(From Mail and Empire.)

Shubenacadie, Hants Co., N. S., Feb. 6.—(Special.)—This little town, which has been brought out of obscurity and thrust into the broad glare of public notice by the almost miraculous cure of a young girl of Bright's Disease, takes its new-found fame with a sort of mild surprise. All the village knows Alice Maud Parker, all thought that a few months ago she was sick beyond the hope of recovery, that Bright's Disease had her in its clutches, and once that monster had fastened on a victim the only release was death; and all know that to-day she is a comely maiden of fifteen, with health beaming from every feature and speaking in her every movement. And all have heard time and again that this remarkable change was brought about by that old reliable Canadian remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Yet is it with something like surprise that they hear the noise the cure has made in the outside world. The thing that has come as a revelation to the world has come on them day by day, so gradually that they fail to grasp its magnitude.

BEYOND ALL DOUBT.

But as to the cure itself. Of that there is no possible doubt. The facts are all easily obtained and can be sworn to, not only by the Parker family, but by a hundred other people who watched the girl gradually sinking into the grave, and saw her snatched from its very mouth.

It was Mrs. T. G. Parker that your correspondent found at home when he called. Mrs. Parker is a bright, intelligent woman, one whose brave and honest face tells that she could act quickly in an emergency, and whose every word and action show her honesty of purpose. Her face brightened when spoken to of her daughter's remarkable case.

"Yes," she said, emphatically, "my daughter had Bright's Disease in its worst stage. Two of the best doctors in this vicinity gave her up to die. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her." Asked to begin at the beginning, and tell the complete story of the case, she complied willingly, for she felt, she said, that all the world should know how her daughter escaped from the supposedly fatal Bright's Disease, and that she owed her escape to Dodd's Kidney Pills, and to no other agency.

THE MOTHER'S STORY

"Alice," Mrs. Parker began, "was always a delicate child from her birth. When she was twelve years old she was not any larger than an ordinary child would be at eight years old. But like many delicate children, Alice pulled along as delicate children will, till July, 1900. She was then thirteen years old. On July 7th she was taken seriously ill. Her eyelids swelled till she could hardly see, her legs swelled from her ankles to her knees. I took her to a doctor, and he said she had Bright's Disease, and could not live long. The doctor tended her for about six weeks, but as she grew worse, I stopped the doctor and tried different kinds of patent medicines. But all the time she just got worse and worse. Her sufferings had by this time become so great that I again turned to the doctors. This time I tried another one. He had no hesitation in pronouncing her disease Bright's Disease of the worst kind.

BELT MEASURED 48 INCHES.

"By this time Alice was in a terrible state. Her belt in health measured twenty inches. When she was at her worst it was forty-eight inches. Her flesh was hard and looked ready to burst. The doctor, who was a very nice man, said he could not do anything. It looked as if all that was left for my daughter was to go on suffering till death came to her relief.

"She was in this terrible state when she chanced to read some testimonials as to what Dodd's Kidney Pills had done for others. She showed them to me, and I grasped at this last chance to help her, as a drowning man grasps at a straw.

HOW THE CURE BEGAN.

"She began taking Dodd's Kidney Pills on November 25th, and before she had finished the first box I could see a change for the better. By December 19th there was a marked improvement in her condition, but there was a large gathering across the small of her back and ready to lance. When it was opened it emitted a quart of matter, besides blood and water. Again we feared for her life, and again the doctor warned me that she might die at any moment. But my faith in Dodd's Kidney Pills had grown, and all through that long winter she took them regularly, and under the treatment continued to gain in strength till by April her back was well, and the swelling had all left her, though her urine when tested was milkey and at times it would curdle.

"Still she was vastly improved, and I was greatly encouraged, and continued to give her the Pills till November, when she appeared to be perfectly well, and was growing faster than she had done in years."

A NEARLY FATAL MISTAKE.

At this point Mrs. Parker nearly made a fatal mistake. She stopped the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills before the disease had been thoroughly cleared out of the system. There could only be one result. The Bright's Disease gradually regained its hold on its victim. "And," said Mrs. Parker, continuing, "to our great surprise, in January, 1902, the swelling came back.

"This time, though, I knew what to do. I sent at once for six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. She began at once to take them, and gradually the dread monster fell back before the great remedy. By the time she had taken four boxes the swelling began to leave. This time I made no mistake. I kept right on with the treatment till every vestige of the disease had disappeared, till my daughter was given back to me, not as the puny, delicate child she was before her sickness, but as you see her now, a big, strong, healthy girl of fifteen, full of vim and go, ready to hold her own in the struggles of life.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DID IT.

"And all this I charge to Dodd's Kidney Pills, and to nothing else. The doctors told me my daughter could not live. When they knew I was giving her Dodd's Kidney Pills, they said that if they cured her it would be one of the greatest miracles in the world, for the like had never been in this province or anywhere else. And Dodd's Kidney Pills did cure her. I gave her 70 boxes of them altogether, but they gave her life in return, and I feel that I cannot say enough for Dodd's Kidney Pills."

THE SUMMING UP.

This is the story of the famous Bright's Disease cure, as told by the mother of the sufferer herself. There can be no doubt as to the truth of the story. Scores of people corroborate it. The case was thoroughly diagnosed by skilled physicians, who unhesitatingly pronounced it Bright's Disease.

Neither can there be any doubt as to what caused the cure. It was Dodd's Kidney Pills. For, after the doctors had given the patient up for lost, Dodd's Kidney Pills were the only medicine used. The fact remains that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured Bright's Disease. And if Dodd's Kidney Pills can and do cure Bright's Disease, which is the worst stage of Kidney Disease, how sure must it be that they are a sovereign remedy for those earlier stages of Kidney Disease, from which thousands of the Canadian people are suffering?

ALICE MAUD PARKER.
Whose remarkable recovery from Bright's Disease has set all Canada talking.

"PIDGIN ENGLISH."

Those who are chiefly acquainted with "pidgin" English through the medium of comic opera and Bret Harte's dialect poems would be surprised to find how different is the language which forms the sole medium of communication between European and native when encountered in its natural environment.

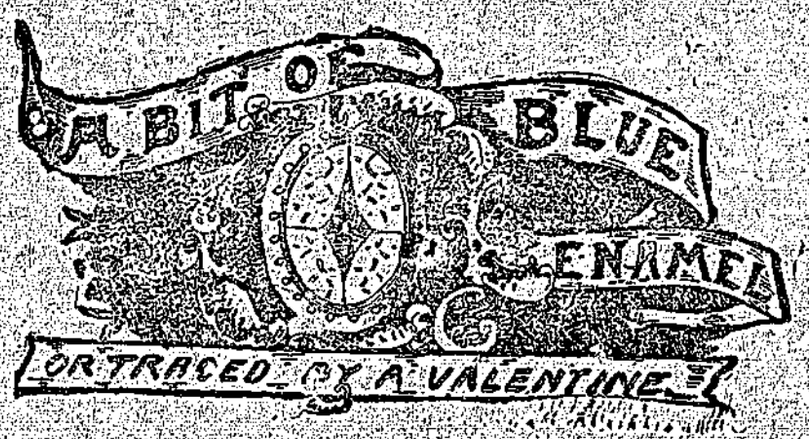
Pidgin (literally business) English, says The Pall Mall Gazette, is made up of idiom, of words derived from English, French, Portuguese, and a few other languages, with the addition of a dozen or so expressions of which the origin is untraceable. Although of somewhat nursery sound and circumlocution, most of the phrases in ordinary use, as well as those which the Chinaman will invent on the spur of the moment, are remarkably expressive, far more so than their English equivalents. Thus "savvy," obtained, of course, from the French, is used not only in the obvious sense of "know," but further to indicate gumption, occasionally craft, as, for example, "Boy have plenty savvy," implying the person under discussion would act wisely; or, again, "Me thinkee he too muchee savvy," to convey the idea of one whose acuteness verges on cunning. "Look see," of which the ordinary meaning is obvious, is also fairly expressive when used to indicate mere external show. "Allo look see pidgin," summing up the person whose business in life is to make a good appearance. But the chief interest of this language undoubtedly centres around the peculiar use of idiom. "Always" is rendered "any time" (which is far more reasonable) and never as "any time no." "You are never to do so," for example, would be expressed by "Any time no can do so fashion."

"Who" and "what," curiously enough, are always accompanied by the noun: "Who man?" "What thing?" The latter, however, may mean also "What is the matter?" Again, the adverb "so" invariably replaces "that" as "He talkee so he no manchee that pidgin." "How" becomes "What fashion?" and "Very" "too." "My" stands for I, me, my, mine, and "he" for both genders and all cases. The use of the word "b'long" in place of the verb to be is one of the things which cannot be explained, but is practically universal, while "can," to show futurity, is equally peculiar. "What time you can go?" means "What time will you go?" "He can walkee" he will start. The qualifying word "side" is added to the name of any place without exception, thus a Chinaman speaks of "England side," "Japan side," "topside" (upstairs), and so forth. The use of "chance" for "profit" is certainly surprising, for no allusion to the doubtful result of speculation or trade is intended, and among other amusing peculiarities may be mentioned "Number one" as the universal superlative; Number one good or bad, best or worst, and a "Number one" person, meaning a chief official. "Number one topside yoss pidgin man" is bishop; "number one topside soldierman" is general officer commanding. "Two piecee" means two. "Cathchee plenty face," to obtain or make a position of dignity.

Ladies appreciate the conventionalities which surround calling language. When the front door bell is answered the visitor inquires, "Missisee have got?" to which the answer is "Have got," at home. "No got" is not receiving to-day, or "Have go out." "Chop-chop," be quick; "mau-mau," go slowly; "chin-chin" and "chow," are, of course, Chinese words, pure and simple. Bhobbery—angry; tiffin—lunch, and chit—a letter or check, are all Hindustani introduced by early traders with previous Indian experience. Godown, for warehouse, may also be traced to the same origin, as it was formerly the custom to store goods in vaults, to which the merchant had literally to go down when he wished to handle his stock.

"Maskee," never mind, is Portuguese, and from the same language various words less in use are culled and are specially to be met among the Eurasian population which represents mixed marriage of European and native, and with whom, very naturally, a bastard tongue, neither ordinary pidgin nor Portuguese, prevails. Pidgin is easy to acquire, but takes a little while to follow among persons speaking rapidly. It is rather curious that where French or Germans settle in treaty ports they converse with natives in the vulgar tongue of neither party, but in this dialect, which has to be acquired by both.

The republication in English of the famous essay of the great French mathematician, Laplace, on the theory of probabilities serves to recall the harm that has resulted from a lack of general information on this subject. The confirmed gambler and the reckless speculator do not know how continually they fly in the face of the teachings of science. A recent reviewer remarks: "If in a game of even chances red turns up twenty times in succession, it is still an even chance whether red or black turns up on the twenty-first time; but no amount of mathematical reasoning will enable the gambler to realize that a previous run of bad luck gives no grounds for the expectation of recovering his losses by a run of good luck in the future." It was partly to combat the superstitions of gamblers and others that Laplace wrote his essay.



long black hair streaming down to her waist, her whole frame trembling with convulsive sobs as she wound her arms round Edgar's neck, and seemed, by her gestures, to be imploring something which he roughly and sternly refused.

In a little group at the other end of the hall, were the servants, whose countenances showed plainly enough they were the accomplices of their pretended masters.

Marjorie was alone in that house with a gang of thieves as cunning and desperate as any in all England.

Suddenly Hyde said something in a tone of stern command, which caused a general movement to be made towards the stairs.

Marjorie, her heart beating as though it would leap out of her bosom with fright, stole back to her chamber, and closed and locked the door.

Scarce had she done this, however, before a frenzied shriek from Madeline made her venture forth again.

She heard strange voices—she heard one, loud, stern, authoritative voice exclaim—

"Consider yourselves under arrest, everyone of you. Attempt to move and I fire!"

A horrible fascination drew her to the top of the stairs again; and now she saw that a crowd of constables—ten or a dozen at least—thronged the hall.

A cry from Madeline made her look at Edgar Hyde.

He was in the act of flinging away a small phial, which he had just raised to his lips and drained to the dregs.

The next moment he sank, with a heavy thud, upon the tiled floor of the hall.

"Good God! he's poisoned himself!" exclaimed one of the policemen, while Madeline's shrieks rang all through the house.

Someone stooped over him and raised him, but the other policemen coolly secured their prisoners.

The handcuffs were put on Charles Hyde almost at once.

Marjorie saw this with a bursting heart, then a merciful insensibility overwhelmed her—she fell fainting to the floor.

CHAPTER XI.

Madeline's Story.

When she recovered consciousness she was lying on her bed, and Madeline was bending over her with a face so white, so haggard, so drawn with misery, that, for a moment, Marjorie scarce recognized it.

"Madeline!" she murmured, faintly, reaching out her hand, "What is the matter? What has happened?"

And then a recollection of that fearful scene in the hall swept over her numbed brain.

She moaned, and buried her face in the bed clothes.

Madeline sat silent and rigid in the chair beside the bed.

She seemed to have no word to say—either of comfort or of explanation.

Presently Marjorie raised herself, and looked at her.

"Madeline, why don't you speak to me? I am miserable as well as you. Tell me—oh, tell me all the truth! Those people—are they all thieves?"

"Yes."

The monosyllable fell from Madeline's pale lips slowly, and as though it hurt her.

"And you ——" Marjorie began, then stopped suddenly, not knowing how to frame the question.

"What am I? you would say," exclaimed Madeline, passionately. "Oh, don't scruple to ask what questions you choose, Marjorie. I will answer them all now. I am the daughter of one thief and the wife of another. I am not a thief myself—I have not fallen quite so low as that. But I am one of the gang—I have known their guilty plans—I have been accessory to them all. The police have exempted me from arrest simply because, as a wife, I was not bound to denounce my husband's crimes!"

"A wife!" exclaimed Marjorie, in amazement, as soon as Madeline paused for breath.

"Yes, I am Edgar's wife—or was. God help me! I am his widow now!"

"Then he is dead?" cried Marjorie, in horror.

"Yes, he is dead," said Madeline, resuming her stony calm. "He took poison before the police could touch him. He died, and I, who loved him so—ah, heaven! how I loved him!—I, even I, am thankful for it!"

Her head sank upon her bosom, and a dry, tearless sob convulsed her frame.

Marjorie put forth her hand, and touched her gently.

"Poor Madeline!" she said. "I am so sorry for you!"

At that kind word the unhappy creature fell into a storm of agony terrible to witness.

Her tears came in a flood, and her frame was racked with sobs.

Marjorie was frightened—never in her life had she witnessed such emotion as this.

But it did good.

It was more natural than that stony calm, and outraged nature was appeased by it.

Beneath Marjorie's sympathy and tenderness the wretched Madeline grew calm at last.

And then, in a broken voice, she began to try to tell her her whole sad story.

"My father"—and she shuddered as she spoke that word—"has been a thief ever since I was a little child. But I have not lived with him all my life. My mother and he had quarreled, and I lived with her until she died. Then I was sixteen, and my father fetched me to live with him. He told me he wanted me in his business and, little by little, I began to see what that business was.

"He was no common thief, Marjorie, there was a diabolical cunning and cleverness in all he did. I had been well educated—as, indeed, he himself was—and he wanted me to help him to get the entree into the great houses he meant to rob. This I would never do, and he was fearfully angry with me, for he had a frightful temper when roused, for all his bland, pleasant looks. He said he wanted a woman in the business, and when I kept resisting he planned a cruel thing to bring me to his will."

"What was it?" questioned Marjorie.

"He threw me into the company of Edgar Monson—for Edgar's name was not Hyde, I must tell you; he was not my father's nephew, no relation at all, neither is Charles, Edgar's brother. They were both simply members of the gang."

Again she paused, then went on in a broken voice, and with many tears:

"I know now that Edgar was deliberately set to employ every artifice to make me love him. He was represented in the best light to me. He won my sympathy, and, at last, my heart. How I loved him I could never tell you! I think that never in this world has man been loved by woman as he was loved by me. Well, I married him—not quite a year ago. He swore he would break with the gang, reform, go abroad with me, and live an honest life. I believed him—and a week after the marriage he laughed and boasted of the ruse he had adopted to bind me to him! I remember his very words—they burnt themselves into my heart.

"'No! No! my pretty one,' he said. 'It is you I am going to reform. I am going to so train you that you shall be the queen and head of the cleverest and richest gang of thieves in England.'

"He did not do that, Marjorie. Try as he might, he could not bend me to his will. I hated and dreaded their vile pursuits too much for that. But I went on loving him—I couldn't help myself. I loved him even though I soon saw he had ceased to care for me. Oh, what I have suffered—oh, Marjorie! Marjorie!"

Again she was convulsed with sobs, and again Marjorie soothed her with all the tender sympathy a woman's heart can show a sister in distress.

After a few minutes had thus passed, she resumed her narrative:

"We came here—to this house—about six weeks ago. Their object was to rob Sir Edward Mortimer. All the plate and jewels are kept on the premises there, and they expected a more than ordinarily rich booty.

"To achieve this, no expense was spared. This house was taken furnished; the servants were all members of the gang. We had been here only a short time, when he—my father—met with you. He had always said that a woman, young, and beautiful, and well-educated, would be invaluable to them; and it was his purpose to try to win you over. He showed you an advertisement which he pretended was his, and you believed him and came."

"Ah!" exclaimed Marjorie, in horror. "Who could have suspected that a man who looked and spoke as he did, could have been so vile!"

"His pleasant countenance has been his capital always," said Madeline, bitterly, "and he has traded on it to the uttermost. With a view to impressing you favorably, he has assumed the appearance of great benevolence and piety, and this would have continued till he felt you were in his power.

"You were so young and so completely friendless that he made sure of winning you over in the end. You were to be tricked, as I was, through your affections. Charles had orders to do everything in his power to make you fall in love with him."

Again an involuntary exclamation burst from Marjorie's lips.

She saw the whole vile plot now from beginning to end.

Her cheek crimsoned, and then again turned pale.

"I did all I could, Marjorie, to save you from the snare," said Madeline, gazing on her very mournfully. "I dared not betray them, I dared not tell you the truth, but you remember how, whenever I could, I warned you against Charles. I hinted to you over and over again that he was unworthy of your love."

"Yes, I remember," acknowledged Marjorie; "and I thank you. It was not your fault that I wouldn't take your warning. Oh, Madeline, if I had! if I only had!"

And then, unable to bear her misery with calmness, she gave way utterly, and broke into tears.

"Dear Marjorie, don't grieve for him. He isn't worth one thought from your pure heart. Forgive me, darling, that I didn't tell you all the truth in time."

"I have only myself to blame," sobbed Marjorie. "You warned me enough, I ought to have believed you."

After a time she calmed herself, and turned to Madeline with gentle resolution.

"Go on, Madeline, tell me all."

"There is not much more to tell—not much that you can't guess at, or that you don't already know. Last week they made an attempt on Mortimer House. It failed, and they resolved to try again, so bold and desperate they were. They made the effort again; it failed; they were pursued, although they thought they had got clear away, and were followed here. In my heart I had felt sure that would be the end of it. Something within me seemed to prophecy it would come to this."

"Madeline, you were imploring something from—from Edgar in the drawing-room before you came to bed. I heard you by accident. What was it you were asking him, dear?"

"To give up the plan, not to go out to-night. I told him how full my heart was of the belief that it would end in something terrible. I intreated him, if not for myself, yet for the sake of his unborn child."

"His child!" exclaimed Marjorie, with a sudden burst of tender pity. "Oh, Madeline!"

"Yes, Marjorie. I have that to look forward to. You may judge whether I look forward to it with joy. I hope my baby will die. Why should it live, poor innocent? A murderer's child!"

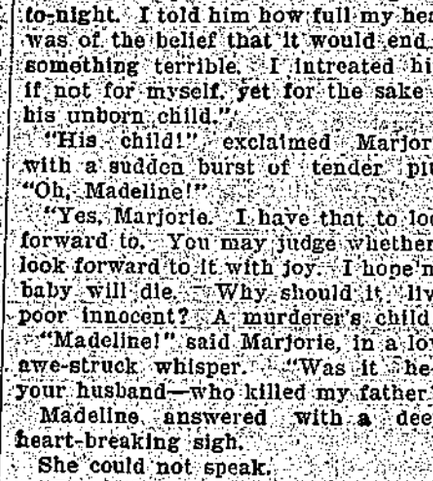
"Madeline!" said Marjorie, in a low, awe-struck whisper. "Was it he—your husband—who killed my father?"

Madeline answered with a deep, heart-breaking sigh.

She could not speak.

"Then that was what you meant when you said you might, some day, ask me to give you a life for a life," cried Marjorie. "You were thinking of him—of what might happen if I discovered his crime."

"Yes, that was what I meant. Oh, Marjorie, what I have suffered! Ever since you recognized that locket, my life has been an agony. I had never dreamed he had murder on his soul; desperate though I knew him to be, I had never suspected that. You, perhaps, remember that, the very next day, I was taken ill—so ill that I couldn't get up. It was the anguish of my mind that threw me into a fever. I have been in misery ever since—in hourly misery and dread."



"And you are sure he was guilty!"

"He confessed it before he died," wailed Madeline. "Oh, Marjorie, how can you be so tender to me, his wretched widow? Your kindness kills me—it breaks my heart!"

For Marjorie had got her arms round her now, and was pillowing her head upon her own aching heart.

"Surely," she said, within herself, with a cruel pang, "we are sisters in misery, we two. She told me it would be better for me to die than to give my love to one who was unworthy. I did not heed her then; but, oh, I feel it now!"

Aloud she said, very softly and sweetly:

"Did you not risk your life for mine? And are we not sisters in suffering? Oh, Madeline!"

And then those two unhappy creatures clasped each other more closely still, and mingled their tears together.

CHAPTER XII.

St. Valentines Day.

Terribly dawned that St. Valentine's Day for Marjorie.

When the sun rose she was standing beside her bedroom window looking, mournfully across the frozen lake, and feeling half tempted to wish she had found her death there.

Life was so full of misery. There was nothing to hope for.

Her heart was aching with a dull, dreary pain, as she thought of the frank, smiling face she had loved so well; and, apart from that source of misery, what was to become of her? Where was she to go?

She could not even be sure that she might not yet be arrested as an accomplice of the thieves.

She had been more than a fortnight in their house, and who was there to prove her innocence?

Filled with such thoughts as these, she turned away from the window with a heavy sigh; and, having completed her toilette, went slowly downstairs, scarce knowing which room to enter, or what to do.

Madeline, worn out with grief, had fallen asleep an hour ago, and there was no one else in the house save a couple of police officers, who had been left in charge.

One of these was in the hall.

He spoke very civilly to the pale, trembling girl, and told her there was a fire in the dining-room, where she might be quite alone if she wished.

She thanked him gratefully, but had been seated at the fire scarcely five minutes before he tapped at the door, and announced:

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

Marjorie rose with a start, to find herself face to face with the handsome, grey-eyed man she had seen in the wood when she was walking with Charles—Sir Edward Mortimer.

He came forward with an air of great respect, and yet with the most evident and earnest sympathy as well.

"If I am intruding, please pardon me," he said, in a clear, cultured voice. "But your position here is so very trying that I felt bound to come and tell you how deeply we sympathize with you—my sisters and I, I mean—and how anxious we are to be of service, if you will allow us."

He paused, then added:

"I think you perhaps may know who I am; my name is Mortimer."

"Sir Edward Mortimer—yes, I know, indeed, I can't find words to thank you. You are only too kind. I wish I could make you understand how much I feel your kindness shown at such a time."

And then a recollection of her misery, and of her utter loneliness, swept over her, and she could not repress her tears.

They flowed down her pale cheeks.

She was compelled to raise her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Don't cry," said Sir Edward, so very earnestly, and with so much feeling, that the poor girl only cried the more.

"It is so very kind of you!" she sobbed. "I thought everyone would mistrust and misjudge me!"

Gently taking her hand, he led her back to her chair, and sat down near her.

"My dear Miss St. Clair, what I have to suggest, or rather to earnestly entreat, is that you will make my house your home—at any rate, until something can be settled for your future. My sisters wish this very much, and they would have come to you themselves, but they are both suffering from such bad colds that I wouldn't hear of them going out. They are longing to welcome you. May I have the pleasure of telling them you will be their guest?"

Marjorie raised her sweet, lustrous eyes, still wet with tears, and gave him an earnest, grateful glance.

"If I knew how to thank you, I would," she said; "but, indeed, I do not. Your kindness is so very great, I was fearing that——"

She paused, and colored deeply.

"You feared that people might be such fools as to imagine you were in league with those scoundrels. Is that what you would say, Miss St. Clair? Dismiss the idea from your mind if it has really entered it. When I saw you that day in the wood, I was cer-

(Continued on page 7.)

NOW IS THE TIME

To use **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.** It is an antiseptic, healing dressing, applied directly to the diseased surface by the patient himself, who blows the powder through a tube into his nostrils. The cure dates from the first puff.

You needn't snuffle from colds or hay fever if you have the catarrhal powder in the house. Cures a headache in ten minutes.

Rev. J. L. MURDOCK writes "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for the last two months and am now completely cured of Catarrh, of five years' standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me within five minutes."

Dr. Agnew's Pills

costing 10 cents for forty doses, two-fifths the price of other first-class pills, first cleanse and then cure the bowels and liver forever. 1

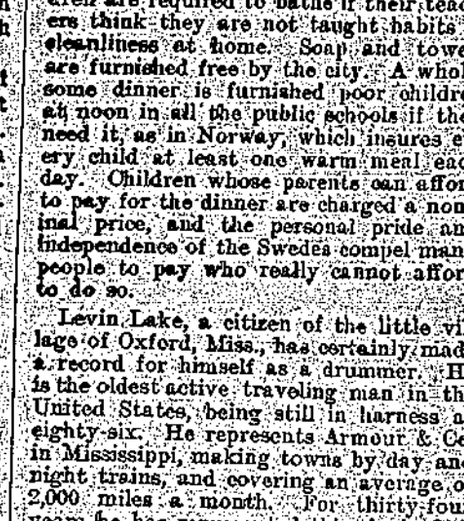
Interesting Items.

Charles Rothschild has perhaps the most curious museum of any collector in Europe. At Tring Park he keeps thousands and thousands of fleas. The museum is in charge of Doctor Jordan. Every animal and bird has its particular kind of flea. Very many have several different kinds. It clearly follows that the gathering of fleas affords diverse material for the collector. In the Rothschild collection is one mole flea (Hystrichopsylla talpae), a fifth of an inch in length.

The Italian Government has erected along the Swiss-Italian frontier many miles of metallic netting, hung with bells. The object is to prevent contrabandists sending over the frontier dogs and other animals loaded with dutiable goods—a plan that has proved profitable to smugglers in the past, as it was carried on mainly when guards could not see. The dogs are trained to carry their loads to the accomplices of the smugglers on the other side of the line. The netting has not yet been carried the entire length of the frontier, but will soon be completed.

Stockholm claims the largest schoolhouse in the world, which has accommodations for 2,870 children. In the basement are 100 bathrooms, where the children are required to bathe if their teachers think they are not taught habits of cleanliness at home. Soap and towels are furnished free by the city. A wholesome dinner is furnished poor children at noon in all the public schools if they need it, as in Norway, which insures every child at least one warm meal each day. Children whose parents can afford to pay for the dinner are charged a nominal price, and the personal pride and independence of the Swedes compel many people to pay who really cannot afford to do so.

Levin Lake, a citizen of the little village of Oxford, Miss., has certainly made a record for himself as a drummer. He is the oldest active traveling man in the United States, being still in harness at eighty-six. He represents Armour & Co. in Mississippi, making towns by day and night trains, and covering an average of 2,000 miles a month. For thirty-four years he has represented this single Chicago house; has made few sales that proved bad accounts; was a traveler on the first railroad train ever run in the United States; never took a drink of liquor, played a game of cards, or tasted tobacco; has not eaten more than two meals a day for thirty years; and is the oldest Mason in Mississippi.



The Gate to Health

is a hale heart, and the better the blood pump the more vigorous the vitality.

Some know they have weak hearts; others only know that they're ill and don't suspect the heart.

But cure the heart cures every part. No heart is too sound; ninety-nine out of a hundred are disordered or diseased.

Doctors do not get to the heart of the subject; to be effective that is what medicine must do.

Dr. AGNEW'S HEART CURE

enthrones health where disease reigned, in the great center of the system, the heart. Then good blood pumps in full measure, sends new life quivering through every organ and tissue of the body. It means new courage, new cheer, a new lease of life.

Dr. AGNEW'S PILLS

scavengers of the digestive system and healers of the disordered apparatus. Purely vegetable and mild, forty doses for ten cents. One-fifth the price of the next best competing pill. 18

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

St. Martin's Church, cor. Third and Trainer streets. Sunday services, Matins at 11 a. m., Evensong 7:30 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion, 1st Sunday in each month and on Special occasions. Sunday School, Sunday at 2 p. m. Committee Meetings, 1st Thursday in each month.

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church hold services in the Church on Second Street. Morning service at 11 evening service 7:30. Sunday School at the close of the morning service. Rev. E. Turkington, Minister. Free Reading Room, to which all are welcome.

WANTED—Correspondents in every section of the district. Enquire at the CLAIM for particulars.

Mrs. and Miss Mollineaux and D. G. Stewart, Miss Stewart and Miss Ashton from the Old Country, arrived last Sunday.

The Discovery Hockey Club intend giving a Grand Ball in the Nugget Hotel, on Easter Monday night, April 13th. Admission, gentlemen, $1.00; ladies, free.

Messrs. Dockrill and Pearse, delegates to the Miners' Convention, returned on Monday.

Let your Light so shine.—Use Eocene Coal Oil. For sale at McDonald's Grocery.

Cambridge won the boat race this week.

Sixty-five cents per pair Ladies' Misses' and Boys' Rubbers at Blackett & Co.'s

Johnstone & Son are said to have a veritable bank on Boulder creek.

Fresh stock of Imported and Domestic Cigars at C. R. Bourne's.

Black & Co. have struck some of the richest pay found on Boulder.

Oranges, Lemons and Apples—McDonald's Grocery.

Tom Sageman and W. Ferguson came in on their bikes on Wednesday.

For your Mining Candles and dynamite go to Fraser & Co's.

G. H. Ford has installed a new pump in connection with his bathroom and baths may be had at any time. The accommodation of the O. K. Barber Shop and Bath House is second to none in the country.

Enjoy your Lenten fast and get some fine Finnan Haddies or Salt Mackerel at McDonald's Grocery.

Improvements being the order of the day, the Grand Hotel is making improvements which will be much appreciated by the guests of this popular hotel.

Blue Ribbon Coffee is absolutely pure.—It is sold in all the stores in Atlin.

The Committee of the Discovery Hockey Club will spare no pains to make the Easter Monday dance a success and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

F. T. Hamshaw, Manager of the McKee Creek Consolidated, Ltd., was to leave Seattle about the 1st inst, for Atlin, with a party of seven, to commence operations on McKee.

For a good square meal go to the Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.

Fred W. Parker, brother of Mr. Parker of Spruce, and George Ald came in Wednesday.

The first of the season's crop of oranges at E. L. Pillman & Co.'s.

The Carnival given on Thursday evening in aid of the Churches, was no less a success than its predecessors and a nice little surplus was available for distribution. Space forbids us from mentioning other than the prize winners, although there were many excellent costumes and caricatures. Mrs. Costigan, as Dolly Varden, and Dell Lewis, as Mephistopheles, took the prizes for best dressed characters; Mrs. Rant, Pierette, and Ben Nicol, Nigger Minstrel, best comic characters; children, Village Doctor, Erma Blackett, and a "Hayseed," Walter Blackett.

Full line of Wall Paper at E. L. Pillman & Co.'s.

Satisfactory reports have been received regarding the development of the White Moose property.

Famous Moosehead Brand, Oil tan Shoe Packs, just arrived at Blackett & Co.'s.

This is good time to subscribe for the CLAIM, a new and interesting story, entitled, "To Set Her Free," by Florence Warden, author of "The House on the Marsh," etc., will begin next week.

Messrs. Garrison & Co., on Spruce, about 50 below, are well satisfied with what there is in sight from their 130 feet of drifting work.

There is more solid comfort in a cup of Blue Ribbon Tea than in a gallon of most beverages.

The Annual Meeting of the Atlin District Liberal Association will be held at McDonald's Hotel, Discovery, on Friday evening, 10th inst, at 8 p.m. All Liberals are requested to attend.

New Stock of Garden and Flower Seeds at C. R. Bourne's.

R. A. Jackson, late manager of the Atlin Lake Mining Co., left Skagway last Saturday on the Princess May, for Vancouver. Mr. Jackson expects to return about the first of next month.

Subscribe for the CLAIM, and get your friends to subscribe.

Jack Letherdale and W. Bartrim have gone down to McKee to work on the property of the Atlin Mining Co., pending the opening of operations on the Blue Canyon and Otter Creek respectively.

MACHINERY FOR SALE—A complete hoisting and pumping plant; has only been in use about a month.—For terms, apply to O. Belliveau, Gold Run, or to this office. This is one of the finest rigs in the country.

Archie Shiels, Secretary of the Alaska Development Co. of Kayak, Alaska, is spending a short vacation in Vancouver.

For the finest Fresh Ranch Eggs go to McDonald's Grocery.

A. F. & A. M.—Notice to all sojourning brethern—A meeting for mutual benefit will be held on 1st Thursday in each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Atlin, B. C., to which all brethern in good standing are cordially invited.

New and fresh goods arriving every week for A. S. Cross & Co.

Coroner Thain was notified of the sudden death of a laborer at Log Cabin, yesterday. An inquest was not considered necessary.

IMPORTANT

We beg to quote the following Cash Prices until Further Notice:

Ogilvie Flour, per sack	$3.50	D G Sugar, per lb	.10 c.
Patent, do do	3.50	Agen Butter, 1-lb tins	.50 c.
Cream, Hotel size, per doz	5.00	Cornmeal, 10lb sack	.85 c.
do Family size do	2.50	do. 50lb sack	3.75
Milk, Reindeer do	2.25	Beans, 12 lbs	1.00
Clams, per doz	2.75	Rolled Oats, B & K	.65 c.
Canned Corn, per doz	2.50	Blue Ribbon Tea, per lb	.50 c.
Peas do	2.25	T & B Cut Tobacco, do	$1.00
Beans do	2.25	do Chewing do	.75 c.
Tomatoes do	3.75	Ovo, per tin	.75 c.
C & B Jams, 1-lb tins, per doz	3.50	Salmon, per doz	2.25

☛ ALL OTHER GROCERIES REDUCED

Big Bargains still left in Dry Goods and Men's Furnishings.

Fine All-Wool Silver Gray Blankets, 10, 12 and 14 pounds, for 55 cents a pound.

BLACKETT & CO.

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors.

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

Vancouver General Store,

Dealers in Provisions, Dry Goods, Etc.,

A. S. Cross & Co.

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

In Lead Packets of ½-lb and 1-lb each.

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

KELLY, DOUGLAS & Co., Wholesale Grocers, VANCOUVER, B.C

J. M. Ruffner, accompanied by two of his brothers, came in last night, via Caribou.

Claims 13 and 14 below on Spruce are being offered for sale in Vancouver, through a 4-inch double column add in the Province.

Now is the time to order your printed Stationery—Letter Heads, Account Forms, Statements or Envelopes — The CLAIM Office can supply your wants.

Spring Cleaning—Get your Wall Paper and House Lining from J. A. Fraser & Co.

Mesdames Wrong and Short have opened the Discovery Laundry and we bespeak for them a liberal patronage.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest temperature recorded for the week ending 3rd inst, is as follows:

March 28	.	23 above
, 29	.	10 ,
, 30	.	22 ,
, 31	.	23 ,
April 1	.	20 ,
, 2	.	25 ,
, 3	.	17 ,

Subscribe for the ATLIN CLAIM and get your friends to subscribe.

Important Meeting,

A meeting of the local B. C. Miners' Asociation will be held in the Nugget Hall, Discovery, on Wednesday, 8th inst., at 8 p.m., to receive the report of the Delegates. All members should attend.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

Rough, up to 8 inches, $35.
do do 10 ,, 40.
do do 12 ,, 45.
Matched Lumber, $45.
Surfacing, $5.00 per 1000 feet.

C. P. N. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

The following Sailings are announced for the month of March, leaving Skagway at 6 p.m., or on arrival of the train:

PRINCESS MAY, Mar. 7, 18 and 28
do. April, 7, 17 & 27

For further information, apply or write to H. B. DUNN, Agent, Skagway, Alaska.