105

# THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 9. ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1903. NO. 212.

## THE NEW POPE.

### Terrible Bridge Disaster at Portland, Or. Over Fifty Lives Lost.

**Stave Lake Concessions Purchased; 100,000 Horse-power Plant will Supply Electric Power — The Treadgold Commissioners — An Expensive Commission — Celebrated Cartoonist Dead — Five Drowned in the Nazina.**

## GREAT CALAMITY.

### Collapse of Morrison Street Bridge, Portland.

**Causes Death of Between 50 and 100 Persons and Casts a Gloom Over Entire City.**

Portland, Ore.—Morrison Street Bridge, collapsed at 3 p. m on July 31. The Bridge, which was crowded with people watching an armless man swim the river, suddenly gave way and hurled the whole throng into the river. Over 50 people are known to be drowned.

The bridge, which is the oldest in the city, whilst being regarded with suspicion was not considered dangerous.

### The New Pope

Rome, Aug. 4.—Cardinal Sarto elected Pope last Tuesday, he was born in the north of Italy in 1835. Six ballots were cast before his election.

### Big Deal.

Vancouver, Aug. 6.—Charles Baker purchased the Stave Lake Power Concessions and will connect three plants, Snoqualimie River and White River, Washington State, and Stave River, B. C. Capacity 100,000 horse power. Electric power will be supplied throughout the Sound and B. C. coast cities.

### Treadgold Concession.

Vancouver, Aug. 7.—The commissioners to look into the Treadgold Concessions, Dawson, are here enroute for Klondyke. They are Messrs. Lacombe, Rowatt, Britton and Bell.

### Cartoonist Dead.

Vancouver Aug. 6.—The eminent cartoonist, Phil May, is dead.

### Expensive Commission.

Mr. Dean's expenses on Chinese Labor Commission severely criticized by the press. Services 300 days $6,000. Incidentals $400. Traveling expenses $1850. Total $8,286 81. The expense of the commission was $39,203. Mr. Dean travelled on a pass.

### Five Drowned in Nazina.

Miss Lou Wheeler, Seattle, August Reichel, Vancouver, Paul and Henry Weidman, Valdez, and Burt Ford were drowned on the Nazina between the mouths of the Chittitu and Kennicott rivers.

### The Whitehorse Strike.

So far very little gold has been taken out, and the actual value of the district is still an unknown quantity. Dawson Charley is making hay while the sun shines and is selling flour at $100 a sack, sugar $1.00 a cup with expectations of better prices. Mr. Anderson returned to Atlin on Wednesday's boat and states that the strike is all right.

We however prefer to remain here where we know what we have got. We do not expect to see a rush out of Atlin, miners here seem to like the motto "If you've got a good thing, stay by it."

### Lardo Gold Fields.

Kaslo, B. C.—The Poplar Creek excitement is still alive and handsome returns have been secured in a most primitive way. The wealth of the Lardo Valley is immense. Machinery is being procured by Boston and Philadelphia capitalists to exploit the placer ground.

### Low Water.

The season will be cut short by the falling of the Yukon; already navigation has closed on the lower river and much difficulty is experienced on the Upper Yukon.

### Fire.

The residence of Mr. Barnes on Third St., opposite the Hospital, was totally destroyed by fire last Monday morning at 4:30.

Mrs. Hitchcock's house very narrowly escaped and the prompt action of the Fire Department prevented what might have been a big conflagration and confined the fire to the residence above mentioned.

The fire fighters had out 1000 feet of hose, with Mr. Geo. Hayes handling the nozzle.

Mr. Barnes had no insurance on his building and was evidently in bad luck as his boat which was loaded full of supplies for McKee Creek, sank at the B. A. C. Wharf during the night. The damage done is quite serious.

### Sport, Pleasure, Prospecting.

A fishing party, invited by Dr. W. G. Mitchell, consisting of Messrs. Benj. Warnick, Selig. Presser, A. L. Solenberger, H. W. Knight and Col. P. Russ, all of Pennsylvania, and Messrs. Dr. Young, E. S. Wilkinson and our editor, left on the Scotia, especially chartered for that purpose, for Scotia Bay on Thursday morning.

Within a few minutes after landing rods were working in earnest and it only needed a few casts to convince our Pennsylvania friends that fishing in Atlin is "second to none anywhere."

Before lunch baskets were filled to overflowing with the sportive grayling which rise readily to the fly.

An elaborate luncheon was served on the banks of the Atlintoo, and Col. P. Russ made a reputation for himself as a chef, and by the way, the Col. also made a record catch at Cariboo on the way in, having captured with a spoon 14 trout weighing altogether 54 lbs.

After lunch, Dr. Mitchell and his guests panned gravel from the banks of the Atlintoo River with the results that, even from surface dirt, nearly every pan contained colors. Our Editor, in order to ascertain the fact, tried several pans and in one obtained, at about two feet depth, four colors. The discovery of pay dirt on the portage is not altogether a surprise and we hope that the find will be a valuable one.

The return was made at 7:30 p. m. and one and all agreed that for sport and pleasure Atlin was hard to beat and that as a host and entertainer Dr. Mitchell took the palm.

### The Columbia Hydraulic Co.

Mr. Meisner, supt. of the C. H. Co. started piping on the 1st. inst. and has a thousand inches of water available, they are only using one monitor this season on account of low water. They should do well notwithstanding the lateness of the starting of active operations.

### Dance.

A dance in aid of the Fire Fund will be held at the gymnasium Hall, Tuesday Evening, Aug. 11th.

The Fire Committee are in need of funds for the purchase of a hose reel and confidently look for a liberal patronage from the gentlemen at $1.00 apiece. The ladies are, of course admitted free and the Committee will rely upon their well known generosity for cakes and sandwiches.

### Notable People Here.

Saturday's boat brought in a party of shareholders of the British American Dredging Co. Mr. Benj. C. Warnick, of the banking firm of Benj. C. Warnick & Co. of Philadelphia was the head of the party and those accompanying him were, A. Buchanan and A. T. Solberger, of Chambersburg, Pa., Selig Presser of Philadelphia, H. W. Knight and Col. Russ of Harrisburg, Pa.

The party represent many millions of dollars and are here on business and pleasure combined.

### Drowned in Portage Cove.

Skagway, Aug. 4.—John Stanley and Pat Comer were drowned near Haines wharf, last Sunday afternoon. Both bodies were recovered and brought here by the Flosie and buried on the 5th. inst.

Stanley was a member of the Modern Woodman of America in which order he holds a $3000 policy.

Radium is by far the most wonderful of the latest discovered metallic substances. It is a very rare material, and to the present time but about one pound of it has been produced by French and German laboratories, the United States not having made any of it as yet. The French chemist, Professor Curie, has placed radium on the market, and its consumption won't be extensive from the fact that it is quoted at 30,000 francs, or $6,000, per grain, equal to $2,721,000 per pound troy.

NOTICE.

Northern Lumber Company, Limited.

NOTICE is hereby given that F. T. Troughton has been appointed Managing Director and Secretary Treasurer of the above Company, in the place of A. J. Baker resigned, and will sign all contracts and settle all accounts for the Company.

F. T. Troughton,
Secretary.

# LIVING FOR THE BEST THINGS.

J. R. Miller, St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a merchant seeking goodly pearls; and, having found one pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it.—Matthew, xiii., 45, 46.

In ancient times pearls were esteemed as the richest of all gems. Ancient writers speak in high praise of their beauty and their value.

This man sought for pearls—that is, for the best things of life. It is said, further, that he sought goodly pearls—that is, the best, the whitest, purest, largest pearls he could find. Thus he represents those who seek for the very best things—not the good merely, but the best. There are good things, and there are better things, and there are things that are best of all. Our choices in life are not only between the good and the evil; we must choose also between the good and the better.

We make a failure in religion when we do less than our best in our common daily work. Stradivarius, the old violin maker, said that he would rob God and leave a blank in the universe if he did not make good violins. Even God, he said, could not make man's best without man's best to help him. In the culture of character we should never be satisfied with anything less than our best. We are all builders—we are set to build temples. The trouble is that some of us are satisfied to build poor little wooden barracks instead of temples of marble and gold. We should never be willing to be less noble and beautiful in our character than the noblest and most beautiful. Artists say that a picture without a bit of sky in it wants something. It is flat and low. A life without sky, which does not reach up and take in heaven, has not attained the best.

The merchant found one pearl which was peerless even among pearls for its beauty. Christ is the peerless pearl of beauty. He is the One altogether lovely. No one of all who knew Him ever claimed that there was any flaw or fault in Him. He called Himself the Son of man; not the son of a man, but the Son of man; that is, of humanity. Some one suggests that if we could gather from all who ever have lived the little fragments of lovely character which have blossomed out in each and bring all these fragments together into one personality we should have the beauty of Jesus Christ. In one person you find gentleness, in another meekness, in another purity of heart, in another humility, in another kindness, in another patience—there is no one so sunken in sin that in him there is not some tiny flower of beauty. But in the holiest of men there are only two or three qualities of ideal beauty, with much that is stained and flecked mingled with these qualities. In Christ, however, the Son of man, all that is excellent is found. He is perfect man, not only sinless, but complete in His person. He is the pearl of great price.

When this merchant had found the one pearl, how did he make it his own? He bought it. What did he give for it? "He went and sold all that he had and bought it." Nor was it a bad investment. Sometimes men dispose of all they have and invest in some scheme which only fools them, eats up their possessions and leaves them beggared. But nobody was ever a loser from selling all his other pearls and buying the pearl of great price. It is the true riches, imperishable and eternal.

In all life we find this principle—that we must give up the lesser to get the greater. There was an English oculist who was very fond of cricket. But he found that the playing was affecting the delicacy of his touch, so that he could not do his work well. So, in order that he might be a better oculist and bring relief more surely and more skilfully to the sufferers who came to him, he gave up the sport he enjoyed so well. Every one who is living under a high spiritual motive is doing this continually, denying himself in personal ways in order to serve others better.

A man says, "I know I am not as good as I ought to be; but it is hard to give up my faults and vices." No matter how hard it is, our Master calls us up higher, and we should give up all that is unworthy in order to obey Him. We get wedded to our routines of life and do not like to sacrifice them for the sake of new things. A familiar saying is, "The good is often the enemy of the best." The good is never worthy of us if there be a better possible. Men do not keep the old machinery in their mills when better machines have been invented. In schools and colleges the new education has supplanted the old. The ancient textbooks are of no use now—indeed, we have to have new textbooks almost every year to keep pace with the rapid progress of science. Some of the older people remember the day of tallow candles, but these gave way to lamps, and lamps to gas, and gas to electricity. Some of us remember the old mail coach and the long wait for letters coming only a few miles. Now we have the hourly mail deliveries and swift trains and steamers. And, impatient with even this mode of communication, we talk over telephone wires with a friend a thousand miles away and have our telegraph service girdling the world. Again the better is crowding out the good, and we are now beginning to talk across the sea without wires.

The merchant had gathered many pearls, goodly pearls. Then he saw one pearl which far surpassed in beauty and value any pearl in his collection. He was determined to have it for his own, and sold all his great store and bought this one matchless, peerless pearl. He did it because the one was worth more than all the many. We are Christians. We have tasted of the blessedness of the love of Christ. We have been gathering goodly pearls. We have found some of the treasures of God's grace. We know a little of joy, peace and victory. But there are sublimer reaches yet far beyond our present attainments. We should not be satisfied to stay where we are when we may press on further. We should not allow the good to keep us from going on to the best. We must be willing to exchange our goodly pearls for the greatest pearl.

### In the Coils o an Anaconda.

This is the story of how Hendrick Copyjn, a young Hollander, engaged in collecting butterflies, spent a night in a Guiana swamp with an anaconda, as told in The New York Times:—

He had left Paramaribo behind three months before, and in a "dugout" manned by a couple of negroes had rowed up the Saramacca River, breaking into the jungle here and there to explore for new species of butterfly. The night Copyjn had his first adventure was a Christmas Eve. Everything seemed to have gone wrong that day. One of the rowers was stricken with the fever, and while Copyjn took his place at the paddle and filled up the negro with quinine, the unfortunate lay raving and seeing things in the bottom of the dugout.

He went asleep early that evening, after having made the fever patient comfortable, the three hammocks of the men hanging side by side. Copyjn does not know how long he slept. He lay awake a long time thinking of scenes of home, and a restless, evil foreboding took hold of him while he lay listening to the jungle sounds of the night. Then he fell into an uneasy half sleep, out of which he was awakened by a feeling as if he were under the spell of a nightmare. Gradually he came to consciousness, his chest seeming as if it were oppressed with a monster load which was more and more choking off his breath. The horror of the situation aroused him to his full faculties, and in an instant he realized he must be in the embrace of a monster snake. With a herculean effort he wrenched his arms, but the moment he moved them they were pinioned to his side. Horror-stricken, he gave a piercing scream, felt his ribs bend, and knew no more.

When he came to, the negroes were standing over him, and he ached in every bone and muscle. Then he learned how he escaped. His cry had brought one of the negroes on a jump. By the light of the fire the man saw what was happening. Like all good bushmen, the black slept ever beside his cutlass, and without fear or hesitation that he might cut through the reptile into the body of the man, he brought the blade down on the powerful back of the snake, severing the backbone and paralyzing its constricting powers. But, goaded by the pain, the snake made a lunge forward and sank its teeth into Copyjn's arm. On investigation the serpent was found to be an anaconda. It measured nearly fifteen feet. The Dutchman said the snake must have made a mistake, for it would not attack a human being while standing erect. But lying prone, the monster likely mistook its intended prey for a new species of animal worth sampling.

### The Abuse of Nurses.

A young nurse of my acquaintance was found early one morning unconscious on the entry floor, says Mary Moss, in The May Atlantic. Upon inquiry the doctor learned that from Monday morning till Thursday night she had been without sleep, or even enough time off to bathe and change her clothes. Of course, she was extremely foolish to permit such a thing, on the patient's account as well as her own, but it was her first private case, and, feeling shy about obtruding personal wants in a time of general stress, she had relied on coffee and determination to pull her through. The stale joke, "Why, do you have to sleep? I thought you were trained!" unfortunately contains not a grain of exaggeration. I have gone to a house where, after a day's nursing, a night spent in sponging a typhoid patient, at 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day the nurse was still in charge. No one had given her night lunch, breakfast, or even a cup of coffee. She had been on duty for 26 straight hours, working strenuously all the time; not a member of the household seemed equal to taking her place, or, indeed, dreamt of the necessity of doing so. Later it was rumored that this girl had become intemperate!

### Bismarck on the United States.

Herr Schierbrand, a recent writer on Prince Bismarck and Germany, has brought out some opinions uttered by him that have not hitherto been published. American politics, Bismarck confessed, had always been "a sealed book" to him; but as far as he could pretend to understand them they seemed to him "decadent." Cleveland, in his opinion, had "the stuff in him out of which statesmen are made," but was "thrown away in a republic." In May, 1898, less than three months before the Prince's death, his views were obtained (in spite of the opposition of his physician and his family, who were trying to shield him from fatiguing excitement) concerning the Spanish-American war. He regarded the course pursued by the United States as indefensible. Spanish misgovernment of Cuba was a mere pretext. "Colonies have often been mismanaged, and I suppose that the Americans, when they shall have colonies, will not be exempt. But that is no fair reason for dispossessing the owner. Spoils spoils—all else is pretence." His remarks about the Monroe doctrine, which he described as "insolent dogma," were equally interesting. The doctrine had flourished only because of dissensions in Europe. A union of two strong naval powers like England and France could at any moment have made an end of it. On this occasion Schierbrand found Bismarck "bent and shrunken"; his hands trembled, his voice was "raucous and hollow"; but his "steel-blue eyes still shot fire," and "his intellectual faculties were unimpaired."—New York Evening Post.


### Why Women Are Invalids.

The insane desire of fond parents that their children shall "shine" in their studies and accomplishments is one topic vigorously dealt with by Edward Bok in his editorial in The Ladies' Home Journal for September. Regarding the girls' side of this widespread evil he says: "There are parents who, not content with the studies which their daughters have to grapple with at school, load them down with a few special studies in the finer arts. I have in mind now several young girls, between the precarious ages of twelve and seventeen, who, after they return from school, have an extra dose of painting, music or languages. 'But my daughter must know something of these things,' is the protest of the fond mother. 'She must be able to hold her own with other girls of her set.' Of course, the girl at this tender age, with such a mental load, soon goes to pieces. She becomes anaemic, listless and nervous, and then the mother wonders why! To build her up everything under the sun is tried except a lessening of mental work and the unnatural strain upon the nervous system. The girl develops into what? A bundle of nerves encased in the most fragile frame, her physical vitality sapped almost to the last dreg. And in this condition she enters the marriage state! And yet we wonder why there are so few women absolutely free from organic troubles. Is it so inexplicable?"


### Hope For the Negro.

Looking at the other race in the south, who must be reckoned, if they will allow themselves to be so, as a part of the southern people—whilst there is much to cause regret and even disappointment to those who are their truest friends, yet there is no little from which to draw hope, says Thomas Nelson Page, in September Atlantic. No other people ever had more disadvantages to contend with on their issue into freedom. They were seduced, deceived, misled. Their habits of industry were destroyed, and they were fooled into believing that they could be legislated into immediate equality with a race that, without mentioning superiority of ability and education, had a thousand years' start of them. They were made to believe that their only salvation lay in aligning themselves against the other race, and following blindly the adventurers who came to lead them to a new Promised Land. It is no wonder that they committed great blunders and great excesses. For nearly a generation they have been pushed along the wrong road. But now in place of political leaders, who were simply firebrands, is arising a new class of leaders, which, with a wider horizon, a deeper sagacity, and a truer patriotism, are endeavoring to establish a foundation of morality, industry, and knowledge, and to build upon them a race that shall be capable of availing itself of every opportunity that the future may present, and worthy of whatever fortune it may bring.

*The Doctor Leads Him by the Nose*

Ninety-nine hearts out of a hundred are failing to do their work. There may be no pain *there*, but it is felt *somewhere* for some organ is robbed of its proper need of blood by this insidious heart failure, and distress follows. Common sense says, cure where the trouble and pain begin. Use

**DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE,**

because it begins at the blood's distributing organ, healing that rapidly and making it strong and able, quickly sends strength and health to every other organ. It is the only way that combines science and sense and relieves and cures.

HENRY AKEY, of Peterboro, Ont., writes: "I suffered with my heart, nerves and general debility. The best doctors said I must die within a month. On my wife's advice I tried DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE. Relief from the first dose. I am fully cured. Weighed 128 pounds—now 180 pounds.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT will drive Piles away forever. Relief on the instant. Speedily removes all skin blotches and pimples, tetter, salt rheum, etc. Price, 35c. 16


### Ants and the Flowers.

"Like the rest of us, ants have a sweet tooth. Now, honey is produced by very many plants in their blossoms, but not for ants. Flowers advertise quite extensively, but only for flying customers. They hang out bright colors and bunch themselves together so that any bee or butterfly that is not totally blind may find them. In the case of the rhododendron they even go so far as to announce, 'This way to the bar.' For the evening trade they dress in white and are strongly perfumed. Bees and butterflies and such like crawl in, all bedaubed with pollen from other flowers of the same kind and thus the plants are cross-fertilized, but ants and crawling things climb up and suck honey from a clover and then go to the next plant, which may not be a clover at all, and so the flower has wasted its honey and its pollen all for nothing. That is, it would if it let the ants do as they wanted. But it doesn't. When an ant comes around all the honey-bearing flowers shake their heads and say, 'Nothing for you—not to-day. No, no; go on away. Get out now, or I'll set the dog on you.' Some defend their blossoms with regular chevaux de frise of bristles and stickers; some make their stems gummy and hairy; some, like the snapdragon, shut up so tight that an ant cannot get in and make the flower stalk so dingle-dangling and so slippery that the ant falls off. Some open early and close early, knowing that bees rise betimes while ants are notorious slug-a-beds. But that there is a determined purpose to boycott the ants is evident from the fact that amphibious plants when they grow in the water where emmets cannot get to them omit the defences they throw up when they grow on the land. On the other hand, some plants, recognizing the fact that ants are great for destroying worms and caterpillars, set out a kind of cheap lunch for them on the under side of the leaves. The acacia even goes so far as to grow hollow thorns as company houses for the ants, as well as furnishing them sweet syrup. But I think the smartest trick of all is played by the melampyrum pratense. It knew that the soil on an ant hill was more than usually fertile and well stirred up, so it sat with its head in its hands for a long time and thought out this plan of action: 'Ants like honey. I'll squeeze out a little for them. They think the world and all of their young ones. I'll make my seeds look like their cocoons, and, more than that, I'll make them smell like their cocoons. They'll carry 'em under ground, and when spring comes they'll sprout.' It worked like a charm, and you will find the melampyrum pratense growing on ant hills where no other plant is allowed. It looks like a low-down trick to play, but where there is so much competition it doesn't do to be too particular."—Harvey Sutherland, in Ainslee's.

### The Awakening of the Boy.

"There was always something very brave and beautiful to me in the sight of a boy when he first wakes up, and seeing the worth of life takes it up with a stout heart and resolves to carry it nobly to the end through all disappointments and seeming defeats. I was born with a boy's nature and always had more sympathy for and interest in them than in girls, and have fought my fight for nearly fifteen years with a boy's spirit under my 'bib and tucker' and a boy's wrath when I got 'floored,' so I'm not preaching like a prim spinster, but freeing my mind like one of 'our fellows,' and as such I wish you all success, a cheerful heart, an honest tongue and a patient temper to help you through the world, for it's rough going and up-hill work much of the way."—"Miss Alcott's Letters to Her 'Laurie,'" in The Ladies' Home Journal for September.

First college professor—What are you going to do next to get your name in the papers?

Second college professor—I was thinking of declaring that the dictionary is too wordy to be considered good literature.—Baltimore American.

### Hand-painted Dresses.

The hand-painted dress promises to be very popular during the season, says The Daily Graphic. The Princess of Wales is having one or two beautiful designs painted on dresses by a lady artist, and all the best houses are making up dresses of this charming character. White silk muslin, hand-painted in roses and forget-me-nots, are most facinating, and, trimmed with lace, have an almost fairylike effect. Bolder designs and more pronounced coloring are used on silk and satins, and on black mousseline de soie some remarkably striking and beautiful results are got. One dinner gown of black silk muslin had the lower part of the skirt hand-painted in poppies, with buds and foliage, and the front of the bodice to match, only painted on a smaller scale. The upper part of the skirt was gauged and encrusted with black silk guipure. Another black evening dress was encrusted with motifs of jewelled black lace, and hand-painted in blue and yellow iris, with green foliage and jewelled dragon flies. This was a lovely dress.

### Saved the Mouse's Life.

In The Illustrated Sporting News a writer says: A naturalist friend of mine tells this story:—"I recently saw a curious thing in my poultry yard. The cat was playing with a live mouse which she had caught, when a broody hen, taken off her nest, was put into the yard. She stretched herself and had a good shake, then she caught sight of the cat. With outspread wings the hen dashed at poor puss, knocked her over, tweaked the mouse from her mouth, and then attacked her with the utmost fury. The cat was so frightened and demoralized by this sudden and unexpected attack that she bolted, and meanwhile the mouse had made its escape. Whether it was maternal instinct which prompted the hen to rescue Brer Mouse or whether it was antipathy to the cat is doubtful, but I favor the first suggestion."

### The King's Archers.

During the King's visit to Edinburgh the Royal Company of Archers—otherwise known as the King's Bodyguard for Scotland—are the most picturesque feature of the various ceremonies.

Between forty and sixty members of the company will remain on duty during the King's visit of four days, and there was a banquet in Archer's Hall, a beautiful old building containing priceless pictures, last evening.

To irreverent spectators a body of sedate and middle-aged gentlemen, all armed with large bows and arrows, parading in green and red uniforms, gauntlets and bonnets adorned with eagles' feathers, might perhaps appear ridiculous, but most people will be thankful for the survival of anything that is picturesque in these colorless days.

In order that members of the Bodyguard shall not do each other mortal damage in the narrow places of Holyrood Palace the following instructions are given in the drill book:—

"Before falling in everyone should see that his bow-string is not left slack, but tightened up by the green ribbon at the top. At barriers, stairs and narrow places bows will be brought to an upright position, without orders, and will be returned to the 'trail' when the obstruction is passed."

The King's Bodyguard for Scotland was first constituted in its present form in 1676, since which year minutes have been regularly kept with the exception of a short period at the end of the seventeenth century.

It must not be supposed that the Royal Archers cannot use their bows. They hold shooting matches every month, and during the King's visit the "Musselburgh arrow" will be shot for on Wednesday, May 13, the distance to the targets being 180 yards.

### Women in Parliament.

Having regard to the fact that a woman has recently applied for admission as a barrister, and also to the fact that from the Bar to Parliament has come to be looked upon as a natural gradation, we need not be surprise if in a few years we find the "Parliamentary Notes" of our daily papers reading something like this:—

In the debate on the Bond Street Window Bill in the House of Peeresses yesterday the leader of the Opposition, the Lady Furbelough, in a very effective speech, severely criticized the hat of the Government leader, describing it as retrograde in the extreme. The Duchess, replying for the Government, said that the hat was absolutely the latest thing, and that if the Opposition leader depended on something else than the cheap fashion papers for her information she would now it. The Duchess concluded a heated tirade, in which she characterized her opponents as "horrid things," by bursting into tears. Salts having been administered, the House rose.

We hear that Lady Lena Fitzwe, the Premiere, will personally introduce the great corset bill.

The election of Mrs. Jones, the eminent charwoman, is considered a great blow struck for democracy. The Tories are aghast, and Lady Lena, for whom Mrs. Jones chars, was very angry when she heard the result of the poll. Yesterday, when Mrs. Jones was being introduced, Lady Lena, who at the time was speaking on the better control of husbands bill, stopped suddenly, and, having surveyed the new member contemptuously for some moments, gave her a week's notice of the termination of her charing engagement.

We understand that it is proposed during the summer months to hold committees on the terrace, tea and buns being served during the progress of debate.

It is rumored in the lobby that in view of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany our Ambassadress at Berlin has been instructed to wear a last year's gown. It is hoped that this move will have its effect in modifying the attitude of the German Chancelloress, who has for some time been chagrined by the modish Parisian toilette of our British Representative.

The deceased husband's brother bill was thrown out for the twenty-third time yesterday.—Punch.

### Improving the Flock.

The common sheep is capable of much improvement by the use of well selected pure-bred rams of some desirable breed. The half-bred progeny of such a cross sometimes may appear to be equal in every respect to the pure-bred stock and is unquestionably so for all purposes except breeding. A few repeated crosses in this line will build up a flock to all appearances equal to the pure-bred original stock, writes Field and Farm. Of course there is great advantage to the shepherd who may procure as good blood as may exist but which is not of course held to be of equal value to the pure stock breeder. This applies to all well established breeds. The scale of points of the pure breeds is very exacting and a majority of lambs of the pure breeds do not fully come up to it. Hence there are grades of prices as of quality—the highest for exacting buyers, a second rate for the one who thinks pedigree is everything and who takes a second-class animal thinking that the blood will cover up some of the faults. The third class is the bargain hunter who takes the poorest stock at the lowest prices and boasts of the blood, but has no backing of quality to support it.

# To Set Her Free

By FLORENCE WARDEN

Author of "The House in the Marsh," "A Prince of Darkness," etc., etc.

picion away from Astley, and determined as she was to hesitate at nothing which could help to bring about this result, Norma had conceived the notion that the place where the tragedy happened might still have unrevealed secrets, and she therefore took to haunting the little wood with an observant eye.

On many of these occasions she would see Dr. Wharles, sometimes in his gig, more often on foot, on his way to and from the Raggetts' cottage. But there were still more significant sights to be seen in and about the town.

The sight of Mrs. Wharles, driving through the little town one afternoon in the doctor's brougham, made Norma thoughtful. The doctor's wife was always showily dressed, but on this occasion Norma caught the glitter of jewels from the interior of the carriage, and it occurred to her to think it surprising that a woman in Mrs. Wharles's position, having no fortune of her own apart from her husband's modest earnings, should be able to wear diamonds.

Norma was not fond of gossip, but Mrs. Giles, her landlady, loved nothing so much. And when, two days later than the above occurrance, Norma met Mrs. Wharles coming out of the Vicarage wearing a cape of real sable, and a muff-chain of gold and pearls, she decided to relax her dignity a little, and to hear what Mrs. Giles had to say of the neighbors' chatter on this important matter.

So that afternoon, when she went in to tea, her landlady did not meet with the usual rather distant thanks which warned her to leave the room as soon as she had brought in the tea-things.

Lady Darwen—for so she was always called—was ready for a chat.

"Most pleasant weather this is, for February," she said; and Mrs. Giles stood still at once, with a beaming smile and a complacent crossing of her plump hands in front of her. "There were such a lot of people about to-day. All the ladies of Blackdale seemed to be taking tea with each other, and all in their smartest clothes, looking quite lovely."

"Indeed, my lady, and some of them are smart now, and no doubt about it," responded Mrs. Giles, taking the bait immediately. "Did you happen to see Dr. Wharles's lady now, in her fine feathers? It's the talk of the place how grand she's grown of late, with her furs and her jewelry! More like a lady in your station, my lady, or in Lady Myfanwy Scorton's, than a country doctor's wife!"

"Oh, but Mrs. Wharles always did dress well, didn't she?" asked Norma.

Mrs. Giles put her head on one side condescendingly.

"She always did try to be very fine, my lady, if that's what you mean. But not like what she is now. Not but what I'm talking most from hearsay, but still, I had it from a friend as works for the first dressmaker in the town, and she says, says she: 'There's a difference,' says she, 'in the way she used to dress and the way she dresses now. For while mink—which it seems is a kind of fur, my lady, as you know, no doubt, better nor me—mink,' says she, 'used for to be good enough for Mrs. Wharles, now it's sable,' says she. And it seems she wears diamonds, too, which nobody ever saw on her before nor wouldn't now, I expect, if her husband or her hadn't somehow come by money. Which it seems they've paid some bills lately that had been owing ever so long."

Norma felt some consternation at the torrent of gossip which her indulgence had let loose, and which, once started was difficult to stop.

"Ah, well," she said, "Dr. Wharles is a rising man. They say he's by far the cleverest medical man in the neighborhood."

"Clever! I'll be bound he is!" said Mrs. Giles, portentously. "But I don't altogether hold with the doctor and his cleverness. I know they say there ain't nobody like him for operations and such like; but he hangs a deal too much round the houses where the flirty sort of ladies live, and thinks as much of a bright eye as he does of a broken leg. However, it's none of my business, if Raggett don't mind, that the doctor comes to yon cottage oftener than there's any sickness there. And, of course, they do say as there may be another reason."

"Oh, people shouldn't be so ill-natured," said Norma.

"My lady, isn't it human nature for to want to know the meaning of strange things? And there's no denying it's a strange thing that since the murder in the wood yonder the Wharleses seem to be swimming in money as they never were afore? Of course, I don't say the doctor would help himself from a dead man's pockets——"

"Oh," cried Norma, starting up aghast.

"Well, well, my lady, 'tisn't what I say, you know, I only repeat what other folks say. And perhaps it's as well you should know how folks will put two and two together. They say, some of 'em, my lady, as, if this man Rogerson boasted he would be richer after seeing Sir Astley than he was before, maybe the doctor wasn't above taking what he found in the man's pockets when he was examining the poor dead body, and putting it into his own."

Norma trembled with indignant excitement.

"But Sir Astley never saw the man, never spoke to him," she said, sharply. "Nothing is more certain than that. He wanted to see him, but he never did, until the poor fellow was dead."

Mrs. Giles listened to this in discreet silence. Respectful as her manner was, it was evident that Sir Astley's word went less far with her than the conjectures of her over-acute neighbors.

This difference of opinion having caused some slight embarrassment between Norma and her landlady, the former was glad to bring the interview to an end. But when she sat by herself over her lonely tea, she began in her turn to put two and two together, and to wonder whether there was any connection between Astley's munificence to Lottie at Leamington, and the sudden prosperity in the household of Dr. and Mrs. Wharles at Blackdale.

She was wondering whether it were worth while to communicate with Mr. Capper on this subject, and on the morning after her talk with Mrs. Giles she had begun a letter to him, when she was startled by the entrance of her landlady with a piece of news—the doctor had taken Ned Raggett into his employment.

"And what can he want of such a gowk as him, and that awkward he could never carry a case of medicines without breaking some, and that stupid he could never answer a question rightly at t'door, why, the doctor hisself only knows!" added Mrs. Giles.

Norma affected to treat the matter as unimportant, but she was really by no means of that opinion. Putting two and two together again, it seemed strange that the doctor's assiduity in visiting the Raggetts' cottage should have resulted in his engagement in his service of such an unornamental youth as Ned.

Norma had not known the lad previous to her meeting with him after the murder; but it was the common opinion of the neighbors, as she knew, that the occurrence of that evening had addled what little brains he had, and it was observed that he had become more taciturn and morose than ever.

It was some days later when Norma, returning from her afternoon walk by way of the wide path that led through the plantation from the house to the gate in the lane, was startled to find herself suddenly confronted with the lad, Ned Raggett, who started up at her approach from a fallen tree, on the trunk of which he had been sitting.

Each uttered an exclamation at sight of the other. Norma's first impulse was to ask him some questions, now that she met him alone, about the murder; but a second glance at him showed her that the lad looked too ill to be worried.

"Why," cried she, "what's the matter with you? You look as if you ought to be in bed, and under the doctor's care."

Ned shivered.

"I doan't want to have nowt to do wi' t'doctor," he said, shortly. "I've had enough of him and of t'missis, and I've left their place and I woan't go back, I say I woan't, I woan't, I woan't!"

"But why not?" asked Norma, doing her best to suppress all the excitement she felt at this information. "Weren't they kind to you?"

The lad looked at her suspiciously out of the corners of his eyes.

"Oh, ay, kind enough; I doan't say as how they weren't kind. But—they do quarrel terr'ble, they do! Nag, nag, nag; I could hear 'em oop in my room o' neghts, and I couldn't sleep for it! No, no, I loike my work i' t' fields best, and so I off wi' my fine clothes all over buttons, and I run away."

"Well, you would have done better to let him prescribe for you before you came away," said Norma. "You look quite ill."

Ned shook his head.

"I'll go round to my grandmother's," said he. "She'll give me summat to make me reght. I'd sooner take her stuff than any of t' doctor's," he added, with a shuddery look round.

Suppressing as well as she could the intensity of the interest she felt in these words, Norma asked: "And what made you come here, of all places, instead of going to your grandmother's?"

The boy shot at her a sidelong, suspicious glance.

"Oh, t'wood's a fine place," said he, cautiously. "It's quiet, quieter nor it is at home. Father and mother, they quarrels too."

"I should have thought," said Norma, "that after what you saw here that night——"

The boy turned upon her savagely.

"I tell yo I see nowt, nowt," he said, angrily. "And whatever they says to me, and whatever they does to me, t'ain't no good; I see nowt."

"Who's been asking you about it, then?" asked Norma, gently.

But Ned looked at her sullenly, and moved away with a slouching step in the direction of the lane. As he went he cast uneasy glances round him, and shivered and shook, and staggered in his walk.

"Never mind who arsted me," he answered roughly. Then, with a cry, he stopped and stared in front of him.

They were by this time close to the edge of the plantation, and Norma had her key ready to unlock the gate. Even as she walked on towards it, she saw, peering over the wall, the face of Dr. Wharles.

Although it was not very late in the afternoon it was already somewhat misty under the trees, and neither she nor Ned could see more of the doctor than the fact that it was he who was looking over at them. After a moment's stupefied pause Ned ran forward a step and said hurriedly to the doctor:

"Hoo's been arsting me questions, but I've not towd her nowt. Hoo's been arsting about the murder; but I can't tell her nowt, and I've said so."

"Well, well," said Dr. Wharles, in his resonant tones, "there's nothing to shake and shiver about. What's wrong with you, my boy? And why aren't you back in my house by this time?"

"I doan't want to go back," said the boy in a low, frightened voice. "I'm not smart enough for your work, doctor; I'd rather not go back, sir; I'd rather go back home."

"Eh? What? Aren't you comfortable in my house? Aren't they kind to you, my boy?" asked the doctor, in a voice full of concern. By this time Norma had unlocked the gate and let Ned through it, locking it after her and responding by a very cold bow to the doctor's salutation. As soon as the lad was outside in the lane Dr. Wharles, with professional eye, saw that all was not right with him. "Homesick, eh?" said he, "or got something the matter with your liver?"

And he kept his hand on the lad's shoulder, and looked at his tongue. But even as he turned to the lady to remark that there was not much wrong that a day or two in bed would not put right, Ned took advantage of the opportunity, and wrenching himself away from the doctor, was over the wall again and running along in the wood like a hare.

The doctor did not attempt to give chase.

"A singular lad that, Lady Darwen," said he, "sullen and taciturn, but good-hearted at bottom, I believe."

"I have no doubt of it," said Norma, as, with another very cold inclination of the head she turned away in the direction of Mrs. Giles' cottage.

But Dr. Wharles went after her.

"One moment, Lady Darwen," said he, intercepting her at the very door. "I do hope you'll allow me to express the very great regret I feel that any action or word of mine should have caused you pain." She moved restlessly, but he would not let her go. "You remember the sympathy I felt for you from the very first moment I met you at The Haigh. I'm sure you'll make allowances for the difficult position in which I am placed——"

"I not only make every allowance, Dr. Wharles, but I beg that you will not give yourself the trouble of expressing sympathy for me again."

There was nothing for it but for him to draw back and allow her to go in. But into his e, as she passed him there came the very same look of cold hatred which had appeared in them when Astley had struck him with his whip.

Norma went indoors trembling very much. It was the first time she had spoken to the doctor since the inquest, and she would have avoided the meeting if she could. Just once face to face with the man, listening to words which she knew to be hypocritical, to sympathy which she was certain was feigned, her repugnance had got the better of her prudence, and she felt, with a certain qualm of uneasiness, that she had made an enemy of him for life.

The next moment she started up from the chair on which she had sunk. She would follow Ned Raggett into the wood; she had noted the direction taken by him, skirting the wall in the direction of the high road—and try to extract from him some information concerning the murder she felt sure he had witnessed. She did not feel very hopeful about making him speak, but there was nothing to be lost, while something might be gained, by the attempt.

So, first looking out to be sure that Dr. Wharles was safely inside the Raggetts' cottage, she ran across the road again, let herself through the gate, and turned to the left under the wall.

As she went along she heard footsteps in the lane outside, going in the direction of the cottages; not the heavy footsteps of one of the laborers or their wives, but the light footfall of a woman of a different class.

Norma wondered whether it might be Lady Myfanwy or Miss Brown come to see her, as they sometimes did in the evening; but before she could call out or climb up to look over the high wall, she heard the sound of Dr. Wharles's laugh as he came out of the cottage, and instantly checked herself in the act of moving forward.

The next moment she was startled to hear a sharp exclamation in the doctor's voice while he was yet some distance away; and then the voice of Mrs. Wharles, on the other side of the wall from where Norma stood, uttered an angry cry.

"So I've caught you at last, have I!" cried the jealous wife, her voice, which she did not raise very high, trembling with passion. "I knew very well that there was something more than illness that brought you always up this lane, day after day, and evening after evening; I knew very well it was some woman. It's that bold-eyed, horrible Nance Raggett! I saw you with her. I saw you——"

"If you would condescend to be reasonable," replied the doctor, also in a low voice, but with clenched teeth and sullen, angry tones, "you would know why I visit the Raggetts' house so often."

"Oh, yes, of course, you'll say it's to stop young Raggett's mouth——"

At these words Norma, who had been moving away to be out of earshot of a conversation which was not intended for her, threw aside her scruples and waited, crouching against the wall, breathless, for the next words.

"Well, if you know that, can't you have the sense to be quiet about it?" growled the doctor.

"No, I sha'n't, because I know it's only an excuse, a blind. The boy will hold his tongue, you know that; you've cowed him too much for him ever to dare to speak. Besides, isn't he under your own eye now? Isn't he——"

"You fool!" retorted the doctor. "Don't you know he's run away! Come back here this evening? I caught him in the wood just now."

There was a pause. Mrs. Wharles seemed astonished at the information.

"Now get home as fast as you can, and for goodness' sake, if you must give me these scenes, let's have them indoors," said the doctor, sharply. "I don't know what more you want than you've got. You've got jewelry, clothes, everything you want; nearly every penny goes on you, and yet you're forever dissatisfied, forever wrangling and nagging! I've no patience with you!"

"No patience with me, after what I've done for you! Didn't I save your neck?"

Whether Norma cracked a broken branch under her feet in her startled amazement she never knew. But the doctor suddenly cried in a low voice:

"There's someone there listening, by Jove!"

Helter-skelter, as if flying for her life, Norma turned and fled into the recesses of the wood.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Norma heard the voices of the doctor and his wife, as she fled through the wood. She gathered that the former wanted to get over the wall to investigate, but that Mrs. Wharles clung to him and would not let him go.

She was, therefore, soon able to stop and consider what she had better do: the suspicions she had somewhat vaguely entertained until now as to the doctor's share in the tragedy which had so recently taken place, had now become certainties; and she felt the need of some counsel and advice.

The words which she had overheard, while not evidence in themselves, pointed very clearly to the fact that everything depended upon the boy, Ned Raggett; and she knew that he must, by one means or another, be made to speak out and tell the truth.

And if he did? What would result? An incrimination of the doctor, without doubt, though to what extent it was impossible to say: and the consequent removal of all suspicion from Astley. But what else? Now that Rogerson was dead, the one witness who might have obtained Astley's freedom from the worthless woman who had deceived and wronged him, was out of the question. And that this was so, to Norma's mind, was indisputably proved by the fact that it had been necessary to get rid of him in order to secure the woman's claim upon Astley.

And then again came that puzzling question: how was it that Dr. Wharles and his wife had grown rich so suddenly? If it was with the money Astley had sent to Leamington, how was it that, out of a comparatively small sum like five hundred pounds, so much must have gone into the pockets of the doctor and his wife?

Norma felt that the solution of the whole mystery was as far off as ever.

By the time she had come to this conclusion she found herself close to the private road that led up to The Haigh; and, deciding that she could not sleep until she had confided her anxieties to someone, she waited just inside the lodge gates until an omnibus came in sight coming from Blackdale, and getting inside it—for she was too nervous to trust herself alone along the high road—she proceeded as far as the gates of The Hall, where she got down, and went through the dark to the great house.

Norma had never been there before: the circumstances of her stay in the neighborhood had prevented her from returning the call made upon her by Lady Myfanwy and her companions: so that when she was shown into the long, cosy room, warm, comfortable, full of luxurious nooks, of flowers, of laughing, happy people, Norma felt that the contrast between this ideal English home and the desolation of The Haigh was strong indeed.

It was not yet six o'clock, but it was nearly dark outside. The blinds, however, had not been drawn down yet, and the only light in the big room came from a glowing, flaming fire which crackled and blazed at one end. The tongues of flame threw strange lights and shadows on deep saddle-bag chairs and settees, on richly colored and harmonious curtains and draperies, on warm terra-cotta walls, on graceful groups of plants and palms seen through the glass-door at the other end of the room, in the domed conservatory outside.

The whole impression the room and its merry, laughing occupants gave Norma was one of pleasure and luxury and charm; and when Sadie Brown rose from a corner and ran forward to meet her, she felt a thrill of transient delight that she had come into a corner of the world where all was not gray desolation and heart-breaking misery.

The next moment her joy was dashed to the ground. A voice she knew struck upon her ear and made her start: and looking quickly in the direction whence it came, Norma saw, to her bewilderment and despair, that the man in the deep low chair near the fire, to whom handsome Lady Myfanwy was talking earnestly, was no other than Astley!

She felt that the room swam round her. She, who had been spending her hours in sorrow and loneliness, pitying him, devising schemes for his release from the suspicion which lay upon him, found that her sympathy had been thrown away: he had been enjoying himself in the charming society of the woman who had so gracefully thrown herself into his arms for him to console her for the death of his cousin!

Sadie Brown on one side of her, and Jack on the other, were by this time drawing Norma forward to the hearth. There was no Lady Wyersdale, the Earl having been a widower for years; but there was a colorless aunt, over whom Lady Myfanwy and her two young sisters domineered with impunity.

The aunt came forward in her turn, and at the same time Lady Myfanwy rose languidly and apparently with some reluctance, and held out a rather chilly hand to the shy new comer.

Astley had already risen in amazement.

"Norma!" cried he.

"Astley!"

She fought down her feelings of distress, and gave him a wan smile as she took his hand and let him place her in the chair in which he had been sitting.

"We didn't expect to see you," said Lady Myfanwy, with what Norma could not help feeling was a slightly resentful tone.

"No. But I think—when you know—what I've just heard," faltered Norma in a low voice, "you will forgive me for disturbing you all. I've heard something too dreadful to bear alone: I wanted advice, and I didn't know where else to go. You see, I have no friends here except——"

And she turned with a grateful look at the American girl.

Jack broke out into indignant protests.

"What! And leave me out! Oh, how can you!" said he, as he insisted upon her giving him a look, too.

"And you; I didn't mean to leave you out; I should be very ungrateful if I did," said Norma.

"And what's the news?" asked Jack eagerly. "Something good, I hope. Something that will help to bring the thieves and murderers to justice."

All except Lady Myfanwy, who took a chair a little way from the rest, as if the matter had no interest for her, clamored to hear more. Norma felt a little natural diffidence about repeating, especially to such a large audience, a conversation which had not been meant for her ears.

"I'd rather not say whom I heard talking," she said, "nor to whom. But I heard—overheard, I must confess, some talk which proved what we have all suspected, that the boy Ned Raggett did see the murder committed, and that he is being made to keep silence."

"Well! then we know who did it!" cried Jack loudly. "Of course it was that bounder of a doctor! I knew he was a scoundrel. I always felt he was. And now we must make the boy speak, and get the doctor hanged."

This speech naturally caused a good deal of commotion. Lady Myfanwy was angry.

"It's a shocking thing, Jack, for a boy like you to dare to accuse a man in the doctor's position of murder," said she. "As if the gossip overheard by people it was not intended for was to be taken as gospel!"

(To be Continued.)

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It was commencement day, and Miss Eunice Whatnot had taken one of the principal prizes. At the close of the exercises her friends crowded round her to offer their congratulations.

"But weren't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it?" asked one of them.

"Oh, no," said Miss Eunice, with a bright smile. "I just knew that when it came to English composition I had 'em all skinned alive!"—Youth's Companion.

"That tramp is a genius."

"You don't say!"

"I do, though. He struck me for a dime, saying he was a literary man; ten minutes later he struck me again; ten minutes later he struck me again; tackled me just now as though he had never seen me before."

"Well?"

"I asked him what literary work was his line, and he said he was the 'Absent-minded Beggar.'"—Mail and Express.

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him an apple or other bit of luncheon,"

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH. 1903.


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Every elector whether Grit or Tory, Labor or Independent, should get his name placed on the list of Voters. Now is the time to do it, do not wait till the lists close, and then, when too late, find that you have no vote.

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## Siphons.

A Pipe Line crossing a gulch or valley and conveying water from one hillside to that opposite is often called an inverted siphon. This is a misnomer, but the use of the word is generally understood, A siphon, technically, is a bent pipe having unequal branches, open at both ends, and is used to convey water from a higher to a lower level, the water passing over an intermediate point higher than the level of the water at either end. The limitations of the siphon are determined by the pressure of the atmosphere and the friction in the pipe line. The greatest height over which water can pass when employing a siphon is about 33 feet, but it is always less, owing to the conditions above stated.

To make a siphon operate in draining a reservoir or mine each limb should be provided with a valve. That on the lesser end must be a short distance below the surface of the water. That on the longer end must be placed lower than the lowest than the lowest point from which it is expected to raise the water. A third valve must be provided at the summit of the bend with a means for pouring water into the pipe through the valve at that point. The end valves being closed the pipe is filled at the bend. When full close the valve at this point and open the valve beneath the level of the water on the short end; then open the valve on the long end. If the air has been excluded the siphon should continue to work until the height of the column of water between the surface of the water in the reservoir and the summit of the end equals the atmospheric pressure.

Mining and Scientific Press.

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## Social.

An interesting social was held in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church last Friday evening. It took the nature of a welcome to their late pastor, the Rev. J. Pringle, combined with a farewell to Mrs. Blackett who has acted as organist in the church since its inception.

Short addresses were delivered by the Chairman, the Rev. E. Turkington and Rev. J. Pringle. Songs were rendered by Mesdames Stables, Costigan and Blackett and by Messrs. Lumsden and Stables. Recitations were given by Mrs. and Judge Henderson.

During the evening Mr. J. A. Fraser, in a few well chosen remarks, presented Mrs. Blackett with a nugget chain, in the name of the congregation.

Mrs. Blackett feelingly replied. Refreshments were served by the ladies in their usual elaborate style.

An enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

---

# THE KEYSTONE DRILL.

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---

## The Alsek Strike.

Whitehorse.—Many stampeders returned but no one so far has done more than pan the surface. Dirt panned gives from one to seven colors from surface to a depth of three feet.

Ed.—We can do better than that here, but we wish the mushers luck.


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E. ROSSELLI, Proprietor.

Corner Pearl and First Streets, Atlin, B. C.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS—CASE GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Hydraulic Mining Machinery.

HYDRAULIC GIANTS, WATER GATES,
ANGLE STEEL RIFFLES &
HYDRAULIC RIVETED PIPE.

**Pumping & Hoisting Machinery.**

Estimates furnished on application

The Vancouver Engineering Works,

VANCOUVER, B. C.

A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent, Atlin. B. C

We can give You as Good Value for your CASH as any House in Town.
Try us with it and see.
Groceries, Provisions, etc.
Giant Powder on hand.
N. C. Wheeling & Co. Successors to J. A. Fraser & Co.

# NEWS OF THE WORLD.

An attempt to buglarise the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Carman, Man., was frustrated.

The British steamer Biddleham Castle, ran down Swedish brigantine Swithold. Six of the Swithold's crew were drowned.

Vancouver, Voters list has now passed the 6,000 mark.

Mrs. Anna Gill died, at Vancouver, last week, at the ripe age of 101 years. She was undoubtedly the oldest woman in the city.

Halifax society is stirred up by the Rev. W. J. Ancient remarking from the pulpit, that the ladies of the Halifax Golf Club "swore like troopers."

Situation in the far east pregnant with possibilities. Russia makes no pretense of evacuation of Manchuria and is sending troops and guns.

The King of Bulgaria has left or rather fled from Belgrade. A revolution is brewing and an attempt against Prince Ferdmand's throne is imminent.

The conclave of Cardinals at Rome began last Saturday.

The great battleship King Edward was launched at Devonport.

Dawson City is improving its fire equipment and building a new hall. Mr. Lester, an old Vancouver fireman, is Chief of the fire Department.

Seven million feet of timber is being shipped to Nome from the Puget Sound.

Whitehorse is shipping brick to Dawson, they are made at the Whitehorse brick yard owned by Messrs. Witney and Young.

No trace of the prisoners who escaped from Folson prison, has been seen, notwithstanding the fact that 100 men are in pursuit.

George Week's of Victoria and Jacob Klein, of Seattle suicided at Dawson last week.

Mr. E. S. Busby has been appointed collector of customs for the port of Dawson.

James Riley knocked out Con Sheean in a glove contest at Nome. The latters jaw was broken in the eighth round. Sheehan was removed to the Holy Cross hospital.

Report says that the Kuskowin strike is good, and that coal, copper and cinnibar have been discovered.

## THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

Pacific and Arctic Railway and Navigation Company.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Company.
British Yukon Railway Company.

### TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JANUARY 1 1901,
Daily except Sunday.

| No. 3 N. B. 2nd class. | No. 1 N. B. 1st class. | | | No. 2. S. Bound 1st class. | | No. 4 S. Bound 2nd class. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8. 30 p. m. | 9. 30 a. m. | LV. | SKAGUAY AR. | 4. 30 p. m. | AR | 4. 15 a. m. |
| 10. 30 ,, | 10. 55 / 11. 00 | ,, | WHITE PASS ,, | 3. 05 / 3. 00 | ,, | 2. 10 ,, |
| 11. 40 a.m. | 11. 45 | ,, | LOG CABIN ,, | 2. 10 | ,, | 1. 00 ,, |
| 12 20 | 12. 15 / 12. 35 | p.m | BENNETT ,, | 1. 35 / 1. 15 | p.m | 12. 20 p.m. |
| 2. 45 ,, | 2. 10 | ,, | CARIBOU ,, | 11. 50 | a.m | 10. 20 ,, |
| 6. 40 ,, | 4. 30 | ,, AR | WHITE HORSE LV | 9. 30 | ,, LV | 7. 00 ,, |

Passengers must be at depots in time to have Baggage inspected and checked. Inspection is stopped 30 minutes before leaving time of train.

150 pounds of baggage will be checked free with each full fare ticket and 75 pounds with each half fare ticket.

DO NOT FORGET YOUR DUTY. REGISTER YOUR VOTE AT ONCE.

J. G. CORNELL.
Nugget Hotel
Discovery.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
Headquarters for Brook's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.
DISCOVERY, B. C.
Finest of liquors. Good stabling.
ED. SANDS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP
G. H. FORD Prop.
Now occupy their new quarters next to the Bank of B. N. A., First Street.
The bath rooms are equally as good as found in cities. Private Entrance for ladies.

Pellew-Harvey, Bryant & Gilman
Provincial Assayers
The Vancouver Assay Office, Established 1890.
W. WALLACE GRIME & Co., Agents.
Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay

## 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 in the Atlin district for agricultural purposes: Commencing at an initial post, planted about one mile north-east of Atlin Townsite, thence running east 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

William McNern.

Dated at Atlin, B. C., this 22nd day of June 1903. Jne 27 60 d

NOTICE is hereby given that after 60 days from date, we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase one-quarter of an acre of land for a site for a power plant in the Atlin District, situated as follows:

Commencing at a post marked "The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.'s S.E. corner," planted at a point on Discovery street, in the Town of Atlin, thence in a westerly direction 104¼ feet, thence northerly 104¼ feet, thence easterly 104¼ feet, thence southerly 104¼ feet to point of commencement, containing one quarter of an acre more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 25th day of June, 1903.

The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

je6-30d.

NOTICE is hereby given that after 60 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in the Atlin district for agricultural purposes: commencing at an initial post, planted about one mile north-east of Atlin townsite, thence running east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

J. T. REGAN.

Dated at Atlin, B. C., this 4th day of June, 1903. je6-60d

NOTICE is hereby given that after 30 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a 21 year lease of the following described land, situated at the head of Boulder creek, in the Atlin District, commencing at a post marked, "C. D. Newton's S. W. corner," thence 20 chains in a north-easterly direction, thence 20 chains in a north-westerly direction, thence 20 chains in a south-westerly direction, thence 20 chains in a south-easterly direction to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C., this 1st day of June, 1903. C. D. NEWTON.

je6-30d

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 a point on the eastern boundary of Atlin Townsite, thence north 20 chains, thence East 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 40 acres, more or less.

CHAS. R. MYERS.

Dated at Atlin, B.C., this 23rd day of May, 1903. my30-60d

## NOTICE.

### Certificate of Improvements.

The YELLOW JACKET Mineral Claim, situated on Pine Creek, about one mile east of Discovery, in the Atlin Lake Mining Division of Cassiar, B. C.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Julius M. Ruffnor, F.M.C., No. B33359, Agent for the North Columbia Gold Mining Co. F.M.C., No. 834111, intend 60 days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

AND FURTHER Take notice that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Atlin, B. C., this 19th day of May, 1903.

my28-60d Julius M. Ruffner, Agent

### Certificate of Registration of an Extra-Provincial Company.

"COMPANIES ACT, 1897."

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have this day registered "The McKee Consolidated Hydraulic, Limited" as an Extra-Provincial company under the "Companies' Act, 1897," to carry out or effect all or any of the objects to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The Head Office of the Company is situate at Huron, in the county of Beadle, State of South Dakota.

The amount of the capital of the company is $1,000,000, divided into one million shares of one dollar each.

The head office of the company in this Province is situate in Atlin, and Fletcher T. Hamshaw, Manager of the Company, whose address is Atlin aforesaid, is the attorney for the company (not enpowered to issue or transfer stock).

The time of the existence of the company is 20 years.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this 22nd day of May, one thousand nine hundred and three.

[L.S.] S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

je-20-4t

E. S. Wilkinson, P.L.S. Wm. Brown, C.E.
WILKINSON & BROWN
Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.
Hydraulic Mine Engineering a Specialty — Office, Pearl St., near Third St., ATLIN, B.C.

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.

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

A Boon to the Thirsty!
Drinks, 2 for a Quarter.
Commencing Monday, April 20th, I will cut prices on all my goods at the LELAND HOTEL. I have a large stock of First Class Goods and intend to dispose of them at Cost. This is strictly a CLOSING OUT SALE. Goods must be disposed of by July 1st.
Hotel Building for Sale--No Reasonable Offer Refused.
E. P. QUEEN.

him an apple or other bit of luncheon,

## LIFE'S TRIAL.

Ever lurking, trying facing,
On my way;
Pleasant visions all erasing,
Joy disturbing, quiet chasing,
Fondest selfish schemes defacing
Day by day—

What's the use of trying, daring,
In this life?
Trials waylay, with spite unsparing,
Baffling, slighting, paining, wearing
Every peaceful thought ensnaring
Into strife.

Would I rest, then cares assailing
Banish peace;
Triumphing but leads to falling;
Sudden joy is turned to wailing;
Ease of mind begets but ailing;
Cares ne'er cease

What's the end of all this toiling,
Troubles scene—
Where no sense is free from soiling,
Where belief but breeds embroiling,
Where no rest from planning, moiling,
E'er is seen?

This I know, when trials defiant
Rise forlorn,
For the conflict, strong, reliant,
Wakes the soul, like sleeping giant
To whose sinews, supie, pliant,
Strength is born

This I know, that brave endeavor
Sinks in rust
If from trials we rest us ever;
Vain from courage trial to sever;
Toil and conflict draw us never
Into lust.

Each endeavor, true and earnest,
Leads to strength;
If from hope thou never turnest,
If for higher deeds thou yearnest,
Peace and joy, tho' late, thou learnest
Come at length

Welcome trials, hidden blessings,
Sent from God;
Wooing not with soft caressings,
Teaching not in doubtful guessings
Curing all our weak confessings
With thy rod.

## A MYSTERY.

During my sojourn in Egypt," said Walton, removing his hookah from his burnt black beard, "I became interested in the horse; and desirous of possessing an Arabian of high quality, sought guidance of our local consul as to the best way of going about obtaining one. He gave me a letter to a certain camel and horse breeder of renown, located near Samana, Bedouin sheik, Hassam Moakbar by name. The sheik, he informed me, had reason to feel under obligations to him, which would insure me a pleasant reception. I took with me only a small escort—the consul's letter, in the Arabian tongue, being a sort of passport and affording me immunity from the toll gathering customary among the desert tribes. Arriving at the encampment at twilight, a scene of great beauty burst upon me. The stars were beginning to blaze forth with unusual size and brilliancy through the wonderful rare atmosphere. Threads of smoke rose perpendicularly from fires which sparkled among the long, low, wide tents, where preparations for the evening meal were going on.

"Negro slaves were roasting coffee, which gave forth a perfume only 'Araby the Blest' could yield. Round about parties of Arabs were exercising the horses—such creatures!—with manes flowing like the tresses of Princess Badroulbadour.

"Sehik Hassam, a man of noble appearance, met me, and after reading the letter, at once relaxed the stern dignity of his countenance, and the supper being now ready, bade me partake of the same tray with himself. The meal consisted of kid's flesh roasted delicately with certain condiments, of the nature of eau de cologne, and washed down with mare's milk. A noble cup of coffee, however atoned for the singularity of this repast, and lighting cheroots of a strong, sweet flavor, we strolled among the horses, much of whose beauty and fine points were observable in the moonlight, for that luminary had now risen above the horizon. For reasons of his own, the sheik certainly did his best to get me what I wanted, and out of fifty, every one of which seemed to possess some different charm, I chose one, and regretted I had not chosen all the others. I was loath to leave so romantic a spot, and, though duty called, lingered some days, the guest of the sheik, who seemed equally unwilling to have me go, and plied me with rare tobacco and still rarer legends, dusky happenings of desert land, which had come within his kin, and revealed to few. I began to feel as if I had chewed the lotus buds, and did not care greatly whether I returned to my native land or not.

"One evening (that before the day set for my departure) while strolling and smoking, as usual, in the moonlight, at some distance from the encampment, our footsteps, whether by accident or the sheik's design, were directed toward a dark ridge of rocks which crested a great rise of sand on the horizon and shone jagged against the rising moon.

"'That forbbidding pile,' said Sheik Hassam, with a wave of his long arm, causing a metoric effect with the glowing end of his cheroot, 'formed once the centre of an oasis, discovered by myself and tribe while seeking an unfrequented portion of the desert for the purpose of establishing ourselves for the favorable pursuit of our business.

"'This oasis seemed the portal of paradise when, in the splendor of the noontide, we halted, after days of travel beneath a copper sky, before its waving palms and luxuriant shade, among which gurgled hidden springs of water, blessed water, and the songs of birds echoed among the foliage.

"'"Allah be praised! We shall prosper here!"' I cried aloud, and bade them set up the tents, which were not few and dig a cistern, which was filled from the springs amid the groves. The heat diminished not, but rather intensified from day to day, so that the outer springs became dry, and we had to force our way inward (for the oasis was wide and of densest growth) to obtain supplies of water.

"'Here and there we encountered beaten paths, which struck us as being rather singular, as we had seen no living thing save birds. Possibly, we argued, they were made by the jackals, which howled about in the day time and went there for water after dark although on one occasion I could have sworn that a vague imprint in the sandy pathway was that of a beast of prey.

"'I kept a sharp lookout and sentinels even on watch about the horses, camels and goats tethered a short distance from the camp beneath leafy sheds. Nothing of note transpired for several days, except slight additional proofs from time to time that some living creature inhabited the place. The heat seemed to increase daily, and the sky assumed that reddish tinge which bodes no good to the dweller of the desert. At rare intervals across the yellow hillocks would come pirouetting diabolical little spirals of sand moved by puffs of wind, like breaths from a furnace.

"'On the morning of the fifth day Hamed my Circassian slave, a man of rare courage and singulr personal beauty, disappeared into the depths of the oasis in quest of fresh water, that in the cistern being used for the beasts only, and, from the length of time elapsing, must have penetrated further than usual. Suddenly we perceived him at the edge of the jungle, wildly gesticulating. The Arabs' rifles were at their shoulders in an instant, but there was a mingled scream and roar, a flash of tawny flnks, and Hamed, dragged down from behind, disappeared into the wood.

"'The riflemen who had been earest to him fell upon their faces, paralyzed with some awful fear, and could not be induced to stir. What they had seen I knew not. Drawing my simitar and grasping my pistol I bade a huge black, under threat of instant death follow with a lance, and plunged into the tangled wood at the spot where Hamed had disappeared. White rragments of cloth upon the broken twigs, borne down by what must have been a creature of unusual size and ponderous strength, guided us onward. Panting wtih the heat, bruised with falling, and now feeling giddy with a strange odor which began to prevade the air, we proceeded with the utmost caution along a path grown steep and rocky.

"'The terrible ordor had grown almost stifling, and mingling with it came a low, whining purr, apparently at no great distance now.

"'Crouching behind a ragged mass of rock which seemed to have been split by the heat (the black calling incessantly upon Allah with chattering teeth) I peered through the crevice into the space beyond. Soul of Mohammed! What a sight met my gaze!

"'Sprawled upon its belly at the entrance to a cavern, the lithe tail beating the ground, was a creature, the sight of which caused my scimitar to fall from my nerveless grasp. Out of a tangled red mane, rose a white neck of columnar strength, surmounted by a countenance of awful beauty. Beneath netted eyebrows glowed eyes like burnished brass, human in all save the slit pupils. The lips were a venomous red arch, through which flashed long canine teeth.

"'Before her, slightly propped against a bowlder, lay Hamed, white and limp, but conscious and fascinated. Ever and anon the great furry paw was thrust forward caressingly (the claws sheathed), and the eyes of the dread creature became narrow and tender, and the purring sound was repeated.

"'Streaming with sweat, I had managed to level my pistol across a protection, when a shadow fell over us which deepened, and a murmur broke upon our ears, increasing to a roar. Springing to its feet, its eyes blazing greenly in the gathering gloom, the Thing seized the shoulder of Hamed's garments in its teeth, and with a horrid screaming snarl leaped past us, as the simoon in all its fury burst upon us.

"'The black had already clambered to the highest rock and lay clasping the base of a large palm, face down, enveloped in his burnous. I did likewise, and after a period of unconsciousness, awoke, and painfully drawing myself up to a sitting posture against what remained of the palm stree, gazed about me. The black lay rigid at my side, stifled.

"'Around about among the rocks and trees and across the plain were great drifts and billows of sand, but of all my faithful people and valuable beasts there was no trace. A tent pole, with a fragment of canvas here and there, marked their graves.

"'I was rescued in a delirious condition by my partner, who came weekly to visit the encampment.

"'That I am stopping in this vicinity is owing to an irrestible fascination the spot has for me, and to its being in the direct road to the market town, whither I go at intervals to trade. The mystery that yonder sand heaps envelop will never be revealed until the desert and the sea give up their dead.'"

"How did you and George get along at the seashore?" asked her best friend. "Swimmingly," was the reply.

### Improvement in Colts.

There are colts and colts, as the saying goes, but the differences between the young growing horses are to a very large extent due to the management and to the feeding. Colts are born, it is true, but to a large extent they are made by care and attention, and of these the feeding is the most important. A young animal may be very justly compared with a plant. The seed may be of the best, but unless the culture is equally good the growth is stunted. The young animal of whatever kind is subject to the same natural law. It is worth while to mention this, Maine Farmer says, for it is quite a common occurrence to see the avoidable deterioration of a wellbred young animal, due simply to this mistaken thought that blood will tell. Blood represents years and generations of the best breeding, feeding, care and education, one generation inheriting the gains made by previous ones. So it will be a simple loss of money to pay high prices for the service of a sire of high character, and then think that inherited influence will work out the problem without sufficient food to support it. An animal eats its food, chews and grinds it with its teeth, and makes it into a pulp by mixture with the saliva, which is really the first of the digestive and solvent fluids. The teeth crush and grind the food, and the more palatable this is the more is the flow of this fluid. Thus with pleasant food the mastication in the mouth is most perfectly performed, and as the saliva is a solvent and a chemical fluid as well, the food has its starch to some extent changed into sugar, and so goes into the stomach partly digested, one of the facts which should be duly considered by the feeder.

Every animal loves a change of foods. It is possible for any animal to live on a single food, but it will never improve on it. Wild animals in a state of nature never improve. They cannot improve; this is easily seen to be an impossible thing for them. But mankind is an improving animal, and when civilized is constantly bettering his condition, and improving everything he comes into possession of. It goes without saying that this is the result of intelligent feeding.

Feeding paves the foundation for training, and every step gained is firmly fixed and made the basis for future improvement. Thus it is our horses are constantly bettering their records in every way, and what has been accomplished is only a starting point for future improvement. All our live stock has been subjected to the same influences. We have two-year-old cattle which weigh as much as the old five-year-old steers.

Our cows at two years old yield more butter in a week than any average three of the stock of fifty years ago. Our lambs come to market under a year, and bring the values of two or three year old wethers of a generation back. Of course, this increases the profits of the breeders and feeders, and is equally an economy to the consumers. The lists of foods at command almost bewilder the scientific students, not to think of how the farmers and stock feeders are at a loss to choose this or that as being the most effective, and thus economical, and profitable. At the same time education runs alongside of the train of improvement, and as we gain in scientific information we apply it to practical uses. In regard to our live stock interests, this advantage is perceived on every hand. With improvements in horses, there are gains made in every way in our live stock.

This is all a result of the application of the ultimate principle of economy, by which the art of feeding animals has been so greatly extended, and by which our choice of foods is enlarged so that by the extension of the knowledge of the chemistry of foods the feeder is able to vary the bill of fare and economize in the cost.

### A Life-long Fighter.

General Maximo Gomez, the Cuban leader, is the most interesting figure in Cuban history, next to Estrada Palma. The old liberator is not a native of Cuba, but his life has been one of devotion to struggling causes. Gomez is a San Dominican, who has been fighting in one country or another for sixty years. He got his military training in the Spanish army, and after passing through one revolution he left home and settled in Cuba. That island has been his home ever since, except for the time he has served in banishment. In 1895 he was given the supreme command of the Cuban forces, and for three years gave Spain as difficult a fight as she ever had in any of her colonies, and managed to lose comparatively few of his own men. At 78 General Gomez, in spite of his campaigns, is vigorous and active.

### House Plants For the Winter.

The best time to get decorative plants to be grown indoors during the winter is early in September. At that season artificial heat and high, moist temperature have been dispensed with, and plants are growing more naturally than at any other time in the year. There are but few which one can expect to grow well in the house in winter. The aspidistra is a plant which cannot be killed by ordinary neglect. Give it all the water it needs, an occasional application of fertilizer and a reasonable amount of light. The agave is a stately plant, and a well-grown specimen always attracts attention. For the hall it will be found quite as ornamental as a palm. Because of the semi-succulent nature of the foliage, it will not require much water, except when it is growing. *Asparagus Sprengeeri* is another plant which grows as well for the veriest amateur as it does for the owner of a greenhouse. Plant it in a soil of rich loam, and give it a liberal allowance of water when it needs it, a shady place to grow in and a frequent shower bath. Begonias are not often classed among the very robust plants, but there is one variety which I have found sure to grow well under difficulties. This variety is B. argentea guttata. Give it a soil of sandy loam, well drained. Be careful not to overwater, but shower it frequently—Eben E. Rexford, in The Ladies' Home Journal for September.

### A Noted Engineer.

M. Phillipe Bunau-Varilla spoke in New York recently from the standpoint of an engineer on the subject, "Comparative Methods of the Nicaragua and Panama Canal Routes." He was born in Paris in 1859, and was admitted to the Ecole Polytechnique in 1878, being a classmate of Captain Dreyfus. When he left the institution he was named engineer of the State of France, an honor which is reserved for the twenty-nine or thirty men at the head of their class. In 1884 he left France to become the chief engineer of one of the three sections of the Panama Canal. Later he took charge of two sections, and still later became Director-General of the work.

He was decorated in 1887 by the French Government as a Knight of the Legion of Honor. After the financial crash, which stopped the work on the canal, he turned his attention to writing a history of the canal, and in 1892 published a volume on the construction, at the same time advancing a new and very ingenious theory of lock canal construction. In an annex to this publication he compared the Nicaragua and Panama routes, and approved the latter.

M. Bunau-Varilla aided in the construction of the Congo Railway, which opens Central Africa to civilization. He is the President of the Madrid, Caceres & Portugal Railway. His brother is one of the editors of the Paris paper, Le Matin, in which some insulting articles about the late Queen Victoria have appeared, but the writer of the articles has been dismissed from the staff of the paper and an apology made.

### Gold Fish as Pets.

The immense demand for gold fish in Chicago is explained by the Misses Adams as being due to the fact that so many people in Chicago live in flats, where gold fish are about the only pets which can be tolerated. They make no noise and are considered highly decorative, and, above all, they call for little attention from their owners. It appears that the native gold fish from San Francisco are the finest of the American breed, although many come from the eastern States and Indiana. The Japanese and Oriental fantails have been shut out from America for some time owing to the regulations necessitated by the appearance of the bubonic plague. The food on which gold fish thrive best comes from Germany, and the "water moss," without which the gold fish will not prosper, is grown by the Misses Adams in large quantities. Other species of fish are bred on this interesting place, and the foreign population of Chicago places within the view of these intrepid business women endless vistas for new lines of work, for work it means, whatever the profit may be; the slightest relaxation of attention in relation to the health of their finny stock, will mean a serious loss, for while the healthy fish must be fed and cared for perpetually, the weakly ones must be isolated and nursed back to health and strength. The "silver fish," for example, which is really a species of the paradise fish, requires the utmost care and attention. They belong to the tribe of the nest-building fish, and the nests are composed of air bubbles (not castles in Spain), which are blown by the male fish. The eggs deposited by the mother are hatched by the action of light, air and warmth, and the male parent watches the nest and the young ones, not allowing the mother to come near either eggs or "small fry." Usually of a dull grey color, it is only during courting season that the rainbow colors are discernible, and the darting fish are so brilliant, scintillating and shimmering with wonderful gleams of radiance, that it is almost impossible to recognze them as the quiet hermits in somber grey who have inhabited the tank for nine long months.

A negro preacher down south has discovered the real cause of the recent volcanic disasters. He says: "De earf, my friends, resolves on axels, as we all know. Somefin' is needed to keep the axels greased; so when de earf was made, petrolyum was put inside for dat purpose. De Standard Oil Comp'ny comes along an' strax dat petrolyum by borin' holes in de earf? De earf stix on its axels an' won't go round no more; den dere is a hot box, just as ef de earf wuz a big railway train—and den, my frien', dere is trouble."

"Do you ever work hard?" asked one of the examining committee.

"Do I ever work hard?" rejoined the millionaire, evidently a little hurt; "why, sometimes I work as hard as if I was getting only a dollar a day."—Brooklyn Life.

### Sagacity of a bulldog.

Representatives Payne and Dalzell on their recent visit to the South argued one day upon the intelligence of dogs, says the New York "Tribune." Mr. Dalzell held that the collie was the wisest of the dog family, while Mr. Payne claimed this honor for the bulldog, backing up his contention with a strange dog story.

"A reputable and honest farmer," he said, "told me once that he owned a sagacious bulldog to which he had given the name of Oscar. He also owned a bulldog of a fiery and malignant character. On a summer evening, when the sun's heat had inflamed the latter's temper highly, Oscar sauntered past him and was instantly attacked.

"Oscar ran with all his speed, but he was no match for his pursuer. Every second the distance between the two became smaller. The farmer, a long way off, was hurrying to the rescue, but it looked to him as though all thought of help was futile. Oscar seemed foredoomed.

"And then a strange thing happened. Oscar, as he ran, picked up a stone and carried it in his mouth. Nearer and nearer came the enemy. But now Oscar dropped the stone, and his pursuer, thinking it was something very valuable—something, maybe, to eat—stopped and examined it. His pause was brief, but nevertheless it was long enough for Oscar. On account of it the wise dog reached the farmhouse and was safe.

"The farmer claimed that the dropping of the stone had been a premeditated, well conceived act, and I agree with him. That is why I claim that the bulldog is the most intelligent of all his tribe."

### High Art.

Scene—A gallery in the East End.
"Well, that 'ere title knocks me, Joe! What does that little bit want to be takin' a bath of physic for? Gal looks healthy enough!"—"Punch."

The widow Simonds had appeared before Squire Benson with one complaint after another. This time she accused one of her neighbors of stealing two ducks.

"I missed them from the duck-pond yesterday," she said, plaintively, "an' this morning, square, I'm jest as sure as I'm standing here that I saw them in Harr'et Shaw's yard. They had a different look from her own ducks."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the squire. "Mrs. Shaw is as honest as the sun, and you know it! Why, I've got half a dozen ducks in my yard this minute that are exactly like yours!"

"Well, square," said the widow, lugubriously, "these two aren't the first nor the only ones I've missed this summer, but you know I never was one to make complaints till I'm sure of my ground."—Youth's Companion.


# CURED HIS BRIGHT'S DISEASE

**Former President of Bricklayer's Union used Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

**Andrew McCormick, of Toronto, Tells of a Cure for the most dreaded of all Diseases.**

Toronto, June 15.—(Special). — In these days when the dreaded Bright's Disease seems to be selecting its victims at will the report of an authenticated cure is received with relief by all classes of the community. And such a report comes from Andrew McCormick, of 243 Spadina avenue, this city.

That Mr. McCormick is well-known and highly respected, is evidenced by the fact that he has held high offices in several fraternal societies, and was for several years President of the Bricklayers' Union. Interviewed regarding the cure, Mr. McCormick says:

"I suffered with an attack of Bright's Disease and naturally was much troubled concerning it. I heard of the wonderful cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills and concluded to try them. The result was so satisfactory that it gives me pleasure to recommend them."

Make and keep the Kidneys sound by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and there can be no Bright's Disease.

# AN ARIZONA WILD MAN.

Many strange stories have been told of the "wild man" of the Grand Canon of the Colorado, and while some persons have credited these weird tales, they have for the most part been regarded as the ingenious inventions of imaginative travellers, and have passed into tradition as such. But, according to H. W. Stevens of Cedar, Col., says The Albuquerque, New, Mexico, Democrat, the "wild man" is not a myth, and he gives a thrilling account of an encounter he had with the creature.

"Two years ago," says Mr. Stevens, "I had business in the northwestern part of Arizona that took me in the neighborhood of the extreme lower end of the Grand Canon of the Colorado River, in Mohave County, Arizona. Having the misfortune of getting my arm broken, I took a trip to the river to kill time and catch a few beaver. I constructed a skiff, with the aid of a friend, and when my arm got strong enough I took a trip up the canon as far as I could go with a boat. A few miles above the entrance I hauled my boat upon the sand and got ready to examine the rock walls.

"The first thing that attracted my attention was the imprint of bare feet in the sand. Thinking the tracks had been made by some Indian, perhaps a Piute or a Hanlipi, I began looking the gorge over with much interest. Going down stream a short distance, I found more tracks.

"The third day of my stay I saw the head of a man on a bench of rocks on the north side of the river. Evidently he was seated on the edge of a cliff some distance above my camp. I rowed up stream a little above the point where I saw the man's head and part of his shoulders above the greasewood brush. Climbing up to the bench I had some difficulty in finding a place that I could get over the ledge and be on a level with my strange neighbor.

"I finally succeeded in approaching closer to the point. I saw sitting on a large boulder a man with long white hair and a matted beard that reached to his knees. The creature was unaware of my approach, and I gazed upon him for some moments unobserved. He was about fifty yards away and in full view. He wore no clothing, and upon his talon-like fingers were claws at least two inches long. A coat of grey hair nearly covered his body, with here and there a spot of dirty skin showing. I had found the 'wild man' of the rocks!

"At that moment a rock loosened by some animal came rolling down. The creature turned his face towards me. Horrors! What a face—it was seared and burned brown by the sun, with fiery green eyes. With a wild whoop and a leap he was off up over rocks and cliffs like a mountain sheep for about seventy-five yards. Then he stopped. He was armed with a queer-shaped club, large enough to fell an ox. Brandishing this bludgeon, he shrieked and chattered for a moment, then started towards me, roaring and still flourishing his weapon. Faster and faster he came, and my hair began to stiffen.

"I am a poor runner, so I stood my ground. When the creature was within about fifteen yards of me I raised my rifle to fire, thinking to cripple him. As I glanced along the barrel I heard a deep growl just above the wild man. Looking up I saw a she-cougar and two half-grown cubs. The mother cougar crouched, with tail lashing, ready to spring on the wild man. He also had heard the growl and he braced himself for the shock.

"I drew a hasty bead on the cougar and pressed the trigger. When the smoke had cleared away the mother cougar lay dead where the wild man had stood. The man himself had disappeared. The two young cougars were still on the rock, apparently greatly frightened by the report and echoes of my old Sharp's rifle.

"Reaching hastily for a cartridge I found I had neglected to buckle on my belt when leaving camp, so I hastily retreated to the boat, where I found everything as I had left it. I shoved the boat off and drifted toward camp, which was near the cougar. There lay the old cougar where she had fallen. The wild man was standing over the two cubs, which were also dead, he having beaten the life out of them with his club. He stood for a moment gazing on the carcasses, then got down on his hands and knees and drank the warm blood as it flowed from the death wounds. The sight sickened me.

"I stood up in the boat and yelled. The man sprang to his feet, took a long look at me, then flew up from ledge to ledge until he reached the fourth ledge, where he stopped. Here he flourished his club again and screamed the wildest, most unearthly screech I ever heard, then turned and sprang onward up the craggy wall of the canon.

"Not fancying my wild neighbor, I packed my outfit into the boat and drifted down and out of the canon before I made camp for the night. That was the strangest adventure of my life.

"Tradition records that years ago hostile Indians captured three men, bound them to logs far up the canon, and set them adrift upon the swollen river. It may be that this wild creature is one of those unfortunate men who, by chance, freed himself and escaped death, but was made insane by his awful experience."

the school lunch he went slowly back to the woods.

"His visits became of daily regularity, and, it being evident that he came with no evil intent, the teacher, and now and then a pupil, took to tossing him an apple or other bit of luncheon, and finally to feeding him out of hand, until now, so it is reported, that bear has almost quartered himself in that school district and lunches regularly with the Sander's Mill school children and teacher."

As long ago as Solomon's time
The kingly philosopher paid
In lofty measure a tribute sublime
To the way of a man with a maid.
But of all the various things that fill
The limits of life's brief span,
You may talk as you will, the most wonderful still
Is the way of a maid with a man.

## The Romance of a Rose

### An Episode of a House Party

By Harold Begbie.

VALENTINE MINETY first tasted the wine of fame when the president of the Royal Academy led him into the radiant presence of Lady Ryde. And the wine mounted in a purple cloud to his head when that beautiful young woman, after expressing a desire to purchase his first Academy picture, suggested he should dine and sleep at Ryde Castle the following week.

The young man had come from the sordid environment of a struggling existence in a garret into the broad spaces of aristocratic ease. He was a guest at Ryde Castle. He had drunk tea with a company of great people, he had chatted familiarly with my Lord Ryde, had explained, schoolmaster-wise, to half a dozen beautiful and clever women the hidden glories of the Velasquez in the drawing-room, and now he was in his bedroom preparing to dress for dinner.

Valentine Minety was young, passably well-looking, and monstrously conceited. It never struck him that Lady Ryde had invited him to her house because he was a young and struggling artist; it did not occur to him that the beautiful woman had included a novelist, a minor poet and the editor of a London newspaper among her guests. It seemed to him that Valentine Minety had become a member of the aristocracy because he was Valentine Minety; and to Valentine Minety he was not an artist, but the good-looking youth who stared so fixedly at him from every mirror he passed.

He looked at his new dress clothes, at the new patent-leather shoes, at the new collar, the new shirt, the new tie and the new handkerchief—all waiting to be glorified by his body. Looking at them, Valentine Minety fancied he had rather impressed the footman.

Then he thought of Lady Ryde. What beauty lay in the sad gray iris of her eyes! How gloriously the dark hair shaded her splendid brow! What pride, what sorrow curled the red lips! How prettily she blushed, too—blushed, when she spoke to him! She had looked at him so often as he talked to the others; when she had looked, had there not been a gentle smile on the proud, sorrowful mouth, suggestions of pleasure in the sad gray eyes? He had talked loud enough for her to hear.

He looked at himself in the glass.

The coat came away, and he pitched it—by force of habit—on the bed, still looking in the glass. He proceeded to undo his waistcoat, screwing his head round to catch a view of his profile. The waistcoat followed the coat.

Then he paused for a moment. Ought he not, perhaps, to ring for a footman to take off his boots? Knotty point! Surely the aristocracy did not unlace its own shoes? And yet if he should——

Valentine Minety started, his fingers twitching at his braces. No longer did he look in the glass; no longer did he think of his boots; his eyes were riveted upon the dressing-table, fixed in a frozen stare upon a little red rosebud twisted into a buttonhole and lying, ah! so daintily, upon a china tray in front of the glass.

"She is an angel, an angel!" cried Valentine, flinging his braces over his shoulders. "By all the amours of Venus! this is her gift to me, her invitation, her sweet encouragement! Was ever love more prettily made? Oh! the dear, darling flower! And oh! the radiant, radiant woman!"

He kissed the rose, laid it reverently back upon the table, and sat himself down before the glass. His boots came off with a rush; his shirt was jerked over his head in a twinkling; and the next minute he was plunging his face into hot water.

"Perhaps she's downstairs waiting for me now!" he told the towel.

Off went the trousers, off went the socks. The gorgeous silk socks were dragged proudly on the foot and up the leg, and then on went the new dress trousers, out came the new trees from the new patent leather shoes, and then, after some struggling, on went those new shoes over the new socks.

With his head in his fine new shirt, his hands breaking their way through the starched sleeves, Valentine told himself he must not rush this incident; Lady Ryde was not to be approached as boisterously as a barmaid. This matter required great delicacy.

His face came through the collar of the shirt, very red and fresh-looking. He looked in the glass and congratulated his beauty on its distinguished victory.

The collar was buttoned, the tie fixed, the hair brushed, the hands rinsed, the white waistcoat buttoned, the big gold chain stretched across from pocket to pocket, and then on went the coat.

He picked up the rosebud, turned the lapel of his coat forward, and then—well, he used a coarse expression. For the buttonhole was—a sham!

"Confound these cheap tailors!" cried Valentine, wrathfully.

In the midst of his wrath it occurred to him that it was very nearly eight o'clock. He thought of pinning the flower to his coat, but no; the stalk would look hopelessly vulgar. He thought of ripping open the hole with a pair of scissors; but there happened to be no scissors on the table. He thought of——

The clock rapped out the first strokes of eight.

He placed the flower reverently in the pocket of his poor, cheap coat, stuffed his new red silk handkerchief into his left sleeve, and with a final glance at himself in the now dusky glass, left the room in a rush while the last stroke of eight o'clock still vibrated in the air.

He entered the drawing-room with the butler, who announced dinner ere he had time to collect his senses. He stood awkwardly gazing at the glittering crowd of people. A vision in white sailed toward him, her beautiful voice said, in gentle reproach, "You have forgotten your flower, Mr. Minety!" and then he was offering his arm to another lady and following others from the room.

Throughout dinner his eyes sought hers, and sometimes she smiled encouragement. He looked dreadfully unhappy. Once, when her eyes rested upon him, he thought of drawing the rosebud from his pocket, and touching it with his lips. But Lord Ryde was athletic, and he refrained. The lady he had taken into dinner tried valiantly, but ineffectually, to put him at his ease. He could think of nothing but that whispered reproach, "You have forgotten your flower!"

He ate of every dish, drank freely of every wine, and when the ladies passed from the room, he did actually take the rosebud from his pocket and held it, ostensibly to his nose, in reality to his lips. Lady Ryde, moving past him at that moment, smiled prettily, and continued her progress with a strange look in her eyes. Thank goodness, she knew at last!

While Mr. Minety smoked his cigarette Lady Ryde was condoling with Miss Patch, the lady he had taken in to dinner.

"Was he dreadfully heavy, dear?" said my lady.

"Heavy! Heavy! Why, he can't even listen! I talked about the last season's improper novels, I rattled on about the war, I even tried to interest him in bulbs—the creature simply gaped up the table. Not a word, not an answer of any kind, unless an occasional grunt is a part of speech. Is it? I go out so little."

"Did you talk about his picture?" asked Lady Ryde, smiling.

"I didn't know he had painted one!"

"It's in the Academy."

"If I had only known! I thought you told me he was a poet, and I asked him whether he had read Mr. Archer's book, and if he thought Mr. Henley's poems would live, and if he was cutting out Austin's odes from the newspapers and pasting them in a book. What an old fool I have been! Poor, poor young man! And so he's one of your discoveries in the picture line? Water or oil, dearest? Landsee——"

"Here he is!" said Lady Ryde, and the gentlemen came into the room.

Old Lord Cheffington was shuffling toward Lady Ryde, when Mr. Minety, hurrying forward, shot in front of him and sat himself down by her side.

"How can I thank you!" he said, in a low voice.

"You are pleased?" she answered, smiling very prettily.

"It is the happiest moment of my life."

"You must come again."

"And till I come again," he made answer, very tenderly, "I shall look at it every day."

That beat her.

"Even if it fade——" he said.

"Oh, but it mustn't fade," she put in, thinking how freely a painter can talk about his work.

"Time is so cruel," he said sadly; "it spares not even the gifts of beauty."

"I always think," said Lady Ryde, thoughtfully, "that gifts properly employed never really decay. I hope, Mr. Minety, that you will never neglect your gift."

"It is my one thought."

"Ah! that is good to hear."

"Could one possibly neglect such a gift?" cried Valentine, a little huskily. "The very thought of neglect in such a relation is blasphemy."

Lady Ryde looked at him doubtfully.

"It may lose its freshness," went on Valentine, "the joy of its youth may depart, the scent that hangs about it may take to itself wings, but the message of it, the meaning of it, the great and glorious object for which it was created—that will remain till the end."

Lady Ryde put her handkerchief to her lips.

"I felt, when I first discovered it," said Valentine, "that it was too sacred to be exhibited for all the world to see. I wouldn't wear it as a fool wears his heart, for daws to peck at. It was for my eyes, for my eyes alone; and so I hid it from everybody—next to my heart. It should be sacrosanct for ever!"

For the last few minutes Lady Ryde had concluded that the cellars of Ryde Castle were responsible for this exhibition of intolerable egoism; but with the next remark of Mr. Minety she concluded that he was a raving madman.

"I have already idealized it and given it a body," he said, speaking in a low voice. "It is clothed with sweet flesh, it looks at me with eloquent eyes, and it throbs with a heart of our emotion. Every night I shall kiss it, kiss those lips of the imagination; every morning I shall kiss it, kiss that proud and lofty brow; and through the long day I shall say ever to myself, 'She is with me, she sees and understands, she rejoices with me, she is sad with me.' To the rest of the world it may be a thing despicable, withered leaves, a faded flower—but to me, for ever and ever it shall be a living breathing embodiment of all that is fairest on the earth."

"And do you design your own frames?" asked Lady Ryde, a little coldly.

Mr. Minety started, almost angrily.

Ah! but it was explained. Lord Ryde was standing a few feet away, glancing over his shoulder in their direction. How cleverly this pretty lady had diverted suspicion! But while Mr. Minety was secretly applauding the tact of the beautiful lady who had come under the heel of his fascinations, old Lord Cheffington—who had known Lady Ryde ever since she was a baby—shuffled over toward the settee, held out his two old wrinkled hands, and when she had placed hers there, with a little glad cry, he pulled her gently to her feet and stood smiling, and blinking triumphantly into her wide eyes.

"Louisa, my dear, I don't object to the salon, but you mustn't cast all your pearls before the lions, or I shall grumble like William. On my honor I shall. Come and tell me about your visit to Aunt Mary. I've got a good story for you about poor old Emily Powderham—a real good one. Come along."

And Valentine was left moping alone, till Miss Patch descended upon him with the rod of Ruskin.

In the midst of the good lady's chatter Inspiration whispered to the soul of Mr. Minety. With a muttered apology he rose from his seat and hurried from the room. Through the hall he rushed, up the stairs he sprang and down the corridor he fairly ran. He entered his room breathless, closed the door, lighted candles and dragged a chair to the writing table.

Then on a sheet of writing paper he wrote with quivering pen the following original love lines:

This rose, this rose,
It shall be fragrant of your clothes,
Your scented gown, your guessed-at hose
No other flower that grows
Such mystic perfume knows
Such joys, such woes;
It tells of thee, and robs me of repose;
It shakes me like a mighty wind that blows,
This rose!

Call me, oh, call,
Tho' risk we run, and danger fall,
And bid me, bid me whisper all
I feel, but dare not tell,
Under this rose's spell;
Ah, wondrous smell!
It steals thro' all the channels of my rose,
Into my brain, my heart, my soul it goes,
This rose!

Then he ran the bell.

He made a romantic figure standing there in the little bedroom with the stately candles flinging strange shadows on his flushed and agitated face. In his hands he held the paper—folded now and in an envelope—that confessed his hopeless passion. He twiddled the little packet nervously in his fingers, and stood there with close-shut lips, his heart beating noisily behind the shimmering front of his new shirt.

There was a knock at the door. "Enter!" said Valentine, slipping the love lines into the tail pocket of his coat.

A surprised footman opened the door.

"Come in and close the door," said Valentine, gravely.

The servant obeyed nervously.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the painter, suddenly.

The man grinned.

"I want you to do me a great service, a very great service, but it must be kept secret as the grave."

The fellow shifted his feet and stood gaping.

"I want you to tell me," said Valentine, approaching a step nearer, "where Lady Ryde's private rooms are."

The man backed.

"Can you do that for me?"

"I'd rather you asked her ladyship, sir, or the butler," announced the man.

"Don't be a fool; I'll pay you for it," said Valentine.

He produced a sovereign he could ill afford.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," objected the servant, wavering.

"I seek to do Lady Ryde no injury," said the painter, proudly. "I swear to you that is the truth. It is a social matter, pure and simple."

He held out the sovereign.

"It's—it's the end door on the right-hand side of the main corridor," said the man, taking the money.

"And now you can go," replied Valentine, in a tone of deep tragedy.

His plan was to wait until the ladies had withdrawn and then, slipping away from the men, to find his way to Lady Ryde's room and shoot his precious envelope under the door. He would, then, linger about the corridor hoping for an answer.

In this mood he descended to the drawing-room.

But the ladies sat on and on, and so impatient was the ardor of Mr. Minety that once more he crept away from the company and climbed the stairs to the upper floor. Instead, however, of turning to the right, in which direction his bedroom lay, our gallant stole stealthily to the left and entered the main corridor.

But the footman, fearful of having done a mischief—although, as you shall learn, he had guarded his mistress from murderous attack—had hinted to Mr. Rolls, the butler, that one of the professional chaps he was looking after struck him as being more in the burglary line than anything else. "Such questions as he asked me!" said the footman. "Why, you'd think he was going to nick every jewel in her ladyship's room, you would." So it came to pass that when Valentine entered the main corridor he found it occupied by a couple of maid-servants.

With admirable sang froid Mr. Minety began a calm but slightly contemptuous examination of the pictures on the wall. With the two servants watching him (one had already rung a bell) he would half close his eyes and study a picture with his head on one side, or perhaps approach the canvas very closely and search for the name of the painter. He had gone some ten yards down the corridor in this fashion when Mr. Rolls, the butler, arrived upon the scene.

"Examining the pictures, sir?" said Rolls, in a knowing way.

"I am," said Valentine.

"There's some remarkably fine pictures in the castle, sir," said the butler.

"Some are very good," replied Valentine, distantly.

"Perhaps you'd like me to point out the best ones to you. It wants a guide, this main corridor."

"Thank you, I am only passing along," replied Valentine. "I do not require a guide."

Rolls paused for a minute. Then, he added, in a very meaning fashion, "Your bedroom, sir, is in the opposite wing. You know that, I suppose."

"Quite well," announced Valentine, and continued his walk.

Rolls left him and descended the stairs. The two servants remained.

When convinced that he should never get privacy in that corridor Valentine turned his back upon the pictures and returned to the drawing-room, revolving in his mind how he could lay his poetical flowers at the feet of Lady Ryde. On entering the room he was carried off by Lord Ryde to examine a portfolio of prints in another apartment, and when the examination was over he discovered the ladies had retired for the night.

In his bedroom, clothed in new pajamas, Valentine waited till perfect silence settled over the castle. Then, putting on the frock coat, which the poor fellow had worn down from London (he had brought no dressing-gown), and with the love lines in his hand, he noiselessly opened the door and crept quietly into the corridor. Not a sound anywhere.

He passed swiftly to the main corridor, and with stealthy footsteps made his way to the end door on the right-hand side.

Through the keyhole he saw a light burning. His heart pumped in his bosom.

He knelt softly, placed his open envelope under the door, and then pushed it gently into the room.

Then he stood up, very white.

A slight noise reached his ears, the sound of slippered feet near the door.

A knot tied itself in his throat; for the life of him he could not breathe.

Then, lest she might think he had beaten a retreat, the lover in frock coat and pajamas jerked out a little cough.

He heard a soft whisper at the door, but could catch no words.

He coughed again.

Then the handle turned slowly but surely; the door grew gradually into the room.

A fat red face, crowned with a bristling array of metallic curling pins, stole stealthily to the opening and cocked a bibulous black eye into the corridor.

"Is that you, Mr. Rolls?" said a voice.

Ah! such a voice!

Valentine could not speak.

"Mr. Rolls, is that you?" repeated the voice. "Is that you, Mr. Rolls?"

Valentine turned and bolted.

* * * * * * *

Breakfast, as a rule, is a silent or at least a quiet meal, but breakfast at Ryde Castle on the following morning was almost uproarious in its gayety. Lord Ryde, coming down a little late, with his honest red face flaming with laughter, his eyes dancing with merriment, begged for complete silence that he might read to the company a love-letter which dear old Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, had received in a mysterious fashion during the night. And then, standing at the open windows, bubbling with laughter, he read aloud poor Valentine's address to Lady Ryde.

When the last ringing laughter had rippled away—and you can fancy how they laughed at Mrs. Briggs's "guessed-at rose!"—the question of authorship was discussed, and it was agreed that some young footman must be laying siege to the heart and savings of the housekeeper. In this manner, amid much good humor, the subject was dismissed, and the guests strolled out into the gardens. Poor Valentine dragged behind, silent and white.

"By the way, Mr. Minety," said Lady Ryde, seeking to be pleasant, "this poetical footman and his rose remind me again that you did not wear your buttonhole last night. You were my only guest without a flower in his coat!"

He gaped into her eyes.

"I'm afraid your artistic sense must have quarreled with the colors. What were they? Did they clash very vilely? I will tell the gardener next time you pay us a visit to choose something very simple and severe for you. You shall wear a white rose. That will not offend, will it?"

And then as she gave him her hand in farewell: "There is no need for me to warn you against neglect of your great gift. You reverence your art, don't you? I remember how enthusiastic you were last night."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Minety adopted a different style of handwriting when he wrote his name in the Visitors' Book, and he did not tip the footman who had valeted him.—"Town Topics."

**Shouting Isn't Proving**

In the matter of the so-called Catarrh Cures: Others prate and promise; we perform and prove.

**Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder**

is a powder put in the nostril, not in the mouth. It is not a remedy but the cure; and the healing effect is felt at once. The breath will come freely, filling the system with a new vigor. Colds and Catarrh are relieved, and headache fully cured in ten minutes.

Catarrh of twenty years' standing cured in a few days.

Hon. George Taylor, the well known politician, of Scranton, Pa., writes: Effect of Dr. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER can truly say was magical. First application cleared my head instantly. I used it according to directions, and I have not had the slightest symptoms since."

**Dr. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS**

make even a high liver a long liver. For dullness of the skin, eruptions, languor and bowel irregularities, every pill is as good as a physician, although they cost only ten cents for forty doses. 18

## PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England.

St. Martin's Church, cor. Third and Trainor 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. S. Tuckington, Minister. Free Reading Room, to which all are welcome.

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repairing—Pillman & Co.

Finest stock in Atlin:—17 tons of all kinds of Groceries just arrived at N. C. Wheeling & Co.'s.

Large shipment of Alarm, Mantle, Kitchen and Office Clocks just arrived at Jules Eggert's.

Mr. S. H. Graves, President of the W. P. & Y. R., Mr. Close, of Close Bros. & Co., London, Mr. Kikewich, Mr. DeWitte and Mr. Scharschmidt arrived here last Sunday and left again on Monday's boat.

WANTED.—For Discovery Public School, Lady teacher, apply to H. E. Brown, Secretary of School Trustees.

Just received a new line of dry goods and groceries at Pillman's.

The official badge of the Provincial Mining Association can be seen at the "CLAIM OFFICE", the badges can be mailed from Vancouver to members of the Association; price $1.00 each.

McDonald's Grocery makes a specialty of fresh eggs and butter.

Mr. J. St. Clair Blackett left for Taku on a prospecting trip last Monday; we think he is "on to a good thing."

Fishing Tackle of all kinds at C. R. Bourne's.

The Balmoral Hotel, of which Messrs. Anderson and Sabin are proprietors, is all newly finished and is probably the most comfortable and best equipped hotel in Discovery. It has in connection a fine Hall with imported fir floor and platform, suitable for meetings, dances and entertainments.

W. G. Paxton, Notary Public, intends being in Discovery every evening. — Office at Palmer's, opposite Nugget Hall.

The B. C. Power & Manf. Co. have finished work on their building and will be able to open up the Steam Laundry some time next week. A visit to the Laundry will convince any one of its up to date equipment. Charges will be moderate.

You will find a new line of stationary and confectionary at Pillman's.

E. G. Tenant, formerly of this city, is in the hotel business, at North Yakima, Wash.

Bring your cash to Joe Palmer's store, in Discovery — Hats, shoes, shirts, etc., etc., can be had there at any price; above, below or at cost, just as you wish.

Fresh fruits and vegetables received on every boat at Pillman & Co's.

The Pine Power Co. cleaned up $4000, out of the Sabin Pit, for 10 days run.

Large assortment of all kinds of Boots and Shoes just arrived at N. C. Wheeling & Co.s'

Dr. Runnals, well known here, is hunting for a quartz ledge near White Pass, where he picked up a specimen of quartz. Perhaps it was thrown out of the train by some of our Atlin miners.

Fresh Lowney's Chocolates at C. R. Bourne's.

The Excursion on the Scotia, which was unavoidedly postponed, will take place next Sunday 16th. August, starting at 9 a. m., returning 6 p. m. Bring your luncheon.

Mrs. Mackintosh and Miss Dickison have opened an Ice Cream Parlor and Lunch Room in connection with their Bakery at Pillman's old store on First Street, which they have purchased. They respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a 21 years lease of the following described land, for reservoir purposes, situated at the head of Eldorado Creek, in the Atlin District:

Commencing at a post marked North-east corner, thence South Easterly to post No. 2; thence south Westerly across Eldorado Creek to Post No. 3; thence North Westerly to post No. 4; thence North Easterly to point of commencement, containing by actual survey 12.12 acres.

Dated at Atlin, B.C., this 7th day of July 1903.

The Atlin Mining Co. Limited.

## The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 26th inst, are as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Aug | 1 | 45 | 76 |
| ,, | 2 | 41 | 78 |
| ,, | 3 | 39 | 77 |
| ,, | 4 | 44 | 79 |
| ,, | 5 | 43 | 78 |
| ,, | 6 | 43 | 76 |
| ,, | 7 | 42 | 59 |


TRY

J. D. DURIE'S

FOR

UPHOLSTERY

MATTRESSES

FURNITURE

HARDWARE

PAINTS & OILS

Atlin & Discovery.

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

| PRINCESS MAY | AMUR |
|---|---|
| July 21 | July 27 |
| ,, 31 | Aug. 5 |
| Aug. 10 | ,, 15 |
| ,, 21 | ,, 25 |
| ,, 30 | Sept. 4 |

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

TAKE NOTICE.

We are still selling Mens' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes below cost prices.

A glance at our shelves will convince you that we carry the largest, cleanest, freshest and best selected stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries in the Camp. Prices are always right at the IRON STORE, call with your orders and be convinced.

STABLES & LUMSDEN.

GEORGE A. KERR & CO.

Clothing, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Miners' Hardware, Drugs, Etc.

*Furs bought at highest Market Prices*

WE give special attention to Mail and Telegraphic Orders.

AGENTS FOR

Standard Oil Co.
Rose of Ellensbury Butter.
The Cudahy Packing Co.
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Groceries, Fruit & Vegetables—Crockery,

Wholesale & Retail.

The Ross-Higgins Co.

Skagway, Alaska.

THE CASH MEAT MARKET

JOE BROOKS

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

*Wholesale and Retail*

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

LOUIS SCHULZ,

Wholesale and Retail Butcher

FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

DAWSON HOTEL.

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CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FISHING & SHOOTING.

R. G. Ashton, Proprietor.

*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.

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS

*Sam. Johnstone, Prop.*