THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 9. ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903 NO. 23C.

POLITICAL NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Victoria, Dec. 10th.

Dr. H. E. Young, member for Atlin, has been placed on Committees for private bills and mining.

A bill has been introduced in the Provincial House to authorize the minister of the treasury to borow $1,000,000; the bill passed its second reading. The Socialists and Independents supporting the government, Houston dissenting.

The new Assessment Bill contains many obnoxious features; many delegations have met the government and their persuasions may lead to the removal of objectional points.

The two per cent tax will be substituted by a more equitable tax.

Dr. H. E. Young, our member, is doing good work for a coast to Atlin railroad, and may achieve success after the Christmas vacation.

The cash deposit for the Grand Trunk Pacific is to be put up on Saturday next.

William Sloan, of Nanaimo, the wealthy Klondiker, will be the Liberal nominee of the Comox-Atlin District for the Federal House. No Conservative has so far been nominated. The Dominion election will probably take place in February next.

LATEST WIRES.

Military Railway.

Vancouver, Dec. 11.—Lord Dundonald, the General commanding the Canadian Army, is on the coast looking over the value of different harbours, with a view of fixing on a terminus for a trans-military railway.

To Be Fortified.

Washington, Dec. 10.—The States will probably erect fortifications on the islands commanding Fort Simpson, which were lately ceded to Alaska by the Boundary Commission.

Warship Wrecked.

Vancouver, Dec. 10.—H. M. Warship Flora struck on the rocks between Nanaimo and Union. All efforts to raise her have so far proved of little avail. The Flora is a second class cruiser, valued at about two million dollars.

Court Scandal.

Vienna, Dec. 10.—The Austrian Court is stirred up by a big scandal caused by the shooting of an actress by Princess Elizabeth. Princess Elizabeth, who is the wife of Prince Otto, of Austria, surprised the actress while keeping a rendezvous with her husband, Prince Otto, and shot the woman.

Heavily Fined.

Vancouver, Dec. 10.—The Wellington Colliery Co., one of the Dunsmuir mines, was fined two thousand dollars for employing Chinese.

Disastrous Fire.

Ottawa, Dec. 10.—The Ottawa Catholic University, the leading catholic educational institution in Canada, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday last. Two people were burned to death. The building will be re-constructed at once.

To Improve the Narrows.

Washington, Dec. 10.—The United States Government have appropriated one million dollars to be used in improving the navigability of Wrangle Narrows.

War Imminent.

Vancouver, Dec. 10.—Relations between Russia and Japan are decidedly ominous. Russia has despatched eight battleships to Korea and hostilities may momentarily begin.

Trouble in Panama.

The new Canal Treaty may precipitate a fight between Colombia and Panama.

A Deal.

Vancouver, Dec. 11—Jack Lambert has bought out Tom Storey's property on Spruce Creek; Mr. Lambert will bring in machinery to work the claims next season.

To Prospect.

Vancouver, Dec. 11—One or two Keystone Drills will be brought into Atlin early next season; they will be operated on custom work.

Atlin and Vancouver men are backing the enterprise.

Parties are interesting Eastern capital for dredging in Atlin; negociations are procceeding satisfactorily.

COAL PROSPECTING LICENCES

NOTICE is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a coal prospecting licence over the following described lands, situated on the Tooya River, Cassiar District. Commencing at a post marked "James Stables' S. W. Corner", thence North 80 chains; thence east 80 chains thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, containing about 640 acres.

JAMES STABLES, Locator.
ROBERT MACKAY, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "Robert MacKay's S. W. Corner" adjoining James Stables N. W. Corner, thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

ROBERT MACKAY, Locator.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "D. G Stewart's S. W. Corner", adjoining Robert MacKay's N. W. Corner, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

D. G. STEWART, Locator.
ROBERT MACKAY, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "Frank Mobley's S. W. Corner", adjoining D. G. Stewart's N. W. Corner; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

FRANK MOBLEY, Locator.
ROBERT MACKAY, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "F. Dowling's S. W. Corner", adjoining Frank Mobley's N. W. Corner, thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

F. DOWLING, Locator.
ROBERT MACKAY, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "James Murie's S. W. Corner", adjoining F. Dowling's N. W. Corner, thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

JAMES MURIE, Locator.
ROBERT MACKAY, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

COAL PROSPECTING LICENCES.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days from date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a coal prospecting licence over the following described lands, situated on the Tooya River, Cassiar District. Commencing at a post marked "A. R. McDonald's N. W. Corner" adjoining James Stables' S. W. Corner, thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, containing about 640 acres.

A. R. McDONALD, Locator.
GEORGE COUTTS, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "D. Ross' N. W. Corner", adjoining A. R. McDonald's S. W. Corner, thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

D. ROSS, Locator,
GEORGE COUTTS, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th 1903.

Also commencing a at post marked "George Coutts' N. W. Corner", adjoining D. Ross' S. W. Corner, thence south 80 chains thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

GEORGE COUTTS, Locator,
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "A. S. Cross' N. W. Corner" adjoining George Coutts' S. W. Corner, thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

A. S. CROSS, Locator.
GEORGE COUTTS, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "J. K. Mc Lennan's N. W. Corner", adjoining A. S. Cross' S. W. Corner, thence south 80 chains thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

J. K. McLENNAN, Locator.
GEORGE COUTTS, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "D. E. Campbell's N. W. Corner", adjoining J. K. McLennan's S. W. corner, thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

D. E. CAMPBELL, Locator.
GEORGE COUTTS, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

Also commencing at a post marked "R. D. Fetherstonhaugh's N. W. Corner", adjoining D. E. Campbell's S. W. Corner, thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

R. D. FETHERSTONHAUGH, Locator.
GEORGE COUTTS, Agent.
Atlin, B. C. November 24th, 1903.

TIMBER NOTICES.

Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date, we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the right to enter upon and expropriate the following described timber lands, situate in the Atlin Mining District of Cassiar in the Province of British Columbia for the right to cut and carry away timber for the purposes and uses of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited, under the authority of Chapter 87 of Acts of the Legislature of British Columbia passed the 27th day of February 1899, entitled an Act to Incorporate the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited. Commencing at a Post marked Initial Post number one, and named the P. C. F. C. Ltd. standing at a corner on Snake Creek called the North E. corner, thence 80 chains in a south-east direction, thence 80 chains in a south-west direction, thence 80 chains in a north-west direction, thence 80 chains in a north-east direction to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

C. L. Queen,
R. W. Queen,
Directors of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.
Atlin, B. C. October, 23rd 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given tat 30 days after date, we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the right to enter upon, and expropriate the following described timber lands situate in the Atlin Mining District of Cassiar in the Province of British Columbia for the right to cut and carry away timber for the purposes and uses of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited under the authority of Chapter 87 of the Acts of the Legislature of British Columbia passed the 27th day of February 1899, entitled an Act to Incorporate the Pine Creek Flume Company Limited. Commencing at a Post marked Initial Post number one and named P. C. F. Co. Ltd., standing on N. E. corner on Surprise Lake, thence 80 chains in a South East direction, thence 80 chains in a South West direction, thence 80 chains in a North West direction, thence 80 chains in a North East direction to point of commencement.

C. L. Queen,
J. T. Carroll,
Directors of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.
Atlin, B. C. October 22nd, 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the right to enter upon and expropriate the following described timber lands for the purposes and uses of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited. To cut and carry away timber for uses of the Company under the authority of Chapter 87 of the Acts of the Legislature of British Columbia passed the 27th. day of February 1899; entitled an Act to Incorporate the Pine Creek Flume Company Limited. Commencing at a Post marked Initial Post number one and named P. C. F.Co. Ltd., standing at the N. E. corner on Cake Creek, about one and one quarter miles from Surprise Lake, thence 80 chains in a South-East direction, thence 80 chains in a South West direction, thence 80 chains in a North-West direction' thence 80 chains in a North-East direction to point of commencement.

C. L. Queen,
J. T. Carroll,
Directors of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.
Atlin, B. C. October 22nd, 1903.

REMOVING DIFFICULTIES.

JOHN LLOYD LEE, D. D., Pastor Westminster Presbyterian Church, New York City.

Take ye away the stone.—St. John, xi., 39.

On the one side of the stone door of Lazarus' tomb stood the dark messenger we call death; on the other, the mighty King of all life; for Lazarus had been dead four days, and Christ had come to undo the work of death and to give to the young man the most precious of all gifts—that is, life.

He who had created the worlds and had kept them in right relations through all the ages so that they go singing on their journey could have hurled that stone away with a word. But, since he was working from the human side, He must needs respect human conditions and give man a share in His glorious work and also a chance to learn the lessons of His great life on earth, for Christ's mission was not so much to make eternal impressions on matter on the outer world, as to make impressions on mind—the human soul.

It happens, then, that the chief service of man to his fellow-men is to clear away difficulties that the Divine Person and power may work, as on that day human hands had to roll away the stone from before the tomb that Lazarus might feel the thrill of life. Difficulties are of various kinds, but all alike prevent the free working of divine power in the soul. A non-conducter has come between God and man, and this must be removed from the human side because of human sin. This is why Christ came around from the side of divinity to the side of humanity, bringing His divinity with Him to give effectiveness to salvation.

The business of discovery in the natural world is to clear away hindrances and to make channels for forces which were long ago reposed in nature right under our hands and so near that they actually touch us. Just as the great discoveries in electricity consist in giving direction to that mighty power that it may become a thing of service rather than a means of destruction, so the chief business of religion is to clear away the difficulties in the divine path so that God may work naturally in the hearts of men. Martha was unhappy in the incident of the text because she was not willing to make way for the full working of the power of God. Most of the unhappiness of the world is on the same account. Every day we pass by a thousand graves of buried hopes of other people and never once stop to see if we may roll away the stone that the light of God may shine in to give life to the dead.

How wonderful it would be if we could fully realize that Christ stands on the human side of every trial and every trouble and every disappointment and every sin and says:—"You do you part and I will do Mine! You remove all that the human hand can take away and I will banish the rest, as with a word I put death to flight at Lazarus' tomb." It may not be much that you can do, but if it is ever so little it must be done before the divine power can work. The world can never be made better without positive effort. The cheerful face, the willing heart, the forgiving spirit, the helping hand and the godlike purpose make the journey of life a grand march of triumph.

But we are also to remove the stone of indifference. Many people were there that day who did not seem to care much whether Lazarus ever lived or not; and even Martha seemed indifferent to any effort on the part of the Saviour. So we find in the world to-day the head-shaking and hand-wringing people who say:—"It will do no good; there is no use in trying."

It is your place and mine to lift hard at this world's weight of sorrow that the resurrection power of God may give life to a dead world. Martha and those who were with her have taught us how we may roll away the stone of unbelief and have the power of new and greater life; for when they hesitated and doubted He asked "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

Then can we not see the glory of God without believing? No, we cannot. It is the only way. There is many a dark grave of departed faith sealed forever because we do not believe enough to reach out a hand to help. There are thousands of them in this city.

When they believed and removed the stone, what matchless glory did they see! It is only by faith that you may see the glory of God. When we hear that an astronomer has discovered a new comet we do not read that he found it with the unaided eye. He saw it with his telescope long before the rest of us knew anything about it. When a man announces a mighty truth of God, that he has seen its beauty and felt its power, though we do not see it, we know that it has been made known to him by the wonderful reach and revelation of faith. When we were in the observatory searching for the stars and could not find them the teacher said:—"Get the focus; see that you are on the right line of vision; then you will see."

Then do we in religious things turn and ask:—"What has the focus to do with it? Can I not see? Have I eyes?" The answer comes:—"Yes, you have eyes; but they are for nearby service; use the telescope for the sweep of the universe."

So say we who teach the high and eternal things of the everlasting kingdom. First clear away the difficulties in the divine path, obeying the command, "Take ye away the stone," then turn and use faith, God's eternal means by which you may look into the surpassing glories of heaven. For, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

MOUNTED INFANTRY.
Snapshot taken at Indian Head Assiniboia.

Purifying the Cream.

During the last three years considerable effort has been made to find a means by which the odor and taste of wild onion and bitter weed may be removed from milk and cream. In the spring of 1901, the writer was requested to try a patent compound claimed to remove all kinds of weedy taste from milk, but it proved to be an absolute failure. Cooking soda (saleratus) was also given a like trial, but failed of the purpose claimed for it by some people. Having failed so far to find anything that when fed to the cows would remove weedy taste in the milk, the next step was treating the milk and cream. Bitter weed taste was removed entirely from cream by thoroughly mixing it with two or more parts of water at any temperature above 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and then running the whole through the separator. Saltpetre dissolved in water was tried as an aid in removing the bitterness, but as good results were secured without it as with it. Rapidly and slowly heating milk and cream to various high temperatures did not remove bitterness, but often imparted a cooked taste. Butter made from washed cream (as above) was pronounced free of all bitterness by the station customers. Butter made from unwashed cream was decidedly bad and was often rejected by the customers. No means were found to remove the bitter weed taste from whole milk. In the spring of 1902 milk and cream were treated for the wild onion flavor the same as in the previous year for the bitter weed taste.—Alabama Agricultural Experimental Station.

"Smoked" Glasses for Hay Fever.

A number of remedies have been tried for hay fever, each based on a separate theory. Dr. Frank E. Stowell of Worcester, Mass., himself a victim, became satisfied that the irritating cause was not always the pollen of a plant. While hunting around for another source of trouble, he came to suspect that the actinic rays of sunshine might be to blame. Thereupon he put on colored, or "smoked" glasses, and obtained instant relief. He is anxious now to have others do the same and report the effect. Inasmuch as his own trouble is of the early summer variety, he is not sure what the effect would be on cases of autumnal hay fever. Dr. Stowell gives these additional hints about fitting the glasses:—

"The patient should feel a sensation of relaxation come over his face as soon as he looks through the glasses. And I would suggest that the shade of glass used be such as to produce the above. In my case No. 3 was sufficiently dark."

Colic in Horses.

Dr. Smead, the veterinary authority, writes regarding colic in horses:—

"It is of great importance in the treatment of colic to first ascertain what has brought on the attack. If it is due to the consumption of a quantity of dry food and there is reason to believe there is a hardened mass of dry, undigested feed in the intestines, common sense will tell us that this mass needs to be removed.

"Therefore, more is needed than stimulants. Physic is demanded. And what shall this physic be? Shall it be aloes? No, because they increase the secretions of the mucous membranes, and are so far good, but not sufficient to wet up that dry mass.

What then shall it be? Oil, oil, oil every time, sufficient to soften up and emulsify this mass of dry food. How much? it may be asked. It is difficult to say.

"Start with a pint of pure raw linseed oil (never boiled). Give with a round teaspoonful of ginger, and if there is much pain add an ounce of sulphuric ether, or half an ounce of hydrate of chloral dissolved in water and added.

"In an hour repeat and continue to repeat until there is a natural rumbling of the bowels.

"Also use the syringe by injecting a gallon of warm, soapy water in the rectum, and repeat hourly until the pain succumbs or a passage is made. In bad cases wring cloth out of hot water and apply to the abdomen.

"In cases where the attack may be due to the consumption of a quantity of soft food or to drinking much cold water, digestion is in a measure stopped, and certain gases are formed by chemical action.

"Nothing will better neutralize the gas thus generated than half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia dissolved in a pint of water and poured down from a bottle. This will relieve the bloat, and can be repeated hourly.

"Also, if the pain is severe, give the hydrate of chloral as before recommended with the ginger, and repeat if necessary every half hour until the pain is relieved."

Rains and snows assist to a certain extent in adding fertility to the soil. In one year rains bring down about four pounds of ammonia per acre. Nitric acid, chlorine, sulphuric acid and ammonia are all brought to the ground, though the amounts are not large.

Banking the earth around fruit trees will serve to protect the roots and also cause the water to flow away from the trees, thereby preventing pools from forming around the trees. The ground being kept dry, trees will endure the cold the better.

Those who possess a barn or stable should remember that all the small stuff, such as chaff, hayseed and dust, should not be thrown away but thrown down where the fowl can scratch it over. This will not only keep them amused, but also supply them with a few choice mouthfuls which they much appreciate.

New varieties of Russian wheat have been tested with good results at a branch experiment station in Kansas. Several kinds, Kharkov, Crimean, Theiss, etc., yielded over forty bushels per acre, and others ranged from thirty-five to forty bushels. The seed is being sold to Kansas wheat growers.

"Dear old boy! He's looking a bit down in the mouth. What's up?" "You see, he introduced a friend to his tailor, and the tailor's gone bankrupt. Two of 'em was more than he could stand."

Andrew Carnegie has settled a pension of fifty English pounds per annum on the granddaughter of the poet Burns, who has care of the little house in Dumfries in which the poet died. This will be agreeable news to Scotchmen all over the world, for the old lady is worthy to represent the Burns family, and she needs the annuity.—Brooklyn Citizen.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stiffles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish cure ever known.

The Way of the World.

First Tramp—Weary Willie stole an auto an' run over a man an' killed him!

Second Tramp—Wot did dey do to Weary?

Second Tramp—Wot did dey do to 'er killin' de man an' giv him ten years for stealin' de auto.

First Farmer—Blessed if I think the agricultural department is any good at all.

Second Farmer—What's the trouble?

First Farmer—Well, I wrote to 'em to find out how high wheat was goin' up to, an' I couldn't git no satisfaction at all.—"Tit-Bits."

Plants that Produce Insanity.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington is at present investigating the curious behavior of certain plants growing on the Western prairies which are known as loco-weeds. "Loco" in Spanish signifies crazy. Cattle and other animals feeding upon loco-weeds suffer a derangement of the brain that prevents co-ordinating movements. Several weeds belonging to the bean family are included in this poisonous category. It has been asserted that a single dose of some of these weeds will cause insanity; but Mr. V. K. Chesnut of the Department of Agriculture expresses the belief that several days of feeding are required to produce a bad effect.

"Say, Mister Officer, if this young lady is engaged to two fellers at onet, can't she be arrested fer bigamy?"—"Life."

Gladiatorial Athletics.

The London "Lancet" says that athletics in England have developed too much into gladiatorial displays by picked competitors struggling to win prizes or to earn wages before huge crowds of spectators, and can hardly be regarded as effective agents in the development of the physical strength and physical activity of the people. There is the same tendency in this country, but the fact merely serves to make more imperative the need of supporting and extending such systems of physical training as have for their chief aim strength and not fame.

Mother—What did you say when grandma gave you a piece of cake? Willie—I told her I hoped it was as good as it was small.—"Pick-Me-Up."

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Heart Disease the Most Sudden and Dangerous of Ailments.

Dr. Agnew's Cure.

Stealthy as a thief in the night, Heart Disease heralds its coming only by the deadly grip it lays upon its victim—the distressing symptoms of Palpitation and Short Breath, Smothering Spells, Vertigo, etc. Nothing will remove their fatal grasp save **Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.** Totally unlike all other remedies, it acts on the nerves through the heart. It has saved thousands of lives—will save yours. A. Du Berger, Waterloo, Que., writes: "Alfred Couldry, who lives at Geo. Bell's, in West Shefford, has suffered from terrible heart trouble for the last four years. He has been completely cured after using eight bottles of Dr. Agnew's marvelous remedy."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

is universally recognized as a specific for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hay Fever, Tonsilitis and all the distressing results of a neglected "bad cold." No. 89

Those who possess a barn or stable should remember that all the small stuff, such as chaff, hayseed and dust, should not be thrown away but thrown down where the fowl can scratch it over. This will not only keep them amused, but also supply them with a few choice mouthfuls which they much appreciate.

WEARY, ACHING JOINTS.

The Awful Twinges of Rheumatism Mean Old Age in Youth.

Relief in Six Hours.

Ointments, Salves and Lotions are positively worthless for Rheumatism. Get at the cause—the blood—and by purifying that, restore the system to a clean, healthful condition. **The Great South American Rheumatic Cure** relieves in six hours and cures in one to three days Muscular and Articular Rheumatism, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and any affections of the joints and muscles arising from impure blood. Mr. F. E. Wright of Toronto, Canada, writes: "I suffered almost constantly with Neuralgia and Rheumatism. I used several remedies, but nothing seemed to relieve the pain until I tried **South American Rheumatic Cure.** After using a few bottles of 'Rheumatic Cure' and also 'Nervine Tonic,' I was wholly cured."

Pain in the Region of the Kidneys.

Pain anywhere is a danger signal. Pain in the region of the kidneys, means that they are not working properly. **The Great South American Kidney Cure** restores these organs to a healthy working state. No. 88

Lawyer—I must know the whole truth before I can successfully defend you. Have you told me everything? Prisoner—Yes, everything; 'cept where I hid the money, and I want that for myself!—Glasgow "Evening Times."

Miss Homely—I find this balm excellent for preserving the face. Miss Cynic—But why do you wish to preserve your face?

THAT AWFUL BREATH.

Possibly You Haven't Noticed It, but Others Have.

Dr. Agnew's Powder.

Catarrh, if neglected, soon develops into the chronic form, accompanied by the most nauseating and disgusting symptoms. **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder** is a specific for curing Colds, Coughs, Deafness, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Cold in the Head, Influenza and all other diseases of the nose and throat. Mr. C. Spooner, a literary man, and editor of the *Kingston News*, Ontario, writes: "I was troubled with constant headache, and used almost every concoction sold under the name of 'Headache Cure' without obtaining any relief whatever. At last I heard of **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder,** and thought to give it a trial, although having but little faith in its curative action. I was at once relieved and after using it but a short time almost entirely free from the disorder."

Do You Suffer from Stomach Disorder?

If so, your liver is probably not working properly. **Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills,** purely vegetable, rapidly induce healthy action and restore the entire system to normal condition. 40 doses, 10 cts. No. 87

ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903

THE ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Underwear, Blankets, Boots & Shoes, etc.

Also Gold Seal Rubber Goods.

60 and 75 per cent Powder, Caps & Fuse, etc.

If you want a Winter Outfit, we can give you the best goods at CLOSE PRICES. THE ATLIN TRADING CO. LTD. carry the LARGEST STOCK in the District, and are in a position to handle large or small orders. THE ATLIN TRADING CO. LTD. is controlled by the amalgamated firms of A. S. CROSS & CO. and N. C. WHEELING & CO.; no matter what has been told you to the contrary. A. S. Cross is President and Treasurer, and N. C. Wheeling, Secretary of the Company, and are in a position to deal with their friends and customers even better than when each were doing business separately. Don't let any person try to make you believe that the A. T. Co. is controlled by any other than officers of the Company.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The mail that was abandoned by Ben Downing's mail carriers was recovered by the police at Forty-mile post.

Ex-President Cleveland positively refused to consider a fourth nomination to the presidency.

The car strike at Chicago is ended. The company won out, but striking union men will be re-instated.

Bob Fitzsimmons out boxed and out generalled George Gardener after twenty rounds of hard fighting in San Francisco.

Lord Kitchener met with a serious accident at Simla, India, while riding through a tunnel his horse became frightened and collided with the wall the result being that one of Lord Kitchener's legs was broken in two places.

A DANCE will be held at the KOOTENAY HALL, on New Year's Eve. Mr. A. R. McDonald extends a cordial invitation to all.

TIMBER NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works or his Agent, for a Special Licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described tract of Land, commencing at a post marked G. D. Sinclair's S. E. corner post situated near the mouth of Cake Creek, on the shore of Surprise Lake, thence N 160 chains, thence W. 40 chains, thence S 160 chains, thence E. 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

G. D. Sinclair,
for Northern Lumber Co. Limite
Atlin, B. C. Oct. 27th. 1903.

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. Commencing at a post marked E. A. R.'s S. E. corner post placed on the N. line of Pearl Street, at the S. W. corner of lot 8. Block 9, in the town of Atlin B. C. thence westerly 110 feet, thence northerly 80 feet, thence easterly 110 feet, thence southerly 80 feet, to point of commencement.

Containing in all .21 of an acre, more or less.

Edward A. Robinson
Dated this 7th. day of November, 1903.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate a Company, to build, equip, maintain, and operate a line of Railway, of standard gauge; from a point at or near Kitimaat, or some other suitable point on the Pacific Coast; thence northerly to Hazelton; thence to a point at or near Atlin Lake; thence northerly to the Sixtieth [60th], parallel of North Latitude; with all powers incidental thereto.

D. G. Macdonell,
Solicitor for Applicants.
Dated at Vancouver, B. C.
this 26th day of October, A. D., 1903.

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

NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of Land:

Commencing at Post marked A. C. H. and T. W. S's. S. W. corner post — placed on the East Line of Lake Street 180 feet North from the corner of Rant Avenue and Lake Street in the town of Atlin B. C. — thence in an Easterly direction 110 feet, thence in a Northerly direction to the South line of Pearl Street — 120 feet more or less, thence in a Westerly direction to the corner of Pearl and Lake Streets — 110 feet more or less, thence in a Southerly direction following the line of Lake Street 120 feet more or less to the point of commencement. Containing 0.31 Acres more or less.

A. C. Hirschfeld
Thos. W. Sageman.
Dated at Atlin B. C.
Oct. 31 st. 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that after sixty days from date I, as manager for the Atlin Trading Company, Limited, will make application to the Hon. The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works to purchase the following described land: viz. Commencing at a post marked A. T. Coy's S. E. Corner, on the west side of Lake Street, Atlin Townsite, thence Norherly along west side of said Street 60 feet, thence Westerly 100 feet, thence Southerly 60 feet, thence Easterly 100 feet to point of commencement.

Dated at Atlin, B. C.
this 9 th. day of October 1903.
A. S. Cross.

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: Commencing at post marked W. J. A's S. W. corner post placed on the East line of Lake Street 120 feet north from the corner of Rant Avenue and Lake St. in the Town of Atlin, B. C. Thence in an Easterly direction 110 feet, thence in a Northerly direction 60 feet, thence in a Westerly direction 110 feet, thence in a Southerly direction following the line of Lake Street 60 feet, to point of commencement. Containing 0.16 acres more or less.

W. J. Anderson.
Dated at Atlin, B. C. Oct 26th., 1903

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.

Commencing at post marked H. W. E. C's. S. E. Corner post placed 120 feet from the corner of Rant Avenue and Lake Street on the north side, in the town of Atlin, B. C. and following the line of Rant Avenue towards the Lake shore 110 feet more or less, thence following the line of Lake Street northerly 120 feet, thence easterly 110 feet, thence 120 feet southerly, more or less to point of commencement. Containing 0.33 acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. October 9th, 1903.
H. W. E. Canavan.

NOTICE is hereby given, that sixty days from date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for permission to purchase the following described property.

Commencing at Initial Post No. 1 at a point on the Southerly Boundary of the Flora Bench Lease on the north bank of Pine Creek in the Atlin Mining District, and following the Southerly Boundary of the Flora Bench Lease North Easterly five hundred feet, thence North Westerly three hundred feet, thence South Westerly five hundred feet, thence South Easterly three hundred feet more or less to point of commencement. Containing 3.44 acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. October 20th. 1903
O. T. Switzer.

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.

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. 3rd 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	"			3. 05	"	
	11. 00	"	WHITE PASS	"	3. 00 "	"	2. 10 "
11. 40 a.m.	11. 45	"	LOG CABIN	"	2. 10 "	"	1. 00 "
12. 20	12. 15	"			1. 35		
	12. 35	p.m	BENNETT	"	1. 15	p.m "	12. 20 p.m.
2. 45 "	2. 10	"	CARIBOU	"	11. 50	a.m "	10. 30 "
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.

J. G. CONNELL.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brook's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN,

Furnishing The

BEST MEALS IN CAMP.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

ED. SAKOS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

F. SHIELDS & EDDY DURHAM.

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

TRY

J. D. DURIE'S

FOR

UPHOLSTERY
MATTRESSES
FURNITURE
HARDWARE
PAINTS & OILS

Atlin & Discovery.

The Royal Victoria Life Insurance Co.

OF CANADA

Capital $1,000,000.

A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent.

A Matrimonial Entanglement.

In "Chapters From My Diplomatic Life," which Andrew D. White, the United States diplomatist, is contributing to "The Century Illustrated Magazine," there occurs an interesting reminiscence regarding the working of the German marriage laws:—

"One morning a man came rushing in exclaiming: 'Mr. Minister, I am in the worst fix that any decent man was ever in. I want you to help me out of it;' and he then went on with a bitter tirade against everybody and everything in the German Empire.

"When his wrath had effervesced somewhat he stated his case as follows:—'Last year while travelling through Germany I fell in love with a young German lady, and after my return to America became engaged to her. I have now come for my bride. The wedding is fixed for next Thursday; our steamer passages are taken a day or two later, and I find that the authorities will not allow me to marry unless I present a multitude of papers such as I never dreamed of! Some of them it will take months to get, and some I can never get. My intended bride is in distress; her family evidently distrust me; the wedding is postponed indefinitely; and my business partner is cabling me to come back to America as soon as possible. I am asked for a baptismal certificate—a Taufschein. Now, so far as I know, I was never baptised. I am required to present a certificate showing the consent of my parents to my marriage—I, a man thirty years old, and in a large business of my own! I am asked to give bonds for the payment of my debts in Germany. I owe no such debts; but I know no one who will give such a bond. I am notified that the banns must be published a certain number of times before the wedding. What kind of a country is this, anyhow?'

"We did the best we could. In an interview with the Minister of Public Worship I was able to secure a dispensation from the publishing of the banns; then a bond was drawn up, which I signed, and thus settled the question regarding possible debts in Germany. As to the baptismal certificate, I ordered inscribed, on the largest possible sheet of official paper, the gentleman's affidavit that in the State of Ohio where he was born no Taufschein, or baptismal certificate, was required at the time of his birth, and to this was affixed with plenty of wax the largest seal of the Legation. The form of the affidavit may be judged peculiar, but it was thought best not to startle the authorities with the admission that the man had not been baptised at all. They could easily believe that a State like Ohio, which some of them doubtless regarded as still in the backwoods and mainly tenanted by the aborigines, might have omitted in days gone by to require a Taufschein, but that an unbaptised Christian should offer himself to be married in Germany would perhaps have so paralyzed their powers of belief that permission for the marriage might never have been secured.

"In this and various other ways we overcame the difficulties, and though the wedding did not take place upon the appointed day, and the return to America had to be deferred, the couple at last after marriage first before the public authorities and then in church, were able to depart in peace."

The Blighting of His Fame.

"Ruined!" he cried, as he dashed a paper to the floor and trampled upon it. "Ruined, disgraced! My fair fame blasted! My honor gone!"

"Dearest, what disaster is this?" It was his fond wife who gasped the question, in tones of anguish.

"A disaster which is irretrievable; a calamity which will crush me to the earth!" He ran his white, thin fingers through his luxuriant crop of long and inky hair, black as the raven's wing, a ten-and-a-half the bottle of black, warranted to defy detection—not a dye, not a stain, but a harmless liquid that merely has to be combed into the hair (Vide advt.).

"Heavens, Horatio, tell me what has befallen thee!" The fair girl turned her horror-full eyes upon him. Her young soul, aged thirty-eight, shared his agony.

"Felicia," he cried, "do I look like a humorist?"

"The fates forefend!"

"Do I strike you at all as being funny man?"

"Anything but that!" she shuddered.

"Am I not known as a serious author?"

"You are," she admitted.

"Do I not paint the serious side of life?"

"You do," she interjected.

"Am I not a novelist of grave and serious endeavor?"

"You am," she whispered.

"Does not my fame depend on my reputation as a man that abhors a jest as a writer who revels in the darkness of despair and the greyness of existence?"

"It dobh!" she moaned.

"Then listen to this," he faltered. "These are the words that should have wound up the 'Fourpenny Monthly':—'As the light flickered out, she bent her queenly head and kissed him in the dark!'"

"Beautiful!" she ejaculated, enraptured.

"Yes, but listen to what the printer has made of it—'She bent her queenly head and kissed him on the beak!'"

"Oh, Horatio!" she murmured, and swooned.

"The horror of it!" he wildly cried. "The public will take me for a new humorist!"—"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

A Unique Luncheon.

The Paris correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" recently attended a luncheon given by M. Dessing-Whitmore, which was distinctly original. The table, he says, took the form of a boat, and the waiters were dressed as sailors. There was a distinctly nautical flavor about the whole thing, and during the hors d'ouvres and dessert a sailor's chorus was sung. Not being a particularly good sailor, the perpetual motion of the table—which, it appears, took some time to get in working order—was not for me the most enjoyable sensation of the occasion. I was able, however, to appreciate the dexterity with which it had been planned, as not an article ever rolled—or even attempted to roll—off the table. To make the scene more realistic a canvas was hung on the walls, on which was painted a somewhat rough sea. The guests numbered twenty-four, and each was presented with a small souvenir.

Anecdotal.

Shortly before his death, Thomas B. Reed was the center of a group at the Century Club, in New York. The talk got around to Roosevelt. "Y-a-a-s, I admire Roosevelt very much," drawled Mr. Reed; "I admire him very much, indeed. What I admire most about him is his enthusiasm over his discovery of the Ten Commandments."

In his "Outre Mer," Paul Bourget declared that "life can never get entirely dull to the American, because whenever he cannot strike any other way to put in his time, he can always get away with a few years trying to find out who his grandfather was." To which Mark Twain replied: "I reckon the Frenchman's got his little stand-by for a dull time, too, because when all other interests fail he can turn in and see if he can't find out who his father was."

A delightful literary find must be credited to the authority of a recent book, "Sidelights on Charles Lamb." Dining one day with a friend and being pressed to take some rhubarb pie, Lamb declined because it was physic. "That may be," said his host, "but it is pleasant and innocent." "So is a daisy," rejoined Lamb, "but I don't therefore like daisy pie." "Daisy pie! Who ever heard of daisy pies?" said someone at the table. "My authority is Shakespeare," Lamb replied. "He expressly mentions daisies pied." The phrase occurs in the song at the end of "Love's Labor's Lost."

Andrew Lang tells this story illustrating the rigorous and ascetic life of the Scots. "It seems that a laird, in the year 1765, set out to join the Pretender, taking with him his son, a youth of sixteen or so. One night this laird and his little troop were compelled to sleep in the open, though it was snowing, and snow lay deep upon the ground. Father and son kept together, and together they prepared to turn in for the night. The son, having wrapped his plaid about him, made himself a pillow of snow, and was about to lay his head on it when his father kicked the little cold white mound away. 'This is too soon, truly,' he growled, 'for you to indulge in luxuries.'"

A well-known theatrical manager, who is distinguished rather for his business ability than for his knowledge of literature, was visited not long ago by an aspiring playwright. He had with him, he explained to the manager, the manuscript of a play based on one of Edgar Allen Poe's stories, which he was sure was destined to make a sensational hit on the stage. The manager consented to hear the play, and listened with increasing interest as the playwright read from his manuscript. He was enthusiastic when the end was reached. "That's fine!" he exclaimed—"fine! Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: You and Mr. Poe come in to-morrow and we'll talk this thing over."

Count Tolstoi does not bear a very kindly attitude toward the many curious admirers who besiege his Russian home in the hope of getting a glimpse of the great novelist. A party of visiting American tourists who called not long ago to pay their respects were not, therefore, very cordially received. Tolstoi refused to meet them; but he reluctantly consented to stand on his doorstep and let himself be seen. One of the visitors, however, could not resist the temptation to speak to the great man. "Oh, Count Tolstoi," she exclaimed effusively, approaching the author with outstretched hand, "I enjoyed your last book so much!" "You refer, I suppose," replied Tolstoi, "to 'Dead Souls'?" The lady assented joyfully. "Um," remarked the novelist, "Gogol wrote that."

A Southern clergyman had married a pair of negroes. After the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' charge fo' dis?" "Well," said the minister, "I usually leave that to the groom. Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less." "Dat's a lot ob money, pahson. Tell yo' what Ah'll do. Ah'll gib yo' two dollars, an' den ef 'I fin' I ain't got cheated, I'll gib yo' mo' in a monf." A month later the groom returned. "Ah's yere, lak Ah promised, pahson." "Yes," said the minister, expectantly. "Ah tol' yo' dat of it was all right, Ah'd gib yo' mo' money, didn't Ah?" "You did." "Well, pahson, as dis yere am a sort of spec'lation, Ah reckon yo' owe me about a dollah an' eighty-five cents, an' Ah come ter git it."

That Sir Henry Irving is quite capable of maintaining his dignity under somewhat trying circumstances is shown by the following anecdote which is told of the tragedian by Mr. C. R. Kennedy of the "Everyman" company. On one occasion Irving's company, having been called to the theater for rehearsal, found upon their arrival that they were considerably ahead of time. As Sir Henry had not yet arrived, one of the actors in the company, who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic, proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of Sir Henry's highly characteristic acting. As he finished his demonstration, a well-known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium: "Very good," it said. "Very good indeed! So good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this company."

Lincoln's greatest legal triumph was the acquittal of an old neighbor named Duff Armstrong, who was charged with murder. Several witnesses testified that they saw the accused commit the deed one night about eleven o'clock. Lincoln attempted no cross-examination, except to persuade them to reiterate their statements and to explain that they were able to see the act distinctly because of the bright moonlight. By several of the prosecuting witnesses he proved the exact position and size of the moon at the time of the murder. The prosecution there rested, and Lincoln, addressing the court and the jury, announced that he had no defence to submit except an almanac, which would show that there was no moon on that night. The state's attorney was paralyzed, but the court admitted the almanac as competent testimony, and every witness was completely impeached and convicted of perjury. The verdict was not guilty.

An Irish Miracle.

"And is it swimming you mane?" observed the O'Flaherty. "By Jabers, thin, ye should see the little divils of South Say Islanders! Sure, and they run down to the beach and dive into the water long before they can walk at arl, at arl."

De Style—Is he a chip of the old block? Gunbusta—No; he's a claw of the old lobster.—New York "Sun."

Our Prison Systems.

The savagery of our prison systems, as they existed previously to the time of John Howard, says The Literary Digest, appears to have been so far mitigated that that great prison reformer might be considerably astonished if he could visit some of our American penal institutions of the present day. We learn from the Mississippi papers that it is no uncommon thing for convicts who escape from the Mississippi Penitentiary to the inhospitable outside world to come back and ask to be admitted again; and the Pennsylvania papers are filled with accounts of the discovery of a counterfeiting plant that has been running for months in the Eastern Penitentiary, in Philadelphia, and which had escaped the notice of the prison attendants. It had escaped their notice so completely, indeed, so the papers say, that they unsuspectingly received from the prisoners large numbers of the dimes, quarters and half-dollars turned out by this rival Philadelphia mint, and spent them in the city until Philadelphia was "flooded with them." The counterfeiting business was carried on by the convicts mainly "to pass away the time," so The Philadelphia Inquirer thinks, as they had nothing else to do. In a prison there is a great deal of time to pass, and the recollection of the old saying about time and money might easily suggest the passing of the latter. Most of the prisoners engaged in the counterfeiting are said to have been employed in the plumbing department, learning to become plumbers, and the material for the coins is thought to have been obtained by them. The counterfeiting was carried on at night, when only the night watchman, who was formerly a Philadelphia policeman, was supposed to be on duty. The newspapers comment very severely on the prison management, and the critics of the Republican State administration profess to see a connection between the alleged misgovernment of the State and the dereliction of the prison officials. The Washington Post remarks satirically:—"Inmates of the Pennsylvania penitentiary have been robbing the State with just as much daring as though they were outside and holding office."

A Dutch Proposal.

The Dutch propose to reclaim the whole of the Zuyder Zee from the grasp of the ocean, says Walter Wellman, in McClure's Magazine. It is a vast, a daring, project, the most picturesque engineering enterprise known to the world to-day. An isthmian canal may cost more money, but an isthmian canal is, after all, only a great ditch. While other nations are seeking colonial expansion, the Dutch propose to create a hinterland at home. They propose to reclaim from the waters an area equal to one-fourteenth of all the present Holland. They propose to add nearly one-tenth to the area of cultivable land in their country. They propose to find new homes, where now the sea rages, for a population equal to 4 per cent. of all the inhabitants of the Netherlands. In the United States an enterprise of relative proportions would involve the creation of a new State like Missouri or Texas, the reclamation of land enough for more than three millions of people to live upon and thrive by agriculture.

Freedom of Women.

At the annual meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society held recently in London Mrs. Creighton, the widow of the late Bishop of London, delivered an address. In the course of her lecture she emphasized a needed warning in discussing the changed conditions of life among women of all classes. The increased liberty which girls and women enjoy has, she claimed, resulted in large numbers leading absolutely objectless lives. This was especially the case in those belonging to the great middle classes. The sense of individual responsibility needed to be cultivated by each one in whatever station of life her lot was cast, otherwise instead of being a blessing, the freedom now enjoyed by women would prove the source of incalculable mischief to the moral fibre of the female character in the present and future generations.

A New Discovery.

The discovery of a new metal called selium by Edward Mallard, a Frenchman, is reported to the United States State Department. Says Engineering News:—"The discoverer asserts that selium costs only one-twelfth as much as aluminum, and is lighter and stronger. It does not rust, and is therefore suitable for shipbuilding, for the manufacture of pipes and for railroad construction. It is asserted also that it is capable of taking a fine polish resembling nickel. Its hardness is not quite equal to that of iron, but is greater than that of lead or zinc. Its strength is said to be greater than that of iron, but less than that of steel."

Eight Special Trains.

Eight special trains, over as many railroads, have been engaged to carry John Alexander Dowie and his "Restoration Host" to New York City. A "great mission" is to be held in Madison Square Garden from October 18th to November 1st. Dowie will be accompanied, according to advance notices, by the "Zion White-Robed Choir of Hundreds of Voices, Zion City Brass Band, hundreds of officers of the church and at least four thousand members of Zion Restoration Host."

Misdirected Zeal.

A clergyman somewhere by the sea has expressed his displeasure because some of the women who come to his church have fallen into a summer habit of coming without their hats. He has cited St. Paul as his authority for declaring from his pulpit that women ought to keep their heads covered in church. They certainly look very nice with their heads covered as our church-going sisters are wont to cover them, but it seems reasonably doubtful whether St. Paul, if he had been managing a seaside church in the United States in this year of grace, would have thought it expedient to raise this question of millinery. In the matter of women's headgear the times have changed very much, and in nineteen hundred years both the cost and the distractiveness of women's hats have momentously increased. It was the fashion in Oriental Galilee in St. Paul's time for women to keep their heads covered in public places. So is it the fashion here now, but circumstances alter cases. That our women have recently consented to take off their hats in the theaters has been hailed as a merciful concession, but the theaters are as public as the churches, and no reason suggests itself why what is good form in the one place shouldn't be good form in the other.

Moreover, in summer some of our grown girls are just now disposed to go about bareheaded. One sees them so in automobiles in town, and in the streets of the country villages. Why object, if they like it and think their complexions will stand it? It is in the interest of economy, and some people think it is good for the health, too. It is a passing quip, and bound soon to yield to freckles and tan, and when it does so yield the practice of dropping into church without a hat will go with it. St. Paul himself could well distinguish between essentials and inessentials, for after setting forth his views about covered heads for women and for men, does he not say, "But if any man seem to be contentious we have no such custom neither the churches of God." Which was saying in effect that, after all, the question wasn't worth disputing over.

A kindred question has come up—so the papers say—in Vermont, where a young woman who expects soon to be married objects to promising to obey her future husband, and has been looking for a clergyman who will leave "obey" out of the marriage service which is to make her a wife. She has found one, but not in her own church. All the same, it will make little practical difference whether she promises to obey or not. If she marries a man worth obeying she will obey at a pinch, and be glad of the chance. The husband still ranks as the head of the family, and though cases are common where he is not really in command the happiest families are those in which he is equal to his job. It is not any word of Scripture, or law, or a promise in the marriage service that makes the husband the senior and ruling partner but nature and the force of circumstances.

Moreover, the fear which some young women have of having to obey a husband is just a bugaboo. As things turn out there is division of responsibility and therefore of authority. The wife has her realm and rules in it. The husband takes her orders in matters under her control, and she his in some other matters, and over other matters still they consult and agree upon a course. Of course a bossy husband is objectionable, but a bossy husband is apt to be a good deal of an ass, and no young woman ought to marry a man who is a good deal of an ass unless the exigency is pressing and she can positively do no better.—"Harper's Weekly."

Items of Interest.

Gladys Deacon, "the American beauty," met with an extraordinary accident at Mrs. Adair's fancy dress ball the other night in London. A lady who was walking in front of her tripped, threw up her heels, and one shoe flew off, striking Miss Deacon sharply on the chin, causing a bad cut. At His Majesty's Theater, a few nights later, when Claude Lowther's play, "The Gordian Knot," was produced, Miss Deacon still had a plaster on her chin.

The French have found a reason for the popularity of the cake walk in Paris. The thing is French! One of the negroes at the Nouveau Cirque, interviewed by a Paris paper, says that the origin of the dance was French. According to this latest account, some of the French refugees from the court of Marie Antoinette introduced the minuet into New Orleans about the time of the Revolution, and it was the native imitation of the most fashionable dance in Europe that was afterward developed into the cake walk.

The Declaration of Independence is to be seen no more by the public, an order having been issued that henceforth the historic manuscript shall be kept under lock and key in a great fire and light-proof safe. This decision has been reached as the result of an examination of the document by a committee of the American Academy of Sciences, recently in session in New York, who acted at the instance of Secretary Hay, whose attention had been called to the sad state of the famous document. Most of the text of the Declaration is still legible, but only one or two of the signatures can be made out. There is only a trace of the autograph of John Hancock, the first to sign. The document from time to time will be photographed in order to measure as nearly as possible the result of the protective steps.

Chicago had to get along for over three weeks with soiled linen on account of the strike of thousands of laundry girls and men. Every union laundry in Chicago was closed. John Chinaman and a few scattered non-union laundries kept at work, but they could not begin to keep the city's clothes and household linen in order. Untidy collars and cuffs, soiled shirts and shirt-waists, spotted tablecloths and napkins were the rule in hotels and private homes. The old mammy of slavery days reaped a harvest. Some laundrymen, who thought to be shrewder than their fellows, fixed up great bundles of linen and shipped them to neighboring towns, thereby hoping to promote the neatness of their customers; but the union was on the alert. Wagons were followed to stations, the place of shipment ascertained, and the laundry workers there notified that "scab" work was coming to them. In most cases these laundry employees refused to do the work, and the bundles were shipped back to Chicago.

Tariff Changes.

The market for United States cattle and meats in France is now virtually closed, the French Government having made changes in the tariff which form an even more serious embargo on American meats declared by Germany several years ago. Henceforth cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, etc., and fresh and salted meats produced from them will be subjected to the maximum tariff if imported into France directly from the United States; or if imported indirectly, through a European country, there will be an additional tax of 69.5 cents per 220 pounds.

An Irish Gentleman.

Mr. McGrolrey, the independent Irish-American gentleman who has chosen to reside at Donegal Workhouse, where he is being charged £1 is weekly for board and lodging, explained yesterday why he had taken this course, says The London Daily Mail of Sept. 17.

It is not because he is displeased with the attention and comfort of the Irish hotels, but for the purpose of meeting the convenience of his medical adviser, who had been attending him twice daily. The doctor, who was often called suddenly to attend his patient, thought it would be better for both if Mr. McGrolrey came into the infirmary attached to the institution. He gives this as the sole reason why he has gone into the workhouse.

A successful engineering contractor in the States, Mr. McGrolrey came to his native county of Donegal for the purpose of having some sport, but particularly for the benefit of his health. For some time he stayed in a Donegal hotel, but afterwards removed to a country village some distance out of Donegal.

The only furniture in his room in the workhouse consists of two beds, but he states that he is very comfortable. He has his own delicacies brought into the workhouse. When his health improves he intends going to the south of France. Yesterday Mr. McGrolrey was up and moving about for the first time since he was admitted to the workhouse infirmary.

To Settle Differences.

Little credence has been given to rumors that have appeared from time to time in European papers, to the effect that the Mohammedans of Asia and Africa were making an effort to sink their differences, and present a united front against the inroads of Christianity. The enmity between the two great sects of Islam, the Sunni and the Shia, has for generations been as bitter and virulent as that between any two branches of Christendom at any time in its history, and it would seem impossible that this animosity could be quelled. Moreover, the Mohammedans have no means of intercommunication, no religious newspapers, nor other method of moulding public opinion and bringing scattered peoples to think alike on any subject. The great focus of intercommunication, the Mecca pilgrimage, is losing its influence. Its numbers are steadily diminishing, and last year it was altogether prohibited by Government, on account of the plague.

It appears, however, says Public Opinion, that neither missionaries nor publicists may have given sufficient importance to one uniting force, the fraternities which are rapidly springing into being among Mohammedans. Professor Nallino of Naples has recently published in a Geneva paper an article upon the "Present Tendencies of Islamism," treating of these fraternities as a movement demanding serious attention. It appears that these orders existed a century ago, but have been suspected and opposed by orthodox Mussulmans, who deemed them to be opposed by the Koran. Even as recently as 1840 only about 5 per cent. of the Mohammedans of the Sahara belonged to them. But the conquest of Algeria and the ensuing contact with the abhorred "Roumis" (Roman Catholics or Christians) not only aroused a new effervescence of zeal through all Mohammedan Africa, but gave a preponderant importance to the hitherto despised fraternities. Now, Professor Nallino says, fully 95 per cent. of the Arabs of North Africa are affiliated with one or another of these fraternities, and in all of them religious zeal is kept alive by hatred of the Christians. Thus pan-Islamism, which even ten years ago was a mere Utopia, may now become at almost any moment a reality. It would suffice for half a score of the great chiefs, meeting at Mecca at the time of the pilgrimage, to agree upon time and method, and all Islam, from the Atlantic to the Malayan archipelago, would unite in an uprising against Christians.

Order Early.

A United States undertaker advertises: "Why live and be miserable, when you can be comfortably buried for twenty dollars?" We shall expect something of the kind over here soon. Don't be surprised when you take up your morning paper if you read this sort of thing: "Billy Morgan looked down the barrel of his daddy's gun to see where the bullet went to when it went off. The funeral was handsomely conducted by Smith & Co., who have always a large staff on hand, and are open to bury the whole neighborhood at twenty-four hours' notice. A pound of tea given away with every coffin. Order early to avoid disappointment!"

He was Useful.

"Do you think your sister likes to have me come here, Jamey?"

"You bet. You take her to the theater and bring her candies."

"I'm glad I can make her happy."

"Yes; and the young feller she's engaged to don't mind it, either, for it saves him that much money toward going to housekeeping."—"Pick-Me-Up."

A Satisfactory Reason.

First picket—What's this strike about, anyway—more pay, less work? What's it for? Second picket—Nah! The boss didn't take his hat off or take his cig' outen his mouth when de walkin' delegate went in ter see him.—"Judge."

A FATAL WOOING

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "The Crime of Hallow-E'en," "The Flirtations of a Beauty," "Willful Gaynell," "Little Leafy," "Only a Mechanic's Daughter," etc.

Surely there was never so strange a wedding as this.

A few rain drops fell from the darkening heavens— Izetta always thought they were angels' tears— and the stars died out of the sky.

If those silent waves could only have whispered to her of the woful secret, which, from this night's work, was to darken her young life, she would have cast herself then and there into their cold embrace, and been gathered to happiness and rest in their bosom.

CHAPTER IV.

Repented at Leisure.

The week that followed seemed like a strange dream to Izetta.

Those who saw the young gentleman and his beautiful, clinging girl-wife wondered at them.

There was a world of passionate love in the girl's dark eyes; every one could see she lived on his words and glances; her sweet, foreign face told its own story. A child no longer—love had made her a woman, devoted and tender, as the genial sunshine expands the bud into the rose.

Her husband made little pretense of affection, yet it was not in human nature to be wholly blind to the ardent love that glowed in that beautiful face.

Ulmont was beginning to realize that the love which the Rev. Paul Illingsworth had predicted was coming to his young wife; he had yet to learn its depths. He never dreamed the one great thought that filled Izetta's soul was:

"I love Alderic so dearly, so deeply, he must love me in return."

The week had hardly passed ere Ulmont repented most bitterly what he had done; it was a sad fact, yet too terribly true, he told himself.

The vow which had been extorted from him had cost him a terrible price.

How should he meet Loraine, who was his betrothed bride, and tell her what he had done? What excuse could he offer to atone for her outraged pride? He knew Loraine loved him deeply in her cold, proud way; he knew how she would come forth to meet him, a flush on her beautiful face, and with the love light in her eyes; his ring— the ring with which they had plighted their troth—sparkling on her little white hand; how the light would die out of her beautiful eyes when he told her what he had done.

She could easily see he had not married for love, he told himself; he had been forced into it through duty; still, the fatal work had been done— he was securely married.

Brave as the young man was, he had not the courage to face his stern, haughty mother; he would not have flinched in the foremost of a battle, with shot and shell falling thickly about him; yet he did shrink from the fury that would gather in his mother's eyes when he spoke the words which were beginning to gall like wormwood on his lips— he was married. If it had been Loraine, proud, peerless, and self- possessed, how different it would all have been.

If he chanced to meet a maiden with golden hair, his heart almost ceased to beat, and the name Loraine would spring unconsciously to his lips.

If he saw a handsome, graceful woman, whom every one universally admired, or heard her solvery laughter, he would remain silent for long hours, thinking how blind and rash he had been; thus his impulsive recklessness struck home to his heart at last.

It was a strange bridal week.

Ulmont treated his young wife gently, considerately, but in his own heart he cried out:

"This marriage was a great mistake!"

The young heir of Ulvesford Mines told himself he was wretchedly unhappy, yet all of his future years must pay the price of one moment's impulsiveness.

There was no one to blame but himself. He fully resolved, however, that Izetta should not suffer for it.

One bright, sunlit morning, toward the close of that eventful week, Ulmont asked Izetta if she would like to take a ramble by the seashore; the sun was lighting the water, with a thousand arrowy sparkles, and the air was vigorous and exhilarating, and laden with the aroma of the distant spice- groves and myriads of blossoms over which it had lately lingered.

Izetta looked up into his face with glad, shining eyes.

"I should be so pleased to go, Mr. Ross," she said.

How she longed to call him husband, but Ulmont's proud, haughty face invited little familiarity.

He had grown quite used to the title; indeed, it had never struck him as strange his beautiful young wife should call him Mr. Ross.

Woman- like, Izetta had donned her prettiest robes, of which he had purchased her quite a supply, to please him. Ulmont had been simply surprised at the great difference dress could make in her.

In her plain dark dress and crimson cloak he had thought of her as a child, yet he was forced to admit she was a beautiful young girl in the soft, dark plush traveling- dress she wore, which fitted her so perfectly; yet, after the first surprise, he quite forgot to notice her appearance at all.

For quite an hour they promenaded the beach in utter silence; those who passed them wondered why the young man's face was turned so persistently away from the beautiful, foreign face that was raised so wistfully toward his own; they wondered why he looked far out over the sea and sighed.

Izetta never attempted to converse with him, being only too content to answer his questions if he chanced to address her.

She often saw him take from his pocket a packet of letters, tied by a dainty, pale-blue ribbon; some of them were old and worn, as if by many perusals, and once she was quite sure she saw him gazing long and earnestly at a lock of golden hair, which he replaced with the letters in his breast- pocket.

Then, for the first time during the short week of her marriage, she addressed him involuntarily:

"Do you like golden hair very much, Alderic?" she asked wistfully.

For a brief instant Ulmont quite forgot it was his dark- haired wife who asked the question, as he answered, enthusiastically:

"It is the most glorious of all the crowns of womanhood."

Ulmont never dreamed that Izetta was wondering why God made her own curls so dark, with a deep pain in her heart, while her handsome young husband admired fair, shining hair.

"I will show you, Izetta," he said, "how gloriously shimmering golden hair can crown a beautiful face."

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a pearl case, half hidden in its bed of purple. Izetta silently took the picture from his hand.

"I warn you not to be enraptured," he laughed. "I am the artist, so you see it is by no means what it should have been; the subject, though, is worthy of the grandest masters."

Izetta gazed long and earnestly at the picture, drinking in every detail of that equisitely perfect face.

A strange, numb feeling stole over her.

She was to remember it all with vivid distinctness in after years.

The picture was certainly a strange one—half reality, half ideal.

A graceful, tall, white lily was represented on the polished ivory, quite in the centre of a vase of rare exotics, while upon its snowly petal was the rarest face Izetta had ever gazed upon.

A face pure and spiritual, yet blended with the coldest pride, from the perfect, arched brows to the delicate curves of the smiling, sensitive mouth, so like a cleft, deep crimson rose-leaf.

The eyes were a large, deep, expressive blue, the face was perfect in contour and dainty coloring, crowned in a halo of golden hair, long and curling, which mingled with the lily's golden calyx.

Beneath was written in fanciful design, "My love."

Izetta scarcely knew how long she gazed at it. Ulmont interrupted her.

"You are pleased with my fancy?" he said, gently.

"This is your ideal of love, Alderic," she said, softly; "it is very beautiful, yet is only a picture from your imagination, is it not, Alderic?"

The flush deepened on Ulmont's face as he answered, evasively:

"I have seen such a picture; it was one of a few choice ones in a private collection. I painted it quite from memory."

"It must have impressed you strongly, Alderic."

"So it did," he replied, carelessly enough.

How little she knew every lineament of that beautiful face, of which Loraine Lorrimer was the original, was stamped indelibly on his heart.

The great wonder was, how was he ever to learn to forget her? Izetta's hand trembled as she handed the portrait back to her husband.

Was it fate that caused the handsome case to drop from her nervous fingers upon the sharp crags at her feet? She uttered a startled cry.

There was but little damage done; the face was uninjured, only a portion of one of the corners was broken off, which fell into her hand as she stooped to recover it.

Izetta could not just then account for the sudden impulse that led her to preserve that little jagged edge of pearl so carefully; perhaps because it had belonged to something her husband had prized; it had lain in her hands; his eyes had gazed upon it.

Ulmont was quite amused at the grieved face turned toward him.

"I hope you will forgive me, Alderic," she said; "I have spoiled your beautiful portrait, your pretty love."

How little Izetta realized the vital truth of her words. Ah! she had spoiled his love, and his life; yet he laughed gayly at her sorrow. Of course he was sorry, too, but mistakes would happen; there was no help for them.

Ulmont laughed as he noted how a few pleasant words had brought back the sunshine to her eyes.

She came up closer to him and laid her hand timidly on his arm.

"Do you think, Alderic," she asked, simply as a child might have done, "your ideal of love is prettier than I? You had not seen me then."

The very candor of the question amazed him. Looking down into those starry eyes, he, so chivalrous to all women, how could he help telling her evasively that her face, above all others, was the most beautiful in the world?

As he looked down upon her he wondered if, after all, there was ever any possibility of his becoming really interested in his fair young wife.

At that moment a sudden impulse seized him to throw the portrait far out into the sea and the letters after it.

What right had he, now that he was bound to another, to dream of the fair face of Loraine Lorrimer, or to gaze ruefully upon the pictured face?

Had Ulmont, for once in his life, obeyed the sudden impulse that sprang from his heart, the greatest tragedy of his life would have been spared him.

The grand old name and honor of Ulvesford, which the young heir would have shielded with his life, would never have been dragged through the mire of dishonor, and this story would never have been written.

Then a strange event happened.

When Ulmont had parted from the rector he had asked, as a special favor, that the Rev. Illingsworth should, upon his arrival at Boston, call immediately on his mother.

Ulmont knew that the rector, above all others, was the one best fitted to break the news of her son's marriage to the stern, cold woman, who never forgot nor forgave an injury.

If she would pardon him and receive Izetta as his wife Ulmont had decided to return at once; that was the message he sent her, which the strange workings of fate destined she should never receive.

It happened in this wise:

Ulmont had desired the rector to let him know at once the result of this interview, directing his communication to a small station at the crossroad, which they should reach late in the week.

If favorable, he could take Izetta direct to Boston; if not, he could take her for the present to his old nurse at Silvernook, who would receive her with open arms for his sake.

He hoped when his haughty mother saw remonstrance was useless and regrets in vain the principal difficulty would be removed.

When they reached the station at the crossroads, Ulmont received a note which quite unmanned him.

A letter, dated two days previous, hastily written, awaited him, which was as follows:

"Boston, Thursday morning.—My Dear Boy:— If you would see your mother alive hasten home at once or you may be too late. I found her in so feeble a condition, fearing the slightest shock might prove fatal, I dared not broach the subject of your marriage. Leave your wife there until the crisis is past. I will be at each train to meet you. Your faithful friend,

"Paul Illingsworth."

Again Ulmont made the mistake of his life by not confiding fully and unreservedly in his young wife.

In ten minutes the train started for Silvernook; five minutes later he could catch the express direct to Boston. He had not a minute to lose.

He hurriedly explained to Izetta, as he thought, all that was necessary for her to know at present. His mother lay ill, perhaps dying; he must go to her at once, while she must go on alone to Silvernook, which was fortunately but an hour's ride.

He would give her a note to his old nurse, whom she could readily find, who would receive her kindly until he came for her, which would certainly be within the following week.

Ulmont hastily tore a leaf from his memorandum, wrote a short note which he addressed and placed in her hand, together with the little package containing the money her grandfather had left her, and two hundred dollars which he happened to have by him.

It was all so sudden.

Izetta struggled hard to bravely bear the separation from the husband whom she so madly worshipped. The next moment found her alone on the train.

Ulmont watched long and earnestly till she was quite out of sight, the sweet, tear-stained face pressed close against the window-pane.

His heart gave a great throb.

"Was it possible," he asked himself, "he was learning to love his young wife after all?"

Izetta's face haunted him during all of his journey home; he quite wished she was by his side again.

How little Ulmont Ulvesford dreamed under what pitiful circumstances he should look upon her face again.

CHAPTER V.

In the midst of a green and grassy lawn, thickly studded here and there with towering elms and stately beech trees, stood a gray- stone structure, half hidden from the main road by creeping vines and intervening shrubbery; its moss-grown turrets and gabled roof towering toward the sunshine— this was Lorrimer Place, one of the finest old mansions to be found in the suburbs of Boston.

The spacious grounds, which surrounded it were a model of artistic beauty, from the miniature lakes on which the graceful white- necked swans glided to and fro, to the marble statuary half hidden by the rare, dense foliage, and rose- covered arbors which extended to the thickly-wooded glen which lay beyond.

At one of the windows, from which the heavy, amber satin curtains were looped back, stood Loraine Lorrimer, the heiress.

The golden sunshine never lingered upon a fairer picture than she made in her morning dress of creamy lace, which fell in graceful folds about her perfect figure; she looked what she was—a queenly young girl, one born to command.

There were pride, poetry and passion blended in each glance of her blue, flashing eyes, her face in its haughty, charming repose, was simply a perfect one, from which her long golden hair was pushed carelessly back, a spray of white heath in its golden waves, fastened with a diamond arrow.

A magnificent solitaire gleamed upon her finger, on which her eyes often rested.

At last she turned from the window, with a light shade of disappointment on her face.

"I had quite expected a letter from Ulmont," she said, meditatively. "I am surprised at not having some kind of a message from him."

Her mother, who reclined on an adjacent divan, closed the book she held in her lap with a smile as she replied:

"Ulmont may count himself lucky if he reaches here by to-morrow. You must not forget, my dear Loraine, how very uncertain the arrival of these steamers are nowadays. Young people are always impatient. I never saw a young, expectant bride, without thinking of the day before my own wedding."

"Did you feel a strange, happy restlessness that you could scarcely explain, mamma?" asked Loraine, blushing rosily, seating herself on a low hassock at her feet.

"Yes, and I was much like you, never quite satisfied unless I was at the window, watching for the coming of my lover."

The rose bloom deepened on Loraine Lorrimer's flower- like face.

"You are mistaken, there, mamma," she said. "I do not expect him until the eventful to-morrow."

As she spoke, she thought of the closing sentence of the last letter she had received from him; he had written:

"I shall be at Lorrimer Place by the 15th inst., positively, to claim for my bride the sweetest, fairest girl in all the wide, wide world. My sweet Loraine, time nor tide could e'er withhold me."

The superb trousseau a princess might have been proud of, had arrived the day before; then Loraine had done a foolish thing; she had arrayed herself in the shimmering gossamer robes to note the effect; even clasped the pearls around her perfect neck and arms, and fastened the veil to her golden hair, smiling proudly the while, as she thought how pleased her handsome young lover would be with her.

As Loraine stood there an event happened, which, though trifling in itself, caused her a strange sensation.

She had gone to her jewel-case to consult her watch.

"How strange," she said to herself, as she took it in her hand, "It has stopped!"

It wanted twenty minutes to eight. Loraine gathered up her bridal robes about her, stepping out into the corridor, to where the huge old clock ticked away the hours; her heart almost ceased to beat—the pendulum stood still, watch and clock, as if by common consent, had stopped on the selfsame moment— twenty minutes to eight.

Loraine hastily re-entered her boudoir; she was not superstitious, yet she could not help but remember the story she had often heard, how that same old clock had stopped on the eve preceding some great, sorrowful family event. Still she did not like to remember old traditions on the eve before her wedding- day.

Pretty young bridesmaids had taken full possession of the hall. "Everything should be in perfect readiness on the morrow," they said.

The bride'cake had arrived, and was really a work of art in its way.

Merry peals of laughter filled the corridors and spacious rooms, as nimble fingers fashioned the great pillars of roses.

"One wedding makes many." More than one maiden secretly hoped that some faint-hearted lover would take courage, under the mystic influence of the occasion, and who knew but their own wedding- night might be the next to follow.

Full many a happy thought was twined among those roses, those sweet, fragrant roses, that could keep their own secrets.

Mrs. Lorrimer gazed upon her daughter with all a mother's fond pride.

"You are peerlessly beautiful, Loraine," she said, caressing the young girl's bright, golden hair. "You might have married a duke or prince, yet you have chosen love. You have wealth, beauty and love; truly your lines have fallen in pleasant places."

She kissed her daughter's upturned face and left the room, leaving Loraine alone with her own happy reflections.

At that moment Katy, the maid, appeared at the door.

"If you please, Miss Loraine," she said, "there is a person down stairs who insists upon seeing you, although I told him you gave orders that no stranger should be admitted."

"Did he give you no card, or state his business?" asked Loraine, surprisedly.

"Card! oh, no," answered the maid, with a slight grimace. "He is down in the servants' hall and refuses to give his name."

"That's strange," murmured the heiress, reflectively, thinking perhaps it was some poor tenant, or a former recipient of her generous bounty; for Loraine was as capricious and generous as she was haughty and beautiful.

"What kind of a looking person is he, Katy?"

"A dark, swarthy man," answered the maid, promptly, "with a long, dark beard, and the sharpest, cruelest and blackest eyes, over which his bushy eyebrows meet in a straight line across his face, and he has the whitest of teeth, and, indeed, he scarcely reaches to my shoulder— he is a dwarf."

"It is Vatal, the dwarf," gasped Loraine, sinking back in affright in her seat. "Quick, quick, Katy," she cried, "bar the doors against him, fasten him out; let him not gain even so much as a foothold in the hall; quick; or you may be too late!"

As the maid sped quickly to do her bidding, Loraine hid her face in her white, jeweled hands.

"Vatal's visit seems the forerunner of some impending evil," she muttered. "Is some cruel blow about to fall upon me? I cannot, I will not believe it. I wonder what could have brought him here, the day before my wedding?"

A dark shadow fell between her and the sunshine, lingering for a moment only on the opposite wall, upon which her eyes were fastened. Loraine knew full well it was the shadow of Vatal, the dwarf.

The fair young heiress little dreamed the enraged dwarf was at that moment shaking his finger back at her as he muttered:

"You have had your fate in your own hands to-day—I might have saved you and yours, but you scorned my words, barred me from your door—proud daughter of a proud race, go blindly on to your fate!"

The next morning broke clear and bright; no bride ever looked out upon a fairer wedding- morning. No cloud was in the blue, smiling heavens; all nature seemed striving its best to put forth its beauty.

Even the little robins poured forth their sweetest melody, as though they were singing their hearts out in their song, as they gazed up at the fair, happy face at the window with their little, bright eyes, while they dashed their wings in the fountain's spray.

"How bright love makes the world," laughed Loraine; "ah! who has so handsome a lover as I?"

She hid her face in a bouquet of fragrant blossoms.

"My darling," she whispered softly to herself, "how I have counted the long days of the year that have passed! Ah, Ulmont, my love, after a few more hours nothing can separate us!"

She wondered why the world came questioningly back upon her heart. Nothing!

Those who saw Loraine Lorrimer that day wondered at her intense happiness, her brilliancy and wit, as she flitted here and there a merry group of laughing maidens following after, fluttering and chirping like robins in the [illegible] springtime.

(To be Continued.)

GOOD NEWS FOR HIS OLD HOME

Vernon Bromley Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

For Years he was Crippled by Rheumatism and Sciatica — Dodd's Kidney Pills made him a New Man.

Morristown, N. Y., Oct. 19.—(Special).—Vernon Bromley, now of this place, but formerly of Trenton, Ont., relates an experience that will prove of great interest to his old friends in Canada.

"I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism and Sciatica for years," Mr. Bromley states. "The citizens of Trenton will remember what a cripple I was. I could neither work or lie down, the pain was so great.

"Reading of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills, finally led me to try them and from the second box I began to feel relief. I continued to use them till I had taken twleve boxes, when I was completely cured.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a new man of me."

Rheumatism and kindred diseases are caused by uric acid in the blood. If the Kidneys are sound they will take all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make sound Kidneys.

Long, long he strove to gain the height,
And thereby win her heart,
Then learned, poor victim, that he might
Have had her at the start.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

"Love her?" he exclaimed, passionately; "why, I could die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks two hundred feet below."

The old man shook his head.

"I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."—Tit-Bits.

The Blushing Bride—The deacon done go ask me if I take Washington foh bettah or foh wohse.

The Bride's Father—He di-id?"

"Ya-as, an' I dun go tell him foh bettah, if you please."—Yonkers Herald.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

The Atlin Claim.

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SATURDAY, DEC 12TH, 1903.

The value of Fraternal Brotherhood and the protection it affords to the families of its members needs no recommendation on our part.

The ancient Order of United Workmen has proved to be the chief of all beneficiary orders and the adoption of the new fraternal assessment, called a "Guaranty Rate", makes the Order a safe and sure protection for the future.

Since its organization the A. O. U. W. has paid to the beneficiaries of its members upwards of one hundred and twenty five million dollars.

The Order today comprises a membership of close on half a million and offers insurance at absolute cost.

Atlin Lodge is a growing one, and its members are well satisfied with the new plan of assessment.

The upbuilding of the local organization, when its high plane of usefulness is properly understood, is but a matter of time.

Every brother should commend the Order to those desiring to profit from the low rate of insurance; many a man when lying on a bed of sickness, regrets he has no life insurance and still more the lack of Fraternity, the ethics of the Order demand that its members essay to prevent such regrets and by so doing perpetuate the existence of the A. O. U. W. which has now entered on the fourth decade of its existence.

Board of Trade.

A well attended meeting was held at the Court House on Thursday evening.

Our new member, Dr. Young, wrote the Board that an appropriation had been made for the cutting of a new trail from Atlin Lake to Moose Arm.

Mr. J. A. Fraser, Government Agent, said he would send men to look over the ground at an early date; it is expected that the new trail will be ready for travel this winter.

The Board unanimously endorsed the proposition to build an All Canadian Road from the B. C. seaboard to Dawson, via Atlin, and copies of the resolution will be forwarded to all interested, including the Boards of Trade of Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster and Dawson.

The cutting of the new trail will shorten the distance between here and Cariboo by about five miles and will also do away with some very bad pieces of road.

Messrs. Dixon, McDonald, Doelker and Pillman who will use the route, all spoke on the subject and expressed their willingness to financially assist if the appropriation was found to be insufficient.

A. O. U. W.

A well attended session was held at the A. O. U. W. Hall and the question of the new assesment rates was thoroughly discussed and met with the general approval of the Lodge.

Practically no change is made in the monthly assessment levied on members under 55; the cost to them being as low as 65 cents per $1,000 at ages 18 to 25, further they can by transferring to a level premium plan escape the high rate at 55.

The new rate is a guaranty pledge, of $30,000,000, by the younger members to members over 55 years, and is practically a fraternal assessment to prevent the "freezing out of old members of the Order.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 11th inst, are as follows:

Dec. 5	23 above	28 above
6	15	29
7	32	34
8	34	38
9	33	36
10	30	31
11	23	30

STEVENS CRACK SHOT RIFLE.

A new rifle. 20-inch barrel. Weight 4 pounds. C. B. caps and .22 short R. F. Has an AUTOMATIC SAFETY and cannot be discharged accidentally.

Price Only $5.00

If these rifles are not carried in stock by your dealer, send price and we will send it to you express prepaid.

Send stamp for catalog describing complete line and containing valuable information to shooters.

THE J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
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HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS

Sam. Johnstone, Prop.

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

AMUR December 10th.
" " 25th.

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

Atlin, Nugget and Grape Rings
And All Kinds of Jewellery Manufactured on the Premises.
Why send out when you can get goods as cheap here?
Watches From $5 up. Fine Line of Souvenir Spoons.
JULES EGGERT & SON, The Swiss Watchmakers.

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COR. FIRST AND TRAINOR STREETS.
This First Class Hotel has been remodeled and refurnished throughout and offers the best accommodation to Transient or Permanent Guests.—American and European plan.
Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
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THE GOLD HOUSE,
DISCOVERY, B. C.
A STRICTLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL.
CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.
Mixed Drinks a Specialty.
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THE DOCTOR'S LARGEST FEE.

A Tale of a Rural Practitioner.

THE doctor was a good doctor—too good for Bancroft, it was sometimes said—but his wife asserted that, however able he might be in other ways, he was no financier. He kept no books, and in payment for his services was willing to accept, in lieu of cash fees, anything that his patients might be inclined to offer.

Sometimes this proved a convenient arrangement; more often, however, it was not, for the village people soon learned that it was only too easy to impose upon the kind-hearted, gentle old doctor. They loved him, of course—they could not help doing that—but apparently the village conscience slept when it came to settling with the easy-going physician.

There were those who said that the reason he submitted so tamely to being underpaid was because he feared to risk making his patients ill again by demanding larger fees. The truth of the matter was, however, that the overmodest doctor undervalued his own worth.

"But, James," Mrs. Bronson would remonstrate, "it's all very well to take it out in potatoes, but you know just as well as I do that Timothy Peck always sells his best potatoes, and brings us only the little undersized ones that nobody would think of buying. Those last ones weren't bigger than marbles. You must stand up for your rights."

But the doctor, apparently unmoved by these protests, continued to accept his patients' excuses along with their offerings of wormy apples, wood that was full of knots, eggs that were more than doubtful, and milk that was guiltless of cream. The Bronsons were ever short of ready money, but all their other wants were, in a measure, supplied, if not always to Mrs. Bronson's satisfaction.

"I really need a new horse," said the doctor one morning, as he stepped into his shabby buggy to make his usual round of visits. "The colt is pretty sure to give out before the summer is over."

The "colt," which was a colt only by courtesy, being twenty-two years of age and old for his years, certainly looked as if he might give out at any moment. He limped slightly, he was blind in one eye, and something was wrong with his breathing apparatus. His owner drove him with the utmost tenderness, but it was plain that the doctor needed a new horse, and that without delay.

"Here's a letter for you, father!" called Cicely, the Bronsons' only daughter, as the doctor turned in at the gate that noon. "I'll put it at your place at the table, so you can read it while you are eating the beans that Mrs. Blake brought you for setting Johnny's leg."

"Now really," said the doctor, when he had read the letter, "this is very fortunate. I've tried all the spring not to wish that Sam Peters would fall ill, but it's been a great temptation, for Sam is the only person I could think of that would be likely to pay his bill with a horse. But it seems, my dears, that Sam was not my only dependence, after all. This note is from a man who seems absurdly grateful. He says he has no cash to pay what he owes me, so he is sending me a driving horse—a nice, quiet horse, he says."

"A quiet horse! Humph!" said Mrs. Bronson, with mild sarcasm. "He probably means that the horse is dead. You'd better see what you're getting before you make any bargain with him."

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, apologetically, "that it is too late for that, for the man is already on his way to New York, and the horse is to be delivered to-day. Now what did that man's wife tell me about that horse? Really, it was so long ago that I have forgotten, but it seems to me that the man was in some sort of business—I forget just what—and when his employer failed—or the concern broke up—this man's wages were paid in horses. Yes, that was it, in horses. His wife, a pretty little woman, was ill for months, eight miles up the Carp road at a farmhouse near Cloverly—the business went to pieces at Cloverly—and those people seem to think that the woman owes her life to me."

"I guess they think right, too," said Cicely, who approved of her father with all her sixteen-year-old soul. "Isn't she the person that you sat up with for six consecutive nights when she had pneumonia? You deserve a dozen horses a week for all the beautiful, unselfish things you do."

The doctor smiled gratefully at this tribute. For all the years of his married life he had cherished a mild ambition to show Mrs. Bronson that he was really a better financier than she considered him. No one suspected it—Mrs. Bronson least of all—but the unappreciated doctor was exceedingly sensitive over his repeated failures in the matter of fees, and he longed after a very human fashion to show his family that he was as capable a business man as a physician.

The opportunity, however, seemed slow in coming. While everyone admitted his medical skill, there seemed to be grave doubts concerning his executive ability. All through the spring each bargain had proved worse than the preceding one.

Before the doctor had finished his meal the horse arrived, and was tethered to the hitching-post outside the gate. Impetuous Cicely rushed out at once to make his acquaintance. At sight of him, however, the girl stared in amazement.

"Oh!" she gasped, gazing at the doctor's latest fee. "That man said he was quiet, but he certainly doesn't look it. Why, positively, he is quite the loudest-looking horse I ever saw."

Cicely was right. However mild the horse might prove in disposition, he was anything but quiet in appearance. His cream-colored surface was irregularly marked with large reddish-brown blotches, his left side resembled a map of the eastern hemisphere, and a brownish patch on his mild countenance, shaped not unlike the arms of Russia, gave his face a curiously distorted expression. It was certainly not a prepossessing horse, and it was not surprising that Mrs. Bronson regarded him with consternation when she, too, joined the little group at the gate.

"James," said she, in an accusing voice—it was some moments before she could summon a voice of any sort—"was this man's late employer by any chance the proprietor of the circus that disbanded in Cloverly last fall?"

"Now you mention it, my dear," said the doctor, mildly, "I recall that that is exactly who he was. The man succeeded in selling one of his horses, and it seems to me he said he could get a good price for this one if he could only bring it to the right market. He said in his note that his wife was anxious to get home to her own people, and that he didn't see his way clear to selling the horse. No one in Cloverly seemed to care to buy the animal."

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Bronson. "His looks are decidedly against him."

"Still," said Cicely, whose darkest cloud always had its silver lining, "he is much better than a lion or a hyena. Suppose that this acrobat and his wife had been obliged to take their pay in monkeys or giraffes or boa-constrictors! Where would the poor Bronsons have been then? I think we've had a fortunate escape."

The horse, except for a few peculiarities, proved an excellent animal. He was gentle and tractable, a good traveler, and he seemed to be possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. The town people soon became accustomed to the gorgeousness of his exterior, and the Bronsons would have forgotten that he had once been a circus horse had it not been for a certain singular trick which he frequently played.

If his driver happened to twitch the reins in a certain way, the horse, whose name was Aladdin, would suddenly stop short wherever he happened to be, and regardless of both harness and consequences, would seat himself on his haunches, with his forefeet still resting on the ground.

Nothing that the doctor could say or do would induce his calico steed to rise. Aladdin would turn his head and look pleadingly at his master, as if imploring him for permission to stand on all fours; but the bewildered doctor was powerless to help him.

At last, when the horse could no longer endure his cramped and uncomfortable attitude, he would cast a final reproachful glance at his puzzled master, and, as if abandoning all hope from that quarter, would scramble to his feet and proceed on his way like any ordinary horse. The doctor was finally obliged to use a patent harness without breeching.

Aladdin's only other reprehensible trait was his custom of dancing to the music of the Cloverly band. Whenever the doctor's business took him to Cloverly, he found it expedient, after his first experience with Aladdin's waltzing hoofs, to enquire by telephone if there was any likelihood that the band might appear upon the streets that day.

If, by any chance, it happened to be a gala day, the doctor would turn Aladdin out to grass, and would drive the ancient colt; for a summer of idleness had much improved that misnamed animal.

County fair week was approaching, and as usual the Bronsons were short of ready money. Cicely, with her elbows on the table, spent several evenings over calculations in domestic economy, for her autumn wardrobe was in need of replenishing. She had little time for embroidery, and the only thing she had ever painted was, as she said laughingly, the front fence.

"No," she said, "I'm afraid this family doesn't boast a single exhibitable possession, unless— Father!"

"What is it?" asked the doctor, looking up hastily from his book.

"Could you possibly get along with nothing but the colt to drive all next week?"

"I suspect I shall have to," returned the doctor. "All the brass bands in the county are coming for the fair. Aladdin dances pretty well for a horse, but it's hard on the buggy."

"Then," said Cicely, giving her father's hand an enthusiastic squeeze, "if you don't mind we'll exhibit him at the fair as a carriage horse. They offer beautiful prizes in the horse department. I'm sure there isn't a more noticeable horse in the country, so there's no danger of his being overlooked."

Aladdin did indeed attract much attention at the fair. To be sure, the judges were rather inclined at first to scoff at him because of his gaudy exterior; but partly because there was very little competition, and partly because he possessed certain fine points not appreciated by the careless observer, he was finally awarded a second prize.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Bronson, when she heard of it, "that we have one financier in the family."

Before the week was over, however, even Mrs. Bronson was willing to admit that the family contained two. The three Bronsons spent Friday afternoon at the fair, going first of all to visit their successful exhibit. Even with his scarlet ribbon, Aladdin looked far from beautiful; but Cicely felt the crisp pink premium cheque in her pocket, and swelled with pride.

"Is this your horse?" asked a man, stepping up and touching his cap respectfully.

"Yes," said Cicely, who was for the moment alone. "At least, it's my father's."

"I believe I'm acquainted with that horse," said the man, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "Used to know him real well—lived with him, in fact. I wouldn't be surprised if I could prove it."

A stunted tree grew opposite Aladdin's stall. The man stepped to it, broke off a switch and stripped it of its leaves.

He touched the ex-circus horse lightly on the nose with the slender switch. Aladdin instantly seated himself on the ground and looked expectantly at the man. Again the switch touched the intelligent animal, this time on the knee. Up came a hoof, and the man "shook hands" with the horse.

"Throw a kiss to the ladies," said the man, touching Aladdin's ankle.

Aladdin lowered his head to meet his hoof, and flung an equine kiss to the delighted bystanders.

"Up," said the man, with another light touch of the switch.

Aladdin, with an expression of positive gratitude, scrambled to his feet.

"Well, I declare!" said the doctor. "I've sat for half an hour at a stretch waiting for that horse to get tired of sitting in the road. I'd have saved hours if I'd just been able to guess what he expected of me. I've felt all these months as if I were a terrible disappointment to him, but I couldn't make out what he wanted me to do."

"Well," said the man, laughing, "two years ago, when I and this horse were in the circus business together, he was considered one of the brightest horses in the country. If you'll sell him, I'll give you eight hundred dollars for him—mind you, I'm not saying that he isn't worth more. I'm not in the circus business any longer, but I happen to know where I can sell this animal and get my own price for him, and my business takes me right to that place next week. Maybe he isn't handsome, but he's got brains, this horse has."

"For my part," said Mrs. Bronson, as the family rode home behind the rejuvenated colt, "I don't know but what Aladdin more than makes up for all those undersized potatoes."

At this handsome admission the doctor fairly beamed over his spectacles. Indeed, so pleased was he with his one good bargain that from that moment he felt a positive pang when the time came for him to part with that bargain, even though he received in exchange his first adequate fee.—"Youth's Companion."

Smoking in Spain.

Can there be any connection between the marked degeneration of Spain and the abuse of tobacco in that country? People there smoke incessantly, under all conditions, at all hours, and in all places—excepting in church. Men smoke in the railway carriages; they smoke in all the tramcars; they smoke in all the minor theaters; they smoke in all the restaurants; in the hotel dining-rooms, and, of course, in the cafes. In business offices the merchant and his clerks smoke. In shops the shopman, while trying to sell goods to a lady, will stop to roll a cigarette, which, when lighted, he will puff in her face.

You see conductors and drivers of tramcars smoking. All the cabmen smoke all the time, while even coachmen and footmen of private carriages sometimes smoke on the box. I have seen (says Jerome A. Hart) priests smoking as they crossed the cathedral yard to begin service, and I have seen altar boys standing in their surplices at the cathedral door, between responses, to smoke a cigarette. Beggars approach you, cigarette in mouth, to whine for alms. If you ask for tickets at a railway office the clerk lays down his cigarette as he hands you the dingy bits of pasteboard. The innumerable peddlers smoke cigarettes all the time.

I have seen no women of the better class smoking cigarettes in public; they may smoke, but if so I suppose they do it at home. The lower-class women, including the gypsy women, smoke freely in the streets. If the cigarette habit is universal in Spain so are its sequelae. On every hand you hear the deep, hacking, pulmonic cigarette cough. Tuberculosis is rife in Spain, and while the doctors say (but what will not the doctors say?) that excessive tobacco, qua tobacco, has nothing to do with tuberculosis, they admit that "excessive tobacco brings about a condition of diathesis constituting a favorable nidus for the growth of the bacillus of tuberculosis."

In Praise of the Dog.

United States Senator Vest once paid this eloquent tribute to a dog in a suit brought against a farmer who shot his neighbor's faithful beast in malice: "The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry wind blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even in death." On the strength of this speech, it is said, the jury was so moved that it awarded the plaintiff a verdict of five hundred dollars.

New varieties of Russian wheat have been tested with good results at a branch experiment station in Kansas. Several kinds, Kharkov, Crimean, Theiss, etc., yielded over forty bushels per acre, and others ranged from thirty-five to forty bushels. The seed is being sold to Kansas wheat growers.

Neglect a cough and contract consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cures consumption—but don't leave it too long. Try it now. Your money back if it doesn't benefit you.

Prices 25c., 50c., and $1.00

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Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y.

Mr. Edison's Ideas on Radium.

Thomas A. Edison has evolved and announced a theory which he believes solves the problem that has been puzzling scientists ever since the discovery made by Madame Curie of the peculiar properties of radium and the kindred substances uranium and thorium. The phenomenon presented by these substances, as is generally known, is their apparent property of giving off actinic rays of peculiar chemical properties, somewhat similar to the Roentgen rays, without any apparent loss of energy or bulk. Based on these observed phenomena several new theories of matter have been put forward, all of which accept as a fact the apparent origin of the energy within the substances themselves.

Mr. Edison's theory eliminates this contradiction of accepted natural laws, and indicates the possibility that the energy emitted by radium is merely reflected, as it were, from some unknown source.

"I have made extensive experiments with the Roentgen ray and with radium," said Mr. Edison to a representative of "Harper's Weekly," "and have come to the conclusion that these new substances are not the sources of energy, but are rendered fluorescent by the action of some hitherto undetected ether vibration or ray. Just as the Roentgen ray and the Herzian wave remained undreamed of for centuries after the phenomena of sound, light and heat were well understood, so it is not only possible but extremely probable that there are other rays in the immense gamut from sound to ultra-violet which we have not yet discovered. In my own experiments I have found that the ordinary electric arc when raised to an extremely high temperature gives off a ray which renders oxalate of lithium highly fluorescent. In the same way the Roentgen ray renders platinum-baryum-cyanide, tungstate of calcium, and cupro-cyanide of potassium highly fluorescent—that is, the X-ray sets up in these substances a condition of activity which results in the emission from them of actinic rays and a small amount of heat.

"My theory of radio-activity is that the rays which the new elements emit are set up in the same way, the substances being rendered fluorescent by some form of ether vibration which is undoubtedly all-pervading, but has not yet been isolated or measured, and which may have some extra-planetary origin. To accept any other theory is to declare one's belief in perpetual motion, in getting something for nothing.

"It is not at all strange that only two or three substances have yet been found which exhibit this phenomenon, as there are only three substances known which are rendered fluorescent by the Roentgen ray. It is a peculiar coincidence, moreover, that the only one of the known fluorescent substances that is ever found in its natural state, tung-state of calcium, is always more or less closely associated with pitchblende, from which all the radium so far made has been extracted.

"I believe this theory is capable of proof, but I shall be content to let some one else prove it. I am through for all time with experiments in radio-activity. Two of my assistants have been maimed for life by their close association with the Roentgen rays, and I myself have one eye badly out of focus and am suffering from severe stomach disturbances from the same cause. The new dark room laboratory which I have just completed for such experiments will remain unused or be converted to some other use."

Doctor—Do I think I can cure your catarrh? Why, I'm sure of it.

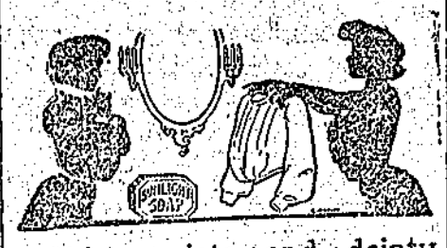
Patient—So you are very familiar with the disease?

Doctor—I should say so! I've had it myself all my life.—Judge.

"The lady next door is celebrating her golden wedding."

"Married fifty years?"

"No—times!"—Puck.



Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 5B

Mr. Stringer, the head of the firm, was in a thoughtful mood on this particular morning, as he came into the office and sat down at his desk. His austere yet kindly and just face was in a brown study. Something was wrong.

The fact was that Worthington, the bright young clerk in whom Mr. Stringer had hitherto taken such a fatherly interest, had fallen away so in his work of late that something had to be done about it. Worthington had done so well up to within the last few weeks that his sudden deterioration was a matter of wonder as well as anxiety to his patron. Error after error had been traced to him. Things, of course, could not go on in this way.

The head of the firm rang a bell.

"Tell Mr. Worthington," he said to the boy, "that I desire to see him."

That young man, looking somewhat preoccupied, presently appeared.

"Mr. Worthington," said his employer, his face growing more stern as he spoke, "as you are doubtless aware, every business, to be successful, must be conducted upon business principles. Until recently your work has been perfectly satisfactory, as the increases in your salary from time to time have doubtless testified. But within the past few weeks so many mistakes have been laid at your door that I am compelled to enquire whether we may look forward to this sort of thing regularly. If so, I am afraid we shall have to get someone to fill your place."

Worthington started. The deep flush that spread over his face bore evidence of his feeling.

"You are right, sir," he stammered. "I shall have to do better. I will do better."

"May I ask," said Mr. Stringer, "what has been the cause of your deterioration? I hope it is not dissipation."

"Oh, no, sir! If you will excuse me from the office for an hour or so, I think I can produce sufficient evidence to the contrary."

"Very well, sir; you may go."

About an hour later, the negligent clerk one more entered the private office of his employer.

This time, however, he was not alone.

"Allow me, sir," he said, simply, "to introduce to you the cause of my recent mistakes—my future wife."

Mr. Stringer arose to his feet, and looked curiously down at the beautiful young girl who stood smilingly before him. Then he turned to Worthington, as he clasped her hand in his.

"My boy," he said, "how in the world did you come to make so few?"—Tom Masson.

Society Notes from Bookville.

(A suggestion for the various literary periodicals.)

Miss Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall is visiting her cousin, Chlorinda Wildairs. In face, figure and manner the young cousins are so much alike that even their parents can scarcely tell them apart. Another member of the family, who is strikingly like them, is the young girl known as "The Maid-at-Arms," who made her debut last season. Miss Vernon and Miss Wildairs have been out longer.

"The Virginian," whose name nobody seems to know, is at the Waldorf with Percy Bines. Young Bines is reported to have dropped a cool million or two of his large fortune recently in a Wall street deal.

Mrs. Wiggs, long prominent in the "Cabbage Patch set" of Louisville, is in town, and has been taken up enthusiastically by the women's clubs. Mrs. Wiggs has achieved an original reputation by entering a profession hitherto monopolized by the uglier sex—that of soap-box philosopher.

Friends of Richard Carvel are much concerned at his long absence. Three or four years ago he was the most prominent and popular man in Bookville society. Several months ago he disappeared suddenly, and the most searching enquiry has thus far failed to reveal his whereabouts.

Society awaits with intense interest the approaching debut of the youngest of the beautiful Allen girls, daughters of James Lane Allen. I hear that she is by all odds the most beautiful, the most winning and the cleverest of these famous sisters, and I predict that she will have a tremendous success.

Sic transit gloria! The death of Richard Harding Van Bibber, obscurely chronicled in the daily papers, made no impression on the younger generation. But people with long memories can recall when Dick Van Bibber was one of the most talked-of men in Bookville, the butt for all the jokes of one-half of society, the object of riotous adoration to the other half. Van Bibber scarcely deserved either. He was a man of some real cleverness and many harmless eccentricities, such as his fondness for shirt-waists and his firm belief that he was the social paragon of his day. It is many years since he dropped into obscurity, and most of his old friends imagined that he was long since dead.

When People Go "Daffy."

People do odd things at critical moments. In a fire at Marshall, Mo., the other day, T. B. Gill, a book dealer, whose store was in danger, rushed outdoors carrying nothing but a box of matches. Being asked what he meant to do with them, he said he rescued them to prevent them from becoming ignited. It turned out that he had 100 boxes more in the store, which, in his excitement, he had forgotten. A few days ago a cyclone struck a farm in Atchison County, Mo. The family were aroused, and, thoroughly frightened, began grabbing whatever was closest and most worth saving, and rushing downstairs with it. When the excitement partly subsided it was discovered that one good old woman had come down in her nightdress carrying in one hand an unlighted kerosene lamp and in the other a cup of water that she had beside her bed.

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 3 p. m. Committee Meetings, 1st Thursday in each month.

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

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

Al. Queen left Skagway for the coast on Wednesday last.

Headquarters for Xmas Presents at E. L. Pillman and Co's.

Mr. W. P. Grant arrived with a load of machinery on Wednesday; he says that the trail was never better at this time of the year.

Christmas Presents for all at C. R. Bourne's

Dr. McDermott, the newly appointed resident physician for this district, is expected here today.

A Batchelor's Ball will be held at the Kootenay Hotel, Friday Dec. 18th. Everyone welcome and an enjoyable evening assured.

R. A. Jackson left for the outside on Monday last.

Nothing is more appreciated than views of the country you live in.

A fine collection always in stock at "The Atlin Studio."

The rink opened up last Saturday, a big crowd attended and thoroughly enjoyed the evening's amusement.

New stock of Xmas Cards and Calenders arrived at C. R. Bourne's

The "Curlers" played a match in aid of the hospital; R. D. Fetherstonhaugh's team defeated Jas. Staple's team by three points.

A Portrait would be more acceptable at home than a Card for Christmas. The Atlin Studio.

The continued mild weather is creating much slush ice on the trail and has re opened Otter Lake.

Travel on Lakes is dangerous.

Closing out Ssle; Dry Goods, Underwear, Boots and Shoes at HALF PRICE. The Atlin Cheap Cash Store. M. FOLEY.

A Turkey Shoot will be held at corner of First and Trainor Streets, Atlin, on December 31st.

Films and plates developed and printed at reasonable rates at "The Atlin Studio". Enlarging, and Copying also done.

For Airtight Heaters, Building Paper, Steel Traps, Gunpowder and Ammunition, you get the best value at J. D. Durie's.

We notice that several catalogues of Jewelley and Fancy Goods, from Eastern firms have found their way into the camp. On comparing prices with those of our local jeweller we find we can do better at home. Mr. Eggert says he will supply any article advertised by outside firms at even if not better rates, also that you need not pay in advance, but when you have seen the article itself.——Why not keep our money in circulation here.

Don't miss your chance in the Bean Contest at E. L. Pillman and Co's. Even dollar cash purchase entitles you to one guess.

Do not leave camp without seeing that your name is on THE ATLIN CLAIM's Subrcription list, and keep in touch with local happenings during the winter.

Atlin--Log Cabin.

JACK PERKINSON'S DOG TEAMS make regular trips Mondays and Thursdays between Atlin and Log Cabin. For freight and passenger rates apply "CLAIM OFFICE."

Stevens Ideal Rifle.

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Price Only $13.25

Made in all the standard calibers both Rim and Center Fire. Weight about 7 pounds. Standard barrel for rim fire cartridges, 24 inches. For center-fire cartridges, 26 inches.

If these rifles are not carried in stock by your dealer, send price and we will send it to you express prepaid.

Send stamp for catalog describing complete line and containing valuable information to shooters.

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Midgets.	$ 5,00
C. D. V.	$ 7,50
Cabinets,	$ 10,00

Larger sizes by special arrangement.

Interiors and Exteriors.

For 1 plate, ½ doz. prints $ 5,00.
For 5 ,, 3 prints of each $ 10,00

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GRAND TURKEY SHOOT.

AT THE
BALMORAL HOTEL
CHRISTMAS DAY.

1st. Prize--Turkey
2nd. ,, --Chicken
3rd. ,, --Tin of Eastern Oysters.

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IRON STORE, FIRST STREET,

ARE STILL TO THE FRONT IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Etc.

The Line of FALL and WINTER GOODS we have placed in Stock this week are certainly EYE-OPENERS

Just see our shirts and underwear
And socks at any price a pair.
Our mits and gloves cannot be beat.
Our boots and shoes so trim and neat

Cigars and cigarettes to smoke,
But see our pipes, oh! my!
If once you get your eyes on them
You cannot help but buy

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER AND MANUFACTURING Co., Limited.

ENGINEERS, MACHINISTS, BLACKSMITHS, & IRON FOUNDERS.

OPERATING STEAM LAUNDRY — ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER FURNISHED TO MILLS, MINES, ETC. — FULL LINE OF ENGINEERS SUPPLIES & FITTINGS CARRIED IN STOCK.

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16 Candle Power Incandescent $3:50 per month per light.
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CHRIS DOELKER,

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

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Passenger and Express Service, Daily (except Sunday), between Skagway, Log Cabin, Bennett, Caribou, White Horse and Intermediate points, making close connections with our own steamers at White Horse for Dawson and Yukon points, and at Caribou for Atlin every Tuesday and Friday; Returning, leave Atlin every Monday and Thursday.

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For information relative to Passenger, Freight, Telegraph or Express Rates apply to any Agent of the Company or to

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WE give special attention to Mail and Telegraphic Orders.

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