

THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 9

ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1903

NO. 232

All Canadian Railway.

The Proposed Coast-Yukon Line

Will Tap Atlin on Its Main Line between Kitimaat and Dawson.

Our special correspondent at Vancouver, B. C., furnishes us with the following interesting information concerning the Coast-Yukon railway for which a Provincial Charter is now being applied for.

The Charter now being asked for from the B. C. Legislature is for Provincial rights and subsidy for the Coast-Yukon Railway Co., an adjunct to a transcontinental road for which a Dominion charter was obtained last session. If the Provincial Charter and subsidy are granted during the present sitting of the House there is every likelihood of active construction of the Provincial branch of the road being commenced this summer, the necessity for the immediate construction of an all-Canadian road being fully recognized by the promoters of the Coast-Yukon.

An inspection of the map containing the proposed route of the railroad shows the line to run from Kitimaat on the Kitimaat arm of Douglas Channel, north easterly up the Kitimaat river to the Skeena river; following this to Hazelton, where connection will be made with the main trans-continental line, when this is brought through.

From the Skeena river the route crosses the divide towards the source of the Stikine into the Dease Lake country and to the H. B. Co's post at the foot of Teslin Lake, thence it follows closely upon the Teslin to Atlin trail into Atlin.

From Atlin it runs up the east side of the lake north to the Teslin river and the Hootalinqua crossing the Yukon river below the junction of the former, thence it runs up the Yukon to Dawson.

The territory through which the proposed road will run, particularly that through British Columbia, in which we are most interested, is described to be unequalled for richness in timber, furs, coal, minerals and agriculture, while it will open up for settlement thousands of square miles at present practically lying waste. Although actual surveys have not yet been made, it is known from reports of competent men that the proposed route presents no insurmountable engineering difficulties and throughout its entire length there is said to be no portion of the country which cannot be turned to good account both with reference to the revenue of the Province and to the hardy settler.

From our point of view the commencement of construction cannot begin too soon and we shall hail with delight the news that the actual work has begun.

We are advised that there is unlimited capital behind the enterprise though we cannot hazard an opinion as to the promoters.

Our Queen's Narrow Escape.

Fire In Bedroom. Burning Floor Gives Way.

Caused by Faulty Electric Installation. Great Coolness Displayed by Her Majesty.

London, Dec. 12.—Fire broke out early this morning in the Queen's bedroom at Sandringham, and Queen Alexandra and her secretary, Miss Knollys, barely escaped with their lives when the burning floor of the bedroom gave way.

An alarm was given and it at once brought aid which quickly extinguished the flames. The fire was caused by crossed electric wires.

The Queen displayed complete composure and is not suffering from the incident.

A GALA TIME.

The dance given by the Bachelors of our camp proved to be one of the most enjoyable ever held in Atlin.

A very large gathering responded to the cordial invitations of the committee. The Kootenay Hall was tastefully decorated, the floor was in splendid condition and the Discovery Orchestra's dance music was excellent.

The evening's amusement was so thoroughly enjoyed that very few realized that day had almost dawned before the company dispersed.

One and all thank the "Bachelors" and hope that many similar dances will be given this winter.



The annual election of officers of Atlin Lodge No. 15, A. O. U. W., took place last Wednesday, and the following brothers were elected:

Master Workman.—F. Dowling.
Foreman.—W. Owen.

Overseer.—V. Trotman.
Financier.—C. R. Bourne.
Receiver.—S. H. Plumb.
Recorder.—E. M. N. Woods.

Grand Lodge Delegate.—H. E. Young.
Alternate G. L. D.—E. M. N. Woods.

The installation of officers will be solemnized on Monday, 11th of January at the Lodge room on Third Street and invitations to friends and relatives of members will be sent out.

THE XMAS TREE.

Festival Given to Children of Atlin.

The Cantata Given by the Children Was Splendidly Staged and Proved a Grand Success.

The Xmas Festival, held in St. Andrew's Church, on Christmas Eve, was a decided success. The Cantata, entitled "The House that Jack built," written and composed by W. S. Roddie, was thoroughly enjoyed by both old and young, and too much praise cannot be given to the musical committee for the perfect manner in which the children had been trained; each and every one playing their part without a fault. Mr. James Lumsden wielded the baton and directed the performance with marked ability and the accompaniment played by Mrs. Hartshorn was perfect.

The different characters were represented as follows: MALT: D. Albert Baker, Allan Fraser and Leonard Haslett. RAT: Clarence Fraser. CAT: Maggie McDonald. DOG: Lyall Fraser. COW: Mack Smith. MAN A-L TATTERED AND TORN: Douglas Taylor. PRIEST: ALL SHAVEN AND SHORN: Norman Taylor. SINBAD THE SAILOR: Horace Fraser. 3 LITTLE HOUSE-KEEPERS: Bertha Doelker, Hazel Hartshorn and May Parker. 3 LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL: Maud Hazlett, Josie Doelker and Agnes Smith.

Continued on Fourth Page.

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 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 "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.

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

Also commencing at a post marked "James Murie's S. W. Corner", adjoining 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 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 "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 at a 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. McLennan'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 "E. 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.

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

THE SAVOR OF OUR DAILY SPEECH

By REV. JOHN J. DOLAN,
Pastor Church of the Nativity,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Let your speech be always with grace,
seasoned with salt.—Col. iv., 6.

No gift belongs so peculiarly to man as speech. Many of the irrational creatures surpass us in the gifts we hold in common, but speech is the glory of man alone. As this gift is so truly remarkable, for the use of it we shall be held strictly accountable. "By thy words thou shalt be condemned," and "For every idle word men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

But it is not of the abuse of speech I would speak; but of its use in our social intercourse with one another, of its proper employment by Christians, whose tongue is mostly utilized in discourse about the passing things of the day, and who look forward to the time when, before His throne, this same tongue shall announce His praise.

How, then, can Christians carry out the Apostolic injunction mentioned in the text? Can there be grace or savor discovered in the conversations of daily life? Can our ordinary speech be not only free from blame, but can it also have in it that which is good to the point of edification?

Yes. "There is One that holdeth His peace, that is found wise." One who lived thirty years in ordinary life and whose tongue gave no offence. He made doors and bars to His mouth and kept His tongue from evil, and in every word was pleasing to His Father. While the Evangelists have given us no account of our Lord's words during those thirty years, yet there are three instances related that unfold to us a fact that our Lord mingled freely in social intercourse with others—first, when he tarried behind after the festival in Jerusalem; next, at the marriage feast in Cana, and then the words "The Son of Man came eating and drinking." These instances show that our Lord did not shun social meetings with His neighbors. For all that, He was in no way odd, but chose to be like unto the mass of His brethren and to pass through life as most of us have to pass through. He took part in all things not sinful in which our daily lives are spent, and thereby gave us the comforting assurance that our lowliness and earthliness need not make us sinful, either. He proved conclusively that we need not separate ourselves from our ordinary calling to be acceptable to God.

So Jesus Christ walked with men for many years without separating Himself from them in speech, for His speech was "always with grace, seasoned with salt." Surely we can learn a lesson after the manner of Christ! Many honest-minded persons have an erroneous idea that conversations cannot be righteous unless religious topics are spoken of, and they regard all who are not prompt in such speech as unspiritual. How unlike Christ is this class! For thirty years Christ drew others toward what was good, yet it was so done as not to attract extraordinary attention to Himself; so done that He seemed to those to whom He spoke as none other than what His outward condition betokened Him, "the carpenter's son." This class, however, constantly attract attention to themselves by placing too much value on religious talk in every day life.

The action of Christ, on the other hand, suggests that our ordinary conversations are vastly more important than our direct religious comments, or, in other words, it is of greater consequence that we watch over our common talk on ordinary matters than that we be often talking religiously, for there is no need for religious conversations to reveal the true inwardness of a man. What is really in a man will be felt in his ordinary discourse. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man, out of a good treasure, bringeth forth good things, and an evil man, out of an evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things." For a truly religious man will have his words always "seasoned with salt."

As in our ordinary meals a little salt, though it does not appear, yet savors the food, so, too, without protruding itself the influence of a good man who has the love and fear of God in his soul will be felt. On the contrary, the man who talks religion, constantly dwelling especially upon himself, his feelings, his experiences, his fitness to teach and guide others, has his speech overseasoned with salt and leaves an unpleasant savor; for if any man think himself religious, "not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

Let us strive, then, to use aright this gift of speech, so that in the resurrection, amid the perfections of the future



She—Now that papa has lost all his money, do you still wish to marry me?
He—My darling, can't you see that I do?

state, our tongues may be deemed worthy to be everlastingly employed in giving glory, honor, praise and thanks-giving to Him who sits upon the throne, and let our prayer be the words of the Psalmist, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and a door around my lips," forever bearing in mind that "a peaceful tongue is a tree of life, but that which is immoderate shall crush the spirit."

Oats a Safe Hen Food.

It is strange what fool theories men of good common sense will allow themselves to believe. Listen to this, which comes from one of our veterinary writers: "Oats in the hull will so injure and inflame the lining of the crop of the fowl as to cause death." As a theory, this is bad enough, but when we are told by some poultry editor that we must give up feeding oats because the practice is dangerous, then it becomes ridiculous. As a matter of fact, the hull of the oat is not of an inflammatory nature, and contains nothing that can possibly lead to an inflamed condition. Oats fed whole are not even irritating, as the hull is neither stiff nor sharp, and when moistened in the crop of the fowl becomes soft and pliable.

I have fed oats to hens and to growing chicks for years, and have never had one die from this cause. On the contrary, I believe oats to be not only a stimulating and energy-making food, but a very wholesome one as well. From my experience, which is by no means limited, I have come to believe that oats are one of the best egg-making foods we have; that they are productive of growth when fed to chicks, and that they go a great way toward keeping up the energy and health of the flock. The hull of the oat may not contain much nourishment, but it has some food value and is harmless.

Hens need some bulk to their food, and the oat hulls will keep the food from becoming too compact in the crop and digestive organs. There is no need to resort to the expense of feeding hulled or ground oats, as whole oats are better and cheaper.

My flock of laying hens has eaten an average of one-half bushel each during the year—I have sometimes fed more—and the results have been satisfactory. Not a case of crop disease of any kind.—E. C. Dow, Belfast, Me., in N. Y. Tribune.

Devonshire Cream.

What is known as Devonshire cream is a species of pasteurized cream and is made as follows:—

"The milk must be taken direct from the cow and strained into the pans in the usual way. It should set in a cool dairy, and I believe for want of this cool apartment many a good housewife has failed to turn out the genuine article. Good, sound pans must be used, as they have to bear constant heating. There is an objectionable plan in some establishments of leaving the milk in the sheds for a time after it is drawn from the cow. Clotted cream made from such milk will not turn out a good flavor, as there is sure to have been more or less tainting of milk while standing about. Just now many Devonians milk out in the open field, and if the cows are quiet the plan has its advantages, for there is no tainting of milk there.

"This requires the most care; indeed, there is nothing else in the whole process but a mere tyro could manage. As soon as the milk is cold, or, say, about nine or twelve hours after brought from the cow, the pans are lifted to the fire. In big dairies there are what are known as Devonshire stoves especially made for the purpose. The stoves so made, heat water in which a number of pans may be set so as to scald a quantity of milk with little trouble. In smaller dairies the kitchen range does duty, the pans of milk being set in vessels of boiling water, or the pans may be set on a heated range. In any case, the object is to scald the milk, and to do it promptly and exactly. It should reach such a temperature that causes a little movement on the surface—a very slight simmer suffices; then it may be removed back to the dairy to get cold. When cold, the cream is taken off at convenience, and that is clotted cream.

which is rightly, so highly esteemed. In cold weather the milk is all the better left for twenty-four hours or even thirty-six, before scalded."—Hoard's Dairymen.

Strawberry Cure for Rheumatism.

"The strawberry cure for rheumatism is the latest fad I have heard of," said a druggist. "This cure has, too, some reason and some fact behind it. Linnaeus, the great naturalist, cured himself of rheumatism with strawberries, and it has recently been proved that strawberries contain salicylic acid, which is the rheumatism remedy that all physicians use. Linnaeus, I understand, was very poor and very rash. In studying nature he would go out in all weathers, and it is said that he would often sleep all night in wet clothes. Consequently rheumatism developed in him. He cured this disease by eating several quarts of strawberries a day. His biographers narrate the story, and in that way the fruit's popularity as a rheumatic specific was achieved. Later, on account of the discovery of salicylic acid in strawberries, this popularity has increased. I know a great many rheumatic persons who are eating strawberries three times a day, with great benefit to their health. Salicylic acid, the rheumatic specific, is used also to keep milk fresh and to preserve meat."—Philadelphia Record.

The size of the seed for potatoes influences the yield. In England whole potatoes are used almost in every section, and successful growers in the United States use seed potatoes cut in half, never cutting to smaller sizes. Deep ploughing, deep planting and level culture give better results than hilling. A single plant in a place gives the largest tubers, but not so many as when two or more plants are together.

Senior Fruit Inspector Alex. McNeill is still attending the fall fairs, giving his interesting and instructive demonstrations of the proper packing and marking of apples and pears for the export trade. He was at Brantford on October 2nd, at Burford on October 7th, and on the 15th he will be in attendance at the Simcoe Model Fair.

The Family "Champeen."

"Did you hear about Chimmie making ten base hits in a game last Sunday?" "Huh! dat wasn't nuttin' ter de base hits wat his mudder made when she ketched him playin' on Sunday."

The key to success is not a night key.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Country Doctor—Wal, Silas, yer wife has gastric fever. Silas Hayrick—Don't see how dat kin be. We've never burned gas—always used lamps.

He—the dressmaker sent my new dress home by a boy, but she didn't send the bill. I wonder why she didn't. She—I guess the boy couldn't carry both.

Mrs. Von Blumer—What are you going to do with those awful cigars? Von Blumer—I'm saving them for a friend of mine who has just become a Christian Scientist.—"Life."

Circumstances alter cases.—"The boys are throwing stones at a poor peddler." "Outrageous." "That's what I think." "Whose boys are they?" "Yours." "Oh well, boys will be boys. Let the children play."—Chicago "Post."

Editor—You wish a position as proof reader? Applicant—Yes, sir. "Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?" "Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistakes in the paper, just blame 'em on me, and I'll never say a word."—New York "Weekly."

Lord Mount Edgcumbe is among the most skillful landscape gardeners in England.

A Business Woman.

Mrs. Dixon—I was so shocked to hear of your husband's death. I came to console with you on your great loss. Mrs. Weeds (absently)—Yes, but it was fully covered by insurance.

Helping Him Along.

Mr. Shye—I would be awfully pleased if you thought enough of me to call me by my first name. Miss Willings—Oh! your last name is good enough for me.

Love-Making for Young Men.

While walking the other day from a remote vineyard of the town on the one side to an equally remote purlier on the other I, chanced to cross Easy street, a thoroughfare with which I have no longitudinal acquaintance. Just in the middle of the way there came, with a volcanic roar, out of a column of dust, an automobile. I was thrown fifty feet, and lodged in a locust tree. With a surviving eye I caught, on the rear of the vehicle, as it tore away, the large silver initials, "P. Q."

Perhaps I have exaggerated the incident somewhat, but something happened.

Anyhow, I know this Peter Quick. Twenty years ago we were well acquainted. 'Twas the time when I was making love to Musette. A rather good job of love-making it was, too, I suspect. Nevertheless, I used up my own allowance, and most of my brother's, and the not large sum I earned, and the rather neat amount that I could borrow. Musette married a man named—named Hunk, I think, or something of the sort.

Peter Quick, also, was making love at the time, and as fervently as I. Not since the joyous Ionian sea gave forth the goddess of love has there been a more ardent wooer than P. Q. I thought then not much of the object of his affections, however. I marveled at his choice. Little did I suspect that she was the greatest heiress that the world can show. Peter Quick was making love to Fraulein Hard Work.

Peter Quick wooed Hard Work successfully. No man named Hunk (or something like this) got her away from him. Early and late he made love to her. He sent her, so to say, flowers, and fashioned, as it were, sonnets to her eyebrow. He dreamed of her at night, and thought of her on Sundays and holidays. We never could get him to talk of much else. When I contrived my rather celebrated mixture of Virginia and Latakia, and offered Peter some of it, he looked at me abstractedly and said that I knew he didn't smoke. Miss Work, I suspect, objected to smoking. Musette had a pretty knack at rolling a cigarette for me when I called. I suppose she rolled them just as fetchingly for Hunk—or whatever her name was. We all had our fling at P. Q. for his absurd devotion to his queer sweetheart. He took it good-naturedly—and grew more devoted. As he became more and more taken up with her, we saw less and less of him. None of us cared much; we were so unable to sympathize with his infatuation. Finally, I lost sight of him entirely, though I've heard that he has kept up his courtship without abatement. I have not seen him for fifteen years, except for the disloyal view I had just as I lodged in the tree.

It's rather odd, now that I come to think of it, that none of us ever suspected what a vast heiress the damsel Hard Work was, and always has been—and is. Peter must have known it. Perhaps the sly chap looked her up in Brudstreet's. It would be no bad place to find it out—especially if you study the names of those with the highest ratings. She is, too, I know now, the best companion a man ever had. 'Tis impossible long to be unhappy in her company. I cannot learn that association with her ever harmed any man. P. Q. is an excellent fellow. It isn't his fault that we have drifted apart—we've just happened to live in different parts of the town, that's all. He is worth, they say, some trifle of five or six millions, more or less. I suppose when his shoes outwear their primal soles that he doesn't give the matter much thought. Turns them over to his gardener, likely. He doesn't know my friend Leonardo. But I observe by the published catalogue of his picture gallery that he has one or two canvases by the original Leonardo. I have a couple of leathers by the present representative of the family.

If the young man who reads this cares to call at the hospital during visiting hours, I will say several things to him on the subject of making love to Hard Work. Such as: 'Tis the best of love-making. And the time to begin it is in the brave days when you are twenty-one, or younger. Remember, she is the greatest heiress, and the best of companions.—Hayden Carruth in "Cosmopolitan."

A very interesting fete has just taken place at the village of Beaussines, where the girls, finding that husbands were backward in coming forward, determined to give an international luncheon, to which all marriageable men were invited. Numerous addresses against cohabitation were given outside the Town Hall. The loveliness girls took their places, each having an empty seat beside her. In time most of the chairs were filled. Many of the men were over forty. After dessert the girls who had found sweethearts danced in the village streets.



NOW IS THE TIME

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

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

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

Dr. Agnew's Pills

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

"As a journalist, don't you think Griggster's style is highly colored?" "Very much so. When he began, it was green; then it got blue, and now it is a pronounced yellow."—Life.

Wife—You know, dear, you told me to invest that money so that I'd have something for a rainy day.

Husband—Yes.

Wife—Well, here's the investment. Did you ever see a lovelier rainy day skirt in your life?—Philadelphia Press.



JUST LIKE BUYING RHEUMATISM.

We put the bills in your pocket and take away the malady. Isn't that just like buying it?

There's the bunch of money you'll pay out to get rid of the rheumatism if you buy prescriptions with it. It's a cure you want, not prescriptions.

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE
pull the rheumatism out by the roots. No more doctoring, no more medicine, money saved; health saved, life saved.

CURES IN 1 TO 3 DAYS.

MRS. E. EISNER, a trained nurse of Halifax, living at 92 Cornwallis St., writes: "I have been a sufferer for six years from rheumatism. Many doctors treated me, but relief was only temporary. I tried South American Rheumatic Cure, and after four days' use of the remedy, was entirely free from the disease."

SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE
rich in healing powers, relieves bladder and kidney troubles in six hours, and in the worst cases will speedily restore perfect health.

Mafoole—Me,ould woman is always tillin' me to come straight home.
Clancy—Bedad, yez are lucky. Me,ould woman is always tillin' me to come home straight.—Chicago News.

BODY STRONG BRAIN CLEAR.

This Makes the Perfect Man—the Happy Woman.

South American Nervine.

The seat of the majority of chronic diseases is the nerve centers. Cure them—build up nerve force there—and you cure the disease. This is the secret of the amazing results attending the use of the South American Nervine—a veritable life-builder and eradicator of disease. Cures Stomach and Liver Complaints, General Debility, Impure Blood, Female Complaints, and every disease which indicates impaired nervous force. Read what it did for the family of A. W. Stephens, Strathaven, Ont. He writes: "A bottle of South American Nervine Tonic did more for my sister Ida than a whole summer's doctoring and drugging for after effects of La Grippe. It cured my father after months of torture from boils. Only used two bottles and has not been troubled now for seven years. It's the greatest of remedies."

Magical Relief

In Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains is afforded by the South American Rheumatic Cure. Cures in one to three days and does it thoroughly. An indisputable specific.

A FATAL WOOLING

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.

Every one was sure Lorraine would make the most peerless bride that ever was seen.

At last everything was in perfect readiness; the last touches had been put to the great columns of roses and the fern-bordered, scented fountains, over which a thousand mellow lights twinkled from the grand chandeliers. The magnificent repast had been laid, and in the spacious parlors the guests were already beginning to assemble.

As the train bearing Ulmont Ulvesford neared Boston a close carriage, drawn by a pair of dark horses, was moving slowly along the high, narrow road, but a few miles distant from Ulmont's home.

As they reached a narrow, abrupt turn in the road, one of the two occupants of the carriage touched his companion lightly on the shoulder. "This must be the spot, Vatal," he said slowly, "they will be sure to take the cross cut from here."

The one addressed as Vatal quietly drew rein, replying: "No better spot could have been selected. We have everything in our favor, if—"

"Hark you, Vatal," interrupted his companion, impatiently, "there must be no ifs and ands in this matter; it must be done!"

"If you did not know me so well, Heath Hampton, I might affect amusement at this needless precaution," replied the dwarf, doggedly. "Did I ever make a blunder out of anything I undertook yet? and you have given me some rather hard cases to manage."

"Hush!" muttered the other, "no more of this—it is your business to forget a transaction as soon as it ends. This case is of greater importance to me than all those other affairs, and one on which your lips must be forever sealed. I am a desperate man, Vatal; you know me well enough for that. Do you know how I should punish treachery?"

Heath Hampton leaned forward, and whispered just one word in the dwarf's ear, which made the other quail as if a terrible blow had been suddenly dealt him.

As Heath Hampton leaned forward, the long, dark cloak which he wore fell back from his shoulders, and through the fast gathering twilight the faultless evening dress he wore and the flashing of the jewels upon his person were easily discernible, and from beneath the heavy shawl which concealed a handsome, dark, desperate face, a pair of dark eyes eagerly scanned the road in the distance, which the gathering twilight was fast obscuring.

More than once he consulted his watch with growing impatience, which he held in his white, shapely fingers, as he beat a tattoo with the heel of his polished boot on the soft carriage rug. "There can be no doubt about Ulvesford's arrival on this train—I was at the station when the rector received the telegram to that effect," he marked, presently, continuing, "as there was no response from the dwarf, 'you will have close work of it, Vatal; you will have ten miles of good hard driving to Lorrimer Place—after that!'"

"I can easily make it," answered Vatal. Then both relapsed into silence—Vatal mentally wondering which of the two—the one who plans a diabolical deed—or the poor wretch who executes his bidding; the one who reclines the while in ease, or the hunted criminal—feeling from the clutch of outraged justice.

Heath Hampton exercised a strange influence over the dwarf. Five years before he had rescued him—an escaped convict—from the prisons of the law—not for the sake of mercy, but for his own designs; he recognized in Vatal a willing tool. He had not mistaken the quality of the terrible wretch whom he held in his power.

At the moment a shriek of a far-off train fell distinctly on their ears.

The maid did not answer, she knew not what to say. With slow, measured chimes, that struck a strange knell in Lorraine's heart, the clock on the mantel struck the hour of eight.

She arose from her seat and paced up and down the room. Five—ten—fifteen minutes dragged themselves slowly by. Still the faithful hum of voices floated up, as if to mock her.

"They are growing impatient," she said to herself, as she drew aside the curtain from the window, and gazed anxiously down the road. The moon shone brilliantly; every object was discernible—she saw nothing of Ulmont Ulvesford.

Twenty minutes—a half hour, and yet another ten dragged by. "Katy," she said, "leave the room; I want to be left alone."

As the door closed softly after her, Lorraine threw herself down on a seat by the window, pressed her flushed face to the cool pane, straining her eyes eagerly down the main road.

"He has not come," she cried, wringing her hands in sharp agony. She felt bewildered; there was a strange pain in her heart, growing more intense each moment.

"Could anything have happened?" Again there was a knock at the

door; this time it was a servant.

"Has Mr. Ulvesford yet arrived?" asked Lorraine, eagerly scanning the girl's face.

"No, ma'am, but the minister and your ma says may they come up again and talk with you?"

"No, no, no!" groaned Lorraine, pitifully, throwing herself down on the divan and burying her face in the cushions. "I don't want to see any one. I want to be left alone. Do you understand—all alone."

The girl quietly withdrew from the room. There was a strange hush in the voices down below.

"Oh, he must have come," she said. With bated breath she opened the door of her boudoir slightly, and listened.

The conversation of the guests below was plainly audible.

The words of a young lady, seeming to come from close proximity, caught her attention. They seemed to have been shrieked on the air, caught up and muttered on every breeze; they were simple words, justly spoken, yet they "hit a mark the archer little meant."

It was a young, careless voice that spoke them, but each word pierced Lorraine's heart like a sharp dagger.

"I do not think the bridegroom is coming. Poor Lorraine! What a terrible blow this must be to her—such a keen disgrace."

There seemed to be a general murmur of assent from all below.

Lorraine quickly closed the door. She had heard enough. Her brain seemed on fire; her senses reeled. She drew the bolt of the door, flung herself down on the carpet, and there the beautiful, proud young heiress wept the bitterest tears that ever welled up from a human heart.

After a violent storm of grief, a calm usually follows, but it was not so in this case.

The sparkling diamond glowing upon her finger—this ring, maddened her with its prismatic glow, she drew it from her finger, flinging it with all the fury of her strength into the furthest corner of the room.

She laughed a little, low, wild laugh.

"Will I fling it from me as I do his love," she cried, "tear out his image from my heart forever and ever. Yes, I say, forever and ever."

Lorraine felt a wondrous strange sensation creeping over her.

Every sob ended in a mocking laugh. The strange stillness of the house puzzled her. Queer, spectral dances around her, and with their long, bony fingers, pointed mockingly at the white robes and bridal veil she wore.

"How dared they approach the secret of her own chamber? She flung back upon them their cruel taunts and jeers; and they in turn mocked her every look and word."

"Fools!" she cried. "Do you think I care? What if the whole world were gathered downstairs, what need I care if they do know he did not come? I do not care," she sobbed, her voice growing louder and louder.

"I will go down among them and be the gayest of the gay; no wit shall be more brilliant than mine."

"Yet, why are they here, all these people?" she pondered slowly. "What do they want? I am trying hard to think, yes, to think, but my poor brain is on fire. I cannot remember why they are here. Where are my flowers and fan? But an instant ago I placed them on this table. No, they were on that stand. I do not see them in the room. Hal! Katy has taken them downstairs."

She unbolted the door and rushed into the hall.

There were strange hilarious laughter and burst of song heard by those below, that froze the blood in their veins; the next Lorraine Lorrimer, the beautiful, spoiled, petted child stood among them.

Her hair was disheveled, her white veil torn and disordered. There was a strange pallor on her face; even the ripeness had faded from her lips, as she fell into a deep swoon, which mercifully preserved her reason.

At that moment a horseman, covered with dust and foam, dashed rapidly up to the entrance gate, bearing a telegram in his hand addressed to Lorraine.

The next morning the whole country round was rife with the terrible news, that had ended in a fearful tragedy, on what was to have been the marriage day of the young heir of the Ulvesford Mines and the peerless Lorraine Lorrimer of Lorrimer Place.

He had but that day returned from abroad, so the story ran, and while en route to the home of his bride to be, where he was to have found his mother also in waiting, he was intercepted by a telegram urging him, if he would see his mother alive, to come directly home. Rev. Paul Illingsworth, with a pair of the fleetest bays from the Ulvesford stables, and a driver, had met Ulmont at the train. They were last seen driving at a furious pace along the highway.

Their path lay through a high, narrow roadway, overlooking the sea on one side, high shelving rock on the other. 'Twas there the terrible tragedy had been enacted.

Two vehicles, approaching each other from different directions, had collided, and the carriage containing the young heir had been thrown over into the sea.

In an instant the wildest confusion had prevailed.

Horses nor vehicle, driver nor the white, peaceful face of Paul Illings-

worth, the good rector, ever rose again.

Ulmont Ulvesford alone had been recovered. He had sustained a terrible fracture of the skull against the sharp rocks as he fell. It was hardly expected his life would last until they reached his home, some four miles distant.

While the mother called for her son, the long halls echoing with his beloved name, and fair Lorraine awaited him in her bridal robes, Ulmont Ulvesford, in another part of his home, lay dying.

In the soft, solemn stillness that had fallen around those who watched by his couch, the physician bending over him had said, slowly and solemnly, as he watched critically the motionless, white face:

"His life hangs by a single thread; if he lives, his reason may be partially restored; never wholly unless by a violent shock, which might cost him his life. If he lives at all, you must be content."

CHAPTER VII

A Fatal Consequence.

There were few dry eyes among these wedding guests assembled to the contents of telegram were read to them, and every heart throbbled with pity for hapless Lorraine, save one, who stood leaning gracefully against a marble Psyche, engaged in conversation with Mrs. Lorrimer, when Lorraine had so unexpectedly appeared among them.

The dark, handsome face of Heath Hampton, for it was he, grew a shade paler as he listened to the telegram.

"Saved," he muttered, under his breath, "I do not see how it could have been possible. I have failed—ignominiously failed!"

"Did you say he was dying?" he asked, taking the telegram from Mrs. Lorrimer's nerveless fingers.

Yes, so it read, his life hung by a slender thread.

Silently the guests quitted the mansion. Heath Hampton was among the last to depart; his dark eyes roved eagerly over the stately mansion and the magnificent grounds which surrounded it, as they lay dark and silent, bathed in the shadowy moonbeams.

"If he dies," he said to himself, "all this may yet be mine. It is worth a desperate struggle, and I mean to make it."

Of the past life of Heath Hampton but little was known. He had come with his mother to Boston some three years previously, none knew from whence.

They had purchased what was afterward known as Hampton Place, and there they lived in stately, lonely splendor.

The mother was haughty, peculiar, silent and reserved, shunning all intercourse or overtures from the outside world.

The son was quite the opposite, winning and refined, with much grace of presence, and courtesy of breeding.

He spent money with a lavish hand; yet one who was a keen observer of human nature, could see he was utterly devoid of principle; one who only lacked the opportunity of becoming the deepest of villains; yet the cloak of hypocrisy was gathered so tightly about him, the outer world little dreamed of the inner blackness.

Heath Hampton found no difficulty in gaining an entree into the most exclusive society; as is too often the case, no one thought of inquiring into his antecedents.

He had lain siege at once to the heart and hand of the pretty heiress. It had been a close tie between Ulmont Ulvesford and himself as to which was in reality the favored suitor.

There had been a time when Lorraine hardly knew herself just which she liked better; when she ultimately chose Ulmont Ulvesford, all hopes of reigning as master of Lorrimer Hall fell like a house of cards around the schemer.

He had never loved the fair, haughty beauty; yet he had vowed to win her fortune, he had been resigned to accept Lorraine with it.

Eagerly he watched the rapid recovery of his rival, bitterly cursing his luck. His congratulations, although being anything but sincere, had the essence of earnestness in tone, and look, which, although a spurious article, readily passed for the genuine coin.

Lorraine, who had rapidly recovered from her terrible shock, had taken up her place with her mother, whose illness had not proven so serious as was at first supposed, at Ulmont's bedside, and good old Dr. Nelson often remarked his patient's rapid recovery was in a great measure due to Lorraine's careful nursing.

"I never could have spared him," she would say, with a bright, happy laugh, while Ulmont answered gently:

"The life you have striven so hard to save, Lorraine, shall ever be devoted to you!"

To Ulmont Ulvesford there seemed to exist no break in the love he had always borne to Lorraine.

Mrs. Ulvesford had taken up her vigil by his bedside, refusing to be comforted; all the love of her life was centered in her handsome, only son.

Once, in his dreams, and she saw his lips move, as she bent her head, she thought she heard him whisper a sweet, fanciful name; it sounded like "Izetta."

He never uttered the name but once, and she soon forgot the incident; it was of so little import.

Slowly Ulmont Ulvesford gathered up the tangled threads of his life again; by degrees a part of the scattered past returned to him.

He remembered quite well his travels abroad, the people whom he had met, and the pleasant ocean voyage homeward as he was coming to claim his bride.

He remembered he must have passed his twenty-first birthday on the ocean. He remembered often gazing upon Lorraine's portrait in the moonlight, but beyond this, heaven help

him! he remembered nothing; leaning over the rails, gazing down on the moonlit waves at midnight, was the last recollection that crossed Ulmont Ulvesford's mind.

The following events, which had so quickly followed in rapid succession, how he landed, or the slightest remembrance of the accident which had so nearly cost him his life, were entirely obliterated from his mind.

Was the past ever to be as a sealed book to him? Alas, for the strange complications of fate, often more cruel than death.

His vow, his marriage, and the existence of his fair, young wife were swept entirely from Ulmont Ulvesford's mind.

Heaven pity him! how should he ever know of them again?

The only one who could have pierced the darkness of that benighted brain, and whispered to him of the broken-hearted young wife who waited in vain for his coming, was good old Paul Illingsworth, and with him every memento of that brief, strange past was swept entirely from the face of the earth.

Owing to Ulmont's strong constitution, his convalescence was more rapid than might have been expected. He was amazed when they told him the fall and winter had passed away and spring had come once more. Every one was so pleased to greet the young heir again.

"It was quite worth his illness to see how much people cared for him," he said, with a gay laugh.

He was the same happy, careless, debonaire fellow as of old; he was changed only in appearance; yet that change was wonderful—his most intimate friends were amazed.

The deep hazel eyes and laughing mouth were the same; but the dark waving masses of nut-brown hair were gone; fair rings clustered around his brow instead, gold as Lorraine's own, soft and shining.

The effect was marvelous. Those who had admired Ulmont Ulvesford before, were doubly charmed with him now.

Since his illness he had been given to strange fits of melancholy—reveries which seemed ever seeking some thought quite forgotten, which brought with them a vague, indefinable pain; he could never tell why he always attributed it to some vanished fancy during his illness; he did not care to remember it.

Mrs. Ulvesford clasped Lorraine in her arms, saying the happiest day of her life would be the day which made her her son's wife.

Again, through the cruel mysteries of fate, the wedding preparations were going steadily on. This time it was concluded that the ceremony should be performed at the church in the early morning, when the sun was shining and the birds were singing.

"I could never endure a repetition of that cruel night at Lorrimer Hall, when I thought I had lost you," whispered Lorraine.

"You shall have your own way, my darling," answered Ulmont. "You may shall be my law."

So it was arranged that the wedding should take place at the church, and be as quiet a one as possible.

The propitious morning dawned at last.

At an early hour a long array of carriages drew up before the little vine-covered church in the suburbs. The sunshine drifted down through the foliage like molten gold; the robing in the green branches mingled their notes with the tinsel bobolink; the sweet scent of honeysuckle and clover wafted their fragrance over the hawthorn hedges; the sun hinted love to the clouds, the birds sang of love to their mates; love was the song the little brook sang as it danced joyfully over the white pebbles—all nature sang of love on this pitiful marriage morn.

Ulmont would allow no shadow to cross the brightness of the day. If one of those strange, brooding fancies he could not define stole over him, he shook it off and forgot it in watching the beautiful, flower-like face of Lorraine.

Neither the sunshine, the flowers, the birds, nor the brooklet warned them of the fatal tragedy which was about to be enacted; a tragedy too deep, too bitter for words to describe, and they went on to their doom with a smile on their faces.

The sunshine streamed in through the colored windows, flecking the bride's soft, fleecy robes, with bars of crimson, purple and gold.

Ulmont pressed the little hand tenderly as they took their places at the altar.

Suddenly, and without warning, dark clouds scudded across the sunshine; the soft, summer breeze wailed among the tall oak trees, and the flowering lilies, the blossoms on the hillside swayed to and fro, bending their heads before the storm.

The distant ocean wildly beat the shore like a relentless, angry spirit; in one brief instant the face of nature had changed. Thunder rolled across the darkening sky, and vivid flashes of lightning, following each other in rapid succession, felled many a stately forest oak, whose crashing as it fell to earth was plainly heard, and they lit up the group that stood before the dim altar, with its cold, bright glare.

Lorraine's face was very pale, and Ulmont noticed the little hand which he held fluttered slightly. Ulmont Ulvesford's face was calm and implacable as a marble statue. A half hour after they had entered the dim, old church they were pronounced—oh, cruel mockery of fate—pronounced man and wife. Both loyal, innocent, and trusting, fate was dealing them a bitter blow.

As the last words had been spoken by the pastor, which, as they firmly believed, bound them to each other for weal or for woe, Lorraine Ulvesford lifted her eyes to meet the cold, calm gaze of Heath Hampton, while behind him, stealing silently away

like a grim, foreboding shadow, was the figure of Vatal, the dwarf.

CHAPTER VIII

A Fatal Journey.

Six weeks abroad had passed since that bright, sunny morning, when Ulmont Ulvesford and Lorraine had stood before the altar in the little church. They had visited France, Italy, and sunny Spain, and were now en route to Switzerland.

"Let us visit the Alps last, my husband," Lorraine had said. "I want the scenes I love best to linger last in my memory."

Ulmont was loth to leave the blue skies of Spain, where the olive and the myrtle ripen luxuriantly under the golden sunshine.

"Now that I have you with me, Lorraine," he said, "I could linger here forever."

Had Lorraine remained in Spain, as her husband so strangely urged, the first cloud that crossed the horizon of their wedded life might never have risen.

Together they went to Savoy, that marvelous valley which lies under the bowlders of Mont Blanc.

Lorraine's delight was as rapturous as a child's as she called the Alpine roses from the edge of the frowning glaciers.

Lorraine never forgot that first day in Switzerland, or the surprise which awaited her before it had ended.

Ulmont had gone to visit the monastery of St. Bernard. Lorraine had remained behind, being fatigued with the day's ramble.

"You will not be lonely, my darling," questioned Ulmont, encircling the slender waist with his arm, and drawing the golden head to his shoulder. "If I thought you would have one lonely moment, I could enjoy nothing. Your sweet face would rise between me and aught else."

(To be Continued.)

MANITOBA GIVES STRIKING PROOF

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure when Other Means Fail

Mr. J. J. Perkins Disabled by Kidney Pains, Finds New Health in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy

Tyndall, Man., Oct. 28.—(Special.)—All over Manitoba and the Territories people are telling of benefits received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this place furnishes a striking example of how they will cure when all other means have failed in the person of Mr. J. J. Perkins.

"For two years I was troubled with my kidneys," Mr. Perkins says. "I got so bad that the doctor attending me declared me incurable."

"At times I had such severe pains in my back that I thought I would have to give up hopes and die. I was unable to work and was becoming destitute."

"One day a friend asked me, 'Have you ever tried Dodd's Kidney Pills?' I answered 'No,' and he persuaded me to try them."

"The first box made me feel like a new man, five boxes cured me completely. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidneys. Sound kidneys take all impurities out of the blood. Thus Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism, Sciatics, and other diseases caused by uric acid in the blood.

THE WIDDER

(Continued.)

and all fees and costs made thereon, and he may keep such beasts until such charges, fees and costs are paid, or until such lien is foreclosed."

Old Curry gave a sonorous ring to the words, "And this statute, your Honors, is still on our books to confute and confound the quibblers and quarrellers who bolster their effrontery with the rickety scaffolding of new codes and sinister schemes of personal revenge. I leave this matter with your Honors, entirely assured that my client, who has been subjected to an infamous imputation, will receive the vindication of an honorable acquittal."

The counsel for the defence sunk into his chair, amid an approving murmur, and young Curry, who had the last word, arose to say it. He said it lamely, fumbling with his narrative, protesting awkwardly against the intrusion of "antiquated statutes" and the substitution of vociferous abuse for legitimate analysis. It was of no use. He could acquire no heat. He was discomforted and acutely conscious of an incredulous audience.

He sat down amid silence. The justices were already parleying in whispers. He knew what was coming and turned his head away.

"Dismissed," remarked Corwin quietly, as if reading his own entry on the papers.

There was a stir of satisfaction, and Old Curry rose up in a great glow, buttoning his long coat. Martin and Sandler were already at the green gate.

The crowd made way for Old Curry and Mrs. Kells. Near the outer door father and son came shoulder to shoulder.

"It was the widder," said Old Curry. "Atlantic Monthly."

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

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SATURDAY, DEC 19TH, 1903.

1903.

Before our next issue, another year will have ended, a year of progress and advancement for our camp and one that will be memorable in the annals of our history.

The introduction of dredging machinery into this district and the evidence that its operation will be financially successful is a feature of no mean importance, assuring, as it already does, the installation of several more similar plants.

The scarcity of water during the season of 1903 retarded considerably the systematic and continuous working of the different hydraulic companies, all of which however may safely be said to have worked at a profit.

Quartz propositions are showing up even better than expected and active development work is being carried on by many syndicates and private individuals and from all sides we hear of good results.

Both here and in Discovery City many fine stores and residences have sprung into existence, the last but not the least being the elegant structure erected by the "Atlin Club" Association, Incorporated.

Taking 1903 as a whole, we Atlinites are more than satisfied with results and as for the future, we hail the New Year as one full of promise and continued prosperity which will, before its termination, prove to the world at large that Atlin is a mining camp ranks second to none on the whole continent.

Gigantic Concession.

100 Miles of Stewart River
Owned by the Ogilvie Co.

Being Worked by Dredge, probably
With Good Results; Possibly
Several Larger Plants Will
Be Installed.

Ex. Gov. William Ogilvie has been in charge of the Ogilvie dredge, on a giant river concession, of which he is manager, on the Stewart.

On the result of the company's work on the Stewart with the dredge this summer depends the depends the decisions of the directors as to whether or not they will install several dredges there next year. Mr. Ogilvie made this announcement some time ago. The present dredge, although by no

means an insignificant affair, is much smaller than others which have been contemplated for the concession.

Morley Ogilvie, son of the ex-governor and engineer for the company, went outside to prepare plans for the new dredges.

The company is keeping the results of its operations on the Stewart this year an absolute secret. The present dredge has been working near the mouth of Clear Creek, and has been put into winter quarters in the vicinity.

The Ogilvie concession is approximately 100 miles in length up and down the Stewart river. The river is navigable for large steamers at all points along the concession.

The concession is one of the most gigantic affairs of the kind ever controlled in the North by a single company. It comprises several concessions, which were amalgamated by Mr. Ogilvie after he resigned as governor of the Yukon, two years ago. Most of the concessions were obtained from the Ottawa government while Ogilvie was governor of the territory.

AMUR SAFE.

Broke Her Tail Shaft.

Passengers Transferred to Farral-
lon and Landed at Seattle.

The overdue Amur is now being towed to Vancouver. The delay was caused by the breaking of her tail shaft while at Port Simpson.

All passengers were transferred to the Farralon which arrived in Seattle last Monday. Messrs. Rupert Jackson and E. P. Queen were the only passengers from here.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest tempera-
tures recorded for the week ending
25th inst. are as follows:

Dec. 19	11 above	22 above
20	11	14
21	9	18
22	6	18
23	6	39
24	16	38
25	13	23

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 an-
nounced 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 EGERT & SON, The Swiss Watchmakers.

THE KOOTENAY HOTEL.

A. R. McDonald, Proprietor.
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.
Billiards and Pool.

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DISCOVERY, B. C.

A STRICTLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.

Mixed Drinks a Specialty.

DINING ROOM SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

Vegetables Daily From our own Garden.

Breakfast, 6 to 9, Lunch, 12 to 2, Dinner, 6 to 8.

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DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

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ATLIN & DISCOVERY.

Full Line of Clothing Just From the East

THE LATEST STYLES.

Complete Stock of Dry Goods

THE LATEST IN HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

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Our Goods are the Best and Our Prices the Lowest.

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

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NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The Kaiser's condition is quite alarming; a second operation has been performed and it is expected that a third operation will be necessary.

Frank C. Helm, the promoter of the Valdez railroad, is under arrest in New York, charged with grand larceny.

The mining men of South-east Alaska have formed a mining association with 25 charter members.

The cruiser Flora was successfully floated and is now in the Esquimaux dry dock undergoing repair.

The British Government have purchased two Chilean fast battleships, the Libertad and Constitucion; the former maintained a speed of 17 1/2 knots during her trial test.

The Xmas Tree.

Continued from First Page.

The tree was a very large one and its boughs were heavily laden with gifts; nearly everyone in town being remembered. Much amusement was caused by funny surprise gifts sent to some of our prominent citizens.

Refreshments of the most appetizing character were served and the Festival which will long be remembered by all Atlinites, ended.

WANTED - FAITHFUL PERSON TO CALL ON retail trade and agents for manufacturing houses having well established business; local territory; straight salary \$20 paid weekly and expense money advanced; previous experience unnecessary; position permanent; business successful. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Superintendent Travelers, 605 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

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. B. 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 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 A. C. H. and T. W. S. S. W. corner post placed on the East Line of Lake Street 185 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 0.81 Acres more or less.

A. C. Hirschfeld
Thos. W. Sageman
Dated at Atlin B. C.
Oct. 31st, 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. E. Corner, on the west side of Lake Street, Atlin Township, thence Northerly 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 9th 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. 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. 28th., 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 B. W. E. C. 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 0.23 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 2.44 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 1/4 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 1904.
Daily except Sunday.

No. 2 N. Bound	No. 1 N. B.	No. 2 S. Bound	No. 4 S. Bound
2nd class	1st class	1st class	2nd class
8.30 p.m.	9.30 a.m. LV SEAGUAY AR.	4.30 p.m. AR	4.15 a.m.
10.30	10.55	2.05	2.05
11.40 a.m.	11.45	2.10	1.00
12.20	12.15	1.25	1.25
2.45	12.35 p.m.	1.15 p.m.	12.30 p.m.
4.45	2.10	11.50 a.m.	10.20
	4.20	9.30	7.00
		AR WHITE HORSE LV	

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.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT

IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brook's stage.

Pine Cree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN.

Furnishing The

BEST MEALS IN CAMP.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

Ed. SANDS, 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 1860.

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.

Anecdotal.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, is an admirer of Charles Lamb, and has had access to many private papers that illuminate Lamb's character well. "In one of his unpublished letters," Dr. Wilson said the other day, "Lamb speaks of getting his publisher drunk. 'This was a case,' he says, 'of putting my wine cellar in my bookcase!'"

It is related that once, when "Punch" printed a cartoon representing an imaginary conversation between James McNeill Whistler and Oscar Wilde, Wilde wrote Whistler: "Ridiculous; when you and I are together we never talk about anything except ourselves." "You forget," replied Whistler in a return telegram, "when you and I are together we never talk about anything except me."

The following story is credited to a New Orleans lawyer, who was asked to address the boys of a business school. He commenced: "My young friends, as I approached the entrance to this room I noticed on the panel of the door a word eminently appropriate to an institution of this kind. It expresses the one thing most useful to the average man when he steps into the arena of life. It was—'Pull.'"

"Pull," shouted the boys, in a roar of laughter, and the lawyer felt that he had taken his text from the wrong side of the door.

Of Miss "Bee" Drew, John Drew's daughter, it is said that one day in her childhood she asked her father how often a certain paper, "The Daily," appeared. "The paper is called 'The Daily,' isn't it?" Mr. Drew asked. "Yes," said the young girl. "Then mustn't it of necessity appear every day?" "I don't quite see that," said Miss Drew. "It is plain enough. Why don't you see it?" her father asked. "Because," she answered, "if 'The Daily' must appear every day, then 'The Century' must appear every century."

One day recently, says the Rochester "Post-Express," a certain justice of the Supreme Court of that district invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to go sailing with him. The wind was brisk at the start, and it soon freshened, and then little craft began to toss and roll in a manner that caused the lawyer much inward uneasiness. The judge, reading his friend's plight in his contortions, laid a kind hand on his shoulder, and said: "My dear fellow, can I do anything for you?" "Yes, your honor," replied the lawyer. "I wish you would overrule this motion."

Once, when the late Bishop of Canterbury, who was an almost fanatic advocate of the temperance movement, was Bishop of Exeter, he travelled some distance into the country to attend an agricultural function. On his return, his rest was disturbed by a newsboy shouting: "Remarkable statement by the Bishop of Exeter!" To gratify his curiosity, he despatched a servant to purchase the paper. This was found to contain his morning's address, but over his remark—jocosely made, of course—"I have never been drunk in my life," the sub-editor had placed the bold cross-head, "Remarkable Statement by the Bishop of Exeter!"

On one occasion when Mr. John M. Dunlop, now a prominent official of a large banking institution in Montreal was crossing the Atlantic, a noted punster was exhibiting his skill in the smoker by making puns from the names of his fellow-passengers. A discussion arose, and the punster declared his ability to squeeze a pun from the name of anyone on the ship. "Wait a bit," exclaimed Dunlop. "I'll wager you the smokes that you can't work it on my name." Quick as a flash came the response: "Oh! that's easy; just 'lop' off the last three letters and it's 'Dunlop' bought for the crowd."

A Living Encyclopedia.

Lynph Stanley was an Englishman of whom Lowell said that he "knew three times as many facts as any young man whatever had any business to know."

He had but one rival in that line, Palgrave, who compiled the "Golden Treasury." Much interest sprang up among their friends when the two went off on a trip together.

"It's an even chance which will return alive," said one man solemnly. When they did come back, Palgrave was pale, emaciated, silent; but Stanley seemed unmoved, and more all-knowing than ever.

One night Buckle, the author of "The History of Civilization," was laying down the law on every subject, with a magnificent pomposity that made the table quake. At last he put forth some statement about the burning of a witch, and set the date a century out of the way. Stanley, who was present, had borne some preceding inaccuracies very well, with only a slight shaking of the head and a reddening of the face.

Suddenly his self-control gave way, and he leaped to his feet. He extended his hand, and piped forth in a vigorous tone:—

"I beg your pardon, but the last witch was burned at such-and-such a place, in such-and-such a year, under such-and-such circumstances. And her name was so-and-so, and you will find all about it in a book to which I can easily refer you, and which you evidently don't know."

Torrents of imprisoned knowledge were thereupon poured on Buckle's head, until the historian of civilization sat writhing, extinguished, mute. But a little later he had his revenge. Some one mentioned a new dictionary as a good one.

"It is," said Buckle, with solemnity, "it is one of the few dictionaries I have read through with pleasure."

The intimation that he had read any dictionary through for pleasure astonished the guests that they forgot his past discomfiture in new awe.

By Newspaper.

I want to commend my newspaper to a weary public. You would not permit free advertising, so I must not mention its name. In fact, there is a little practical difficulty in so doing, that I will let you infer.

My newspaper depends upon its reputation for giving all of the news, rather than upon the tricky device of staring headlines to gull the thoughtless. Therefore, it does not think it necessary to begin every important article on the first page.

Before I discovered my newspaper, I used to become very irritable at the breakfast table; I would begin a piece of news, read down the column, and find this formula, "Continued on page three." Then I would re-fold the great sheet, stand it up against the water-pitcher, and read a dozen lines to the end. Turning back to the first page, I would begin another article and soon come to a stop with the words, "Continued on page nine." This time I would rumple the paper considerably as I hunted for the sequel. About the third time, I would say to my wife, "What is the matter with this coffee? I never drank such vile stuff before in my life."

We killed a man at our club the other night, and he was a good fellow, too. We all liked him, but we all joined in the most brutal assault upon him. The trouble was that he would everlastingly interlard his talk with such expressions as this: "The news about Smith, that I was the first to make public, etc." Or this, "As I told you all last week," etc. Some of the gentlest members of the club fell upon him in a perfect rage.

There came into the village a man who undertook to reform the club; he said we were too dull, too remote from real life. "What," said he, "do we care about the downfall of the British ministry, or the prospects of polar exploration?" He said the daily newspaper was a very good index to what the people were interested in, and we ought to get our subjects from the press.

Well, to be brief, he carried his point and revolutionized the club. I will give a few of the topics that I hear have been under discussion: "Who began the row at McFlynn's saloon?" "The naked facts of the Jonesbury divorce case." "The art of padding for scrawny built women." They tell me the meetings are very full. I don't know. My wife and I stay at home and read my newspaper.—Kilmiscaston in "Life."

An Unhappy Woman.

"Mary Queen of Scots was a most unhappy woman, wasn't she?" enquired a thin man of a friend in the train the other day.

"Indeed she was," replied the other earnestly.

"Queen Elizabeth was also far from happy, wasn't she?"

"Very much so, I should say, if history is to be believed."

"Then there was Catherine—"

"What on earth are you driving at, may I ask?" broke in the man who was being regaled with the names of the unhappy women of history.

"I was just about to remark," continued the thin man, "that the name of the unhappiest woman in the world does not appear in history. Now I've got a sister-in-law named Martha Tabbs, and just at present she is the most wretched woman on the face of the earth."

"What's the matter with her—lost money?"

"No."

"Ill, maybe?" broke in the other.

"No; but you see, last week her husband bought her a two-guinea hat—"

"And I suppose the two-guinea hat made her more unhappy than Mary Queen of Scots was, when she discovered that her neighbor had one costing five?"

"That was not it at all. She was as happy as a skylark in a June meadow until she tripped and fell going up some steps and sprained her ankle. She is now lying in bed, unable to wear the hat, and by the time she can wear it, it will probably be out of fashion. I tell you it is sad to watch her looking tearfully at that hat, which hangs on a peg near her bed. Talk about the unhappy women of history. Why she is more unhappy than any ten of them put together."—"Pick-Me-Up."

Caught in the Act.

Walter A. Wyckoff, professor of sociology at Princeton, recently married Miss Leah Erich of Colorado Springs, whom he met while, disguised as a tramp, he traveled in order to study the lives of the homeless. Some time after he returned to Princeton, he related an incident that happened on a train on which he was riding in the West. The train was a slow one that ran twice a week between two small stations. He boarded it with two companions, and half an hour after starting it entered a very black tunnel. A man seated across the aisle asked the conductor how long it would take to pass through the tunnel.

"Oh, about two hours," the conductor snapped, and hurried through the car.

The man opposite fumbled among his grips. Soon he seemed to be struggling with something in the darkness. Suddenly the car was illuminated with a glaring sunlight, for the train had emerged from the tunnel. All eyes turned toward the man opposite. The two hours of darkness promised him by the conductor he had begun to use in changing his shirt. He now sat thunder-stricken, his coat, shirt, necktie and collar thrown over the next seat, as naked from the waist up as a man about to take a bath.

"Professor, I know a man who says he can tell, by the impression on his mind, when his wife wants him to come home to dinner. Is it telepathy?" "Not at all, miss. I should call that mendacity."—Chicago "Tribune."

Two Feet Betray the Character.

The human character betrays itself on every hand and every foot, and even on the human nose. If the observer only knows where to look and how to apply his observations.

Phrenology and palmistry are well known, but the art of pedomanicy is the latest means of ascertaining the true character of the individual.

Domestic comfort is denoted by having "the second toe humped above the rest, at the same time, escaping a corn." On the other hand, a foot, small, feet cramped by small shoes mark their owner as possessing "vanity and great courage." A short, thick, stubby foot with rather large ankle shows "not so much executive ability as dogged perseverance."

Beware of the man whose ankles turn in; "he is generally mean and selfish," and "women who stand on one foot are full of ideas and originality." This duck-like attitude is certainly unusual. People who cross the feet or stand on one side of the foot are irritable, eccentric, talented and uncertain. An addendum is the declaration that mentality is marked on the heel. A network of small lines denotes great versatility and skill in art and literature, while a smooth surface of heel is a sure sign of a placid, non-working brain.

The long second toe means a masterful mind and is a clear indication that the owner of the long second toe is the ruler of the domestic household. Short, stubby toes indicate two things: First, that the owner went shoeless when young, and, secondly, a great firmness of character.

A high instep shows a nervous person, easily excited and as easily tired. A low instep marks the man who gathers together the money and holds it.

Widespread feet indicate in a man a disposition to stop and consider before he acts, while a swinging foot that looks as if it was about to look into its mate shows irresolution and lack of determination.

In a woman a long, narrow foot always shows high breeding, and a small foot does not always appear desirable, as the exceedingly small ones mean a weak and submissive character.

Nosography is more. It hails from Austria, where much research has been devoted to the study of noses as an indication of character. A small nose indicates lack of moral vigor, a flat nose, lowness of intellect, a pug nose indicates a drooping nose, dullness, while the Roman beak proclaims strength of will and the Grecian proboscis goes with a refined character.

These are merely the rudiments of nosography; there are subtler signs, such as a thin bridge (shrewdness), two later al prominences (literary skill), wrinkles on either side (wealth), and large nostrils (courage). It is disconcerting that a man's character should be thus writ in his nose, that all who join the Nosographical institute may read. Can a man conceal his nose? When a bulbous-nosed individual sees a fellow passenger in the street car eyeing his prominent purpled organ, it is useless to attribute it to indigestion; the nose speaks as plainly as it spoke, "Black List," to the observant stranger.

Finger-nails are also signs. Broad finger-nails denote timidity and gentleness; ambition and pugnacity are told by narrow nails. A short-nailed woman will criticize her friends and foes; but she will also criticize herself with the same severity. The best dramatic and literary critics possess this nail.

Growing nails denote luxurious tastes. This illuminating clew to character should be written in every man's hat as a spur to economy. Before leaving his hands the manner of their clasping must be set forth. A frivolous woman interlocks her hands with the first finger between her left thumb and first finger. People who place two fingers of one hand between the thumb and fingers of the other are deceitful and not to be trusted.

The greatest difficulty which professors of the science of teeth reading have to encounter is the increasing resort to the dentist for artificial molars. Other wise long and narrow teeth may be believed to denote vanity and projecting teeth avarice. When teeth overlap inconspicuously it is to be expected, and small white molars bespeak a treacherous nature.—Chicago "Tribune."

The Ten Greatest Men.

A German newspaper has recently propounded to its readers the question: Who are the ten greatest men alive today? An examination of the replies received makes interesting reading. Five hundred and two readers voted for Tolstol; the German historian Mommsen was a close second with 490; Marconi followed with 445; Isen received 425; Edison, 368; Nansen, 270; Roentgen, 264; Mezzel, the German painter; 248; Koch, the bacteriologist, 238; while the Kaiser ignominiously brought up the rear with only 202. It is well to note that of these ten candidates six are German; such insignificant personages as Herbert Spencer, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy were not even mentioned. Among those who received over 100 votes were Chamberlain, the Russian novelist Gorky, Hauptmann, the dramatist, and Max Klinger, the German artist.

There are Others.

Mifkins—You have used the word "donkey" several times in the last ten minutes. Am I to understand that you mean anything of a personal nature? Bifkins—Certainly not. There are lots of donkeys in the world besides you.—Chicago "News."

Some Family History.

She had fifteen million dollars, placed in bonds, and shares, and rents. He had fifteen million dollars, so they merged their sentiments. Now they've raised a son who's valued at exactly thirty cents.—Chicago "Tribune."

A Clergue Story.

When Frank H. Clergue, promoter of the Lake Superior Consolidated Company, was a little boy in Maine, playing about the lumber wharves in Bangor, he gave promise of his ability at financiering, his old neighbors say. A circus was coming to town, and the embryo promoter was hard put for the price of a ticket. Then he had an inspiration.

All the water which came to the circus grounds was brought through a wooden tunnel from far up the hill. Its source was an old spring, seldom visited and hard of access. Frank waited until the morning parade was over and the circus help were hungry for their midday meal. Then he mounted the hillside and inserted a wooden plug in the tunnel. By the time he had reached the grounds he found everything ripe for a strike.

"Say, mister, gimme a ticket, an' I'll fix it for you," he offered.

"Fix it, and you can have half a dozen," cried the manager.

Inside of ten minutes the plug was removed, and the horses were drinking their fill. And the boy Frank took five bosom friends to the show.—New York Times.

Swallowed His Passport.

The story of the dog sent by express, who "let his tag," is a familiar one, but a correspondent of The London Daily Mail at St. Petersburg tells how an elephant ate a passport. He says that an Englishman, one of the conductors of the elephants which have been performing in the aquarium there, thus reported to the police the loss of his passport, which occurred under strange conditions. He slept in the same place as the elephants, and as a precaution against his predatory habits used to hang his coat on a nail above the entrance. One night, by an oversight he hung it on a lower nail, and was suddenly awakened by a "dawn" among the animals. Getting up, he saw that the elephants, fighting for the possession of his coat, of which each had a portion in his trunk. Before he could intervene the coat was torn in twain, and one of the animals pulled out from his portion the pocket-book containing the Englishman's passport, a small sum of money and a pencil case, and swallowed it.

Official Report.

The Rev. John Clarke of Moss Green Manse, Crossgates, Fifeshire, has directed the attention of Scotchmen to the report of the Government commission which very completely vindicated the memory of the late Sir Hector Macdonald. Mr. Clarke, in a Scottish journal, says that while vindication cannot restore to life the Scottish hero or redress his cruel wrongs, it removes a dark blot on his memory. The said events attending Sir Hector's death should be a warning against believing too readily false and slanderous charges. The official report of the Colombo commissioners is as follows:—

"In reference to the grave charges made against the late Sir Hector Macdonald, we the appointed and undersigned commissioners, individually and collectively declare on oath that, after the most careful, minute and exhaustive inquiry and investigation of the whole circumstances and facts connected with the sudden and unexpected death of the late Sir Hector Macdonald, unanimously and unmistakably find absolutely no reason or crime whatsoever which would create feelings such as would determine suicide, or preference to conviction of any crime affecting the honor and irreproachable character of so brave, so fearless, so glorious and unparalleled a hero, and we firmly believe the cause which gave rise to the inhuman and cruel suggestions of crime were prompted through vulgar feelings of spite and jealousy in his rising to such a high rank of distinction in the British army; and while we have taken the most reliable and trustworthy evidence from every accessible and conceivable source, have without hesitation come to the conclusion that here is not visible the slightest particle of truth in foundation of any crime, and we find the late Sir Hector Macdonald has been cruelly assassinated by vile and slanderous tongues. While honorably acquitting the late Sir Hector Macdonald of any charge whatever, we cannot but deplore the sad circumstances of the case that have fallen so disastrously on one whom we have found innocent of any crime attributed to him.

The members of the commission who signed the report are: Angus Macdonald, Dr. Matthew Wilson, Dr. D. Macdonald, James Brodie, Gerald Heathcote, Arthur Lang.

Mr. Connery's Remarks.

At short notice Commissioner T. B. Connery of the Board of Education took the place of Rear Admiral Erben, who was expected to address the graduating class of the New York Nautical School on the old ship *St. Mary's*, at East Twenty-fourth street and the East River on the evening of October 6. There was a great audience, among whom were several members of the Chamber of Commerce and Maritime Exchange, as well as representatives of the United States Navy. The New York Tribune thus reports his remarks:—Mr. Connery said he would avoid scattering the usual "chunks of wisdom" in the way of advice to the young graduates, and confine himself mainly to one branch of the subject—the treatment of sailors by captains and mates on board American ships. The cruelty still practised, he said, was a disgrace to the American merchant marine, and wholly inexcusable, not to say unaccountable, at a time when nearly every other civilized Government had succeeded in protecting the seafaring man at sea and on shore. The barbarities were mostly to be met with on sailing ships in deep sea voyages, he declared. He had witnessed them with his own eyes, and therefore spoke from personal knowledge. The country would do well, he said, to copy the example of Great Britain in this case, especially if it wishes to recover the lost carrying trade, and to encourage young men to go before the mast on American ships. The best way to do this, he suggested, was rigid enforcement of the laws, which he asserted is not done by American courts. Punish brutal shipmasters, and protect sailors on shore as well as at sea. Great Britain does, he demanded. Mr. Connery urged the young graduates to see to it when they become shipmasters, that the sailors under them were treated like human beings, not as if they were savage beasts. By doing this, he said, they would effect a reform worthy of all praise and earn the gratitude of their country.

What shrank your woollens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Mark.

Humor of the Hour.

The Family Friend—I suppose the baby is the sunshine of your home? Mama—Sometimes. Frequently he is the storm centre.—Puck.

To what do you attribute your longevity? asked the reporter. "My which?" queried the oldest inhabitant.

"Your longevity," repeated the reporter.

"Never had it. As far as I can remember I ain't never had no sech complaint."—Puck.

Teacher—How far is Philadelphia from Pittsburg?

Tommy—Jist about as fur as it kin be. Pittsburg's got de pennant cinched, an' Philadelphia's wid de tail-enders.—Philadelphia Press.

How, says Mary, with many sighs, Shall I prevent those nasty flighs? From spoiling this, the best of pigths? A welcome step is heard—"Arighs!" Sighing will never win the pigths: Success is hers who only trighs! Poison the crust, and each one dighs! Now Mary turns, and with surprighs! Reflected in her wondrous eighs! Before her sees dear Cousin Lighs.—New York Sun.

"If honesty is the best policy—"

"Well?"

"Why, then most politicians ain't politic."—Chicago Evening Post.

Beulah—Did you have a good time at the beach?

Belle—No! It was awfully stupid. Only a few men there?

Yes; I was engaged to the same man the whole summer.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Kidder—Ah, how-der-do, Doctor! If you have a few minutes to spare, I wish you would come over to my house and chloroform my youngest boy.

Dr. Price—What is the matter with the lad?

Mr. Kidder—Oh, his mother wants to comb his hair.—Harper's Bazar.

"Yes," said the dentist, "to insure painless extraction you'll have to take gas," and that's fifty cents extra.

"Oh," said the farmer, "I guess the old way'll be best; never mind no gas."

"You're a brave man."

"Oh! It ain't me that's got the tooth; it's my wife."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Carrie—I'm sure you misjudge Mr. Sweetser, papa. He is a man of great ambitions. You should hear him tell of the things he is going to do.

Carrie's Papa—And I suppose I'm one of 'em, but I reckon he'll find it harder to accomplish than he fancies it is.—Boston Transcript.

"Isn't it strange," remarked Mrs. Billings to her husband, "that I can never get a good bargain in shoes?"

"You did once," said her husband.

"When was that?"

"When you got me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Do you take this woman for better or for worse?" began the clergyman, but before he could proceed further he was interrupted.

"It's too early to tell yet," answered the groom; "you'll have to give me time, sir."—Boston Post.

Witherby made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown.

Plankington—What was she angry?

Witherby—Oh, no, it wasn't that; but she wants another.—New Yorker.

Mrs. Church—Do you enjoy going to the theatre?

Mrs. Gotham—No, I can't say that I do; the cars are so frightfully crowded, don't you know? But I always enjoy it after I get there.—Yonkers Statesman.

Camera Fiend—Shall I take you, Miss Passee?

Miss Passee—Oh, you original man! How sudden!—Houston Post.

Knippe—Yes, by making mutual concessions, my wife and I get along very smoothly. For instance, I gave up smoking cigars the other day.

Tucque—What did your wife give up?

Knippe—Oh, she gave up scolding me for indulging in the habit.—Syracuse Herald.

Lawyer—What was the thing that led to your financial downfall? You seemed to be doing a good business.

Bankrupt—I was, but one day I started out to see if I could borrow some money. I found it so easy that I kept on borrowing.—Somerville Journal.

There's a girl in our model apartment who practises singing all day; The neighbors declare her a nuisance, And wish they could drive her away, I think that she sings like an angel, And hope she will stay in the place—No, pardon me, I'm not her sweet-heart.

But simply—the girl in the case.

—New York Sun.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap or powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 36

THE WIDDER.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

By Alexander Black.

AT THE time of the trial the Tombs still wore its Egyptian frown, justice was barbarously vindicated in the quadrangle, Croker was coroner, and the New Spirit had not yet stalked in Center street.

But to begin at the beginning of the story it is necessary to go back to the day when Old Curry returned from the Supreme Court chambers.

Yes, Curry was an old-timer. The fashion of his clothes—the ample trousers, the long-tailed coat, the heavy cravat, only less antique than a stock, the rolling collar, the dusty broad-brimmed silk hat that rested like Webster's squarely upon his wrinkled temples—quickly proclaimed his detachment from the modern mode.

So that the figure of Old Curry as it moved up Center street was in a marked way different from any other likely to be seen on that thoroughfare. With head bowed, the lank lawyer strode in an uncompromising line near the curb, his white hair fluttering, the skirt of his coat careering in the early April wind.

Turning into Leonard street, Old Curry entered one of those middle-aged brick buildings that stood over against the grim facade of the Tombs. The neighborhood seemed to express a recollection of the dramas of the quadrangle, a consciousness of low company, a cynical expectation that the world would continue to be wicked. Legal beasts of prey prowled in the shadows, and Old Curry passed among them as one who should gather his toga from the touch of the unclean.

Yet the building in which Curry had his office seemed to withdraw, like Curry himself, from the meanness of the surroundings. The little bird store off the street was always chirpy. Even on Hangman Day, when the signal man of the railroad building flashed the message that passed by way of the shot tower down to the newspaper offices in Park Row, and a murmur in the street echoed the falling of the drop, the birds would break into a merry peal until the parrot, a peevish and profane bird (the records are quite agreed about him), would be startled into speechless indignation.

Old Curry mounted the narrow stair upon which his step fell with the nervous emphasis of energetic old age. At the top of the flight a tin sign labelled the law offices of D. and M. J. Curry.

Martin Curry looked up from his desk as his father came in, then went on with his writing. In the corner was a thin boy with red hair, who was laboriously devising shorthand characters on the margin of a subpoena.

"Got that transcript?" asked Old Curry of the boy.

"Yes, sir."

The old man sat down at his desk and drew a package of papers from his pocket.

"Tanner?" called Martin, "take this over to Dolan's."

The boy began to gather himself out of the old chair.

"Come, come!" growled Martin irritably. "If you ever expect to be stenographer of the Supreme Court you'll have to get a move on you." And the boy disappeared hurriedly, producing a sound beyond the door as of falling downstairs.

The musty office grew quiet again. The noises from the street were punctuated by an occasional scream from the parrot in the bird store. Old Curry arose and bestowed his papers in the yellow-brown safe.

"Johnny Kells has been getting into a row," he remarked.

"Yes," returned Martin, "and Sandler's been in here and retained us."

"The deuce he has!" snorted the old man.

"And he's mad as thunder; wants blood. It's about Sandler's mule, and Kells—"

"Martin," interrupted the father, "we can't take the prosecution."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I've just agreed to look after Kells—not half an hour ago. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"But I tell you that Sandler's just been here—been in the office; we've talked the thing over and he's left a retainer."

"I can't help that," declared the senior partner sternly. "I've passed my word."

"So have I," the son fretfully persisted, "and talked over the whole case—taken the price from him, and promised to be at Slot's in the morning when the case is called."

Old Curry made an impatient gesture. "I suppose we couldn't drop Sandler could we?" he demanded.

"Yes, I suppose we could if there was any sense in it. But we haven't anything against Sandler. He's been in here and acted square with us, and I can't see what we should drop him for. That's the way it stands with me. I'd like to see this office run on business principles."

"Would you?" thundered the old man. "Well, keep it up. Have all the business principles you want. But let me tell you that I'm going to represent Johnny Kells."

Young Curry looked up inflexibly, but with an uneasy glitter in his eye. "I don't suppose I can prevent you."

"And if Sandler is to be represented from this office you'll have to do it on your own account."

"I could do it," admitted Martin in a hard tone. "If it had to be that way I could manage it. The crowd over there wouldn't ask anything better. There'd be a fine laugh all round."

"If you're at all sensitive about that," delivered Old Curry from his desk, "there's a way out!"

Martin stood staring through the back window, from which he had a sordid and depressing prospect. He could hear the parrot swearing downstairs.

The father made ready to leave the office for the day.

As Old Curry was going out Martin swung about and asked dryly, "Is it the widder?"

But Old Curry slammed the door and almost knocked backward down the steps the future stenographer of the Supreme Court.

Curry the younger arrived at the office in the morning soon after Tanner had completed certain mystical passes with a feather duster which in the youth's mind were associated with an inconsequent obligation.

Martin spent some minutes in study of the New Code of Criminal Procedure of late years consulting the authorities had been Martin's particular duty. Old Curry's eyes were not the good servants they once had been. Moreover the old man's patience had been long since exhausted by the facility with which legislatures deface the noble monuments of law. In cross-examination the senior partner was a tower of strength, and in the summing up he worthily kept alive the traditions of the stalwart past. His citations were uncertain, and his temper uneven, but juries believed him, and judges remembered what he had been. If Martin sometimes winced at his father's looser technique, he had seen juries quail and the bench unbend. He admired his father.

Having finished his examination of the Code, Martin placed the volume on a corner of his father's table. Just then Old Curry came in.

The old man opened and read his letters without saying a word. He picked up the Code and peered at it for a time. Then he wheeled about in his chair.

"Are you still for Sandler?" he asked, with an unconcealed lightness.

Martin was actually in no mood to be obstructive, could he have seen his way out. But no shadow of compromise appeared in his father's tone, and at that moment the door swung open.

"Mornin'," said a huge, round-shouldered man with short, bristling gray hair, who loomed against the dark background of the passage.

"Come in," motioned Martin. "I'll be ready in a minute."

Sandler had already lumbered in. "I suppose it's about time I git across the way," he said. "How are yer, Dan?" he added on seeing the senior partner, and continued, with the effect of addressing the two of them, "There's one thing I forgot to tell you about this mule—"

"I guess you'd better wait till I get out of here," interrupted Old Curry.

"You needn't tear yourself away," observed Martin, but Old Curry had gone.

Sandler looked puzzled. "What's the matter with the old man?"

"The trouble with him," answered Martin, "is that he's going to represent the other side."

"Well, I'll be—You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. I mean just that. Johnny Kells has got him."

Plainly Sandler was dazed as he descended to the street. On the steps of the Tombs he remarked grimly, "I can't see what Dan's gone back on me for."

They entered the shadow of the great Egyptian corridor, and turned to the right into the police court, passed between the spectators' benches, and took seats within the inclosure. Behind the desk at the end of the room sat Justice Slot, who at this moment was asking a woman in a group before the railing, "Would you like me to harg him, madam?"

Presently Slot, whose mustache was dyed a sinister bluish black, called "John Kells."

Four men stepped to the bar; Kells, a short, thick-set, alert man, with an effect of restrained pugacity; the elder Curry, Martin, a diminished version of his father; big Sandler, towering over all.

"Well," said Slot, taking up the papers, "what seems to be the trouble?"

"I detain with intent to defraud," deponent—one mule of the value of forty dollars."

Kells, you are charged with grand larceny."

"To which he pleads not guilty," answered Old Curry quietly, adding, "and if your Honor please, I must move to dismiss the complaint on the ground that it describes no crime, the complainant's redress, if any, being obtainable by civil action."

"The gentleman has evidently forgotten," Martin spoke up with some pressure of quiet, "that provision of the New Code which describes detention as larceny, for which the defendant is criminally liable. Your Honor will see by the papers—"

Justice Slot laid down his pen. "You gentlemen don't seem to be very well agreed in this matter."

"Perhaps," suggested Martin with a strained smile, "your Honor doesn't understand that we appear on opposite sides in this case."

"I—I see," said Slot, with signs of not being at all clear. "On opposite sides." He had known the Currys for twenty years, and the situation naturally struck him as peculiar. He indicated by his later manner that it also struck him as amusing. In the matter of Old Curry's motion, he remarked that it was denied. The New Code distinctly characterized such detention as larceny.

Old Curry shrugged his lofty shoulders, and seemed about to speak, when Slot pushed forward an open copy of the Code, decorated with crosses, index fingers, and other marginal aids.

The old lawyer, without looking at the book or at his son, remarked casually, "I understand there is some doubt as to the value of this mule."

"There ain't no doubt about it," broke in Sandler; but young Curry, subduing his client, very deliberately moved to amend the complaint so that it might read "twenty-four dollars" and Old Curry grinned under his bristles.

The change made the charge one of petty larceny, and sent the case to Special Sessions instead of to the Grand Jury in the County Court. Martin had no heart for the ordeal of the County

Court, and a father pay you the difference myself," he afterward growled to Sandler.

It was thus that the case of The People vs. Kells came to trial in the adjoining chamber of the Tombs two days later—came to trial with the father on one side and the son on the other; with Sandler, big and fierce, to the fore, and Johnny Kells defiantly amiable first to last.

They called it a memorable day in that Egyptian cavern (the Bridge of Sighs opening on the left), not alone for the trial itself—which was, after all, but a short affair—but for the audience it evoked. Four aldermen had come in with Supervisor Jo Budd, and the Dolan boys, under Sheriff Shane, shuffled through the door after Wun Lung, the Chinese interpreter, tossing the last of a cigar behind the rear benches. Here too, was Coroner Croker, and the great criminal lawyer, Stenthorpe himself.

It was not remarkable that Malsten, fattest of the three magistrates who occupied the bench, should awaken from his doze and mutter to Corwin, "What's Stoney doing here?"

"Dunno," returned Corwin, "unless to see the fun in the Kells case."

After it was over, word went about that the Mayor and the District Attorney had been seated in the outer crowd.

At all events the world seemed to have learned that Old Curry and his son were to fight a case in the Special Sessions. The place would hold no more. Even the corridor creaked with the would-be spectators, so that it was a momentous matter for Old Curry to get into, and to make a path for the Widow Kells, who was a resplendent person that day, her black silk rustling richly as she struggled to her seat within the rail, her tumultuous bonnet shimmering gayly in the grim place.

Big Sandler made a significant grimace when he saw the widow come in, and Old Curry before her making a path. As for Martin Curry, he had no stomach for the business from that moment, though a high rebellion of battered pride remained with him to the end. The justices had no disposition to hurry matters. The mere situation, quite without regard to the details, was too entertaining. Martin Curry knew this so well that he became nervously eager to finish the affair before it had begun, and he was as curt in his examination of big Sandler as if that large person had been a hostile witness.

Moreover, he was sure of his case. The ruling of the examining justice had fortified him. Detention was larceny. There was the end of the matter. He had an angry pity for the old man, who must come to the end of his rope before long.

Sandler told the simple story of the mule; of its purchase from Kells; of his later finding of the animal in Kells's stable near the Bend; of his demand for the delivery of the mule, a demand made in peaceable terms; of Kells's outrageous "strike" for money, and his own indignant refusal to pay the same; of Kells's criminal withholding of the mule to the present hour.

Old Curry arose in great pomp for the cross-examination. He was as little in haste as the court itself. Yet his questions were few. Sandler admitted his ignorance of the precise manner in which the mule came to be in Kells's stable. He admitted that Kells's demand for money was in the form of a bill for feed. But the price—two dollars—was exorbitant and ridiculous.

"Did you see the mule in Kells's stable?" asked Old Curry.

"I did."

"How did he look?"

"Look?"—Sandler stared.

"Did he look as if he had been well fed?"

"I'm no judge of looks," retorted Sandler, "or I wouldn't have bought him."

"He wore a cheerful appearance?"

"I dunno. I wouldn't call him a cheerful mule, not by a good sight. He's an ugly beast. Kells knows that. If I'd known what I know now—"

"Never mind the ifs," Mr. Sandler. I'm asking you whether the mule looked as if he had been abundantly fed. He wasn't emaciated, was he?"

"He looked just as ugly as usual, snorted Sandler.

"Very well. Let me ask you—do you know how much that mule can eat in fifteen hours?"

"No."

"You never happened to give him all he could eat, did you?"

Martin was on his feet expostulating. "If your Honors please, are we to be insulted? I submit that the question is grossly irrelevant."

Old Curry frowned, and the Court asked the purpose of the question.

"My purpose, if the Court please, is to show that this man Sandler—"

"I object to counsel's phrase," cried Martin Curry. "It is highly improper."

The old man nodded. "Counsel withdraws the phrase. My purpose is to show that the complainant so far underestimates the needs—if your Honors choose, the capacity—of this mule that he (the mule) was in danger of slow starvation, and that his condition, as your Honors will soon learn, led directly to the circumstances out of which this charge arises."

The Court doubted, but admitted the testimony on probation.

Sandler, eager to answer, then declared that he had given the mule nearly twice the quantity of feed he gave his horse.

"Only twice?" asked Old Curry imprecisely.

"Nobody could give that mule all he wanted," blurted Sandler.

"You admit that you gave him less than he wanted?"

"I gave him a proper amount," declared Sandler. "I think I understand my business."

"That may be, my friend," murmured the questioner solemnly, "but you don't understand this mule. That is the sad feature of the situation, as I shall show the Court later on. And I shall not ask you another question."

A little man with a big voice, who had accompanied Sandler to Kells's stable,

retisted to recognizing the mule, then declared that the mule Sandler had owned for five days.

Old Curry fixed the little man with his cavernous eyes.

"How did the mule look?"

"He wasn't lookin' that I know."

"Didn't he wear the appearance of a well-fed beast?"

"He wasn't wearin' nothin' just then."

Corwin suppressed the general titter with a bang of the gavel. A vast dyed mustache saved his own dignity.

Old Curry's lips twitched. "He didn't look hungry, did he?"

"I never seen him look no other way," announced the witness, and Corwin brought down the gavel once more.

"Did you ever see him while Kells owned him?"

"No."

"You mean, then, that he has always looked hungry since Sandler has owned him?"

"I object!" shouted Martin. "The Court will decide what the witness means."

The objection was sustained. Old Curry waved his hand, the little man stepped down, and the case for the prosecution was closed.

"And now, if your Honors please," said Old Curry, "deferring a motion to dismiss this extraordinary complaint, I will place before your Honors, with great brevity, certain facts which in justice to the defendant should be made known. I call as a first witness Mrs. Kells."

All eyes were upon the widow as she arose from her seat by the rail and came forward in her resplendent raiment to the witness chair. The fat policeman who held the Bible opened the volume so he administered the oath, and gallantly submitted to the widow's lips an unsold page within.

Mrs. Kells was not yet forty-five, and still capable, as the day proved, of making a potent impression.

"Mrs. Kells," began Old Curry, a new note in his voice, "please tell the Court what you saw on the afternoon of April 7."

The widow complied, with animation. What she saw—from the second-story window of her house—was the advent of the mule, the mule her son had sold to Sandler five days before. The beast was strolling down from Mulberry street—just as he used to when Kells had left the truck at the shed—and when he came to the alley, turned in and went straight to the old stall in the stable.

"I will ask you," resumed Old Curry, "whether any one urged, guided, called, or constrained the mule to take this step?"

"Not a soul," answered Mrs. Kells, a trifle abashed by some of the words.

"That is all."

Martin arose with an irritated stiffness.

"Will you kindly inform me, Mrs. Kells, where you were sitting when you saw this mule?"

"In my own room."

"And you could see what happened at the side of the house?"

"Sure!" I sat by the window that opens on the alley, and I says, 'Holy saints! if there ain't Johnny's mule going back to his old stall!'"

"To whom did you make that remark?"

At this the widow lost a trifle of her radiant assurance, and Old Curry impressively protested.

"I had company at the time," defiantly volunteered the widow.

"Of course, madam, if you have any reason—" began Martin.

"I withdraw my objection!" thundered the father. "You will answer counsel's question."

"I do not desire it," insisted Martin. "But I do." Daniel Curry tapped the table with his fist. "Answer him, madam. Who was present?"

The widow snickered becomingly. "Mr. Curry."

Corwin smote the desk, and when silence was restored, "You mean," said the Justice, "counsel for the defendant?"

"Yes, sir. He had just called."

"I see," nodded Martin, with an icy evenness, "the mule and the gentleman for the defence."

"Keep to your case," admonished Corwin sharply.

"Begging your Honor's pardon," interposed Old Curry, "that is impossible. The gentleman has no case."

"My opponent may change his mind," retorted Martin.

There were certain other perfunctory questions by the defence, and the widow, with restored radiance, left the stand.

"John Kells," called the accused's counsel, and Johnny bristled to the front, eager to tell how he found the mule in the stall—found him looking wasted for want of food (objection); with a famished look in his face (objection); how he fed him and fed him, and in the morning doubled his allowance; how Sandler came with rough insinuations (objection—"Give his words, sir!") and wanted to take the mule without paying the bill for feed and care, a thing which he couldn't have done if he (Sandler) had been eight feet high.

"You didn't steal this mule?"

"The mule did it himself."

"You are ready to give him up when the bill is paid?"

"Yes—paid up to the present time."

"Of course—of course," nodded Old Curry. "Quite right. By the way, this mule is a good feeder!"

"You can't fill him. That's one of the reasons—"

"Never mind," interposed Old Curry, but Martin added—"why you got rid of him."

"But since he had come back," and Old Curry raised his hand, "since he had come back, half starved, you felt a humanitarian impulse to give him all he wanted?"

"I did."

"Not to mention," added Martin, "an impulse to feloniously withhold him from the custody of the owner."

Old Curry flared in a way to suggest that his rather mellow manner had its limits. The widow and all the world were looking on.

"Drive!" he said.

The cross-examination of Kells was brief, the old man having broken in with, "We admit possession. The mule is still with us." The case seemed to be closed, when Old Curry arose, and remarking, "I call myself as a witness," took the stand, solemnly affirmed, and deposed:

"I called on Mrs. Kells on the afternoon of April 7. I was sitting near the middle of the room when Mrs. Kells, who sat near the window opening on the alley, said—"

"I object," snapped Martin. "Neither the complainant nor the defendant was present. Remarks between these witnesses are entirely beside the issue."

"The witness may state the remark," said Corwin. "Counsel for the prosecution himself brought out the remark which the witness undertakes to corroborate."

Old Curry smiled. "Holy saints!" Mrs. Kells said, "if there ain't Johnny's mule going back to his old stall!"

With this Old Curry turned to his son. "Cross-examine."

Martin looked surly. "You didn't see this mule?"

"No."

"You didn't participate in the acquisition?"

"No."

"Your call, then, was not in relation to the matter at issue?"

Old Curry struggled to reconcile a smile and a frown. "It was in relation to quite another matter, and for some reason every one who could do so decently scrutinized the widow. The widow blushed like a girl."

But it was Old Curry's summing up that introduced the most interesting incident of the case. In a summing up Old Curry was quite at his best. Martin might wince at his father's citations, but he could not escape an emotion of pride in the venerable lawyer's slashing eloquence, an eloquence not to be quenched or diminished by the insignificance of his theme. Martin had become content to watch prejudice wither under the hot earnestness of his towering parent, to finger the statutes, to book-mark the law and the records in readiness to the veined and leathery fingers reached forth in the crisis of argument. The father was the Voice the son was the Hand.

Many a spectator in the court-room that day remembered the triumphs of Old Curry's earlier days—before and after he was District Attorney. Old Curry knew that these spectators were in hearing. He also remembered at every moment that the widow was there.

It was the widow, perhaps, more than any other who helped him to forget that the issue was trivial, the scene tawdry, the immediate situation awkward, and that the Court was to be suspected of a grin. His review of the testimony was touched with a scathing humor. He characterized the complaint as malicious, the complainant as hot-headed, the prosecution in general as a blunder. He sent a fine storm of words swirling about the heads of Sandler and the younger Curry.

With a quaver in his voice Old Curry rose to the top of his appeal.

"And your Honors will be informed by my distinguished opponent that the law puts a condemnatory construction upon our conduct in the matter of this mule; that the matter is not one of civil recourse, but of criminal import; that our detention is larceny in the full meaning of the law. The New Code—"

Old Curry's nervous fingers flickered over the table. He lowered his look to scan the space before him. Martin, sitting in sullen profile, saw the movement in the corner of his eye and caught himself together for a resentful second.

The Voice, under the weight of long habit, had turned to the Hand. The Hand was not there.

At the close of this moment Martin relaxed, turned slightly, and quietly pushed across the table the open and labelled Code.

There was another second, or less, of pause, in which Old Curry's eyes shifted, and his fingers halted. Then his head went up.

"I will not weary the Court with citations. Your Honors are entirely familiar with the new codifications, with the new-fangled equivocations in the statutory laws. These flippant intrusions upon the temple of jurisprudence do not, I rejoice to say, invalidate the fundamental principles of justice and good practice, nor those older and wiser statutes under which our peace is preserved and the stability of our property is assured. I call your Honors' attention to the fact that in 1807 an act was passed in this state under which we take our stand, and by which the absolute integrity of our position is made evident. This act, so familiar that we require no book-marks nor page numbers to recall it, states explicitly the status of those who give asylum to strayed beasts, since it declares, with no modern evasions, that 'such person may have a lien upon such beasts, by reason of their so coming upon his land, for his reasonable charges for keeping them'—"

(Continued on page 7.)

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