

THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 9.

ATLIN, B. C. SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1903.

NO. 210.

DEATH OF THE POPE.

Manitoba Sustains Conservative Government by a Large Majority.

Harrison River Saw Mills Destroyed by Fire — Canadians Win Two Cups at Bisley — Valdez Railroad Contract Let — Mr. P. M. Arthur Dies Suddenly at Winnipeg — Provincial Elections on October 31st.

THE POPE DEAD.

Pontiff Dies at Rome in His 94 Year.

A Life of Uninterrupted Work is Terminated — Last Words Point to Cardinal Oreglia as His Probable Successor.

Rome, July 20. — Leo XIII., the 257th pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church, passed away at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

Pope Leo XIII. was born at Carpineto, near Anagni, Italy on March 2, 1878. He was chosen pope to succeed Pius IX. February 20, 1878.

His last words were addressed to Cardinal Oreglia, and are significant.

"To your eminence, who will so soon seize the reins of supreme power, I confide the church in these difficult times."

Manitoba Election.

Vancouver, July 23. — The Roblin government has been sustained in Manitoba; the Conservatives carried thirty seats out of forty with two elections to be held.

Big Fire.

Vancouver, July 20. — The Harrison River Saw Mills, Harrison River, B. C. were destroyed by fire today, loss estimated at \$125,000. Insurance \$30,000.

The Bisley Shoot.

Vancouver, July 23. — Canadians win two cups at Bisley. McGregor won the Queens Cup. The Canadian Team won the Rajah of Kalapore Cup.

Valdez Railroad.

New York. — The Valdez Copper River railway is to be built at once. Contracts for construction have been let. James P. McDonald and John Hays Hammond secured the

contract who have had \$1,000,000 placed to their credit. John Hays Hammond is the greatest engineer in the world and is well known in S. Africa. James P. McDonald has built railroads in the United States of Columbia and in Central America.

General Election.

The Gazette announces the date of nominations for the provincial elections on October 31.

Sudden Death.

Mr. P. M. Arthur, Grand Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, dropped dead at midnight, while speaking at a banquet at Winnipeg. Mr. Arthur had just risen to respond to a toast, saying, "It may be my parting words to many of you" when he fell backwards and expired in a few minutes.

Preventing Chinese Mine Labor.

It is stated that the Provincial Government will forthwith enforce against the Chinese colliers at Comox, the provisions of the Act preventing their employment underground, as being dangerous to the other workers. This will exclude from the industry about 500 Chinese. Their places will in all probability, be largely taken by Japanese, who are already working as colliers in considerable numbers.

Imperial Parliament.

During the discussion of the Army Estimates in the House of Commons, the War Secretary, Mr. Brodrick, said that the War Office had decided to keep a force of 52,000 men permanently in South Africa, when reinforcements could be readily despatched to India, in the event of an attack on the frontier. Mr. Brodrick added that the preparations for such a contingency were a timely step, and estimated that the extra cost of keeping this emergency force in South Africa would be \$7,500,000 yearly.

TOURISTS COMING.

Stockholders of the B. A. D. Co. to Visit our Camp.

The Organizers of the British American Dredging Company are getting up excursions and have mailed a printed card to all their stockholders, and in it they say:

"There is probably no more beautiful trip in the world, than the journey to British Columbia and Alaska. A number of stockholders are making the trip this year, with the intention of visiting the property and dredge of the British American Dredging Company, at Atlin, B. C. The entire trip, including everything can be made for about \$500, with the opportunity of getting some of the finest moose, bear and caribou hunting, together with the best fishing in the world. Several parties are being formed for July and August and if you desire to make the trip we are at your service to give you any information in our power, and if possible to list you with some of the parties already forming. The first party leaves July 6th, under the auspices of our Mr. Warnick, of Benj. C. Warnick & Company."

Good for the B. A. D. Co. here they show their confidence in their own enterprise and are not afraid to have all or any of their shareholders see and test their properties.

A few more such enterprising concerns would do much to advertise our really wonderful country.

RICH DISCOVERY.

New Strike Near Lake Arkell Reported to be Fabulously Rich

Dawson Charlie Starts a Big stampede. — White Pass Men Quit Work to Join the Rush.

The new discovery made by Dawson Charlie has caused a lively stampede all along the line from Skagway to Whitehorse, and men are quitting work to join in the rush. Messrs. Weisdepp and McMillan, two residents of Whitehorse, who got a tip from an Indian who was working for Dawson Charlie, started when Dawson Charlie left to return, and were on Discovery a day ahead of Dawson Charlie; they staked on Ruby and Fourth of July creeks and report having got 15 cents to the pan in surface dirt, never having reached bed rock. Being out of grub they returned to Whitehorse.

Dawson Charlie has struck some rich ground and has sent messages to his friends to take out licences

and start immediately for the new gold fields.

The new fields are situated on the tributaries of the Alsek river, twenty miles from Champagne's landing and thirty miles above the strike on Mushi Creek.

Excitement at Whitehorse is very high, horses are selling for fabulous prices and hundreds are starting with outfits on foot and by steamer "Clossett," the steamer will get within 30 miles of the strike.

Dawson Charlie and Skookum Jim returned with ten men whom they grub staked, before leaving Charlie offered Weisdepp and McMillan \$5,000 a piece for all their claims.

WORK PROGRESSES.

Spruce and Pine Creeks Active.

Flumes and Ditches Built and Under Construction. — Good Results Everywhere.

Our Editor visited Spruce and Pine Creeks this week, and actually surprised himself at the amount of work being done this season. — On Spruce Creek, miles of ditches are under construction for the use of the Consolidated Spruce Creek Placers Limited.

Results all along Spruce are eminently satisfactory and a large amount of gold is being recovered.

ON PINE: — The Pine Creek Power Co. Limited are doing active and minerlike work, they have probably the best installed and equipped plant in the camp. The installation of three six ton hydraulic derricks, under the supervision of Mr. Loveridge, are responsible for the great success which the operations are now meeting. The Company own some 600 acres, have flumes and ditches 6½ miles long and nearly 2 miles of steel pipe, they are using six monitors. It is the intention of the Company to open up another pit above Discovery at an early date. We understand that the values in the Sabin pit continue to keep up the average, and it is certain that the final clean-up of the season will more than double that of last year.

A Pointer

To purify large quantities of water in case a filter is not obtainable it is a good plan to use alum, for this will cause all impurities to sink to the bottom, when the clear water at the top may be poured off and will be fit for use. One tablespoonful of alum will be required for four gallons of water. It must be stirred in thoroughly and then allowed to settle.

THE CRY FOR JESUS.

Harry Moore Lowry, Pastor Baptist Church of the Redeemer, New York City.

Sir, we would see Jesus—John, xii.
The East came to the cradle of Christ, the West came to His cross. The Magi and the Greeks represent that enlightened religious instinct which, dissatisfied with that which cannot feed the soul, is able to rise above previous education and prejudice and seek the gratification of its deepest needs and its highest aspirations wherever that gratification may be found. These who thus came to Christ stood for that large number of Greeks, so frequently alluded to, who, perceiving the vanity of popular religion, turned to something more satisfying, and found in the synagogue service of the Jews something which appealed to the cravings of that instinct for God which all men possess. Attaching themselves more or less to Judaism, without submitting to the religious rites necessary to give them full standing, they came to Jerusalem to worship the God in whom they had come to believe. Here they put themselves in communication with one of the disciples of Jesus and request an interview with the man who has created so great a stir in the popular mind. Their action may well be regarded by us as suggesting the cry of an enlightened religious instinct for the personal Christ.

More curiosity may prompt such a cry. Now, as then, Jesus Christ is the problem of the ages. He is a personality that must be explained, a force that must be accounted for. This man, whom millions love and no one hates, thrusts Himself before us in such a way that life is entirely changed for us after we meet Him. "By what authority doest thou these things?" is a question we must have answered for the sake of our own peace of mind. "What shall I do with Jesus?" is the inquiry of a soul who is confronted by the perplexing personality, this wonderful man. The age of inquiry in which we live finds its curiosity baffled by this teacher, whose character defies human analysis, whose truth transcends human philosophies and whose influence is more living, more personal, more powerful in each succeeding age. Eager to know what God would have us do and be, we turn from all else to Jesus, in the hope that at last we can find an authority upon which we can rest.

Appreciation may lead us to Him. Beyond mere curiosity a soul has come to know enough of Jesus to make him feel that life offers nothing better than the study of this character and life. Moral beauties disclose themselves in such a way as to charm us. We are fascinated by His graciousness, subdued by His tenderness, moved by His love. We cease to wonder why it is that those who reject Him vie with those who accept Him in laying their tribute of admiration at His feet, and can understand how it is that even an infidel can find the life of Jesus his highest theme and greatest satisfaction.

The motive which draws us to Jesus may be even deeper than these. There may be a strong personal desire on our part for Jesus, because He has wooed and won us. We hold Him not at arms' length; we look not at Him in the spirit of inquiring criticism; we treat Him not as something outside of ourselves, but as dearer to us than all the world; we desire to take Him into our very lives, to reign there king of love and life.

In any and every case that which this religious instinct cries for is a personality. When the church, by those sordid methods which it once used, tried to convert the world to Christianity, it brought into its fold a mass of barbarous and unspiritual votaries, which left its impress on church life for a thousand years. If the church Christianized paganism, paganism in turn paganized Christianity. As a result, the personality of Christ was largely lost. It is the glory of the present time that the church is swinging back more and more to the personal Christ. As the din of religious strife subsides there is presented in new beauty and power this one perfect personality. He, and He alone, meets the want and answers the cry of the present day man. It is an age of individualism. The needs of men are paramount. As the monarch has gone down, man has gone up. Humanity wants a Christ who deals with individual men, and who addresses Himself to individual wants. In the moment of sorrow we feel for the hand of the Comforter; in the hour of loneliness we seek our Companion; in the day of trouble we want the counsel of our Friend. There is no one in all history who satisfies us so fully as Jesus of Nazareth, who, as "Man of Sorrows" and "Friend of Sinners," touches human hearts to cure, to comfort, to cleanse.

Systematic theology is as necessary as the bones of a man, but those bones must be covered with warm flesh if we are to have a friend. Delight in the study of Christian anatomy must not be of our living friend, the match-

less Son of Man. The weary, the sad, the forsaken are crying to-day as never before, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

Got the Dowry.

The successful applicant this year for the Bute marriage dowry, says The London Daily Mail—Miss Sarah Amella Roberts—was yesterday, after her marriage to a coachbuilder's assistant named Johnson, presented by the Mayor of Cardiff with a check for £300. This represents the interest on £1,000 invested by the Marquis of Bute for the purpose of providing an annual gift to some poor, deserving girl to assist her in furnishing a home. The Mayor also presented a beautifully bound Bible to the bride.

A Fast Electric Road.

One frequently reads about trains going at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, but few persons have ever ridden at the rate of over seventy-five or eighty miles, says Harper's Weekly. On a little railroad extending from the suburbs of Berlin to the town of Zossen, an electric car has been travelling as fast as 110 miles an hour, breaking the record for speed on the highways of steel. It is what we call a trolley car, but the trolley system is installed on a very elaborate scale, and the motive power which operates the car is simply enormous.

The railroad in question is only about sixteen miles in length, and was built by the Prussian Government for military purposes. Several months ago it was turned over to an association of electricians and engineers and experts for the purpose of ascertaining what speed could be developed by the electric current. At the works of the Siemens & Halske Company of Berlin a car was constructed especially for the purpose, and when completed with the necessary machinery weighed nearly one hundred tons. The body of the car is similar to many of those in use on railroads in this country, with a vestibule at each end, and the roof and sides tapering in order to offer as little resistance to the air when going along at a high rate of speed as possible. The car is divided into three compartments, with seats extending transversely, while the motorman is separated from the passengers by a glass partition. What engineers call the three-phase system of electricity is utilized for running the car and the two trailers which it has behind it during its experiments. Instead of the current being conveyed by one or two wires to the motor, it passes over a series of four, three of which are carried along the side of the railroad upon posts. These are known as high tension, and are capable of supporting a current of not less than 12,000 volts, owing to the system of conduction and insulation. The current passes through the trolley bar, which, as will be noted, is a very elaborate affair, and thence through transformers to the motor. The motors are bolted upon the axles of the trucks beneath the car, each motor being large enough to run an ordinary factory, as it can generate fully 250 horsepower under ordinary conditions. Although these ponderous pieces of machinery weigh no less than four and a half tons each, they move at the rate of 900 revolutions to a minute when the car is at full speed, and it is possible to stop and start the car with the controller which the motorman uses on the ordinary trolley system, so special apparatus had to be provided for this purpose. The electric switches and transformers are moved by compressed air, which really does the duty of the motorman.

Had Lots of Time.

The following anecdote is told of Joaquin Miller, (the reports of whose death published lately were promptly denied) the poet, who had a funeral pyre and monument built after his own design:

Years ago he was journeying on foot, and was overtaken by an honest countryman, who took him up on his loaded wagon and gave him a long ride. Tired



Joaquin Miller's funeral pyre and monument at Oakland, Cal., built after his own design.

at length, of conversation, the poet took a novel from his pocket and pored over it with such attention as to attract the countryman.

"What are you reading?" said the countryman.

"A novel of Bret Harte's," said Mr. Miller.

"Well, now, I don't see how an immortal being wants to be wasting his time with such stuff," asked the poet.

"Are you quite sure that I am an immortal being?"

"Of course you are."

"If that is so," responded Miller, "I don't see why I need be economical of my time."

The accompanying sketch of the pyre and monument—it is to serve both purposes—was taken from a California paper some time ago. It is described as follows:—It has already been built under his own supervision, and from his own designs, in a romantic spot on the top of a high and lonely hill back of the poet's home in Oakland, where big trees thrust themselves up into the air and huge boulders dot the ground. Upon one of these is curved in big letters, "To the Unknown," the poet's greeting to the future, which his eyes cannot see. The pyre itself is a square, built of 600 rough blocks of stone. Three steps lead up to it. It is ten feet square and eight feet high, so that from the top step a man can look over and see in its top only a shallow depression.

Here the poet has directed that his body be cremated, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

The Farthest North.

Last November there was opened up to travel a railroad which crosses the northern part of Norway and Sweden, in a region which up to the present has never been invaded by railroad commerce. This railroad, according to La Nature of Paris, is unique in that it is farther north than any in existence at the present time. In June, 1885, the concession was given a

Swedish company, the plan being to construct a line between the fjord of Ofoten, on the Atlantic side of Norway, and the town of Lulea, on the Gulf of Bothnia. Because of lack of financial support, however, the enterprise was abandoned, but finally the Norwegian Parliament, in 1898, provided the necessary funds and now the road is completed from one sea to the other. The terminus on the Atlantic ocean is found at Narvik. The second portion of the line, that which goes from Gellivare to Lulea and to the Gulf of Bothnia, is less interesting, but the freight carried in this direction reaches the respectable figure of 300,000 tons per annum. It is estimated that the mineral beds which are tapped by this railroad, and which lie in the region about Gellivare, contain more than 250,000,000 tons of minerals.

The Defendant Won.

Judge Stiebeck of Wisconsin has displayed Solomon-like wisdom in some of his decisions. Two men appeared before him. One was a butcher, who claimed that the defendant owed him \$10 for a meat bill. The defendant, a strikingly thin and gaunt figure, denied the bill. Statements and counter-statements followed each other with great rapidity. The lie was passed, but the constable intervened.

"When was this meat purchased which you seek to defend?" asked the Judge.

"During the past four weeks, your Honor," declared the butcher.

"Then I decide this case in favor of the defendant," remarked the Judge, deliberately, as he scrutinized the emaciated figure before him. "His appearance indicates that he has not eaten \$10 worth of meat in his lifetime."

How He Learned to Count.

The New York Sun has the following:—The expert accountant said, as he carefully shuffled the cards: "If it had not been for a frazzled old pack of cheap playing cards which I kept elaborately hidden in the bottom drawer of the walnut washstand in my little room in my boyhood days on the farm, my services would not now be in such demand by confused financiers. The old-time prejudice against the devil's picture book was strong in my family, but I held on to that pack with grim determination, and many is the candle I have seen sink in tallow drips as I dealt out the fifty-two pasteboards into one or two piles, time after time. But I was not playing a game; I was not even wasting time. I was learning to add. You need not look surprised. To me the whole thing seemed, and even now seems, very simple. I wonder that more people have not taken it up; but I appear to have been the only one among my acquaintances who has ever used playing cards for arithmetical purposes. To-day my eldest boy, a youngster of 12, puzzles his way through the same system that made a threatening column of figures seem like a two-part sum to me. It is very simple, as I have said. There are fifty-two cards in every pack, and they are numbered from one to ten in spots, and from eleven to thirteen in face cards. I give the three face cards the remaining value above ten; that is, the jack is eleven, the queen twelve and the king thirteen. Now, the constant sum of the thirteen cards of each suit is 51. It can be no more or no less, no matter what order the cards are dealt out. The constant sum of four suits, therefore, must be just four times 51, or 204. Now, with this to start on, I evolved my own peculiar system of eight counting. The practice of a fortnight made me so expert at it in comparison with the other pupils in the school, that every time among my acquaintances reputation for quickness at figures. On exhibition days the teacher would invariably trot me out, and have me go through my addition paces until I became one of the curiosities of the village academy. But to return to the system of eight counting, which started me off on the idea, but this is what I did:—First arranging the pack in regular order of suits, and all the cards of each suit in regular sequence from ace up, I started in to add them as they fell. If the sum of the thirteen made 51 I knew that no mistake had been made. If the total was something else I started all over again, and worked at it until it came right. This formal preparation completed, I took the whole pack, sequence by sequence, until I was able to reach the correct total of 204 without error. Then I shuffled each suit and went at adding the cards as they fell in unexpected and disordered sequence until I perfected myself in the advanced branch. Then came the hardest test, that of adding the fifty-two cards, all shuffled together as this pack is. I had many a bad half hour at that, but at last I was so trained that I could deal the shuffled cards off as rapidly as my hands could fly and get through to the total of 204 without a blunder. I spent nearly nine months perfecting myself in that system of mine, and never a word did I say to anybody about it. If my old teacher is living yet I would like to tell her how I came to be so quick at the figures. After leaving school I went to work in a bank and there I found that my training with the cards stood me in good stead. For with a little practice a formidable regiment of figures marching in fours or fives would be attacked and captured without much trouble."

A Real Gentleman.

Appropos of dogs and motor cars, a good story is told by The Daily Telegraph.—A driver had the misfortune to run over a fine fox-terrier, and, at once pulling up, he went back, expressed his regret at the occurrence to the apparent owner, and gave him a sovereign.



"That's what I call a real gentleman."

For the Farmer.

Keeping cream after being separated from the milk works mischief every time. The sooner cream can be carried through the necessary changes after being taken from the milk the better will be the butter made from it.

Great care is exercised in producing the famous Cotentin butter of Normandy, which sells in Paris at \$1.25 per pound. The cows are brushed and kept very clean, the udders washed and dried, and the attendants and milkers keep themselves clean. The milk is doubly strained, and the churning is conducted on the best principles. No odors are allowed to come in contact with the milk at any time, and even the food and water of the cows are carefully inspected.

The food animals consume modifies the character of their flesh. Turnips yield a peculiar flavor to mutton. The flavor of mutton from sheep that have lived upon the highlands is different from that of sheep which have obtained their food chiefly from the lowlands. The garlic of the meadows and some fragrant herbs modify the flavor of the meat. Oily food tends to make the fat soft. Hens partly fed on scraps of decayed meat yield eggs that are at once unpleasant to the taste and unhealthy. Feeding the animals for human food is then of great importance, and demands experience. It is not enough that food makes fat—it should also impart an agreeable flavor.

Mottled Butter.

Thousands of dollars are lost annually by butter being mottled. This defect is caused by an uneven distribution of salt. Take three lots of butter from the same churning, even where no artificial coloring has been added, salt one lot at the rate of one-half ounce, the second at one ounce, and the third lot at one and a half ounces, and the color will be so strikingly high in the last lot that it could not be mixed with the other lots without showing streaks.

This is no doubt due to the fact that salt has an affinity for water. The tendency is for them to run together and form a solution. When salt is used the water collects in larger beads, thus giving the butter a darker shade of color. Wherever you find light streaks in butter, you will invariably find no salt. Therefore, the first consideration in salting butter is to get good salt that will dissolve readily. The butter should not be drained very dry. It is better to use a little more salt if it is inclined to wash off some.

Salt should always be put on the butter in the churn, and the churn revolved a few times to thoroughly incorporate the salt and butter before putting the rollers in gear, thus retaining as much moisture as possible. Allow the butter to stand from fifteen to twenty minutes before fitting, and then work it until it becomes waxy in appearance and the salt ceases to be gritty. If these precautions are observed there will be no danger of mottles.—C. C. Lyon, in American Cultivator.

Skim Milk for Pigs.

I wish to call the attention of dairy farmers to the high value of skim milk for furnishing bone material for the growing pig. One hundred pounds of milk contain seven-eighths of a pound of bone material. Nature intended milk for the young calf, that is, the cow's milk is for the purpose of nourishing a calf; now, if you feed that to the pig there is the material in that milk which is intended to build up the bone of the calf, and it will build up the bone of the pig. When we use corn, we use a material that is weak and lacking in bone material; the exclusive feeding of corn gives us pigs that have weak bones. The supplementing of corn with skim milk gives us a combination food which is very strong in bone-building material, and the farmer should not forget that fact.

You who complain of too fine bone bear in mind what has been said here. When you come to the fattening process you do not need that bone-making material so much, and you don't get its value to yourself so much as with the younger pigs. Aim, then, to use skim milk for your growing pigs; but you must be careful not to use too much. From one to three pounds of skim milk with each pound of cornmeal is about the right proportion. If you use eight or nine pounds of milk to each pound of cornmeal, you don't get the top of the value from your skim milk.

There is one man in this country who has done work for the live stock interest, and that is H. B. Gurler of De Kalb, Ill. About eighteen years ago he conducted some pig feeding experiments, and he deduced a rule which farmers would do well to remember. He says that for the feeders of hogs skim milk is worth half as much as a hundred pounds as corn sells for a bushel; if corn is worth 30 cents a bushel, then the skim milk is worth 15 cents a hundred pounds for fattening purposes. A former speaker was right in saying that whey is worth about half as much as skim milk.—Professor Henry, in Dairy World.

The class was having lessons in natural history, and the teacher asked: "Now, is there any boy here can tell me what a zebra is?"

Tommy—Yes, sir, I can.

Teacher—Well, Tommy, what is a zebra?

Tommy—Please, sir, a zebra is a monkey with a football suit on!

A Woman of Forty-five

is young and lovable nowadays, but she is at the threshold of the time of rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia.



THE GREAT SOUTH-AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE DOES IT.

Miss M. C. Kennedy, Toronto, writes: "Before taking South American Rheumatic Cure, I was unable to put my feet on the floor and could not obtain relief from the doctor who attended me. Shortly after taking it I recovered completely."

THE GREAT SOUTH-AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE is invaluable to women especially. Relieves pain in urinary organs in six hours, and effects a cure, a permanent one, very quickly.

WEALTH FOR YOU BECAUSE HEALTH FOR YOU.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

Only 50 cents for bottle and tube, and is worth—as much as your life is worth. Catarrh kills thousands through colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption, and Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures all of them when other prescriptions have failed. It will relieve colds and catarrh and cure headache in ten minutes.

FRED H. HILL, JR., the well known dealer of Railroad, Work Co., Pa., states:—"I have had catarrh of the head and stomach for two years in the worst form. I tried all the medicines I ever heard of, but without relief. I used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It cured me entirely. I am now a well man."

In thirty minutes Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will add strength to that organ. Feeding the body by a full supply of blood it fills life with the old time vigor.

"Willie, did you ask your papa to tell you why the world moves, as I told you to?" asked the teacher.

"Yes'm."

"What did he say?"

"He says he s'poses it does it to avoid Day'n' rent."—Indianapolis Sun.

HALF THE WORLD IS SICK Because of Weak Hearts.

When you are sick your heart is faint. If it were pumping good blood through your system, you could not be sick in any part. Ninety-nine out of a hundred have weak hearts—they are sometimes sick.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure will relieve Heart Disease in thirty minutes. Will with certainty effect a lasting cure.

GEORGE CHERRY, Dominion Customs Office, Cornwall, Ont., says:—"I was troubled with a severe Heart complaint for a long time. I was under the doctor's care, but not receiving benefit, I asked him about 'DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART,' and I used it with good results."

Dr. Agnew's Ointment is riding the world of piles and skin rashes, eruptions of all sorts. Its healing powers are marvelous. Price, 35c.

The Atlin Claim.

Published every Saturday morning by
THE ATLIN CLAIM PUBLISHING CO.,
A. G. HIRSCHFELD, Editor, Proprietor.
Office of publication Pearl St., Atlin, B. C.
Advertising Rates: \$1.00 per inch, each
insertion. Reading notices, 25 cents a line.
Special Contract Rates on application.
The subscription price is \$5 a year, pay-
able in advance. No paper will be delivered
unless this condition is complied with.

SATURDAY, JULY 25TH, 1903.

The eyes of the whole world have been turned this week towards that sick chamber in the Vatican, where lies a singularly venerable and lovable figure, losing, thread by thread, his hold on this our mortal life, gradually withdrawing within the veil which separates the world of sense from the paradise of God, pushing off, like King Arthur, across the dark waters of the mystic mere towards the unknown land where all will gather "at the last," said the Rev. Herbert H. Gowen, preaching at Trinity parish Episcopal church on the subject of "The Pope and the Papacy."

With the exception of his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII served the longest term at the Vatican. He was universally beloved by all denominations.

The pope was always a man of extremely simple tastes, possessed a strong will and a singular nobility of mind which made his influence felt throughout the world.

Universal expression of sorrow and regret will be felt, especially by the Roman Catholic Church who will long mourn the venerable and much beloved Pope, Leo XIII.

Value In Sluice Concentrates.

Mr. J. B. Hobson, manager of the Consolidated Cariboo Hydraulic Mines at Bullion, writes to the Mining Record as follows: "I send you herewith copy of analysis by Mr. J. O'Sullivan, assayer, of Vancouver, of a sample of heavy sand, sulphurets, and other concentrates obtained last year after cleaning up the sluices at the Consolidated Cariboo Hydraulic Mine, which may be of some interest to your readers."

"Having made some qualitative tests before sending the sample to the assayer, I found indications of the presence of palladium and requested Mr. O'Sullivan to make a careful quantitative analysis for that metal—the large quantity of which came as a great surprise to me. I do not remember of having noted any report of the presence of palladium in any of the assays of concentrates from the auriferous alluvials of British Columbia; and it might be well for those operating alluvial mines to have their concentrates carefully examined for the presence of this metal—which belongs to the "Platinum-osmium-iridium" group and possesses a commercial value higher than that of platinum."

RESULTS OF ANALYSIS.

Mr. J. O'Sullivan, F. C. S., Etc., of Vancouver, found the sample of alluvial deposit to contain:—

Gold.....147.51 ozs. per ton.
Silver.....138.34 ozs. per ton.
Palladium...46.55 ozs. per ton.
Platinum.....15.12 ozs. per ton.
Osmiridium.....4.73 ozs. per ton.
Copper (wet).....14.3 per cent.
Commercial Value of Sluice Concentrates from the Consolidated Cariboo Hydraulic Mining Co's mine, Bullion, B. C., figured on basis of attached assay:—
The total value per ton of 2000 lbs. amounts to \$3,872.76 taking the values per oz. at:—Gold \$17.00, Silver \$50.00, Palladium \$19.00, Platinum \$16.25, Osmiridium \$29.00, and Copper 10 cts. per lb.

The American Consul.

L. Edwin Dudley Pays Atlin a Visit.

Mr. L. Edwin Dudley paid Atlin a flying visit and expressed himself as much impressed with the evident prosperity of the Camp. On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. O. T. Switzer, manager of the B. A. D. Co., drove the Consul up to Gold Run where he saw the Big Dredge in course of construction. On Thursday morning Mr. Hirschfeld, together with Messrs F. T. Blunck and J. M. Ruffner, drove Mr. Dudley up Spruce Creek as far as Bulettes' returning for lunch to Discovery, after which a visit was made to the Pine Power Co's pits. Mr. Dudley will express his opinion of Atlin in his next Consular report.

Kootenay Restaurant.

Sunday Dinner.

ABRAHAM PLASIE, Proprietor.

MENU

SOUPS
Cream Chicken.
FISH
Baked Trout—Tartar Sauce.
SALADS
Lobster and Mayonnaise Sauce.
BOILED
Ox Tongue—Mint Sauce.
ENTREES
Chicken gilet—Sauce on Toast.
Macaroni and Cheese.
Banana Fritters—Rum Sauce.
ROASTS
Prime Ribs Beef—au Jus.
Baked Chicken—Oyster Dressing.
VEGETABLES
Cream Potatoes—French Peas.
PIES
Lemon Custard—Green Apple.
PUDDINGS
English Plum—Brandy Sauce.
EXTRAS
Sliced Tomatoes—Sliced Cucumbers
Bananas and Cream.

TAKE NOTICE.

A meeting of the Atlin District Liberal Association will be held in the Nugget Hall Discovery on Tuesday the 28th inst.

All Liberals in the District are earnestly requested to attend, as business of vast importance to the Party will be considered.

H. E. Brown

Secretary Treasurer.

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

THE KOOTENAY HOTEL.

George E. Hayes, Proprietor
COR. FIRST AND TRAINOR STREETS.

This First Class Hotel has been remodelled and refurnished throughout and offers the best accommodation for Transient or Permanent Guests—American and European plan.
Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Billiards and Pool.

THE GOLD HOUSE,

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.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

Passenger and express Service, Daily (except Sunday), between Skagway, Log Cabin, Bennett, Caribou, White Horse and Intermediate points, making close connections with our own steamers at White Horse for Dawson and Yukon points, and at Caribou for Atlin every Tuesday and Friday; Returning, leave Atlin every Monday and Thursday.
Telegraph Service to Skagway. Express matter will be received for shipment to and from all points in Canada and the United States.
For information relative to Passenger, Freight, Telegraph or Express Rates apply to any Agent of the Company or to
TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT, SKAGWAY.

J. H. RICHARDSON,

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.

GOLD SEAL GUM BOOTS

Our Goods are the Best and Our Prices the Lowest.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$8,700,000.

RESERVE, \$3,000,000.

Branches of the Bank at Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Skagway, etc.

Exchange sold on all Points.

GOLD DUST PURCHASED—ASSAY OFFICE IN CONNECTION.
D. ROSS, Manager.

THE ROYAL HOTEL,

E. ROSSELLI, Proprietor.

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

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

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

Hydraulic Mining Machinery.

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

Pumping & Hoisting Machinery.

Estimates furnished on application

The Vancouver Engineering Works,

VANCOUVER, B. C.

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

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

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Saloons in Skagway are now closed on the Sabbath. The closing is due to notice served on them by the U. S. district attorney.

Justice John Douglas Armour, of the Supreme Court of Canada, died in London on July 11.

Over 5000 names have been registered on the Vancouver Voters list.

Paul Langley and William Grice escaped from the Westminster Provincial Jail last week.

American team captured the Palma Trophy at the Bisley Shoot. The scores were, out of a possible 1800.

United States, 1570, Great Britain 1555, Canada 1518, Australia, 1501, Natal, 1399, Norway, 1241, France, 1230.

High grade iron ore has been found near Kootenay Lake.

The United States Naval officers were banqueted by the Mayor at Portsmouth.

The Provincial Mining Association

expects to have 12,000 members by the end of the year. Twenty strong organizations are doing active work.

Three engines and twenty cars of freight fell 2000 feet into the Arkansas River, the engineers refused to leave their posts, and fell to certain death. Two firemen jumped.

Mr. I. B. Charleson says that he is conducting an investigation into the reported mismanagement of the Yukon Telegraph Line. He remarked that his report would not be complimentary to Mr. M. W. Crean.

The Queen of Italy sprained her ankle by jumping from an automobile in the Royal Park of Racconigi, near Turin.

An explosion occurred last week at the Cumberland Coal mines resulting in the death of thirteen miners.

Sir William Von Horne refused the Chairmanship of the Transportation Commission.

The Canadian Government will institute a commercial agency in London.

Sir William Harcourt is reasoning against Mr. Chamberlain's policy.

thence in a westerly direction 100 feet, thence northerly 100 feet, thence easterly 100 feet, thence southerly 100 feet to point of commencement, containing one quarter of an acre more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 24th day of June, 1903.

The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
 J. G. 304

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

J. T. REGAN.
 Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 24th day of June, 1903.
 J. G. 304

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

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 1st day of June, 1903.
 C. D. NEWTON.
 J. G. 304

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

CHAS. R. MYERS.
 Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 23rd day of May, 1903.
 MY 30-60d

NOTICE.

Certificate of Improvements.

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

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Julius M. Ruffner, F.M.C. No. B3330, Agent for the North Columbia Gold Mining Co., F.M.C. No. 93111, intend, 60 days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

AND FURTHER Take notice that action under Section 27 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Atlin, B. C. this 19th day of May, 1903.
 MY 23-60d Julius M. Ruffner, Agent

Certificate of Registration of an Extra-Provincial Company.

"COMPANIES ACT, 1897"

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have, this 1st day, registered "The McNeil Consolidated Hydraulic Limited" as an Extra-Provincial company under the Companies Act, 1897, to carry out or effect all or any of the objects to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

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

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

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

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

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

J. L. S. S. Y. WOORTON,
 Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.
 J. G. 20-4t

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

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

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JANUARY 1, 1901.
 Daily except Sunday.

No. 3N. B.	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.	LY. SKAGUAY	AR. 4.15 a. m.
10.30 "	10.55 "	WHITE PASS	8.05 "
11.40 a. m.	11.00 "	LOG CABIN	2.10 "
12.20 "	11.45 "		1.00 "
2.45 "	12.35 p. m.	BENNETT	11.55 p. m.
6.40 "	2.10 "	CARIBOU	12.20 p. m.
	4.30 "	AR. WHITE HORSE LY.	11.50 a. m.
			10.20 "
			9.30 "
			7.00 "

Passengers must be at depots in time to have baggage inspected and checked. Inspection is stopped 30 minutes before leaving time of train.
 150 pounds of baggage will be checked free with each full fare ticket and 75 pounds with each half fare ticket.

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

DRINK THE BEST
"NABOB TEA."
 In Lead Packets of ½-lb and 1-lb each.
 For Sale by all First Class Grocers.
 KELLY, DOUGLAS & Co., Wholesale Grocers, VANCOUVER, B.C.

THE GRAND HOTEL

FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE NORTH. EVERYTHING CONDUCTED IN FIRST-CLASS MANNER.

French Restaurant in Connection.
 DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.
 Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

A Boon to the Thirsty!

Drinks, 2 for a Quarter.

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

DO NOT FORGET YOUR DUTY. REGISTER YOUR VOTE AT ONCE.
 J. G. CONSELL.

Nugget Hotel
 Discovery.
 OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
 FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
 Headquarters for Brock's stage.

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

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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

NOTICE is hereby given that after 60 days from date, we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase one-quarter of an acre of land for a site for a power plant in the Atlin District, situated as follows: Commencing at a post marked "The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.'s S.E. corner," planted at a point on Discovery street, in the Town of Atlin,

Her Two-Fold Blessing.

The twilight of mid-July was full of brightness; the scent of new-mown slopes, boated in the air, and just beyond the elms in the hollow, the full moon was rising up, a great globe of pearl. And from her low seat beneath the overhanging honeysuckles Bertha Wyman saw and felt all this summer beauty with the faint, blissful languor of a tropic dream.

"Bertha!"

Paul Fordham crossed the broad ribbon of moonlight that fluttered over the piazza, and came to sit down at the fiancée's feet.

"You are like a picture to-night, Bertha; do you know it?"

"Am I?" Miss Wyman was accused to adulation, and took it very coolly, with only a royal smile flung down to her admirer.

"Hush—who is that?" she said, with a little start, as a light footstep sounded on the matted hall beyond.

"Only your aunt's companion, Mrs. Raymond. By the way, Bertha, what a very interesting little thing she is—such a child-widow, with those big black eyes, and the heavy lashes, that seem actually to weigh down her eyelids! She makes me think of one of those exquisite little South American birds, all grace and sparkle."

"I never could account for the taste of you men," said Bertha, half-complacently.

"No, but she is a beauty, by Jove! I can tell you what, my fair Saxon empress, if I hadn't lost my heart irrevocably to you long before I ever saw Mrs. Raymond, there's no telling what might have happened."

He spoke jestingly, but Bertha drew away the hand he had taken very coolly.

"It is not yet too late, Paul, if you really admire Zaidee Raymond so enthusiastically."

"Bertha!"

Miss Wyman laughed a strange, unnatural sort of laugh. Up to this moment her lips had never tasted the bitter cup of jealousy; now it seemed as if the draught was maddening. How dared Paul Fordham, her betrothed lover, so to speak in terms of commendation of any woman save herself?

Miss Wyman went up to her own apartments earlier than usual that evening, not because she was particularly weary, but because she wanted to punish Paul Fordham, who was fond of moonlight and sentiment and delicious July evenings, for his unwarrantable praise of her aunt's dark-eyed companion.

She sat there silent and motionless for well nigh half an hour; then there came a soft tap at her chamber door.

"Come in," said Bertha Wyman.

And Mrs. Raymond entered.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Miss Wyman, but were you aware that you left your bracelet on the piazza floor? Here it is."

"It takes you and Mr. Fordham some time to discover the loss of a bracelet," said Bertha, tauntingly. "I am really sorry to have given you the trouble of lengthening a search."

Zaidee Raymond's cheeks flushed peacefully.

"If you would but allow me to confide in you, Miss Wyman," she faltered, drawing a step or two nearer to the haughty Saxon beauty. "Mr. Fordham has told me—"

"I do not wish to become the repository of your confidences," said Bertha, with chilling abruptness; "nor do I care what Mr. Fordham chooses to tell you. Good night." And she motioned Mrs. Raymond imperatively from her presence.

It was about a week afterward that Bertha Wyman was coming home from a long walk to a distant farm house, where an old schoolmate of hers resided. She had refused Paul Fordham's escort, probably because she had seen him waking up and down the long hall with Mrs. Raymond at his side that very morning, and now she felt a little wearied, somewhat lonely and very cross. The sun had been down about half an hour, but the west was still illuminated with a belt of orange brightness, and the winding river tangled along the shore with starry water lilies, reflected the warm glow of the sky like a second firmament.

As Bertha descended into a little wooded hollow, fragrant with wild roses, for she had avoided the thoroughfare, unfrequented though it was, and chosen instead a shaded by-path—she became conscious that two other persons were strolling along the road itself, from whom she was only divided by a tangled mass of wild grapevines, festooned from the slender branches of a few silver birches—two other persons—Paul Fordham and Zaidee Raymond.

The color died away from Bertha's somewhat flushed cheeks, as she paused to listen, for they too had paused where two roads separated.

"We must not walk any further together," said Paul Fordham's voice. "Nobody is to suspect anything yet, you know. We'll surprise them."

And then came Zaidee's soft, hesitating laugh.

"It seems like a dream, Mr. Fordham."

"But you will find it, I hope, a happy reality," he said, looking tenderly down upon her bowed head. "You do not regret trusting to me?"

"Oh!" she murmured. "I never dreamed that earth had so much happiness in store for me yet! And I owe it all to you!"

And then Bertha could hear his footsteps dying away in the distance, and could see Mrs. Raymond standing motionless for a moment, with her tiny hands clasped, and then gliding softly on, her scarlet scarf glimmering through the dusk like the wing of a Cylon bird.

"False! faithless!" muttered Bertha, under her breath, with her white teeth set closely together. And she! how dare she?

She hurried down the twilight glade, the thorns tearing her dress, the briars wounding her delicate flesh, but she felt them no more than if they had been rose petals blown toward her by the evening breeze. Some strong, savage purpose was maturing in her mind—some overmastering passion held her whole being in its grasp.

She knew that to strike into the right road Zaidee must ere long take the secluded path she was treading. Her sole aim was to reach the tiny footbridge which crossed the narrow river first.

And she succeeded. It was quite dark—the fragrant, starry darkness of a midsummer night—when she hurried down the steep shelving bank.

"The planks are old and ruinous," she murmured. "They shook and rattled under my feet as I passed over today. Zaidee Raymond shall come between me and my plighted lover no more!"

As she crossed, she deliberately stooped, tearing up plank after plank behind her and throwing them into the river with a dull splashing sound. They were not large, but they had been twice, nay three times their size. Bertha Wyman would have torn them away from the moldering beams, so supernatural seemed her strength in that instant.

"There!" she said, half aloud, pausing to look down into the peaceful stream where the planks floated amid the faint reflection of innumerable stars. "Long ago, when I was a child, a man was drowned here. The water is deep, and the spot is very lonely."

The next moment she was gone, hurrying madly away, as if some unseen presence were following close upon her footsteps.

"You're late to-night, Bertha!"

Paul was looking out for her from the piazza steps, and came pleasantly to meet her.

"I know it," she said, putting the hair away from her forehead, where the cold dew stood out in beads. "It is a long way from Redcote farm, and I did not walk very fast."

"Come and sit by me, Bertha," said Paul. "I've got a long story to tell you."

"What is it?" she asked mechanically.

"It's about little Zaidee Raymond. She's not a widow, after all."

"Not a widow?"

"No, and how do you suppose I found it out? Clifford, my cousin Clifford, wrote to me from India, and he is her husband. You see, there was some misunderstanding, some absurd quarrel between them before the honeymoon was over. He was a jealous fool, and she was passionate and she ran away and left him. He somehow heard that she was in this part of the country, and wrote to me. Of course, the minute I got a chance to speak to her I knew it was Zaidee. And she is the happiest little creature in the world, to think he really loves her, and next week she's going out to him. I've managed it all. Don't you think I'm a pretty good diplomatist?"

His face was fairly radiant with honest pleasure as he looked down into Bertha's face. He did not see the gaze; her eyes, wide open and dilated, were fixed on vacancy, and her face was deadly white.

Merciful Heaven! What had she done in the wild, unreasoning madness of her jealousy? Was the blot of Cain upon her brow?

When she rose the next morning she looked as if an illness of months had passed over her head.

"How ill you look, dear," said her aunt. "I'm afraid that walk was too much for you yesterday. And it's so strange that Zaidee did not come home last night."

"Strange!" As Bertha closed her heavy eyes she almost seemed to see the dead face turned upward among the water lilies, with its wealth of jetty hairs tangled amid their wretched stems! Oh, as long as she lived that white face would haunt her waking or sleeping hours.

Would it be long before they found the corpse? Would they bring it up the flowery lawn, with the long hair dripping? Or would it float there, for days, perhaps, in the lonely spot? And—

"Why, Zaidee! where have you been?"

Bertha started up with a wild, hysterical scream. It was her aunt's voice, and Zaidee Raymond stood in the midst of them, with blooming cheeks and soft, dimpling smiles.

"At Farmer Geary's, to be sure. It was so dark when I passed there last night that the kind souls insisted on my staying there with them until morning. And it was a very lucky thing I did, for when we got to the bridge this morning we found that the thunder showers in the night had raised the stream and washed away half of those ruinous old planks!"

Bertha Wyman rose and came toward Zaidee, taking her to her bosom with a strong, tender pressure that the young creature scarce understood.

"Oh, Zaidee, we were so frightened! Thank Heaven you are safe once more! Dearest Zaidee, Paul has told me all, and I am so glad!"

It ever a woman spoke from the bottom of her heart, Bertha Wyman did at that moment.

The next week Mrs. Raymond went out to join her husband in India, and a month afterward Paul Fordham was married to Bertha, whose unwonted gentleness and sweetness of demeanor rather astonished the whole household.

"Something has changed her very much," said the good old man. But no one ever knew what that "something" was that had wrought such an alteration in Bertha's character.

Interesting Items.

M. Grobant, professor of physiology in Paris, in describing the effect of alcohol upon animals, says that the successive stages of intoxication through which they pass are gaiety, sadness, solemnity, and a supreme intoxication which ends in death. Rabbits are very curious when under the influence of liquor, and a drunken kangaroo is brutally aggressive.

"Fresh air tablets are a preparation discovered by a French scientist," says the "Medical Times." "It was while investigating acetylene that he discovered that he could combine certain chemicals into a tablet which, on being dropped into water, dissolved and gave forth pure oxygen. These tablets will be exceedingly useful in a closed carriage, a submarine boat, a mine, or anywhere else where the air has become vitiated."

While Professor Cunningham lately expressed the belief that there was no authenticated instance of any human being ever exceeding the height of eight feet, an officer who took part in the Delhi Durbar declares that the Maharajah of Kashmir had in his retinue a giant eight feet ten inches high. "I know," he writes, "it sounds incredible, but I have actually seen him; and no long, overgrown slip of a man, but excellently proportioned, though rather on the broad side."

The March "Magazine of Art" has an interesting account of Bertram Hiles, the armless artist, with several reproductions of his works—one in color. Mr. Hiles, it seems, nourished the desire to become an artist from his early childhood. At eight years of age, however, he was deprived of both his arms in a tramcar accident at Bristol. But this did not cause him to abandon his intention, and he decided to fulfill it by learning to draw with his mouth. In six years, from the date of the accident he had acquired such facility in this extraordinary method of work that he could accomplish with ease most things that we do with our hands.

Marconi believes that at some future time—he will not fix a date for it—wireless telegraphy will become available for domestic and office use, thus performing the functions now allotted to the telephone. He has already made experiments which convince him that it will be possible, with the aid of small models, or miniatures, of his sending apparatus, as now erected on a gigantic scale at Poldhu and elsewhere, to transmit messages from the interior of rooms which can be received in other rooms in the same city, or in neighboring towns. The walls of the houses will form no obstacle, but one of the chief problems will be that of a proper attuning of the instruments to prevent interference of waves, and to secure privacy for the messages.

Poor Lo Snatched Baldheaded.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, who has recently discovered a number of new varieties of fish in the streams of Hawaii and the Philippines, is a great sportsman as well as a conscientious ichthyologist. As might be expected, he uses the most approved of modern rods and flies in fishing.

"I have met some fishermen, even among professional sportsmen, who prefer old-fashioned methods," said Dr. Jordan, "and though the ancient story of the farmer's boy who catches fish with a bent pin fastened to a piece of twine where full-rigged sports from the city fail to get a bite borders on the mythical, I have actually witnessed instances of success with back-number outfits where modern appliances failed to land the game."

"One day in California I had had a remarkable run of luck, and that night as we sat around the camp-fire I took occasion to say that my success was due to the superior tie of flies I had used."

"You may flatter yourself on the string you've brought in to-day," said an old fisherman who had joined our party, "but let me tell you, doctor, that I saw a Digger Indian catch more fish in an hour in this stream than you've landed all day with your fine flies."

"What bait did he use?" I asked.

"Live grasshoppers," replied the old man, "but he didn't impale them. From his head he would stoically pluck a hair and with it bind the struggling insect to the hook. Almost upon the instant that this bait struck the water a fish would leap for it. After landing him the Indian would calmly repeat the performance of anathematizing a hair from his head and affixing a fresh grasshopper to the hook."

"I became fascinated," continued the narrator. "After the Indian had landed in quick succession a mighty string of salmon trout he suddenly stopped. I called to him to go on with the exciting sport, but he merely smiled grimly and pointed significantly to his head."

"What was the matter with his head?" I asked.

"He had plucked it bald," replied the old man.

Edison's Way of Working.

Thomas A. Edison is said never to read a book, outside of his technical reading, unless it is mentioned to him by his wife or some friend. Then he sits down and reads until he has finished it. One evening, says the "New York Times," he happened to be unusually engrossed with some "problems" and was nervously pacing up and down his library.

To divert his thoughts his wife came in and picked up the first book she saw. It happened to be "The Count of Monte Cristo."

"Have you ever read this story?" said Mrs. Edison to her husband.

He stopped and looked at the title.

"No, I never have. Is it good?"

Mrs. Edison assured him that it was.

"All right. I guess I'll read it now," and within two minutes the "problem," whatever it was, had been forgotten, and

he was absorbed in Dumas's great story. As he finished the book he noticed the light of day peeping in, and on looking at his watch found it was five o'clock in the morning.

No sooner had he laid down the book than the forgotten "problem" jumped into his mind, and putting on his hat he went to his laboratory and worked unceasingly, without food or sleep, for thirty-six hours.

A Scotch Temperance Sermon.

The new English semi-teetotal society for abolishing drinking between meals does not embody any new idea. It was strongly urged upon his congregation by a well-known Highland minister whose parishioners were too speedy with their drinks. After an eloquent exhortation, the reverend gentleman concluded: "And now, me friends, this tram-tramming and trink-trinking must cease; it must and shall not continue. Not that I object to a sma' glass of a mornin' to keep off the chills before breakfast, or in the forenoon when an acquaintance looks in upon you or you yeest a neighbor's house. An' afore the good meat that Providence provides, an' appeaser' is no amiss, but this is no the constant tram-trammin' that has to be stoppit. An' if, in the sanctity of the home, ye hev a guest in the eventide, bring forth your bottle and join him in all thankfulness, for this is no the occurred tram-trinkin' but a cheerful partaking in the good things of this world in all sobriety and good fellowship. Finally, me brethren, as far as ye can, avoid the whiskey—especially bad whiskey."

Literary Man—Those are rather cunning little bows you put on that new pen-wiper you've just made for me, dear.

His wife (with a shriek)—Heavens! That's not a pen-wiper! It's my new hat!

Gloating Effrontery.

Uncle Abaalom Ashby was much given to retailing old and hackneyed jokes. An acquaintance of his, thinking to cure him of the practice, one day gave him a copy of "Joe Miller's Jest Book," with the remark that he "might find something new in it."

The next time he met the old gentleman he asked him, "Well, uncle, what do you think of that book I gave you the other day?"

"I don't know who that 'ere Joe Miller is," indignantly responded Uncle Abaalom, "but I do know he's a thief. He's got hold of a lot of my best stories and printed 'em, consarn 'im!"

A Delicate Hint.

He was a well-meaning young man. He had a way, however, of standing by the side of a piano and rolling his eyes at the chandelier, while unsweet noises gurgled from his throat. Friends were too kind to suggest to him that his efforts were other than melodious. Such is the patient charity of this much-maligned world.

The man with iron-gray side whiskers and an eagle eye showed signs of over-tested endurance.

It was his daughter who was playing accompaniments, and it was his gas they were burning.

"Did I understand you to say that you were going to sing 'Far Away'?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Why, now."

The questioner took out his watch and said:

"Well, I'm afraid you haven't much time to spare. The next train goes in less than three-quarters of an hour; and you'll have to start for the far away right away, if you're going to sing there before the week is out. Good-by, I hate to have you cut your visit short, but I wouldn't have those folks in the far away disappointed for anything!" — "Pick-Me-Up."

A Shrewd Guess.

"Readers in the history of astronomy will remember," says Prof. W. W. Payne, in Popular Astronomy, "that more than one hundred years ago Sir William Herschel thought, on account of his knowledge of the proper motions of the stars, that the sun and all the planets with it were moving in a straight line toward the constellation of Hercules. This wonderful conclusion has been spoken of by modern astronomers as one of the shrewd guesses for which Herschel was justly famous. This was mainly so because he had really so few data from which to derive such a stupendous result. Since that time astronomers have been at work trying to measure the distances of some of the stars and the velocity with which they move in line of sight and in direction at right angles to it, so that information concerning the correctness of Herschel's guess has been much improved, and it all tends to show that he was not far wrong in his early conclusion; still, later solutions are not entirely satisfactory, for there is an outstanding uncertainty regarding the point toward which our solar system is moving of at least 10 degrees or 15 degrees." This point is to be settled, it is hoped, by the expedition sent to the southern hemisphere at the expense of Mr. D. O. Mills.

The Admirer.

"A sail!" shouted the lookout.

The Admiral knit his brows.

"I hope it's the enemy!" he muttered. "I have enough powder to fight a battle, but not enough to fire a salute!"

With this he folded his arms and gloomily contemplated the horizon. — Detroit Journal

ing from the north at the present time," said the tourist.

"Oh, that's easily accounted for, sir," was the reply. "It's the south wind; the same, sir, just on its road back again."

Another Fishing Fact.

It was a guest night at the club, and from the gleam in Stretcher's eyes, we who knew him recognized that he was in that humor when a man can tell a fishing story and actually believe it himself.

"It came sooner than we anticipated, however, owing to a remark dropped by Fadders during the second course."

"Awfully woolly, this fish, don't you think?"

"It isn't as good as it might be," replied Stretcher. "And then, jumping at the opportunity, he continued: 'That reminds me of when I was sheep farming in Australia, some years ago—we had some fish once which were woolly with a vengeance.'"

"Worse than this?" asked Fadders.

"Pl'll tell you all about it, and then you can judge for yourself," answered Stretcher. "I was farming a few thousand acres of the low lands, which were watered by the Burrunudgee River, and was doing remarkably well. In fact, I should have made a fortune there if the infernal river had not taken it into its head to flood just about the lambing season."

"Nearly all my grass-land was covered with water, and for weeks we didn't see anything of our largest flock of sheep, and naturally enough came to the conclusion that they were all destroyed."

"One day the head-shepherd and I went out in a little punt that we'd knocked together, just to have a look round, and see if we could catch some fish—for the hands at the station began to want a change of diet."

"We caught a lot of blue fish and some bass, and then I got a bite that nearly jerked me out of the boat; but John, the shepherd, lent me a hand, and between us we pulled the beggar in—and he was the strangest looking fish that ever I'd seen."

"However, there was a lot of him, and so we made our way back to the station, pleased at having done so well."

"I needn't tell you that out in the back settlements, down below there, we didn't use to go in much for cooking. Our chef at that time was a native called Wagga, to whom we handed over our cats, with instructions to clean, and bake them in the ashes."

"Later on the meal was served up, and of course, everyone wanted to have a bit of the big fellow, so I served him out accordingly. But before I'd helped half a dozen, I noticed that something was wrong."

"What's the matter, boys?" I enquired.

"Well, boss, answered old Steb, 'I've heard of woolly fish afore, but I'm blamed if I ever come across anything like this. Look here!'" And he held out on his fork a large piece of wool.

"There was no mistaking it; so I set to work to inspect the remainder of our big fish, and I found that just inside the outer layer of scales it had a layer of wool for all the world like a sheep."

"Of course I began to suspect the truth then—and, to cut a long story short, we found that the lambs that had just been born when the river flooded had adjusted themselves to circumstances."

"They'd grown fins instead of legs, gills in place of lungs, and had acquired an outside skin of scales."

"There hadn't been time for the wool to disappear altogether, but no doubt that would have happened in a few generations—only, when the floods went down, of course their environment altered again, and they had to change back once more."

"No, I can't say that they were a success, for, as fish, they were very tallows; and afterwards, when they resumed their proper shape, there was always a herringy flavor about the mutton."

Some Letters of Recommendation.

The bearer of this has been my husband now for several years, and is only leaving me because we both feel the need of a change. He is willing and obliging, a first-rate man about the house, runs errands and carries bundles cheerfully, never kicks about, expenses, and is used to one night out a week. I can cordially recommend him to anyone looking for a good, durable article.

Mrs. A. Tonger.

The young lady who bears this I have loved passionately for some time, and she is leaving me now only because I cannot afford to have her any longer. She is easily loved and responds readily to caresses. She is very fond of flowers and candy, and expects regular supplies. She likes to go to the theater and eat anything on the bill of fare. Anyone who wishes to be passionately loved and broke at the same time will find her up to all the requirements.

Theodore Stuffer.

The bearer of this has been in our employ for more than a year, as conductor, and has given complete satisfaction. During that time he was never known to stop a car at the right corner, or to speak a civil word to a passenger. We are sorry to lose him.

Street Railway Company.

The bearer of this has been my typewriter for two years past, and only leaves me at my wife's urgent request. She has a kind, gentle and loving disposition, and is a most desirable companion. She enjoys the theater very much, and is fond of long drives. I shall miss her.

Sledger Skata.

Mr. Johnson looked upon from a letter he had been reading and smiled a thoughtful, reminiscent smile.

The moonlight fell full upon the green-ward of the park at Palm Beach.

Marie Corelli paints a sombre picture of modern London society in a recent article in the 'Lady's Realm'.

First School-boy—Say, Willie, why does the morning-glories close up when the night comes?

Smithers had returned from business, late in his dinner and read half through the evening paper before he noticed that his wife had scarcely spoken for the past two hours.

While we were debating the matter each of Frank's three sisters wrote me proposing a fancy name—Beatrice and Leonora and Francesca.

At present I am heart-free. However, Jimmy Brown is scheduled for two weeks from next Monday; until then I am thin.

The real 'old lady' the real 'old gentleman' will soon be counted among the rare and curious specimens of the race.

Owner—See here! You want to handle that trunk more carefully.

But you are not the predominant partner, exclaimed Smithers, and would therefore have no right to go first.

The Englishman Impaled.

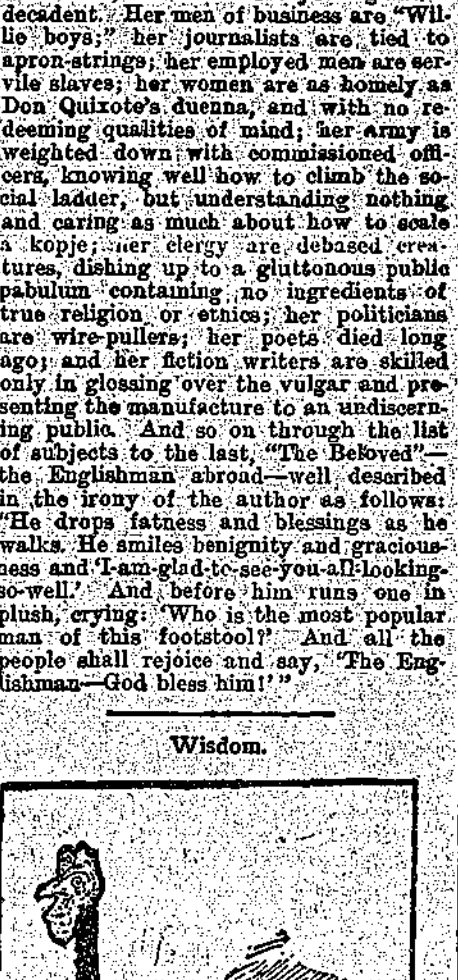
Wisdom.

Why the Teakettle Sings.

Humor of the Hour.

A Fortune-Teller's Clients.

The fearful instruments of destruction which modern warfare has developed have not always been the inventions of professional soldiers.



Little Tom will doubtless become a scientist. Already he has begun to see the connection between cause and effect.

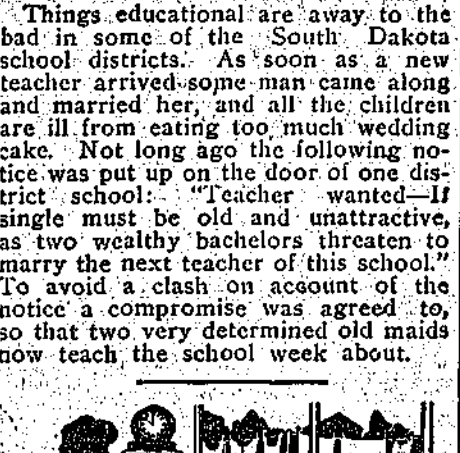
Through the ins and outs of the years you'll find one simple rule should be borne in mind: Be sure that you have a reliable soap.

A fortune-teller who has just retired from business says that the majority of her clients were married women from thirty-five to fifty years of age.

Flattery.

Young Bird—What an extraordinary development of legs it's got!

Husband—You're not economical, wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding-dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is—Philadelphia 'Inquirer.'



Though born two months after the end of 1809, the Pope may fairly be included among the big babies who made that year the richest in births of the nineteenth century.

Repatee.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

What does comfortable circumstances mean? 'Why, you're 'comfortable' when you're neither poor nor rich.'—Detroit 'Free Press.'

The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap.

'This is the third postponement you have asked, Mr. Counsel,' said the Judge, 'and I warn you that unless you can furnish a thoroughly good excuse the case will at once proceed.'

'I find that flattery goes a great way with people,' remarked a popular woman, 'and it is astonishing how thickly you can spread it on.'

Miss Reekay (patronizingly)—Rather embarrassing for you, I should think, always to be blushing when you shouldn't.

Young Shortun—Sir, I—er—wish to marry your daughter.

The Pope's Contemporaries.

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PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:
St. Martin's Church, cor. Third and Trainor streets. Sunday services, Matins at 11 a. m., Evensong 7:30 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion, 1st Sunday in each month and on special occasions. Sunday School, Sunday at 2 p. m. Committee Meetings, 1st Thursday in each month.
Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

Just arrived: A large consignment of first class Groceries. If you want an outfit try Stables and Lumsden.

Mrs. Scharschmidt and son, and her two sisters, the Misses Butler, were here on a visit this week.

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repairing—Pillman & Co.

Mr. H. H. Morris, Inspector for the Bank of Commerce and Mr. W. Leggat, assistant, are at the Grand Hotel.

The drawing for the Bicycle will take place at Pillman's tonight.

W. A. Anderson, of Discovery, left for the new strike on the Alsek river, after outfitting at Whitehorse. We wish him luck.

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

Murdock McKay and Squarbrige have installed their plant on Spruce, the plant is essentially a labor saving device and Messrs McKay and Squarbrige desire us to say that they would like the Spruce Creek miners to have a look at it, the plant is on 3 and 4 above Discovery.

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

Father, LeChesne will hold service in Mr. Jenn's house, corner of Trainor and Second St. at 10 a. m. Sunday.

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

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

Judge Henderson will open County Court on Tuesday 28th next at 11 a. m.

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

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

Mr. E. A. Morris, of Vancouver is registered at the Royal Hotel.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Henderson and daughter arrived on Wednesday's boat, they are staying at the Grand Hotel.

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

Mr. W. E. Fisher, Barrister, was among the arrivals on Wednesday.

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

If you want good table butter call at the IRON STORE.

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

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Wray of Bellwood Pa. were in Atlin this week. Mr. Wray is interested in the B. A. D. Co. and is Vice President of the Bellwood Bank.

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

Mr. A. E. Garrett, Miss Garrett and Arthur J. Kappell are registered at the Grand Hotel.

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

Singer sewing machine "drop head" with all attachments \$60 grade, in good condition, price \$50. Apply to Tho. H. Brown, Taku. Care of Gleaner.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a 21 years lease of the following described land, for reservoir purposes, situated at the head of Eldorado Creek, in the Atlin District, commencing at a post marked North-east corner, thence South Easterly to post No. 2; thence South Westerly across Eldorado Creek to Post No. 3; thence North Westerly to post No. 4; thence North Easterly to point of commencement, containing by actual survey 12.12 acres.
Dated at Atlin, B.C., this 7th day of July 1903.
The Atlin Mining Co. Limited.

ATLIN BOOM.

Having decided to retire from business, the undersigned offers for sale his business establishments at Atlin and Discovery, consisting of Store, Dwelling Out-houses and Stock of General Merchandise, together with Good-will of Business.

This is a rare chance to procure a GOOD BUSINESS in "THE MOST PROSPEROUS CAMP" in B. C.
Terms liberal.

M. Foley.

The Rise and Fall.

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

July 17	37	55
18	43	53
19	42	53
20	46	56
21	37	57
22	41	67
23	36	76

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

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

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

TAKE NOTICE.

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

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

STABLES & LUMSDEN.

GEORGE A. KERR & CO.

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

Furs bought at highest Market Prices

WE give special attention to Mail and Telegraphic Orders.

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

Groceries, Fruit & Vegetables—Crockery, Wholesale & Retail.

The Ross-Higgins Co.

Skagway, Alaska.

THE CASH MEAT MARKET

JOE BROOKS

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Wholesale and Retail

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

LOUIS SCHULZ,

Wholesale and Retail Butcher

FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

Just Received this Week

A Large Consignment of:

Dry Goods	Wall Paper	Carpets
Oilcloth	Window Shades	Groceries
Potatoes	Oranges	Lenions
		Fresh Vegetables

All at the Lowest Market Prices.

E. L. PILLMAN & CO.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

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

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS.

Sam. Johnstone, Prop.