THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 9. ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, JULY 18 1903. NO. 209.

THE PREMIER COMING.

Twenty British Islands Seized by the United States Navy on The Coast of Borneo.

Nome Forger Arrested in Johannesburg. — E. C. Hawkins on his way North. — The Pope Still Alive. — Fishermen and Millmen Strikes Over. — The Berilli Comet. — Damaging Bush Fire at Dawson.

The Premier.

The Hon. Richard McBride is now visiting the Kootnay; he intends leaving for Atlin on the 23rd inst. Mr. C. W. D. Clifford, who was nominated at Port Essington as a candidate in the Conservative interest, will probably accompany the Premier on his Northern tour.

Twenty Islands Seized

Vancouver, July 16.—The news that the United States warships had seized twenty islands off the coast of Borneo belonging to Great Britain has caused ripple of excitement in London and Washington. The report is not confirmed.

Nome Forger Arrested.

Johannesburg, S. A.—James A. Beasley, charged with forging duplicate drafts in payment of work done for the United States government, was arrested near Johannesburg after a chase of 17000 miles. Beasley was a partner of Burns & Beasley.

Hawkins Coming North.

Mr. E. C. Hawkins left Toronto for Dawson last week; he is engineering the Klondike Mines railroad.

The Pope.

Rome, July 17.—Pope still lives. Doctors say ailment simply senile decay.

Strike Over.

Vancouver, July 16.—The sawmill workers declared strike off yesterday. Building will be resumed at once.

The Berilli Comet.

London, July, 17.—The Berilli comet is visible to the naked eye in New York.

Fierce Bush Fire.

Dawson.—Thousands of acres of splendid timber are going up in smoke in the Upper Tanana basin. Miles of Telegraph poles have been consumed and the United States Covernment telegraph line only just completed is now prostrated; it is impossidle to say how long it will take to repair the line.

Blair's Resignation.

Ottawa, July 16.—It is not thougt Mr. Blair's resignation as Minister of Railways will be reconsidered through pressure was brought to bear lnst night. Mr. Fielding will will be his successor.

Another Strike Ended.

Vancouver, July 16.—The Fraser River Fishermen's strike is off. The Whites are following the Japanese accepting Cannerymen's terms.

Forty People Drowned.

Jeanette Pa.—A loss of forty lives and damage to property of over $1,500,000 was the result of the breaking of the breaking of the Oakfork Park dam last week. Citizens met and subscribed $12,000 in one afternoon; help is needed from the outside.

New Arrivals.

Wednesday's boat brought in a few old timers and a party of tourists; among the passengers were Mr. and Mrs Blunk, Davenport, Iowa, C. E. Roberts, Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ashman, Mrs. Lillian Bernhardt, Philipsburg, Pa. L. M. West, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Creeman; Skagway.

Mr. and Mrs. Sipe, Mrs. Bernhardt and Mr. and Mrs. Ashman are touring for pleasure and will go from here to Dawson and Nome returning by St. Michaels. Mr. Sipe is a large shareholder in the Columbia Hydraulic Co., of which Mr. J. Lawrence DeWitt is Manager.

DREDGING.

Why Dredging has not Paid in British Columbia.

The following appeared in the June issue of the Canadian Mining Review:

"Dredging for gold has not received the usual amount of attention this past year, only two or three dredges having been at work. On the Quesnel a prospecting dredge was operated for a portion of the year with good results, but made only a small output. Another dredge is reported to have been prospecting on the Thompson river, with what results has not been learned. At Lytton, the old Cobeldick dredge has been working. Here Mr. Turner, the director who was sent out from England to investigate for the company the working of the dredge, made the discovery that, of the gold dredged up from the bottom, less than 10 per cent. was recovered on the tables, the remaining 90 per cent. going off again with the tailings, although the gold saving appliances on this machine were about the most complete of any in British Columbia. It certainly appears as though here is the point of failure in most of the dredging operations in British Columbia, and the realisation of this fact should soon lead to the removal of the difficulty, when, only, will this industry become the success which the conditions seem to warrant."

We do not think that the Dredge now being erected here will be run so badly as to only recover 10 per cent of gold dredged, on the contrary we anticipate a new era of prosperity for Atlin when the B. A. D. Co. make their first clean-up.

Yukon Territory.

The biggest clean-up ever made from a like amount of dirt in the Klondike has just been finished, says the BONANZA RECORD. The four laymen of twenty-eight above Bonanza Creek, have washed up $205,000. Their clean ups have been twelve in number. The greatest one of all amounted to $52,000. It took four strong men to carry away the gold.

Present at the time were C. E. McKee, manager of the N. A. T. & T. Co., which owns the claim; D. A. Cameron, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, which bought the laymen's share of the gold; Kinsey & Kinsey, who took several photographs of the gold in buckets and pans; O'Reilly Bros, of Bonanza; and many others, who saw the gold and tried to lift it.

"The gold assays $17.02 per ounce, and half was sold at $16.15, making the 3,183.74 ounce clean up $52,000 in round numbers, and the whole $205,000 in round numbers. In the dump were only 22,000 buckets. As will be seen the dirt has averaged between $9 and $10 the bucket. The average per pan has been from $1 to $1.25.

The production of gold in the Northwest Territory is falling off according to figures furnished by the Canadian Geological Survey. In 1900 the production of gold was $27,916,752; in 1901 it was $24,462,222, and in 1902, $19,500,000. The estimrte for this year is about $16,000,000.

McKee Creek

Mr. R. D. Fetherstonhaugh brough down some 500 ounces, the result of the weeks run of the Atlin Mining Co.'s hydraulic.

At last Mr. Hamshaw's pipe has been delivered; over 33 tons of pipe left on Friday per S. S. Scotia, for McKee Creek. It will not be long now before the McKee Consolidated Hydraulic Co. begin to add to our steadily growing output.

Painful Accident

Mr. T. Youngmayr, of the Northern Brewing Co., met with a painful accident on Friday morning, the breaking of a bottle having badly cut his wrist and arm. Dr. Young attended Mr. Youngmayr at the Atlin Hospital. The injury was not a serious one.

The Atlin Gun Club.

The first shoot, on the new grounds of the Atlin Gun Club, was an unqualified success.

The new arrangement at the traps prevents all delay previously occasioned by re-loading; the traps are screened by a mound of earth and are re-loaded as soon as discharged.

The scoring was very satisfactory, especially as it was practically entirely different from the old style.

Mr. R. D. Fetherstonhaugh killed 19 out of 20 singles and 9 out of 10 doubles. Good averages were made by A. C. Hirschfeld, G. Hayes, J. St. Clair Blackett and J. D. Lumsden, but the record of the day was made by R. Jameson, who scored a "clean" sheet for 20 birds.

The members of the Atlin Gun Club are anxiously awaiting the Skagwayans who promised to come here for a match shoot.

Should they come to Atlin we can assure them a royal welcome.

"By gad, they won't let her bury herself. Hark at the hags! they grudge her the honor. Neyreela's safe. Upon my soul I never should have thought she cared so much for Twaino. Anyhow, you know, you mustn't interfere, my son. Gad! they'd make cold meat of us both. Hey! stop it, you blithering idiot."

But already George Butler had laid hands on the sacred robes of the foremost Ju-Ju man, and was demanding the rescue of the girl in a queer mixture of ordinary and pidgin English, with a few stray words in the vernacular.

For two minutes Neyreela's life hung in the balance. And—though Butler did not know it, his friend did—the lives of the two Englishmen hung just as insecurely. Long knives were drawn, white eyeballs gleamed, and savage oaths were sworn. In those two minutes it was well for Butler and Braun, and perhaps for Neyreela, that Digby Farn and Digby Farn's agents had earned in the rivers just that reputation which they had earned.

At the end of two minutes the Ju-Ju men bowed to Butler, understanding not a word of his discourse. Slaves carried Neyreela out of the grave, and George Butler was bidden take the girl and himself outside the limits of the Ju-Ju ground; and that quickly, if he valued his life or wanted hers.

The command was Greek to Butler, but Braun whispered: "Come on, for God's sake, before they think better of it! Heavens, man! you've done what no white man on the Coast would dare to do. Come on, if you don't want to join Twaino. The girl will be all right."

But Butler, armed as he was with the courage of the man who does not know, swore vehemently that he would not leave the place till he saw the girl safe. Braun shrugged his shoulders, and followed his assistant from the sheer necessity of the thing. Butler strode through the crowd, his fists clenched and his eyes blazing, and, possibly from astonishment at his daring, or possibly for some more subtle and less easily explained reason, the Ju-Ju men fell back on either side and made way for the youngster, whom any two of them might easily have torn in pieces.

"A very pretty little racial study," thought Braun, smiling in spite of his wrath.

Butler walked up to the two slaves who carried Neyreela out of the grave, and who held her now insensible in their arms.

"Come with me," said Butler, his teeth clenched.

Braun translated, grinning, but still angry.

So, while all Warri stood watching, sullen and silent, and dead Twaino lay half buried, Neyreela was carried past the great Ju-Ju house, across the open space and to the fringe of mangroves, where the white men's bearers were waiting. The girl, still insensible, was deposited in Butler's hammock. Dead Twaino's slaves returned to the grave, and Braun and Butler set off down the wooded side of the hill. Then the chanting and the wailing and the drum-beating was resumed.

"Well, when I take you out again for a quiet Sunday's amusement, my son, I should like you to make a note of the circumstance. God knows how much trade you've lost the firm, and God knows why it happened you didn't get me murdered and yourself too."

"My dear fellow, you wouldn't have me stand by and see a live girl buried?"

"It's not your funeral. Good Lord! It's a custom of the country. What right have you to interfere with their religion? And to drag me into it, too! For a man who's keen on not taking a wife in the rivers, you've run a fairly tidy risk for Neyreela, my son."

"Good heavens! You don't suppose—"

"Oh, no! Of course you didn't know she was a girl."

"Please understand me clearly, Braun," said Butler with sudden stiffness, "that neither her sex nor her color influenced me in any way. For sheer humanity's sake——"

"Humanity be d—d!" said Braun quickly. And so they dropped the subject.

Now just ten days before that particular Sunday morning, Dr. Jessop, in whose household, first at Accra and then at Warri, Neyreela had been brought up from childhood to her present age of fifteen, had sailed for Canary on sick leave. Neyreela, of course, had had free permission to remain at his bench in Warri up till the date of her marriage with Twaino, in which she had the doctor's sanction and good wishes.

Dr. Jessop held rather pronounced views about missionary work and the demoralization of the savage. No man held the semi-educated, black coat-wearing native much cheaper than did Dr. Jessop. But for the genuine barbarian, the African untampered with, the doctor had a great admiration. Young Twaino was a particular friend of his, and owed a good deal of his straightforward manliness to the doctor's influence. Neyreela's religion Dr. Jessop had never ventured to temper with. "You be as good as you know how, child," he would say, "and never do anything mean. Then you'll be all right, whatever you believe." He had taught her to speak English, and not Coast or pidgin English. So the girl's language was very quaint and pretty, her words being English and their arrangement that of the Accra vernacular.

Beyond this the doctor had in no way Anglicized or civilized the girl, save by the influence of his life and the life of his household. Perhaps this was one of the causes which led to Neyreela's developing from quite an ordinary Accra child into one of the most beautiful girls in Africa. Fifteen years of feminine growth means early womanhood on the Coast.

The whole of the weary fourteen miles between Warri village and Warri beach George Butler walked in the scorching heat of the Sunday afternoon of Twaino's burial. Neyreela, conscious then and weeping quietly, lay in Butler's hammock. Braun, with angry kindliness, more than once offered the younger man his hammock. But Braun's comment on humanity as a principle rankled somewhat in the soul of his assistant. So Butler walked and gasped and perspired till he reached the veranda of Dr. Jessop's quarters, and handed Neyreela over to the old Accra housekeeper there. Then he crawled to his own rooms and lay like a log till next morning.

After this Braun dropped into the habit of saying every now and again:

"How's your wife, Butler?"

Butler was ridiculously sensitive, and this simple question of Braun's seemed to twang on his nerves. Perhaps this had something to do with his not going round to Dr. Jessop's beach to enquire about the girl. Anyhow, he did not go, and five days passed without his hearing of Neyreela or seeing her. Then, on the Saturday following that eventful Sunday, and as the two men sat down to their eleven o'clock breakfast, the morning's work being finished, Braun said:

"You ought to go round and see that girl of yours, Butler. If I know anything, she's dying, and hurrying through with it, too."

"Dying! Good heavens! What's the matter with her?"

"I don't quite know. She's just dying. They do go off quickly, you know, when they begin."

"Well, but——"

"Yes, of course, it's a pity. Pity old Jessop isn't here, or someone she's fond of. It seems she was fonder of Twaino than I ever guessed. And now—she's just dying. I saw old Rada, the housekeeper, this morning, and she swears that Ju-Ju Neyreela's eaten nothing since last Saturday, and had no sleep."

Butler went round to the doctor's beach while Braun was taking his siesta that day, and for over an hour he sat talking to Neyreela. Then he went back to his quarters, and later on he said to Braun:

"By Jove, you're right! She's dying."

Braun, who was playing with his fox-terrier, said:

"Get out; it's only her play. Isn't it, little beetle dog? He says you're dying."

So Butler went to his own quarters again and began to think things out. This raised Butler right out of himself and clear of his sensitiveness, so that he was a full-grown man. He decided that Neyreela was dying, because that which had grown to be the greatest interest in her life had suddenly been cut out of it. Her instincts had taught her to admire the splendid savage in Twaino, and Dr. Jessop had taught her that her instincts were truer, bigger things than Coast-taught creeds. So, instead of learning with her white man's knowledge to despise her own race, she had learned gradually, as much from the doctor's influence as from anything, to love the princely young chief a great deal. He had become the salt of her life. In Dr. Jessop's absence, she thought the young chief and her love of him were all her life. She thought so, and that in effect made it a fact. And now Twaino was dead.

This was what George Butler decided in his mind about Neyreela, and in making the decision he became full-grown.

Then he determined he would induce Neyreela to hang on to her life, by creating in it and showing to her some new interest. Anything would do, so it was an interest.

For the next month George Butler spent all his leisure time on the veranda of Dr. Jessop's place. And he supplied Neyreela with a new interest—with several new interests. He showed her that that which had been the salt of her life was not all which her life had to offer. He was rather of an idealizing turn of mind himself, this son of a stock and share gambler. Now he invented new ideals and new frames for old ideals. He presented Neyreela, the daughter of Accra chiefs and queens, with a new set of aims, standards and ideals to set up in a place left vacant by dead Twaino, who had been the embodiment of what good, breezy Dr. Jessop had given her as a creed.

The cost of such things cannot well be reckoned in money or in kind. But George Butler paid away a month's leisure, and in return Neyreela was allowed to wander back with ever-quickening steps from out the valley of the great shadow into the dazzling sunshine of savage freedom on Warri Beach, enjoyed with the appreciation of some degree of culture, erected upon a groundwork of solid cultivation laid by Dr. Jessop.

And then, Butler having paid the price and supplied the bait, the means, the breath of the newly-gained life, Butler fell ill of a severe black-water fever, the germs of which had been joining forces in his blood since the day of young Chief Twaino's funeral.

This was rather serious, for the only professing medical man on Warri Beach was a youngster with a diploma for dental surgery who had left Guy's for the benefit of Guy's, and London because London did not want him. However, the medical treatment for black-water fever is simple enough, the issue depending, first, on the patient, his construction as a man, and secondly, on the patient's nurse.

Knowing this well, beachcomber Braun made his mind easy, and told the outcast of Guy's to do likewise. Braun and the outcast held a consultation, at which cocktails were served every evening. Neyreela, beautiful, panther-like Neyreela, who now had a strong hold on her own life again, Neyreela was the nurse, self-appointed, and absolute in her authority.

"You needn't bother about Butler," said Braun to the outcast. "If he's got it in him to pull through he'll pull through. He's got his nurse. You can bank your soul on it he wouldn't get such nursing at Guy's. And in black-water a day's nursing's worth all your medicine-chest, you believe me."

The outcast smiled in a superior way, and twiddled his clinical thermometer. But the beachcomber was right, as—as though to spite poor Mrs. Grundy—beachcombers occasionally are. The Marlborough developing and the Oxford clinching and hardening stood solid through the batter and the racket of West Africa's short, violent fever. And at the end of a fortnight George Butler lay purged of his strong English sap, shriveled and weaker than a well-conditioned kitten, but free of disease and on the right side of Nature's hair balance.

Then he began, as soon as his mental half awoke, to realize something of what his nurse had done for him. Then the emotional part of the man, always self-assertive while the physical side is weak, began to notice how very beautiful was this gold-skinned nurse; how weary she was, how well she hid her weariness, and how gracefully and unreservedly she sacrificed herself.

The condition of things was deadly dangerous. And as soon as he realized it—another odd thing about these beachcombers is their ready understanding of the idealistic temperament—Braun cautioned his invalid assistant. Braun seemed to have modified his moral code, as far as Neyreela was concerned, at all events. But then, Neyreela was certainly, more at this time than ever before, on a plane apart from other natives.

Butler smiled. As yet he hadn't strength to do much else. He was thinking of Braun's summing-up for his benefit, of the question of a white man's relations toward native women. Braun read the feeble smile, and said:

"But this is a case apart, my son. All codes are more or less discretionary, don't you know. You——"

"Hush, hush!" murmured the framework of George Butler. "You don't understand."

And there the subject had to be dropped. And perhaps Braun did not altogether understand, for had he done so, beachcomber as he was, his protest would have been much more energetic.

A week later Butler was to sail for Canary, in order to escape the deadly relapse of black-water fever. He decided not to go to England, and to be back in Warri at the end of two months. Braun, with good-natured foresight, himself attended to all arrangements. He did not mean to allow Butler a day longer under his nurse's control than was necessary. She was so perfect a nurse. And the half-frightened anticipation of the end of her nurse's authority began to shine in her great eyes when she sat talking to the man who had brought her back to her life.

The culmination was not reached until the evening before Butler started for Canary. The steamer in which he was to travel lay at anchor in the deep, mangrove-fringed Warri River. He was sitting in a hammock-chair on the veranda of his quarters. Neyreela sat on a stool beside him, and he had been reading to her from a book of the poetry of his world, than which the world he shared with Neyreela seemed then more real and dear to him.

He asked the Accra queen's daughter to be his wife, in just such a manner as a year before he might have asked an English girl to marry him. But perhaps in this case he was more scrupulously respectful and humble.

The girl to whom he had given a quite new, and to her beautiful, life could not speak. She only bowed her shapely head over his knee and sobbed her gratitude and her love.

She was very beautiful in her acceptation and return of the white man's love. She was very beautiful, particularly in the eyes of the man who had saved her life and whose life she had preserved. She was beautifully a woman—and a barbarian.

So Braun's caution, right or wrong, was useless. And on the next morning Butler sailed for Canary, the affianced husband of Neyreela, the golden-skinned descendant of generations of purely savage warriors. Before leaving he solemnly placed the girl he meant to marry under the joint protection of beachcomber Braun and old Rada, the doctor's housekeeper.

Then Butler went north to the world of his own people, to the world where is no Ju-Ju, nor savagedom; the world of white men and of white women. Butler had seen no white women since he landed in Africa. When a man is recovering from an illness he is prepared to pick up his life's threads in old grooves or in new.

The Canary season was at its height when Butler reached Las Palmas, and he found no less than three London acquaintances at the Santa Catalina—a mother and two typical English daughters. Later he made many new friends, and spent a month in the island instead of a fortnight. Then he shut down, as it were, and started for the Warri River beach, with a hazy desire in his mind to pick up fallen threads.

To George Butler his voyage from the fresh little island health station in the Atlantic, down through the steaming Benin Bight to Warri River, was a very misty, half-comprehended experience. But in the main he was happy, though a good deal bewildered. He was to take his furlough in England in a year's time, and for that period he had made numerous engagements.

He was quite his old self as far as health was concerned, when Braun went aboard the steamer in Warri River to welcome him back to the beach. He was vigorous and strong again, but very vague and hazy still in the matter of the life he had come back to.

Braun looked curiously into his assistant's face whilst giving him the news of the beach. But Butler asked no questions.

"And Neyreela," said Braun at length, and with some hesitation.

"Yes; Neyreela, who nursed me," said Butler dreamily. "You have taken care of her?"

"Yes! Oh, yes! I've taken care of Neyreela—who nursed you. And she's waiting on the veranda at Jessop's now. Of course she's told the doctor, you know. He came back the week after you left."

"Ah, yes—of course."

And then they went ashore, beachcomber Braun watching Butler closely all the while, and Butler staring and talking like a sleepwalker. It was not that he had forgotten. He remembered everything, and it was just this recollection that made him so hazy and uncertain of himself.

They reached the veranda of Dr. Jessop's place on the way to their own quarters. It was just on sunset then, and the last crimson light from across the river bathed Neyreela, where she stood beside a veranda post, making her golden arms and neck to dimple in warm, ruddy shadows. She gave a little cry, and took one step down from the veranda to meet them. She had never looked more beautiful. Butler stepped up to her with his two hands raised. He might have been greeting her, and he might have been holding her off.

"Neyreela!" he said.

And then they both stopped, just as old Dr. Jessop appeared at the door. And the man looked up into the woman's eyes.

Braun said afterward that if ever a whole story, a romance, was told in a look, then that look was Butler's when he stood facing the Accra queen's daughter, who had nursed him. And old Jessop said if ever a look described a mistake it was Butler's, while Neyreela's was understanding by revelation. "They should have both been shot while they stood there," said the doctor. The doctor did not know Butler. Not well, anyhow.

Half an hour later Butler was in his quarters with Braun.

"It seems deuced cold to me—here," said Butler. His voice was not dreamy then, but clean-cut and harder than the nether millstone.

"Yes," said Braun. "It's a chilly place, evenings."

The thermometer was at about eighty, and in a wet heat.

"I shall be married as soon as possible, Braun. This week, I think," said Butler.

And then the two men sat down together to dinner.

When he had told me this much of his story, Haj El Maiben paused. A woman walked across the balcony to where we were sitting and gave the old chief a bundle of heavy keys. Then she spoke to him in Haj El Maiben's language, and bending down, kissed his hand. Then the woman bowed to me, and left us. She was a fine-looking woman, an Arab, I thought, and she was dressed in flowing white.

"On that night of nights in your countryman's life," continued the old chief, when the woman had left us, "I was leaving Warri with my people, bound for the Coast in two great canoes, and from there for my return journey, over the wilderness to here. That was our pilgrimage. As the tide ruled it, I was to leave Warri at midnight. One hour before I left, Neyreela, whom I had never seen, came to me with Rada, the keeper of the doctor's house. Rada said the girl was her daughter, and offered her to me for a roll of country cloth. The girl said it was her will to come with me. I gave the old woman two rolls of country cloth and ten silver pieces. And at midnight I left Warri, and the girl Neyreela was with my people."

"And now—?" I asked, as the chief lifted again the pliant stem of his chibouque.

"Now she is the mistress of my household here, and my servants are her servants. It was she who brought me the keys but a moment ago."

Haj El Maiben clapped his hands, and I lifted my mouthpiece as a boy came with fire for the pipe.—April "Bookman."

Motto of the collector—Never put off until to-morrow what can be dunned today.—Harvard "Lampoon."

Blibson—I understand that South American general has resolved to sell his life dearly. Glibson—Yes; he wants ten dollars for the library edition.—"Judge."

Briggs—Did you meet any attractive people on the steamer? Griggs—Oh, yes. Why, I was seasick all the way over with a most charming blonde.—"Town Topics."

The difference between a sandwich at a country terminus and the building itself is—the latter is a railway station, the former a stale way ration.

How to destroy germs with lemon juice—Grasp the germ firmly between the thumb and forefinger and pour down its throat about half a teaspoonful of the juice.—Chicago "Tribune."

Pallette—De Auber is an odd genius, Brushly—What's he up to now? Pallette—He is painting a three-hundred-dollar portrait of a thirty-cent man.—Chicago "News."

Doctor—Good morning! How are you feeling to-day? Sick Psychologist—Splendidly, doctor; my nerves transmit the sensations of pain without a break!—Harvard "Lampoon."

Charcoal for Poultry.

Pure charcoal or the charred wood from the stove, when fresh, is an excellent aid in arresting bowel complaints, and is both simple and harmless. Where the hens have not had a variety, parched grain partly burnt affords an agreeable change and serves nearly the same purpose as charcoal. Oats, corn, wheat or even bran will be readily eaten by hens when they have been regularly fed on a sameness of diet, and such food will greatly aid in arresting diarrhoea or other bowel disorders. In experiments made to determine the benefits of charcoal in feeding, if any, four turkeys were confined in a pen and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats, and four others of the same brood were at the same time confined in another pen and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their food. These had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed, and there was a difference of one and one-half pounds in favor of those supplied with charcoal. They were the fattest, and the meat was superior in point of tenderness and flavor.—Country World.

FIVE MINUTES AFTER APPLYING

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder you feel the improvement.

At once the new vitality that comes from proper breathing is felt. The cure is begun.

This is not a cheap remedy, but an inexpensive cure. Remedies are but remedies. If a CURE is what you desire, it is waiting for you.

You just drop the tube into the Powder, blow it into the nostrils, and begin to get well at ONCE.

W. ERNEST LEWIS, of West Flamboro, Quebec, states:—"I have been troubled with Catarrh for several years. It impaired the hearing of my right ear. I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and in a week found a marked improvement. I took three bottles and could hear as well as ever."

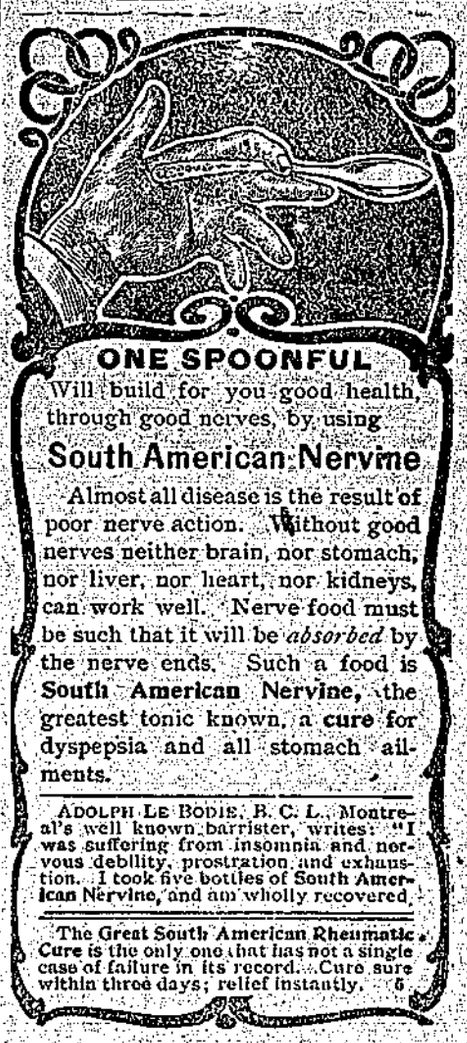
Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure

Feeds the nerves and the blood. It is LIFE in medicinal form. It transforms the weak and sickly into the well and healthy. It tones all the vital organs. It's the cure for you. 6

Which?

"What's worrying you?" they asked of the convalescent invalid. "I am trying," she answered thoughtfully, "to make up my mind whether I am at a sanitarium or a sanatorium."—Chicago "Post."

Wife—You haven't used any of those cigars I bought for you. Husband—No; I am keeping them for Tommy when he wants to learn to smoke.—Los Angeles "Times."



ONE SPOONFUL

Will build for you good health, through good nerves, by using

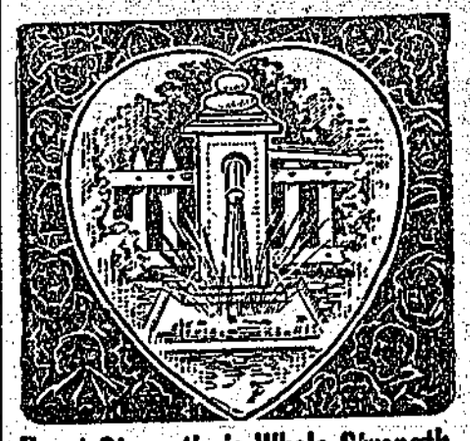
South American Nervine

Almost all disease is the result of poor nerve action. Without good nerves neither brain, nor stomach, nor liver, nor heart, nor kidneys, can work well. Nerve food must be such that it will be *absorbed* by the nerve ends. Such a food is **South American Nervine,** the greatest tonic known, a **cure** for dyspepsia and all stomach ailments.

ADOLPH LE BODIE, B. C. L., Montreal's well known barrister, writes: "I was suffering from insomnia and nervous debility, prostration and exhaustion. I took five bottles of South American Nervine, and am wholly recovered."

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure is the only one that has not a single case of failure in its record. Cure sure within three days; relief instantly. 6

"If I had money," she said, languidly, "I'd be the most indolent person in the world. I'd have some one to do everything for me. I'd even have some one to wish for me." "Wish for you?" he replied. "Yes, if you had money, I'd wish for you myself."



Heart Strength is Whole Strength

THE blood is your life; when it stops coursing you're dead. If it half stops,

YOU'LL BE HALF DEAD.

Your pain, your weakness, your eternal weariness will all disappear if you strengthen your heart. But you may take special medicine for special trouble if you're in a special hurry. Cheer up! Don't be moping! You can be cured. Try it and for the first time you will know the true meaning of that grand old word—Health. **DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE** renews the vigor in thirty minutes after taking the first dose. Will CURE the poorest heart and strengthen the strongest man.

W. H. Medley, druggist, of Kingston, Ont., writes: "Mr. Thomas Cooke, of Kingston, purchased six bottles of Agnew's Heart Cure and says he is cured of Heart Weakness, from which he had suffered for years."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves catarrh or colds at once and cures forever.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment compels Piles to perish permanently. It gives ease on the instant. Banishes all manner of skin diseases and eruptions. The safest and cheapest cure. Price, 35c. 6

To Set Her Free

By Florence Warden

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

Before she had made up her mind what to do Norma suddenly saw, to her horror, a little flash in the darkness before her; and then the report of a pistol reached her ears. She uttered a cry, and leapt up, scrambling to the top of the wall in a moment.

Before she could get down to the ground on the other side a second flash was followed by a second report, and then by a horrible cry.

This was all she knew, all she heard. There were figures moving in the obscurity; there were sounds of crackling brushwood; but of these things she took no heed.

Like a hare she sped over the uneven ground, leaping over bushes, and scrambling through the obstacles in her path. Her whole heart was filled with that one agonizing thought: Was Astley wounded, dead?

She came upon an open space, and felt something heavy, yielding, under her feet. In the deadly, solemn silence, all alone in the wood, she knelt down, and touched the body of a man, lying prone, with one arm doubled under him, on the short grass.

CHAPTER XVI.

For the first few minutes after her awful discovery, Norma believed that the man lying motionless, bleeding on the ground, was Astley himself, the man she loved, the man she would have given her life for. With difficulty she raised the inert form, and summoning all her strength, turned him so that he lay with upturned face, resting on her knee.

The darkness under the trees, leafless as they still were, was almost complete: her eyes were dim with scalding tears. In spite of these things, however, Norma quickly began to have doubts as to the man's identity; she felt his features, with trembling hand, passed her fingers over his hair, his moustache. Then a subdued cry rose to her lips, a cry of awful, frightened, self-reproachful thankfulness. More by instinct than by sight or touch she assured herself that, whoever the dead man might be, it was not Astley. And then there followed another discovery, so strange, so weird, that it sent a shudder through her from head to foot. The dead man's coat and waistcoat had been torn open, no doubt by the unknown murderer.

Whether the object of the murder had been robbery she could not tell: but that another hand than hers had already touched the body and then flung it down again, face to the earth, she felt sure.

Even while she remained quite still for a moment, petrified with horror at what she had found out, Norma heard certain slight sounds in her neighborhood which told her she was not so entirely alone as she had supposed.

Fearing that the murderer was at hand, she laid the dead man down, got up and listened.

The sounds had ceased. Seized with fright, Norma called aloud:

"Help! Help!"

She feared that she was too far away from the cottages for her cries to be heard; but she thought that, in any case they might alarm the unseen murderer if it were he whose stealthy movements she heard, and cause him to take to flight.

After a few moments, during which she had begun to make her way toward the outer wall of the plantation, not very certain of the direction in the darkness, she again heard sounds; and felt suddenly sure that they proceeded from above her.

Looking up, she made out against the dark night sky that there was a human being perched in the fork of one of the trees.

Again she uttered a cry, convinced that it was the murderer who had taken refuge up there: but as she ran towards the wall, a rough boy's voice called out to her:

"Hey, missis, doan't be afeard! I'll not hurt thee!"

Perceiving that the voice betrayed at least as much terror as she was feeling herself, Norma stopped, and looked up again.

"Who are you?" cried she. "Come down, come down, and run for help."

"Doan't go, doan't tha go," cried the lad fearfully, as he began to descend. "Doan't go and leave me aloan wi' that."

She gathered that he meant the dead body, which was lying a few paces away.

"No, no, I'll wait, I'll wait for you to come down," answered she, in a hoarse and tremulous voice.

The lad was already making his way down, and she had scarcely finished speaking when his feet touched the ground. Little as she could see of him, Norma, whose eyes were by this time less dim and more accustomed to the gloom, perceived that he was a thickset lad whom she judged to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and she had little doubt, from the agitation which possessed him, that he had been a witness of the tragedy.

"You must run for help, run to the cottages outside," said she at once.

But the lad shook his head.

"T'woan't be na good," said he. "He's dead, stoan dead. T'chap felt him, and threw him down like as if he'd been a log. Leave him and cooe away!"

He showed signs of an intention to run away at once on his own account. But Norma seized his arm with hysterical strength.

"No, no," she said. "We've got a duty to do, we've got to do our best for the poor—poor man." Her voice sank; she felt how useless such efforts must be. Even as she spoke she was leading her rough companion quickly towards the wall in the direction of the group of cottages. "We must send for a doctor, and for the police."

The lad began to tremble more violently than ever.

"I tell thee it's noa use," he said roughly, but not loudly, looking nervously about him as he spoke. "And if we do owt to bring the police on him, maybe he'll coom back and treat us same way as he treated yon chap."

"What did you see?" asked Norma in a frightened whisper.

But the lad tried to pull himself away and got violent in his tone: "I didn't see nowt," said he, "I didn't see nowt whatever. And t'ain't no use for you to go for to say I did!"

"What's your name, and where do you live?" asked Norma sharply.

The lad hesitated, and then answered sturdily:

"My name's my business and none o' yourn. And I live miles away, reght away from here, at back o' yon hill."

And he jerked his thumb vaguely over his shoulder. They were at the edge of the plantation, with the wall in front of them, and the cottages in sight.

At that moment both heard the unmistakable sound of some creature making its way rapidly through the wood a little to their left. Deliberately the lad pulled Norma back from the wall.

"Let me go," cried she. "I want to get help, to have the man caught."

"And I doan't want to be in for noa scrape," said the lad doggedly.

And he deliberately held her fast by the arm until the sounds which indicated the presence of another person in the wood with them had died away.

When there was again dead silence around, the lad let her go, and crying abruptly: "Good-bye, missis!" he was over the wall, and across the road and over the stile into the fields on the other side before Norma had recovered her breath.

It was with considerable difficulty that she got over in her turn, having to find a spot where the irregularities in the surface of the stone wall enabled her to secure a footing. By the time she reached the cottages there was no sight or sound of any human being besides herself.

Having told her story in as few words as possible to her landlady, Norma was able to take breath while the old woman roused her neighbors. The second cottage of the group contained a working family, of whom the father and two growing-up sons were quickly on the alert. Norma begged that one of them would go for a doctor, but in the first place they all three, with a lantern, went into the plantation, guided by the best direction she could give, to see for themselves what had happened.

The women followed presently, in a body. And while they all went together in search of this gruesome sight, Norma went to the third cottage, in the hope of getting there a messenger who would go to the town for a doctor, and to the police-station to put the authorities on the alert.

But here she met with no response. The door was opened by a good-looking woman of three or four and twenty, who said her husband was asleep after a hard day's work, and she could not disturb him for such errands; and she shut the door curtly in Norma's face, being evidently in a great state of trepidation over the tragedy, which had apparently reached her ears already.

There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to wait until the three male members of the next household had satisfied their curiosity; and Norma stayed at the door of her lodging until one of the lads came out of the wood by way of the wall.

He said he was on his way to the town, but added that there was no need for any doctor to pronounce that the man was dead.

"Who is he?" asked Norma faintly.

"I doan't reghtly know, missis. He's a stranger as we all think. He's a wek set-oop chap, wi' a fine head of hair and moustache, and a mark over one eye like an owd cut."

Norma could scarcely repress a cry. She knew now who he was. The murdered man was Tom Rogerson, the witness Astley wanted!

She felt sick and faint at this discovery. She did not know clearly what vague foreboding of unexpected evil filled her mind and clouded her thoughts: but she crept indoors and up to her room, shaking with nervous dread.

Astley had been in the plantation only a few minutes before. Had he heard anything of the affair? What would he say when he learnt the news? Norma felt that she must seek him out and let him know the truth; and even as she decided on this, her heart sank, for she knew that now this man was dead, all hopes of happiness with Astley were further off than ever.

She had got down into the road again, and was hesitating by which way to approach the Haigh, whether to get someone to accompany her through the plantation, which was by far the shortest way, or to go round by the road and the long carriage-drive, when one of the men who had gone into the wood got over the wall again into the road.

He recognized the lady who had given the first alarm.

"Hey, missis," said he, "yon poor chap's dead, for sure. We're going for to take him through to Sir Astley's yonder, and lay him in t' stables or in one of t' outhouses."

"You'd better wait till the doctor comes," said Norma quickly. "In the meantime I'll go and tell Sir Astley what has happened. Show me the way through the wood," she added nervously, "so that I may lose no time."

The man assented, helped her over the wall again, and accompanied her as far as the edge of the plantation on the other side. Norma thanked him breathlessly, and sped through the intervening trees and shrubs, starting at every slightest sound, until she came back to the house she had left that morning. A light was burning in the library, shining through the chinks of the old-fashioned shutters. She sprang forward and tapped at the window sharply.

"Hallo!" cried Astley's voice.

"It's I. Open, let me in," gasped she.

The next moment she heard his rapid, though halting, step across the floor, and he unbarred the shutters and opened the window with amazement and delight on his face.

"You! You! Have you come back to me already?" cried he in a low voice, as he held out his arms.

But Norma shook her head, trembling very much.

"No, no," she said hoarsely. "Something dreadful's happened, something I hardly like to tell you of; only you must know, oh, you must. Tom Rogerson, the man you were looking for, the man who came here, has been murdered. He is lying dead in the wood there."

And she pointed to the dark mass of trees behind her.

"Murdered! Murdered!" He kept repeating the word, staring at her as if he could not understand her.

"Yes. They've gone for a doctor and the police. Will you come? Will you come and see?"

He moved beside her like an automaton, only repeating the one word "Murdered!" to himself as if in a dream. Norma grew alarmed, and presently stopped short, and made him stop too.

"Why do you speak like that?" she asked. "Do you know something? Guess something?"

He pulled himself together, and answered her gravely enough:

"It doesn't do to make guesses in a case like this. Come, tell me, how did you come to know of it? Where have you been?"

Norma remembered, with an effort, that her hiding-place was a secret to him.

"Never mind. Don't ask," said she. "I don't wish you to know. Only you may be sure of this: if you should ever want me, I shall not be far off."

He advanced his face very near to her in the darkness.

"My little, passionate-hearted, wild girl," said he tenderly, "when it comes to an emergency you seem to be braver, more sure-witted than I!"

Norma gave a trembling sigh.

"I hope I am learning to be wiser, less foolish at least, less wicked, than I was before I knew you," said she softly. "And if I do learn the lesson, it will be from the teacher I have here."

And she pressed her hands upon her heart.

"My darling! My poor darling!" cried Astley.

And he would have kissed her, caressed her, but she would not let him.

"Wait! Wait," sighed she gently, as she held him away from her.

"And if we wait in vain," said he, "what then? Will you always stay away? Will you always keep me off? When you know that there is nothing between us but a mountain of falsehood deception and lies?"

Norma waited a moment to be sure that her voice should be steady, and then she whispered:

"The lies will be found out, the deception will be punished. Oh, I do believe it, I will! And you must believe it too: and in the meantime you must be brave, and you must put yourself in Mr. Capper's hands, and be patient if you can."

"Capper's gone to London," said Astley. "I saw him off this evening."

"And did you walk back from the station over the fields?" asked Norma softly.

"Yes." He turned upon her quickly. "How did you know?"

But she would not tell him. She did not want him to know exactly where her hiding-place was. So they walked in silence through the tangle of brushwood, guided by the voices and moving lanterns of the group, which had now become a large one, to the place where the tragedy had happened.

They made way for the baronet and held their lanterns up for him to see the dead man, who was lying just where Norma had left him, on the short grass.

"A stranger, sir, I think," said a man who was kneeling on one knee beside the body, raising his lantern for the gentleman to see the dead man's face.

Astley said nothing, but he shuddered and turned away with a frown of perplexity on his face.

"Who was the first person who found this out?" asked he shortly, with a searching look round.

"I was," said Norma, in a hoarse voice. "I saw a flash and heard a report, and then another flash, and another report, and a cry, oh, a horrible cry!"

A shudder went round the group, and the women and girls gathered nearer together in the darkness.

"What!" cried he, aghast.

Norma went on: "I was outside, in the road; when I got over the wall, I could see no one, until—until I came upon—this."

Her voice sank.

Everybody was crowding round, listening intently, when the noise of a horse's hoofs suddenly distracted their attention, and in another minute the cry of "The doctor!" went round.

All made way for the medical man, but Astley made a gesture of annoyance when he found that it was Dr. Wharles whom the messenger had brought.

The doctor was dashing through the plantation, and was among them all in a moment.

"Make way, my friends, make way," he cried in his hearty, cheery voice, which struck a strange contrast to the sickly horror which was in everybody's heart. "Dear, dear! This is a bad business! He's dead, quite dead. Poor fellow!"

With just such short pauses as were necessary between the phrases, while he made a rapid examination of the body, the doctor made this pronouncement, which everybody had expected, amid the awed silence of the little crowd. He appeared to be unaware of the presence of Astley, and devoted himself entirely to his duty, with the coolness and nerve begotten of experience.

"Poor fellow! Who is he?" he asked, as he took the nearest lantern, and held it close to the dead man's face.

Quite sharp and clear Norma's voice rang out: "Why, you ought to know, Dr. Wharles, for he called at your house yesterday."

Everybody was startled by these words, which caused the doctor to look up. Perhaps he had not noticed that Norma was among the crowd.

"Indeed, Lady Darwen," said he, very coolly, "I don't see how you should know who called upon me better than I do myself!"

There was a sort of feeling that the handsome doctor, whose quarrel with the lady's husband was the talk of the place, had "scored" against Norma, who remained silent for a space, while the doctor asked some further questions as to the person who had discovered the body. When he was told it was the lady whom all now knew for the first time to be Lady Darwen, the doctor turned to her with cool and dignified respectfulness.

"And may I ask, Lady Darwen," he said, "whether you did actually see the man shoot himself?"

"Shoot himself!" echoed she, in surprise.

"Yes. To me the position of the wound points to suicide," said Dr. Wharles.

"Then where's the pistol?" said Norma.

There was a sort of murmur in the crowd, and the fluent doctor said nothing for a moment. The men and women looked at each other and nodded silently. This time it was Norma, plainly, who had "scored" against the doctor.

For the ground had been searched all round the body, and no trace of any weapon had been found.

CHAPTER XVII.

The silence was broken by one of the men in the group round, who nodded first to the lady and then to the doctor.

"I've looked round and about, but there's no pistol nigh 'im, doctor," said he.

"The body has been moved, evidently," answered Dr. Wharles. "He certainly didn't fall on his side like this. It's impossible. The person who found him may have found the pistol also, and taken it away. Who was it? Come, speak out, some of you! Doesn't anybody know who it was found the poor fellow first? Who was in the wood at the time?"

"I was not in the wood, but I was just outside, and I saw two flashes, and I suppose I was the first to find the body," said Norma, in a low voice. "But I found no pistol. The coat and waistcoat had been torn open," she added steadily.

"Torn open? You mean they were open?" said the doctor with decision.

"I thought they had been torn open," she repeated firmly, "either to rob the poor man or to find out whether he was dead."

A thrill ran through the crowd. There seemed already to be a feeling abroad that among those present were some for one reason or another deeply interested in the case.

"And can nobody else give any information?" went on the doctor.

"Yes," said Norma. "I found a boy, a big, rough boy, perched in a tree, that tree."

And she pointed to an oak a few paces away from where they all stood.

Again there was a murmur of horror and excitement through the crowd.

"Who was it?"

"Ay, maybe he could tell summat!" These and similar exclamations ran from mouth to mouth. Indeed of all the people present, perhaps the doctor, and Astley, who was away in the background, were the only two persons who made no comment on Norma's words.

She could not tell who the boy was, and said that he had refused to give his name or that of the place where he lived, and that all he would own to was that he lived a long way off, behind the hill.

The shrewd Northerners who formed her audience shook their heads, and one woman said:

"Maybe he were freghtened and didn't like to give his name, nor to say where he come from."

"It couldn't ha' been so very fur," said another, "or he wouldn't ha' been here so late."

"Maybe it were Raggett's lad," suggested one.

And by common acclaim this was hailed as a good suggestion.

"Ay, Ned Raggett's always a mouching round 'ere o' neghts, snaring rabbits most like," said one.

"Let's go to Raggett's, and ast him."

The proposal being hailed as a good one, the baronet came forward and led the way to the side gate, which he opened with his key.

Since the first mention of the boy, neither Astley nor the doctor had added a word to the debate. When they all started off to Ned Raggett's cottage, they left Dr. Wharles still examining the body of the dead man. But by the time they had crossed the road and knocked at Raggett's door, the doctor was in the front rank of the enquirers.

Norma found that Raggett's was the very cottage where the good-looking young woman had curtly refused to call up her husband after the tragedy, and she already felt pretty sure that Ned would prove to be the boy whom she had found in the tree.

It was a long time before they could get admittance; and when the black-eyed Nance Raggett opened the door, and the doctor enquired courteously whether they could speak to her step-son, she looked horribly frightened, and leaving them all at the door abruptly, went to the foot of the stairs, and called, "Ned! Ned!" in a husky voice.

Ned appeared to be quite as unwilling to come down as his step-mother had been. Dr. Wharles at last offered to go up and fetch him; and bounding up the narrow, rickety staircase two steps at a time, he soon brought down the trembling hobbledehoy, who proved, as Norma knew at once by his voice and gait, to be the lad whom she had found perched in the tree.

All efforts, however, to make him communicative on the subject of what he had seen failed utterly. It was impossible for him to deny that he had been in the tree, for Norma identified him positively, and forced him into confession.

"You remember my crying out and your calling to me from the tree?" she said.

"Ay," said the boy with a sullen nod.

"Well, lad, tell us how you coom up there, and what you see," said the man from the cottage next door, laying an encouraging hand on Ned's shoulder.

As he still hesitated, Dr. Wharles patted him kindly on the other shoulder.

"Yes, speak out, and don't be afraid. We're all friends here."

It was a strange sight, Norma thought, as she stood in the background of the group watching, by the light of the little smoky lamp which had been hastily lighted and placed on the mantelpiece, the sullen, frightened face of the boy, heavy, stupid, yet cunning withal, and the two men, one on each side of him: the tall, well-dressed doctor with his cheery manner and bright black eyes on the one side; the rugged miner, with earnest face and ponderous manner, on the other.

"I see nowt," blurted out the lad after a long silence.

"Coom, coom, no lies, laddie. Yo' must ha' seen summat," said the miner, giving him a shake.

The doctor tried more conciliatory methods.

"Well, if you saw nothing you must have heard something," urged he. "What did you hear now?"

The boy looked up at him with a sidelong look of ever-increasing alarm.

"I heerd a gun," he admitted slowly, and sulkily, "and thowt it was poachers."

"But what made yo' get oop t' tree, lad?"

(To be Continued.)

Feminine Frailty.

"My dear Gertrude, how glad I am to see you! Do you lunch here often? I come quite frequently. Fascinating, isn't it? I love the music; it is so weird, so deliciously barbaric. We will sit here and eat together. Waiter, bring me a salad, French dressing—see that the oil is very fresh!—and wafers and tea. Gertrude, dear, I always lunch so lightly; I have really little appetite; shopping is so fatiguing. Just the salad, waiter, and a pot of tea. Why, here comes Jimmie Gray! They say he is engaged to Mrs. Kidd, the grass widow. I don't believe it. Hello, Jimmie! How do you do? What a pleasure to see you! Gertrude, you and Mr. Gray are old friends, aren't you? May you lunch with us, Jimmie? Certainly. We were just about to give our order; you are quite in time. Waiter, blue points and then consomme. I hope they have a decent entree to-day. Yes, Jimmie will have sauternes with the lunch. You know my old favorite. Waiter, we will give you the rest of our order when you bring the oysters. I am delighted to see you, Jim! Please tell me all of the news!"—"Town Topics."

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody. Wife (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.—New York "Weekly."

COLLINGWOOD IS WITH THE REST

Remarkable Cure of a Citizen By Dodd's Kidney Cure.

Valentine Fisher's Terrible Sciatic Pains Speedily Vanish Before the Great Kidney Remedy

Collingwood, May 25. — (Special.) —Every city, town and village in Canada is reporting remarkable cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and Collingwood is not behind the rest. There are scores of people here who have used the great kidney remedy and who are not slow to tell of the splendid results. Valentine Fisher, well-known in the town and surrounding country, is one of them.

"I was troubled with Kidney Disease for thirteen years," Mr. Fisher says in telling of his cure. "It developed into Sciatica which located in my side so that I could not walk without a cane. I had to use hypodermic injections of morphine to ease the pain.

"I tried different medical men and medicines with no good results till I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes effected a perfect cure. I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who are suffering from Rheumatism or any other form of Kidney Disease."

The Atlin Claim.

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SATURDAY, JULY 18TH, 1903.

It is daily becoming more apparent that united action is necessary for the general interests of our citizens. In some towns civic or municipal committees exist; these committees work in the general interest and by common consent of the powers conferred on them by the masse of citizens who elected them.

In August, 1899, the suggestion was made by the "CLAIM" that Atlin form a Board of Trade, and it was only in March 1900 that the District Board of Trade was organised at a large and influential meeting held in the Bank of Halifax.

That the Board of Trade has been a factor of incalculable value in furthering the future welfare of the district, cannot be gainsaid; we do not propose to go into details of the many matters the Council of the Board of Trade have taken up, but we know its value and feel duty bound to fully support it. The Board today is the only responsible organisation in Atlin, and until Atlin takes unto herself the responsibility of local self government, the Board will be our guiding influence, organized as it is for the public weal, capable and willing to further the interests of the camp; the ATLIN DISTRICT BOARD of TRADE merits and deserves the UNITED SUPPORT of every one in the District.

The Council meetings are open to the public; those who cannot assist in a pecuniary way should at least support the organization by their attendance at the meetings, and by attending them we feel sure that the severest critics will find that the Atlin District Board of Trade is a Public Body devoted entirely to the public interest.

Politics.

A meeting of the Atlin District Placer Miners Association will be held in the Nugget Hall, Discovery on Saturday the 25th. of July; to consider the advisability of nominating a candidate for the Provincial House.

Other important business will be brought forward.

Electric Drilling.

Mr. John B. Hobson, M. E., general manager of the Consolidated Cariboo Hydraulic Mining Company at Bullion, B. C., in his annual report, gives some interesting figures of costs of operating an installation of Gardner electric drills. The plant, which was an experimental one, included four Gardner No. 15 drills with two horse-power 110 volt direct current portable motors, one Gardner "B" drill, and a-half horse-power 110 volt direct portable motor, all complete, with seven-foot flexible shafts, adjustable tripods, drifting columns, the necessary flexible cables, working tools and five sets of drills of suitable lengths to drill holes, varying from two to eight feet deep.

Mr. Hobson states that these drills proved a decided success, for they were run at low expense and proved more efficient than expected:

STEAM POWER.

1 cord of Cedar wood	$2 25
1 Electric Engineer	4 00
Lubricants	0 35

OPERATING 3 DRILLS.

3 Power Drill Men at $4.00	$12 00
3 Helpers at $2.00	6 00
1 Blacksmith	4 00
1 Helper	2 00
3 Bushels Charcoal at 25c	0 75
Lubricants	0 20

Cost of running 3 drils 10 hrs. $31.55

The duty attained by the Gardner drills used during the season, in advancing and lowering the bed-rock cut, averaged 312 feet of holes per 10-hour shift.

The duty attained by two miners drilling by hand, with 7/8 inch steel and 8-lb. hammers, averaged about 14 8-10 feet per 10-hour shift, and made the cost of drilling 312 feet of holes in bed-rock by hand as follows:

42 Miners at $2.00 per day	$84 00
1 Blacksmith at $4.00 per day	4.00
1 Helper at $2.00 per day	2 00
4 Bushels of Charcoal at 25c	1 00
Cost of drilling 312 ft. by hand	$91 00
Saving made in favor of power drills per ten-hour shift	$50.45

M. Loubet in London.

President Loubet gave a dinner in London last week at the French Embassy. The King was met at the door of the Embassy by Mr. Loubet, Ambassador Cambon and the staff of the French Embassy.

The guests included Mr. Chamberlain; Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador, Lord Rosebery and the Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. Loubet bestowed the decoration of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor upon the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Marcus Samuel, Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont and Lord Avebury.

An operatic performance in honor of Mr. Loubet was given at Convent Garden Theater; the performance was conducted by Mr Neil Forsyth, who was decorated by M. Loubet after the performance.

The Dredge.

The British American Dredging Co. are making things hum in Atlin and on Gold Run; a line of teams can be seen daily with heavy loads of timbers and machinery plying between Atlin and Gold Run on the new road cut by the Company.

The big scow for the dredge is almost completed, and the machinery will be put in at once; it is expected that the dredge will be in full operation in less than six weeks.

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 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.

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.

ATLIN, B. C. SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1903

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.

The United States squadron is at Portsmouth.

Bulgaria meditates sending an ultimatum to Turkey.

The new turbine steamer "Queen" is now running from Dover to Calais. She averaged 22 knots an hour.

The Lenora mine is leased to the Crofton smelter company.

The Manitoba elections are set for July 20th.

A commission of enquiry has been appointed to look into the alleged lumber combine in North West Canada.

The Dominion customs show an increase of $4,500,000 over last year.

The Weyerhaeuser Syndicate paid one million dollars in cash to the Dunsmuir estate for 50,000 acres of timber lands on Vacnouver Island.

The Cariboo gold fields have shut down for the season owing to shortage of water; the hydraulic mines had a successful although short season.

Lead mine owners are jubilant over promise of $15 bounty to go direct to the mine operators.

An important Coast mining deal was made last week when a one half interest in the Empress group on Howe Sound was sold by Mr. Oliver Furry to Mr. I. Boscowitz of Victoria.

The purchase price was $43,000 cash payable in 90 days.

A Dispatch from Constantinople says that the police discovered a large quantity of dynamite, concealed in a cellar; it was intended to use the explosive to blow up the residence of the foreign embassadors.

Imperial reciprocity is still the topic of the hour.

Emperor William is on a voyage to Norway on board the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern.

Cardinal Zotti may be selected as the next pope.

Seven dead and fourteen injured is the result of four days rioting and general lawlessness in Evansville, Ind. The soldiers guarding the county jail fired point blank into a mob of over 1,000 men who were attempting to capture the jail. Negro families are leaving the city.

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 7 1901.
Daily except Sunday

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

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

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

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

J. G. CORNELL.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brook's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

ED. SANDS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

G. H. FORD Prop.

Now occupy their new quarters next to the Bank of B. N. A., First Street. The bath rooms are equally as good as found in cities. Private Entrance for ladies.

Pellew-Harvey, Bryant & Gilman

Provincial Assayers

The Vancouver Assay Office, Established 1890.

W. WALLACE GRIME & Co., Agents.

Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay

NOTICE.

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

William McNorn.

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

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

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

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

The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

je6-30d.

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

J. T. REGAN.

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

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

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

je6-30d

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

CHAS. R. MYERS.

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

NOTICE.

Certificate of Improvements.

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

NOTICE is hereby given that, I, Julius M. Ruffner, F.M.C., No. B33359, Agent for the North Columbia Gold Mining Co., F.M.C., No. B34111, intend 60 days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

Atlin, B.C., this 10th day of May, 1903.

my23-60d Julius M. Ruffner, Agent

Certificate of Registration of an Extra-Provincial Company.

"COMPANIES ACT, 1897."

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

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

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

The head office of the company in this Province is situate in Atlin, and Fletcher T. Hamshaw, Manager of the Company, whose address is Atlin, aforesaid, is the attorney for the company (not 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.

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

je20-4t

E. S. Wilkinson, P.L.S. Wm. Brown, C.E.

WILKINSON & BROWN

Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.

Hydraulic Mine Engineering a Specialty — Office, Pearl St., near Third St., ATLIN, B.C.

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

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

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

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

THE GRAND HOTEL

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

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

A Boon to the Thirsty!

Drinks, 2 for a Quarter.

Commencing Monday, April 20th, I will cut prices on all my goods at the LELAND HOTEL. I have a large stock of First Class Goods and intend to dispose of them at Cost. This is strictly a CLOSING OUT SALE. Goods must be disposed of by July 1st.

☞ Hotel Building for Sale—No Reasonable Offer Refused.

E. P. QUEEN.

TO DEAL IN COFFINS.

NEW MILLION-DOLLAR COMPANY HAS BEEN FORMED.

The Davis Tannery Business Incorporated—Toronto Capitalists Organize For General Brokerage Operations.

Toronto, June 1.—To carry on the business of manufacturing coffins and caskets and general undertakers' supplies, the National Casket Co., Limited, has been incorporated, with a capital of $1,000,000, and head office in Toronto. The provisional directors are A. J. H. Eckardt, Rose A. M. Eckardt, W. B. Short, Frank Booth and W. R. P. Parker. The company is also authorized to acquire the business of any firms engaged in any similar undertakings, and also to sell heat and power.

The Municipal & General Securities Company, Limited, has been organized to conduct a general brokerage business, with a capital of $500,000. The provisional directors are W. R. Johnston, G. T. Clarkson, H. Langlois, R. R. Bongard and R. H. Parmenter, all of Toronto.

The tanning business of Hon. E. J. Davis is being reorganized, and a company incorporated under the name of A. Davis & Son, Limited, the head office of which will be at King Postoffice. The capital of the company is $250,000, and those constituting the company are Hon. E. J. Davis, E. D. Davis, Aubrey Davis, Mrs. Margaret Davis and Miss Edith Davis.

The following companies have received incorporation:—Sultana Gold Mine, Limited, $1,000,000, Rat Portage; Colonial Oil Co., Limited, $100,000, London; St. Catharines Gas Co., Limited, $100,000; the Paradise Grove Co., Port Elgin, Limited, $100,000, to carry on a health and pleasure resort; the Blind River Transportation Co., Limited, $60,000; the Gull River Lumber Co., Limited, $40,000, Coboconk; Toronto Laundry Machine Co., Limited, $40,000; the Berlin Interior Hardwood Co., Limited, $40,000; the Elmira Furniture Co., Limited, $40,000; the Chas. J. Mitchell Co., Limited, produce dealers, $10,000, Toronto.

FAST LINE TENDERS.

The Time For Receiving Them Closes To-day.

Montreal, June 1.—The time for sending in tenders to the Dominion Government for a fast Atlantic steamship service closes to-day, and, from what can be learned here, the mail bag of the Privy Council will not overflow with offers. The G. T. R., Mr. Robert Reford of the Donaldson, Thomson and Lord Lines, and Mr. Torrance of the Dominion Line, all say that they are not tendering. So far as Canadian shipers are concerned, that seems to practically leave the field to the C.P.R. and the Allan Line. It is generally believed here that these two companies have sent in their tenders, but Mr. Hugh A. Allan will say neither yes nor no to the question, while Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the C. P. R., is quite as reserved. From Mr. Allan's standpoint, any statement just now as to what the Allan Line has done would be premature, and he, therefore, wishes to let the matter stand until the tenders have been opened. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy says that, while he does not wish to say whether the C. P. R. has tendered this time, an offer from them made some time ago is still in the Government's hands and open for acceptance, as the mind of the company has not changed. The acquisition of the Elder-Dempster steamers has not altered the position of the C.P.R. in the matter, because these vessels were never intended for a fast mail service. In any event, the two years allowed by the Government for preparation would have to be taken advantage of, and a new fleet got together for the purpose. There is a belief in some quarters that the C. P. R. and the Allan Line have made an agreement, the Allan Line to withdraw from the competition. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy denies it. It is said also that no tender has gone in under the name of the C.P.R., the company having secured for the purpose the services of an agent.

The renewed activity of Mont Pelee is causing alarm on the Island of Martinique.

Salutes and processions inaugurated the celebration of the bicentenary of St. Petersburg.

The Municipal Committee of the Legislature rejected Mr. Downey's bill to repeal the Conmee clauses.

It is again reported that Mulai Mohammed, brother of the Sultan of Morocco, was killed by poison.

Kingston Lord's Day Alliance will prosecute the Street Railway Company for running cars on Sunday last.

Prof. Wm. MacLaren of Knox College was presented with addresses and a case of cutlery on the completion of fifty years' ministry.

The Committee on Banking and Commerce at Ottawa have reported bills incorporating the City and County Bank of Canada, with head office at Ottawa, and the Pacific Bank, with head office at Victoria, B.C.

A DASTARDLY PLOT.

Plan to Blow up a Big Sanatorium With 25,000 People.

Detroit, June 1.—A Journal despatch from Battle Creek says:—"It is common talk in this city that a plan to blow up the Adventist sanitarium with dynamite during the Sunday dedicatory exercises at the time when Governor Bliss, his staff, and twenty-five thousand people would be present, has been discovered. Everybody concerned with the institution denies the truth of the rumors. It is said that, after the receipt of an anonymous letter of warning by a sanitarium official, a thorough search was made of the building, with the result that oil saturated cotton was found in large quantities in the dormitory and east hall, and that two sticks of dynamite were found in the pipe that supplies the building with gas.

RUSSIANS LANDED.

The Constintinople Embassy is Under Guard.

London, June 1.—According to an agency despatch from Constantinople, 150 Russian blue-jackets have been landed there to form a guard for the Russian Embassy.

KILLED THEMSELVES.

Seventeen Insurgents, Who Were Entrapped.

Salonica, June 1.—A letter from Monastir, written by an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who was an eye-witness of the fight at the Bulgarian village of Mogil, six miles north of Monastir, on May 21, between the Imperial forces and insurgent bands, says that seventeen komtajis, who were in the village when it was attacked, having fired all their cartridges and seeing that resistance was useless, killed themselves. The number included three Bulgarian officers of high rank. The letter adds:—Our position here is very wretched. We live in great fear. God have pity on us and bring peace to these regions!

SHOULD FIGHT RUSSIA.

Chinese Students Are in Favor of War.

Victoria, June 1.—Mail advices per steamer Tartan says that several meetings of Chinese students have been held at Shanghai at which protests were drawn up regarding Russian action in Manchuria, and against Governor Wangchihchan of Kwangsi in securing French troops to suppress troubles in that province. Telegrams were sent to Pekin and to Viceroy Yuanshihkai, urging that China declare war against Russia to protect her rights. The students, 1,200 in number, offered to form a battalion of volunteers for service if needed. Similar telegrams were sent by the Chinese students at Tokio.

Funeral of Glory Whalen.

Collingwood, June 1.—Another chapter, and the saddest, has been added to the story of the murder of Glory Whalen, when on Saturday the little battered form was laid at rest in the St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cemetery near Collingwood. For miles around the people gathered to pay their last respects to the little maiden, who was beloved by all, and to show their sympathy with her parents in their sorrow great numbers of the townspeople also went to the home to pay their respects to the family. At the church low Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Cary before a congregation which crowded the edifice to the doors. The service was most pathetically solemn, while few eyes were dry, and sobs arose from all parts of the large audience.

The Government has refused the demands of the printers at Ottawa for increased pay.

Two hundred and fifty Chinese were drowned by the capsizing of a boat on the Shinshing River.

In connection with the Memorial Day exercises a statue of Gen. Sherman was unveiled in New York.

J. Knox, a well-to-do farmer of Brinton, was found dead in his barnyard, with his throat cut from ear to ear.

Rev. Abbe Soly jumped from a window at St. Hyacinthe, Que., College, during a spell of insanity, and was killed.

A largely attended Irish National League conference was held in Liverpool, T. P. O'Connor being elected President.

It is reported that plans have been formulated to settle 5,000,000 Jews from European countries in the United States.

Mr. Christopher Smallman of London was run over by a train while crossing the Grand Trunk track, and lost both arms and a leg. He may not recover.

Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann have denied that any negotiations are being carried on for the sale of the C.N.R. to Grand Trunk interests. Mr. Mann said the C. N.R. refused to sell a controlling interest.

The divorce decree obtained some time ago by Walter B. Solomon of Buffalo, formerly of Hamilton, against his wife, Anna B. Solomon of Hamilton, has been annulled by Judge Phillips of Cleveland, and the decision leaves the gentleman with two legal wives.

COLLINGWOOD MURDER.

STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES PUZZLE POLICE.

Three Arrests Made—Detective Greer Takes Charge of the Case—One Man at Beeton Seemed to Know All About it.

Collingwood, May 30.—Mystery deepens about the murder of Glory Whalen. The clues that have been followed by the authorities have led to nothing, and while to-night no less than three men are detained by the police, it is reasonably safe to say that not one of them has any connection with the crime. This is a murder case in which the police may in a few hours stumble accidentally upon the man who struck down and afterwards shot Glory Whalen, but the circumstances surrounding this atrocity are of so exceptional a nature that at the present time the officers working on the case are hardly in a position to advance any definite theory. One thing seems to stand out clearly in this inexplicable crime, and it is that the little school girl was enticed by some one she knew into the place where she met her death. While one theory has been that some tramp or peddling Syrian was the murderer, this does not appear to be justified by the plain facts.

Provincial Detective Greer arrived to take charge of the case, and, acting on his instructions, three men were detained. One was the peddler who held a revolver to the head of Patrick Byrnes, an employee of the T. Long Company, two nights ago, and who was secured near Thornbury. At Beeton, three miles from Collingwood, a rough-looking man was detained because he had in a hotel there read the story of the murder from a Toronto evening paper, and said the report was all wrong, proceeding to explain about the finding of the body as it actually happened, although the paper he was reading from did not contain these facts. This was considered suspicious enough to warrant his detention by the authorities. The third man detained was arrested at Duntroon, a little burg nine miles south of here. He was the peddler who called at the Kendall and Whalen farms on Wednesday last. He was brought into Collingwood to-night and examined by Detective Greer. Joseph Norsau of 115 York street, Toronto, was the name he gave, and he explained his movements on the day of the murder satisfactorily to the police and was released. A number of handkerchiefs were found in his pack, but they were not in any way similar to the one found around the head of Glory Whalen.

The authorities to-day were making every effort to trace the revolver with which the murder was done.

Glory Whalen, the victim in the mysterious murder case at Collingwood.

May be Another Coal Strike.

Meyersdale, Pa., June 1.—Notices declaring a reduction of five cents in the price of mining coal have been posted at the mines of the Continental Coal Company. District President Daniel Young yesterday inquired into the matter, and ordered a strike, and the mines are now idle. The Continental Company is independent of the Somerset Coal Company, which operates, with one exception, the remaining mines in the Meyersdale region. Both companies last March granted the ten-cent advance, but refused to sign a scale for one year. It is confidently expected by the miners that the Somerset Coal Company will also make the reduction after the first of the month, and there will be a general strike ordered throughout the region.

Cattle Disease on Board.

London, May 30.—The British steamer Virgil, which has arrived at Deptford from Buenos Ayres, has been found to have on board cattle affected with foot-and-mouth disease. They will be immediately slaughtered and incinerated.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Robert G. Bulmer, commercial traveller, died suddenly at Woodstock.

FLOOD AND FIRE.

IMMENSE LOSS OF LIFE REPORTED IN THE STATES.

Nearly 250 People Drowned in North Topeka—Fifteen at Kansas City—Numbers of Others Burned to Death — Hundreds of Houses Swept Away.

Topeka, Kansas, June 1.—Heavy loss of life, estimated at from 175 to 250, in North Topeka, Kansas, alone, and immense damage to property, have occurred in central and eastern Kansas, northwestern Missouri, southwestern Iowa and eastern Nebraska States, through the floods. In some of these localities rain has fallen steadily for ten days, and shows no sign of cessation. All the rivers swept over their banks several days ago and the water is still rising steadily. South Topeka, it appears, is not in danger, and desperate efforts are being made to establish a safe line of communication with North Topeka, which is completely inundated, and thus rescue the survivors in that section. Fire has also destroyed many North Topeka buildings—some reports say at least 400—and several people have been burned to death. At Kansas City the loss of life so far is placed at fifteen. Salina and Ottawa, Kansas, where the floods have done much damage, are Canadian settlements. No loss of life is reported from those places. Companies or regiments of the National Guard are under arms in the cities and larger towns to prevent looting and give all assistance possible. It is calculated that 25,000 people, as follows, are homeless:—

Kansas—North Topeka, 7,000; near Emporia, 500; Salina and vicinity, 800; Lawrence, 500; Kansas City, Armourdale and Argentine, 10,000.

Missouri—Harlem and Shelfield, 700.

Iowa—Desmoines, 6,000 Ottumwa, 200.

Nebraska—Lincoln, 200; Beatrice, 200.

It is impossible to estimate the financial losses.

Topeka, Kan., June 1.—At 1 o'clock the number of people drowned in the flood which has submerged North Topeka for 24 hours was known to be at least 200, and a larger number were yet missing. A company of militia has taken charge of the work of rescue, and owing to their efforts several hundred people have been saved who otherwise would have perished.

In the Auditorium to-night 2,000 homeless people are quartered. The society women of the city are there attending the refugees' needs. Great waggon-loads of clothing and provisions have been sent and the immediate needs of the unfortunates have been provided for.

About four hundred houses in North Topeka were destroyed by fire last week, and several people are reported to have been burned to death, but this report cannot be substantiated. From all over western Kansas boats were rushed here for the rescue of sufferers. The north end of the Melan bridge, the only way of reaching both Topekas, went out, and a wire cable was stretched across the bridge. All of the pontoon bridges on the north side were washed out early this morning, and the only possible chance of reaching the survivors was by boats.

Shortly after daylight nine boats arrived from Ottawa on a special train, and they were put into active service at once. Soon after reports of drownings began to come in. A boat containing eight men was swept away in the swift current about 7 o'clock, and as far as known all were drowned. A boat containing two men was capsized. The boats were too frail to live in the swirling water. More boats arrived from Emporia at 10 o'clock and hurry messages have been sent to other towns for more. The river remained stationary after having fallen several inches. Heavy rains were reported from up the stream, however, and it is feared that another rise will set in.

Eighty-seven people are high and dry in the Page elevator. If the building holds together they will be rescued. In the B Street Colored Baptist Church nearly a hundred people have been standing since yesterday. Many of them have doubtless fallen from exhaustion before this and drowned. The building stands intact, however, and those who are left alive may be rescued. As seen from a high place on North Taylor street, near the Rock Island bridge, the stream appeared to be widening.

E. L. Bailey and E. M. Alexander performed some of the most heroic work of the night. In the darkness about 3 o'clock this morning, at the greatest risk to their own lives, they succeeded in reaching one of the burning lumber yards and rescued a dozen women and children. On the way to the south shore one of the women fainted from fatigue and fright, and this all but swamped the boat. The men made superhuman efforts and finally reached the pontoon bridge with their precious cargo. Here willing hands seized them and carried them over the Melan bridge to safety.

This is but one of a hundred thrilling rescues. The most prominent men of the town donned oilskins and, submerged in water up to their breasts, worked for hours in the cold water.

Kansas City, June 1.—A great body of water, coming from the west, swelled the Kansas River at Kansas City, Kansas, causing a most alarming rise. Waters rushed with terrific force over the outlying railroad tracks and the crowded wholesale districts of the west bottoms, and finally into the Union Depot. At 10 o'clock a mile of wholesale houses, elevators and freight depots were entirely surrounded, basements that yesterday were dry were soon brimful, and water began to reach the first floors. Within fifteen minutes the tracks entering the western end of the Union Depot were entirely submerged, and at 11 o'clock the water had risen at such a rapid rate that the thousands of delayed passengers were making preparations to leave for the high ground.

Fifteen persons have been drowned in the west bottoms during the day. Because of the difficulty of recovering the bodies, identification of most of the dead is impossible. The dead as reported are:—Thomas Ruddy, Manager of the Ruddy Bros.' Packing Co., drowned while engaged in relief work near the Schwarzchild and Sulzberger plant. Jas. Deerman, drowned on Osage avenue; unknown man with two children, drowned at Mill and Osage streets; unknown woman; Wm. Herbert, and two other persons, drowned at Second and Osage streets; three men and two women, drowned by the capsizing of a boat near the Union Pacific bridge; unknown man.

At 6 o'clock last evening eight distinct fires are burning in the flooded district between three blocks west of the Union Depot and Toad-a-Loup, the latter, a settlement near Armourdale. It is impossible to reach any of the fires, as communication is cut off.

Topeka, Kan., June 1.—The outlook in Council Grove is appalling. On a smaller scale the situation there is much the same as that of North Topeka. Nine or more people have been burned to death in a fire started by slacking lime. Reports received from there late to-day say there is small prospect of the water falling for another 24 hours. Flood conditions are getting worse at Lawrence. More than 500 people in the north part of the town are homeless. The large steel mill belonging to Congressman Bowerstock was destroyed, with a loss of $150,000. A big rise in the Smoky Hill River last night caused many more to leave their homes, and hundreds are now encamped on the hills east of the town. Most of the business houses are closed. Hill City has been an iland since Tuesday. No trains have been running there this week. The town is small, and the stock of provisions very low. People are suffering greatly.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

Trade in the St. Lawrence Market building was fairly brisk this morning. Buyers were plentiful, and lots of stuff was offering. On the street there was not much doing, and business was rather quiet. The total grain receipts amounted to 600 bushels.

Wheat—Two hundred bushels of white sold at 74½c per bushel, and 200 bushels of red sold at 74½c to 75c.

Barley—One hundred bushels sold at 46½c per bushel.

Oats—One hundred bushels sold at 37c per bushel.

Dressed Hogs—The market continues unchanged at $8 to $8.50 per cwt for choice light-weight butcher hogs, and $6.50 to $7 for heavies.

Butter—The range in butter prices was somewhat lower, and the market is quotable at about 16c to 20c per lb. There was plenty offering, but trade was good, and most of it was sold.

Eggs—In sympathy with other markets, farmers are asking a little more for their eggs. Quotations to-day run at 14c to 15c per dozen.

Poultry—Spring chickens are on the market, and mighty small ones they are, too. Prices are not diminutive, however, as they are quoted at 90c to $1 per pair. There are a few ducks for sale, and they bring about 30c per lb, and turkey gobblers sell at 11c to 12c per lb.

Hay—About 15 loads were sold. No. 1 timothy is quoted at $12 to $15 per ton, and mixed or clover at $6.50 to $9.

Straw—One load sold at $8 per ton.

Cheese Markets.

Belleville, May 30.—At the meeting of the Cheese Board held here to-day there were offered 2,340 white and 325 colored. Sales were:—Watkin 580, Hodgson 560, Magrath 690 at 10½c, Alexander 305 at 10 7-16c, Magrath 75 at 10⅝c.

Watertown, N.Y., May 30.—On the Cheese Board to-day 4,105 cheese sold at 10⅝c for large white, 10¼c for large colored; 10½c to 10¾c for small white and colored twins.

Cowansville, Que., May 30.—At the weekly meeting of the Eastern Townships' Dairymen's Association here to-day, 43 creameries offered 2,107 boxes of cheese and 18 creameries offered 1,336 boxes of butter. Cheese, colored, sold at 10⅝c to 10⅞c. Butter, 16½c to 19¼c.

Cornwall, May 30.—Sixteen hundred and forty cheese were boarded here to-day, 1,117 white and 477 colored; 46 others. All sold, the colored bringing 10⅝c and the white 10½c to 10 9-16c.

London, May 30.—On the London Dairymen's Exchange 14 factories offered 2,154 boxes; 90 sold at 10⅝c.

Canton, N. Y., May 31.—Large cheese, 19⅛c; twins, 10¼c. Butter, 20¼c.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, May 30. — Cattle — Receipts light; steady. Veals—Receipts, 75 head; 25c lower; tops, $6.25 to $6.50; common to good, $4.50 to $6.15. Hogs—Receipts, 51,100 head; active, 5c to 10c lower; heavy, $6.25 to $6.35; mixed, $6.10 to $6.25; Yorkers, $6 to $6.10; pigs, $6 to $6.05; roughs, $5.25 to $5.50; stags, $4 to $4.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,500 head; steady; top lambs, $7.25 to $7.35; culls to good, $4 to $7.15; yearlings, $4.50 to $5; ewes, $4 to $4.25; sheep, top mixed, $4.25 to $4.50; culls to good, $2 to $4.50.

British Markets.

Liverpool, May 30.—Close—Wheat, spot quiet; No. 1 standard Cal., per cental, 6s 8d to 6s 8½d; Walla, 6s 6d to 6s 6½d; No. 2 red winter, 6s to 6s 4½d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 6s to 6s 6½d; futures inactive; July, 6s 3¼ value; September, 6s 1¾d. Corn—Spot firm; mixed American, per cental, 4s 9d to 4s 9¼d for new; futures inactive June, 4s 7½d value; July, 4s 6d value; September, 4s 3¾d value. Flour—Minneapolis, 20s 9d to 22s.

Paris, May 30. — Opening — Wheat weak at 24f 45c for May and 22f 20c for September and December. Flour—Weak at 32f 35c for May and 30f 20c for September and December.

Paris—Close—Wheat, tone steady at 24f 60c for May and 22f 30c for September and December. Flour—Tone steady at 32f 35c for May and 30f 30c for September and December.

Antwerp, May 30.—Close—Wheat, spot steady; No. 2 red winter, unchanged at 16½f.

Infallible Guidance

RUSSELL H. CONWELL, Pastor
Philadelphia, Baptist Temple.

He will guide you into all truth.—John xvi., 13.

The bounding life of a ship is dependent upon the breeze which fills its sails, and which no man can see or understand or command to his aid. For this reason the sailor prays for favoring winds, and favoring winds are needed for every man's sails, that his progress may be swift and sure.

A man entering an engine room found the engineer lying senseless on the floor. The fires were hot, the steam was hissing, an explosion seemed inevitable. The man knew nothing of that engine, but under an uncontrollable impulse he sprang forward, pulled a lever, not knowing what effect it would have, and the pent-up steam rushed forth like the explosion of a gun. The peril was averted, lives were saved, ruin was escaped. That impulse was a favoring wind.

A company of men fell among savages and were about to be slain. Instinctively they got down on their knees, looked upward and prayed. The savages also looked up to see to whom those men were speaking, but seeing no one a superstitious dread seized them and they fled panic-stricken to the woods. That impulse to pray was a favoring breeze.

A wreck had gone ashore at Martha's Vineyard, and one man in the icy waters clung to a plank, which sufficed to float him. Presently a rope swept by him, but it seemed to have no support. The question flashed upon him, "Shall I catch the rope or hold to the plank?" That was for him a fearful moment, but, moved by a resistless impulse, he seized the rope and soon found himself drawn through the darkness out of danger into safety. That impulse was his favoring breeze.

How different life would be if we constantly had this power to decide infallibly what to do and what not to do! That power is largely developed in woman, but far less in man. He depends more on judgment, she on instinct. But there is a Spirit that giveth this instinct, this ability to decide unerringly. It is like the magnetic current to the needle in the compass, compelling it evermore to point to the north, and so to guide the mariner over every sea.

Often in business men have to decide between two evils. They say: "If I tell the exact truth about this trade I shall ruin the firm. Not only that, but I shall throw the workmen out of employment and do their families great harm." Which is the greater wrong? Again, if we only knew when to do good. Winter approaches. The wind blows cold over the hills. Suffering will come to the poor. Oh! for the ability to decide who are deserving and who are not, who should be helped and who would be better off if left alone.

Oh! for the ability to judge when and how to speak to the wrongdoer. We often speak to such at the wrong time, or let the opportunity to speak pass altogether and then regret the failure when it is too late to mend it. And, oh! for the power to keep silent at the right time. Many a word has done immeasurable harm to ourselves and to others. Bitter words are spoken against dearest friends, and then we wish we could only recall those words. But they are spoken, they are borne forth on the wings of ravens and vultures that delight to carry infection and lodge it where it will beget sorrow evermore.

And how important is the power to decide instinctively what is true! One affirms that a certain article cost so much money; another says he saw it bought, and that it did not cost half the price reported. One of these men is false. You wonder which to trust. Oh! for the instinctive power to decide between them. Or, one friend tells something against another, and you have full faith in both. You say you cannot believe it, and yet you must decide between the two. Oh! for the power that unerringly guides, saying promptly and absolutely: "This is false and that is true."

We need guidance to know when to speak, when to smile, when to frown, when to direct, when to enter upon public or private enterprises, to whom to trust our hand, our heart, our property, to know what to believe where there is conflict or doubt. But there is a power that can decide in all these cases. The impulse that so often guides in the common affairs of life is like the higher impulse that comes direct from God. The more we have of His Spirit the more habitual becomes this instinctive guidance. This will enable us to decide between right and wrong, to tell the true from the false, to tell where to go and where not to go, when to speak and when not to speak, when to preach and when to pray, when to lead others and when to hold back. There is such a power. Jesus Christ revealed it to us as the Spirit of God, and "He will guide you into all truth."

Mixed the Children.

A strange lawsuit has just been heard by the courts of Amsterdam. As far back as February last year a newly born child was taken from the mother's care to be reared in an incubator, says The Philadelphia Telegraph. In accordance with medical advice the infant was packed in wadding and hurried to the hospital, where the incubators stand ready to receive weakly babies. Meanwhile, in compliance with Dutch law, the father had the birth of a son registered, and the child was given the name of Franciscus Gerardus there and then. At the hospital a receipt was taken for the baby boy, and he was put into one of the incubators. Some weeks passed, and the parents received notice that their child was well enough to take away. Imagine the father's surprise when he went to fetch his son to have a baby girl thrust into his arms. The hospital nurse declared some mistake had been made by the parents. The parents, nurse and other witnesses declared the mistake was on the part of the hospital authorities. The baby girl was not wanted by the parents of the missing baby boy, and nobody else owned her. The father took proceedings against the Mayor of the city, who is the nominal head of the hospital, and claimed £240 damages for his lost son. During the time the child was in the incubator the outside of the machine was painted, and, according to the plaintiff's advocate, the cards on which are written the particulars regarding the inmates were mixed up. A touch of romance is added to the case by the offer of an anonymous woman, who undertakes to pay the compensation claimed by the parents and adopt the girl who ought to be a boy. Judgment will be given next month.

The Land of Standstill.

The Land of Standstill is the name given to Venezuela by Mr. James Barnes, who went there during the recent difficulty as the correspondent of The Outlook. Here is a bit from his picturesque description of Caracas in The Outlook:—

There are the barracks, the one to the north with its single gun presented to the Venezuelan Government by the Empress Eugenie, and with all its loopholes frowning at the city, like all the other "defences." There is another near the centre of the town, where the small brown soldier boys stand guard at the door, armed to the teeth. At night both places are given a wide berth, and the unknowing stranger who might not understand the peremptory "Halte, qui vive!" is in no little danger. Much afraid of these places are the peaceable inhabitants, and much right have they to be so, for the soldier that supports the reigning Government is a privileged person. It does not do to complain of him. The keeper of a cafe frequented by the troops once spoke to the colonel of an Andino regiment, and said that his soldiers borrowed his knives and forks and did not return them. "Do you mean that the soldiers of my Government are thieves?" replied the colonel. The restaurant-keeper replied that it might look that way to the casual observer, or words to that effect; whereupon the colonel shot him dead, and that was the end of the matter.

Leading out of the city to the south and crossing the shallow river is the far-famed "iron bridge." It joins at its farther end with a broad road about a mile in length. Beautiful gardens and well-kept little villas, mostly the pleasure homes of politicians, are on either side. Here on holidays meet the upper classes, the old conservatives, the wealthy tradesman, and the successful politician. The pampered favorite of the latter drives here, too, lolling back in her victoria. The people bow to one another or give the cut direct, as their acquaintanceship dictates or their position in the social scale may give them privilege or not. At the eastern end used to be the gay quarter, the dancehouses and the fandangos. A little park is at the western end, where there is also, strange to say, a baseball field. A hopeful sign for the future is that a small percentage of the youths and boys have taken up outdoor sports, this within the last four years. This mile or more of good road is all that is worthy of the name of "driveway" in a country bigger than the State of Texas! The people are very proud of it.

Thomas J. Marvin, because he was cartooned as a zebra in the Detroit "Tribune," has brought suit against that newspaper for one hundred thousand dollars for libel. The complaint states that the plaintiff was "represented as a four-footed beast, saddled and bridled, carrying on his back a rider who held the reins of the bridle, meaning and asserting that the plaintiff was by nature and habit degraded to the level of a four-footed beast, and that he was without independence of character and wholly subject to the will of others to the same extent that any four-footed beast saddled and bridled would be. He also claims that he has been degraded from the high state of a personal human being to a mere beast of burden."

A Daughter of Accra Queens

A TALE OF MOROCCO

By A. J. Dawson.

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way,
To its triumph or undoing.

—Cristina.

Haj El Maiben, chief and descendant of chiefs in the territory of Wadi Tafilet, is a man somewhat feared and a good deal loved on both sides of the Atlas. To the southward, in Wadi Tafilet, men say, "The Sultan is the Sultan, and—there is Haj El Maiben."

But probably you don't know Haj El Maiben. It is not likely that his name could be found on any London visiting-list. And perhaps that is as well, because a Mayfair host and hostess would find some difficulty about entertaining the old chief in any style approaching to the lavish magnificence with which Haj El Maiben takes delight in honoring his guests.

The causes which led to my first becoming his guest might be explained during a long tropical evening spent on a ship's deck, or in some other such outlandish situation. They form a story, not to be told here, because of its length, and—other peculiarities. But I may be believed when I boast that I have the honor to be certain of a friendly welcome at the chief's great rambling white fortress in Wadi Tafilet, in the tents of his followers north and south of the Atlas, or aboard his very beautiful, gold-striped, black-hulled yacht which, when idle, may generally be seen riding at anchor below the beacon at Dar-al-baida.

When the summer of last year, an unusually warm season in Morocco, was drawing to a close, I lay one evening on a heap of curiously worked rugs and cushions in the little covered balcony of the inner courtyard at Tehuma, the old Wadi Tafilet fortress. Haj El Maiben sat beside me. Between us stood his great fragrant chibouque. There were no lamps on the balcony, but the light of a full African moon played restfully about the chief's dull gold forehead, over his snowy beard, by which men swear in Wadi Tafilet, and down to the silver and crimson of his curling-toed sandals, where they peered out one from under each of his knees.

A wealthy man, a kindly man, an artist and a prince of Southern Bohemians, is Haj El Maiben. A lover of beauty rather than a voluptuary, leaning in his tastes more to the Byzantine than the purely Moorish, the old chief is a devout Mohammedan, and a learned student of humanity in all its shades and grades.

We had been talking, since one of the chief's people had brought us our first supply of coffee that evening, of the position and influence of Britishers in Western Africa. Haj El Maiben, with his people, had made several pilgrimages across the desert to the West Coast, and knew more of that ill-omened country, before I was born, than I have learned since that event.

"When the white men in the river villages are cruel to the native folk, that is not good," murmured the chief in his low, mellow tones. "But when they are kind, then for those that be women it is less good. Your countryman, Butler, George Butler of the great Liverpool house; you know him?"

I nodded. I had met George Butler when he was acting as Digby Farn's agent in Prowrah. Then Haj El Maiben, laying down the mouthpiece of his great pipe, began to tell me of George Butler and his life in the oil rivers. To the music of the chief's voice, there was added the harmonious plashing and gurgling of the palm-shaded fountain in the courtyard below.

Haj El Maiben spoke English fluently, and with delightful quaintness. But it was not his habit to describe a spade as just a spade and nothing more, when he could hit upon any combination of words more vividly descriptive of that useful implement than its name. Men of the old chief's race waste so much time and breath over courtesy and such-like trifles. However, this is what Haj El Maiben told me that evening, though my words are not his words.

When George Butler first received his appointment from Messrs. Digby Farn in Liverpool, he was not sent to Prowrah, where I subsequently met him, but to the Warri River Beach as assistant to a man called Braun.

After living in great luxury up to the age of two-and-twenty, George Butler had been called away from Oxford just before taking his degree, to attend the funeral of his father, who died by his own hand. The Butler family then found themselves absolutely penniless. The father's death made their condition apparent, as it did that of various other folk whom the dead man had brought to financial ruin. George Butler drove a cab for a fortnight, and thereby earned thirty-five shillings. His last fare was a director of Digby Farn's, and an acquaintance of the senior Butler's whom that deceased gentleman had never wronged. So young Butler was given a clerkship in Liverpool, and eighteen months later he landed from the steamship "Bonny" on Warri Beach, as assistant manager of the branch factory there.

He was fresh and clean, beautifully English, and full of enthusiastic intentions in the matter of proving that a man could keep himself in decent health on the Coast if he went the right way about it. Then, too, he had dewy, meadow-sweet notions about the irrepressible native, racial equality, and good, kindly foolery of that sort.

So Braun was rather startling to young Butler, Braun being an old Coast hand, an old oil-river man, a rather confirmed slave of the cocktail habit, and a beachcomber at heart. However, within the week George Butler had cheerfully decided to reform Braun. Braun heard this, of course, and grinned. He might have let the young man down easily. But he did not.

Braun taught Butler to make cocktails, and at times—when the young man began to wake with the tired feeling that comes while the mangrove steam is drawing the sap out of English cheeks—to drink them. Then, on the second Sunday after Butler's arrival, Braun said:

"Oh, by the way, my son, how much longer are you going to wilt away in single blessedness? Upon my soul, I'd forgotten all about it, but we haven't got you a wife yet. Orthodox thing in the rivers, you know. And here you're wasting all your English freshness in 'batching.'"

"Good God!" says Butler, doubtless thinking of orange-blossom and cake. "I don't want to marry. And, besides, I couldn't afford it."

"Oh, marriage is not an expense in the rivers, my son. We marry for economy, and—comfort, you know. Take a housekeeper, and sack a servant. The conjugal felicity is a clear gift—make-weight, you know. I'm going to take a new wife myself in a day or two. Tama Maan's getting fat and lazy. Tell your boys to bring your hammock round, and I'll take you up to the village. We'll look over the eligibles."

Butler was rather shocked at this, as the other man had known well he would be. Then the boy, being clean-run, and of good fibre, showed what he felt in the matter. Braun laughed. And to do him justice he treated native women a good deal more fairly than do many white men.

"Good Lord, man!" he said, "you mustn't take things so plaguey seriously in this part of the world. A man's constitution can't stand it. You don't suppose it hurts a native girl to be a white man's wife for a year or so, before she settles down to family life with a man of her own color?"

"Well, anyhow, I don't want one to be my wife," said Butler. "So I won't bother coming."

"Oh, you'd better come. Might just as well see the village. We're supposed to make ourselves agreeable to the local and other natives, you know," said Braun, grinning, and quoting Digby Farn's instructions. "Come on! We'll go and see young Chief Twaino. He's always good fun."

Butler hesitated.

"Well, you can't expect to reform us in Warri, or the girls either, if you don't mix with 'em, you know."

So Butler sent for his hammock, and Braun shook with unholy merriment, as he rummaged in the factory for a few Birmingham gewgaws to take to Warri village. There is something uncanny about such verdancy as was Butler's, when seen in an oil-river factory.

It takes close on three hours to reach Warri village from white man's Warri, the beach, though the hammock-boys lope along at about five miles an hour. Approaching the village on this Sunday morning from the side nearest the river, Braun and Butler were surprised to find all the big camps deserted, and only a few old river-women and naked children wandering about among the huts.

"Deuced queer!" said Braun. "There's generally a regular church parade about this time, and drum-beating and hair-oiling, no end." Then, turning to the bearers, he added, "Go on one time, you boys. Take us for Chief Twaino's camp, huh?"

So the two hammocks were raised again, and went swaying on down the wide main thoroughfare between the huts.

"What's the matter with these poor old women?" asked Butler. The few women visible were all howling and wailing as they hobbled from hut to hut. And the very urchins, rolling listlessly about in the soft red dust, were whining, instead of laughing as their wont is.

"Don't know at all," said Braun, "unless it's a sacrifice day or something. We'll see when we find Twaino."

But the young chief's camp, when the Englishman reached it, was more hopelessly deserted than any other part of the village.

"Evidently isn't Twaino's at home day, anyhow," said Braun. "Hullo! There's one of his people lying down there by the palisade. Hey, you! Daddy! Come here!"

An old man wearing nothing but a strip of country cloth twisted round his shrivelled loins rose from out the dust beside the rough palisading and hobbled up to Braun's hammock.

"Well, Daddy, how's things?" said Braun, as he lit a cheroot. The old man moaned and rocked his head to and fro. "You don't seem happy, Daddy. What's the trouble?"

"Ou-ay!" moaned the old man. "La-ou-a-lay!"

"Lucid, isn't he?" said Braun, turning to Butler. "Look here, Daddy! Yew no be so foolish, yew sabe. Where 'e be Twaino, huh? Wha' thing dem peepil go do—dem Warri peepil? Where the devil's anybody, anyhow, eh? Wake up, an' p'laver proper p'laver."

"Oh, Messah Braun, yew no sabe Twaino 'e bin dead!"

"What!"

"'E bin dead—go foh 'evin. 'E go die las' night."

"Great snakes! An' everybody—all peepil go for bury him to-day, eh? No be true? Bury Twaino out by Ju-Ju house, eh?"

"Foh suah, Messah Braun, all peepil 'e be gone foh' bury Twaino."

"By gad! Twaino dead! Well, well! Here 'e be piece 'baccy for yew, Daddy. Come on, Butler! By Jove! We must go to Twaino's funeral. He was the whitest native I ever met."

So once more the hammocks moved on, this time towards the Ju-Ju houses, which are situated on a little hill-top half a mile outside the village.

"Poor old Twaino!" said Braun as the hammock-bearers jogged along over the knotted plantain roots and under trailing mangrove branches. "Black-water fever, I suppose. And it's only about a month since he came into power. His father killed himself with a barrel of Hamburg gin from Marlowe and Green's factory. The old man wasn't used to gin. He'd been drinking nothing but Heidsick and Monople for years. Used to have two big cases every month from us. But Twaino—by gad! I'm sorry! Twaino's gone. He was the finest specimen of a savage I've ever seen. Never been in a mission-school in his life, and straight as a die. He'd only two wives—two sisters they were, and daughters of a Benin chief. That was policy. He's been making hot love to Neyreela these six months, and they were to have been married in a week or two. I forgot, though, you never met Neyreela. She was born in Accra. You haven't seen that sort of native yet, or you wouldn't be so cocksure of not wanting a housekeeper. Old Dr. Jessop brought her down here as a child from Accra three years ago, sick of a fever. Her father was a big chief, and killed in the Kareula riots. Her mother was a queen, and died before. Old Jessop brought her up like a la—— Hullo! Here we are. Jumping Jerusalem! What a turnout!"

The two white men in their hammocks had rounded the densely wooded crest of the little hill outside the town, and had reached the edge of the wide, open stretch on which stood the two Warri Ju-Ju houses, and the various sacred adjuncts—the Ju-Ju tree where executions took place, the burial ground, the tattooing-tables, etc.

As they mounted the hill the Englishmen had heard the confused hubbub of many voices raised in chants of mourning, the blaring of horns and the beating of drums. Now these combined sounds burst upon the new arrivals with a roar which made the hazy air vibrate. The very earth under the hammock-bearers' feet seemed to tremble. All Warri was assembled on the slope of the little hill. And savage lungs are powerful, if not remarkable for the production of melody. Twaino had been the most popular young chief in the rivers. Therefore, special tributes had to be offered up to Ju-Ju on the occasion of Twaino's going "foh 'evin."

Round about, on different parts of the hill-slope, no less than twelve great fires of sacred wood were burning, and sending up into the dancing heat-waves of the air solid columns of white, thickly scented smoke. Round each fire sat a ring of women mourners, beating drums, howling and lowering their tattooed foreheads to the dust. In the center of the semicircle formed by the twelve fires, and right before the chief Ju-Ju house, a great shallow pit had been dug, the mouth of which measured at least twenty feet either way. This was the grave of Twaino, Mawa San's successor, and a magnificent young barbarian.

The Englishmen, having left their hammocks, edged up as close as possible to the young chief's grave, all the savage assemblage being too fully occupied with the business in hand to notice or interfere with the men from the beach and the world beyond.

All the Ju-Ju men of Warri, and others from outlying villages, robed in priestly white and full of priestly dignity, were grouped about the mouth of the grave. All were chanting the most dismal kind of dirge, and under their feet the earth ran blood. In the center of the grave lay dead Twaino, splendid in the richest of his finery, robed in finest country cloth and half-covered in coral and beaten gold ornaments. One dead hand clasped his sword—a Brummagem product—the other his chief's staff. Round about the body were scattered pipes, bottles of wine, tobacco, spirits, weapons, food and personal belongings of every description. High up overhead carrion birds were wheeling and making shrill cries. For in the grave were the bodies of scores of kids, goats, fowls, and other animals whose throats had been slit by the Ju-Ju men. Also, one of Twaino's wives lay beside her lord, and George Butler noticed, with a shudder that blood was flowing from the woman's throat and staining her spotless robes.

The burial ceremonies were almost over when the Englishmen arrived, and already earth and leaves were being thrown into the grave by a score of naked slaves. Suddenly there came a lull in the deafening, wailing noises, and the Englishmen saw a girl, tall, slight, and graceful as a panther, dart through the throng of white-robed priests and leap from its edge into the center of the grave.

"By God! it's Neyreela!" shouted Braun. And, Butler beside him, Digby Farn's agent elbowed through the crowd to the grave's brink.

A shrill, angry shout rose from the knot of chiefs' wives and daughters assembled at one end of the grave. These women hated Neyreela for various reasons. She was beautiful beyond the dreams of Warri River women; also, she had been brought up practically in the house of the white medicine man, and—she was Neyreela. For months she had been a very queen to their chief Twaino, whom any woman on the Warri River would have married at a nod.

The Ju-Ju men called for silence, but the anger of the womenfolk was persistent and its expression shrill.

"It's all right," murmured Braun, clutching his assistant's arm—Butler was on the point of springing after the girl.

(Continued on page 6.)

Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

St. Martin's Church, cor. Third and Trainor streets. Sunday services, Matins at 11 a. m., Evensong 7:30 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion, 1st Sunday in each month and on Special occasions. Sunday School, Sunday at 3 p. m. Committee Meetings, 1st Thursday in each month.

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

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

Mr. E. H. Goodfellow, late of the Dominion Telegraph Service, left for Vancouver Wednesday last. Mr. Taylor, who succeeds Mr. Goodfellow arrived this week.

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repairing—Pillman & Co.

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

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

Rev. Mr. Turkington will arrive today, and services will be held as usual in Atlin and Discovery.

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

A new editorial room is being added to the already extensive premises of "THE CLAIM".

Fresh fruit and vegetables at N. C. Wheeling & Co's.

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.

The Executive of the Liberal Association held a meeting at Discovery last night, details of which will be given next week.

The special Song service held at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday was a great success; Miss McTavish's reading and the songs by Mrs. J. Stables and Mr. J. D. Lumsden were very well rendered.

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

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

Go to Ford's O. K. Barber Shop for a bath; 25 cents.

The Kootenay Hotel has quite a city-like appearance; the energetic and popular proprietor has spared no expense or effort to make his guests comfortable. A new chef has been engaged and the Dining Room will be open day and night and only the best of everything will be served.

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.

Linoleums and Oilcloths, just arrived at N. C. Wheeling & Co.'s

The A. O. U. W. meet at 8 p. m. next Wednesday.

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

Linoleums and Oilcloths just arrived at N. C. Wheeling & Co's.

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

W. J. Goepel, Inspector of Offices for British Columbia arrived here last Wednesday; he is busy auditing the Government accounts.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ward, left this week for a hunting trip in the mountains.

Fire practice every Monday evening at 8:30 p. m. Come and help.

FOR SALE—Large Marquee Tent and poles at "Claim Office."

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.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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

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	4	39	68
,,	5	44	71
,,	6	47	74
,,	7	44	81
,,	8	47	84
,,	9	40	76
,,	10	41	55

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.

Store to Rent — Apply at THE CLAIM Office.

Opening Announcement.

Stables and Lumsden having taken over the business of Messrs. J. St. Clair Blackett & Co., are prepared to furnish the Camp with the best line of Groceries at the lowest prices. By strict attention to business we hope to merit a share of your patronage.

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 Lemons 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.