THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. II. ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1904 NO. 263

WAR NEWS.

Saturday Evening.

Liao Yang:—Japanese are embarking two divisions near Kaio Chou, in order to reinforce the army in front of Port Arthur.

Tokio:—After a fierce battle, General Kuroki's troops drive Russians from strongly fortified positions at Kiao Tung. The fight began on the 18th and ended on the 19th. The Japanese lost 424 killed and wounded, and the Russian loss is estimated at one thousand.

Chefoo:—Chinese arriving here from Port Arthur state that the Japanese made another torpedo attack last Thursday.

St. Petersburg:—The steamer Malacca is now at Sada Bay, where she will be inspected by British and Russian consuls, and then released.

London:—Papers here generally express satisfaction now that the Malacca incident is to be settled in accordance with the demands of Great Britain, though there is the answer to await on the question of the passage through the Dardanelles of the volunteer fleet, before believing that all danger has been averted.

Tuesday Morning.

Tien Tsin:—In accordance with orders issued by General Kuropatkin, the Russians commenced to evacuate New Chwang on Sunday. Yesterday (Monday) morning the Russian railway station was in flames. The Russians were evidently destroying their property previous to evacuation.

New Chwang:—A battle was fought on Saturday near Ta Tche Kiao, resulting in heavy loss. The progress of the battle was watched by many people in New Chwang from the roofs of houses.

London:—A vessel has been sunk by the Vladivostock squadron and is supposed to be the "Hiogo," one of the Nippon Line.

It is believed that the object of the Vladivostock squadron, coming out into the Pacific, is to interrupt trade between America and Japan, and steamers from Canada and the United States are therefore in serious danger.

A Chefoo despatch states that a Japanese fleet of 20 warships and 20 torpedo boats bombarded Hwang Shin for three hours, and the forts replied. The results have not been learned yet.

Owing to the telegraph wire being down, in the vicinity of Telegrph Creek, no telegraphic news has been received since Tuesday morning.

The Union Must Pay $12,500.

The Jury Decides Against Laborers.

The verdict returned by the jury in the action for damages brought by the Center Star mining Co. against the Rossland Miners Union No. 38, Western Federation of Miners, found that the defendants, in connection with the strike of 1901, had maliciously conspired together to molest and injure the plaintiff and other mine owners of Rossland, and assessed the damages due the company in consequence of this at $12,500.

SALOONS CLOSED UP

By Klondyke Licence Commissioners—Refused to Grant Licences.

Dawson:—Great consternation and excitement has been caused here by the closing of thirty-five saloons, owing to the refusal of the Board of Licence Commissioners to grant renewals.

Among those closed was the noted Pioneer, owned by George Butler, it being one of the finest establishments in the North. Many of the houses closed had invested as high as $20,000 individually.

The press denounciates the Commissioners and scores the Government relentlessly. The action of the Commissioners, who put out of business in one day, without previous notice, some of the largest and costliest establishments, on the ground that there were too many licences, needs investigation.

Diptheria at Fort Yukon.

Sixty-four cases of diptheria and five deaths are reported at Fort Yukon. Dawson is enforcing a strict quarantine.

The Hon. Chief Justice Gordon-Hunter left Victoria on the 28th en route for Atlin.

If you want the latest Magazines and Papers, go to Pillman's.

Lowney's Chocolates, direct from factory.—C. R. BOURNE.

FOR SALE—Skating and Curling Rinks.—Apply A. D. LEWIS.

NOTICE—For Sale, Two Hotels,—The Leland, Atlin, and The Royal, Discovery. — Apply E. P. QUEEN.

NOTICE. — One ton of Honey, from Los Angeles, which was delayed in shipment, has arrived, and is at Stewart's Store, Discovery, where orders will be taken. It is in 5 gal. cans—at 25c. per lb.—WM. LAWSON.

Late News of Interest

The body of the late President Kruger is to be interred at Pretoria.

Great Britain and Germany have entered into an arbitration convention.

Sir Wm. McGregor is to succeed Sir Cavendish Boyle as Governor of Newfoundland.

A snuff-box, which once belonged to Louis XV., was sold in London a short time ago for $10,000.

A reign of terror exists in Morocco. The Government has no troops to cope with the bandits, who are looting the entire countryside outside Tangiers.

A boy in Boston, aged 9, the son of Prof. Leo Wiener, has mastered several dead languages, higher mathematics and sciences, and is fitted to enter Harvard University.

The new million-dollar bridge at New Westminster, which has been completed to the order of the British Columbia Government, was opened on the 23rd with elaborate celebrations.

Lloyd's Registry Book, published on the first of this month, gives the total of the world's shipping (vessels of 100 tons and upwards) as 34,789,189 tons, of which 16,580,845 are British; the United States comes second with 3,849,400, and Germany third with 3,369,807.

ENORMOUS SURPLUS.

Twenty Million Dollar Surplus Over Ordinary Revenue.

Ottowa:—The total revenue for the fiscal year will reach $71,000,000, with expenditure on consolidated fund, $54,000,000.

Sir William Mullock has given notice of a bill to prevent employment of aliens on subsidized government work.

Lloyds Asks 100 per Cent. Against War Between Britain and Russia.

London:—One hundred per cent. is the premium asked by Lloyds to insure against war between England and Russia occurring within three weeks.

Riot at Treadwell.

Rioting between the Japanese and Slavonian employees of the Treadwell mine started on the 22nd and United States Marshal Shoup was appealed to for aid. The riot was caused by feeling in regard to the Russo-Japanese war.

Our City.

Atlin is now firmly established as a permanent and substantial city. The hydraulic and dredging mines will continue to be worked for years to come, as will also the individual placer claims. So far, the operations have been almost exclusively confined to placer mining, but to-day quartz is gaining favor in the eyes of both prospector and capitalist; many ledges, which up to date were simply held by annual assessment work, are being opened up and developed with a view of proving their real value.

Principal among these is the "Beavis" Mine, Atlin, owned by Messrs. C. E. Wynne Johnston and H. Maluin. Practical development work has shown encouraging results and several shipments of the ore have proved that this mine will be a profitable shipper.

The "White Moose," at Taku Arm, is also shipping ore, to the B. C. Smelter, and the owners are highly satisfied with results.

A small stamp mill is crushing ore on the "Yellow Jacket," Pine Creek, and the promoters are doing well.

Local business has been better than in previous years, and not one single business failure has occurred. The population is steadily on the increase, and the demand for labor growing with the actual development of the district.

Taking everything into consideration, the outlook is much brighter than ever before, and the prospects of a large amount of development work in the near future are very encouraging.

Vancouverite Wins King's Gold Medal.

Private Perry, of Vancouver, won $1,250 and the King's gold medal at Bisley, making 48 out of a possible 50 at 1000 yards.

Mrs. Maybrick is Now at Liberty.

Mrs. Maybrick was set at liberty on July 22nd. She left England on that day for France, on her way to the United States.

Mr. Wolters, of the Gold House, Discovery, desires to inform the public that he has engaged an extra first-class chef for night work, and that the restaurant will now be open day and night. Vegetables, grown in the Gold House garden, served fresh daily.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the people of Atlin, Discovery and the Creeks for their great kindness to us in our sad bereavement, and for their loving floral tributes to our "Baby Boy." MR. AND MRS. DAVIS.

About the ....House

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Strawberry Shrub.—One pint of strawberry juice, juice of one lemon, one cupful sugar. Set on ice until wanted; then turn into thin glasses, having them half full; fill one quarter more with seltzer water; then place whipped cream on top.

Strawberry Dumplings.—Take the same recipe as for short cake, but roll into a sheet about a sixteenth of an inch thick; cut into rounds; put five large berries in center; fold the dough over and wet with white of egg; then roll between palms of hands until the opening is effaced; set in greased tin; brush with milk and bake in quick oven for fifteen minutes. Serve with strawberry sauce.

Buckwheat Cakes are greatly improved by the addition of Indian meal. The following is an excellent rule: One and one-half cups buckwheat, ½ cup Indian meal, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup water, 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder, 1 saltspoon salt. These cakes may be stirred up and fried at once upon a hot griddle. No yeast is needed.

Nut Pates—Mix to a smooth paste with sweet milk, 2 cups peanuts put through a nut grinder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 beaten egg, ½ teaspoon each of salt and mushroom catsup. Fill pate shapes (previously baked empty) with the mixture and brown in a quick oven. Serve at once.

Banana Cream—Whip half a pint of double cream until stiff, and then stir into it half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in half a gill of warm water, a little lemon juice, and 1 lb. of skinned bananas rubbed through a hair sieve with 2 ozs. of caster sugar. Put the mixture into a mould, and leave it in a cold place until set.

To make parsley and butter sauce. Get a nice bunch of parsley, wash it thoroughly, squeeze very dry in a cloth, and chop finely. Dissolve half an ounce of flour, pepper and salt. Stir both together; take the pan off the fire, and add slowly half a pint of cold water. Stir till all boils and leaves the sides of the pan; add the chopped parsley, beat all together, and serve.

Compote of Bananas.—Make a syrup with 1 lb. of loaf sugar, half a pint of water, and the strained juice of two lemons; let it boil for ten minutes, then pour it over about 1 lb. of skinned and quartered bananas. Leave in a warm place for ten minutes, then lift out the bananas and place them in a glass dish; boil up the syrup until very thick and pour it over the bananas. Serve with whipped cream.

Macaroni Cheese.—Make half a pint of good white sauce with half an ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour and half a pint of milk, into this stir three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese, cayene and salt. Boil three ounces of macaroni in salted water with an onion; when it is tender drain and stir into the sauce. Place all in a greased pie-dish or scallop shells, cover with grated cheese, and brown in the oven.

Banana Trifle.—Lay 4 ozs. of macaroons and 2 ozs. of rataflas in a deep glass dish; cut a sponge cake into slices and spread these with banana pulp; place them on the macaroons and soak with a little sherry and brandy; pour over the whole a pint of cream to taste, flavor with vanilla and a teaspoonful of brandy, then whip it till stiff; pile on the top of the trifle, and decorate with crystallized fruits and blanched and shredded almonds.

Toffee.—Place three ounces of butter in a brass preserving pan and as soon as it is melted add one pound of brown sugar. Stir this gently over a moderate fire for a quarter of an hour, or until a bit of it, dropped into cold water, is brittle. Directly the toffee is boiled to this point it must be poured off, or it will be spoilt. It is an improvement to add a little grated lemon rind when the toffee is half done.

HELPFUL HINTS.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed.

Tubs will not warp or crack open if the precaution is taken to put a pail of water into each directly after use.

Half an hour once a week should be spent in manicuring the nails if the hands are to have a well-cared appearance.

Save all the egg shells, and when broken up finely they will be found useful for removing stains, etc., from enamelled saucepans.

All saucepans and kettles should be turned upside down when not in use. Let the saucepan project a little over the edge of its shelf to admit air.

When the hands have become soft and shrunken by using soda and hot water, rub them with common salt, and it will help to make them smooth again.

Chloride of lime should be used about the house all the summer, and in the out-buildings also. It will drive rats from the cellar at any time of the year.

Buttermilk is excellent for cleaning sponges. Steep the sponge in milk for some hours, then squeeze it out, and wash it in cold water. Lemon juice is also good.

For biliousness the first thing to do is to get rid of the excess of waste material in the blood. For this purpose nothing is better than a Seidlitz powder taken before breakfast.

During hot weather dishclothes and kitchen cloths are apt to turn sour and smell disagreeably. A few drops of ammonia in the rinsing water will act like magic in sweetening them.

When choosing a carpet for a small room always select a small pattern, or plain colors. See that the wall paper tones with the carpet, and the room will seem bigger than it really is.

Turpentine mixed with linseed oil in the proportion of two parts of oil to one of turpentine makes a most excellent polish for furniture. Apply very little of this to the surface, and polish with plenty of clean cloths.

To clean the coffee pot fill it with water, put in a pinch of borax and a piece of hard soap, and set on the stove, leaving it boil for half an hour. It will be as bright as new and should be submitted to this treatment frequently.

For a shampoo mixture. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of pure soft soap (bought of a chemist) in half a pint of hot water. When cold, add the juice of one lemon and a few drops of essence of lavender. Keep this tightly corked for use.

To wash windows easily add a few drops of kerosene or paraffin to some clean hot water (as hot as can be used). The kerosene evaporates, carrying the moisture with it, and the glass is cleansed with half the usual trouble and looks brighter.

When cleaning a room in the ordinary way don't forget that the pictures need dusting at the back and edges. Dusty rims round ornaments proclaim a careless housekeeper. The best plan is to have the first duster slightly damp, and finish off with a dry one. Wring out the duster in a bucket of warm water constantly.

CLEANING FEATHERS.

Owing to the frequency with which it is turned over to the professional cleaner, a white or pale-tinted plume becomes something of a luxury.

If the feminine contingent only realized how easily these pretty ornaments can be cleaned at home, quite a little saving toward the end of the year would result.

Nothing more difficult to obtain than soap and clean water is necessary to clean an ostrich tip in a thoroughly scientific fashion. If the work is carefully done, the plume will stand an infinite number of "shampooings" without showing the least signs of wear. Here is the simple process:

Make a lather with warm water and a good white soap. Fill a bowl with this and dip the plume into it. When it is thoroughly staturated draw the tip through the fingers. Repeat a number of times if the feather is much soiled.

Now rinse thoroughly in clear water, making sure that no vestige of soap remains. Put on a white apron or cover the knees with a clean towel and gently pat the plume with the hands until dry. Curl with a blunt knife.

Or steam the plume over the hot water kettle and dry out in the heat of the stove, when it will of its own accord attain a certain degree of fluffiness.

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

A Severe Sufferer Tells How He Overcame the Trouble.

"Not only do I not hesitate to declare the benefit I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I feel it my duty to do so." These are the words which Mr. Edward Lavoie, of St. Jerome, Que., lately addressed to the editor of L'Avenir du Nord, when relating the story of his cure. Mr. Lavoie is well known in St. Jerome, and what he says carries weight among those who know him. For a considerable time he was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, which caused severe headaches, pains in the stomach and sometimes nausea. Sometimes he felt as though he would suffocate, he would become dizzy and experienced ringing noises in the ears. His appetite became poor, and his general health so bad that he found it almost impossible to work, and when the headaches attacked him he had to quit work. For six months, he says, he suffered both physically and mentally more than can be imagined. During this time he took medicine from several doctors, but found no help. Then one day he read of the cure of a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. He used the pills for a couple of months, and they have made him feel like a new person. He is no longer troubled with any of the old symptoms, and says he can now go about his work as though he never had dyspepsia.

The digestive organs—like all the other organs of the body—get their strength and nourishment from the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. This new blood strengthens the stomach, stimulates the liver, regulates the bowels and sets the whole digestive system in a healthy, vigorous state. Good blood is the true secret of good health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always bring good health to those who use them. You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

THE LUCKY HORSE SHOE

SUPERSTITION OF THE DIFFERENT NATIONS.

Horse Shoe Saved Ireland—Cossacks Were Taught Iron By It.

Ever since horse-shoes have been horse-shoes they have been accounted lucky emblems by all peoples, races, and nations, that have been acquainted with their use. This much is certain. But why it should be so it is hard to determine, since almost everywhere a different reason is given for cherishing the belief.

The Cingalese, for instance, say they nail them up over their doors as a charm against evil spirits, because of the close resemblance that exists between its shape and the arched body of the sacred snake, Nagendra, one of their principal deities.

Ask a Turkish Mohammedan for information on the subject, and he will tell you that it is because they are in form like to a crescent, the sacred emblem of Islam.

A Polish Jew will explain that at the Passover, the blood sprinkled upon the lintel and door-posts, in the manner directed by their ritual, forms the chief points of an arch. Hence, obviously, the value of arch-shaped talismans, such as horse-shoes are.

The stolid and unimaginative Russian peasant, on the other hand, maintains that the luck associated with the horse-shoe is due chiefly to the metal, irrespective of its shape, iron being traditionally a charm wherewith to nullify the malevolent designs of evil spirits and goblins.

In other words, according to his view of the matter, a horse-shoe is simply a piece of iron of graceful shape and convenient form, commonly pierced with seven nail-holes (a mystic number), and therefore an altogether suitable talisman to be affixed to the door of dwelling or stable in conformity with a venerable custon sanctioned

BY CENTURIES OF USAGE.

In Italy, in the Middle Ages, it became customary to place a crescent-shaped hood or brass upon the heads of the statutes of saints exposed in the open, as a protection from snow and rain. Hence arose the practice of similarly adorning images and paintings in churches. Later on these metallic aureoles came to be regarded as sacred emblems themselves, and as absolutely essential to the well-being of the saint or martyr represented. But pictures and images of holy persons were many and cheap, and brass halos were rare and costly.

Consequently, the horse-shoe got to be pretty generally utilized as an easily available substitute, and to it the devout Italians transferred, in course of time the superstitious reverence which they had formerly bestowed upon the genuine halo.

In the Caucasus the peasantry hallow the hors-shoe, because, so they say, it was through one that their ancestors first learnt the use of iron. Long ago—runs the legend—some of the poor mountain folk found an iron shoe that had been cast accidentally from a Cossack chieftain's stallion. Never having seen such a thing before, they, after having first vainly attempted to eat it, tried to soften it by boiling it in water. Then they roasted it, and afterwards beat it with stones. While thus engaged, the Evil One, who had been watching them, asked them suddenly

WHAT THEY WERE DOING.

Though startled, the men thought it best to put on a bold front, so replied that they were making a hammer to beat him (Satan) with.

"But" cried Satan, "you have no sand."

So his hearers then understood that sand was essential for the use of iron-workers, and thus began the manufacture in the Caucasus of iron implements.

Very different is the story by which the Irishman seeks to account for his liking for the same talismanic symbol.

The name "Irinland" or "Ireland," he will tell you, originated as follows:

The whole island was once submerged in the sea, out of which it only rose once in seven years, and then only for a very short time. Many attempts had been made to break the spell and induce the country to remain permanently above the waters, but all were vain, until one day, a daring adventurer threw a horse-shoe from a boat on to the topmost peak of the Wicklow Mountains, just as they were disappearing beneath the waves.

Then, at last, was the bane removed. The Emerald Isle began forthwith to rise again from the ocean depths into which it had just sunk. And it has been dry land—more or less—ever since.

Such is the story as told by the folk-lore-loving peasantry of the west; but many authorities on Irish legendary lore insist that the real reason of the always devout Irishman's belief in the beneficent powers of the emblem in question lies in the fact of the horse and the ass having been in the stable where Christ was born, and hence being ever more blessed animals.

IN ENGLAND,

up to within comparatively recent times, horse-shoes were extensively used almost everywhere as anti-witch charms; and the custom is not even yet an extinct one. No witch, it used to be said, could enter a building over the door of which a horse-shoe—or, better still, three horse-shoes—had been affixed, prongs downwards.

The origin of this particular belief is referable to the old legend of St. Dunstan. This versatile English ecclesiastic was a skilled farrier, and one day while at work in his forge the Evil One entered in disguise and requested Dunstan to shoe his "single hoof." The Saint, although he at once recognized his malign customer, acceded, but caused him so much pain during the operation that Satan begged him to desist. This Dunstan did, but only after he had made the Evil One promise that neither he, nor any of the lesser evil spirits, his servants, would ever molest the inmates of a house where a horse-shoe was displayed.

In Thuringia horse-shoes are used for a like purpose, and a similar legend is told to account for the custom, but the fastidiousness of these forest-bred folk is not content with an ordinary shoe. In order to serve as a talisman it must be specially forged on St. John's Eve by a young bachelor of wholesome life and unblemished character.

The tenacity of some of the customs that cling round the horse-shoe is no less remarkable than their nature and their origin.

For more than five hundred years the inhabitants of Horse-shoe Corner, Lancaster, nailed a new shoe every seven years on a certain spot in the

MIDDLE OF THE STREET.

In Pliny's time horse-shoes were used in the Campania to secure the inmates of the dwellings from the visitations of nocturnal prowling spirits, exactly as they are to-day.

Similarily, the Scandinavians make use of the emblem everywhere as a bringer of good luck "because," they say, "it is Woden's will."

This points to an origin dating before their conversion to Christianity, Woden being, of course, the all-powerful deity of the ancient Northern peoples, corresponding with the Greek Zeus and the Roman Jupiter.

Among the wild Arabs of the central Arabian deserts a cast horse-shoe is preserved in a little goat-skin bag, together with seven nails, and it is worn round the neck as a charm when out of doors, or suspended over the tent door while resting. When asked the reason for this, they say that it is emblamatic of the new moon—always intimately associated in the mussulman mind with devotional acts—and the seven stars.

It is remarkable that the Tuscan peasant does very much the same thing, only he substitutes seven glass beads for the nails, and the bag, instead of being made from goat-skin, is of red cloth. He also associates the charm with the new moon; but is profoundly unconscious of the fact that fifteen centuries or so ago his forefathers were wont to adorn the head of Diana (the moon goddess) with a crescent and seven stars.

And here, probably, we get very near to the true origin of the belief in the luck of the horse-shoe, for it must not be forgotten that Diana, in her character of Hecate, or ruler of the Infernal Regions, was supposed to preside over enchantments and was also the special guardian and protectress of houses and doors.—Pearson's Weekly.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CHILDREN.

Soothing medicines, opiates and strong drugs should never be given to little children, any doctor will tell you this. Baby's Own Tablets should be used because they cannot harm the smallest, weakest infant. These tablets instantly relieve and promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, prevent croup, destroy worms, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Thousands of mothers say they are the best medicine in the world; one of these, Mrs. R. Sculland, Calabogie, Ont., writes:—"I have tried many remedies for children, but Baby's Own Tablets is the best I have ever used. I have been giving them occasionally to my child since he was six months old. They have always kept him well, and he is a big healthy baby." All medicine dealers sell these tablets or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

COULD BE SEEN.

The scarcity of servant girls led Mrs. Vaughan to engage a farmer's daughter from a rural district of Ireland. Her want of familiarity with town ways and language has led to many amusing scenes.

One afternoon a lady called at the Vaughan residence, and rang the bell. Kathleen answered the call.

"Can Mrs. Vaughan be seen?" the visitor asked.

"Can she be seen?" sniggered Kathleen. "Shure, and Oi think she can; she's six feet hoigh, and four feet woide! Can she be seen? Sorrah a bit of anything else can ye see whin she's about."

EXPORTED TO AFRICA.

Strange as it may seem, a lot of money is made out of policemen's cast-off uniforms. Quantities are bought by African traders and exported to various parts of the "Dark Continent," where they are exchanged for palm oil, ivory, skins and other merchandise. It is by no means an uncommon sight to see a swarthy savage dressed in the uniform of a London policeman, and wearing the regulation helmet of the force.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned, and a dollar not loaned is a dollar saved.

HAS TRIED BOTH.

Travel for Health vs. Dieting.

A man who was sent to Europe for his health and finally found cure in a little change in his diet says:

"I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years and two doctors here in Kenosha that treated me for over a year both told me there was no help for me. Then I had an expert from Chicago, but still received no relief; then followed another expert from Chicago who came to our house two times a month for four months. He gave me up like all the others and told me to take a trip across the ocean which I did in the year 1899, and came home about as bad as when I started. The doctors told me my stomach lining was full of sores. Then I began to study my own case and learned of the diet recommended by the Postum Cereal Co., so I gave up coffee, pork and all greasy foods and began using Postum Food Coffee. Gradually I got better and better until I am well now as I ever was in my younger days, have no trouble and eat anything fit to eat.

"Sometimes away from home I am persuaded to drink coffee, but I only take a sip of it for it tastes bitter and disagreeable to me, but the longer I use Postum the better I like it and the better I feel. I could say a great deal more of my experience with Postum, but think this will give everyone a good idea of what leaving off coffee and using Postum can do." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Father and Daughter

Were Great Sufferers From Kidney Disease and Pains in the Back—Now Unite in Praise of

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Those who are best acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills do not wonder at their immense popularity as a family medicine.

In thousands of cases they have cured where physicians and ordinary medicines have failed. This is the test by which they have been proven.

Here is a letter we have just received from Prince Edward Island.

Miss Kate Doyle, lot 1, postoffice, P. E. I., states:—"About three years ago my father was seized with a severe form of kidney disease, which caused him much suffering, as well as anxiety lest the ailment should become chronic or prove fatal. We immediately obtained Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and he began at once to improve under this treatment, the symptoms gradually disappearing, until he became quite well again. Since then we always keep these pills in the house for use in the case of sickness of this kind.

"For some time I suffered from pains in the small of the back and accompanying ills, and though I was treated by a doctor at considerable expense, I could obtain no lasting benefit until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which seemed to be exactly suited to my ailment. Father and I are greatly pleased with the excellent medicine and wish to recommend it to others."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

RAINY RIVER MAN HAD TROUBLES

TILL DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS KIDNEYS.

Then His Rheumatism and Other Pains Vanished Once and for all —His Case only One of Many.—

Barwick, Ont., June 20.—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism, or any other disease resulting from disordered Kidneys is the experience of many of the settlers in this Rainy River country. The case of William John Dixon of this place is a fair sample of the work the great Canadian Kidney Remedy is doing.

"I had Rheumatism so bad I had to use a stick to walk. I had pains in my back and right hip and I had no comfort in sleeping.

"I could no more than dress or undress myself for nearly two months, and I was for nearly three weeks I could not lace my right shoe.

"My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and I did so. After taking three boxes I could walk around and lace up my shoes and do my work. Six boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure cure for sick Kidneys. Sick Kidneys are the cause of nine-tenths of the ills the human family suffers from.

ROTHSCHILD'S REBUKE.

Baron Rothschild, one of the most pretentious of millionaires, has a dry way of administering a deserved rub which is appreciated by everybody except the recipient of the rebuke.

Not very long ago he was entertaining at luncheon a distinguished party. The meal went on admirably. Nothing marred the general enjoyment save the loquacity of one young man.

This young man insisted on monopolising the conversation. He insisted on talking about himself—about his books, his work, his love-affairs, his motor-car.

Finally he jumped to his feet.

"By Jove!" he said—"I must show you all my sleeve-links and studs. I got them this morning. They are malachite."

And he passed from one guest to another, exhibiting the studs, which were neither beautiful nor costly nor in any way out of the ordinary.

"Malachite!" he kept repeating—"genuine malachite."

Baron Rothschild watched the young man's progress with a faint sneer. When the studs reached him he touched them with his finger superciliously, and drawled:

"Ah, malachite—eh? It is a handsome stone. I have always liked it. I have a mantelpiece of it in the next room!"

THE FIFTY MILLION DOLLAR WORLD'S FAIR ST. LOUIS.

District Passenger Agent McDonald of the Grand Trunk Railway who recently returned from St. Louis, states that it is hard to find suitable language to describe the magnitude and beauty of the greatest Exposition ever held.

The site of 1240 acres being two miles long and one mile wide is covered with beautiful buildings, broken with lagoons, canals, grand courts, monuments, statuary, parks, etc., all forming a picture that must be seen to be realized.

An Electrical railway, called the Intramural, makes it easy to get from one part of the grounds to another, and follow out the daily programme, enjoying an hour listening to "Sousa's" or other famous bands, or taking in a lecture or address, or Art Gallery.

When you consider the immensity of the buildings, one alone having over 20 acres of floor space, and reflect that they are filled with the choicest of exhibits from all over the world, one exhibitor vying with another to obtain the coveted Gold Medal, it seems to suggest the thought of what a grand opportunity and an education it will be, to the young men and women of our land, to spend a week or two in St. Louis this year. Really no intelligent man, woman or child can afford to miss this great World's treat.

The beautiful Electric lighting of the Pan American Exposition, which few thought would ever be approached is entirely eclipsed by this Monster Fair.

One of the features of the fair, is the "Inside Inn," a hotel accommodating 6,000, splendidly run, and at reasonable rates.

The total expenses of a trip to St. Louis based on half railway rates, is within the reach of all and permits stop over at Chicago, and other points, and the trip is made quickly and comfortably.

It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to run through cars from Montreal and Toronto to St. Louis, commencing June 13th, and possibly before.

The Canadian Press Association were unanimous in their praise of the Grand Trunk and Illinois Central route, and with the Exposition.

28-04.

Eternal vigilance isn't always the price of liberty—sometimes it's $10 and costs.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

NINE MILLION ACRES

Government Lands For Homesteaders.

In Western Nebraska near the Union Pacific Railroad in section lots of 640 acres each, for almost nothing. The salubrity of these lands is something remarkable. Distance from railroad is three to thirty miles. There will be a grand rush of homesteaders. This is the last distribution of free homes the United States Government will ever make in Nebraska. Write for pamphlet telling how the lands can be acquired, when entry should be made, and other information. Free on application to any Union Pacific Agent, or H. F. Carter, 75 Yonge Street W., Toronto.

THE GUESS DOLL.

An English non-conformist clergyman, of whom the London Telegraph tells, is the victim of a rarely profitable absent-mindedness. At a fair held by the women of his church one of the "attractions" was a beautiful doll, handsomely dressed, which was to be given to the person who guessed its name. There was an entrance fee, and the choice of the doll's name was left to the clergyman.

At the close of the fair it was found that the guess doll had brought in more than one hundred pounds; but as the name had not been hit upon by any one, clergyman suggested that it be appointed a parish visitor, and call regularly upon the children in the hospitals in the town. This was readily agreed to. Then somebody said:

"You must have given it a very odd name!"

"Ah, that reminds me!" exclaimed the clergyman, looking confused but still cheerful. "I did not name it at all."

She—"What if I have loved another, dear? Don't you know it has only prepared me for the greater, higher love I have for you?" "That's all right, but how do I know that the love you now have for me isn't preparing you for a greater, higher love for someone else?"

How's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Watts—"Does your wife ever scold when you have been out late at night?" Potts—"Oh, no, she never says a word! She gets up the next morning about four o'clock and practises on the piano, and I daren't say a word."

"Before I give you my answer," said the fluffy-haired girl, "I would like to know if you are in a position to keep me in the style to which I have always been accustomed." "If the styles don't change too often, I am," replied the wise youth. "Otherwise, the odds are in favor of my going broke."

"Young Spenderly has been flying high since the death of his millionaire uncle." "Yes; he has found it smooth sailing since he came into his heirship."

There never was greatness without gratitude.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

He—"Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes?" She—"I don't know. You might ask Miss Turner; she has had experience in both capacities."

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22-01

"George! You horrid thing! If you try to kiss me again I'll call papa, and he'll bring the bulldog in." "Huh! I don't want to kiss the bulldog."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

MUSIC IN THE HAIR.

Someone has drawn attention to the fact that music exercises an influence on the growth of the hair in a most curious manner. Consistent playing for some years on metal instruments, the trombone in particular, will cause baldness; while the playing of the piano, violin, and violoncello rather increases than otherwise the growth of the hair. Flute and clarionet players are not supposed to be influenced either way.

The Adorer—"It's wonderful, old man, what love will enable a fellow to see in a girl that he never saw before!" The Onlooker—"No doubt! But it's equally wonderful what it won't let him see that he'll see later."

There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean. 18

HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME.

Attractions for Sportsmen on the Line of the Grand Trunk.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has issued a handsome publication, profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, descriptive of the many attractive localities for sportsmen on their line of railway. Many of the regions reached by the Grand Trunk seem to have been specially prepared for the delectation of mankind, and where for a brief period the cares of business are cast aside and life is given up to enjoyment. Not only do the "Highlands of Ontario" present unrivalled facilities for both hunting, fishing and camping, but the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Rideau River and Lakes, Lake St. John, and the many attractive localities in Maine and New Hampshire, present equal opportunities for health, pleasure and sport. All these localities are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and on trains unequalled on the continent. Abstracts of Ontario, Michigan, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine fish and game laws are inserted in the publication for the guidance of sportsmen. The Grand Trunk Railway has also issued descriptive illustrated matter for each district separately which are sent free on application to the agents of the Company and to Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

OVER THE WABASH.

To the Great World's Fair St. Louis, Mo., everything is now wide open, round trip tickets on sale until December 1st, at lowest first-class one-way fare, good fifteen days, fare and a third good sixty days. Now is the time to see this the greatest of all Expositions in the history of the world. The great Wabash is the Banner Line, the shortest and quickest route from Canada to St. Louis. The through trains on the Wabash are the admiration of all travelers going to St. Louis.

For time-tables and descriptive folder, address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

"Is that dog of yours a pointer?" asked the station-master at the village station. "No," replied the weary sportsman, who was returning with an empty game-bag; "he's a disappointer!"

Dear Sirs.—Within the past year I know of three fatty tumors on the head having been removed by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT without any surgical operation, and there is no indication of a return.

CAPT. W. A. PITT.

Clifton, N. B. Gondola Ferry.

"And now, dear," said the delighted youth, "when may I speak to your father?" "You won't need to do that, George," replied the sweet young thing, who had just accepted him. "He told me to-day that if you didn't speak to me to-night he'd speak to you to-morrow."

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

When every day is Sunday,
Oh, won't it be heyday?
But oh, it will be better still
When every day is pay day!

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

She—"Faint heart never won a fair lady, you know." He—"True. I fear I shall never muster up courage to propose." She—"But then ladies are not all fair. I'm a decided brunette."

Those whom neglected coughs have killed were once as healthy and robust as you. Don't follow in their paths of neglect. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

right now. It is guaranteed to cure. It has cured many thousands.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & CO. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can. 308

1—28

Comprehend facts—
not advertisements—
The popularity of Blue Ribbon Tea
is a fact.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO, Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

Libby's
Natural Flavor
Foods

When you are at a loss to know what to serve for luncheon—when you crave something both appetizing and satisfying, try

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

Among the many Libby delicacies are Boneless Chicken, Melrose Pate, Veal Loaf, Peerless Wafer-Sliced Dried Beef, Potted Ham and Corned Beef Hash, etc.—wholesome foods that are as dainty as they are good—as substantial as they are appetizing.

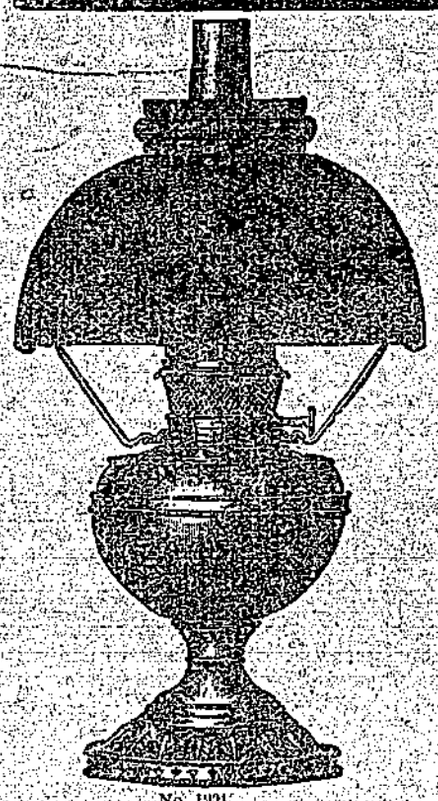
Ask your Grocer for Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby .. .. .. Chicago

LOWER PRICES — USE EDDY'S FIBRE WARE — BETTER QUALITY

CAN BE HAD IN
Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.
INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.



No. 1991
TABLE LAMP.

Nickel Plated Metal Lamp, Porcelain Shade and Chimney Complete, $2.25, F.O.B., Toronto.
If Your Dealer Does Not Keep Them, Send to Toronto, for a Sample Lamp.

BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

ONE LAMP GIVES LIGHT EQUAL TO FOUR ORDINARY GAS JETS.

Three Styles: Table, Pendant and Bracket.

Illustrated Catalogue Furnished to Dealers on Application.

See also our line of Oil Stoves and Heaters, for Summer use.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

The QUEEN CITY OIL CO'Y., LTD.
TORONTO.

INVESTMENTS
FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS

that are safe and earn good rates of interest. We offer good securities that are paying 3 to 4 per cent. half yearly, or better than 7 and 8 per cent. per annum. For full particulars address "Executor," No. 11 Queen St. East, Toronto.

BUCHANAN'S
UNLOADING OUTFIT

Works well both on stacks and in barns, unloads all kinds of hay and grain either loose or in sheaves. Send for catalogue to

M. T. BUCHANAN & CO., Ingersoll, Ont.

25-24.

Dyeing! Cleaning!

For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."
Look for agent in your town, or send direct.
Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

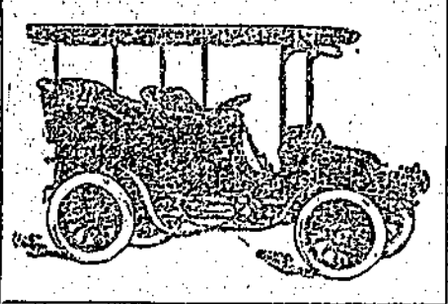
WINTON
WINTON is KING
Long live the King

AUTOMOBILE UNDERWRITERS

The Winton Touring Car is appreciated by the best informed because built on correct mechanical principles, of highest grade materials. As a prospective automobile purchaser you dare not, in full justice to yourself, take chances on an inferior car. By presenting a car of such imperial merit as is the 1904 Winton, we become "automobile underwriters"—insuring you against risk or loss. Have you seen our new catalog?

The Winton Motor Carriage Co
Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

Represented in the Dominion of Canada by
THE AUTOMOBILE & SUPPLY CO
79 King St., E., Toronto, Ont.
Sub Agencies in Chief Dominion Cities



The Atlin Claim.

THE ATLIN CLAIM IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. MAILED FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD FOR 50 CENTS PER MONTH; $2.00 PER YEAR. ADVERTISING RATES: $1.00 PER INCH EACH INSERTION; READING NOTICES, 25 CENTS A LINE; SPECIAL RATES ON APPLICATION.

JOB PRINTING:

BILL-HEADS, POSTERS, VISITING CARDS, LETTER-HEADS, PROGRAMMES, ETC., ETC.

ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED. PRICES MODERATE.

SATURDAY, JULY 30TH, 1904.

That there is danger to the European situation is evident. The seizure of British and German ships in the Red Sea is no slight offence, and unless Russia apologises, serious complications may ensue. The seizures will be hard to justify, as they were made in defiance of international law. Both the governments of England and Germany will demand immediate explanation, which, if not satisfactory, will probably mean war. The Mediterranean fleet has already left for Alexandria, and the British cruiser Terrible has sailed for Suez for the purpose of protecting Great Britain's interests.

The "Daily Telegraph," London, says: "There is a limit to complaisance, when neutral commerce under the British flag is molested in a way to which we have been for a century and a half unused."

MINING NOTES.

Nuggets Are Plentiful.

Jack Ronayne and W. Aitken on McKee Creek, cleaned up 58 ozs. for two days' work this week. Nuggets, weighing 12 oz., 6 oz. and 3 ozs., were in the clean-up.

The heavy rain that fell during the thunderstorm on Tuesday last did considerable damage to individual miners on the creeks.

The North Columbia Gold Mining Co's ditch broke during the week, stopping operations on their property and that of the Pine Creek Power Co., but it was speedily repaired and work has resumed again.

The big blast of 2½ tons of black powder put in a 60-foot tunnel under the Harrigan pit, proved very effective. The Pine Creek Power Co. will certainly make a record clean-up this summer.

Mr. Queen, while cleaning bedrock on his Spruce Creek property, picked up a solid gold nugget weighing 11 ozs. 16 dwt. Mr. Queen is making some sensational clean-ups and his total will greatly add to the year's output.

The gold output of the Transvaal for the month of June amounted to the enormous total of 308,219 ozs.

Up to June 30th of this year, the Yukon has produced $3,866,317.85, being an increase of $147,352.75 over 1903.

Sunday School Picnic.

The members of the Presbyterian Sunday School held their annual picnic last Tuesday at Pike River. Quite a number of parents and friends accompanied the children on the trip.

The Scotia left Atlin at 10 a. m., loaded down with passengers and well filled picnic baskets. On arriving at Pike River, luncheon was served, and the picnicers went for a ramble in the woods. At 3 p. m. the Scotia left for Goat Island and landed in one of the most picturesque spots on the Lake. There, races and games were indulged in by the children and many of the older ones went back to childhood days. The race of the day was for bald-headed men,—Mr. J. Williams taking first prize and Mr. James Lipscombe making a good second.

The excursionists arrived back at Atlin about 8 p. m., after having spent a most enjoyable and interesting trip.

The management are desirous of extending their hearty thanks to the captain and crew of the Scotia, who did, as they always do, their best, to help out the day's sport.

Go to Durie's for Furniture.

If you want a good meal go to the Quick Lunch Room, Mrs Henning proprietress.

E. P. COLLEY,
CIVIL ENGINEER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
CORNER PEARL AND FIRST STREETS, ATLIN.
Surveys of Hydraulic Leases and Mineral Claims.

E. M. N. WOODS,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.
Has taken an Office at Room 1, Gold House, Discovery. Office Hours—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 6 to 8 p. m.

BROWNLEE & TAYLOR.
PROVINCIAL AND DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.
Consulting, Civil and Hydraulic Engineers.
Atlin, British Columbia

Whitfield's Shoe Shop,
FIRST STREET, ATLIN.
Boots and Shoes Repaired—Gum Boots a Specialty. Harness also Repaired.

HOTEL VANCOUVER.
THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS
Sam. Johnstone, Prop.

Atlin Lodge, No. 15,

meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 8 p. m., at the A. O. U. W Block, Third Street.

Visiting Brothers are cordially invited to attend.

F. W. DOWLING,
Master Workman.
E. M. N. WOODS, Recorder.

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.
A. R. McDonald, Proprietor.
COR. FIRST AND TRAINOR STREETS.
This First Class Hotel has been remodeled and refurnished throughout and offers the best accommodation to Transient or Permanent Guests.—American and European plan.
Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Billiards and Pool.

RESTAURANT UNSURPASSED.
GOLD HOUSE,
DISCOVERY, B. C.
STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.
JOHN WOLTERS, Proprietor.
STAGE & LIVERY IN CONNECTION.
ELECTRIC BELLS THROUGHOUT.

Russell Hotel,
DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors
Pool & Billiards, Free.
Freighting and Teaming Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

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,
V. TROTMAN, Manager.
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.

LADIES are invited to call and inspect large shipments of goods just opened, consisting of ready-to-wear Skirts, Blouses, Underskirts, Wrappers and Kimonas.

Our last shipment of Dry Goods includes China Silk, Wrapperettes, a full line of Summer-wear Goods, and Boots and Shoes.

Of course, we carry everything required by either Ladies or Gentlemen, in great variety.

ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LTD.

New Arrivals.

On Saturday last, the 23rd, the following arrived:—John Kalem, C. E. Roberts, H. Illa, N. T. Brooke, J. Southward, J. R. Howard.

On Wednesday:—C. Murphy, N. Murphy, R. Day, Miss F. Clarke, S. Ekland, W. McDonald, H. Whitfield, R. S. Chestnut, W. A. Anderson.

Stevens Single Barrel, 12 bore Shot Gun. Apply Claim Office.

Notice of Forfeiture.

To B. G. Nicoll and any person or persons to whom he may have transferred his interests in the Eugene No. 1, Eugene No. 2, Eugene No. 3 Mineral Claims, situate about 2½ miles north of Atlin, in the Atlin Mining District:

You are hereby required to take notice that we have for the last year done the whole of the assessment work on the above mentioned Mineral Claims as required by Sec. 24 of the Mineral Act and have paid for recording of two certificates of such work, and you are hereby required to contribute your proportion of such work and expenditure, together with all costs of advertising your said proportion, amounting to sixty-six dollars and ninty-one and two-third cents ($66.91⅔) exclusive of costs.

If you fail or refuse to contribute your said proportion and all costs of advertising, within ninety days from the date of the first publication of this notice in "The Atlin Claim," which date is hereunder written, your interests in said mineral claims will become vested in us, your co-partners, under the provisions of the Mineral Act and Amending Acts.

Dated this 23rd day of July, A. D., 1904.

O. F. CONLEY.
E. D. ROKKE.

"Companies Act, 1897."

NOTICE is hereby given that Charles Dubois Mason, Solicitor of Atlin, B. C., has been appointed the attorney for the "Columbia Hydraulic Mining Co." in place of A. A. Johnson.

Dated this 29th day of June, 1904.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar Joint Stock Companies.

"Companies Act, 1897."

NOTICE is hereby given that Clarence M. Hamshaw, of Atlin B. C., has been appointed the attorney for the "Nimrod Syndicate, Limited," in place of Richard D. Fetherstonhaugh.

Dated this 12th day of May, 1904.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

"Companies Act, 1897."

NOTICE is hereby given that Clarence M. Hamshaw, of Atlin, B. C., has been appointed the attorney for the "Atlin Mining Company, Limited," in place of Richard D. Fetherstonhaugh.

Dated this 12th day of May, 1904.

. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

C. P. R. Co.

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

The following Sailings are announced for the months of July and August, leaving Skagway at 8 p. m.:

"Amur"—July 28th.

"Princess May"—Aug. 2nd.

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

Bakery Store

Opposite Nugget Hotel, and

Store

Next Royal Hotel

FOR SALE.

Apply J. E. McDONALD.

All Stock on Hand to be Sold at Cost.

NOTICE.

RESPECTING COAL AND PETROLEUM LANDS IN SOUTH-EAST KOOTENAY.

NOTICE is hereby given that licences to prospect for coal and petroleum upon and under lands situated within Block 4,593, South-East Kootenay, will be issued forthwith to all persons who have made proper application, in pursuance of the provisions of the "Coal Mines Act" and amendments.

The fee for each licence will be $100, and all applicants who have not deposited accepted bank cheques to cover that amount are hereby required to do so, without further notice.

Licences will be issued in the following form, viz.:—

"MINING LICENCE ISSUED UNDER THE COAL MINES ACT AND AMENDMENTS.

"In consideration of one hundred dollars now paid under the said Acts, and subject to the provisions thereof, I, W. S. Gore, Deputy Commissioner, acting for the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, licence to enter, prospect, search and work for coal and petroleum (but no other metal or mineral) upon, in and under all that piece or parcel of mineral land situate in and forming part of Block 4,593, East Kootenay District, and described as follows:—

and not exceeding in the whole six hundred and forty statute acres.

"Owing to the number of applicants for licences to prospect for coal and petroleum, and the peculiar circumstances surrounding the application for and issuance of these licences, and the well-known fact that the issuance has been unavoidably suspended for so many months, the Government of British Columbia finds it impossible to determine the equitable rights of the numerous applicants. Therefore, for the purpose of enabling all persons to go before the proper tribunal for the determination of their respective rights and priorities, this licence is issued and accepted subject to such prior rights of other persons as may exist by law, and the date of this licence is not to be taken or held as in any sense determining such priority, and further it shall not be taken or held to waive enquiry by the Courts into the proper performance of all conditions precedent as between adverse claimants; and further, on the understanding that the Government shall not be held responsible for, or in connection with, any conflict which may arise with other claimants of the same ground, and that under no circumstances will licence fees be refunded.

"And the holder hereby waives any claim or demand against the Government, and expressly agrees not to take any steps or proceedings, or present any petition, to enforce any alleged claim or demand against the Government of the Province of British Columbia arising out of the issuance of this licence or of any other matter or thing appertaining thereto.

"The land being under reserve from pre-emption and sale this licence does not include any right other than the right to prospect for coal and petroleum.

"The duration of this licence is for one year from the ..... 190 .

"Deputy Commissioner of Lands & Works.
"Lands and Works Department,
"Victoria, B. C., ... 190 ."

R. F. GREEN,
Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works.
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 6th June, 1904.

THE GRAND HOTEL

FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE NORTH.

EVERYTHING CONDUCTED IN FIRST-CLASS MANNER.

Up-to-Date Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

CORNER FIRST AVENUE AND DISCOVERY STREET, ATLIN.

FOR

Office Stationery

CALL AND GET PRICES AT

"The Claim" Office.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

Through Line from Skaguay to Atlin, White Horse, Big Salmon, Dawson and all intermediate points.

Finely appointed trains daily, except Sunday, between Skaguay, Caribou and Whitehorse. Carry Passengers, Baggage, Mail and Express.

TIME SCHEDULE OF FIRST CLASS TRAINS:

No. 1.—North Bound.		No. 2.—South Bound.
9.40 a.m. Lv.	SKAGUAY	Ar. 4.30 p.m.
8.10 p.m. Lv.	CARIBOU	Lv. 11.50 a.m.
4.30 p.m. Ar.	WHITE HORSE	Lv. 9.30 a.m.

TIME SCHEDULE LAKE STEAMBOATS:

Leave CARIBOU 5 p. m. Tuesdays, Arrive ATLIN 9 a. m. Wednesdays.
" " 5 p. m. Fridays, " " 9 a. m. Saturdays.
Leave ATLIN 5 p. m. Mondays, Arrive CARIBOU 7 a. m. Tuesdays.
" " 5 p. m. Thursdays, " " 7 a. m. Fridays.

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

Passengers must be at depots in time to have Baggage inspected and checked.

Time Schedules are subject to change without notice.

☞ **Baggage Bonded Through.**

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

M. J. B. WHITE, G. F. & P. A., Vancouver, B. C.
J. LIPSCOMB, Agent, Atlin.
R. D. PINNEO, Asst. G. F. & P. A., Skaguay, Alaska.

J. G. CORNELL.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Dixon's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN,

Furnishing The

BEST MEALS IN CAMP.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

ED. SANDS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

F. SHIELDS & EDDY DURHAM.

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

Northern Lumber Co, Limited.

On and after the 23rd of April, 1904 and until further notice the following will be the prices of Lumber.

Rough, up to 8 inches, $40.
do do 10 " 45.
do do 12 " 50.
Matched, $50.00
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A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)

Jessie laughed without embarrassment, Claude appeared to be interested in a little mechanical puzzle which lay on the table. "Oh! Miss Medway," she replied; "they are not love-letters. You see, we are not like other people—" here she broke off and colored, as Claude looked up. She would have turned the subject, feeling that she had already said more than was becoming of her own concerns, but that something in that swift, electric glance was like a challenge and aroused her. "We are more like brother and sister," she continued, with gravity; "but why should I weary you with my affairs, Miss Medway?"

"Oh, I like to hear, please go on" was the inevitable girlish rejoinder.

"We were brought up together like brother and sister," she continued; "we were not like people who find each other out bit by bit, and are unread romances to each other."

"Then how did you become engaged?" asked Ethel.

"My parents had always wished it, and when my dear father was dying he joined our hands; and that," she added, looking up after a long, breathless pause and meeting Claude Medway's dilated gaze with a sort of defiance, "makes it so very solemn and binding."

"I don't think so," returned Ethel, disgusted at the want of romantic interest in the narrative; "people ought to fall in love and be proposed to, and refuse a little at first just to bring the other one on, before they are married. If papa told me to marry anybody I should instantly hate him, and run away with somebody else. Why, people never fall in love with the people they are told to, do they Claude?"

"Not such naughty girls as you," he replied, touched by the thought that there could be none of these youthful experiences for that poor child, and willing to turn a subject which had become embarrassing to Jessie; "we shall know how to deal with you when an ineligible makes his appearance, just order you to have him, Miss Wilful."

He knew when the father died, he knew when Philip went out to India, he knew Jessie's age, the whole stor ywas clear to him, and particularly her intention in proclaiming the special solemnity of her engagement; his eyes grew softly brilliant, a smile played over his face, which seemed instinct with triumph and happiness; even Ethel wondered at the unusual beauty of her handsome brother.

Jessie was thankful for the timely interruption of tea. She had lived among simple outspoken people, and was herself of a noble simplicity of thought and speech, but she had the instinctive lady's dower of reticence, and shrank from the publicity she had thought it necessary to give to her relations with Philip. "So very solemn and binding," she repeated to herself while busy with the tea-cups. She lived in thought again in that death-ded scene, felt the clasp of the tremulous, dying hands tighten and then slacken upon hers and Philip's; as her father's hands grew cold and nerveless, she remembered Philip's grasp growing warmer and firmer, and she felt herself pass from the keeping of one to that of the other.

There was a solemn, prayerful look on her face, that gave a deeper charm to her beauty, when she handed Captain Medway his tea, avoiding his gaze; a feeling of victorious strength lifted her above the thrill which the chance touching of their fingers sent through them.

The rain gradually ceased, and a flood of blinding glory poured in through the bay window at the other end of the gallery, and streamed slantly through the long gallery, touching them with a softened radiance as it reached them. The upper portion of the window was filled with stained glass, chiefly showing armorial bearings, the Medway quarterings shed rays of gules, or, and azure upon Jessie's dress and moved upon her hands. Outside, the park was a living emerald of sun-steeped verdure, birds were singing in the fragrance of the rain-awakened earth, all seemed pure, beautiful, and joyous within and without in the lovely summer evening. Joy so pure as well as deep had never before been Claude's, the memory of his past life and especially his first thoughts of Jessie, whose beauty and purity had so changed and elevated him, filled him with remorse; what did he owe to that gentle and gracious creature who had discovered his soul to him, and who would give him a life of purest happiness? The precious moments flew while he sat in Elysium alone with the two beings most dear to him, watching Jessie's tender ways with Ethel and the girl's affectionate though selfish clinging to her; it seemed that a deeper tenderness came into Jessie's voice and eyes when she spoke to Ethel, the thrilling thought came to him that she must love her, as indeed she did with a pure love made up of pity and an association of which perhaps she was unconscious.

Sitting there in the beautiful evening glory, beneath his own ancestral roof upon the fine full-leaved trees glowing in the fresh sunshine, listening to the pure tones of Jessie's voice and entranced by her youthful and touching beauty, he wondered at himself. What different pleasures and interests would now be his in the simple yet full and dignified life he would hereafter lead. How stale and unprofitable all previous pleasures and dissipation seemed; there were incidents in his life for which he blushed for the first time; present associates the thought of which filled him with disgust. All that poets said of love was true. He thought with a sort of self-pity how litte pure human affection there had been in his lot till now. It was with the selfish love of the utterly helpless that Ethel clung to him, another sister had died in childhood, leaving a sorrowful memory; Lady Gertrude had fondled him over much in infancy, and when he ceased to be a baby, repulsed him. He might not throw his arms around her neck because he rumpled her hair; he must not come too near, she didn't like boys treading on her dress, and pulling her about, their hands were never clean. And when he grew up, a curled darling, an ornamental as wel las useful social appendage, he knew too well what value to put upon his mother's appreciation of him. There was instinctive affection between himself and his father and brothers, but no tenderness. Yet but a month or so since he would have laughed at the idea that he needed tenderness; married bliss was a thing to smile at; conjugal virtue, though respectable, a thing too rare, at least on the one side, to enter seriously into an estimate of life.

Once Jessie caught his rape gaze as he thought these thoughts, and it flashed upon her that he had a look of Philip, something less than the moulding of a feature, something more than a passing express. She glanced from him to a picture on the wall of a young cavalier with plumed hat and flowing curls, who had fallen in the Civil War. He turned, following her gaze.

"You are interested in Sir Philip?" he asked; "you often look at him."

"He reminds me a little of my broth—of Captain Randal," she replied.

"It is curious; but we have thought so, too."

"But he is considered much more like you, Claude," Ethel added, "my brother was dressed as Sir Philip for a fancy ball, Jessie."

After tea Jessie read aloud from the grand romance which has set so many hearts beating and charmed so many minds in such different ages; those who first dreamed it are dust, and so are those who earliest felt its glamour; all the successive moulders and compilers have been ashes for centuries, and yet to-day its charm is fesh and irresistible as ever.

Ethel soon slept, lulled by the sweet voice.

The golden glory, with its crown of armorial jewel, fell full upon Jessie, sitting sidewise close to the sleeping girl; it fell upon Claude, who was facing her on the other side of his sister, on an antique, cross-legged oaken seat, his head slightly bowed against the hand which shaded his eyes, his elbow resting on his knee, in a negligent attitude, suited to a suppliant or courtier. But shadowed as his eyes were, there was no mistaking his look; and he was so absorbed that he did not perceive the approach of an onlooker, whose light footsteps were unheard on the thick-piled carpet.

The new-comer stood and silently studied the scene; the sleeping girl, the reader and the listener, her face was touched with scorn and fear, hatred and love, she was breathless and motionless; while Jessie, conscious of Claude's furtively adoring gaze and fearing to pause or lift her eyes lest she should meet it, read in a thrilling voice, "And there is no knight living that ought to give unto God so great thanks as ye; for he hath given unto you beauty, seemliness, and great strength, above all other knights——"

"How very appropriate!" broke in the new-comer, with clear and cutting emphasis, and Jessie, looking up, saw Clara Lonsdale standing dark against the flood of dazzling light, with a curling lip, and a fire of dark passion in her eyes.

CHAPTER XX.

Claude thrown off his balance for a moment, uttered a faint exclamation, then he rose and turned to receive his cousin with a grave smile.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, offering his hand, which she did not take. "Have you only just arrived?"

"I ought to apologize," she replied, with infinite scorn, "for breaking in upon so delightful a moment. But I was told you were alone with your sister."

He met her gaze with a level direct glance that was like the cutting of a sword.

It was but a moment, during which the long sunbeams slanted away, leaving that part of the gallery in chill grayness, before Miss Lonsdale turned with the faintest droop of the eyelids and Captain Medway's features lost their stern rigidity in something like a grim satisfaction.

Jessie's only memory of that scene was the glance Clara had thrown upon her, after those few words between the cousins, a glance of blended fear, hatred, and scorn, and of the emotion in Claude's face.

She understood too well what it all meant; one of the white moss-roses was in her dress; he had handed it to her at his sister's nesire; she took it out when she reached home, and looked at it long. She carried it into the kitchen, where a wood-fire was burning low on the hearth, and placing it in the heart of the red embers, watched till it was consumed. It seemed like killing a child.

There Sarah found her drooping some minutes after when the dusk was falling.

A few days after Miss Lonsdale's unexpected arrival, Jessie received a note, bidding her come to the Court, an honor which she declined, upon which Clara appeared at Redwoods. Jessie was in the garden gathering fruit for those endless pots of jam which Cousin Jane delighted to make, and thither Miss Lonsdale penetrated without invitation, to Jessie's secret indignation.

"Miss Meade," she said, "will you have the goodness to walk through the plantations with me? I cannot tell you my errand here."

She could say "will you have the goodness?" so as to convey the impression of "you will refuse on your peril;" the fascination which she had exercised upon Jessie, lessened though it was since she had discovered that Clara Lonsdale was not only capricious but rude, had always contained an element of fear, and between this fear and the tenderness she still felt for the lonely woman, she yielded and followed her.

"Jessie," Miss Lonsdale said when they had crossed the intervening fields and reached the plantation, "you know that you have been dear to me, that I have treated you as a friend."

"You have been very kind," she replied, "and I shall always be grateful. But you are tired of me, and have often been both unkind and rude of late. I was a toy to amuse you when you when you were dull, and now that the paint has worn off me——"

"Nonsense, why, if tired of you, have I taken all this trouble to see you? Come, sit on these faggots and talk rationally. You expect too much. You ought to know that I have your best interests at heart," she said, drawing the slender figure caressingly toward her.

Jessie took a seat as desired, and after various allusions which she declined to understand, Clara said, with more plainness, "Lords of Burleigh are all very well in poetry, but in real life they simply don't exist."

"Probably not; one does not expect everyday life to be a poem," Jessie replied, with quiet indifference, as she rose. "And now, dear Miss Lonsdale, I really must say good-by——"

"Nonsense, child, sit down," Clara returned, a flash of green light coming to her eyes as she detained her with no gentle hand. "You either do not or will not see your danger. As you say, it was I who brought you to that house and I should indeed be grieved if harm come to you there."

"Pray don't distress yourself," she said, with burning cheeks, "no harm has ever come to me at Marwell. Why should it? No one in that house but yourself has ever shown me anything but kindness——"

"Kindness!" echoed Clara in an accent that burned into Jessie like corrosive acid, "kindness from a man like Claude Medway to a girl like you! Why, he is one of the fastest men of his set! Jessie, such men have no mercy on girls in your position. We who live in the world know these things."

"Then I am sorry for you," cried Jessie, rising once more and drawing her shawl round her; "and I am sorry if such things are true. And I do not believe any ill of the gentleman to whom you allude. And it is not of the smallest consequence whether I do or not. He has never said a word to me that the whole world might not hear. I must really go; it is late."

"I hate her," Clara said, stopping at the plantation fence, on her homeward way, resting her arm upon the rail while she looked with asightless glance over the beautiful Marwell woods. "I think I never hated any one so much. I hate her beauty, her intelligence, her graceful ways. What right have such as she to graceful ways, ensnaring men's hearts? But he has said nothing; thank Heaven for that, oh, thank Heaven! That girl cannot lie. Her face cannot lie. And she loves him, the baby-faced fool. And Heaven only knows what folly a man so infatuated may commit. He might even marry her. She must be got away from this place. One of them must be removed."

Jessie believed no harm of Claude Medway, and was indignant at the aspersion cast upon him. To her he was a heroic, chivalrous figure, as different from the real Claude Medway as the latter was from the heartless rake Clara had suggested. To figure perfectly as a hero it is necessary to be slandered a little.

Though he was not angelic, or even heroic, there were good thoughts in Claude Medway's heart on the day of Clara's arrival. These thoughts made him happy; they gave him courage to do what he had long been nerving himself to do—make a confession, one that must come sooner or later, to his father.

So the very next day Sir Arthur heard with tribulations and dismay, not the mournful words, "Father, I have sinned," but those still more dreadful to some paternal ears, "Father, I am in debt."

It was the first time that the offence had been of such magnitude, and with what Sir Arthur deemed so little excuse, for this was no debt incurred by indulging his own pleasures.

"I must live quietly for some time," he added, to his father's intense surprise, since he had never before manifested any such intention. "I must sell the hunters—a pity, too; those two young ones at the trainers' are turning out so well, no end of money in them. I don't want to sell out if I can possibly pull through without."

"Far better sell out than give up hunting. Do you suppose all these small squires and farmers will vote for a man who doesn't hunt, or otherwise make himself pleasant and popular?" cried Sir Arthur. "Upon my soul, sir, this is pleasing intelligence, with my affairs in such a condition. At you rage to put your name to bills for such a fellow. You must have known that he could never meet them."

"The poor beggar was so confoundedly hard up."

"Beggar, indeed! Such men are indeed beggars. They are always hard up. How can a man be otherwise if he lives at the rate of three thousand a year, when he has but three hundred."

Claude murmured something about expectations.

"Which he throws to the winds by marrying a barmaid, and making his uncle cut him off with a shilling."

"Not a barmaid, sir, a governess, a lady by birth, a very pretty and charming girl——"

"Barmaid or governess, it is all the same; the girl had not a penny," cried Sir Arthur, with irritation; "neither beauty nor charm pay butcher's bills, much less wine merchant and Bond Street tailors. "What I cannot conceive is that you should have done the thing twice," continued Sir Arthur, indignantly. "A man may make a fool of himself once—but this second bill seems a deliberate act—a—upon my soul, Claude, it is too much."

"Of course it was foolish, but, by George! sir, I think you would have done the same," he replied. "You see the poor devil was to be sold up and utterly done for, and his pretty wife came and cried to me, and—and brought her baby, and,—and—well! what can a man do in such a case?"

"I know what a soft-hearted fool can do" he returned, half laughing; "every time a pretty woman cries, or has a baby, I suppose my timber is to be cut down, and my land mortgaged. I hoped you would settle down and marry, and take your proper position in the country. And here I am with Jim to send to Oxford, and Jack's commission to buy, and with Hugh vowing that an attache must live beyond his present allowance, and what with bad times the state of the country, losses here and losses there—perhaps it is well that this place is not entailed like the Suffolk property, though I should be sorry to sell Marwell——"

"Sell Marwell!" cried Claude; "surely you cannot be serious." His last chance of breaking the subject of marrying Jessie was gone now.

"I am sorry to say," continued his father, "that I am in but too sad earnest"—he paused, and reflected awhile, and the in turn made his confession, one that, like his son, he had long brooded over, but feared to make; a story of growing expenses and diminished income, of bad times, remitted rents and unfortunate investments, culminating in large purchase of shares in a phantom company, the promoters of which had recently vanished with the spoil.

"There is but one hope," Sir Arthur said at the conclusion of this melancholy narrative, "a most natural and pleasing hope, and one that I had expected you would yourself before this have realized, and that is your marriage."

"My marriage!" repeated the unfortunate young man while all the lovely aurora hues of his new and beautiful hopes faded away from the horizon of his life, "my marriage!"

"You know your own affairs best," Sir Arthur continued, "but to me it seems that the thing has been too long about. No doubt there is a private understanding between you, it should be made public. It is not fair to Clara, that sort of thing puts a woman in a false position; it looks as if you were hanging back, which, of course, you cannot do, you have gone too far. She will make you a good wife, Claude; she is a thorough woman of the world, and though not beautiful, has an air of distinction that is beyond beauty. It is true that she has had several rather serious flirtations, but through them all she has always been devoted to you. She has her peculiarities, but her heart is sound at the core, while her property—"

He paused and both men sighed deeply.

A few days later urgent business called Captain Medway away from Marwell.

(To be Continued.)

"What caused the fire?" "An insurance policy which was about to expire."

WARSHIPS AS TARGETS

EXPERIMENTS WITH BIG GUNS AND TORPEDOES.

The Terrible Execution Which These Engines of War Can Do.

No Chinese ship that was battered into a mere flaming skeleton by Japanese shells at the Battle of the Yalu ever received a tenth of the projectiles which have been fired at one of our own British war-vessels. On at least three separate occasions she has acted as target for some of the most powerful weapons in our Navy, to say nothing of having been used in similar capacity for torpedoes and other deadly missiles of modern warfare.

Two years ago the Admiralty, being anxious to realize the effect of big shells loaded with lyddite in actual warfare, ordered that the Belleisle, an old coast defence ram, should be moored out near Selsey Bill and fired at by the Majestic. As for her crew, which was formerly 284 officers and men, these were represented by a large number of wooden dummies.

The Majestic, steaming slowly at a distance of 1,750 yards, opened with an 850 lb. shell from a 12 in. gun. A moment later 100-pounders from the 6 in. quick-firers came raining upon the doomed vessel. The results were beyond all expectation. Within two minutes the Belleisle was afire. Indeed, before the Majestic got broadside on, the target's quarter-deck was blazing

LIKE A TIMBER-STACK.

Yet her 12 in. armor resisted the deadly rain, and the citadel remained unhurt until a shell found its way in through a port and burst. The result was extraordinary. Up into the air went the roof of the citadel. So did the dummy searchlight, most of the dummy crews of the upper deck guns, and large portions of the bridge and the chart-house.

The battering lasted only 8½ min., but in that brief space of time ammunition to the value of some $18,000 had been poured into the ship-target, and had reduced everything above her protective deck to ruins. After the bombardment was over some of the Lords of the Admiralty inspected the wreck.

From a second experiment on the same old hulk patched up afresh was prophesied at the time that torpedoes would take a leading part in the naval warfare of the future. This prophecy has been fulfilled at Port Arthur. The Belleisle, when struck by a full-sized Whitehead torpedo, sank almost at once, in spite of having been specially strengthened to bear the shock.

THE WAR BALLOON

was found most useful in South Africa, and it is probable that a good deal more will be seen of it before the present war between Japan and Russia is finished. At Steinfeld, in Austria, the Austrian artillery have been using a war balloon as target. The balloon was anchored at a height of 7,500 feet, the gunners not being informed of the range. How difficult such an object is to hit at such a height may be judged by the fact that it took twenty-two rounds to get the range, and it was not until the sixty-fourth shot that the balloon was hit, and then only slightly.

The Germans have also tried their guns at a balloon, but in this case their target was less than 1,000 ft. in the air. Firing from a distance of about two and a half miles the seventeenth shell exploded close to the ground.

Perhaps the most startling experiments ever tried with guns were those which took place at Brest in August last. Instead of taking an old battleship like the Belleisle and putting dummies on board, the French actually fired shell at a real battleship.

WITH HER CREW ON BOARD!

The ship chosen was the Suffren, a big turret battleship. It was the turret which French naval authorities were specially anxious to test. They wanted to find out whether the shock produced by the impact of a shell on the outer wall of the turret would kill or injure the men inside.

The crew of the Suffren were sent below, and some sheep were penned inside the turret. Then the Massena drew off to 2,000 yards distance and fired heavy shell at the turret. The shells were not explosive ones—they were filled with sand instead of powder. In spite of every precaution an accident occurred. The third shell burst, and the officers who were standing on the bridge near the after end of the ship narrowly escaped being hit by splinters. The experiment, however, proved successful in one way, for the sheep were afterwards found to be quite unharmed.

Much curiosity was evinced, when submarines first came into existence, as to whether they or their occupants would be able to withstand the shock of torpedoes or mines fired in their vicinity. The French have lately settled that question also. They anchored a submarine under water in Cherbourg Harbor and fired torpedoes at various distances from it, eventually coming as close as thirty yards. No damage was done at all, and, though the occupants of the submarine distinctly felt the dull shock of the explosions and the increase of air pressure, they were none of them in any way the worse for their strange experience.

"Don't you think Mr. Sirius Barker is very hard to please?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne. "He seems very well satisfied with himself."

Ticket-of-
ve Man

ettit, my boy, you're in

an with white hair, close ent over a grimy news- lay pipe with bowl turned out of his mouth, and a beer stood at his elbow.

t WHITE.—Wanted, infor- to the whereabouts of hite, daughter of Geoffry hite, and his wife, Gladys merly Renshaw. A liberal ll be paid.—Bell and Bull, Old Jewry, E.C.

think that Geoffry Tar- and me should come out cket-o'-leave on the same a month ago, an' three he should die in my arms. it he said? 'Pettit, my a-goin'. Promise me,' he you'll go to my daughter ask her to forgive me.' asking to be forgiven by kid.' She was a little re when I was took,' he he must be about twenty ll, dooty is dooty, an' a a promise, an' I've got ite's address, an' Bell and oing to give me a liberal it."

hed the beer with much l after carefully brushing silk hat he left his lodg- a jaunty air born of new- eedom.

his way to Old Jewry found the offices of Messrs. ull, where he demanded to the partners.

ame, sir?" demanded the ng him suspiciously.

oment he hesitated; then a spiration seized him. Geoffry Tarrant White. tion of the name was suffi- he clerk disappeared with nd soon returned to usher t into the presence of Mr.

morning, sir, good morn- ed Mr. Pettit, affably. seat, please," said Mr. tly. "You have come vertisement, sir, for the ts of Esther White, my sir; an' if a man don't whereabouts of is own and ain't concerned in the of his child he——"

ll understand, Mr. White, advertisement refers exclu- your daughter, and my not the slightest wish to hing to do with you."

all very well, an' very mighty, but I've got to t the advertisement means er any harm is intended to n' until I do know I keeps abouts to myself."

g but good is intended for ghter, I can assure you. sery you have caused other your past life I will say Your own conscience, I be sufficient. But I trust uture of your daughter will ay recompense her for the which, I fear, has been her

pense her—how?"

James Renshaw, your late ther, died, some three go, all his estate passed to nshaw, a distant relative, is thirtieth year. On his James Renshaw made Paul hat he would find Esther l make ample provision for e."

hat's what the advertise- ns. My daughter is to be n me, an' I can starve in r. Look what she says in etter to me, written a week ame out."

ettit took a crumpled letter pocket and straightened it

Father'—there, do you hear ear Father,—I understand are shortly to be released. d mother before she died ould have a home ready for ome to. I have kept my enclose the money for your hope you will lose no time here.—E.W.' There! what hink of that?"

girl; poor girl!"

o you think I'm going to a comfortable home an' be ut like a dog? No fear; I address to myself."

ave you seen her since you ?"

er—you see—coming to Lon- h a little money—er—well— ?"

you have no money left?

White, I will do this. Give address and I will hand you ds. That will enable you your daughter. I have no keep you from her; I only impress upon you that her ill be one of comparative which you must not reckon ring."

I know an old ticket-o'leave only count upon being kick- pillar to post. I'll take y; and here's the address."

ote the address on a sheet of d pocketed the money. Af- ully polishing his hat on a eeve, he bade Mr. Bell good and departed. Once out- door, however, he turned th a chuckle, and placing b to his nose he spread the ut.

ed; sold; done brown. Sam ou've in luck; and now for Manchester an' my dear daughter Esther."

Gay Street, Manchester, somewhat belied its name. It was a dreary-looking place enough, and the homes it contained were often drearier still, but it was cheap, and at all events un the case of No. 11, it was clean.

Esther White bent over her sewing but every now and then she raised her head and listened expectantly. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate and the table was prepared for a meal.

At that instant a body lurched against the front door, and the knocker fell with a single thud.

With a look of apprehension upon her face Esther rose and opened the door. A smell of stale whiskey entered the house, followed almost immediately by Sam Pettit.

"Well, Esther, my gal, here I am at last. Got tired o' waitin' for me, did yer?"

"I certainly expected you many weeks ago. I asked you to come here as soon as——"

"Say it, my gal, say it. As soon as I came out of quod. Well, here I am, so come an' give us a kiss."

Instinctively she drew back.

"What! afraid of yer old dad; not used to him yet—eh? Well, let it pass an' bring on some grub, an' then I've got news to tell yer."

She placed food before him and sat almost in silence while he ate. She was keeping her promise to her dead mother, but she could not repel a feeling of aversion as she contemplated the man before her.

"Well, yer seem to have grown a pretty, well-set-up sort of girl, Esther, and you're fairly comfortable here. A credit to yer mother an' me. Did yer mother ever mention James Renshaw?"

"James Renshaw was my mother's brother, and lived at Dennystown Cross in Surrey. I understand he died some months ago."

"And Paul Renshaw?"

"I do not know him."

"Well, you jolly soon will, because I expect him here any day, any hour, any minute."

"Here! Why?"

"Because your mother's brother did the right thing at the last minute, and told Paul Renshaw, his heir, to provide for us handsomely—for us, do yer 'ear, for me and you."

"How do you know this?"

"Seen it in the paper, see 'ere, there 'tis—Bell and Bull. I've interviewed 'em, an' they paid me ten pounds on account, an' now I'll go an' have a doss; I'm tired. They may be here to-morrow, an if they want to take you away from me, oh? Esther, my gal, I'm an old man, an'——"

"Do not fear. I shall keep my promise to my mother."

"Good gal, good gal; always obey your mother."

And Sam Pettit retired to a comfortable bed, chuckling to himself.

To Esther White the next two days passed almost like a nightmare. In her occupation as milliner she had to absent herself from the house for several hours every day, and Sam Pettit filled in his time by getting as intoxicated as his means would permit.

On the third day, however, when Esther arrived home she found her supposed father in conversation with a stranger.

"'Ere she is; this is my gal, my dear daughter Esther. Esther, my dear, this is Mr. Paul Renshaw, him as advertised for us."

"Pardon me, my advertisement was for Miss White and made no reference to you. I am sorry, Miss White, that I have been so long in tracing you, but we could not find any clue to your whereabouts."

"Why should you wish to, Mr. Renshaw? My father has told me some rambling story, but I cannot understand it."

"I can soon explain it.—When your uncle, James Renshaw, was dying, he asked me to seek you out and provide for your future. Now that I have found you I ask you to make arrangements to come to Dennystown Cross and take up your abode there."

"And what of me—what of me?" demanded Sam Pettit.

"I have nothing whatever to do with you, sir; my interest is entirely concerned with Miss White."

"An' what of her promise to her mother to provide me with a home, eh?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Renshaw, but I cannot do as you ask. As my father says, I promised mother to look after him, and I must do it."

And nothing Paul Renshaw could say would move her from her resolution. She would gladly have given up her hard struggle for existence and accepted his proffered friendship, but the memory of her promise made this impossible. Finding that words would not prevail, he accepted the situation.

"Well if you are determined to keep your promise—and believe me I honor you for it—you must bring your father down with you. I shall have a cottage vacant in a few weeks, and meanwhile you will be my guests at Dennystown Manor."

And to Sam Pettit's delight it was arranged that they should go to Dennystown Cross on the following Saturday.

Paul Renshaw did nothing by halves, and when Sam Pettit brought Esther to the manor at the time appointed the ex-convict presented the appearance of an exceedingly well-dressed and highly respectable old gentleman.

Sam Pettit had not been at Dennystown Manor twenty-four hours before he became firmly convinced that Paul Renshaw was rapidly losing his heart to Esther White. "An' you must egg 'em on, Sam, my boy, an', if Esther once marries Renshaw, you've made a nice downy bed for life."

And in two or three days it became very evident to everybody that Sam Pettit had made no mistake in his surmise. Paul Renshaw was very much in love with his pretty guest, and Esther seemed in no way averse to his attentions.

It sometimes happened that Sam was too unwell to appear at dinner, and upon such occasions he would betake himself to a cosy spot in the garden and indulge in an open-air cure, with a bottle bulging his pocket.

There it was that one day he awoke from a somewhat heavy siesta with the sound of voices in his ears, and he realized that Paul and Esther were standing on the other side of the hedge.

"Listen to me, Esther. There is no affection between you and your father and I do not see how there possibly can be. He is drunk from morning till night, and there is nothing to love in him. It would be far better for him to go away, and so long as he stayed away I would allow him two hundred a year."

"No, Paul; I cannot do it. Depraved and degraded though he may be, he is my father, and I promised my mother——"

"And yet you cannot promise me. All my love is to go for naught. Let him stay here and live in the cottage, but give me the one wish of my life. You say that you love me, and——"

"Yes, Paul, I do love you; but while my father is alive I cannot marry you; it would simply drag you down and embitter our lives. It would be far better if I went away——"

"A nice, dootiful daughter, an' no mistake. Refusing ten thousand a year because I'm alive," murmured Sam Pettit, as the voices died away in the distance. "I'll teach her to-night."

On the following day Paul Renshaw went up to London on business, and Pettit found his opportunity.

"Look 'ere, my gal, you ain't playing me fair, an' understand me, I ain't going ter 'ave it."

"What do you mean?" asked Esther.

"What do I mean? Why, this: I heard Paul Renshaw offer to make you his wife, an' you was fool enough to blight my prospects by refusing him, an' I won't 'ave it. Do you hear? After yer promise to yer mother, too. Disgraceful, I call it. An' wantin' to pay me two hundred a year to clear out—not much. I'm going to stay 'ere, an' you've got to marry Paul Renshaw!"

Esther faced him, quiet, but determined.

"Listen to me, please, before you presume to dictate and bully. Until the last few weeks I have known practically nothing about you. During the time you were away my mother seldom mentioned your name, but when she did it was only to recall your good qualities. When she died and I prepared a home for you I hoped to meet a father whom I could respect, if not love. I had been taught to look upon you as one who was more sinned against than sinner. Of my disappointment I shall say nothing, but I want you to understand distinctly that I am not going to drag Paul Renshaw's name in the mire by presenting him with you for a relation."

That same evening Esther found her supposed father in the library. His coat was lying on the floor, and he lay back in his shirt-sleeves sleeping heavily. Full of disgust she picked the coat up with the intention of rousing him, and as she did so some papers fell out of the pocket.

She glanced at them carelessly, but one document arrested her attention.

It was a ticket-of-leave made out in the name of Samuel Pettit.

Like a flash the suspicion darted through her brain. Was this man her father?

Stepping behind the chair she bent towards him.

"Samuel Pettit!"

With a hoarse cry the man sprang from his chair and glared about him.

"Yes—yes. Who called me?"

"I did."

"You—you? What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are an imposter; you are not my father, but Samuel Pettit, and here is your ticket-of-leave."

"You are making a mistake. I—"

"Oh, it is useless to deny it. I have felt all along that you could be no relation of mine, and here I have proof."

Sam Pettit in his fuddled state felt that the game was up.

"And—and what are you going to do?"

"Hand you over to the police if you are not away from here in half an hour."

The mention of police was quite enough for Sam and he gave in at once.

"I'll go; I've played the game an' lost. I—I can take my few clothes, I suppose?"

She nodded, and he left the room, leaving her gazing into space, a prey to conflicting emotions. For some hours she sat almost without moving; then came a commotion in the hall and the old butler burst into the room.

"Oh, miss, master has been robbed. The safe in his room is broken open and the jewel-case has gone."

With a cry of horror she sprang to her feet with the name of Sam Pettit on her lips. Then she remembered that no one knew of the imposture.

"My—father—where is he?"

"He left for London two hours ago, miss; said he was going to join master. Crooks drove him to the station, miss."

"Send for the police and have a conveyance round. I can catch the 10.30. I must see Mr. Renshaw to-night."

All was bustle and commotion, the servants ran hither and thither, and in a few minutes Esther was on her way to the station. The sole idea in her mind was to find Sam Pettit and make him return the jewels. Where to look for him she did not know, but she felt that once in London fortune would help her.

She did not seek Paul Renshaw. In the face of this disaster she could not meet him. She took lodgings at a quiet hotel, and on the following day she commenced her search.

For two days her efforts were unavailing, but on the third day, when, weary and heart-sick, she was wending her way to the hotel, she met him face to face.

"Samuel Pettit—at last!"

"Esther!"

Like a hunted hare he looked up and down the street, as if contemplating flight, but the sight of a constable in the vicinity made him change his tactics.

"Yes, Sam Pettit, I have found you at last. No, don't think to escape, or I will give you in charge."

"Then—then—you don't mean harm to me?"

"I want the jewels you stole from Mr. Renshaw; after that I don't care what becomes of you, but the jewels I must have."

"Ah! if I could only get rid of them. Come with me; they are close at hand. I have not had a moment's peace since I took them."

Without fearing danger she joyfully consented, and Sam Pettit led the way down a series of mean streets. Then stopping before a dismal-looking house he opened the door and bade her enter. He led her to a meanly-furnished room on the first floor. Once inside he banged the door and turned the key in the lock.

"And now, my gal, did you think you could get the better of Sam Pettit? You little innocent. I'm on my way to the Continent to-night, but before I go I must silence you for a few hours."

He threw himself upon her and seized her wrists. She fought with superhuman energy, but was no match for him. She was rapidly losing strength, and with a loud scream she fell to the floor.

At that moment the front door was burst in with a crash and several men dashed up the stairs. In an instant the second door was forced, and Paul Renshaw, with two detectives, entered the room.

"Esther! Esther! My darling!"

She fell into her lover's arms in a dead faint.

"So, Sam Pettit, we have got you again," said one of the detectives.

"Sam Pettit! I don't understand," said Paul; "this man is Geoffry Tarrant White."

"Not much. Geoffry White died some months ago; this man is Sam Pettit."

Pettit, with the handcuffs on his wrists, resigned himself to his fate, and in a few moments Esther recovered.

"Thank Heaven we were in time, darling. It is fortunate that we were shadowing this man, and traced him to his den."

"The jewels are here, Mr. Renshaw," said one of the men.

"I care nothing for those; my jewel is here. Nay, don't speak just yet, darling; I have heard all. Your father is dead, and there is now no bar to our marriage. Henceforth I shall devote my life to make your days a dream of happiness, leaving the law to deal with this ticket-o'-leave man."—London Tit-Bits.

DO NOT MARRY THE GIRL—

Who nags.

Who is lazy.

Who is a flirt.

Who cannot control her temper.

Who is not neat and tidy in her dress.

Who is deceitful, and not true to her friends.

Who fusses, fumes, and fidgets about everything.

Whose highest aspiration has never soared above self.

Who is amiable to suitors and "horrid" to her family.

Whose chief interests in life are dress and amusements.

Who lacks thrift, and has no idea of the value of money.

Who cannot bear to hear anyone but herself praised or admired.

Who never thinks that her mother needs an outing, amusement, or a change.

Who humiliates servants by snapping at them or criticising them before guests.

Who dresses in the height of fashion when going out, but does not care how she looks at home.

Who always comes to the breakfast-table late and cross, in an old wrapper or dressing-jacket, with her hair in curl-papers, and who grumbles and scolds at everything and everybody.

Who puts everything she can get on her back, so that she may make a good appearance, while her mother is obliged to patch and do up for herself old cloaks, gowns, and bonnets.

Mother—That note paper is certainly very quaint, but are you sure it is fashionable? Daughter: Ah, it must be. It's almost impossible to write on it.

WHEN GREAT FOLKS SHOP

SOCIETY THROUGH THE SHOPMAN'S SPECTACLES.

How the Prominent People of England Are Viewed by Tradesmen.

Tradesmen love dealing with the Upper Ten. The general experience of West-end tradesmen is that the higher in the social scale a customer is, the more considerate and amiable he or she is found to be, says Pearson's Weekly.

The Duke of Argyll is beloved of tradesmen. The King's brother-in-law is the most amiable of men to serve. One tradesman, who deals in large articles of furniture, recalls the Duke purchasing a large wooden article, and positively declining to let one of the assistants carry it to his carriage, lifting it out of the shop himself as though accustomed to the work.

Miss Ellen Terry is as charming off the stage as on, and few know this better than shop assistants. She darts from place to place in a most kittenlike manner, laughing and chatting to the assistants as though in a drawing-room.

Once the sun was shining with all its might through the window, and an assistant pulled down the blind. "Ah!" exclaimed the famous actress, "see how considerate she is for my wrinkles. She knows they are less conspicuous in the shade, so kindly pulls down the blind." Of course Miss Terry was assured that the action was prompted by no such motives, being entirely to protect the bonnets in the window from the powerful

RAYS OF THE SUN.

Mr. Brodrick is a business-like, outspoken shopper, and woe betide the man who tries to overcharge him. The Indian Secretary, too, is not above a gentle bit of bargaining when there is a possibility of securing a reduction in the price of an article.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, though quite young herself, shops with her grown-up step-daughters, and chooses their gowns with the air of a dowager. She is a most amiable customer in every way, from the assistants' point of view.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has for years past been one of the most familiar figures in the West-end shops. In a recent play, in which the critics had not spoken well of her performance, she remarked at one shop that "they were all running her down, but she would make up the part in a night or two," when she predicted a change of opinion. And, warming up to the part, aided by the dressmaker, she promptly more than justified these words.

A shabby old gentleman many years ago went into a West-end shop for a piece of furniture. The assistants tittered as he entered, thinking he was some laborer in his "Sunday best," and, in dealing with him, treated the matter more as a joke than anything else.

On being asked the price of a drawing-room article, he was told £25, the shopman having asked this price at random, supposing that his customer would not be able to pay anything like it.

He was surprised to hear in reply, "Ah! I'll take this. Send it to my address."

"What name, sir?" asked the salesman.

"The Duke of Somerset," was the unconcerned reply, which promptly squashed any inclination on the part of the shopman in future to be guided in his civility by the appearance of his customer. The Duke really secured the article at less than its proper price.

Miss Marion Terry is quite different from her sister Miss Ellen Terry. Instead of dispensing amiability to all and sundry, she is very dignified and awe-inspiring in her shop demeanor.

Mrs. George Alexander is quite an artistic shopper, and her taste in selecting articles inspires general admiration. Had fortune been otherwise, she might well have been a fashionable costumier herself. She is credited with the design of all the dresses and rooms at the St. James's Theatre, and certainly chooses her own things with the greatest taste.

Many ladies who at first glance appear to be the most easily pleased turn out to be veritable tartars, and after mentioning that they have only a minute or two to spare, stay an hour deciding on a hat or an article of clothing.

Not so Miss Rhoda Broughton, who once went into a milliner's shop exclaiming, "I am very difficult to bonnet," but it turned out that she was really the reverse, being much more easily satisfied than many far less candid customers.

OUR PUZZLED POET.

Oh, Muscovite and little Jap,
You've caught me in an awful trap!
For nowadays, in public eye,
An eminence you occupy;
And fain would I in fluent verse
Your points of interest rehearse,
And thus bring shekels to my ken;
For poets live as other men.
In that they eat (when they have cash).
And pay rent, too (though this is rash).
But woe is me, I cannot sing
Of you—no, not a single thing!—
Because—oh, very shame of shames!—
I don't know how to say your names!

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.

For Fresh Fruit and Vegetables, Pillman's are always in the lead.

The Princess May will make her regular run from Skagway on 2nd August, instead of the Princess Beatrice, which was advertised last week.

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

The King and Queen Hydraulic Leases on McKee Creek were surveyed this week by T. H. Taylor, P. L. S.

Mrs. Well has started a Hand Laundry. Special attention will be given to washing Flannels, Colored Clothes and Children's Dresses. Bundles called for and delivered. Leave orders at Pioneer Bakery.

Well assorted Stock of Domestic and Imported Cigars at Bourne's.

The Scotia will leave Sunday first, instead of the usual time on Monday, with mail and passengers for the outside.

Coffin's house will be raffled for on August 16th; the place where it will come off will be published later.

By every boat E. L. Pillman & Co. receive the finest assortment of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables to be obtained in Atlin.

A telegram was received by Mr. J. M. Ruffner last Sunday, from Cincinnatti, with the sad news of his mother's death. Mrs. Ruffner was about 80 years of age.

New Flies and Fishing Tackle at C. R. Bourne's.

Father Corbein, Roman Catholic minister of this diocese, who has been a week in Atlin and vicinity, returned to Whitehorse on Monday. He is to hold service in the Catholic Church here on the second Sunday of each month.

The O. K. Barber Shop for Hot or Cold Baths at all hours, 50 cents.

T. H. Taylor, P. L. S., has completed a survey of the Gold Bottom and Bank Hydraulic Creek Leases, for Messrs. Ross and Plumb. He has also surveyed the Kootenay Red Fox and English Bay Hydraulic Bench Leases, at Scotia Bay, for Major Neville et al.

WANTED—Situation as Cook, Waitress or Chambermaid.—Apply THE CLAIM OFFICE.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that, within 60 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land, situate in the Atlin District:—Commencing at a post marked "C. M. H's" N. E. corner, planted about one mile south of the mouth of McKee Creek and one-half mile from Lake front, thence southerly 40 chains, thence westerly 40 chains, thence northerly 40 chains, thence easterly 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

C. M. HAMSHAW.

Atlin, B. C., July 27th, 1904.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY give notice that within 60 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described ground, situate in the Atlin District:—Commencing at a post marked "S. H. P's" N. E. corner post, planted about two miles south of the mouth of McKee Creek and one half mile from Lake front, thence southerly 40 chains, thence westerly 40 chains, thence northerly 40 chains, thence easterly 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

S. H. PLUMB.

Atlin, B. C., July 27th, 1904.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that within 60 days from date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described ground, situate in the Atlin District:—Commencing at a post maked "F. T. H's" N. E. corner, planted about one and one-half miles south of the mouth of McKee Creek and one-half mile from Lake front, thence southerly 40 chains, thence westerly 40 chains, thence northerly 40 chains, thence easterly 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

F. T. HAMSHAW.

Atlin, B. C., July 27th, 1904.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that within ninety days I shall apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase eighty (80) acres more or less:

Commencing at a post marked E. D. Rorke's S. E. corner post, about 250 feet from the shore of Atlin Lake, thence northerly forty (40) chains, thence westerly to the shore of Atlin Lake, thence southerly and easterly, following the shore of Atlin Lake to the south-west corner of R. L. McLeod's lease, thence northerly to the N. W. corner of said lease, thence easterly along the northern boundary of said lease to the point of commencement.

E. D. RORKE.

Dated, Atlin, B. C., June 7th, 1904.

NOTICE.

Sixty days from date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described Lands, in the Atlin District. Commencing at a Post marked A. C. H., N. W. corner, adjoining C. R. Meyers' S. W. corner post and planted at a point on the Eastern boundary of Atlin Townsite, thence Easterly 40 chains, thence South 27 chains, to the Northern boundary of the Anaconda mineral claim, thence Westerly 40 chains, thence Northerly 27 chains to point of commencement, containing 108 acres, more or less.

A. C. HIRSCHFELD.

Dated, Atlin, B. C., May 10th, 1904.

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 land situated in the Atlin District, viz.:—Commencing at a post marked D. R., N. W. corner, planted about one mile North-East of Atlin Townsite, thence Easterly 40 chains, thence Southerly 40 chains, thence Westerly 40 chains, thence Northerly 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

D. ROSS.

Dated, Atlin, B. C., May 11th, 1904.

Stocktaking Sale

AT THE **Iron Store.**

In order to keep our Stock clean and up-to-date we will clear the following articles at greatly reduced prices:

Fancy Cambric Shirts, Cowboy and Fedora Hats,
Men's Heavy Shoes, Girls' and Boys' Shoes.

We have just placed in stock a full line of Men's Furnishings of good quality. Prices right.

Our Groceries are always Fresh and Clean.

STABLES & LUMSDEN

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER AND MANUFACTURING Co., Limited.

On and after May 1st and until further notice, the following will be the rates for lights. Accounts collectible weekly.

ELECTRIC LIGHT RATES:—Installation, $3.50 per light.

16 Candle Power Incandecent $0:50 per week per light.
8 " " " $0:25 "

The Company will furnish all lamps free of charge and replace old lamps with new ones when burned out.

CHEAPER, BETTER, SAFER, CLEANLIER, & HEALTHIER THAN OIL.

MODERN STEAM LAUNDRY IN CONNECTION—WASH BUNDLES COLLECTED & DELIVERED.

J. D. DURIE.

ATLIN & DISCOVERY.

Shelf and Heavy Hardware.

Tin and Granite Ware---Miner's & Blacksmith's Supplies.---Doors and Windows.

FURNITURE AND MATTRESS FACTORY.

LOUIS SCHULZ,

Wholesale and Retail Butcher

FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

ROYAL HOTEL.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.

ALEXANDER BLAIN, Proprietor.

NOW OPEN

Northern Brewing Company, Ltd.

ATLIN, B. C.

BREWERS OF LAGER BEER.

SMALL AND LARGE ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

THE MEAT MARKET

CHRIS DOELKER,

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.

HAS REOPENED

Fresh Bread, Pies and Cakes.

Rooms to Rent.—Board by the Week. — C. R. MYERS, Proprietor.

Hello!—Where Did You Get That Suit?

WHY! AT

G. A. KERR & CO'S,

DISCOVERY,

Who have the Finest Line of GENT'S CLOTHING in the Camp. You can get a Suit at their Store as cheap as in Montreal or Toronto. Give them a call and satisfy yourself.