

THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 9.

ATLIN, B. C. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1903.

NO. 205.

THE FIRST BOAT.

Makes June "13th" a Memorable Day For Atlin — A big Passenger List.

Many New Faces Among the Hundred People Who Arrived — A Season of Great Activity Anticipated—Many Company Managers Return — A Scow to Handle Heavy Machinery Is Being Built For Use on Atlin Lake.

Only to those spending a winter in this northern country can the full realization of what "the first boat" means be clearly understood. To the "tenderfoot" or new comer it simply conveys recollections of a beautiful trip through an equally beautiful country, with the added "pleasures of anticipation" in coping to this "land of the midnight sun."

To us "sourdoughs," the vernacular phrase for an old timer, it brings us, apart from sentiment, into closer touch with the outside world, fills our depleted granaries with the good things of life, brings back familiar as well as new faces, and, withal, is the first real indication that summer is upon us.

The opening of navigation for the previous seasons, we find were:

1899, June 5th
1900, June 7th
1901, June 8th, and
1902, June 2nd.

while this year, being 1903, it had to keep the record of the year and arrive on the 13th. She brought in about 100 passengers and 106 sacks of mail. She also brought in a few tons of fresh meat and other perishables, which somewhat relieved the famine.

Too much praise cannot be given to Captain Richardson and the entire crew of the Gleaner for the way they surmounted the difficulties of embarkation of Caribou, owing to the low water, and the necessity of handling everything by small boat.

To facilitate in the hauling of heavy machinery and other such freight, the White Pass Co. is constructing a large scow for use on Atlin lake, and a big load of coast lumber was brought in for the purpose. The scow will be ready for service by the time the Gleaner is able to handle the heavy freight.

Mr. Henry Maluin, Manager of the Societe Miniere, and wife, arrived from Paris, and went at once to the creek.

O. T. Switzer, Manager of the British-American Dredging Co., was another of the prominent arrivals. The preparatory work necessary for the contemplated extensive

operations of his company are now well under way. Accompanying Mr. Switzer was Mr. A. C. Denniston, a gentleman from Philadelphia, who, with him, is associated in a prospecting syndicate, composed of Eastern capitalists, and whose intention it is to prospect the upper valley of Pine creek by means of a Keystone drill. Mr. Denniston will personally supervise the construction and operation of the drill as soon as it is landed here from Caribou.

Mr. Wheelock, who is associated with Mr. McClosky on Spruce, arrived here on Wednesday with 15 men. He will get to work at once on his ditch for the Gladstone group on Spruce, beginning at 27 above Discovery. He anticipates being able to do all the grading before the end of the season, but, owing to the scarcity of lumber he fears he will be unable to complete the flume part of the work. He brought with him supplies necessary to carry on the work. Mr. Wheelock is confident of the future.

We are in receipt of the new tariff sheets and classification schedule for 1903 and note the satisfactory reduction nearly all round, more especially upon the staple necessities of life. The through rate upon Classes A, B and C, for 1902 and 1903, are respectively, \$3.45, \$4.15, \$5.05 and \$3.15, \$3.75, and \$4.50 per 100 lbs. in less than car-load lots, car-load lots and over were, \$3.15, \$3.65, \$4.40, and now are \$2.87½, \$3.25 and \$3.85. The Special Commodity rate, shipments of not less than car-load lots, is cut down to \$2.75 per 100 lbs, while potatoes, which last year cost \$5.05, this year will cost only \$3.75 per 100. in small shipments. The rate on hay, last year, averaged \$70 per ton and oats, \$61 per ton from the Coast, will now average \$52.50 and \$47.50 per ton.

These figures, as stated, are the through rate from B. C. and Puget Sound ports to Atlin, and represent reductions of from ten to twenty per cent, with the special advantage that the small shipper gets an equal privilege with the large shipper. There are several other features in the new schedule which commend themselves, and for

which the W. P. & Y. deserve great credit.

In view of these general reductions, it would only be expected that corresponding reductions will take place ere long in our living expenses.

Mr. Cameron, who will be in Atlin shortly to superintend the construction and operation of the dredge for the British-American Dredging Co., in a recent interview in Vancouver, says that the opportunities in Atlin are excellent, better in fact, than any of those he has ever seen in California, Oregon, Idaho or Montana. Within a radius of ten miles, right in the center of the district, there are from 25,000 to 30,000 acres of gravel land that can, and profitably, Mr. Cameron believes, be worked by the dredge. In natural advantages, he thinks that Atlin is unsurpassed. There is water power capable of development to an unlimited extent, providing the cheapest possible means of operation.

The dredge and power plant is now at Caribou, awaiting shipment to Atlin. As soon as the water rises to a sufficient depth to allow the Gleaner to handle the heavy freight it will be brought in.

Lower Spruce creek, from the falls up as far as 140 below, will be put under operation this year, and it is understood that one of the largest and most complete hydraulic plants ever brought into the district has been ordered. The capital is being furnished mostly by Seattle men. The preliminary arrangements will be carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Haslett, a mining man of wide experience.

Mr. J. F. Deeks, Manager of the work on the Eastern group, on Pine creek, has a large force of men at work in the grading and construction of the ditch for use on the property. This work will occupy the greater portion of the season.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Lipscombe, the genial Agent of the White Pass Co., back to Atlin.

Dixon Bros. & Schultz will put a stage on the Atlin-Discovery route, commencing Monday next.

Nothing is more refreshing these hot days than a bath. Get one at Ford's, the O.K. Barber Shop & Bath House, whose fine enamel baths are a treat. Twenty-five cents is the charge.

A Public Meeting will be held on Thursday evening next, at 8.30, at the Court House, for the purpose of re-organizing the Atlin Fire Department. There should be a full attendance.

It is expected that Judge Henderson will be in Atlin by July 6th to hold sittings of the County Court. The docket, meantime, is a small one.

HIS REPORT.

The Gold Commissioner's Views

Of The Camp's Progress for 1902 and Its Future Prospects — Good Times Ahead.

The following interesting extract is taken from Gold Commissioner Fraser's Annual Report to the Mines Department, for 1902, showing the progress of the Atlin district for last year.

"The last year's operations are proving that the best 'pay' is found in the deepest ground away from the present creek beds altogether, and on none of the creeks has the width of the pay gravel been yet determined, although it has been proven to be at least 600 feet in some places.

"There have been no stampedes this year, no new discoveries, and, apart from the 'Jap' episode in March, last, no labor troubles. Laborers were scarce, so that all who wished could obtain steady employment at good wages. There was only a small number of men actually mining, perhaps 600 to 700 all told, so that the showing per capita is good.

"The cancellation of unrepresented leases was a wise and proper course, and will have a salutary effect.

"Difficulties as to water and the disposal of tailings will continue to present themselves, no doubt, and in more aggravated form as plants are multiplied and begin to crowd each other, but it is difficult to forestall them or to deal with them until an occasion arises.

Some system of survey is very necessary so as to prevent as far as possible the trouble arising from duplication of locations on the same ground.

"Systematic prospecting of outlying creeks is being carried on even during the winter, and new discoveries may be announced at any time.

"The larger area covered by a placer claim, as the Statute now provides for, will to some extent account for the lesser number of claims recorded."

Have You a Vote.

According to the Collector of Votes, before the General Election can be held a new List of Voters will have to be made out. Under the Act, it is provided that sixty days notice will be allowed for the preparation of the new lists, and it therefore behoves all those who are entitled to vote to get their names on this list as soon as public announcement is made of its intended preparation.

THE BITTER-SWEET IN OUR LIVES.

David G. Wylie, D.D., Pastor
Scotch Presbyterian Church,
New York.

Exodus xv., 22, 24, 27.

The Marah and Elim incident of Scripture is rich in its suggestiveness. After the passage of the Red Sea, the people plunged, with their flocks and herds, into the wilderness, with its new and strange experiences. They pressed forward, but at the end of three days found their supply of water exhausted. Animals and people were driven almost mad. They burned with thirst, their eyes became bloodshot, they panted with fever under the sun and longed for water. Their condition was not simply uncomfortable, but positively dangerous.

While in this sad plight good news came to them. The cry was heard, "Wells of water ahead"—fountains where they might quench their thirst and cool their fever. Faster and faster they pressed forward, only to find disappointment. For "when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter."

What does all this mean? That their journey is a type of ours; that we have experiences similar to theirs. Is it not a fact that to most of us life is a wilderness, a desert often a disappointment. Marah, bitterness? All have Marah experiences, though there is more of joy than sorrow in life, more of sunshine than shadow.

Most of life is to most men made up of much disappointment. Men crave happiness, and expect it here and seek it through some earthly, some temporal means—wealth, or power, or fame, or a peaceful domestic life or social success, or literary eminence—and no sooner do they obtain their desire and hold it in their grasp than they find its savor gone, its taste bitter, that they do not care to drink.

Under such circumstances we feel that God is unkind, and we complain against him. Has He no plan in all this for us? Yes, the hard experiences of life are God's discipline, by which He tests us and purges out the dross, that the pure gold may appear. We do not know what impatience, rebellion, sin lurk in our heart until we pass through God's fiery tests!

The incident we are considering exhibits to us the fact that in times of trial and disappointment God's people act in different ways.

We see how the people murmured. "What shall we drink?" They complained against their best friend, Moses. They acted as if they thought him God. Had he not acted unselfishly? Did he not, for their sakes, step down from a place of eminence and power? It was for them, that they might become free men and free women, that he became an outcast and sojourner forty years in the solitudes of the desert, keeping sheep instead of ruling men.

At Marah the people made Moses their scapegoat; they threw all the blame of their misfortunes upon him. In so doing they revealed a base trait in human character, men's willingness to blame others for their misfortunes instead of calmly and patiently assuming the responsibility themselves. The people murmured against Moses instead of counting their experiences as a valuable part of their wilderness discipline.

With Moses it was different. Though under a fearful strain and in danger, he was patient and prayed to God. He did not rebuke the people, but sympathized with them in their distress. He sought God's guidance and found it; for in answer to his fervent prayer God healed the bitter waters. The prayer of Moses brought sweetness out of bitterness, joy out of sorrow and light out of darkness. The Gethsemanes of life always turn out to the Christian's advantage. Agonizing prayer that brings drops of blood is generally answered. When all else fails, God accomplishes many things by the prayers of His people. Learn to pray. Walk in the footsteps of the great and good of the ages.

We have an instance of God's gracious kindness to His people. He led them out of their trials. They did not stop and perish at Marah, but went on to Elim, with its palm groves and wells of water.

In life Elim often follows Marah. God opens up for us a broad way out of our difficulties. There are, in the providence of God, many sweet resting places after our times of bitterness. We are wise when we learn in life to take the bitter with the sweet!

God led his people out of bondage and gave them liberty. In their darkest and most discouraging hours God never forsook them. They had the presence of Moses as friend and guide. They went through many hard and trying experiences, but at last they ar-

rive at the end of their destination and entered Canaan.

So it is with us. Now we are on our hard and dangerous journey. There are enemies on every side. Often we are discouraged. We faint under our heavy loads. We murmur against the providence of God.

This is not what God desires us to do. We are to learn patience to trust God, to go forward under the guidance of the great leader, Jesus Christ, until at last the end of the journey will come and we shall enter our heavenly Canaan and be forever with our God.

Curious Bits of News.

Breeding dogs for export to China, where they are used for food by mandarins and wealthy families, is the business of R. H. Patrick, Midway, Caroline Islands. The "dog packer," as he is known in the Pacific Islands, is in this country to purchase a kennel of St. Bernard dogs. He ships one hundred a month, consigned to Amoy. The animals bring \$2 to \$5 each.

The most recent triumph of the French postal administration is an ingenious little machine which not only automatically weighs letters and samples, but records on an indicator at the side the amount required for stamps. When the article deposited on the balance exceeds the regulation weight, the indicator promptly holds the sign, "Too heavy."

W. S. Coburn, a prospector of Alpine, Colo., is in bad luck and wants to sell his body to raise another grubstake to get on his feet. He has exhausted his credit, and those who backed him threaten to levy on his claims to protect themselves. In this extremity, Coburn has inserted an advertisement in the papers. After citing his condition, the advertisement says: "If I have the right to sell my body when it becomes a corpse, I am on the market for anybody desiring such investment. If you know of a market for such dealings, and you can make sale of my corpse, I will pay a fair commission. My body would make a good skeleton."

The Paris correspondent of the "Lancet" relates that a specialist in mental diseases was recently consulted by a man of distinguished appearance, giving an aristocratic name, who sought treatment for a daughter suffering from kleptomania. Suggestive therapeutics was instituted, and little attention was paid to the propensity for misappropriation exhibited by the patient, particularly as the abstracted articles were returned the day after their removal. Finally the physician missed a jewel box of value, but this was not brought back, and, on investigation, it was found that the address given was false, and that the pretended patient and her father were crafty rogues.

"Shooting the hat" is a recognized festive occasion in New Orleans, the hat shot being the straw, and the time being the date when, in the general opinion, summer has ended. This year an early Sunday in October was chosen as the date beyond which straw hats must no longer be worn, ample notice was given in the papers, and any straw hats worn anywhere in the city on that day were even more liable to destruction than is tabooed headwear on the stock exchange. Resistance is seldom made to the despoilers, and when it is, the police act leniently. At two or more chosen places in the city the hat is actually shot. Boys gather the old straws into a great pile, which is blown to pieces by the explosion of bombs. At this year's celebration, two persons were injured by the bombs.

The official announcement by the United States Steel Corporation that its net earnings in the last six months exceeded \$54,000,000 gives some idea of the magnitude of this unparalleled aggregation of capital, but the extent of its operations will be better grasped with the help of comparison. The total net earnings of the 3,871 national banks in the twelve months of 1900, according to the Controller of the Currency, were \$69,981,810. In twelve months, if its earnings do not diminish, the steel corporation will have earned \$40,000,000 more than all the national banks. It will have earned, in fact, according to the "Financier's" calculation, as much as all the banks of every kind in the United States, their total number being about 14,000.

Johnny (aged eight)—When I was two years old and my big brother was six, was he three times as old as I?

Teacher—Yes.
Johnny—And when I was four and he was eight, was he twice as old as I?

Teacher—Certainly.
Johnny—And now I'm eight and he's twelve, is he only once and a half as old as I am?

Teacher—Yes. Why?
Johnny—Well, how long will it take me to catch up to him?—New York Times.



Perky—Miss Sweetly, do you think you could be happy with a man like me?
Miss Sweetly—Well, perhaps if he wasn't too much like you!—(Candy Cuts.)

A Puzzling Ghost Story.

IN his autobiographical volume, "A Sailor's Log," Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, U.S.N., relates a very curious ghost experience which occurred while he was cruising in the Mediterranean.

"At about midnight, when over a hundred miles from land and while everything was perfectly quiet about the deck, the sound of a tolling bell was distinctly heard. It could be plainly heard by the officer of the deck as well as the men, and it continued for several minutes. To the crew it sounded like a funeral bell, and they decided that someone was going to die. With much difficulty the men were finally sent to their hammocks and ordered to keep silence. The next morning the story was all over the ship, from the forecabin to the officers' messes. When night came again many had forgotten the incident, but at about the same hour the tolling of the bell was again distinctly heard, and the whole crew gathered on deck to listen in superstitious silence. The officers were much puzzled, and many theories were advanced to account for the strange and unusual noise. The third night found the captain and all hands, officers and men, on deck, determined if possible to find a solution of the mystery. At the proper time the sound of the bell came clear and distinct, tolling as if for a funeral. The captain and several of the officers then began a careful investigation, which soon cleared the matter up. The galley of the ship, where the cooking was done, was under the top-gallant forecabin, about twenty feet from the ship's bell. The fires in the galley were put out at nine o'clock, and it was found that at a certain point in the process of cooling, the contracting of the metal in the galley made it give out a cracking noise which accorded with certain tones in the bell and caused it to ring. The very puzzling ghost story was solved, and the men went to their hammocks, many of them still shaking their heads and predicting that there was trouble in store for somebody."

A Lesson in Composition.

"Children," said the teacher, while instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves, and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice Johnny Wise turned in the following composition: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but rite what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick lemon candy, and my dinner."—Baltimore "American."

Curious Bits of News.

A celebrated English physician asserts that the increased height and weight of English and Americans in the last half century are chiefly due to the increased consumption of sugar. He cites, in confirmation of this opinion, the fine health of the date-eating Arabs and the sugar-cane-eating negroes.

At the recent banquet at Bonn in honor of the German Crown Prince, at which the Kaiser was present, an unpleasant incident arose. The guests thought that the beer-mugs were keepsakes and carried off six hundred and fifty of them. The "Borussia" corps, which acted as host, instead of settling for the mugs, has asked the guests who carried them away either to return them or to send thirty cents each to the proprietor of the restaurant where the banquet was held.

Anecdotal.

A tourist in a remote part of Ireland, having stayed the night at a wayside inn not usually frequented by visitors, informed the landlord in the morning that his boots, which had been placed outside his room door, had not been touched. "Ah, shure," said the landlord, "and you might put your watch and chain outside your room door in this house, and they wouldn't be touched."

Humor of the Hour.

If it is true that bassos are bow-legged and tenors knock-kneed, as certain New York letter writers contend, should we not expect to find a falsetto voice accompanied by a false set of legs?

First Caddie—I've got a snap.
Second Caddie—What doin'?

First Caddie—Chaperonin'. De old man give me \$1 to tell him every time de dude kissed his daughter, an' de dude give me \$1 not to tell.—Chicago News.

Shakespeare made a mistake. What Antony really said was, "The people that men do get after them."—Princeton Tiger.

When Mistress Dolly seeks the play, Her shoulders show her scaliskin; But when she sits within the box, She then displays her real skin.

Mr. Maginnis (reading newspaper)—A man fell sixteen stories down an elevator shaft.

Mrs. Maginnis—Poor crayther. An' did it hurt him mooch?

Mr. Maginnis—Faith it did, but he didn't fale it.—Kansas City Journal.

Mrs. Gotrox—Are you really going to move? I thought you were well satisfied with your house?

Mrs. Purseproud—So I am. But it is the only way to show the neighbors all my new furniture.—New York Sun.

A DARKTOWN STAR.

She Seemed to Rise Before the Recorder as the Last Plolade

"Mandy Matthews is a Darktown star," stated the officer when a Crooked Alley belle's name was called.

"Where is Mandy?" asked the recorder.

The court bailiff and clerk made a search, but Mandy was not found. The turnkey was appealed to, and he stated that he had sent up all the prisoners.

The bailiff then made a sensational discovery. Mandy was in the male waiting room, attired in male clothes. "I understood you to say," remarked the recorder to the policeman, "that Mandy was a star in Darktown. She seems to pose up here as the lost Plolade."

"I hain't no star nur sun nur moon, needer," said Mandy. "Ise jest nuttin' but ole Mandy Matthews, an' dere hain't no use ter be callin' me outer my name, needer."

The officer swore that Mandy had got drunk on corn liquor, and when the people in Crooked Alley objected to her cursing, she began a battle with rocks and manituns of war.

"What does the star say about the charges?" the recorder asked the woman.

"I sez dat hit am er hull lot of faber-kashun," replied Mandy, with great indignation, leading vehemence to her speech. "Hit's all de work of er lyn' generashun of vipers."

"Tell me, Mandy," urged the recorder, "why you are dressed in male attire?"

"I was er practicin' for de Darktown dramatick club," was the reply, "and had on my riggs, and togs for de play when de perlice cummed."

"I'm going to fine you \$10.75 for wearing those clothes on the streets," announced Recorder Broyles. "When a woman passes off for a male in Atlanta she will certainly get stamped as a crook or fraud. I tell you this much, so that you may be better posted in the future.—Atlanta Constitution.

Where the Golf Balls go.

"Slimson," said the young man who delighted in golf, "was heart-broken when he lost the sixth golf ball the other day when we were playing up in Dutchess county. He is a serious minded individual, and when he saw the last hard rubber sphere go into the drink, he sat down on a bunker and looked at me very solemnly and deliberately."

"This is inexcusable," said he, "when a man loses golf balls in such a way as this he either ought to find them or give up the game for good. It shows very weak character."

"That last ball had gone into a pond, and there seemed to be something so ridiculous about the idea of a man searching a place like that for a ball that all of us, the doctor, the student and I, began to laugh."

The pond was near the end of the links, and it was a slimy bit of water. It was just about wide enough to get a ball over it. There might have been no trouble provided that were dry land for that distance, but the shine of the water always made you pause and wink and think; and as a result the ball generally made a gentle little splash, and you stood on the bank expressing your feelings as best you could.

"The caddies grinned behind their hands as Slimson slowly took off his variegated stockings and rolled up his abbreviated trousers. He was a sight. The edge of the pool was lined with black slime, and as Slimson went in he nearly fell into the pond. He caught himself just in time, and started at the exploration again. He had a sapling in one hand, and he looked for all the world like an Indian wading a stream to hide his trail."

"He stepped on a tin can and rolled and pitched like an Atlantic liner in heavy seas. The water was above his knees. He stooped down and plunged his arm down to the shoulder. The sleeve of his resplendent shirt had been insecurely rolled. It slipped from its moorings and was dyed by the blackened water. He lifted up his clinched fist and brought up what looked like a bit of coal. He washed the black thing about in the water a little, and there, sure enough, was a golf ball."

"Well," said I, "I hope that you are satisfied. Do you think that it paid for all the trouble?"

"He did not say a word. He went groping around the bottom of that pond and brought up another ball. He kept right at it, and when he was through he had rescued thirty-seven balls."

"Yes," said he, "I think it was worth while."

A man was taken on as a laborer in one of the large shipbuilding yards on the Clyde. The first job he had to do was to carry some rather heavy planks. He had been about an hour carrying them, when he went up to the foreman and said—

"Did Ah tell you ma name whin Ah started?"

"Aye," said the foreman. "You said it was Tamson."

"Oh, that's a richt," replied the man, looking over at the pile of planks he had yet to carry. "Ah wis wunnerin' if you thocht Ah said it wis Samson."

—Tit-Bits.

A Great Improvement.

"How they have shortened the steamship time between New York and London!" Haven't they? I lose only hundreds at poker now where it used to cost me thousands.—"Judge."

It was at a fashionable boarding-house and they had calves' brains for lunch. She spoke to the gentleman next to her. "And do you like calves' brains, Mr. Domo?" "I always try to feel content with what I have, madam."

There is a time to laugh, even in a fashionable boarding-house.—"Waverley Magazine."

WHY

Droop with Dyspepsia

She was a beauty, until irregularities peculiar to her sex brought on that dread dyspepsia and general misery. But there is certainty of cure for her.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE

WILL FIRST FEED HER SHATTERED NERVES; then strengthen them by it they will put every vital organ to work vigorously. The liver will do its share; the heart will have blood to pump, the nerves will be quiet. The woman will be beautiful again.

Mrs. James Edge, Post-Mistress of Edge Hill, Ont., writes: "I have had indigestion and dyspepsia for nearly ten years. At times I could eat nothing. After taking two bottles of South American Nervine I was entirely well and am in perfect health."

The Great South American Kidney Cure dissolves and washes out waste matter at once from kidneys and bladder, and simultaneously begins the building up of new tissues. Relief in six hours.

An intelligent looking boy walked into a grocer's shop the other day, and reading from a paper said: "I want six pounds of sugar at 2 1/4 a pound."

"Yes," said the shopman, "that will be one and three halfpence."

"Eleven pounds of rice at 1 1/2 a pound."

"One and fourpence halfpenny," commented the grocer.

"Four pounds of tea at 1s. 8d. a pound."

"Six and eight."

And so he continued. "Five pounds of coffee at 1s. 10d.; seven tins of milk at 5 1/2d.; four tins of tomatoes at 6 1/2d.; eight tins of sardines at 1s. 1 1/2d."

The shopman made out the bill and handed it to the lad, saying: "Did your mother send the money or does she want them entered?"

"My mother didn't send me at all," said the boy, setting hold of the bill. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."

A Suitable Applicant.

Some people want something for nothing, an exchange tab is by no means equitable. The following story is told of a recent advertiser, whose like is to be encountered frequently.

The announcement ran: "A lady, in delicate health, wishes to meet wit ha useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience of nursing. Total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

Shortly afterward this estimable give-me-everything-for-nothing lady received a parcel bearing the familiar inscription: "This side up, with care." It contained a meek-looking cat.

"Well, my dear," said the economical young husband, joyously, "I have cut off another item of expense. We can lay by 30 cents more each day."

"You dear good boy. How have you done it?"

"Why, instead of going to lunch I just walk up and down the thronged street for half an hour."

"Well?"

"Well, by that time the street sweepers have filled me so full of dust that a glass of water is all I want."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the first street railway magnate, who was going through his mail. "Here's a funny letter."

"What is it?" asked the second street railway magnate.

"Oh, the usual bunch of complaints about the service," explained the first sneaker, but it is signed 'A Patron of Twenty Years' Standing.'—Judge.

Three-year-old Jack had pulled a large bunch of nasturtiums in his grandmother's yard, although strictly forbidden to touch the flowers.

A court-martial was held, with grandma as judge advocate.

"Jack," she said, "who pulled grandma's flowers?"

With a sad countenance the beautiful little fellow replied: "Kathleen" (his elder sister).

Then the grandfather, a rather stern old gentleman, and a great stickler for truth, spoke up:

"Jack, be a man, and say 'I did it.'"

With a beaming expression of relief Jack cried out, "Oh, yes, grandpa did it."—Judge.

More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap it's the best.

To Set Her Free

By FLORENCE WARDEN

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

Mrs. Wharles looked rather alarmed, and mumbled an apology. "I only mean," she explained more civilly, "that it's hard for her to be very poor, when Sir Astley is very rich."

"She has brought her position upon herself," said Norma. Then, conscious that she, too, was not blameless in her relations towards the chivalrous Astley, she added hastily: "Nobody is less likely to be ungenerous than Sir Astley, or indeed I may say than I."

"I'm sure of it," said Mrs. Wharles earnestly and more gently. "And I'm sure I shall do my best to persuade the poor, dear, silly girl to remember that all this is her own fault, and that she must consider both you and Sir Astley in every way she can. Poor child! She used to be very impetuous, but I dare say she's toned down now."

Norma looked at the doctor's wife suspiciously, and wondered whether she had really been ignorant that her sister's death was only a pretense.

"She speaks of coming here," said Norma, glancing at the doctor's letter to his wife, which she still held in her hand. "Surely you can use your influence to prevent that! If she were to force herself into Sir Astley's presence without notice, without warning, it might kill him! I really believe."

"I'll do my very best to persuade her to be cautious," said Mrs. Wharles, "and not to do anything hastily. But, poor thing! I dare say her heart will get the better of her head, when once she finds herself near him again!"

"We must hope not," said Norma rather drily, as she rose, as an intimation that the interview was at an end.

She felt that there was nothing to be gained by reasoning with this woman who was actuated, she felt sure, by self-interest only, and who would carry out her intentions, whatever they might be, without regard to anybody's feelings but her own.

So she gave the doctor's wife not a shake of the hand, but a little cold bow as the latter took her leave.

When she got upstairs again Norma found Astley, who was better than he had been on the previous night and for the time completely conscious in a state of evident anxiety. "No sooner had Martin left the room than he asked quickly: "What did Mrs. Wharles want with you?"

"She came to explain that her husband had been called away suddenly," said Norma in a soothing tone. "Didn't you notice that you had a change of doctors?"

"Oh yes," said Astley, still frowning. Then, after a short pause, he added: "I wonder what Wharles is up to! And why his wife should have thought it necessary to call! They're a detestable pair, greedy and I fancy unscrupulous, and I know they're ostentatious and extravagant. Don't have any more to do with either of them than you can help, Norma, mind that!"

"Yes, dear. Why do you have him if you dislike him so much?"

"Because, unluckily, he's the only medical man about here who knows anything about his profession. I dare say," he added, after a moment's thought, "I am influenced by the fact that his wife was a sister of mine, and that her influence was not for good. There was only one decent member of the family, the third sister, a widow, Mrs. Finch. All the rest, mother, Lottie, Mrs. Wharles, were untrustworthy, every one."

"What is the third sister like?" asked Norma, with a sudden suspicion. "Is she a twin sister of the one you married?"

"Oh, no. She was taller, and not at all like her. Lottie was the shortest, but the prettiest, and took after the mother, who must have been a very lovely woman in her day."

"Oh!" said Norma, with a spasm of disappointment. For the idea had shot into her mind that, if the sisters had been twins, Mrs. Wharles might have conceived the plan of getting the living one to pass for her dead sister.

"Don't let us talk about them," said Astley. "Let us talk about ourselves, each other."

Norma smiled a rather pitiful smile, as she accepted his mute invitation to take his hand and sit beside him.

"I'm afraid I must forbid your talking at all," said she, gently. "You have chattered too much already."

"Well then, I'll give you a rest, on one condition: come nearer and tell me, just whisper—whether you'll be satisfied with a marriage which is only a business partnership, whether you won't let a touch of sentiment come in? Come, come, haven't you any answer? There, there, don't cry. It shall be just as you wish, you know, but I thought that—perhaps—"

"Sh—sh!" said Norma, with sudden peremptoriness which did not alarm him. "I won't have you talk; I forbid it. You are to lie quite, quite still, and, and—" She was on her feet, bending over him, trying to speak irritably and fighting back the tears. She wanted to be business-like, hard, matter-of-fact, forbidding. And then he looked up, and her heart gave a great leap, and without another word she leaned down impulsively and pressed a loving, lingering kiss on his forehead.

He took it quite quietly, without a sound, but after that he seemed satisfied to obey her injunction to be still and submissive, and lay back with his hand clasped in his, breathing regularly, and looking at her with a sort of half smile hovering about his mouth.

AS FOR her, she felt completely broken-hearted. How should she tell him the truth? How should she be able to go away and leave him, when he learned that the tie between them was non-existent, that he was bound to the woman who had so infamously deceived him?

For Norma had the strongest suspicions that the Wharleses, husband and wife, would succeed in trumping up such an answer to the grave charges Astley had brought against Lottie that it would indeed, as they had predicted, be impossible for him to get free.

After a time, to Norma's great disgust, Astley began to grow restless again, and to wander a little in his mind, not for long together, but enough to alarm her, when she had thought the height of the fever past.

His thoughts had been sent back to the old days of his married life with Lottie, and it cut Norma to the heart to hear him remonstrating with her for her frivolity and heartlessness, and reproaching her with not caring for him.

"Why did you marry me, if you didn't care? Why did you? Why did you? You were pretty enough to have married anybody. Haven't you any heart, Lottie! Don't you really care?"

Then for a space he would lie quietly and seem to sleep. Then once again his eyes would open, and the incoherent muttering begin afresh. It was a relief to her when his thoughts went forward a little, and she heard her own name again on his lips:

"Norma, Norma, my little wild girl with the big eyes! I'll make you love me—it will be easy enough, though you don't know it. No, you don't know it! You shall love me, and console me for what the other one did; and you shall be happy yourself, yes, I promise you that. Norma! Little wild bird, little wicked Norma! Norma! Norma! Norma! Hark, what's that? Who's that?"

To Norma's great distress his tone had suddenly changed, and he had sprung up in bed. She rose to her feet, soothing him, begging him to lie quietly. He paid no heed to her words, but remained in a listening attitude, staring at the "big screen" which, by Dr. Wharles's orders, had been put round the door to keep out some of the draughts for which the old house was famous.

"Who's that? Who's that? I say! Come in, come in, can't you? he repeated in a loud, harsh voice, with his eyes staring vacantly.

In vain Norma tried to calm him. "There's no one there, no one," urged she.

Yet still, in a louder voice than before, he shouted: "Come in, come in, I say!" "Hush, hush, do lie down, you must lie down," cried Norma imperiously. "Listen," she said, distinctly, in his ear as she wrestled with him, and tried to get him to lie back upon his pillow. "I'll go and see that there is no one there, if you'll only lie down, if you'll only be still, and quiet and calm."

As she repeated these words emphatically in his ear, the sick man seemed to take in part, at least, of the sense of her words, and as she made a movement as if to go to the door, he at last allowed her to settle him again among his pillows, as she kept on repeating: "You shall see; I'll show you there's nobody there."

With her eyes upon the bed, and full of the idea of satisfying his feverish fancy, she walked to the screen and looked round it.

She did not cry out; she did not faint, or fall, or stagger; but the sight which met her eyes froze her blood and sent a deadly sickness to her heart.

There, behind the screen, in the very sick-room, trembling, shamed, silent, but doggedly, sullenly asserting her earthly presence, her reality, was the woman whom Norma had seen in the hotel office at Oxford, the woman who had followed Astley and herself through the streets.

CHAPTER XI

Scarcely had Norma's startled eyes rested a moment upon the woman behind the screen, when Astley called to her. "Norma, Norma! come here; I want you!"

As she hesitated, not knowing what to do, divided between her fear that he would guess something, and her even stronger fear that the dreaded visitor would force her way in, Norma was recalled to decision and to action by a sudden movement forward on the part of the woman.

The door by which she had entered was still open behind her. Norma, with unexpected strength and dexterity, threw herself upon the intruder, and forced her back into the wide corridor outside. At the same time, she had the presence of mind to call out, in a ringing, cheerful voice, to Astley:

"Wait one moment! I'll be back in a moment!"

It was a risk to leave him; but it must be done. Shutting the door quickly behind her, Norma faced the intruder, who was dressed very quietly in dark clothes, and whose face was shrouded in a thick veil of brown gauze which formed an admirable disguise.

"Let me pass! Let me go in!" cried the visitor, not loudly, indeed with some sign of nervousness on her part, but doggedly too.

But Norma seemed to have become suddenly endowed with a strength of iron sinews and iron nerves.

"Who are you? What do you want?" The visitor panted as she drew back, forced away from the door-handle by the energetic action of the other woman. "You know who I am," she answered at once, "and I want to see my husband."

For one moment Norma was too much overwhelmed; prepared as she was for this answer, to frame a word in reply. Recovering herself, however, she gasped out:

"How do I know it? I thought—he thought—his first wife was dead?"

The woman drew herself up, recovering herself in her turn. "Let me go into the room," said she. "You will want no further proof when he sees me."

And again she made a plunge at the door. Norma put up her hand imploringly.

"Not now, not yet," she entreated. "He's ill; don't you see what the shock would be? Have you no heart, no regard for him?"

"Of course I have. And that's why I've come; I came directly I heard he was ill. Let me go in, I say. I have the right."

Norma bent forward, with flashing eyes that pierced under the veil to the visitor's features.

"You have the right!" she echoed in a voice tremulous with passion. "You who deserted him, chose to be dead to avoid him. No. You have no more right than the dead, and you shall not force your way in, to disturb him, perhaps to kill him, if I have to rouse the house to keep you away!"

Her energy and passion got the better of the determination of the other woman. The visitor drew back a little.

"Call the servants up if you like," said she in a scoffing tone. "And undo all that I've been so careful about. For your sake I came quietly in, by the garden door, with this veil on that none of them might recognize me even if they met me. For your sake I've taken every precaution. I don't want to make a disturbance. I don't want to make things unpleasant for you. But I've come all the way from Leamington to see him, and it's hard to be denied one look."

Norma drew her breath sharply through her teeth. She felt that she was not in an unassailable position herself, and therefore she could not take a high hand with this other woman.

"If I promise that you shall see him," she said in a gentler voice, "will you promise me in return that you won't try to make yourself known to him until—until he's well again? Of course he must know the truth then; but I want to keep it from him while he's ill and weak."

Her words, her pleading, humble tone, evidently surprised the other, who hesitated for a reply.

Then the voice of Astley was heard again, calling for Norma, sleepily, faintly.

Norma pointed to the door of her own bedroom.

"Will you go in there," she said, "and wait for me? I must get someone to stay with him, and then I'll come to you."

The visitor obeyed without a word, and Norma, much relieved to find that she had found the right way to treat her, re-entered the sick-room and rang the bell for Martin. Astley was falling into a doze, he just opened his eyes sleepily on her entrance, and closed them again at once with a half smile.

When the housemaid appeared to take her place, Norma slipped out of the room quietly, and went to her own bedroom, where the visitor, having taken off her veil, revealed an extremely pretty face, somewhat worn and thin indeed, and with evident anxiety in the eyes, but attractive enough to excuse the infatuation Astley had once had for her.

"Well," she said at once, "am I to see him now?"

Norma clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. "You shall see him if you insist," she said. "But I hope you won't insist. I hope you will wait. He's not in any danger, you know. Ask Dr. Wharles; he will tell you he's not. There's really no more reason why you should insist upon forcing yourself upon him now than there was at Oxford."

The woman started. "Then you saw me at Oxford?"

"Yes. Why didn't you make yourself known to him then? You would have saved both him and me a great deal if you had."

"But you were married to him already, weren't you? They said you were."

Norma hesitated. "I'm sure," went on the visitor, "I don't want to bring any more annoyance upon you or him either than I can help. I know I did wrong in letting him think I was dead. But I was frightened; we hadn't got on well together; and I thought that was the best way out of it. Indeed, I never had any idea of coming into his way again. It was only when we got very badly off, my mother, and sister and I—that I heard he was at Oxford, and thought of going there and asking him to forgive my deceit and to help us. Well, then I heard you ask for him, and I made enquiries, and found you had married him; and there I was for days, watching him and debating whether I should speak to him or not. And then he went away. And the next thing I heard was that he was Sir Astley Darwen with ever so much money, and there were we with hardly any. So what could I do but come?"

Norma was revolted. "It wasn't his illness that brought you then?" she said. "Only the want of money?"

The visitor looked down. "Didn't you ever care for him?" pursued Norma, aghast.

"Not as much as you do," answered the other frankly. "We were all poor, you know, and had to marry. Fanny, who married Dr. Wharles, was the only one of us who made a love match. Emmeline married, as I did, because she had to."

"Emmeline—that's Mrs. Finch?"

"Yes."

"Astley says she is a nice woman, a good woman."

The visitor moved petulantly. "She's no better than I am," she retorted sullenly. Then after a moment's

hesitation she added in an aggrieved tone: "It's easy to be perfectly good when you have no cares, when you've always got plenty of money and everything you want. This deceit that I've practised upon him is the only thing I've ever had to reproach myself with; whatever anybody may say."

And she looked defiantly into Norma's face in the candlelight.

Norma believed her. There was rather an attractive appearance of sincerity about her visitor, which impressed her in spite of herself. The very fact that she did not make any hypocritical pretense of devotion to Astley seemed to Norma to be in her favor.

A pang of jealousy shot through her heart. This woman had been Astley's choice; he had loved her passionately; the rumors of her misconduct had caused him the most cruel tortures. If—nay—when Lottie should prove that these stories were untrue, would she not easily, with her pretty face, lisping, sweet voice, and unaffected manners, be able to regain the place which she had for the time lost in his affections?

The hot tears sprang to Norma's eyes. "Well," she said at last, hoarsely, "if what you say is true, if you have been misjudged, as you say, so much the better for you when you are able to see Sir Astley and explain yourself to him. Perhaps he will forgive you for your cruel deception."

Lottie looked at her uneasily. "And—what about you?" she said in a low voice.

Norma bit her lip. "It's rather late for you to ask that," she said bitterly. "If you had given a moment's consideration to anybody but yourself before you played this trick on Sir Astley, you might have known that he, young, handsome, good-hearted as he is, would want to love and marry someone else some day."

The other woman began to walk restlessly up and down the long room.

"Well, well," she said at last, hurriedly, turning to Norma and speaking with great earnestness, "there's no harm done yet, is there? Nobody has seen me here, nobody who knows me. And Astley doesn't know that I'm here. Why tell him? Why tell anybody? I tell you I only want help, a little help for us all. I'm sorry I came now, very sorry; but remember, I didn't come until my brother-in-law told me you knew or guessed that I was alive. Remember that! Perhaps I never should have come but for that."

Norma sat down, trembling.

"But," she said in a hoarse whisper, "your coming or not coming would make no difference to the fact that you're his wife, and I'm not."

Lottie started.

"Oh, don't put it like that," she said. "Even I shouldn't put it like that. You married him thinking he was free, and he thought the same. So, if nobody knows about my being alive—"

"But he will know, he must know," said Norma quickly. "Don't you see yourself that Dr. Wharles and his wife are dying to make the thing known?"

Lottie looked uneasy.

"Not by my wish," she said quickly. "They do too much. I wish they wouldn't. Look here: I see you are fond of Astley, and no doubt he's fond of you. I don't want to come between you. I'm not ill-natured really. I've forfeited all right to his affection by my wicked deceit, as you said. Let me go away; help me a little if you can. I'm poor, and you're rich; you can spare something, and you would, I know. Then I'll go quietly away, and I won't ever trouble you again. There!"

She spoke earnestly, simply, sincerely. Norma was touched.

"You shall have all the money I can give," she said at once. "But as for hushing up the fact of your existence, it's absurd, you know. The people in your neighborhood must know all about it, and Dr. Wharles and his wife are only too anxious to spread the news about."

Lottie moved away impatiently. "No, no," went on Norma with excitement, "we can't go on. It is I who must go away. I'll tell you the truth: our married life has not begun; you have no need to be jealous; you are Lady Darwen, and I am Norma Darwen."

Lottie reeled back, confounded.

"You'll give him up?" cried she, in amazement.

"I must. We can't begin life on a lie. The moment he is well enough to hear the truth, I shall simply tell him, and go away, and—"

"But I—I—he'll never forgive me!" stammered Lottie. "You'll just spoil your own life without doing any good to me!"

"I can't help that," said Norma, who was wise enough to know how mad it would be to expect this erratic woman to keep any secret for long. "You and he will settle your affairs between you. Of course I shall be grateful to you if you will go away as you have come, and say nothing to anyone till I have left this house. After that, you must do what Sir Astley chooses. In the meantime," she went on, while Lottie paced up and down, wringing her hands in evident distress, "I'll give you some money which will keep you comfortably until you can arrange with Sir Astley. Will you have a check?"

Lottie was crying.

"Oh, you are good, you are generous," she sobbed. "I wish—oh, I wish I had never come. And I—I wouldn't take money from you if only I were not so hard up. Look here!" She put out a little foot, and showed a broken boot.

Norma, who had already noticed the pathetic shabbiness of her dress, drew her breath sharply through her teeth, and ran to her writing-table, where she unlocked her little desk.

"Shall I write it out to you?" she asked. "I'm going to give you a check for a hundred pounds."

Lottie sobbed aloud.

When she had muttered some shame-faced thanks, she said:

"Don't give me a check. I don't want to use your name."

"But I have only a few pounds here. Shall I make it out to your sister, or your mother, or—"

"No, no, I should never get the money. I—I mean," said Lottie, hastily checking

herself, "I'd rather have the money instead of a check."

"What shall I do then? I can write up to my bank to-night, but I can't get the notes till the day after to-morrow. I don't know these people yet, or I would get it cashed here," said Norma, who was rather shy and ignorant about money matters, and afraid to excite remark in the neighborhood.

"I'll wait, I'd rather wait till you get it."

"And I'll send it to Leamington!" said Norma.

"No. I'll meet you in the orchard, the day after to-morrow, at dusk; just after tea. In the meantime, I'll keep close at home, and nobody shall see me."

said Lottie, with shame and tremulous gratitude shining in her eyes.

Norma rose from her chair. She was getting anxious to go back to Astley; but the visitor lingered. There were tears in her eyes; she began to speak several times, stopped short, grew hysterical, alarming. Norma began to get afraid that she was going to be seized with a nervous fit of some kind, when suddenly there came a light tap at the door, and Martin's voice asked if her ladyship would go to Sir Astley. He was calling for her.

"All right, Martin, go back and tell him I'm coming," said Norma.

The moment they heard the door of the sick-room close upon the housemaid, Lottie, with a brief "good-by," dashed past Norma, fled downstairs like a hare, and ran down one of the long dark corridors which led to a door into the grounds.

Trembling and agitated, Norma went back to Astley, who had been dozing, but was now awake and conscious. She had some difficulty in quieting his curiosity as to her long absence, and he was evidently displeased with her for it.

However, she flattered herself that she succeeded pretty well with him, until the following morning, when Dr. Wharles came. Then, after answering the doctor's questions with marked coldness, Astley caught the exchange of a significant look between Norma and him, and thereupon promptly called her back as she was following Dr. Wharles out of the room.

(To be Continued.)



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SATURDAY, JUNE 20TH, 1903.

With the opening of navigation and the consequent change in the Atlin mail service, we desire to place on record the hearty appreciation of the general public to the Mail Carriers for the efficient manner in which they discharged their most arduous duties during the long and severe winter.

It is a matter to be deplored that the past season's service is responsible for the death of two of the finest men ever engaged in that service, Messrs. Abey and McRae, but their memory will ever be revered by their many friends in Atlin and on the trail.

During the recent season some extraordinary records have been made, and the carriers, Jack Perkinson and Thomas, deserve to be highly commended by the public for the remarkable service they have given. One instance, among many, is sufficient to show that these men did not waste time on the trail. The mail which left Atlin on April 27th arrived in Vancouver on May 1st!

We have no fault whatever to find with the late contractors, the Canadian Development Company, who during the four last years have spared neither pains nor money to make the service efficient, but it is only natural for us to hope that one of our local tenderers may get the contract for the ensuing term of four years; the risks to be run and the hardships to be undergone justly entitles those who perform the service to all there is in it. The date for the opening of the tenders for the double service was yesterday, the 19th inst, and in due course we hope to learn that a local man has either one or both contracts—summer and winter.

During the last few weeks notices have been appearing in these columns making application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works to purchase and lease lands in this district. Extensive preparations have already been made in several instances to get the lands ready for the plow.

We would respectfully suggest that in view of the many difficulties attendant upon agriculture in this section, and the risk the applicants are taking, from a business point of view owing to the extremely short season, the Government should be especially lenient in regard to the cost of the land, by way of encouraging the pioneers in their enterprise. If the experiment should prove a remunerative one, there is plenty of available land which will be taken up, and upon which the Department would be justified in charging the customary price.

A YEAR'S PROGRESS.

The Annual Report of the Minister of Mines.

The Record for 1902 Not As Satisfactory as Previous Years—No Fault of the Mines.

The annual report of the Minister of Mines for 1902 does not show the same satisfactory condition of progress as has obtained during previous years. In the introductory account the report says:

The progress made by the Mining Industry of the Province has, during the year 1902, been less marked than usual. If the statistics of production alone are considered, it would appear that no advance has been made, as the gross value of the mineral production for the year 1902 is less than that of the preceding year, the first time that such a thing has happened since lode mining became an industry of the Province. While it is necessary to face this fact, it is necessary to learn to what causes the fact is attributable, whether such causes are permanent or temporary, and whether they are removable or not. The diminished production is not due to any failure in the mines themselves, for no wide-spread failure has occurred, and, as a matter of fact, the mines are in a better condition than they were a year ago. The adverse conditions affecting the output appear to have been different in the various branches of the industry, but, as is the way with misfortunes, they came not singly.

The lode mining of the Province has been the branch most sorely beset, and this not owing to any failure of the mines themselves, but to the unprecedentedly low market price of metals which has prevailed during the entire year, beginning, as it did, in the last month of 1901, while it is only in the early months of 1903 that the market has begun to recover. The average values for the year of copper, silver and lead for 1902 show, respectively, a decrease of 27.3, 11.5 and 10.4 per cent.

"In the Atlin district the past season has been very satisfactory, inasmuch as it has demonstrated that the life of the camp is not to be measured by the life of the placers in the creek bottoms. The higher run of gold, noted in the Report for 1900 as occurring under the benches in the triangle between Pine and Spruce creeks, has, after thorough prospecting, been opened up by tunnels and shafts and a number of claims have been worked as drifting propositions pretty well throughout the length of Pine creek above Stevendyke, including many of its tributaries, and also on Spruce creek. Between 600 and 700 men have been engaged in mining during the summer, and about half that number will be engaged during the winter. In certain places where the topography admitted of it, the high channel has been attacked by hydraulic methods, with very satisfactory results."

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

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

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

THE WORLD.

A Few Incidents Which have Transpired

During Our Isolation—Some of the Most Important Events in the Last Thirty Days.

The following summary of important events, during the last few weeks throughout the world, is given so that our readers may get some idea of affairs outside since our isolation.

The C. P. R. has obtained control of the Calgary and Edmonton railroad.

The small flour millers of London, Eng. are trying to keep out the U. S. product.

Turkey and Bulgaria are having a scrap. It is said that the latter will import plague bacilli as weapons of warfare.

The King has returned to England from his Continental trip. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant believes that the King's visit to Paris will make for the world peace by the fair road of arbitration.

The new Transvaal loan, recently issued, has been very largely subscribed.

The Irish Land Bill has passed its second reading in the Imperial House.

It is said that the Federal House will dissolve in January 1904.

An attempt was made last month by the Mafia Society to destroy the Cunard pier at New York and the liner Umbria.

Linoleums and Oilcloths, just arrived at Fraser & Co.'s

Joseph Leiter is bankrupt.

Canadian flour is much in demand in Japan.

The strike on the state railways of Australia has been settled.

Germany is hostile to the Dominion regarding the Surtax.

Employers in the New York building trades are commencing a crusade against the unions.

Lord Minto's term of office is extended to November 1904.

The first British Transvaal Parliament convoked on the 20th ulto.

The U. S. Presbyterian Assembly met in Los Angeles, Cal., last month.

Max O'Rell, the noted French author, died in Paris on the 25th ulto.

As a result of the destruction of life involved, the Paris-to-Madrid automobile race was stopped by the Spanish Government at the Spanish frontier.

The President of La Republique Francais will visit England next month.

Linoleums and Oilcloths just arrived at Fraser & Co.'s.

Shamrock III. left Gourock, Scotland, on May 28th on her trip across the Atlantic. She was accompanied by Sir Thomas Lipton's

flotilla, consisting of Shamrock I., the steam yacht Erin and the ocean tug, Cruiser.

Three notable society divorce suits have made a memorable season in London.

The Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, favors a Government-owned railway to the Pacific Coast.

It is very probable that the Colombian Congress will not pass the Panama Canal Treaty.

Russian Army officers have confessed to meditating the assassination of certain high Government officials.

Serious floods in the Mississippi valley has caused a heavy loss of life and damaged property to the extent of millions of dollars.

Several Canadians have been honoured by the King with the Imperial Service Order, among whom is Colonel Richard Wolfenden, King's Printer, Victoria, B.C.

Winter wheat has been successfully grown in parts of Manitoba.

Mr. Borden will introduce a motion re tariff revision in aid of the iron and steel industry in the Dominion House.

The U. S. Supreme Court has refused the issuance of a writ of habeas corpus for Whitaker Wright.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy may be offered the Senatorial vacancy.

Chamberlain's Preferential Tariff scheme is the sole topic of discussion and is daily gaining strong advocates.

France sees great damage to her trade if Mr. Chamberlain's scheme materializes.

Bush fires are doing much damage in Eastern Canada.

President Roosevelt invites the Imperial Parliament visitors to extend their trip to the United States.

One of the Chinese provinces is suffering from a famine.

The Gamey-Stratton Commission in Ontario is ended. The Commission completely exonerates the Minister. Mr. Stratton will resign his Portfolio and appeal to his constituents.

The Great Northern Railway has reduced its freight rates to north Pacific coast points.

The health of Lord Salisbury is causing his friends anxiety.

The King and Queen will visit Ireland this month.

General French recommends that 20,000 destitute Irish be deported to Canada.

The expense of the Gamey Commission will amount to \$25,000.

The Dominion Government will make a grant to the Bernier Arctic expedition.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that after 30 days from date, we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to lease one-quarter of an acre of land for a site for a power plant in the Atlin District, situated as follows:—Commencing at a post marked "The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.'s S.E. corner," planted at a point on Discovery street, in the Town of Atlin,

thence in a westerly direction 104 feet, thence northerly 104 feet, thence easterly 104 feet, thence southerly 104 feet to point of commencement, containing one quarter of an acre more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B.C. this Second day of June, 1903.
 The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
 J. A. Fraser & Co., Ltd.

NOTICE is hereby given that after 30 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in the Atlin District for agricultural purposes: commencing at an initial post, planted about one mile north-east of Atlin townsite, thence running east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains to the point of commencement, containing 30 acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B.C. this 4th day of June, 1903.
 J. T. REOAR.
 J. A. Fraser & Co., Ltd.

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

Dated at Atlin, B.C. this 1st day of June, 1903.
 C. D. NEWTON.
 J. A. Fraser & Co., Ltd.

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

Dated at Atlin, B.C. this 23rd day of May, 1903.
 CHAS. R. MYERS.
 J. A. Fraser & Co., Ltd.

NOTICE.

Certificate of Improvements.

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

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Julius M. Ruffner, P.M.C. No. 133359, Agent for the North Columbia Gold Mining Co., P.M.C. No. 134111, intend 60 days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

Atlin, B.C. this 19th day of May, 1903.
 Julius M. Ruffner, Agent.

Certificate of Registration of an Extra-Provincial Company.

COMPANIES ACT, 1897.

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. Y. WOOTTON,
 Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.
 Je-20-4t

E. S. Wilkinson, P.L.S.

Wm. Brown, C.E.

WILKINSON & BROWN

Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.

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

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

In Lead Packets of 1/2 lb and 1 lb each.

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

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

THE GRAND HOTEL

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

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

A Boon to the Thirsty!

Drinks, 2 for a Quarter.

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

Hotel Building for Sale—No Reasonable Offer Refused.
 E. P. QUINN.

NAKED DOUKHOBORS.

IMMIGRATION AGENTS DISPERSE A MEETING.

Three Delegates From Yorkton Agitating a Pilgrimage in a North Saskatchewan Village Sent Home Mounted Police in Charge of Other Parties.

Bopadano, North Saskatchewan, May 4.—Immigration agents burst into large meetings consisting of several hundred delegates from four Doukhobor villages here yesterday, while three delegates from Yorkton were endeavoring to make an uprising, and were preparing to lead a pilgrimage. Under the influence of the excitement one hundred members of the settlements decided they would release all cattle, cease using the product of animals, and go in search of Jesus. Early in the morning a service was held near the village, which was attended by men and women in a nude state. Serious results were expected from the outbreak, as seceding operations are just beginning, and Agent Speers ordered the meeting to disperse, and forced the three leaders from Yorkton to return. They refused to ride behind horses, and started walking over the trail to Saskatoon, and will be taken by train to their homes to-morrow. The entire village gathered to see them leave. One hundred men on the other side of the river are being taken home under escort of the mounted police.

Winnipeg, May 3.—A despatch from Lovell's Ferry, elbow of the Saskatchewan, says:—Thanks to the promptness of the officials of the Immigration Department, what threatened to be another Doukhobor crusade was this afternoon nipped in the bud. Three agitators from the Yorkton colony pilgrims in the movement last winter, have been for twenty days in the neighborhood, agitating for another crusade. They brought disciples from Troiske and other villages on the north of the Saskatchewan, to the number of 60. A sort of religious service was held at 4 o'clock this morning, at which four men and four women stripped naked. This afternoon the three leaders crossed the river to their village, and at 3 o'clock had a conference. Agent Speers broke into the gathering and made the three leaders march to Saskatoon, and others back to the villages. The Mounted Police are now walking them back to their villages, and no further uprising is feared.

POURING INTO MACEDONIA.

The Country is Overrun With Turkish Soldiers.

Uskub, Macedonia, via London, May 4.—Sympathies go with interests; that is the key to the race problem in Macedonia. The fact that all the other races of the provinces are in sympathy with the Turk or, rather, are prejudiced against the Bulgarians, might be taken by loose reasoners as a conclusive argument against their cause, but it would leave out of account the interests of rival peoples. I have tried to explain why the Bulgarians have no friends among Albanians, Greeks and Servians. If Macedonia should secure autonomy, the principal race would appeal to Bulgaria for annexation. Russian statesmen in 1878 were confident that Bulgaria would be practically a province of the great northern power. Lord Beaconsfield thought so also, for in the treaty of Berlin, with the help of Prince Bismarck, he cut off Macedonia, which had a Mediterranean coast, and gave it back into the Sultan's hands. Now that Bulgaria has shown capacity for self-government, the English people would no doubt like to see a strong buffer State south of Russia, to block her way to the sea. On the other hand, Russian diplomacy prefers to keep the Balkan States divided and helpless. If Bulgaria, with Macedonia added to her domain, becomes a powerful State, she will no longer be a mechanical instrument in the hands of the Czar. Russia now controls her Ministry, but the people are becoming bitter and resentful, and are eager to work out the salvation of Macedonia and their own.

The railway lines are a sight. At the stations troops, troops, troops! You pass through a file of them to the officer who examines your tickets, without which you cannot move a mile anywhere. You march out to your hotel followed by soldiers if, as a newspaper correspondent, you happen to incur suspicion as a spy. Patrols pass up and down the crests from section to section. Soldiers stand sentry within earshot of one another. On much of the railway line blockhouses are constructed; in some sections similar structures are building, and on the remainder tents are pitched, and temporary brush huts are raised. The flagman carries his weapon and his military escort. Troop trains are twice as frequent as other trains, and behind every freight or passenger train trail several cars filled with new recruits or seasoned reinforcements. In the towns soldiers are stationed every fifty yards; at night they are massed more closely. Patrols parade continually. Every day regiments march through the streets, with bands playing and colors flying. The border is now impassable except in a few places, which, from natural

environment, can never be closed. It is said that from 80,000 to 300,000 troops are in Macedonia. The figures, like all those which one obtains in the Orient, may be untrustworthy, but at least I have seen the conditions which I am describing. In addition to the regular troops, there are the bashi-bazouks—a comprehensive term embracing all who take up arms against the Christian population—and they are an important reserve whenever a fight takes place.

THREE HUNDRED DEAD.

Result of the Disturbances at Salonica.

Paris, May 2.—A despatch received here from Salonica says that the police there, in their search for persons suspected of being concerned in the dynamite outrages, discovered that the revolutionists had mined the principal districts of the town, with the intention of blowing them up simultaneously, but circumstances forced them to act before their preparations were finished, and the planned disaster was averted. The Turkish population, however, is dangerously inflamed. It is estimated that three hundred persons are dead as the result of the outbreaks. One thousand arrests have been made.

A complete bomb manufacturing plant has been discovered in a shoemaker's shop, communicating by an underground passage with the Ottoman Bank. It is feared that the presence of the three Austrian warships, which arrived here yesterday, will encourage the Bulgarians to irritate the Turks, who up to the present time have behaved well.

A NEWSPAPER ENJOINED.

Court Orders it Not to Publish an Advertisement.

Toronto, May 4.—An important injunction affecting labor unions has been granted by Mr. Justice Britton on the application of George A. Rudd & Co. and Adams Bros., harness makers, of this city. There is a strike on, and some of the employees of these firms are out, and an advertisement was inserted in The Mail and Empire as follows:—“Harness and collar makers keep away from Toronto and Toronto Junction, trouble on.” Acting for the two firms, Mr. Geo. H. Watson, K.C., applied for an interim injunction restraining The Mail and Empire from publishing this advertisement, and Mr. Justice Britton granted an injunction till Thursday next. The newspaper, it is understood, will not oppose the application, and it will remain, therefore, for the labor unions to oppose the granting of an injunction.

TEAMSTERS TAKE A HAND.

New Phase of the Longshoremen's Strike.

Montreal, May 2.—A new phase of the longshoremen strike has materialized, when the heavy teamsters of the C.P.R. and Shedden Companies, and the freight-handlers refused to receive or despatch any goods passing through the hands of the non-union men at work on the wharves. This move is of considerable importance, as it affects the business of the country even more than it has already been affected by the strike proper. Notices were sent out by the International Association of Teamsters and Heavy Carters to the large transportation companies. At this time of year, when all the carters of the city are at work night and day moving household furniture from house to house, no emergency men or teams can be procured to take the place of the ones who so substantially sympathize with the longshoremen. Even could any be obtained, the charges would be more than the profits on the goods to be carted would stand. Merchants all over the country are feeling the effects of the tie-up. For instance, a Toronto dealer, who had quantities of fruit on the steamer Fremont, wired to-day to have it forwarded at once. As no teamster could be found willing to handle the fruit it was impossible to send it on to destination. The freight-handlers' strike is felt in the railway sheds, where much of the goods handled by the longshoremen passes. Great risk is also run by exposure of goods to the weather. The sheds on the wharves are not in shape to receive cargoes from the steamers. The result is that much of what has already been unloaded lies about uncovered. Large quantities of tarpaulins were taken to the wharves on Thursday, but the military officers have appropriated the greater part of them to protect the men from the cold and threatening weather.

Contrary to expectations, May Day passed without the least demonstration; the vicinity of the waterfront was the quietest it has been since the troops were called out on Tuesday.

Toronto Topics.

Toronto, May 4.—Mr. Alex. Bradshaw died very suddenly.

George Redfern, five years old, died from the effects of carbolic acid, given him by his father in mistake for medicine.

Cheu Len was seriously injured at the meeting of the Chinese Order of Free Masons. Two of his countrymen have been arrested.

Samuel E. Guest, a machinist, who had been orderly to Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison during the Northwest rebellion, was found dead in his room.

THE KING'S MOVEMENTS.

CLOSING INCIDENTS OF HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PARIS.

Reviewed Many Troops—Brigade of Cavalry Furnished a Stirring Climax—A Beautiful Cup Presented by the Municipality.

Paris, May 4.—The picturesque features of King Edward's visit to Paris are practically over. The incidents of yesterday were comparatively quiet, but they were still expressive of the renewal of the Anglo-French good will. His Majesty, in the morning, took a short stroll on his way to church. He seemed to enjoy mingling in the throng of church-goers, who were clad in bright spring attire. King Edward wore a dark grey morning suit, and a high hat. He carried a cane in his left hand and walked briskly with Sir Edmund K. Monson, the British Ambassador. Crowds of people gathered at the British Embassy and along the thoroughfares where his Majesty passed, and gave mild demonstrations of goodwill.

In the afternoon King Edward planted a chestnut tree in the garden of the British Embassy, in commemoration of his visit, and received the orphaned pensioners of the British Institution, the corner-stone of which he laid when he was Prince of Wales. His Majesty also found time to discuss the purchase of a new auto.

To-night a gala dinner was given at the British Embassy to President Loubet. This was followed by a concert by the leading artists of the opera.

The decoration of a number of French officials by King Edward is announced. The members of the King's party have received the decoration of the Order of the Legion of Honor.

A dramatic climax of the review was the furious charge of the whole brigade of cavalry. It was a blood-stirring sight as the solid line of horsemen swept straight toward the King's tribune, the cavalrymen yelling and brandishing their sabres and terminating with an abrupt halt in unbroken column immediately in front of the tribune.

The King rose and bowed his acknowledgments of the salutes of the commanders, and addressed words of congratulation to President Loubet on the splendid discipline and appearance of the troops.

Later King Edward was driven to the Hotel de Ville, where he was welcomed as the guest of the municipality. The crowds everywhere continued their friendly manifestations.

At the Hotel de Ville King Edward made his first formal speech in France. He referred to the beauty of Paris, and assured the officials he would not soon forget his visit to this charming city or the bounteous reception accorded him. The King then drank some champagne from an exquisite cup presented to him by the municipality. It is of crystal, chased with gold, and represents two sirens, with arms entwined, offering a cup. The Mayor expressed his best wishes for the health of Queen Alexandra and the other members of the royal family, for which the King heartily thanked him.

THE MONTREAL STRIKE.

Both Sides Anxious for a Settlement.

Montreal, May 4.—Strenuous efforts are being made to end the longshoremen's strike, and it looks as if one side is now as eager as the other. Even though the shippers let it be understood that they would not confer with a committee representing the men, two conferences have been held, one Saturday and another Sunday. They made no agreement, however, the shippers being unwilling to recognize the union, and the men refusing to go to work without recognition. The question of wages and time has been settled satisfactorily. The conferences were attended by W. I. Gear of the Reford Line, A. A. Allan of the Allan Line, James Thom of the Hamburg-American Packet Company, D. W. Campbell of the C.P.R. Atlantic Line, and Peers Davidson, solicitor. The men met to-night to further consider the situation, and after being addressed by the Mayor, decided to again send representatives to meet the shippers.

The steamers Canada (Dominion Line), Bavarian (Allan Line) and Austrian arrived yesterday. There are now eighteen vessels in port.

As the steamer Corinthian of the Allan Line was unable to sail arrangements have been made by the Allan Line to forward the English mails via New York.

All is quiet at the wharves.

The C. P. R. steamer Lake Champlain will clear to-day with a cargo of grain and passengers, and will be the first ocean vessel of the season to leave this port.

It is now learned that should the strike continue the civic authorities will ask the Government to replace the militia with regulars.

SIX KILLED AT DETROIT.

Grand Trunk Train Crashes Into a Crowd.

Detroit, May 4.—The Grand Trunk Pan-American flyer from Chicago ran

into a crowd of 1,000 people at the corner of Dequinder and Canfield streets at 8:30 this evening, killing four men, a boy and a woman and seriously injuring about 30 people. The majority of the killed and wounded are from Toledo. Fifteen hundred Polanders from Toledo came up to Detroit this morning on a special Lake Shore train to celebrate a holiday. They left the train at the corner of Dequinder and Canfield streets and went over to St. Joseph's Church, where they spent the day with the congregation. The Lake Shore tracks run out to Dequinder street, and a special train was to stop for the Toledo excursionists at Canfield avenue at 8:30. Accompanied by hundreds of their local friends, waiting for the train, the excursionists jammed Canfield avenue some time before the train was due in readiness for it.

FRANK ABANDONED.

Great Fissures Discovered in Turtle Mountain.

Ottawa, May 4.—A message from Mr. Wm. Pearce at Frank to the Deputy Minister of the Interior, received last evening, reads:—“Three men who visited the top of Turtle Mountain returned giving alarming reports of fissures some ten feet in width, five hundred feet deep and extending along the mountain one thousand feet. These fissures are several hundred feet in the rear of the present face of the cliff. As a result of the report a general stampede from Frank is probable. Practically no one is left here to-night.”

Another message from Mr. Pearce, which came to-day, states that he had left Frank on his way back to Calgary, the Territorial authorities having assumed control. On Friday the sum of \$500 was wired to Mr. Pearce, to be applied to the relief of those requiring pressing aid, and a like amount was sent yesterday.

Frank, N.W.T., May 3.—The list of dead has reached 75, consisting of four miners at the entrance to the mine, nineteen too laborers, 27 women and children, and 25 railway laborers. In order to ascertain just what the chances are for a further rockslide two experts will ascend 3,000 feet to the peak of Turtle Mountain and make an examination of it.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Turkish troops captured a band of 300 Bulgarian insurgents.

The Santa Maria volcano in Guatemala is again in active eruption.

Emperor William's visit to the Pope was made with great ceremony.

During the last five months there were 328 deaths from the plague in Mexico.

A negro saloon waiter in New York shot three policemen, two of whom died.

It is reported that Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, who has been ill, is permanently blind.

The Presbytery of Montreal passed a resolution disapproving of the bill to tax Chinese immigrants \$500.

The body of Mrs. Joanna Hatton, a patient who escaped from the Brockville hospital, was found in the river.

The Ontario Government have purchased the Hatch farm at Woodstock as a site for the new hospital for epileptics.

The Gordon-Shay Opera Company is stranded at Montreal. It is reported that a lively fight took place between some of the men of the troupe.

The C. P. R. steamer Lake Champlain will clear from Montreal to-day with a cargo of grain and passengers, and will be the first ocean vessel of the season to leave that port.

The following Provincial appointments are gazetted:—D. M. Brodie, Massey, a Police Magistrate in and for the district of Algoma; Dr. C. F. Smith, St. Mary's, an associate Coroner in the County of Perth; R. J. Sims, Ottawa, and Alexander Stevens, Delta, to be notaries public; Isaac M. Clemens, New Hamburg, to be Clerk of the Fourth Division Court of Waterloo County.

MORE MEN QUITTING WORK.

Refusing to Work With Non-Unionists.

Toronto, May 4.—The local strike situation assumed greater proportions on Saturday, and the indications are that there will be a general tie-up of the building trade this week. The fact that the bricklayers, stonemasons and stonemasons' laborers have quit work on account of the builders' laborers' strike has materially strengthened the position of the strikers, who have refused to compromise with the employers. On May Day the stonemasons, the stonemasons' helpers and the stone setters returned to work as usual, but on Saturday many of them laid aside their tools, because several employing contractors endeavored to fill the places of the striking laborers and carpenters with men who could not produce the union card. As a consequence of this action the situation in the building trades has assumed a more serious phase, and in some cases private builders have cancelled their contracts with the contractors, have engaged union labor, and are proceeding to complete their structures under their own supervision.

When the roll was called in the different meetings on Saturday about 1,900 men answered their names. In addition to this there are about 500 bricklayers, 200 stonemasons and stonemasons' laborers, 100 city teamsters and

about 200 asphalt paviors, who are taking a holiday, with the prospect of many more to-day if a speedy settlement is not reached.

The situation of the strike is unchanged, was the report handed out at the meeting of the builders' laborers in Occident Hall. It was reported that several stonemasons had, besides their own duties, performed those of laborers, which is considered a serious offence among the craft, and a committee was appointed to deal with the matter.

A SAD FATALITY.

Little Boy Shot by Father While Hiding Behind a Stump.

Bloomfield, May 4.—A sad accident occurred Friday noon at the farm of Mr. Geo. Martin, Ridge Row. Mr. Martin had recently shot a number of woodchucks, and while at work thought he saw another hiding behind a stump some distance from him. Mr. Martin ran for his gun, but no sooner had he fired than he heard a scream from his little four-year-old son, whom he had shot through the back of the head. Medical aid was immediately obtained, but the child only survived a few hours.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Grain is Higher—The Live Stock Trade—Latest Quotations.

Saturday Evening, May 2.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

The total grain on the market amounted to 1,500 bushels. Receipts in all lines were heavier and trade was generally brisk. Wheat—Two hundred bushels of white sold at 72½¢ per bushel; 300 bush of red sold at 73½¢, and 200 bush of goose sold at 67¢.

Barley—One hundred bushels sold at 43¢ per bushel.

Oats—Six hundred bushels sold at 35½¢ per bushel.

Dressed Hogs—The market continues steady. Light-weight hogs are quoted at \$8.50 to \$8.75 per cwt. and heavies at \$7.25 to \$7.50.

A large number of farmers had butter on the market to-day, and the stalls were well crowded with buyers. Pound rolls sold at about 2½¢ to 2½¢, and large rolls at 16¢ to 20¢ per lb.

Eggs—Were fairly plentiful. New-laid sold at 12½¢ to 15¢ per dozen.

Hay—About 30 tons on the market. No. 1 timothy sold at \$12 to \$14 per ton, and mixed or clover was steady at \$6 to \$9.

Straw—One load was sold at \$9 per ton.

Cheese Markets.

Cowansville, May 2.—At the weekly meeting of the District of Bedford Dairy Association, held here to-day, 17 creameries offered 307 boxes butter, 29 factories offered 553 boxes cheese. Willard and Riley secured 34 boxes of butter at 18½¢, and 105 boxes cheese at 11 to 16¢. Gunn and Langlois secured 378 boxes of butter at 18½¢ and 55 boxes at 18½¢. Hodgson Bros. secured 70 boxes butter at 18½¢ and 35 boxes cheese at 11 to 16¢. The market was quiet, and prices were steady.

Belleville, May 2.—At the meeting of the Cheese Board held here to-day there were offered 335 boxes white cheese, April make. Sales were 112 boxes at 13 to 16¢.

Canton, N.Y., May 2.—Offered, 441 boxes large, 346 boxes twin cheese, 734 boxes butter. Large cheese sold at 11½¢, twins at 11½¢, butter at 20¢.

Cornwall, May 2.—Nine hundred and twenty-nine boxes of cheese were boarded at the Cornwall Cheese Board to-day, of which 45 were white and 304 colored; all sold at 11½¢. Lovell and Christmas secured 283 boxes.

Watertown, N.Y., May 2.—On the Cheese Board to-day 1,572 boxes of cheese sold at 11½¢, with 11¢ ruling.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, May 2.—Cattle—Receipts, 100 head; market nominal. Veals—Receipts, 130 head; 25¢ lower; tops, \$6.25 to \$6.50; common to good, \$4.50 to \$6.15. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000 head; 15¢ lower; tops, \$15.00; lower, heavy, \$7.15 to \$7.25; new, \$7.30; mixed, \$7.15 to \$7.20; Yorkers and pigs, \$7.10 to \$7.15; roughs, \$6.35 to \$6.40; stags, \$4.75 to \$5.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,300 head; steady; top lambs, \$7.25 to \$7.35; culls to good, \$4.25 to \$7.15; yearlings, \$5.50 to \$6.00; ewes, \$4.50 to \$4.75; sheep, 100 mixed, \$4.75 to \$5.00; culls to good, \$4.75 to \$5.00.

New York, May 2.—Beef—Receipts, 12,000 head; no trading to-day. Exports—1,500 cattle and 2,000 quarters of beef. Calves—No receipts and no trading; feeling steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,500; sheep slow to a shade lower; lambs steady but quiet; bunch of 300 mixed sheep at \$4.25; unshorn lambs at \$7.50; clipped do, \$6.50 to \$7.15; clipped culls, \$4.50; spring lambs, \$7.50. Hogs—Receipts, 2,331; no sales reported.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 2.—Cattle—Receipts, 100; good to prime steers nominal; \$5.00 to \$5.50; poor to medium, \$4.25 to \$5.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.25 to \$5.00; cows, \$1.00 to \$2.00; heifers, \$2.00 to \$5.00; canners, \$1.00 to \$2.00; bulls, \$2.50 to \$4.50; calves, \$2.50 to \$5.00; Texas red steers, \$4 to \$4.75. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; estimated Monday, 30,000; lot, 3,500; weak to middle lower; mixed and butchers, \$5.50 to \$5.50; good to choice heavy, \$7 to \$7.10; rough heavy, \$6.10 to \$6.20; bulk of sales, \$5.50 to \$7.00. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; steady; lambs steady; good to choice wethers, \$4.25 to \$5.50; good to choice mixed, \$3.75 to \$4.25; western sheep, \$4.00 to \$5.30; native lambs, \$4.50 to \$5.00; western lambs, \$4.50 to \$5.00.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing previous day. Closing to-day. Cash. May. Cash. May. Chicago 75½ 82 75½ 82 New York 75 82 75 82 Toledo 75 82 75 82 Milwaukee 75 82 75 82 Duluth, 1 hard 75 82 75 82 do No. 1 hard 75 82 75 82 Milwaukee, 2 nor. 75 82 75 82 Detroit, 2 red 75 82 75 82 St. Louis 71 70½ 71 70

British Markets.

Liverpool, May 2.—Close—Wheat, spot firm; No. 1 standard California, per cental, 68 3/4d to 69 3/4d; Walla, 68 3/4d to 69 3/4d; No. 2 red, 68 3/4d to 69 3/4d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, no stock; futures steady; May, 68 3/4d value, July, 68 3/4d value. Corn, spot firm, mixed American, per cental, new, 4s 7 1/2d; futures inactive; May, 4s 6 1/2d value, June, 4s 4 1/2d nominal; July, 4s 4 1/2d value. Flour, Minneapolis, 20s 3d to 20s 6d. London, May 2.—Close—Wheat, on passage firm but not active; LaPlata, 10s 10d; steam, passage, 27s 3d paid; parcels No. 1 hard Manitoba, shipment within fortnight, 30s 4 1/2d paid; May, 20s paid. Wheat, English country markets of yesterday firm. Corn, on passage, no stock; not active. Weather in England unsettled. Monday's imports to United Kingdom: wheat, 1,752,000 bushels; corn, 124,225

Anecdotal.

The death of Li Hung Chang recalls many stories of the "grand old man" of China. None is more amusing and none more to the point, seeing that his final illness was superinduced by devouring a whole roast duck than the following: While in England Li was presented with a valuable terrier by the then Prince of Wales. Later the Prince received a special letter of acknowledgment, in which the Chinaman thanked Albert Edward for his present. "I enjoyed him very much," concluded the letter. Presumably the poor terrier had met with a far different fate from any that had been thought of by the Prince in making the present.

Tact is by no means a common possession. A man who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart who was making but little progress, though the donkey was doing his best. The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load up to the top successfully. The summit reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor. "It was good of you, indeed, monsieur," he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

Abe Lincoln, though captain of a company of Illinois volunteers enlisted during an Indian uprising under "Black Hawk," knew very little of military rules. One day he was drilling his men, and they were marching twenty abreast across a field, when he wished to pass through a gate into the next field. "I could not for the life of me," said Lincoln afterwards, "recall the proper word of command for getting my company endwise so that it could get through the gate; so, as we came near the gate, I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.' When he became a great public man, Lincoln told no story with more gusto than he did this one.

The bridge-builder with Stonewall Jackson's army was a rare character, if the following story be true: The Union soldiers, retreating from the valley of Virginia, burned a bridge over the Shenandoah. Jackson, who wanted to pursue, sent for his old bridge-builder. "Sir," he said, "you must keep men at work all day and all night, and finish that bridge by to-morrow morning. My engineer shall give you a plan." Old Miles saluted and withdrew. Early the next morning the general sent for Miles again. "Well, sir," said Jackson, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge?" "General," said the old man, slowly, "the bridge is done; I don't know whether the picture is or not."

A well-known Scotch "meenster" took up golf, and, despite great practice, could not succeed in passing the tyre stage. His simple exclamations of "Tut, tut," "Oh, dear, now," "Well, well," and the like, were plain evidences of a perturbed spirit. One day, when the perspiration flowed freely from his lofty brow and his honest countenance shone with a lustre and radiance which, alas! was not due to calmness of soul, but rather the heat of the sun and his laborious efforts to move the obstinate gutta-percha from its station on the tee, he was tempted to indulge in strong language. "Dear, dear, but I'll have to give it up. I'll have to give it up!" he said at last, with a despairing look at the ball. "Give up the game, Mr. D—" exclaimed his friend, who had been a witness of his attempts. "Na, na, the meenster," answered the other, with a sigh.

An hotelkeeper in the Catskills put up a sign as an advertisement: "Fifty dollars will be paid to anyone who can beat this hotel for two dollars a day." Not long afterwards a slick fellow arrived. He occupied a room and took three square meals; then he vanished. The proprietor had him arrested by the village constable, under the charge of defrauding or "beating" his hotel. The fellow hired a country lawyer, who promptly sued the landlord for the fifty dollars reward, claiming that it was a fair game, as he had "beaten" the house for the two dollars a day. The prisoner, being discharged, gave the claim for fifty dollars to the lawyer for his fee. The lawyer sued, and, in the course of events, being indebted to him, turned the claim over to him. His honor went promptly to the hotel to board out the bill, and on Sunday had the landlord arrested for contempt of court because there was no chicken pie served.

That the proverbial absent-minded professor is sometimes ably abetted by his wife is illustrated by a story told of Professor Bunsen. One evening, about the usual hour for retiring, he took it into his head to run over to the club, just as he and madam were returning from an evening call. "But," said the lady, "I must have the front door locked before I retire." This emergency staggered the professor, and as he looked bewildered at his wife, the lady, seized with an inspiration, continued: "I'll go in and lock the door and throw you the key from the window." This programme was carried out, and when he reached the club, the professor related the incident to a friend as evidence of his wife's unusual sagacity. The friend greeted the story with a roar of laughter. "And why, my dear professor," he said, "did you not simply admit your wife, lock the door from the outside and come away?" "True," ejaculated the learned man of science; "we never thought of that." The climax of the incident was reached an hour later when, returning home, the professor discovered that the lady, in her excitement, had thrown out the wrong key.

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

The Czar's Love Story.

Commenting on the imperial manifesto just published, in which the Czar announces his decision to grant religious freedom to all his subjects, other than those of the orthodox faith, and to improve the conditions of village life and of the local nobility and peasantry, William E. Curtis says: "Russia has made greater progress toward civilization and civil and religious liberty during the brief time that Nicholas has been ruling than during the entire reign of any of his predecessors, and it is largely due to the influence of the Czarina, who was the favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and is a wise, intelligent and good woman. During his boyhood, like the ordinary prince, Nicholas III. was a very wild fellow, and when about twenty-one he contracted an alliance with a Polish dancer, much to the chagrin and sorrow of his father and mother. She was, however, a generous and sensible woman, and undoubtedly her influence over the prince imperial was good. They had three children, and were still living as husband and wife when Alexander III., the late Czar, went to his death-bed at the beautiful country palace near Sebastopol. For several years the parents of Nicholas III. had been hunting through the courts of Europe for a suitable bride for their son, and finally selected Alix of Hesse, the daughter of Alice, the loveliest of all Queen Victoria's children, who, as you may remember, died from diphtheria some years ago, which she contracted while nursing her babies when they were ill with that dreadful disease. The Czarina Dowager, who is a sister of the Queen of England and the daughter of that best of all living monarchs, King Christian of Denmark, had been very fond of Alix from childhood, and for several years had been anxious to bring about her marriage with Nicholas. The latter was not only willing but eager to marry the young German princess, because she was beautiful in person, attractive in manner, amiable in disposition, and as much admired as any member of the royal families in Europe. Alix, however, stubbornly denied his suit. The Polish actress made it impossible for her to accept the Russian throne, and no arguments or pledges had any effect upon her. She declined to accept a husband who already had a wife and three children, to whom he seemed to be devoted even if an imperial crown was offered at a wedding present. When Alexander III. lay dying he sent for Alix to come to his bedside. What occurred between them, nobody knows, except, perhaps, Nicholas and his mother, but soon after it was announced that a marriage had been arranged and that Alix of Hesse would be the next Empress of Russia. The Polish actress and her children were sent away, given a beautiful residence on the shores of the Black Sea, and she has since married an officer of the army. Nicholas and his bride have been as happy and devoted as anyone could wish. The only drawback to their happiness has been the lack of an heir to the throne. They have four daughters, but no sons."

The Anglo-Saxon Conquest.

If language is a true measure of conquest, the Anglo-Saxon is rapidly conquering the European continent. "High life," pronounced "high-leef," has long been in use; "lo sport" and "il yacht" are every-day matters in Italy; continental papers talk casually of "il globe-trotter" and "il reporter"; and "meetings" has usurped the place of all Latin synonyms, and in Italy gets its plural regularly—"meetings," like any other good Italian noun. An enterprising shop, calling itself "The Handy Things Company," advertises an ice cream freezer, "The Easy." A fresh Anglicism introduced lately created little short of a literary tumult in Rome. The first subway in the "Eternal City," a short passage under the Quirinal hill, was lately opened to the public who promptly christened it, "il Tunnel." Patriotic indignation was awakened. "Tramway" had been accepted, but indignant professors and students besieged the Roman papers, demanding to know what had become of "traforo" or "galleria," good Italian words, and where this English madness was to end. Nevertheless, "il tunnel" thus far holds its own.

A writer to an important Roman paper recently published an article bearing the singular title, "At Flat," in which she described the meaning of "these two mysterious syllables, among the less familiar of those English phrases relating to domestic life, such as 'home,' 'comfortable,' 'cozy,' 'luncheon,' 'five o'clock tea,' and the like."

"At flat" she explained to mean living "a piatto," like certain trimmings placed "a piatto" upon a gown, and she discovered the term to have a deep psychological significance, implying a mode of existence in strata, which English people delighted in.

English is invading the schools, also; one continental college now alofts five hours, where formerly it allotted two hours' work to English and German.

Little Boy (offering a glass of water)—Please drink this, mister.
Caller—Certainly, but why do you wish me to take it?
Little Boy—Because mother says that you drink like a fish, and I wanted to see how it looks.—The Wrinkle.

"I'm afraid your friend is not a man of much depth."
"He ain't, eh," said Colonel Stilwell of Kentucky. "I want to tell you that if that man had as much liquor outside him as he can put inside, he'd be in danger of drowning."—Washington Star.

"My uncle died yesterday, sir, and I want you to officiate. Can you say something nice about him?"
"But I don't know him."
"Good! You're just the man."—Life.

A Fireside Dialogue.

SCENE—A small room, a cosy fire, two chairs near together, a footstool. On the footstool two large slippers, fully occupied. Behind the slippers a man. In the man's mouth a cigar. In the other chair a woman, thinking.

TIME—Night.
Sounds of a damp, cold drizzle upon the window panes.
Otherwise silence.
She speaks: George, we need a new carpet for the dining room.
He—M'h'm.
She—Well, we do.
He—I said we did.
A pause.
She—You ought to have a new frock coat.
He—Yessum.
She—You don't seem very enthusiastic over my suggestions.
He—I'm enthusiastic, dear, but I try not to be foolishly optimistic. As to the frock coat, I think I present a pretty warm appearance in the clothes I have on.

She—Why, they are two years old. Everybody knows you in them.
He—Well, I'm no Pat Crowe. I've no reason to desire a disguise.
A pause. He puffs the cigar with an air of great contentment.

She—George, is that a good cigar?
He—Not very. Good enough, though. Three for a quart.
She—How many have you smoked to-day?
He—Three. And two pipes. Sunday no pipes and four cigars.

A long silence.
She (explosively, with an air of triumph)—It costs you a hundred dollars a year.
He (startled)—What does?

She—Tobacco does. In twenty years, if you didn't smoke, you'd have two thousand dollars, without counting interest.
He—My, that's so! You're an arithmetical prodigy, my dear. But old Jenkins hasn't smoked for sixty years and he hasn't got thirty cents.

She—I do wish you'd be serious. George. You stopped it altogether for six weeks, and you said you could keep on stopping forever if you wanted to. If you can stop just as well as not, why don't you?

He—It's quite the other way. If I felt that I couldn't stop I'd stop just to prove that I could. It's because I can stop that I don't feel the need of stopping.

She (with delicate sarcasm)—How logical men are, aren't they, dear? So much more so than women!
He—Being logical outside of business hours is a luxury I've managed to dispense with.

She—Well, if you can't be logical, I can, and there's no logic in smoking when you don't need to, and when you need new clothes, and can't afford them.

He—No logic, dear, but an awful lot of comfort. Did you ever hear of Byron's famous ode—
Sublime tobacco, that from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor and the Turk-
man's rest?

She—Your comparisons are unfortunate, George, dear. The tar is said to have a wife in every port and the Turkman keeps a harem. Besides, I'm sure that Byron is the last poet that anyone could look to for advice on such a subject. You never heard of Longfellow praising tobacco.

He—Well, then, let me tell you what happened during the Santiago campaign. Our soldiers were in the trenches on top of that hill, you know, waiting for Cervera to go out, or for Schley to come in, or for Shafter to climb out of his hammock and cheer up, or something. They hadn't a bit of tobacco among them, not even a chew, and they were wet and cold and down on their luck. They believed Spain was going to win.

What do you think happened? On the fourth day a commissary wagon threw off a box of tobacco by mistake, thinking it was a box of that Eagan beef. Everybody smoked up. One man was writing his will. When he had smoked for half an hour he tore up his will and wrote a letter to his sweetheart. Matthews was there and he says he never saw such a change in his life. After they got the tobacco if anyone had mentioned the possibility of the Spaniards winning he would have had his head punched. Matthews says that if he ever runs a war he will think of tobacco for the soldiers first and rations afterwards.

However, that's not the only tobacco poetry I know. Here's another: Tobacco is a filthy weed, And from the devil came the seed; It soils your pockets, spoils your clothes, And makes a chimney of your nose.

Also, I know another, a long one, all about the Indian weed, withered quite green at noon, cut down at night, shows thy decay, all flesh is hay, thus think, then smoke tobacco. I always liked that poem. It's so solemn. It makes you reflect on the shortness of life and on the necessity of getting all your smoking done here.

She—Proceed, do!
He—Thank you, dear. I now come to the evil results of tobacco. Tobacco contains nicotine, a violent poison, so violent that it is said that a drop of it on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man.

She—How could it, you goose?
He—I'm sure I don't know, but I saw in the paper the other day where a league of Frenchmen formed to stamp out the use of tobacco.

She—I didn't think Frenchmen used tobacco.
He—They don't. They smoke cigarettes. Well, this league, as I was saying, performed some experiments. They inoculated three rabbits and a rat with a mild solution of nicotine. Whaddo you think happened?

She—Go on, silly!
He—Well, the moral character of these animals fell off frightfully. It was something fierce. Their Sunday school attendance became irregular and their families were neglected. The

paper says that anybody who keeps a rabbit can verify this statement in the rabbit's smokes.
She—Sh-h-h! That's the door bell. Why, it's Mr. Matthews. Do come up by the fire, Mr. Matthews, and take that Morris chair. George, give Mr. Matthews a cigar. I do so like to see men contented!—P. M. P. in Syracuse "Post-Standard."

She—Well, dear, after that you must acknowledge that you are a fool. He—I always knew it, darling, but—until I married you—I managed to keep it a secret.

Height of Mountains.

Explorers have to depend on two or three methods of estimating the height of mountains. The favorite resource is the barometer, which shows the pressure of the air, and whose readings, therefore, diminish in a fairly regular fashion with elevation. Unfortunately, though, this instrument is not infallible. In the first place, even at sea level, in middle latitudes there are constant fluctuations in pressure, owing to the movement of "highs" and "lows." Variations also occur at times up to a height of a mile or two. These grow gradually imperceptible as one ascends, but it is doubtful whether absolute uniformity exists day after day and month after month throughout the year at such altitudes as four and five miles. Consequently, it provokes a smile to see the gazetteers attempting such precision as is indicated in the statement that Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, is 29,002 feet high!

Another plan makes use of the thermometer. Water boils at a lower temperature on mountain tops than on plains. To secure the same degree of "hardness," an egg must be boiled longer on Pike's Peak than in Denver. Here again, though, only a rough approximation can be effected; nothing like accuracy is obtainable. Besides, the changes in atmospheric pressure which invalidate the indications of a barometer, would likewise cause a trifling variation in the boiling point of a given level, say 14,000 feet.

A third method would seem to be a little more trustworthy, though this requires data that are not always available, and it, too, has its drawbacks. If a surveyor knows the exact horizontal distance between himself and a mountain, and his own elevation above sea level, he can determine the mountain's height by measuring the angle between the line of vision and a true horizontal. The great difficulty with such an undertaking is to get the one important factor of distance with precision, without an amount of traveling and triangulation which is almost impracticable in a range like the Himalayas. Moreover, possibilities of error are opened up by atmospheric refraction. A peak may not be exactly where it seems to be in the surveyor's telescope. It may be above or below that point.

Still another source of miscalculation was discussed a few days ago by "Engineering," a London publication. When a surveyor attempts to determine an angle in a vertical plane he must be sure that the spirit level on his instrument is absolutely truthful. If any unrecognized influence operates to affect it, even to the most minute degree, the value of any computation based on the measurement of angles is impaired. Something like thirty years ago two German professors, Fischer of Stuttgart and Hann of Vienna, expressed the opinion that the nearness of great continental masses, and especially of mountain ranges, would exert enough lateral attraction on a plummet to throw the line which suspended it out of a vertical position. In like manner it would tilt up the fluid in a spirit level, which, like the plummet, is governed primarily by gravitation. British surveyors in India denied this, and held that a level was trustworthy after all.

Since that time, however, fresh data have accumulated tending to show that, though the German experts may have greatly exaggerated the amount of the error, the latter really exists. Major S. G. Burrard of the British Royal Engineers, has been studying the matter carefully, and has just made the following statements. At a distance of a hundred miles or more from the base of the Himalayas he says, the plane of a level is exactly horizontal; at fifty miles it has begun to tilt; at ten miles the difference may amount to twenty-five seconds, while in the foothills it may be forty-five seconds; and what it is in the heart of the mountains "we do not know." On the whole, Major Burrard thinks that the trouble would not call for a correction exceeding sixty feet—a correction that involves addition to the original estimate—but he adds that "the question bristles with uncertainties and assumptions."

Fischer and Hann suggested that altitudes might be ascertained by counting the number of pendulum beats in a day, as in measuring the flattening of the earth toward the poles. General Walker, a British expert, declared that there were deficiencies of matter, if not cavities, underlying the Himalayas which would make that plan inapplicable; and "Engineering" adds: "Subsequent research has upheld General Walker."

In a letter to Capt. Logie of Hamilton, Sir Frederick Borden says no decision has yet been reached regarding a killed regiment for that city.

During disturbances at Szeged, Hungary, in connection with the election of Judges, the gendarmes killed four and wounded several rioters.

A by-law to raise \$35,000 for school purposes was carried at Winnipeg, and another setting apart \$100,000 for the erection of a contagious disease hospital was lost.

Major-General Baden-Powell has cabled to Adjutant-General Corbin, U.S.A., a denial of reports crediting him with publicly criticizing the United States cavalry.

United States Senator Hearst received word the other day that a friend who had been supposed to have appended his name to a letter of protest against the "That is good news," said the Senator, "I rejoice that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

Samuel Rogers, the poet, told of an Englishman and a Frenchman who had to fight a duel. That they might have a better chance of missing one another, they were to fight in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman. "When I tell this story in Paris," added Rogers, "I put the Englishman up the chimney."

James G. Blaine used to tell this story: Once in Dublin, toward the end of the opera, Satan was conducting Faust through a trap-door which represented the gates of Hades. His Majesty got through all right—he was used to going below—but Faust, who was quite stout, got only about halfway in, and no squeezing would get him any farther. Suddenly an Irishman in the gallery exclaimed, devoutly, "Thank God, hell is full."

When Moses Colt Tyler, the celebrated professor of history at Cornell, was an instructor at the University of Michigan, he had charge of a class in English that assembled at 8 o'clock a.m. One raw February morning at roll-call, he read the name of "Mr. Robbins," a member of the class, without getting an answer. Mr. Robbins, he repeated in a slightly louder voice. Still no reply. "Ah," said the instructor, with a quiet smile, "come to think of it, it is rather early for Robbins."

Once during a heated debate between Senator Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio, and Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, the question of law in Texas and law in Ohio came up. The passage became warm. Foraker, by way of a parting shot, told Bailey that if he would come to Ohio he would learn a great deal of law that he did not know. "If there is so very much law to be learned in Ohio," remarked Bailey, "I must advise the Senator to spend all his spare time there. He needs it."

A somewhat apocryphal anecdote of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is going the rounds of the United States press. During the last general elections, it is related, a Quebec Liberal, whose acquaintance with Sir Wilfrid was only political, sent this telegram to his leader, who was in Ontario on a speech-making tour: "Report in circulation in this country that your children have not been baptized. Telegraph denial." To which despatch the Premier sent this reply: "Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children."

Dr. MacNamara, in his collection of child stories, tells one concerning that wonderful dream of Jacob's and the angels going up the ladder to Heaven. "Please, sir," asked one of the boys in the class to which the story was being rehearsed, "why did the angels want to go up the ladder when they had wings?" This nonplussed the teacher, who took a strategic movement to the rear by saying, "Ah, yes! Why? Perhaps one of the boys can answer that." And one did. "Please, sir," said he, "because they was a-molting."

Thomas A. Edison is deaf, but, like many whose hearing is defective, he sometimes understands what is said when it is least expected. There were visitors one day at his laboratory, to whom, as usual, he was polite, although busy, and he patiently answered many questions unnecessarily shouted at him. Finally, one of the visitors, the humorist of the party, said to another: "I bet he'd hear if we ask him to have a drink." "Yes," said Edison, looking directly at the man and smiling, "I would, but no, thank you, not to-day."

ST. THOMAS MAN GIVES ADVICE

Tells His Friends to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills for Kidney Pains

Low Lake, well-known Hotel-keeper, gives his experience with Canada's great Kidney Remedy.

St. Thomas, Ont., May 4.—(Special).—Everybody in St. Thomas and the surrounding country knows Low Lake, proprietor of the Lake House and one of this railway centre's most popular citizens, and many people know that for years he was the victim of a very aggravated form of Kidney Disease. To-day he is a sound, healthy man. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Speaking of the matter recently, Mr. Lake said: "I had been troubled for over five years with my Kidneys and pains in my back. Nothing I used could give me any relief till finally on the advice of a friend I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"By the time I had finished one box the pains and Kidney Disease were gone. That is over five years ago now, and as I have had no return of the trouble since, I think I am safe in concluding that the cure was permanent.

"I advise all my friends who are troubled in the same way to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all stages of Kidney Disease from Pain in the Back to Bright's Disease.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:
St. Martin's Church, cor. Third and Train-
or 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, Sun-
day at 2 p. m. Committee Meetings, 1st
Thursday in each month.

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repair-
ing—Pillman & Co.

Dawson Charlie, of Caribou, in-
tends coming in to spend July 1st
in Discovery. He will enter a
horse for the races, and challenges
the field.

Now that your dump is washed
up, don't forget to reckon your an-
nual subscription to THE CLAIM as
one of your most deserving and
patient creditors.

C. W. Sawers, returned to Atlin
after spending a pleasant winter in
Vancouver and Victoria.

For the delicacies of the season
in fresh fruits and green vegetables
go to McDonald's Grocery.

Lawrence DeWitt returned from
the East. He has been appointed
to succeed A. A. Johnson as Man-
ager of the Columbia Hydraulic Co.,
on Spruce. Accompanying him
was Mr. Meisner, from California,
who will superintend the work.

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

Frank Brackett was another of
of the returning wanderers by
Wednesday's boat. The program
for the season on the property of
the Atlin-Willow Creek Company
has not been definitely arranged
yet.

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

One of the passengers who came
in on the first boat, had a pretty
painful experience as well as a nar-
row escape. He fell off the train,
between the Summit and Log
Cabin, while going a full speed.
He luckily got off with a few bad
bruises.

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

Fresh eggs and butter at Mc-
Donald's Grocery.

C. B. Gaddis, who spent a season
here two years ago, came in on
Wednesday's boat, in the interest
of a company about to operate on
lower Spruce creek, under the
superintendence of Mr. Haslett,
who also came in on Wednesday.

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

C. L. Blakemore, M. E., who
came here to report upon the
property of the Consolidated Spruce
Creek Placers, two years ago, is
a visitor to Atlin, and is a guest at
the Royal.

Fresh fruit and vegetables at
Fraser & Co.'s.

Store to Rent—Apply at THE
CLAIM Office.

Remember that we cannot wash
up our winter dumps until you
have cleaned up yours. The "V's"
on our books won't do to stand off
our grub bills any longer.

An invitation is extended by the
people of Skagway to the citizens
of Atlin district to attend the cele-
bration of Independence Day, July
4th, in their city.

Hay, grain and feed, in large or
small lots to suit customers, at Mc-
Donald's Grocery.

For the finest home-made bread,
try that at McDonald's Grocery.

Several members of the Skagway
Gun Club are willing to come to
Atlin if a match can be arranged
with the Atlin Gun Club.

FOR SALE.—Three hundred
feet of hydraulic canvas hose and
brass nozzles—Apply this Office.

Au Revoir.

A. C. Hirschfeld returned on the
first boat from Vancouver. He
will resume the management of The
CLAIM, which, during the winter,
has been conducted by D. Todd
Lees.

D. Todd Lees, in retiring from
the management of The CLAIM
with the publication of this issue,
begs to sincerely thank his many
friends and supporters for the
kindly help and assistance extend-
ed to him during the winter.

A Smoker.

A Smoking Concert, in aid of
the Atlin Fire Brigade, will be held
in Dixon's Hall on Saturday even-
ing, next, 27th inst.

The Committee are anxious to
purchase a hose reel, which is ab-
solutely necessary for the protec-
tion of the town. The Brigade
have heretofore been very much
handicapped by lack of apparatus
with which to do effective work
and they feel confident that an ap-
peal to the citizens for a liberal
patronage will meet with a hearty
response.

A strong programme will be ar-
ranged, and no one is barred by
age or weight from contributing a
treat, song or story.—Admission,
Fifty cents.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest tempera-
tures recorded for the week ending
19th inst. are as follows:

June 13	43	69
14	41	70
15	41	72
16	39	71
17	43	78
18	42	76
19	41	76

C. P. N. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

PRINCESS MAX, June 6, 16 & 26
AMUR " 2, 12 & 22

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

CLOSING-OUT-CASH-SALE

**\$10,000 worth of Goods to be
Sold by July 1st.**

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY.

Our Stock has got to be sold by July 1st
as we give up possession of our
premises on that date.

**Boots, Shoes, Hats, Men's Furnishings, Dry Goods, Etc.
Groceries, Ammunition, Etc., Etc.**

BLACKETT & CO.

WE give special attention to Mail and Telegraphic Orders.

AGENTS FOR

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

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

The Ross-Higgins Co.

Skagway, Alaska.

THE CASH MEAT MARKET

JOE BROOKS

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Wholesale and Retail

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

LOUIS SCHULZ,

Wholesale and Retail Butcher

FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

Just Received this Week

A Large Consignment of:

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

All at the Lowest Market Prices.

E. L. PILLMAN & CO.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1908.

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

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH
THE BEST OF GOODS

Sam. Johnstone, Prop.