THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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The Mining Convention

Completes Its First Annual Session With Credit.

Its Importance in the Welfare of the Mining Industry of the Province Fully Recognised by the Government—Resolutions Passed.

The first annual session of the British Columbia Miners' Association concluded its labors on Monday of last week. To use the language of its Vice-President and originator, Mr J. B. Hobson, the Convention, in its proportions and work, has far exceeded expectations. It took the California Association, on which the B. C. one is fashioned, years to reach the effective shape already reached by this one.

We learn from one of the delegates, who returned this week, that the Convention was undoubtedly one of the brainiest aggregations of men ever met together in the Province. The business before the Convention was conducted in a thoroughly parliamentary manner, and the miners of the Province have indelibly shown that they are a power not to be slighted. The Lieut.-Governor of B. C. graced the Convention with his presence, and paid a high tribute to the mining industry and those who followed it. The Government, through the Premier, recognized the importance of the Association by asking that it appoint a commission to proceed to Fernie, B.C., to endeavor to settle the strike of the coal miners at that place. A commission, consisting of Mr. Keen, President of the Association, Messrs. Gaunce, Keffer, Flumerfelt, Seamans, McAndrews and Chris. Foley, was accordingly appointed and left for the Crows Nest country on the 2nd inst.

The following were elected as an Executive Committee to deal with all matters relating to the welfare of the mining industry, and to hold office until the next annual convention:

Class 1—Miners and Prospectors: Boundary, Rossland and Similkameen—Harry Seaman;

Slocan, Lardeau and Kamloops: M. McAndrews;

Lower Mainland Coast: Chris. Foley;

Vancouver Island: J. B. Pearson;

Cariboo, Atlin and Omineca: F. Dockrill.

Class 2.—Mine Managers and Owners—Silver, Lead and Copper: Leslie Hill, Edmund Kirby and Henry Croft;

Placer—W. M. Brewer;

Coal—John H. Conkin.

Class 3.—Smelters: H. C. Heinger, A. J. Godell, W. H. Aldridge, J. J. Campbell and A. C. Flumerfelt.

Class 4.—Business and Professional Men: S. S. Taylor, K.C., A. C. Galt, A. E. Howse, C. Sweeney and W. J. Shatford.

Class 5.—Farmers and others: Messrs. Wolley, Borland, Dilworth, McLean and Lehman.

The officers for the year are:

President, John Keen, Kaslo;

Vice-President, J. B. Hobson, Cariboo;

Second Vice-President, D. W. Higgins;

Secretary, A. L. Belyea, K.C., Victoria;

Assistant Secretary, Marston Williams, Victoria;

Treasurer, A. B. Fraser, Victoria.

The committee on placer mining, consisting of Messrs. Hobson, Loveridge, Dunn, Hopp and Mohun, recommended the following resolutions for adoption by the Convention:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Association, Sections 90-2, 94-102 of Part VII. of the Placer Mining Act should be repealed, and the Act be so amended as to read as follows:

1. That all claims, usually called placer claims, including all forms of deposit, excepting veins of quartz or other metalliferous or valuable mineral rock in place, shall be subject to location, entry and Crown grant under like circumstances and conditions and upon similar proceedings as are provided in a general way by the Mineral Act for lode or mineral claims.

2. That every free miner shall be entitled to locate and record a placer mineral claim on any creek, bar, bench, hill or plateau, on any unoccupied and unreserved Crown land, and he shall be allowed to hold any number of placer mining claims by purchase.

3. That placer mineral claims on newly discovered creeks shall not exceed the dimensions of 250 feet square, as provided for by Sec. 16 of Part VII. of the Placer Mining Act.

That placer mineral claims which may be operated by the hydraulic method, drift or elevator process shall not exceed an area of 80 acres, but in no case shall any such claim include any portion of any mining ground occupied by free miners, unless with the consent in writing of such occupiers, or that such included placer mineral ground shall have been worked out, or abandoned.

5. That a free miner shall not be entitled to a record of a placer claim until he shall have paid in advance to the Mining Recorder the usual fees for making such record.

6. That any free miner, having located and recorded a placer claim, shall be entitled to hold the same for a period of one year from the date of recording the same, and thence from year to year without the necessity of re-recording, provided, however, that during each year and each succeeding year such free miner shall do or cause to be done, work on the claim to the value of at least $100 and shall satisfy the Gold Commissioner or Mining Recorder that such work has been done by an affidavit by the free miner or his agent, setting out in a detailed statement such work, provided, further, that any free miner or company of free miners holding adjoining placer mineral claims to be worked under one general system, shall be allowed to perform on any one or more of such claims, all work required to entitle him or them to a certificate for work for each claim so held by him or them. If such work shall not be done, or if such certificate shall not be obtained or recorded in each and every year, the claim or claims or consolidation of claims shall be deemed vacant and abandoned and open for re-location.

7. That the owner of a placer mineral claim shall be entitled to all surface rights, including the use of all timber thereon for mining and building purposes in connection with the working of such claims for the purpose of developing the minerals thereon, but no longer.

8. That where the physical conditions surrounding placer mineral claims intended for operation by the hydraulic process, drifting process or elevator process are such as to make it practicable impossible to equip and operate each claim separately, the owner or owners of such claims so situated shall be entitled to form a consolidation of such claims, water rights, appurtenant thereto, so that they may be equipped and practically operated on one general system.

9. That any free miner who is the holder of a placer mineral claim shall be entitled to a grant from the Gold Commissioner of such quantity of unappropriated water from any stream or lake, together with the right and privilege to construct and maintain dams, gates, canals, ditches, flumes or pipe lines for the purpose of controlling such water as may be necessary to work such ground effectively; said grant shall continue in force until said placer claim or mine or consolidation of such claims shall be worked out or abandoned.

Continued on page 4.

A BIG TASK.

The Engineer Mining Co. on Taku Arm

Has a Big Contract to Perform—Satisfactory Progress on the White Moose.

Word was received this week of the season's undertaking by the management of the Engineer Company's mine on Taku Arm. They are sinking a shaft 14 by 6 feet and reckon that they will have to sink to a depth of 140 feet before striking the ledge they are after.

The hoisting machinery is now all to hand, and the machinery buildings erected. Seven men are employed in the work, but the force will soon be increased.

The last reports from the White Moose property are very encouraging. A tunnel is being driven to tap one of the ledges, and this is in now some 90 feet. There is every reason to believe the ledge will be struck within the next 15 feet. As soon as this is done, it is the intention of the owners to further prove a ledge which crops out on the lake shore, as this can be easiest worked while the lake is low.

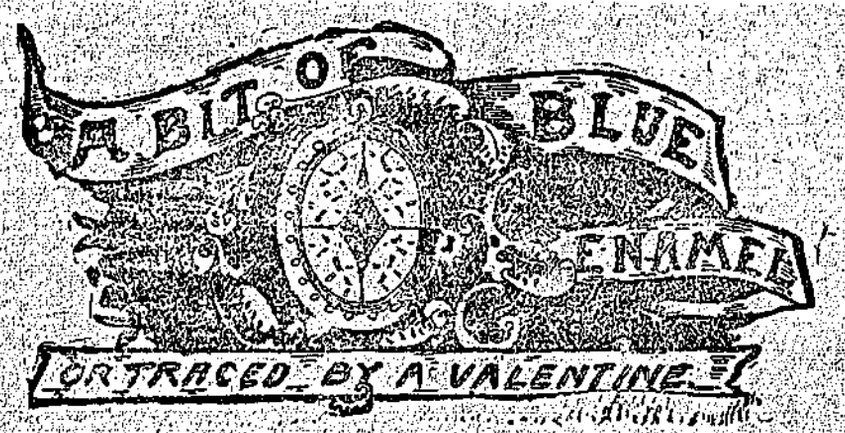
P. F. Scharschmidt, President of the Gleaner Mining Co., let a contract a few days ago for the driving of 120 feet of tunnel on his company's property. The work will be commenced immediately.

Dr. Scharschmidt left on the Princess May for a flying trip to Vancouver.

A Prosperous Institution.

The 36th annual meeting of the shareholders of the Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in the Company's offices, Toronto, on 13th January. We have just received a copy of the report, which gives some very interesting reading. The following extract from the President's address conveys a good idea of the stability and prosperity of this popular institution:

"The profits for the year amounted to $1,028,509.76, and this exceeds even the excellent results of the last year or two, being 12.86 per cent upon our capital. If we add to this the sum of $251,047.84, carried over from last year, we have a total of $1,279,557.60. After the payment of the usual dividend, we have been able to add to the Rest account $500,000, making that account $2,500,000; we have expended on bank premises $51,736.53, leaving that account at $1,000,000; we have transferred $15,000 to the Pension Fund, and we carry over as undistributed profits the sum of $152,821.07."



CHAPTER I.

The Dream.

"And this is Valentine's Eve, is it? Ethel, you've broken my dream." And Mr. John Bruce, so well known in the scientific world as a patient and laborious student and lucid teacher, laid down his pen, and glanced across his writing table at his wife with rather a thoughtful look in his honest, kind brown eyes.

"Have I? I thought you never did dream, John."

"Well, I don't often. But I dreamt last night with a vengeance. That cold duck I had for supper was responsible for it, of course. It was a very curious dream."

"What was it, John?"

Mr. Bruce laughed.

"Why, if you weren't such a sensible little woman, I should hesitate to tell it you. My Scotch cousins would say I've been what they call 'forespoken;' and if either you or I were in the very least superstitious, we should be conjuring up all sorts of bogey fancies on this pleasant, comfortable Valentine's Eve."

"Why, John, whatever did you dream?" asked Ethel Bruce, smiling.

She was a very fair, pretty woman, of eight and twenty.

A tender, loving little soul, devoted to her clever husband, and firmly cherishing the idea that there was no one like him in the world.

A very pleasant, home-like picture did the room present, with its cosy crimson curtains at doors and windows, its blazing fire, its pretty mistress, engaged with her sewing, on one side of the hearth, its master, thoughtful and studious, on the other.

The Bruces were in easy circumstances, and their home life was almost ideal.

When his wife pressed him to tell his dream, John Bruce turned his chair to the fire, and looked into the blaze for a moment or two with slightly knitted brows.

"Let me think," he said. "I must tell it you in order. Ah! I have it. I'd forgotten it until a moment or two ago, when you mentioned Valentine's Eve. Well, now listen.

"In my dream I seemed to be sitting in this room, just where I sit now. I was writing busily, and it was very late. The clock in the hall struck 12, and I remembered it was Valentine's Eve. I left my writing and began to think of other Valentine's Eves—of one in particular."

And he smiled affectionately at his wife, whom he wooed and won just ten years ago.

"Well, dear, go on."

"Well, I was just turning to my writing again, when I noticed one of those curtains move"—and he waved his hand towards the heavy crimson curtains which draped the windows. "The next moment, a shape—I say a shape, for I could not distinguish whether it was man or woman, or, indeed, anything human—emerged from the folds of the curtain and came swiftly towards me.

"It was all in gray—the garment long and flowing, and the face quite concealed. Before I could spring up to defend myself—and, indeed, my limbs seemed paralyzed—I saw the flash of a naked blade, and realized that I was about to be murdered. I tried to shriek, but could not make a sound. You know what nightmare is. But the shock woke me. I found myself safe in bed upstairs, with you sleeping tranquilly beside me; and I made up my mind not to make my supper off cold duck again."

Mrs. Bruce had listened with that curious kind of interest which the recital of weird dreams usually evokes, but she only smiled at the conclusion of it, and said—

"I'm not sorry to find you can dream a bad dream as well as I. I thought you were superior to them, John."

But another person who had listened to Mr. Bruce did not take it by any means so cooly.

This was a little girl of eight or nine, who had sat near the fire on a footstool, almost entirely hidden by her mother's skirts.

She sprang forward suddenly, and clung to her father's knees, raising her eyes to his face, and crying out, with great agitation—

"Oh, papa, will that dream come true?"

Mr. Bruce laughed as he lifted his little daughter on to his knee, and stroked her fair hair with a loving touch, which showed how passing dear she was to him.

She was their only child—a dainty spiritual little creature, with a mind and soul beyond her years.

Very lovely she was, with a skin as delicate as a rose-leaf, luminous, dark eyes, and a wealth of beautiful gold-brown hair.

Those large, lustrous eyes were fixed on her father's face now with a look of terror and distress.

His wierd dream had sunk deep into her childish mind.

He glanced at his wife amusedly.

"Marjorie is too sensitive, my dear," he said. "She oughtn't to hear such things till she is older."

"But, papa, will it come true?" persisted the child, wistfully. And the tears stood in her eyes.

"Come true? No, my pet. Things happen in real life exactly contrary to our dreams. So you may set your little heart at rest."

Then he proceeded to give an explanation of dreams—an explanation befitting a man of science and a philosopher.

The child listened attentively, and in the end gave a deep-drawn sigh of relief.

"I'm glad to know," she whispered. "I couldn't bear to let you die, papa."

And she put her little arms round his neck and buried her face on his bosom.

"My tender-hearted darling!" said the fair, young mother, smiling at husband and child.

* * * * *

Four or five hours later, Mr. Bruce was sitting at work in the room, but he was now quite alone.

His wife had left him an hour ago with a tender good-night, and a laughing reference to his dream.

The two servants were in bed and fast asleep.

The house was very still.

There was no sound in it save the loud ticking of the clock in the hall.

Mr. Bruce went on with his writing, rapidly.

So absorbed was he that he did not hear the opening of the door, nor the sound of a light footfall.

A soft hand laid on his arm made him look up, and, to his utter amazement he saw his little daughter standing close beside him, clad in her white night-gown, her feet naked, her hair falling like a golden cloud about her shoulders.

"My darling, whatever are you doing here?"

"Oh, papa!"

And she began to sob a little.

"Well my precious, what is it?" he asked, anxiously.

"Papa, I was frightened about you. I woke up, and thought about your dream. It frightened me—and—and I came down to see if you were safe."

The child was shivering—with fear, not with cold.

Her cheeks were pale; her eyes dilated.

There could be no doubt as to the genuineness of her distress.

"My foolish little daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Bruce; but he caught her up in his arms and strained her to him in a passion of tenderness. "I am all right—and shall be. But You will catch your death of cold. Run back to bed, darling."

"No, not just yet, papa," and she nestled more closely to him. "Let me stay just a little while."

"But, Marjorie, I couldn't write if you stayed, and I want to get to the end of my chapter. Run back to bed—or stay! I'll show you something first. Look here, Marjorie. This is a valentine for mamma."

He opened a drawer of his writing table and took a small package out of it.

It was a morocco case, containing a locket, inlaid on one side with blue enamel.

"Oh, papa, how pretty!" cried the child. "Do let me look at it."

She examined it, and was handing it back to him, when, somehow or other, it slipped from her fingers and fell on the tiled hearth, after striking sharply against the edge of the fender.

When Mr. Bruce picked it up a bit of the pretty blue enamel was chipped off.

Marjorie's sorrow was extreme, but her father, like the kind-hearted philosopher he was, took it very coolly.

"Don't fret, dear. Mamma won't mind a great deal; accidents will happen. It wasn't your fault. And now run back to bed. I shall have finished in less than half an hour, and I'll come into your room and kiss you good night."

"Kiss me now, too, papa," said the child, raising her sweet, wistful face to his.

He kissed her a dozen times.

"Good night, my darling. My precious, precious valentine!" he said.

For Marjorie had been born on St. Valentine's Day.

She left the room obediently, and had got as far as the top of the stairs when she heard a sound which made her childish heart beat fast with terror—her father's voice, raised in a loud, strange cry.

Back she ran to the room, wild with fear, and with her face as white as her gown. As she opened the door she caught a glimpse of a tall form escaping through the open window, from which the curtain had been pushed aside.

On the floor in front of the window, her father was lying—still, quite still.

A moment later, Mrs. Bruce, aroused from sleep by the strange cry, rushed into the room. She found Marjorie, bare-footed and in her night-gown, kneeling on the floor in an agony of grief and terror, vainly trying to support her dead father in her arms.

CHAPTER II.

In the Train.

Nine years later.

The London express from Crewe was on the point of starting.

The guard had all but raised his whistle to his lips, when a porter was seen hurrying along the platform with a young lady, dressed in slight mourning, who was evidently anxious to catch the train.

The porter pulled open a door; it belonged to a first-class compartment, and there was a single passenger inside—an elderly gentleman with a thick travelling rug wrapped round his knees, and books and papers littering the seat beside him.

The young lady gave a little incoherent exclamation, and seemed as though she would have drawn back.

But there was no time for this.

The guard banged the door, the whistle sounded and the train moved out of the station.

The young girl—for she was nothing more, being barely eighteen years of age—sank into one of the comfortably cushioned seats, with a look of such unmistakable agitation and distress that the gentleman could not but observe it.

"I hope there is nothing amiss," he said, courteously. "Surely they have not put you in the wrong train. This is for London."

"I'm in the right train, thank you, but," she flushed crimson, then added, bravely, though with an evident effort: "But this is a first-class compartment and I am only a third-class passenger."

"Indeed! That is a very trifling accident," said the gentleman, pleasantly. "I think you need not worry over it. No doubt the porter made a mistake."

"Yes, that was it," murmured the girl, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes. "Can you tell me how far I shall have to go before I can change?"

"Well, we stop at Stafford, I believe. Don't be uneasy. You may take my word for it, the railroad company will not be hard on you."

And he smiled in a frank, pleasant fashion, calculated to set her entirely at her ease.

After this there was silence for a minute or two.

The gentleman turned to his papers; but, nevertheless, he gave, every now and then, a quietly scrutinizing look at the girl sitting opposite.

She was of middle height, slender, and graceful, with a refined and exceedingly lovely face.

A pure oval face—the eyes large and lustrous, and fringed by long dark lashes, the complexion delicate as a rose-leaf, the shining hair of a beautiful golden brown.

A truly lovely face, the gentleman decided, but rather a sad one just now.

He noticed the extreme plainness of her dress—indeed, his clear gray eyes seemed to take in everything at a glance—and came to the conclusion that she was a gentlewoman, though a poor one.

He himself was a distinctly aristocratic-looking man of sixty—his hair gray, his somewhat military-looking moustache almost white.

From head to foot he was pervaded by that air of extreme neatness and cleanliness which is even more attractive in an old man than in a young one, and which pleasantly characterizes a certain type of elderly English gentlemen.

After a few minutes, he laid aside his papers and looked at his young traveling companion.

It was easy to see that she was in deep trouble; the tears were standing in her lovely eyes.

"My child," said the old gentleman "you are too young"—his look added "and too pretty"—"to be making this long journey all alone. Have you friends to meet you?"

The pleasant, fatherly manner appealed to the girl's inmost heart; it caused her tears to flow faster and faster.

"You are in trouble, I see. Is there anything—I am an utter stranger, and don't wish to be inquisitive—but is there any thing I can do for you?"

Sympathy is always welcome.

The girl needed no further encouragement to tell her simple story.

She was an orphan, she said; had lost both her parents while she was very young, and had been brought up by a relation of her mother's, who had lived in the south of France.

This relation having died recently, and her annuity dying with her, the girl was left to make her own way in the world.

She had no other relative that she knew of, and no friends in England.

Through the medium of an advertisement, however, she had, a fortnight ago, obtained an engagement as companion to an English lady, and had traveled from France yesterday to fulfil it.

Imagine her grief and horror to find on reaching her destination that the lady had been suddenly called to Africa, to nurse her husband, who was dangerously ill there.

She had telegraphed to France, apprising the girl of her change of plans and asking her to postpone her journey till she heard from her again; but unfortunately, the latter had started before the telegram arrived, and she reached her English destination only to find the house shut up, and in the hands of a caretaker.

"And what will you do, my poor child?" asked the gentleman, very kindly, having listened to the pathetic little story with much interest and sympathy.

"I don't quite know. I am going to London now, to try to find out an old servant, whose address I have. She would let me stay with her a little while."

"Do you mind telling me your name?"

"Marjorie St. Clair."

"You don't mind my asking you, I hope. I am not asking from mere idle inquisitiveness."

"Indeed, I don't know how to thank you enough; you have been so very kind."

"Will you allow me to give you my card?"

And he handed her one, inscribed with the name—Geoffrey Hyde.

After having sat deep in thought for a minute or two, he took up a newspaper again, glanced down its advertisement columns, and finally handed it to Marjorie pointing to the advertisement he wished her to read.

Under the heading "Wanted" she read—

"As companion, a young lady of refined tastes and cheerful disposition; must be musical. Address, Alpha."

"I imagine that would suit you, Miss St. Clair," said Mr. Hyde. "You are musical, I think you said."

"Yes, but——"

"But you don't know whether you could get the situation. Isn't that what you would say? Well, you have only to decide whether you will accept it. I happen to be 'Alpha,' Miss St. Clair."

"Oh!"

Marjorie uttered this little exclamation, and then sat silent, looking at him with a world of gratitude shining in her eyes.

"Take a little time, and think this over," said Mr. Hyde, kindly. "It is my daughter for whom I want a companion, my only child, and a dear, sweet girl, with whom, I feel sure, you would be happy. We are by no means people of fashion; but our home is a pleasant one, a quiet country house, a dozen miles from London, and very prettily situated. As to references, I can only refer you to my friends and neighbors."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Marjorie, tearfully, quite overcome by his kindness.

"Well, then, my dear child, think it over for yourself. If you do decide to come to us, I tell you frankly I shall be very pleased, and so, I am sure, will my daughter. But don't let me urge you unduly. Decide according to your own feelings. Only I would suggest that, if you are coming to us, you might just as well come at once. Go home with me this afternoon. That will be much better than going hunting over London for your old servant, whom, after all, you might not find."

After a moment he added, gravely—

"London is certainly not the place for a young girl like you to be alone in."

"I don't know how to thank you," said Marjorie, with deep emotion. "Your kindness is so very great. And if—if you are quite sure I shall not be intruding, I will accept your generous offer, and—and heaven bless you for making it."

"My child, I have not the slightest doubt it is heaven that has willed our meeting. We hear of special Providence often; and if we only look we might see them for ourselves. But now," he added, in a kind, cheery tone, "we will consider the main question settled; and as to little details, you must arrange them with my daughter."

After a little more conversation the train stopped at Stafford.

"You will stay with me, of course?" said Mr. Hyde, noticing her look of hesitation and indecision. "You will not leave this for a third-class compartment?"

She thanked him with her eyes, and the next moment a man-servant, in neat dark livery, came up to the window, and, touching his hat, asked if his master wanted anything.

"Thank you, Coulson, I think not," said Mr. Hyde; "or stay! you might send a telegram for me."

He pulled out his note-book, scribbled a few words in it, tore out the leaf and handed it to the servant, with instructions to despatch the telegram at once.

"Just a word to my daughter," he explained, as the man departed, "to prepare her for the pleasure of your arrival."

A few more minutes and the train was on its way again.

It is hardly necessary to say that Marjorie St. Clair was no other than the child whose father had met with so tragic a death on that fatal St. Valentine's morning nine years ago.

The change in her name had been brought about by her going to live with her mother's cousin, Miss St. Clair.

This lady had desired the child to be called by her name; and now Marjorie rarely remembered that it was not her own.

Her father's murderer had never been discovered, in spite of the most vigilant search on the part of the police.

It was pretty certain, however, that plunder had been the object; for a roll of bank notes was missing from the drawer of the writing table—also the pretty gold locket which had been intended for poor Ethel Bruce's Valentine.

She, poor soul, followed her husband to the grave within six months of the tragedy that had wrecked her life.

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Hyde and Marjorie alighted at a little country station, they having left the express at Euston, and finished their journey in one of the slow local trains.

A well-appointed carriage was in waiting.

Mr. Hyde and Marjorie entered it; the servant who had traveled with his master mounted beside the coachman, and away they drove towards Denelands, which Mr. Hyde had told Marjorie was the name of his home.

A drive of half an hour brought them to it.

It was a handsome white building, ample and substantial, though plain.

It was surrounded by a large garden and shrubberies, and there was a neat white lodge at the entrance-gate.

There appeared to be no other house within a distance of half a mile.

Just behind it, on a slight eminence, was a wood; at the side of it a wide lake.

The carriage bowled swiftly and smoothly up the drive and stopped at the hall door.

Mr. Hyde, with great courtesy, assisted Marjorie to alight and led her into one of the parlors opening out of the hall.

It was a remarkably pretty, refined apartment. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate.

A lady's work-basket and some needle work were lying on the table; an empty chair stood near.

"Ah, my daughter is not here, I see," remarked Mr. Hyde, glancing swiftly round the room. "Sit down, Miss St. Clair, and I will fetch her."

Marjorie seated herself near the fire, and awaited the coming of Miss Hyde, with no small degree of trepidation.

When Mr. Hyde made his generous offer, she accepted it almost at once, simply because she was so distressed and overwrought that she knew not what else to do.

But now she could not but reflect that the daughter might not approve her father's choice.

She might be a haughty, mistrustful young lady, who would object to this intrusion on the part of an utter stranger.

Mr. Hyde had remarked, in the course of conversation, that he was a widower, so Marjorie knew his daughter was mistress at Denelands.

In a minute or two the door opened

and a young lady entered—tall and graceful, and wearing an elegant tea gown of black and gold, which trailed on the carpet behind her.

She looked a little haughty, but held out her hand with frank cordiality.

"How do you do, Miss St. Clair?" was her greeting. "My father has told me about you. I hope we may be able to make you comfortable. I am Miss Hyde."

Marjorie, as she murmured a grateful word or two, looked up at the face above her own, and saw in a moment how very beautiful it was.

A somewhat southern-looking face with a clear, creamy skin, large blue eyes, fringed by almost black lashes, a firm, beautiful mouth and slightly wavy, very dark brown hair.

Her age might be four or five and twenty; her bearing was one of singular dignity and grace.

She sat down, begged Marjorie to do the same, and began to talk with perfect ease, and in a clear, high-bred tone.

"My father says you have told him that the lady to whom you were going and who has left England so suddenly may return in the course of six weeks," she said. "If she does, and you prefer to go to her, we shall, of course, wish you to please yourself. If not, we shall be happy to have you continue to stay with us."

These were kind words, and Miss Hyde's manner did not seem insincere.

And yet, in some subtle, mysterious fashion, Marjorie received the impression that she was not really a welcome guest, so far as this young lady was concerned.

Presently Miss Hyde rang the bell and desired a servant to bring in tea.

"We will have it here together," she remarked. "My father is tired with his journey, and will take his in his own room. And there is no one else in the house at present. After tea I dare say you will like to go upstairs and have the evening to yourself. You must be tired, too. Allow me to help you to take off your hat and jacket."

And very graciously and gracefully she persisted in helping her, in spite of Marjorie's remonstrances.

During tea the two girls sat opposite each other, and more than once Marjorie caught Miss Hyde's eyes fixed upon her with a look she could not fathom—a scrutinizing gaze, as though she would penetrate into the innermost secrets of her soul.

That look puzzled Marjorie.

There came a day when she understood it well.

CHAPTER III.

Visitors.

Marjorie thankfully availed herself of Miss Hyde's considerate offer, and retired to her room very early in the evening.

When she went downstairs next morning she found Mr. Hyde in the breakfast room, his fine, fresh complexion all glowing from his matutinal bath.

He greeted her with the utmost cordiality and kindness.

To herself she said that if only the daughter had the frank, pleasant manner of the father, her home might be a very happy one indeed.

In a moment or two Miss Hyde appeared, dressed in an elegant morning gown, and looking even more beautiful than she had looked the night before.

Her manner, however, was restrained, though perfectly well-bred and polite.

Evidently she had no intention of getting on terms of freedom with her young companion until she knew her better.

Mr. Hyde seemed to notice and be vexed by his daughter's coldness.

Indeed, once Marjorie saw him cast a glance of unmistakable reproof at her.

After breakfast, the members of the family were free to follow the day's occupations or diversions.

Mr. Hyde rode out on horse-back, first commending Marjorie very kindly to the care of his daughter.

"You must remember she is among strangers, Madeline, and try to keep her from feeling lonely," he said, as he left them. "And you, my dear, must make up your mind to regard us as your friends."

A mist of grateful tears dimmed Marjorie's eyes as, standing by the window, she watched him ride away.

How kind he was, how generous, how true a gentleman.

Already she loved him as she might have loved a dear and honorable relative.

Oh, if only his daughter were more like him! She turned to find Madeline's eyes fixed on her with that same scrutinizing gaze she had seen in them last night.

This time a slight shade of melancholy crossed Miss Hyde's brow, as though she saw something which gave her pain.

She suggested they should sit by the fire and do some needlework together.

Marjorie readily acquiesced, and a servant brought in a great roll of flannel from which Madeline commenced, with great dexterity, to cut a number of garments, which, she said, were for the poor.

"I'm always so pleased to do anything of this kind—for the poor, I mean," said Marjorie, watching her

with interest. "I'm glad you like it, too."

But Madeline disclaimed all merit in the transaction.

"If I were left to myself I should never make a single garment," she said, with frank carelessness. "I do it simply because my father wishes it. He likes me to be kind to the indigent."

"He is kind to everyone, I think," said Marjorie, softly.

Miss Hyde made no answer.

A curious look flitted over her face—almost a mocking look—as though she had her own opinion about her father's kindness.

All that day Miss Hyde and Marjorie were alone together, for the master of the house did not return till early in the evening.

Little by little the elder girl's manner unbent.

The air of cold restraint dropped from her; her face lighted up into new beauty.

Marjorie said to herself—

"Oh, how I could love her if only she would always be like this."

The truth was it was Marjorie's own sweetness that had softened Madeline.

There was a charm about her which won its way to most hearts.

Hard indeed would have been the heart that could resist her.

The two girls were still sitting together by the morning room fire when Mr. Hyde returned.

"I hope we have something good for dinner, Madeline," he said, cheerfully. "Your cousins will be here to-night."

Madeline looked up, startled, a red spot on her cheek, excitement in her eye.

"I got a wire from them at the station," went on her father, easily. "They will be here for dinner. Isn't it time you went upstairs to dress?"

"I think it is," said Madeline, speaking in an abstracted, preoccupied fashion. "Come, Marjorie."

And they left the room.

Ten minutes later Marjorie, as she dressed in her own chamber, missed a little gold sleeve link from her cuff, and feeling sure she had dropped it either in the hall or on the staircase, she slipped out to look for it.

At the bottom of the stairs she found it; and as she stooped to pick it up she heard Mr. Hyde's voice in a room close at hand.

It was slightly raised, undoubtedly in anger or displeasure—

"Do as I tell you," he said, imperatively. "You know my plans. Silence! I will not hear a word. Enough for you that I mean to be obeyed."

It was not intentionally that Marjorie had overheard even this much, and she went upstairs again as soon as she had got her sleeve link, without pausing for a single unnecessary moment.

She concluded it must be one of the servants Mr. Hyde was speaking to, and wondered what had been done to arouse such severe displeasure in so mild-tempered a man.

A couple of minutes later there came a tap at her door, followed by the entrance of Madeline.

"You've begun to dress, I see," she remarked, carelessly. "I thought I would come in and tell you to put on one of your prettiest dresses. My father will like it, I think, and take it as a compliment to the arrival of his nephews."

Marjorie was only too pleased to do anything to gratify Mr. Hyde.

She acquieced at once.

"Will you choose for me?" she said to Madeline. "Ah, do, please."

Madeline walked to the wardrobe without speaking, and looked at the two or three evening dresses which hung there.

"You might wear this, I think," she said, pointing to a very pretty frock, eau-de-Nil in color, and most charmingly made. "I will send you a few flowers to wear with it."

"Oh, thank you; how very, very kind you are."

Again a slightly mocking smile curled Madeline's perfect lips.

Marjorie did not see it, however, for her face was averted, and a moment later Madeline quitted the room.

When the dinner bell rang and Marjorie went downstairs, she made as fair a picture as the mind could frame or the eye could rest upon.

The delicate shade of her dress harmonized exquisitely with the fairness of her skin.

Her eyes were sweetly lustrous behind their long silken lashes; her beautiful golden brown hair shaded her white brow, and was gathered in a simple Greek knot at the back of her dainty head.

She looked sweeter than words can say.

Mr. Hyde, who was alone in the dining room, glanced at her with a well pleased smile.

"Did Madeline send you the flowers, my dear?" he asked, looking at a lovely cluster of pink roses which were pinned across her bodice.

"Yes, sir. It was very kind of her, was it not?"

"I trust you will never meet with anything but kindness from Madeline," said the old gentleman, earnestly.

The next moment Miss Hyde entered, gowned in old rose silk, with trimmings of rich Spanish lace.

Her cheeks were flushed—her eyes sparkling. She looked indescribably beautiful.

"Where are Edgar and Charles?" she asked, glancing round.

"Here!" said a man's voice—very soft and musical—just outside the door.

It opened and two young men in evening dress came forward, the foremost, who had been the speaker, stepping up to Madeline and kissing her frankly on the cheek.

He was very handsome, in a dark, Spanish style, with an olive skin, very brilliant eyes, a heavy moustache and glossy hair of raven blackness.

His figure, too, was remarkably fine—tall, and of splendid proportions.

He looked haughty, Marjorie thought, but clever, and not ill-natured.

His companion was younger, and by no means so striking-looking, but Marjorie liked his face better.

He was perfectly clean-shaven, and had a clear, healthy skin, such as one often sees in young Englishmen who spend a deal of their time in the country in the open air.

His gray eye was very bright and keen, his mouth was pleasant, his teeth were white and even.

His whole appearance was unmistakably that of a gentleman.

Not quite so tall as his brother, he was yet of a good height, and possessed, moreover, that air of alertness and agility which is a sign of perfect health.

Marjorie was introduced in due form.

She then learned that the dark gentleman was Mr. Edgar Hyde, and that the fairer one's name was Charles.

Both looked at the dainty face of Marjorie with as much interest as was consistent with good breeding.

They greeted her with great courtesy, and Charles took her in to dinner, Madeline laughingly taking an arm of her father and her cousin Edgar.

During the evening Marjorie, whose perceptions were very keen, made a discovery.

Madeline loved her cousin Edgar—loved him with that all-absorbing, passionate devotion which one would naturally expect in a girl of her type.

Whether he returned her love, Marjorie could not be quite so sure.

There was evidently some kind of an understanding between them.

As, on their entrance he kissed her, while his brother was content with a simple hand-shake, so, during the whole evening, his manner to her was lover-like; his place, of right, seemed by her side.

Nevertheless, Marjorie could not be quite sure he loved her, and once or twice she detected a jealous, dissatisfied look in Madeline's eye, as it rested on him.

Mr. Charles Hyde took his place beside Marjorie, and seemed well content to stay there; nor was she ill-pleased to have him, for he was a pleasant, entertaining companion, and had read most of her favorite poets and authors.

She found it quite delightful to converse with him. Among other things he told her some capital stories of his adventures at Oxford.

His brother, who chanced to be standing near, caught a word or two and said—

"What's that you're telling Miss St. Clair, Charlie?"

"Oh, only a little tale about a scrape I got into at Christ church."

This answer seemed to amuse the elder brother exceedingly.

It was with difficulty he kept from laughing outright; and when he rejoined Madeline he repeated it to her, as though it were an excellent jest.

She, however, did not smile.

On the contrary, a rather uneasy and anxious look crossed her face as she glanced at Marjorie.

Late in the evening Mr. Hyde asked for some music.

"You play, Marjorie?" said Madeline, and the suggestion was so warmly seconded by all three gentlemen that Marjorie could not but comply.

"I wonder if you can play my favorite," said Mr. Hyde.

"What is it, sir?"

He rose, and placed a piece of music in front of her. It was Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer."

"You wish me to sing as well as play?"

"If you will."

Marjorie's skill as a musician was far beyond the average, and her voice was exquisite—so sweet, so rich, so pure.

As the beautiful strains ran through the room, everyone present was entranced.

Mr. Hyde seemed deeply moved.

Marjorie, turning round, saw him raise his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Miss St. Clair, your voice is divine!" exclaimed Edgar Hyde, with enthusiasm.

And both Charles and Madeline echoed the sentiment.

Mr. Hyde laid his hand in fatherly fashion on the head of the young player as she still sat at the pianoforte.

"You have given me a great pleasure," he said, in a slighty faltering voice, but very earnestly. "God bless you, my dear."

CHAPTER IV.

The Locket.

The next day passed pleasantly in company with the young men, who would spend, Madeline said, at least a week or two at Denelands.

There had been a hard frost for two or three days and the ice on the lake was quite strong enough to bear.

Madeline and Marjorie, attended by the two young men, went to make trial of it.

Mr. Hyde, though declining to put on skates, stood on the bank and watched them for some time.

"You might invite a few of your young friends, and make a skating-party of it," he suggested to his daughter. "Sir Edward Mortimer and his sisters would be glad to come, I think; and perhaps the Officers. What do you say?"

At the mention of Sir Edward Mortimer, the two young men exchanged glances, and seemed exceedingly amused.

Marjorie saw their amusement and wondered what caused it.

That, too, she was soon to understand.

"Skating by torchlight would be fine fun," said Charles Hyde. "How would St. Valentine's Day do for it, sir?"

His brother muttered a word of dissent under his breath.

He looked angry and disturbed.

His uncle gazed at him intently for a moment of two then said in a slow, thoughtful tone—

"You don't like St. Valentine's Day, my boy?"

"No sir—do you?" demanded Edgar, turning suddenly upon him, and speaking with almost fierce abruptness, then as suddenly turning away, and skating quite to the other end of the pool.

Marjorie paid less attention to these little incidents than she might have done had not her mind been almost wholly engrossed by something else—that something else being neither more or less than the manner of Mr. Charles Hyde towards herself.

All day long he has scarcely left her side; when he did so, it was with reluctance, and he returned as soon as he could.

Marjorie's heart beat high as she noticed this, beat high with pleasure, for, short as had been her acquaintance with this young man, she was already beginning to like him more than was well for her peace of mind.

There was a frankness about him which was very winning, and this, coupled with his attractive face and high intellectual capacity, could scarcely fail to charm a girl so young, so inexperienced, and so impressionable as Marjorie.

The clear, observant eye of Mr. Hyde saw all that was going forward.

He made no attempt to detach his nephew from the society of the lovely young stranger; nay, his countenance even lighted up with benevolent pleasure as he watched them.

It might have been one of the dearest desires of his heart to bring about an attachment between the two.

Madeline, on the contrary, seemed displeased by her cousin's attentions to her companion.

When she could keep him apart from her she did so, and seemed, moreover, to find a malicious joy in doing it.

She spoke to him more than once in a tone of asperity, and the glances of her was jealous and mistrustful as she noted Marjorie's cheek occasionally crimson beneath his glance.

When the two girls retired that evening, Madeline called Marjorie into her room.

"Come and sit with me for a few minutes," she said.

And, as they sat beside the fire together, she began almost immediately, to speak of her two cousins.

Of Edgar she said little.

The bare mention of his name was enough to bring the flush to her cheek and the love-light to her eyes.

She loved him, and was not yet free enough with Marjorie to speak to her of her love.

So much Marjorie was quick to understand.

But Madeline was by no means equally reticent concerning Charles.

(To be Continued.)

An Opportunity to Buy.

The following advertisement recently appeared in The Rand Daily Mail:—Turkeys, geese, dogs, jackals. Blake & May, duly instructed, will sell by auction at their mart, Commissioner and Kruis streets, at 2.30 this (Saturday) afternoon 300 fowls, turkeys, geese, high-class Wyandottes, Minorcas and other prize bred poultry and ducks, prize collies, bull and Irish terriers, tame jackals, canaries, incubators, etc. Blake & May, auctioneers and general agents. Offices, mart and sale yard, Commissioner, Kruis and Fox streets.

THE RICHEST NATION

28

IF DIVIDED EQUALLY WHAT EACH ONE'S SHARE WOULD BE.

An American Family Would Own 155 Acres of Land and 13 1-2 Feet of Railroad—It Would Pay But $6.68 a Year in Taxation—Only 60 Cents for Our Navy.

If the Government of the United States be considered merely as a business firm, its stockholders just now are pretty well to do. Their wealth is very large, considering the number there are of them. The expenses of carrying on trade under the Stars and Stripes seems small when devided, and their debts are trifling indeed.

Not many years ago it was said that Uncle Sam had land enough to give every one a farm. In theory this is true to-day. If all Territories in the United States, not even including Alaska and our so-called new possessions, were to be divided, there would be a farm of thirty one acres for each one. Every man, woman and child in the country would own this much real estate.

Now, since the average American family consists of five people, there would be 155 acres to the family. In making these calculations the population is estimated at 70,000,000. The area of the United States is 3,600,000 square miles.

Not all of this land is good enough to "farm it" on, but most of it can be made good enough by Yankee ingenuity.

The value of all the real estate in America is $39,544,333,000. These figures fail to give any definite idea. They are too big. Let us suppose, however, that pure socialism prevailed and that this enormous wealth was equally divided. The share of every individual would be $564.50. The share of every average family would be $2,824.50. And this does not include personal property, which would greatly increase the sum. These figures are by far the highest to be found in any country in the world. In Great Britain, for instance, each man is a land owner owning to the extent of about $190. British house property would give a share of but about $300 to every man.

Practically, in Great Britain there are few small land-owners, or none. A laboring man who owns his cottage is a rarity; one who owns the land on which it stands almost an impossibility.

The taxes which the individual pays seem trifling. All the taxes last year were $471,365,140. The share of each individual was but $6.73. Britain's taxes during the same period amounted to £2 10s. each, or nearly twice that of America. It must also be considered that our rate was unusually high owing to the expenses of the war. A good deal of complaint is heard of the extravagance of the Government, but the share of the individual is small. The total expenses of the Government last year if divided would have placed a burden of $6.68 on the individual. This is a share of the sum of $467,303,000.

The individual contributions to the various departments also sound curious in view of the great things which have been accomplished. We are all proud of our navy, which during the past year has been larger and more expensive than ever before. But each individual was only required to contribute just sixty cents to maintain this department and our great fleets of warships. The total expense, to be sure, was $48,099,000. The maintenance of the army last year was one of the most expensive items the Government has ever called upon to meet. It cost us just $80,000,000. The war with the Philippines and the maintenance of an army in Cuba and Porto Rico, besides the regular expense of the department, could be met, however, if each individual contributed $1.14. The expense of running the entire Government cost each of us exactly $1.92.

The United States, as every one knows, is the richest nation in the world. Our bonded debt is $1,032,000,000. Each of us is in debt on this score just $14.74. Looked at in this way our national debt, large as it seems, is a trifling thing. The real estate holdings of the individual, according to this distribution, are alone worth more than forty times his indebtedness. It is no wonder that the world considers loaning money to America a good risk.

Our country is the land of railroads. As every one knows we have more railroads by far than any other country in the world. The mileage of the United States is 180,000. The share of the individual is 13½ feet of rail. Still another way to state our great wealth is to calculate the amount of gold and silver which would come to us if all were equally divided. Each of us would have $70 in silver bullion as his share and $18.50 in solid gold.

Johnsoniana.

Dr. Johnson—Sir, you are wrong!

Boswell—But surely, sir, a poetical drama must be the same thing as a dramatic poem?

Dr. Johnson—Not at all, sir. A man may like rum in his milk, but may not care for milk in his rum.

Boswell—But suppose it is half and half, sir?

Dr. Johnson—Sir, you are an ass! Let us take a walk down Fleet street.

The Atlin Claim.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 14TH, 1903.

The Convention.

Continued from First Page.

10. That the holder of a placer mineral claim shall, after he has expended in development work the sum of $500, be entitled to a Crown grant thereof, upon paying to the Government the sum of $5 per acre.

11. That the holder or holders of a consolidation of placer mineral claims after he has expended in the aggregate, at least $1000 for each claim included in said consolidation, shall be entitled to a Crown grant thereof, upon payment to the Government of the sum of $5 per acre.

12. That the holders of leases of placer mineral ground obtained under the provisions of Part VII of the Placer Mining Act, shall be entitled to a Crown grant of the land included in said lease or consolidation of said leases, provided that they have made the required expenditure in development; but in no case shall the holder of a lease be entitled to a Crown grant until he shall have fully paid up all leasehold rents due on such lease or consolidation of leases, and have paid to the Government the sum of $5 per acre.

And be it further resolved, that a free miner after obtaining a Crown grant for a single placer mineral claim shall pay towards the revenue of the Government a placer mining tax of 25 cents per acre, and the holder or holders of a Crown grant for a consolidation of such placer mineral claims shall pay a placer mining tax of 50 cents per acre included in the consolidation so Crown granted.

And be it further resolved, that in the opinion of this Association an amendment should be added to the Placer Mining Act whereby a survey system should be kept so as to prevent two records being made on the same ground or location on newly discovered creeks or placers; said survey to be made by a Provincial land surveyor on each newly discovered creek, placing posts at each 250 feet, to be numbered consecutively 1, 2, 3 and so on, above and below discovery; or in case a new creek has been discovered and no P.L.S. is within reach, any party of miners may select one of their number to run a base line, the expense of which shall be borne by the Government.

And be it further resolved, that in the opinion of this Association the Water Clauses Consolidation Act should be so amended as to enable the prospector, mineral and placer miner to secure the quantity of water required to operate his mineral or placer claim by simply recording the same, instead of being compelled to pay the high water rates now charged for water privileges, which charges are entirely beyond his means; and shall be entitled to hold said water by record.

And be it further resolved, that in the opinion of this Association the beds of all rivers, creeks, gulches and ravines draining placer mining districts or mineral districts shall be reserved from Crown grant and held open as a highway, and as a means of affording easement, outlet and drainage, and a place of deposit for tailings or waste required for the successful operation of either placer or mineral claims.

And be it further resolved, that in the opinion of this Association, the Placer Mining Act should be so amended that placer mineral claims held within a lease shall become a part of the lease when abandoned or worked out by the placer claimant or purchased from him.

And be it further resolved, that in the opinion of this Association, an amendment should be added to the Companies' Act that will effectually prevent two or more companies using such similar names as to create confusion as to which company is intended.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the Association:

That the Government and Legislature of the Province of B. C. are respectfully urged to abolish the so-called two per cent tax upon the output of mines, because of the injurious effect in restricting and repressing mining low grade ores, because of its effect in discouraging the investment of outside capital.

That this convention heartily endorses the resolutions passed by the silver-lead miners at Sandon on the 10th December last, and that a copy of this resolution be telegraphed to the Dominion Minister at Ottawa.

That it is desirable in view of the great and increasing importance of the mining industry in Canada, that a separate portfolio of mines, be established at Ottawa, in order to assist in promoting the development of the mineral resources of the Dominion, and that copies of this resolution be forwarded to Sir Wilfred Laurier and members of the Senate and Commons, representing this Province, with the request that they give their support to this proposal.

That with respect to the abolition of the two per cent tax this Convention shall not be understood as being opposed to a fair and equitable taxation of the mining industry.

That the collection by the Government of dues in respect of timber and cordwood cut and used by the owner upon his own mines and mineral claims for mining purposes should be discontinued.

That the Government be urged to immediately obtain all necessary information and advice from both miners and mine owners to amend the code of mine signals so as to make it as perfect and safe as possible.

That the owners of Crown granted mineral claims sold for taxes

Continued on Last Page.

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THE ASSAY OFFICE.

How the Dominion Office Is Conducted.

The Provincial Government Allows a Substantial Rebate On Gold Deposited.

The following interesting information regarding the statistics and methods of working of the Dominion Government Assay Office at Vancouver, is taken from the last report of the Dominion Superintendent of Mines, Ottawa:

The amount of bullion received from July 28th, 1901, to June 30th, 1902, was 69,925.67 ounces, representing 671 deposits, with a total valuation of $1,153,014.50. The bulk of this, 50,578.36 ounces came the Yukon, while B. C. is credited with 16,469.55 ounces, N. W. T. 218.04 ounces, Ontario, with 259.31 ounces and Unclassified 62.41 ounces.

It is not generally known in this district that the local Government passed an Order-in-Council on Sept. 11th, 1901, allowing a refund of 1 per cent on all gold deposited for assay at the Dominion offices in Vancouver and Victoria, upon production of the Gold Commissioner's Royalty receipt. The amount of refund allowed in accordance with the provisos of the Dominion and B. C. Orders-in-Council were, for the Vancouver assay office, $4573.27, and for the Victoria office, $567.72.

Bullion is to be weighed in the presence of the depositor, checked by the chief melter, transferred to the bullion box and locked. Melt number assigned to deposit written on card is placed in receptacle on bullion box, melt numbers to start from No. 1, proceeding by units for each melt. This melt number serves to identify the deposit thro' all the operations the deposit undergoes, and appears in all reports of and receipts for the same.

Receipt for weight of bullion deposited is given to the depositor, and his signature is taken on special card prepared for the purpose and kept by the manager on file for identification purposes.

The bullion box is opened by the chief melter in the presence of either the manager, one of the assayers or janitor (at the option of the manager), transferred to crucible, melted, slagged, prepared for stamping and stamped with melt number. After thoroughly drying the bar is weighed by melter, checked by manager, and weight ascertained is recorded by manager as weight after melting.

For purposes of assay, clippings are taken in the presence of the manager or chief melter from the corners of the bar. The solid angles removed by the clippings must lie on the diagonal, passing through the bar. The truncated corners are then stamped with the letter "A." The clippings are weighed on the balance set apart for this purpose, and charged by manager to assayers. Two parallel sets of assays are then run off each melt, one by each assayer, and report must be made of the result of assay unless both agree to within 1-50th of 1 per cent. Proof assay to check results must accompany each set of assays made. In case agreement cannot be reached, the ingot must be re-melted, thoroughly stirred, and the assay repeated. The report made to the manager of the fineness of gold and silver must exhibit every detail of the operation—i.e., all weighings made.

Corners and clippings placed in paper box with melt and assay numbers, weight and calculated value written upon it are stored in safe with ingot of which they form a part and returned with ingot to the depositor.

First charge — Assaying and stamping charge 1-8th of 1 per cent gross value of gold and silver contained in the deposit.

Second Charge — Melting part, $1 on each melt.

Third Charge—Parting and refining charge, 4 cents per ounce on the weight after melting.

Fourth Charge — Toughening and alloy charge, 2 cents per ounce of 1-11th of standard weight of the gold.

Branching Out.

Negotiations have been completed whereby the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have become owners of the Elder-Dempster line of steamers on the Atlantic. The consideration is said to be about $7,500,000.

The deal is regarded as having an important bearing on the proposed Canadian fast mail service, as it will probably eliminate the tender of the Elder-Dempster Co. therefrom, and leave the C. P. R. in a better position to secure the contract.

The King's Exhibit.

The King will send the late Queen Victoria's priceless collection of Jubilee presents for exhibition at the St Louis Exposition, as his personal contribution towards the success of the Exposition.

The King told Mr. Francis, the President of the Exposition, that he had been prompted to take this step by his keen appreciation of the affection and respect in which the American people always held his mother, and as a token of his intimate sympathy with American industry. His Majesty said that he thought that nothing possibly would be more appreciated by the American and Canadian visitors to the St. Louis Exposition than this National memento of Queen Victoria's reign.

Information Wanted.

The whereabouts of Henry Nelson Muirhead is anxiously sought for by the Salvation Army, Rossland, B.C., on behalf of his mother, who is now very old. His description is as follows: Age, 41; medium height, sandy complection, auburn hair. He was reported at one time to be in the lumber business at Saginaw, Michigan. He is supposed to have left there for the Klondike. Any information concerning him will be appreciated by communicating with the above address.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to build, construct, equip, operate and maintain a line of railway of standard gauge from Dawson, in the Northwest Territories, by the most direct and feasible route to a point at or near the northern boundary of the Province of British Columbia to connect with the Pacific Northern & Omineca Railway; with authority also to construct, operate and maintain branches from any points on the proposed line or lines not exceeding in any one case thirty miles in length and with power to construct, operate and maintain all necessary bridges, roads, ways and ferries; and to construct and acquire, own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith and to construct, own, acquire, equip and maintain all necessary bridges, roads, ways and ferries; and to construct, own, equip and maintain steam and other boats and vessels and operate the same on any navigable waters; and to construct, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines along the routes of the said railway and its branches or in connection therewith, and to transmit messages for commercial purposes, and to collect tolls therefor, and to acquire and receive from any Government, Corporation or persons grants of land, rights of way, money bonuses, privileges or other assistance in aid of the construction of the Company's undertaking, and to connect with and to enter into traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies, and for all rights and powers and privileges necessary, usual or incidental to all or any of the aforesaid purposes.

Dated this 3rd day of December, A. D., 1902.

McPhillips, Wootton & Barnard,
de27-8t Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land for agricultural purposes: That parcel or tract of land situated in the Atlin Lake Mining Division, commencing at a post planted at the N.W. corner of Atlin Townsite, thence East 40 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.

E. P. Quinn.

Dated at Atlin, B.C., this 6th day of March, 1903. mar7-8t

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next Session, by the Pacific Northern and Omineca Railway Company for an Act to Amend its Act of Incorporation, being 61 Victoria, Chapter 50, of the Statutes of the said Province, as amended by the "Pacific Northern and Omineca Railway Act, 1902," being 2 Edward VII., Chapter 77, by extending the time for the commencement of the construction of the Company's line of railway, and for the expenditure of 10 per cent of the capital, and for the completion of the said railway as limited by Sub-section five (5) of Section 44 of the British Columbia Railway Act, and by increasing the capital of the said Company.

Dated the 29th day of November, 1902.

Cornwall & Rogers,
Solicitors for the Applicants
de-27-6t

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next sittings, for leave to incorporate a Company to be called "The Coast-Yukon Railway Company," to construct, equip and operate a railway from a point on or near Kitimat Inlet, Douglas Channel, British Columbia, thence to Atlin Lake; thence to the Yukon River; thence to the International Boundary line between Alaska and Yukon Territory via the City of Dawson. With power to construct and own boats and wharves, telegraph and telephone lines, to generate electrical power and to collect tolls and all powers incidental to a railway.

Dated at Vancouver, B.C., this 12th day of November, A.D., 1902.

D. G. Macdonell,
no-29-9t Solicitor for Applicants.

Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.
SPECIALTIES IN
FANCY CAKES & PASTRY.
Fresh Bread, Rye Bread, etc.
Chas. Myer, Proprietor.
Good Rooms to Rent—By the Day, Week or Month at reasonable rates.

LOUIS SCHULZ,
Wholesale and Retail Butcher
FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

C. DOELKER,
FRESH MEATS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Fish, Game in season and home made Sausage.
First Street, Atlin.

THE GRAND HOTEL
FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE NORTH. EVERYTHING CONDUCTED IN FIRST-CLASS MANNER.
French Restaurant in Connection.
A. R. McDonald, Proprietor.
Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

A "Hard Luck" Discourse.

REV. D. E. LORENZ, PH. D.,
Church of the Good Shepherd (Presbyterian), New York City.

All these things are against me.—Genesis, xlii., 36.

There is something pathetic about the patriarchal figure of Jacob, with his disheveled hair and voluble grief. The imprisonment of Simeon and his haughty Egyptian ruler's demand for his youngest and best-beloved Benjamin, the last legacy of his favorite Rachel, opened afresh an old wound, his sorrow over the long-lost Joseph. Small wonder that his anguish became articulate in the querulous complaint, "All these things are against me."

These words, first of all, evidence a lack of knowledge. Joseph, needlessly lamented, was a right royal ruler; Simeon was in the line of promotion from a prison to a palace, and Benjamin, together with all of Jacob's family, was to dwell in peace and prosperity in fair Goshen by the Nile.

Ignorance in itself is not a serious charge. The confession of ignorance may be a manly and praiseworthy act. The wisest of men know very well that they are but guessing at truth. While Carlyle is quite right that hero-worship is a vital ingredient in human nature, the wiser a man becomes the more difficult he finds it to keep his supposed heroes from tottering on their pedestals. Instead of realizing the ideal man he is compelled to idealize the real man.

The serious charge against other people besides Jacob is not ignorance, but that, being ignorant, they speak with an air of finality, as though they were the highest court of appeal. It may be largely a misfortune if a person's eyes are jaundiced, but it becomes a fault if he asserts that the defect is in the light of heaven.

A pity it is that men should pass judgment upon the structure when the first rude outer walls are beginning to stretch their bare arms toward heaven, instead of waiting until the full, beautiful plan is disclosed without and within! Far better to wait and see whether there may not be a smiling face behind the frowning Providence.

These words, "All these things are against me," also evidence a lack of gratitude.

Surely all things had not been against Jacob in the past. Was Bethel against him when, as a youth, his vaulting ambition having overleaped itself, he lay on his dessert bed and communed with angels and covenanted with God? Was Penuel against him when, standing in mortal danger, the angel of the Lord came to his kneeling side, turning the ancient feud of Esau into fraternal favor?

Ingratitude does not consist only in despising blessings, but in not despising privations; not only in minimizing mercies, but in magnifying miseries. Many people are minded the rather to read the Book of Lamentations, one of whose chapters begins, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of His wrath," rather than the 103rd Psalm, which opens "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name."

May we be kept from that song that is always in the minor key, from that grim, melancholy that constantly has an east wind blowing. May we guard against that morbid and lean philosophy, always told in mournful numbers, that life is but an empty dream; may we find the tree of sweet and antidoting properties beside every bitter pool of Marah waters!

These words, "All these things are against me," evidence as well a lack of trust.

Suppose Jacob's grievous surmises had been true—for better people than Jacob have had worse misfortunes—would that have given any less reason for trusting? No. Faith in God does not imply that we may have a cheerful confidence that everything will always be brought about—our way. Genuine trust is to believe in the darkest night that the sun shall rise, and to keep on believing, although the morning seems long in coming.

Even in this world we may be sure there is an answer to all our hard riddles, even though we do not know what is the answer. Although we see through a glass darkly—the more darkly because human eyes are often blinded by tears—yet we shall see face to face.

God is still at the helm, though it be through troubled waters. That man's name is faithlessness who does not include God in his reckoning, and who does not believe that God includes him in His reckoning.

The words "All these things are against me" further evidence a lack of courage.

It is paltry business to sit down among our trials, like a whimpering child among its broken toys. Why, that is the story of life—it is one steady, workaday struggle. No man is half a man who does not constantly seek to reverse reverses.

Jacob did not find life a flowery bed of ease. Ay, and neither have we. Yet no one but a weakling will be content to droop and repine and give up the ship. "All these things are against us!" Of course they are, and we are to be against these things.

What does the world need most and prize most? Why, grit, power, success—a spirit which never says die. Men thus animated win the day because they have learned the secret of making strength oppose strength, of matching a Greek against a Greek, of having no rest until their colors fly over the strongest citadel of opposition.

If there were no conflict there would be no victory. As in the case of Samson, we find the honey after the lion is slain—the very experiences that come out and roar against us shall furnish us food.

"Play the man, Master Ridley," said Latimer to his fellow-martyr as they stood amid the flames. Ay, play the man; let the dying give counsel to the living. Let contrary things but furnish a new stimulus. "O Lord, by these things men live," says Isaiah, "and in all these things is the life of my spirit."

May we face the issues of life without murmurings and misgivings; make better what we may, bear bravely what we must.

The Power of Kings.

Marie Corelli's "Temporal Power" is a polemic—the arraignment of royalty and of the Church of Rome in favor of what the author considers Justice, Truth, and the Rights of the People.

In the first chapter a prince and heir to a throne—what throne or where the scene of the story is laid we are not informed—discusses kingship with his tutor.

"Professor," said the prince on one occasion, "what is man?"

"Man," replied the professor, sedately, "is an intelligent and reasoning being, evolved by natural processes of creation into his present condition of supremacy."

"What is supremacy?"

"The state of being above or superior to the rest of animal creation."

"And is he so superior?"

"He is generally so admitted."

"Is my father a man?"

"Assuredly. The question is superfluous."

"What makes him a king?"

"Royal birth and the hereditary right to his great position."

"Then if a man is in a condition of supremacy over the rest of creation, a king is more than a man if he is allowed to rule men?"

"Sir, pardon me! A king is not more than a man, but men choose him as their ruler because he is worthy."

"In what way is he worthy? Simply because he is born, as I am, heir to the throne?"

"Precisely."

"He might be an idiot or a cripple, a fool or a coward—he would still be king?"

"Most indubitably!"

"Strange sovereignty!" said the young prince, "and still stranger patience in the people who would tolerate it."

Such reasoning leads the young prince to the resolve that he will be a man as well as a king. He resolves to break through all the "miserable conventionalism, the sordid commonplace of a king's surroundings," and stand for something more than a dummy. He is married for state reasons to a princess of a neighboring realm. The situation of a loveless union is accepted by them; but the memory of a youthful love-affair that ended in tragedy because of his rank and the impossibility of marriage with a "daughter of the people" makes him finally rebel to some purpose against such conditions. Under the name of Pasquin Leroy, a journalist, he joins a band of Socialists. He plays the double role of king and of revolutionist, and in these two roles succeeds in learning and correcting the intrigues of his ministers, in "reforming" the press, and in breaking down what the author considers the hostile power of the Church of Rome. In a word, he becomes the king of the people—the ideal exponent of "temporal power."

But in attaining this ideal he proves that, after all, there is something far greater. In the meetings of the Socialists he meets a woman who is recognized as one of their leaders. His love for this woman comes to be the great influence in his life. He discovers that he has served the people not through an ideal, but through love. He puts aside the position he has won, to win her love in return. The climax of the story the author weaves around this motive. The woman is assassinated by a jealous lover. According to her wishes, she is set adrift after death in a ship, after the old Viking custom, "to sail the seas alone." On the deck of the helpless craft that is being driven by storm out to sea the two rival lovers meet. One of them kills himself, and the other—the king—ties himself to the coffin and goes down with the ship.

Such, in brief, is the story. But in Miss Corelli's work it is not the story that counts. Her success is sensationalism. Here, for example, is what she has to say of the press:

"Originally the press in all countries was intended to be the most magnificent institution of the civilized world—the voice of truth, of liberty, of justice—a voice which in its clamant utterances could be neither bribed nor biassed to cry out false news. Originally such was meant to be its mission; but nowadays what, in all honesty and frankness, is the press? What was it, for example, to this king, who from personal knowledge was able to practically estimate and enumerate the forces which controlled it thus: six, or at the most a dozen, men, the proprietors and editors of different newspapers sold in cheap millions to the people. Most of these newspapers were formed into companies; and the managers issued "shares" in the manner of tea merchants and grocers. False news, if of a duly sensational character, would sometimes send up shares in the market; true information would equally on occasion send them down. . . And, concerning the people who wrote for these newspapers—of what calling and election were they? Male and female, young and old, they were generally of a semi-educated class, lacking all distinctive ability—men and women who were on the average desperately poor and desperately dissatisfied. To earn daily bread they naturally had to please the editors set in authority over them; hence their expressed views and opinions on any subject could only be counted as nil, being written not independently, but under the absolute control of their employers."

So much for the press—the "weathercock of speculation," as it is called a few pages further on. In her ideas on the Church of Rome the author makes thoroughly good the promise in her earlier novels. The question is not whether one agrees with or condemns these attacks on the Church of Rome, on the press, on the Jews, on all the various topics that Miss Corelli discusses in the course of a novel. The point is that the melodramatic way in which she expresses her exaggerated ideas is her most picturesque attribute as a novelist. As in this novel, most of the discussions could be omitted. But if they were, there would only be left a melodramatic story with only one unusual way of committing suicide not mentioned in the author's former work.

About the Size of It.

Leopold—Josephine, I'm goin' ter be a great musishener like Paderoosker.

Josephine—But, Leo, you never even seen a piany. How cud you play?

Leopold—Don't need ter. All yer have ter do is have long hair ter run yer fingers through, then look sleepy-like, and bust a couple er keys.

A Giddy Thought.

If, as scientists aver, the people of Mars have lived a million years longer than we have, of course they are much further advanced. One is made quite giddy with the thought of how much their society women probably spend in entertaining, or how much seats in their stock exchanges sell for.

An Argument for Vivisection.

Midshipman Aiken of the United States Navy was kicked on the head in a football game last fall, and took it so ill that it was feared that he would die. The case excited great interest and anxiety, the more so because for some days it made it uncertain whether the army and navy football game would be played. Mr. Aiken's life was saved by an operation done by Dr. Keen of Philadelphia, who took out a piece of the young man's skull and removed a huge clot of blood which was pressing upon the brain. That relieved the patient, who at last accounts was fast recovering. Dr. Keen is a professor of surgery in Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. He has taken advantage of the unusual public interest in Midshipman Aiken's case to write a letter about anti-vivisection. He has addressed it to Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who has repeatedly introduced into Congress bills to regulate (virtually to prohibit) experiments on live animals in the District of Columbia. At considerable length and with many interesting details Dr. Keen disclosed to Mr. Gallinger that but for knowledge slowly derived from experiments on animals he could not have located the clot on Mr. Aiken's brain, and could not have saved his life. At the spot where he opened the skull there was no exterior bruise. He was guided to it by convulsions in the patient's arm. Since 1885 surgeons had learned what those particular convulsions meant, and precisely where to look for the seat of trouble. They could never have found it out, Dr. Keen says, except by experiments in vivisection. Senator Gallinger may retort that Midshipman Aiken would not have got hurt if he had exercised common prudence and eschewed football, but the general public will consider Dr. Keen's letter a strong document. Vivisection is on its defence everywhere, and doubtless ought to be, for it is a pretty harrowing practice. But it is so easy to argue and excite public sentiment against it that it is a public service to make a strong point in its favor when, as in Aiken's case, one can be made.

Friend—Why, colonel, what's the matter with your hand? Colonel—Confounded nuisance, sir. Had a little birthday party last night, and some idiot got drunk and trod on my hand as he was walking across the room, sir.

London Truth says:—The managers of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, have been searching their hearts touching the propriety of accepting an offering in the shape of the proceeds of a concert given by the Sunday Society. The sterner brethren were of opinion that the Christian religion—apparently that of Moses rather than that of the Gospels—forbade them to receive such "unholy gains," even as trustees for the sick and the poor. However, after some discussion the meeting decided "to defer action until the check had been received." Very Scotch!

A Story From Gibraltar.

During the war stories in plenty have been current of the strategems and treachery which have imposed upon British officers charged with very serious responsibilities. Changing the venue, we have the following story from Gibraltar. Some time ago a consumptive German gentleman arrived there with introductions from influential people in England. The governor and other officials received him hospitably and every consideration possible was shown him on account of his health, but, of course, he could not be granted permission, as he requested, to go to the top of the rock for the sake of the purer air, as there is a regulation that "foreigners" are on no account to be permitted to walk about the top of the rock." Further acquaintance, however, with the German gentleman, through the medium of dinners and other social functions, resulted in a relaxation of the strict rule, and he was granted a pass. The result of the visit is now to be seen at the German war office, which is in possession of the most perfect plans from photos of all the works and defences of Gibraltar.—Saturday Review.

Rumor of the Hour.

"Say, pa?"

"Well, what?"

"What's the difference between 'filthy lucre' and 'clean cash'?"—New York Sun.

Grieved by the escape of his intended prey, the crocodile wept.

"They may be crocodile tears," sobbed the saurian, "but they are real tears!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, just at present," said the moon, "I'm out late at night because I'm down to my last quarter."

"Therein you differ from the average man," remarked the morning star. "He is often down to his last quarter because he was out late at night."

Rocksley—I like this place so much that I should like to settle down and make my home here. I have the refusal of the nicest house in town, and, do you know, Miss Alice, I wish I could get the same terms from the nicest girl in town?

Alice—If you want my refusal you can have it.—Chicago Journal.

Her father gave the bride away
To the bridegroom rich and old.
But all the wedding guests that day
Knew quite well she'd been sold.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

While Henry Drummond was calling on a friend on his last visit here he was introduced to a party of American girls.

"How very formal you are here when you are introduced," he said. "Now in England we always shake hands. What do you do here when you say good-bye?"

"Oh, we kiss," said the youngest of the party, a charming girl of sixteen.

"Ah, that's charming," responded Prof. Drummond; "suppose we say good-bye right now!"—New York Times.

Jack—I'm not up on these things. Suppose a girl sends you a very beautiful and artistic penwiper—

Tom—Yes.

Jack—Will she feel hurt if you spoil its appearance by using it, or will she feel hurt if you don't?—Brooklyn Life.

Customer—What do you charge for ten cents' worth of camphor?

Druggist (absently)—Twenty-five cents.—Chicago News.

At a fire in a New York tenement building the other day, when some of the inmates saved their lives by jumping and the firemen won credit for heroic deeds, Firemen Murphy, groping through the smoke, heard screams for help. Following the sound, he reached, half suffocated himself, the room from whence the cries proceeded, and to his chagrin found that his rescue amounted to saving the life of a parrot, which thanked him in profane language.

"What makes papa so cross?"

"I don't know. Did you say anything to annoy him?"

"Certainly not. I just happened to remark that Christmas was almost here."—Chicago Post.

Budge—I never deny my wife a wish.

Fudge—Well, that's kind of you, but I didn't know that you were financially so well fixed.

Budge—Pooh! It doesn't cost anything to wish.—Baltimore American.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "don't you think you could find some race-track where the horses are crooked."

"Perhaps."

"Well, I wish you would. You know every time you play a horse straight it loses."—Washington Star.

When a body meets a body
Who is full of rye,
Then a body wishes he
Might pass a body by.
—St. Joseph's News.

"Is your husband a bibliomaniac?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as she was being permitted to view the treasures in the library of the new neighbors.

"Mercy sakes, no," replied Mrs. Packenham, "he never bibbles a bit. Oh, of course, I don't say that he wouldn't take a little at his meals if the rest was doin' it, but that's as far as he ever goes in them kind of thing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Jack—I have a chance to marry a poor girl whom I love, or a rich woman whom I do not love. What would you advise?

George—Love is the salt of life, my friend. Without it all else is naught. Love, pure love, makes poverty wealth, pain a joy, earth a heaven.

Jack—Enough! I will marry the poor girl whom I love.

George—Bravely spoken! By the way, would you—er—mind introducing me to the rich woman whom you do not love.—New York Weekly.

"We've got a little more room in our flat now."

"That so?"

"Yes, we've just scraped the paper off the walls."—Philadelphia Press.

"I want to see some Brussels—" began the prospective customer.

"Carpets, sprouts or point lace?" asked the floorwalker, briskly—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Guest—Here's a quarter for you, waiter. Now tell me what you can conscientiously recommend for my dinner?

Waiter—Thankee, boss. Ef yo' all wants somefin fit ter eat, Ah'd recommend dat yo' hunt a nuther res'rant, sah.—Chicago Daily News.

Did Not Understand Women.

Mr. Barry Pain has written a book called "De Omnibus: By the Conductor," in which the London bus man gives his views of society as he observes it both in his life off duty and from the platform where he is at once master and servant of the public. In a chapter on "Woman the Obscure," he tells this story, which is here translated from the original "cockney" into something at least approaching English.

A fancy takin' me, says the conductor, I drops into a place as were a cut above what I patronizes as a usual thing. I orders my steak, cut thick, underdone, and then I takes a look round. There were two females as had jest done. They were setting doing nothink. There was a waiter opposite to them, and he weren't doing nothink neither. Presently a gent calls him, and off he goes.

The moment he starts to wait on someone else, they both hollers out, "Waiter!" as if they hadn't a second to spare. One of them says, "Give me the bill."

"Two butters and one bread," he says.

"Nothink of the sort," says the female. "It's two breads and one butter."

He alters it, and hands her the bill.

"Oh, you silly man," she says, "I wants two bills. My friend here pays for her own."

So he makes out two bills instead.

"Look 'ere," says one of the females, "you've charged me for a joint, and I never had no joint."

"Yes," says the other, "and you've charged me for an entree, an' I never had no entree."

"It's all the same," says the waiter. "One had a joint an' the other had an entree, and both is the same price, and I don't remember which had who."

"Wery well," says one; "then we must exchange bills."

"Look 'ere," says one, "you've charged me for a butter which I never had, an' you haven't charged me for bread."

"Mine is wrong, too," says the other, "because he's charged me for a bread I never had, an' no butter, which is right."

"You tell me one bread, two butters," says the waiter.

"Yes," she says, "but I meant to say two breads and one butter, and anyway you ought to know without me telling you, an' I never had neither."

He alters them and gets them worse than before; then he tears up both and starts fresh. After about three tries he got both bills made out to suit 'em, and then one of the ladies pulls out her purse and says that, after all, she'll pay for both, because she owes the other two shillin's, and the other's bill being two an' nine, if the other pays her sixpence, that'll be right, because six and three is nine.

Then the two started discussing which owed the other. I didn't stop to see the finish. When I left one was eleven an' fi'pence to the good, and the other was saying, "If I takes back the shilling an' the penny stamp I gives you, and hands you the difference atween what you've paid and what I paid yesterday, then you owe me twopence."

I say, I don't understand females.

The Thoughtful Shah

The kindly consideration of the Shah toward a dentist whom he summoned during his recent visit in Paris is described by the London "Telegraph," but it is evident that if the Shah was thoughtful for the dentist he was not troubled by any solicitude for the feelings of his attendants.

His Majesty suffered from toothache soon after his arrival in Paris, and sent for a dentist. The dentist looked at his Majesty's teeth, and advised the extraction, not of one, but of several. The operation was postponed for a day, but when the dentist returned he found the Shah all right, and apparently in a playful mood. The toothache had gone, and there was no longer any need for the dentist's services.

As the dentist was preparing to leave, the Shah called him back, saying, "I do not like to have troubled you for nothing, so, as you have come, you had better draw a molar from each of my counselors."

The Shah spoke with his eyes fixed on the ground, and in a meditative manner. When he looked up all the counselors had vanished, with the exception of the grand vizier, who manfully stood his ground, unmindful as to whether his all-powerful master was in joke or in earnest. The other counselors evidently believed in the earnestness of the master's utterances.

This anecdote is something like the one told of the Shah's predecessor, who, when in Paris, asked to see Monsieur Deibler at work with the guillotine. When he was informed that at the time there was nobody waiting for execution, he proposed that one of his suite should be handed over to Deibler and decapitated i[illegible] Champa[illegible]

One of the stories told by the genial and delightfu[illegible] Eugene Field was [illegible]out the proprietor of a western theatre, whose knowledge of art and literature was extremely limited. Inspecting the improvements at the beginning of a season, his attention was attracted by a new drop curtain.

Summoning the stage manager, he inquired, "What's that picture, anyhow?"

"That," replied the stage manager, "is a scene after Michael Angelo."

"Well, Mike's no good," growled the proprietor. "Give him his salary and let him go."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Representative Williams of Mississippi has a new negro story:

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the court-room, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I'se got a lawyer here who does the defensing."

"Then who are you?"

"I'se the gentleman what stole the chickens."—Washington Post.

Mainly About People.

Of Gladstone, Henry Labouchere once remarked: "I do not object to Mr. Gladstone's occasionally having an ace up his sleeve. But I do wish he would not always say that Providence put it there."

Congressman Charles N. Fowler of New Jersey recently visited one of his constituents in Union County, and found him trying to give some medicine to his little son, who had eaten too many green apples, while a Christian Science neighbor was assuring the boy that there was nothing at all the matter with him. "I think I ought to know," groaned the boy; "I guess I've got inside information."

In refusing to grant a private interview to a certain politician, who is always trying to give him advice and information on important matters of legislation, President Roosevelt is said to have remarked: "It is always most distressing to me to be obliged to talk to that man. I find myself constantly expecting him to revert to his arboreal ancestors, grow a tail, and swing gracefully from the chandelier without interrupting the conversation."

It is related that on one occasion Judge Roy Bean of Texas, who is better known as "the law west of the Pecos River," held a coroner's inquest on a Mexican who had been found dead near the Pecos River. The jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. The crowd was dispersing when the judge called them back. "There is another matter to attend to," he said; "on this man's body was found fifty dollars and a six-shooter. It is contrary to the laws of Texas and to the peace and dignity of the State to carry concealed weapons. Therefore, I confiscate the revolver and fine the deceased one dollar. The costs of the case are just forty-nine dollars, which just settles his estate."

A good story is told of the quick-witted Irish lawyer, Baron O'Grady, who on one occasion was trying a case in a country court, outside of the walls of which a fair was in progress. Amid the miscellaneous herds of animals were a considerable number of asses, and one of these commenced to bray loudly. At once the chief baron stopped the advocate, who at that moment happened to be pleading. "Wait a moment, Mr. Bushe, I cannot hear two at once." The court roared, and the advocate flushed. Presently, when the judge came to sum up, another ass struck in and the bray resounded through the court. Up jumped Mr. Bushe at once, with his hand to his ear. "Would your Lordship speak a little more loudly? There is such an echo in the court that I cannot hear distinctly."

During a visit to the South with an eclipse expedition, some years ago, an eminent American professor met an old negro servant, whose duty it was to look after the chickens of the establishment where he was staying. The day before the eclipse took place the professor, in an idle moment, called the old man to him and said: "Sam, if to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, you watch your chickens, you will find they will all go to roost." Sam was skeptical, of course, but when at the appointed time next day the sun in the heavens was darkened, and the chickens retired to roost, the negro's astonishment knew no bounds. He approached the professor in awed wonder. "Massa," he asked, "how long ago did you know dat dem chickens would go to roost?" "Oh, a long time," said the professor, airily. "Did you know a year ago, massa?" "Yes." "Then dat beats de debil!" exclaimed the astonished old man; "dem chickens weren't hatched a year ago!"

Booker T. Washington recently told a gathering of negroes that one of the great faults of his race was a disposition to exhibit knowledge under any and all circumstances, and asserted that, until the negro learned not to display his vanity, he was useless in any confidential capacity. By way of illustration, he told a story which, he said, might be or might not be apocryphal, but which was good enough to be true. General Sherman had been told that the soldiers of a negro regiment in his command were very lax when on sentry duty, and showed a fondness for passing doubtful persons through the lines just to indulge their power to do so. To ascertain if this were so, he muffled himself one night in a cloak, and tried to get past a black sentry. After the "Who goes there?" the "A friend," and the "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," had been exchanged, Sherman replied: "Roxbury!" "No, sah!" was the polite but firm response. "Medford!" "No, sah!" "Charleston!" Sherman next tried. "No, sah! No, sah!" said the negro, determinedly. Then he added: "Now, seea heah—yo' can go fru th' whole blamed joggrafy; but Massa Sherman he done say that nobody can get pas' me wifout sayin' 'Cambridge!'"

For Giants.

There is an old story of a sailor who, seeing for the first time a bass viol, expressed a strong desire to behold "the fellow who could put that fiddle under his chin." The recent discovery in Madagascar of an egg sixteen inches long and thirty pounds in weight led to a similar anxiety on the part of the discoverers to find the bird which was capable of laying it. The monster egg was acquired by a German scientist, who recognized it as the egg of the aepyornis, a bird of the astounding height of sixteen feet, and supposed to be extinct. That there may be specimens still living was judged by the fact that the egg was fairly fresh. Indeed, some of the scientific enthusiasts on the island actually held a banquet at which a portion of the egg was served up in the form of an omelette! (The whole egg, by the way, would have made ninety-five omelettes of ordinary size.)

As a result of the discovery a German scientific expedition has been fitted out to explore the interior of Madagascar in search of a living aepyornis. If it is found and captured there will be an exciting time, not only for the hunters, but for naturalists throughout the world. It is the largest bird that ever existed.

Closed the Saloons.

On Thursday, the 11th, Collinwood, a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, by vote decided to close the saloons and dramshops for one year. The majority was small, but its mandate is to be immediately acted upon. The vote was not the result of a wave of reform or a persistent agitation against the barroom, but was taken because of the offer of a railway company. An exchange recording the circumstances says:—"Collinwood is not only the home of many Clevelanders, but the site of the shops of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad. This corporation has under way improvements amounting to $2,000,000. The corporation announced that it would invest an additional $1,000,000 in building homes which would be sold to employees at cost if the dramshops were driven out of the suburb. The presumption is that the railroad company had found that the presence of the saloons and dramshops was a menace to its interests, that they decreased the reliability of its employees and exerted a demoralizing influence upon them. Thus, while the railroad company was actuated by motives of self-interest it at the same time emphasized the premium that is put upon sobriety in this department of industrial activity. The election also illustrated the effectiveness of woman's influence exerted upon voters when a moral principle is at stake. The majority against the saloons was not large, but it was big enough to wipe them out for a year and to secure for the suburb the million-dollar prize offered by the Lake Shore Road.

Women Song Writers.

At a lecture recently delivered in a Scotch town on the subject "Women Song Writers," Mr. Joseph Wright said that "Ower the Muir Amang the Heather" was written by the daughter of a Scottish weaver, who married a strolling player, and became the best actor and singer in his troop. A poor wandering woman who died in Greenock poorhouse, and was buried in a nameless grave, wrote "There's Nae Luck Aboot the Hoose"; her name was Jean Adam; and "Ca the Yowes to the Knowes" was written by Isobel Pagan, who kept a small alehouse by the wayside, and frequently sang this and others of her songs as a means of subsistence.

The Cruelties of Nations.

Whenever American criticism of any foreign nation becomes especially severe on the score of inhumane conduct we are very apt to hear something about the lynching of negroes, says The Chicago Record-Herald. Spaniards and Filipinos have made use of this retort, it might be employed by the Grand Turk himself, and a German paper incorporates it in a reply to Ambassador White's comment on Roumania's treatment of the Jews. So far as the Jews themselves are concerned, the reply is irrelevant, for it is clear that the ill-treatment of negroes in this country does not justify the ill-treatment of any race elsewhere, but there is a certain justice in the rebuke to our national self-righteousness. We are inclined to see the faults of other nations all expanded to the largest dimensions, and to discuss them in terms of immense superiority, if not of absolute perfection. Yet it is true that no other nation in the world has such a disgraceful and hideous record as we in this matter of lynchings. Putting aside the question of the political rights of the negroes, which might be the subject of satire at our expense, this grave national crime stands out with a terrible distinctness that might lead foreigners to conclude quite naturally that civil liberty and self-government were a farce here, and that our boasted insitutions were a failure. The German paper certainly had reason enough for its Scriptural reference to the mote and the beam.

"Governor of Gibraltar?"

The King's birthday review at Gibraltar this year, says The London Daily Graphic, had an additional interest in the visit of the Governor of Algeciras and "Gibraltar, now temporarily in the hands of the British"—such is his title—and General Chacel, the commandant of San Roque district. These officers, who were accompanied by a brilliant staff, landed from a Spanish gunboat at the Ragged Staff, where a guard of honor and a troop of Spanish lancers awaited them. At the palace they were received by Sir George White, V.C., and a procession was formed to the north front. Here, in hollow square, were drawn up 5,000 blue-jackets and marines and the troops of the garrison, 6,000 strong. After riding down the lines, the Governors and their combined staffs returned to the saluting point to witness the "feu-de-joie," which was followed by three cheers for his Majesty and an impressive salute of twenty-one guns from the galleries 500 feet up in the face of the rock. After the march past by the whole body a State lunch was given to the visitors at the palace.

Miss Terry Will Not Appear.

London, after all, says Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his Mainly About People, will not have the pleasure of seeing Miss Ellen Terry act with Sir Henry Irving in Dante. Sir Henry will, of course, produce M. Sardou's play during his Drury Lane season, but he also intends it to be the chief attraction of his American tour. Now the drama, as may easily be understood from the subject, has not a part of sufficient importance to tempt Miss Terry to undergo the anxiety and fatigue of crossing the Atlantic. She has, therefore, definitely abandoned the idea of appearing with Sir Henry in its production. Playgoers, however, are not without consolation in the disappointment caused by her decision, since there are very authoritative rumors for the statement that our most important and popular actress will shortly be seen either in a piece written expressly for her, or in a series of revivals.

Interesting Items.

The anonymous author of "An Onlooker's Note Book," says that he remembers a little boy belonging to an historic English family who cried when he cut his finger—not because it hurt, but because he was poignantly disappointed to find that his blood was not blue, as he had always been taught, but red, like anyone else's.

The majority of people can scarcely remember the time when there was no revolver, yet the fact is that it is a modern weapon and in its form of real efficiency is less than half a century old. It was the invention of Joseph Shirk, a citizen of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Before the civil war there were the old-fashioned pepper-boxes, which were dangerous to the user; then came the "navy" which had to be loaded like a musket, each barrel requiring separate attention, and usually being ineffective, except at point-blank range. Then followed the present weapon of destruction, which is more effective than the musket of our fathers. Out of the revolver was evolved the repeating rifle of to-day, which has so far changed the whole tactics and strategy of war that Jean De Block felt that a great war could never again take place.

It is said that one of the great enemies of the overland telegraph line in Central Australia is the common green frog. In order to save the insulators from being broken by the lightning they are provided with wire "droppers" leading round them at a little distance to conduct on to the iron pole in case of need. The frogs climb the poles and find the insulators cool and pleasant to their bodies, and fancy that the "dropper" is put there to furnish them with a back seat. After a nap they yawn and stretch out a leg until it touches the pole—result, sudden death to the frog, and as the body continues to conduct the current to earth we have a paragraph in the papers to the effect that "in consequence of an interruption to the lines probably caused by a cyclonic disturbance in the interior we are unable to present our readers with the usual cables from England!"

A great many people were sorry to hear, a little while ago, that old "Pug," the Central Park, New York, police horse, was to be sold by auction. For fourteen years he had done service in the police department, and during that time had stopped innumerable runaways, several of them on his own account, having started when his rider was absent and having caught the reins of the runaway in his teeth. "He caught three hundred and fifteen during the first four years," said his master. "Then I lost count." But old age had rendered "Pug" no longer equal to his arduous duties, and it was decreed that he be sold. Those who knew him were afraid he might fall into harsh or inconsiderate hands. Happily however, the fear was groundless. A friend who was grateful for what the old horse had done in the line of duty bought him, and has put him in charge of the policeman who has ridden him so long.

Mythical French Politeness.

"One hears so much about French politeness and sees so little of it that I was a good deal struck by two good specimens of it which have recently come under my notice," writes a correspondent. "The first was at Avignon, where we were waiting for the train to Tarascon, famous for the adventures of Tartarin. The guard put his head into the first-class waiting-room and called out, 'Ladies and gentlemen for the Tarascon line, take your seats please.' He went on to the second-class where he exclaimed, 'Passengers for Tarascon, take your seats.' At the third class he contented himself with remarking, 'Tarascon; take your seats.' It is easy to imagine how he would have proceeded if there had been a fourth class.

"The second instance was on a steamer on the Lake of Geneva. A well-dressed Frenchwoman had secured a good seat in the bow of the vessel, from which she was admiring the view between Evian and Geneva. Presently she went below to have some coffee. As she had left nothing on the seat to mark it as hers she very naturally found it occupied on her return by a fat Frenchman, whose dress betokened that he belonged to the upper class. On her representing that it was her seat he absolutely declined to move, and sat stolidly there while she stormed and raved like an angry fishwife. Very soon, however, his Latin nature prevailed over his assumed calm, and he began to rave and gesticulate with as much vigor and emphasis as the lady. So far there was nothing at all unusual about the scene, but at the end of a few minutes, during which they had both become white with rage, the lady actually struck him in the face with her delicately-gloved hand. I thought that this was going rather far, even for a specimen of 'la politesse Francaise,' but the spectators did not seem particularly astonished. They had been there before."

One to Tompkins.

Stout Gent—That's the worst of you, Tompkins, you will put on such a lot of side!

Tompkins—Well, I'd rather put on side, old chap, than such a dooce of a lot of front!—"Punch."

The King's Sympathy.

Here is, to my mind, says M.A.P., the finest story of the King's unbounded sympathy for the sufferings of his subjects that has yet come to light. A young dressmaker was threatened with consumption, following upon long and dangerous chest trouble, and was left nearly destitute. The doctors advised her to obtain admittance to an open-air home to undergo a course of treatment. Meanwhile she was taken into a convent and devotedly nursed by the nuns; but, unfortunately, all their efforts to get her admitted into a home of the kind were quite fruitless. Then the girl, learning that the King was patron of one of these institutions on the south coast, resolved secretly to write to him and plead for his assistance. About a fortnight later a gentleman called at the convent and asked to see her. He gave no name, and at first he as told that she was too ill to see him. He then explained that it was necessary for him to see her, as he had come to inquire into her case, and as to the desirability of sending her to an open-air home for the treatment of consumption. She was aided downstairs, and he questioned her as to what the doctors had said, and then inquired to whom she had applied for help. She mentioned several names, and at last hesitatingly admitted that she had written to the King. He then informed her that he had come from the King to inquire into her case, as his Majesty had noticed her letter and wished to help her. After further inquiries everything was satisfactorily arranged, and the girl was sent for a prolonged period to the home, with the result that her health was greatly benefited, and that she has since been able to return to work.

The Royal Actors.

Though the fee for a "command" play at Whitehall was only £20, says The St. James' Gazette, the generous George delighted the players by paying them £250 for "their trouble in only seven times acting," and the Lord Chamberlain of the day took charge of "the household music, the wax lights and a chaise-marine to carry the moving wardrobe to every play." In earlier reigns the court had its own players, and it is related that the King's players in the reign of the last Edward dressed up like birds for a piece called "Aesop's Crow." The players were as much a part of the royal household as the ladies-in-waiting, and "the Queen's Company" of Elizabethan players had each a royal stipend of £3 0s. 8d per annum!

Pen Picture of Viljoen.

Of General Viljoen, whose splendid speech at Queen's Hall, London, some time ago, was given in The Globe, M.A.P. says:—A tall, well-knit man, of thirty odd years, bronzed of face and broad of shoulder, with a close-cropped beard, verging to a point—giving the appearance of an "imperial"—and a dark brown moustache, such is General Ben Viljoen. He would pass very well for a Parisian artist, but a Parisian artist who speaks very good English, indeed, with only the slightest foreign accent. He is a "progressive" Boer, and would be Radical in English politics. He was dead against the war and those who favored it, thus incurring many rebuffs from Mr. Kruger's entourage. He is, however, a patriotic Boer, and is working strenuously on behalf of those of his people who are sorely in need of a helping hand. General Viljoen is a remarkably modest man, speaking, deprecatingly, when he is forced to speak, of his many fine military exploits during the late war. It is on record how at Vaalkranz he rescued a Boer gun from the British, single-handed, scampering across an open plain with it amidst a veritable hail of bullets. I was told by a personal friend of his that he simply does not know what physical fear is, and one may readily credit this, to judge only from the Vaalkranz incident. It is no matter for wonder that his rise from Krugersdorp policeman to Assistant Commandant-General of the Transvaal forces was so meteoric in its swiftness and brilliance.

Humor of the Hour.

Dorothy—So Mabel is engaged to Cholly. Now, what on earth does she see in him?

Margaret—Her last chance, probably.—Judge.

"Papa," said the small boy, looking up from his book, "What is a curio?" "A curio," replied the father thoughtfully, "is something that costs ten times what it's worth."—Chicago Post.

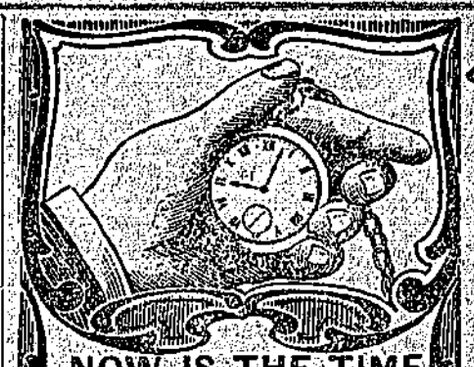
Daughter—Oh, mamma, Reggie Montvert is down in the parlor. I know he's going to propose!

Mother—Well, accept him, my dear. I detest the fellow so much that I intend to be his mother-in-law.—Harvard Lampoon.

While ex-District Attorney James D. Ridgeway of Brooklyn was strolling from the railway station to the Coney Island Police Court one morning recently with ex-Judge Finnerty, a big dog ran out from Deacon Overton's barn and began barking at them. Ridgeway immediately took to his heels in rather undignified fashion. After running a block or so he halted, all out of breath.

"What are you so frightened about, Jim?" asked Judge Finnerty. "Don't you believe in the old saw that says barking dogs never bite?"

"I know, that's all right, Judge," answered the former District Attorney excitedly; "but I don't know how soon the blamed hound is going to stop barking."—New York Times.



NOW IS THE TIME

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

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

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

Dr. Agnew's Pills

costing 10 cents for forty doses, two-fifths the price of other first-class pills, first cleanse and then cure the bowels and liver forever. 1

An old Scotswoman, says The Scottish-American, was famous for speaking kindly. No sheep was so dark but she could discover some white spot to point out to those who could only see its blackness. One day a gossiping neighbor lost patience with her, and said angrily, "Wumman, ye'll hae a guid word to say for Auld Nick himsel'!" Instantly came the reply, "Weel, he's a vera industrious body!"

FOLLOWING HIS NOSE

And you see where it's leading him. He has Catarrh, breeder of Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption.

A package of **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder** will save him.

Relief instant, cure constant. Relieves Colds and Catarrh, and cures Headache in ten minutes.

Thomas Waterman, of Bridgewater, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, states: "In consequence of a cold, I contracted a case of acute Catarrh. I could not breathe any more. I snuffed some of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and instantaneously my nostrils were free. I could hardly believe that anything could act so quickly."

For all skin diseases and for piles, **Dr. Agnew's Ointment** is rightly regarded by many of the medical fraternity as the surest, simplest, quickest cure.

The relief is instant and the cure permanent in every such case. Price, 35c. 29

His Secret.

Student—How would you advise me to go about collecting a library? Professor—Well, I'll tell you how I managed it. When I was young I bought books and lent them. Now I borrow books and keep them.

Shouting Isn't Proving

In the matter of the so-called Catarrh Cures: Others prate and promise; we perform and prove.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

is a powder put in the nostril, not in the mouth. It is not a remedy but the cure, and the healing effect is felt at once. The breath will come freely, filling the system with a new vigor. Colds and Catarrh are relieved, and headache fully cured in ten minutes.

Catarrh of twenty years' standing cured in a few days.

Hon. George Taylor, the well known politician, of Scranton, Pa., writes: Effect of Dr. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER can truly say was magical. First application cleared my head instantly. I used it according to directions, and I have not had the slightest symptoms since."

Dr. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS

make even a high liver a long liver. For dullness of the skin, eruptions, languor and bowel irregularities, every pill is as good as a physician, although they cost only ten cents for forty doses. 18

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

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

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

WANTED.—Correspondents in every section of the district. Enquire at the CLAIM for particulars.

The return of the pilgrims has commenced in real earnest this week, between twenty and thirty people having arrived on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Fresh stock of Imported and Domestic Cigars at C. R. Bourne's.

Oranges, Lemons and Apples—McDonald's Grocery.

Mr. Loveridge and his son were among Tuesday's arrivals.

Tod Ruffner returned from the Sound on Tuesday. He will be with the Pine Creek Power Co. again this summer.

A big shipment of fresh goods have just arrived at Fraser & Co's.

Two "Knights of the Road" arrived on Tuesday morning. These were, Messrs. G. W. Adams and J. S. Moore, representing, respectively, The Hudsons Bay Co. and Malkin & Co., of Vancouver.

Enjoy your Lenten fast and get some fine Finnan Haddies or Salt Mackerel at McDonald's Grocery.

Blue Ribbon Coffee is absolutely pure.—It is sold in all the stores in Atlin.

J. McGeary, of Seattle, and Louis McNeill, of Whitehorse, are two new arrivals.

Famous Moosehead Brand, Oil tan Shoe Packs, just arrived at Blackett & Co.'s.

Nat Wheeling leaves on Monday for Vancouver on a well earned holiday.

There is more solid comfort in a cup of Blue Ribbon Tea than in a gallon of most beverages.

Mrs. John Clifford, wife of Mr. Clifford of Pine creek, arrived on Tuesday.

Subscribe for the CLAIM, and get your friends to subscribe.

MACHINERY FOR SALE—A complete hoisting and pumping plant; has only been in use about a month.—For terms, apply to O. Belliveau, Gold Run, or to this office. This is one of the finest rigs in the country.

For a good square meal go to the Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.

The first of the season's crop of oranges at E. L. Pillman & Co.'s.

Mr. W. A. Anderson, late of the Caribou Hotel, Caribou, is a visitor to Atlin this week.

New Stock of Garden and Flower Seeds at C. R. Bourne's.

For the finest Fresh Ranch Eggs go to McDonald's Grocery.

Mr. Canavan, C.E., returned from his Eastern trip on Tuesday. He says he saw no place he would rather live in than Atlin, and now he is here to stay.

Mr. Mollineau, Road Supt., and a party of five mushed over from Log Cabin on Wednesday.

Archie Brownlee was another musher.

Louis Schutz came in Wednesday, via Caribou. He has a big shipment of beef coming in immediately.

Go to McDonald's Grocery for Ashcroft Potatoes, just received.

The concert, to be given by the Discovery Literary Society tonight, promises to be a very pleasant affair. Everybody is invited. A representative contingent from Atlin is going up.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler, of Taku, are making a short visit to Atlin. They came in yesterday.

Dave Hastie, of the Grand Hotel, couldn't live away from Atlin any longer, so he came back on Thursday last.

Mr. J. F. Deeks, who returned from a trip through the placer mining sections of California and Southern Oregon, says that of all the mines he saw, none can come up to those of Atlin, either for richness or for extent.

Hockey.

A match between Discovery and Atlin will be played on the Atlin Rink on St. Patrick's Day, 17th inst.

The Atlin Club will give a Smoker the same evening at the Kootenay Hall to entertain the Discovery Club.

Admission, 50 cents.

The game played last Saturday, on the Discovery Rink, was, for the first half, a very good one, and for genuine hockey eclipsed any of the previous games of the season. No goals were scored by either side. The second half, however, proved very disastrous to the home team, five goals being recorded against it, three of which were scored within five minutes. Up to the present Atlin holds the championship, and from the play of the Atlin team last Saturday, if kept up, the Discovery team will have to hustle if it would wrest the championship from Atlin.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest temperature recorded for the week ending 13th inst, is as follows:

March 7	1 below
" 8	9 "
" 9	21 "
" 10	27 "
" 11	13 "
" 12	2 above
" 13	15 below

The Convention.

Continued from page 4.

should have the same right of redemption for six months as is accorded to all other owners of Crown granted or other lands sold for taxes.

That it is the opinion of this Convention that the law relating to free miners' certificates should be amended so that failure to keep up a free miners' certificate shall not work forfeiture of rights acquired under it.

That in the opinion of this Convention the Government fee for Crown grant of a mineral claim when such grant is applied for by the locator and prospector, should be reduced from $25 to $10.

That the Government should, by prosecution or otherwise, suppress fraudulent statements regarding mining properties in British Columbia, made with a view to inducing the public to buy shares in such properties at outrageously exaggerated prices. Such Governmental action will have a beneficial effect upon legitimate mining and give the investing public much greater confidence in B. C. mines.

That the Government be respectfull requested to constitute a Board of Conciliation as between capital and labor by the appointment of the following:

(a) One practical mine manager;

(b) One practical mine worker;

(c) A chairman mutually agreed upon by the other two.

This Board shall have the power to collect information under oath, and its further duty shall be to make prompt report from time to time to the Minister of Mines, through whom the press and the public may be informed of the situation.

IMPORTANT

We beg to quote the following Cash Prices until Further Notice:

Ogilvie Flour, per sack	$3.25	D.G. Sugar, per lb	.10 c.
Patent, do do	3.25	Agen Butter, 1-lb tins	.50 c.
Cream, Hotel size, per doz	4.75	Rex Hams, per lb	.23 c.
do Family size do	2.50	Cornmeal, 10lb sack	.85 c.
Milk, Reindeer do	2.25	Rolled Oats, B & K	.65 c.
Clams, per doz	2.75	Blue Ribbon Tea, per lb	.50 c.
Canned Corn, per doz	2.40	T & B Cut Tobacco, do	$1.00
Peas do	2.25	do Chewing do	.75 c.
Beans do	2.25	Ovo, per tin	.75 c.
Tomatoes do	3.75	Salmon, per doz	2.25
C & B Jams, 1-lb tins, per doz	3.50		

ALL OTHER GROCERIES REDUCED

Big Bargains still left in Dry Goods and Men's Furnishings.

Fine All-Wool Silver Gray Blankets, 10, 12 and 14 pounds, for 55 cents a pound.

BLACKETT & CO.

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

Vancouver General Store,

Dealers in Provisions, Dry Goods, Etc.,

A. S. Cross & Co.

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

In Lead Packets of ½ lb and 1 lb each.

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

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

THIRD GRAND MASK

FANCY DRESS

CARNIVAL

ON THE

ATLIN SKATING RINK

SATURDAY, MARCH 21ST.

In Aid of Atlin Fire Department.

Six Handsome Prizes.

C. P. N. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

PRINCESS MAY, Mar. 7, 18 and 28

do. April, 7, 17 & 27

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